

(formerly titled, Missing Passport) by Sandy Thomas

AI Art by RedRyder

This wedding was just like any other wedding, with one exception: it was mine!

My Diane became Mrs. Evans without a hitch. It was a long day, so we were both quite relieved when the guests began to leave. I had been a good sport the last few months but I couldn't wait for this day to end and our life together to begin quietly.



One of the last guests to leave was my favorite uncle, Johnny. He approached Diane and me with an envelope in hand which I knew would be a generous amount of money. That was just like my uncle. He knew we had no money having both just graduated from college. He was appalled when he discovered we had no honeymoon planned because of our financial condition. Neither of us minded too much. We knew that one day we would be able to afford the trip of our dreams and we would postpone our honeymoon until then.

He insisted that we open the envelope right there. I nearly fell over when I saw its contents! Two round trip vouchers for air fare to London, Eurail vouchers, and \$3,000 for hotels and food. All we had to do was make the reservations and go! We couldn't believe it!

Diane burst into tears of joy and thanked my uncle over and over until he left. I was a little embarrassed by her display but that was like her: very emotional.

We had so many plans to make but so very little time to make them. We had to leave as soon as possible since we both had job commitments in September. I had a job at Central Insurance as a trainee. Diane was an assistant teller at the local bank. These were entry level jobs but we had big plans.

We both had passports from trips taken with our parents during high school. Diane's passport was current but I wasn't sure about mine. I looked for it when we got to our new apartment. I'd moved into her more spacious apartment a few days before the actual wedding, so everything was in its place. Unfortunately, we couldn't find my passport. We looked everywhere for it.

Not to worry. It would take a week to make our plans and if done in person, a replacement passport could be Express Mailed to our travel agent in about the same amount of time.

Hi I'm Diane, Shelley's wife. He's telling this story but I know more about it than he does. [I'll just jump in now and then to tell you my side.

The next day we set out to make our plans. My uncle's next door neighbor's brother-in-law, who was a travel agent, was handling all the arrangements. What could go wrong? All we needed to do was send them our passports and they would take care of everything. I headed off to the Federal Building on Wilshire, to apply for a replacement for my missing passport. I instructed them to mail it directly to the travel agent. In fewer than seven days we had everything arranged and all the necessary papers were at the travel agents. Finally, the big day arrived.

The last surprise from my uncle was a limo. The longest car I'd ever seen pulled up in front of our unit and the driver came to our door. "Compliments of your Uncle John. May I take your baggage?"

The flight to London was long and tiring. Next to us was a young mother with a baby who cried most of the way. After six hours in this cramped, noisy environment, Diane turned to me and said, "Remember when I told you that I'm afraid of flying? I wouldn't mind if the plane went down right now."

We landed in London with plenty of time to spare before the next leg of our trip to Majorica. When we checked in for the flight, the clerk said to us, "Have a pleasant flight ladies."

I was a little embarrassed because this had happened before. With my long curly hair, I sometimes looked like a girl from behind. Young men would sometimes race up beside me on the freeway and stare. I liked having it long and Diane loved it. She'd say, "I would kill for your hair. It's so pretty."

We were bundled up from the cold London air so the mix-up was understandable. When we boarded the plane for Majorica, the stewardess looked at our tickets and said, "Ladies, your seats are 10a and 10b."

I was blushing again. My long shiny hair fluffed by the wind gave me a feminine appearance. The cold air had made my beardless cheeks rosy, almost like they had been made up with blush. Once seated I looked at the tickets to see what time we arrived. I saw a problem.

"Diane! My plane ticket says Miss Shelley Evans. They think I'm a girl." I was embarrassed but this had happened before because of my unisex name. Diane dug into her bag and found our passports, Eurail pass and other tickets. The travel agent made a mistake. All our tickets said "Miss Shelley Evans."

I started yelling, "How could they be so stupid. They had my passport. I know it was a last minute trip but this is terrible."

Diane checked my passport and found the problem. My passport said, "Female." The U. S. government had made the mistake. The travel agency just followed the passport. My picture was unisex enough to look like a girl. "I should have gotten a haircut," I said.

It was late when we checked into our hotel in Majorca. That reservation was made in the names of Miss Diane Evans and Miss Shelley Evans. Everywhere in Europe when you check into a hotel they retain your passports. All our travel and reservations were prepaid. However, we were given our room without incident. We were both so tired, we just wanted to go to bed.

The next morning I couldn't sleep. I was worried about my passport so I called the U. S. Embassy. After an hour of trying to get through, I finally talked to a clerk. "Sorry sir, this is just a service office, that type of problem is handled by a main office. There are six throughout Europe." He gave the locations.

My voice raised, "But, we won't be in Rome for a month. What can we do?"

"I suggest you call your travel agent. These kinds of things happen often. The only problem is border guards. They might think you're trying to pull something. Let us know if you have any problems." The clerk hung up.

I called our travel agent in Los Angeles. I realized it wasn't their fault and tried to be pleasant on the phone. After explaining the predicament, the agent explained, "It's very important that all your reservations match your passport. I suggest you call when you have your passport fixed and then we'll try to change your travel reservations. Don't get your hopes up. Most carriers and hotels don't allow any changes once reservations are made. To cancel now might cost you penalties and you may lose some of your deposits. I suggest you just explain the problem."

I hung up a little depressed and said to Diane, "No problem, this must happen all the time. I'll just explain it. They'll understand." We went to breakfast.

In Europe you learn about a couple exaggerations. One is that the U. S. dollar will go far. It won't. Another is that all Europeans speak English. They don't.

We had trouble ordering breakfast in Spanish. Afterward I signed the check, "Mr. Shelley Evans." Before we could leave the waitress came back from the front desk and in broken English said, "No.. No, room no have man...dos..aw, twoo ladies in room."

I tried to explain the problem. A blank stare appeared on her face. Then in broken English, she said, "No have man in room. You pay." With a frustrated look on my face, I paid. Diane thought this was all a great joke.

We went down to pick up our reserved rent-a-scooter. Again the prepaid reservation was in the name, Miss Shelley Evans. Thank God the clerk who rented the scooters was an English girl, about 20 years old. She said, "This reservation is in the name Miss. Is that your wife?"

"No," and I explained the problem.

“Sorry sir, Spain has strict rules on renting to foreigners. We must issue an international driver license to you and everything must match your passport. It must be in the name of the reservation holder.”

“Isn't there something you can do?” I reached into my pocket with a gesture that suggested a pay off.

The clerk smiled and said, “I could issue the driver's license in the reservation name, Miss Shelley Evans? That way I won't get into trouble. Just don't get a ticket. You could have a problem with a fraudulent passport and go to jail.”

I suggested to Diane that we take a taxi or a tour bus. Diane looked disappointed so I slipped the clerk a 10,000 peseta note. The clerk filled out the forms and told me that she needed a snapshot for the license. She sat me down and pulled out a comb. I thought to comb a few stray hairs but she quickly teased and fluffed my hair into a feminine style. I started to object but she said, “It's the only way.” She added lipstick and took the picture. I looked very feminine in the picture. The clerk added, “You know the Spanish are a macho lot. It might be easier if you pretended that you're a girl. That is if you're stopped.”



Diane was in hysterics. "Come on," she said. It's only for the day. It'll be fun."

Before we drove off, Diane took me up to our room and made me put on some unisex clothes of hers. I even wore her extra sunglasses and pink lipstick. We had a marvelous time in spite of the way I was dressed.

After several hours sight-seeing by scooter, we headed back to our hotel, the Hotel Palas Atenea Sol where I changed back into my jeans and a shirt. Out at the pool, we met Ray and Donna from Britain, who were there on business. After a few drinks, we became quite friendly with Ray and Donna. Although I wasn't amused, our new found friends found my passport dilemma very funny.

We decided to have dinner together that evening. Our new friends had dined at the Casino Mallorca the week before, and wanted to take us there. This was their last evening in Majorca.

Suddenly Ray began laughing hysterically. There was only "one, small problem". Upon entering the casino, you must present your passport and are given a pass for the evening. Like many European clubs, this was a private casino, but you could buy a membership for the evening.

We would either have to decline or I would have to go as a woman.

We talked it over and agreed that if I wore unisex clothes, there wouldn't be a problem. After some good natured prodding we decided to try it. Diane had me wash my hair with her henna shampoo and cream rinse which added a reddish tone to my hair. While I showered, Diane prepared her black silk harem pants and a red blouse for me to wear. About this time I was beginning to have second thoughts, "Hey, I think I should wear jeans or something."

"Jeans to a casino? No way," she laughed. "You should be in a dress but I think they'll let you wear pants. These are cut in men's style and are very 'European'. Don't worry, once you're in the door, there won't be a problem."

"Maybe you should go without me," I said sadly.

"No, come on. I want to go with you," she said. "It'll be fun, just like Halloween."

I agreed to give it a try. I started to put on a pair of my male briefs but Diane stopped me. "I think you'll want to wear these," she said, holding up a pair of her french-cut elastic panties. "Anything else might show." I reluctantly put them on.

Somehow, Diane thought this was fun. She insisted I wear proper undies: bra, panties and hose. We almost had a fight over wearing a bra. She insisted I wear one, "All girls wear brassieres!"

I refused, "It'll show through my shirt."

"It's supposed to. How else can they tell you're a girl?"

We compromised. I wore the bra but we put just the smallest amount of padding in the cups. I don't know why, but less padding seemed more comfortable. I guess I was sensitive. My chest wasn't like most males, it was softer with a hint of roundness to my breasts. The guys in high school used to tease me and call me "nipples".

Soon I was decked out in girlish underwear and a very red face.

Diane added a few curlers to my wet hair. This process took so long, I wondered aloud why women put up with this type of torture, "just to look attractive".

Diane began making up my face and shaping my eyebrows. I said, "Hey, not too much." My eyes were enhanced with mascara, and eyeshadow. My cheeks took on a rosy glow with blush.

After the final coat of dark lipstick, Diane said, "I think I've done a wonderful job. Make-up truly brings out your features."

I remained silent during the transformation. I was depressed. I put on the red silk blouse and then the black silk harem pants. The pants zipped up on the side. They were full enough so no bulge could be seen. Diane added a wide black patent leather belt that she tightened severely to give me the proper waist curve. She slipped a pair of two inch heeled loafers on my feet.

"These will be more comfortable for you," she said. "We'll probably be on our feet all night."

I was surprised that her clothes fit so well. Except for my waist, I was quite comfortable. I looked like a girl...even in pants. Diane still thought I needed a more prominent bosom to be voluptuous, but the look was still very girlish.

Even with the short heels, I had trouble walking and moved clumsily. Before we left, Diane gave me tips on posture and girlish mannerisms. Then she made me practice walking with a sway to my hips. I felt so silly.

Diane then showed me how to touch up my makeup and sprayed some perfume on my hair, and wrists. Ray called and told us to meet them in the bar. Diane asked if I was ready, then said to Ray, "Yes...she's all set to go."



I followed her out the door down to the bar.

“Oh Shelley, you look scrumptious,” Donna said. “That outfit looks darling on you.”

To make my embarrassment worse, Donna was wearing a stylish pantsuit that looked very much like my outfit. They were amazed at my transformation.

We were off for a busy night. Ray couldn't quit staring at me. He would put his arm around me and kept saying,

“I can't believe you're a guy. If I wasn't married, I'd ask you out.”

We drove all over Majorica with Ray acting as a guide to the many places of interest. At a scenic lookout, near the ocean, Ray said that he wanted a Polaroid picture of me. I objected violently: “No, someone might see the picture.”

But, Ray insisted. “I want a souvenir of you and Diane...just as you are...please?”

So Diane, Donna and I posed in girlish stances, the wind blowing our hair. “Smile,” called Ray. The shutter clicked many times. The pictures were great. I really did look like a girl. Ray said I reminded him of a girl he once dated. Ray gave us our choice of pictures.

On the way to the casino, I made Diane promise not to tell anyone at home about me playing a girl. She teased me saying, “You look great, think how much money we could save if we wore the same clothes.”

“Oh, sure,” I laughed. “I can just see me going to work in a dress to save money. Please don't tell anyone.”

“Of course silly, I won't give you away,” Diane said seriously.

At the casino, Ray was right, we had to give our passports to get in. There was no problem. We had a very pleasant dinner in the dining room and then gambled. Diane put a 100 peseta coin into a slot machine and won 300 coins! We weren't sure how much that was in dollars but we were very excited. She grabbed me and started to kiss me, then realized that it would look very silly in that crowded casino for two girls to be kissing like that.

We had a wonderful time and I got used to being addressed as Miss or Senorita.

One thing I hadn't thought about was the ladies room. I couldn't very well go into the men's room. I asked Diane what I should do. She whispered, "What you normally do...only make sure your feet are pointed in the right direction." I was surprised. It was like being a fox with the hens. I put lipstick on in the mirror and fluffed my hair, just like the other girls.

That night back in the hotel, Diane and I passionately made love. Having been unable to touch as man and wife all night had fueled the flame of passion.

After our English friends left, we were quite content to spend quiet days together roaming around Majorca.

I can't begin to tell you all the problems we had because of my passport. It seemed everywhere someone wanted to see it and everywhere there was a complication. One merchant almost called the police. Apparently, all of Europe was set up to fight terrorism, and everyone was warned to watch for phony and stolen passports.

Although it was late April, the weather was quite cold. One day it would warm up enough to go to the pool, then the next day would be freezing. The severe weather swings took their toll on us and we both developed colds.

After we had been in Majorca for two weeks, it was time to go to Monte Carlo. We had Eurail passes and needed to fly to Barcelona to catch the train to Monte Carlo. Once again we had to deal with my "sex problem".

We arrived at the airport with plenty of time to spare but I had a problem with my ticket. The attendant spoke very little English and thought I was using the wrong passport and I.D. I tried explaining the mistake using sign language. The people in line behind us were getting impatient. The attendant finally called for her English speaking supervisor who was at lunch. The supervisor said this had happened many times before and approved the ticket. The supervisor told us that this would always be a problem until I got it fixed. We ran to catch the plane.

By the time we landed in Barcelona, I was feeling horrible. We took a taxi to the train station to begin our next adventure. Since we hadn't traveled by train before in Europe, we didn't know what to expect. In a sense, that was good, as we later discovered there was no consistency in European train travel.

Since Diane's "terrible" Spanish was better than mine, she purchased our train tickets. Our Eurail passes gave us First Class seats on any train at no extra cost. As this trip would be an all

nigher, we asked for a first class sleeper. I remembered to verify that there was a dining car, as the book suggested. The ticket agent smiled knowingly and told me “not to worry”.

I should have known then...She told me the first stage of our trip would be in coach, until we arrived in the Spain/France border town of Cereber. There we had to go through customs or border check, and would have one and one-half hours until our next train left for Monte Carlo. She assured me there was plenty of time for dinner. The way she said “Cereber” conjured up visions of a quaint, little border town and a dining room with red and white checked tablecloths. Boy, were we in for a surprise.

To top things off, my cold started to act up. I sat with my head in my hands in the middle of the crowded train station feeling badly, and had a high fever. Diane was becoming very worried and wished we could find an English speaking doctor. We were both reluctant to see a doctor neither of us could communicate with.

Again, I referred to my travel guide, which was becoming our “Bible”. In the medical section it explained that unlike the States, you could purchase prescription drugs almost anywhere without seeing a doctor. We had two hours until our train left so we set out in search of the “pharmacia” in the train station.

Like other salespeople we'd encountered, the clerk at the pharmacia was very friendly and tried to be helpful. What we didn't and wouldn't figure out until later, was that she had completely misunderstood us.

I desperately tried to recall my high school Spanish, to no avail. I kept pointing to my head and chest, trying to explain a cold in Spanish. The more she smiled, the more we realized she did not understand. Finally, I became very exasperated and noticed a medical book on drugs on the counter and opened it, hoping to point out an antihistamine. I knew brand names and hoped to find it in the book. Finally, IT saw a name that resembled a cold remedy from home. This would have to do.

I took out a traveler's check to pay for the medicine and the clerk asked for my passport. She looked at my passport, then at me. She said something in Spanish we didn't understand, then pointed to her own chest. “Si”, I said. “We need something very strong for a chest cold”.

I feared I was developing pneumonia. Suddenly she beamed, obviously understanding. She went to the back and came out with several boxes. She told me, in her broken English, to take the pills for ‘ten months’. Diane and I looked at each other and smiled, trying not to laugh. She meant days, ten days, not months. A big supply was fine because I suffer from hay fever. We

were now very familiar with language mistakes, having made many ourselves. "Let's go catch that train now," I said. "Once I start on these pills, I'll feel great!"

On our way to Monaco. (Monte Carlo Center)

The first stage of the trip was uneventful. As soon as we were seated, I took several pills which seemed to clear my head. We both sat quietly, watching the countryside race past us. Two hours later, a conductor walked through announcing to have our passports ready to de-train in Cereber.

Diane and I looked at each other in a panic! "Here we go again," I said. "This is getting ridiculous. How can we explain to border guards about my passport mix-up when we can barely buy aspirin in a pharmacy?" I just wasn't in the mood for another hassle.

"There's only one solution", Diane said, grabbing her bag. "Come with me."

We walked quickly to the restroom in the rear of our car and slipped in unnoticed. I knew what she had in mind, but was too weak to protest. Diane carried a bag with her "extra's", just in case we lost our luggage. I always complained about her carrying "too much junk", except now. Her grab bag was going to save us explaining my passport to the border guards.

Diane suggested that I put on the padded bra I wore to the casino and her knit sweater to go with my jeans. The sweater fit like it was made for me and the way my bosom pushed forward embarrassed me. Most men wouldn't have done this but I was feverish.

"It's going to be better to be a boyish girl than a girlish boy," she said and she hooked a wide elastic belt around my waist and tightened it to give me curves.

I said, "Do you think this will work? I'll be so embarrassed if I get caught."

"We'll just make sure that doesn't happen." Diane said. "You look natural in that outfit...all girl." She added a little lipstick and fluffed my hair.

Without reply, but feeling her my eyes following, I walked femininely back to our seats, my hips wiggling, with small mincing steps, like she'd taught me.

I nervously sat waiting for the conductor to check our Eurail passes and passports. My lips were painted a cherry red with lipstick and pert breasts now thrust out the front of my sweater and even the outline of my bra could be seen. Was this going to work?



This time there wasn't any problem with our credentials. The conductor barely looked. I was quiet for the rest of the trip.

We "girls" stepped off the train with the rest of the "cattle" being herded single file, through French customs. It seemed to take forever and I was tired and still flushed with fever. Again no problem. Once we got through customs, we went looking for the dining room, but didn't need to look far. The "dining room" was a hot, dirty, cement, cell-like room with a snack bar selling "near food" and God only knows what, in cardboard boxes. The only thing I was certain of, was the apple, even that was green. I found out later that they don't have red apples in Europe.

I bought a loaf of bread, soft drinks and a bottle of wine, just as our travel book suggested. Since everything else was going wrong, we decided to check our "first class" sleeper arrangements. To my shock, I found that "first class" on French trains, or at least the one we were taking, means four people to a car. Wonderful. Me dressed and acting like a girl, my wife, and two strangers. Just what we needed to add to our current predicament.

After a brief discussion (understatement, fight was more like it) we decided we'd better make me look even more like a girl, at least until we got to Monte Carlo. We found the ladies room and Diane locked the door.

The bathroom was a pig sty, it gave a new meaning to the word "disgusting". She plucked a little more of my bushy eyebrows and added some finishing touches with rouge and lipstick. She said, "You need some earrings...We'll buy you some clip-ons in Monte Carlo."

After we left, I felt weak. Here I was, a newlywed husband, I was supposed to be protecting my new wife from the world. Instead I was the one being protected.

When our train pulled in, we were more than ready to leave this horrible place. I was having trouble with everything. Between my cold and fever, I was useless.

To my surprise, a couple of men helped us with our many bags. They thought I was a girl.

Knowing we would be sharing our train compartment for the evening had us less than thrilled. We hoped to be alone in the small cabin but the train was full.

We didn't have to wait long. Our traveling companions were not together. Two single men, traveling alone, would be traveling with us, two apparently single women. What more could go wrong, I thought. Fortunately, the first to arrive was a very unfriendly Frenchman. He took the top berth and promptly laid down as if to sleep. The second, and final passenger in our car was a very friendly and outgoing Italian man. Although he spoke very little English, and we spoke no Italian to speak of, we hit it off from the beginning.

He and I were discussing car racing, I think...both using a lot of sign language, all of us laughing...the universal language. We shared our food and wine with him as the train rolled along. This time when the conductor checked my Passport and Eurail, there was no problem. I smiled at Diane. It had worked.

Diane and I were both sitting on the lower berth, across from our new friend, Tony. Several times he reached across and touched my knee, or arm. I thought nothing of it, and neither did Diane, until suddenly it dawned on me that the guy was totally infatuated with me! I'd completely forgotten about the clothing and makeup I was wearing.

I announced it was time to go to bed, and I was taking the upper berth, away from Tony! I needed sleep. I was still feeling poorly. Diane reminded me to take my antihistamines, which would help my cold. We both remained in our day clothes, totally uncomfortable with our sleeping arrangements. I couldn't sleep much, mostly because of the bra. The elastic seemed to get tighter on my chest.

I whispered down to Diane that at least in the morning it would not be a problem for me to get ready! The night seemed eternal. The train made a stop in one noisy place after another. I didn't sleep much and doubted that Diane did either.

I awoke around 5 a.m. and took Diane's bag down to the washroom to brush my teeth. I was shocked to see a girl's face stare back from the mirror. My makeup was a mess. I washed my face and tried to re-apply the makeup. It was almost fun painting my face. As I brushed my hair, I reviewed the events of the last week. I surveyed myself to see if anything was amiss. There was no doubt about it, I looked like an attractive female. My fear of appearing in public as a female was unfounded. I still had the feeling that someone would penetrate my disguise so I added a little more lipstick.



It was the beginning of a beautiful morning. We were traveling along the coast of the French Riviera and it was absolutely breathtaking.

Diane woke up and came out into the hallway to join me, also enjoying the scenery. She looked terrible. She'd slept as badly as I but the breathtaking view of the French coast raised our spirits.

Tony came out to join us and pointed out the town of Nice. He told us we'd be in Monaco (Monte Carlo) within the hour. Diane went down to the washroom to freshen up while I gathered our things together. Luckily, Tony was going on past Monte Carlo. I just knew he would want to help us with our things, just to be close to me!

We arrived at the station in Monte Carlo, and checked into the Hotel Hermitage, a very expensive hotel. Again we had no trouble because I looked like what my passport said. We checked our room and ate in the dining room. We decided that I should continue to wear a bra, uni-sex clothes and a little make-up until we cleared things up in Rome.

On the way back to our room, we decided to browse through a jewelry shop. They had a complete collection of inexpensive earrings. Diane whispered to me, "Come here and help me pick out a pair of earrings for you."

"That's not necessary," I said. "I'm doing fine without them."

"No, you need some earrings," she said, raising her voice.

We picked out a couple of pairs. "I think we should get you one of these too," Diane said, holding up a solitaire engagement ring. "It's not real but might prevent some problems."

We found one that fit and I left wearing new earrings and a ladies ring. I must say my hands looked more feminine. I was shocked at Diane's attitude towards my predicament. She seemed to treasure each new feminine addition to my wardrobe.

The next day I was still not feeling well. It was a warm bright day so Diane went shopping at The Palace shopping center. She saw a lingerie shop and decided to buy us several more bras. With both of us wearing them we never seemed to have clean ones.

Inside she was surprised by the selection. Leave it to the French to have fancy lingerie. I guess she got carried away. Back at the hotel, she showed me her purchases. She bought six bra and panty combinations for each of us. They were all very lacy and in pastel colors. Mine were padded with a lifelike gel that was fuller than the ones I was used to wearing. When I complained, she laughed and said, "I guess you just went from an A to a B."

With a blush I tried a pink lace bra on. It was much more natural and comfortable...my breasts appeared as perfectly formed cones. I tried on her cashmere sweater which accented my new curves. My hands went to my bosom, "I think they're a little big."

"For a boy, yes. For a girl, no." Then she added, "Sorry, I can't return underwear. I think I like the fullness. It makes your waist look smaller and your hips...I never noticed how plump, almost girlish they are. Nobody would ever guess you're a boy."

Beauty parlor

In a couple of days I felt better, but still looked tired.

“Say, I’ve got an idea,” Diane said. “Let’s go together to the beauty parlor. I’ll make us an appointment at noon. How about it?”

“No way,” I said. “This is getting out of hand. I only have to dress this way until we get to Rome.”

“Aw, come on, you’ll look gorgeous and you could use a hair cut. You’ll like being pampered and getting beautiful. At least go down to the shop with me?”

“Ok.”

At the shop, there was another language problem. There wasn’t any discussion of what we wanted they just gave everyone the works. I was taken to a back room to have my hair washed and they led Diane to another. I tried to complain to my stylist, Gigi, but she didn’t listen or didn’t understand English. She said in broken English, “No worry, you be pretty.” It was like I was on another planet.

After the shampoo, a lotion that smelled bad was put on my hair for about twenty minutes and shampooed out. Then my long locks were wrapped around large pink rollers. Gigi Sprayed a lotion on it. I was surprised by how long it had grown. Almost nine to ten inches on top.

After sitting under the dryer, Gigi removed the rollers. I almost died. She had bleached my light brown hair a feminine blonde and proceeded to cut it into an attractive modern curly style. It seemed even longer than before, brushing my shoulders. When I turned my head, the flowing fullness shifted from side to side. I was now the humiliated possessor of a girl’s hairdo.

But that wasn’t all. My eyebrows were plucked to a pencil thin arch. Gigi had taken away the last look of boyishness to my face. My makeup was artfully finished, which added a luscious look to my complexion.

When I saw Diane I blushed and my hand went unconsciously up to touch my hair. Gigi said, “No miss, you’ll smudge your nails.” They had added long sculptured nails and a coat of brilliant red polish. The nails made me carry my hands differently...almost expressively. Diane said later that she couldn’t believe I was her husband. There was no maleness showing anywhere except for my eyes. My eyes revealed a deep humiliation and confusion.



We paid and Diane tipped Gigi. I was so embarrassed, I couldn't look at Diane. She looked great also but kept talking about my transformation. "Shelley, you look absolutely darling. I can't believe this beautiful girl next to me is my husband."

I tried to explain, "They didn't do what I told them..No one spoke English. Before I knew it I felt tiny, cool flicks of a brush as they covered my toes and fingers with crimson lacquer. I just wanted a cut. What am I going to do?"

"It's all right, you look lovely," she said. "Let's go back to the room, I've got an idea. You've been dressing as a girl for days now...let's have some fun with it."

"This has gone too far. What if I get caught?"

"How are you going to get caught," I said. "You've had no trouble passing as a girl and we haven't even tried that hard. Your ID says you're a girl. Look at your soft feminine hands and long blonde hair. You even seem comfortable with your new titties."

She was right, I had become used to having twin mounds on my chest. I felt so helpless as I pleaded, "This is terrible. What if someone makes a pass at us?" I trembled at the thought.

"No problem, you're an engaged woman," Diane said, holding my manicured hand so my girlish engagement ring sparkled. "As women we learn to avoid men in groups and then, it's only a few catcalls and whistles. Come on, it's only until Rome. Then we'll get this whole thing worked out."

I felt humiliated. I sat there with my appearance feminized in front of my wife. I was losing my confidence and self-esteem.

Diane seemed to love the whole idea saying, "We'll fix you up so your mother won't know you. You need a few things." We went back to the lingerie shop. What a place. The walls were alive with pinks and pastels, whites and blacks. We were confronted by a smartly dressed young sales clerk.

"We would like to see some lingerie for my sister here, but I'll help her," Diane said, smiling at me.

She looked me over carefully...almost too carefully. Did she know? She gave no indication if she did. Diane led me down an aisle where the most feminine lingerie was displayed. That's where Diane educated me about female lingerie: high waisted silk panties, french cut lace panties,

low cut bras, push-up bras, frilly lace-covered slips, half slips, full slips. Everything I now needed to know she showed me. There were even some very inflexible looking foundation garments.

I had always felt uncomfortable in women's shops. Now I was picking out lacy underwear that would soon be my underwear. I don't know why I went along. It was like I was dreaming.

I sighed, "I guess as long as I have to dress like a girl, I might as well be an attractive one." We went back to our hotel and Diane had me shave my legs. She showed me everything about female hygiene and daily routines: moisturizers, cleansers, lotions, conditioners, polish, perfumes. She gently corrected me if I did something wrong.

Diane took great pains to see that everything was flawless: my cheeks, mascara, and hair. When I looked in the mirror, I saw a girl. It was almost frightening. I knew I was a man, but I looked like a young woman. Diane saw it too and it made me blush a deep red.

"You're beautiful," she laughed. "Who knows? After a week or two of this, you might not want to be a boy again. Since you have the appearance of a young lady, you will be expected to act, dress and be a girl."

I looked so feminine that I began to wonder if I could masquerade as a man in Rome to take care of my passport problem. With my thin eyebrows and curly blond hair, I didn't look like much of a man.

That night I wore my first dress. It was a blue silk wrap around with a wide black leather belt. I felt naked as the wind on the street blew its full skirt around my nyloned legs. I felt vulnerable, defenseless and unprotected. In a way, it felt nice.



At dinner we toasted to many new adventures. We gazed into each other's eyes with a new and deeper love. She was the perfect wife. When there were problems, she went about fixing them.

Before we went to bed that night, Diane and I removed our makeup in the bathroom. "I had a lot of fun tonight," she said. "You seemed to enjoy yourself too."

I blushed deeply. "I was scared at the beginning, and I felt so stupid dressed like this. But, as the night went on, it was fun. People treated me differently. I know it's silly."

Diane interrupted me sensing my bewilderment, "You look wonderful as a girl. I'm proud of you. Maybe you should become an actor. Your role playing is perfect. I think they call it method acting. You should forget what you're wearing and feel natural. Here, wear this." She held up the snow white long lace bridal nightgown; the one she wore on our wedding night.

I put it on. We giggled and wrestled for a while, then made love.

Diane tells her side of the story.

When I woke up the next morning, I was surprised by the way

Shelley looked. He was still sleeping in the nightgown he'd put on the night before and his curled blonde hair laid gently on the pillow. His highly arched eyebrows gave his face a sweet girlish expression. [felt a twinge of excitement. My heart raced as I thought of Shelley and his feminization. I could teach him how to be a girl.

I Was enjoying teaching Shelley the pleasures and handicaps of being a proper girl. It was like having a daughter or younger sister. His hands looked so exquisite with their ruby red nails.



Before we were married I knew he wasn't very muscular and barely shaved, but I hadn't noticed his full hips or his protruding nipples. He made a prettier girl than boy.

He awoke and showered, then he asked what he should wear. I said, "We're going on a tour. Why don't you wear my pink skirt and the white shell blouse. It's very stylish, dressy and still comfortable."

To my surprise, he nodded and started getting dressed. 'Maybe I should wear pants?' he asked. 'I'm just not used to the open feeling of skirts.'

"You can get away with it, you have great legs. Besides, it'll be cooler."

I Watched as he slipped on flesh colored pantyhose. He carefully rolled them up his legs and positioned them high on his waist. I remarked lightly, "Nylons do so much for one's legs, don't they?"

Shelley adjusted his bra like he'd been wearing one for years. He was soon skirted in pink. Skirts and heels seemed to make him walk differently, not with a swing exactly, but with a definite wiggle at his bottom. I hoped his sexy walk wouldn't turn into any embarrassing moments.

"Shelley, you're slumping. You're too self-conscious about your breasts. Pull your shoulders back and stick them out rather than hunching forward. Let's try some higher heels."

I pulled out a pair of my three and a half inch high heeled pumps and he slid them on. After almost falling he said, "I can't walk in these. How can women wear these things?"

"Take smaller, shorter steps," I instructed. "That's better. Men invented high heels they like seeing women restricted in their movements-you know helpless, dependent and at their mercy. In old China, they bound women's feet. Today, tight skirts and high heels serve the same purpose. You're learning a lot, aren't you?" I loved teaching him.

He smiled and adjusted the hem of his skirt. said, 'You better watch those suggestive movements. When you adjust the hem of your skirt or cross your nylon covered legs, you are calling attention to your femininity. That can be very alluring to the males. If we have problems, we'll just create a couple of mythical husbands. That will keep the men at bay. Little did we know... that would be of little use with Italian men.

That day was one of the most fun we had in Europe. Shelley was so much more sensitive dressed as a girl. At times he seemed to forget his dress and I would remind him, "Shelley, keep your voice up." He looked so adorable in his short tight skirt. I was falling in love with Shelley all over again...this time as a girl. He was more open to my thoughts and more gentle with others. And, he seemed to smile all the time.



It might sound crazy but I liked the feminine Shelley. That night I hurried him into our room and threw my arms around him and kissed him fully on the lips. Our lipsticks melted together. A wave of excitement overcame us both. We had spent the whole day unable to kiss or touch except as proper for two women. The build up exploded between us. The next morning, our silky nightgowns were still intertwined together. Neither of us had removed our makeup and lipstick marks were everywhere.



Shelley slept, his blond hair shining and a contented feminine look to his face. I liked this Shelley. I reached over and caressed his nipple through his luscious nightie. His body quivered in response as he dreamily opened his eyes.

Without a word spoken we repeated last night's performance.

Shelley continues with his story.

I pushed back the covers and walked into the bathroom to a full length mirror to comb my hair. I dropped my negligee. Even without girls' clothes, I had a feminine shape. My hips had a graceful roundness had always embarrassed me. I caught myself wondering what it would be like to have breasts. It was a stupid thought. I decided to enjoy this adventure as a woman. Diane seemed to enjoy it too?

I started to dress in jeans. Diane said, "Why don't you wear my red t-shirt dress? Those tight jeans show a bulge where there shouldn't be one. Maybe today we should find you some type of a control garment at that lingerie shop?"

My face was a crimson red as we browsed through the foundation and figure control department. I said, "Please, Diane, this just isn't necessary. I'm getting by okay without all this stuff. Can't we go?"

"We'll leave when I say we leave," she said, holding up a pair of lace and chiffon panties with tiny pearl beads sewn on the front.

I thought of the feminizing effect these garments would have on me. I became concerned. I'm a man and a husband, not a girl. The shop was busy with women, which allowed us to blend in. Diane picked out several garments that would control my figure and told the sales lady that she would do the fitting.

She held the pale pink satin slimmer with laces up the back to my chest. I said, "It looks too small, doesn't it?"

"Nonsense, you'll see," she said. "You'll love the look."

I undressed and Diane slipped the garment around my slender frame. Slowly, she tightened the strings to firmly seat the garment.

"See, that's not bad, is it? Come over here and put your arms over your head. I'll make the final adjustments."

I stood with my hands over my head while Diane tightened the straps to my discomfort. She drew several more inches to where I became breathless. This forced the flesh on my chest up to form promising little breasts and rounded my hips to girlish proportions. "There, that's an improvement!" she exclaimed.

I groaned in despair and cringed at the realization that Diane had again contributed to my feminization. There was something about feminizing me that excited her...and I didn't know exactly what it was. It was like we were girl friends.

Diane picked out several more items. Garments that would cover and conceal my parts that a woman doesn't have.

Back in our room I grabbed Diane and aggressively started to kiss her. I was trying to show her that I was still a man.

"Whoa, that's not how women kiss," she said. "I'll teach you how to kiss like a woman. I think you'll like it." She brushed my painted lips gently against hers and then softly probed my lips with her tongue. My lips opened gently to receive it. We kissed that way for a long time.

After that she never wanted me to kiss her dominantly like a man again. I was feeling awkward and ashamed, but she was relentless in her training. She said, "I want you to experience all the advantages of being a girl, and you'll have to put up with a few problems."

I was losing my male mannerisms and taking on those of a girl. Our conversation revolved around feminine things such as fashion and hair and in just a couple of days my body had become adjusted to my control garments.

One night Shelley and I dressed up for dinner. When I came out of the bathroom, I experienced a thrill as I saw my husband looking every bit like a lovely girl. He had on my sky-blue silk wrap dress. His blonde hair looked ravishing as it softly fell around his shoulders. The tight bodice clung to his corset and outlined his pouting breasts. The full skirt played around his nyloned knees. He smiled and said, 'What do you think?'

"You're one breathtaking lady," I said, wanting to add to his euphoria. I was really a little worried about us getting too much male attention, now.

A block from our hotel was a jewelry store.said, "Let's go in and buy you something. "

Shelley was looking at bracelets but I had my eye on the earrings. A thrill of excitement raced through my veins when I thought of Shelley having his ears pierced. A permanent momento of his time as a girl. They wouldn't show much in the future. I found a lovely pair of dangling gold earrings and asked the price. The Jeweler checked and I showed the pair to Shelley.

"They're beautiful," he said, "But they're for pierced ears." He continued to look for clip-ons.

The jeweler said, sensing a sale, "No problem, we can pierce your ears here."

"I don't want my ears pierced," Shelley whispered. "I'll be marked for life."

"Pay no attention to her," I said. "It's my gift to her."

I gripped his arm firmly and followed the jeweler into the back room. 'Sit here, and don't worry dear," he said. "I've done many young ladies."

Next to the table were several small bottles, wads of cotton and a large shiny needle. I wondered if Shelley would concede to letting this man execute a symbol of irrevocable femininity.

"I don't want pierced ears," he withered. "Please..."

"Ignore her," I said. 'She's just nervous."

"Please hold her head steady,' the jeweler said. "This will only take a second, Miss."

I was stimulated by the notion that in seconds, Shelley was to become even more of a "miss"

Shelley closed his eyes tightly, and gripped the arms of the chair as the jeweler dabbed alcohol on his ears. His face contorted as the needle was thrust through his lobe. This was repeated on the other ear.

"There Miss, that didn't hurt too much, did it?"

Tears came to Shelley's eyes as the earrings were inserted. The Jeweler brought over a mirror and said, "See how appealing you appear, men love girls with lovely earrings." Shelley looked like he was going to faint. The jeweler sold us several other pairs including a pair of sleeper studs



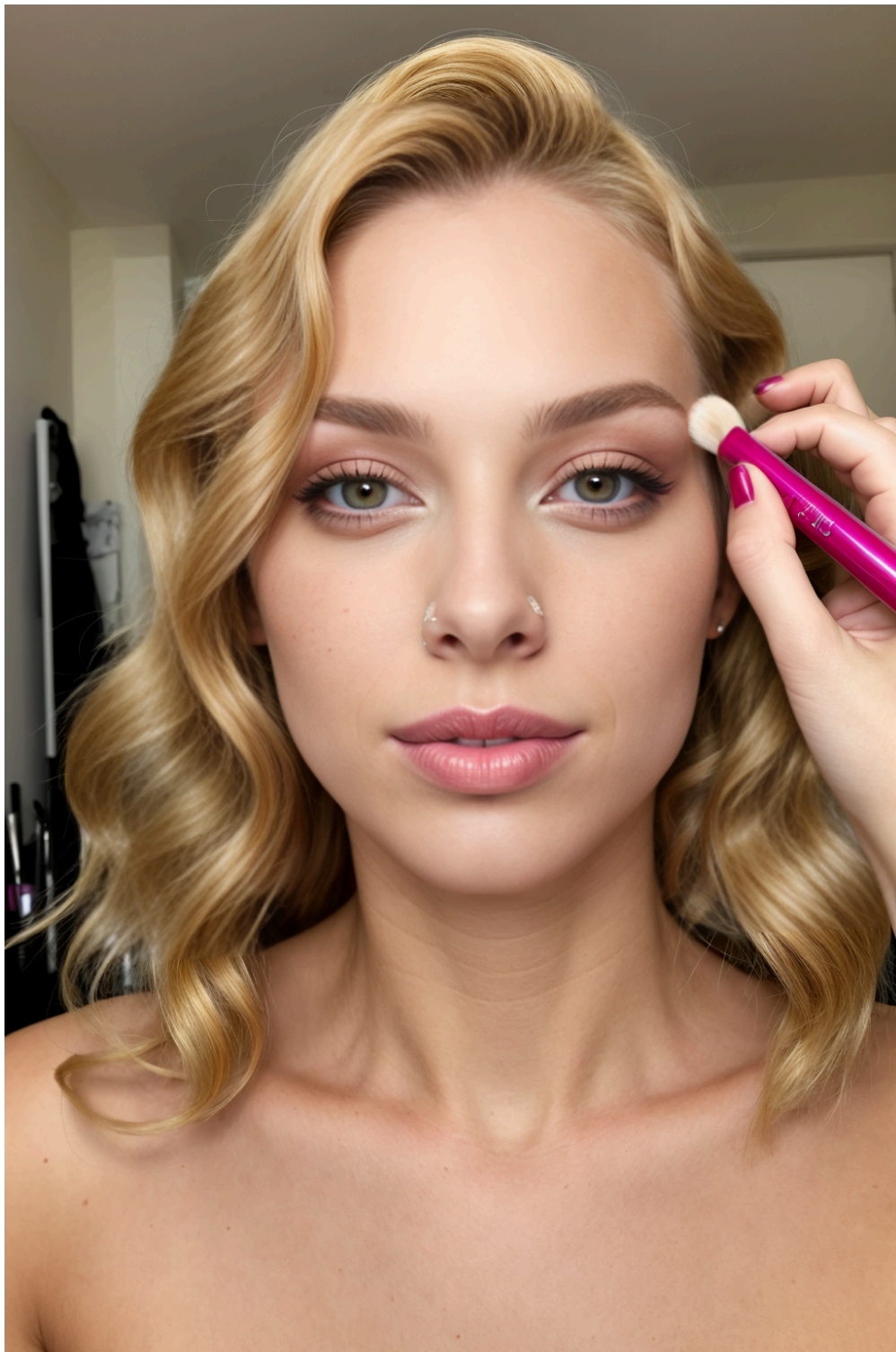
I must say, at this point I was a little confused. The more feminine Shelley became the more I liked it. As we walked back to our hotel, the sun glittered off Shelley's new earrings. I couldn't wait to jump his bones.

As the days sped by, the feminizing effects of his girl's clothes became more obvious. The way he walked and sat was ladylike in every way. He seemed to be embarrassed by his little immature mounds that sat above his corset but loved it when I played with the ruby nipples. He would lean back passively but encourage me to continue. Then his body would quickly shiver with pleasure.

He seldom complained now about the pressure and the corset seemed to be molding his figure more everyday. In contrast to his compressed slim waist, his hips seemed to have rounded out in a feminine fashion. As his hips appeared wider, it gave him a look that suggested passivity and compliance, both attractive female traits.

There were other noticeable changes in his appearance. Before, he had been a serious person, but now when he forgot about his clothes, he sparkled. It was like a light went on inside: his eyes would brighten and his teeth glistened through his ruby painted lips.

On a daily basis I helped him learn the art of makeup. At the beginning, I told him he was going to have to learn how to fix himself up. Fix he did. In a short time he was applying his eye shadow and mascara like he'd done it all his life. His lips were always perfectly painted red and wet from lipstick, they looked girlishly pouty. His nose was small like a baby which gave his face a shy and submissive expression.



I don't remember when exactly it was, but Shelley started wearing my perfume and other toiletries, too. The scent of Ambergris and other natural feminine smells were now a part of Shelley's personality.

Now, I found myself having to 'dress up' when going out with Shelley. I wasn't about to have my husband make a prettier girl than me. I'm not complaining, I enjoyed it and Shelley seemed to like it also.

One night we had a fight. We both wanted to wear the same dress. We argued for a while and I gave in. The next day we went shopping.

Shelley needed shoes of his own. only carried one style of each basic shoe so we had conflicts. Shelley only wanted flat shoes but I argued the high heels made his arch and instep look more femininely curved. It also gave him a leggier appearance.

What I didn't tell him was what else they did. They caused posture changes that accented the fullness in his hips and buttocks. It even made his bosom look fuller and shortened his stride giving him a swaying and mincing gait.

I picked out only the most feminine shoes with the highest heels. As he tried on pair after pair, and minced around, I thought, "I like this." It was like he was in bondage, and couldn't run away from trouble, the same way I felt in heels. It was like we were now equals.

My favorite heels were the red kidskin open-toed pumps that were very tight. They had four inch spikes. He complained about the heel height, "I can't walk in these, they're too high."

"You'll get used to them," I said. "I love the way your red toes peek out the toe." The throatline of the shoe, (the part below the instep) was low cut, exposing instep cleavage. Shoes in Europe were cheap and we bought more than we should have: several pumps, open-toed heels with ankle straps and cute sandals all in bright colors. He wore the high pumps for several days and soon was accustomed to the added height.

It's amazing what an inch of heel did to his walk and posture. It emphasized his feminine sexual characteristics.

We picked out a wardrobe for Shelley that accentuated his new shape.

I don't think I've mentioned another interesting consequence of my changeover. Diane and I started to have men's problems. Since we now dressed in a more formal fashion, we went to better places. We tried to pick places that two girls could go without a hassle, but it never failed that a couple of men would want to buy us drinks and talk. We would always smile and say we were waiting for our dates.

I would get embarrassed when I realized that these men liked me as a female.

Girls didn't look at me anymore, but men did. Diane told me that "feminine appeal" came with the clothes. I hated the thought of men looking at me, but we couldn't stay in the hotel room all the time.

Diane assured me that meeting men was part of being a girl, and that I should relax and try to enjoy myself. Besides, they always pay for the dates. They would stare at me because to them, I was totally a female.

I relaxed and even found it fun to flirt with them sometimes, but I felt guilty later. "Diane," I said, "I'm still afraid some man might penetrate my disguise and see I'm a boy."

"There's not the slightest danger of that...unless you let them go too far. No real girl could look prettier or more feminine than you do, Shelley, you have everything: the looks, even the style of a young lady."

"Maybe so," I said, "but it's not right. It's our honeymoon and we can't even dance together. Besides, I get jealous when men ask you to dance."

"I've got an idea," she said, "we'll teach you to dance."

When we would go out I was besieged by requests to dance. Diane said it looked strange for me not to at least dance once. Diane taught me to dance and follow. I not only learned to dance, but to do it backwards and wearing four inch heels! I was actually a good dancer.

She said, "I'll think of you when I'm dancing and you think of me."

At first, when I was asked to dance, I would turn the men down but Diane would dance. I was jealous watching Diane's dance partners squeeze her tightly and look into her eyes romantically. I sat there like a wallflower, playing with the hem of my dress while my wife danced. Little did I know my shyness and lack of self-confidence was girl-like and attractive. I finally started accepting invitations to dance and I was surprised by how much fun dancing could be.

We both grew to enjoy these social nights out. We danced with all the men who asked but we never allowed them to get serious. Since I was now busy, I was less anxious about seeing Diane dancing with other men.

Before our first night out dancing, I picked Shelley out a very sexy white satin dress, open neck so that the rounded tops of his white breasts showed, and anyone looking down could see the little hollow between his two mounds. I wore a red dress, also low cut. He complained as I picked out the highest heels for him.

*“Don't worry about walking, I told him, *‘ Dancing is easy with a strong partner who will carry you along on your toes. Youwon't have to make much effort, just relax and follow his lead.``*

So off we went in a cab for a night of dinner and dancing.

1 felt completely satisfied with our appearance. As we entered the restaurant, two men came over and asked to join us. In spite of Shelley's panicked expression, I accepted. They wore evening clothes and were very handsome businessmen from out of town. We had champagne and exchanged small talk. The men told us we were beautiful which naturally pleased me. One asked Shelley to dance.

Shelley looked ill as he realized that he was about to dance with a man. Imagine my husband in the arms of a man on the dance floor with everyone watching.

He was afraid of tripping, but as Shelley later said, ‘Jim's strong arms clasped tightly around my small waist and carried me along so that my toes touched only lightly on the floor.



I became aware of his clothes and their masculine feel and smell. Jim easily held me close as we danced. I knew he was feeling my soft dress and smelling my perfume. [wonder what Jim would have done if he had suddenly found out the lovely girl he was holding was a male.]”

It was just harmless fun. After nights like this we would go back to our hotel giggling about the stupid lines and the other stupid things the guys said. Shelley's tension of playing a girl's role all day was released as we nightly made passionate love.

A strange thing was happening, we were becoming even closer than before. At night, we would make love, knowing that during the days we could only touch as was proper for females. Daytime was filled with sharing and laughter. We had more in common: dresses, lingerie, makeup and hair. We would roam through the art museums, our skirts swinging around our knees. We would try, when no one was watching, to steal a kiss or to touch. It was our little secret.

I didn't say anything but I wished he didn't have to change back when we straightened out his passport in Rome.

Zurich

In Zurich, I saw an advertisement for a club that featured female impersonations. It was called the CLUB MATA HARI. We went that evening.

The star of the show and the club owner was Fifi. We were in shock. Fifi had to be a woman. All his moves and actions looked like an alluring and seductive female. He even appeared to have a provocative and voluptuous body. Although most of the show was in German, we had a wonderful time.

On Fifi's break, he came to our table and quietly asked if we were husband and wife. I turned a bright crimson at being read as a man. Fifi laughed and said to me, “You're perfect dear. It takes one to know one. You should have seen this American boy and his mother that were in the club last month. His mother is rich and had just bought him a new Paris wardrobe. He was wearing a dress to kill for. Every man in the club went crazy. Maybe you know him? Lee Roberts?”

We shook our heads no.

Fifi was very interested in our story but couldn't talk long because the next show was about to start. Fifi said, “Here's my phone number. Please come to dinner tomorrow. I can't wait to hear the whole story. I might even have a few trade secrets for you.”

I didn't want to go but Diane insisted. “It'll be fun.”

Visit with Fifi.

Fifi's house was a spectacular Greek style, two story home overlooking the lake. Everything was decorated in pastels and white. After a tour of the house and Fifi's doll collection we sat down to dinner.

They had two live-ins. The butler and chauffeur was Geno, a handsome young man in his twenties. The maid was Renee, a sweet delicate young thing dressed in the traditional french maid outfit. Renee was highly trained and was proper in every way.

We had coffee in the living room.

"I sometimes wish my life was different," Fifi said. "I watch the virile young men jogging around the lake and wish I was like them. Their tall, athletic bodies don't require the maintenance that mine does. The bras and support garments, makeup and hair curlers. Not to mention the confinement of tight skirts and high heels.

"I'm afraid I'm not much of a man anymore, but I am quite a woman. My doctor wants to make some...shall I say, some final adjustments. I think I'll wait until I retire next year. I wear a cache strap that totally conceals my maleness. Shelley, are you wearing one?"

I shook my head no.

"Darling, we must get you one," he said and led us into his dressing room. "They're uncomfortable at first, but you'll need a sleek bulgeless look with some clothes. Renee will fit you with one. I have several new ones."

Fifi's clothes collection was immense. In a special closet he had his collection of corsets and figure control garments. He said to me, "I know they're uncomfortable, but after a few years you love the feeling."

Once this garment is fitted," he whispered, "It will become your best friend. It will flatten, firm and smooth you out. Any bulge can expose you, and psychologically it is important you're comfortable with nothing (showing) between your legs."

"I don't think it's essential." I said. "I mostly wear skirts."

"Darling, try it," Fifi said. "The club designed this french style elastic cache strap so that even in a bikini, masculinity cannot be detected. Once fitted, our show boys are taught to sit for urination and rarely remove the garment. You might find this uncomfortable for a while."

Fifi turned to Diane, "While these garments are in place, stimulation is impossible. There is however, no lessening of the voluptuous thrills he'll find in his new identity."

Renee fit me with a cache strap. "Pull the strap up as tight as it will go," she said. The wide satin band between my legs rendered me even flatter than the panty girdle I'd been wearing.

"I don't think I've ever worn anything more uncomfortable," I groaned.

Fifi laughed, "You'll get used to it." Fifi and Diane left the room while I dressed.

Fifi and I went back to the living room. Fifi told me of the cache's effect. "Tomorrow I'll send you to see my corset maker and she'll make you several more. You do like Shelley as a girl?"

I told Fifi of my feelings and my fear of hurting Shelley.

Fifi knew the passport story and I knew Shelley wouldn't tolerate dressing after Rome.

"I know what you want," said Fifi. "He's so lovely, he should be a girl. He should see my doctor? He could give him some medicine that would soften his attitude and outlook. I've been on it for years."

Fifi ran his hands down his curvy body. "Would you like to see what could happen?" Fifi asked. I nodded.

Fifi took me into his bedroom and undid several buttons on his blouse revealing his mounds which looked exactly like full female breasts. "Wouldn't you like Shelley to have lovely real breasts like mine?"

My heart was pounding. I said, 'Yes, it would be exciting. But I want him to retain 'one' masculine instinct.'

"No problem," Fifi laughed. "The medicine is only to feminize him. His breasts will develop quickly and his hips will take on a graceful feminine roundness."

A sudden recklessness swept through me. I Imagined Shelley's blouses puffing out with real tender breasts. My mind raced as Fifi continued.

"The contour of his body has a lot to do with his feminine carriage. Having the right curves in the right places, he'll gain confidence and look luscious in a bathing suit or a dreamy dance dress with a plunging neckline."

"Will it be hard on him," I asked?

"Among the most difficult and embarrassing periods will be when Shelley is first developing breasts. He will go through stages much like those of a young girl. He'll suffer intense embarrassment. Some boys become socially withdrawn. As his chest begins to show the soft

points of womanly development, it's important to focus on his current role in life. Do girlish things together and encourage him to puff his chest out, let the world view his flourishing charms."

"Is that what happened to you," I asked.

"I was a banker during the day," he said. "As a joke, I dressed as a girl for a costume party. Attending was a well-bred German industrialist named Hans. Not knowing my secret he kept making passes at me. didn't tell him but at midnight we all removed our costumes. Boy, was he shocked."

"Later at work he called me and asked me to dinner. I went with him and he told me of an idea. He owned a nightclub that was losing money. He offered to redecorate the club if [would dress up and create a variety show of boys dressed as girls. Hans would get his money back first and I would eventually own the club.

"It was really tough at first. I kept my job at the bank during the day and I worked as Fifi at night. I hated to leave my career in the bank, so I worked both jobs. The club was a roaring success right from the beginning.

"One day Hans picked me up at the bank for lunch and a shopping trip for costumes. We did this often. He said that he had a surprise for me. He took me to a doctor he knew. I thought he was worried about me working too hard. I was wrong. This doctor was hired to feminize me. After a long argument, I agreed to try hormone treatment. For the good of the club.

"It was a short while after my first injection that I first noticed it. Small knots developed under my erect nipples. My chest became sensitive, in fact, so tender that even a shirt rubbing against them drove me berserk. My nipples seemed to itch and sting. I began to foster protective movements around that area of my body like females. A bra seemed to help.

"One day I moved suddenly and my chest jiggled. I don't know why I was shocked. I guess I hadn't considered what it was going to feel like to have a girl's figure. I was still working during the day as a man and my new prominences were beginning to show.

Because of a project commitment I couldn't quit work. A few of the guys started to tease me not knowing I was soon to develop even more. Several months later those same guys were asking me to dinner."

"What are the stages of development," I asked?

"He'll lose muscle and gain fat in the hips and breasts. The lack of muscle will depress him as he will not be able to lift and muscle things the way he did before. He will be weaker. This will create a different type of relationship between you two. Men will notice his helplessness."

"When will he know that something is changing?"

"In a month, he'll be unable to hide his femininity. He'll notice his swelling chest. His breasts will quiver and have minds of their own. This is a critical moment. You must encourage him. Remember, his development is to be shown and not hidden. Get him used to having them."

I was confused. I said, "I don't think Shelley will go along with it. He seems to like dressing as a girl, but I know he doesn't want to have a girl's body too. He'd never go along."

"No problem," said Fifi. "Does Shelley speak any French?"

"No."

"My doctor doesn't speak any English," Fifi laughed. "I'll interpret, I know you're doing the right thing for Shelley. If you like him in dresses, you'll love him with a curvy body."

"Will he develop huge breasts?"

"Depending on several factors, one of which is heredity, his bust may only develop to about an A-cup. If the women in his family (mother, sisters, aunts, etc.) are "big busted" the chances are that he will develop to more than an A-cup. He won't be built like Dolly Parton. On the other hand, he won't be going to the beach bare-chested."

"His mother's very well endowed." I said. "What will happen when we go home? He'd kill me if he ever found out."

"The effects of hormones are reversible if he doesn't stay on them too long," Fifi said.

"I'm more worried about him psychologically," I said.

"True," Fifi said, "After a period of having a girl's shape, most boys have trouble ever being a complete man again. Can you handle that?"

"I don't know. I just know I like Shelley as a girl. It's just not right to fix him without his knowledge."

"[I fixed my cat for his own good. Besides, it's not permanent. Just try it for the summer." "Ok."

That night, I couldn't sleep. It wasn't right that I should secretly deny Shelley of his masculinity. I watched Shelley sleeping peacefully in his pink satin nightgown. Little did he know that in a few hours, a doctor was going to hormonally change him into a woman.

What would he be like after a summer of feminine training? I couldn't wait to see. It couldn't be that bad. I'm a woman and I like my physique.

The next morning, I added some perfume to Shelley's bath water. "I want you to look gorgeous today. Fifi made a doctor's appointment to have your cold and hay fever looked after."

"I can't go like this. He'll laugh at me." Shelley complained.

“Nonsense,” I commanded. ‘He’s the club doctor. He knows all about men dressed as women and won’t think twice. Besides, Fifi will be there to help. Now, hurry up, I’ve laid everything out for you.’”

I knew what I was doing was wrong. I even thought of going to a shrink. I couldn’t get the idea of Shelley’s feminization out of my mind.

I picked out a very feminine outfit for Shelley. After all, this was his baptism to womanhood. His male hormones were about to be overrun by female ones. I shuddered to think of how different his life would be in a couple of months.

As we walked to the doctor’s office, I watched Shelley’s full sweeping skirt play around his knees. [thrilled at the thought of him wearing frilly and sexy lingerie. He wore a red silk blouse that was cut to a vee in front. It fit tightly across his prominent padded bust. I felt my passion rise as I thought of his mounds becoming real.



He had now worn the strap for 12 hours and had not whined once after the first couple hours of agony and unfamiliarity. His figure seemed to be easily molded with the proper restriction. Fifi must be right, most men would have just said, "No."

The doctor examined Shelley's chest and did a complete exam. He gave Shelley a container of pills and said something in French.

Fifi spoke in French, then interpreted, "These are vitamins," he said.

The doctor smiled and said something in French. He took out a syringe and filled it with an amber liquid.

The doctor spoke again.

Fifi interpreted, "Shelley, you will need to lift your skirt, lower your panties and bend over just a little.

Shelley did, and turned red as the doctor carefully positioned the syringe against his buttock. It offered no resistance. The needle did its work.



As the potion entered Shelley's hip, I was so nervous, I could hardly breath. His negligible female hormones were enriched and soon his body would blossom with new curves. I had a lump in my

throat. My husband was going to develop a feminine figure. I had fixed my husband,

The next morning I awoke feeling slightly queasy. Diane jokingly suggested that maybe I was pregnant or something. I sensed something new in my face: a glow. It showed in my eyes, in my posture, even in my movements. I felt intensely different.

Fifi also said the injection and pills were an experimental combination of all the estrogens responsible for the changes that take place at puberty in girls. Shelley would be going through puberty again, this time as a girl.

The medicine contained a testosterone suppressant and all the female hormones necessary for the development and maintenance of a female system and secondary female characteristics. They came in a packet like birth-control pills and he was to take one per day for twenty-five days, then switch to another kind for five. He was to develop an ovulatory cycle.

I thought about our new relationship. I would be more like a big sister than a wife. I would teach Shelley everything about womanhood. I knew Shelley must be taken through many mental obstacles to achieve femininity.

I made my plans. All our daily interests must have one objective; the development of Shelley's female instincts and the inhibiting of his male ones. I would be analyzing his maleness and systematically eliminating it. By becoming non-male Shelley would become an attractive female.

It sounds weird that a woman would want her husband to develop a feminine personality. [I guess I wanted a husband who was an equal. We would both have silken shapely legs. We would both wear makeup and curl our hair. Both of us would soon have to wear bras. I wanted Shelley to feel as much like a female as possible.

The weeks went by, and little by little I was more comfortable with my feminine identity. My face seemed to radiate. I would still blush when passing males showed interest in my feminine charms. I said to Diane, "I wish they wouldn't look at me that way."

Then I noticed it. My nipples were no longer flat, they seemed erect and swollen. Small knots had developed under my nipples. My weight distribution seemed to have changed also.

I complained to Diane that my chest felt strange and was tender. She told me it was a natural effect of wearing bras. Nothing to worry about, it would go away.

I had a feeling of enhanced well being like a weight was taken off my shoulders. I felt alive and wonderful. Could dressing like this influence my psychological and emotional behavior?

Later that week, we were going to dinner at a fancy restaurant. I wore a sexy flowered dress with a tight skirt that had slits up the sides. My blonde hair fell loosely down around my neck and shoulders.

Alone in the elevator of our hotel, Diane took me in her arms and kissed me forcefully. She forced her tongue between my red lips making me passively wriggle and moan. I blushed and said, "Please dear, you'll wrinkle my dress." I felt different now.

“My dress,” Diane laughed as she watched me touch up my lips. “You’re even thinking like a girl.”

At dinner, we met a couple of gentlemen who asked if they could join us. To my horror, Diane accepted. Before we would dance but never let them join us.

Henry and Michael, were handsome and rich Americans who were in Europe for some type of a merger deal. Diane carried out some mild flirtations with Michael and apparently he liked her. I was flushing hotly as Henry commented on how irresistible I looked. I nervously giggled and played with the stem of my wine glass.

We danced and had a congenial time. I found it interesting to watch Diane dancing with a man. Everything about my appearance said “girl”, yet I was her husband. I was no longer jealous or possessive of her; I no longer had to be protective of her. We both appeared to be vulnerable young girls.

At the end of the evening, the men kissed us goodnight. It wasn’t passionate, just a “thanks for a wonderful evening” kiss. I realized this was a proper thing for a girl to do. I didn’t object until we were preparing for bed in our hotel room.

“I don’t think it’s a good idea for us to do that again,” I said. “What if they found out? Besides, I don’t like you being so friendly with other men. I’m your husband, remember?”

“It’s easy to forget,” Diane laughed, looking at me sitting on the bed in a nightgown with my blonde hair in curlers. “I love you and don’t forget it. Since you appear as a girl, you’ll have to behave like one sometimes.”

“You mean, just because men think I’m an attractive girl, then I’ve got to pretend I like them?”

“Girls like men. If you don’t pretend, they’ll notice something different about you. Maybe figure you out. Like Henry’s goodnight kiss, that was a natural thing to do. It didn’t mean a thing.”

I flinched and licked my lips. I could still feel the imprint of Henry’s kiss. “I just hope no one at home ever finds out,” I said, looking down at my sheer and translucent gown.

The men called the next day and asked us to go out again. In spite of my objections, Diane accepted.

After she hung up, I stammered, “Diane, I . . . er, I don’t think I want to pose as a girl anymore.”

“What!” she said. “You mean the thought of going out with guys scares you?”

I blushed, "Somewhat, I just don't think it's good for us...you know... our honeymoon and you going out with another man?"

She thought for a moment then said, "What a shame. We've been having such fun. They suggested a real expensive place. I'd help you dress?"

"What do you mean by dress?" I asked.

"When a girl goes out on a date she does her best to be alluring. I was going to suggest we buy new dresses and have our hair done. Say yes, just for tonight?"

"Well...?"

I was weakening and Diane knew it. "We'll just go to dinner and come home. Besides, I don't know how to call them to cancel. A short evening, okay? If you want to change back tomorrow, OK?"

"I like not having to pay," I said. Okay."

That afternoon we went to the beauty salon. I was in a daze. I had a date and I was at a salon to glamorize myself for a man. My eyebrows were even more severely plucked and delicately shaped. One girl worked on my now long fingernails, adding a coat of deep red. Matching color was added to my toes. My cheeks were flushed apple blossom pink and had a healthy glow.



They curled and teased my hair into a new hairdo. I seemed to have twice the hair I started with; a soft long curly mane framing my face. It made me look sexy, wild. When I moved, my hair caressed my shoulders. This was too much. I had the impression that Diane wanted me sexy. I didn't understand. Maybe by feminizing me, she felt less guilty about going out with another man.

All day, I had bouts of guilt and fear. I'd say, "I can't do it. I'm not going out with a man while I'm wearing a dress."

"Of course you are," Diane said. "I'm wearing a dress too. If we want to please the boys, we have to show them legs."

"But I don't want to please any boys," I complained.

"It's too late now. They'll be here soon." She said, handing me a tight black cashmere sheath dress with sparkling diamond buttons. I slipped it over my head and tied a black leather belt tightly around my waist. Diane gave me a pair of her long dangling earrings to wear and a sequined evening purse to carry.

The phone rang. The boys were downstairs.

"Come on, let's go," She said, grabbing my manicured hand. "Remember, you look like a young girl, so you better behave like one. Just watch me."

Henry was obviously entranced by his date as we paired off. Shelley ended up in the back seat of the limo with Henry while Michael and I sat in the rear facing seats. I was surprised how easily Shelley was able to climb into the limo in his short skirt. He looked apprehensive as Henry slipped his arm around Shelley's shoulders. I carried on most of the conversation as we sipped champagne on the way to the restaurant.

Shelley looked so cute, his short skirt folded neatly under him and his knees pressed firmly together. Eventually he loosened up a bit and joined in the conversation trying to keep his voice as high as possible.

The men talked of their proposed merger. When Shelley, who was a business major, tried express an opinion, Henry would turn to Shelley and place his masculine hand over Shelley's girlish fingers and say, 'You sure have alluring eyes.'" Shelley was learning that most men just want a beautiful girl with them, not a mind.

Dinner was wonderful. The men knew just what to order for us. We went dancing afterward and again Shelley had to suffer the indignity of Henry's caresses. Once when Henry's hand roamed too far, Shelley slapped the misbehaving hand as he'd seen me do many times. He must have put too much "boypower" into it because Henry said, "You don't have to start boxing, you know."

I winked at Shelley, and said, "You boys better behave, we're old fashioned girls."

This made Shelley blush furiously, not knowing what to say.

In the limo, on the way back to our hotel the men took us on a tour of the city. We were soon engulfed in tight embraces and being told how attractive we were. It excited me to see Shelley, my creation, trying to fight off Henry's affections. I, too, had my problems with Michael, but I was much more interested in watching Shelley reacting femininely.

Shelley congenitally tried to fight off Henry's searching mouth, but Henry was stronger and soon he was pinned against the seat being kissed as never before. He gave in to his role and to avoid his lips being crushed, he pursed his lips in turn. I guess he decided that a girl must expect this. Payment for the dinner or something.

I saw Henry's hands beginning to roam up Shelley's legs. said loudly, "Don't do that!"

Seeing Shelley's smeared lipstick and desperate eyes, I said, "Please fellows, take us home, we have an early four tomorrow. Maybe we can go out again later in the week?"

The boys hesitated, but we were delivered back to our hotel, but not before we were kissed goodnight. Shelley almost looked like he was submitting and kissing back.

After a friendly goodnight, the boys drove off. Once in the room Shelley sighed with relief. He asked, 'Are men always that way?'

"Usually," I said. 'Most girls like it.'

"Did you like it?" He asked with a trace of jealousy.

"Not as much as I love kissing you," I replied, taking him in my arms and forcing my mouth on his. I could almost taste Henry's lips still burnt on his lips. 'You're learning how a girl feels.'

Shelley quietly started undressing. To have performed so much like a girl in front of me, his wife, was humiliating.

I was embarrassed. I went into the bathroom. Every little thing reminded me of my encounter with Henry. Taking off my bra and seeing my tender, swollen nipples reminded me of how Henry had complimented me on my figure. Taking off my sheer nylons I recalled Henry saying what divine legs I had. And, taking off my panties and sex cache reminded me of what I was, a feminized male.



I soaked for a long time in the tub and slowly relaxed. I tried to think about other things. But when I washed my hair, I remembered again how Henry liked my hairdo and the perfumed fragrance of my tresses. I also couldn't help thinking how Henry kissed and nibbled on my

pierced earlobes. I looked at the diamond ring glittering on my slim finger and made a note to repaint my long fingernails tomorrow. I blushed at the thought of my surrender. Was this how a girl felt? Was I developing the emotional and mental make-up of a female?

I tried to ban those thoughts from my mind. As I dried my hair then curled it, I knew this experience had made a big change in making me more feminine. I dressed in a pink lace nightgown and came quietly to bed. Diane asked tenderly, "Was it that bad?"

"It could have been worse." I said. We made love.

The next day, I asked how much money we had. Diane told me around \$2,000.00, but that had to last all summer.

I said, "You know that International Industries merger that Henry and Michael were talking about? I think that's inside information. We might be able to buy the stock or options and make a small fortune. What do you think?"

I spent the day looking through the international business journals and came to the conclusion that International was a good buy. I took \$1000.00 of our money and bought options on the stock.

After five days the stock still hadn't moved. I was beginning to get worried.

On the sixth day, he ran down to get the morning paper. He returned with Champagne. The merger had been announced and we made 88,000.00. Shelley said, "I guess there are some benefits of being a girl"

"You made the money as a girl," I said. "Now let's go spend it on some new dresses."

Shelley picked up his shoulder bag and we went out hand in hand, like girlfriends, to do some shopping. We bought several dinner dresses, all low cut trimmed with lace and satin.

As Shelley's figure slimmed and hips widened, his balance changed. He walked naturally with a sway. I tried to keep him in skirts but sometimes pants were more appropriate. I bought him a pair of walking pants. They were terribly girlish, tightly fitting over the hips and flaring widely from there to mid thigh over his smoothly shaven legs. He wore these with a low cut, tight fitting tank top in white. His bra showed through the translucent material.

Shelley's birthday was disturbing for him. I bought him only feminine presents. He loved the necklace that said "Shelly" and the diamond pendant earrings.

His face turned very red when he opened the box and took out three beautiful garments, finished with plenty of lace at the cups. I bought him several new push-up bras. What was the problem? They fit. He suddenly realized that he didn't need padding with these bras.

Over the weeks, after his breasts began budding, the small conical buds had increased steadily in size and the nipples now projected partly forward. He had developed soft little prominences that were now quite noticeable. Shelley 's nipples became very puffy and I gave them more attention during our love making.

By six weeks, his body had taken on a distinctly feminine appearance. Shelley was becoming aware of his breasts. His development continued with growth in circumference, not just outward.

Even his male body contour rounded out and the pelvic area broadened. He also got extra thickness on his rear cheeks and fatty pads on the hips. So much so, that sometimes they would jiggle when he walked fast. He had a smoother skin texture. These are, of course, secondary female characteristics. Even my most revealing clothes fit him comfortably.



He became very confused. He said, I think I should go to a doctor. " This just isn't right."

Later that night I saw Shelley taking one of his antihistamines we bought in Spain. I had a solution. I yelled, "That's it!" I startled Shelley. "That's what?"

"That's what it is. Let me see those antihistamines we bought in Spain." I examined the box carefully, knowing my Spanish was better than Shelleys. "These are female hormones!"

I knew they weren't but at least there was now a reason that Shelley could understand for his body change. I continued, "The reason we didn't notice it sooner was because of the way you're dressing."

Shelley vowed to stop taking them. [warned him that it might be months before everything went back to normal. I told him to keep taking the vitamins from the doctor. He was lucky he was dressing as a girl. He'd sure look silly with breasts as a boy.

He still couldn't wait to get out of girl's clothes in Rome.

Shelley's body language became extremely meek and submissive, but in a seductive manner. His manner of conversation with men (smiling with downward eyes) and other submissive behaviors, such as preening his hair and smoothing his skirt, caused men to respond in an aggressive way.

We finally arrived in Roma (Rome) after another all night train ride. This one was romantic because we had our own first class sleeper. We hadn't had a credential problem since Shelley switched roles. Still, I felt badly about what I had done to Shelley. Maybe he was right and men shouldn't act like women. We went out and bought Shelley a new suit complete with shirt, tie, socks and shoes. He couldn't wail. We rushed back to our hotel so he could change and go to the Embassy to change his passport.

I began to have doubts when I had trouble buttoning my shirt it seemed to button the wrong way. My figure had changed so much from the hormones that I still looked like a girl. I started taking extra vitamins to help my system.

The suit pants only made it worse. My waist was too narrow. My bottom and bosom had so altered shape that I still looked like a girl in men's clothes. Especially with my long blonde hair, lipstick and long red polished nails. I studied myself in the mirror. My eyes fluttered in a totally feminine manner. I paled and tears came to my eyes, "I still look like a girl."



In all honesty, Diane couldn't argue. She said, "It's been a while, give it a chance. Maybe I can take the waist in to make it look better."

"Do you think so? Maybe a haircut would help?"

I looked again doubtfully in the mirror. I should have known. I had adapted too easily to my new clothes. I had to give it a try. I went to the bathroom.

A little while later I came out. Diane had to laugh. I wet my hair in order to slick it down and make it look more masculine. It didn't work. Diane said, "You look weird, you can't go out like that."

"But they're my clothes, this is what I'm going to wear from now on."

Diane sat me down on the bed and put her arm around me. My suit felt rough and itchy compared with the soft clothes I'd been wearing. Tears formed in my eyes.



Diane said. “Honey, I love you. It’s going to take time for you to become used to your male clothes. Won’t you wear dresses for a couple more days so we can see Rome? Then we’ll spend a week getting you back to normal.”

“I’m not a girl,” I said. I sat on the bed with my knees pressed together making a sorry picture of a young man.

“I know dear,” Diane said, kissing me on the small of my neck. “Just for a couple more days?”

At last, I agreed. In a way, it was a relief. It was hot in Rome and dresses were cooler. I walked over to the closet and pulled out Diane's sexiest low cut mini dress. “I think I’ll wear this tonight. You have your girlfriend back.”



We enjoyed the sights in Rome. I had to wear a conservative dress at the Vatican.

As for Shelley, he stopped complaining and seemed to forget about his clothes. We enjoyed the wonderful togetherness. His body was still responding to the hormones. His face had a luminous glow. Even without make up he looked

like a woman. In the morning he would dress, putting a bra over his enlarged breasts as naturally as I did. He even tilted forward to let his breasts settle into the cups, then straightened up and adjusted the straps to give himself maximum lift.

Nightly we would dress up and hit the town visiting the best places. We had lots of money, but we never had to use it. There were always men who were willing to pay our bill just for a few minutes of conversation or a dance.

We would wear sheer silk and charmeuse dresses, with a tight fitting bodice and knee-skimming flounced skirts. Our hair was curled and fluffed. We wore long dangling earrings and 4 inch black patent leather shoes over sheer patterned nylons. No one would have ever guessed Shelley was my husband.

As time went on Shelley stopped talking about changing back, he seemed resigned to his new status.

One day I was shopping and was to meet Shelley at the Roma Villa Hotel for lunch. I found the ladies room. As I entered, an attractive young blonde girl was coming out of the stall. She was wearing a tight fitting sweater. I could see the round full outline of her breasts. Her hips bulged out from a tiny waist. Her blonde hair was fixed in a mass of tiny curls that set off her dark eyes. blinked, her long mascara covered eyelashes looked down in embarrassment. Her large red lips moved, "Hi honey, you're early."



I had succeeded in turning Shelley into a girl. wondered how long I could keep him that way.

I continued to strictly instruct Shelley in his new role. There was much more about womanhood for him to experience. Shelley temporarily abandoned the idea of his passing as a boy.

I encouraged Shelley to wear the most revealing and feminine clothes possible. I bought him bright lingerie and slips, low cut dresses and mini skirts. He loved the naughty feeling of garter belts and nylons. He said it made him feel “womanly”. He was always drenched in perfume.





He caught on quickly to trying new hair styles he had seen in the fashion magazines. He loved to put his hair up with lacey ribbons that dangled from the back of his head. The ribbons always matched the dress he wore.



He seemed to go out of his way to look sexy. He was in a dreamlike trance. He wasn't jealous anymore.

I suppose I should have been concerned about Shelley's sissification, but with each new step of feminization, I was more turned on. We passionately kissed and made love after our evenings of flirting and being courted by men.

Shelley's body continued to change. His skin was silken soft and his hips had become more pronounced, so much so that the waistband of his pantyhose no longer slipped down. His voice slid easily into higher registers. By now, Shelley's ass and boobs jiggled when he walked fast.



Once he said, "I'm still nervous doing this. What if I make a mistake such as using a deep voice or walking like a boy?" Under my instruction, Shelley learned how to carry his arms elegantly like a model. I insisted he behave and walk like a girl even when we were alone.

His legs had smoothed into graceful feminine curves. His shoulders had weakened and grown smaller. His nipples had expanded into responsive pointed cones atop soft jellylike mounds of fatty flesh. I loved teasing the tips of his nipples. It drove him nuts.

Except for Shelley's manhood, he had been demasculinized, sissified and feminized. His panties fit snugly about his high waist and stretched tightly across his broad satiny bottom.

Shelley's body had been rounded and softened sufficiently so he could wear even the most revealing clothes. I said to Shelley, "Tomorrow, let's go to the pool."

"I'm not sure, you know, something might show."

However, with my prodding, he tried on a pink striped two piece suit made out of spandex which had little bows at the hips and at the top between his breasts. He now had enough to completely fill the cups. His strap successfully eliminated all signs of any maleness. It seemed the wider his hips and the bigger his breasts the smaller "that" became. He also tried on a bikini.

The Pool.

The next afternoon after touring, Diane talked me into going to the hotel pool for a swim. The swimsuit I wore was a red two piece bikini. It still showed a lot of flesh. Not even the slightest bulge showed. I was now used to the restriction between my legs. I felt naked and decided to wear a chemise cover up over my bikini.

We enjoyed the pool and I gave Diane a massage with suntan lotion. It seemed that most of the men there were jealous of the attention we shapely girls paid to each other.

As I rubbed the warm lotion into her back, she asked, "Shelley, what are you feeling now?"

"Gee, I don't know, all warm and sweaty." My breasts quivered with each move to rub in the lotion.

"No, I mean, you have the body and training of a girl and the mind of a boy. One of them has to give. Which one?"



Two men walked by and I looked up and said, "I wish I was like them. I wish I could walk around bare chested and confident in shorts. But, I don't think I could go bare chested now. Those damn pills. I seemed to have gained weight. Even my hips have filled out to the shape of a girl's."

She said, "Does it bother you when men want to talk to you and you know what they have on their minds?"

Did she think I was beginning to think like a girl? "I think I'm feeling more comfortable as a girl...especially around men. I mean, if they get pleasure watching me, then why not? When I watched women, I appreciated their movements. A little extra leg showing here and a sexy wiggle in my tight skirts. If it makes someone happy, then so what?" I seemed to be trying to convince myself.

"Without realizing it," she said, "You have become an attractive, sexy woman."

"Gee, you don't have to pick on me. I can't help it. It's bad enough when no one knows...it's humiliating."

Diane retorted, "Oh sure, even with your passport and hormone problem...you didn't have to become a girl. And keeping your hair..Blonde? Lace bras and sexy slips? Why not just cotton ones? Because you like it. I like it."

I thought for a minute and said, "It's just that I feel guilty sometimes...a man isn't supposed to like doing feminine things, but I guess I do like it. The clothes are very soft and it's pleasing to have soft nylon and satin brushing against my body and legs. It's fine for a woman to wear men's clothes but why hasn't society understood the reverse."

"You shouldn't feel guilty just because you're good at doing what half the population does, right? Enjoy it. How about getting us a couple drinks?"

I got up and walked around the pool to the bar. I laughed to myself as the men watched me stroll past them. I wanted Diane to know I got something out of our talk. I didn't put a cover-up on as usual. I strutted past each man with the sway of my hips giving a shy alluring smile to each. My breasts jiggled with each step but were firmly encased in my swimsuit top. I confidently signed for the drinks...Mrs. Shelly Evans.

Had I gone too far? Shelley's male instincts were gone.

He tanned quickly and I was surprised at the virgin white flesh under the bra cups of his swimsuit. He would wear his mini skirt without nylons to show his smooth, alluring tanned legs.

I enjoyed watching his breasts sprout. I thrilled as their size enlarged and when he'd run, the way they bounced. When swimming, he said they had a floating feeling.

There seemed to be no way out of this dilemma for Shelley now. He tried his suit again but it looked silly. The rest of his male clothes didn't fit anymore and we unceremoniously threw them away. No reason to carry around extra clothes, since Shelley had acquired a large wardrobe of dresses, skirts, blouses, and lingerie, all which fit perfectly.

He complained of the continued swelling, tender buds of his breasts. He wondered if he should go to a doctor. I told him it was a natural effect of taking hormones and also wearing a bra. Time would cure all.

Under his skin a thin layer of fat had been built up, making his body pliant. Panty lines showed under some of his dresses. He was warm all the time. I guess that's why he wore such skimpy clothes. Some of his skirts were so short, I could sometimes see a glimmer of his colorful panties.

Each day, a part of his maleness would depart and in its place, demure femininity. Some nights we would stay in our hotel room and have "beauty nights". His fingernails grew and were long and always painted a fiery red. I felt funny holding hands with him. His hands looked every bit as feminine as mine.

I would sometimes feel sorry for him and his new position in life...a girl. Then again, why? His life is now no different from mine, and I don't feel sorry for me.

Later, I realized as he was putting on his panties, how easily they held his now insignificant maleness out of the way.

He had been so sissified that I couldn't find any maleness left. He smelled, looked and acted like a young lady. His body was now beautiful and unmistakably female, yet underneath I knew he was a boy. Nightly, we would have a pleasurable girl-to-girl talk about our day's exploits and what we were going to do the next day. I would kiss Shelley on his painted lips. He had a wonderfully feminine shaped mouth.

Lately his aggressive questful nature seemed extinguished. I still felt closer to him every day. His nightgown would ride up showing his soft, full thighs and I couldn't keep my hands off him. I guess I had become the aggressor.

When we were out, we would have men making passes at us and asking us out. We usually turned them down. I said to Shelley, "There's some places we can't go as two girls, would you go out with those businessmen we met last night?"

Shelley thought and shyly said, "OK. Maybe we'll get another stock tip."

It was strange being married to a man who appeared to be a woman. His sissified body attracted men like bees to honey. There was something about him that caught the men's eyes his mane of blonde hair, his green cat eyes, his smile, or curvy silhouette. It all seemed so natural. He became inquisitive about men, almost like he had never been one.

"Are men always so aggressive with women," Shelley asked.

"Only the creepy ones," I laughed.

"I don't get it," he said, his long manicured fingers playing with the hem of his tight short skirt.

I used to be strong and competitive but I felt like my muscle tissue was melting away. My body became soft and rounded. I found pleasure in little things, such as my growing collection of earrings. Among my favorites: gold hoops that hung from cultured pearls and teardrop diamonds with gold swirls. I liked wearing my long bangle styled ones the most. Diane thought I should have my ears double pierced so I could show off more of my collection at once.

I felt fat, yet I wasn't.

"Curvaceous," Diane said, noting the plumpness at my rounded derriere and my full breasts. Parts of my body jiggled with each swingy stride. I was emitting femininely sexy "vibes" and couldn't help it. It was like I was trapped in the wrong body.

I began to worry about going home. I was so used to swinging my hips while wearing a skirt. Could I even walk like a man again? Would I want to?

"Shelley was beautiful and unmistakably feminine. He loved wearing sexy and revealing clothes."

I tried on my suit again. It was the only male clothing we had kept. I still looked like a girl. I started to cry, "I can't do it. I look like a freak."



“You're not a freak,” Diane comforted. “I love you, not your clothes. We are still in love, right?”

“Like two girls, but I'm your husband. Remember?”

I sat there in panties and nude nylons. She picked up a lacy pink bra and slipped it around my chest. I adjusted the satin straps so they lay flat across my shoulders.

She smiled and said, “I'll just have to get used to loving you as a girl.”

“It's not right.”

“Of course it is,” she said. “I'll even teach you how to do it better. I'll buy you some new sexy clothes; panties, slips, and cute little dresses. I'll show you how to be sexy. You can let your plump hips swing from side to side as much as you want. All the men will look at you and want you. But underneath your skirts and frilly lingerie, will be my husband. All mine.”

“I don't know—”

“It'll be an adventure. You make a stunning woman. We'll become "femme fatales" and turn on all the men. You'll learn all about the benefits of being female.”

“This isn't a good thing for a young couple like us,” I said. “What if I started to enjoy...you know...being treated like a girl? I've almost forgotten how to be a man.”

“You're going to make a better husband after your experiences this summer. I never did like being "conquered" by men. Maybe after we go home you could “dress up” occasionally and we could go to dinner. You could wear nightgowns to bed every night. I love the soft feeling.

“I bet you could get a job as a girl in the business world and no one would ever know.”

My fingers artfully arranged a few stray curls on my neck. I was thinking.

I wished that Shelley would stay this way. I loved our new relationship. It was almost like I had a wife. He was passive, helpful, and sensitive. Scrumptious sensations coursed through my body when I watched Shelley feminize himself.

With all female hormones still overwhelming his male ones, he had no trouble now completely concealing his masculinity between his cushy thighs.

Shelley's body continued to change and his manner too. He complained about being unable to sleep on his stomach. He said it was like sleeping on two little pillows. He learned to shift his body to relieve the annoyance.

In Paris, we had dates almost nightly, which saved us a lot of money. I was now comfortable talking and dancing with men. My confidence had risen and I would smile at men across the room. At dinner, I would cross and uncross my nyloned legs, consciously touching my knees or thighs. These were seductive moves that made us appear approachable.

One night we met a couple of gentlemen and had a wonderful evening of dancing. I felt particularly attractive. We spent the whole afternoon in the beauty parlor. That night I wore a low cut chiffon evening gown. We had a wonderful time and enjoyed the social interchange. Diane was graceful, flirtatious and attentive. I tried to be her equal.

I felt totally comfortable being courted by Pierre and Roberto. They were both international business exporters. By the end of the evening they even offered us jobs. We would have to stay in Paris. Good pay, too. Diane told them we would think about it.

They offered us a ride home and since we had taken a taxi to the restaurant, we accepted. Perhaps I'd become too confident.

To our surprise, both men drove two seater sport cars. Shelley looked at me in a panic. just smiled and got in Pierre's car, saying, "See you back at the hotel Dear." Pierre, my date, refused to take me back to the hotel until he showed me the sights. One of which included a hill top view of the city.

I have to confess, it was exciting to have a handsome, virile young man so interested in me. I had a delightful time. He was very compelling and so excited by me. I guess he expected to be repaid for the expensive evening. I, of course, wouldn't go all the way, but we did a little harmless necking and petting.

It was late when he dropped me off at the hotel. I knew Shelley would be mad. I hoped I didn't have any bruises from Pierre's adoration.

To my surprise and relief, Shelley wasn't home yet. I hoped that Roberto hadn't uncovered Shelley's secret. My worry was unfounded as Shelley arrived ten minutes later.

His hair was a mess and his dress wrinkled. He blushed and said, "I'm sorry I'm late. Roberto wouldn't bring me home until he showed me his apartment. It was a very pleasant apartment.

Isat down next to Shelley and he continued with his story. Little did he know, I was relieved to know I wasn't the only one with my hands full. I felt less guilty for my earlier natural actions.

He told me what happened. I was really scared and started trembling. I felt so helpless. He had his arms around me and was kissing my neck. He kissed behind my ear and chewed on my tiny hoop earrings. Then slipped his tongue deep into my ear. I was light-headed. Fever flooded through my body. I told him I was warm, but he wouldn't stop. He caressed my

shoulders. Then he caressed my shoulders. Then he whispered, 'I want you.' I lost my breath and I almost fainted. The more I turned him down, the more he wanted me."

My imagination went crazy. Shelley was now totally engulfed with confused feelings of passivity and femininity.

He continued, "He pushed me back on the couch and held me down with his body. I shut my eyes. His body was rigid pressing against mine. I thought he was sick for a minute, he started breathing hard and holding me tightly." Tears started to come to Shelley's eyes.



I said, 'Was it at all pleasurable?'

"No," he fired back. "He's no gentleman. He wouldn't do what I asked. He made me feel...you know...funny." Shelley couldn't find the words to express his humiliated submissive feelings. He continued, "I felt like a...like a woman."

'I'm sure he didn't mean anything. To him you are a girl. You've worked hard to develop your feminine image. It seems like only yesterday you had the characteristics of a man. Now look at you. Admit it, isn't it a little fun?'

"Perhaps a little. But, it isn't right."

"Sure it is. You make a smashing girl. Enjoy the feminine sensations. Your dates will never guess that you're a man, too. It's our little secret."

"Thope not. They'd probably kill me." He said blushing again on the brink of tears.

He stood up and lifted his skirts and straightened the seams on his stockings. "I've felt funny lately, almost maternal. I like making people feel good." Shelley suddenly let the last remnants of his composure go. He began to cry.

Yes, it was good for Shelley to cry. He needed a release. I took Shelley's head in my hands. "It's all right. Part of being a woman is giving pleasure. I don't mean go all the way or anything. It's Just that if you can give pleasure by just being feminine. You should do it."

Shelley bit his lip in thought then moaned, "Oh, what have we done to me. I'll never be the same."

I held him tightly, rocking him rhythmically to his moans. He needed love. He appeared nervous and self-conscious. I gently stroked his soft prominences through his silky blouse. This seemed to calm him down although he wiggled a little and nervously crossed and uncrossed his nyloned legs.

I was nervous. I had a confession to make. "Diane, there's something I've got to tell you." Tears continued down my cheeks as I told her my secret.

I told her that I liked our new life together. I liked wearing frilly lingerie and revealing dresses. I enjoyed all the nuisances of womanhood: curling my hair, putting on mascara and lipstick, painting my long nails, and even wearing high heels.

On the outside, my body was now unquestionably femi[n]ine, but on the inside I still loved her as a man. I'd never been happier.

I sat taking Shelley's confession in. If I had only known before, I Wouldn't have had to sneak around. It was too late to confess now. I said, "Maybe it's for the better. I like you better this way. We share an intimacy of that no husband and wife could ever enjoy. You're more fun to

be around and our relationship is warmer, and more intimate. I love you as a girl.” I laughed and then added, “Besides, we wear the same size dress.”

He stopped crying and wiped his eyes. A thrill of excitement shook me as the form of my effeminate husband effortlessly added fresh lipstick to his dry lips. A look of contentment appeared in his eyes. He was going for it. He sighed and said, ‘I guess I’m ruined as a man. Maybe we should take those jobs that Roberto and Pierre offered us? You know, at least until my body changes back a little. I can’t go back home like this.’

“Sure, doll,” I said. ‘You would have to be Roberto’s secretary for at least three months. Are you willing to give up your other job and your masculinity for that long?’

“I guess the choice has been made for me,” he said, fluffing his long blonde hair.

“You realize that you’ll be surrounded by men. Yet you’ll have none of their advantages. You’ll be expected to obey orders cheerfully. Men have independence. The longer you live a feminine life, the more habitual it will become. You may not be able to be a man again.”

Shelley sat in thought then asked, ‘What about you? Do you mind working under Pierre for a couple of months?’

I shook my head no. Shelley seemed relieved. He stood and was a little unsteady. He fluffed his hair again and straightened his tight skirt. His dainty shapely stockinged legs were boldly displayed from beneath the short skirt. He squeezed his dimpled knees together and a chill seemed to go through him.

With apprehension in his voice and his eyes cast downward, he said, “Do you think it would be alright if I called Fifi? Fifi and his doctor might have some helpful ideas.”

I laughed and kissed him on the cheek. “Of course, you should call. I’m sure Fifi will know just what to do.”

End of Part I