

# Patriot Games Part 3

by: [Marina Kelly](#) - AI Art by Redryder

## Chapter 12

An excited Rose drove Jack to the hospital for his cosmetic procedure. She stood in the sterile hallway and watched an apprehensive Jack wheeled into surgery.

HLS agent Steve Garibaldi and Doctor Waxman stood in the doctor's lounge and continued to squabble. The surgeon objected to being asked to perform an unrequested and in his opinion, an unauthorized, procedure on the patient. Agent Garibaldi was adamant. The doctor must cooperate, or else he would be subject to the full wrath of the federal government. Much to Steve's displeasure, the damn doctor kept repeating some claptrap about a Hippocratic Oath, or some other such nonsense.

The HLS agent explained, in a not so patient manner, that the small breast implants scheduled for this man, were insufficient to meet the governments needs. If the patient was to survive the undercover operation, he needed to continue to grow into his part. Steve went on to explain that the doctor was actually saving the man's life. Jack's survival mandated that his feminization be as complete as possible. If not, the undercover operation would fail. Jack and countless other innocents would be in grave danger. The blood of these people would be on the doctor's hands. Under a not so veiled threat of fabricated malpractice claims, the doctor finally succumbed and agreed to medically implant in the patient an extremely potent slow release estrogen hormone capsule during the surgery.

As an aside issue, unbeknown to the doctor, Steve already bribed the attending nurse to inject Jack directly with a strong dose of estrogen to jump-start the feminization process.

Surprisingly Rose had simultaneously come to this identical conclusion, Jack's survival called for his further feminization. Lacking the resources of the hospital she resorted to the only thing available. In her purse were two of her fertility hormone hypodermics, given to her by her fertility doctor. Rose stood patiently at her husband's bedside waiting for the right opportunity. Finally alone she injected the hormones into his IV line. Rose rationalized; the effects would be

reversible and only short term.

Poor Jack now had more estrogen in his blood stream than a sorority house during rush week. Jack slowly was becoming conscious in the hospital recovery room. With a great deal of trepidation, he reached up to his chest. He felt large, mounds protruding from his chest. As he fought back to the state of full wakefulness, Jack felt himself floating on a soft cloud of arousal.

Rose stood silently and watched her barely conscious husband as his hands explored his new female appendages. Rose smiled as he spent several minutes coaxing his nipples into firm nubs.

Jack pried open his eyes and saw Rose smiling at him. It was one of those 'ah ha' moments. Neither spoke. No words were necessary; they exchanged a loving gaze. In that instant, they shared an emotion, one without fear, without shame, without judgment, just warm tender love of a man and woman. An unspoken covenant of understanding was forged in that recovery room.

Eventually Jack found his voice, "Rose I know I resisted the implants, hell, I have fought this whole girly thing, but the sensation of my boobs feel heavenly, especially my new nipples. I really think I might come to adore these changes."

"Yeah, I can tell." Rose said, eyeing the erection tenting the bed sheets.

Rose stood transfixed as he continued to fool around with his new best friends.

"Take it easy on your new toys honey, the warranty doesn't cover abuse. Let's get you dressed and out of here so we can go home and play with your toys together."

Arriving home, Jack discovered Rose had covered their marital bed in a new daisy print comforter and had filled the room with a dozen bouquets of flowers. Jack was overwhelmed at the thoughtfulness of his wife.

As Jack undressed for bed, Rose entered and presented him with a gaily wrapped package. "I have a present for you. It is a Prima Donna Deauville Underwire Bra; the best money can buy. I guess we can retire those silly breast forms now that you have the real thing. I have provided you with a whole host of bras all in your size so you can stop wearing mine. Isn't

that exciting, or should I say titillating? Jackie you are now and always will be my husband. Your silhouette may not be as masculine as you once were; even so, to me, you're way more desirable."

Climbing into bed with Jack, Rose nuzzled up to husband and continued in a sultry voice, "Let me show you how I feel about what my husband did, just because I asked him to."

Unexpectedly Rose started to cry. Jack responded with "Oh, please don't cry. I don't know what I did, but I am sorry."

Rose blinked hard trying to banish the tears. She opened her mouth to say something, but the only thing that came out was, "Thank you."

After a wonderful sex filled afternoon, the couple eventually fell asleep cuddled nipple to nipple.

The next two days of recovery found Jack fixated on his new assets. When he or Rose weren't molesting them, he was admiring them in the mirror.



Finally, Rose had to put her foot down. She caught Jack for the third

time that morning fondling himself, as a prelude to masturbation. "Daisy I admit they are beautiful and we both are going to get a lot of enjoyment out of them. Your training has progressed superbly but now is not the time for lollygagging put on your bra, get dressed and let's get back to work."

Rose had changed following the surgery. She became more impulsive and more sexually aggressive. One night as Daisy was doing the dishes; Rose snuck up behind Jack, reached around and grabbed his new and still sensitive breasts. Startled Jack dropped a china plate he was washing. Dodging the broken glass slivers, Rose said, "Wanna quick fuck, or is lil' old Jackie not up to it?"

"Sure, it will only take a few minutes, let me clean up this mess. Then we can go and do the horizontal mamba the rest of the evening," wisecracked Jack.

Glancing at the clock on the microwave Rose said, "Sorry sweetheart, I didn't realize it was that late. I have an appointment with Mike at the gym. He has a new aerobic exercise, he is anxious for us to try; I will be late, leave a light on for me. If you're still up to it, we can take this up when I get home.

A sweaty Rose returned hours latter and stealthily crept into the house. She found her husband dressed in his negligee; he wore more makeup than an entire Saturday night shift of whores at the local cathouse. Jack caught in the act of rubbing his manhood through the lacy material while massaging his new breast with the other hand, he was utterly embarrassed. A bemused Rose boldly stepped into the room and said, "Hi Cinderella; I see you have started without me. Why don't you hold that thought while I get cleaned up?"

Minutes later, as Rose exited the bathroom wearing only a smile. She aggressively pulled Jack into bed, then went at his breast like a famished calf attacking its mother's udder; she sucked the nipples so hard it actually was painful, in a good sort of way. The two made wild passionate love until both partners reached several satisfactory climaxes.

Jack pulled his head up from between Rose's thighs sat up straight in bed and asked, "Rose why have you changed? Before my surgery, you rebuffed my every attempt at intimacy. I felt like you didn't want a husband any longer, I was only a roommate whom you used as your personal muff diver. I was around to give you pleasure; my needs were inconsequential!"

"Oh, Jack, don't pout, just be happy with what we have now, I haven't changed. It is all in your imagination."

"Don't patronize me! It was not a mistaken perception. You turned frigid towards me. I want to know why!"

After a long thoughtful pause, Rose responded, "Alright, if you must know, I was doing what I was told was necessary. It was determined that the best way to keep you motivated was to control your libido. A needy man is a pliable man. I hated having to forsake your pleasures, but sacrifices had to be made. I will admit that from my perspective, it was a grand time. I had more orgasms in the last few weeks than in the past year. You may not realize it; the more sexually frustrated you grew, the better your technique became. Darling, if we ever get desperate for money, I could rent you out to my woman's club and retire off the profits."

A peeved Jack just glared at Rose while she continued, "Of equal importance, we wanted you to develop an affinity for feminine clothing, without you associating the experience with sexual gratification."

"I am not that conversant in these things, but it seems you're trying to reprogram me into a transvestite."

After another long pause, Rose volunteered, "But; you are correct. We, the government and I, felt that if your actions were those of a true transvestite, it would be better than if you were acting as one. I never wanted to change you; I don't want a different husband. I just wanted to get you to admit that deep inside you have always had two personalities; one has inclinations to the feminine side."

"Darling I wanted to share my life with that soft, feminine side of my husband. You must admit you are a different man from the one I married I married. You have changed, for the better as far as I am concerned. You were always a loving partner, now you're much more demonstrative and affectionate. Is that such a bad thing?"

A despondent Jack inquired, "Why did you think it necessary to manipulate me rather than just explain it all?"

"Damn it Rose I am nothing but a means to an end for both, you and the government, just admit it! What if I don't want to live my life dressed as a woman? It seems I should have had a say in all this."

Rose physically retreated, surprised at Jack's furor and said, "I don't blame you for being upset."

Jack crossed his arms across his chest and sarcastically said, "How sweet of you!"

Ignoring his cynicism, Rose resumed, "I am not going to argue over spilt milk, what's done is done, get over it! We did what was easiest for all concerned."

Late the next afternoon Rose unexpectedly showed up at the bedroom door and caught Jack transfixed, in front of the vanity putting the finishing touches on his make up. His pushup bra encapsulating his artificially amplified 'oomph', combined with his new waist cincher and the cumulative effects of his diet and exercise have helped Jack develop a more than respectable figure.



Watching with a voyeuristic lust, Rose smirked and let out an ecstatic "Gotcha!"

Summing up a most unbecoming blush, Jack turned towards his wife and stood and dipped in a crusty with grace unthought-of six weeks before. Grinning impishly Rose commented, "My, aren't we proud of ourselves. You were preening yourself like a teenage girl waiting for her prom date."

Rose joked lightheartedly, "Jack is there something you want to tell me? Has my husband been swapped for a Narcissist sex craved adolescent?"

"Fuck off," retorted Jack, but with a twinkle in his eyes. "I am just assessing my possibilities to pass as a woman. That doesn't mean I am happy about my appearance."

Jack did a twirl in front of Rose and asked, "Well what do you think? Can I pass or not?"

Grabbing Jack the two tumbled into bed and Rose licked his ear and said, "I think you're good enough to eat. Let's skip dinner and just devour each other."

Pushing Jack's head down to her crotch Rose teased, "You go first, I had a late lunch."

Rose thoroughly enjoyed another of her husband's tongue adoration. By now if Jack hadn't achieved the title of virtuoso, he certainly had deserved first chair in the orchestra of Cunnilingus. His hours hovering between his wife's legs have created a level of expectations with Rose that may be hard to maintain in the future.

Week two after the breast implants was spent walking, and reinforcing his previous lessons on feminine mannerisms, and generally, those traits that would accentuate his femininity. Rose had to be continually on guard, for some reason, Jack had a tendency to go overboard in his mannerisms and dress. He had a penchant to go from ladylike to flamboyant drag queen in a heartbeat.

## Chapter13

The time since Jack's breast surgery has been exhilarating and exhausting. Rose took a vacation to be with her husband. The plan called for Jack to physically recover while he still continued his feminization training. Each day, they worked until both parties were exhausted. Rose had moved beyond the overseer mode and had reverted back into being a loving helpmate/mentor. It was Sunday afternoon, time for Rose to take a break. She took another pull of her chai latte and ogled at her husband

going through his choreographed belly dance routine. They had been working on this event for the past several days, and Jack was finally starting to catch on. Rose gleefully watched her husband attempt the dance of a thousand veils, for the 20th time. Jack was really getting into it. He was dancing with wild abandon, hair flying, and breasts bouncing erotically; his hip movements lacked the fluid, feminine gracefulness of a belly dancer; however, each practice secession brought improvement.

Rose squealed in delight, "Jack, you're really starting to enjoy this aren't you? I know I am!

I am not trying to be indelicate, but dear you have taken to this feminization like a fish to water."

Jack smiled at his leering wife and said, "I am doing all this to please you."

Rose's only response was an exaggerated eye roll.

Jack thrust his chest out proudly in a way that made his hooters look even bigger; he started his routine over with a flirty shoulder shimmy accentuating his newest girly assets. Halfway through this classic move, Jack found himself extremely distracted by the jiggling on his chest. His perky nipples were protruding through the top of his satin wrapped coin fringed bra-top. Despite his mental reservations, Jack had very little control over his bodily responses to the tactile titillation of his new tits.

Dancing around the room in his harem pants and bouncing baby boobies got Jack excited, thus destroying the fermium silhouette with a very manly protrusion. Jack was unable to concentrate on his dancing with the realization he was turning himself on. Stopping his routine he uttered, "My lord Rose, I know, in reality, my breasts are not very big, but the way they bounce and wiggle makes them feel huge."

Jack sheepishly waited for his wife's response. An amused Rose remained mute and just stared back with a devious half smile.

"Hello, earth to Rose. Did you hear what I said?"

She responded with, "Daisy; a women's size is more about presentation than bulk. You may only have a modest B cup, but I can assure you they are undeniably 'bouncy'. You should take pride and pleasure in your new your figure. Your breasts may not be in the same category as Madonna, but

the good news is that smaller breasts are more sensitive than large ones."

After a brief pause Rose went on, "My dear husband, I believe you have moved to the other side of the looking glass. You are just realizing the view from, there can be quite enjoyable. Do you realize that in less than two months you have gone from a svelte, scrawny guy, to a gorgeous, even glamorous woman with sexy breasts and two of the most adorable little frisky nipples? Daisy, give me a twirl."

Jack held out his arms and did a 360 turn on his toes. He finished with a benevolent smile on his face.

Rose laughed and said, "Girl you're smoke'n hot. Your smile is genuine and reflects what I suspect is a deep contentment. Jack you're more alive and vibrant than I have ever seen you. I am so proud of you, never feel regret at enjoying your body. Life is too short, embrace the fact that we both love the newest additions to our family. Daisy Bell, you and your breasts, will always have a place in my home, and in my heart. Now come here and give me a taste."

Jack took a step back and brought his hands up covering his bosom. "Thanks Rose, I feel so different with these things; but you are wrong I am not content. Admittedly, my breasts have become a major erogenous zone. I almost wish I had bigger breasts; God help me, why do I consider it wrong for me to feel this way? I don't want these feelings; however, I can't control them any more than I can stop these damn fleshy protrusions from bouncing around on my chest."

"Well Jack, throwing a tantrum is not going to help; you know what they say, "That the road to hell is paved with good intentions."

Rose gave Jack a playful swat on the butt and lectured, "I don't care how you feel, when I tell you to do something you will immediately comply. We have had this talk about impertinence before, do I need to remind you of the consequence for disobedience. If you want to act like a petulant child, I will treat you that way. Go into the den and bring me a ping pong paddle, in case it is needed."

A terrified Jack retrieved the paddle and handed it to Rose, then uncharacteristically he did a small curtsy "My lady your wish is my command."

This gesture of subservience brought a radiant smile to Rose's face. In a

lighthearted manner she directed, "Now get back to practice, you have another 20 minutes on the schedule."

Daisy was halfway through his final minutes of belly dancing, when the front door bell rang. Rose, jumped up from her chair and peered out the window.

"Holy crap it's Mike, Jack quick hide in our bathroom. Start the shower; it will explain your absence. I will get rid of Mike, as soon as I can."

Jack started the shower then crept back to the bedroom door and opened it a crack, so he could eavesdrop on the conversation.

Mike entered the room and smiled as he picked up a chiffon veil, which Jack had inadvertently dropped in his hasty departure.

Mike smirked and held the translucent scarf up and said, "Rose do you have a new hobby?"

Mike brought the scarf up to his nose and took a deep breath. "That is not your perfume. You got company?"

Being quick on her feet Rose responded, "Yes, my girl friend Daisy was showing me her routine. She has taken up belly dancing as an aerobic exercise. She is in the shower, what do you want Mike?"

"You know what I want Rose, just say yes, and we can play hide the salami all afternoon."

"Mike please not now; my girlfriend is in the next room."

"That's alright. Why don't we go, she if she is interested in a little three-way action?"

"Mike, Daisy is not that kind of girl!"

"Well you can't blame a guy for trying. Now where is the wimp of a husband of yours, I have a couple of work related questions for him."

"He's not here right now; he went for a walk to get his strength back. Just tell me and I will have him get back to you."

"Forget that, the real reason I am here is to see you. Come give me a kiss."

"GET OUT NOW! I will see you at work on Monday; we can discuss your indecent proposal then."

The couple disappeared into the far corner of the living room, and Jack was unable to hear their conversation for several frustratingly long minutes.

Rose eventually returned to the bedroom and found a fuming Jack. Rose rubbed her rear end, and muttered "That man has the hands of an octopus."

An indigent Jack stood his ground and said, "Rose, I heard most of what went on. My imagination filled in the blanks. Why do you put up with that grab ass from him?"

"I will grant you; he has a hyperactive libido and can occasionally be a little crass. I simply play into that weakness. My little flirtations with Mike are all innocent behavior. They are not preformed out of spite -- or even a desire to be unfaithful. It is just the game, woman play to get ahead in a man's world. Letting him play a little grab ass has gotten me five promotions in the last three years, how many promotions have you had?"

"You are wrong about Mike; he can be very charming and loving under the right circumstances. Hell, I have seen the way Mike looks at you; maybe if you let him play with your ass once in a while he would promote you. I would bet that behind all that macho bullshit, if given half a chance, Mike would swing both ways. I am not going to fight you for his affections. He is all yours."

A gloomy Jack responded in a plaintive voice, "Rose if I was the last person on earth, I wouldn't let that hedonistic bastard within 100 feet of my ass!"

Rose chuckled and countered with, "Me thinks my lady doth protest too much!"

As a closing to her argument Rose reached behind herself and pulled a pillow off the bed and hit Jack over the head with it. The pillow fight quickly degenerated into a wrestling match. With Rose firmly pinned on the floor, she fired her final shot in desperation. "Let's not discuss Mike; I am more interested in my sexy harem girl."

Rose then purred in her best sex kitten voice, "Jackie do I still turn you on? I would love to spend the rest of the afternoon ridding your

magic carpet."

Jack stood and helped Rose to her feet. Rose took him by the hands, and gave him a 'come fuck me' smile and sashayed off toward their bed wiggling her ass at her husband.

After their wild ride came to an end, Jack staggered into a hot steamy bath. Tonight an energized Rose climbed in with him. She slid between Jack and the back of the tub trapping Jack between her legs.

Rose, rubbed Jack's shoulders and told him to relax. As he slid down into the water, he became fixated on the fact his new breasts seemed to float. They bobbed in the soapy water, his puffy and extended nipples poked just above the water level. Rose reached around her husband and lovingly lathered those glorious orbs. She concluded by coating both perky nipples in the liquid body wash. Using her thumb and finger Rose massaged Jack's nipples until they were as hard as two stone marbles. At this point, Rose stood and turned around so she faced Jack and slid back in the water, impaling herself on his manhood. The two lovers swamped the floor; but had a glorious fuck. It was an orgasm that warmed their souls.

Lying in bed following their water gymnastics, Rose leaned into her husband and said, "That performance was magnificent, thank you. Our time is getting short; your metamorphosis into a beautiful woman is about complete."

That evening Rose was feeling playful, so she informed Daisy they had one more event to cover. She had Jack wear his thinnest heels and drug him into the living room where Daisy learned how to run like a girl in high heels. Rose giggled wildly as Jack ran around the room, with arms flapping, boobs jiggling, and butt cheeks wiggling. For 15 minutes, Jack jogged across the living room. After Rose tired of mocking Jack for his efforts she vindictively switched to Jack skipping back and forth. This continued until Rose actually slid from her chair in hysterical laughter. An out of breath Jack, collapsed on the floor next to a bemused Rose. Rose engulfed her husband in a hug and kissed her husband tenderly on the lips and breathlessly said, "Jackie, you're just precious. I think we have milked the last drop out of this training utter. Lover, no more work, now it's time to let Daisy out to play. Come one twinkle-toes let's go to the bedroom."



Holding hands the two lovers skipped into the love nest.

After another round of glorious sex, a concerned Jack turned and asked, "Rose where does all this lead and what effect will it have on our marriage?"

A subdued and uncomfortable Rose responded, "Honey; I honestly don't know."

The future was an unknown but for one glorious night, they were just two lovers, lost in their dreams and enjoying each other's bodies.

Later, the next day, Rose strolled into the bedroom and found her husband preening himself in the mirror. Jack felt sheepish at getting caught doing such a feministic act. Rose had a devious half smile, but said nothing and simply walked back to the kitchen.



Chasing after Rose, Jack trapped her in the kitchen, "Please understand sweetheart, everything I am doing is to please you; it just so happens that I am beginning to enjoy this. Does that make me less of a man in your eyes?"

"Jack, as someone once noted, all ladies are women but not all women are ladies. Jack darling, I hate to burst your male bubble. When I see the person before me, I don't see a man anymore, and I diffidently don't see a drag queen. I see the most caring lovable person in the world who happens to be my husband and a lady."

Rose solicitously lectured her husband. "Jack your mannerisms and deportment are no longer that of a man. I believe if you're truthful with yourself even your self-image has changed from that of a man. Why do you keep denying what is so obvious? The way you carry yourself is ladylike. The way you move, the way you incline your head, even your table manners are uniquely feminine."

"Are you with me on that one? Sweetheart together we have created a feminine reality. It is more than an illusion. Go ahead and admit that you now 'feel' more feminine than masculine, the 'guy in a dress' is long gone."

That night Jack was still trying to absorb what Rose had said. Daisy was dutifully doing the dishes and lost in thought; Rose sneaked up behind Daisy, reached around and grabbed his breast and playfully tweaked his nipples. Jack jumped in surprise and dropped the plate he was washing, breaking it into a thousand small pieces. Hanging onto his breasts, Rose said, "Wanna fuck, I have 2 minutes to spare, or is lil' old Jackie not up to it?"

"Sure, let me clean up the mess you made me make in here first" chipped Jack.

Rose glanced at the clock on the microwave and said, "Sorry sweetheart, I didn't realize it was this late; I can't wait, and you missed your chance. I have to get to the gym; I am meeting Mike, he has a new aerobic exercise. He is anxious for us to try; I will be late, leave the light on for me, and we can take this up when I get home."

Rose arrived home late from her gym workout. She is all aglow and bubbling with excitement. She skipped up onto the bedroom to have a talk with Jack.

"Jack, let me ask you a question. Do you think Mike is handsome? He is only a few pounds above his playing weight and is really buff; most women think he is a hunk even with his thinning hair. My God what a six pack he has! That new goatee he is growing is really sexy, don't you think?"

A flabbergasted Jack responded, "Rose; Mike is a total ass hole, why would you care if he is attractive?"

"Well sweetheart, I didn't say he was attractive; I asked you if 'YOU' thought he was handsome. Your training as Daisy is coming along so well, I was wondering if I could talk you into going on a date with Mike. I think the experience will really prepare you for your upcoming mission. The company has just been selected to host a charity awards dinner, with Mike presenting one of the awards. He needs a date and has asked me to accompany him. I really think it would be better if my sister-in-law Daisy went in my place. It would kill two birds with one stone. You get the total feminine experience and for once I don't have to fend off his advances all night."

Jack started to tear up and responded, "Holy crap Rose you are nuts, Not only NO, but FUCK NO! That is my final answer! Daisy is not ready to come out to the world, and certainly not with Mike. My lord, he would recognize me in a minute, what are you trying to do get me killed?"

"Jack, let me say you're about as ready as I can make you. If you pass this test, you could handle anything thrown at you. By telling Mike you are Jack's sister, it would explain any facial resemblance. If we really go overboard on the padding emphasizing your breasts and fanny, chances are that Mike will never look at your face. If you insist on saying no, I will just have to make the sacrifice. I will go buy myself a new outfit, get a makeover and spend a night drinking champagne and dancing with a stud that has made it clear he wants to get into my panties. So if you insist on being stubborn, I will do my best to resist his advances. However, you know how I get when I have too much to drink. So if something happens, it will be your fault. Now let's see if we can put your little thingy to some use tonight. I could use a really good fuck!"

Jack with tears running down his cheeks asked, "Rose why have you changed? Before my surgery, you rebuffed my every attempt at intimacy. Rose you treated me as an object of humor; you routinely ridiculed and humiliated me. I felt like you didn't want a husband any longer, I feel like I was relegated to nothing more than a sexless live in muff diver. That you kept me around only to give you pleasure? I felt my needs were inconsequential to you."

"Oh Jack, don't pout and stop with the waterworks! Yes, some of what you say is true. You started out as nothing but a caricature of a woman. I was trying to motivate you into being a real woman. Now that is all behind us. Let's just be happy with where we are at. I haven't changed.

It is all in your imagination."

Sniffing Jack continued, "Rose don't you patronize me! It was not a mistaken perception; you turned frigid towards me. I want to know why!"

"Alright, if you must know, I was doing what I was told was necessary. It was determined that the best way to keep you motivated was to control your libido. A needy man is a pliable man. I hated having to forsake your pleasures, but sacrifices had to be made. I will admit that from my perspective, it was a grand time. I had more orgasms in the last few weeks than in the past year. You may not realize it, but the more sexually frustrated you grew the better your oral technique became. Darling, if we ever get desperate for money, I could rent Daisy out to my woman's club and retire off the profits. Of equal importance, we wanted you to develop affection for feminine clothing without you associating the experience with sexual gratification."

"Rose, I am not that conversant in these things, but it seems you're trying to reprogram me into a transvestite."

After a long pause, Rose responded, "Jack in a way you're correct. We, the government and I, felt that if your actions were that of a true cross dresser, it would be better than if you were merely pretending. I never wanted to change you. I just wanted to get you to admit that deep inside you have always had inclinations to the feminine side. You must admit you're not the same man I married. You have changed, for the better as far as I am concerned. You were always a loving partner, now you're much more demonstrative and affectionate. Is that such a bad thing?"

Damn it Rose, "Demonstrative, my ass. I now have the emotional stability of a teenage drama queen."

A despondent Jack inquired, "Rose. Why did you think it necessary to manipulate me rather than just explain it all?"

"Whoa there Tinkerbelle, don't go getting your panties in a bunch. I am not going to argue over spilt milk. You have never accepted criticism well. You become immediately argumentative. So to avoid the hassle we did what was the easiest. Now get over it."

Rose took Jack by the hands, and gave him a flirty smile stood and pulled him in close and gave him a passionate kiss on the lips.

The next afternoon Rose again crept into the bedroom and caught Jack

transfixed in front of the bedroom vanity putting the finishing touches on his make up. With his new pushup bra encapsulating his artificially amplified 'oomph'. The effects of his diet and exercise have helped Jack develop a very respectable figure. Watching with a voyeuristic lust, Rose smirked and let out a delighted, "Hay butter cup, gotcha again!"

Summing up a blush that turned his cheeks and ears crimson red, Jack stood and turned towards his wife then dipped in a full crusty with grace unthought-of six weeks before. Grinning impishly Rose commented, "My, aren't we proud of ourselves. You are preening yourself like a teenage girl waiting for her prom date." Rose joked lightheartedly, "Has my macho husband finally morphed into a beauty queen?"

Jack reached up and patted a stray hair back into place and retorted with a twinkle in his eyes. "Fuck off, Rose. I may be a queen, but I am in no way a beauty!"

Rose laughed and responded, "Well sweetheart as they say 'beauty is in the eye of the beholder.' I may be a bit prejudice but from where I stand you would give Miss Universe a run for her money." Rose disrobed and threw herself no to the bed, lying on her stomach, her head supported on one hand. Her naked body was stretched in a harmonic curve. Spreading her legs, Rose brazenly invited her husband to join her. Rose thoroughly enjoyed another of her husband's tongue lashings. By now if Jack hadn't achieved the title of virtuoso, he certainly had earned first chair in that orchestra in the art of Cunnilingus. His hours hovering between his wife's legs lapping up her juices have created a level of expectations with Rose that may be hard to maintain in the future.

Rose insisted that Jack always wear a heavy coat of lipstick but have now expanded her requirements. Jack was to wear eye shadow and a thick coat of mascara on his lashes during all lovemaking secessions. He was required to check his eye makeup whenever he did his 15-minute lipstick checks. Rose found it quit titillating watching her husband keeping his make up perfect just for her. Rose really got off on watching her husband look up at her from his knees through those smoky eyes and long heavy lasses.

The days since the breast implants have been focused on putting the finishing touches on Jack's feminine persona. He walked in his heels, so much he created a worn path in the carpet. Rose rode Jack incessantly trying to reinforce his previous lessons on female decorum and mannerisms, with emphases on his posture and hand gestures. They worked on any characteristic that would accentuate his femininity.

The daily routine training secessions were rushed through faster every day to get to bedroom recreation time. The days since surgery, were pure orgasmic euphoria. The two lovers copulated like two bunnies in heat. Cold showers were a thing of the past. Both partners found the missionary position to be the most satisfactory. Rose thrilled at her ability to play with her husband's little tits, while Jack just loved the feeling when his nipples would rub against his wives. The nights would find them spooned, with Rose's sleeping in Jack's arms as he cupped her breasts and his little Willie snuggled into Rose's groin.

Then disaster struck as Rose suspected it would. She had hoped it would take a few more days, but she would have to deal with the reality of what she did. While Jack slept in the recovery room from surgery, Rose had used two of her hypodermic hormone injections on Jack. Until today, when mysteriously Jack's lust remained high; however, he was having trouble in inflating his manhood. It was still sensitive; even so, penetration suddenly became impossible. It refused to get firm enough to breach her pussy.

Rose tried to defuse the situation by joking, "It seems your get and go, has got up and went."

A worried Jack continued to provide pleasure to his wife the only way he could orally. Her sex drive, only seem to crest, in fact she was almost insatiable.

Rose tried to make light of his problem by saying, "I may have lost my manly stud but I have gained a goddess. If he never comes back think of the tax right off, we can call Goodwill; there is a drawer full of jockstraps that aren't going to be needed anymore."

"Rose whaddya mean if?"

"Relax Jack; it just seems to me you have really enjoyed your new feminine self the last few weeks. If you want to return to your old male self and move back in as Jack, that's fine with me. Of course if Daisy wants to move in full time, I would welcome that too. Think of all the money we can save by sharing a wardrobe."

Jack pouted, stuck out his lower lip and responded in a mean manner, "Rose the only way we could share a wardrobe is if you were to go on a serious diet. I wear a smaller size dress than you. Save the damn jockstraps, if I never use them again maybe I can summon Hercules, he can use them."

Rose was delighted at the lighthearted banter of her husband, stuck out her tongue and gave him a raspberry and responded, "Don't you dare summon anyone, I don't need the competition, and don't plan on sharing you with anybody, even an imaginary superhero. >From my perspective I have traded in a drab pickup truck for a sleek Corvette. I want to keep you all to myself."

"That's all well and good Rose, but did it have to be a pink Corvette?"

"Oh, Jack dear, please don't concern yourself about your little E.D. problem, it's probably from stress. When this is over and we are together, everything will be fine. Hell, Jack to paraphrase 'Tootsie', you are more of a man as a woman than any man I know. Why can't you get away from this fixation on your penis? So what if your semen making machine is temporarily out of ammo. I understand that to most men a penis is more than a body part. It is a flesh and blood gage of a man's place in the world."

"Let's worry less about the anatomical function and more on the metaphysical. From a woman's point of view, a penis is an enigma, at times it can be poetic at others times pathetic. It is an agent that can be the source of ecstasy while at the same time can be a weapon against woman, boys or even weaker men. There is no requirement for me to be possessively penetrated to be your woman. I am yours because I give my soul to you, not because you skewer me with your shaft."

"Why can't you admit it? You love dressing as a woman. Embrace the fact you're at the very least a transvestite, I have. Let's just enjoy what we have and not worry about tomorrow."

Jack thought about that for a minute then responded, "Just one question, Rose, when did you turn lezbo on me, I must have missed the memo."

"It was there dear; you just need to check you in box more frequently. In the interest of full disclosure, I am now officially a bigamist; I am deeply in love with two distinct personalities. I love Jack my husband and always will, and I have now fallen in love with my girlfriend Daisy. If that makes me a lesbian so be it."

"Rose, did you plan, this from the start?"

"Heavens no, it was just a serendipitous circumstance. This way I get my loving husband and sexy girlfriend all rolled into one. I can't explain

how things have worked out, life is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma."

The next week was pure hedonistic debauchery. They spent every spare minute in bed making love. Cold showers were a thing of the past. Both partners found the missionary position to be the most satisfactory. Rose thrilled at her ability to play with her husband's little tits, while Jack just adored the feelings when his nipples were played with. For days on end, the two lovers were unabashed in their mutual lust. The magic of those nights was special; it was a gift from Aphrodite.

Jack was blissfully content. Then disaster struck as Rose suspected it would. She had hoped it would take a few more days. She would have to deal with the reality of what she had done. While Jack slept in the recovery room from surgery, Rose had injected her fertility hormones into her sleeping husband. Well, the chickens came home to roost. While Jack's passion remained at a fever pitch, he had trouble inflating his manhood to full pressure. It was still sensitive but refused to get firm. Penetration suddenly became impossible. A worried Jack continued to provide pleasure to his wife the only way he could, orally. Her sex drive, only seem to peak; in fact, she was almost insatiable.

That night Jack lay on top of Rose, and they kissed passionately. Jack was aroused, but his organ refused to respond. Rose sensed his distressed and tried everything to help. She even relented to take his organ in her mouth. She sucked and manipulated it with her tongue but to no avail. Eventually Jack told Rose to stop. His passion remained high, but he was having trouble inflating his manhood. It just lay there like a limp worm. It was still sensitive but refused to get firm enough for sex. Penetration became unworkable.

Rose tried to console her husband. "Please don't worry about it. Society defines your sex by your genitalia, but functioning of your plumbing has nothing to do with you being a man. Honey you agreeing to go after this terrorist as a woman makes you a real man in my eyes. I don't care your little Willie is temporarily out of commission."

An apprehensive Jack, put aside his concerns and provide pleasure to his wife, in the only way he could. The more he pleased her the more she demanded. She was almost insatiable.

Thursday was the day before Jack's first outing as Daisy. Rose had repeatedly explained to Jack the need for Daisy to experience the real world. Tomorrow was going to be the day. His two weeks' vacation was up

on Monday. Jack continually questioned Rose about how was he going to go back to work. The desperation in his voice was obvious. "How am I going to hide my breasts?"

Rose dismissed his concerns with a simple, "Don't worry about it, I have talked to everyone in the office. I will take care of everything!" After a long day of practicing womanly mannerisms, Jack got to relax in a bath. Rose came in and conducted his nightly shaving routine, being more thorough than usual. Jack was exiting the bath Rose stood there and helped Jack into pretty rose colored silk thong.

"Rose I feel like such a failure. I want my old life back."

Rose snickered and pulled him into a firm loving hug as she whispered into his ear, "No regrets, it's a little late to turn back now. Everything is going to be fine. Trust me."

Rose led him to their bed, pushed his shoulders and forced him onto the bed. It was the night before their planned outing, Daisy's official unveiling to the outside world. Exiting the bathroom, a naked Rose led Jack into their bedroom. She said, "Jack, I want you to hold me, to touch me to show me how much you love me like you use to..."

He gently laid his hand over her lips. "No more words, lover." She reached up to him with warm moist lips. He was helpless as the passion swept over him. Rose forced him to their bed and said, "Please don't make me beg; I will if I have to, but I would prefer it if my husband wanted it as much as I do."

She pushed his shoulders and toppled him onto the bed. She stood there looking down at him with pure lust. Bending over him again their lips met. Jack reached up to his wife and lightly stroked her exposed body. His touch was like electricity lighting up every nerve in her body. She longed for his soft caresses. After what seemed like an eternity to both, she lay down beside him. His body was cool, hers hot with anticipation. Neither spoke, except with their eyes. Again, their lips touched as Jack stroked her arm with a feathery touch. Jack rolled on top of her. She welcomed his body as it pressed her down. She shivered with anticipation as his hand touched her breast. Her shiver was one of excitement as he lightly touched her nipple with the tip of his tongue. Jack was completely unaware of the stirrings inside him; reflexively, he brought his free hand to his own breast. As he felt their mutual passion grow his skin began to tingle. Rose could feel his eyes on her as she lay there with the electricity coursing through them both. "Ahhh" escaped her lips.

It seemed to encourage Jack. He shifted his weight and repositioned his Body.

Her hands on his hips attempted to guide him. Now he gently tormented her other breast. It was as if he was trying to swallow her entire breast. His warm hot lips covered her nipple. He gently pulled on it with his lips, caressing it with his tongue. Her heart raced, and her desire built until she thought she would scream. Now his hand was playing with her other breast, caressing the baby soft tissue and stroking her hypersensitive nipple. Rose returned the favor and not so gently tugged on his nipples, causing them to swell into hard little nubs. Jack was now dry humping his wife with just the silk of his panties separating the two lovers. He felt something building inside him like small explosions going off, and they spread warmth all through him. Rose removed one hand and lightly ran her fingers down to his panties. She moved slowly and with only one finger she rubbed, through his silky panties.

What was left of his manhood? His excitement grew and grew but no matter what she did he couldn't make his stone pillar return. He couldn't reach the level he sought. He came to the brink but just couldn't crest it. It was different from anything he'd ever experienced. In the past, the feelings had been pleasurable enough, and he had always felt satisfied as the rush came quickly and then passed. As Rose stroked and suckled one nipple and continued to masturbate his little clittie, as it tried to get hard and pre-cum leaked from it in sufficient quantity to stain his panty, Jack felt the excitement throughout his body, and it grew until it was almost overwhelming. Then, when she stroked him one more time on the skin that was still so responsive, he experienced a different sensation unlike anything he had felt before. Rather than a brief tidal wave of pleasure; it manifested itself more as a slow warmth coursing through his body, from his toes through his crotch, ass, breasts, all the way to his ears. Jack recognized it as an orgasm without ejaculation.

Jack was severely disturbed about his lack of ability to gain an erection; a saddened Jack stared at the last vestige of his manhood as it slowly slipped into the valley between his legs.

Rose tried to make light of it by saying, "I may have lost my manly stud but I have gained a goddess. Besides think of the tax right off, we can call Goodwill; there is a drawer full of jockstraps that aren't going to be needed anymore."

Jack pouted, stuck out his lower lip and responded, "No save them, let me see if I can summon Hercules, maybe he can use them."

Rose was delighted at the lighthearted banter of her husband, and responded, "Don't you dare, I don't need the competition, and I don't plan on sharing you with anybody even an imaginary superhero. From my perspective I have traded in a pickup truck for a corvette. I want to keep you all to myself."

"That's all well and good Rose, but did it have to be a pink Corvette?"

"Oh, Jack dear, please don't concern yourself about your little E.D. problem, it's probably from stress. Hell, Jack to paraphrase Tootsie, 'you are more of a man as a woman than any man I know'. When this is over and we are together, everything will be fine."

A pensive Rose finally said, "Why can't you get away from this fixation on your penis? So what if your semen making machine is temporarily out of ammo. I understand that a penis is more than a body part to you; it is a flesh and blood gage of a man's place in the world. Let's worry less about the anatomical function and more on the metaphysical. From a woman's point of view a penis is an enigma. At times it can be poetic at others times pathetic. It is an agent that can be the source of ecstasy while at the same time can be a weapon against woman, boys or even weaker men. There is no requirement for me to be possessively penetrated to be your woman. I am yours because I give my soul to you, not because you skewer me with your shaft."

"Honey, why can't you admit it, you love pretending to be a woman? Embrace the fact you are a transvestite, I have. Let's just enjoy what we have and not worry about tomorrow."

Jack scorched his face and responded, "Just one question, Rose, when did you turn lezbo on me, I must have missed the memo."

"It was there dear; you just need to check you in box more frequently."

"In the interest of full disclosure, I am still in love with Jack. I just find that I am also in love with Daisy. If that makes me a lesbian, so be it."

"Rose, did you plan, this from the start?"

"Heavens no, it was just a splendid serendipitous situation. This way, I get my loving husband, a sexy girlfriend, and a lesbian with a hard on, all rolled into one. What more could I ask for. It's like Christmas in July."

Jack is totally befuddled by this latest revelation. Is Rose truly a lesbian, bi-sexual, or just an old-fashioned kook? That afternoon Rose walked into the bedroom and found her husband preening himself in the mirror. Jack felt sheepish at getting caught doing such a feministic act. Rose had a devious half smile; but this time said nothing and simply walked back to the kitchen. Chasing after Rose, Jack trapped her in the kitchen, "Please understand sweetheart, everything I am doing is to please you; it just so happens that I am beginning to enjoy this. Does that make me a sissy in your eyes?"

Rose said proudly, "My dear husband the sissy in you is long gone. I now see only a good-looking woman."

"Get serious! Despite my physical appearance, I am still a man in my head and heart."

"Jack, you may consider yourself still a man; but it is apparent to me; your subconscious mind has been converted to the feminine. There is no disgrace in that. I am delighted at the way you have turned out."

#### Chapter 14

"Rose what if I don't want to be a double sexed hermaphrodite lady-boy? I was never a he-man, but at least I was a man."

"Jack you say that like being a man is somehow superior. I am a woman and love it. I would not trade what I have for a penis. I hear what you're saying. However, we all find that life, the universe, whatever, often alters our plans. Yet in the end, from a rare height of hindsight, we find that providence had its own idea on how we were to arrive at our ultimate destiny. In all honesty, I think that even though we are looking for something, we may find something else entirely and realize that what we've found is more suited to our needs than what we were looking for. Jack is totally confused at this latest riddle. "Rose, this light repartee is fun and all, but can we get serious for about minute. I am ashamed as a man to admit that I enjoy, hell, I love a lot of this womanly stuff. However, is not how I dreamed my life would be."

"Jack we both wanted a normal family life, a father and mother and children playing in a yard with a white picket fence. That has been our dream. Perhaps destiny plans a different route, or turns our dreams around, and fulfills our dreams in ways we can't even imagine right now. Life is too short to spend it worrying about what ifs. We are both happy

let that be enough for now."

That night Jack slept with his head between Rose's thighs, his lips permanently attached to her vulva. Due to the proximity of Rose's source of pleasure, Jack took every opportunity to make up for his AWOL man pole.

Despite Jack's misgivings, Rose insisted that 'Debutante Daisy' would have her formal entrance into society the following day. In expectation of his big day Jack took an extra languorous bath.

Jack was severely disturbed about his lack of ability to gain an erection and achieve a classic orgasm. A saddened Jack stared at the last vestige of his manhood, his useless man clit, as it slowly slipped into the silken valley between his legs. Jack needed sexual release at that moment as much as he needed air to breath. But the fates would not cooperate. Jack was in a big letdown, which was worse than any post orgasm decent. It was just pure frustration, like he had never felt before.

Jack awoke with his head still resting on the soft pillows of Rose's thighs his mouth a mere breathe away from her sex. With a mixture of alarm and excitement, Rose cheerily prodded her stirring husband.

Wearing a triumphant smile, Rose said. "Come on Rip Van Winkle wake up, it is our big day. Daisy's first time out of the house! Take a shower; I will lay out your outfit for today."

"But Rose, what if someone laughs at me? W...What if..."

"Slow down Jac... er... I mean Daisy. Everything will be fine; I will be with you the entire time. Now either you trust me, or you don't! Daisy get dressed, so we can begin our 'Grande venture'. We have a whole day to explore and play together."

You are being prepared for a man who insists his 'girls be totally passable and comfortable in public dress as a woman. This is a critical element in your training. "When I turn you over to the government; I am giving them a true Feminine Lady. Not a dude in disguise. Jack don't you dare cry; that is a good thing. I am so proud of you, I could just burst!"

Jack saw a strange oblong box sitting on the dresser. He quarried Rose on it. "Oh, that is a present from Steve; with you being gone, he knows I will have been certain...needs. Here let me show you." Sliding the life-

like penis out of the box and holding it up like some trophy Rose said, "It is a personal waterproof massager with escalating speeds - and a soft, flexible head that moves back and forth while vibrating. It claims to produce amazing waves of erogenous pleasure and sexual satisfaction. I have been waiting to try it. Now unless you want a demonstration get over here and put on your lingerie. I WILL NOT ASK AGAIN!"

Jack did as he was told his head bowed, his spirit broken.

Looking more closely at what he was to wear Jack inquired, "Rose isn't that your favorite lingerie?"

"Ah, so it is dear, I think nothing will make today more special for me than knowing you're wearing my sexiest lingerie. I have also picked up a new waist cincher, in a smaller size of course."

"Bu...but why smaller, I can't breathe when I am in my current size?"

As Rose tightened the waist cincher, she chided Jack. "Come on honey if we are going to do this let's do it right. Hush up and stop the whining. Take a deep breath and suck in your tummy, so I can get this just a little snugger."

Jack was forced to take smaller, short breaths; he began to get lightheaded. To take his mind off his waist Rose roughly shoved Jack's testis up into his body cavity. Jack found it uncomfortable, but not painful. Rose pulled up a tight g-string and tucked his penis back. Rose smiled and said, "That's perfect, only you gynecologist will be able to tell."

"Rose you're a sadist," whizzed Jack as Rose tightened the corset, yet again, and readjusted his panties up to hold everything in place. Oh for heaven's sake, I haven't tied it as tight as it goes, it is just so pretty and goes with the rest of your sexy lingerie, don't you agree?"

"You're a callused, hardhearted, woman Rose. You are having way too much fun at my discomfort."

"Whoa, there Daisy Duke what are you trying to tell me? You don't think I enjoy doing this to you? Why would any wife want her husband to be prettier than her?"

His playful smile turned to a gasp as Rose yanked one more time on the corset laces. Laughter danced in her eyes.

Jack surprised Rose with a question she didn't think he needed to ask.  
"Do you love me?"

"Of course! Don't you know that by now?"

"Yes, I do. That's the point. You wouldn't do anything to hurt me, certainly not deliberately would you?"

"Goodness, no!"

For a brief moment, Rose was concerned that her husband was more perceptive than she had given him credit for.

"Why do you want me to dress so provocatively?"

"Maybe I like the way you squirm," she finally said. "Or maybe I just want to show you off my trophy lesbian spouse."

"Now 'that' is a strange idea," Jack said, laughing. "The beautiful super executive with the computer geek on her arm, and I am supposed to be the trophy? Get real."

A shy and pensive Jack stood before his wife and protested, "Yes Rose it is all gorgeous but your bra is way too big for 'little' old me."

"Don't worry about that, we can correct that little deficiency later. Now let me help you get dressed. We have a lot to do today. Don't worry about makeup that will come later. Oh, I am so excited, aren't you?"

"You have said that already Rose. No I am not excited, I am scared to death."

"Don't be such a downer; stop trying to rain on my parade. I will be with you every step of the way. If you can't trust me, who can you trust? Now buck up, remember I've got your back Jack!"

"All right, from those who are about to die, we salute you," wisecracked Jack.

"Oh, give me a break Jack; you are hardly 'Spartacus'!"

"That may be true Rose, but why do I feel I am about to be feed to the

lions?"

"I don't know Jack, maybe you're just clairvoyant."

Unexpectedly Rose started to tear up and became very melancholy. Jack totally caught up in his own quandary completely missed his wife's uneasiness.

"Rose what if I'm recognized?" Regaining her composure, Rose simple replied, "Oh, if that happens, we will find a way to deal with it. I have every contingency covered and planned to the last detail."

Finally, Rose had Daisy dressed in a stylish purple top with frill trim the whole length of the front. It had extra-long sleeves, and lace flared around the cuffs. Then she completed the outfit with a tight knee length white skirt, which nicely displayed Daisies developing figure. Zipping up the skirt Rose complemented Daisy on her figure. "Daisy your waist is positively waifish; I am so jealous."

Rose saw a look of anguish in her husband's face, "Honey nobody will think anything is wrong, and I guarantee you don't look like a dude in drag," she asserted.

As Jack went in search for his wig, Rose stopped him with, "Stay there, a minute."

Rose returned with a large box, tied in a pretty pink bow.

"Daisy, go ahead and open it, I am so nervous!"

Jack opened the box a found a new wig. It is a very light platinum blonde, an almost bleached white wig. Rose carefully removed the hair piece and proudly displayed it to her husband. "This is the best human hair wig on the market. It is a glamorous wig with soft, wavy layers, and four inch bangs. I have had it styled in what's called French chic, isn't it spectacular? Holy cow look at that it touches your shoulder blades in the back."

Rose continued, "The wig actually can be glued to the skin to stay in place and look more realistic, but we will skip that for today. Isn't that special? Here let do a few touch ups."

Rose essentially swooned over the results, "Voila!" she proudly

proclaimed, "See I told you no one would ever think you anything but a 100% woman with this on!"

Jack was overwhelmed by a blizzard of sensations and strange emotions. Jack was swept up in the bright energy of her enthusiasm. Standing in front of a mirror Jack was enthralled with his new due. Jack spent 15 minutes fluffing his hair.



Jack turned to Rose and whispered, "I am embarrassed to admit it Rose, but I just love the hair. I have never seen anything so beautiful in all my life. Thank you, I love you."

A bemused Rose finally had to drag Jack away from the mirror. A totally perplexed Jack followed Rose to their car.

Before entering the car Rose turned to Jack and asked, "Jackie dear are you alright?"

"No Rose I am afraid to leave the security of our home, playing dress up in our living room is one thing but going outside is totally different. I feel like the ugly duckling being kicked out of the nest."

"Oh, my goodness, Jack you are being a total fool. You're more like a lovely butterfly emerging from its cocoon. Before this day is over, you will dazzle the world with your beauty. Let me say your outward appearance has changed, but not nearly as much as your demeanor. Anyone watching you would only think, a beautiful, sophisticated, sexy women. You are going to do just fine, trust me."

Then Rose became very serious and smiling through her tears said, "Honey, I am so proud of you, my little girly-man is about to become a woman. There is something else I have not been telling you. This is more than a simple excursion. This is your graduation exercise. We have reached the end of your Darwinian evolutionary process from Jack the man, to Daisy the woman. After today, you're off for your assignment; you will not be coming home or be able to communicate with me until this is over. The government man has told me I can relay messages through him, so if an emergency happens, he will let you know. Okay? No one has any idea how long you will be gone. Since this is our last day together I say Carpe Diem, let's seize this day and make the most of it. Try to have some fun, I know I will. Daisy dear I am going to miss you terribly, but it is a good thing you're leaving now. I haven't slept a wink in two nights. You were sleeping with your face and tongue burrowed in my Garden of Eden has been earth shattering fantastic, but not restful. Every time I would drift off you would wake me with that magical tongue. Then last night I thought I had died and gone to heaven. I love it when you lick the rim of my rosebud but where did you learn that trick of tongue fucking my asshole? That was just glorious! Thank you darling for these past two weeks, they are things that dreams are made of."

Once ensconced in the security of the car, Jack's anxiety vanished like

the morning mist.

"Your first experience in womanhood is a stop at is my nail emporium; we can get our nails done, just us girls."

Entering the nail salon, the couple was met by an attractive Philippine woman. She presented herself as 'Maria'.

Rose took immediate charge introducing them as the Svensson sisters. Jack glanced at his wife and quizzically mouthed the word sisters. Rose laughed and whispered "What did you want me to say, husband and wife?"

"Maria we are to get a manicure and pedicure. Rose instructed, "I want a nice set of French nails, but for Daisy, my friend here let's go with glamour length nails."

"Yes miss, and what color would you like? We have a very large selection."

"We want it to be as bright red as you have, something that will really stand out.

It took almost an hour for the girl to finish shaping them and then apply four coats of polish. Then three coats of the dark-red polish and finally, a clear top coat. While his fingernails dried she had Daisy change seats, and she did his toes. These hadn't been cut in a month either; the girl filed them before she repeated the four coats of polish. When his toes were dried, before putting his stockings on, Rose surprised Jack with a pair of toe rings. Saying, "Here is a present for my best friend."

Jack held out his hands to look at what the woman had done. Judging by Maria's smile, she was very proud of her handy work. Jack only returned her smile. He thought the nails were excessively long, but decided not to say anything that might make him appear naive. How could he thank the woman for making his hands look so feminine?

Rose jumped in and responded, "They're beautiful. Your hands look better with your nails that color and length Daisy."

Once outside Jack asked, "Rose why did she call these Showgirl lengths nails? I can't do anything with these. They are a real pain in the ass."

Laughing Rose said, "You got that right just watch yourself the first

time you wipe after using the loo. Honey, they aren't made to be practical, simply to look glamorous. Just relax and enjoy. The fun is just starting. At least for me" mumbled Rose.

"Rose, "What did you say?"

"Silly girl, we are here to get ready for our night out. Fingernails will be the least of your worries."

"Why did the government pick me, I never wanted to be a girl?"

"It was nothing personal Jack. You were the best candidate available. It was that simple. The government went through thousands of records, and your name came out."

"So I finally win the lottery and instead of a million bucks, I get two hooters?"

Rose laughed and said, "Yep, that's about the size of it. Just be happy you didn't win the mega drawing!"

Rose stood and watched her husband admiring his hands and thought, 'He really likes the role, we've forced him to play, more than he's willing to admit. Now my problem is how do I keep him this way after this is all over?'

Exiting the mall, the pair stopped looking in the window of an exclusive jewelry store. Rose caught her husband staring at a pair of earrings. She said, "They are nice don't you think Jack." "Yes, but a bit flashy for my tastes besides I don't have pierced ears," Jack foolishly responded.

"Let's go Daisy, that is easily corrected, our next stop is to get your ears pierced. Every woman in the country has pierced ears. This is going to be wonderful."

Entering the crowded store Rose turned to the sales girls and softly announced my hubby is here to get his ears pierced. A few heads turn in curiosity, but aside from a blushing Jack, no one seemed to pay much attention.

Gracie, the sales girl came over and asked how she could help. Rose cheerfully told her, "my friend here wants his ears pierced, isn't that right Dear?"

As Jack sat in the chair, Rose piped up, "I think twice in each ear." Jack started to whine, "I don't want two holes in my ears." Rose said, "Fine, Gracie let's make it three in each ear!" Smiling devilishly, Rose leaned in close to Daisy and whispered, "You have earned three, do you want to go for five?" Jack nodded no.

"Gracie, I really like that set of large gold studs, please use them. I think they set off her platinum blond hair don't you?" Rose then quietly whispered to Jack, "Any more belligerences from you Daisy, and you will leave here with more holes in you than a pincushion!"

As Gracie popped a third hole in the top of Jack's ear, he reflexively gasped out loud. Rose turned to Gracie and said, "When you're finished with the ears, how about another one for the nostril, please insert that diamond stud in it."

As they are leaving the store, Jack is whimpering and fingering the small stud in the side of his nose. Rose saw the distress in her poor husband, but refused to give him any sympathy. Digging her heels in she turned to him and with utter contempt commented, "Relax you damn crybaby. Tomorrow you can take it out, and the hole will heal as if it was never there. Now dry those tears we have more shopping to do."

"No, I have had enough. I want to go home!"

"Daisy Bell Svensson don't you dare to question me again, there is a tattoo parlor down the block. It specializes in tongue, nipple, and bellybutton piercings. Should I make an appointment or are you going to be a good girl?"

Rose got right up into Jack's grill and said, "Now listen closely I am only going to say this once! Daisy your fate is in your hands; we turn right, and we go shopping; we turn left and we go to the tattoo parlor. You decide."

A forlorn Jack answered, "Oh, please Rose, no more piercings! I promise I will do whatever you want."

"Oh that is a given! Keep up I know exactly where to go next. Jack openly cried the tears flowed down his cheeks. Relenting, Rose took pity on her husband and said, "OK, relax Daisy, I was just joking. But a bellybutton ring would be really attractive."

A cheery Rose smirked at her sissified husband and remarked, "Sweet

Jeezus, Daisy; I am getting wet thinking about the rest of the day, and the fun part is just beginning!"

"Stop fiddling with the earrings. Now dry those tears. Our next stop is to find you a dress; you can't go all day wearing that old hand me down of mine. Come on, Neiman Marcus is right around the corner."

After browsing for 30 minutes, Rose found the perfect Christian Dior cocktail dress.

Jack resisted entering the changing room. Rose quickly lost patience with her husband. "Damn it Daisy, there is not a dressing room vigilante mob waiting to lynch men who sneak into our sanctuary. Act like you belong and no one will pay you any attention. Now get in there or I will make a scene that will attract more attention than you can handle. You are not going to spoil my fun. This has gone too far."

Reluctantly, Jack entered the private changing booth. Rose brought in 'the' dress and found her husband cowering in the corner. She helped Jack put the dress on.

"Rose isn't this a bit tight?"

"Nonsense, Daisy all we have to do is tighten up your corset, and it will be perfect. It really shows off your cleavage nicely. And your legs are to die for. My God you have better legs than I do. I am so jealous. With a pair of pumps, it will be sumptuous."

After some adjustments and corset tightening Rose literally dragged Daisy from the dressing room. Once ensconced back in the public area of the store Rose proclaimed, "Let's get a bite to eat we have a 1 o'clock appointment. God help you if you spill anything on that dress."

On the way to the lunch counter Rose noticed a spectacular pair of matching pumps and a Gauche clutch handbag. She decided she will come back for the shoes and handbag once Jack was tied up with his makeover. 'If I buy 5-inch stilettos now he will totally freak,' thought Rose. After a brief snack of salad and ice tea, the next stop was for a makeover at the beauty salon.

Entering, Rose said, "Let's go get pampered." Jack was not surprised to find they had reservations. Jack sat in the chair designate by the receptionist, Rose told her cosmologist and friend, Rebecca, an attractive 30ish petite blond, "We want it dramatic as we have a very big night planned." Rose commented that, "Daisy's very shy, she doesn't say

much. It takes her a while to open up to people. The party tonight it is for her benefit. Her boyfriend has asked me to try to help her come out of her shell. She doesn't see herself as a very attractive woman."

"But Rose she's lovely?"

"I know that and you know that. The problem is that he doesn't." Then Rose dragged Rebecca over to the side and in a conspiratorial manner whispered in her ear. Jack could have sworn he heard the word 'tart' but let it go figuring Rose knew what she wanted.

Rebecca came over to Jack and asked, "What length do you want on the false eyelashes?"

A speechless Jake just stared straight ahead with his mouth shut. Rose came to the rescue; let's go with the extra-thick glamour length for her début. A puzzled Rebecca thought, 'What the hell. The hell, the customer was always right.'

"We have these human hair lashes, which are very fashionable. In her practiced sales routine, Rebecca repeated, "Or for a more dramatic effect we have these with crystals embedded in the lashes. They are a bit more expensive, but they really draw attention to the eyes."

Rose quickly agreed to the latter, and said, "Yes the more dramatic, the better."

'Whatever is going on here is none of my business, but a sale is a sale,' thought Rebecca.

Rebecca worked her magic on the new customer, while dispensing witty fashion banter and an occasional life lesson. Jack remained mute and only gawked in amazement. Over the last week or so, Jack had slowly come to the realization that he made an attractive looking woman. But now he was more than that. With his make up done this way, his new wig and this dress he was, gorgeous - is the only word for it. 'How odd to think of himself that way' though Jack.

Rebecca stood back and admired her work. She was more than satisfied, and she could see by the look on her client's face that she was too. It was gratifying to see that look on a woman. It didn't happen often but when it did it made Rebecca feel really good about what she did for a living. "What do you think Daisy?" Rebecca asked beaming.

He didn't hesitate. "I am amazed. I never thought I could look this beautiful. Rebecca, I knew you were a beautician, but now I realize you're also a magician. Your last name isn't Kreskin by any chance." He turned and looked at the sides. He felt sexy and alluring. "My eyelashes feel like they weigh a ton, but they are simply scrumptious. Again thank you."

Returning from her errands, Rose rushed over. She was anxious to see how Jack was doing. She paused in mid stride, and gawked when she got a good look at her husband primping like a peacock in front of the mirrors; he fluffed his hair and stared at his reflection. The dark liquid liner, copiously applied to his eyes combine with his long and thick sparkly eyelashes created a very glamorous look. His lips were lush, approximating ripe red strawberries, and glistened like wet paint. Jack briefly thought 'I could fall in love with this woman.'



Rose stood back and watched the screen unfold. Realizing things were succeeding beyond her wildest dreams. She had never seen a face that just screamed lust as this.

Rebecca turned in Rose's direction when she saw her friend in the mirror. The look on Rose's face was almost as satisfying as Daisy's.

Temporarily ignoring her husband Rose hugged Rebecca and said, "Rebecca you're virtuoso. In my dreams, I never imagined him looking that good." Rebecca wondered about the pronoun but figured it was just slip of the tongue and let it go. Rebecca whispered to Rose and said, "Daisy seems so shy, pensive and uneasy. Is there anything I should know about her?"

Rose quietly responded, "That's because she isn't a woman, she's actually my husband."

Rebecca stood bug eyed with her mouth agape. Rebecca stared at Daisy like she wanted to say something, but decided discretion dictated she say nothing.

Rose then hurried over to her husband and proudly announced, "Daisy, you look fantastic. Hell no offense but you look like a \$1,000 a night hooker."

Jack didn't know what to say to Rose. So he gave Rose a sisterly hug and just said, "Thank you, I feel so feminine. I assume that hooker comment was a compliment. But I love the new me. In the past, my only associations with hair care consisted of 5 minutes in a barber chair. I can see how all this pampering can become habit forming. Thanks again, this is one experience I will always remember."

Rose snuggled into her husband's arms and whispered in his ear, "Vanity, they name is woman. I love the new you too. I guarantee this is a day you will never forget." Then she kissed his ear, inserting her tongue ever so briefly. A radiant Jack stood transfixed. For the first time in his life, he was pleased with his appearance, rather than ashamed by it.

Rose, though, 'My lord, he is actually glowing. I may have created a monster.'

All caught up in himself and his feminine allusion, Jack just now snapped out of his reverie and became conscious of the fact Rose had on a new dress. It was a backless chiffon gown in a divine purple. The dress flowed with Rose's every movement; it really accentuated her natural

resources. Jack was startled to realize that for just a moment he was jealous. Rose stepped away from her husband and posed, did a pirouette and asked, "Well do you like it?" Jack stammered, wh...what's not to like. By the Red beard of Thor, Rose, you are a goddess. In that dress, you belong in a heavenly court. That is the most sensational gown I have ever seen. It looks like you just stepped off the cover of Vogue."

Fanning herself Rose responded, "Oh Daisy, stop with the flattery, you're making me blush. I bought this outfit over a week ago and had Rebecca store it for me. I knew you were going to come out looking like a movie star, and I didn't want to come across as the poor stepsister."

Jack gathered his wits sufficiently enough to comment, "But Rose, there is no back; I can see your ass crack. Hell with that keyhole cutout there is almost no front. What's holding up, your assets?" Rose grinned at the compliment and answered, Mother Nature."

## Chapter 15

Rose squatted at Jack's feet and wedged them into the new heels. Jack looked down and gasped "Aren't those rather tall?"

"Oh don't be such a complainer; while you were getting all gussied up for a night on the town, I go out and get you a present, and you do nothing but grumble. I got them special to go with your new dress."

"Ouch", said Jack as Rose yanked the ankle straps on the shoes. "They are a little tight, and they really pinch my feet?"

"Boo hoo, stop it Daisy. Grow up and act like a big girl. They don't make glamorous shoes like these in a wide size. Besides with this needle heels, things have to be extra tight; you need the support they will provide. Now give me your hand and stand up, let me get a look at you."

Rose felt a cornucopia of emotion and said, "O.M.G., Daisy you're magnificence!"

Jack made a kissy face and said, "Jealous?"

Rose gazed amusingly at her husband and said, "No Dear just overwhelmed at your beauty. Come with me, Cinderella, I have a few accessories to add before you get to the ball."

Rose firmly held his hand because the heels were made more for looks than

for walking. Rose lead Daisy towards the powder room. The additional three inches made a significant difference in Jack's ability to navigate the polished linoleum floor of the beauty shop. The difficulty of walking in five-inch stilettos was treacherously dangerous. Every step felt like a game of chance, with a trip to the emergency room as the grand prize. Jack tried to mimic Rose's girly gate but the best her could do was to teeter along shuffling behind her in baby steps, his eyes locked on his feet. His off hand was extended to his side for balance. He blushed furiously under Rose's unfaltering attention, trying to understand just how exactly had Rose cajoled him into this outing.

Jack balked at entering the lady's room. "Come on," said Rose, "It's just the two of us and trust me, you don't want to do this in public." Rose quickly tired of trying to convince Jack to follow her, so she interlocked arms with him and physically drug him inside the lady's lounge. Jack stood still just inside the door of this forbidden realm and tried to catch his breath. The bathroom looked more like a retreat than a public toilet. The walls were bright pink. The air was heavy with a fragrant flowery aroma. Comfortable chairs lined one wall; another wall was covered with vanity mirrors. Fragrant candles were strategically place along the sink. Instead of urinals, there were brightly decorated tampon dispensers. Taking advantage of Jack's bewilderment, Rose reached inside her bag and withdrew two jiggling masses.

"Here Daisy, I am afraid your development doesn't do justice to my bra. Don't get your panties in a wad; but right now you look like a man in a dress. Your little boobs are destroying the image, and it is ruining the line of your new outfit. We paid a lot of money for that dress, and I want it to look perfect."

With that she pulled out the front of his dress and slid the breast enhancers into Daisy's bra. Adjusting the silicon bags, and Jack's small budding breasts, Rose stood back and smiled.

"There you go. The twins look great! You now appear to have a full D cup. No more slouching, throw those shoulders back and flaunt your new figure!"

Jack glanced into the mirror was mesmerized by what he saw. With the heels, the heavy makeup, tight dress, and bugling breasts he said, "I think this is too much, hell I feel like a fraud. You have taken my manhood and replaced it with a street walker."

"Nonsense, I took nothing. You came along on this ride of your own

freewill. Now you look just the way I want you to look. Here I have one more item to complete your outfit."

She reached into her shopping bag and pulled out a new clutch purse. "Look Daisy I found this gauche handbag. It is the perfect complement to your dress. Don't you just love it?"

"But I already have a purse," grumbled Jack.

"Nonsense, that old thing doesn't go with your outfit. Besides this isn't just a purse it's a designer handbag. Moreover, like shoes, a girl can never have too many purses. I transferred all your stuff into this one. Now pick it up and hold it like I taught you. You look spectacular. Hell I am jealous. No man is going to look at me with you around."

Rose coached Jack through a series of model like poses. With each pose Rose used her cell phone to take snapshots of the new Daisy.

"Stop with the pictures, what are they for anyway?"

"What are they for, we will have to wait and see. Maybe I am just starting your modeling portfolio. I think you have the makings of a career on the runway."

Jack reddened at the compliment. Rose noticed the blush and commented, "You like the new you don't you, Daisy Bell Svensson, My Scandinavian Golden Goddess."

Chuckling Rose said, "I saw that Tinkerbelle! You started to smile and caught yourself. Now admit it, deep down, you like it. You are really getting into this aren't you?"

Daisy turned to the mirror and patted a stray hair back into place. Smiling the faux woman turned and assumed a silhouette pose in front of the mirror. "Damn, it may be narcissistic but I do look hot!"

"Yeah Rose, I know it's not very masculine of me. I should be fighting this every step of the way. However, for some reason, I find all this strangely fulfilling and emotionally comfortable. Am I weird? Does that affect how you feel about me as a man, as your husband?"

"My, you are a vain little thing aren't you?" Laughed Rose. "But Darling I love you more today than the day we were married. So please stop worrying about how I view you."

"But; there is no way I can go out of here looking like this. Shit this outfit screams sex!" Jack protested.

"I suppose it does; but that was the idea when we bought it. Anyway, we'll be together the whole night. Nobody is going to put a move on you when you're with me," she said confidently.

After several moments Jack's shoulders sagged, and he sighed. "Okay, I'll try it, but you gotta promise to stay with me every minute!"

Overwhelmed with emotion, Rose grabbed her husband and gave him a big wet kiss on the lips; it was brief but very tender and charged with sexual energy. Using all of her willpower Rose managed to break away from Jack's embrace. A breathless Rose turned and left. As a parting shot she said, "Now you have messed up your makeup, fix it, I will not be seen with you looking like that. I paid a lot of money to make you beautiful, and you have no appreciation for my feelings. Get back in there and fix your face, here is a tube of lipstick to match your current color. I will hold your new purse while you touch up those sexy lips. Make it fast or we are going to be late for our appointment.

"Appointment?"

"Oh stop being so paranoid, I meant dinner reservation."

While Daisy took care of his face, Rose e-mailed his photos to the government man and texted him that the plan was right on schedule.

Jack felt clumsy with his long nails; but got his lips back to their pre-kiss glory. Jack looked at himself in the mirror and moved his head slowly from side to side. The sparkling clusters in his eyelashes glittered in the light. Very pretty, he thought to himself and smiled. As he left the powder room, Jack realized he had just used a lady's room for the first time in his life, and the experience had been bizarre, to say the least. Aside from the strange surroundings that kiss had poor Jack's emotions spinning out of control. Having tasted the forbidden fruits of a woman's inner sanctum, Jack exited the restroom on wobbly knees and feeling a small sense of triumph.

Jack told Rose, "I feel like I have a butterfly in my stomach, hell it seems like there is a whole herd of them in there."

Jack had to grasp Rose's arm for balance. Compared to the two-inch

heels, he had been practicing in, the five-inch needle thin heels made an immense difference. He was too preoccupied to notice the admiring glances from the male shoppers, or that he was now walking in high heels with a lot less difficulty, but Rose noticed as she watched her skirted husband make his way to the front of the store. On the street, Jack was really feeling self-conscious about how he was dressed.

"One foot in front of the other, short steps, arms out, elbows in, fingers point out, wiggle your hips," lectured Rose.

Suddenly Jack felt his backside swinging from side to side making the dress swish about his thighs.

Jack was barely able to cope with the alien footwear. He was poised for disaster. Rose tried to help, telling him to keep his weight forward and take smaller steps, but even with her assistance Jack had problems. The heels thrust his chest and hips forward, and he felt a tension in his calves as the high heels shaped them sexily. The light flowing skirt didn't help either, and Jack was embarrassed to have to cling to Rose for support.

"I'll stick to you like glue," Rose reassured him. He hung onto Rose, especially when going up the steps. "I feel so damn helpless!" He whispered to his wife.

"You'll get used to the heels," Rose replied, but Jack shook his head. "I hope not," he remarked, causing her to laugh.

"You are doing very good darling. Now keep the knees together more. Keep your head up, chest out, eyes straight ahead; mince smoothly, like a dancer. Remember glide, Heel-toe, heel-toe. Now, most important of all, you've got to smile! Smile big and bright all the time! There is nothing that makes a woman appear more beautiful than a smile. Feel good about yourself!" Rose continued to coach, repeating, "Glide, Heel-toe, glide, heel-toe, like a mantra."

The feminized man did notice the lusty glances of some of the male passerby's as Rose walked him to their destination; but he ignored them. He never got use to the experience of being "given the eye", by the men who walked by.

"Don't be nervous", Rose reassured him. "It's when they stop looking at you is when you have to worry." A bewildered Jack was more surprised by the looks he was getting from the women and it took a few moments before

he realized that they were envious, even jealous, of his feminine body and pretty face. He chuckled softly (it sounded to Rose like a girlish giggle). Jack told Rose about his observations when they were alone, figuring she'd get a laugh out of the situation. She remarked, "If they only knew! Sure they're jealous--you are absolutely Gorgeous! Rose, added, "They'd probably give anything to look as pretty as you." Perhaps it was the way Rose said it, but Jack felt a quickening of his pulse and then warmth spreading to his face, and realized that he was blushing! It was a bizarre reaction that puzzled him completely.

Jack sarcastically replied, "Thanks babe, you really know how to turn a girls head. But Rose you are the beautiful one, not me."

Rose laughed out loud and said "We need to get your eyes checked. Tonight you look like a movie star. Now stop quarrelling with me or...Well you know that tattoo pallor is around here somewhere. Now say after me, I am a beautiful, desirable woman."

"No Rose, I can't say that it is too embarrassing."

"Daisy Duke you are trying my patience! I also want you to stay away from the boys, remember no matter how glamorous you look, you still belong to me."

Jack was saved from Rose's ire by a large group of people strolling down the sidewalk. Weaving through the people on the street, Jack became aware that he was drawing quite a bit of attention and the sense of insecurity returned. He gripped Rose's hand tightly finding reassurance in her strong grasp, and he stared straight ahead, trying to appear as inconspicuous as possible. Even so, he couldn't help but overhear several comments about them, nor did he fail to notice that the sound level diminished as they approached groups of people. Two beautiful woman holding hands was going to attract attention but Jack didn't care he wasn't going to let go of his wife's hand.

Jack whispered, looking up at his wife. "I'm really nervous!"

"There's no need to be," she reassured him. "You look completely 'normal.' Nobody would ever think you weren't exactly what you appear to be, a lusty, busty, lesbian." Jack liked the way Rose held his hand when they walked, and the way she put her arm around his waist when they looked in the shop windows. He somehow felt safe and secure when she did that, and it was a very pleasant sensation. After another block Jack just stopped, saying "I can't go any further. My feet are killing me and I am positive I am going to fall off these damn stilts."

Rose replied, "Well honey, do you want some cheese to go with your wine? Now buck up and take it like a man." At that Rose broke out in hysterical laughter.

Jack just seethed. "It's not that funny."

With an incredulous look Rose pointed to their reflection in the window and chortled, "Is that right, look at your reflection and tell me it isn't funny. Come on Miss Daisy the restaurant is just around the corner.

"Stop that you know I hate it when you mock me like that. Rose Ann Svensson, just whose side are you on?"

After a long pause Rose responded, "That's a good question darling, I have been thinking about that all day, I will let you know when I have it figured out."

Jack pouted at the comment.

"Oh poor baby have I hit a nerve? Oh come on Daisy don't look so glum, all will be revealed in time. Now before we move on there is one more thing I want you to do. At some point tonight I am going to ask you to do something for me that you are not going to want to do. When I ask, and I will ask, I want you to answer me 'Yes mistress'. Will you do that for me?"

"You are out of your fucking mind. What's this mistress crap? I won't do it and you can't make me."

"You are right dear; I can't make you do anything. But I can sure as hell make you wish you had. Remember the ping pong paddles; now think on that, while we get to dinner."

"I am not going anywhere", said Jack. An infuriated Rose retorted "Suite yourself I will go alone then, is that what you want?" Rose took off at a fast pace leaving behind Daisy. Two heartbeats latter Daisy was struggling to keep up. The walk quickly progressed into a slow gallop. While wearing higher heels, Jack had to actively concentrate on what he was doing. It didn't really feel comfortable. The street was dimly lit and full of potholes and cracks in the pavement. Jack was grateful when he caught up with Rose and attached himself to her arm as they made their way to the dinner club. Rose put her arm around Jack; he felt Rose's hand on his shoulder. Jack's first instinct was to pull away, but a subtle,

pleasant sensation overrode his impulse and he actually felt himself lean against his wife. Upon reaching the door of their favorite supper club, Jack again stopped. He could hear people laughing and talking over the music from inside.

Beseeking Rose he said, "Please honey, I just can't do it, will you do this small favor for me. Someone will recognize me. Please let's just go home."

"No you big Pussy, This is the point of the whole day, I am going in. Whenever you are ready, come on in. It's your choice Daisy, be a scardie cat and just stand on this street corner. If no one else does it first, I will pick you up here in a couple of hours when I am through!

Jack was contemplating his options when a car load of teenage boys drove pass and made several vulgar comments towards the woman. Both pretend not to hear the cat-calls.

An aggravated Rose finally said, "I had hoped for a more romantic spot than a street corner but your stubbornness has given me no other choice. Now one more thing before we go in; and we are going in!"

Jack sighed, "What now." Taking Jack's left hand, Rose said, "Oh you curmudgeon here take this and Rose handed her husband a new wristwatch. It was just a cheap little girls "Tinkerbelle" watch. The face was covered with pink sparkles and surrounded by dozens of rhinestones. Fastening the dainty timepiece onto his wrist Rose announced, "I had the band enlarged so it will fit, don't you just love the way it twinkles in the light? Still holding onto Jack's wrist Rose said; now give me your wedding band!"

"What, no way Rose!"

"Oh come on honey, a wedding band is so inappropriate for what you are about to do. Your cover story has us breaking up as a married couple. Would a person who just had his marriage destroyed keep his wedding ring on? I think not, so give it to me for safe keeping. Here I will trade you. Then Rose surprised the hell out of Jack; she got down on one knee and produced a small box from her purse. Give me, that ring and I will present you with a special gift. Opening the ring box, she produced an engagement ring, it was a large Gold-Plated 3 Carat Cubic Zirconium Diamond ring. The gold setting was very similar to the studs Daisy wore in his ears. Rose looked up at Jack and said, "Daisy Bell Svensson will you be my life partner forever? No matter what happens, I will always

cherish you. As far as I am concerned, with you, I have hit the trifecta in life. A husband who loves me and who is young, and beautiful."

Rose hated what Steve had planned, but for the good of the country she felt obliged to go ahead with it. 'I hope Jack will forgive me when this is all over,' thought Rose.

"Honey, I love you with all my heart, will you promise to always wear this as a symbol of our love, no matter what happens, please, for me?" Jack thought for a brief second realizing how sissy it made him look and feel. But if that is what Rose wanted he would do it. His reply of, "Yes Mistress," brought a smile to Rose's face. Jack then pledged his undying devotion to Rose.

The young lovers exchanged rings. Rose put the wedding band in her purse and stood up and said, "Come on Daisy, we have dinner reservations and if we don't hurry we will miss all the action."

Rose stood there, in the soft moonlight; she released his hand and slowly stepped back from him, gazing at his incredible beauty with a sense of wonder. The faint, diffuse street light surrounded Daisy like an aura, silhouetting her striking figure, and Rose suddenly knew she would regret what she was about to do for the rest of her life.

Rose turned with a tear in her eye and walked in the supper club, leaving her poor husband, turned fiancée stunned, and bewildered. The car was several blocks away; Jack did not want to go into such a public place but abandoning his wife, after that touching proposal was not an option. Jack wrestled with the dilemma for a few moments. He was totally confused and emotionally overwhelmed by the events of this entire day. Eventually, his love for his wife overcame his fear, and he opened the door. Pausing a few seconds at the door to let his eyes adjust to the low light. Jack scanned the interior looking for Rose. Then to his left at the bar he heard Rose yelling "Over here Daisy, come and join us." Turning he saw Rose standing at the bar, jumping up and down, waving her arms, by now the entire club had turned to look in his direction. Jack blushed, and his cheeks turned crimson red. Then he saw something that made him feel faint. Standing next to Rose was his boss Mike, who was smoking another of his damn Cuban cigars and decked out in an outlandishly expensive Armani suit. He stood there in a very possessive posture with his arm draped around Rose's shoulders. As his bewilderment grew Jack became weak in the knees, he felt a cold dread in his corset covered belly. Jack briefly thought of fleeing, but could think of no way of gracefully escaping this situation.

Despite Rose's continued encouragement, he was unable to move; Jack stood frozen in place like a deer trapped in the headlights of an oncoming car. Eventually Rose came over to him leading Mike by the hand. Rose turned to Mike and said, "I told you my best 'girlfriend' would not let me down, and would be joining us for drinks and dinner. Mike this is Daisy. She's a bit shy, but really a nice girl. Daisy this is my boss Mike and my very, very close friend, and date for the night." Speechless Daisy extended his hand as he had been trained. Mike ignored this jester and merely ogled his chest. Jack felt his face turn red from the lecherous glare. Then the man bypassed the outstretched hand and gave Daisy a big hug.

Jack stood shocked at the 'he's my date for the night' remark. And was locked in a staring contest with Rose, and looked for some clue as to what is going on. Rose gave Daisy an exaggerated theatrical wink. Jack realized, for the time being; Mike had not recognized him; hell his eyes have never risen above his faux breasts.

Released from the hug Jack started to get his composure back when the band struck up a slow tune. A drunk, a real mountain of a man, with a body-builders physique stumbled over to the threesome. Towering over Daisy, he grinned and grabbed Daisy's hand and said, "Come on Tootsie dance with me." Jack thought, 'Just ignore him, maybe he will go away.'

Mike piped up, "That's a great idea, let's all dance. Come on Rose Bud, you and me."

Jack prayed Rose would rescue the situation, but was devastated when Rose turned to Jack and replied, "Come on girlfriend loosen up let's have some fun," and headed to the dance floor with Mike. With his free hand, Jack grabbed her arm and spun Rose around.

Jack gave Rose a reproachful look and asked, "What's going on?"

For the first-time Jack detected a scheming gleam in her eyes. She replied in a soft but firm voice, "Either be a good girl and play nice and dance with your new friend; or Mike and I are going to dump you here to fend for yourself. You will have no car or money; you decide; just don't screw up the plan!"

Turning she abandoned her feminized husband, to the clutches of this drunken Adonis. The intoxicated man grabbed Daisy's hand in a vise-like grip and dragged an unenthusiastic Jack onto the dance floor. Jack wanted to tell this revolting swine to go to hell, but knew he had no other

options. So halfheartedly he allowed this brute to dance with him. This guy engulfed Jack in a bear like hug and started swaying slowly to the music. Jack was thankful that Rose kept Mike's back to him. Their eyes briefly lock and once again Rose winked at him, and this time blew a kiss in Jack's direction. The music stopped, Rose turned slightly and revealed an earth-shattering vision of betrayal. Mike's hand had slithered down the back of Rose's dress and had disappeared into the open nether regions of the dress. Jack leaned in to get a better look and what he saw raised bile to his throat, Mike's big meaty hand was resting against Rose's left buttock. Stunned by this observation and the fact Rose made no objection to this intimate contact; Jack was totally unprepared for what happened next. The damn drunk grabbed Daisy by the back of the head with one hand, used the other to squeeze her bottom. He then pulled their faces together and planted a big kiss right on his lips. Jack just froze in total disbelief. With their lips still in contact, Rose uncorked a blood-curdling scream, and began screeching at the top of her lungs, "Oh my god, you pervert what you are doing?" As Jack's partner released him, he whispered in Jack's ear, "Good luck kiddo," and slunk away into the crowd. Jack was bewildered by the chaos swarming around him and just stared at his wife and assumed she was upset with the man for initiating the kiss. However, Rose continued yelling and stormed over to Jack and slapped him across the face so hard his head snapped back, and the wig became dislodged. Rose grabbed his wig and pulled it off exposing Daisy as a man. A flustered Jack dropped his purse on to the floor.

Rose turned to Mike and said, "Mike, you of course know my sissy husband." The entire club had gone quite to watch how this scene would play out.

"You bastard, you left the house every night this week dressed like a hooker, now I see why! Jack. How can you do this to me? Trolling for men right in front of your wife? Is this why you arranged to meet here tonight? Are you finally coming out of the closet?"

Jack's drunken suitor, now completely sober, maneuvered away from the action and blended into the shadows. Taking out his cell phone he began taking pictures of the developing drama.

Once the yelling had calmed down, he made a phone call to his boss. "Steve, this is Dave. The plan is working brilliantly. I will complete my report when I get in. I just want to stay for the final act."

In the meantime, Jack was totally bewildered. Rose knew he has spent every night with her practicing for his mission.

Mike just stood and stared at Daisy's cleavage and stammered, "Bu...but the ti...tits."

Rose smiled and replied, "Yes the boobs. Remember those two weeks Jack needed off for 'medical reasons, well he took the time off and spent our life savings for breast implants."

Rose reached over and grabbed one of the silicon enhancers and pulled it out. She raised the faux breast over her head and waved it back and forth. Rose loudly announced, "We spent every cent we had on his tits. B cups were all we could afford. They weren't enough for him, so to go out trolling; my husband felt it necessary to super sized his tits. Hell between these falsies, that Christian Dior dress and the gauche handbag it's no wonder our bank account is empty. Mike if that promotion is still available I will take it now, working late and on weekends is no longer a problem." Then vindictively she added, "It's obvious I am going to need the money and companionship!"

A triumphant Mike stepped between the two and poked Jack in the chest and sarcastically said, "Medical procedure, my ass. If you used the company's health insurance for those utters I will see you in jail for fraud!"

Rose sobbed hysterically and threw the wig and breast insert at Jack and yelled, "We are through forever. Our marriage is over, now get out. I don't ever want to see you again."

Jack's eyes glazed over, and he was visibly shaking. He took a deep breath and responded, "I am confused; it sounds like you are going to divorce me?"

Rose sniggered and shouted, "No you idiot, obviously you have been sucking too much bimbo juice. This is a community property state. If I divorce you, I only get half, by you just walking out and never coming back I get everything, including your pension fund. Now just go!"

Mike seeing his chance said, "You heard the lady, go, and if I ever see you again, I will personally rip your balls off, sauté them in butter and feed them to you one at a time." To punctuate his point he forcibly shoved Daisy. The force of the blow and unfamiliarity with the heels caused Jack to stumble and fall. Jack landed hard on his ass, and struck the back of his head on the dance floor. Stunned, Jack started scrambling on all fours to get away. Rose suddenly shrieked, "Wait sissy, you forgot your handbag."

Walking over to the distressed Daisy, Rose took the purse, opened it and dumped the contents on the floor. Jack's eyes widen in total shock, he gaped as the contents spilled between his legs. The entire bar closed in order to get a better view as a pink cell phone, a pack of cigarettes, a rhinestone encrusted lighter, a woman's wallet, car keys, a dozen tampons and equal number of rubbers, all tumble out. Rose wearing a malicious smile pushed the contents around on the floor with her toe.

With fiendish delight she continued to mock Daisy. She scornfully said, "My, my, what do we have here? All the tampons are "Maxi's, and the condoms are extra small. What's the matter Jackie, were they all out of petite?" Turning to face Mike, she said, "his itsy, bitsy, tinny weenie is not robust like yours Mike.

Mike, you know what they use to call our girl Jackie in the showers at gym class? It was Pee Wee wasn't it honey? I hate to call it small, the word microscopic is more appropriate!"

This produced a chuckle and a few hoots from the entire Bar. Rose then used her toe to lift Daisy's skirt, exposing his underwear. "I wondered where my favorite panties went. Look everyone this sissy has stolen his wife's panties, and I will bet he is wearing my bra too. Jackie you are an affront to the entire masculine community. And they say fags don't have any balls, well it takes pretty big ones to steal your wife's favorite lingerie when you are out trolling for tricks. You're nothing but a promiscuous whore!"

"Why are you doing this to me, the man you just said you loved? Rose, please don't kick me out. You are the one who told me to wear these," whimpered Jack.

Rose laughed, "Yeah sure, like any self-respecting wife would help her husband get all gussied up and send him out en femme! Why am I doing this, well it's easy. Once you lose respect for someone, the only thing left is contempt. Mike, remember all those nights Tinkerbelle here said he couldn't stay late at work? It is now clear to me, he was out cruising."

Rose moved her toe up to lightly caress his groin, "Jack if you just wanted sex. Why didn't you ask me? I haven't gotten anything out of it for years, but I figure I owe you at least a little pity sex? Now I see why you are no longer interested in your wife, I guess I have the wrong plumbing to excite you!"

Jack was emotionally spent an embarrassingly started to cry. His heavy mascara ran down his cheeks.

Rose ridiculed him for it, saying, "Here you fairy, take my hankie and dry your eyes before you spoil your beautiful makeup. No one will pay for a whore with raccoon eyes."

This produced a further laugh from the entranced gathering.

Rose then said, "Now I understand why you couldn't give me that baby I always wanted. Get out of here and get your things out of MY house before WE get home."

"What are you telling me, sobbed Jack?"

"My, my, you really are a simpleton. To quote Dr. Seuss, let me say, 'I meant what I said and said what I meant'. Now what part of get out didn't you understand?"

Rose saw that her husband's eyes were open, but he wasn't there anymore. Rose bent over and in conspiratorial tone whispered, "Don't despise me, just get up and leave. Please dear let's not drag this out and make it worse - just do it."

Jack murmured back, "Please Rose, I don't know what I did to deserve all this, but I am sorry. Please give me another chance. Please I am begging you."

"You are a sweet but naive man. Try and retain some dignity and leave now. I warned you I was cutting you lose today." Then winking at Jack, she said, "I will leave the lights on for you."

Rose stood and loudly proclaimed, "Now you worthless dirt bag, are you going to leave or does Mike have to physically throw you out?"

Jack grabbed his purse, and scooped up the contents and staggered to his feet and headed for the door. Mike blocked his way, "Well Sissy, don't you have something to say before you slink off?" Jack swallowed his pride and turned to Rose, "Yes Rose, I am sorry, and I am leaving now." Mike continued to block his way and said, "Try that again! Watch the familiarity, I want it more formal."

This time Jack said, "Yes Mrs. Svensson, I am sorry, and I am leaving

now."

Mike remained blocking the door so Jack tried it again.

"Yes Ms. Svensson I am sorry, with your permission I will leave now."

Rose mockingly waved a childish good-bye and in a singing voice said, "Bye bye baby, be a good girl." She then rushed over to Mike and threw herself at him clinging to his massive chest, and cried uncontrollably as she pronounced to the entire bar, "Now I am free to find a real man. One that can give me a baby!"

Jack trembled uncontrollably as he stumbled out the door to the accompaniment of a chorus of jeers and laughter.

Her words had cut Jack to the core. He managed to get outside and welcomed the fresh air. To prevent any further embarrassments Jack replaced his wig and re-positioned the breast enhancer.

He stood up straight, gripped his purse and Rose's hankie and stumbled down the sidewalk in the direct of his vehicle. The walk to the parked car seemed to take an eternity. His salty tears streamed down his face. Jack cried so hard they threatened to dig furrows in his makeup. Finally reaching his car, Jack sat behind the wheel for several minutes and tried to understand why Rose, the woman he loves, the woman he trusted would betray him like this. The tears made it nearly impossible to drive. Jack stared down at his left hand and his new ring. He started to take it off and throw it away. However, something made him stop. I am a man of my word. I promised I would wear it, and so I will. If nothing else it will serve as a reminder to never open my heart to another woman. It took another couple of minutes to compose himself. Jack's feelings of abandonment overwhelmed his emotions, they swung from sadness, fear, sorrow, to self-pity and finally settled in an over ridding burst of anger. For the first time in his life, Jack felt the need for a cigarette.

Taking a last deep puff on the cigarette Jack flicked the butt out the window. Jack spoke to none in particular, "On second thought, I would kill myself; but that vindictive bitch would probably push my body to the floor and fuck her lover right there before my corps was even cold. No I will not give that whore the satisfaction of knowing she has completely destroyed me." Using the hankie, Jack dried his tears, checked his face in the rearview mirror and started the car.

@ @ @ @  
To be continued.

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