

## **The Patriot Game By Marina Kelly**

### **AI Art by Redryder**

This story is dedicated to my BFF Kelly Ann and the beautiful, if fragile, butterflies in all of us. It is a chronicle of an ambitious, scheming wife. A patriot who is hell bent on volunteering her unwilling husband for an undercover assignment for Homeland Security (HLS). He exits the training pipeline as a large breasted, modern day femme fatale, the first T-girl Mata Hari. Our hero allows his wife and the government to so manipulate him. He ends up questioning his very sexuality. Not a sequel, more of a parallel yarn involving the same characters as my first story, The Kiss.

#### Chapter 1. In the Beginning

"For the love of one's country is a terrible thing. It banishes fear with the speed of a flame, And it makes us all part of the patriot game.

For I read of our heroes, and wanted the same. To play out my part in the patriot game."

Old Irish folk ballad.

Dusk on the romantic beaches of Key Largo finds two star-crossed lovers strolling together holding hands. Jim is wearing only a pair of swimming trunks, showing off his muscular torso. His date Sara, is wearing a short white cotton halter sundress that flaunts her curvy figure and silky soft skin. Her makeup is expertly applied and very dramatic, albeit a tad too heavy for a day at the beach. The couple stopped calf

deep in the surf to watch the sunset. The two lovers embraced and locked lips while the thundering surf sent up pillars of foam as it broke against their legs. Sara ignored the fact her dress was drenched by the waves, plastering it to her braless chest. In an effort to show Jim her level of passion, Sara grinds her hips into his crotch. Sara was participating in her favorite pastime sticking her tongue as far down Jim's throat she can get. Jim was not immune to the passionate moment and clung to her body with all his might. Sara suddenly went rigid startled by something cold and slimy brushing against her leg. As the wave retreated, she felt the gross object entangle and trap her ankle. Assuming she was caught in kelp she kicks her leg to free it from its snare. Her foot meets something solid and not pliable. Breaking the kiss long enough to glance down in the foam. Sara saw something that caused her blood to run cold. The evening tide had swept the remnants of a man's torso ashore. Staring up at Sara was a lifeless bloated face, with empty eye sockets. The surging breakers had positioned her foot in his crotch. The torso was missing both arms and most of its legs. Sara knows it was a male because his manly part was bobbing in the surf like a lighthouse buoy. With a deep throated scream our heroine fainted dead away, joined seconds later by her date.

A bystander heard the scream and dialed 911. The first responder was a rookie policeman, Tim O'Brien. His first reaction was to preserve the evidence. He dragged the partial cadaver above the high-water mark. He then turned his attention to Sara, the distressed young woman. A short time later his partner, Sergeant Gomez, arrives. Hey Rookie what's up?"

"The body is over there. The two eyewitnesses are sitting on the bench over by the sidewalk. Careful Sarge, watch the vomit.

"Thanks Tim, I will get CSI to take samples."

"There is no need for that sergeant, the barf is mine."

Laughing, Sgt Gomez asks, "Your first dead body?"

"Hell no Sergeant it's that girl over there. She was out cold, laying face down in the surf when I arrived. Following protocol, I started artificial resuscitation. I am really good at giving mouth to mouth and was really getting into it. After all she is gorgeous and her wet dress left nothing to the imagination. She revived enough to respond to me. She reached up and clung to my neck and we tongue wrestled for a while."

"What about her partner?"

"He was out cold, but I am dumb not stupid I concentrated the beautiful woman."

After their recovery, while I was interviewing them, I discovered Sara is actually a he, named Sam. It works as a waitress in some sports bar in Key West. Realizing I had been French kissing...I mean giving CPR to a guy is when I lost dinner. It must be bad karma, some kind of cosmic practical joke. No male should be that good-looking. Those breast are real too, please don't ask me how I know that."

"Welcome to the Keys, O'Brien. We have a thriving community of transvestites here. If they aren't your thing, steer clear of the bars on the east end of Duval. As you have found out, some of the girls are beauty pageant material. You need to learn to check under the hood, before you take a test drive."

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DNA testing later confirmed the identity of the remains was an agent working undercover for Homeland Security (HLS).

The recent exposure of a Soviet spy ring operating in the U.S. has spurred HLS into action. They had been sitting on intelligence that an ex-KGB agent named Ivan Vasilie was living in Key West. Latest phone taps and e-mail intercepts have suggested Ivan is trying to reactivate his old sleeper cell. Indications are that he is attempting to sell their services by actively pursuing Al-Qaida representatives. Recent events have made this a priority and a political hot potato. Bill Hampton was promoted and transferred in from the HLS Central region to deal with this issue. Upon arriving at his new assignment "Wild Bill" as he likes to be called - while his subordinates actually refer to him as 'Wild Bully' wanted to make an immediately impact. So taking the first volunteer, he placed him undercover to collect data on the terrorist. The hastily put together plan turned to a disaster, as the agent only last two days. Since then Bill has had his team working 24/7 trying to come up with a foolproof plan to bring Ivan down and put him and his crew away for good.

Reeling from his failed operation he has rejected two other nominated plans for their lack of originality. As Bill, surfed porn sites he thought how he hated working weekends.

Meanwhile in an office down the hall Steve trumpets "Hallelujah!" Celebrating by high fiving Fred his office mate. Steve collects the printout off the printer. It has taken awhile. However he finally discovered a suitable candidate. Steve confides in Fred, "I hope Bully Boy agrees. It's not a 100%; nevertheless it is close enough for government work." Steve takes the printouts and places them inside a Homeland Security Top Secret folder. With the file tucked under his arm, and dreams of a commendation Steve heads for the Director's office.

Handing his superior the inch thick folder Steve proudly declares, "Mr. Hampton, I would have come sooner, but I had to wait for the psychologist's evaluation."

Bill answers in a bored tone, "Steve, just drop the report in my inbox and give me the executive summary."

"Boss, this plan departs from the old ways of doing business. This is a creative new approach, maybe even a tad devious. We don't use a professional agent. No wire taps or surveillance teams, and most definitely no backup. It calls for us to take advantage of Ivan's reported attraction for transvestites. We don't go after him. We completely back off and we let him come to us. We place our girl in his favorite hangout and play it slow and easy. We just dangle the bait out there and wait for Ivan to gulp it down. Our agent takes no offensive actions, rather he intentionally remains in the shadows and plays hard to get. We ensure Ivan makes all the moves. Then once our agent is fully accepted in his inner circle, he can become our mole and gather enough information to round up the whole ring."

Bill's interest is peaked and asks, "What will make Ivan invite our agent into his private inner sanctum?"

"All right boss, that's the beauty of my plan. Success hinges on selecting the perfect operative. I think I have found just such a person. The psych guys say there is a 94% positive compatibility quotient between our candidate and Ivan. We couldn't have done better on match.com."

"That's great news, but I am not interested in getting Ivan married. It sounds too good to be true, now get on with the rest."

"Boss that is why I am certain that is a flawless plan! My candidates' interests and talents are synchronized with Ivan's. We are not building a new persona with our nominee. The foundation will be rock solid. The only changes we are making are

embellishments. Our candidate has the perfect build. His lack of muscularity makes him ideal, with his slight almost effeminate size. We don't have to mess with teaching him a cover life. There isn't any requirement for playacting, which is where so many undercover OPs screw up. Our guy has to only be himself, just do it in drag. There is enough of a variation in personality traits to alleviate suspicion that our guy is a plant.

Steve lays out a summary sheet on Bill's desk, and goes down the list one item at a time.

Target - Ivan Vasilie:

1. Russian citizen: He has as a green card with Permanent Resident status.
2. Physical Characteristics: 58 years old, 5 Foot 10, 280 Pounds.
3. Profession: A retired KGB agent. He was the station chief in DC before the wall came down. Ivan now earns his living as muscle for hire, primarily for the Russian mob. Body disposal appears to be one of his specialties. This guy is mean, a really crazy. The police have linked numerous missing persons to him. They are there one day, and then they simply vanish. We can only speculate they're individuals that failed to pass his vetting process.
4. Education: Ivan is a graduate of Marshal Voroshilov Military Academy. (That is the equivalent of our West Point.) He majored in Political Science.
5. Religion: The guy hasn't been inside a church since his baptism.
6. Habits: A heavy drinker, almost exclusively vodka. He chain smokes cigarettes and likes an occasional Cuban cigar. He also likes to suck on other cylindrical objects, if you get my meaning.

"All right Steve, get your mind out of the gutter and get on with the report."

7. Sexual orientation: Single, never married. He considers himself a playboy. His preference is for large breasted blonds. Latest information has just

re-classified him as Bi. Our playboy pays for his real girls. All his long term relationships appear to have been with extremely feminine passable trannies. They had our informants fooled.

8. Hangouts: The most common is a bar in Miami called the Pink Pussycat, a den of perverts. It's officially a Sports Bar and Grill. It's not strictly a gay bar, nevertheless all the employees are transvestites, so it attracts a very select crowd. If Ivan is not there he can be found aboard his yacht, the Pink Flamingo. If you notice there is a very distinct trend, hell I will bet this guy wears pink skivvies.
9. Hobbies:
  - a. Like most Russians he is an ardent chess player.
  - b. Loves American professional football because of its violent nature.
  - c. A picky eater. Insists all his meals be prepared by a gourmet chef. It's said he puts food above family, art, music, even love.
  - d. Music. A genuine snob, he only listens to classical.
10. Approachability: Extremely paranoid. He is mistrustful of all strangers. Rigorously checks and rechecks backgrounds and cover stories on everyone he comes into contact with. That is how he survived all those years as a spy. We have hearsay accounts that he had his goons hold down an informer while Ivan used a pair of pliers to pull the guys' tongue out. He is also not above culling the heard when the whim hits him. He once had a henchman killed because he thought the guy eavesdropped on a private conversation. Ivan had screwdrivers driven through both ears. He had his main lieutenant killed when he caught him bragging about how important he was to impress some girl. Ivan said he had a perfect solution for a fathead. With the girl made to watch Ivan had his head clamped in a vise and over the period of several hours kept tightening it until it popped. That is how he treated friends. Imagine what he did to our undercover agent.
11. The cover must be perfect, no loopholes or the man is shark bait, like our last guy. We still haven't found all the body parts. 12. Boss, we need to be very cautious with this guy. He can bring vast recourses into play. Ivan has shown a willingness to apply unprecedented effort to check out anyone who gets close to his inner circle."

Bill smiles and responds, "Well Steve with all our experience and recourses, if we can't do it then no one can. Now go on with your report."

"The candidates name is Joakim Svensson. For G-d sake Steve, what kind of a name is that?" "Not sure, no one here can even pronounce it. His parents were from Norway or Sweden, one of those Eskimo countries. However, he goes by Jack."

1. "Marital status: Married for six years - there is no firm evidence of infidelity by either spouse. They met just before graduation from college and have been together ever since. Jack was always a bit of a child prodigy in math and science, a confirmed geek from the start. He was a loner. His school teachers mostly referred to him as being socially retarded, no actual close friends growing up. In math and science, he was always in the top of his class. His grades were only average in the humanities. The guy was a bit of a hermit in college, spent his free time working at his part time job, in the library studying or playing in the school orchestra. Like I said a real dweb. He is known as a self-effacing guy that likes to stay in the background. He has been identified as a placid, meek, and somewhat subservient to authority.

Wife's name is Rose Ann. Her maiden name was Kelly. Like most Mick's she has had a lifetime love affair with liquor. She is a classically attractive woman, 5 foot 4, with large breasts, long red hair, freckled face, green eyes, and a small cute ski jump nose. She is a natural athlete, and spends a lot of time at the corporate gymnasium. In school, she loved to party, was what her friends called socially active. Nonetheless she still graduated near the top of her class in every subject. She is a typical type 'A' personality, a driven overachiever.

2. Family Attachments: None. Both sets of their parents are deceased. His were killed in auto accident 10 years ago. Her father was a Navy pilot, died in a training accident. Her mother died of some exotic ailment that she picked up while in the

Peace Corps. Neither spouse has any living siblings. She had a brother in the Army, that was killed at the Pentagon during the 9/11 attack.

3. Friends: Phone records and interviews with coworkers indicates no one special. All social events appear to be work related. Rose worked her way up through the secretarial pool and is still chummy with a lot of the hired help, however as far as we can determine there is no BFF.

4. Education: Both are college graduates. His degree is in computer science. He graduated with honors. He earned the reputation as a teacher's pet, would do anything to earn a pat on the head. Talking to those who know him, his personality is dull as dishwater. We have it on good authority that he was a virgin on his wedding day.

Her degree was in Business. High grade point average, even though she was a real party animal. She was active in the school's feminist movement. She has a reputation for being forceful, argumentative and aggressive. She definitely was not a virgin. There is a rumor she slept with several of her professors to help ensure the GPA. As the stories go, she didn't discriminate, she plied her charms to both male and female instructors whoever could help her get ahead, although nothing can be substantiated.

5. Religion: No known affiliation. Neither attends religious services.

6. Work Status: Both work for the same company, Software R Us Inc. A software marketing and sales company. She is currently an executive assistant to the CEO. Our candidate is a sales manager. They normally commute to work together and have offices in the same building. Her take home pay is about twice his. Looking at Rose's corporate evaluations, her extraordinary executive and organizational skills are what distinguish her from her contemporaries. He works exclusively for commissions. His W-2 indicates his pay for the last two years is on a steady decline. With the economy, the way it has been this is no real surprise.

"Steve, your analytical skills verge on the brilliant. Get on with it."

7. Their boss: Michael Bixby briefly played professional football. He was drafted as a linebacker, although in reality, he only played on special teams. He bought his way into the company with his signing bonus. From what we know he is an incompetent businessman. He took too many shots to the head I guess. He owes any corporate success to his employees. He drives then relentlessly. He is also a philander. Office gossip has it that he has bedded every eligible woman in the company, and will fuck anything that walks on two legs.

8. Children: Our couple currently has no children. Numerous charges at doctors and several fertility clinics indicate they are trying.

9. Criminal Status: She was detained as a freshman for streaking across campus. No formal charges except one incident I'll get to later.

10. Financial situation. There is no suggestion of gambling, drugs or other bad habits. He appears to be pretty much a homebody. No outstanding debts other than a large mortgage and standard credit card charges, they just purchased a new home, presumably making room for a baby. The house is really more than they can afford. They're living from paycheck to paycheck, savings are at minimum levels.

11. Credit rating: Score of 690. Credit cards are close to maxing out. We might be able to use money as an enticement.

12. Physical characteristics: His driver license says he is 5-5, 140 lbs. Boss that is why I am certain that is a flawless plan! Our candidate has the perfect build, with his slight almost effeminate size. He is Scandinavian, with light blond hair that he wears a touch long for a businessman and no facial hair to speak of. His DMV picture is there on enclosure.



13. Medical: We have been unable to get to his complete medical records, however lucky for us, he took a physical for a life insurance policy three months ago. A quick review of the records indicates Jack is in good health although has recently lost 10 pounds. Our people attribute this to stress at work. Based on the medical bills the fertility problem appears to be hers not his.

14. Law enforcement connections. There is no connection to anyone in law enforcement.

15. He has steered clear of anything to do with the military. After 9-11 she tried to enlist in the Army, although she was rejected after a rigorous background check.

16. Both are 28.

17. Habits: The guy is a Goody Two-Shoes. He recycles, is a frequent blood donor, listens to NPR and is listed as an organ donor. He is a non- smoker and drinks moderately, mostly wine. Jack occasionally enters local chess tournaments, and wins most of them. He is an avid professional football fan. He has season tickets for Tampa Bay. They have the full NFL package on cable TV. He is a gourmet cook. Jack worked his way through college as a chef in some fancy French restaurant. He has some sort of certificate from the American Culinary Federation. Jack played the trombone in his high school band and the oboe in his college orchestra. He is currently a ranked chess player - his victory in a U.S. Chess Federation Tournament in Atlanta was the event that triggered his selection."

His favorite opening is Blackmar-Diemer Gambit."

"Now hold it right there Steve. I don't have time for this minutia bullshit. You're wasting my time."

"Sorry chief but this is vital. The shrink says this is indicative of a risk taker."

"Come on Steve you have skipped the Big one!"

"Yes, regretfully chief, we have found no perfect candidate. There is no evidence that Jack is a crossdresser, yet. No purchases from the usual sources. His internet browser hasn't any indication of hits on TV or TG web sites.

"Fuck Steve, you had me convinced we finally had a contender. No red blooded, normal American male is going to volunteer for a mission like this."

"Relax boss, I am sure we can backdoor this situation."

We use the fact he is a novice crossdresser to our advantage. We don't pretend Jack is a lifelong fairy. Rather we play it as close as possible to the truth. Jack has recently discovered his long suppressed feminine side. Came out to his wife, she reacted negatively and throws him out. He goes to work in the club to support himself." "Go on idiot; stop making me drag it out of you."

"Sorry, my bad. Well, my curiosity was raised by his wife's rejection from the Army. I did a detailed background check on her. I have uncovered some evidence that we may be able to enlist her services in securing her husband's cooperation. Her only brother was an Army major, had a tour in Iraq where he earned a Bronze Star and Purple Heart and then was killed in the attack on the Pentagon on 9/11."

"Go on Steve that puts her with about 60 other sisters."

"Well boss, we have done some very surreptitious interviews of her friends. It appears, she is strongly patriotic and extremely pissed off about her brother. The

breakthrough came when I uncovered an event back before she hooked up with our patsy, I mean our candidate. I had to call in some favors, and found an old, forgotten police report. It appears in college she had a boyfriend over to her place for a night of drinking and debauchery. There was some kinky bondage involved. She tied him to the bed completely dressed in her outfit. From all accounts, she had him made up like a harlot! When Rose broke out the strap-on the guy freaked out and demanded to be released. After an intense and according to the neighbors a very vocal argument, Rose relented and untied the poor sap. She kept his clothing and was strong enough to push him out of the door, dressed like a streetwalker. The poor flunky was slinking to his car. He was unfortunate in that he ran into a bunch of drunken college frat guys. He tried to run for it, however the high heels were more than he could handle, he fell breaking his ankle. The drunks found him on the ground and did a bit of gay bashing, broke his nose, cracked three ribs and crushed one testicle. Poor guy will be shooting half loads for life.

The guy pressed charges against the drunks and then wanted to charge Rose. The police investigated, and briefly thought about charging her with illegal imprisonment. However, since he initially was a willing participant. He was eventually released when he demanded it. The cops decided the charge wasn't applicable. So the report was filed away.

"I have had our cyber tech guys researching her internet usage. Interestingly enough it would seem there are occasional visits to forced feminization and female domination sites."

"You know Steve for a computer geek you are not as dumb as you look. When you get the time send me those URL's. Schedule an interview with this Jack character and if that doesn't work go to the wife. I am convinced that if persuasion does not work on her. You can always resort to blackmail to ensure her cooperation. Get to work! Just make sure your connections with him and his wife are as clandestine as possible. If Ivan finds a link to us this whole thing could blowup in your face."

A short time later, Steve is summoned back to the Director's office.

"Steve I have given this a lot of thought. I even read your report. I am now convinced this is our guy. All his negatives can be overcome. Once we get him onboard, we will have him smoking two packs a day, make him a vodka connoisseur, run him through an intensive sissy boot camp, and give him a perfect legion. When he graduates she will be an ideal agent. Get Linda on this, she is the best. Tell her to spare no expense, within reason of course. Have her set up an apartment near that bar as soon as possible. Linda has a well known reputation for her ability to rehabilitate wayward husbands. That way when her presence is uncovered, Ivan will believe the wife is just getting her revenge on poor old Jack. Be sure and establish a traceable money trail from Mrs. Svensson to Linda. Just remember we need to think this thing all the way through. We can't have any tongues wagging that betray our guy as a plant. Make sure we take our time and do this thing flawlessly!"

"All right boss, I will personally get on it right now. I will create an impenetrable cover story. It will stand up to detailed scrutiny. We don't want this OP to turn into another Bay of Pigs. It has to be perfect, or we will lose him like the last one we sent undercover. I tried to caution you that sending him in as a bartender was a bad idea. Boss, I am convinced if we get Jack professionally dolled up and teach him to suck cock; he has an even chance to come home with all his body parts."

"Steve, you asshole, there is no room here for vulgar talk like that. My G-d, just think what would happen to my career if one of those empty-headed bimbo secretaries heard you talk like that."

"On second thought, numb nuts. From a purely field craft standpoint, that is probably a good backup plan. Have Linda work that cock thing into the training syllabus. Go talk to this guy."

"The difference between 'involvement and commitment' is like a ham and egg breakfast: The chicken was involved - the pig was committed." Martina Navratilova  
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Chapter 2. Recruitment, a reluctant draftee.

"Ask not what your country can do for you - Ask what you can do for your country."

President JFK

It has been an extremely stressful week. Jack's boss had been more of a jackass than usual. At the weekly Friday morning wrap-up meeting, Mike made a point of expressing his disappointment at his company's recent sales figures. Mike repeatedly drew attention to Jack's department and its deteriorating numbers. At the end of the meeting, Mike told Jack to stay behind. Rose, Mike's executive assistant, was about to leave and Mike said, "No Rose, I want you to hear this too." The bombastic ex- football player stood towering over Jack and says, "Your department's figures continue to go in the crapper. If this keeps up, Rose will be the only Svensson working here. Do I make myself clear? Or does Rose need to draft you a memo?"

Jack attempted to defend himself with a discussion of the economic recession.

Mike dismissed him with a wave of his hand. "Look little man, excuses are like assholes. Everyone has them and they are only good for dispensing shit. Either you start producing or clear out your desk."

Then to make matters worse, Mike grabs Rose and engulfs her in a bear hug trapping her arms between them. With his arms wrapped tightly about Rose, he lifted her feet slightly off the ground. Mike stared past Rose directly at Jack as if daring him to object. With her feet freely off the ground Rose lightly fluttered them and gave a slight almost inaudible giggle. Mike says to Rose, "Don't worry my little Rose Bud. As long as I am CEO you will have a place alongside of me. Maybe someday we can even start our own garden, I would love to plow your field and plant my seeds." Jack detested it when Mike treated his wife in such a possessive manner and wanted so badly to tell Mike to put his wife down. Mike made no effort to hide his attraction for Rose. Mike's flirtations and continual sexual innuendos could only be described as blatant sexual harassment. Rather than respond Jack seethed, because he desperately needed to keep his job. He concealed his anger. As usual, Rose appeared blasé about the whole thing. How could he object if she didn't seem to care? Jack and Rose have had this conversation numerous times. Jack wanted Rose to resist Mike's sexism and put that pig in his place. Rose didn't help things by frequently wearing short and tight revealing outfits to work. Rose insisted she was not being used. Rather she maintained that by drawing attention to herself, she was calling the shots. As a beautiful woman she had concluded that putting up with a chauvinist environment was the price to be paid for success in the business world. Rose has risen from the secretarial pool to Executive Assistant by tolerating Mike and playing the submissive, compliant, subordinate. Of course her business degree also played a significant role in her spectacular rise. Rose's favorite retort was, "It's far easier for a woman to climb the corporate ladder in a tight blouse and mini skirt than a bland shapeless business suit."

During that same five year period, Jack's career had bottomed out, and he languished as Mike's whipping boy in the sales department.

Leaving the meeting, Jack was greeted by his secretary, "Chief, there are two guys waiting for you in your office. They wouldn't tell me what it was about, just that they needed to talk to you right away."

"Thanks Tiffany, I am headed there right now."

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Steve fumed, "Fred, can you believe that guy. I mean he wouldn't even consider our proposal, what an unpatriotic schmuck."

"Yeah mister patriot, I don't hear you volunteering. Steve I bet you would look cute in a dress and heels."

"Fred, don't knock it if you haven't tried it."

"WTF does that mean? I tell you Steve, Wild Bully is not going to be happy."

"Relax Fred we really screwed up just throwing that concept of becoming a female impersonator at him, hoping he would jump at the idea out of patriotic fervor. Nevertheless we still have a backup plan."

"What's that Steve, are we going to shanghai the guy?"

"No you numbskull, let's get up to the 5th floor we have an appointment with Rose Svensson."

"We have an appointment?"

"Yep Fred, watch and listen, you are dealing with the master. It's called planning ahead. I figured we might have problems with old Jack, so I scheduled an appointment with the actual boss, Mrs. Svensson. Even if he agreed to or proposal, we would have had to talk to the wife, we need her full cooperation to make this work. Now put a smile on your face and leave it there."

Steve and Fred put their game faces on and prepare to face the wife, anticipating reluctance if not a major battle. After all how many wives are prepared to have their husbands feminized, then disappear for an unspecified period of time to live in the nether world as a half man, half woman. However the fates were with our government lackeys this day as little did they realize what a staunch ally they were about to enlist.

97 minutes later the two HLS agents were leaving the building. "My G-d, Steve that was easy, she volunteered her husband on the spot, all we had to do was agree to reimburse her for the costs of his preparation and guarantee her a stipend for the time her husband was away working undercover for us. Steve, I do think she played you there a little. You spent more time staring at her legs, then negotiating."

"Yep, did you see those Jimmy Choo she was wearing? They were so dreamy."

"Steve what are you talking about? In my opinion, a stipend in that salary range was excessive. It is way more than her husband has ever made. Plus that million dollar life insurance policy seems exorbitant."

"Shut the hell up Fred! Don't get your knickers in a knot. We accomplished our mission, no one, certainly not the government, is going to squabble over a few thousand dollars. I know how to handle those bureaucratic pundits. We will just

charge it all to training. Anything under 7 figures will never even be noticed. Moreover, that poor woman deserves some security. Remember whatever happens to her husband, it is merely collateral damage. His potential loss is well within expectable parameters provided we accomplish our mission. Besides if all goes as planned and his cover stands up to scrutiny what Ms. Svensson gets back will never be her husband again. The likelihood is that whoever returns, will be closer to a she than a he. When we drag him out of the closet, it has to be brutal and real. The shrinks tell us there is a good chance we could physiologically scar the poor guy for life. That is a chance I am willing to take. After all what's one person compared to the good of the country?

"Steve, that's all fine. We got his wife to agree however remember he has not said yes yet."

"Fred I am an excellent judge of character. I tell you his wife will not only get Jack to volunteer, she will have him in panties before we get back to the office. Yeah, Fred, this is going to look good on my resume. I will arrange a meeting with the wife in a couple of days, and I will read her into the full battle plan. We need a nice secluded location where we can rendezvous. It has to be someplace isolated where neither of us will be recognized. I will take care of that. You get the paperwork started."

"Oh what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive." Sir Walter Scott

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Chapter 3. Naming a New Species of Flower.

"What's in a name? That which we call a rose. By any other name would smell as sweet."      Romeo and Juliet (II, ii, 1-2)

Jack and Rose spent a typical weekend, lounging around the house. Monday morning was different and brought about a critical change in Jack's life. As the alarm goes off, Jack opens his eyes to find Rose staring at him with a wily smile. Rose utters, "Come on honey; let's go get some breakfast. Jack I called the office and have taken the day off for both of us. We need to have a long talk.

Friday I had a visit from two government men. What they told me was disturbing. I waited all weekend for you to mention their visit. At first I refused to believe you didn't volunteer to help our country fight terrorism. How could you not leap at the idea of supporting your government? I am sadly disappointed in your actions. I need to understand what you were thinking."

Sitting in the kitchen munching on toast Jack listens as his wife patiently articulates all the reasons he should have volunteered.

Jack responds with a snarl, "No way Rose, prancing around like some Nancy boy, would be unbelievably embarrassing. More to the point it could be really dangerous. I am never going out there risking my life while wearing a dress and that is my final answer!"

With a face full of mischief Rose says in a sarcastic tone, "Oh, Jack, never say never! What has happened to my red blooded Viking? Don't tell you are so insecure in your manhood that a little thing like a skirt challenges it. My heavens, they are not asking you to turn gay. They only want you to make friends with some guy and play chess in a smock, heels and makeup. You're not man enough to wear a dress? That's not the guy I married."

"Rose you don't understand, I am scared to death. I am not the heroic type. Hell the closest I ever came to being a hero was rescuing the neighbor's cat from our garage roof. What if everyone ridiculed me, worst yet what if something happened to me?"

"Well Jack that's a chance, I will have to take!" My brother joined the army and then volunteered for service in the gulf war, was wounded in action and then gave his life for this country. And you are worried about being embarrassed. Let me pass along some wisdom he told me about heroism, if a man does the most heroic act in the world and is not afraid, he is either a fool or crazy, not a hero. The true heroes are the guys that are so scared they are pissing in their pants and do it anyway."

"Well Rose, put me in for the Medal of Honor because just thinking about this, and I am already peeing in my pants."

Mockingly Rose taunts, "Boo hoo hoo, Poor Jackie is afraid." Rose came up behind her husband and began nibbling on his ear "Come on Jack, I know I am asking a lot of you. If you won't do it for your country, do it for me. Where is that man I married? Despite your strenuous opposition, I suspect there is a part of you that really wants to try this. Jack there is no higher calling than defending your country. Most do it in uniform on the battlefield; all we are asking is for you to do it in a skirt and heels. If it makes you more comfortable I will ensure your first dress is in leopard print camouflage."

Laughing Rose continues her argument with, "I will even get you your own supply of diapers, for those rare occasions when Jackie has to take on the scary boogeyman! If you will do it, I promise you will have fun, I know I will. Trust me on this one."

Rose persistent with, "Think about all the lives you could be saving; doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"Of course it matters. It is just that you are asking me to swim with the sharks. Couldn't someone else be the hero?"

"Come on Jack, the government guy explained it to me. Out of the thousands of profiles they scrutinized, yours was the only one that was completely compatible with this particular terrorist. From what he said you might even become friends, isn't that exciting? All you will be doing is trading your sneakers for a pair of stilettos, come on just say you will try this. Do it for your family, me and our future children. The government has agreed to pay you a very generous salary while you are in training and undercover. They will list you a GS 11, plus we get all the standard benefits that come with government service. That's over three times what you are making now. When you come home we will have a very nice nest egg. Let's face it. You currently are not making enough to pay our bills. If you don't take this deal, we are going to lose the house. Is that what you want?"

"Rose, please don't ask me to do this. There is my pride to consider, I will embarrass both of us. I will appear a total fool."

"Jeez, Jack. You don't have to be such an asshole about it." Then with a mischievous twinkle in her eye Rose said, I am prepared to work on it, the question is, are you?"

The comment was more a dare than a question. Jack reluctantly had to admit to himself his curiosity was piqued. The security of a government job, plus the financial rewards was certainly tempting, and the thought of getting away from Mike was almost irresistible. But then the realization if he left the company he would be abandoning his wife to the unobstructed clutches of the vile pig.

Rose continued to push, "Come on Jack, there is only one way to find out! Let's give this a try", crossing her fingers behind her back, as she continues, "You can quit anytime you want. I promise!"

A reluctant Jack agrees. "OK, as long as I can stop if things get too weird. I will give it a try!"

Rose yells, "Hooray!" She jumps up and hugs Jack, saying "Jack this is a complex task we have before us. Let's get started."

Rose then made what she hoped was a prophetic statement, "Jack before I am done. I am going to turn you into a beautiful woman, and you are going to love it."

"That's fine, but Rose, what if that isn't what I want? I have never had a Cinderella complex!"

Ignoring the comment she hands Jack a pair of panties and says, step into these Jack, we will get some of your own later. No more tighty whities for you. Jack looked her in the eyes and could tell she wasn't joking. Jack hesitated, sensing that if he did step into the feminine garments nothing would ever be the same again. Rose sensed Jack's reluctance. She responded, "Jack, I am not trying to usurp your manhood. We are simply exploring the possibility of you being presentable." Jack hesitantly complied feeling that somehow this action was tantamount to surrendering any future claim he had on being a man. Rose next handed Jack an old heavily padded bra and told him to put it on. Rose watched in amusement as Jack arched his back and floundered about trying to get it on. Rose eventually took pity on him and lent a hand in fastening the brassiere firmly in place. Humming to herself, she dives into her closet, her heart racing in anticipation of what was about to unfold.



"What is my new girlfriend going to wear?" Holding up dress after dress Rose is unable to find anything that would seem to fit her husband. An exasperated Rose finally dug to the very back of her closet. "Great," she said sarcastically. "The only

thing I have that might even come close to fitting you is this old knit yellow dress with big white buttons up the front. She stumbled out of the closet with the dress. Rose asks, "How does your underwear feel sweetheart?"

"Uncomfortable, can I please take them off?"

Laughing Rose merely answers "No!" Handing the dress to Jack, Rose responds "Please put this on for me and I will button you up."

Jack countered with a pout but stepped into the dress. Rose draws her husband toward her and playfully closes the front of his dress accidentally rubbing his swelling manhood as she moves from button to button.

Rubbing her hand over his firm member Rose sarcastically observes, "My my, it seems that despite your protestations, someone is enjoying this. It seems you really like your new underwear. Is my hubby wobby, wiking his pretty pink panties? Do they feel good on his wittle weenie?"

Before a flustered Jack can respond Rose continues. "Perfect, now let me think. Hot damn, I still have this yarn wig from last year's Halloween party. I know it's just a cheap thing however the white brings out the blue of your eyes."

Rose stood back and critically examined her creation and started laughing. Jack reacted by getting angry, "Rose, this is hard enough on me already. I told you I would look ridiculous."

"Jack this is just a trial run to let me see what we have to work with."

Now, walk for me, I want to see how it hangs on you."

Jack is hesitating. Rose wrinkled her brow and says, "Jack, I gave you something to do! Why don't you go do it? You know when I set my mind on something I always get my way!"

Shrugging his shoulders in defeat, Jack agreed to try it, only if Rose left the room. Rose breathed a deep sigh of relief and fought to hide her glee. She left the room before she lost her composure. Through the crack in the door Rose spied on her husband, watching him parade around in his new dress. Rose mused over how easily she had gotten her husband into a bra, panties and a dress.

Jack started at his reflection in the full length mirror and to his utter amazement the dress almost fit. He stood there for a few minutes turning this way and that, posing in front of the mirror. 'It can't get any worse', thought Jack. However as he was to learn, it could get a lot worse. Rose tiptoes into the room, comes to an abrupt halt pretending she hasn't been spying. She stood and stared at her husband watching him checking out his ass in the dress. She was able to keep a straight face only for an instant before her face broke into a wide grin.



A thoroughly mortified Jack is summing up a most inauspicious blush and yells "Rose, get the hell out of here."

On her way out of the room Rose throws a zinger at her blushing husband with, "Jeezus, I see Jack the jerk is back! From what I saw it actually doesn't look too bad if you discount the hairy arms, and the very unladylike bulge in the groin.

Jack trying to sound assertive Jack responds, "Rose I said I would try this, although it's a onetime thing. It ends here."

Rose snorted from the next room. "Oh, I don't think so."

Eventually, Jack calls Rose back to the bedroom. An exasperated Rose gave Jack a panty girdle and told him if we are going to do this let's do it right. Rose helped him on with the foundation garment and showed Jack how to tuck his man parts out of view. Seeing her husband's groin look as smooth as a Ken doll, brought Rose to the edge, she actually had to bring one hand to her mouth to hide her smile. Next she attached a couple of adhesive strips to his forehead and pressed the wig into place combing and styling it. Taking a step back she closely examined her creation. Rose wrinkled up her brow and lightly fingered the armpit hair hanging out of the dress sleeves. Then she moved her hand down to Jack's love handles. Rose blithely pronounces, "Well two things are apparent. We have a major deforestation project to undertake and we need to purchase some heavy duty body shaping undergarments."

"Rose I keep telling you this is never going to work! Sweetheart I want to be a real American hero as much as the next guy, nevertheless I am terrified of doing it in a dress. Rose, I am just a dyslexic, computer geek from Minnesota. I don't know anything about being a hero or a girl, for that matter! Look at how pathetic I come across."

Rose, smiled and said "Poor Jackie, brilliant about some things, and so naive about others. Sweetheart, we are only getting started, let's give it some time."

After several minutes of additional protest Rose drags Jack to her makeup table.

"Jack let's start with some basics on how to apply your makeup. We will start out real slow with just lipstick. Guys tend to be fixated with a woman's breast, but in the end her lips are the deal closer."

Rose demonstrates how to use a lip liner. "Now for the lipstick open the mouth slightly and say 'Oh'. By staying relaxed you will be able to reach the total surface area of the lips. As with the pencil line, start from the top center and using the liner as your guide, glide the lipstick smoothly to the corner of the mouth on each side, repeating for the bottom lip. As if talking to a mentally challenged child she patiently explained, lipstick should always remain inside the lip liner. To get longer lasting color, repeat the process and blot between applications."

Jack declares, "Rose you are a clearly an evil woman. This is too much of a sacrifice to ask of me. I don't want to be another Mata Hari!"

With surprising malice, Rose immediately launches into a tirade; for heavens' sake Jack, don't have a conniption, it's only makeup. Hell even John Wayne wore it."

"Yah, Rose except I look more like Tootsie than Rooster Cogburn."

Rose ignores Jack's cynicism and continues with her carefully thought out argument. "My homophobic husband let's talk about sacrifice. What did my brother sacrifice and what about me?"

Jack looked at his wife with a puzzled expression, "Rose nobody is asking you to risk your life by socializing with scum terrorist."

"No Jack all I risk is my reputation. As the wife I must stay home and put up with all the neighbors, laughing behind my back as the wife who couldn't keep her husband out of panties. I can't even tell anyone why you are gone. I will have to suffer in silence. Jack stop thinking only about yourself, do you have any idea how difficult this is going to be on me. I am willing to make the sacrifice of being scorned. How about you?"

Rose concludes her argument. "Jack, we are in the springtime of our lives, when we enter the twilight years wouldn't it be nice to look back and think about the time we soared with the eagles and took a stand for what's right. Don't focus on what could go wrong, rather concentrate on what is possible."

Feeling properly chastise Jack agrees to try the government's proposal. If and only if Rose could make him more than a caricature of a drag queen.

"Jack with your, large nose, thin lips and masculine face I am not promising to make you a beauty queen, however I am positive we can make you presentable, with a little luck maybe even attractive. Are you willing to cooperate with me on this?"

Rose is giddy over the prospect of glamorizing her husband.

Chuckling Rose says, "OK Jack let's get started, we only a brief period to make you passable. We will get you all dolled up-proper like, to see if you are credible. Right now we can't afford to get you a whole new wardrobe. The first thing tomorrow I am getting you, a really good corset and some big fake boobs. That will create the feminine figure I want...I mean you need. Plus a good corset will help with your posture. Perfect posture sends a message that a woman is comfortable with her body. The narrow waists it provides also tells the world she is proud her body. I will also buy a really good wig. I think we will stick with platinum blonde. That color, is just so you. Once you are tightly laced into a corset we can practice with my other clothes."

Standing back and looking at her husband in the yellow dress and white buttons Rose declares, "Jeez, do you know what you look like? Here look in the mirror with that dress and platinum blond wig even you must admit it reminds you of a gigantic daisy.

Oh Jack, don't look so glum, I am not making fun of you. I just thought we could use that to our advantage. It would be the perfect name for my special new friend. I want to call you Daisy. Think about it. A daisy is a beautiful wild flower, yet it still is tough as a weed. Just like you."

Jack simply stands there glowering.

Rose finally inquires, "What name would you like?"

"How about just calling me Jackie" responds Jack?

Rose immediately rejects it. "Go look at yourself Jacqueline darling,"

"Yes at a minimum Jacqueline, Jackie would be too easy to slip up and call you Jack. Once we get you all dolled up, I don't want anyone ever calling you Jack again. If you don't like Jacqueline, how about something with a bit more flare, we could go with Jill. Get it Jack and Jill?"

"No, you are going to be difficult aren't you, then how about Jasmine, Juliette, Jolene, or we could go dramatic, Candace, that way I could call you Candy, that would be so sweet.

Jack mumbles, "Stop screwing around Rose."

"OK, we could always go with the drag queen theme. Stop me when I get to something you like, Lusty Lana, Sugar Aplenty, or maybe Sugar Nuts."

"Stop! You win Rose, Daisy it is."

"Now for a middle name, what would really fit? That's it, just the thing, you will be a Bell. The bell of the ball if I get my way", mumbles Rose. "That's it, end of discussion. We will call you Daisy Bell. We will become, Rose and Daisy, the flower twins."

Jumping up and down Rose excitedly grabs her husband and says, "Jack I just had an inspiration. When we have our first daughter, we will call her Lilly. Our next one will be Violet, the one after that will be Marigold. We can create our own special bouquet."

Jack says, "Slow down Rose let's stop right there, three are more than enough."

The two love birds sealed the deal with a deep soul touching sloppy kiss.

Breaking their lip lock Jack inquires, "Rose what happens if they are boys?"

In a lighthearted manner Rose joked, "Well Daisy Bell in that case you had better teach them how to box, because no one is screwing with my bouquet!"

Rose stood there with massive smile that took over her entire face.

"Oh, Jack I know that look. Your bravado makes you think that wearing a dress and being called Daisy Bell will make you less of a man. Well dear husband, there is nothing that is further from the truth. "Jack in my eyes you are more of a man for doing this, I mean that with all my heart."

Rose stands back and says, "On the way home from work tomorrow I will stop and get you some clothes of your own, unless you want to get them yourself, we could go shopping this afternoon and pick them out together, is that what you want?"

"No I trust you Rose. Whatever you pick will be fine."

Rose repeats, "You will wear whatever I buy?" Jack relents and "Yes dear, whatever you get, I will wear. Let's just get this over with." With that statement Jack became an instrument of his own doom.

All right Daisy now you need to practice."

Jack spent several hours prancing around in the dress becoming accustomed to the feel of it. Rose instructed him on standing, walking, sitting and most importantly how to use the potty wearing a dress. Rose promised her husband, he would learn all about feminine mannerisms. She would teach him everything he needed to pass as a woman.

Rose produced a pair of pantyhose accompanied by high heels. Jack sat and Rose walked him through the procedures for putting on pantyhose. First arch your foot, roll one leg on, before starting the other one. Jack pulled the hose up and secured them in place at his waist. Next he had some difficulty cramming his broad foot into the dainty shoes. They were nothing outlandish, just an open toed sandal with a solid 2 inch block heel and ankle straps for added stability. Jack complained to Rose the shoes pinched his feet and felt extremely clumsy.

Her unsympathetic response was, "Sure Jack. Your first lumbering steps will look awkward, nevertheless after a short-time you will be walking taller and more serene in heels. Consider these your training wheels until you acquire the confidence to solo in something more dramatic. Indeed, all heels naturally re-align the body into a more feminine shape by shifting the weight onto the balls of the feet and pushing the buttocks slightly out. You must remember bearing creates the first impression. Jack my goal is to teach you to walk with catwalk confidence."



"Daisy Bell we are going to start your adventure in high heels by having you just standing in them. This will teach you to balance with your weight distributed on your toes. Practice your posture, throw your shoulders back, and push your pelvis

slightly forward. Create the illusion you're leaning back a little, rather than hunching forward. Here place a book on the top of your head. We will do this until you can go 30 minutes without the book falling. Concentrating on not letting your ankles go all wobbly. It will help you become accustomed to a new center of balance. Keep shifting your weight from one foot to the other. Just don't lock your knees. No walking until standing in them becomes natural.

Despite his nonstop bitching Jack spent over an hour standing erect in his new footwear. His first steps were tentative and a tad unstable. As Jack walked a little bowlegged until he grew confidence. The rest of the day was spent strolling about in heels. Rose put his wig in a high ponytail because she loved to watch it sway back and forth like the trunk of a circus elephant as Jack flounced around in his stockings and heels.

The more Jack complained the further Rose mocked him. "Daisy Bell, please stop your complaining. I understand going from carpeting to hard wood floors in heels is difficult. But I never promised you a rose garden. You should be enjoying your holiday in heels, I know I am! Now stand up straight and walk over here. Please don't drop that book again you are going to damage the spine in it."

Eventually Jack collapsed dejectedly in his easy chair with his head down and the book in his lap. Rose crosses over to him and gently lifts his chin up with her hand until he was looking into her eyes. Putting the book back on his head Rose lectures, "Posture Daisy Bell, I want you to remember you are not in this alone. As your personal tour guide through Feminine Land, I'm going to be with you every step of the way. I promise I will catch you when you stumble. Rose wrapped her arms tightly around Jack, cradling his head to her bosom and gently rocks him back and forth. Repeatedly mumbling, I love you, until Jack had calmed down.

At bed time Rose laid out a sexy lime green sheer chiffon nightgown, with matching panties for Jack to wear.

"Come on darling. This is all going a too far, like I am going to wear that!"

As Rose slipped beneath the sheets, she once again pleaded "I will make you a deal, Tootsie, wear the nightgown for me, and I will give you a night to remember, that's a promise."

Jack responded with "I would rather sleep on the couch."

So he did.

ANY CHILD CAN TELL YOU THE SOLE PURPOSE OF A MIDDLE NAME IS TO TELL WHEN HE IS REALLY IN TROUBLE!

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Chapter 4. The key to success is Practice.

The harder one works, the luckier he becomes.

Storming off to the couch, Jack didn't think to remove his makeup. He awoke with his head on a throw pillow permanently redecorated in the residue of his war paint.

Rose was getting exasperated at Jack's unenthusiastic foot dragging. She called the office and took another personal day off for both of them. Despite his hostile attitude Rose had Jack in a girdle, bra, panties, dress, heels and makeup from sunrise to sunset, critiquing his every mannish blunder.

Awaking the next morning Jack stood up from his couch bed and was very surprised to feel his legs, ass and back extremely tired from the extended amount of time spent in heels the day before.

Returning to his male persona, Jack scrubbed off his makeup and grumpily got dressed for work. As Jack and Rose parted company on the elevator at work that day, Rose makes a speech. "Jack we can do this the hard way with you fighting me every step of the way, or we can do it the easy way and maybe even have some fun with this little dress up exercise. What do you want? I am exhausted from fighting you every step of the way. Let me know what you decide."

Jack spent a good portion of his day pondering what Rose had said and what he had agreed to do. He was perceptive enough to realize he was upsetting Rose. So arriving home that night, he went up to her and said, "Rose, I am sorry for the way I have been acting, could you make this flower bloom, please? If I am going to do this, I really need your help."

Rose was exuberant, however reluctant to show her feelings, so she responds, "I don't know Jack. You have been a royal pain, but since you asked so nicely I will try again. Go, take a bath, soak in my bath oils, I will come and check on you in a few minutes."

As Jack is leaving the bath a satisfied Rose hands him a small box tied up with a large scarlet ribbon. Rose stands aside, waiting with barely concealed eagerness as Jack opened his present. Jack stared in the box with confused doe-eyes. He finally

pulls out a pair of My Little Mermaid Panties. Rose gave a wolf whistle and gleefully laughed at the whimsy of her gift. "Daisy every girl's, first pair of big girl panties should be memorable. I spent all day searching for these, aren't they just precious? Put them on, they will be a little small, after all most 20 something women aren't into My Little Mermaid. Anticipating your capitulation I consulted with a corsetiere and give him all your measurements to get it just right. Put the panties on so I can lace up your new corset."

After just a token tightening, Rose switches to her authoritative voice and sends Jack to the bedroom to put on the dress and heels lying on the bed. "Be sure to fill the bra with the breast forms on the dresser, I got D cups, so we can share bras. Next to them, you will find another gift. When I was shopping for your outfits I discovered the perfect coming out present for my girlfriend. It's a perfume named 'Daisy!' It is marketed as 'A fragrance for a woman.'" It smells of a meadow full of wildflowers. I think its divine intervention. It is as if it was made with you in mind. Put some on before you come back out for your Grand Entrance. I want you to try your hand at applying your own makeup. Don't forget to tuck your little man and marbles like I showed you. We don't want any unsightly bulges showing in your pretty dress. To stop your persistent whining about cramped feet, I have placed several pairs of what can euphemistically be called sensible shoes in your closet. They aren't stylistic footwear, nevertheless they are all W's in your size."

Jack tried to complain although Rose dismissed his comments "Either wear what I have laid out, or we will forget this entire experiment. An hour later, Jack returned wearing his Bozo the clown makeup, outfitted in a leopard print dress, tights and heels. Rose laughed so hard she had tears in her eyes. At this point she realized that left to his own devices, her Daisy looked ridiculous.

A despondent Jack becomes upset, "Damn it Rose. I am only doing this for you, and you mock me, that really hurt my feelings."

Rose gasping for breath manages to squeak out, "Darling. I am sorry if I hurt your sensitivities, I suspect you are trying your best. Jack learning to walk gracefully in high heels and a dress is essential to maximizing your feminine persona. Heels lift you above the crowd. They make you look taller, more slender, and give your outfit instant glamour. It influences how you look physically and your confidence. I was asked to turn you into an elegant looking woman, however watching your galumphing first steps I was reminded more of Igor, being chased by a crowd of villagers with pitchforks and torches."

Enjoying her silliness Rose says, "Let Dr. Frankenstein escort you back to my laboratory. Your efforts are laudable. It demonstrates you were paying attention. I will show how to do your makeup so you won't scare small children. The objective is to see if we can work out a look where from ten feet away you don't seem to be wearing any makeup. We don't want to produce a dowdy Plane Jane, but I want my Daisy to look healthy, and sexy, maybe just a tiny bit slutty. When I get done you are going to be flat amazed."

Thirty minutes later with a flourish, Rose capped the lipstick that had been her final tool and stood back. "Yessss," she exclaimed in celebration. "You now look just scrumptious. I spent a long time getting the right shade for your lips. I drew your lips just a little larger than your actual contours to make them seem fuller and more prominent."

Jack the dictionary defines elegant woman as someone who is pleasingly graceful and stylish in appearance and manner. We have certainly taken the first step towards our goal. What do you think?"

Jack smacked his lips flamboyantly, laughing as he puckered up to kiss his bride. "I wonder if this stuff, ah...wears off."

"The tube says Everlasting, so if it does, take the issue up with the manufacture."  
she cooed softly and made no effort to escape his loving embrace.

Two orgasms later, she asked her kneeling husband, "So, what do you think of your new style?"

"In all honesty the taste and feel of lipstick is intoxicating. If I wasn't careful it could become habit forming. However, I have no intention of letting it get that far!"

A very self-satisfied Rose announces, "Daisy dear, remember people will judge you by your actions, not your intentions. Now one more time, let's go for a trifecta."

After her third sexual climax of the afternoon, Rose announces, "Daisy Bell, tomorrow, we are going to turn this whole thing around. No more haphazardly jumping from here to there. You know how you eat an elephant don't you. You devour it one bite at a time. Organizational skills are my specialty, so I am going to attack this problem in a detailed systematic manner. The keys are plan, prepare, execute and then evaluate. When I am done with you, you are going to be able to run for Homecoming Queen."

Running her hand over Jack's body Rose declares, "It's time for another bath. We are going to start that deforestation project. Take a nice long soak in my lavender bath oils. I will join you shortly."

Twenty minutes later Jack stands in the tub. Rose stopped him from leaving, "Honey that's only the beginning. Alright, now please remain perfectly still for me. It's time for some fun." Rose retrieves a bottle of baby oil and a new razor, a curious Jack, arches an eyebrow in a form of wonderment. In response to the unspoken question

Rose informs Jack, "No more shaving cream for you, it dries out the skin." Rose slithers the oil over Jack's entire body spending an inordinate amount of time massaging it in and around his genitals. Meticulously, she eliminates every trace of hair, from his back, arms, chest, underarms, and legs. Then the only thing left is the pubes. As she got to Jack's crotch, with a wicked smile she looks up and questions, "Landing strip, Brazilin, or bald? You choose Daisy Bell." An astonished Jack has no idea what she is talking about, so he stands mute.

Rose snickers and says, "Fine bald it is." Rose copiously coats her hands in more oil. Her hands awash in the lubricate, one hand cups his balls and lightly rubs the oil in while her other is used to enthusiastically pump his prick. While distracting big Jack with little jack, Rose concentrates on his scrotum and surrounding territories. Casually, as if by mistake her hand drifts toward his asshole. While stroking his prick Rose slides one finger to his pucker hole, and just lightly coats it with the oil. Jack stiffens at that, so Rose concentrates more vigorously on his woody. While his attention was sidetracked Rose continues to lubricate the area around his rosebud.

Jack sighs contentedly. Rose laughs and probes his anus with just the tip of her index finger, and says, "Not so stoic now, are we? Baby, I have this glorious strap-on dildo left over from my single days called the Magnificent Sultan. Would you be interested in letting me try him out?"

"Rose stop fucking with my head."

Rose comically replies, "Jack like usual, you got it all wrong. It's not your head I want to fuck."

Rose had a very nervous Jack turn around and spread his ass cheeks. With one hand she continued to tease the hypersensitive neighborhood adjacent to his virgin hole. She presses forward with her task and shaved the hair around and leading to his

anus. Then she grabbed his scrotum and pulled it taut, so she could shear it. Warning Jack to remain still as she was precariously close to his organ she glided the razor across the pouch containing his precious baby makers. She finished with a flourish and slight tug on his now velvet smooth sack. When she was finished Jack had never felt so exposed and vulnerable in his life.

"Rose, why did you completely de...de-thatch me? You aren't like that down there."

"Jack at times you infuriate me. Indecision has always been your weak point. I gave you the choice, you didn't answer. Like you always do, you left the decision to me, so I selected for you. Sometimes dear, you need to just man up and stop being so damn accommodating!"

With her eyes crinkling with glee, Rose smirks and stands back examining her baby bare husband and says, "Jack my dear, I am afraid your face is still way too masculine. No offense intended, we must take advantage of that fact you don't have the manliest physique. We will need to draw attention away from your face by enhancing your body-shape into a glamorous femme figure. The hip, fanny, waist area and of course the bust will have to be greatly accentuated. I am terribly sorry dear, as of right now you must start a rigid course of corset training."

"Rose, you lost me, what is corset training?"

"Corset training my clueless husband requires that every day, all day, except bath time you will be required to wear a corset. We will start right now. Bear in mind from a woman's viewpoint the curves are nice to have, though the pressure and restrictiveness of the corset aren't fun to cope with. You will never be at ease in one. Nevertheless I would not want it so tight you are distressed.

Oh, stop with the sour puss, most of the stories you have heard about corsets are hogwash. A good corset should be comfortable to wear, while at the same time fulfilling the basic requirement of training, molding, and shaping your figure. Corsets are not punishments. They will simply ensure a stately posture, and with gradual adjustments will even reshape your internal organs. Of course, no more bending at the waist, you will learn to use your knees and hips. Wearing a corset day and night is the fastest way to both mentally and physically condition you. I guarantee you will even come to welcome the security of its tight embrace.

Starting with his new corset, Rose airily chuckled as she kept pulling the laces tighter "Daisy sweetheart us girls have to suffer a little to look pretty and the corset training is, by its nature and intended outcome, a labor of love. Without commitment, all efforts will fail. We will start you out slow, then every week we will squeeze it in another inch, that way your body can adjust. After a few months, you will have that perfect wasp waist every girl dreams about. We will add padded panties later."

Jack wheezes as the corset was tightened yet again. "Rose you are spawn of the devil. Any tighter and you will crack my ribs."

Rose was momentarily concerned by the nasty taunt, glancing at Jack's face she realized all rancor had been dissolved by the serene expression on her husband's face.

"Jack darling, that is theatrically possible, though the pain it would cause would be brutal, not just uncomfortable. This will merely give you a Victorian silhouette and cause you to breathe with your upper torso. That is what produces those lovely heaving breasts in those Harlequin novels we like so much. Dear, a corset will be an essential element of your wardrobe for the foreseeable future. Suck it up."

Jack's smile quickly turned to a gasp as Rose yet again yanked on the ties. "Ahh, now we are done!"

Dipping into a curtsy with the grace of a longshoreman Jack responds, "Why thank you mistress of misery."

"You're quite welcome young lady now let's go to bed. Your nightgown is on the floor right where you threw it. I am sure you are going to enjoy the feel of the silk against your exposed skin. I have some fun planned for my newest girlfriend."

Flouncing around waving his hands in the air, and using a high squeaky falsetto voice Jack sarcastically responds "Oh goodie, my first slumber party, and it's a sleepover!"

In response to his cynicism Rose counters with, "All right Daisy Bell, for that outburst no desert for you tonight."

Jack responds, "No desert, I guess I will just have to be content with appetizers!" He sweeps Rose into his arms and tenderly carries her to their bed, kneels and then spends the next half-hour feasting on the nectar from her pleasure garden.

The only comments Jack received from Rose were, "Ooooh, that's it baby, that's the spot, do that again, and again, and again."

The next morning, boot camp begins. Rose awoke Jack by a very genital kiss on the lips. Jack had spent the night dreaming of being free of the tyranny of those stays

compressing his waist. Rose surprised Jack by giving him a printed training schedule.

Rose said, "I have been up for hours working on this. I will keep one posted on the refrigerator so there is no mystery of what is expected of you."

Jack briefly scanned the document and was incredulous. "My God Rose, this is a cross between football preseason and Marine boot camp."

"Jack let's go over the list to eliminate any confusion. Jack in all seriousness, there is no Aladdin waiting with his genie and magic lamp. You have volunteered to undertake a task that is fraught with danger. Only hard work and dedication will get you through this escapade. The sweat will be all yours while I have taken the onus for your education. It's a responsibility that I take seriously, Jack we are a team. Teaching you to be all the woman you can be is strictly a labor of love. You can only be successful if I succeed and Vice-versa. I am optimistic about the eventual outcome. I am convinced there will be a happily ever after for us."

"Now for your training, as I pledged, you will sweat buckets before we are done, and I take my promises very seriously! 0500, is reveille."

"OMG Rose, you are serious."

"Yes Jack, deadly serious! I have allotted 30 minutes for personal hygiene and dressing - followed by a full hour of strenuous physical exercise."

"Rose what kind of exercise do I need to be a man in a skirt? I am not storming Mount Suribachi."

"Well darling, your exercise has three goals, obviously it will assist in weight loss, secondly it will improve your flexibility, and lastly we want to significantly improve your gracefulness. I am going to try and teach you to be as poised as a ballerina. We are going to start with Yoga classes later we will work in aerobics and then some Pilates. Now any more dumb blond question?"

After a quick shower and breakfast, we will drive to work.

I am combining lunch and study hall."

"Rose what the devil is a study hall."

"Well Dear, there are only so many hours in the day, I don't think we can waste an hour a day letting you goof off. I will give you a study assignment every day. You can eat lunch at your desk while doing your reading. After commuting home you will take a nice soaking bath, where you will shave."

"Shaving I thought I would do that in the morning?"

"Yes Jack, the morning is for your face. At night, we will shave the rest of your body. You must keep up on your culinary skills, therefore from this day forward you will prepare all meals and do all cleanup. No more sharing kitchen responsibilities. During dinner, I will coach you on how to dine like a lady. No more gulping large mouthfuls. After cleanup, we will take a break for a cigarette and drink."

"Rose, you know I don't smoke."

"My dear you will, by the time I get done with you, and you will also develop a taste for Vodka. We will follow that with poise and grace lessons. Save the questions. We are talking about teaching you to walk gracefully, stand, sit, and gesture in a feminine manner. Next will be makeup class. Then skin care followed by bedroom recreation. If you have to ask about that we won't be doing it right."

That next morning despite her warning, Jack is surprised that Rose awakens him at 4:55 with a kiss on the lips. "What the hell woman, it's still dark out."

"Get out of bed now you lazy bum, our time is limited. We can't afford to waste it sleeping."

"Rose, you'd thought I just joined the army."

Laughing Rose responds, "By the time I am through. You will wish you had joined the army. Jack this is serious business. You are about to go on a mission that could cost you your life, and me a husband! I have no intentions of becoming a widow. If it happens it won't be because you weren't prepared. You have my word on that. Now let's get start.

"Come on you have 15 minutes to shit, shower, and shave. This morning for exercise we will start with some basic yoga."

After a breakfast of dry toast, and coffee the two commuted to work.

On the drive, Rose gave Jack his study assignment, the proper selection and application of lipstick.

Rose reiterated, "During your lunch, that will consist of only yogurt, no more sneaking off for a burger and fries? Any breaks during the day, you will go over your study assignment. At night, you will be tested. 'Woe be unto you', if you fail your nightly quiz."

After an uneventful day at work Jack was stripped of his male attire and ushered into a nice hot bath soaking in fragrant oils. Rose guaranteed Jack would eventually develop the skin of a beauty contestant.

At dinner Rose fed Jack what she decreed were to be his daily herbal supplements of Fenugreek, Red Clover and Saw Palmetto. After cleanup, the two girls sat down for their nightly smoke and drink break. Rose had brought home a carton of cigarettes and several bottles of different brands of Vodka. Taking his first cigarette, Jack was appalled, "Yuk, that's it Rose you have gone too far. I don't want to smoke, so I won't do it."

"Jack, listen to me. Both the drinking and smoking are critical components of your new persona, as Daisy Bell. The government man explained it all to me. Your target does both and so if you are ever invited you must be prepared to join him in a smoke and a friendly drink.

Now I am running out of patience with all of your grumblings. Rose picked up a pair of tweezers and plucked several hairs from his brows. Jack let out a girly yelp, to

which Rose responded, "Sheez, pipe down you big baby. Daisy Bell you must do whatever I tell you or this will be the consequence every time you delay or complain!"

"Rose you are either a sadist or psycho!"

Satanically Rose leans over with the tweezers and says, "I am a sadist" pluck, "I am a psycho" pluck. Should I keep going Daisy?"

Rose surprisingly stops and laughs.

"Jack this reminds me of my childhood when I would pluck the pedals from a flower to determine if my latest boyfriend loved me or not. When the last hair is gone, I guess we will know my true nature."

"All right Rose you win. I will keep my future observations to myself."

Rose directs Jack into the parlor for his deportment lesson. Rose announced, "Jack by the time we are through you will find high heels as familiar and comfortable as a pair of sneakers. That's my pledge to you. Darling, poise refers to a whole host of activities. It involves the way a lady carries herself. How she moves, walks, sits, gestures with her hands, and inclines her head, the total of all her mannerisms. If you are serious about creating a feminine illusion then deportment is the cornerstone.

Going into her professorial mode, Rose lectures Jack, "We will start with some very basics on how to walk with good posture and gracefulness. Stand up straight with

your shoulders back. Walk heel to toe with small steps and strides. Remember women walk slower and more graceful than men, think of a slowly flowing stream. Your head must not move, keep it still as you walk. Train yourself to place the heel of the foot down first, then your toes, keep most of your weight balanced on the ball of your foot rather than on the heel. It may feel strange, but keeping much of your weight on the ball of the foot gives you more of an elegant stride. It's almost like walking on your tippy-toes. The way ballerinas do, but more natural. We will practice as often as possible until you can walk with confidence. Keep legs, feet and knees as close together as you can. Start by taking steps half as long as you would normally. This will be terribly awkward to begin with however over time it will become second nature. Imagine a white line projecting from your position to your destination. Concentrate on stepping on that line. This will produce a womanly wiggle to your hips without having to force it. We don't want a duck walk, so toes should face forward. Your footprints should form a single line. When done quickly, this gives the body that characteristic swing. Make your stride look long and commanding by lifting your lead leg almost in the same fashion a horse would while doing trotting leg extensions. For each stride, you want to lift your foot a good distance off the ground, with a bend in the knee and then place it down in front of the supporting leg. Don't make your strides too large as this will make you look awkward and ungraceful. However avoid taking just baby steps. Remember to swing your hips.

That night during bedroom recreation Jack had done a particularly good job of orally satisfying his wife. After several orgasms Rose manages to say, "Thanks lover boy, please stop I can't take anymore tonight!"

"Jack stared lovingly up from between Rose's legs. Licks her residue off his lips and says "Rose I adore you. I would do anything for you!"

"Jack you are so sweet, I swear I am going to develop diabetes."

The next morning Rose again pushed Jack through his morning exercises. After dressing Rose measured his waist in his new waist cincher, adjusting it twice before she was satisfied. Off to work and returning home Jack had another soaking bath.

Meals were to become a monotonous experience for Jack. Nothing except dry toast and coffee for breakfast, a container of yogurt for lunch, then the big treat dinner was baked fish alternating with tofu turkey with fresh vegetables and a salad.

"Just sit dear, tonight I will serve dinner."

Rose placed only a green salad in front of a starving Jack, lecturing, "Remember dainty", don't pour large quantities of dressing on the salad. Simply dip your empty fork in the dressing then spear a small bit of lettuce. Drag the food off the fork with your teeth, not the lips, which will help preserve the lipstick. Then put the fork down and chew."

While they were taste testing the different Vodkas, Rose started Jack's formal feminine fashion education. They talked for an hour about the extras that make an ensemble. Jack learned how mixing and matching earrings, scarves, belts, bracelets, necklaces, and purses can completely change an outfit.

Rose was finishing her second double vodka. Jack was coughing his way through another cigarette when Rose brought out Jack's outfit for the nights' training.

Rose tightened Jack's corset for the nights' lesson. She says, "Now with your new figure I am going to let you wear my favorite outfit." It's a lovely silver-gray soft silk blouse with a high neck and long flowing sleeves. Complemented by a tight fitting black skirt that came to just above the knees. To prove her point about accessories,

Rose added a wide leather belt with a large square buckle, pearl clip on earrings and a black shoulder bag purse. Then Rose handed Jack a shoe box. Looking inside Jack found black patent leather sandals with a two inch heel and open toe. Putting the shoe on Rose had to assist in buckling the large ankle strap. By now Jack was doing his own makeup and thought that he had gotten fairly good at presenting himself as a woman. With the aid of an alcohol haze Rose seemed to momentarily forget it was her husband sharing the table. That night Rose chatted about what things were like when she was growing up, what Rose liked to wear, the things she liked to do, the boys she dated, her first sexual awakens at 15, the usual girlfriend stuff - certainly not husband and wife banter! Jack had nothing to contribute nevertheless he was enthralled by his wife's revelations.

Properly costumed the couple retired to the living room for an hour of decorum training. "Daisy, remember when walking as a woman always look straight forward. Don't look down at your feet. Focus on an object straight ahead of you. Keep your chin and your eyes up. Remember women's shoulders stay still when walking. If you stop the shoulders moving you will find the rest of your walk will look and feel a lot more feminine, it'll make your hips sway when striding. Jack you have a nice muscular butt. We need to take advantage of that. When practicing, exaggerate the hip swing from side to side. Jack you can always calm it down later just make sure you practice in an exaggerated fashion so you know what it looks and feels like. Deliberately over-emphasize your hips' undulation. Shoulders are always back. Watch your arm swing, woman's arms swing more from her elbows down.

Jack when standing, don't forget the principles you used in walking. It's very important to retain your new improved posture. Remember, chest out and shoulders back; turn your palms outward in an open position, this helps keep the shoulders squared. Stand with arms close to the body. Your right foot should point straight ahead as if towards the 12 on a clock and then the left foot pointing to the 10. Slowly shift all the weight to the left foot while at the same time slightly bending the knee of the right foot. This is a much more relaxed and feminine stance than a male posture."

An hour and 300 hundred expletive filled corrections later Rose continues, "Jack that's enough for tonight. It's time to move on to makeup."

Department training was a cakewalk compared to the makeup instruction. Jack found mascara a little challenging, although eye shadow was fairly simple. The proper application of liquid eyeliner was far outside his competence level. He painted it on a dozen times and removed it an equal number. Each attempt ended up looking garish. Jack who hated failing at anything was left frustrated and even a little ashamed. Finally, in exasperation he complains he just can't get this makeup thing.

"Jack, an hour of practice is worth five of foot dragging. If you bitch one more time about your makeup lessons I am dragging you down to my beauty shop for personalized instructions. Is that what you want?"



"Rose give me a break, there has to be other options. This pencil thingy works just fine in lining my eyes and I can handle that."

The night ended in a tense truce as Rose explained how the liquid line was used when you wanted a more dramatic effect. She demonstrated one more time how to apply the liner.

Thursday night Jack had become frustrated yet again, it was the fourth time he had tried the liquid eyeliner. His latest attempt resulted like the preceding ones in total disaster, with him looking cartoonish. He turns to Rose and says "That's it. I just can't get it."

Jack waited for the expect blowup. Rose surprisingly says "Fine lets go to bed, I really need you tonight."

Exuberate at his good luck. Jack assumed his customary position with his head buried between Rose's thighs. 30 minutes and several climaxes later, her lust satisfied Rose became very detached and almost clinical. She pushes Jack away and says "thanks. I'm tired let's go to sleep."

Jack stands and in wonderment says, "What about me? Rose sticks her head from under the covers and points to the bathroom, "Be a good boy and go take a cold shower. Your little mischief-maker won't be coming out to play anytime soon. I need my beauty rest. Besides I hear celibacy is good for the character."

A frustrated Jack climbed into bed and laid there all night desperate for relief. Rose slept contented next to him. Night after night he serviced Rose until she was satisfied. Jack quickly learned cold showers were to be the norm for him. Rose was certainly a hard task master. His needs were never even considered or discussed.

Friday evening when Rose returned home, she sat him down for a talk, "Jack my dear I am sadly disappointed in you. Your efforts so far have been uninspiring and sometimes downright lazy. Jack, if you can't take a little pressure, then it's on you, not me. Now you need to toughen up and put forth a better effort."

Rose handed Jack a pile of papers with instructions to sign the last page and not to forget to include the tuition check. Flabbergasted Jack started down at an enrollment form by the name of Daisy Svensson for Kimberly Ann's cosmetology academy.

A jocular Rose says, "Well darling we seem to have three options. On the one hand we can send you to school. Or as an alternative we can go to my beauty salon and have permanent makeup applied. Or you can get back to practicing! Here is a new container of waterproof liquid eyeliner. Let me know what you decide."

The days had all run together, and then finally it was Saturday. Jack awoke saying thank goodness for weekends. Rose returns from the bathroom and finds Jack still lounging in bed. She declares, "Here honey, let me help you get dressed. We will start with tightening your corset. You have a full day of cleaning ahead of you."

"C'mon darling", Jack said "This is all going a bit far. A joke's a joke! Why can't we just say you've had your little laugh, and I can go back to sleep? This is my day of rest."

Rose retorted with, "No way, Alice, you are going to work until I get tired. Now get out of bed. I am sorry dear you must learn a woman's work is never done. The best way to do that is to take up the position as my new maid. Aside from your daily kitchen chores, every Saturday you will clean the whole house. Once you have vacuumed, cleaned, scrubbed and dusted you get the privilege of doing our laundry. Now before you complain, remember since I am nice enough to share my clothes, the least you can do is wash and iron them."

"Rose you never ironed anything, why should I?"

"Jack, our clothes were not ironed because I never had a maid. Now I do, so things are going to change."

"Oh, Jack it looks like you are about to cry on me. Buck up and let's get to work. How many times do I have to remind you? We only have a very limited period to get you ready. We can't afford to take days off."

"Rose you are taking the day off, that doesn't seem fair."

"Fair, was it fair when you went and watched your stupid football games while I stayed home and cleaned the house? Just consider this a means of equalizing our karmas. Now get your ass into gear!"

As the dinner dishes were being put away, Jack commented, "I now know how Cinderella felt about her mean stepmother."

Despite the sarcastic comment, Rose remained in a jovial mood. Grinning impishly Rose says, "Come on Cinderella, put on your glass slipper and join me in bed before the clock strikes 12, and you turn into a pumpkin. There is one more item that needs taking care of. I know how you like sweets, so as a special reward for all your hard work. I am going to grant you private access to my honey pot! Of course if you are not interested I have had another offer. How would you feel about having Mike over for the night?"

To hell with the glass slipper. This Cinderella is going to need some running shoes.

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Chapter 5. Practice and more practice.

Regarding sexuality, Men are like microwaves, while woman more closely resemble crock pots.

Monday morning on the way to work, Rose told Jack "Today's topic du jour will be eye makeup. Here is your reading material dear, basic eye makeup selection and application. The topics will become more intricate as we move along."

Kissing Jack lightly on the lips, Rose sends him off with, "I will stop by at lunch to check on you and make sure you aren't goofing off and to answer any questions you might have. Have a good day, my little turtle dove."

Jack was terrified at the prospect of disappointing Rose, so he took notes at lunch to ensure he had the main points.

Exiting the bath Rose assisted Jack in dressing for his nightly routine.

"Jack two things, from this point on you will never be out of high heels until you get into bed. Is that understood? If I catch you without your heels on you will be sleeping in them. As they sat for the nightly drink, Jack again mentioned how much he hated the idea of smoking, calling it a dirty habit.

"Jack, listen to me. A woman smoking can make her look very sophisticated if done correctly. It's not about just inhaling smoke it's more about the presentation. We will get into that later, for now get accustomed to drawing the smoke into your mouth and blowing it out as sinuously as possible. Make it a game.

Now I am running out of patience with all these complaints. I am not your adversary. I am your tutor, your mentor into the nuances of femininity. So stop all the belligerence and just fucking do what you are told!"

As the week went on Jack noticed a change in Rose. The two were talking a lot more. It's not like they didn't talk before but now it has taken on a different flavor. It is more superior to subordinate or teacher to pupil conversations than husband to wife.

That night Jack had done a particularly good job of satisfying his wife. With Jack kneeling between her legs, a contented Rose says, "All right dear you can get up now, that was wonderful, by the way. Sweetheart I have an errand for you to run tomorrow. While shopping for groceries, make sure you pick up a few extra pantyhose, you are going to be spending so much time on your knees you will be wearing holes in all our current supply."

While shopping for groceries, after checking the size chart twice, Jack tossed six pairs of pantyhose in his shopping cart. Then giving it a bit more thought, he upped the quantity to an even dozen. This was the first time Jack was truly glad that the grocery store used the automated checkouts, so he wouldn't have to face the checkout girl.

At home Rose lectures Jack, "Tonight's lesson is on sitting. Rose assumes her professorial attitude and directs. Now sitting seems like something really basic - we

spend a good deal of the day sitting - nevertheless it's astonishing how few women know how to sit like a lady in a formal situation.

Position yourself with the back of your calves next to the chair. Bend at the hips and knees. Smooth your skirt under you, keeping your legs together at all times. Then swivel into position. Sit down with your legs straight in front of you. Angle your knees to either side, left or right, whatever your preference. Cross your ankles. If there is no table always fold your hands demurely together in your lap."

Regardless of whether you're crossing your legs at the knee, the thigh or the ankle, posture is the icing on the cake that will transform you from one of those girls, to a lady. Take care when sitting. Sitting down and standing again is very tricky in heels and needs practicing otherwise it will be a giveaway when you are out. Remember good upper body posture at all times."

To practice keeping his knees together Rose came up with a little game. Jack would be made to sit with his back ramrod straight. Rose placed a crisp new dollar bill between his knees. Jack had to hold it by pressing his knees together. The game continued until Jack could hold the paper for 30 minutes without it slipping out.



"Jack this is something you can practice at work. When you sit always run your hand over your trousers, so they won't wrinkle then sit as lady like as possible, good

firm posture and knees firmly pressed together. So from now on that is how your will sit, whether at your desk, in the car, or in meetings. Am I clear on this issue?"

"Rose won't that make me look like a sissy?"

"So what's your point? Half of the office, already views you as effeminate. It will just give them something else to gossip about."

The week passed without incident and it was Saturday morning of the second week. That morning Rose seemed to take great delight in cinching Jack into his corset. As promised she had drawn it in an inch less than last week. Rose and Jack sat in the kitchen for a light breakfast. As Jack served Rose her eggs, She stood and went to the liquor cabinet where she poured herself a shot of Yukon Jack. At that point, poor Jack knew it was going to be a very long day. Rose was relaxing on the patio with her drink when the phone rang. Jack was on his knees scrubbing the kitchen floor. He got to his feet and answered the phone.

"Rose, Mike wants to talk to you."

Rose enters the kitchen and takes the hand set. She pauses and waits for Jack to leave. He remains standing there wondering why their boss would be calling on a Saturday. Rose looks at Jack, shooing him away she says, "Honey, don't you have work to do? Please I would like some privacy."

A crestfallen Jack backpedaled around the corner and stops to eavesdrop.

"Yes Mike that was Jack. Stop that Mike, for your information when he is not in a dress, he can be very forceful...Stop laughing Mike it was just a joke." Rose continues, "Yes, I know I often use that term when I refer to him, however as his wife, I have some rights that you don't. Please Mike, don't say that! I think he is more trusting than gullible." Chuckling, Rose continues, "Mike you are embarrassing me. No we can't do that. Remember I am for now still a married woman.

I tell you what I will do. Jack's available this afternoon. I'll ask if he is interested... OK calm down Mike, there is no need for that kind of language. I was teasing." After a long pause, Rose continues in a serious tone, "Mike you win, give me 30 minutes to change, and I will meet you there."

A curious Jack inquires, "Rose what's going on?"

"Oh, something has popped up with Mike. He needs me to help entertain some clients today. You do your chores and I will inspect the house when I get home, and it had better be spotless. This is an excellent opportunity, for you to apply all I have taught you on your own. When I get home I want to see what you can do!"

"When will I be home? Jack what's with the inquisition? When did I need your permission to come and go? I will be home when I get here? If I'm going to be late I'll phone."

An apprehensive Jack meticulously completed every chore on his list. With time still on his hands he decided to clean the stove. Dinner time came and went with no word from Rose. To pass the endless hours Jack emptied the refrigerator and scrubbed it spotless.

Every time Jack attempted to contact Rose on her cell phone it went directly to voice mail. A very apprehensive Jack put on a plum colored chemise nightie and carefully applied his makeup trying to remember everything Rose has taught him. When he got to his eyes Jack reached inside the dresser drawer and pulled out a white sheet of paper, they were notes he had copied from his daily study secessions. Consulting his cheat sheet Jack tried to accomplish an alluring look.

Using a sable brush and pressed power eye shadow, he drew a thick line of shadow across the crease of his eyelid, starting at the inside corner and extending to the outer corner, and formed a small triangle of shadow that points toward his temple. Jack then lined his lower lids, starting at the outside corner, just below the lash line. Lastly, he smudged the line with his finger. Jack moved to the upper lid, began at the inner corner this time and worked towards the outer corner. He darkened the triangle at the outer corner. Next he blended three shades together. Being careful to blend into the lid area, then he added a shimmering violet along the entire length of the crease of the eye and along the outer third of the lid. The accent color went last along the lower lash line for a more dramatic look. After a bit more blending Jack thought, 'Voila! That's the best I have ever done. I hope Rose is pleased with my efforts.'

Jack layered on the concealer and foundation as well as the blusher. He lingered for half an hour trying different shades of lipstick. After selecting what he determined was the ideal color, he spent the better part of 15 minutes trying to get the cupid bow just right, even though he went outside his natural lips a couple of times, it looked fantastic. Then he used a sealer to keep everything in place. Then experimenting Jack managed to comb a single ringlet of hair dangling over his left eye. He thought that was the perfect touch. A little perfume placed on the wrists and behind his ear lobes. Finally the coup de grace, a spritz into the air and a quick walk through. Jack settled into bed to wait for his wife intending on a romantic evening. Well after dark, an animated Rose came into their boudoir with a triumphant smile on her flushed face. She ran headlong into a disgruntled husband.

"Oh, Jack what a strenuous day. Sorry I forgot to call. I was just so busy it slipped my mind.

Oh G\_d I'm exhausted, and do my legs ache! Mike was all over my ass and really rode me hard. I didn't think he was ever going to be pleased, I had never seen him more demanding. I was on my feet the entire time. It was up and down and in and out all day long until finally everyone was satisfied. It was enough to wear a girl out."

Jack bit his lip and fought back tears, "Whoa Rose, please explain that!"

"Jack, you irk me sometimes. You're just a typical suspicious, jealous husband. You should trust me. You know I am a driven woman. I will do whatever it takes to get ahead in business. Today, I was the designated hostess. I was up and down all day serving Mike and the clients, in and out of the hotel room down to the business office. What did you think I meant?"

Jack meekly apologizes and watches his wife get undressed for bed. As Rose drops her skirt Jack lets out a gasp as he observes she is not wearing any panties.

Shaking with rage and with venom in his voice Jack demands an explanation, "Rose what the fuck is going on? You are still a married woman, not some common whore!"

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Chapter 6. Jack confronts Rose on the issue of infidelity.

"Infidelity in a woman is a masculine trait."

Rose stood there naked and calmly responds, "Bitch, watch your potty mouth! How dare you impugn my virtue! Mike and his friends were smoking cigars all day. They even talked me into sucking on Mike's. I reeked of the smoke. To get the smell out of my hair, I showered before coming home. I left my panties on the floor. The shower curtain leaked, they got soaked so I left them. Now don't be a pig, and apologize."

A crestfallen Jack is teetering on the edge of an emotional abyss. He shudders. Jack's emotions alternated between anger and self-pity. The thoughts of Mike and Rose making mad passionate love whirled around his mind, he openly sobs as his emotions bubble over from its cauldron deep inside his soul. What he perceives as infidelity by his wife is more than Jack can handle. He mumbles repeatedly, "Rose you and Mike, you and Mike, how could you?"

Rose, stands over Jack in an obvious attempt to intimidate him. Turns on the table lamp and for the first time can see his beautifully made-up face. Looking down at her husband she lovingly says, "Oh kudos to you Daisy." Rose pushes his lock of hair out of the way and lightly strokes his heavily lipstick coated mouth.

"Daisy you are simply gorgeous tonight. You have certainly gotten the whore look down with those Cleopatra eyes and crimson lips. Next time consider using a touch more lip-gloss, I am told clients really go for the wet look."



Then with just a glitter of a tear in her eyes, Rose tries to conceal her angst under a calm façade, as transparent as it was feigned. She gently cradles Jack's head to her

bosom and says, "Jack, darling. You must trust me on this, there is nothing going on between Mike and I. It's all a figment of your imagination."

Jack is forced to accept her denial at face value, as the alternative is more than he can handle in his current fragile state of mind. In a state of total remorse Jack apologizes and submissively offers to redeem himself if Rose will come to bed. Rose hops in bed, and immediately rejects Jack's romantic advances, claiming she is too sore and tired, and tells Jack to go take a cold shower.

Sunday, Rose was up early and walking out the door she turned and informed Jack she would be gone for the day. With no explanation as to where she was going. She simply disappeared out the door, got in her car and drove off. It was well past dark when Rose waltzes into the house, again without saying a word after a brief stop in the bathroom she heads straight for bed.

A seething Jack is mute the next morning. He runs through his morning exercise regiment without uttering a sound. He continues speechless throughout the commute to work. As the two separate, exiting the elevator, Rose smiles at Jack and says, "The silent treatment is a bit juvenile don't you think? Jack I am your wife, if you can't trust me who can you trust?"

A quite Jack sat for dinner, the only words spoken between them was a reprimanded for his lack of feminine table manners. "Jack, cut up just what you're going to eat in the next bite or two. Once again, the purpose is not speed or efficiency. You are there to enjoy and converse and by only cutting a few bites at a time you are giving yourself the opportunity to flirt or to ask and answer questions as you switch your utensils from one hand to another. No more wiping your mouth, henceforth daintily pat your lips with your napkin."

After Jack finished kitchen cleanup the two sat down for a drink and smoke. Rose poured doubles for both of them. After his second drink, Jack began to loosen up. Rose amusedly watched Jack's eyes get droopy. Rose with a cigarette dangling in her hand, passes it to Jack and orders him to take a drag. Complying with the demand Jack erupts in a fit of coughing. Rose hands Jack a tube of lipstick demanding he repair his lips. Rose laid her two diminutive hands palms down on the table and stood, glaring directly into Jack's eyes. Rose demands, "Talk to me you idiot. Tell me what's bothering you."

Jack relates his fears concerning a possible sexual liaison between Rose and Mike.

Rose expresses amusement and openly mocks his apprehension saying, "Is my little Jackie frightened of losing his wife to big strong Mike. Listen you insecure pussy, anytime I want I can have my choice of the fattest, thickest cocks in town. If I ever decide to cheat on you, I won't do it behind your back. I will do it right in front of you. In fact I will even invite you watch, I might even let you fluff for me! Now stop crying and check your makeup and get ready for deportment training.

A shocked Jack promises to never act jealous again and falls all over himself apologizing for his insecurities. In retaliation for his earlier defiant attitude Rose added an additional requirement to his daily routine. Jack was given very specific instructions whenever he was in the house he was never to be outside the immediate reach of his purse. If Rose saw he could not instantly reach his handbag Jack would lose more eyebrow hairs. Jack learned to regularly check and recheck his lipstick. To demonstrate what was in store, Rose sat Jack down and started tweezing hair from his brow. For several minutes she plucked not only his hair but his masculinity.

Rose and a dejected Jack stumbled to the living room for an hour of schooling.

Rose starts the night's training secession with a brief sermon, "Jack dear, I want you to remember deportment is not only about walking. It encompasses a whole horde of things. It also refers to the way a woman carries herself, how she moves, her posture, how she walks, holds her hands, inclines her head, her manners at the table. Jack, it's my goal to turn you into a lady. Are you with me on that one?" Sweetheart we need to create the feminine impression that you are going to need. We will be working on the psychological view as well as the physical. Once you feel feminine you will eventually develop the confidence and grace needed to act like a real woman. The guy in a dress will simply fade away."

Department training that night was as rigorous as any Jack had undergone up to that point. Rose was harsh in her criticisms.

After an hour of practicing the basics, Rose allows Jack a break, he spent the next twenty minutes sitting crossing and uncrossing his legs at the thigh. He was forced to keep at it until the action appeared totally natural, like he had been doing it his whole life.

Jack bravely complained about Rose's insensitive attitude saying, "Rose you no longer ask me to do something, now you tell me to do it. I don't like being treated like hired help."

Rose lectures her husband on what to expect concerning his future training. "When I can, I promise I will be kind. Don't expect me to be timid. Jack darling, if you do what you are told and do it to the best of your ability, we will never have a problem. Now get your candy ass over to the vanity and freshen your makeup." Jack hated that term. It seemed like such a prissy thing to do.

Makeup lessons were painful that night. Jack felt confident, he could handle the fundamentals. He sat down and went to work with all the tubes, powers and

creams. It cost Jack several eyebrow hairs to learn lip liner extending beyond the lip line was a no-no. Jack furthermore, learned all the advantages of lip gloss.

Mastering lips were a piece of cake compared to the complexities of applying false eyelashes. Jack had become exasperated. First they wouldn't stick at all, it was the fourth time he had tried to get the wiggly things to stick, he finally attached them only to find they had been positioned at the inner corner of his eye, rather than the outer. His next attempt resulted like the preceding ones in failure, when he got a glob of adhesive in his eye. The final disaster was when he managed to glue his eyelids shut. "Rose, that's it, I quit... I'm sorry what I should have said was, I need help. I can't do this. How do you stick something on your eye when you must close your eye to do it?"

Jack nervously waited for Rose to react.

Surprisingly Rose says "I had better never hear that Q word again! Let's get into bed. My needs take precedent tonight. Jack assumed his usual position with his lips pressed against her pussy. Rose insisted Jack keep his lips looking luscious. She explained that watching Jack lick her dew drops with lips coated in a deep red creamy concoction added to her pleasure. So Jack was always required to refresh his lipstick before servicing Rose. After a good 30 minutes and a several climaxes for his wife, she pushes Jack away and says, thanks dear, you are wonderfully talented, I cum and cum and cum when you are down there. Now I'm tired let's go to sleep. Rose appeared to be utterly enjoying her commanding position. Their loving partnership of a marriage had become an authoritative dictatorship. Jack's needs were considered inconsequential.

Jack stands and in wonderment says, "When is it my turn?"

Rose sticks her head from under the covers and points to the bathroom, "Jack, how many times do we need to go over this issue. Be a good boy, take your makeup off and then hop into a cold shower. Stop thinking only about yourself, I'm tired of this me, me, me all the time."

A frustrated Jack scrambled into bed that night.

As the days passed Rose was able to create a pavlovian response in Jack. He could never pass a mirror without checking his face. At home he would never go more than 15 minutes without pulling his compact out and scrutinizing his lips. Rose reinforced her lipstick training by demanding Jack bring a tube of Chap Stick to work, so that at all times he had a thick waxy coat on his lips.

Friday evening when Rose returned home later than usual she stated, "Next week Jack, you are going to learn how a woman keeps her man satisfied."

Much to Rose's amusement Jack had a massive tantrum, refusing to discuss the topic. After a good laugh, Rose relented. "Well if you don't want to learn how to gratify a man. How do you feel about a lesson in the best way to please a woman?"

Pausing at the bedroom door Jack saw a wicked gleam in Rose's eyes mixed with pure lust. Rose said "Get in here." and tugged at his hand almost causing Jack to stumble. Jack lightheartedly inquires, "What would you have me do, Mistress?"

"On your knees, wench, and be quick about it!" Jack tensed at the word wench. Still he obeyed, and kept his eyes fixed on Rose's crotch, avoiding her gaze. Rose tasted unusual tonight, not bad just different, a little thicker discharge, and a much

stronger musky smell. The difference was hard to pinpoint, kind of like between of peppermint and spearmint.

With Jack on his knees between Rose's legs, a good 15 minutes later a satisfied Rose says, "Dear you can get up now. I guess every night can't be a 10."

A disheartened Jack starts immediately apologizing, and pleading for more time to satisfy her. An amused Rose simply responds, "No Jack you don't understand. Your performance tonight was rated a 12.5 by the judges. Now let's get some sleep."

The days all began to run together, then finally it was again Saturday. Rose returns from the bathroom and finds Jack still in bed. She declares, "Here honey, let me help you get dressed. We will start with your corset. You have a full day of housekeeping ahead of you. Clean the whole house, while I go out, to meet with a friend."

"Jack, how dare you ask me, is it a man or woman! In either case it's none of your business. Get to work. I will be back in time for a formal inspection. I want it perfect! You are in big trouble if I find any discrepancies. No mopping, scrub the floors on your hands and knees. They had better be clean enough to eat from."

Jack, stop your constant pouting, and just get to work. How many times do I have to remind you, time is critical? You can't afford to take days off."

Saturday was an exhausting day of nonstop work for Jack. He scurried around the house dutifully performing all his assigned chores, cleaning, washing, ironing, cooking, and scrubbing the floors. Upon her return, Rose inspected the house and discovered only miniscule flaws.

Rose complimented Jack, "Despite all your slovenly mistakes, at least the floor is clean." She took Jack's dinner off the table and callously dumped it on the floor. Rose thought the look on Jack's face was precious as the casserole splattered on the linoleum. Rose merely pointed to the floor and instructed "down Daisy Bell, next time I better not find dust anywhere, including the hall chandelier and the rear bathroom mirror had streaks. Maybe this will teach you to be more thorough." Jack in resignation dutifully responded and dropped to all fours. As he lapped his banquet off the kitchen floor, Rose kept taunting him with "Remember Daisy, small petite bites, no gulping." Then handing him a napkin said, "No wiping, just pat your lips, that's a good girl. When you are done with your supper, get a step ladder and get the dust off the top of the chandelier and clean the bathroom mirrors again. Afterwards you may come to bed."

Rose had been in a bad mode for the last few days. Tonight the curse of every woman, the red tide came a calling.

Few tasks are more like the torture of Sisyphus than housework, with its endless repetition: the cleaned becomes the soiled; the soiled is made clean, over and over, day after day. Simone-de-Beauvoir

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Chapter 7. A little discipline never hurt anyone.

"Tired mothers find that spanking takes less time, than reasoning and penetrates sooner to the seat of the memory"

It was a Thursday night. During the day Rose had been to her reproductive health endocrinologist (fertility doctor) and received a shot containing a high dosage of hormones to help her become impregnated, thus launching her on a rollercoaster ride of emotions. Rose came home from work a little drunk, feeling bloated and very irritable. She stormed into the living room in a huff. She had run out of Midol. Because of her happy hour with Mike had failed to get a refill.

Arriving home Rose finds Jack has completed his bath and is in the living room. He has borrowed Rose's LBD, and is anxiously awaiting her arrival. Hormones and PMS combined with copious amounts of alcohol can be a toxic combination, as poor Jack was about to find out.



Jack stood as Rose entered the house and assumed his required stance. One hand poised on his hip the other extended to the side with a limp wrist.

"G-d damn you Daisy, you are such a slut, you look better in that dress than I do! Rose went and poured herself a full water glass of Scotch. Rose nonchalantly excuses her delinquency on the fact "Mike had invited her out for a drink, or two, or three after work to celebrate a new contract. She had stayed a lot longer than planned, but Mike can be really persuasive when he puts his mind to it. Since we're getting a late start, you are going to have to work twice as hard to make up for lost time."

For the next hour Rose sat perched in her chair sipping Scotch. She arrogantly reviewed her submissive vassal with constant denigrating comments. "Stand Up Straight, Heel-toe, heel-toe, watch your posture, hold your chin up, suck in your stomach, straighten and elongate your spine, keep your weight forward, on your toes, do not lean like the Tower of Pisa, whatever you do don't let your legs spread open, swivel your hips, don't bob your head, remember to flow, make every movement smooth, take smaller steps, keep your legs close together, Damn it Jack, can't you do anything right?"

An infuriated Rose sarcastically attacks Jack, "You are one dumb blond airhead. Let me go over the fundamentals one more time. Try and pay attention this time. One foot in front of the other, short steps, elbows in, forearms parallel to the floor, wrists limp with your fingers pointed out, wiggle the hips. Mince down the line like a ballerina. Don't clump, move smoothly. Okay, now I want to see how you do it and finish by gracefully sitting in that chair. Let's see if just once you can get it right." She pointed to the easy chair and said "Show me what you have learned. Now cross to the chair gracefully and sit down like a lady. Remember to smooth the skirt under you. Then cross your legs at the thighs, remember good upper body posture at all times. Keep your hands folded demurely in your lap. Once you have accomplished that simple task stand and walk to the other side of the room. Make a runway turn, like we practiced and then repeat the process back to the chair!"

Unhappy with his first few attempts, Rose had Jack get up and walk across the room time and time again. After an hour Jack had failed to meet Rose's exacting standards.

Jack in exasperation collapses in a chair in a very un-lady like manner. Jack then sternly tells his wife, "Rose, I'm exhausted! Could we take a break?"

"Daisy, do you think a real woman gets to call a timeout? When we have our period, are bloated, and have stomach cramps can we hit the pause button? I think not. You will do this until it becomes second nature. Now get up, walk across the room and lower yourself in that chair like a lady."

Jack audaciously responds, "Then I give up, I quit! I have changed my mind. I thought this might be fun, even a little kinky, spending all this extra time with you dressed like this. I am tired of being nothing but the scullery maid on the weekends, and your dress up doll during the week. I never signed on to be worked like a slave, besides my feet are killing me in these heels."

"My, my, aren't we feisty tonight. Jack, darling, I will strip you naked and have you tethered to a post in the front yard if I want. I seem to have a revolt on my hands. Let's knock off all this macho hypocrisy, you like all the silky underwear and makeup. You just aren't man enough to come out and say it. You give up my ass! Well, 'Mr. I Quit' let me tell you something. You are only a spoiled and selfish bitch! The man I married was made of sterner stuff than that. What happened to him? I guess I don't know the real you? My father and my brother gave their lives for this country, and you whine that you are tired and your feet hurt. How about I give you something to take your mind off your feet? You relax and stay there I will be right back and we will discuss your decision to give up. Several minutes later, Rose staggers back from the den obviously still under the influence of the alcohol. Unsteady on her feet, she is leaning against the sofa for support. Rose stood glaring with a devilish smirk on her face and her hands hidden behind her back. Jack can

see her temper brewing like a witch's caldron, just beneath the surface. The disturbing glint in her eyes sends a chill down Jack's spine.

Rose declares in a menacing manner, "Honey, come stand here! History has taught us there are two ways to handle revolts. The first is through negotiations and compromise. The second is through the use of overwhelming force to ensure total capitulation. Which course of action do you think I have settled on?"

This overseer is going to show her field hand how these things were handled in the good old days. I don't have a bullwhip however this will just have to do for now."

Rose produced a ping pong paddle from behind her back. Then with a surprising amount of force she grabs Jack's wrist, and drags her husband over her knee. Jack in high heels and tightly corseted was unsteady and unable, even unwilling, to resist a determined Rose. Besides poor naive Jack viewed this as a prelude to some sort of sex game.

Hiking up his skirt, and then with surprising strength ripped off Jack's lacy thong, exposing his plumb derriere. Rose tells Jack, "Well, 'Mister, I quit', before I am finished, you will be begging me to take high heels to work so you can practice over lunch."

She started to spank Jack with the paddle. Her first few attempts were so pitiful Jack was playfully kicking his legs, actually laughing nervously and found being manhandled by his wife slightly erotic. That was to prove to be a gigantic mistake.

"Think this is funny do we? Well let's see what my dainty damsel thinks about this. I'm going to do some serious tenderizing of your ass. Forcing Jack's head down with

one hand, she puts all her strength behind her efforts. Drawing the paddle back well over her head she administered a quick dozen swats. To Jack's consternation, it was starting to hurt. Jack's slight erection had rapidly disappeared as this no longer seemed a game. Jack held back the tears and tried to slip into a state of angry resentment.

Feeling his initial erection totally withered. Jack appeals to his wife, "Oh for heaven's sake Rose, stop this right now! You told me I could quit anytime I wanted."

Now it was Rose's turn to laugh. Oh grow up you naive sissy, I have promised you a lot of things that I had no intention of following through on. That pledge was made only to get you to cooperate with me. Tonight's entertainment has just begun. It seems one of us is in for a very long night. It's certainly not going to be me. Just remember sweetheart, this is going to hurt you a lot more than me!"

Rose now was putting every ounce of her strength into each swing. So far, Rose had focused all her efforts on one buttock. As the cheek turned bright red, she pauses to ask, "Jackie, have you read the bible?"

Jack replied "Of course!"

Rose counters with, "So have I. Do you know my favorite passage? It's the one about turning the other cheek, let me show you how that works!"

Her future efforts now were evenly divided between both plump targets.

The hard whacks have quickly reddened the alabaster flesh. Rose found she loved the swish of the paddle just before the sharp report of it smacking the soft tender tissue. The control over her husband had a sexual component for Rose. She settled into a steady cadence, much like the rhythm of intercourse. She would pause at the apex of her swing just to increase Jack's anticipation. She adored the way he tensed in expectation of the blow landing and lurched forward as each stroke impacted. Moreover, she immensely enjoyed the guttural groan he would emit as she abused his ass. Most of all, she found herself elated at his total helplessness and her absolute dominance over her husband. The spectacle of his legs spread; with his balls dangling between his red and pink thighs got her pussy wet. Reinvigorated with this sexual rush Rose resumed her assault on the quivering posterior. Jack eventually began to plead, although Rose was unaffected by his petitions for clemency.

She had no doubt that his cries of anguish were genuine and that his pleas for mercy were sincere. She was just as convinced on a deeper level, he basked in the humiliation inspired by that pain. At heart, she was certain; all men were pussies, compared to her father and brother. She was punishing Jack, for not being man enough to be a soldier like her brother.

Rose, in her alcohol enhanced state was lost in the rapture of empowered femininity. Her previous steady rhythm was long since lost as she found herself transported into that Norse warrior's trance-like fury state of berserker. The paddle rose and fell in a flurry of strokes, striking first one cheek and then the other, alternating back and forth so that neither buttock was favored nor spared.

Pausing to catch her breath Rose looked down admiring her handiwork, Rose thought 'Red, white, and blue how patriotic of him'. In the silence of their living room, the cracks of wood against flesh sounded like gunshots. Her husband lurched, cajoled, whimpered and implored every deity he could think of for assistance. Each of his cries and petitions were but music to her ears. 'This cringing weakling deserves to be punished', thought Rose. His petitions did not elicit

clemency from Rose. Quite the contrary she only intensified her efforts as she rained a quick succession of forceful blows on the unfortunate man who was held captive across her lap.

Rose found she was bewildered by the conflicting emotions passing through her. She loved her husband and realized this incident would forever transform their relationship. The passion, lust, and exhilaration of dominance penetrated and marinated her very soul.

In trepidation, Jack realized for the first time that he was actually afraid. In point of fact, terrified of this woman, his wife! The next stroke of the paddle brought a blinding flash of searing pain. Jack screamed so loud Rose was concerned the neighbors would become curious and attempt to intervene.

Rose continued her exertion until her perspiration made her hair glisten, as if she had been caught in a rain shower. It was liberally dripping down her face onto the tenderized ass, the moisture adding to the overall effect. Rose was so lost in her frenzy, she was frothing at the mouth, as spittle flew from her clenched teeth and augmented the perspiration pooling on Jack's ass.

Jack was now unashamedly bawling like a baby and pleading for mercy. Rose wouldn't even acknowledge his sniveling. Rose kept flailing until finally, miraculously for Jack, the paddle handle breaks.

Annoyed and maybe a little thankful at the interruption, Rose pushes her bawling husband off her lap and onto the floor. She stands with the intention of retrieving another paddle and felt a trickle on her thigh. Rose recognized she was so aroused she'd soaked through her panties. At least she hoped it was it was arousal and not her menstrual discharge running down her leg.

Jack groveling on the floor grabs her ankle and in the flurry of supplicating tears, pleads, "Rose have pity, I spoke out of frustration. I freely admit I deserved your punishment. I am begging you let me take the shoes to work so I can practice, just don't hurt me anymore."

Neither said another word, Rose stood and locked eyes with her husband. His eyes were awash in tears, which fell like a monsoon rainstorm. Hers contained a frenzied almost demented glee. Jack tried to maintain eye contact, hoping to unearth the real message hidden in her eyes but he couldn't hold her glare any more than he could stare at the sun. This brief encounter seemed to create a mutual understanding there had been a titanic shift in their relationship. Jack was filled with shame and regret. He felt he had lost his dignity and self-respect. Somehow he knew this was entirely his fault. There must be some character flaw in his personality that generated this response from his wife. He was determined to try harder to please Rose. As Rose regained her composure, a somber Rose began to recognize that she might have had gone a bridge too far. An old saying jumped into her head. Never discipline a child when you are angry. Rose was regretting her overreaction and prayed she could find some way to mend the rift she had torn in their love.

Standing there Rose was suddenly hit by a massive menstrual cramp. Taking that as a sign from Mother Nature, she dismisses her uncertainties. Rose was determined not to waste the message she had worked so hard on dispensing. Rose callously responds, "Sure, you big pansy, you can carry them in your briefcase, unless you would rather wear them to work."

During your lunch period, instead of sitting, which I imagine you would be loathed to do anyway. You can pace back and forth in your heels while you are studying your daily assignment."

With a Machiavellian smirk Rose adds, "I am glad we have gotten this issue behind us." As Jack squirmed on the floor, Rose announces, "Daisy Bell, I expect a much more accommodating attitude from you from this point on. Now, don't try and play the poor abused spouse card and lose those sad puppy dog eyes, the sooner you realize this was entirely your fault the happier we will be. All I have done is attempt to reform your flawed character. I own you bitch, get used to it. I'm tempted to make this a weekly event, I can use the exercise. Now tell me how sorry you are! Make it convincing or else!"

Jack was sobbing inconsolably and looked up at Rose with a scared hangdog look, "You are right Rose, and I am terribly sorry. I don't deserve someone like you. Please give me another chance. I swear I will try harder in the future. Cross my heart." Then he made the gesture with his manicured hands.

This apology garnered a wily grin from Rose. Leaning forward in an intimidating posture Rose counters with, "Daisy you are one dumb pantywaist sissy, but I will give you a chance to make it up to me. Now get up, walk across the room and sit down like a lady. The last thing we want around here is a hulking drag queen. Your appearance and demeanor reflect on me. It must be perfect and 100% ladylike, if you embarrass me, you will never feel like sitting again! Remember I am being this tough for your own good!"

Plopping down was now out of the question. A defeated Jack stands, pulls his skirt down and sashays across the room and daintily positions his ass over the chair and ever so slowly lowers it on the cushion, then warily crosses his legs. After that performance, Rose mocked Jack by applauding and saying "BRAVO, my Fair Lady. By George, I think she has got it."

At bedtime a sober and remorseful Rose decides to try to show her sorrow, however Jack is having none of it and ignores her small gestures of reconciliation. For the first night since his training had begun, Rose removed the corset from Jack's waist.

While Rose was in the toilet, Jack crawled onto the bed, crying and pounding the pillows in frustration. Eventually he was able to control his breathing. Jack exiled himself to the far corner of the bed lying on his stomach as far away from Rose as the bed would allow. Jack burrows his face in a pillow so Rose won't be disturbed by his sobbing. In a mixture of self-pity and terror Jack attempts to sleep. He lays in the dark with his heart filled with apprehension. He wondered how Rose intended on exploiting her advantage over him. Jack trembled every time Rose moved a hand in his direction; his heart was infused with the stench of fear. He eventually built a wall of pillows to separate himself from his sadomasochistic wife. Even exhaustion wasn't enough to bring relief through sleep. At best Jack dozed fitfully.

Rose likewise had a sleepless night, laying there listening to her husband's distress. She felt every one of his sobs like a stab in the heart. She was totally conflicted. The dominance over her husband was extremely empowering and pleasurable, yet she loves that man with her whole heart and wants to maintain a loving and supportive relationship. Rose was always a control freak, but never thought she wanted to be a dominate partner over a subservient spouse. She spent the night trying to understand what had just happened. She was intuitive enough to realize that her poor husband was her Judas goat for her resentment to all those so called men who have not answered their nations call after 9/11. Most disturbing was her enjoyment at Jack's plight. She had smiled at his initial erection, which was proof positive of his instinctive and emotional enjoyment of his new status as a submissive minion to her authority. Just as important she realized that his shame, helplessness, and vulnerability produced a lust in her soul. Rose acknowledged that having total control over her loving husband was an immense aphrodisiac! The eroticism of the moment was something she would always remember. She had never felt so alive, so stimulated in her life. She tossed and turned all night wondering if she could ever give up that powerful and potentially addictive drug, would those urges resurface later in their marriage - would there even be a later? Before she could solve this conundrum morning came. Being Friday she got up and called into the office informing them Jack was ill and they wouldn't be in today. She planned to stay home and minister to her ailing husband. Rose knew she had to do something to patch the pothole in their relationship. Mid morning she brought a tray with breakfast for Jack. Kneeling on the floor, she lovingly hand feed him his breakfast. Then taking some cooling lotion she tenderly rubs his black-and-blue behind.

When she finished, in a magnanimous gesture of reconciliation Rose surprised Jack by rising and tenderly kissing Jack on both ass cheeks. The symbolism of the action was lost on Jack. He spent the day in bed trying to will away the shame and pain. At bed time Rose returned to the bedroom wearing nothing but a flirtatious smile. She asked Jack if he could stand. Struggling to his feet, a covered Jack wondered what devilish thing Rose had planned now.

Reading the skepticism in his face, and feeling extremely sassy, Rose coyly drops to her knees in front of her husband with his penis at her face level. Rose was for the first time in their married life is about to give her husband oral sex. Rose had always been taught there were some things a good girl just doesn't do. Sucking on a man's pee pipe was right there at the very top of the list. From her position on the floor Rose grabbed his ass cheeks and gave them a good squeeze. Her husband winced in pain and Rose immediately recognized her mistake. Jack was extremely tense. The only part of his body that wasn't stiff was his cock. Rose moves her hands from the still tender ass and claps Jack around his legs. She starts licking up the inside of his thighs, and worked her way to his scrotum. Rose notices some movement in his manhood so she starts licking his balls. That got his cock a little firmer. Taking the next obvious step, Rose took the ball sack into her mouth and sucked very tenderly. Even in this submissive position her need for control was overriding, so she ever so lightly bit down on one of his testes. This produced an immediate response as Jack's prick instantly deflated. Rose watched her husband's face through her heavily massacred eyelashes. Rose, in a sultry voice purrs, "Things were looking up from this position for awhile, what happened dear?" Returning to the task at hand Rose started licking his penis a few times, then took the head between lips and concentrated her tongue on the spot just below the mushroom crown. As the prick swelled Rose playfully began exerting just the slightest pressure with her upper and lower front teeth on the sensitive head.

"Jack whimpered, Oh Rose, not again, please don't hurt me."

Rose felt a strong sense of supremacy. She may be degrading herself on her knees, but she was still in control. Reversing directions again Rose bathed his prick in saliva. She licked his member from the root to the tip. Satisfied, it was properly lubricated Rose gobbled up the head. She sucked and slurped on her husband's cock. Almost as an afterthought Rose reached for his small unobtrusive balls. Rose was gently manipulating them bunched tightly in their wrinkled sack. Even with yesterday's drama, Rose was rewarded for her efforts. Jack's member slowly stiffens. Jack stood there with a befuddled expression. Despite the pleasure radiating from his groin, Jack was still sure Rose was up to no good. He questioned her motives but was unable to resist the delicious pleasure radiating through his body. Previously Rose had always maintained that she thought it dirty and demeaning for any woman to do that to a man. Inexplicitly, she openly admitted that having Jack perform cunnilingus on her was just part of a husband's expected duties. For a novice Rose's performance produced an enthusiastic response from her husband. Rose took the petite prick all the way into her mouth. With her nose resting against his clean shaven pubic bone Rose sucked as hard as she could and ran her tongue all over his diminutive member. His man sausage swelled to its maximum, 'Almost a mouth full' thought Rose. She enthusiastically continued her ministrations of her husband's joy stick. Rose thought, 'This isn't as bad as I had thought.'

Jack placed his hands on the sides of Rose's head and attempted to guide her as he thrust his hips. Noting the attempt at control Rose lightly bites down with her teeth again and looks up at her husband. Jack sensing his mistake, immediately jerks his hands to his sides. Rose smiled on the inside and took up where she had left off. Jack's breathing became more erratic. Finally a whimpered low moan escaped his lips. Followed by his legs trembling and his balls tightening, his eyes started to cross and roll back in his head. This quickly turned into a series of gasps y-y- yes. Eventually Jack mutters a full throated "Oh G-d yes!" Jacked climaxed and filled her mouth with an amazingly small amount of fluid. Rose kept sucking hard on his cock until it became soft and slipped from her mouth.

As Jack was recovering from his cataclysmic organism, he simply said, "Sweet Jeezus, Rose that was phenomenal, thank you!"

Rose made a major production of swilling his elixir of life around in her mouth. With a contented sigh, she gulped the gelatinous fluid. Licking her lips clean searching for any missed residue, Rose stands and says "Yummy in the tummy." She stares directly in the eyes of her astonished husband. With a quivering voice she says, "Jack, I'm so sorry for my actions yesterday. I won't attempt to justify what I did. However there were some extenuating circumstances. My period arrived and I was in excruciating pain. I ran out of my Midol and did not have a chance to get a refill. You know I have a terrible Irish temper, especially when I drink. We both know I have control issues. I may have let it all get away from me. Please don't hate me for it. Can you ever forgive me and learn to trust me again?"

Chewing on his lower lip so hard it actually produced a trickle of blood; Jack ponders the question over in his mind and steps back creating additional space between the two. As the seconds ticked by Rose was becoming concerned. Gathering as much dignity as he can muster and backing up farther to create even greater space between them, his tender ass eventually touches the wall. Unsure of his wife's reactions Jack braces himself and continues in a wavering voice. "Rose you can never un-ring a bell! On the floor yesterday looking in your face, I couldn't find any sign of love, only a cruel and vindictive woman. I admit that I was at fault and my actions were the catalyst for your anger. I am heartily sorry for disappointing you. However I am not sure what will happen if that nasty woman were to ever return.

Rose I don't hate you even though I feel I should. On our wedding day, I stood in front of the minister. I took a vow and pledged to love you until the day I die. You are still my wife. Nothing has changed that. I have drunk too deeply from the cup of love. I still love you and will continue to do so. I believe love without trust is like religion without faith, neither will survive. I have already forgiven you. Nevertheless I must warn you, I will never be able to forget what happened. Sorry that's the best I can do. In the future I will try not to upset you again. So I am asking for your forgiveness."

A remorseful Rose throws herself face down at his feet sobbing, "Jack you are the best husband any woman could ever have. I am the one that needs to apologize. I am so sorry." Rose then bathed his feet in tears until Jack became uncomfortable with the adulation and told her to rise. Rose then produces a full length silk chemise and slipped it over her husband's head. The cool material sliding over his body made Jack shiver. Resting on his behind it did bring some temporary relief to his throbbing ass. Having established a fragile armistice the two returned to bed, however the pillow wall remained.

For the remainder of the weekend every time Rose would approach her husband, he would involuntarily flinch. Once when the wind blew a door shut with a bang, poor Jack actually piddled himself. Mindful of these reactions Rose was determined to rebuild her husband's trust. Monday morning found Jack again at exercise class. His early enthusiasm for training had turned to a grim determination. That morning Rose laced Jack into his waist cincher, a good inch looser than previously. The couple left the elevator at work. Rose handed Jack his briefcase. Without thinking, she couldn't help herself and gave Jack a playful tap on the ass. She quickly apologized for it but still commented, "Your heels and reading material are in the case, remember to practice for the full hour. See you later my princess."

Then she blew him an insulting little kiss. With a whimper and a tear Jack walked off.

Rose immediately regretted her behavior, realizing it was counterproductive to her current plan. At the end of the day Rose was standing by her car twirling her car keys. "Hello Jack is my husband ready for another night of fun?" Jack couldn't respond his stomach was in knots. He sat speechless on the ride home.

Rose used the quiet time to reevaluate her recent actions and formulate a plan to resurrect their relationship. As painful as it might be Rose felt certain this was the only way to demonstrate her sincerity. She directed Jack directly into his bath. Rose went to the kitchen and turned on the oven and fixed each of them a strong cocktail. Into Jack's she dropped a small yellow pill to help him relax. As Jack was luxuriating in his warm bath, Rose entered the bathroom wearing only a robe and carrying a tray of fresh baked cookies, and their drinks. Slipping the robe off, Rose knelt and lovingly feed Jack his favorite, a chocolate chip cookie. He washed it down with the drug laced alcohol. Uncharacteristically Rose joined him in the tub. Giving the drug time to take effect Rose tenderly washed Jack with lavender body wash and a soft lupa sponge. Jack stood for his customary shaving. This time after finishing Jack, Rose stood and presented her body to him. Legs spread wide apart exposing herself to him. She handed Jack the oil and shaver and said "Jack please, do me bald."

Leaving the bath the nude and hairless couple headed into the bedroom. Rose walked toward the bed, stopped and downed a glass of Scotch, she had positioned on the nightstand. Jack's heart stopped; sweat pouring down his arm pits as he saw lying on the bed a brand new ping pong paddle. Rose turns her head and can see the fear and anguish in Jack's face and says, "Relax lover tonight no one is going to hurt you. She moves to the end of the bed, leans over it with her plump ass sticking up. She reaches for the paddle, Jack starts to hyperventilate. Then over her shoulder Rose hands the paddle to Jack. Rose knows if she doesn't do this now she will lose her nerve and her whole plan will collapse. Through a beguiling smile Rose says, "Honey, I screwed up big time and am sorry. You take your time and do to me whatever you want."

Rose fortified with the stiff drink grabs two handfuls of sheets and bites down on a pillow in trepidation and awaits her husband's retribution. Jack takes the paddle and moves behind his panicky wife. He reaches out and with a feathery touch runs his calloused hand over her buttocks. Rose jerked at the first light touch. Her back went ramrod straight, waiting for the first biting sting. Jack removed his hand allowing Rose to turn her head just enough to pick up Jack in her peripheral vision. She saw Jack draw the paddle fully back and held it well over his right should and

brace himself in preparation for his first blow. Rose's eyes widened, her heart raced. She wanted to scream, "STOP' however instead felt herself quivering in anticipation, and fiercely aroused and her nipples tingling, her pussy felt like it was on fire. An adrenaline fueled panic sets as Rose awaits her fate. Jack takes two practice swings that only produced a nerve racking whoosh.

To the utter astonishment of Rose, without saying a word Jack takes the paddle and breaks it over his knee. He then kneels behind her and spends the next 20 minutes licking and sucking her pleasure garden providing several adrenalin filled, earth shattering orgasms.

As Jack is climbing into bed, Rose comments, "Jack you wow me, you are too perfect."

Jack humbly replies, "Oh Rose you know I'm not perfect."

Rose adds, "Yes dear you're right! However you will do until Mr. Perfect comes along. Now let's go to sleep."

To his credit Jack never again spoke of the spanking incident; he also never again plopped down in a chair. You don't appreciate a lot of stuff in school until you get older. Little things like being spanked every day by a middle aged woman: Stuff you pay good money for later in life.

TO BE CONTINUED.

