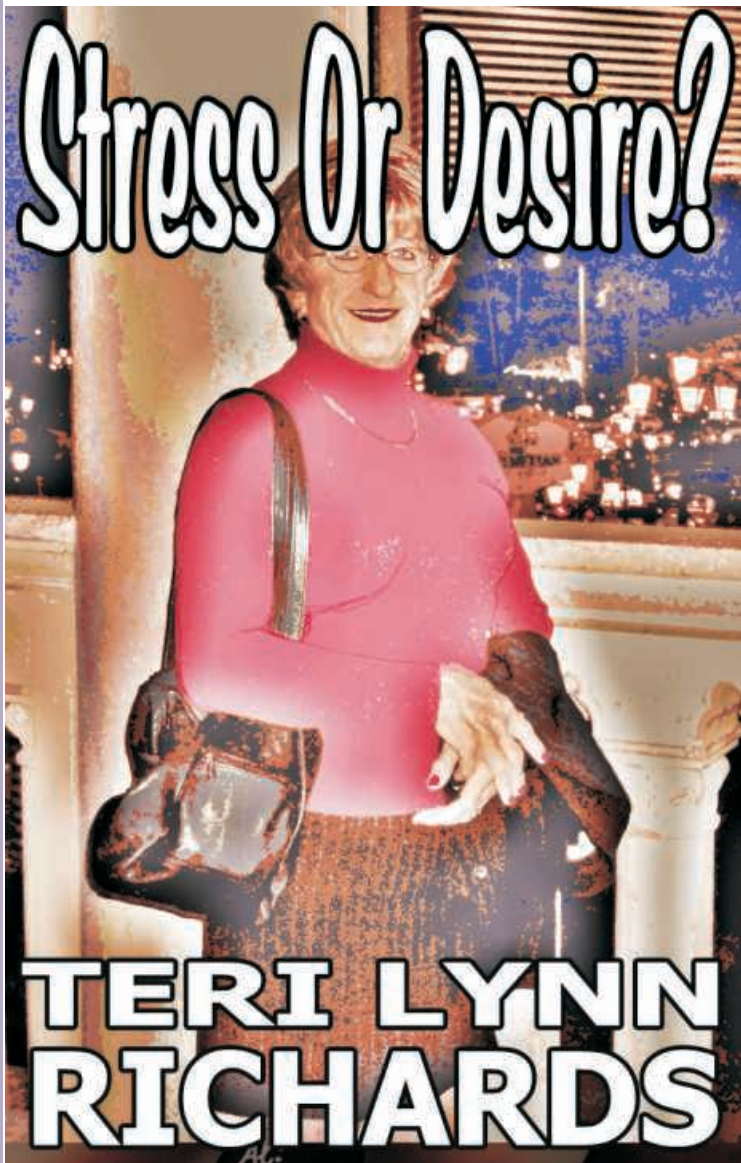


# Stress Or Desire?



**TERI LYNN  
RICHARDS**

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# STRESS OR DESIRE?

**By Teri Lynn Richards**

It has been several years since Teri transitioned at work. Her transition was initiated by her spouse, Jill, because she recognized that "Terry" would never be completely happy until he became Teri. Jill was aware of the constant stress in Terry's life and remembered, that when they were dating, Terry mentioned that at one point in his life, while he was single, he had attended a Halloween dress-up party, going as the office secretary. Jill did not know why Terry chose that outfit. Was it a dare? Did he lose a bet? Or, did he draw the short straw, designating what he would have to wear; but she filed that information in her memory. Years later, thinking that a change in Terry would enhance

their retirement, she initiated a very gradual feminization process – a process which turned Terry into Teri.

That change made their marriage stronger and even more fun. Teri's co-workers noticed that she became more relaxed and friendlier, as her feminization progressed; although, at first, they did not know that Jill was on a mission to feminize her husband. They simply thought that Jill wanted to update Terry to a trendier style of clothing. Jill shared her plan with only one trusted co-worker. Until Jill's plan had progressed to the stage that it was apparent, that just modernizing Terry's wardrobe was not Jill's real intent, the other co-workers had no clue as to Jill's mission.

Once it was obvious that Jill was not stopping at just updating Terry's wardrobe, rumors went home to the spouses, some of whom were quite interested in the new developments. Such a good rumor had not come out of the office in a long time. Secretly, some of the wives were envious of Jill's adventurous spirit, because their husbands were too macho and some softening – getting in touch, a bit, with their feminine side, wouldn't hurt them.

Of course, there were those men, in the office, who were drawn to women who took care to display their femininity and because such women are sometimes difficult to find, some of these men were consequently drawn to crossdressers, associating with them at bars, night-clubs, or for dinner and movie dates. There was one such man in the office where Terry used to work – her former boss – Eric.

When Eric began to notice that Terry was starting to dress nicer for work, he complimented him. Terry explained that it was his wife's idea to update his ward-

robe – truly not knowing at that time, what his wife’s real motivation was.

As Terry began to wear feminine shirts (shirt-blouses), Eric admired Terry for not being afraid to try something new. Little did Eric know that Jill was coning Terry into wearing the feminine “shirts”, with the excuse that she loved the smoother texture because it didn’t irritate her fingers, as did his old shirts, whenever she gave him a backrub or caressed him; and that she wanted him to look trendier.

Regardless of the reason for Terry’s new style in clothing, every time he wore a new blouse to the office, Eric would tell him how nice he looked. Eric’s wife was not given to displaying femininity by what she wore. She didn’t use make-up often – only for very special dinners or celebrations, so her day-to-day appearance was quite plain.

Eric was not one to miss the occasion when Terry wore a new shirt-blouse or when he came to the office with a new hairstyle. Eric complimented Terry so often that Terry began to think Eric was jealous of his new look – but why?

After several months of changes, each change making Terry look more feminine, Terry began to wonder why Eric was so complimentary. Did Eric miss the fact that Terry was looking more and more feminine each week? Or, was it the more feminine-look that made Eric so complimentary? Something was drawing Eric to Terry’s new look – but what was it?

But Eric was a very conservative person, one who never revealed his true inner feelings – feelings that said ‘feminine looks nice – on anyone’. Eric too had his questions. Yes, he enjoyed looking at very femi-

ninely-dressed women, but why was he so drawn to Terry's changing appearance?

Because of the challenging economic times, crime was rampant and that put a lot of pressure on Eric, as managing supervisor of the Office of Criminal Investigations. The long hours and difficult cases – difficult because folks were getting more clever and sophisticated in the crimes they committed – began to take a toll on the health of many of the staff. It seemed that there was no time to relax – no time to enjoy life.

Eric felt the stress building in his life. At the same time, he thought back on how relaxed Teri became with each change in appearance. Eric wondered – how did wearing different clothing affect Terry's mood?

Eric decided to find out the reason for Terry's changing mood. He Googled the topics of stress and crossdressing. Why crossdressing? Although at first the staff bought Terry's explanation – that his wife was trying to get him into updated clothing for a different look, in preparation for retirement – it wasn't long before the talk around the office water-cooler termed Terry's new clothing style as "crossdressing".

At sites, such as Tri-Ess, Eric found research and true-life accounts that amazed him. Many experts in the field of crossdressing mentioned that if a man gets more in touch with his feminine side, it reduces his stress. These experts seemed to agree that it takes great energy and creates substantial stress, for a man to continually present a macho image. They stated that when a man stops trying to be super macho, to impress everyone with how much of a man he is, his blood pressure/stress is significantly reduced.

Well, Eric wasn't buying any of this "propaganda". This information seemed designed to turn macho men

into “sissies”, thought Eric. Besides, even if the information was true, he was way too conservative – socially and religiously – to even entertain the thought of trying to get in touch with his feminine side, in order to reduce his stress.

With the recent crash of the housing-market and stock-market, crime skyrocketed. The stress of keeping up with the caseload became overwhelming. Eric felt worn out. It seemed that the nights were never long enough for adequate sleep. This sleep-deprivation leads to exhaustion and/or depression – a period when the mind is so overworked that the body wears down. Eric was beginning to suffer from sleep-deprivation. And indeed, Eric lost interest in his hobbies and family-activities. He was simply too tired to participate in anything outside of work. Eric got so worn-down that he thought medical advice was warranted. He booked an appointment with his doctor as soon as he could.

Eric notified Gail, a co-worker, that he had an appointment with his doctor. Gail decided that sharing some confidential information, with Eric’s doctor, before Eric got to the doctor’s office, would be beneficial for Eric – information that Eric may not share with his doctor because, at this point, Eric may be unaware of. Eric arrived early at the doctor’s office and within 10 minutes, a medical tech entered the waiting room and announced: “Eric, the doctor will see you now. She is in room #4. Nervously, Eric proceeded to room 4. His doctor, Carol Olsen, asked what his complaint was. Eric explained his job-situation. Dr. Olsen asked Eric what he thought might help him to reduce his stress. Eric admitted that he was at-a-loss as to what he could do. The doctor then asked Eric how others in the office handled the stress. He told her that pretty much everyone was suffering from the same pressure and thought

that a month's vacation in Hawaii would go a long way to reducing their stress. Before Dr. Olsen could comment, Eric added that there was one employee, now retired, who seemed to be much less stressed than the other employees. Dr. Olsen asked Eric whether he knew what this employee did to reduce his stress.

Eric was afraid to tell his doctor about Terry and his transition to "Teri". He didn't know whether he should tell his doctor how Terry seemed to become much more relaxed, as his wife changed the clothing that he wore and that Terry began to enjoy wearing feminine clothing, so much, with his wife's encouragement, that he eventually transitioned to become a woman. Eric thought that if he had to trust his health to someone, it might as well be his doctor. Eric then told the doctor that he noticed that the former employee's wife started changing what he wore to work and that seemed to affect his mood. Dr. Olsen asked Eric to explain the employee's clothing-change in more detail.

After Dr. Olsen listened to Eric's account, she made a comment – a surprising comment to Eric. Dr. Olsen, replied, "Well, Eric, why try to invent something new? If it worked for one of your employees, it could work for you. How do you think your wife would handle it if you started to dress differently for work?" Eric said that his wife would never go for it because she had an even more conservative upbringing than he did and because in her family, she has three brothers who are all super-macho – a car mechanic, a plumber and a cement-mason and they would laugh her out-of-town, ridiculing her to no end.

"Eric, you don't have to rush into this. Just the fact that your mind knows it can expect something different each week or so, will act as a relieve-valve, reduc-

ing stress so it cannot build to deadly levels. Eric, you have a choice, try going the route of your former employee or visit the local funeral home and pick out your cemetery-plot. Besides, crossdressing isn't that uncommon anymore and it certainly isn't a crime," stated Dr. Olsen.

"Why do you say that?" asked Eric. "I just checked the results of your blood-pressure test and it's sky-high. Was the doctor telling the truth? Only she knew. Dr. Olsen continued, "We need to get it down "STAT"! Starting on that task today is not too soon," answered the doctor. Dr. Olsen reminded Eric that starting immediately, to reduce his stress, was important and that even if he started very slowly, it would help his situation, because a slow start was better than not starting at all.

Eric returned to the office, closed his door and put up the "Do Not Disturb" sign. He had some serious thinking to do. A multitude of questions crossed his mind. First, if he even dared to take Teri's route, how would he start – what excuse would he use? – knowing that his wife would object. What would his employees think? His friends –

his family? How could he explain to anyone that he, such a macho guy was wearing clothing with a feminine appearance – no, not just appearance, but actually feminine clothing! He would never live down the ridicule he would get. NO! This is not something I can do, he thought. But what was the alternative? – a stroke? A heart-attack? Not pleasant alternatives. Eric realized that he really should take his doctor's advice. If it worked for Teri, why wouldn't it work for him?

Eric decided that his health couldn't wait for him to get up the nerve to begin crossdressing, so he might as

well bite-the-bullet and start – today. Eric thought that he needed some help, but this help wouldn't come from his wife. He thought about how Teri was treated, while transitioning to feminine clothing. Gail always seemed to compliment and encourage Teri. Yes, Gail would be the logical choice for someone in whom he could confide and ask for help.

At lunch, Eric went to Gail's office and told her –loud enough for others to hear – that because of the extra work she had been doing, he wanted to buy her lunch. Gail accepted and off they went, across town, to a quiet restaurant. Eric was nervous. How would Gail react to what he was about to tell her? Would she be as encouraging and supportive to him as she was to Teri? Would she keep his plans a secret?

Eric knew that the answers to his questions would never be found unless he told Gail why he offered to buy lunch. Don't chicken out. What's the worst that can happen to me? I can die from embarrassment; but oh, I can die from stress and that's far less exciting than dying from embarrassment, thought Eric.

"Gail, I have something very confidential to share with you. Will you promise not to tell anyone – not even my wife, if she asks?" Gail agreed, so Eric laid out his dilemma. Gail replied that she was relieved that he was only suffering from stress, not marital problems, family problems, or a more serious medical condition. Her reply seemed to calm Eric a bit, so he told her what his doctor suggested. Gail replied that it was an interesting twist of events. Teri's wife wanted to feminize him, but she felt that he would resist, so she had to slowly trick him into wearing women's clothing; now it was Eric, who, at the suggestion of his doctor, wants to

feminize his wardrobe, but is afraid that his wife would object.

Gail suggested that, after work, they meet at a thrift store, where she could start on finding him some shirt-blouses. Gail found a half dozen shirt-blouses – not too feminine or frilly – sort of gender-neutral. Eric appreciated Gail’s help in picking out the blouses. But Eric had one question – how do I explain that I’m wearing a blouse, to my wife? Gail suggested that he not tell his wife immediately. She thought that Eric should first get comfortable wearing a blouse at work, for some time, letting his employees get accustomed to his new attire, before telling his wife anything about his Plan. Gail suggested, that in the morning, Eric should change the ink in the copier and deliberately spill some on his shirt, making sure that he complained loud enough for the staff to hear that he spilled ink on his shirt. Gail would then come to this rescue, offering to get him a shirt so he could change. She would then come back with a shirt, which really would be a shirt-blouse. Gail offered to keep the blouses, which she would purchase, in her office and if they both came in early, Eric could change from the shirt he wore from home, to one of the new shirt-blouses. Agreed upon the Plan, Eric met Gail early in her office, each day and she gave him one of the new shirt-blouses to wear.

It was Fall, so Eric was wearing a sport-coat, so his new shirt-blouses weren’t readily visible. By mid-day, however, one of the female agents, Carol, came into his office. After talking to Eric for about 30 minutes, she took a closer look at him. Something seemed different about him. Yes, she thought, he’s wearing a blouse. Before leaving the office, Carol commented, “I like the nice shirt your wife bought you. It looks so much nicer than the shirts you normally wear.” “Thankkk youuu,”

was all Eric could mumble. Oops, thought Eric, even with the coat on, she noticed my blouse. Eric couldn't wait to tell Gail about his encounter with Carol. He reminded Gail not to let on that she knew anything, in case Carol should mention anything to her. "Cross my heart," replied Gail.

Gail decided that, with the feminine blouses, Eric should be wearing a woman's blazer instead of his sport-coat, so one day she stopped by the thrift store again and picked up several blazers for him.

Changing from a shirt to a blouse, each morning at the office, had become a daily routine.

Once Eric began to wear the women's blazers, over his blouses, it was easier to notice that there was a definite change in his appearance. In time, all of Eric's employees knew that he was wearing blouses instead of shirts and women's blazers to match. John, a younger employee, teased him – "So, how many shirts did you spill ink on? And your jackets too? Next time, don't wear your blazer when you add ink to the copier." Otherwise, maybe because of Teri's transition at work, there weren't many remarks, or looks-of-concern, about Eric wearing blouses and feminine blazers. This continued through the Winter, into Spring.

With warmer weather arriving soon, Eric would not be wearing a coat over his blouses. His blouses would stand out more. His employees would clearly and immediately see that he was wearing blouses, because without a jacket, it would be very obvious that he was wearing blouses. At Gail's suggestion, Eric thought that it would be prudent to warm up his wife up to the fact that he was wearing blouses at work. He would leave out the fact that he was also wearing matching

blazers, but he didn't want her to be totally blind-sided by having her hear about it from one of his employees.

At the end of another busy week at work, Eric decided to wear a blouse home, instead of changing back to his shirt before he left work. Oh, he left his woman's blazer at the office. He decided on a reasonable excuse. When he arrived at home, his wife, Ann, greeted him. Eric took off his sport-coat and hung it up. As soon as he did so, his wife noticed the blouse. "What's with the new shirt, honey?" Did she fail to see it was a blouse? thought Eric. "Oh, the service company was busy and couldn't respond, so I had to change the ink in our copier," replied Eric. "I spilled some ink on my shirt, so Gail offered to run out and get me another shirt. She said she got it from a thrift shop. I guess that's all that was available," added Eric. "Well, I can't complain. It looks better than what you normally wear," added Ann. "Why don't you keep it on when we go out to dinner tonight? I didn't feel like cooking today," stated Ann. Eric was pleasantly surprised – no – shocked, at his wife's unexpected reaction.

One hurdle crossed, thought Eric. But that seemed too easy. How would Ann feel if she knew that he was wearing blouses every day at work now and even feminine blazers to match? He would leave that topic for another day. After dinner, Ann and Eric went to the movies. As she was snuggling her husband, Ann noted that the soft texture of his blouse was much more pleasant and didn't irritate her skin, as did his regular shirts. Ann thought that she liked snuggling her husband, better in a soft shirt better than his other shirts. During the movie, she commented, "Now I know why you love to cuddle up close to me when I'm wearing a soft blouse. But how do you feel wearing it? Wearing a

blouse isn't something that men normally do. It doesn't seem to bother you."

Eric replied, "Well, dear, it's not like I planned it. The guys at the office saw what happened and Gail was simply helping out, so I didn't see what harm it would cause if I wore a shirt which looks and feels a bit different than my other shirts. "I completely agree," replied Ann and I certainly don't mind, but imagine what our friends and family would think if they saw you right now. You're supposed to be a super-macho guy – a law enforcement macho type, daily dealing with criminals. Can you see their reaction; should they see you wearing a blouse? Eric answered, "I'm not sure I could handle the ridicule and I don't know whether you could, either, but I'm not doing this every day. It was an unexpected event today, so we don't have to worry about it." "Well, may I say that spilling ink on your shirt was good, because I sure like the soft feel of your blouse, so let me enjoy it for the evening," commented Ann. Eric filed that comment in his mind. Ann added, "So, next time we're out alone, how about wearing that blouse for me again?"

Monday, Eric couldn't wait to get a moment alone, to talk to Gail. Eric told her about him wearing the blouse home on Friday and Ann's request that he wear it to dinner. Gail replied, "Maybe she sees a softer side in you, but is hesitant to tell you that she likes the softer side better than the macho side; so she gave you that generic excuse about your blouse being softer to cuddle against, instead of telling you that you looked nicer – less rugged in a blouse. Women equate a softer personality with a more understanding and sensitive personality and sensitivity is something every woman admires in a man – more than being macho." Those words encouraged Eric in his Plan. Maybe he could

pull it off - saving his health without sacrificing his marriage.

The following week, as Eric arrived early at the office, Gail met him with another blouse. The weather was now getting warmer, so the blouse was more feminine because it was of a lighter material than those he had worn previously. It would be more obvious, even with a blazer, that he was wearing a blouse. Eric objected. "Gail, this blouse is a bit too feminine. "Oh Eric, don't worry. The women know that with warmer weather blouses get lighter and yes, that makes them look a bit more feminine, but you can still wear a blazer for a week or so, until you get comfortable with wearing a more feminine blouse and before it gets really warm. And don't panic over the guys – I bet some of them are jealous and would love to wear something nicer than what they're wearing, but you know that men are so caught up with maintaining their macho image, that they're afraid to try a softer style of clothing. With Teri having transitioned at work, nothing you wear will shock the staff. I think the biggest hurdle will be getting you used to wearing non-macho clothing. You know, by wearing blouses, you might encourage some of those tough guys to wear something different – something more comfortable and less macho," replied Gail.

Eric trusted Gail, so he agreed to wear the thinner and more feminine blouses. Today's blouse was light blue and actually looked quite nice on Eric. Eric was still a bit hesitant about wearing it, so he kept his blazer on, but even with the blazer on, it was obvious that Eric was wearing a quite feminine blouse. Eric saw his reflection in his office window and it sent a tingle down his spine. Secretly, he admired what he saw – a softer

man. It seemed that the load of his stress was already beginning to get lighter.

Mid-week, just after lunch, the office fire alarm sounded. Eric ran outside, along with his employees. Smoke was rising from the roof. The fire department arrived, checked out the cause of the smoke and determined that the air conditioning system shorted out. Everyone was allowed back inside. In an hour or so, without the air conditioning on, it became quite warm inside. By three o'clock, it was so warm; Eric could no longer wear his blazer. With his blazer removed, his feminine blouse was now visible to everyone, as they passed his office. No more hiding what he was wearing. It was time to face-the-music.

Carol, walking by Eric's office, couldn't help but notice that he was wearing a pretty blouse. She knocked on his door and entered. "I just wanted to say that I think your blouse is so pretty. Where did your wife find it?" Eric blushed, then answered, "Actually, Ann did not buy it. I did. During Teri's transition, I noticed that she was becoming more relaxed & gentler with each change in her appearance. I thought that if I shed some of my mach image, I might be an example to the other guys and we could reduce some of the stress around here. So, back to your question about where Ann bought this blouse – she doesn't even know that I'm wearing this right now. You know that she comes from a very conservative and religious background, so I have to warm her up to this very slowly," replied Eric. "My lips are sealed," said Carol. Eric was not about to tell Carol that because of stress, his doctor suggested that crossdressing is something he should pursue. He wasn't bold enough yet, about his decision, to let others know about the path upon which he had embarked. So, for now, Eric was willing to let them

think that he was merely interested in changing the office atmosphere a bit.

Once Eric was seen, by his employees, wearing a blouse without a blazer, there was no more point in hiding that he was wearing blouses. Besides, with the warmer weather, it would now be uncomfortable wearing a blazer. One day, as Gail met Eric early at work, she pulled a small box out of her purse. "Eric, I have a small accessory for you to wear with your blouses." Gail handed him a lovely gold necklace. She suggested that with the more open-collar blouses, a necklace would be a nice feminine touch. As she opened Eric's blouse one extra button, she noticed that he had no chest-hair. "Oh, this will look perfect! It looks so divine – kinda sexy," giggled Gail. Eric questioned whether this would give him too-feminine-a-look. Gail reminded him that his ultimate goal was to dress completely feminine and that a gold necklace was a less-drastring way of adding femininity to his appearance, until the staff got used to his new appearance, than most anything else he could add at the moment. Eric agreed, so this would be his first day wearing a blouse and necklace.

John was the first employee to see Eric with his new necklace. He stepped into Eric's office and commented, "That necklace is a nice touch. When I saw you wearing a blouse last week, without a necklace, I thought it looked a bit plain. In fact, a matching bracelet would look really good." Eric couldn't wait until he saw Gail again at lunch, so he called her into his office to tell her what John had said. Gail replied, "It seems that John has good taste. I wanted to suggest that this morning, but I didn't want to spook you. With the suggestion coming from a guy, I know you'll feel more comfortable wearing a bracelet. Actually, I bought a necklace

and bracelet, but I held on to the bracelet until I thought you were ready for it. Let's go with just the necklace for a couple of weeks, then we'll add the bracelet." For the remainder of the week, with each new blouse, Eric was now seen sporting a gold necklace.

Friday was their customary night for dining out, after work. It had been several weeks since Eric wore his first blouse out for dinner. Ann had not mentioned anything about him not wearing his blouse again, but Eric did not forget Ann's comments. He purposely did not wear a blouse again the following Friday, as Ann suggested, because he thought that it might be pushing his secret Plan and Ann may become suspicious.

This weekend, he decided that it was time to surprise his wife again. After all, she requested that he wear a blouse, so he didn't have to worry about how she would react if he wore a blouse. Eric confided in Gail, that he thought it was time again to wear a blouse, for dinner with his wife. Gail agreed. She went to her office and got a nice, soft-yellow blouse. Gail suggested that Eric wear his necklace with the blouse. He was a bit hesitant, but decided that if Ann didn't bite his head off for wearing a blouse, maybe she would be OK with him also wearing a necklace.

On the way home, Eric was thinking what explanation he would give his wife, as to why he was wearing a different blouse – not the same (and supposedly only) blouse he had.

As he entered the house, Ann caught a quick glimpse of him from the kitchen, where she was fixing some ice tea for them. "Hi Honey. How was your day?" Is that a new shirt you're wearing?" she called to him. "Come here and let me see." Eric kicked off his

shoes and strolled into the kitchen, trying to act 'cool'. "Oh, a new blouse. I thought you only had one blouse and you would wear that one again, sometime, for dinner. But this is a pleasant surprise – a new blouse, and a much nicer blouse. Where did you get it? I can't wait to cuddle up to that!" remarked Ann.

Eric told his wife that he stopped at the thrift store, where Gail had bought him the other blouse. He explained, to Ann, that he told the sales clerk about him wearing a blouse home one day and how his wife liked the soft texture better than his other shirts. He told Ann that the sales clerk offered to find him a blouse, but a bit nicer than that last one Gail got for him and assured him that his wife would like it. OK, so this was a little off from the whole truth, but now was not the time to go into unnecessary details as to how he really got the blouse – or that he was wearing blouses, on a daily-basis, at work.

Eric was pleased with the reception and reaction he got from his wife. But it puzzled him that she made no mention of the gold necklace that he was wearing. After relaxing, each with a cold ice tea, Ann suggested that it was time to go out for dinner and a movie. Wearing a feminine blouse at the office, where the staff had gone through a previous employee's transition, was one thing, but wearing a feminine blouse out in public, especially without a blazer, was another thing. Eric desperately wanted to go out to dinner with his new blouse, but he had to play up the fear-factor a bit, so as not to arouse Ann's suspicions.

"Honey, I know you enjoyed cuddling against a softer material last time we went to the movies, but I don't think I can wear this blouse out to a restaurant. At the movies, where it's dark, is one thing, but in a

restaurant – I don't know," pleaded Eric. "And why not? Many gay men dress that way all the time. The public doesn't stone them. They're used to seeing different styles of clothing on people. Don't be a baby," answered Ann. Meekly, Eric replied, "Well, I'm not gay and I certainly don't want people looking at us, giving you weird glances because they think you're out with a gay man."

"Oh boo! Who cares what anyone thinks! I know you're not gay. If you like it, if I like it – if it makes us happy, let them think what they want. Besides, that gold necklace gives you a bit of a femmy-touch. Maybe folks will think that I prefer my man to look a bit effeminate, instead of like a lumberjack," retorted Ann.

Wow, Eric thought that his wife had missed the necklace. What was he thinking? Women never miss gold - or diamonds. He should have known better. Eric relented. "OK, OK, if you think it's OK and you're not embarrassed, I'll wear this blouse. Just before heading out the door, Ann gave Eric a quick, unexpected spritz of Charlie. "Why did you do that?" asked Eric. "Oh, I just thought that as good as you look, you should smell the part," replied Ann.

Dinner at the Fire House was excellent, as usual. The waiters hovered near their tables, never leaving them in want of anything. The food was superb. Eric wondered whether they were getting better service because of what he was wearing. Were any of these waiters gay, and thus interested in him? Some of the waiters were rather cute. Why would they be interested in him? thought Eric. Dinner over, it was time for the movies.

Eric wasn't that interested in the movie; his wife was so cuddly with him that his mind was on the night

ahead, not the movie. If wearing blouses was something his wife did not object to – even enjoyed, then maybe his Plan had a chance. During the entire movie, Ann cuddled and caressed Eric like a teenage girl, out on her first date. The night at home turned out even better – a night of deep passion.

Eric was quite happy with the progress of his Plan. He had come from a very macho-stereotype to a guy now wearing blouses out for dinner with his wife and (unknown to his wife) at work. She even thought that his necklace added a “femmy-touch” to his appearance. But why would his wife enjoy seeing him in a softer (feminine) mode? Maybe it’s like Gail said – Women appreciate softer, gentler men because they are more sensitive and thus more open to their spouse’s needs. If it makes her happy, that’s good enough for me, Eric rationalized.

As had become custom by now, Gail greeted Eric, early in the office. She had a very nice blouse waiting for Eric. While Eric was changing into his blouse, he told her all about his weekend and Ann’s reaction to the more feminine blouse and necklace. When he told her that Ann even sprayed some Charlie perfume on him, before going out, Gail squealed, “Eric, you’ve won the battle, now don’t mess up winning the war. Following your doctor’s orders may not be an ordeal after all; it may just turn out to be the best time of your life. Eric, let’s try adding something new this week.” With those comments, Gail grabbed a pair of tweezers out of her purse. “With such a nice blouse, it would be more becoming if your eyebrows looked nicer. Let me give them a soft feminine shape,” offered Gail. Gail then proceeded to pluck Eric’s eyebrows, shaping them to a much nicer appearance than the manly caterpillars he was sporting before. Gail handed Eric her pocket mir-

ror. "How does that look?" she questioned. "Oh my, people are going to notice, but I love the new look," replied Eric.

Gail assured Eric that most people don't readily notice such things as trimmed eyebrows. She told Eric that the eye sees what the mind expects. If a person is dressed in a somewhat feminine manner, then the mind expects to see a somewhat feminine face; so, to the eyes, nothing is out-of-place. Eric thought this was a reasonable explanation, but just in case his wife questioned him about it, he knew he would have to think of another bogus explanation. As for the office staff, only Carol commented to him about his eyebrows, telling him that he was starting to look less and less like a caveman. Before going home that day, Gail suggested that Eric not mention anything about his eyebrows to his wife. Gail said that he should wait to see whether Ann would make any comments about them.

On the way home, Eric stopped for a haircut. That put a thought into Eric's mind. If his wife noticed his trimmed eyebrows and questioned him about it, he would tell her that his hairdresser decided it was time to trim those unsightly brows and get them looking more civilized. Who could argue with that?

Dinner was uneventful. Ann & Eric discussed the day's events and made plans for the long weekend, planning to go to Las Vegas. At the end of a busy day, as they were getting ready to go to sleep, Ann commented, "My mind was so pre-occupied with work and thinking about the weekend, I didn't even mention that I think your eyebrows look alot nicer. How did your hairdresser convince you to let her trim them? I've been wishing for years that you would clean them up, but I didn't want to say anything because I didn't want

you to feel pressured into trimming them – but I’m so glad that your eyebrows finally look nice. You’ll look alot nicer, come this weekend, when we go to Las Vegas. Thanks!”

Eric couldn’t wait to see Gail, at work, and tell her about Ann’s reaction to his trimmed eyebrows. Gail, replied, “I think your wife sees the potential in you to make a real gentleman out of you. And I’m betting that she notices that when you’re wearing something nicer, you’re also more relaxed – not as much of a tough-guy. I think we can add that bracelet this week, to your office attire.” Eric was happy. Even though it was under his doctor’s orders, that he was starting this journey towards crossdressing, deep inside, it gave him a tranquil and satisfied feeling.

The staff, at Eric’s office was now accustomed to seeing him wearing shirt-blouses and a gold necklace. With the addition of a gold bracelet and his trimmed eyebrows, he got several comments. As usual, Carol was the first to mention it. As she passed Eric coming out of the copier-room, she commented, “I didn’t want to say anything earlier, but now that your eyebrows are trimmed, may I take the liberty to say that the old brows didn’t match your shirt-blouses and lovely gold necklace. Whoever is working on your appearance, tell them they are doing a good job.”

Carol didn’t want to lay it on too thick, so she called his blouse a shirt-blouse. Carol felt that using too many feminine descriptors, for his new attire and accessories, might embarrass him and she kind of liked the new, softer Eric, who was developing. It seemed that since his change in clothing, he was nicer to the staff. The stress didn’t seem to be getting to him as much as before - so why ruin a good thing? In parting, Carol

added, "Oh, the bracelet is a great match with your necklace. I think it's pretty."

Other employees, upon seeing Eric, now also wearing a bracelet, simply smiled as they passed him or talked to him about their cases, not making any comments about it. Yes, Teri's transition must have desensitized them, so they no longer were surprised if they saw a man wearing something less macho – even feminine. So, the week progressed, with Eric wearing a new blouse every day, along with his necklace and bracelet and looking quite nice – or more accurate – effeminate, with his trimmed and shaped eyebrows.

The weekend had arrived. It was time to pack for Las Vegas. Eric got home before Ann did, so he packed his suitcase. Soon, Ann arrived. Women being better planners than men, Ann had packed a little of her suitcase each day during the week. Unknown to Eric, she found the two blouses Eric had worn on their dinner-dates and packed them in her suitcase. She wanted to tell Eric to pack them, but she was afraid that he might be hesitant to do so, so she packed them. With the blouses packed in her suitcase, she would be sure that she would have them available for Eric to wear in Las Vegas. All she had to do was convince him to wear the blouses, once they were in Vegas. Yes, she liked the soft material when cuddling Eric, but she also had some other unexplainable attraction to having him wear blouses. Before they left the house, Ann looked and found Eric's necklace lying on the dresser. She picked it up and walked towards the door, where Eric was waiting. She leaned over to kiss Eric and while doing so, she slipped the necklace around his neck. Eric seemed a bit surprised and his raised eyebrows signaled his feelings to Ann. "Wear it for good luck and for me," she begged, and out the door they went.

After arriving at McCarran International, in Las Vegas, Ann and Eric got onto the shuttle for the car-rental agency. Once they had obtained their car, for the weekend, Ann suggested that they go shopping for some casual clothes. At Macy's, Ann spotted some lovely blouses. She bought several for her and some for Eric. Eric just assumed that the blouses were for her. When they arrived at the hotel, Ann laid out their new cache of clothes. There were some shorts and tank-tops for Eric, and several blouses. She laid each in a pile – one pile on her side of the bed and one on his side. After placing Eric's new shorts on the bed, she added three blouses to his pile. "What are these doing on my pile?" questioned Eric, as he pointed to the blouses. Ann replied, "Honey, you look so nice in your two blouses that you've worn at home, I didn't think it would hurt for you to have a few more blouses. Besides, this is a very open-minded town, so I thought you could wear them while we are here relaxing. Would you mind? I was fortunate to find some nice blouses for you, but if I had not, I had your old blouses packed. I'd really love for you to look sexy and trendy, while we're in Las Vegas, so please be a sport and wear them this weekend."

Wow, Ann was sure good at planning ahead. But what was the comment about him "looking sexy and trendy, wearing a blouse," thought Eric. Didn't she tell him that she liked the blouses because they were softer? Now, she's telling him that he looks sexy and trendy, wearing a blouse. Eric couldn't explain it, but he was pleasantly surprised by his wife's attitude. What other surprises did she have in store for him? thought Eric. They were only spending three days in Las Vegas. Clearly, it seemed that she expected him to wear a blouse each day of the weekend. Eric didn't want to tip-his-hand, that he was thrilled she asked

him to wear blouses for the weekend, so he offered a feeble objection; but deep inside, he relished the opportunity to wear something feminine. Eric especially enjoyed that his wife was seeing him wear the blouses; unlike him wearing blouses at work, without her knowing it.

In the afternoon, Ann and Eric decided to visit the pawn-shop of TV's Pawn Stars. Ann couldn't believe the huge selection of jewelry. While she checked out the jewelry, Eric was looking at old guns and coins. Ann spotted a lovely gold bracelet. She didn't know why, but, immediately, she thought that she should buy it for Eric. She thought that it would match perfectly with his gold necklace. They met at the door, ready to return to their car. Eric showed Ann some old coins he had purchased. Ann then pulled out the bracelet. "I thought this would be a good investment, especially with the uncertain economic times," commented Ann. "It looks expensive. It will look nice on you," replied Eric. "It is expensive, but nothing is too good for my dear husband. It's for you," said Ann. Astonished, Eric muttered, "That's for me?" "Yes dear. Give me your hand so I can slip it on." Eric stretched out his hand and Ann fastened the bracelet around his wrist. "Oh, it looks darling," squealed Ann. "Do you like it?" Eric didn't know how much exuberance he should display, so he simply answered, "It's nice."

The bracelet looked absolutely lovely around Eric's wrist, but it also added a touch more femininity to his appearance. "Are you sure that you want me to wear this?" questioned Eric. "Yes, dear, it looks perfect with your blouse and necklace. Besides, we have one more stop to make. It will be quite cool in the evening, so when we go to see Phantom-of-the Opera, you will

need a jacket. Besides, a jacket is proper for the evening show. Eric agreed and they went to several stores.

At one store, Ann found a nice blazer, which she thought would fit Eric perfectly. It was a woman's blazer, but it would be a good match for the blouses she bought him earlier. When she showed Eric the jacket she had selected, Eric pointed out that it was a woman's blazer – as if she didn't know that. "Yes dear, it's a blazer, but it will look so nice with your blouse and jewelry. So, stop your complaining. Humor me and go along with the program. This is our 'anything goes' weekend. Try to remember – the look I want you to have is 'sexy and trendy'. Just as they were ready to leave the store, Ann spotted a nice pair of slacks. They looked perfect for Eric. How could she let Eric wear a blouse, jewelry and manicured nails and go in men's jeans? That would be tacky. Eric did not yet know that manicured nails were on the list of what Ann had planned for him. "Eric, stop. I have to grab something else." Eric turned around and joined his wife. Ann took three pair of slacks off the rack, each in a different color and handed them to Eric. "Go to that dressing room and try them on and let me know which pair fits," instructed Ann. "Why do I need these?" questioned Eric. "Think about it. Tonight you'll be wearing a blouse and blazer, with gold jewelry, not to mention your shaped eyebrows. How do you think you will look? Do you think that you will portray the same macho-image that you display at home? With men's jeans, you would look rather dorky – out-of-place. Trust me; it's better to look effeminate – gay, if you please, by wearing the women's slacks with your blouse and blazer, than looking half effeminate and half macho. So, no more of your tough-guy arguments. Go try on the slacks," Ann answered. While Eric was trying on the slacks, Ann

made a quick trip to the lingerie section and picked out a half dozen panties in various colors – not for her, but for Eric. She quickly paid for them and concealed them in her handbag.

When Eric returned from the dressing-room, he informed Ann that all three slacks fit. “Good, then we’ll buy all three,” said Ann. By now, Eric knew better than to argue with his wife. Besides, with a little quick math, he figured out that she wanted him to have three pair of slacks because they would be spending three days in Las Vegas. He was so brilliant. How could he be this lucky? This was turning out to be a better weekend than he expected or could have planned.

In the evening, Ann and Eric had planned to see the Phantom-of-the Opera, so Ann wanted to get a manicure and pedicure. She asked Eric whether he would mind waiting for her at the salon. Eric agreed, so they looked for a beauty-salon. A welcome-sign indicated, “No Appointment Necessary.” Soon, Ann found herself in a chair, getting a pedicure. Eric sat patiently. There were no magazines for men, so he picked up a woman’s magazine and thumbed through it. He found some very trendy uni-sex hairstyles. While looking at the magazine, a voice interrupted, “Sir, would you like a manicure while waiting on your wife? And how about a hair-styling?” Eric was startled. He looked over at Ann with a puzzled look – like a little child, waiting for permission from an adult. Ann smiled and nodded her head in the affirmative. Eric responded to the beautician that he would like a manicure and hair-styling.

The beautician filed Eric’s nails, then buffed them to a nice shine. Eric wasn’t used to all this. When Eric did his nails, he simply cut them with a nail-clipper – done. This lady was spending alot of time, doing his nails.

Just as Eric thought that she was done, she picked up a bottle of clear polish and coated his nails.

“Nail-strengthenener,” she commented. Before Eric could object, all his nails were coated. Ann was watching and noticed Eric’s surprise. She simply smiled at him. Well, Eric now had polished and shaped nails, a gold necklace and bracelet. That would give him a suitable feminine look, combined with blouse, women’s slacks and blazer. Ann told Eric that the hair-styling he got had quite a feminine look and that it went well with his feminine clothes. Dressed up for the show tonight, Eric would look quite fashionably fem.

Ann and Eric returned to their motel to get spruced up for their evening out. While Eric was in the shower, Ann laid out one of the new pair of slacks, a blouse and the blazer. Ann watched as Eric got dressed. “My, my, it seems that my lovely husband had finally caught up with the times, instead of looking like a lumberjack,” remarked Ann. With his new look, Eric looked like a well-kept man, if though, effeminate. But this was Las Vegas and what happens in Las Vegas..... Ya, ya. No one else will ever know. As she had done once before, Ann snuck a quick shot of Charlie onto Eric’s neck and chest.

Ann and Eric enjoyed a wonderful dinner at the Venetian and then headed to the show. The line was short and soon they were on the way into the theater. The lights were already dimmed, so they slowly made their way to their seats. As they slid into their seats, they looked around and to their great surprise – even shock – they saw a couple from their church at home. Mark and Janie Hall had been their friends for a long time. They knew each other very well, but Mark and Janie had not known about Eric’s recent changes in attire and here he was in a blouse, women’s slacks, gold

necklace, gold bracelet, polished nails, a woman's blazer and a somewhat feminine hairstyle. Wow, the intermission, when the lights were turned up, would be an interesting moment! Eric felt like leaving, but he also felt feminine, thinking that Mark and Janie would be seeing him in his new effeminate style. Eric got that warm, satisfied feeling in his soul again. No, he would not leave. He wanted the Halls – their best friends – to see him. Deep inside, he felt like this was the person he felt himself to be and he wanted his best friends, and the world, to see him that way. If his wife only knew how he felt. He felt like a kid, showing off his new bicycle, the day after Christmas.

The show was worth the price of admission and then some. Ann cuddled Eric, just like at the movies, at home, but this time, she added something else. She gently took Eric's necklace between her fingers and played with his necklace, then traced her finger along his neck. Then she slipped her hand over his blouse and caressed his chest, finally placing her hand under his blouse for more caressing. Eric had never enjoyed such affectionate attention, outside of their home. If this is what the new clothes – yes, the fem clothes got him, then he was ready for more. Finally, Ann took Eric's hand and caressed his fingers, then gently rubbing her fingertips over Eric's nails. As she did so, she whispered into his ears, "I love the feel of your smooth nails. They feel and look much nicer than before, especially when you have hang-nails. You should get your nails done more often. I'll have to make sure that you let your nails grow out more, for a bit more feminine look. They would really look good in red."

Eric found it difficult to process all of the recent changes, especially Ann's approval. He certainly never expected such a reaction from her. His thoughts

crowded out the music, so he missed a good part of the opera – darn shame.

And now – the moment-of-truth! It was intermission time and the lights were coming up.

In a moment, Mark and Janie would see the new Eric. Eric's stomach was tightening up. What would his best friends think of his new appearance – his quite feminine appearance? OK, it's time to face-the-music. Pretending that she had nothing to hide, Ann turned first and greeted Mark and Janie. "So nice to see you. Are you two enjoying the show?" remarked Ann. Janie replied, "Yes we are. It's so nice to see you. We thought that we might meet someone we know, at this show, but to see you is a special treat. And look at how nice you got Eric to clean up for you, for this show. How did you ever manage that? He looks so sweet. Sometimes I think that a softer appearance would do Mark some good. Eric looks so adorable. You'll have to tell me later where you bought him that lovely blouse. And the nails – I love that his nails are manicured nice. They look better than mine. Did you do them for Eric?" The men didn't want to talk over the women, as the women were sitting next to each other, so they just looked at each other and smiled. Eric could feel the blood rushing into his face. Although Eric wanted to be seen in his feminine mode, he was, nevertheless, quite embarrassed that Mark should see him like this; not to mention that he thinks that he heard Janie telling Ann, that she loves his manicured nails. This is not the reaction he expected from the Halls because they always appeared to be so conservative. Apparently, away from their home-town, the Halls felt free to express themselves. It seems that they are not as prudish as they appear at home.

As the lights were starting to dim again and everyone took their seats, Eric turned to Ann and whispered, "Well, that's the last people I wanted to run into this weekend. I know they're our best friends, but what do you think they are thinking of us right now?" Ann replied, "Honey, I think that, just as us, the Halls have seen a lot more than you give them credit for. They may have been a bit surprised, but I don't think that it shocked them. Janie seemed very sincere when she said that you looked nice and that she wished she could get Mark looking a bit nicer. And I think she was jealous of your nails. I think that nice nails add a lot to a person's appearance. The manicured nails make your hands look slender – more feminine."

Both couples already had other plans after the show, so they said their good-byes and parted ways. The Halls went to the Bellagio, for dinner, while Ann and Eric drove up and down the Strip a few times, just to enjoy the people and sights. They stopped to see the Pirates-of-the Caribbean show, the Dancing Fountains and the Fremont Street Experience. They topped off the night with a hair-raising roller-coaster ride, on top of the Stratosphere Casino.

When they got back to their motel, Ann & Eric discussed the events of the day. Eric wondered what Mark is probably thinking about him, after seeing him in such a different mode – an apparent effeminate mode. Ann assured Eric that he was probably not the first person, nor the last, whom Mark saw in a different-than-normal mode. Ann added, "You may just have given Janie the idea to encourage Mark to get in touch with a bit of his feminine side; and if she does so, you may have given Mark the courage to do so. You know the old saying – 'men need to get in touch with their feminine side.'" Eric remarked, "Well, at least he

didn't make any negative comments about how I looked. He just sort of looked a bit surprised, but he tried to hide his feelings. "Maybe it wasn't a feeling of surprise. Maybe it was jealousy," retorted Ann.

For their second day, Ann again laid out Eric's clothes. But this time, there was an additional item with the clothes. Lying on top of the pile was a pair of panties. Eric thought that Ann must have accidentally dropped them on his pile, so he moved them over to her side of the bed. When Eric was finished shaving, he turned to see that the panties were again on his side. Just then, Ann returned to the bedroom. "Oh Honey, I put those panties out for you. I noticed yesterday, that because the slacks are a thinner material, your Jockey shorts made quite a visible outline. It looked a bit tacky. I hope that no one else noticed, but I'm not taking that chance again, so please wear the panties. Panties are much thinner and won't show through the slacks. Besides, they are more comfortable, cooler and you will love how they feel," informed Ann. Hesitantly, Eric put on the panties, before grabbing the new slacks. Not only were the panties not visible through the slacks, they were more comfortable and felt cooler, as Ann had promised.

Just as they were ready to leave, Ann noticed that Eric had some blemishes on his face. "Hold still," she instructed. Ann reached into her purse and pulled out some cover-up. She dabbed some over the blemishes. When she looked at the results, she noticed that the blemishes were covered, but now Eric's face was two-tone. Quickly, she dabbed the cover-up over his entire face. When she was done, Eric's face looked much better. His face looked smoother, with a warm glow to it. "Alright, now we're ready," announced Ann. They headed out for the Strip. Today it would be

more sight-seeing - a visit to see the lions at the MGM; lunch at the Hash House inside the Imperial Palace; the Auto Museum at the Venetian; dinner at Tony Roma's and then the Penn & Teller show.

After dinner, Ann & Eric made a quick stop at the motel, before heading out for the evening show. It was getting cooler for the evening, so Ann suggested that Eric wear his blazer. After Ann changed, she asked to look at Eric's nails. "Oh dear, you scratched your nails, probably on the roller-coaster ride the other night. Here, let me touch them up. Ann had Eric sit down at the vanity and got out a bottle of her nail polish. Ann put a new coat of polish on Eric's nails. "All set," she announced. "Give them a minute to dry before you use the restroom," added Ann. Eric waited a few minutes, then used the restroom. As he was washing his hands, he noticed that his nails had a slight reddish hue.

"Ann, I noticed that my nails are colored. I thought you were putting on a clear coat of polish," inquired Eric. "Well dear, I didn't bring my clear polish. I guess tonight you and I will have the same color nails. I don't think they are so noticeable that anyone will really notice. If they see your nails looking shinny, they will just think that you had a manicure. A lot of men get manicures. It makes you look high-class," responded Ann. Another quick dab of cover-up over Eric's face and they were heading out the door.

Penn & Teller were great. Ann & Eric really enjoyed the show. After the show, they walked down the Strip, stopping again to see the fountains at the Bellagio, then they got a late-night snack - some ice cream, at Baskin Robins. As they were sitting at the outside patio, enjoying their ice cream, Eric noticed a gay couple sitting nearby. It was apparent that they were gay, because of



the affection they displayed towards each other. One guy looked quite macho, but the other had a very feminine look. His actions were totally that of a woman – so refined, so delicate, nothing rough and tough about him. Eric studied his appearance and secretly wished that he could look like him. He was wearing a blouse and blazer, women’s slacks and wedge heels, with considerable cover-up, a touch of blush, light mascara, and polished nails in a light mauve color. Eric wasn’t sure whether he also detected a shimmer of matching gloss on his lips. Just before he turned his attention away from the couple, something else caught his eye. Eric thought he detected the outline of a bra under the effeminate man’s blouse. That immediately caused a stir in Eric’s soul. The bra, to Eric, displayed femininity as few other things could.

Ann asked Eric what caught his attention. Eric nodded towards the couple. Ann looked in the direction of the couple. Ann commented,

“Oh, I see. What a lovely couple. Eric, do you see how nicely that man is dressed? His clothes look expensive. It looks like his partner enjoys keeping him in classy clothes. Any woman would love to have clothes that expensive. In fact, he looks better in those clothes than many women would look. He has a very nice feminine look – kind of sexy too. And did you notice? – his nails have more color than yours and his lip-gloss matches his nail-color. He looks so cute, so sexy. If he were not effeminately dressed, he wouldn’t look nearly as nice.” With their scrutiny over, Ann and Eric returned to finishing their ice cream.

As they left Baskin Robins, Ann teasingly remarked, “I know what’s got you ruffled. You’re jealous that another man is dressed nicer than you. Are you jealous that he’s also wearing a bra? Wow, Eric did not think that Ann had noticed that. The sun was in her eyes and even without being half-blinded by the sun, as was Ann; he barely noticed the man’s bra. Ann must have better eyesight than an eagle, thought Eric. “Eric muttered, “Why would I be jealous that he is wearing a bra?” “Well, dear, a bra is an item of true femininity. Dressed as he is, I’m sure that the bra gives him the assurance that he has a feminine persona, matching his outward feminine appearance. He looked very confident and happy. We’ll see what we can do for you tomorrow,” stated Ann. Eric blushed. “Ann, I think you’ve done quite a number with your old husband. I don’t think I need any more improvements,” retorted Eric. “Oh Eric, did you forget that I said that this is our “anything goes” weekend? Don’t be such a pill. How often do we come to Las Vegas; or go anywhere, for that matter, to just ‘let go’? You need to ‘live’ a little, to unwind from some of the work-stress. No, I apparently I haven’t done enough. I saw you, looking closely at

the femininely-dressed guy. You thought that I missed what you saw. What I didn't miss was the longing look-of-desire I saw in your eyes," Ann remarked. Eric, responded, "Are you sure that you aren't reading something into my expression? Why would I be jealous of a guy wearing a bra?" "Because I think it's so sexy for a guy to have the courage to wear a bra and sometimes, regardless of what you think, you lack the courage to truly express yourself," quipped Ann. "I think that's one more item we need to add to your attire. I bet you would feel real sexy, wearing a bra," concluded Ann.

Eric felt a bit uncomfortable, thinking that if people saw the gay couple, then looked at him, they may think that he too was gay; but why" - He was with his wife. He shared his feelings with Ann. Lovingly Ann assured him, "Honey, I know you're not gay and so do you. You can still be a manly-man, when dressed in drab-mode; but if you want to enjoy the fem-mode, for some time, there's nothing wrong with looking as feminine as you wish. You need to be more flexible and expand your horizons. I happen to think that you look very cute when dressed in a fem-mode. Those comments, gave Eric alot to think about.

It was a bright, sunny morning in Las Vegas. Today would be a day just for gambling. Ann and Eric would try their luck at the various casinos on the Strip. For today, Ann laid out a nice multi-color blouse for Eric - almost matching hers - one of the new pair of women's slacks, and pink panties. Ann wanted to see Eric's reaction to wearing something with a very feminine color. When Eric saw the pink panties, he was a bit embarrassed. "Honey, if you insist that I wear panties, do you at least have a pair in white?" questioned Eric. "Not in your size, so just put those on. No one will see what

color they are," replied Ann. Eric put up no other fuss and slipped on the pink panties, then the slacks. As the previous day, Ann put some cover-up on Eric's face. Eric didn't know it, but Ann had some lipstick on her fingers. Pretending to check his face, she lightly ran her fingers across his cheekbones. This added a bit of a light blush to Eric's face. Ann thought it looked nice, although a bit fem. Eric didn't know what she had done because he didn't look in the mirror before they left. Once out of the hotel, they headed over to the garage to pick up their rental car. The attendant greeted them and asked, "Ladies, may I have your claim-check please?" Eric blushed, then handed the claim-check to him. Eric wondered why the attendant addressed him as a woman. Little did Eric realize that with the blush, he had quite a cute, feminine-look. His hair still had the somewhat feminine style, so it added to his overall feminine appearance. While the attendant was retrieving their car, Eric said, "Ann, did you notice that he addressed me as a woman? Why?" Ann replied, "Well dear, you're with a woman, so he doesn't think you're gay, so what's left? You have a very soft-looking face. About all you're missing, for your face to look totally like a woman, is some blush, mascara, eyeliner and lipstick. Maybe we can try that for the evening show." "Ya, sure. Would you go out with me looking like that?" questioned Eric. "If I could get you looking as sexy as the guy we saw earlier, I would," remarked Ann.

The car arrived, so Ann & Eric headed for the Strip. After gambling for the morning they stopped for lunch. "Good afternoon, ladies. Table for two?" greeted the hostess. As soon as they were seated, Eric pointed out that another person had now addressed him as a woman. Ann told him that in Las Vegas, people are more accustomed to seeing a variety of folks, so if they

saw someone who looked feminine, they addressed them as such. "What do you mean, I look feminine? I didn't get these comments yesterday," questioned Eric. Before Ann could reply, Eric excused himself to go to the restroom. As soon as he saw himself in the mirror, he understood why he was being addressed as a woman. Besides the cover-up, Ann had put blush on his cheeks. But when did she do that? Yes, he did appear quite feminine. Eric thought about washing his face, but was afraid to get his blouse stained. When he returned to the table, Eric stated, "OK, I see what you did to me. Why didn't you tell me?" Ann replied, "I wanted you to see that it doesn't take much for your appearance to change from a guy to a woman and that if you looked feminine, no one would stone you. With those unsightly eyebrows gone and a bit of cover-up and blush, your face looks quite soft – yes feminine. And with those lovely nails, you present quite a different image than you do at home." Eric could only reply, "Well, I'm glad Mark & Janie aren't here right now."

After lunch, Ann & Eric decided to do some more shopping. Ann had some thoughts in mind – thoughts about how she could get Eric to feel and look more feminine, so that his thoughts matched his appearance. In a shoe store, she spotted some wedge-heels. She thought that a matching pair, for her and for Eric, would be fun. She picked up the heels and went to a bench to sit down so she could try them on. Eric wondered why she needed two pair looking the same. Little did he notice that one pair was two sizes larger. As Eric sat next to her, Ann tried on the shoes. "Oh, these are too large, can you please hand me the other shoes?" Ann requested. Eric gave her the shoes. As she was trying on the shoes, Ann looked at Eric and said, "How do you like these shoes?" Eric said that they looked

trendy. "Good, I'm glad you like them. Why don't you try on the other pair?" Eric objected, saying, "Why do I need heels?" Ann reminded him that two people had now addressed him as a woman and that if he wore heels, it would fit his image better. The shoes were a perfect fit, so Ann bought both pair. Ann also grabbed several pair of pantyhose – in two sizes. With their purchases complete, they headed out for some more gambling and some more window-shopping at some pawn shops.

It was time to return to the motel and get ready for dinner and their final show. Ann had already decided which show they would see, but she did not mention it to Eric. Eric jumped into the shower, while Ann looked through their clothes. She decided that Eric would look good in a red blouse with black slacks, black pantyhose and the heels. She laid out his clothes, along with red panties, on his side of the bed. When she grabbed her clothes and lingerie from her suitcase, Ann didn't notice that a couple of bras were snagged. As she moved from her suitcase to the bed, one bra dropped from the lingerie she was holding and landed on Eric's clothes. Next, she laid out her lingerie, blouse, skirt, and nylons, on her side. As Eric was showering, Ann told him to shave his arms and legs. A loud howl was heard. "WHY?" Ann replied, "Don't argue with me and don't panic. Remember, we're in Las Vegas – just do it."

As Eric stepped out of the shower and was shaving his face, Ann passed him on her way to the shower, saying, "I've laid out your clothes. Get them on while I'm in the shower and I'll see what we can do to that person people are addressing as a woman. Eric felt a little flustered, but at the same time he was excited. He looked at the clothes. What was this? Besides the panties, that Ann had him wear the last two days, there was

a bra. By now, Eric knew better than to argue. And yes, this was Las Vegas and what happens in Las Vegas..... Eric grabbed the bra and carefully slipped it on. He had seen that sometimes Ann would put on her bra, sort of backwards, fasten the hooks, then turn it around; so he did the same. Next he put on his the red panties, red blouse, black pantyhose and black slacks. Just then, Ann stepped out of the shower. "Oh Eric, nice touch! I see that you even thought of wearing a bra today. I'll just have to add a bit extra to the cover-up, when I do your face," commented Ann. "What do you mean? You laid the bra on my clothes, so I figured that you wanted me to wear it," replied Eric. Ann explained that she must have picked up more than one bra from her suitcase and that one dropped while she was laying out his clothes. "But Eric, dear, now that you've got it on, I must say that it will add to a more convincing image as a woman. But instead of this sheer bra, let me swap it for one of my padded bras. As long as you are wearing a bra, you might as well wear a bra that gives you a more convincing feminine appearance. With that comment and no objection from Eric, Ann got him one of her red padded bras and helped him to put it on. "Would you like it hooked in the first set of hooks or the third? If I hook it in the third set of hooks, the bra will give you a tighter fit, reminding you that you're wearing a bra. I think that feeling will make you more confident in feeling feminine," suggested Ann.

Ann and Eric were almost ready to leave, when Ann remembered that she thought that Eric should wear the pantyhose to enhance his feminine feeling. "Honey, you're going to have to take your slacks off for a minute. I forgot to lay out something else for you." Ann reached over to her pile of clothes and looked for the pantyhose. "Oh, I see you found the pantyhose.

How sweet. Well, there's no point in wearing pantyhose with slacks, so please take off the slacks while I find you something more appropriate to wear," said Ann. Ann went to the closet and selected one of her short black shirts and a red sweater. She returned to the bed, where Eric was sitting. "Those pantyhose give your tummy a nicer shape. This skirt and sweater will look much better than slacks and blouse," said Ann. At this point, Eric didn't question her any further or resist. Ann gave him a visual check to see how he looked. "You look adorable – so feminine and might I add – sexy! That sweater really gives you a nice shape. Here, slip into these wedge-heels and after I do your make-up, we're ready to hit the Strip. Let's have some fun tonight. It's time for you to enjoy a new experience, even if only for an evening," offered Ann.

Ann got out her make-up and asked Eric to sit down at the vanity. Carefully, she applied some cover-up and foundation to his face. Next, she added some blush. Eric thought she was done, but she told him to sit still. Ann took her mascara and applied it to Eric's lashes. Next, she added some eyeliner. What a dramatic difference! But she wasn't done yet. "OK dear, before you look into the mirror, please put your lips together. Carefully, Ann added a lightly colored red lip-gloss to his lips. "Now you may look." Eric couldn't believe how feminine he looked. He didn't even recognize his face. No one else would ever know it was really 'Eric' they were looking at. His wife was really good with the make-up! As a final touch, Ann got out some red nail-polish and gave his nails a new coating.

"What do you think, dear?" asked Ann. "You're quite good dear. Maybe you should be a beautician," replied Eric. Ann finished getting her make-up done,

then announced that she was almost ready to go. Ann said she had a couple more touches to add to Eric, before heading out. She got out her hair brush and brushed Eric's hair so it freshened up the hair-style he got at the salon, when he had his nails manicured. When she was done, his hair had quite a feminine style again. Ann smiled, "Only one thing missing. With the necklace, bracelet and make-up, you need these," suggested Ann, as she took a pair of earrings out of her purse and clipped them to Eric's ears. Ann added, "Oh, you look so divine. Even without foundation garments, you have a great figure. No one would ever guess that you're not a woman. As a reward for being such a good sport, you may borrow my extra purse for the evening – and oh, with that skirt and those heels you look quite fashionable. Ready to go ERICA?" Eric smiled, "Yes, I'm ready."

And what show did Ann have lined up for the evening? Erica was curious, but thought she would just wait to see what it was. In a few minutes, they arrived at the Imperial Palace. The attendant greeted them and asked how long they were staying, so he knew how close to park their car. "Thank you ladies and enjoy the show." Once inside, they headed for the theater. This time, the attendant's remark, addressing them as ladies, made Erica smile.

Ann & Erica were seated and waited for the show to begin. Ann turned to Erica and whispered, "This time, when the attendant addresses us as women, I noticed you didn't act surprised, in fact, I saw you smile at him. Was he that cute? I must say, you look darling in this outfit. I'd better keep my eyes on you or some guy may try to pick you up. I never got to ask you how you feel dressed as a woman, especially wearing a bra. Does the bra make you feel sexier than the other

clothes?" Erica replied, "Well, let's face it, you did a darn good job of making me look like a woman and yes, the bra is a nice extra touch and it does make me feel sexier – sexy like a woman, I guess. Thanks!" With that remark, Erica gave Ann a little kiss on her cheek, forgetting that people would see "him" – a woman, kissing another woman; but not to fret, women are always giving other women a kiss.

As the lights were lowered, the evening's show was announced. 'Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Frank Marino's DIVAS! We hope you enjoy the show. Now, sit back, relax and enjoy.' It was a most-fitting show for Erica's first appearance as a woman. Nothing could have been better. Erica loved the outfits the performers wore. During the intermission, Ann and Erica discussed which outfits they liked best and why. Ann made a mental note of which outfits Erica liked best. I never know when such information might come in handy, she thought.

After the show, Ann & Erica went to the casino's restaurant for a late-night dinner. The hostess greeted them and asked, "A table for two ladies tonight?" As she looked at Erica, Ann gave her a wink – a wink which said, 'You look very nice as a woman – good job.' Erica smiled back at her and followed Ann to the table. Was "she" imagining things, or were the waiters friendlier to them tonight because they were two women? thought Erica. Erica thought that, usually, they never get treated as nicely as they were being treated this night. Ann too noticed the difference and voiced her observations to Erica. "Maybe I should go out more often with 'Erica', as it seems we get better service that way," teased Ann. Erica just smiled. "Enjoy your meal," Erica replied.

Dinner as a woman was a new experience for Erica. Ann asked what Erica wanted to do after dinner. Before Erica could answer, she added, "Honey, why don't we stroll down the Strip, maybe stop in at a casino and do some gambling, then we can stop at Baskin Robins again for some soft ice cream." Ann wanted Erica to have some time to experience being out in public as a woman. Erica would probably never dress as a woman again, she thought, so she might as well enjoy it for a few more hours. Erica agreed, so off they went, to join the evening parade-of-tourists, on the Strip. Ann & Erica had alot of men checking them out. After walking the Strip for an hour or so, they stepped into a casino for some gambling. "Why don't we stop at the bar for a drink first?" suggested Ann. She wanted to see how Erica would react if things went as she (Ann) thought they would. As they sat down in the bar, Ann said she had to use the restroom. Ann really wanted to leave Erica alone, to see whether a man would try to pick "her" up and how "she" would react if that happened, so she spent much more time in the restroom than usual.

While Ann was in the restroom, a man stopped behind Erica, tapped her on the shoulder and asked, "Is this seat taken?" There was another empty seat on 'her' other side, so Erica thought that this man could have the empty seat. Erica replied, "No, this seat is not taken." The man thanked Erica and sat down next to 'her'. Just about then, Ann stepped out of the restroom. She saw the man sit down and thought that she should give him some time and see what he would do. Ann sat down at a slot-machine, with a good view of Erica. It took only moments for the man to strike up a conversation with Erica, introducing himself as Jeff. Erica introduced herself. After a few minutes, Ann decided that

Erica may need rescuing, so she got up to join Erica. As she sat down, Erica introduced her to the man. "Ann, this is Jeff. He's a local and offered to buy me a drink," stated Erica. Ann replied, "It's so nice to meet you, Jeff. Erica and I work at the same office, so we decided that a weekend in Las Vegas, for a couple of girlfriends, would be fun." "What a great idea. I hope that you are enjoying Las Vegas, but be careful, two lovely women, in Vegas, attract attention," advised Jeff. Jeff then also ordered a drink for Ann. They sat and chatted for almost an hour. When Ann & Erica indicated that it was time for them to leave, Jeff asked Erica whether he could have "her" phone number, stating, "I occasionally go to Sacramento on business and would love to buy you dinner next time I'm in town, if you're open to that." Erica thought that this was a bit more than she bargained for, so she gave Jeff a bogus number. Ann smiled at how clever Erica was. Yes, that's her cop-husband, even if "he" looks like a woman for the moment. It was time for Ann to take her "girlfriend" home, before someone else hit on 'her' – maybe for keeps.

The Las Vegas weekend was a welcome change for Ann & Eric. They had a great time, trying new adventures. Now it was time to fly home. Because of the 9/11 weekend, Ann thought it best not to ask Eric whether he wanted to fly home as Erica. From the looks of how he enjoyed himself, posing as Erica, Ann was afraid, that against better judgment, he might opt for flying home in fem-mode. Ann didn't want Eric to be confronted by edgy security and "outed" by them, so she told Erica that it was time to change back to the old Eric-mode. Truthfully, Eric did wish that he could prolong his experience as Erica, but he didn't want to seem

overly anxious. If he appeared too anxious, Ann may get suspicious and his Plan could be derailed.

Monday morning, Eric could hardly wait to see Gail, as she met him early, which was routine now custom. "Oh Gail, I have so much to tell you," gushed Eric. Eric then told her every detail about the Las Vegas weekend, even showing her his nails, explaining that only hours ago, he had red nails, but Ann took off the red polish and re-did his nails with a clear polish; saying that he should go to the office with a small reminder of his weekend as a woman. Gail responded, "My dear Eric, it seems like you've just made about 20 years progress towards your goal and it appears that your wife may not be so opposed to you becoming a woman – once she finds out that that is your plan. We'll still have to be careful not to rush this, but I think we can proceed a little quicker than planned, because, as you told me, she enjoys seeing you in a feminine-mode. We just don't know yet, how for how long she would like you to be in fem-mode, when your dress up."

Gail had a nice blouse picked out for Eric. Along with his manicured nails, Eric was still wearing his necklace and bracelet, and his hair still had a bit of the weekend touch. He would look quite nice today, at the office. Every day, Gail had a new blouse for Eric and mid-week; she touched up his nail-polish. The staff was now quite accustomed to Eric's new look. Some secretly wondered how long it would be before Eric transitioned, as had Teri.

On Friday, Ann surprised Eric. She laid out Eric's clothes for the office. Instead of the usual men's pants he wore, Ann laid out a pair of the women's slacks, which he had worn in Las Vegas. Eric thought he had



better play this safe, so he thought that he should voice some objection. "Honey, these aren't my regular pants. What's up?" questioned Eric." Ann answered, "You know dear, with the weekend away, it messed up my laundry schedule, so I ran out of pants for you. Would you terribly mind wearing the slacks to work? If any-

one asks why you're wearing them, just tell them that I didn't get the laundry done. After Teri's transition, I don't think anyone will care what you're wearing."

Why did Ann mention the part about Teri's transition? thought Eric. Is she trying to hint at something – that she would like me looking a bit fem on a more permanent basis? Eric didn't think his luck could be that good, so he put it out of his mind. At work, he told Gail about Ann's comments. Gail thought that it was the perfect time to take a bigger step, as to what he would wear home that day. "Eric, today, I want you to keep your blouse on again, when you go home. If Ann says anything, just tell her that I thought that with such lovely fem-slacks, you look much better wearing a blouse than a drab shirt. If she had you "dress up" in Las Vegas, she probably won't have any objection."

During the day, only a couple of employees remarked, to Eric, that they noticed that Ann got him some new clothes in Las Vegas. Carol had a nice compliment, saying that the slacks fit him much better than his pants. Oops, thought Eric, she actually noticed that I'm wearing women's slacks, not just nicer men's pants. A blouse and women's slacks – what is Carol thinking about Eric's new attire? What are the other staff thinking?

Eric decided to follow Gail's suggestion. When it was time to go home, he did not take off his blouse. When he arrived home, Ann greeted him, saying, "I see I have a new man. What happened? Do you already miss being Erica?" Eric replied that when Gail saw him wearing slacks she thought it was more appropriate that he should also wear a blouse, so she ran back to the thrift store and got him a blouse, but with the promise that he wear it home. (Little did Ann know

that Gail had several blouses stashed at the office, for Eric.) Ann seemed satisfied with that explanation. "Alright dear, would you like to add anything else before we go to dinner?" queried Ann. Eric "innocently" asked, "What do you mean – Do I want to add anything?" Ann replied that besides the handbag she thought he should carry, because the slacks had no pockets, he may want to wear something additional – to add a little flavor and reminder of the Las Vegas weekend. Eric was right in thinking that Ann was offering for him to add a touch of something fem, to his appearance. So as not to tip his hand, at the excitement he felt at this offer, he remarked, "I can't think of anything. What did you have in mind, hon?" Ann told him to meet her in the bedroom. "I have a little present for you, my dear. Slip off your slacks." Eric did as she instructed. Then Ann brought out a bag from a lingerie shop. She pulled out a foundation garment – a Veronica 2 garment. "This, my dear, is designed to give those slacks a better fit. You've got a pretty good figure, but women have larger hips and when you wear slacks, they should fit as good on you as they would on a woman. Here, let me help you get the V-2 on." Ann had already answered any question he could have asked her, so he thought it was useless to question why he should wear this garment. After he got the V-2 on, Ann handed him a pair of pantyhose, saying that they would hide the outline of the V-2. Eric slipped on the pantyhose and stood up. He walked over to the mirror to admire his new figure. As he walked towards the mirror, he noticed that his step was different – a lighter step, with a wiggle in his hips. Ann saw it too and remarked, "Step into those heels I got you and you'll be walking like a woman. Women always wish that their man could 'walk in their shoes' so they could feel the

pain of looking glamorous for their husbands. How does that feel?" Eric replied that it was indeed a different feeling, wearing the foundation garment and the heels. He admitted that the pantyhose made his legs feel kind of sexy. "Alright dear, now we're ready for dinner. I thought that we could enjoy the Las Vegas weekend experience one more time. With Ann as his side and handbag over his shoulder, they got into the car and drove to the Olive Garden for dinner.

Eric was at loss as to what to think and what to do. His doctor had told him that crossdressing was something he should explore, in order to reduce his stress. However, he was afraid, especially after Teri's transition, that his wife would object, thinking that if he began to crossdress, he too would want to fully transition. Eric was afraid to lose his wife.

Crossdressing had its appeal and he was beginning to really enjoy it. That alone scared him, at times; but losing his wife, because of crossdressing, was a thought he could not entertain. What to do? Ann & Eric had a fairly quiet dinner, as Eric was pondering these thoughts.

"Honey, I've noticed that you're not your talkative-self tonight. Is something wrong?" asked Ann. Eric thought for a moment before answering. "No dear, wearing these slacks, blouse and heels just made me think of our last weekend in Vegas. I guess I was just reliving those moments," Eric replied.

It was Saturday and Ann decided to test-the-waters, to determine how much Eric really enjoyed the fem weekend in Las Vegas and how much he may still be interested in continuing the fem experience. She took Eric shopping with her. Ann dragged Eric to Macy's, but this was the Macy's Woman's store. They headed

right to the lingerie department. Ann had not asked Eric to wear a blouse or his slacks, so he wouldn't be suspicious about what Ann wanted to buy. Ann thought that if she got him into the lingerie department, without him knowing that she wanted to buy more lingerie for him, it would be easier. So, Eric indeed thought that Ann wanted some more lingerie. She looked at several bras and asked Eric which color he liked best. Eric said that he always liked black and red, so Ann bought several 36-C bras in those colors for her. Then she moved over a table or two, to the 38-C bras. First, Ann picked out several sheer bras in Eric's size. Next, she picked up several padded bras in red and black. Eric noticed and asked why she was looking at the padded bras. Ann replied, "Well dear, I saw how much you enjoyed the weekend in Las Vegas and I thought how fortunate it was that one of my old padded bras was still in my suitcase. That bra made a real difference in your appearance. I just thought that if we ever go there again, I would enjoy going there with Erica and Erica should look as lady-like as possible." Eric couldn't believe his ears. Did he really hear that Ann was thinking about "dressing" him up again as Erica? Wow, maybe Teri's crossdressing really had an affect on her. Maybe she thought that he looks better as a woman than as a man. But what if he transitioned – would she still love him - at least as a girlfriend? Too many thoughts were flooding his mind. Ann noticed that Eric seemed zoned-out. "Eric, Eric, pay attention. Let's go to the dressing room and have you try these on. The sheer bras fit just fine, but the padded bras were the bras Eric craved. He had to conceal his excitement, so he pretended to not be greatly interested in trying them on. Bra-fitting complete, Ann walked over

to the panty section and grabbed another pack, along with more pantyhose – for both.

Purchases in hand, Ann & Eric departed Macy's. Ann thought, that for the moment, she had bought enough lingerie for Eric. Although she thought that Eric looked better in some nicer – yes feminine slacks and shirt-blouses, but she didn't want him to think that she wanted him to dress totally as a woman at home or at work. A sort of androgynous look – a bit effeminate – instead of super-macho, was the style she was looking for at the moment.

Sunday, Ann & Eric got up early for church. Ann would have loved to have Eric looking more refined – OK, a bit fem, because most folks dress up nicer for church, but she thought that because Mark & Janie saw them in Las Vegas, she had better not dress Eric in anything but his normal macho clothes. Ann didn't want to have Mark & Janie think that Eric was dressing fem on a regular basis. That would be too embarrassing, because the Halls might think that she had other sexual preferences. After church, the Halls came over to greet them and ask whether they could join them for lunch at Marie Calendar's.

As they entered the restaurant, Janie told Mark to ask for a secluded booth. Once seated, they exchanged the latest news about their kids, the pending Harvest Festival and even Christmas plans. Half-way through lunch, Janie turned to Ann and commented, "If you don't mind my saying so, Eric looked really nice in Las Vegas. I thought that you had turned a new leaf with him. I know you've always wished that he didn't dress so proper, so conservative, just because he's in law-enforcement. I really expected to see him in church today, in his new attire. What happened? Did he resist the

change?" Ann answered, "No, Eric didn't resist. I didn't ask him to dress that way today because I thought that too many of the folks at church would view it as strange, at best, and even deviant, for the more conservative folks. Eric was quite uncomfortable when I suggested that he try a new style of clothes, but after a few days in Las Vegas, he began to get into it and seemed to enjoy it. If people didn't think it was strange, that a man dress a bit fem, I'd have him dress that way all the time. Finer clothes give Eric an entire different appearance and that affects his attitude and mood. He doesn't put on his macho-act when dressed in something fem. He's a much gentler, more sensitive and relaxed when he's in some fem clothes." Janie responded, "Oh dear, I know what you mean. I've been thinking the same about Mark. He has such a tough responsibility, comforting dying folks, dealing with divorce-counseling, listening to hardships stories because of people's financial struggles, etc. – and through it all, he has to put on a strong front. He can't let people think that he is weak – not a real macho man; a strong man who can handle anything. I often think that his job is going to kill him because of stress. He needs something to divert his mind from the stress he has to deal with every day. Maybe we could do dinner at your house one week and our house the following week and maybe you could get Eric to dress up nice for dinner, so Mark could see that a manly-man can also appreciate the finer things in life. Maybe, in time, I could get Mark to follow his example." "What a great idea. Let me work on that," replied Ann.

Halloween, or Harvest Festival, as celebrated by church-folks, was soon coming up. At work, that didn't go un-noticed. A Halloween dress-up day was office-tradition. Gail thought that this would be the per-

fect opportunity to give the men a chance to try something different. Ann met with Carol and said that she had a Halloween dress-up idea. She told Carol, that instead of everyone dressing as some Hollywood star, or some movie character, the theme should be: "Walking a Mile in your Spouse's Shoes." She explained that her idea was that all the women would dress as men and the men would dress as women. (Yes, of course you expected this; but hold on; this could be a true story if you take the clue.) To encourage participation by everyone, they would have a sizeable cash prize for best-dressed in each category. And to give everyone plenty of time to prepare, they would announce it today. Eric was sick and not at work today, so he would miss the announcement. When the announcement was made, there were some groans from the men and one person was heard mumbling something about Eric really looking forward to Halloween. Gail overheard the comment and retorted, "What are you afraid of? Do you think you might enjoy dressing as a woman more than anyone else here? I'm betting you dinner that you can't look half as good as Eric, or some of the other guys. I think you're just jealous."

Well, that night was a big buzz at everyone's house, as they told their spouses about the office Halloween plans. Generally, the wives were more enthused about dressing their husbands as women, than the wives were about having to dress as men. Of course, the women took charge in planning for the office party. Men don't get into dressing up as women do, because women regularly wear, what used to be considered strictly men's-wear – jeans, shirts, pants, etc; so if this party was going to be a success, the women had to make it happen. As much as they disliked dressing totally as men, that dislike was offset by them being able

to see their husbands dressed in something other than their Wrangler jeans. Yes, this would be fun – especially because law enforcement guys always view themselves as the toughest guys on the block – and too often act that way.

When Eric returned to work, Gail couldn't wait to tell him about the Halloween dress-up contest. "Eric, we can use this to your advantage. We can add a bit more to your appearance, maybe daily, and at most, the staff may think that you're trying to get into the groove for Halloween. In fact, after what you told me about your Las Vegas weekend, you could tell Ann that you want to get some practice, so when Halloween comes, you won't have to suddenly change gears. That way, Ann will get used to seeing you in a more fem appearance, on a daily basis, as will the staff, while you're making progress towards your ultimate goal," stated Gail. Of course, Eric thought this was a great idea. Everyday, the idea of looking like a woman, yes, maybe even being a woman some day, was warming up his heart. These feelings couldn't just be the result of him knowing that his health would improve if he lowered his stress. There was something else inside of his being – something which seemed to crave being a woman – all woman. Did he survive all these years not knowing that he was born in the wrong body? Or was he just so taken by how nice he looked as a woman that this was some fantasy that would soon pass?

That night, Eric told Ann about the office Halloween contest. Wow, Ann couldn't believe it. This would be her opportunity to make the change in Eric's personality that she was looking for. After the weekend in Las Vegas, Ann was convinced that a fem-appearance, on a permanent basis, would be better for Eric's health, because it greatly reduced his stress by not having to act

macho. And besides, in fem-mode, Erica was more loving, more sensitive, and more fun. Oh yes, Ann was also looking forward to Halloween!

The next morning, Ann suggested that Eric wear the slacks again, along with a blouse-shirt (as she sometimes called his blouses). Eric didn't question it. Instead, he replied, "I see that you really want me to win this contest, getting me into the mood early. Isn't that cheating?" Ann responded, "There are no rules that say you can't get an early start. I want us to win this contest. We could use the money for another weekend in Las Vegas, but that will only happen if you are the best "woman" in the office, on Halloween."

Gail was already at the office when Eric arrived. Today he arrived late, as Gail discovered, because he didn't have to change into a blouse – he was already wearing one, along with women's slacks. "My, my, don't you look sweet today! How did you manage that?" asked Gail. Eric told her that Ann wanted to him to win the contest, so she thought that, because the rules didn't prohibit it, he should get an early start, getting accustomed to being in fem attire.

The following week started with Ann again laying out a blouse and slacks for Eric. By mid-week, she also added panties. By end of that week, she had him wearing the V-2 garment under his slacks. The comments in the office were numerous. "I see you're getting into the contest early." Another said, "So, did Teri's transition affect you that much?" And Carol stated, "Well boss, I must admit that I like you much better with the softer touch that your new attire gives you. Some day, you might want to be a woman – be careful, dear." Wow, that comment from Carol really hit him. Was his desire

to be a woman becoming obvious to others, or was she just teasing him?

When he got home, Eric shared the employee's comments with Ann. Ann told him that the guys were just jealous and afraid that he would win the contest. She told him that he should not be deterred from trying to win the contest. "Eric, instead of giving in to them, let's make an extra effort to win this," coaxed Ann. Eric thought that Ann was very understanding and encouraging.

For work, the next morning, Ann laid out Eric's clothes – panties, the V-2 garment, pantyhose, and slacks – and something else – a sheer bra, along with his blouse. Eric looked at the selection of clothes and it created a deep warm, peaceful feeling. But a bra – wasn't that pushing it a bit? Eric asked Ann about the bra. Ann said that she thought he should wear the bra so that he would feel more feminine – like in Las Vegas. The more time he had to adjust to feeling feminine, the more successful he would be, acting as a woman, the day he would be totally dressed as a woman. Ann told Eric that because it was a sheer bra, it would not be readily noticeable under his blouse. Unless someone really looked closely, even the bra straps were not noticeable. Eric put on the bra, then checked himself in the mirror. He couldn't see the bra-strap outline, so he felt better about wearing it. Oh yes, Ann also had him wear the wedge-heels. For the moment, Gail's job, of getting Eric dressed at the office, was over. But Gail was happy that her plan for the Halloween contest was helping Eric to get feminized quicker – and that, with Ann's help, but without her direct knowledge.

Gail could detect Eric's deep desire to become a woman, not because the doctor prescribed it, but be-

cause she saw a woman deep inside Eric – a woman who yearned to be expressed. She saw it from early-on when Teri was transitioning. She noticed the longing glances Eric would have towards Teri and heard some of the compliments Eric gave her during the transition. On the other hand, Ann was simply interested in getting Eric a bit feminized, so that he would be a gentler, more refined person.

It was Friday and only two weeks before the Halloween dress-up contest. Ann decided that it was time for some more effort, to win the contest. For her to look like Eric, for the contest, would not be difficult; but for a man to look and act convincingly as a woman, takes much more effort and practice. Ann decided that she needed to get some more items for Eric's transformation. During her lunch-break, she went to a prosthetics shop. There she selected some 38-D breast-forms and bras. Her next stop was for make-up. She knew what Eric's skin-tone was, so she got the appropriate beard-concealer, foundation, blush, mascara, eyeliner, brow-liner, lipstick and a darker red nail-polish. As a last purchase, Ann bought, what she considered, the most important item – a very high-quality, expensive blond wig.

When Eric got home, Ann showed him what she had purchased. Eric was amazed. He commented, "You really want me to win the contest? What if I don't?" "Well dear, then we'll just make good use of this stuff some weekend – even if the weekend isn't in Las Vegas. And starting Monday, I want you to go to work fully dressed as a woman; however, we'll wait until the contest-day to display you in your FULL feminine glory.

Eric couldn't believe what Ann had said. Here he was, "secretly" wearing a blouse at work, thinking that if Ann knew, she would object and now Ann was talking about him dressing as a woman this weekend and then every day until Halloween. What caused Ann to be so open to him looking like a woman? Did she detect an inner need in him, that he wanted to be a woman? It couldn't just be about winning the office dress-up contest – could it? They say that women have a sixth-sense. Did she sense his real need?

With all of the additional items Ann purchased, the next week, at work would find them being put to good use. Eric had already worn a blouse, slacks and heels to work, so it was time to add to that. But first – the weekend.

Saturday morning, Ann decided that Eric's nails should look feminine, so she shaped them again and coated them with a lightly-colored polish. She also brushed out his hair in a more feminine style. Ann told Eric, that starting now; she wanted him to dress fully as a woman, explaining that he would need the time to get his gait and mannerisms practiced, so he would "pass" really well as a woman, on Halloween. Ann decided that going out in public, would be good practice for Eric, so she decided that they would spend the entire day out shopping, and eating out. She told Eric to shave again, when taking his shower. Meanwhile, she laid out his clothes for the day – a black padded bra, black panties, a black and white blouse, off-black pantyhose, the V-2 undergarment, black slacks and his wedge heels. After getting dressed, Ann sat Eric down at the vanity and began her transformation, applying all the make-up she bought. After she brushed his hair to a nice feminine style, she announced – "Done." Eric looked in the mirror and couldn't believe what he saw.

Eric thought that he just might have a chance to win the contest. He only considered one other guy capable of looking better than him, as a woman, providing that his wife put as much time and attention into his transformation, as did Ann.

Today was Erica-day. All day, Ann & Erica went from store-to-store, at three different Malls, not because they thought they would find something different at each Mall, but simply so Eric would get exposure and experience being out-in-public, as Erica – a woman. At one of the Macy's make-up counters, Ann bought some false eyelashes. At a leather shop, she purchased a purse. Then a thought came to her. In the window at Ann Taylor's, she saw four window-models sporting short skirts and sun-dresses. Yes, it was their Fall-clearance. The weather was still warm and these skirts were on sale. Ann dragged Erica into the shop. After almost an hour of looking and trying on various skirts, Ann settled on five skirts, three sun-dresses and two regular dresses, for Erica. Dresses! – That gave Ann another thought. With dresses, Erica would need high-heel dress shoes, not wedge-heels. So, Ann picked out three pair of heels for Erica.

Early afternoon, Ann decided that they should stop at the house for a quick nap and to freshen up before going out for dinner. Getting ready for dinner, Gail decided to pull out all stops. She got Erica into sexy black panties, her V-2 foundation undergarment, black pantyhose, a black bra, along with the 38-D breast-forms, a black skirt with a satiny white blouse and full make-up – concealer, foundation, blush, eye-liner, eye-shadow, mascara, lipstick – and the wig. Tonight, they were going to the Fire House for dinner – one of Sacramento's finest restaurants. There, people check each other out to see who is best-dressed, and

the women always come 'dressed-to-the-nines'. Politicians are seen there on a regular basis.

Eric was shocked to see how nice – almost gorgeous – he looked. Truth-be-known, he really did think that he looked gorgeous. Ann commented, “Erica, you look absolutely terrific – so feminine. I hope you feel feminine and sexy. If you do, you will enjoy this night even more than you did your experience in Las Vegas.

Before heading to the Fire House, Ann decided that they should stop at the Mall for some gold earrings, for Erica. Ann & Erica were halfway through the Mall, when suddenly, someone called out, “Hi Ann.” Ann and Erica turned and couldn't believe who was there – it was the Halls, from church. Oh dear, the last time they ran into the Halls was in Las Vegas and Eric was in a fem-mode. And to see him again, in fem-mode, what would the Halls think? How would they react? Taking a deep breath, Ann knew it was time, again, to face-the-music. Yes, that was the appropriate choice of words, thought Ann, because Mark was their Minister of Music. “Well Hi there. How are you guys doing?” greeted Ann. Janie returned the greeting, “We're doing well. We're just out doing some window-shopping. You know how challenging these times are economically – can't afford to buy much. I see that you've spent your monthly budget getting Eric spruced up. I guess we shouldn't refer to her as Eric, looking so lovely. What name does she go by?” “ERICA,” replied Ann. Janie continued, “ERICA! I should have thought of that. It's the logical choice for her fem-name, and so fitting. And by-the-way, the wig makes you look exceptionally feminine.

“Well Erica, it's so nice to meet you! I must say that Ann has you polished up very nicely. You make a very

convincing woman, my dear. I'm glad to see that you're happy in your new mode. I wished I could get Mark to look trendier, but he thinks his Wrangler-look is just fine. What's the occasion for her looking so nice?" Ann quickly explained that at the office Halloween party, the men had to dress as women and the women, as men; so she wanted "Erica to get some practice, as the top prize was quite rewarding.

Looking like that, I know you'll win the office contest. Maybe some day the church-staff could have a party like that. I'd love to see how Mark would look as a woman. Good luck, my dear. You look gorgeous," commented Janie.

Mark and "Erica" quickly exchanged 'hellos' and, under the circumstances, were content to let the women do the chatting. Ann was concerned that having Eric look like a woman could lead the Halls to think that she and Eric enjoyed this feminine escapade for other reasons. Ann did not want to tip her hand, that indeed she wanted to feminize Eric, on a permanent basis, so she thought that some further, erroneous, explanation should be given.

"Janie, it's not what you think – Eric looking like Erica. As I mentioned, his office is having a Halloween dress-up contest, but regardless of who wins, they all have to participate, so I thought that if Eric has to look like a woman, he might as well get some practice. I don't want him to be embarrassed by looking like a "queen", so I thought that getting started early would be beneficial. Because he has to dress as a woman, I want him to look like a woman.

Mark was now listening carefully to Ann. He remarked, "So that's why we saw you in Leg Vegas, in almost this same mode." Mark thought that he would

spare Eric the pain of using words like “fem” or “feminine” when describing Eric’s appearance. Little did he know that Eric was not embarrassed about his feminine appearance. Although the official reason, for his being “dressed” was a contest, Eric was getting to love looking feminine, more and more. Yes, he did feel feminine and sexy and meeting Mark, one of his most conservative friends, excited him. It made him feel even more feminine, for Mark to see him in his fem-attire and this feeling confirmed that he should be a woman. Erica had a desire, no, a need for others to see the real person – the woman within. Others seeing him as a woman had no clue that he really wasn’t a woman, but instead, a quite conservative guy. As they were ready to part, Mark stated, “Well, I expect that I’ll see you guys at church tomorrow. And coming dressed as Erica will be perfectly fine. In fact, I expect it. I don’t want you to miss church because you think that you have to interrupt your weekend as Erica, in order to attend church. Don’t be late.” Ann quickly replied, “Oh, I don’t think ERIC will be there. After a long day out in heels, he won’t be in any condition to be out tomorrow. Besides, his sister came in from Reno. Most likely, I’ll bring her to church instead of Eric.”

As soon as they were out of the Mall, Erica asked Ann why she told that lie to Mark. “Honey, when Mark said that he expected to see you in church, as “Erica”, it dawned on me that he was giving you permission, even officially inviting you to attend as a woman. Inviting you to come “dressed as you are” was an invitation to come dressed as a woman. Did you notice that when he invited you, he referred to you as “Erica”, not Eric? Had he said that he expected to see ‘Eric’ at church tomorrow, it would have been a hint, that although you seem to have an excuse for looking like a woman, at the

moment, he expected you to clean up and attend church as a man. He didn't do that. Let's have some fun with this, especially because now he is not expecting Erica," answered Ann.

Ann and Erica had a wonderful, even romantic dinner at the Fire House. And, although folks dress very nicely to have dinner there, Ann and Erica were among the best-dressed. The waiters treated them superbly and the dinner was beyond description. Ann and Erica got a lot of looks from the men, which made Erica feel very feminine. Erica's feminine feelings were boosted because the men seemed to find her attractive, giving her big smiles as they passed her, on the way to the restroom. In fact, one man made two trips past Ann and Erica's table and gave her a very obvious sexy smile as he passed her. Ann noticed it and commented, "Good thing I'm here with you. The way you two looked at each other, I suspect you would be going home with him if you were alone. I can't blame him for lusting after you. He sees a very sexy and gorgeous woman – little does he know.

Ann got Eric up very early Sunday morning. She knew what she had planned. Today, the full "Erica" would make her public appearance at church. Ann laid out "Erica's" lingerie and fem clothes. She decided to give Erica a very feminine look. Today it would be a short skirt and her sexiest blouse, with matching high heels. But there was more! Ann told "Erica" to let her know when she was ready to put on her bra. Soon, "Erica" called to Ann that she was ready. Ann entered the bedroom with the breast-forms. "Erica" looked to see what she had. Ann told "Erica" to lie down on the bed. Ann opened the boxes and took out the breast-forms. She showed them to Erica and told her that this time, she had attached an adhesive, which

would last up to two weeks, even through taking a shower. She then pressed the breast-forms onto Erica's chest. "What was wrong with the non-sticking breast-forms?" asked "Erica". "Oh Honey, wait until you stand up and put on your bra. There's nothing like guiding your breasts into a sexy bra, instead of stuffing your bra after you already have it on. Guiding "your" breasts into your bra will give you a much more feminine feeling and that will boost your confidence when you're out as a woman. When you walk, you'll see that they move, look and feel like real breasts. Padded bras are easy to spot, and inserts still don't move quite as naturally as breasts, but these attached breast-forms will make you look as if you really have breasts, not to mention they will give you the greatest feminine feeling you've ever had; aside from sex as a woman," explained Ann. When "Erica" stood up, she indeed felt differently. The weight of the breasts instantly told her that she had a new addition to her body – an addition which draws the attention of men, like bees-to-honey. Ann commented, "From now on, I will refer to you only as ERICA, because that is who I want you to think of yourself as and you need to get used to being addressed as a female.

Ann spent more time on Erica's make-up than ever before. She wanted it to look perfect. And when she was done – from the false eye-lashes to the deeper red nail polish – there was no more Eric visible – the figure was totally ERICA. A spray of Charlie completed Ann's efforts. "Erica announced, "Ready to go." "Not so quick, dear. We can't forget your wig," said Ann. With that, she went to the closet and picked up a large box from the shelf. She walked over to Erica and placed the blond hair on her head, adjusting it as necessary. "OK dear, now we're ready." Erica almost fainted. She

looked gorgeous. "Honey, I think I'm ready for church," squealed Erica. Ann answered, "Yes you are, dear. And think about it. Mark is expecting to see me at church today, with your sister. Let's see whether he thinks you are "the sister" or whether he recognizes you." "What a wild idea! You are so devious. I'd better watch you. Next thing I know, you'll be talking me into a sex-change," remarked Erica. "I would if I could – if it were only that easy, so be careful what you wish for. I've been waiting for a long time to see you looking this feminine," joked Ann. "Now, let's go to church and slay some dragons. I can't wait to see Mark & Janie's reactions, when they meet you. It will be the acid-test for your "coming out" as a woman. You may never want to be Eric again," added Ann.

On the way to church, Erica ran Ann's comments through her mind. What was Ann kidding about "being careful what you wish for"? Was she kidding about "waiting a long time to see you this feminine"? But, above all, was she kidding about a "sex-change, if were only that easy"? Erica always heard that there is some truth couched in all joking. So, if she enjoyed seeing him in fem-mode, what brought on this feeling in her? Regardless of why Ann felt that way, Erica was secretly thrilled at the prospect that Ann may want to further feminize 'her'.

Ann & Erica arrived at church just seconds before the service began. Ann timed it that way, so they wouldn't have to greet anyone before the service. She thought that after church, there would be plenty of time for that. Besides, during the service, she wanted to observe whether anyone was taking second glances at Erica, perhaps indicating that they recognized who she is. Ann detected no unusual glances at Erica. While Ann was pre-occupied with her thoughts, Erica was en-

joying worshiping as a woman. Her mind was flooded with thoughts of praise – secret praise that at last she had the opportunity to finally worship in feminine mode - the mode that her heart was in tune with. Erica felt that God knew her heart and long ago knew that she felt like a woman, in her heart. To be worshipping, today, as a woman, fulfilled a deep longing in her heart. Oh how she wanted to share that feeling with Ann, but how would Ann react?

After the service, Ann greeted people as usual. Ann decided on a bold move. She introduced Erica to everyone as Eric's sister. People said that they were glad to meet Eric's sister and some even commented how clever it was of her parents to name their son 'Eric' and their daughter 'Erica'. One couple asked Erica, "Did your parents ever mistakenly refer to you as Eric?" "Oh yes! All the time," replied Erica – secretly laughing inside.

And finally, it happened – Pastor Mark & Janie were at the door, greeting people as they left. Ann & Erica approached them. "Well, Ann it's so nice to see you, as always; and this must be Eric's sister, greeted Mark. "Ann replied, "Thank you, likewise, it's so nice to see you, and yes, this is Erica, Eric's sister." "It's so nice to meet you, Erica," said Ann. Mark added, "It's too bad Eric couldn't join you. Would you lovely ladies care to join us for lunch at the Twin Dragon?" Before Erica could decline, Ann replied, "Yes, that would be wonderful. Both Erica and I love Chinese food. We'll save a table for the four of us."

As they departed the parking lot, Erica asked Ann what she was thinking, accepting that invitation. Ann remarked, "Erica, neither Mark nor Janie appeared to recognize you. What better test, of your femininity,

than to have lunch with the Halls and see how long it takes them to recognize you, if they even do. Let's enjoy this and look at it as your "coming out" celebration. Sunday is the perfect day to be happy and full of joy, so give them your best feminine smile. Erica, you look so sweet, so much like a woman – sexy and feminine – I wished I could freeze you and keep you this way forever. Maybe we could get the church to take up an offering to get you a sex-change. How would you like that, sweetie?" Erica didn't know how to answer Ann. Once again, Ann was talking about him being feminine on a more permanent basis. Why did she make those comments? "Her appearance as "Erica" was in preparation for the office party. Did Ann forget that? But Erica had to be careful with her response. One slip of the tongue and Ann would know that being a woman is exactly what "he" desired. Oh how "he" wanted to tell her that – right now. "Erica" felt like 'she' couldn't keep the secret much longer.

Ann & Erica arrived at the Twin Dragon and got a table for four. Soon, the Halls joined them. Erica knew that she would have to be prepared with some sort of a history as Eric's sister, so, in 'her' mind, 'she' came up with some tall tales. During dinner, both couples were fairly quiet, so Erica didn't have to speak. As they finished eating, Mark looked at Erica and asked, "So, did your parents ever confuse you and your brother? You look so much alike and even your names are similar. I feel as if I've met you before." In the best feminine voice 'she' could manage, Erica replied, "Yes, my parents often referred to me as Eric. When that happened, my brother had to remind them that he didn't look as nice. Secretly, because he felt that I got more attention, I think he wanted to be a girl." Mark responded, "Well I think that Eric is jealous of your looks, even today. We

saw him a few months ago, in Las Vegas and he looked as if he was striving for your looks. I think he's paying you a great compliment in doing so, but don't tell him what I told you." Erica gave him the biggest smile she had ever mustered as a woman, as if she was smiling at a man who just made a 'pass' at her and replied, "Honey, my lips are sealed." "Thanks," replied Mark.

Lunch was over and Ann offered to pay – for being so nice to invite us and for being so kind to Erica. She is considering moving here, so she'll need some friends. Let's call this lunch to "future friendship with Erica". The Halls thanked Ann and said good-bye to her and Erica.

As they were walking to their car, Ann decided that Erica needed another feminine experience to boost her feminine confidence. Before they went too far in the parking lot, Ann called to Janie, "Janie, do you have a minute?" Janie and Mark stopped. Without a warning to Erica, Ann gently pulled her along towards the Halls. When they reached the Halls, Janie said, "Mark, Janie; you missed something this morning." Mark & Janie looked at each other with puzzled looks. "What did we miss?" asked Mark, with a serious and concerned look. Ann responded, "Mark, Janie; I'd like you to meet ERICA, my spouse." The look on the Hall's faces was priceless! For what seemed like minutes, neither one was able to speak. Ann came to their rescue. "While you catch your breath, why don't you drive over and join us at our house for dessert," she offered. "We'll do just that," replied Janie.

At Erica's house, Ann explained how she always wished that she could get Eric to look a bit nicer and get him out of his Wranglers, into something trendy, but that because of his career, he seemed impossible to

budge out of his conservative mode. She explained that he came home one day, wearing a blouse-shirt, because he spilled ink on his shirt and one of the women got a shirt-blouse for him from a thrift shop – an emergency substitute. Ann explained that the minute she saw his shirt-blouse, she liked how it made him look more refined. Ann continued to fill them in on all the details, up to the day they met in Las Vegas and then told them about the office Halloween role-switching and dress-up day. Ann then confided that once she got into the spirit of the upcoming contest, she enjoyed seeing Eric in a feminine style more and more.

Erica sat there, speechless, but inside she was experiencing a deep satisfaction. Their closest friends were now aware of “his” crossdressing. Regardless of why they thought that ‘she’ crossdressed, they now knew and Erica knew that ‘she’ didn’t have to hide it from them anymore. What a relief that was! Erica felt free – freedom to be a woman!

Ann spoke again, “Mark, Janie, what if after all this practice and the ‘dress-up’ day, I still find that I want to continue to see Eric as Erica. I know that right now, because of the contest, I’m enjoying seeing him in fem-mode because I want to see him win the contest; but after there is no more reason for him to dress in fem-clothing, would it be wrong if I still enjoyed seeing Erica rather than Eric?” Mark pondered that question for a moment. He searched his mind to see whether he could remember anything in Scripture, addressing such topic. Finally he answered, “Ann, what you and your spouse do is a private matter. I don’t see that the church could object. Heaven knows there are plenty of things we do, as church members, that are not against Scripture, but no doubt, someone would object. If enjoying your spouse as “Erica” is what you desire and

he, or rather 'she', accepts that, then I see nothing to stop you from enjoying each other in that manner. In fact, I want to invite Erica to join us at church at any-time. Can I expect to see her at church again next Sunday?"

Mark added, "Ann, in further response to your question; crossdressing was prohibited in the Old Testament (although for entirely different reasons than what most people assume), but in the New Testament, there is no such prohibition and, in fact, crossdressing was not ever mentioned again. Additionally, we must remember that we are no longer under the [Old Testament] Law, but under [New Testament] Grace." Mark assured them that in the New Testament, in Romans, Chapter 1, God had Paul list the life-styles which were not acceptable, if one wanted to "inherit eternal life", but crossdressing was not among them. Mark added, "I don't see that the church could object, on any Biblical grounds, to how you express yourself, by dressing as a woman."

Erica just had to speak. "Mark, you don't know how much that means to me! We've been friends for a long time and you were the last one I wanted to meet in this mode, because I was afraid of your reaction. This all started innocently with an accident at the office, when a co-worker offered me a shirt-blouse when I ruined my shirt with ink. Then the coming Halloween party allowed me to continue to delve into my new encounter with feminine apparel. As I got into the spirit of the Halloween competition, my spirit was awakened to an inside feeling I had managed to suppress until now – that I had yearnings of femininity. I'm so glad for your openness and acceptance and yes,

you will most likely see Erica at church in the future. And if Janie ever suggests to you, that you try something new, like wearing a blouse around the house, don't balk at her suggestion. You may find a new fulfillment that you didn't even know existed." "Thanks, I'll keep that in mind. If I thought I would look half as good as you, maybe Janie could tempt me with such a suggestion," replied Mark.

Then it was Janie's turn to speak. "Ann, if it means anything to you, I must say that when I first saw Erica in Las Vegas, I hoped that you would continue with Erica's feminization. I could tell from the look on 'her' face, that dressing as a woman was not just a Las Vegas-event. I saw in 'her' eyes that 'she' was truly enjoying being perceived as a woman, although today you look a million times better – so feminine, so sexy, that you even fooled us.

When the Halls left, Ann and Erica hugged each other, and then kissed for a long time. That's all they could do after such an unexpectedly pleasant time with their friends. Their chat with the Halls made them feel more relaxed about Eric's dressing as a woman.

Ann spoke first, "Honey, now that you feel more comfortable, because your best friend didn't stone you, I think you know what should follow. Tomorrow and for the entire week, I think you should live 24/7 as Erica. We won't show all of our cards to your staff, because we'll save the best for last, as we did today, but you can go to work as Erica, in a subdued mode, each day.

Monday morning, Gail was waiting to see what changes Eric had made for work. When she saw him, she marveled at how nice he looked. Erica couldn't wait to tell Gail all that had transpired over the week-

end. Gail beamed, "You look so nice, so feminine. Who would have ever thought that Eric could become such a sexy woman? And to think that instead of me secretly helping you on the road to womanhood, your wife has been responsible for your transformation! That's truly amazing. It's true: Behind every successful man is a good woman. May I add that behind the new Erica is a very special woman! The new look really suits you perfectly. You are a natural, presenting as a woman and a sexy woman at that!"

For the next two days, Eric went to work as Erica. But, even as Erica, 'she' was not wearing all the accessories that 'she' would wear on Halloween. Eric wore only 'her' padded bras, not 'her' breast-forms. 'She' still wore slacks and wedge-heels, not a skirt and heels. And, Erica did not wear 'her' eyelashes or 'her' wig. Instead, Ann set 'her' hair, which was now quite long and very "passable" as a feminine style.

Erica got more comments from the staff, mostly positive, but some snickers were heard from a few guys. Joe commented to Carol, "I wonder how long it will be before he becomes a woman, like Teri. He may even look better than Teri, as a woman." Carol told Joe to stop being jealous. She added, "It wouldn't hurt you to get in touch with your feminine side, so that you aren't such a macho jerk all the time. I'm waiting to see how ugly you'll look as a woman, for Halloween. Don't forget to wear a mask! I'd be really upset about your comments, but I know, that unlike Eric, you're not man enough to be a woman!" That quieted him.

For Wednesday evening, Ann had an appointment set at a beauty salon, so after work, she took Erica to the salon. (The beautician did not know that Erica was not a genetic woman.) It was time for one more im-

provement – pierced ears. The beautician assured Erica that for Friday, it would be OK for her to wear earrings instead of just the posts, as long as she took the earrings off at night and re-inserted the posts. After Erica got ‘her’ ears pierced, Ann selected a darling pair of long gold earrings for ‘her’.

On Thursday, Ann decided that she would throw the men at the office a curve, by letting them think they knew what Erica would wear on Friday, for the contest. Ann laid out one of the short skirts for Erica. But aside from that change, Erica still wore a padded bra, wedge-heels and no false eyelashes. When Erica arrived at the office, not many were surprised to see her looking so feminine. The guys were really worried that they had no chance to beat her in the contest. Some were openly jealous and made comments like: “That bitch is going to be impossible to beat. We’d have to get sex-changes and feminization surgery to beat her.” It was interesting that they didn’t refer to their boss as Eric or “he” anymore. I hope they hold on to their panties. More surprises were coming.

The BIG day – Halloween - had arrived. Ann got Eric – oops – Erica, up at 4 a.m. It would take considerable time to get Erica dolled up for her debut as a woman. For the office it was a contest, but for Ann, it was the beginning of a new life for Erica and she wanted that day to be the most rewarding and fulfilling – the best day of Erica’s new life as a woman.

Today, it was time for Erica to finally wear the breast forms again. After Ann attached the breast-forms and got out one of the new bras, designed especially to securely hold breast-forms. It was a lace-trimmed bra and in black, it looked super-sexy. Any man would offer to help Erica to take her bra off –

If they only knew. After putting on her V-2 foundation garment, and her nude pantyhose, Ann had Erica sit at the vanity. Ann put forth her best effort ever, in applying Erica's make-up - cover-up, foundation, blush, false eyelashes, eye-liner, eye-shadow, mascara, red lipstick and the long dangly gold earrings.



Next, Ann carefully attached red acrylic nails, which matched the lipstick, to Erica's finger tips. What a difference that made. The nails gave Erica an even sexier feminine look. Yesterday, Ann put Erica in a short skirt. Today, it was time to go all-out and throw that curve-ball to the staff. Ann got out the sexiest dress she purchased for Erica recently. A black half-slip was added for proper looks, because the dress was quite sheer. The dress had a nice plunging neckline, which nicely displayed Erica's cleavage. When she walked, her breasts moved like real breasts. The men wouldn't be able to resist lusting after her – and, in a way, that was Ann's intent. Ann wanted Erica to look so feminine that even the women would lust after her. It was Erica's feminine image that got Ann sexually excited and the more feminine Erica looked, the more Ann enjoyed her fantasy.

Before declaring Erica ready for her office-appearance, Ann got out Erica's new dress-heels and the gorgeous blond wig. But wait, there was more. To top-off the perfect feminine-image, Ann reached into her purse and took out a most lovely lady's gold watch. She fastened it around Erica's wrist. And, for perhaps the biggest surprise, she reached into her purse again, producing a diamond engagement-ring. A ring any woman would covet. "Honey, I think you look gorgeous – totally like a woman and oh, so sexy! Let me add some perfume and you'll smell as lovely as you look."

As Ann looked at Erica, and when Erica saw herself in the mirror, they both let out a loud scream: "OMG! What a fox! Is that me?" asked Erica. "Yes dear, that's the new Erica and I hope that she will become my best friend. You look so sexy, so much a woman, I hate for you to leave the house. I'd really like to have my way

with you right now. I'm worried that someone may claim you for their wife, before you get to return. Be careful. I can be a very jealous spouse," chided Ann.

As Erica had done a few months earlier, she arrived at the office early, knowing that Gail would be waiting to see how she looked. Gail could not believe her eyes. "I don't know what to say! If you ever come back to the office as a guy, I will beat the tar out of you. Now I know why you weren't exactly opposed to your doctor's orders to crossdress. The woman inside of you was crying to get out. No wonder you were so stressed. It wasn't all work-stress. It was the stress of not being the person on the outside that you are on the inside. It was really your desire to be a woman that drove you on your mission – your Plan. Now that I've discovered your secret, I'm going to make sure that the only person I see in the future, in the office is Erica," remarked Gail. Erica replied, "I feel the same way, but let's see how the day goes before we make further plans."

Do we need to say that Erica won First Place? There wasn't even a close second, although Second Place went to Joe, whose wife made sure that he wouldn't look like a drag-queen. After Joe told her about the events at the office and about his conversation with Carol, Joe's wife decided that the only way he could redeem himself at the office is if he won First Place. Well, First Place "Joann" did not win, but others saw a great potential in him. There was a lot of talk, among the office staff, that Erica would be a new and permanent addition to the office. In fact, after she was handed the First Place prize, Gail spoke, congratulating her on her victory; then Gail added, "Erica, we've all been watching your feminization over the past few months, but before that started, with the "accidental" ink-spill, which was pre-arranged, so that I could get you to

wear a blouse, we all noticed how interested you were in Teri's transition. We collected money from everyone – bets, you can call it; guessing how long it would be until we saw you in a skirt or dress. This "dress-up" contest was arranged to give you the courage to proceed with your feminization. And the bet-money, we collected, is the \$2000 First Place prize that you have won. And now, here is Dr. Olsen for some closing comments.

Erica couldn't believe it. Was his desire to be a woman that obvious? Apparently, others were first to see what was in "his" heart – the desire, no, the need, to be a woman. Dr. Olsen spoke, "First, I have to apologize to Erica for going along with Gail's request – Oops, "Gus" today - to falsely tell Erica that her blood-pressure was at dangerous levels, although it was elevated. Sorry, but that was simply a ploy to get her to agree to try crossdressing. As your closet office friend, "Gus" was convinced that there was a woman inside of you, yearning to come out. After my examination, I agreed. Secondly, I don't regret that decision. Look at you today. We see, standing before us, a most beautiful, gorgeous and sexy woman – a woman any man would love to find. If I were single and you were single, I'd ask you to marry me, right now – you're that sexy, that feminine, that much a woman and when the day comes that you are ready for SRS, I will do the surgery for you at no charge. Congratulations on winning the title of Best Woman in the Office. It's a title that you've earned and a title that you should be proud to share with your spouse. May I present Ann Richards?" As Ann walked towards her spouse, her face beamed with pride, happiness and joy. She flung herself around Erica's neck and gave her a longer kiss than a

newly-married couple. A loud cheer erupted from the staff.

Ann had taken off work at noon, so she could attend Erica's office party. Ann made the following comments. "When Erica came home one day, wearing a blouse, I immediately saw a different person. I sensed that she was really Erica inside, not Eric, but I didn't know how to express that to her. Little did I know that Gail – "Gus", I mean, had the same feeling, as did some of you; so while I was pondering how to bring out the woman inside of Erica, without overwhelming her by a change to the feminine, "Gus" was already at work, unknowingly helping me, and might I add, helping Erica. I am so pleased, so thrilled, that Erica blossomed into such a lovely woman – a sexy woman who anyone would crave to be with. I'm so fortunate to be the one who gets to enjoy that new woman and I'm going to enjoy her every day for the rest of our lives. Dr, Olsen, I don't think it will be long before I send Erica to you, so she can become the woman she longs to be and the woman I love! God bless you all for all you have done for me and for Erica!"

Ann turned to Erica and announced, "Honey, a limo is outside, waiting to whisk us away. Let's head for the airport, we have a wedding to attend in Las Vegas and we still have to pick up your wedding-dress. I had my wedding-dress re-stored and it's at the shop waiting for you. I can't wait to see how sexy, how sweet you will look in it!

When Eric's Director had heard about the Halloween gig, he decided to attend. Wow, was he surprised to see how feminine some of his macho investigators could look. The Director was so impressed at the effort his staff put into the party, that he decided to contrib-

ute to its success, but his contribution was most-unexpected! When the Director heard that Ann and Erica were flying to Las Vegas, to get married, as Ann & Erica, he decided that the entire staff should be present and participate in such a momentous occasion. He couldn't make an announcement – that would blow the surprise – so, carefully, he went from one employee to the other and told each one that they were to meet him at the Executive section of the airport, where the Department's jet was parked. And yes, they were to come, dressed as they were.

Instead of flying back to Washington, D.C., the Director decided that he would take the entire staff to Las Vegas, to attend Ann and Erica's wedding. What a remarkable occasion this would be for the entire office.

Erica had no clue what all was in store for her in Las Vegas, on her first day as a woman.

They didn't even check into the hotel first. Another limo took them directly from the airport, to a cute wedding-chapel. They got out of the limo and proceeded to the wedding-chapel. As they stepped inside the wedding-chapel, Erica was shocked. Her entire staff was there. The men, because they were dressed as women, for the office party, served as the bridesmaids, while the women took the place of the groomsmen. Besides the office staff, many of the staff's spouses also attended the wedding. And, as a total surprise, Joe (Joann, for the office-party), was the Maid-of-Honor, with Gail being "Gus", the Best Man. After the rude comments Joe made to Eric, while Eric's wardrobe was being feminized, he was the last person anyone expected to be the Maid-of-Honor.

The wedding was truly memorable. Ann & Erica exchanged vows – vows 'to love and cherish each other

until death parts us'. Looking at Ann, the pastor announced, "You may now kiss the bride." Ann kissed Erica much more passionately than she had at the office. This was the best moment of their lives and nothing could change that!



A reception followed, at the hotel. During the reception, Joann was every bit a lady, as she was at the wedding. In fact, Joann was a close second, to Erica, for the First Place prize – she looked that good. Of course, this caused no small talk to be heard during the reception. Most of the staff thought that “Joann” would be too embarrassed to go along with the program. Joe was just too macho for anyone to believe he could carry out this “assignment”. What made him put so much effort into looking so good? Too bad “he” didn’t have to fly on a commercial flight, dressed as Joann. That would have been a real test, to see just how tough he was. But then, there were also speculations about the real Joe. Dressed as Joann, she made a very convincing woman and her mannerisms were quite feminine. Such feminine walk-and-talk doesn’t come overnight. Where did “she” learn how to act like a woman? Some of the female spouses speculated that Joann might have some hidden feminine characteristics. They seemed to gravitate to Gail/Gus to discuss Joann’s potential as the next person in the office who might decide that being in a feminine-mode is more rewarding than being a man. The secret had gotten out, that Gail/Gus was responsible for helping Eric change to Erica, so they thought she would be the perfect person to approach Joann, while she was still looking so beautiful, and tease her about a future as a woman – to plant the seed in “her” mind.

“Gus” approached Joann and commented, “I didn’t get a chance to congratulate you at the office, but the fact that the staff voted you Runner-up to Erica, should be a great compliment for what you accomplished today. You look absolutely stunning. If you’re wife wasn’t such a fox, she would be jealous. You really are very sexy, as a woman. If you weren’t married, “Gus”

would propose to you right now." All Joann could do was blush. Then, to check Joann's reaction, "Gus" teased, "I'm going to talk to your wife and see if she'll give us permission to feminize you. I think that there is a woman hidden deep inside and it's time for her to come out." Again, the only response from Joann, was a very deep blush, but inside, "she" felt a deep feeling beginning to stir. What was that feeling? Joann did notice that 'she' looked very feminine when "she" got dressed-up and she liked how she looked in fem-attire, but "she" had never done this before. Why would "she" even reflect on how "she" looked? Her wife told "her" how feminine "she" looked, after completing 'her' transformation for the day. "Gus" parted with a final comment to Joann: "Joann, I think it would be a total waste for you to bottle up such a gorgeous, sexy woman. Give it some thought. I've taken the liberty of discussing this with your wife, only moments ago, and she agrees that it appears there is a beautiful woman inside of you and she's not afraid if you chose to let that woman come out. In fact, if that's what you decide to do, she has asked whether I would help you at work, as I did Erica. Between the two of us, we can make a real woman out of you. If you agree, I have some ink ready to spill on you, Monday at the office – just come in a give me a big smile, while in the copier-room and I'll know what to do. I have some extra shirt-blouses in my office. Come to think of it, let's not start with a blouse – we'll keep that trick retired for Erica. No, no blouse for you. We'll start you off with slacks. I have some nice women's slacks that you'd love to wear and they would look really stylish on you. You have such great legs." "Gus" smiled at Joann and added, "Don't be late to the copier, Monday, my dear Joann!"

Joann/Joe gave some thought to what Gail/Gus had said. "She" wondered whether Gail was right. The biggest surprise was to hear that "her" wife thinks that there is a woman inside of "her", waiting to come out. Why did "her" wife never mention anything about this, to "her"? But "Joann" had never entertained thoughts of femininity. What were these people seeing in "her" that caused them to make these comments?" thought "Joann". Why would his wife feel that way? Was it the way that he looked at her whenever she was getting dressed? Did his eyes convey that he longed to dress as nicely, as feminine as she did? And why would she not be opposed to her husband becoming a woman? Too many thoughts to ponder. "Joann" needed a drink, so "she" headed over to the bar.

After a few drinks, Joanne was joined by some of the other "bridesmaids". Joe was known as the tough-guy in the office. As his friends were sitting at the bar with him, he jokingly remarked to them, "Hey guys, can you imagine what Gail, I mean "Gus" just told me? She thinks that I look so hot, as a woman, I should consider becoming one. Ya, sure, when Hell freezes over, and my wife becomes a man." Everyone roared with laughter, forgetting, for the moment that they should act more dignified, because they were "women", for today and women don't act that way.

A couple of the guys replied, that as good-looking as he is, as a woman, he shouldn't turn down such an opportunity. They told him, that as a woman, he could "score" with a lot of guys and maybe he could retire early, if he "scored" with a "sugar-daddy". Wow, telling these macho guys, what I just told them, was a dumb idea, thought Joe. Nevertheless, the thought, of becoming a woman, was becoming intriguing. Being an over-achiever and never one to back down from a chal-

lenge, Joe thought that he would give Gail's suggestion some serious consideration. But wait a minute – why? Why should he even consider her suggestion? He was a macho-man, not some effeminate sissy. But did one have to be effeminate, or a sissy, to appreciate the feminine – to get in touch with one's feminine side? And if one was born in the wrong body, it would be no surprise that he acted macho, to match his exterior appearance, and out of embarrassment, to hide his true inner feelings.

When Joe got home, he discussed Gail's suggestion with his wife, Jill. Jill wife admitted that she saw a woman within him, but told Joe that the choice should be entirely up to him and not to be influenced by him thinking that she (Jill) wanted him to become a woman. "I do think that you would make a great woman, you looked remarkably natural as a woman for Halloween and when I observed you at the wedding, I saw how naturally you walked, talked and acted as a woman. You really fell into the role and I really loved seeing you in that role. You were much gentler, more loving and more relaxed. It would be a shame to let such talent and natural ability go to waste. Think about it, but know that either way, I support your decision. I love you as my husband and I would love you as my girlfriend – a very beautiful girlfriend that I would be proud of. My only fear is that the men would be terribly lusting after you as a woman. How you would handle that – the men "hitting" on you, would be up to you. As long as you come home to me, after a night out, I can handle it," remarked Jill.

Joe had too much to process. As he was driving to work, he didn't pay attention to his driving and almost had an accident – no, not that type of accident. That "type of accident" almost happened to him when he

first saw himself in the mirror, at home, before going to the Halloween party and almost again, when he saw Erica that day, in her full glory as a woman. But back to what he should do. Joe had never faced a more difficult decision in his life – a possible life-changing decision. How could he ever leave his manhood for pursuit of a life as a woman? Jill, his wife, was a stone-fox. No one, no one within a thousand miles, had a wife as gorgeous, as sexy, as feminine, as Jill! He could never give that up. He loved going out with her, showing off his “trophy” to the world. No, he would not give that up. Never, never, never! And that settled it. There would be no more discussion on this matter!

Joe arrived at the office to the sound of chatter from the staff. All were re-living the events of the past weekend. Joe talked with several co-workers, as he was getting his coffee. Just as he getting ready to walk out of the lunch-room, Erica came in. Wow, did she look smashingly hot and sexy! Was this the same person he knew as Eric? How did he (Eric) ever have the nerve to undergo a transition, giving up his macho character, to become a woman? What was he thinking? But Joe couldn't argue with the results and besides, Erica looked so happy, so radiant! Heck, if he was single, he would “hit” on this woman – she was gorgeous and so feminine!

Erica smiled at Joe and greeted him, “Good Monday morning, Joe. ‘Nice’ transformation from the gorgeous woman I saw only a few days ago. Sorry to see that you’re back in your Wranglers for your usual football-player look again, but don’t get any macho ideas, I’m not available for dating – sorry, but I am flattered.”

As Erica finished greeting him, Joe took a long look at her. She was the epitome of womanhood – sexy, gor-

geous and feminine – totally feminine; and above all, she was so radiant. Erica was never a happier person than she was at this moment. This happiness – this inner peace – this radiance of joy – was something that Joe did not possess. And having people stare at you, because of how gorgeous, how sexy you are, was also not something to be overlooked; but Joe would have none of that. He was a man. So what if he dressed as a woman for Halloween, that doesn't mean he wants to be a woman.

Dressing as a woman was the office requirement this year. It wasn't Joe's idea. It wasn't his fault that his wife made him look so super feminine – so super sexy. He was secure in his masculinity. He didn't need to experiment, to see whether he should be a man or a woman. Besides, he had the most gorgeous woman – for his wife. As he returned to his office, Joe ran these thoughts, and Gail's comments, through his head – for the last time, he determined.

Joe had settled the issue. No more debating was necessary. He felt relieved. After greeting everybody in the lunch-room, Joe finally got to drink his coffee. He got a refill and turned towards the door.

Stepping into the hallway, Joe loudly hollered, "Gail, I spilled coffee on my pants!"

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