

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

TIT FOR TAT

TWO WIVES MAKE A BET. . .
DRESSING THEIR HUSBANDS AS WOMEN—
THE FIRST ONE "READ" IS THE LOSER!



VOLUME 19

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TIT FOR TAT

"38, 24, 35."

"No, how about 36, 25, 34?"

"No, no. I got a feeling. 38, 24 and we'll use your 34."

"OK," I said. It couldn't happen anyway. We'd wasted so much money on this thing so far, what did it matter. "Go for it," I added.

It all seemed like a dream.

The satin nightgown clung to her body as she slept. I couldn't believe this beautiful woman was my wife. Beautiful was an understatement; magnificent, alluring, gorgeous and breath taking all came closer but still ... lacked something. All my dreams passed before my eyes: the house with the white picket fences, my stunning wife meeting me at the door with dinner waiting. ME... the envy of all my buddies. Yes, husband and wife, we would be the ideal couple! But she had different ideas.

"Jerry, you have a date with Tana?" my buddy Victor Lorenzo asked. "How'd you ever do that??"

I puffed up and lied a little, "I just walked up and asked her." The truth was a little different. Tana asked me! To be honest, her beauty scared me a little. Actually a lot. Tana was a beauty queen (Miss Manville), cheerleader, dated men on the football team, and frankly made me feel very insecure. She was known as an assertive woman, her tumbling long blonde hair spilling over her shoulders and her model slender body made me lose my thoughts around her. I was trying so hard that most of the time I lost my thoughts and sounded stupid.

Oh, it wasn't only me, all the guys wished they had the nerve to ask her out. I knew I didn't have a chance; heck she was as tall as me, five foot eight. Then it happened. During our last month in college, she caught me staring at her thrusting breasts under a tight, short spring dress. After class she walked up to me and said, "What were you looking at?"

I must have turned eight shades of red before I choked out, "Ah, I, I thought you sort of look like my cousin, Christine. Sorry, I was sort of ..."

"Looking? That's what you were doing, LOOKING!" She smiled at me and grabbed my arm and said, "Let's go have a soda at the student hall."

I was uncomfortable around her, every bit of my shyness taking over. I could barely respond as she gabbed about school and stuff. I was surprised, she wasn't "stuck up" or anything. To my surprise, the next week she came to me again and wanted to have lunch with me. It became a weekly ritual.

We became very close as she told me all about her life. Everything from being a pretty little girl to changing into a sexy young lady. She was dating several guys and told me of her dates and how this guy or that one made her feel.

I asked her why she never went "steady" with any. She told me of her lovers and how most of them turned into macho jealous pigs. She said, "They just want to boss me around. One date and they

think they own me."

At lunch, one day just before graduation, she asked, "Would you like to go to dinner with my family tomorrow? My mother will love you."

"Sure," I said. I wondered if this was a date or "as friends."

IT WASN'T AS FRIENDS!

"Aren't you going to kiss me," she asked offering her ruby lips.

I felt like an idiot. I had not even considered that she might want to kiss me. "Well sure," I said carefully and softly moving closer until our lips met.

Three months to the day later, we were standing before a Minister and 300 "close" friends getting married. It all happened so fast. I'd dated girls longer and never even went steady. Oh, I loved her, or at least I thought I did. My buddies all envied me.

"YOU are dating Tana??" they'd say, their mouths open in surprise.

When Tana first suggested we get married, my first thought was "it's too soon", but I was in heaven. Who wouldn't want a luscious creature like Tana for a wife. I was "taking while the taking was good."

I was so happy, but I should have listened to Victor, my best man. Victor had been through a lot in his twenty-some years. His father had died suddenly last month and left him millions. If handling his new found wealth wasn't enough, he married the second most beautiful girl in college, Donna. Next to Tana, she was the most popular. At first, I thought Donna might just be after Victor's money but I soon realized that they were very close. Since Victor's marriage to a goddess had worked out, why should he be concerned about me???

Donna and Tana had been best friends since they competed at the Miss Manville contest when they were sixteen. Tana was Donna's maid of honor when Victor married her and now she was to be Tana's. They were best friends except when it came to something competitive. Then it was every woman for her self. It was understood and a mutual condition of their friendship.

At first I thought Victor was warning me of what it was like marrying a 'goddess', but then I thought he might be talking of our wives competitiveness. Victor was rich and I was not. That sort of made Tana a 'loser' in a gold digger sort of way. I loved her, she loved me, that was all we needed.

Tana walked down the aisle in an exquisite hand embroidered lace dress, towering three inches over me because of her satin high heels. Ivory pearls and lace clung to the tight bodice in contrast to her delicately rose tinted cheeks, she was breath taking.

Victor whispered, "I hope she's not TOO much woman for you." I didn't have long to wait.

Up until the "I do's", she'd been wonderfully attentive and loyal to me. Oh sure, I got to kiss the bride. When I turned around a little twinge of jealousy jabbed at me. There was a line of every man in the church waiting to kiss her. Oh, a kiss was one thing but Tana seemed to linger longer with some. A couple of her

old football player boyfriends gave her deeper kisses than I had. She even disappeared with a college medical student who she'd gone steady with during her junior year.

Later, referring to the vast numbers of old boyfriends and their friendliness, I said, "I don't like that sort of thing." She looked at me funny, then said, "What's the matter with you? It's tradition for all the old boyfriends to get their last 'shot' at the bride."

That night in our honeymoon suite Tana undressed for bed. We'd not slept together. She said, "I wanted to save myself for our wedding night." She removed her dress and loosened her bra so that her breasts came into view. They were round and fuller than I'd even imagined. The crimson tips stiffened into hard points of desire. Even then, I didn't realize I was in trouble.

Thus began our "story book" romance, supposedly to live happily ever after. Well, that isn't what happened.

HAPPY DAYS?

On our wedding night, I learned quickly that I was unquestionably more of a "virgin" than Tana. She was uninhibited and had ideas that I hadn't even heard of and might have even been illegal in some Southern states.

There were other annoyances in the relationship. There were the clothes she wore. Even the most conservative dress, when worn by Tana was sexy. I tried to get her to become more conservative in her dress but to no avail. She'd say, "I look good in glamorous clothes and I'm going to wear them. I thought you were a man who liked me to look sexy. You did before we were married."

"Yeah, but not on my wife," I said realizing how stupid that sounded. We fought a lot that first year. Mostly about her clothes and her old boyfriends that kept calling. She'd say, "We're just friends now."

On the outside, everyone thought we were a "cute" couple. Her father said at our wedding, "You two look like Donnie and Marie."

Tana laughed and said, "I don't think I look anything like Donnie." We were the same size and both had Scandinavian, naturally blonde hair. Her's bleached a lighter shade. We almost looked like twins or brother and sister. She always wore 3 or 4 inch heels that made her taller than me.

Maybe I was jealous because she got so much attention from men and she appeared to love it, too. I'd catch her smiling back at some handsome man looking at her. There was only one way to handle a wife like her; POWER. I'd force her to wear less makeup and wear more subdued clothes. That was it.

I guess I was beginning to be a heartless husband. A jerk, with a capital "J". I never wanted to take her out and I yelled at her all the time. I hated myself, but I was threatened and she refused to do anything about it. She'd still use that seductive smile, almond shaped blue eyes and rounded shape to make every man within a ten block radius go mad.

You are probably saying to your self, DUMP her and move on, RIGHT! The problem was that I loved her. The first months of our relationship, (before we were married) were the best times of my life. I wasn't jealous then. We were best friends. What went wrong?

One night after a bad fight about the 'shortness' of her skirts, she was in tears. She sobbed, "I love you and I can't help it that men are attracted to me. It's nature. It's you I love and I wish I could make you understand what I'm talking about." She went to bed in tears.

But the next day on the answering machine was a call from some old boyfriend of hers. I screamed, jealously, "What now? Doesn't he know we're married?"

Oh, she had justification, she always did. "He's just a friend of mine and wanted to tell me about the new girl he's dating." I blew it, as usual. I was becoming 'wimpy' even to myself. It's just that every girl I'd ever dated, 'ran off' with some other 'big' guy.

Thus began the worst year of my life. It was like trying to tame a tigress. I tried everything to make her "cool down" her dressing style. I guess I loved her or I would have just left.

Most people (men) would have envied me just for being married to Tana.

Just when we were beginning to work out our relationship problems disaster struck. I came home late the day one day and Tana had a funny expression on her face. she sat me down and told me she had something to tell me. My heart raced, wondering if she was going to ask for a divorce or something.

She asked unemotionally, "Do you want the good news or the bad?" I knew it had to be all bad from the expression on her face. I said, "The bad."

She didn't say anything for a second then whispered, "We have to split..." I flushed and started to plead, "Oh, honey, we can work it out. Please, maybe we need some help..."

She looked at me with one of her 'are you for real' looks then interrupted, "...the LOTTERY JACKPOT! Twenty-eight million dollars! We were one of two with all six correct numbers in the lottery."

"What?" I asked a little disoriented.

"WE WON! We split the Jackpot," she shrieked. "We get fourteen million dollars over the next twenty years. That's \$700,000.00 per year, or \$58,333.33 per month, or \$1,944.44 per day. All ours to spend and enjoy!"

"You're kidding?" I replied stupidly, unsure of what was going on. she looked me in the eyes and I knew it was true. I asked, "So what's the good news?"

Yes, we had won. Our birthday's month (September) 9, her birthday 21, and mine 8, plus those magic numbers 38, 24, 34. We were rich. We could quit our jobs, travel, not have a worry in the world, RIGHT?

Wrong! I was soon to be surprised by what money could buy and what money couldn't. The next morning we went down to the lottery office and turned in our ticket. It took almost all day. Papers to sign, publicity shots, legal stuff. It all seemed like a dream that was going to end any minute. The other winner was a sixty-ish couple; he was a janitor at a local manufacturing firm and she took in laundry to make ends meet. I was so happy for them, knowing that winning would make a big difference in their lives.

We left with a check for our first year's payment; \$582,000.00

after they withheld the taxes. We went right to the bank and went out to celebrate after asking Victor and Donna to join us. It was sort of strange winning all that money. Even our families seemed a little jealous at our winning. No one said anything, but the tone was there like we didn't deserve to win. But isn't that what the lottery is all about...no one deserves to win. No one has worked hard, been productive, or lead a good life. No. You spend a buck to get the money without all that 'elbow grease' stuff.

Only Victor and Donna were truly happy for us. For the last several years, Victor had done many things for Tana and me. I'd pick up the fast food tabs and Victor always took us to places that we couldn't afford. We chose to take Victor and Donna out to begin repaying their generosity.

I'd never been to THE BISTRO, (Tana had with some old rich boyfriend) and it was very weird to order and not to have to look at the price tags. We had champagne (\$140.00) and a bottle of wine that cost \$350.00. When all was said and done the bill was \$938.70 plus a 23% tip (227.74) brought the total to \$1166.44. For a dinner!

As we sat sipping coffee and I re-added the bill for the third time, Victor said, "Hey, just pay the bill."

"I've heard about these waiters," I said still studying the bill "They pad it you know."

Tana grabbed the bill from my hand and pulled a clump of hundred dollar bills out of her purse and handed it all to our passing waiter saying, "Keep it!"

"Way to go," Victor said.

Waiters have a sense about it. He knew there was more than enough in his tightly clenched fist. He smiled at Tana and showed his gratitude by bringing us all small round glasses of "Napoleon Brandy" saying, "Thank You Miss. This is on me. I hope you will join us again."

I about lost it, "Tana! We can't just throw this money away. Before you know it will be gone."

"Oh sure," she mocked. "Today we didn't spend even half of our daily allowance and we can't eat like this all the time or we'd both be blimps." She was right, I was used to counting pennies.

"We can't just throw it away like this," I announced. "Why not?" Donna asked. "Because, it's not right."

Tana got serious. "Look, this isn't hard earned money. This was a gift from 'lady luck', to be enjoyed, spent, abused. I say we spend every cent and enjoy the money for at least five years and after that we'll start saving and investing. What do you say? Let's have some fun."

Victor added, "Your money isn't going to stop coming for twenty years. Even saving for the last five years would be enough for life. Have fun with it. Look at my dad. He saved all his life and died before he could enjoy one dime. Have fun. . Spend every cent for at least the first five years, Okay."

Tana knew me and added, "I agree. No carry over. We have to spend every cent every year." Donna joined in, "And we'll help you spend it. Believe me. I know how to shop."

Victor laughed and added, "She's got a 'black belt' in shopping. The other day she even brought home something we

needed!"

The next morning I woke up early as usual with just the tinge of a hangover. It took a couple minutes before I remembered I'd quit my job yesterday. Tana was up and brought me coffee in bed. I looked at her smiling face. We both felt like the cat that ate the canary. "Well?" I asked. "What do we do today?"

"I thought we'd shop for a couple of new cars and maybe a new house. I think we can find something comfortable for about \$700,000.00. That's only about \$7,700.00 a month on a twenty year mortgage so we'll own it when the money runs out. I want that little Mercedes convertible that should run about \$1000.00 a month. I figured you for that Porsche Convertible that should be another 'grand'. That still should leave us with a little under \$40,000.00 to blow."

She had it all worked out, ten grand a week and new house and cars. How could I argue. There was no way we could keep up this pace. I was on top of the world... at least for a while.

VICTOR AND DONNA

Victor and Donna Lorenzo had recently moved to the suburbs and we bought the two acre low ranch-style house behind theirs. It was a mini-estate, with polished oak floors, rough-hewn beams, gardens that were in bloom most of the year and had a huge lagoon-like pool. I joined Victor's exclusive country club, had new cars, new clothes. It was like a dream, everything I wanted from a beautiful wife to living in a luxury home. It was all mine.

For those of you that are not rich: a word of advice. It is not healthy waking up each day with only the requirement to find a new thing or thrill to buy. We seemed to have fun for the first few months, but then we started running out of things to buy. Victor had warned us of this. We even tried traveling but it seemed different. We had nothing to 'vacation' from.

Mostly Victor and I hung around the Bairwood Club, playing golf (a sport I really don't like) and drinking in the bar. I was bored. I drank too much because I felt uncomfortable. The Bairwood Country club was 'old money'. I was surprised I was allowed in but Donna told Tana that Victor had personally gone to bat for me. His father had been one of the founders of the club even though Victor had just been admitted after his father's death. I think Victor had some 'dirt' on the membership chairman's 'extra curricular' activities. To say the club was 'snooty' was an understatement. The front of the club looked like a Mercedes car lot, parked end to end with an occasional Jag or Caddie thrown in. The men all had alligators on their chests. The women draped in diamonds and gold.

When one bronzed heir was bragging about his latest addition to his Rolex (a diamond bezel), I explained how my "Seiko kept perfect time, and who would need more." Victor kicked me under the table and I got the point.

First impression was that these 'rich kids' were lazy, spoiled jerks. I was wrong. Most were very productive members of society. The men were doctors, lawyers, businessmen, politicians. Most had been left money but had gone to the best schools, were educated, and even though they lived in the shadow of their benefactor parents, they were doing well. Being around such important people made me feel insecure.

Yes, I was threatened. They played tennis, a few even played polo. Most were tall, smart, virile men. This caused many a fight between Tana and I. I'd catch her smiling at some fellow and get

jealous. Jealous of what you'd say? Jealous of what they had; not money but breeding. I had the best car money could buy, but Hank (one of Tana's admirers) had a red aluminum-bodied blown Bentley roadster that he drove to play tennis on Sundays. Tana and every person who saw it swooned. It was class -- something money couldn't just buy.

Tana seemed happiest when she and Donna spent their time shopping for clothes. She was still buying those flirtatious sexy dresses. The harder I tried to stop her, the shorter the skirts got. I spent more and more time at the club bar.

I was jaded. Other than Victor, I didn't really have any friends. One night we were all drunk and Victor was bragging about his new, top of the line Mercedes. A lawyer overheard his boasts and yelled, "Vic, if my father had left me a million dollars, I'd have a Mercedes too."

The room got silent, Victor sat there for a minute then in a calm voice bragged, "My father left me ten million...I plan to turn it into one million."

I liked Victor, he was my kind of guy. No pretense. I was out of place eating crepes, quiches, pates, and goat cheese. I was rich and still couldn't stomach sushi, brie cheese and couldn't taste the difference between Gallo and Chateau Talbot 1949. At times I caught my self daydreaming about being back at school with Tana. Those delightful days of splitting a coke, or sharing a salad for lunch. Those days when we were just friends, best friends.

GREAT IDEA?

One day in late September, Victor and I were out shopping with the girls. The exclusive women's clothing stores take good care of the men while the women are busy trying on clothes. THE PLUSH HORSE caters to a high brow clientele and was by appointment only. They had a pool table and bar for the men.

Tana and Donna came out wearing the most luxurious mink coats. The rather uppity sales lady started her pitch, "They are made from the finest pelts from..." Victor and I looked up from our pool game and in unison proclaimed, "We'll take them." To that, the clerk ran to find more goodies to sell us.

Tana came over and gave me a big kiss and said, "Donna and I have been discussing an idea for that 'Debutante' party at the club. You know what we think about these 'Deb' parties, how they are such a relic of the past. Well, what say, you and Victor attend as 'debs'? We'll dress you up in fancy dresses, jewels and diamonds, you know, like something out of Dynasty."

"It would be a blast," Donna said, "I bet no one would even know who you are. Tana and I hated those 'coming out' parties when we were in college and this would be a great way to 'make a statement' about their worth."

The 'Debutante' party was a formal party that was for the club member's wives to dress up and re-live their youth. Like young ladies of eighteen, these older women dressed to the 'hilt' and created a most elaborate private ball. The younger wives in the club hated it and this was Tana and Donna's idea to sabotage it.

Donna said, "It's time this outdated social custom was exposed. I bet no one would even know who you are. you could go as our out of town sisters."

I tried to think of some quick comeback, but to my surprise, even Victor thought it was a good idea.

He said, "Jerry, you have to be outrageous to get respect around the club. Besides, what's the worst thing they could do, throw us out??? Big loss." I tried to think of some other way out but couldn't. Even Victor thought it was a good idea. I didn't want to do it but Victor said, "It's about time we had some fun with those stuffy bastards."

He was right. I'd heard many stories about the rich old duffer that had the lake drained the night before a big tournament. He made several big bets that he'd not be in the 'water' and won them all. The club respected originality.

"Leave it all to us," the girls harmonized. The party was several months away; by then I would think of a good reason not to participate or the girls would have grown tired of the idea.

"In fact," Donna boasted to Tana, "I bet I can make a prettier girl out of Victor than you can of Jerry."

"Oh yeah," Tana said, "How much? \$10,000.00?"

"Hey," I said, "That's a lot of money."

Donna said, "He's right, that's only money. Even at ten thousand, you'd just write a check. Let's make it interesting. Something personal."

My mouth opened in dismay when Tana suggested to Donna, "How about your 'personal services' for say...two months."

Donna added, "Full time domestic help for two months. That means coffee served in bed in the morning, cleaning the house, serving dinner, the 'domestic' works: 8 a.m. to 5 p.m., six days a week. Domestic help is so hard to find."

I stammered, "That's enough. Let's make it money, say \$1000.00." I looked at Victor for support.

"You're chicken," Donna said to Tana.

"No, I'm not...OK," retorted Tana. "You're on! Let's have the 'preliminary' judging next Saturday at seven o'clock. The 'finals' will be after the party. The first to be 'discovered as male' after the party starts loses the bet.

Donna laughed, "Let's meet at my house. You have almost a week to get it together. You may want to start 'cleaning' right then and there."

I protested, but Tana insisted, "Come' on. It'll be fun. Everyone always said we look alike, I'm going to make you look like me."

When we arrived home, Tana was ecstatic. She directed me into the bathroom to shave while she proceeded to pick out clothes for me. A white full slip was first, then navy blue pantyhose fresh from a new package. Next she went to a skirt rack and chose a dark blue, side slit skirt, but decided a dress would be more feminine. She chose a blue silk dress that came to just above the knees. A pair of dark colored, open toe pumps were also chosen from a rack of over 15 pairs of shoes. Next she rummaged through her jewelry boxes, retrieving a multiple string of dark blue imitation pearls and a couple of costume jewelry bracelets.

She already had plans for my hair. I was to wear the wig she'd

bought for herself. It matched her hair style perfectly.

Later, as she had finished neatly laying out my complete outfit on the bed, I came into the room with the nightgown on and a fluffy towel wrapped turban-style around my head. I saw the clothes and felt a sudden shiver run through me.

"Are those for me?" I gasped.

"They certainly are, Jerry. I'll help you get dressed, but first I have to look after your wig so that it can be arranged more appropriately later. Come sit down," Tana said pointing at the vanity seat.



I sat down and she unwrapped the towel from my damp locks. Carefully, with a wide-toothed comb she combed-out the fresh smelling hair. Next she moved a tray of long bobby pins closer to me.

"I need to pin your hair down so the wig fits properly. I think you are going to look a lot like me; we'll be sisters."

I shook my head.

"You don't want anyone knowing you're a man right away, do you?" She asked.

"I guess not, but they will probably catch on quickly."

"Not if I have my way," Tana said, "at the party, they will see you and won't think anything, except what a lovely woman you are. Besides, I want you to look so good that Donna will concede defeat now instead of waiting for the party," Tana stated then teased, "When we're finished you may want to be seen. you might want to show off a little."

I watched in fascination as she placed the wig on my head, which felt a little heavy with the weight of the fluffy new hair.

"Now, Jerry, come over here. Take off your robe and slippers," Tana said.

Doing so I was told to sit on the edge of the chair while she rolled pantyhose up my legs. Seeing the hair on my legs she commented, "I think you're going to have to shave your legs. We can't have them looking so hairy."

"But everyone will notice my shaved legs," I said as the excitement and my nerves mingled.

"We're only going over to Victor and Donna's house this week, but I want you shaving those legs from now until the party. You can let the hair grow back then."

Before I could think of anything to stop her, she brought out her electric shaver, removed the hose and quickly shaved my slender legs. she didn't stop there either, proceeding to shave clean both of my underarms.

By this time my heart was pounding with the apprehension. Once again she rolled the pantyhose over my now smooth legs. She had me stand up to pull the hose up to my waist and over the panties. Next she had me step into the matching blue half slip. Its dark lace tickled my knees through the pantyhose. Looking around, Tana saw that she had forgotten an important item. Going to our drawers she rummaged around until she found what she was looking for. Meanwhile, I was staring in the mirror.

"Hold your arms out," she said. I blindly obeyed and she slipped a bra up my arms, over my shoulders and had it hooked in back before I knew it. It was lightly padded and the Compressed loose flesh on my chest managed to nearly fill the remainder of the cups. I was about to say something but she interrupted.

"Don't complain, dear," she said, "you promised to follow my recommendations, and as far as I'm concerned a bra is a necessity. People expect a little more chest than you could provide. Without it, the top of the dress will sag and be shapeless. Now, put your arms up and carefully slip this over your head."

I did as I was instructed and the silky dress settled over my shoulders and bra. Meanwhile, I was in a turmoil of thoughts and perceptions. Here I was, wearing women's clothes, my wife doing her best to make me look like her sister.

I couldn't imagine going to a public party wearing my wife's clothes. She saw my frown and said, "Smile, it's your first and only debutante party. I expect you to behave as a young lady. I'll be there to help you. Just do what I do."

I really began to wonder if my wife was just sharing her clothes out of "a great revenge idea" or did she get a thrill out of seeing me dressed this way. It almost seemed that she wanted me to become a girl. She even gave me some feminine tips on how to walk and hold my hands.

"Oh honey, you look beautiful!" she gushed girlishly. She was bursting with joy. "You are pretty, very, very pretty."

Next she had me stand up and move over to the bed. She gave me the high heels. They felt very different from men's shoes as they were slipped on over my stocking feet. With an almost ceremonial air Tana placed the string of white beads around my neck and slid the bracelets over my wrists. We were speechless at the image of the well-dressed debutante that was reflected in the mirror.

"Oh honey, I do look pretty, don't I?" I exclaimed seeing a feminized image in the mirror. I was very surprised at my appearance.

"You sure do! And we're still not finished though; come over here and let's really put a radiance to your look," she said leading me back to the vanity. Seating me before the mirror she went to work with cosmetics. My eyes were transformed with mascara, eyebrow pencil and eye-shadow. Blushers and powder gave my cheeks a healthy glow. She outlined my lips with a small brush and finished by brushing on a dark lip color. These colorful additions, so expertly applied turned me into a sophisticated, very attractive young woman. Tana was thrilled.

My heart pounded with anxiety each time I caught a glimpse of my feminine image. I knew that if we walked out on the street right now we would look like sisters, and could almost pass for twins!

That scared me. Was this all it took for me to look like a young lady? I was having fun but my masculinity wasn't that secure. At that moment, I knew that this was changing my relationship with my wife. It even seemed like my wife was more than willing to encourage me.

When she finished, she prepared a purse for me as I stared in the mirror. She came up to me and gave me a big hug and a light kiss. "We don't want to smear our lipsticks now do we?"

I had trouble walking in the grass yard that separated our back yard from Victor and Donna's house. I felt wobbly, but knew I'd look better than Victor. Victory was ours. I knew if we won, I probably wouldn't make them clean our house. I was like that.

On the other hand, Victor was different, as was Donna. If they won, I was sure they would require "full payment."

Donna opened the back door and was shocked by my appearance. She looked me up and down then gushed, "Oh Jerry, you look so pretty. And you even shaved your legs. How adorable!"

She took us into the living room and said, "I'll call 'Vicki', I think 'she's' almost ready. VICKI, dear!"

I was shocked to see Victor. They had obviously over done this thing, spending a fortune perfecting his look.

Donna told us that Victor had been dressing as a girl for the last week now. Victor came in wearing an eggshell colored business suit with a tight skirt. His eyes sought out mine. For a moment, he almost looked sad. Victor was beautifully made up as young

woman. Powder, lipstick, black mascara...the works. From his high heeled pumps, to his graceful thin eyebrows, which had been severely plucked, he appeared to be all woman. Seductive red lips pouted, "Well I guess there's no turning back now. I sure hope you are ready to give up."

Donna bubbled over her creation, "Look at his make-up, isn't it perfect. Doesn't he...I mean 'she' look beautiful?"

Victor blushed as Donna bubbled on to Tana, "He fought me at first ...but I told Victor that you'd do a number on Jerry. I was right. Anyway, I called and told a few of my professional beauty friends about Victor's transformation bet and they all wanted to help. Victor was sure embarrassed but we took him to cosmetologists, fashion designers, hair stylists, etc. They all really got into it and took turning Victor into a young woman as a challenge."

Victor squirmed in his seat and played with the hem of his skirt as Donna told of his transformation. "One of the most difficult things was getting Victor to walk like a girl with a sway at the hips. Victor was afraid of being a 'sissy' or something."

He blushed embarrassedly as his wife told of his feminization. She bubbled on, "A friend who has a beauty school took him in last weekend for an intensive course in walking, talking, and how to sit and move. Now it's totally natural. They had a hypnotist come in and talk to Victor. I don't know what they did but Victor hasn't made a masculine move since. He some times starts humming 'I enjoy being a girl...', but he never wants to talk about it, do you dear?"

Victor shook his head. His glowing confidence had faded as Donna gave away his secrets.

Donna asked Tana softly, "Are you ready to give up?"

Tana sat listening with increasing dismay. Her answer was cold and lashing. "I had no idea that you were going this far. It's not fair. you have all your old beauty professionals helping."

Donna smiled, but Tana's chiding tone made her angry. "Okay, what if I let Jerry use the same means as Victor. They both can have the works, no limit on money. How about that?"

I started to protest, "Let's just call this whole thing off. I'll mow your lawn for a month and consider you the winner."

"No way," Tana said. "A bet's a bet."

Donna smugly looked at me and berated, "I don't think Jerry can keep up with Vicki. She will do what I say and I doubt if Jerry will..." Donna hesitated, then said, "Vicki, take your new girlfriend into the kitchen and serve some tea to us girls while I tell Tana what might be expected of her husband."

Tana gave me a look that told me to 'do it'.

Victor minced with me to the kitchen, with short steps from the hips, with limp wrists swinging. I said, "They taught you to walk all right. So men will stare at that alluring wiggle. What did they do to you?...I thought you were just going to dress up as a joke for the party and not 'get into' this thing."

Victor whispered, "I promised I wouldn't tell. They hypnotized me and trained me to walk like a woman. I had no idea that darn hypnotist could have such an influence. The sessions were easy. I

really don't remember much. But now I have to think about it to move in a masculine manner. They must have put me in a hypnotic trance or something. Donna won't tell me what they did."

"They brainwashed you," I said "That's what they did. Have you noticed how passive and obedient you are now?"

"I think they taught me to always take the female role, behave like a lady, and always do what Donna says. Donna likes me this way...I really don't mind." His eyes seemed to glaze over.

I shook my head.

Victor shook his head. His dark hair was teased and looked very long which I found out latter were hair extensions. He fixed tea and we walked back into the living rook I carried the tray and I noticed how elegantly he walked, his arms swinging girlishly and flowingly with a limp wrist. His high heels didn't bother him at all. I was shocked to see his hips and behind move so femininely accenting the suggestion of voluptuous curves beneath his dress.

"What about his figure", I asked?

"Well a friend of mine, a doctor, gave Victor an examination. He put Victor on a strict diet and figure control. He gave him some injections...some kind of vitamin. What with the diet, corset and all, he's really changed. Show them dear."

Victor obediently and deftly opened his blouse. On top of the corset were two semi-cups that pushed up his chest fat creating the impression of two beautiful young breasts. The cups were padded, but appeared to be pouting softnesses with feminine red nipples showing through the cups. Very realistic falsies! His waist looked tiny. Victor started to say something, then looked down as his eyes got glassy again.

Donna added to his humiliation by telling, "We even went out to dinner as two girls."

Victor stayed red as Donna was bubbling about the change in Victor's attitude. She continued, "...then they insisted they drive us home." Victor looked at me with an embarrassed smile as Donna told of meeting a couple of men at dinner.

"Naturally Victor was afraid but as we walked to the car he was humming 'I enjoy being a girl', and swinging his hips. It was a quick drive home and after exchanging phone numbers, there was little opportunity for anything but a goodnight kiss."

Victor blushed as he remembered what he'd done. He looked down as Donna continued telling Tana about their encounter, "I was surprised when I saw Victor girlishly kiss his date back as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Bob even asked Victor out again."

Tana laughed seeing Victor's embarrassment, "Don't blush dear, it's only natural that men would find you attractive now. I wish Jerry would relax so we could have fun like that, too."

It was my turn to blush. The wives were having a great time comparing their effeminate husband's adventures...at our expense.

I was surprised that Victor didn't seem aware of the strange change in his personality. Wasn't he still worried about becoming too feminine? Or had they brainwashed him to such an extent that he thought he was now a girl. Or maybe this was a prank to get us to abandon the wager, thus letting them win?

The next week, Tana and I walked to Victor's. There was a woman doing electrolysis on Victor's eyebrows. Donna introduced me to their friend, Sheila, who was earning her electrolysis certificate.

Watching the needle enter his eyebrows, I commented, "That looks like it would hurt."

"Aw, it's not bad," Tana said, "Sheila, maybe you could practice on Jerry. I hate his beard."

"Sure, I need 300 hours of practice to get my license," Sheila said as she felt my light beard, "I'd love to do his beard. There isn't much there. I can make your face as hairless as your wife's. Donna wants me to do Victor's."

I asked, "But isn't this permanent?"

"Yes, quite permanent but you'll never have to shave again."

Tana convinced me to let Sheila practice electrolysis on my beard. After about five minutes of the pain, I wanted to quit but Tana whispered, "I make up for the pain later." I KNEW WHAT THAT MEANT...

As the weeks went by, I got used to the pain and the hissing of the air desensitizer. Slowly but surely my beard was becoming history. Hour after hour, Sheila's fingers coursed back and forth along my beard line, drawing the skin taut, inserting the probe and destroying follicle after follicle.

It was nice not shaving. The lack of a beard shadow also made me look younger. This softness was accented when I was around men with beards.

As the denuding me of my beard continued, Tana seemed to change her attitude towards me. Without a beard, I seemed to have lost a shred of maleness. The milky smooth skin of my cheeks glowed now that I lacked the dark shadow of maleness. It made my lips look rosy almost like I had on rosebud lipstick.

It seemed to happen suddenly. Other people noticed a new softness of my face. I was in a restaurant the waitress asked "Miss, would you like some more coffee?" I'd been growing my hair for the party but I looked up a little surprised at her mistake.

As more and more of my beard disappeared, the mistake was made more often. My wife didn't seem to care and I loved not shaving. Tana even told Sheila to do the few hairs on my chest and cleaned up my eyebrows. Did I say cleaned up?

I shut my eyes one day prepared for the stinging on my cheeks. Instead, I felt the needle at my brow. "What are you doing," I asked.

"Oh, just a few strays," Sheila said, "I'll just neaten them up."

For two hours she worked on them. I asked many times, "Isn't that enough?"

"I've got to make them even, just relax," she said, "I'm having trouble getting them even. They are so bushy." She worked on the right then the left. Then sat back saying, "a little more off the left." This went on and on, until she said handing me a mirror, "That's it, they're perfect!"

Above my horrified eyes were delicately arched, pencil thin

eyebrows, perfectly curved and thin, belonging on the face of a female. With my beardless cheeks and permanently arched brows, I looked like a girl!

The next time I saw Victor, he too had pencil thin brows. Both of us were spending more and more time getting ready for the party.

PRELUDE TO THE PARTY

"I look stupid," I protested.

"No you don't, you look pretty," she said, squirting a light perfume on my wrists.

We were dressed alike, both wearing dresses of an evening style, very full flouncy chiffon skirts drawn tight to the waist and close fitting over the hips. The top of my dress could best be described as form fitting and was held up with very narrow shoulder straps. The outline of our panties and gartered nylon stockings could be seen in detail. Tana's dress was strapless, her shapely arms were smooth and graceful, naked to the shoulders, showing her cleavage of her womanly development.

Tana said, "Victor and Donna have been venturing out and we might as well find out if you can cut it. A few nights out like tonight and you'll have it down. Now, shoulders back. That gives a little extra prominence to your bosom. Now let's finish your hair." She removed the curlers in my now long hair.

Tana certainly knew about hair! Her locks were one of her beauty trademarks. Her hair was thick, shiny and reached past the middle of her back. I knew she spent hours each day taking care of it as well as weekly beauty salon sessions. When she was just around the house she wore it usually in a pony-tail. She had a professional-type hair dryer in her dressing room because when she set it her hair took a long time to dry. But when it was set, it cascaded over her shoulders in beautiful curls and waves. Her large, mirrored vanity was full of hair care tools and accessories including pins, flips, rollers of every size and color, ribbons, hair bands, barrettes, scarves and some things that I didn't even know the purpose of.

Tana brushed, teased, sprayed, clipped and curled.

When finished, I had an unmistakable girl's hairdo to go with the rest of my feminized wardrobe. My long hair spilled over my shoulders in feminine fashion. I felt so naked. I felt weird.

Tana expected me to go to dinner like this. My skirt barely covered my dimpled knees. My very thin dress and bra offered little protection from the cool evening or potential suitors.

This was like sky diving, I thought. We had done everything to make sure everything 'worked' but I wouldn't know for sure until I 'pulled the cord'. I hoped that I'd 'land safely', but what if something went wrong? I felt powerless to stop this dangerous thrill seeking.

Tana seemed to love the excitement of this deception and pushed me out the door to a waiting taxi. Even I was amazed as no one seemed to pay any attention.

At a nearby restaurant, the hostess sat us, saying, "Have a nice dinner, ladies."

I took a breath and whispered, "We did it! I think I'm

passing."

That's when I realized that this was one of those 'meat market' singles restaurants. Along one end was a bar filled with young men staring at the 'sweet young things' seated having dinner. I muttered, "Oh no..."

Tana knew what I was thinking and whispered, "Donna told me to take you here. she said it's a good place for you to learn to dance and 'mingle'."

Right after dinner, two men came over and asked us to dance.

"Of course we will," Tana replied kicking me under the table.

I was quickly escorted to the dance floor and demonstrated the gyrations that Tana had taught me. It was bizarre and spooky. Tana was enjoying the flirtation with men while I, her husband, participated while feminized in chiffon and lingerie.

At one point, when she kissed her dance partner's cheek, I stared at Tana's face. It was childlike with an expression of angel-like sweetness and purity. Her sky-blue eyes so innocently clear encircled by a halo of golden perfumed hair was titillating her dance mate. She was playing with his sensualistic desires. I knew that her dance partner hoped he would soon be making love to this sweetness, enjoying her every delight. But this was my wife.

At one point. Tana whispered to me, "You're doing fine. Be nice to your 'boyfriend' and I'll make you 'scream' again later." Without asking, the two gentlemen, made themselves at home at our table.

It was becoming apparent that feminizing me was a turn on to Tana. How far would she push me?

Watching my wife do what came naturally around these two virile young men caused me a lot of apprehension. In my opinion, she was encouraging, almost seductive. I couldn't believe that she'd do these things in front of me, her husband. Strangely, I didn't feel jealously.

I was too busy to feel rivalry, I was expected to act like her, a young woman out with a man. Very natural. As the evening continued, I realized that I had firm control of my dance partner. I hoped that after several hours of exciting her date, Tana could also maintain control.

They drove us home rather than us taking a taxi. As we approached our house, I knew what was next. Watching Tana get kissed goodnight was only overwhelmed by my fear of being kissed.

I kissed my date lightly and opened the door to enter. I motioned for Tana to come too. she smiled and said in an uncompromising tone, "I'll be right in."

"Goodnight," I said and shut the door leaving them on the porch. A gasp escaped my lips when I realized that I'd survived the evening.

I felt sweaty, my nylon panties and silky hose almost felt damp, my dress clung to my back and thighs. I couldn't wait to get out of them. I went to change.

It was unthinkable, but my wife was 'saying goodnight' in a much more passionate way than I did and I WASN'T JEALOUS. I knew that in a few minutes, she'd come in and 'jump my bones'. I was no longer feeling the competitiveness I'd felt before. I knew she

loved me. When she came in, I said nothing about the evening except, "Looks like I can pass."

"More than that," she said, "You are becoming a delightful young lady. I might want to keep you this way."

We started going out on a regular basis, even going shopping. I had to get prepared for the party.

Tana had been encouraging my femininity. In this early part of my transformation, I was always afraid that if any men found out I would get beaten or arrested. I naturally always felt an urge to revert to masculinity. I soon realized that it was this masculine urge that would give me away.

I refused to go to Victor's hypnotist but Tana read some books about behavior and suggested some reaction therapy. The books said that "when a person is nervous about something, do something to compound or accentuate the apprehension thus de-sensitizing and insulating their anxiety."

So, whenever I felt ashamed of my portraying femininity, I was to do something to call attention to this loss of masculinity. If I was embarrassed by thoughts about being a sissy, I was to immediately do something very feminine, such as painting my fingernails or toenails a sissy pink. This called attention to my 'femininity' when I was most fearful of my loss of 'masculinity'.

One of the most difficult problems was my fear around men. When I told Tana that, she suggested that I reach over and touch, in a feminine way, the man with whom I was talking.

THE "DEB" PARTY

The night of the debutante party, both Victor and I were scared to death as we walked with our wives up the steps of the club where the party was being held. During the past several months, neither wife had given an inch in her efforts to feminize either one of us. Each wanted to win the bet.

Both Victor and I had been corseted, electrolysised, dieted, mud packed, and in every way possible molded into the image of a female.

The competition had become so heated that the women would spy on each other to determine the latest "trick" being used by the other. Once determined, it was not long before the negligent husband was deeply emerged in similar treatments. No idea was too crazy or expensive to try. Both Victor and I were Barbie dolls in the hands of our enterprising wives in their goal to out do the other.

How perfect did they want us? A couple days before the party, Tana realized that Donna had pierced Victor's ears. Over my protests, Tana quickly and rather painfully pierced my ears and inserted small gold studs. I was wearing her 2 ct. diamond stud earrings to the party.

It was almost over. Soon all of this would be behind us. After tonight both Victor and I would be released from this ordeal and allowed to return to our original care-free selves. No more beauty treatments, no more shopping for clothes, hypnotists, etc. We would return to playing golf and being general layabouts. That is, except for the 'service' that the losing couple would have to pay to the winners. But, until one of us is "read", we both realized that we would have to do our best to act like real ladies. To the winner goes the spoils, so to speak.

Both Victor and I were dressed like debutantes, looking somewhat younger than our actual age. Tana and Donna had written the club telling them that they were bringing their younger sisters to the party, sort of as a "coming out" occasion. Thus, while the women were dressed in sophisticated gowns befitting of young married women of wealth, Victor and I were dressed in gowns more appropriate to college sorority girls making their official "coming out" in society.

Victor's gown was virgin white made from Tully lace. It surrounded him in innocent elegance, with a flattering V-back and a double tiered lace hanky hem. Even his 4' high heels were covered with matching lace.

I wore a off-white body hugging sequined dress with a high neck top and a bare back. It had lace sleeves and a matching delicate lace ruffle at the hem. I was beginning to see advantages to a girl's life. I whisked through doors while guys hurried to hold them; They in their hot, heavy wool coats and ties, while we 'girls' floated about in silk and lace.

Although many of the girls had brought their own dates, the club had invited select men from another upscale club to act as escorts for those women and widows who came to the party without a date. Thus, after making our "entrance" and finding our table, it wasn't long before these single men spied us single women sitting together and started to make their approach.

I was mortified when this particularly handsome blond man approached me and asked for a dance. Donna and Victor were already on the floor swinging to the music with separate partners.

With a slight smile, Tana indicated that she expected me to accept the proposal. It might look strange for a pretty "Deb" to be a wallflower on her coming out party. Thus, with trepidation, I accepted the fellow's hand and stepped onto the dance floor.

To say that it was strange to be dancing with a man in a public place while wearing a gown would be an understatement. It wasn't just strange, it was weird. My heels made it difficult to move without feeling like I was about to fall. The swinging of my dress and the look in my partners eyes as he viewed my naked shoulders made the experience one not to be soon forgotten. This was the crescendo of a lot of hard work, but tonight seemed natural. I had been trained well. Being a young lady tonight was easy.

I looked over at Victor dancing next to me. He seemed to have gotten deeply engrossed in the beat of the music because he was swinging as if he had been doing it in heels and a dress all of his life. It was obvious that he was much more used to the clothes than I. His black hair swayed to the music and the rosy smile on his face indicated that he was enjoying every minute of the experience. I was not nearly so confident and a smile was a rare expression on my face.

Soon the music changed and both Victor and I were being led to our table by our partners. I felt relief that the experience was over with without being read as a man, while Victor obviously relished the dance and couldn't wait for another invitation. While we were dancing, Tana had ordered drinks and they were waiting for us at the table. Both Tana and Donna congratulated us on our so far successful venture into feminine interaction with our club friends. It was obvious that no one had "read" either of us to this point.

The evening continued with men continuously asking all four of

us to dance or talk. To my surprise, no one seemed to see anything out of the ordinary with our impersonation.

When was this charade going to end? Surely someone would notice something about either Victor or I and voice a challenge.

I almost wanted to stand up and yell, "I'm a man!" No one was "reading" us. I hadn't even thought about this happening. I assumed that someone would decipher our camouflage if for no other reason than simply because we were with our wives.

The evening was passing and the 'punch line' was not being told.

As the evening waned, it became obvious to all of us that nobody though that Victor and I were anything other than two lovely debutantes... and maybe that is exactly what we were!

We danced, drank and I even saw Victor doing a little teasing. At first, I was glad, hoping that it might get him caught, but then I saw him kissing his dance partner goodnight. That wouldn't be cool after the disclosure of our identities.

No one said a thing.

On the way home, we all laughed until the mascara was running down our cheeks. I had to admit, it was fun fooling everyone. I said, "Tomorrow when they all find out who the 'mystery girls' were, there are going to be some very embarrassed people."

Tana laughed and said, "Well, I guess it's a tie. No winner."

Donna looked at Victor then at me and with an expression that bordered on mockery, said, "The rule was...whoever is 'read' as a man from the minute we walk into the party. Right????"

We all nodded.

Donna continued, "Did we put a time limit on this contest?"

"No," Tana said sensing her friend's devious ways.

"Then, the contest is still on," Donna announced, "The husband that is first recognized as a man is the loser. So, Tana dear, you better keep your husband inside or he better stay in dresses, or you lose."

"No way...," I started to say but Tana shushed me, "So Honey, you're going to be wearing dresses for a while longer?"

Victor caught his wife's cold look. His annoyance turned quickly to humiliation as he muttered, "I guess so."

Tana belittled Donna by saying, "Okay then, as far as I'm concerned, my husband can wear dresses forever. In fact, I'm going out tomorrow and buy him everything he'll need for a year. So there!"

I just kept my mouth shut. We'd been drinking. By tomorrow, nobody would ever remember.

At home, after the party, Tana said, "Look at you, all sissified, pantied and wearing a dress. I wish you weren't so uptight, we'd have such fun. I'd teach you to dance, buy you pretty dresses and everything..."

"Well, I'm never doing THAT again. And that's final!"

She frowned and said, "You're going to make me lose aren't you. Let me see if I can change your mind." She pushed me back on the bed. She whispered, "Besides, you turn me on this way." She took me in her arms and drew me close. I could feel my chest mash against her breasts. Her tongue invaded the barrier of my teeth. I moaned at the warmth of her touch as she kissed down my chest, first tickling then kissing my sensitive nipples. It brought a surprise gasp of pleasure from me.

She was the aggressor, yet I was the man. Since I felt funny performing dressed like this, Tana was treating and talking to me as if I was a woman. She wedged her legs between my smooth thighs and forced them apart, saying, "You were so pretty tonight, a lovely sweet girl. You had both the men and me HOT."

I was humiliated at what she was saying but my breathing was heavier and I felt turned on, but not in a "stiff" male way. No, I was relaxed, yielding, with a buttery feeling in my stomach.

While running her hand down my thigh, she whispered, "You feel wonderful, so soft and smooth." She pulled me between her legs and clasp down while her fingers circled my nipples. Tana began moving her hips and pelvis against mine. I felt embarrassed, but an intense sweet elation overcame me. I moaned with each of her thrusts.

She was taking all the initiative as I laid on my back, legs spread, feeling delicate and pliant to what ever she wanted.

Her movements against my thighs were getting rougher. As she increased the tempo, I was almost in pain, unsure if I could continue. I opened my mouth to stop her but only a sigh escaped. A chill came over me, my nipples puckered into hard little balls.

I moaned again, almost a scream which was much louder than I meant to. I then realized that as Tana collapsed on top of me, she had screamed too. I felt weak and strong, refreshed and fatigued, all at the same time. I was beginning to enjoy, no, love what was happening. My body stiffened, I was horrified that I was finding my femininity exciting, very exciting. Tana was positively reinforcing my passive response.

THE CONTEST HEATS UP

We didn't see Victor and Donna for a while. Donna called a couple times to see if I was still in dresses. One time Tana said, "No, he's sitting here in a very pretty skirt and blouse."

Several weeks after the party, they called and invited us over. I hoped to call the bet off.

When we arrived, Victor was sitting on their Victorian couch with Donna sitting next to him. How young and frisky he looked, actually tantalizingly attractive. His dress was a platinum silk that clung to his feminine appearing curves. The matching shimmering nylons adhering tightly to the curve of his calves. He smiled when he saw me, his red lips parted and he jumped up and gave me a girlish hug.

He sat down and Donna went to get us tea. Victor crossed his legs, his skirt now halfway up his thighs. He had such shapely legs, for a male. In fact as I sat looking, Victor had better looking legs than his wife and even Tana.

Donna served tea and Tana broke her silence talking to Donna, "If I didn't know Victor before, I wouldn't believe he's a man. He is altogether too feminine to be anything but a woman. He seems to

radiate femininity."

Donna announced, "Victor's started on female hormone therapy. You won't believe what it's done."

I looked at Victor who was blushing and asked, "Hormones?"

Donna laughed, "It looks like you are not going to give up any time soon, so he might as well feel a little more comfortable. Are you ready to give up yet?"

"No way," Tana announced.

Donna continued, "Vicki, honey, show Tana and Jerry the wonderful cache that you are wearing now." Victor hesitated but tilted his skirt and lowered his frilly panties. On close examination, you could see a nude colored panty-girdle type device. Between his legs he appeared to have a perfect female crotch.

"How wonderfully swish," Tana taunted.

Donna explained, "It's very expensive and is fitted by a doctor, Dr. Johns. It's called the DiVert. Victor didn't want it at first, but I wanted him as feminine as possible. Vicki, tell them about it."

A red faced embarrassed Victor stated, "Well, the doctor did an examination and even he remarked that I had the ideal figure for his method, commenting on my fleshy hips and buttocks. I suggested that there must be other ways but he smiled at me and said supportingly, "Underneath your panties, this will be your perfect little secret."

Victor hesitated, measuring our response to what we were about to hear, "I had to get on a table and put my legs in these stirrups. I was sure scared."

Tears came to his eyes as he remembered the feeling. "Then Dr. Johns gave me this shot right in the groin which only hurt for a minute. He called it a "shrivel solution." Then he pushed everything into my body and strapped on the DiVert."

He saw me looking at him like he was loony. He tried to rationalize his actions, "The doctor said it makes it easier to walk like a girl."

Donna announced, "As you can see, we are not going to lose. Why don't you give up?"

Tana shook her head.

I had noticed how beautifully smooth Victor walked; almost a glide. There was no doubt the "DiVert" garment worked. It's light but powerful stretch-lace panels flattened his male protrusions into a smooth no-show, non-binding flat feminine "V". Under panties it was invisible due to the narrowest 1/32 inch elastic edging. This garment obviously was made for maximum control and smoothness, not giving a inch to "maleness". I groaned, "Doesn't it hurt?"

"At first," Victor said. "I had to lay very still for twenty minutes before the doctor said that we were finished. When I got up, I felt dizzy and a bit apprehensive expecting pain. To my surprise there was only a 'crowded' feeling which soon went away. The doctor is an expert and has done this many times. The only problem is that there might be some atrophy from disuse if I don't occasionally remove it."

Donna cut in, "Dr. Johns says that his method helps men who are dressing like women to feel more comfortable because they never see their maleness. I've made Victor promise that he'll wear it continuously for a while...the doctor says that before long 'he' will be so small that he will be formed that way and won't even have to wear it very often to stay 'feminine'."

I broke in by asking "Won't wearing that device ruin your sex life...I mean if 'it' shrinks, how will the two of you...you know, 'make it'?"

"Oh," Donna stated matter-of-factly, "We're not going to do that for a while. I get off seeing Victor become more feminine each day, and he doesn't mind the lack of sex in our relationship. We mustn't ever allow his masculinity to surface. If he's going to do this, he must always stay in the female role. He must be completely feminine in feelings and desires, as well as in looks. Ask him how he feels."

Victor replied, "I feel pretty...I'm still a man, of course. But for now I'm really trying not to get discovered with all my heart and soul. I enjoy wearing dresses and having my own long hair. I sort of like it that I'm developing breasts, hips and girlish thighs. I sure wish though, that you two would give up."

I was in shock. This had to be a trick...a dirty trick to make me give up. This was all just a farce. A big joke. I glared at Tana when she asked me, "Jerry, maybe we should get you one of those DiVert garments?"

I shook my head.

Donna told Victor to take me to their bedroom and show me his new dresses. Donna wanted to talk to Tana alone.

I kept saying to myself, "This had to be a maneuver to get us to concede." I was sure Tana knew what to do.

Victor showed me some of his new dresses while I sat on the bed. I watched as my old buddy pranced around holding dress after dress up to his waist. Each dress had a story attached; where they had bought it, how it felt and the first wearing. Victor was talking to me like I was another girl.

I watched Victor in his tight dress. He wore sheer nylons and 3 inch heels and was totally comfortable and at home in these clothes. "Come on, are you really taking female hormones?" I asked.

Victor giggled, "Want to see?" I nodded, unsure if he was just kidding or what I would see.

Victor opened the front of his dress and unsnapped the front clasp of his lacy padded bra and said almost apologetically, "They aren't very big yet, but they are very sensitive."

I looked and was shocked to see Victor's developing girlish chest. Victor moved closer and I touched the pronounced soft peaks. They looked like a thirteen year old girl's breasts, which pointed outward and had dark pink nipples that looked bloated. I ran my finger over the tip. It felt like there was a small marble under the nipple.

Victor's reaction was immediate, "Ouch. They're so sensitive that anything annoys them. My doctor says that the irritation will go away and they will continue to grow until they are as large as any girl's my age. That's not all, we measured just this morning.

I've retained some water and my hips are one inch larger and look more pronounced because my waist is smaller. The doctor said that if I continue with the female hormones, my body will continue to be feminized until I'm practically a perfect female. This makes wearing dresses much easier. It's not as bad as you might expect."

I had trouble not laughing. He expected me to believe that his wife had put him on female hormones.

"Maybe I should too," I replied, trying not to laugh. Two could play at this 'terror' game. Maybe I could scare him. I couldn't wait until he told Donna that I was in this far enough to do anything...short of wearing that g-string.

Victor asked, "Maybe you would like to go with me to the doctor?"

"Great," I said a little sarcastically, but I don't think he noticed. Then I added, "I can't wait to have tits!"

"I'm going next week," he said, "I'm just changing my hormone mix a little and you could go with me. The doctor, Dr. Johns, and Donna agreed that it wouldn't hurt to increase my female hormone level. It will help accelerate the effects without harming me."

"Then why do it," I asked?

"You know how you ache after wearing tight panties for an hour or two? Well, the ache is even greater when wearing the DiVert. They say after a week or two on this new mix of estrogen, I'll hardly notice the tightness."

"Oh wonderful," I said sarcastically, "I bet you're smaller already?"

"Yeah, a little," He said proudly.

I was astonished. Here was my friend telling me that he wanted to be smaller so his panties would fit better. This was either a joke or my friend needed professional help.

Maybe I should go to the doctor with him, I thought. This 'doctor' was probably just a figment of Donna's imagination.

Tana agreed with me that we should 'call their bluff'.

Before I knew it, we were in the doctor's office. The receptionist was one of the most beautiful girls I'd ever seen. Tall with dark shoulder length hair and a curved figure that did wonders for her crisp white uniform.

Victor caught me staring and whispered, "See what a few hormones will do. He's gorgeous, isn't he??"

My mouth dropped open. I stared at this shapely creature and tried to imagine what it would be like to look like that. Men of course would flock like flies to breasts like that.

Victor and I both were wearing dresses, but his couture oozed femininity. I felt a little like 'plain Jane'.

"You want to have breasts and look like that!" I asked.

With just a bit of hesitation he said, "I like being feminine... having a bosom makes me feel good." This was all a great performance. Must have cost them a fortune...but it was all a hoax, right?

We both sat looking extremely feminine sitting primly in our short summer dresses, nylons with lingerie underneath. Mine was mostly padding while Victor's cleavage was about a quarter him.

Victor was really becoming very pretty. He had found himself. His dreamy sapphire eyes, black lashes, pale clear skin, tilted nose and curly light hair all gave the impression of a girl who enjoyed being a girl. Everything was perfectly feminine from his thin wrist, with a tiny gold and pearl bracelet, to the way his tight skirt clung to his full hips.

OR...maybe this was all a 'scheme' and that was what they wanted me to think. Maybe Donna had dreamed this whole thing up to scare me out of the 'bet'. By thinking that Victor had 'flipped out', I'd stop trying to keep up and they would win. Tana had warned me about Donna and her devious ways.

This had to be a trick. I had to go along with what ever Victor did. That might make them think I'd flipped out and they'd quit. This seemed like the only way out of this craziness.

Dr. Johns was younger than I expected. He probably was a friend of Donna's. He asked if I was there to start hormone therapy too. Victor rolled his eyes and drew his crimson lips into a pout, "My friend is afraid."

"There is nothing to be afraid of," the doctor said. He called in his receptionist. Like plastic surgeons who 'do' their staff, the receptionist was one of his creations. His creamy bosom heaved behind the deep vee of his white uniform dress. "Show them," the doctor said, adding, "He was completely flat chested at first."

The receptionist slowly, like a striptease, opened the top of his dress and unhooked the front clasp of his "C+" bra. I gasped. They were luscious, full breasts that could only belong to a female. Some joke I thought to myself This couldn't be a guy.

"It takes time," the doctor said, "But I'm sure you would develop nicely. You are small and already have a lot of feminine characteristics."

I watched Victor get his injection. As the amber liquid entered his hip a glimpse of pleasure appeared in his dark mascara eyes. He licked his full red lips.

I still believed that this was all phony and that the injection was probably just colored water. The doctor turned to me with a second hypodermic and said, "Now young lady, if you'll just lift your skirt and lower your panties."



I looked at Victor who was giving me a reassuring smile. I guess this was where they thought I'd run from the room and give up. No way I'd fall for such a cheap trick. I had to make them think I liked 'womanhood'.

I averted my gaze as the doctor approached with the injection, a wry but charitable glint appeared in his eyes.

"Well?" he said with a hint of annoyance in his tone. I stared, speechless, but lifted the skirt of my dress and pulled the tops of my panties down to my thigh.

My eyes widened as I felt the needle (a real needle) penetrate my hip. My heart pounded with anxiety, my insides tingled with confusion. The cool contents entered my body. Could I be wrong? Could this all be real?

I looked at the doctor and said, "That won't do too much will it? You know, take away my maleness?"

His voice was heavy with sarcasm, "Look. This just gave you a

female hormone balance. Your body now thinks you are a girl, babe, chick, what ever you want to call it, but for a while you are chemically a female."

"Oh you're going to love it," Victor said. "I promise."

I quickly pulled up my panties and smoothed down my skirt. It was like it didn't happen.

The doctor then gave me some pills to take and we left.

As we walked to our car and met our wives, Victor watched my uneasiness with humor. Smiling, he whispered, "The first time your bra really fits you, you'll thank me."

My hand went instinctively to the spot of injection. There was just the slightest soreness, barely a sting. This joke had left a mark.

At the car, Donna looked at Tana and asked, "Ready to give up yet? This is getting a little out of hand."

"You can always give up," Tana countered icily. Then to let Donna know that she had no thoughts of quitting, she added, "I'm beginning to like my new girlfriend."

At home I explained what happened at the doctors office and to my surprise, Tana said, "I thought they might do something like that. Even if it really was female hormones, I don't think it will hurt anything and your clothes will fit better. "My husband's going to have tits!" Then she wisecracked, "Amazing what money will buy."

Among my other emotions was a deep sense of shame; I flushed a rich crimson. I'd had enough of all this foolishness. I announced, "Tomorrow, I'm going back to my male clothes."

"No, you are not," Tana said. "This is now a matter of pride, and we are not going to lose. I know Donna and she's about to break. All we have to do is not look like we are giving up."

But, Donna didn't break and more several weeks went by with Donna and Tana sometimes acted like best friends and other times were bullheaded competitors.

Since Tana and I thought this was all a sting, I went with Victor weekly for 'hormone shots' and checkups. I felt funny the first couple of weeks and asked the doctor if the 'shots' could be causing it. I was queasy in the mornings, which quickly went away and I felt bloated, like a thin layer of water was just below my skin. My skin was silky smooth. I didn't feel bad, just different.

The doctor said there was some flu going around or it could be from the hormones. He gave me a shot of what he called 'proges' something that might help calm my system.



From the very first injection I felt different. At first, like dishwater. I just laid around, my body tingled all over, I felt weak and bloated. Then just as I felt bad, I suddenly felt euphoric. I sat around talking to Tana for hours about nothing, and my voice slid upward into higher registers. For the first time in my life, I loved sleeping in, grooming, and romantic movies. Even the corny soaps could burst me into tears.

Wearing dresses, bras and panties was becoming less and less of a 'big deal' and simply the clothes I wore. They were fitting better.

Victor appeared to be changing. His body softened, his ass and boobs jiggled when he walked. His legs had smoothed out into graceful, feminine curves. I was now fully aware that this was not a 'joke'. Our sissified and demasculinized bodies verified the potency of the female hormones.

Many times I tried to convince Tana to call the bet off, but she wouldn't hear of it. Victor told me, he tried too, although I doubted it since he was enjoying himself so much. The bet was on.

LIFE GOES ON

The weather was nice and we could use our pool. I started to put on my old swim trunks but Tana handed me a feminine one piece bathing suit. It was blue and pink with flowers. The bottom was skimpy but because of my sex cache, (though not the same type as Victor wore), nothing showed. I was surprised at how comfortable it was. The swimsuit had a halter top with straps over my shoulders that tucked in for a bare-shouldered tan. My previously flat chest now bulged outward in soft swellings that sat comfortably in the cups of my swimsuit top. With this cut, I looked bigger than in my bra. I realized how feminine I looked and accepted the inevitable.



I had told you that I realized that I really was receiving female hormones and I was growing my own set of 'perkettes'. I was

in bewilderment by their enlargement but fascinated by the new sensitivity on my chest. Those soft, little comforting mounds were quite sensitive. My alert nipples would even gather into little knots when touched or in the cold. Their outlines could be seen on my lace bra.

Why didn't I stop???? Well...I had always been a 'tit man' and it embarrasses me to say, I was beginning to like having my very own. I guess most men are pretty much absorbed in their 'dicks' and think they are pretty darn great but the 'breasts' on my chest had me hooked. Oh, I didn't say anything to Tana. I didn't have to. She spent much of our 'private time' subtly caressing, teasing, tasting and unearthing new sensations in them. In other words, Tana liked them as much as I did.

Tana told me a secret, "Most women are usually dissatisfied with their chests. 'Too small', 'too saggy', 'nipples too small' or a host of other criticisms. That's why most women are obsessed with breasts. I love having a set of rosy nipples to play with."

So if you were wondering why I didn't 'be a man' and call the whole thing off, that's why. I liked growing tits.

But, there were other changes I was worried about. Besides my tits. I was developing the secondary sex characteristics of a female. My skin softened, muscles smoothed, and weight settled in feminine areas such as my hips and thighs. My panties stretched around full hips with a feminine curve. My tight skirts fit better, flaring from a much reduced waist.

This whole girl thing felt different. As my hair grew long, I liked the way it played around my neck and fondled my shoulders. It felt like someone was tickling my smooth neck and I'd get chills. My new breasts would react and the nipples would come to attention. A bright red flush would appear on my cheeks.

Both of our wives never relented in trying to let the other know that she was not giving up. It was like they were playing 'chicken' with us. If Donna did something to feminize Victor, Tana would do the same to me. Tana said, "I don't want her thinking I'm getting cold feet and she's about to win."

Most men would have just quit this 'bet' but Tana had a hold over me. It was strange, but since the hormones, I'd become a lot calmer, yielding to her inclinations. As long as I did what she wanted, we got along wonderfully.

Since both of us couples were new in the rural neighborhood, no one noticed anything unusual.

On the way to the doctors one week, Victor had an idea. "Let's send our wives on a vacation together. A week in Hawaii might bring them back together and make them see what's happening to us."

We surprised them with the tickets which were non-refundable (fly or flush) and hotel reservations. To our surprise they chose to go but not without warning us that we were not to change clothes until a 'winner' was determined. It was Victor's birthday, and I was surprised that Donna would go.

We drove them to the airport and off they went. As the plane door closed, I looked at Victor, his uplifted breasts and curved hips accented by his light weight flowered dress. The wide belt highlighted his slim waist which flared into supple rounded hips. I was hoping that he would say, "Let's quit this foolishness," but he didn't.

"What shall we do?" I asked,

He suggested, "Let's go shopping." Then he added, "Since our wives are out of town, you can spend the night at my house."

We both had a lot of fun shopping that afternoon and we went by the beauty salon for a set and manicure. As we tripped about in our skirts and heels, I couldn't help thinking how unconscious our feminine actions were.

On our way home, Victor said, "I've got a surprise for you later so pick out a marvelous dress for tonight. And we have to be ready by seven thirty." Since it was his birthday, I thought we'd probably go to some place for a super expensive dinner.

About five, we both started by taking a bath, after which we sprayed on some perfume. Wearing dressing gowns, we sat in front of Victor's large vanity mirror putting on our make-up. We put on our base, eye shadow, mascara and red lipstick. We each did the others hair with hot rollers. I added a black lace ribbon for that feminine touch.

I asked, "Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise," he said. "Promise me, you won't tell Tana about tonight."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see," he said with a glint of faint amusement in his eyes. "This is just between US girls. I'll tell you soon. Finish getting ready."



Victor wore a red sequined silk two piece dress with a gracefully low-curved neckline with sequined buttons and matching high-heeled pumps. His shape had changed a lot since college.

He'd gained several inches around the hips causing a pudginess to his behind and thighs, yet his waist looked thin and delicate. His chest had sprouted nice sized, soft breasts with erect bloated nipples.

I wore an equally sexy but more conservative dress. We smiled at each other as we adjusted our sheer black stockings to our sexy lace garter belts. He said informatively, "Donna said we should wear our panties over our garter belt. It's easier to go to the ladies room." It seemed to make sense so I redid mine.

From the matching virgin white panties and bras to our gold jewelry, there was no question we looked like girls.

We looked at each other. Both knew that neither was the same boy we had gone to school with.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"I really don't know," Victor said with a devilish grin.

"What? Shall we just wing it?" I asked.

"I guess I should tell you," Victor said with a shy but wicked smile. "I set up a couple dates for us. We are being taken out."

"No!" I was in a panic. "I won't go out with a guy! This is Crazy." Fear and anger knotted inside me.

"Relax. These are the two business men that Donna and I went out with once. They are both gentlemen and will treat us like ladies. They'll be here in half an hour."

Victor handed me a couple things to add to my purse, things that women carry once a month. "Protection," he laughed, his face rosy with eagerness.

I found the thought of dating a man without Tana around both disturbing and curious.

A war of emotions raged through me as Victor told me of our dates. He spoke calmly, "Donna and I met them at a night club one night. They joined us for dinner and we went dancing. It was a lot of fun and they treated us very nice. Donna gave them our special phone number and when they called this morning, I thought, 'What the heck.' What are we suppose to do while our wives are in Hawaii having fun?"

I tossed my hair across my shoulder in a gesture of defiance. "I'm not going," I asserted.

Then he added, "It's just a date. Please don't make me go alone? Please? It's my birthday."

I was concerned about Victor's drinking and what might happen. I decided to go after he promised a 'short evening'.

We were ready fifteen minutes early and suddenly both of us had time to think about the situation. Neither of us had been around men without our wives before.

I said, "This is not a good idea. I hope we didn't over do this thing. We might have our hands full if they find us too cute."

Victor giggled and licked his lips, "Maybe we bit off more than we could chew?"

"Hey, I'm serious, we look like the kind of girls men would call 'sexy'. What are we going to do?"

"We've had fun being girls so far...let's really do it up tonight. What do you say?"

"Ok, but let's come home early."

We added some more perfume. I watched Victor reach into his bra cups and pull up his extra flesh creating cleavage that would show. He said proudly, "Hey, if you got it, flaunt it."

We primped in the mirror until our dates arrived exactly on time.

Victor introduced me to Bob and Jack. Bob was tall, rawboned, beardless, with a ingenuously appealing smile. He looked very powerful, his chest broad and muscular.

Jack stood tall and was built like a towering spruce. His massive shoulders filled the coat he wore, his hand, long-fingered and strong.

Both were over six feet tall, towering over our delicate silkenly clad physiques. My pulse quickened from fear at the massive masculine self-confidence of these men. This was much more than I bargained for. Women would find these men wonderfully appealing. I found them scary; a sheer black fright swept through me as I felt impaled by their poised gaze.

I became more uncomfortable by the minute as I saw how relaxed Victor appeared. Under the weight of their steady expressive stares, Victor's mood seemed unusually happy. Exhilaration bubbled in his laugh and reflected in his eyes. He winked at me with smug delight, elated by our illusory hoax.

I wasn't sure who was supposed to be my date and apparently neither were the men. Bob walked me to the car, but I sat next to Jack, while Victor sat next to Bob who drove.

I was caught off guard by the closeness and masculine ruggedness of Jack. The tantalizing smell of his woody after-shave was in stark contrast to the sweet flowery fragrance of my perfume. His heavy suit was made of a wool blend and he wore heavy 'wing-tipped' shoes, while I sat dressed in a tiny white lace bra, frivolous silken dress and open toed three inch high heeled slippers. I became conscious of the difference between Jack's pants and the way my nylons ran smoothly along my legs, clinging to my wide soft hips.

I sat quietly, mind and body benumbed.

Our first stop was a cocktail lounge for drinks and to get to know each other. Jack's large hand wrapped around the delicate fabric of my small waist and pulled me close as we walked together to the lounge. He presented his hard flat chest proudly in contrast to my soft chest with prominent twin points delicately pointing the way.

Victor was very animated and flirted with both men while I was very shy. Champagne was ordered and I began to worry as Victor quickly downed the first glass.



Victor said, "I can't tell whom I like the most and who is my date?"

The men had a solution. Jack said, "Both of you close your eyes and don't open them until we say."

We closed our eyes and the men got up and went to each of us and kissed both Victor and I on the mouth. "Now open your eyes...which one do you prefer?"

Victor giggled, and said "I don't know. Do I get another sample?" I was getting nervous with Victor's solicitative flirting, but the men loved it.

Bob said, "Why don't we just be a four-some. By the end of the evening we'll know. OK?" I liked the idea. This way no one could start anything serious.

We went to dinner followed by dancing at an exclusive nightclub. It was very dark in our booth. By midnight, after several drinks, everyone (but me) was loose and enjoying themselves.

Victor drank glass after glass of champagne and sometimes lost

track of whether he was dancing with Bob or Jack. Oddly, they didn't seem to care.

He held equally tight to both men and danced close, pressing his body against theirs. Some how they knew it was his birthday and ordered a cake and we all sang, "Happy Birthday Vicki."

Afterwards he kissed each, shyly putting his arms around their shoulders and playing with their short hair with his long red fingernails.

I was having an okay time, but I could tell that the guys preferred Victor's girlish coquettish attention.

While Bob and I talked and danced, Victor was in a mad embrace with Jack. Jack's hands roaming everywhere over Victor silk encased shape. Bob said, "Time to change partners!"

Without losing a beat, Bob took Jack's place in a kiss with Victor. Victor didn't seem to care which man he danced with...by now they were practically holding him up.

Jack showed little disappointment, knowing that he would get another turn at Victor later. Besides as he said, "You are equally alluring...just a little cool." I danced close to Jack and enjoyed his companionship. Jack kissed my neck as we danced. I liked him better than the cocky Bob.

I was worried about Victor. He didn't seem to be aware anymore of the 'difference' between what our dates wanted and what we were. Had they brainwashed him to the point he thought he was a girl?

Obviously Victor liked them both equally well and the boys liked Victor the most.

I began to feel like a third wheel and asked to be taken home. The boys suggested their apartment for a nightcap. Victor pleaded, "Please, it's early...just for a few minutes." But I claimed a headache and they drove to Victor's house.

Bob drove while Victor and Jack necked in the back seat. I glanced in the back seat and saw Victor sitting on Jack's lap. His dress hiked up high and one of Jack's hands caressing Victor's breasts, while the other was playing with the Victor's stocking garter.

When we arrived at Victor's home, I relaxed and kissed Bob to thank him for the evening. It was time to change back again. Jack came to the front seat and Bob took Jack's place with Victor in the back. I had to kiss Jack goodnight too.

I said, "Let's go in now, Vicki."

But Victor wasn't ready. He was a little tipsy and whined, "I'm going to go with the guys for a nightcap. I'll be back soon, Okay?"

I didn't know what to do but say ok. "There's a key under the doormat," Victor slurred.

I said goodnight as Victor and Bob moved up to the front seat next to Jack. As Victor moved across the seat his skirt rose so that all could see a lot of leg and even the tops of his black stockings and soft thighs. Victor's legs gently slid between both Jack and Bobs.

I started towards the house but suddenly realized I couldn't

leave my intoxicated friend with these guys. "Hey wait," I yelled as they drove away. It was too late.

The house was very quiet and I felt a little scared. I should have gone or forced Victor into the house. I kept saying to myself, everything will be okay. They will be home soon. It was eleven o'clock.

I wanted to get undressed but I was afraid that Victor might invite them in later. I turned on the television but was totally distracted. If Jack and Bob 'found out' they might hurt or beat up Victor... maybe they would even come back to beat me up?

I was intimidated and I was scared.

What was happening??? Was Victor humming, "I enjoy being a girl" again. It was eleven, O'five.

I watched the clock and the seconds pass, ever so slowly.

About one o'clock I dozed off on the couch.



I woke up, my heart was pounding and finally focused on the grandfather clock's hands; three o'clock. I heard a car drive off and Victor stepped inside the house, trying to be unusually quiet.

"Oh, hi," he said, startled at my appearance. His face was bright red. "You're still up?"

"I was worried. Should I go home?" I asked.

"I'm okay," he said. "I think I just need to take a long bath. I'm glad you're here."

"Are you sure you are okay? What happened?" I was concerned that he might be injured in some way.

"I'm fine," he said. I knew his mind was burning with memories. He said, "It wasn't that bad...THEY KNOW!"

"What? I shouldn't have let you go," I moaned.

"I'm fine, I guess," he said adjusting the bodice of his dress and checking his hair.

I knew he was just trying to make me feel less guilty for letting him take all the hardship. Victor was like that, very giving.

"I'm glad you're okay," I said. "Maybe we shouldn't ever dress like this again?"

His exhausted eyes smiled at me, "Go take a bath and I'll meet you in the den."

I went to the extra bedroom and undressed. As I removed my bra, the memory of our evening came back to me. I looked in the mirror at my feminized body. My pert nipples stood out proudly as did the curve of my full hips. I had changed so much. I was comfortable wearing makeup, lingerie, dresses and high heels. I rolled my hair, shaved my legs, and walked with a wiggle. I had been out with men tonight and had almost been deflowered, I hoped Victor had been as lucky.

I was confused by all that had happened. About an hour later I met Victor in the den. It was very late but I wanted to put all the pieces together.

To my surprise, Victor came in wearing a translucent nightgown with a lace bodice. He was smiling and actually seemed to have a glow. I thought he'd be shattered and never want to dress like a girl again.

"You look surprised," he said.

"You... You're okay?" I stuttered.

"The day of reckoning can't be postponed forever," he said smiling. "I know if I took hormones and developed the figure of a female, I would have to cope with 'men'!"

"What happened?" I asked.

He told me of his evening:

"At Bob's house more drinks were served. I had had too much already and one more didn't help. Bob took me on a tour of the house while Jack sat on the couch I was so tipsy, I had trouble even walking."

Before I knew it, Bob was kissing my neck and telling me how attractive I was. He embraced me and kissed me on the lips. That was ok, but when I felt Bob's tongue enter my mouth, I started to panic. It was so long and big. His lips were bruising mine, my hand went to his chest to push him away. I felt his solid chest, and my breasts tingled against the lacy fabric of my bra. A quiver surged through my veins as I tried to cry out for release. Was this how a woman was suppose to feel? The room spun and I guess I passed out.

I don't remember much until I heard, Bob say, "What the....?" Jack ran into the bedroom.

I had passed out on the king-size bed, the front of my dress had been opened and my bra undone. My pink nipples stood out

boldly on my soft mounds. As the room spun, I realized my panties were lying in a heap and my bare thighs spread slightly...showing my tiny secret. As luck would have it, tonight was one of the rare occasions when I wasn't wearing my DiVert device.

Bob looked at Jack and said, "She's a guy!" Then they both stared at me. I wanted to run but Bob roughly grabbed my arm.

While I tried to sober up, Bob said, "I bet they were both guys."

I was speechless.

Jack proclaimed. "What are we going to do, beat 'em up?"

Bob tested my breasts to see if they were real, and said, "They look like a girls'?"

"He has the shape of a girl too!" Jack said. Bob asked, "You like being a girl, right?" He outlined the tips of my breasts with his fingers.

I could tell they were confused and I hoped to work this out without getting hurt.

I stammered, "I'm sorry, I'm on female hormones and they must have affected..."

"And look at this guy's creamy white thighs," Bob said with a bit of confusion in his voice, then added "You are really very pretty."

I was flushed and on the verge of tears, I was trying to explain. But they didn't really want to talk. Jack sat on the bed and ran his hand gently over my breasts and nipples. He gasp, "What wonderful breasts. Does this feel good?"

"Yes, but...I mean, please, you got this whole thing wrong," I said. "You see...if you'd just let me explain..."

Bob said, "You weren't just teasing us were you? Do you like making love to men?"

"I haven't..., " I said blushing trying again to explain.

It was too late to explain. Bob had gently moved me over on my stomach and had lifted my skirt carefully, saying "You are a very beautiful girl."

He reached into a drawer and pulled out a tube of lubricant. He smoothly climbed onto the bed and positioned himself between my creamy thighs. I was a bit dizzy and not totally aware what was happening. Bob whispered to me, "You have wonderfully smooth hips, just like a girls. You look walk, smell and feel so much like a girl. You're much too girlish to ever be a boy again."

I was in a panic. I wanted to yell but Jack put his finger to his lips and said, "It's okay, we're glad you're becoming a girl."

Bob was enjoying the coming sneak attack. He took my hips and pulled them back gently until his single-minded maleness was exerting pressure to enter.

My eyes opened and instantaneously got real big as I realized what was happening. The pressure abruptly became a stress as Bob thrust his pelvis forward entering me slightly. A shrill scream escaped my ruby lips as I suddenly awoke to the realism of the moment. I started to thrash, but it was too late. Bob hesitated

for just a second and asked, "Don't you want to be a girl?"

I shook my head "No... No! Wait...!" but then inch by inch, Bob ground himself into me, and the strain soon had me moaning.

I pleaded, "Please... Ohhh. Please stop... I don't want to be a girl... not this way!"

"Just relax " Bob said, "it'll feel good in a minute. All girls have a time like this... you'll grow to love it." Bob continued his assault and was soon pressed fully into my trembling body. A feeling of relief started to come over me as Bob began to pull back. But then the next thrust caused my eyes to bulge and another cry escaped from my lips.

Bob soon had set up a rhythm of long strokes. On each withdrawal, there was hope, soon to be followed by a feeling of horror. Bob was gasping how about what a wonderful girl I made. Bob said, "You're becoming a Woman now!"

A panic came over me. I renewed my struggle to get away. Bob's strong hands simply took a stronger grip on my hips and impaled me fully. This continued until I quit struggling. My long curls and breasts trembled at this rude awakening.

Bob reached around and tensed my nipples , rolling them in his fingers. He pressed them together tensing, "I hope you get pregnant!"

Pleaded, trying to get my breath, "Please...!"

Bob turned his face to me and said, "You feels like a girl and even squeal like one." With those words he made about ten full deep invasive thrusts each bigger than the last.

"Eeeeeee," I shrieked with each lusty trespass.

My eyes rolled with each penetration while gasping for breath. I was deeply impaled around Bob's stiff stem. I was mating with a man. I knew I made a very sweet girl, but I didn't deserve this.

Bob said to me, "Thank you for being so sweet. You make a wonderful Miss."

It was all like a nightmare. I was being baptized tonight as a girl. I was soon to be deeply inseminated with Bob's hot seed. My eyes popped as Bob's thrusts increased in intensity.

I felt so bad. I had liked dressing as a girl and now... Bob's trusts were increasing as I laid my head on the pillow in defeat.

Bob said, "That's a good girl, get comfortable." A few more trusts and suddenly Bob plunged fully into Victor and moaned, "Ahhhhh..." Things had come to their inevitable conclusion.

I groaned, arched my back and uttered a shrill squeal as millions of 'little Bob's' deeply, flooded my belly.

I quickly realized what a man had just done to me. Bob made a few more thrusts and then softly fell out. I just laid there in humiliation sobbing and trying to get my breath.

Bob gasped to Jack "She's better than most of the real girls I've had. A little more practice and she'd be fantastic!"

I looked at Jack and grimaced at the lusty look in his eyes. was I going to be forced to submit again ?????

Jack asked, "Okay?" I was speechless. Jack pulled off his shirt and dropped his pants. He showed no signs of relenting. I turned over on my side and held my hands over my exposed breasts.

Jack climbed onto the bed and gently turned me over on my back. He said, "I'm really attracted to you!"

I whispered softly to Jack, "Don't hurt me." My soft voice seemed higher by an octave.

I stiffened and was confused as Jack took my legs and hooked them over his shoulders. I didn't resist, I knew it was too late for that. I tossed my head and eyed Jack with a cold unflinching defiance.

With my ankles over his shoulders, Jack positioned himself and suddenly my heavy dark lashes flew up over eyes nearly bugged out of their sockets. The shock of what was happening again created the sensation of complete astonishment. I took a sharp breath as reluctantly my body accepted Jack's elevated maleness.

I felt the tortured dullness of disbelief as I again was potently filled with manmeat. I was surprised as chills overcame me and I had time to take a deep breath. I just laid there in passive submission, taking each thrust of Jack's maleness.

My stomach churned with anxiety and frustration at my passive reaction to what was happening. Clenching my teeth, I was furious and overwhelmed, but impotent to stop any feelings.

I moaned as my widely spread nyloned legs trembled with each of Jack's invasions. My feet still in my girlish high heels.

As the intensity increased, my eyes opened and I looked at Jack's face as he intently probed deeply into my belly. I could feel the swelling, only this time I was fully sober and knew what was happening. Again, I was functioning as a female in satisfying a man.

It was like I wasn't there. My legs wrapped around Jack's shoulders pinning me to the bed. It almost looked like Jack was doing push-ups on me. Push-ups they were. I moaned and wiggled my hips with each stuffing of maleness. The springs on the bed began to squeak and my long nails dug into Jack's hips trying in vain to stop the onslaught.

"Wow," Jack whispered to me, "Honey, you're sweet... so girlish..." With that he kissed me fully on the lips, pressing his tongue between my lips.

Jack's hands roughly roamed around my curves, his tongue probed deeply as I writhed against his aggressions.

I wanted to scream at Jack. My heart was pounding like it was coming through my chest. My hand went to my chest in reaction, feeling his hands on my exposed bare breasts. I must have been hyperventilating because I felt faint, my skin tingled, my vision blurred.

I tried to move but my body stiffened, feeling every stitch of my feminine clothing, from the way my dress was bunched around waist to the tight compression of my nylons and my un-giving high heeled pumps.

A blush of deep embarrassment surged up inside of me as I realized how feminine I'd become. I was surprised at how easily my slender, supple body had succumbed to all of Jack's substantial male attention. I slid my hands down along the silken delicate

fabric of my wrinkled dress that clung around my waist while feeling Jack's hands freely roam.

I wanted to hide from the anguishing remorse I felt, but I couldn't. As my milky, soft delicate frame squirmed under Jack's weight, I felt tiny electrical shocks exploding, helpless to do anything.

My eyes were open with a helpless look. Jack whispered, "I love being with you. You're submissive nature drives me mad. You are 100% girl to me." With renewed humiliation, I looked away. A stab of guilt lay buried deeply in my belly. I was facing the harsh realities of flirting with femininity. A hot tear rolled down my cheek

Would my innocent fling bring gloomy memories? I seemed to be filled with waiting.

Jack picked up the stride of his strokes and was soon on me like a lust craved bull. Jack's every invasion made my heart turn over.

As Jack's passion mounted, I began to spasm as each hot tide of passion, like electricity, arced through me. I was having feelings like never before. Not totally unpleasant feelings. My mind blanked as I abruptly screeched inward like an unwelcome surge of electricity being released. My head went forward tossing my long hair in the air and kicking my legs upward.

Jack had struck a vibrant chord. It was new music, beautiful music, with an exciting melody. My pulse quickened at the speculation of what had happened.

Jack roared, "Here it comes... get ready my sweet girl. ARRRGH!" He ground into me with a definitive infiltration.



We both moaned and our bodies jerked as I felt Jack shoot burst after burst of hot essence deep into my belly ratifying my feminine identity. A rush of fever made my body shutter: I knew I could never be the same.

Jack collapsed, his broad shoulders heaving as he breathed. My soft curves molded to the contours of Jack's athletic body.

At last, we parted a few inches as Jack rolled to the side keeping his arm around my waist. He lifted his head and looked directly at me saying quite sincerely, "You are wonderful. I hope you don't hate us. you are really quite a wonderful girl lover. You are going to make a splendid wife to some lucky guy."

His last words were buried as Jack's mouth covered mine hungrily. I lay drowned in a flood tide of liberation.

My hands instinctively went up and adjusted my long hair... I wanted to look nice.

Everyone was too emotion filled to speak. I simply found my panties and slipped them on. I was almost dizzy. I wasn't sure if it was from the booze or from the turbulence of passion I'd been through. We all straightened up, they watched as I put on a flesh coat of lipstick and fluffed my hair. The men drove me home..."

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I was in shock from his blunt, honest confession. Victor had experienced the ultimate in femininity; he experienced the flooding of uncontrollable male joy. Feelings that his mother and centuries of women knew. Essence of male creatures were swimming around in his belly confirming his femininity. It was Victor's birthday in more ways than one. It was the beginning of a new life for Victor. I knew that "he" would never be a man again. I knew there was something different about Victor from the very beginning. I had tried to ignore the truth but it persisted; Victor liked being a girl. The thought barely crossed my mind before the phone rang.

Victor hopped up and answered the red phone with a very high voice, "Hello."

"I'm okay." Victor replied into the receiver then said, "It's okay... I know... maybe... No... OK" Then he hung up.

Victor had a funny expression on his face. He shook his head and said, "That was Jack. He wants to take me out again."

"You told him NO, right?"

It seemed that Victor could sense a new, barely controlled power that was coiled inside his body. He shrugged to hide his contusion, then added, "I told him, I'd think about it."

Victor pushed aside a wayward strand of dark hair and quickly changed the subject. I sensed that he didn't want to talk anymore about it. He wanted to talk about his hair and whether he should get it colored. I felt a scream of frustration at the back of my throat. How could he think of curling his hair after what happened tonight???

Victor had encouraged me into this and I needed to work out some answers; but tonight I kept my thoughts to my self.

That night I flopped into bed with a grateful sigh. I was glad the day was over. The day was a nightmare, I wasn't afraid to sleep.

The next morning, I opened my eyes, and looked at the clock. Eleven o'clock. I felt good despite a slight hangover. I felt flushed and very drowsy, yet refreshed. I grasped the neck of my

web like nightgown to take it off and remembered that I only had my makeup bag, evening dress and a simple skirt and blouse here at Victor's house. I grabbed a heavy cotton robe and went to the kitchen. I needed coffee.

Victor was there already dressed. He had a smile on his face... the kind of smile my wife would wake up with after a 'hard' night. "Morning, sleepy head," he said with a giggle. He was wearing a tight, black leather mini-skirt, a pink sweater and perched on four inch high heeled pumps, he served coffee and cooked some eggs. He had been doing a lot of the cooking lately and talked about recipes he was going to try. We ate and we chatted about 'nothing' for a while. Then out of nowhere, his hand slid down my arm and tightened around my wrist and said, "Please, Don't say anything to Tana about last night. OK?"

Tears came to his eyes. His fingers played distractedly with the hem of his skirt sitting high on his crossed knees. He felt the need to explain, "It would worry Donna."

"Okay," I said watching Victor's expression. Feminine wisps of dark hair curled against the 'V' of his low-cut sweater. Victor looked more delicate and vulnerable than ever. He looked at me, his long lashes swept down across his cheekbones which burned in remembrance of the evening before.

I agreed, perhaps it was better that our wives didn't know.

A couple of weeks later, Tana and I were out at our pool. I was in my one-piece bathing suit. I casually wandered over to the fence that separated our yard from Victor's. I looked over the fence into Victor's back yard. It was hedged in and about a hundred yards separated me from where I saw him laid out on a raft in the pool. His scanty clad body was reclined in youthful abandon. His long black hair was swept up in a pony tail and he was wearing a tiny one piece yellow bathing suit. He looked fully girlish from the smooth front of his suit bottom to his full round hips, long legs and very evident full breasts. I was amazed by his not wearing any padding. I stood watching him for a while when I heard Victor yell something at his house. I saw the back door open and expected to see Donna, but I didn't. A man emerged carrying a tray of pink frozen drinks, like strawberry daiquiris. It was Jack. Victor looked up towards Jack as he approached the pool and sat up, swimming to the side. Getting out, he brushed a strand of dark wavy hair behind an ear. His tight, low cut suit top amply displayed his now fully developed breasts. The high cut bottom rested comfortably high on his rounded hips, showing long smooth legs that ended with a pair of high heeled slippers. He crossed his slim legs in a provocative manner while Jack poured the pink juice into tall glasses.

I couldn't move as I watched quietly. They toasted, then Victor rubbed suntan lotion all over Jack's body. Then Jack had Victor lay down on his stomach and unhook his top. He squirted suntan lotion on Victor's back from his neck to his dimpled bottom jutting out below a curvaceous sloping back. Victor turned over and lowered his straps and top from his white breasts. Jack rubbed the lotion up Victor's smooth legs and over his rounded stomach getting a little too much in Victor's navel. Victor squealed and playfully jumped as Jack probe the 'dimple' trying to retrieve the excess lotion.



Victor reached an arm around Jack's neck and pulled until their lips touched. Their bodies molded to each other so that Victor's full breasts were crushed against Jack's athletic chest. They held that kiss for at least a minute before coming up for air. I couldn't believe my eyes. Something emotional had deeply sprouted roots between them.

That's when it hit me. Victor had lost! Victor was the first

to be read that night with Bob and Jack. I was a winner, Tana was a winner. I could get out of this once and for all. All I had to do was betray my friend and tell Tana what happened. I had to think about this.

I discreetly crept away from the hedge, a cool wind tangled my hair. I shivered and got goose-bumps wondering what that was all about. I wasn't sure I wanted to know. I went back to where Tana was sunbathing. She asked whether I'd seen anyone there since Donna was supposed to be at her mothers for the weekend.

I said a little shocked, "Nobody's home, that's for sure."

A little later, I roamed over to the hedge again and peeked through. The lawn chairs and glasses were empty. I phoned Victor later, but got no answer. Then I drove down Victor's street and saw Jack's car in front of the house. This was too much.

The next day I confronted Victor with what I had seen and my revelation. He didn't seem overly concerned that I'd seen him having a liaison with Jack when his wife was out of town. "It's simple, Jerry, I'm a girl now and I do what girls do. Donna realizes that and I guess it's time that you and Tana come to that realization too."

He was wearing a simple peasant blouse and a flowered full skirt. His hair was hanging loosely about his shoulders in a casual style. He had a flower pinned into the side, much like the Hawaiian girls do.

He confessed, "Donna and I haven't been husband and wife for months now. We even sleep in separate bedrooms. We are really roommates. Besides, she isn't visiting her mother this weekend; she is on a weekend getaway with Bob. They are traveling while Jack and I have the house. The next time, Jack and I'll travel while they have the house."

I looked at him like he was crazy. I yelled at him, "I won... months ago! No wonder you didn't want me to tell. If I had told, I'd have won. By not telling, I was sentenced to more months of this stuff. I'm telling Tana!"

"Go ahead," he said. "I've never been happier and I must warn you, so is Tana. Donna told me that before all this happened, Tana told her she was going to divorce you. Since then, she can't talk enough about how much she loves you and your life together. You really were a macho s.o.b."

Victor was right, I too had never been happier. My life was different, comfortable, happy, relaxed. I enjoyed sharing my life with Tana whom I was no longer threatened by. When she wore a short skirt, I wore one too. I was secure. Could I be secure dressed and competing as a man again?

Victor joked, "How about making the bet... two out of three?" Then he added, "Now, I've simply got to go to the store for groceries. Jack will be home in a couple of hours and he is a big eater."

As Victor and I walked to his car, I realized that I had lost my buddy. Victor no longer existed as I had known him.

That was confirmed when, as he was driving out of the driveway, he rolled down the window and said, "Oh, by the way, please don't refer to me as Victor anymore. My name is Victoria...and next week it will be official." With that and a sexy wave of his ruby painted fingertips, 'Vicki' drove down the street to the store.

I didn't immediately go to Tana and tell her of my conversation with Victor. I thought about it for several weeks. I couldn't keep it a secret forever.

I started to hint that I guessed that 'Vicki' was not ever interested in being Victor again. She didn't express any surprise at my revelation. "I've known for ages that Victor was different from you, Jerry. You are still a man underneath those clothes, but Victor is not. He...she is now a girl. Donna realized that and accepted it. She actually encouraged it because it gave her the freedom that she missed from college. Therefore, dear, I would suggest that you forget about your college buddy, Victor, and accept the new girl on the block, Victoria." In my mind's eye, I visualized Vicki walking to her car and realized that Tana was right. Victor was really gone.

A couple weeks later we received a phone call from Donna asking whether Tana and I would like to join Vicki and her for dinner at Pierre's, the most expensive restaurant in town. She informed us that both she and Vicki would be escorted by their boyfriends. Tana and I were happy to accept since we hadn't officially met these men. I had kept my word and not told Tana about our dates with Jack and Bob, thus she didn't know that I had met the men before. She had never met them.

Tana and I were the first to show up at the restaurant. Reservations were made out to Victoria Lorenzo and Donna Wilson. Donna had reverted to her maiden name when she and Victor parted marital bliss. Tana was bewitching in her elegant, form fitting sequined studded gown. She looked stunning with her blond hair piled on top of her head in an arrangement of curls.

I was dressed similar to her, only my gown was blue in contrast to her red one. Both gowns were slit along one side so that as we walked, a flash of leg would appear. The tight skirts made walking difficult, requiring petite hip swinging steps to negotiate any distance.

Tana and I were enjoying cocktails when Donna and her date, Bob, arrived. Donna was radiant in an off the shoulder, full skirted taffeta gown that only reached to her knees. Her hair was lovely in a French curl that tumbled down her back. She was securely holding Bob's hand as they approached the table. She introduced him to Tana and I. Bob gave no indication that we had met before. Obviously Vicki had gotten to him before this dinner meeting. Donna stated that Vicki and Jack would be a little late since Vicki seemed to take forever to get ready. She couldn't make up her mind what to wear.

Another fifteen minutes passed before Victoria made her grand entrance. She approached our table tightly clinging to Jack's arm. Her long red nails contrasted with Jack's dark suit. Vicki was stunning in a white tiered cocktail dress. The gown had tiered layers of lace that went from her waist to the skirt hem which ended just above her knees. The gown was strapless and revealed substantial cleavage. The top half of her breasts could be seen above the bodice of the dress. She walked confidently beside Jack in her four inch white satin slippers. Her hair was parted at the center and framed her face in a cascade of dark locks that tumbled to below her shoulders.

She confidently approached our table and introduced Jack to Tana. One look at Victoria showed the pride she had in her date but he seemed a little unsure how Tana would react to the flaunting of his new-found romantic affiliation. The way Victor clung to Jack indicated that she was very possessive of him. Her body language stated "Any girl that tries to steal my man had

better beware." She had obviously developed very feminine instincts about Jack over the past few months.

Victor looked absolutely radiant as he was gallantly seated by Jack. He looked at least 5 years younger, appearing to be innocent and no older than 20 years old. Victor sat very close to Jack while Donna did the same to Bob. I wasn't able to sit close to Tana in public since it would look rather strange for two young women to appear as a couple at Pierre's. The dinner was delicious although very expensive. But then what did money mean to us. Each of us was a millionaire many times over.

After dinner, a small dance combo began playing romantic music. Jack asked Vicki for a dance and she quickly accepted. It was impossible to find any trace of my old buddy Victor in the young girl that elegantly walked to the center of the dance floor.

They were the only couple on the floor, and as the music continued, Vicki gracefully accepted Jack's embrace and they started to waltz around the floor. The two clung close to each other throughout the dance, it was obvious that they adored each other. Victor held his soft breasts firmly against Jack's chest as they swayed to the unhurried music.

While they were dancing, I looked around the room and noticed many approving nods towards the dancing couple.

Obviously, everyone in the room considered them to be a lovely couple. Then the unfairness of the situation struck me. I realized that I, a happily married man, faithful to my wife and marriage vows, would cause a major scandal if I were to dance that waltz with my wife on Pierre's dance floor; whereas, Victor, who had rejected everything masculine, even his marriage, could dance on that same floor with another man without the slightest murmur.

Morality is determined more by what is perceived than what is actual. Is there a lesson to be learned from this, perhaps it could be:

"YOU CAN SUCCESSFULLY FOOL MOTHER NATURE, BUT SHE WILL ALWAYS EXACT A PRICE."

The bet had saved my marriage, but the price was that Tana and I can't display our affections in public. Victoria could display affections in public, but the price paid was her marriage to Donna.

Perhaps the lesson could be: "THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS A FREE LUNCH"

Towards the end of the dance, as the lights were turned down low, Jack brought Vicki's face close to his and they kissed the last 30 seconds of the dance. It was very romantic. When they returned to the table, Victoria's face was flushed and glowed. We commented on what we had seen and Vicki, holding tightly onto Jack's arm, acknowledged that she was in love with him. Her confession caught both Tana and I off guard, but Donna didn't miss a beat. she smiled at Vicki, then looked lovingly at Bob. It was obvious to all that both couples were very much in love.

Victor smiled and proudly said, "Jack just asked me something...What are you folks doing next June?"

EPILOGUE:

Later that night, as Tana and I prepared for bed, we commented on the different directions taken by the two households. She said

that she was very happy for both of them, but she wouldn't trade places with them for all the rice in China. That evening she made it very obvious to me that she loved me just the way I was.



Victor may have "found" himself in the persona of Victoria, but Tana didn't want any such goings on with me. She was very happy with my being the "man" of the house, even if this man had a shape like hers and wore the same clothes as she did. I couldn't agree with her more.

I mentioned to Tana that obviously Donna had lost the bet since Vicki's relationship with Jack was more than plutonic.

She nodded her agreement with this observation; but said it was a moot point since everyone had developed well beyond the original intent of the bet. She said that she would bring the point up with Donna in the morning, but she had no intention of holding her to the penalty. "Look at how happy we are," Tana said reassuringly, "You are much more attractive as a girl than you ever were as a boy. Trust me, you'll be happier."

Smoothly and quickly she pulled down the top of my panties and pushed me down on the bed.

I grabbed her hand as she roughly caressed my breasts and kissed me. Her strong grip remained steady. I got goose bumps. The painful tweaks of my nipples were secondary to the mental stress and the sensations running up my back. I grabbed her shoulder to avoid fainting. I was moaning and my belly shivered. I could feel the hot liquid flowing through my blood vessels. I gasped out loud, "Ohhhhh!"

The bitch! I stared at her with contempt.

She smiled. She liked doing this to me. It was over, I was to be 'her girl' as long as she wanted.

I wondered whether everything would have worked out so well for me if I had realized months ago that Donna had lost. Would I have insisted that the masquerade end? Would I have gone back to being a man? Could I have changed back? And finally, would my marriage to Tana have been as great as it now was?

These were questions to which there never will be answers; thus, I rolled over, placed my arm around Tana, and went to sleep.

THE END