

Crowning Glory: The Saga Continues

Part 2 of 2



by **Carollyn Olson**
& **Tawni Katherine Bonds**

Book Two in the Series



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Crowning Glory: The Saga Continues!

~~ Part Two ~~

By Carolyn Olson
With Tawni Katherine Bonds

Chapter 22: What Am I Doing? This!!

The night was almost too much for Kat to comprehend, and, like Cinderella, she did not want the night to end. She had never had an experience like this before. People not only accepted her, but they liked her.

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She did not have to try so hard, as she had as a man. Not being the man, she did not have to go through the process of asking and to be turned down; or as Ryan would put it, going to 1,000 casting calls in hope of getting one acceptance. He found it brutal on his psyche. He hated it. But as Kat, so far anyway, she did nothing but enjoy and accept or not. She had the power of 'No' for once. Kat was not yet sure, but something was bubbling inside her.

Tawni, Cindy and Ashley stood, leaned over to hug Kat, Emily, Beth and Erin as they said their good byes. It was almost three in the morning.

"Being the older crowd here, it's time we head back," Tawni announced. "We'll see you kids in the morning for brunch! We're taking the limo so you'll have to use Uber." With kisses all around, the three disappeared into the crowd.

Beth stood, shouting to them, "Wait! I'm coming with you!" She turned to Erin, "It's OK if I go back to the hotel isn't it? I have a headache coming on and the late night crowd is really not my scene."

"Sure, if that is what you want. I think I should stay a bit longer and make sure things do not go south with Ryan, I mean Kat. OK?"

Beth whispered to Erin, "Don't do anything you don't want me to know about." She ran off to join the others.

"Are you having fun Kat?" asked Erin, stating the obvious.

"Oh, my goodness, yes. Very much so," she replied, waiving her finger at Erin. "But, ah...I have to ask you something?"

Erin leaned in close, "Yes?"

"I have to go to the bathroom. What do I do?" Kat softly announced as she slipped her feet into her heels.

"You just go in there like you would and go into a stall and do your business. Do you want me to go with you?"

"Which 'in there' do I go to? The men's or the women's?"

Emily took Kat's hand and said, "C'mon, we'll go together." She turned to Erin, "Be right back."

Erin reclined in her chair, crossed her legs and sipped on the flat, left over champagne. Skinny Suit guy was sitting across the dance floor, staring at her. He raised his glass in compliment to her and she returned the toast with a smile. He stood and began to make his way over to her table.

In the women's room, Kat and Emily were each in a private stall. Kat had an issue with sitting down without sanitary paper at the very least. Ryan had always hated to use a public restroom and was proud of his ability to hold it until he got home. But now, for some reason, maybe the tightness of the clothes, Kat found she could not hold it any longer. So here was Ryan/Kat, sitting on the commode in the ladies room and feeling very uncomfortable.

It suddenly struck Ryan that he did not have to sit to go!!! "Wow!" he thought, "What is going on in my head!?" He was now thinking like a girl, which was more over powering than ever.

Kat opened the stall door and went to wash her hands where Emily joined her. "I always wondered if

you washed after going," She said with a smile. She leaned in to kiss Emily but she put her hand up saying, "You'll smudge both of our make ups. That's a no-no, but air kisses are OK."

They turned to the mirror and studied their faces. "Time for a touchup," Emily insisted.

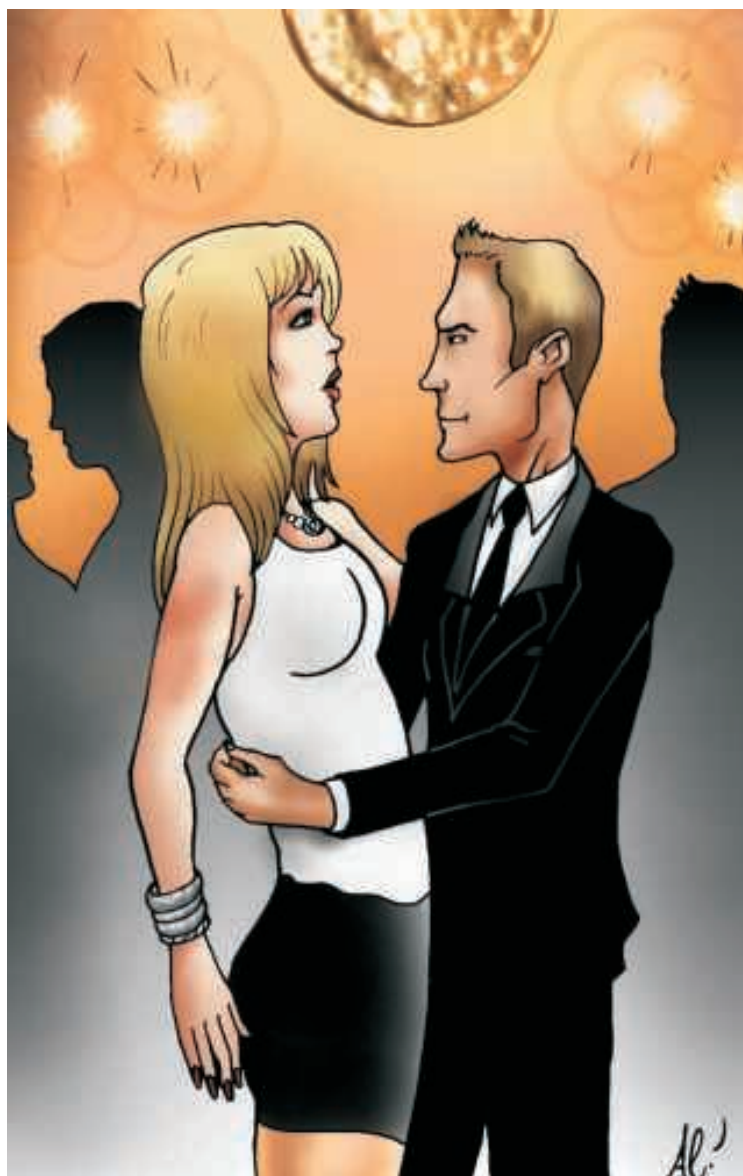
Emily helped Kat with a little blush, eyeliner and lipstick. They powdered and freshened their looks until they were both happy. Emily turned to study Kat's appearance. "You need more eye shadow, and let me fix your lips. You know a girl's lips can be very enticing and sensual! Someday you will learn how to do this yourself, but for the time being, I am here to help.

Emily pulled a lip brush from her purse and carefully outlined Kat's lips. She stood back and pronounced her as "stunning!"

When the girls got back to their table, Erin was gone, slow dancing with the Skinny Suit guy. She looked great in his arms...a perfect fit. She seemed to float as he guided her around the floor. The mirror ball throwing sparkles on the crowd, made a dreamy starlight of their form.

The girls sat, talked and sipped their water. When Skinny Suit guy returned Erin to the table, he offered his hand to Kat. She shook her head no, but he gave her "a hurt puppy-dog look" and she conceded. They disappeared into the dance floor crowd, but just before she did, she tossed back her hair and gave a look over her shoulder to Emily and Erin, a look of pure joy.

On the dance floor, Skinny Suit guy wrapped her in his arms and gently swayed in time to the music. He could feel her tension. She was uncomfortable. So he



loosened the hold, stepped back and assumed a proper waltz stance and began to gently lead her.

Back at the table Emily said to Erin, "I am getting a little worried that Ryan may be enjoying this just a bit too much, if you know what I mean."

"He needs this, Emily. This will heal him. He has sublimated for so long that he became hostile to women. This will make him a better man. You'll see."

"I know, but still...I have a feeling I may lose him. I am not sure I should fight to keep him as a man or release my hold and let him experiment all he wishes, hoping he'll return to me."

"I understand what you are saying, but let's look at this in another way," Erin reasoned. "If you yank this from him now, he'll probably just get more resentful than ever because we let him taste something that has been hidden and forbidden in him for so long now. That would be like showing the candy to a kid and saying 'you are not allowed to touch it.' If this offers him the release from his horrible childhood, and if he feels he wants to dress again, then you should want to know that sooner than later. Don't you think?"

She looked at Erin and glanced at Kat on the dance floor. "Yes-s-s-s. I guess so. I mean, but...well, the thing is, I kind of liked him better as my *MAN* than as this fairy Princess I am seeing tonight."

Erin looked Emily directly in her near-tearful eyes.

"When my wife restarted my cross dressing, we talked and she put before me the following question. She said, 'what if I want to dress like a man and put a sock in my pants and sit with my legs splayed, drink beer and get fat, hairy and smelly. How would you

feel?’ And I got the point. This is hard for everyone involved. You two definitely need to talk about it. But I urge you to not take it from him until he is healed. If you two need to draw lines in the sand, make them mutually acceptable, do not issue ultimatums.”

Erin studied Emily for her reaction and continued.

“I had no idea I needed dressing as a woman so badly. It has changed my life for the better. It has changed our business for the better, and, because we talked, it has changed my marriage for the better. I love my wife so much that it hurts and I would do anything she asks of me. Anything. But thank God she understands what this all means and what it does not mean.”

Emily stared at Erin for a minute, trying to get the right words from her brain to her tongue.

“What does it mean? Does it mean he is going to start dating men, giving blow jobs, shoving things up his ass and sashaying around the house?” Erin looked at Emily who now had tears in her eyes. “I love him. I do not want to lose him to...to...this,” she said as she pointed to the dance floor where Skinny Suit guy was holding Kat much too close for Emily’s liking with his hand beginning to drift down to her rear. “When we came up with this plot, I never thought about how I would feel.”

Both the women surveyed Kat on the dance floor and noticed she was no longer tense, but had melted into Skinny Suit guys embrace, head on his shoulder. Emily and Erin did not realize Kat was exhausted. The evening of dressing, drinking, dancing and eating very little food had been a long and exciting, but was

beginning to take its toll. She was just about out of steam and was asleep on her feet.

Emily, put her head in her hands and Erin gently hugged her.

"If," she said quietly in her ear, "Ryan turns out to be gay, then it is better to find out now, to find your limits, to let his feelings go free so he will be happy. You want happiness, right? So if you love him, you should want happiness for him as well."

"Emily sobbed, "I do love him and I know he's not gay. He is too good in bed. It is just so darned confusing. I wanted him to be freed from his childhood demons. I don't want him to be free from me!!"

The girls hugged and cried, gently rocking back and forth, as Kat returned from the dance floor with Skinny Suit guy. They stopped and looked up, their make up running a little. Kat sat down between her friends and hugged them both tightly as she began to cry too.

Skinny Suit guy gingerly broke up the cry fest: "Ladies, it has been my pleasure to host you tonight at my club. Please come again anytime you would like and tell the doorman you are guests of the owner, Mark Waters." He offered them his card.

Emily proclaimed loudly over the music, "Thank you Mark. You'll never know how special you have made this night." He bowed and retreated into the crowd.

Minutes later, the cute server delivered a tray of flaming drinks: "Compliments of the management." As she set the platter on the table, she added, "Mark

NEVER sends free drinks, so whatever you girls did..." She winked as she went back to her station.

Erin and Emily raised their glasses back to toast Kat. "What a wonderful evening...the most fun ever...Kat, you were sensational."

"And with that," Erin said, "I think it is time to get back to the hotel. What time is it anyway?"

Emily looked at her watch. "4 AM!!!!" She shrieked.

Erin said, "Cool. I love being out this late."

The girls looked at Kat, who was sound asleep in the booth.

"Poor baby," Erin laughed. "I guess she can't take it!"

"I'll page Uber," Emily said. "It has been a long, fun and eventful night. Thank you, Erin."

Chapter 23: The Morning After

"Oh my God, what a dream!" Ryan moaned as he awoke in an unfamiliar hotel room. His eyes were barely open and his head was aching. He ran his hands through his hair and then reached down to scratch his... WHAT IS THIS??? He was wearing a satin baby doll night gown, bra and panty hose!!!

He popped up in bed, which made his head hurt and spin. He moaned aloud again as he swung his feet over the side of the bed. He had trouble finding his bearings and felt as if he was going to throw-up.

Yes, he realized he was in a hotel room. And, yes...he was in the same room he had been in the night

before when Emily and the girls had...OMG! "They had dressed me up as a woman."

Ryan stumbled to the bathroom in an attempt to find his clothes only to feel the room spin again. "No more alcohol – ever!!!!" He moaned.

Ryan stumbled and positioned himself over the toilet...he sank to the floor in a heap. "What happened?" he asked himself. "Where are my clothes?"

He torturously rose, looked in the mirror over the sink and did a double take as he looked in the mirror again.

"What did I do last night!?" he asked himself. "Maybe it wasn't a dream."

Ryan focused on the mirror, confused. He was wearing red lipstick now smeared down to his chin. His eyebrows were no longer bushy, but shaped in arches. He had black eyeliner smudged and dried in a dripping pattern around his eyes and his eyelashes were caked in mascara.

"Whoa," he muttered to himself as he absent-mindedly rubbed his smooth legs. "Oh yes, I shaved them," he remembered. His nipples were red and sore and his groin was raw.

Unable to comprehend that his "dream" was not a dream, Ryan slowly maneuvered back to the bed and collapsed in confused misery.

"What happened?" he shouted, as his cell phone rang.

"Hey, sweetie! Do you want chocolate or regular croissants? And, I know you are going to need a pot of coffee. I will bring them to your room."

"What? Emily? What happened last night?" He begged.

"Oh, I'll be up in a few minutes to show you the pictures. You were just so perfect! It was so much fun!" She giggled.

"I...I...I..." he stammered.

"...will be holding the door open for you?" She completed his sentence for him.

"I'm not wearing what I have on!" he countered. "Hey, where are my clothes?"

Emily had hung up the phone. Ryan, still bewildered, began to frantically search for his clothes. Not finding them, he flopped on the bed to wait for Emily.

A short time later, Emily knocked on the door. Ryan, still not finding any male clothes, threw on Emily's Silk robe. It was then he noticed his toes were still painted, as were his finger nails. "Who is it?! Ryan growled.

"Emily, you Twit! She laughed back through the door.

"You look like shit," Emily noted as Ryan opened the door. Em, carrying Starbuck's coffee, a box of goodies and a manila folder, looked as perky and cute as ever, even after the Friday "girls night out" which turned in to Saturday morning.

"What time is it?" Ryan asked as Em tried to keep a straight face while examining Ryan's semi-fem appearance.

"A little after 11," she answered, looking at her watch. "What's wrong Cinderella? Not enough sleep after your pumpkin burst last night."

"Oh my goodness, I missed my AA meeting," Ryan lamented. "I always go at 8 o'clock."

"Don't worry, sweetie, I told them you were sick and would be there on Monday."

"You're a princess...you always look out for me. That's why I love you so much."

"Well, you had quite a night last night," Emily continued, pouring Ryan a mug of black coffee.

"You have to tell me why I look like this and why I'm still wearing women's clothing! I remember having a little bit of champagne last night. Did I drink too much? Did I get drunk? Did I get laid!"

"The only laid you got was when I laid you on the bed about 5 this morning," Emily said with a laugh. "Sorry about the baby doll. That's all I could find."

"Tell me what happened," Ryan requested, sipping on the coffee and enjoying the croissants. "And how in the hell do you look so pretty with less than 5 hours sleep?"

Emily, wearing an off-the-shoulder grey sweater and jeans tucked inside her heel-less boots, ignored Ryan's praise on her appearance. She guided Ryan step-by-step through his memorable fem-sational evening. Ryan recalled most of the night once she refreshed his mind, but when she opened the manila envelop, he was astounded.

"That's me!" Ryan exclaimed, seeing the first picture.

"Yes, Kat, that's you."

"Oh my goodness, I'm beautiful. My mother would not even have recognized me."