



*Reluctant Press*

# Perfect Partner

Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

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**A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL**

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## *Reluctant Press TG Publishers*

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# Perfect Partner

By Audrey Taylor

“Richard, you must be perfect,” Alice persisted, spraying the cream all over my right leg. I tried not to move so she’d finish quicker but she persisted on finding every nook and cranny before moving on.

A growing impatience gnawed at my gut.

“Can't we speed this up?” It was hard to believe I’d actually agreed to this crazy scheme. Why my lower body had to resemble a woman's and be entirely hair-free was beyond me. Like hair was a deciding factor between man and woman. What was that about?

There were sides of Alice still being revealed to me after almost two years of marriage.

The cream on my feet and lower legs lost its initial chill, followed by a warmth that was beginning to radiate throughout my lower regions, moving slowly along the path Alice had so recently traveled.

My butt cheeks were presently the center of attention, leaving me to pray she would abide by her promise to go no further.

Relief was evident when she moved to my front, grabbing my semi-erect penis to hold it clear so she could deposit big globs of cream over my testicles and then up my penis before spreading it around. Even my more sensitive areas would not be spared from this ordeal. Heat continued to build on my lower extremities while her massaging fingers were causing a different kind of fire in my crotch.

Suddenly she released me and the heat from my legs took over center stage. The strain of holding still was taking a heavy toll on my equilibrium. The vee shape left behind at my crotch went unnoticed as her hands grasped my hips and held me possessively while she examined her handiwork.

“That should do it,” her satisfied sigh said it all before she playfully reached for my chest, “unless you want more.” Instinctively I jerked away from her creamy hands. “Believe me, you’re gonna look weird with a chest full of hair and a baby smooth bottom. It’s a lot simpler to finish the job while we’re at it?”

“Absolutely not,” my voice rose several octaves while I dodged her playful fingers, my legs feeling like an oven roaster. “How much longer?” there was an urgent need to place a call to the fire department.

I no longer cared how I looked, fully centered on removing the excruciating heat now. My underlying hope for this crazy scheme of hers would soon be achieved. Looking stupid was of no concern, imagining her loss of interest once she herself witnessed the results. It was getting harder to focus. The fire was all consuming.

It didn’t matter whether the hair ever grew back or I became a doll or whatever. Just put the fire out.

Finally she started the shower and gently pushed me under the warm spray, my suffering quickly relieved as the water rinsed away the scorching gel to leave my lower body fully exposed, for the first time since being a baby.

“Ah,” the relief was monumental, my face enjoying the soothing spray while my fingers moved around to insure every last ounce of cream had been removed.

A light tingling sensation remained as I shut off the water and stepped to the bathmat.

Alice quickly checked for strays she might have missed.

It wasn't till she was patting me dry that the full impact of my smoothness hit my conscious mind. Goose bumps surfaced all over my legs. It felt weird drying my hairy chest and finding nothing but skin below my waistline. My ass felt like hers, smooth and soft to the touch.

The drying process went a lot faster as gravity took over without any hair to cling to.

Before I could object she had powdered me down and was helping me step into a sexy pair of panties (the red ones she was just wearing) ‘to complete my new image.’ I smelled like water lilies. A matching garter belt was attached around my waist, tickling me as she passed the garters through the panty legs and then she was carefully rolling nylons up each leg and fastening them snugly to the dangling garters. I was fascinated at how elegant my legs felt, smiling when she added 3” wedgies, strapping each one securely to my feet. ‘For around the house’ she offered when I inquired.

She had prepared well for my journey into her fantasy world. Everything was a perfect fit, although the panties bulged out more than they were accustomed to.

Her short skirt was just that, super short making me wonder why women even bothered, although it did manage to hide the unsightly bulge in my panty. The mirror reflected mostly legs, showing a major portion of my smooth thighs and barely covering what was hidden underneath (like it didn’t exist).

Imagine that, a short skirt that was capable of creating those kinds of thoughts, even on me. The objective of her scheme was slowly beginning to dawn on me.

My mouth opened in disbelief as I studied my lower half from all different angles. If I didn't know better I might have thought this was a woman on the other side of the mirror.

I don't know why I questioned her ability to create a feminine image of my bottom half. It had taken all of an hour and a half on her first try. Now I had to dress this way for two weeks whenever she wanted.

It certainly proved that clothes made the woman even if a man's body was underneath.

The bet had been lost and my wife had full control of my bottom half for the next fourteen days.

Don't ask me why I thought she couldn't do it.

It was hard to take my eyes off how sexy my legs looked.



*'Doesn't he look great?' my insides soar with pleasure at the completion of step one. His defeated look tells me there shouldn't be a problem collecting on the bet. He seems fixated on his new look. Can't take his eyes off his legs. Neither can I. It certainly adds credence to the rest of my plan.*

*It's almost strange how feminine he already looks with so little effort.*

*All you need is naturally protruding hips and a full ass and the rest just falls into place. He was never aware of how well suited his full derriere was for ladies-wear. His slim upper half is also ideal for step two, but I don't want to rush things.*

*I don't want trouble with the process if I can help it. He already seems fascinated with his new bottom. If I move cautiously and deal with any objections as they arise and pay subtle compliments to his emerging female image we should get through this two-week penalty period without argument.*

*It's hard to hold myself in check, especially when he looks so great already. Utterly scrumptious, I can feel my juices beginning to boil over.*

*It will certainly help if I gain his full cooperation. Appealing to his curiosity seems the best course, especially with his obvious interest in his sexy bottom half. I'm getting really raunchy.*

*Avoid negative feedback and aim for an enjoyable experience for both of us.*

*He doesn't realize those nasty hairs are gone forever. That fits into the category of too much information for the moment. The state-of-the-art depilatory Brenda picked up for me works like a charm. All I have to do is keep my eyes out for any stragglers and prepare for his upper half. Even though the cream is not on the market my friend is confident she can provide whatever is needed.*

*I'm already getting antsy about the top but have to bide my time and satisfy myself with his present image to the fullest and let him have time to adapt.*

*He doesn't know this is his new 'at home image' for the foreseeable future.*

*Ah Richie, your sisterly profile certainly shows promise.*

*It's hard to keep from laughing when he complains of drafts and holds his skirt to the side. He looks too precious.*

*I'll show him how to do it properly and maybe grab a piece of ass while I'm at it. The future is certainly looking bright. I can't stop thinking about those lovely smooth cheeks underneath the flapping material.*

## **2 Sisterly Image Evolves**

From that moment forward whenever I struggled through the front door after a long day at the office there was a hand picked outfit to greet me, laid out neatly on the bed. It almost always consisted of a micro skirt and colorful panties, with glimmering stockings and the essential garter belt to keep them taut. I already knew the drafty spots around the house, making me ever conscious of keeping my legs together and a hand at my side to grab the skirt as needed.

After a quick shower I would carefully lift the sleek nylons over my smooth calves and thighs (runs were frowned on), attaching them snugly to the dangling garters. Idle curiosity would arise when I thought of Alice's legs in comparison, a growing sense of pride in my own shapeliness that was difficult to contain.

There's no denying it, the no-hair look is a major enhancement to my feminine appearance. I've already admitted it to Alice. Not a single stub has reappeared and it's already a week. The stuff she used is good and has me wondering what will happen once the two-week period is over.

Does she compare herself to me? It's certainly hard to see much difference between the two of us even knowing the reality of our panty-covered crotches.

The customary wedgies are getting easier to handle and my usual oversized tee shirt continues to hide my hairy chest during dinner. Now that I'm accustomed to the heels it's a lot easier to walk rotating my hips. It's something I'm starting to appreciate as I watch Alice move around and see how sexy it makes her, wondering whether it has the same effect on me.

The best part of this whole experiment is the heightened levels of our intimacy. Alice's interest in me has increased fourfold and makes my forced femininity a little easier to take. Before this experiment she could take it or leave it and hardly had the energy, which I used to write off to inexperience and lack of maturity. Now she's all over me and displays a hearty lustiness that has my skin crawling with anticipation. It's great to watch her arousal as I respond to her tantalizing caresses. Usually I'm too exhausted to return the favor, but that doesn't seem to faze her.



*Richard's new image is driving me insane. Most importantly, he hasn't voiced a single complaint and we're already in week two. He never had it so good. I can't keep my hands off his bod.*

*I've never shared my life prior to him but it's getting harder to keep a lid on it.*

*Throughout my teenage years and most of my adult ones I struggled with this inner passion for my own gender. As an adolescent I found it impossible to contain the fiery turn-on in my belly and areas below whenever a shapely female passed me by. I was already exploring lesbian love before high school where it came to full bloom. Many of my intimate relationships proved either troublesome or deeply satisfying and depended too often on the mood of my partner at the time.*

*I broke away from my parents early on, living with an assortment of girlfriends through most of my college years. It wasn't till some of my close friends started marrying guys that it began to dawn on me that my future might include a heterosexual relationship as well. Just the thought it gave me the willies.*

*And yet so many of my past lovers were now raising kids and living out in the suburbs. If they could do it, why couldn't I? They seemed to shrug off their lesbian affairs as adolescent dabbling, a 'phase' to be discarded along with the many diverse life experiences college students loved to explore.*

*But controlling my urges is proving impossible.*

*The whole erotic image, the full soft thighs encased in smoky nylons flowing down to shapely calves and delicate ankles holds my attention like an all-powerful magnet. My eyes travel upwards and long to hold his gyrating cheeks in passionate embrace, adoring their persistent struggle to escape their skirted captivity, the rotating hip movement causing devastation in my groin.*

*I remember being drawn to his large rear end and hips when we first met, never really understanding their full potential, till now.*



Richard's image continues to captivate Alice, who loves the idea of a scrumptious bottom belonging to her husband. She feels like a master artist emerging from a coma as she works on her masterpiece.

The urge seems to grow with each passing day. It's been denied for two long years of marriage. With the recent new hires in her office it's gotten nearly impossible to concentrate on her work. If she doesn't squelch these desires soon she'll literally go explode.

Even at lunchtime her eyes follow the variety of female bodies roaming the sidewalks and window-shopping.

Her little scheme was hatched in desperation, in hopes of using Richard's devotion to find a solution within her marriage and it's already beginning to bear fruit. She can hardly keep herself from jumping his bones every time he walks by.

It seems a fair compromise from her perspective.

Being such an avid figure watcher her eyes naturally follow his rotating body on weekends, whether he's bringing her coffee or vacuuming the carpet, which is where her initial thoughts for seeing him in nylons, high heels and a skirt came from. Being slim with pronounced hips and a full rear-end she realized his potential as she made her betting plans to draw him into her fantasy.

The wondering was finally over. His feminine image passes with flying colors and holds her attention whenever he's around.

She likes the idea that a solution was found in her own home. This way nobody is the wiser and she's confident it's a subject Richard will not be bringing up with his friends.

She remembers when they first met at the height of one of her denial periods, how she was desperate for a 'normal' societal-approved heterosexual relationship and clasped him to her bosom. So many of her school buddies seemed to handle it without missing a beat. It had actually been okay at first, Richard being fairly laid back and making it easier for her to acclimate to their unusual lovemaking.

Richard was still unaware of her underlying desires but their emergence is certainly taking a toll on him now, not that he's complaining.

When he finally does learn the extent of her obsession, his male image will be just a fleeting memory never to be found again.

But we're getting ahead of ourselves.

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Even though our little game fulfills some of my desires, my fantasy calls for a willing partner. His bottom is scrumptious but the rest of him needs work for the image to succeed.

What can I lose? So far he seems amenable. You might even say he's enjoying himself, especially with all the orgasms he's having lately.

Watching the delicious movement of his hips as he sets down my soft drink, it almost seems a come-on, like he's trying to draw my attention, like some wanton hussy. What have I unleashed? Momentarily I imagine him in full makeup, a feminine hairdo and drooping bosom. I'm glad he keeps his hair long. It will make the next phase a lot easier to accomplish.

*I love to keep him on the move, enjoying his relaxed attitude as he serves me in his high heels.*

His strides are finally getting shorter and more ladylike.



He seems unaware of how it changes his manly stride but there's little point in telling him. Let him stay in his blissful dream world for as long as he can. Soon it will be too late to do anything about it. It will be too thoroughly ingrained.



Richard is only half aware of how intriguing his lower half has become. He handles the high heels with assurance even when she raises the height to 4". He loves her newly charged sensuality and the intensity of their lovemaking. Who would have thought it could be this good? Obviously his feminine image is making a difference.

He hesitates at ending their little game when the two weeks are over. If she doesn't bring it up neither will he.

*Who cares about a harmless game we play?* The important thing is sustaining the frequency of his orgasms and the new intimacy they now share. It was so glaringly missing from our earlier relationship.

Somehow it has also helped bridge the gap in their communication, which used to leave Alice so moody and distant. Now she seems delighted with their games and finds his female image a lot easier to approach. He has high hopes it will continue even as he wonders about when his feminine lower half will go away.

Alice has also assumed a greater leadership role between the two of them, but he hardly seems concerned. With her doing all the attacking, sometimes at the most inappropriate time, she's awakened a new eroticism in him that overwhelms him totally. He loves when she runs her hands over his hips and up under his skirt when he's washing the dishes or toys with his nylons and garters when he's relaxing in the easy chair. The electricity between them has become super charged and makes him acutely aware that his womanly image is drawing her desires.

Who cares if the penalty period ended a week ago? Who cares that my lower half is feminine whenever we're hanging around the house? I'm used to taking shorter steps and haven't even noticed that it carries over to his normal footwear. Who really cares? All her nagging about my awkward strides and challenging me to be more ladylike is producing results. The message is beginning to sink in.

"It seems like no big a deal," I tells myself, finding myself exaggerating my hip movement as I carry the dirty dishes to the kitchen, knowing her eyes are following me the entire way.

Once I got used to the drafts I actually enjoyed the freedom of the skirt and the protection of the sheer nylons. The idea that my panties peek out gives me a charge, aware of her penetrating gaze whenever I bend over for something. This usually leads to fun and games. Is this wrong between husband and wife?

He's grown accustomed to admiring his legs in front of the hallway mirror unaware of his strange new fascination with his feminine image. Knowing this is what draws Alice's attention has added greater emphasis to his thought process of being attractive.