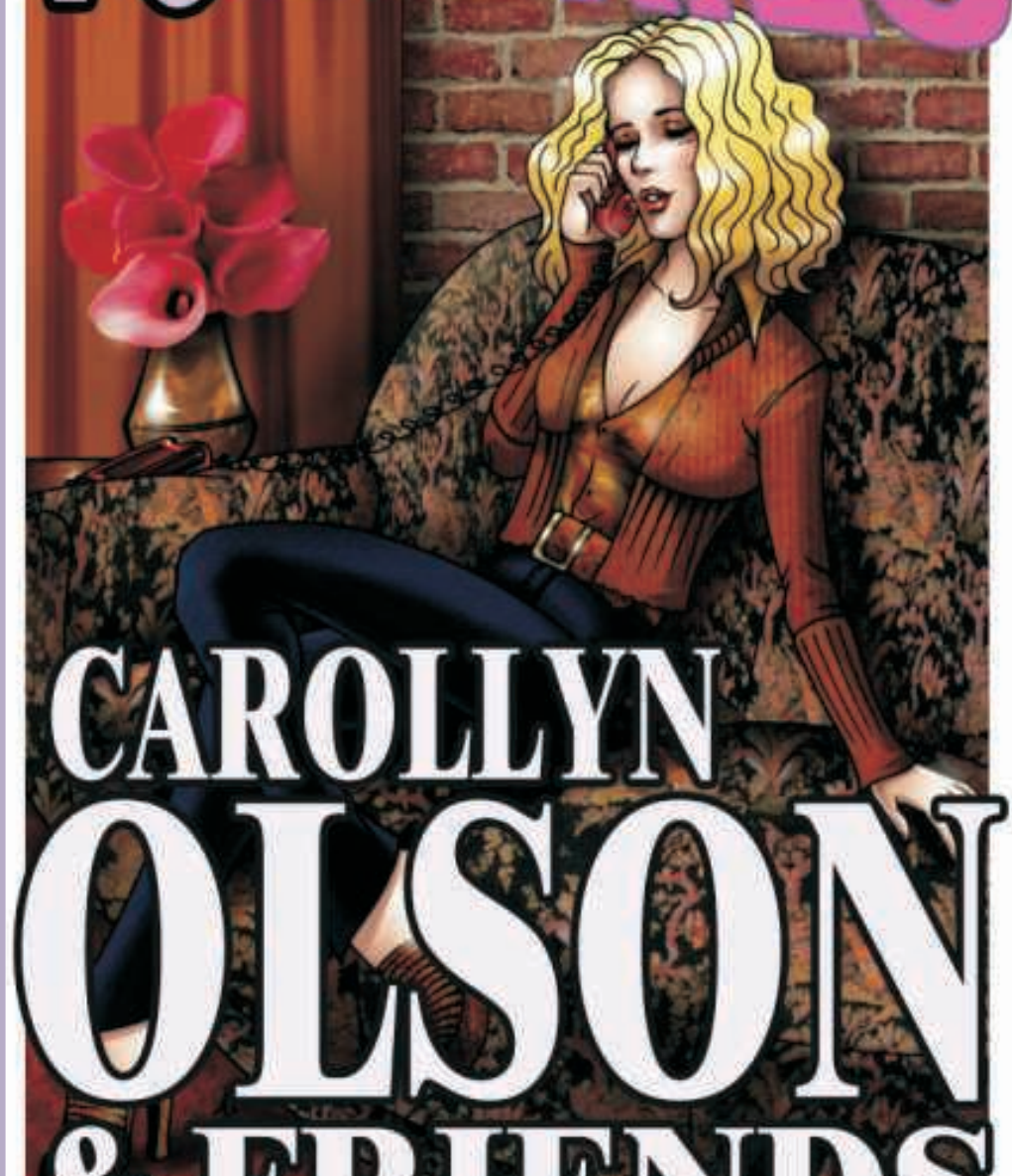


TG SHORT STORIES



CAROLLYN
OLSON
& FRIENDS

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TG Short Stories

“You’ve Got Male”

by Carolyn Olson

It all started so innocently.

For years I’d had been afraid to come out of the closet, per se.

I decided to take a big personal gamble and dive head first into the internet world by joining Vicki Rene’s well know website and her Prettiest of the Pretty group. I was scared to death, but also very excited, to delve into the world of cross-dressing.

At first, I had hoped to get to know a couple of “girls” who had similar interest as me. I’d been developing by illusion as a woman for close to 20 years, but had never met another cross dresser, or even talked with one for that matter. However, I had ventured out many times dressed as a woman and felt very comfortable in doing so.

I had really led a sheltered life as a woman and didn’t know what to expect when I opened an e-mail account as well as the membership with the group. Being naïve was an understatement.

Within the first day of logging on to Vicki’s site, my computer just about blew a hard drive. The response from other men, “girls” and women was overwhelming. I expected maybe one or two message, but not over 100 in less than 24 hours.

“Where’d all these people come from?” I asked myself. I never thought there were so many people who had similar interests as me.

During the next few weeks and months, I became friends with a number of ladies, and even met with a couple of local girls. Life as a woman was getting more and more exciting.

One day, when checking my e-mail from work, came a letter from Paul. It had been a bad day, one where I wound up wearing a half a cup of Starbucks on my coat when driving to work. A bad day, when I couldn’t get through to anybody on the phone, my work

e-mails went unanswered and I couldn't get that dreaded deadline project completed. A bad day, when I had a flat tire on the way home.

My general rule when on the net was to ignore mail from men, but Paul was different. He lived in London and was quite the gentleman. There was just something about him. While most men were predators, Paul was an exception. He was different in that he showed me with pictures, poetry and lovely comments. He was the first man to make me feel like a woman.

His eye-catching e-mail began, "To the fairest of the fair. Autumn is here in London and it seems to be so lonely without someone like you to share it with. I see the girls on Oxford Street in the latest fashions and wonder how they would look on you. I had lunch alone today. To have your sparkling conversation would make my day so much more delightful." I was weary, but then, how could I turn him down?

Paul and I started to correspond daily slyly from work, but mostly from home. He helped me set up my Instant Messenger site so we could chat, despite the eight-hour time difference, while I worked and he was at home for the night. He told me all about himself...single, my age, a professional businessman, and fantastically handsome. He was also a multi-millionaire.

He didn't string me along. He backed up everything with his personal website, his company sites, and even his personal address and phone number. He understood from the start that I was a cross dresser, but that didn't matter. We just seemed to hit it off.

We actually became good friends. We shared everything. He knew pretty much everything about me and I knew just about everything about him. He studied my pictures from head to toe and could even tell me the brand of nail polish or lipstick I had worn.

A little more than 6 months into our relationship, my position as a computer analysis resulted in a contract with a company in England, and I was invited, as part of our team, to travel to London to finalize the agreement.

I was very apprehensive about flying to England. First, I don't enjoy flying. And, second, should I tell Paul that I was going to be in his hometown?

I wrestled with the decision for days. My employer expected me to go, despite his knowledge of my flying fears. I understood that I should go as well due to my participation in the contract we were signing to supply very sensitive and technical computer assistance to a major English company. I had never set foot in Europe and realized it could be the trip of a lifetime. My heart and mind told me to stay home so I would not be tempted to meet Paul.

I had so much on my mind. The stay in London would be six days. We would have three days of work and two days for touring. Should I go and not tell Paul? Would I go and meet Paul male-to-male? Could I go and meet Paul as a female? What's a girl to do?

I knew Paul would be excited with the prospect of me to come to London and for us to meet, whether it was as a male or female. I felt Paul could be my best friend as a male, and a companion as a female. Either way, it would be fun.

I also knew Paul would treat me like a queen should I meet him as a female. Paul had told me he would wine-and-dine me and treat me as he would any other women. We also

had a “no sex” understanding. He said it didn’t matter to him. He was enthralled with me. Why? I don’t know.

I continued to correspond with Paul as I wrestled with the decision to tell him of my plans. I didn’t give him a hint of my possible travel, but we always talked about where he would take me if I were to be with him. The dream of being on his arm or staring at him across the table over dinner in a fancy restaurant, visiting Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, Big Ben, the shops in London and the lovely countryside made me more and more excited.

My employer had already included me in the travel plans. Our flights were scheduled and our hotel rooms were booked. The contract signing would bring my company millions of dollars in profits and help what was a small family business become a big time player over night.

The time came when I had to do something. That evening, after getting home from work, I dressed in my favorite casual outfit, said a thoughtful prayer, and I got up the nerve to telephone Paul. Wearing my jeans, brown camisole and sweater, brown heels and my mid-length, rooted, dirty dish-water blonde wig, I picked up the phone. I was so nervous, but excited at the same time.

He was surprised by my call, as I awoke him from a deep sleep.

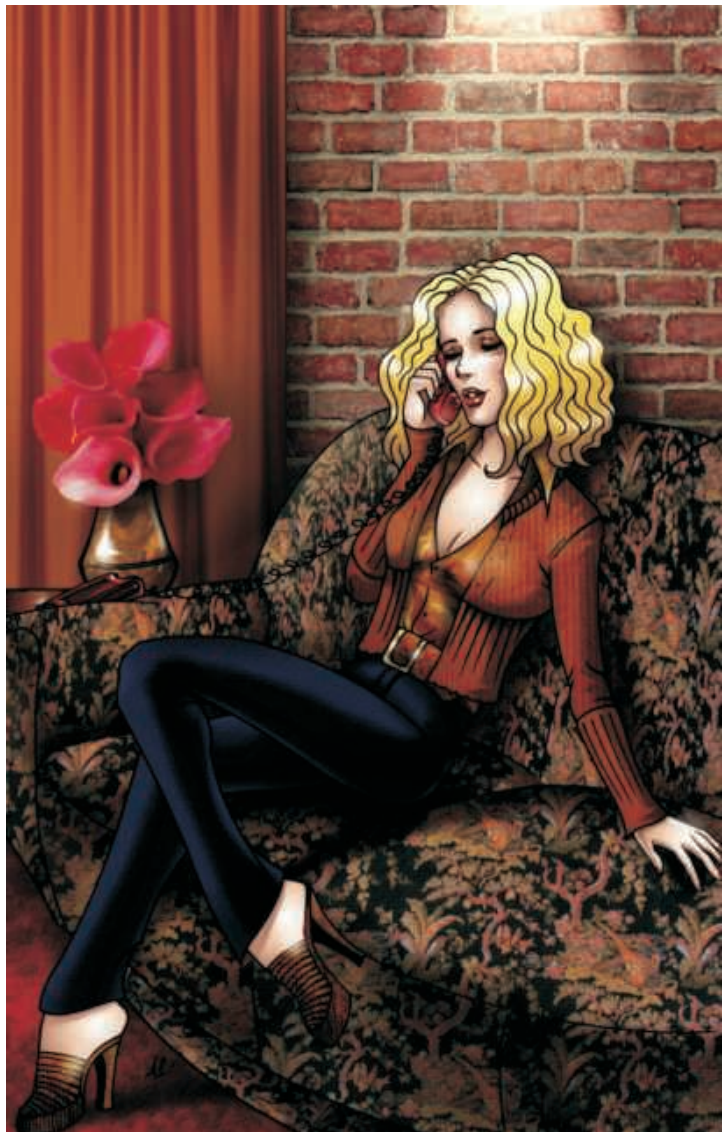
“I’m coming to England,” I told him, before he could really clear his head. It was 4 in the morning in London.

“What did you say?” he said, with a slight English accent. He had always kidded me that it was I that had the accent.

I repeated myself. “I’ll be in London in two weeks.”

He flipped. As a man, I’d never been as excited as he was with the prospects of meeting a friend. As a woman, I was flattered by the attention and after hearing his voice, I almost wet my panties.

“Telling you was the hardest thing I’ve ever done,” I said. “I’ll be in London for a business trip with my company for a week. Can we meet?”



"I can't wait," he said without hesitation.

"I can't guarantee that you'll meet me as a woman," I continued. "I don't know if I can pull that off. You'll just have to wait and see."

"It doesn't matter to me," Paul continued, again showing me his class and consideration. "I'm just happy to know we'll have some time together. Just let me know so I can make some plans. If you come as a man, we can go to a pub and a football (soccer) match. If you meet me as a woman, I'll try to schedule the tour and the dinner we talked about so many times. Maybe we'll have a night at the symphony."

He was getting me so excited. Why did I ever doubt telling him?

I told Paul I had decided to dress up a little to make the phone call. (When I dress up, my voice seems to be more feminine as it raises one octave for some unknown reason). I told him what I was wearing and that I had even painted my toe nails a light brown. He said that the outfit would be perfect for the spring weather in London. I doubted I would take the outfit as I had other things I would prefer to wear.

"I'll let you know what my travel plans are in a couple of days," I said, not wanting to give anything away.

"Call me when they're settled," Paul said. "I'll start putting together some ideas of what we can do."

"All I know is I'll be in London on Monday, May 19," I said, so he could start working on an itinerary. "I'll be free Thursday night."

"I have meeting all that week too," Paul continued as he reviewed his schedule. "Friday looks good to me because I always take that day off. Where are you staying?"

"I can't tell you," I said. He did not respond.

After another five minutes of cordial conversation, we said our goodnights and good mornings.

I took a deep breath and fell in a heap on my couch. "Now what am I going to do?"

In the back of my mind and in my overall goals, I'd always hoped to meet Paul as a woman. So, that's what I was going to do. I'd already planned what I would wear when, in both casual and formal setting. I just couldn't tell him yet.

The next few days went too fast. I had so much to do. I needed to have my wigs shampooed and set, I had to get my male suits and female dresses dry cleaned and pressed, I need to make sure I had enough clothes for both the business and social meetings. I wanted to make an impression. And, I wanted to have fun doing so.

The trip to England, thanks to a couple of glasses of wine, was easy. Leaving from Los Angeles, our group of five took the red-eye flight to London, via New York. We arrived in London at the crack of dawn and scurried off via a big black limo to the luxurious Courthouse Hotel Kempinski. The hotel was located in the Soho area, right in the middle of London's bustling shopping and theatre district. It was also a stones throw from the infamous Liberty's department store and the shopping paradise of Bond and Regent Streets and the Knightsbridge district, which is home to the famous Harrod's store.

Three days before the flight, I received a note from Paul and a bon voyage gift of two dozen red roses. In the note was the schedule for our two days together. I had yet to tell him if I were meeting him as a woman, so I again picked up the phone, but this time, I waited until it was after 6 a.m. in London.

"Hi, Paul," I said into his answering machine. "I need to talk to you about my upcoming trip."

"Don't hang up," Paul yelled. "You caught me shaving. I've a breakfast meeting this morning. It's so exciting to hear your voice."

"I'm going to meet you as a woman," I boldly said. "I want you to meet the person you've become friends with. Is that OK with you?"

"You don't have to ask for my approval," continued Paul. "I've been praying for this for the last two weeks. I can't wait to see you."

"I'll call you when we arrive," I told him. "Thanks for the lovely flowers and the cute note and schedules. I guess I can throw away the guy schedule?"

"Not if you want to go to a soccer match," Paul responded.

"I'd love it," I said. "Can we fit it in with the tours of the palaces and dinner?"

"Anything for you," said Paul. "Just call me when you get here."

My luggage was delivered to the hotel within an hour of our arrival. I had packed everything I could stuff into the largest suitcase I could find, with the left side carrying my male attire, and the right side my female necessities. Three suits and four dresses were in my garment bag. Picking my suits for the trip was easy. I only had three. Selecting which dresses to wear was a nightmare.

The suits were brown, gray and blue. When I packed my dresses, they were scattered around my bedroom at home. "Do I wear this, or do I wear that," I said out loud. "No, I'll take this one, no, I'll take that one." It went on for hours. I must have tried on every dress I had in my closet.

Our introductory reception with our new clients was scheduled for 4 p.m. in the hotel lobby, so there was plenty of time for a nap. Not wanting Paul to discover where I was staying, in the event something didn't go right, I dialed him on my cell phone.

"I'm here," I said to his voice mail. "Call me when you have a chance."

Within minutes, my cell rang. Paul had finished his business meeting and was driving to his next appointment.

"I'm busy all day and tonight too," he said. "Can I call you tonight? It might be late."

How could I turn him down?

After a room-service lunch, I settled down for a short nap. We were to meet in the conference room at 3 p.m. to prepare for the reception at "Tea Time." I called my boss to check a few items and then the front desk for a wake-up call. I felt like I had slept only 10 minutes when the phone told me it was time to awaken.

I hurriedly showered and changed into my blue suit, grabbed my briefcase and headed to the conference room. This was only an informal meeting, but this was to be the first of

many important steps for our company before the signing the final papers and cementing the deal.

The reception was typically English. All the key players were in attendance from our side and the British conglomerate. I kept a low profile, since I was not the “big hitter” in our group. I was along for the ride and to help when needed. I enjoyed meeting our new partners and the food and drink was first class.

While talking with the man who was my opposite and with whom I would be working with from one third of the way around the world, I did not notice the door to the reception area open and a tall gentleman enter the room. However, behind me, I heard a voice that was very familiar.

I looked over my shoulder, just as my boss ushered the gentleman to meet our group.

“Oh, my gosh,” I said to myself. I almost screamed. It was Paul!

“Let me introduce you to our new partner, Paul Scott,” said my boss, as we shook hands. I almost passed out right then and there.

“Are you OK?” my boss whispered in my ear. “You look like you’ve seen a ghost.”

“I think it’s just jet lag and too much food and champagne,” I told him. “I’ll be OK.”

I excused myself and went to sit with a co-worker on a nearby couch. I couldn’t believe this. All this time and all the planning and Paul was our new business partner. Did he recognize me by my voice? What was I going to do?

I contemplated my actions and decided to take advantage of the situation. I knew that when I was dressed as a woman, nobody would relate to my male persona. Once I attended a company Halloween party en femme, and not one person recognized me. My date, another co-worker, knew who I was but kept his lips sealed. The following Monday at work, all my associates told me what a great party I had missed and that “Jack” had brought his beautiful girlfriend. So, I knew I could pull it off.

After recovering a bit, I approached Paul and apologized for not feeling well when we met. He said not to worry and we talked for about 10 minutes. I learned this was one of his five companies that deal in everything from oil exploration to computer technology. He was even a partner in one enterprise with an Earl from the Royal Family.

As we talked, my heart was a flitter. In a man’s world, he was more than handsome. To any woman, he was a stud. He was more gorgeous than his pictures. Standing a little over 6-foot-3, he was svelte with a big friendly smile, bright blue eyes, strong handshake and salt and pepper hair. He was everything and more any woman would want in a man. Why was he interested in me? He could have any woman in the world. I wanted to find out, but that would have to wait.

Paul invited our entire group to be his guest for dinner and a basic introduction of what would transpire the following day. I hardly heard a word he said. My mind was elsewhere. I couldn’t wait to get back to my room and dream about the man I would spend much of two days with.

After the dinner meeting, I rushed back to my room to await Paul's call. I didn't want to miss him. I was attempting to plan which outfit to wear for my first date with Paul, and was trying on various combinations when my cell phone rang. It was Paul.

"How was your day?" he asked. "I'm so sorry to call you so late."

I told him our meeting went well, but that I was bored with the basic first day activities and socializing. I didn't want him to get any hint we had met, or that our firms would be partners.

We talked for about 20 minutes and he asked me where I was staying.

"I can't tell you," I said. "Remember, we promised not to exchange that information in the event things didn't work out."

"Can't fault a man for trying, can you?" he said with a laugh. "Anyway, I can't wait to see you. Only a couple more days and we will be together."

We said our good-nights, and I went back to working on my ensemble.

Paul had told me he was one of three children, born to parents who owned a little shoe repair business in Manchester, about 180 miles from London. By the time he was 10, he was already an entrepreneur, selling newspapers on street corners. He saved his money and at age 16 invested in what was then a very speculative and risky business – yogurt. His friends laughed at his interests, but within two years, his shares in the company quadrupled and he had more than enough money to put himself through Oxford University. By the time Paul left Oxford, he owned the yogurt company and was working on his second million dollars. Obviously, Paul had the last laugh.

Paul also had been an outstanding soccer player as a child as was selected to the Manchester United under18 select team, at age 15. His career ended abruptly when he suffered a knee injury during a game and was never the same. However, two years before we met, Paul purchased part ownership in the world-renowned Manchester franchise.

The following two days were also a blur. Paul officiated at a few of the meetings, but with all his other companies demanding his attention, he let his associates and attorneys handle the specifics of our deal. I met a number of his fabulous company representatives, many of whom I will be working with in the future. But, my heart was not in all the negotiations.

Paul was at the signing ceremony, which took place with pomp and circumstance in the hotel ballroom, under the watchful eye of the notorious British press. Many of the English papers had not been in favor of the business alignment between another English and American company. But, that's another story.

Paul and I didn't talk at the meetings, except for the customary "hellos." That was fine with me, as I didn't want to make a mistake and tip my hand.

Within moments, following the conclusion of the signing ceremony, my cell phone vibrated in my jacket pocket. Since Paul and I were in the same room and I could see him less than 30 feet away, I let the call go into my voice mail. As I said my "good-byes" to our British hosts, I notice Paul was still working his phone. I walked over to him, shook his hand, and thanked him for his generosity and that "I look forward to seeing you again,

soon." He agreed, as he talked to his office on the phone, and said to me, "the feeling is likewise." Little did he know, sooner would be right around the corner.

I returned to my room and checked my voice mail. "You've Got Mail," my phone told me. It was Paul...three calls within five minutes. Wow!!! He must be anxious to meet me.

I returned his call at once.

"Sorry, I didn't get to your calls," I told him. "I was in the shower."

Paul once again asked me about my day and told me about his. He then asked me if I could meet him for a late drink. I said yes, but told him I would need about 90 minutes to get ready. He said he could not wait for the following night to see me. I couldn't wait either.

While the rest of our business team would work the next two days to tie up the legal details of the contract, my services were no longer needed, except by Paul. So, I was free to do whatever I desired. I told my boss I would be doing some sightseeing and would probably see him around the hotel. If not, I would be ready to leave Sunday morning.

I met Paul at a café/restaurant/bar midway between my hotel and his office in "The City" financial district. The moment we met, I fell in love. He was a true gentleman. I had taken a taxi to our meeting place. He had walked.

Paul was dressed in a crème golf shirt, dark blue jacket, gray trousers and brown loafers. I wanted to make an impression, but since the spot was semi-casual, I decided to wear my semi-low cut tan sweater, brown patterned skirt, coffee nylons, brown sling back heels, and appropriate jewelry. Paul had told me it was one of his favorite outfits, from the pictures I had sent him.

Paul recognized me the moment I stepped out of the cab. He rushed up to the taxi, held open the door and gave me a big hug and a "nice to meet you" kiss. My heart skipped a beat.

"You look beautiful, just as I imagined," he said. "I can't believe you're here. You're perfect...one of the most beautiful woman I have set eyes on."

"What if I hadn't been me, but another woman?" I joked as we walked arm-in-arm into the establishment.

"It would have been a wasted kiss," he replied.

Sitting at a small corner table, we talked and talked as if we had been friends for life. He was one of the most interesting men I had ever met. And, he asked me question after question, not about cross-dressing, but about the woman in me. We held hands across the table, but went no further, despite a few adult beverages and appetizers.

It was approaching 1 in the morning when Paul heralded me a cab. I melted into his chest as he kissed me goodnight. My, he could kiss; my knees buckled and my toes tingled as he held me in his strong arms. I could tell he was enjoying the kiss as well, as he rocked forward on his toes and we almost toppled over. I could hear his heart beat faster and faster.

Paul said we would meet at his office Friday at noon for lunch and a tour of the city. I was to dress casual and bring something warm to wear at the soccer match would be at

Chelsea's ground at Stamford Bridge in West London that evening. I could change at his office, from afternoon attire to evening wear, if need be. The following day, my last in London, would be an aerial tour of England, and with Paul as the pilot and we would take his private helicopter. That evening would be our formal dinner. I couldn't wait.

Late Friday morning we met for lunch and coffee at a cozy café. Since it was a comfortable spring day, I had worn a flowing white skirt and matching jacket over a semi-see-through aqua sweater, along with aqua sling back 2 ½-inch shoes and purse. The extra touch was a spritz of my favorite perfume, Hypnose. I always loved the fragrance, but now he was going to smell what I really was like...

"You look fabulous and you smell heavenly," said Paul as we touched hands and snuck a kiss. "Your clothes are perfect and what is the perfume you are wearing?"

We ate, laughed and acted like a couple of teenagers. We almost had a food fight, we were acting so giddy. After lunch, Paul's driver and limo arrived to take us to Trafalgar Square and the National Gallery. It was the perfect setting for us to talk seriously about our friendship.

"Paul?" I asked while we sat in the back of the car and the smooth jazz played on the radio. "Why are you interested in me?"

Paul was prepared with an answer, one I had not expected.

"After being with you even for a short time, I don't consider you a man or a cross dresser," he said. "You're a woman, a complete woman, 100 percent woman."

"You're only dreaming and hoping," I said. "I may look like a woman, but I'm not and you know that. Please don't deny that."

"I know," he said, with a wink of his left eye. "Didn't you see the men at the restaurant last night and today at lunch? They couldn't keep their eyes off you. I almost had to beat them off with a stick. A friend of mine at work saw me greet you last night and wanted to know more about my beautiful American friend."

"Be serious, they're just being kind," I continued.

"You don't get it do you," he countered. "You walk like a woman, you sit like a woman, you move like a woman, you dress better than most women I know. Maybe your voice is a little deep at times, but so are a lot of other ladies I know. And just because you're tall, doesn't matter. You have it all and more. Just watch what happens tonight at the football game."

I blushed, but continued to press the issue.

"But, no matter how I act or what I wear, I'm still a man," I said, holding his hands in mine.

"You could have any woman you want anywhere in the world. Why me?"

"It's simple," he added. "I'm totally intrigued by you. I have since I saw that first picture. You're sweet, kind, loving, charming and a perfect companion."

"But, we could never get serious," I added. "You know what I mean."

"I understand that," he added. "But it doesn't matter. I just enjoy your company and having a beautiful lady on my arm."

"Yes, but this just isn't right," I pressed on. "I'm still a man and so are you. I'm not gay and neither are you."

"I guess now would be just as good a time as any to tell you more about me," Paul said. "When I was at the university, I wasn't feeling well. I went to the doctor and after a battery of tests he told me I had testicular cancer. It was serious. If I wanted to live, I would have to have surgery. I had no choice."

He continued: "That's probably why I feel inferior when I'm around women. Ever since that day, I've let my business interests take over my life. I know I could probably have any woman I want, but, when I'm with one, and get into a sexual situation, I always backed off. Maybe that's why I'm so intrigued with you. I know you can't hurt me, or at least I don't think you would hurt me."

I felt so bad for Paul that I started to cry and rubbed my hand against the side of his face.

"I didn't mean to pry," I said as tears rolled down my cheeks and ruined my makeup. "All I wanted was for us to be up front about our relationship. When I go home Sunday, I won't be the woman you're with now. I'll go home and back to my job as a man."

"The most important thing is that we remain as friends," Paul said. I agreed, and gave him a big hug, put my head on his shoulder and placed my hand on his leg.

"Thanks for being so honest," I said, putting my hand on his knee. He had still not fully answered my question, but I decided to let it rest. I wiped the tears from my eyes, opened my purse and tried to put my face back together.

Paul laughed as he watched me apply my makeup. "You sure go to a lot of work for me."

He was right and he was worth it. I sprayed a little Hypnose in his direction, then on my neck.

We toured the gorgeous, ornate gallery for almost three hours, and took a brisk swing through the square, at one time holding hands and skipping along like school age children. I felt like I was in seventh heaven.

The soccer game was quite an event.

We went back to Paul's impressive office after our tour. He had a beautiful, but simple office, decorated with old country antiques and gallery originals. Seeing his private office gave me an idea I would act on later. He guided me to a private room so I could freshen up for the night. Since rain was possible, I wore my jeans, boots, a tunic sweater, sleeveless jacket and dangling earrings.

"You look so sporty," Paul said when he saw me. He was also wearing jeans and a sport coat. He handed me a Manchester United scarf to wear.

Paul took me by the hand, gave me a peck on the cheek and we headed out the door to the awaiting limo and off to Chelsea stadium and an English style tailgate party.

The Manchester-Chelsea match ended in 1-1 draw before an over-packed stadium of fans. From Paul's mid-field box, we stayed out of the rain and enjoyed watching the roaring fans waving flags, doing cheers and getting drunk. Paul introduced me to all his friends and associates. He either had his arm around my waist or we held hands most of the night. His friends were fantastic and their wives or significant others were very friendly polite. I don't think they suspected I was not what I appeared.

After the game, we were invited to a post-game party by the Chelsea team owner, a Russian oil billionaire named Adramovich. I wondered if I was dressed appropriately, but Paul said not to worry. When we arrived at the private stadium club, I felt at ease, since most of the revelers came straight from the game. The beer was flowing, food was delicious and the band tried to play a Rolling Stones song. The singing was so bad I could not make out the title.

Paul asked me to dance when the band switched to the Beatles "If I Fell." Even though I had only danced with myself before, and I was so smitten by Paul, I accepted. He was a fantastic dancer. He guided me around the floor with grace and elegance despite the crowd. I closed my eyes and enjoyed the ride. When I took a wrong step, Paul was there to correct me without missing a beat. When I opened my eyes, at the end of the song, I realized the dance floor was empty. All the others were applauding. We had danced the last 30 seconds of the song alone.

"I'm so embarrassed," I whispered in his ear.

"Don't be," said Paul. "You're so graceful."

We danced three or four more times, before deciding to call it a night. There was so much still ahead.

Our driver took us back to the office and Paul called a cab. As we waited for the taxi to arrive, we snuggled inside the entrance to his building.

"This was one fabulous night," I said. "Carollyn has never had such a good time. I want to thank you for everything."

"I'm so happy too," said Paul. "I had the most beautiful lady in London with me to-night, and we still have one more day to go."

"Give me a break," I laughed. "No, didn't you see the women at the party. They were envious, especially when we danced. I'm sure I will hear an earful from some of the wives in the future. You just lit up the room."

Paul took my face in his hands and gave me a wonderfully deep kiss, as the taxi approached.

"See you tomorrow at 10," said Paul. "We'll meet at the same restaurant. Be prepared to fly."

I could hardly wait.

I had never been in a helicopter. I was a bit scared, but Paul assured me everything would be OK. He gave me a quick kiss and up we went. The air tour was spectacular. Due to the flight paths at Heathrow Airport over London and the security restrictions over the royal landmarks, we headed north and west over what was called The Home Counties, a

series of rolling hills, villages and towns. Paul then turned back to South Downs, an area between London and Brighton, then, to my surprise, we headed towards the English Channel.

"We're going to France," Paul said with a wide grin. I smiled back and threw him a kiss.

We flew over the White Cliffs of Dover and across the channel. The weather was perfect and we could see for miles across the blue waters below. I was so glad I had worn my black wool Capri slacks, boots, a pink sweater and multi-colored scarf with my leather jacket. We spent some time flying over Paris and the French countryside and vineyards. Paul pointed out many of the landmarks to me, but I easily recognized the Eiffel Tower, the Arc de Triomphe and a few of the cathedrals. I had studied French history in college but he gave me a refresher course.

"The next time you come to visit, we'll spend a few days in France," Paul promised.

I threw Paul another kiss and he reached over with his right hand and rubbed the inside of my left leg. I gave him a wink.

"Keep you eyes on where we're going," I joked. Paul gave me a dirty look and stuck out his tongue, then a big smile.

Dinner at Bibendum's on Fulham Road was better than advertised. I understood the restaurant was one of the finest in Europe and that would have been an understatement. The restaurant was in a restored Michelin tire store building dating back to the 1930s. I would have loved to have been able to see the sun shining through the beautiful stained glass windows during the day, but maybe the next time I'm in London.

Paul met me at the door in a black tuxedo, not looking one bit worn after our go-go activities. My feet were starting to kill me after walking in heels and boots for nearly 48 hours, but I was on Cloud 9, so the pain from my feet never got to my head.

"You look sensational," Paul said, once again giving me a big kiss, this time squarely on the lips. I responded with a little tongue action on his upper lip and at the tip of his nose.

"You're going to ruin my lipstick," I said. He only laughed.

We had returned from France a little later than expected and Paul pushed back his reservations for dinner until 9. We decided to skip the opera. With the extra time, I had taken the opportunity to completely shave my body (I didn't have to worry about facial hair as I had had electrolysis a year earlier to remove my beard, arm and chest hair) so I would have the silkiest look possible. A warm perfumed candlelight bubble bath set me in the mood for my final night with Paul.

Just for Paul and the formality of the restaurant, I wore the first outfit he had ever seen of me in pictures. My figure enhancing little black spaghetti strap dress with my bolero jacket helped to accentuate my 36C breasts. On my legs were misty black nylons and a silver ankle bracelet to enhance my 4-inch stiletto open toed, strappy back heels. Around my neck was a low hanging black beaded necklace to match my dangling earrings. My makeup was perfect and my lipstick and nails glowed of a soft pink texture, as did my toenails. I felt like a million bucks. Paul agreed.

The restaurant was dark and we shared a bottle of fancy French wine, which Paul had personally selected from the restaurant's extensive and expensive wine cellar. As I had dreamed, we stared across the table and into each other's eyes. We talked about our days together, walking the streets of London arm-in-arm, the football game and the exciting helicopter trip. My company was fantastic; the dinner was secondary.

We ordered our meal from a menu that lacked prices. Paul was going all out for me. How much he spent was not even questioned.

Over salads, we continue to talk and exchange sweet nothings. He kissed my hand and rubbed my fingers. Under the table, I rubbed my shoeless right foot against his lower leg. I was getting playful and excited. I'm sure Paul felt the same way for he leaned across the table to engage in a deep French kiss. WOW!!!

I excused myself to use the ladies room and rubbed my fingers in his hair above his ear. I decided it was time to look a bit more daring, so I removed my bolero jacket, adjusted my breast enhancers, powdered my breast area to create the appearance of a little more cleavage, lined my lips and darkened my lipstick. On my return to the table, with my jacket on my arm, Paul stood to greet me, and kissed my hand. His naughty eyes immediately dropped to my breasts, just as I had hoped.

"You're remarkable," he said, as he kissed his fingers and placed them just above my right breast.

"I'd better be careful," I thought. "I don't want this to get out of hand, or do I?"

"Be good," I said to Paul with a laugh and little pat on his cheek. He just smiled.

Dinner was anti-climactic. I'd never been treated so well by a woman, let alone a man. I didn't want the evening to stop, at least not right now.

The waiter asked if we wanted dessert, so Paul ordered chocolate mousse for two. At least I wouldn't be the only dessert on the menu that night.

The wine and the long day started to take a toll. We were both getting giddy. Paul continued to rub my smooth fingernails and I continued to tease him by rubbing the inside of his legs with my nylon toes. I loved sheer toes on stockings as they made my pink toenails look so sexy, especially again this black pinstriped trousers.

Paul nodded his head to our waiter to put the bill on his tab as I returned to the ladies room for a potty break and to check my makeup. A little dab here and there did the trick. I didn't know where this would lead, but I didn't care, as I seductively strolled back into Paul's arms and offered him a kiss as a thank-you for dinner.

We walked to the curb and the waiting taxi. He thanked me for the great time and said he would like to visit me in America. I kissed him firmly and pushed my breasts into his chest as I slid my hand down his backside. As I slowly, and sexually, stepped into the cab, my dress slid up my thigh and I took his hand and gently guided him next to me in the car. I could not believe I was being the aggressor.

"Where to?" the cabbie asked. Paul whispered in my ear "my place?" I pecked him on the cheek and off we went.