

OF FEMININE PERSUASION

By Michelle Reinhart



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'HER TV' NOVEL

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OF FEMININE PERSUASION

By Michelle Reinhart

The coastal breeze was pleasantly cool as we drove towards home that July evening. I relaxed and let my thoughts drift pleasantly.

A dream of several years was coming true. I, Michael Kelly, was, finally, going to go to college. I was twenty-two-years-old and just out of the Army. I had wanted to study history but my Father had refused to pay for a, “worthless liberal arts education.” He had been more than willing to pay for my education if I were willing to study business or engineering; or anything else that would prepare me to earn a living. But he felt history was a purely academic pursuit that would not prepare me for the real world. I could not touch the trust fund left to me by my Mother until I was twenty-five. And I did not want to put myself into debt by borrowing to go to school.

The local Army recruiter came up with an alternate plan.

I enlisted for four years. I entered with a guarantee of seeing Germany and learning computer programming. I did both. I spent almost my entire enlistment in Europe. In the meantime I had been putting half of my pay into a savings account and earning the GI Bill at the same time. Now having seen Germany, I was on my way to study history at State University.

My sister, Diane, had picked me up at the airport.

She was a year younger than I, but was entering her Senior year at State. She was a dance major. She was living in an apartment of her own, or at least one she shared with a roommate. Originally, it was planned that I stay with her only until I found a place of my own, but her second roommate, who had been sharing their three bedroom apartment, had suddenly decided to move in with her boyfriend.

Diane was now engaged in trying to talk me into becoming a permanent part of the apartment.

“Mickey, we would both like you to stay with us. Bobbie and I have talked it over. The school likes to have all freshmen live either in a dorm or with relatives. After living in a barracks for four years I'm sure you didn't dream of getting home and living in a dorm. If you live in the apartment you have more freedom. We have the added security of having a man around and when Bobbie and I graduate next June you will get to keep the apartment. There is a tremendous housing shortage and every year the waiting lists seem to get longer.”

“You make a lot of good sense, Sis, but before I make any long term commitments I think I better meet Bobbie. I'd like to see how we get along before I make any promises.”

People are always saying, "If I knew then what I know now..." I can't help but wonder if I would have done anything differently, had I known. Or, if I would have wanted things to happen differently, knowing?

Bobbie Nichols was a beautiful brunette. She surprised me. The way Diane talked about her I had expected a tiny little thing. But she was about five feet seven inches tall, as tall as I (and Diane) and about the same weight and size. I'm not the typical male brute; I only weigh a hundred twenty-five pounds, when I'm holding ten pounds of potatoes"

But, she was gorgeous. Trying to decide who was the more beautiful, she or Diane, would have been a task worthy of Solomon. And she cooked as good as she looked.

I was never one to complain about Army cooking, but that may be because my Mother was only an all right cook. If I had left meals like Bobbie made I would have complained a lot more. It was nothing elaborate, yet everything seemed special. There were flowers on the table, and beneath the delicious aroma of the food, the entire apartment smelled softly feminine, an aroma I had missed.

It turned out that Bobbie was a graduate student in Biochemistry with a History minor. We shared an interest in history. Thus the dinner was delicious and the conversation stimulating. In a matter of a couple of hours I had made a new best friend and found a home.

The next morning the first thing I did was get dressed, in a uniform. I hadn't wanted to spend money on civilian clothes when the Government furnished free uniforms. What civilian clothes I had had were limited to a few tee shirts and a couple pairs of jeans. I left all that junk in Germany. I had planned on doing some shopping during the first couple of days.

But, first, I needed to go see the lawyer in charge of my Mom's estate. I figured my uniform was good enough for that.

Diane went with me and the meeting was short and to the point.

My Mothers attorney, Janice Denton, informed me my Mother had left me a trust of two million dollars.

The catch was I could not draw out the principal until I was twenty-five years old. I could draw money to pay for educational expenses though. The "Catch 22" was the definition of educational expenses. They were defined as tuition, books, fees and "other" University assessed costs and a clothing allowance. The clothing allowance was unlimited and had been taken care of by opening charge accounts at several local department stores with the billings going directly to the trust. She had expected I would live in the dorms, as the trust was drawn up when I was still in high school. The long and short of it was that the trust would not pay for any living expenses unless I lived in either a dormitory or a fraternity house.

Our next stop was the campus housing office. There we learned the dorms were booked to capacity, and then some, for the coming year. Fraternities were still a possi-

bility, but that meant going through the pledge/rush procedure. And I really didn't want to run around putting up with all that non- sense just to get a place to live. Not to mention I was older than what most of the fraternities wanted in a pledge.

Back at the apartment, Diane, Bobbie and I went through all the figures several times.

I was not broke by any means. I had my GI. Bill (but we were informed at the school it could take a few months after school started in September for it to begin arriving) and my savings. Unfortunately, about three-quarters of my savings was tied up in certificates of deposit. I could get the money, if I got desperate, but would lose interest and have to pay some stiff penalties. After shuffling figures around, I finally admitted, "Girls, it looks like you've got yourselves a roommate."

By the time dinner rolled around, I had been in that uniform all day, and the July warmth had made it a little uncomfortable. Bobbie had started cooking dinner while Diane had gone over to the campus to one of the dance practice rooms to work out. I came into the kitchen and asked, "Bobbie, is there anything I can do to help with dinner?"

"I'd be more than happy to let you help, but I would hate to see you spill anything on your uniform."

"Don't worry about it," I tried to reassure her.

"Why don't you change into something else, and I'll let you clean the vegetables for the stew and the salad?"

At that point I realized that with all the running around I had never gotten around to buying any civilian clothes.

"I'd really like to, but I'm afraid this is all I've got."

"Isn't that a little hot?"

"A little."

"You know, there's a pair of shorts around here that I'm sure would fit you. Why don't you take that uniform off and I'll find them for you?"

I went into my room and stripped off the uniform. A few moments later there was a tap on the door and a feminine hand appeared through the narrow crack of the opened door and tossed in a pair of shorts. They were small and pink. 'This is the only pair I could find that were clean.'

Picking them up, I called back, "That's OK, pink's my favorite color." 'What the heck,' I figured, '*there was nobody around but family...*'

I pulled the shorts over my briefs and left my white cotton undershirt on, padding into the kitchen in my bare feet. The shorts were a little tighter than any I had ever worn before and they rode up a little on my buttocks exposing a little bit of "cheek" (and briefs).

Bobbie whistled appreciatively when she saw me.

“Nice legs,” she teased.

I never have had much hair on my legs and calves, and my knees and thighs have always been a little fuller than what you would expect on a guy. But a long time ago I had learned that some girls don't like hairy guys. It didn't bother me anymore and so I struck a pose for her. I turned my back, bent at the waist slightly, legs together and derriere thrust slightly towards her (the same pose Betty Grable made famous years ago).

“What you see is what you get! Lead me to your potatoes.”

The counter by the sink was covered by an array of vegetables, and while she worked on a sauce, I set to work cleaning and preparing the vegetables under running water. It wasn't long before she noticed I was being splashed a little.

“You better wear this,” she said, and handed me an apron. It was yellow with ruffles along the bodice and the “skirt.” I slipped my arms through the straps and she tied the waist ties in a big bow behind my back.

And that's how Diane found me. She got back just as the dinner came out of the oven. “You certainly look a lot cooler than when I left. Those shorts fit you better than they do Diane.”

“She was nice enough to lend them to me.”

Nothing else was said about the shorts for the rest of the evening. Diane had taken the time to pick up some application forms from the university, and for some scholarships that I might be eligible for. I glanced over them but decided to fill them out the next day. We watched television and drank some wine. After a while Bobbie started looking over the lists of scholarships and grants.

“You know it's too bad you're not a girl. There are several scholarships and grants for history majors here, but they're for females majoring in history or political science.”

“With my new shorts maybe I could qualify.”

The teasing continued, as we all got a little more drunk. And I vaguely remembered us playing around with the forms and laughing. We drank more wine and the balance of the evening became less and less distinct.

The evening passed very pleasantly.

CHAPTER TWO

When I awoke the next morning I was shocked to find myself in a pink baby doll nightie with matching panties. I staggered to the bathroom and saw my reflection in the mirror. I know that I should have wanted to remove them immediately. That would have been the “normal” thing to do. But I didn't rip them from my body.

As I came out, I met Diane and Bobbie.

They started laughing. I was embarrassed and started to run for my room. But they grabbed me and kept right on laughing.

“We must have been drunker than any of us remember,” Bobbie said.

“I just remember Bobbie saying, ”He said pink was his favorite color,” Diane countered.

Despite how silly I felt, their laughter was contagious. Soon we were all seated around the kitchen table drinking coffee, and trying to recover our breath from laughing so hard. And that's how we ate breakfast, the three of us wearing our nighties. After breakfast we all went to change.

For lack of anything better to wear I put on the shorts I had worn the night before. I wore the same underwear I had worn the day before too, just because I was too lazy to dig through my duffel bag. I was sitting at the table working on the applications when Diane walked by.

“Wow!” she exclaimed, “you're ripe!”

“Just lazy,” I responded and then explained, “We'll just have to tough it out, I guess.”

“Not me,” Bobbie said. She stepped into the bathroom and emerged moments later with a cologne bottle. She gave me a long spray of the cologne. “Now we'll all breathe better,” she said.

They took off for their individual activities and left me to finish my applications. I spent most of the day reading pamphlets and filling out forms. About the time I was sure I was going to die from terminal writer's cramp I ran out of forms.

While resting I decided that I didn't want the girls to think I thought I was a guest, rather than a roommate, so I decided to do some cleaning. I washed the dishes, cleaned the bedrooms and vacuumed the apartment. I even made the beds in all three bedrooms. Just to make Bobbie laugh, as I was sure they would be home any minute, I put the apron back on to “protect” my clothes.

I didn't really know what to do with the nightie and panties in my room. I had intended to put them back in Bobbie's room but as I picked them up I had a strange urge to see my reflection in them once more. I stood there looking in the full length mirror, holding the nightie in one hand and the panties in the other. Not holding them against me or anything just holding them and looking in the mirror. Trying to remember what I had looked like that morning. But I had been more than a little hungover that morning, and my memory was very vague. If you asked me to explain why, I couldn't have told you, but in an almost dreamlike state I removed all my clothes. I pulled the pink panties up my hips and smoothed them into place. They fit more snugly than

any men's underwear I had ever worn. but they weren't uncomfortable.

Next, I pulled the nightie over my head. As it settled in place I studied my image in the mirror. It was a confusing image. There was a man's face but the body, while not really feminine, was not quite masculine. It wasn't the first time I noticed that my hips

were a little rounder and broader than most guys. Or that I had very little body hair, even my face looked nice and smooth. Even in the Army I only had to shave once a week. But it was the first time I was disturbed by it.

My trance was broken as I heard Diane's car pull into the car port. I quickly removed the nightie and pulled on the shorts and my undershirt. I tied the apron back in place and was just coming out of my room with the vacuum, when they came in.

"I can tell you've been hard at work. The place looks great," Bobbie said.

"Just trying to do my part."

"Did you cook dinner too?" Diane asked.

"I didn't get around to that, I'm afraid."

"I'm starved too," she said. "Let's go out for pizza."

"Sounds great," Bobbie added

"Let me change and we'll go," I said.

"Just put on some shoes and let's go," Bobbie said. "The only shoes I have are my Army oxfords. It'll only take me a few minutes to change."

"Here," Bobbie said, dust take these. And she tossed me her pair of flat tan sandals. They were really nothing more than a pair of thongs, but made of tan leather. Giving in I slipped my feet into the sandals. I was a little surprised they fit so well. Bobbie and I were almost exactly the same size. I took off the apron and started for the door.

"Mickey," Diane called, "catch!" And she tossed me something white. It was a white tank top with the word HAWAII printed across the front. "It smells a lot better than the one you're wearing."

Rather than delay us I peeled off my tee shirt and pulled on the tank top as we walked out the door. I didn't really give much thought to the fact I was dressed entirely in Bobbie's and Diane's clothes.

And I don't think they did either.

I did get a couple of glances at the pizza place though. But they were from girls who seemed to like what they were seeing. Bobbie said, "You look great in those shorts. And now you know it's not just my opinion. All the girls are looking you over."

Feeling a little nervous, I replied, "Well, I guess I should consider myself lucky that it's not the guys looking me over in this outfit."

We ate our pizza and drank some beer. Eventually the beer had its usual effect and I went to the men's room to find some relief. However, none of the stalls had doors and I realized I would have to pull the shorts down, at least a little, since they had no fly. I was afraid I'd expose the fact that I was wearing panties so I left without answering nature's call.

Unfortunately the girls weren't quite ready to leave. They were playing a video game with a couple of their friends. They introduced me to Vicky and Dee Dee, who were about my age and seemed friendly enough. They made no remarks about my clothing, but I thought I could see them suppress smiles. But it could have been my paranoia

working overtime. It was another thirty minutes before Diane and Bobbie were ready to go. But not before they had invited Dee Dee and Vicky over for a Bar-Beg the following weekend. It was all that I could do to keep from wetting my panties before I got home. The minute we were in the apartment I made a bee line for the bathroom.

I pushed the door shut as I desperately tried to get the shorts and panties down before it was too late. I was not aware that Bobbie had gotten an eyeful of me with her shorts and panties around my knees as I relieved myself.

Bobbie and Diane had their heads together and were whispering as I reentered the room. They giggled, nodding their heads, and then straightened up. They had guilty looks on their faces as they separated when they became aware that I was in the room.

“What's going on?” I asked teasingly. “You two look like you've just been caught with your hands in the cookie jar.”

“Nothing,” they lied. “We were just saying how well those shorts fit you,” Bobbie added.

“And her shoes,” Diane chimed in.

“Well, tomorrow I'm going shopping and you'll be able to have them back.”

Changing the subject, Bobbie got out the TRIVIAL PURSUIT and we launched into a game that lasted well past midnight. When we finally called it quits and each went to our bedrooms.

I found the nightie on the floor, near the mirror, where I had dropped it. I took off the shoes and the tank top and peeled off the shorts. I stood looking at it for a long time and finally put it on. It had no more than settled into place than there was a knock at my door.

“Mickey,” Diane's voice called out, “how about going to the coast tomorrow? You know, go to the beach, have a picnic and just relax under the sun.”

Guiltily jumping to the bed and scrambling under the covers, I called back. “Sure sounds like fun.”

She pushed open the door just as the sheets settled into place. She walked over to the bed as I felt my terror rise.

“It's been a long time since I got a goodnight kiss from my big brother.” She started to turn and leave, then glanced back at me. “Just a minute,” she said.

She left the room and returned after less than a minute. In her hands she carried a surprise. She laid the hip length pink peignoir on my bed and set a pair of slippers with pink marabou across the vamp. They had spike heels at least three inches high. Then as she bent over me she reached down and lifted the edge of the sheet and smoothed the hem of the negligee, which had been exposed at the edge of the sheet, down next to me. As she did this, she said, “You might as well have these, they go with the nightie.”

I guess my terror, my embarrassment and my confusion showed in my face, because she sat on the edge of the bed, her hand stroked my forehead and she continued, “Don't be worried or embarrassed. Nobody here cares. It's summer and nobody

knows you here, or is even around. If you want to sleep in the nightie and use the peignoir, or whatever, it's no big deal."

Then she rose, smiled and left. As she went out the door she said, over her shoulder, "Sweet dreams, Mickey."

Instead of going to her room she went to Bobbie's. And although I didn't know it at the time. they plotted and giggled long into the night.

CHAPTER THREE

Nobody got up very early the next morning.

It had been a long time since I had had the chance to really sleep in and I took full advantage of it. When I did finally get up I found the girls had been up long enough to get dressed and pack the picnic lunch. I came out of the bedroom, nervous but nonetheless, putting on the peignoir over the nightie. I had passed on the slippers.

Diane, however, had noticed and when she went to her room a few minutes later she brought the slippers back with her. "These complete the outfit," she said.

"Those could break my neck when I fall off them."

"It's not that hard," Bobbie teased.

At their urging I finally slipped my feet into them and tried standing up. I wasn't used to the extra height and I felt as though I were going to pitch forward onto my face. But with the girls steadying me I tried a few tentative steps. I still felt like I needed some kind of balancing pole, but I finally tried it on my own. In a few minutes I was walking around the room, far from gracefully, but not falling down either

"It just takes practice," Diane told me.

I had a light breakfast and then started to go to my room to dress. "I'll slip on a uniform. We can stop at a store and pick up some jeans or something on our way and I'll change at the store."

"Bobbie has a pair of jeans you can wear. If we don't get started pretty soon the day will be shot," Diane complained. I guess I wanted to be convinced because I didn't put up any argument. I went into the bathroom and showered. While I was still in the shower I heard Diane come into the room.

"I brought in your clothes," she called out.

When I stepped out of the shower and finished drying off I saw the jeans on the counter. I picked them up and found a yellow tee shirt beneath them and a pair of yellow panties beneath the shirt. There were also a pair of yellow socks and a pair of white patent leather flat sandals with ankle straps. I felt my heart pumping as I picked up the panties. I stood there holding them for several seconds before I stepped into them and pulled them up. They felt cool against my warm skin.

My chest felt tight and there were butterflies in my stomach. I knew that I shouldn't feel this way but I did. I waited until my breathing had returned to normal, more or less, before pulling on the tee shirt. It had short cap sleeves and delicate flowers embroidered around the neckline and at the sleeve cuffs. I told myself that they were small and no one would notice. Next the yellow socks, which were anklets made

so the tops were permanently turned down (the way girls wear them). They matched the tee shirt in color and they too had little flowers embroidered on the side of the ankles.

Finally, I pulled on the jeans. The legs were tapered to a much greater degree than any man's jeans would have been. They fit much snugger across the hips and in the legs. Turning and looking over my shoulder into the mirror, I noticed the decorative stitching on the hip pockets. They didn't fit me as tight as they probably did Bobbie, but by the time I put my wallet in the back pocket it would be pretty close. I didn't put on the sandals right away. I carried them out with me.

The girls were very appreciative of my *outfit*.

"You look great," Diane enthused.

"Yeah, great!" agreed Bobbie.

I thanked them and said, "But aren't there some other shoes I could wear,?"

"Sure," Bobbie chirped, "I've got some with three inch heels. I'll get them and you can wear those."

"No, thanks, I'll wear these."

I knew people were going to stare. It was obvious that the jeans and tee shirt were a girl's. I glanced in the mirror and thought that except for my flat chest and short hair, I didn't look all that masculine anyway.

"Are you sure you wouldn't rather take the time to stop for me to shop for my own stuff?"

"We're sure," Diane said.

So we loaded the car and took off. The weather was nice and warm without being too hot. We found a secluded picnic table, set up our gear and took off to explore. Despite my anxiety I soon forgot what I was wearing and just enjoyed myself. I have always liked being around girls and have always been close to my sister. That day was just a relaxing time. After beach combing and seeing the sights, we ate lunch. Then we spread out a blanket and lay sunning ourselves on it. The warmth of the sun was like a prescription tranquilizer and soon we were all asleep. When we finally awoke most of the afternoon was gone and we decided to start back.

We stopped on the way and did a little window shopping at one of the resort communities. We didn't do much buying but we saw a lot of windows filled with the usual tourist junk.

One of the shop windows we looked into was a wig/beauty shop. There was a long red flowing wig in the window. It would have reached well below the shoulders. They also had earrings and other jewelry displayed. We went in to look at the jewelry. While we browsed through the jewelry my eyes kept being drawn to the red wig. I found myself standing at the jewelry display closest to the wig. It must have been very obvious to all that I was looking at the wig and not the jewelry, because the sales clerk came up to me and asked if she could help me with anything. As she spoke she examined me and my clothes. While she said nothing more and even her face remained noncommittal, it was the first time that day that I really became conscious of what I was wear-

ing. I wanted to run away. When I shook my head in answer to her inquiry, she just smiled again and said, "Well, if anything catches your eye just let me know. I'll be more than happy to help you in anyway I can."

We stopped at a sidewalk vendor and had a hot dog and a drink. Midway through her hot dog Diane excused herself saying she had a headache and would meet us back at the car. Bobbie had seen one more store she wanted to explore, so I went with her. It was a small lingerie specialty store. I felt more than just a little uncomfortable in there dressed as I was. Especially when Bobbie held a pair of white panties, covered with lace, against my abdomen and said in a whisper I was sure the sales girl heard, "These are adorable. Why don't I get them for you?"

I pushed them away quickly and looked at the clerk. She was watching us and grinning from ear to ear. I must have blushed from my toenails to the roots of my hair.

Despite my protests Bobbie took the panties to the sales clerk. As she started to pay for them she asked, "Do you have these in any other colors?"

The clerk said they did and got a box and brought it to the sales desk. In it were more panties in almost any color you could imagine. Bobbie selected three more pair. One pair was black, one pair pink and a third pair a soft blue. The sales girl started to write up the ticket and as she did she said, "We have some lovely camisoles and teddies to match. Would you care to see them?"

Before I could decline, Bobbie said yes.

They were beautiful and despite my growing discomfort she bought a lacy white camisole and a daring red teddy. She also bought a white garterbelt that matched the camisole and panties, as well as some stockings in white, dark brown and black.

Once out of the store I challenged Bobbie. "Why did you do that to me?"

"What are you talking about?" she replied.

"Why did you buy all that lingerie for me? It was very embarrassing."

"For you?" she exclaimed. "Just because you're in women's jeans and a tee shirt doesn't mean anything that I bought is for you! If you want panties and stuff you'll have to buy them yourself."

I apologized. "I'm sorry. I guess I'm just paranoid, but that sales girl thought they were for me."

"You're probably right. I'm sorry. I shouldn't have been teasing you," she apologized, adding, "but if you ever want to borrow anything, you know where I live."

Before I could react she ran off a few steps, out of range of my hands, and started back for the car. I caught up to her and we walked back together.

We found Diane Lying down in the back seat. She sat up as we got in the car. "I took a couple of aspirin and they seem to be working." By the time she got home she claimed she was fully recovered.

After unloading the picnic stuff and cleaning it we decided to go out for a pizza again. We went to the same place we had gone to before. This time I avoided the beer. We ran into Vicky and Dee Dee again and they joined us. The evening passed pleas-

antly enough and it wasn't until we were leaving that Dee Dee remarked, "I like your tee shirt, Mickey. Doesn't Bobbie have one just like it?" she teased.

Once back at the apartment we settled down to watch an old movie on television. As we watched the girls began doing their nails. I'm not sure which I watched more, them or the movie. When they had finished their manicures they started doing pedicures. First Diane gave Bobbie a pedicure and then they reversed.

"Would you like a pedicure, Mickey?" Diane asked.

I refused at first but they finally talked me into it. Diane gave me a manicure while Bobbie gave me a pedicure. I'd had manicures before but this was my first pedicure.

Bobbie soaked my feet in warm water and then gently massaged them to remove all the dead skin. She rubbed in some kind of lotion and trimmed my toenails.

The warmth and the massage were so delightful that somewhere during the procedure I fell asleep. It wasn't a deep sleep. It was more like a dream state. I was aware of what was going on around me, but detached. Almost like being a spectator instead of a participant. I could hear the television in the background and I could hear the girls talking, but couldn't have answered if they had spoken to me. It was so euphoric a sensation that I didn't want it to end.

Little bits and pieces of their conversation filtered through to me. Snatches of lines that I heard but didn't really associate with anything. "Were you surprised how easily it went this morning?"

"What kind of reaction did you expect?"

"What shade are you using?"

"He'll die when he sees them."

"This was certainly something I would never have anticipated, but I think it'll be a lot of fun."

I knew they had finished and were watching the movie, but I was still unable to wake up fully. I just drifted in my dreamlike state.

When the movie finally ended, Diane shook me gently. "Come on, sleepy head, wake up and go to bed."

"You talked me into it," I said as I forced myself awake and stretched.

The girls looked at me as if expecting me to say something else.

I didn't know what they expected so I just stared back at them. As I stood up I looked down at my feet. My toenails were a brilliant red. "Oh, God," I moaned. I reached out to touch them to make sure I wasn't imagining things. That's when I saw my fingernails. They were the same color. "What's going on?" I demanded.

Then I realized that my fingernails seemed longer.

Diane had added some sort of artificial nail tip to the ends of my nails before she painted them red.

I moaned again.

"Don't carry on so. We'll take them off in the morning. It was just a joke."

Bobbie added, 'You looked so cute, we just couldn't resist.'

Resignedly I headed for my room. I undressed down to the panties. I glanced at my still unpacked duffel bag, trying to decide whether to dig out clean male underwear.

"I'll do it in the morning," I said to myself. Then I put on the nightie and went to bed. I could not help but study my nails before I turned out the light. Despite my protests to the contrary, they did look nice. They made my hands seem more expressive, longer and more slender.

More feminine.

CHAPTER FOUR

The next morning when I awoke the girls had already gone. There was a note on the table saying they had a couple of errands to run and would be back by noon. When I came out of my room originally, I had been wearing the peignoir and slippers with the nightie, after the previous morning when they had seemed so insistent, I had tried to show them that I was a good sport. But even after I knew that they were not there I still wore the entire outfit while I had some toast and coffee. I showered and, glancing around guiltily as if someone could see me, used some dusting powder that was in a long-handled powder puff.

Going to my room I reached for my duffel bag and opened it. On the very top were the white panties that Bobbie had bought the day before. Beneath them was the white camisole and all the rest of the lingerie she had purchased. The rest of the duffel bag was stuffed with blankets and towels. The girls had obviously made a switch!

I rummaged around the house looking for my missing clothing without luck. Going through the lingerie once more I found a small note,

Relax and enjoy yourself See you soon.

Both girls had signed it.

Trying to accept defeat gracefully I pulled on the white panties. I was unable to find the shorts or jeans I had worn before. Even alone in the apartment I felt self-conscious dressed in only panties. I finally gave in and slipped on the camisole that matched the panties. I put on the peignoir and slippers and settled down to await their return.

Just before noon they returned, carrying grocery bags.

"I'd ask you to help carry in the groceries but you're not dressed for it," Diane teased.

"Where're my clothes?" I demanded.

They ignored me and kept bringing in bags. They had obviously been shopping for things besides groceries, as several of the bags were from some of the more fashionable stores in the area. Once they were done and the door closed they began to put things away. Finally only the department store bags were left.

I stood fuming at them but they ignored me.

Finally Diane called me over saying, 'We didn't forget you. We got you something to wear. So you won't have to keep wearing our stuff.'

I realized they had only been putting me on and went over to see what they had picked out for me. Much to my horror what Diane took out of the bag was a long sleeved, cream colored, silk blouse.

“Slip this on and see how it fits,” she urged.

“Diane! Have you gone crazy? A joke's a joke but this is carrying things too far.”

“I agree,” said Bobbie. “He can't try on that blouse...”

I was relieved to find at least one of them had remained sane.

But my hopes were dashed as Bobbie continued, “...until he puts this on.” I turned to see her holding a lacy white bra. “It would never look right. He's just too flat chested to go braless.”

Bobbie came over to me and helped me out of the peignoir and camisole. I stood almost motionless, offering no resistance. I could not believe what was happening. Bobbie slipped the bra around my chest and hooked it in the back.

“A perfect fit,” she exclaimed. “But we need to do this right. Come into the bathroom, Mickey.”

Still unable to resist I was led into the bathroom where they removed all my clothes. They proceeded to cover my entire body with a white lotion with a faintly unpleasant aroma. “What's this stuff?” I asked.

“It's a cream to make your skin softer,” Bobbie lied.

“Stand still and we'll be right back,” they suggested.

They returned a few minutes later, carrying a couple of the bags and a big round box. They had me get under the shower and wash off the lotion. All of my body hair, with the exception of a small triangle of pubic hair, came off. I moaned as I watched what little body hair I'd had go down the drain.

Once I had dried off they reapplied the dusting powder. They slipped a white garter belt around my waist and hooked it.

“Why are you doing this to me?” I asked.

“Because it's going to be fun. From that first morning when you wore the nightie we both wondered how you'd look as a woman. When I found you wearing the same nightie the next night, I knew you had probably wondered the same thing. Hadn't you? At least a little?” Diane responded.

Bobbie added, “We just decided to try it. Come on, relax. Have some fun with it. We're all family. It'll be fun, you'll see.”

I had to admit some of those same thoughts had occurred to me. I was curious. I had never even dreamed of anything like this before. A few days ago I was in the Army and now, here I stood, wearing a garter belt and getting ready to put on more female clothing. But, I had to agree, if I were going to do this I might just as well relax and enjoy it.

They handed me my panties and I stood there in front of them just holding the white lacy garment. Finally I smiled and said, "Oh, Hell!" And stepped into the panties. Then they instructed me on how to put on the black stockings. I smoothed each one into place and then they showed me how to attach the garter straps.

I stood up and Bobbie put the bra back around my chest. This time Diane slipped some pads filled with a gel-like substance into each of the cups. I turned from side to side admiring each of my twin feminine attributes in the mirror. I reached up and cupped them in my hands, the red of my fingernails contrasting starkly against the whiteness of my bra. I was a little disappointed. They were cold. My breasts didn't feel warm and soft like others I had held. I guess my disappointment showed on my face because Bobbie asked me what was wrong. I explained my feelings. She was sympathetic but added that my body heat would soon warm them. I was also sorry I couldn't feel my hands on them. I knew they weren't real, but I wondered what it'd be like if I had real breasts. I didn't tell the girls that, but I think they guessed.

Next Diane helped me back into my camisole. She brought me a half slip in matching white.

I expected the blouse next, but instead Bobbie sat me down at the vanity and started to work on my face.

She started by plucking my eyebrows. She assured me she was only going to pluck a few hairs to create a gentle arch. But by the time she was done I was convinced I didn't have any eyebrows left at all. Next came make-up foundation, blusher and a powder. Then she started on my eyes. Eye shadow, mascara, eyeliner and eyebrow pencil. She clipped a pair of long golden earrings to my lobes. They swung and caressed the sides of my neck with every movement of my head. She fastened delicate golden chains in several different lengths around my neck. Finally she added cologne and red lipstick to match my fingernail color.

I still hadn't seen myself and when I tried to look they wouldn't let me. "Let us finish before you look."

Diane helped me into the blouse and then into a black knee length skirt. She cinched a wide leather belt around my waist. She tightened it more than I would have, explaining it would reduce my waist to more feminine proportions.

At last I stepped into a pair of black patent leather pumps that had four inch high heels. I felt it was all I could do to stand without assistance. I was sure I would never be able to walk in them.

Their work was almost done.

Diane put a gold bangle bracelet on my right wrist and a gold toned watch on my left.

Then Bobbie opened the large round box and removed the red wig that I had admired in the store on the coast. She slipped it on me, being sure all my own hair was completely concealed, fastened it firmly to my head with hairpins and then finished combing the style into place.

"Take a look, you beautiful thing."

As I turned to look into the mirror I was going to kid her about exaggerating. Then I saw my reflection. She was right, I was beautiful!

I stood there transfixed by my image. The golden red hair, the soft, doe-like eyes and the red sensuous lips. I watched the proud thrusting breasts rise and fall with each breath I took. I looked at my slim waist and flaring hips. And were those my legs? I never thought my legs would ever have been called beautiful, but they were. Nicely rounded calves and trim ankles. Part of it could have been the heels. They made my legs look longer. I turned to look at the reflection from a different angle and wondered how I would look in a mini skirt. I smiled and raised one hand to push an imaginary strand of hair back into place.

The girls broke out cheering and laughing. I don't think even they had anticipated I would turn out this good. They hugged me and I hugged them back, my breasts pressing against theirs. Again I wondered what kinds of sensations I'd feel with real breasts. I took my first tentative steps towards the living room. I about half expected to fall but I didn't. I was far from sure on my feet but I didn't fall.

“We have to show our creation off to the world,” Bobbie proposed.

“Let's go out for lunch,” Diane suggested.

“Great idea,” Bobbie agreed.

I was suddenly terrified. Everybody that saw me would know I was just a man wearing women's clothes. I'd be laughed out of anyplace we went, I thought. I verbalized these thoughts to the girls.

“Don't be ridiculous! Nobody will ever know.”

Bobbie told me, 'You practice walking while we change.' And they disappeared into their rooms. I walked around the apartment during the twenty minutes it took them to get ready. They wanted to look their best. After all, they were not willing to be outshone by a mere guy.

Bobbie emerged wearing a white linen suit with a red silk blouse and red high heels. Diane wore a white, floral print summer dress that had a deep scooped neckline, both in front and back. I could see her nipples pressing against the thin fabric. She was braless and I was jealous.

They had transferred the contents of my wallet to a black shoulder bag, and added those items all women found absolutely essential; lipstick, compact, comb, etc. They handed me my purse and with one of them at each side we ventured forth into a strange new world.

Strange for me, at least.

We all piled into Bobbie's car and headed for the local shopping mall. I was sure everybody was staring at me as we walked down the aisle of the mall. I was sure my arrest was only moments away. People were, of course, looking at three very attractive women. Especially the men, but there were admiring glances from certain of the women too.