

EVIE'S LADIES

By Evie Kay



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

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“LADIES' NIGHT”

By Evie Kay

“Well, what're you staring at?” Phyllis Barnes laughed. She had caught her husband staring at her, as she put her make-up on for an evening out.

Larry Barnes, still looking at her intently, replied, “I can't help it, Phyl. It's because of the dramatic difference. I can always watch you make yourself up. You're already pretty, but you look positively boyish comparing before to after you've put on make-up!”

For a split-second Phyllis was startled by Larry's perceptive observation. Then, a thought hit her and she laughed again, saying, “It's no big deal. I bet I could even make *you* look just as beautiful.”

“Well, I certainly don't know about that,” Larry laughed.

By now, however, Phyllis was intrigued by this new idea. “Awww, c'mon.

“Watsamadda? Afraid 'little Dickie' is gonna turn into a pussy?”

“No, of course not,” Larry said quietly.

“Then sit.” Phyllis arose to offer him her seat at her dressing table.

“Oh... okay,” Larry was resigned and sat, if only not to appear cowardly to his wife. “But, if you make me into a clown and then laugh at me, I'll...”

“Hush, baby,” she replied, “you're going to have to beat the guys off with a stick, when I get through with you.”

“When did you last shave?” Phyllis asked, running her hand lightly over his chin.

“This morning. I didn't have to shave again to go out tonight. Do you want me to shave again just for this?”

“Not really. I was just curious.” Phyllis felt Larry's face again and smiled inwardly. “Mmm, nice and soft. Just the way I like my women,” she joked aloud. “Your face is perfect!”

Phyllis then proceeded with her cosmetic transformation.

Seeing that her husband had a fair skin that did not betray any beard shadow, even after almost a full day, she was glad that she did not have to begin with a base make-up for covering it. She worked swiftly with blush, mascara, eye shadow, eye liner, and lipstick before Larry might have second thoughts and complain.

Upon completion, she could not resist giving Larry quick spritzes of perfume on his neck below and behind each ear.

“Hey, what's that for?” he complained, smelling the feminine fragrance.

“See for yourself, sweetheart,” was her reply.

Larry turned to face the mirror only to find that his image in it was surely beautiful. As he prolonged the look, his boxer shorts begins to tent.

Yet, even before this, Phyllis had removed the only things she had been wearing. By the time she removed this singular piece of her husband's clothing, his cock was standing fully erect, just waiting for her.

She wasted no time going down on Larry. Indeed, it was not until she began sucking... since he was so strangely enamored with the mirror's reflection... that he truly realized what she was doing.

Starting to breathe heavily, Larry asked, “Uh, Phyl... you still wanna go out? This may not go down right away.”

She stopped her action to look up briefly at her fully made up mate and replied, “Fuck it! Let's eat in,” she grinned at her beautiful companion. “I've already got hot tube steak... and you've got steamed clam comin' up!”

The next thing either realized, they were in bed, having sex face-to-face. Phyllis was absolutely in love with Larry's 'new' face. The couple did not go out that night.

Early the next morning, Larry went into the bathroom and was almost startled by the woman he saw in the mirror.

His lipstick was gone leaving a definite rosy blush on his lips, but his eye make-up was still potently femininizing his eyes. The rest of the make-up was either faded or smeared, but the vision vaguely but definitely remained, even with the tousled hair and minute stubble, enough to recall the original picture in his mind's eye.

Suddenly, behind him, he heard, “H'lo, good lookin'.”

“Oh. Hi, Phyl. I, uh, I've got to get ready for work. How do you get this stuff off?”

“I could freshen it for you, sweetie. We could call in and go another round in the sheets.”

“Another night like last night, and I might really be sick.”

“You didn't enjoy yourself?” she said, a little worried.

“I didn't say that.

“Last night was almost too good. But to do it again, now? Gawd!”

“I'm glad you're not worried about your 'macho pride'.”

“Huh? Where'd that come from?”

“Well, let's face it. Last night you did something for me that was way out in left field. We both enjoyed it, and life goes on... right?”

“Ye-eah... sure...”

“What I mean is, another guy would've gotten all bent outta shape... and for what? I love you, honey.” She emphasized her last remark with a hug.

“I love you, too, Babe.”

“So! When can we do it again?”

“Again?”

“I'd like to feel what I felt last night, again.

“Are you saying you don't?”

“No,” Larry replied meekly. He had to admit to himself that somehow their sex last night was uniquely fantastic.

“Look, Larry, I'll make you a deal...

“Once a week. Same night each week, so I can have something to look forward to. That's all.”

“You mean, only have sex once a week?”

“You can stop clenching your balls, he-man,” she laughed. “If you should feel 'so inclined', I'll be there, Baby. Just give me what I want... on my night.”

“What is this? Some secret fantasy?”

“Lar-ry! If you're gonna take it apart, to see what makes it tick, it's not gonna be fun anymore.”

“Okay, Oh-kay!

“Deal!” Larry said with a smile. “ And now... Show me how to get this stuff off. I am not in the mood to see who has the longer lashes, me or my secretary.”

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During the next two months, the weekly make-up-for-sex outing became an established official ritual, enough so that she taught Larry how to do his own make-up in the interim.

She then realized that Larry already had reasonably long hair for a man, and so she officially added a new wrinkle. While it was short enough to avoid possible note, there was indeed enough for an assured feminine style. She then did a little bit more with his tresses than she had since that very first time.

While Larry was at the mirror applying make-up, she was also busy.

“What're you doing?” Larry asked, the warm red lipstick poised above his half colored lips as he looked up at her in the mirror.

“Don't mind me. You just pay attention to making yourself look hot for me,” came the reply, even as she quickly grabbed handfuls of hair. With brush, comb and hair spray, she teased, fluffed and curled Larry's complete head of hair, giving him a definitive feminine hair style.

Phyllis had deliberately raced, already knowing ahead of time exactly what hairdo she would be able to make of Larry's hair. When he was finished, so was she.

Larry's ardor was doubly renewed with this new picture and he was seemingly impatiently horny.

After a night of torrid lovemaking, She said that she would teach him, but each week Larry would have to do up his hair himself, as well.

“Whoa! Time out!” Larry exclaimed. “I already come home on your 'Ladies' Night', as hard as a rock, in anticipation of the great sex we have these times. You have been wonderful, Babe, to service me otherwise, until then.

“Still, honey, I know what I'm really doing here, and the hair business is just a bit much. I allowed the hair spray from the start and you've fiddled with it each week. Last night, you really made something out of nothing. Now, you want me to do it to myself...

“Unh uh. Nope, that's it.”

“But, Larry...”

“No buts! That's it, I said. Any more, and we call the whole deal off.”

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The next Ladies' Night, they had sex, but it was not the same. Larry was charged up enough upon making up his face, but when they got into bed, Phyllis... for all intents and purposes... just lay there, deliberately.

Larry asked, “What's the matter, Babe?”

She said, a little sadly, “Honey, you do look beautiful tonight. You've really gotten my lessons down well, but, I dunno. I guess I got spoiled.

“Last week, with your hair really done up, to go with the face... I just couldn't get enough of you. This hair... just doesn't do it for me.”

Larry was able to read between the lines, and he queried, “So, what d'you want, Phyl? Do you really want a lesbian affair?”

Ready for this response, She quickly grabbed his cock, and replied, “Does a woman have one of these'?”

Larry laughed at that.

She then said, “Do you feel threatened?”

“You've given me the hottest night of the week.

“Larry, you... are my lesbian girlfriend.”

“Am I really asking a whole lot for one night a week?”

Larry was mellowing after being praised for his insinuated sexual expertise via his penis. He did feel concerned, after the fact, but he also realized that nobody knew their business, as it was their private bedroom business, and it was just one night a week.

“How soon can you teach me to do a style that suits me best?” he asked...

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The next Ladies' Night, they were again in bed. This time, to make up for last week's recalcitrance, Larry even tried to imitate a female voice to go with his new hair style.

“Oh Baby, I'm so hot tonight,” Larry cooed, in a horrible falsetto.

Phyllis could not catch herself and she laughed at him.

“Am I really that bad?” said Larry, in his normal voice. Without waiting for a response, his feelings were already hurt.

She knew that he would be upset, a split-second before she chuckled, since even Larry could see that the voice was poor. But her laughter had been unstoppable. So now, she began to be ever so helpful.

“Oh no you don't. You're not gonna spoil my night over a simple throat problem, girl! C'mon, talk to me, lover, but let it come soft and easy. Don't force it.”

It did not happen immediately, but she got him to talk softly, almost breathlessly sexy. Although not exactly feminine, Phyllis actually became turned on by Larry's honest efforts, and, in turn, so was Larry.

And so, it began anew... one more time. Each week, the voice got better and better as on and off Larry practiced when he knew he was alone.

With practice his soft voice became authentically feminine, and ultimately took a left turn, becoming squeakily cutesy-sounding. This was due to Larry wanting to go the extra mile because he felt that the soft voice was too soft, that he could only speak it in whispers. So, in accomplishing his original task, he went for an unmistakable womanly timbre.

Experimenting once the feminine timbre was achieved, he had gotten a conversational voice that could be spoken in a rather normal volume. Not wanting it to go to waste, Larry turned it on as soon as he sat at the vanity to make up his face, to talk about his day or whatever.

Frankly, Larry thought the voice sounded a “little bimboesque”, as he called it, but he liked it.

And apparently, when she finally heard it, so did Phyllis, so much so, that after hearing it for awhile, she eventually had a new name for her lover.

“C'mon, Laurie. Time to cool your girlfriend down, lover,” she said. “Is your dildo buckled on tight?”

Larry was about to say something about the name, but then he got distracted by her query. “My what?” he chuckled, in his cutesy voice.

“Your cock, baby. I see that it is now, dangling from your crotch.

“Laurie, sometimes you make me wonder if you're pretending t'be a brainless bimbo. Honestly, Honey, you'd forget your head if you didn't have me!”

“Laurie?” even he giggled girlishly now, at this.

Understanding Phyllis' line of thought now, 'she' played along with 'her girlfriend'. For some unspoken reason, as it was not originally planned, Laurie was now getting a real kick out of portraying a stereotypical “brainless bimbo”.

It made for yet another night to remember.

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When their anniversary was about to arrive, Laurie decided to give a particular gift to Phyllis... in honor of Ladies' Night...

To begin with, he bought a long ebony fall to attach to his own raven tresses. His own hair was (while full, usually matted down) fairly past his neck by now, but that was it, and so he decided to go this 'extra mile'.

Since it was yet early October, he had bought the hair piece under the guise of it being part of early preparation for a Halloween party at the end of the month.

Confiding to the sales lady that since they were about the same size, it was his wife's idea that they go as "sisters" to a costume party. He also told her that because of its diversity, it was not an easy thing to agree to. Since it was going to be in fun, he wanted to show his willingness to go along, if he could be shown how to weave the long fall into his own hair. With his humility striking the right chord in the sales person, it brought out her own willingness to assist him; accordingly he learned all she could show him.

He arranged to arrive home particularly early on the day of their anniversary, and, having done his hair for himself, he dressed in Phyllis's sexiest outerwear as well as undergarments, along with high heel shoes.

The fall had been the only other thing planned. Being pretty sure that he could work it in with the clothes, to really capture the patented "bimbo" look. Although now expert with make-up and his own hair, Larry had not really thought about anything fitting him. Especially, the shoes.

At first, the extra height of the shoes overwhelmed him as he stood for the first time only to immediately sit back down.

Yet, due to his resolve, it proved to be only a temporary setback, and he was soon walking, shakily but walking nonetheless. Even more fortunately, everything seemed to fit.

Larry then got really ambitious in wanting their anniversary night to be quite extra-special.

Removing the dress he had chosen, he was able to complete the picture by also being able, with tape and pulling skin, to create a respectable false bosom. Once perfected and accomplished, the deep cleavage showed over the top of the low-scooped neck of the short dress.

With all that Larry had done so early in the evening, he knew that this would indeed be a special night. However, what made this anniversary night truly unique, was that it did not fall on the designated "Ladies' Night."

With everything in place, "Laurie" then, if you will allow a bit of understatement, surprised Phyllis when she arrived home from work.

"Hey, baby! Surprise!" Laurie exclaimed.

She greeted Phyllis with her eyes properly ringed with dark eyeliner and lips heavily reddened and glossed, along with her other make-up. The extra hair closely framed

her face, as it trailed well down her back and flowed over her impressive-yet-ersatz bosom.

Then, Laurie added with disdain, “Your husband isn't gonna be home all night, the bastard!

“Imagine him forgetting your anniversary!

“But since he's not gonna be here, I thought I'd take a chance, coming over before Ladies' Night, so we can par-tay!”

Because of her extra long hair, the obvious boobs, and the heels and dress, it took a while for Phyllis to recognize her. The only thing Laurie had previously worn for the Ladies' Night was make-up, hair spray and perfume. Listening to this woman but not immediately recognizing her, Phyllis was startled, and almost panicked.

But hearing the words, “Ladies' Night,” she stopped, that was a secret between she and Larry.

At that, although he looked remarkably different, when she also recognized her clothes, Laurie's voice itself was recognized, and she finally knew who for sure who it was. And noting all of Laurie's physical accomplishments, not least of all being able to fit into Phyllis' things, she was now very pleased.

Ironically, she had forgotten their anniversary. But after a night of fantastic sex, the next day she went into her private savings in order to buy Laurie a complete wardrobe of 'her' own, as Phyllis' anniversary gift to her husband.

It was a limited one, yet versatile, with which Laurie would be able to mix and match. With Phyllis obviously knowing that Laurie could wear her things... despite the original promise of Ladies' Night... it seemed important to Phyllis that Laurie should have at least some things to call exclusively hers.

When Larry received his anniversary gift, Phyllis was again pleased. She had been so excited to get everything for her 'girlfriend' that she did not take into consideration the possibility that he may not appreciate it... since everything was feminine... until the last minute. However, it was a groundless fear as Larry warmly thanked her for her thoughtful present.

Ladies' Night being only two days away from the anniversary, it was decided to officially change it to more than Larry just acting like a woman for sex with Phyllis. It was mutually agreed to be a full-night affair, with Larry becoming Laurie the moment he came in from work, and culminating well after dinner... with sex, of course. There was no squabble this time from Larry, as he was very proud of Laurie's accomplishments.

Therefore, instead of being Laurie just prior to bedtime on Ladies' Night, he was grateful, being surprised by the earlier gift, that 'she' now had a small wardrobe of her own. Something of everything a woman wears, except sleepwear, for once they got in bed, the whole purpose behind Laurie's existence was for sex, and bedclothes were always hampering such activities.

That week with the anniversary, the next night with Phyllis insisting that Laurie try on everything, to assure the right fit... [being properly done up now, complete with wig,

make-up and bosom.].. and the third night being Ladies' Night, Laurie had unwittingly been in evidence, the longest she has ever been, with the bonus of sex, every night.

If Larry had not been aware of this, Phyllis certainly had. Yet, not wanting to push things, she waited to see if Laurie appeared a fourth night in a row.

Larry had been very pleased with his success as Laurie, but he did not consciously register the frequency of his feminine counterpart that week. The anniversary was one thing, but the rest?

Sincerely knowing how much Laurie meant to Phyllis, it was very logical to get made up as Laurie to try on her new clothing the next night.

It was at that time, as Laurie modeled her own sexy underwear at Phyllis' insistence, that she learned how to tuck her cock away in her panties in order to appear fully feminine while wearing almost nothing. After all, she was feminine, and had even been able to display cleavage the night before.

Why not make it look as if she had a pussy, too?

So, when she suggested that Larry become Laurie immediately when he came home on the third night, Ladies' Night, he didn't mind his decision to dress up completely. He had been thankful that his impulsive anniversary act did not fall flat, for she had indeed been taken with all of his efforts on her behalf in repeating Laurie's complete feminine image.

Phyllis wanted a fourth night, a "night after" Ladies' Night, and he was inclined to, but neither broached the topic during the day, and, thus, when she also said nothing, that evening, nothing happened out of the "ordinary", but it remained like an unspoken cloud that hung above them both.

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Then it happened.

One night, weeks later, Larry came home in a particularly good mood. As always, he got home before his wife. Feeling the way he did that night, Larry automatically went into his special section of the closet, and became Laurie.

However, upon completion, he took a moment to admire Laurie in the vanity mirror. She had added another nuance of longish, highly polished stick-on false fingernails in a vivid red. With all of the other accouterments, this seemed to make his fingers instantly longer and more slender, very feminine, leaving absolutely nothing else as a possible masculine vestige about him in the glass.

Then, it hit him and he was visibly and noticeably shaken.

One of Larry's earliest fears had surely risen to the surface.

A couple of months had passed since Ladies' Night had been initiated. Now, however, Larry had come to the realization that the limit had not only been reached but breached! To his horror he found himself totally into getting completely dressed up in his own feminine things, on that night.

What night? It was a night that was *not* specified as Ladies' Night, nor did he have any other valid excuse for a celebration.

And, of course, as he was gazing at this woman in his mirror, it was at that very moment that Phyllis came home. Entering the bedroom as Larry caught himself, she saw Laurie at the vanity.

“Hi, Laurie!” she said, warming up quickly to what she saw. “Baby, are you as hot for your lover as you look?” Her enthusiasm almost dripped from her words; she was ecstatic because she also knew that it was not Ladies' Night.

Finally, after a pause in which Laurie looked back and forth between Phyllis and the image in the mirror, Larry answered in a low masculine voice, “Honey, this has got to stop.”

Not flinching on hearing her husband's voice instead of her girlfriend's, she was nonetheless crestfallen. After her own pause, during which she looked into his so beautifully made up eyes, she then countered, “Why? There's nothing wrong. You look perfect.!”

“That's just it! I *am* perfect!

“Look at me! There's no trace of a man! At this late date, I even got my fake boobs to jiggle!”

“But, baby, I love you this way. The better you are, the more I love you...”

Larry's anger then multiplied. “And that's it, isn't it?”

“We've had sex otherwise, but hell! I've even been holding back, approaching you less and less those other times, deliberately waiting for Ladies' Night when I could really get off!

“Do you know, I could almost swear that I get multiple orgasms!”

“Well, that's good... isn't it?” She asked sheepishly.

“No, dammit, it isn't!

“I'm a *man*! Not a *woman*!

“We don't have sex like normal people anymore. We've really become a couple of lesbians here!”

Phyllis suddenly got tired with all the yelling. “Honey, I *am* a lesbian,” she quietly proclaimed.

“Huh?” Larry's ire was stopped cold at this.

“When we got married a year ago, I married you on the rebound from a lesbian relationship. My lover was unfaithful to me and was callous when I caught her in bed with another woman.

“It wouldn't've been a big deal, ordinarily. We often had other women over and it then often developed into a three-way or even an orgy. Other women didn't matter, as long as we loved each other.

“But this was different. This time, I was made to feel as if I was visiting. That I wasn't my butch's bitch.

“I was deeply hurt. But having nowhere to go, I abided by the new rules... what with my being 'replaced..'. and I was thankful; that she still let me live there. So, I began going out among others, and, in that process, I met you.

“As a lesbian, unlike some, I was not a man-hater. You had caught me when I was most vulnerable. If you recall, , we got it on in bed that very first meeting. You really turned my head, made me a bisexual.

“I was so glad that we were able to meet again, you not thinking that I was some loose, easy slut. You were even sensitive to my needs and continued to be so. Our love became concrete, and we eventually got married.

“The night so many months ago when I started the make-up deal, it was fun, pure and simple. But seeing you as so feminine, my old feelings for women were stirred, and your cock was an added plus.

“We continued to have regular sex, as the mood hit you. But I began to live for Ladies' Night. This time, I was the butch and you were my femme. I love you, but I found that I couldn't give up my love for women.

“It would no longer do to just be made up, because the greater percentage was still male. I got greedy, wanting both, a woman with a real dick, in bed. So, I planned to make it a gradual change. The next step was your hair, giving you an authentic hairdo because I had gotten away with it, but only somewhat, for weeks.

“But when you added the voice on your own, I was ecstatic. And when you accepted "Laurie," I was beside myself.

“On our anniversary, when you bought the fall and we totally completed the picture by dressing you in my things; I felt myself privileged, indeed. It was one night that I really loved you. Because what I wanted to do, you had already done... for me.

“Yet, I had tunnel vision. I couldn't see how it was affecting you...”

She then hung her head in silence. Now, her husband justifiably picked up the conversation.

“Honey, you know I own my own business.

“That's how, on the mornings after Ladies' Night, I had been able to take my time to undo everything. That's how come I'd be fully dressed for you by the time you came home, on those nights. I can make my own hours.

“But, at the same time, it didn't occur to me. Now, I know.

“Because of all this, I was beginning to receive odd looks. I didn't know what was going on. But with your confession, I know now that with your coaching me for Ladies' Night, I finally caught myself making subconscious moves that could be attributed to femininity, whether my people realized it or not.”

By then, as her traits were recalled, “Laurie's” voice and not really Larry's was already automatically 'on'. She had deliberately spoken in a masculine timbre for a moment, had only said one sentence, but after Phyllis had spoken, when it came for Larry to speak again, it then came out “Laurie”.

What was more, Laurie had been through a range of emotions with her voice and it stayed in one place, throughout. Laurie caught her stockinged legs crossed. That her lengthened, fake-nailed hands had been lightly waving, patently femininely. Even her exposed bosom was heaving in her anxiety. She touched her throat in shock.

When this was realized, Larry's original good mood was completely gone. As he took inventory, everything was even starting to turn Laurie on. Her femininity was always a personal turn-on that enabled her to be submissive to Phyllis' every sexual whim on their special night.

But, being upset, Larry now purposely fought for dominance. He wanted to be angry. He wanted to be Larry. Uncrossing his legs and forcing his masculine voice to the fore, he then repeated emphatically that it all had to stop.

Without another word, Larry disrobed, and, upon removing his fall and make-up, he took a hot shower, redressed in masculine attire and left the house. All this time, Phyllis watched but said nothing. She realized that he was upset and did not want to take any chances on making him angry at her.

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Larry stayed out all that night and went straight to work the next day. He came home as usual after work, but it was a while afterward that he realized that it was much too late for Phyllis not to be home and he began to worry.

After more hours of worry, he found that he could no longer stay awake. Going to bed, Larry finally discovered a note from Phyllis, where he could not miss it, next to his pillow.

In the note, She explained that she could not change, bi or no, she was who she felt she was... basically, a lesbian.

She loved him and his cock, but she just could not do without a woman's love. She boldly admitted to being his teacher, showing him not only how to love a woman, but also how to make love like a woman.

Yes, the reason why Larry had been able to act so womanly, even unconsciously, was that under Phyllis' subtle tutelage, she had quietly been teaching him how to act in a subtle feminine way, even before they had gotten into bed. Once Laurie was there for an entire evening in attire and appearance, 'she' was submissively feminine in bed. Laurie had willingly allowed Phyllis to be the dominant one in the sexual relations on that special night of every week.

Significantly, Ladies' Night had perhaps been created way too soon in their marriage. They had only been married a few months when it had all begun, but she had always considered herself a lesbian. In loving Larry, had this not happened... or happened well down the road of marriage... such a concept of a Ladies' Night more likely would never have come to mind.

She have thought when Larry had made the remark about her being "boyish" that fateful night, that she had betrayed herself, something she had not intended to do. But, when Larry had proved willing to be made up, she had swiftly conceived that she could have her cake and eat it, too. It was because it was early in their wedded rela-

tionship that Larry wanted Phyllis to know that he did love her. So, in assuming that it was just a game, he did not want such a trivial thing to start an argument. And so it went.

As she had admitted early on, she surely had made him her lesbian lover. It had been her hope that Ladies' Night would become "Ladies' Nights." Indeed, not as a regular fixture during the week, but every night of the week. If not for sex, then for Laurie to be her definitive female partner while having that particular masculine 'advantage'.

Since Larry apparently could not handle what she had done, she... in shame... had left him.

With that, Larry did not get angry, but cried at his loss. A decidedly, if not assuredly, feminine act. He cried himself to sleep. The next morning, Larry called in to work, telling his secretary that a problem had come up that he could not talk about and that he would not be in, probably for several days... or more and that he would "keep in touch". He knew the company could run almost indefinitely without him being constantly there.

At first all he did was mope around the house. Then several hours later, he decided to get cleaned up and took a shower, washed his hair, and shaved.

Then, he reached into his dresser drawer and proceeded to don a pair of panties and a bra. In so doing, he naturally tucked his cock away to make a flat crotch, and, manipulating his chest, he also recreated a feminine bosom. Each action fulfilling the natural need for it's respective lingerie.

After he glanced at the makings of Laurie in his mirror, it began to snowball as he put on his fall, taking time to carefully draw parts of his own hair through it as he had been shown and had also ordinarily repeated. When it was undetectable, he took brush and comb and expertly styled the whole mass into a feminine hair style that flowed easily over his shoulders and down his back. On that first night, the anniversary night, he had done a fair job of doing so, but since then, she had shown him several other ways to style it, all of which, as now, were utterly and almost devastatingly feminine. But that was what he wanted to achieve even now.

Despite having some clothing that belonged to Laurie, he deliberately chose clothes of Phyllis' that were sexually revealing. Before putting them on, however, he double-checked to make sure that his cock was firmly and securely tucked away and that it looked realistically as if he has breasts. He then stood in front of their full-length mirror, admiring his totally feminine figure, from head to toe, clad only in panties and bra.

Truly and deeply loving Phyllis, he found that he dearly missed his wife even in this short time. Yet, while also feeling in his heart that she was gone for good, Larry's mind had become fixed upon completing his transformation into Laurie. However, the plan he was formulating as he dressed was not as much to become Laurie as it was to physically search for his wife in *her* world. Frustration, however, sneaked in without warning, as he suddenly realized that he did not know where to look. He then rationalized to overcome his frustration by forgetting his immediate search plans, but yet finishing getting dressed as Laurie.

And so he gave in, and, in spraying perfume all about his feminized form and hair, Larry became Laurie, through and through.

Oddly enough, this day was also Ladies' Night, and at the appointed hour, when Larry would usually have arrived just, happened to be the time he had begun his transformation ritual, almost as though through force of habit. Because of Phyllis' absence, however, Laurie merely stayed dressed, and, having been taught to be female once dressed, she automatically carried on as if she had always been female, maintaining with surprising ease the female mindset she had learned.

She fixed herself a small dinner and then kept busy with little things around the house or just watching television. Then, when it was time for bed, for the first time, she dressed in Phyllis' feminine night-wear, a lacy teddy that night... something that had not been bought for Laurie... and went to sleep wondering again where her Phyllis was and if she could really be hers.

The following mornings, the only masculine thing Laurie did, was to shave her face, as it was deemed necessary. Oddly enough, she did not consider it strange to have lathered her face, in order to remove stubble. In the meantime, she had not undone the fall... only tied it into a makeshift ponytail as she shaved and thereafter appropriately combed the whole mass for style and respectability... and to make herself beautiful for the day.

When it came to relieving herself, Laurie dutifully sat upon the toilet bowl without a second thought, yet another subtle idiosyncrasy taught by Phyllis early on. In bathing, Laurie showered, again being careful to protect her hair, while not ever giving her 'erroneous' member a second thought.

In time, when she found that certain items of food were gone or low , she went shopping. There was no trouble, because she not only looked feminine to all she met, but she sounded feminine as well. Laurie is a woman that people... men... want to meet. Indeed, it is her attractiveness that intimidates their boldness in starting an introduction. It is almost as if Laurie is possessed by some unknown feminine entity as she also went window-shopping until... something caught her eye.

A dress.

It was a red, clinging affair in the bodice, with spaghetti straps. The torso was empire-waisted, the bottom being flounce-skirted with three tiers.

Going inside to see if they had it in her size, she was delighted when she found that they did. After trying it on in the dressing room, she bought it. Not only that, she also bought a pair of very high-heeled crimson shoes to match.

When the weekend came up, she remembered an appointment. She did not quite recall what it was, only that she wanted to look her best, as all beautiful women do.

So, she wore the new dress that she had bought. Knowing that her regular bra would spoil the dress' design, she was artfully able to re-create her bosom in a strapless bandeau bra of Phyllis'.

The doorbell finally rang, and behind it was Larry's best friend, Jim Daily. He had come over to watch the "big football game."