

The Last Laugh



Olivia Evans

A "New Woman" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

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“The Last Laugh”

By Olivia Evans

“Now you’ve done it!” the blonde said furiously. “You’ve really done it this time!”

Larry looked at his wife, Kathy, in surprise. She had just gotten out of the shower and was wearing nothing but a towel around her shapely body. He hadn’t had time to do anything. “Done what?” he asked .

“Didn’t I tell you not to go snooping around in my things?” she demanded, looking pointedly at the object in his hand. Angry or not, she made no move to take it from his hand.

Larry looked down at the small egg-shaped object he was holding. Its shiny mirrored surface reflected back his distorted image and told him nothing.

He had discovered it hidden behind some boxes in his wife’s half of their walk-in closet. He hadn’t really been snooping; he’d been looking for an old ball cap

of his that he knew was in the closet somewhere. He wanted to wear it after he had taken his shower.

He'd already eliminated his side of the closet and had just started to check Kathy's top shelf when his probing fingers felt the egg. Thinking that it was an old container for pantyhose, Larry had taken it down from the shelf and was looking at it when his wife walked in.

"What's your problem? It's nothing more than an old pantyhose container. What's the big deal?" Larry asked defensively.

"What's my problem?" Kathy surprised her husband by releasing her towel and allowing it to fall to the floor. "*This* is my problem!"

Larry stared at his wife's naked body uncomprehendingly. It was as it had been the day before, a few inches shorter than he was, long slender legs, broad hips, slender waist, average-sized but firm breasts, narrow shoulders and neck.

Larry could see nothing wrong with the lush looking body; in fact everything he saw looked exactly right. He could feel himself starting to grow hard as he snapped his gaze up to his wife's eyes.

"Honey, you're not making any sense. What's wrong with you?"

Kathy looked at her husband with a mixture of sadness and anger. "You really don't understand, do you?"

Larry remained silent, answering the obvious question by shaking his head.

Kathy sighed. She opened a drawer, removed a pair of string bikini panties and a soft cup bra with straps that were barely wider than those on the pant-

ies. Ignoring and carefully avoiding touching her husband, she walked around him into their bedroom, carrying her undergarments.

Still holding the egg, Larry followed. Larry was bewildered by his wife's behavior. In their five years of marriage he'd never seen her this upset.

He watched Kathy as she dressed in silence, even when she returned to the walk-in closet to find a pair of shorts and a tank top.

Neither spoke until she had slipped the top over her head.

"Would you mind telling me what is going on?" Larry asked as Kathy reached for her shorts.

Kathy picked up the shorts and regarded her husband for a second as if she were debating something. "Have you ever wondered what it would be like to be someone else?"

The question startled Larry. He was a reasonably successful author. As part of his technique to develop believable dialogue and scenes, he frequently imagined himself as one or more of his characters.

"Sure, all the time," he said truthfully.

"What if you really could become someone else? I mean be inside their body, really become them?"

Larry looked thoughtful, then grinned; his wife was leading up to some kind of joke, "It might be kind of interesting. Especially if that someone was as foxy a person as you."

"Really? That's interesting," Kathy said, raising one of her shapely eyebrows. "Because that's exactly what will happen if you touch me right now while you're holding that thing. You will become me."

“No kidding?” Larry smiled, still thinking that Kathy was telling him some kind of joke. “But if I was inside of you, what would happen to you? Would we both be there together?”

“No. I would be you,” Kathy said. “We would exchange bodies.”

Larry looked down with interest at the egg he was holding. “This thing will do that?”

Kathy nodded.

Larry laughed. “That’s funny, darling. You almost had me convinced there for a second or two. Imagine, exchanging bodies merely by holding onto this thing and touching someone.”

“Actually it will work if you touch any living object, human or animal,” Kathy confirmed. “If you went out to the stables and touched one of the horses, you would become that animal.”

Larry laughed again.

“You don’t believe me, do you?”

“No, dear, I’m afraid I don’t. It’s a pretty tall tale even for me, and I write horror fiction for a living, remember?”

Kathy’s eyes narrowed. “Then you wouldn’t mind a trying a little experiment?”

“Experiment? What kind of experiment? Exchange bodies with the gelding, Rover?” Larry asked, referring to one of the two thoroughbred Arabian horses they owned.

“No, actually I was thinking more of Susie Girl,” Kathy smiled. Susie Girl was a three-year-old mare and Kathy’s favorite.

“You’d like that, wouldn’t you?” Larry grinned back at his wife. “You know we’re going to breed her this afternoon.”

Kathy smiled, “I think it would be wonderful for you to experience first hand, so to speak, to feel the sensation of having a big stud stallion ramming a penis the size of your arm up inside of you and dumping a quart of semen .”

“Yeah, right. And you’d name the resulting foal after me, right?”

“Or you might want to try being Duke for a while. You’ve always said that dogs lead a carefree life.”

“Right,” Larry laughed, “all I would have to do is eat, sleep, and go around sniffing and peeing on fence posts.”

“Don’t forget sleeping at my feet,” Kathy laughed. She remembered the shorts she was still holding in her hand. She stepped into the wide legged khaki-colored shorts and pulled them up to her waist.

“Speaking of sleeping, what do you say we forget all of this and mess around a little?” Larry leered at his attractive wife.

“This early in the morning? Don’t be absurd! We’ve got work to do,” Kathy said sternly. “Put the egg back where you found it, and let’s get going.”

Larry looked at the silver object in his hand. He had almost forgotten he was holding it. He took a step toward Kathy, a sly grin on his face. “I know, why don’t I exchange with you for a while? If we were each other, I wouldn’t deny YOU a little fun in bed when YOU wanted it.”

“Larry, please. You don’t know what you’re doing,” Kathy backed up hastily, holding onto her unfastened shorts with one hand, her other hand held up to ward her husband off. Her eyes grew wide as Larry took another step closer.

“Just think, if you were me, you’d be able to go braless all the time,” Larry said, referring to the condition Kathy usually was in during the summer.

“Please, darling, I wasn’t kidding about that thing. It really does do what I said it would. I like being me, I have no desire to be a man.”

“Really?” Larry grinned, obviously enjoying what he believed to be his wife’s feigned look of panic. He was starting to have some fun with the idea although he didn’t believe a word she was saying. Exchange bodies! What a bunch of bunk!

“Larry, don’t,” Kathy’s pleas grew louder as Larry came closer and backed her into the wall. Unable to move further away from her husband, Kathy appeared to grow desperate. She released her hold on her shorts allowing them to drop to the floor, picked up an ashtray and drew her arm back.

Larry didn’t know if she actually intended to throw the ashtray or not, all he knew was that it looked like she would. He reached out with his free hand and grabbed his wife’s wrist.

Then everything went dark.

Larry awoke lying on his bed in the bedroom. He felt strangely out of sorts, and cool, as though he was half undressed. He opened his eyes and looked around the bedroom.

Everything looked normal except for a splitting headache.

'Kathy must have hit me with that ashtray,' he thought, wincing at the pain as he moved his head suddenly.

He sensed that he was alone in the room. Judging from the sounds coming from the bathroom, Kathy was taking another shower. Not wanting the pain in his head to return, Larry remained lying on his back, staring at the ceiling.

The shower stopped and he heard the shower door open and close.

'Kathy is getting out,' he thought. He wondered why she had felt the need to take two showers this morning, if it was still this morning. He moved his head a fraction of an inch to look at the alarm clock. An hour had passed since Kathy had taken a swing at him with the ashtray.

Still staring at the clock, he felt the presence of Kathy in the room as she stepped out of the bathroom and walked to the closet. Larry turned his head to look at her, but was too late. She had already gone inside.

He listened to Kathy getting dressed and waited for her to re-appear. A minute later, a strange man in undershorts and a T-shirt walked out of the closet. It took him a second to realize that the stranger was himself!

Eyes wide, he watched as his body walked over to the bed and sat down with its back to him.

'What the hell is going on?' Larry thought, twisting to see better.

The other Larry sensed the slight movement of the bed and turned around. "Ah, you're awake. How do you like being a female so far?"

‘A female?’ Larry sat upright in shock.

Looking down at his body, the first thing he saw was a pronounced cleavage visible through the sweetheart neckline of the top Kathy had put on an hour earlier. A top he was now wearing himself!

Barely able to contain the contents of his stomach, he quickly checked the rest of his body.

“What happened to me?” Larry asked in his wife’s voice.

Kathy smiled and returned to the bed and began pulling her socks on. “Exactly what I said would happen, darling. We exchanged bodies. Now, maybe you’ll believe me when I tell you something!”

“What! That’s impossible, I can’t be a woman! Change us back! Right now!”

Kathy stood, pulled up and buttoned the fly of the jeans she’d just pulled on. “Sorry, can’t. I told you not to mess around with that thing.”

“What the hell do you mean, ‘sorry I can’t’?”

“Just what I said. We can’t change back.”

“Never?” a horrified Larry whispered hoarsely. “What are we going to do? I can’t be you forever!”

“Why not?” Kathy asked logically. “I had a perfectly good body, quite sexy-looking if I recall your comments correctly. It was healthy and had a lot of good years left in it. It should serve you quite well.”

“I don’t care how many years it has left, I can’t be a woman!” Larry said disgustedly. Kathy looked pointedly at the flat crotch of Larry’s string bikini panties.

“Could have fooled me.” she smiled, causing Larry to cross his legs in embarrassment while Kathy reached out and gently stroked one of Larry’s smooth hairless thighs.

“Want that quickie now? I’m ready if you are.”

Larry jerked his bare leg away from her hand in disgust. “Kathy, quit fooling around and change us back!”

“As I said, darling, I can’t.” Seeing the desperate look in her feminized husband’s eyes, Kathy decided to let him off the hook a little.

“I would love to dear, really I would. I don’t want to be a man any more than you do a woman, although there are a few things that are more, uh, convenient about being a man.” Kathy grinned. “But you see there’s a little problem. The egg needs to recharge itself.”

Larry sighed, causing his breasts to move alarmingly. “Then it is only temporary. That’s a relief. How long does it take for it to recharge?”

“I think you’d better get dressed, unless you want to take me up on my offer?” Kathy said ignoring her husband’s question. “No? Then your shorts are on the chair.”

“How soon, Kathy?” Larry repeated his question as he swung his shapely legs over the edge of the bed and stood up swaying slightly. He didn’t know if it was because he was still slightly dizzy, or because of the difference in his center of gravity.

“Oh, about twenty-four hours,” she said, watching him closely so he wouldn’t fall.

Knowing that he had little choice in the matter, Larry nodded. "One day? I guess that I can survive that. *'But I won't like it,'* he added silently to himself.

He waited a second while his mind adjusted to Kathy's different center of gravity. Kathy continued to watch her feminized husband as he pulled on and zipped up her shorts and slipped on her flats. He had never liked going barefoot even when he'd been a child. Kathy's shoes were the only ones that fit at the moment.

"How are you feeling?" Kathy asked.

"Strange. Empty," Larry said, feeling the flatness of his stomach with one hand. "Mostly confused."

"I was that way at first too," Kathy smiled, "The uncoordinated feeling will soon pass. Except for the empty feeling, that is. That particular emptiness almost always signifies that you're hungry, or at least it did an hour ago. Let's get something to eat. We can talk about us and the next twenty-four hours."

Larry brushed a strand of hair away from his face and nodded.

"I think the main thing we need to do for a while, is to act normal. You will have to do the things that I'd do, and I the same. At least in public," Kathy said, buttering a slice of toast.

"I think that's a given," Larry replied. "I don't think I could live it down if you suddenly took out a lipstick after a meal in a restaurant."

"Or if you tried to use the men's room," Kathy added.

They both smiled to themselves for a second, thinking of other behavior that was gender specific.

Larry took another sip of his coffee and sighed. For some strange reason, the normalcy of eating a meal calmed his shattered nerves. Kathy was right; the empty feeling had been hunger.

“I’d like to know something. Where did you find that thing and how did you know it would work like this?”

Kathy regarded her attractive husband for a second, then reached over to take his soft hand in her own. “I suppose now’s as good a time as any for you to learn the truth.”

“The truth?” Larry asked, staring at his small slender hand inside of Kathy’s much larger one. Even though he’d held office jobs most of his life, he could feel the rough calluses on the hands that had once been his.

“That wasn’t the body I was born with, you know,” Kathy said, surprising Larry. “Oh, it’s about the same age and I’ve always been a female, but I wasn’t born a natural blue-eyed blonde. I was quite different as a matter of fact.”

“What were you, an Afro-American or something?” Larry asked.

“It doesn’t really matter, darling. Let’s just say that I wasn’t the me you know.”

“But how did you find it?”

“It was given to me at the scene of a fatal auto accident. It was terrible.” Kathy shuddered slightly at the memory.

Larry leaned forward, accidentally striking his breasts on the edge of the table. The blow wasn’t painful, but it did startle Larry. He straightened up and rubbed his breasts.

I've got to watch that, he said more to himself than to Kathy. He returned the conversation to Kathy's story of the accident. "What happened?"

"I was driving my car, the same model as the one we have now, incidentally, and missed a curve. When the dust settled, I was pinned in the car and was dying. My fault, I was going too fast for the road."

"You were dying! But..?"

"Let me finish, darling. As I said, I was barely conscious, yet I knew that my unborn baby and I were dying."

"Unborn baby! You were pregnant?" Larry asked in astonishment. Never in all of their conversations had Kathy even hinted at having had a child. In fact, if his memory served him correctly, and it did, Kathy had been a virgin when they'd married.

"I was nearly four months along, darling. It would have been a girl," Kathy said. There was no remorse in her voice, almost as though the experience she was speaking of had happened to someone else. Which in a way, Larry supposed, it had.

"We were dying. There was no doubt in my mind. I can remember reaching for Bill."

"Bill? He was — your *husband*?" Larry asked, not sure he wanted to hear about a rival he'd never even known about.

Kathy nodded. "Of course, he wasn't there. He'd been killed two months earlier in a shoot out. He was doing undercover work for the Feds."

"He was a cop?"

Kathy shook her head. "No, a member of the mob who decided to get out. I was told of his death the

same day I learned that I was pregnant with our baby.”

Larry sat back and regarded his wife, not knowing if he should be angry at her for not telling him the truth, or feel sorry for her loss. “Why didn’t you tell me all this before?”

“Would you have believed me?” Kathy asked simply.

Larry started to say something, then shook his head. He reached out to touch his wife’s hand that held his other hand. “No, probably not. I’m sorry, honey. Please tell me the rest.”

Kathy smiled ruefully, “As I was saying, I knew I was dying there in the wreckage. I wasn’t in pain; in fact, if anything, I felt peaceful. I don’t know how long I was there, a few seconds or maybe minutes, certainly not longer than five minutes, drifting in and out of consciousness. During one of the brief moments of consciousness, I sensed someone standing nearby silently watching me. I can remember opening my eyes and seeing a young woman standing by the side of the car.”

“She was just watching you and didn’t try to help?” Larry asked, a little astonished that the other woman wouldn’t at least try to help.

“Yes,” Kathy said. “I tried to speak to her but nothing would come out. She looked startled when I opened my eyes. I think she thought I was already dead.”

“What happened next?”

“She spoke for a few seconds, then reached out and touched me. I blacked out and the next thing I knew I was lying on the ground next to my car with a paramedic leaning over me.”

“You were in the other girl’s body, right?” Larry asked, instantly comprehending the sequence of events.

“Yes, although I didn’t know it then. The police thought that I had been in the car and thrown free. I was in shock and not very coherent. I thought I had lost my baby.”

“I can imagine it would be a shattering experience for any woman,” Larry said sympathetically.

“When I revived enough to realize where I was, I tried to get to the wreck, but they wouldn’t let me near it. I had to see what had happened, you understand. A few minutes later, I was placed in an ambulance and taken to the local hospital, where the doctors examined me for injuries. I can remember being confused in the ambulance by the fact that I was wearing jeans and tennis shoes. When I had started my trip, I had been wearing a skirt, nylons and low-heeled shoes. I was given a sedative and left alone while the doctors worked on another patient.”

“When did you discover that you, uh, weren’t yourself?”

“It wasn’t until an hour later, when they released me to go home. I needed to go to the bathroom and happened to glance in a mirror.”

“I’m curious, why didn’t you know before then? I mean you already said that you were wearing something other than what you remembered. Shouldn’t that have alerted you to something?”

“No, not really. I was in a state of shock, remember, thinking that I had lost my baby in the accident. Besides, other than feeling incredibly empty, everything felt normal, I was a woman, wearing familiar women’s clothing that I felt comfortable wearing. I

was a little taller, but how does being taller feel? My hair felt the right length, my breasts were about the right weight, everything felt almost normal.”

“Except that it wasn’t,” Larry said.

“No. I would have known instantly that something was wrong if I had exchanged with a man.” Kathy glanced down at her lap. “I would have noticed that my breasts were missing right away. That and, of course, the obvious difference in how my clothing fit. A man’s crotch is pretty uh, well, full, isn’t it?”

Larry laughed, “I’ve never thought of it that way, but yes, I guess it would feel that way. Do you have any idea how or why the other woman exchanged bodies with you? She must have known that when she exchanged, she would have...”

“Died?”

“Yes. She committed suicide when she exchanged with you,” Larry said.

“I know and I know the reason why she did what she did. Her mind had been exchanged with still another woman six months before. She had been searching for me and just when she found me, she discovered that I was dying. Just before she touched me, she told me that she couldn’t live as she was any longer, and preferred my body to her own. She said that she loved me and wanted to take my place.”

“That still doesn’t explain why she did it,” Larry protested.

“It was quite simple, darling. She had been a man and couldn’t handle being a woman any longer,” Kathy said.

Larry looked down at his soft breasts and nodded. He thought he could understand his ‘predecessor’s’

feelings. “If she had been a male before, and unhappy about being a girl, why didn’t he just change back to his old body?”

“Larry, I mean ‘Kathy’ dear,” Kathy began. “He couldn’t handle it because he had no way to return to his old body. You see, the mind inside of the other girl who exchanged with me was that of Bill, my husband.”

Larry dropped the coffee cup he’d been holding.

“What! She was your husband? But I thought you said he’d died.” Larry paused. “Oh, yeah I understand, the person who actually died in the shoot out was the girl in your husband’s body. With his original body no longer available, he couldn’t return to it.”

“Exactly. The woman, who was the actual undercover cop, had exchanged bodies with Bill about two months prior to the shoot out.”

“Two months? You don’t think that it was the girl in Bill’s body that got you pregnant, do you?”

“I know it was. I didn’t then, of course, but yes, she was Bill.” Kathy fell silent, as though she was remembering something. “I should have realized something was wrong. Bill had never been that skillful in making love. When I discovered the truth, I realized that ‘Bill’s’ skills had actually been those of a woman.”

“And being a woman herself, she would know exactly what another woman would like, how to make your body respond,” Larry finished for his wife.

“Yes.” Kathy sighed. “Bill was wonderful that night.”

Larry was about to speak when a horn sounded outside of their house. Larry glanced at the clock, it read ten A.M..

“That must be Mr. Jenkins. He’s here with his stallion,” Kathy said, rising. “You’d better go out and see him, while I do the dishes.”

“Wait honey, you forget, Kathy wasn’t the one who made the arrangements, Larry did,” Larry said, peering out the kitchen window.

“Yes, I forgot,” Kathy laughed. “In that case, when you’re done with the dishes, honey, come on out and watch.”

Mr. Jenkins and Kathy were standing by the fence surrounding the small pasture when Larry came out of the house. They were watching the two horses running around the grass-filled piece of land. The stallion had little problem catching Susie Girl, who, while still a little skittish, was at the height of her estrus and more than ready to receive the big stallion.

“Just in time, honey,” Kathy said to her feminized husband.

“Morning, Mr. Jenkins,” Larry smiled as he stepped next to Kathy and put his slender arm around her waist. “I have a fresh pot of coffee perking, if you two are interested.”

“Morning, Kathy,” Mr. Jenkins replied, his eyes never leaving the two horses in the pasture. “A-cup of coffee sounds great. As soon as Thunder is settled in, I’d be pleased to have some.”

Kathy placed her arm over Larry’s shoulder and pulled him close to her. “It won’t be long now,” she said, her voice deep and masculine.

Larry nodded, watching the two horses as they made the circuit around the pasture again. Suddenly, Susie Girl stopped and looked back at the big stallion who promptly nipped the mare on the flank

several times. The mare spread her hind legs, braced herself and looked straight ahead as Thunder mounted her. In seconds the stallion's massive penis found its mark and Thunder began his powerful thrusts.

"Just think, dear," Kathy said, bending over and whispering into Larry's tiny shell-like ear, "that could have been you out there. Doesn't it look like fun?"

"No, it doesn't. Just forget whatever it is you're thinking." Larry shuddered, shook his head, and dug a sharp elbow into Kathy's side, bringing a soft "woof" from her. In spite of his protest, Larry felt Kathy's body responding to the activities they were watching. His string bikini panties grew damp and his nipples hardened.

Mr. Jenkins appeared not to notice the little play going on beside him. He waited for a few seconds, then spoke. "Well, that looks like it might do it. I'd like to leave the two of them together for a while longer just to make sure, though. Both you and Susie girl should get your money's worth, after all."

"Sounds good," Kathy agreed, laughing. She turned to her feminized husband. "You said something about coffee, dear?"

"It should be ready," Larry said, wondering if the dampness between his legs had leaked through to his shorts. The trio turned away from the pasture and walked back to the house.

Larry poured cups of coffee for Mr. Jenkins and Kathy before pouring one for himself and sitting down. His aroused body had finally begun to cool off, much to his relief.

By default, Larry had to sit in one of the two chairs that faced the large window overlooking the pasture. He could, without being obvious about it, watch everything that went on outside.

He watched as Thunder mounted Susie Girl again. This time the urgent thrusts were a little slower. An unwanted thought crossed Larry's mind. He squirmed a little as the flow of lubrication increased in his vagina and his nipples began to harden again.

"Honey," Kathy's deep voice brought Larry back to the present. Larry looked up, his pretty face flushed from the reawakened arousal. "I wrote out a check for Mr, Jenkins. It's on the desk in the den. Would you mind getting it for me?"

Larry nodded and rose. Both Mr. Jenkins and Kathy watched as Larry walked out of the kitchen toward the den.

"It effects some women that way, you know," Mr. Jenkins said casually. Neither he nor Kathy had missed Larry's erect nipples through the soft fabric of the top he was wearing. "I think I'll leave Thunder here overnight, if you don't mind."

"Not in the least. How many more times do you think he'll be able to...?"

"More than you or I could manage," Mr. Jenkins laughed. "He's a real stud, that horse is."

At first Larry had been confused, he knew that he hadn't written a check out for Mr. Jenkins, nor had Kathy. When he reached the den though, he thought he understood. They may be occupying each other's bodies but that didn't mean that their handwriting had changed with their bodies. He sat down at the small desk and quickly wrote out the check in a bold masculine hand.

Kathy was placing the dirty cups in the sink when Larry returned to the kitchen. Mr. Jenkins was standing by the counter watching the pasture outside. Larry glanced through the window and shook his head. The two horses were going at it again!

“Here’s the check, dear,” Larry said, handing it to Kathy. Kathy smiled her thanks and took the check, giving it to Mr. Jenkins.

“Thank you,” Jenkins said, not bothering to look at the amount. “I’ll pick up Thunder tomorrow. He should be done by then and you’ll have a new foal by fall. Mind if I leave my trailer here? I’ve got to go over to the Smith place to make arrangements for our next appointment.”

“Sure, just leave it anywhere,” Kathy said. Jenkins nodded and went outside, leaving the transformed couple by themselves.

“Well, in about six months, we’ll have a new addition around the house,” Kathy smiled. “Why don’t you slip into something more comfortable and we’ll see if we can’t add to it even more.”

“Forget it,” Larry snapped. “There’s no way I’m going to crawl into the sack with you! Not while I’m still like this, anyway.”

“Oh, so it’s okay for me to be on the receiving end, but not when it’s you? Talk about a double standard,” Kathy laughed.

“Something like that, yes,” Larry said firmly as he crossed his arms over his breasts. Kathy surprised Larry by taking him into her arms and kissing him deeply. Larry could feel his knees grow weak and the lubrication flow, which had almost stopped, start again.

“Don’t,” he protested, pulling away.

Kathy smiled and then looked serious. “Darling, I hate to say this, but this body of yours is not about to take no for an answer.”

Larry looked down at the front of Kathy’s jeans. The fabric was stretch tight over her erection. For some reason the bulge in her jeans struck him as funny and just revenge for all the times he’d wanted sex and Kathy hadn’t been in the mood.

“That’s disgusting, you know that,” Larry said, mimicking the tone that Kathy had used on occasion.

“That’s what I always thought before too, honey. Now, it’s not disgusting, its just painfully ready,” Kathy lamented. Larry laughed at the expression on his wife’s face. “Besides, remember what you said, ‘If we were each other’.”

“Okay, I can relate to that, I guess,” Larry sighed. “I suppose the least I can do is take care of it for you.”

“What are we going to do?” Kathy asked curiously as she followed her feminized husband to the bedroom.

“I thought that we would start it out right by first taking a shower together,” Larry replied cryptically. “I’ll start it while you take your clothes off.”

“Then what?”

“Then while you’re cleaning up, I’m going to go to the bathroom. Then I’ll join you and we’ll see what we can do about your little problem.”

Kathy unzipped her jeans and looked down at the bulge in her undershorts. “It’s not so little anymore,” she protested.