

Contract to Crossdress

Part 2



Deborah Leigh Johnson

A "HerTV" Novel



Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2024

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

**magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or
call 800-359-2116 to get started.**

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

Contract To Crossdress

2

By Deborah Leigh Johnson

Chapter Five

On entering the foyer, the warm air of the lobby was like a hot blast after walking in the chilly night air for the last twenty minutes. It only took a moment before we could also hear the band and the sounds of the party laughter that was coming from the pub that was nearly the whole length of the college building away from us.

I was so scared, yet Janet seemed to be excited. She did lean over and whisper in my ear that she thought I should call her Terry all night while she called me Beverly. I nodded in agreement, not really knowing what else I could do anyway.

She stood and waited for me to unbutton my coat, then she checked our coats for us. I felt so naked and exposed, weak and very vulnerable, as I stood there in the college foyer, in a beautiful strapless gown. My shoulders were naked. I would never be able to run in these skirts and high heels. I was trapped and I knew it. So did Terry. And she smiled at me like the proverbial Cheshire cat for my predicament.

I just stood demurely, hands folded at the front of my dress as I had seen ladies stand in similar poses before and waited for her to finish the business with our coats. She handed me the tickets and suggested that I keep them in my purse so that we did not lose them. I blushed as other people who were coming in were able to watch me as I opened my purse to deposit the tickets, just like any normal girl. I was so acutely aware that tonight our roles really were totally reversed. Terry had become the guy and I was the lady that was with him, out on a date.

I got even harder, if that was possible, as I became aware that for this evening, I was the lady and Janet was my male escort. I was so hard that I even had some difficulty trying to walk. I was very thankful for the heavy petticoats and the flaring out of my dress from my waist that kept my erection from showing. But, though it was hidden, I was acutely aware of it, nestled in the folds of my girlish underwear.

Fortunately for me, I soon found that I was actually glad for it. The painful masculine few inches of boyhood that did remain to me, was actually going to help me act more like a girl. I was expected to mince in small and dainty steps, just like any other girl in heels and a floor-length gown would. The painful



erection in my panties was hindering my ability to walk in a normal masculine manner, so that I was being forced to take the smaller and daintier mincing steps that normal girls took. I walked with my hands folded across the front of my dress, clutching my clutch purse tightly because of the intense fear and nervous tension I was feeling flow through my psyche.

He, that is Terry, took my left elbow and led me down the hallway and into the noisy pub. I felt so vulnerable and so scared. All I could think about was that, somehow, someone was going to read me. Someone was going to be able to tell that I was not a real girl, but a boy.

Considering that the party was not actually scheduled to start for another half hour, the pub was nearly crammed with revelers in every kind of costume that you could imagine. We carefully made our way around the pub once, trying to find a table.

A small consolation was that there were many guys there, dressed as girls. But you could tell that they were really guys, very easily. Even though some of them were dancing with other guys, you could easily pick them out from the real girls.. One of them, wearing a very beautiful white lace and satin ball gown, had not even shaved off his beard but had applied regular makeup to his face anyway. None of them, except in the most outrageous and exaggerated ways, were acting like girls. I was the only one who really looked like, and was acting like, an authentic girl.

Finally, after being jostled about for nearly fifteen minutes, we were able to find a table. I sat down, remembering to smooth out my voluminous skirts under me, as Janet had taught me to do. I had to get off these heels. The heels were higher than any I had ever worn before. They were four inches high.

I swished out my skirts in a feminine and lady like motion as I lowered myself into my chair. I certainly did not want to look in any way like the grotesque images of feminine exaggerations of those other guys who were wearing dresses. They were somehow mocking what I had come to think of as the gentler side of me. I found that I was filled with a strange kind of pride at how feminine I was able to be. I blushed at this shocking realization.

I seemed to be becoming more and more feminine, as I continued to wear Janet's dresses at home. Not only was my psyche becoming more and more feminine but I had discovered that wearing girl's clothes all the time at home was also having another very strange effect on me. I was becoming more and more aware of my chest or, should I say, breasts. They seemed to have become sore; an even better description would be ultra sensitive. They also seemed to be somehow getting bigger. I knew that it must be psychological but it certainly seemed to be real enough. I had known that imagination is able to play many kinds of tricks on a person. I just assumed that this was one of them. I was just imagining that I was growing girl's breasts, I assumed.

Terry went off to get us some cold drinks. I sat quietly, trying to just blend in with the surroundings, hoping that no one would notice that I was even

there. But I had greatly underestimated the power that a somewhat attractive looking girl has to attract the male of the human species to herself.

It only took a few moments before the guys started to come over to my table and present themselves to me, to ask if they could get me a drink or if I wanted to dance.

Nervously, yet strangely enjoying their attentions, I would smile and tell them that my boyfriend had gone to get me a drink, or that all of my dances were reserved for him. It felt so very strange to me to resort to using excuses that were perfectly normal for a girl to use, to try and keep to myself. A part of me loved knowing that I was so completely identifying with a woman's role in the society of the room.

Girls, it seemed, were just able to attract male attention, while those poor slobs were running the risk of being hurt by rejection. How well I knew what it felt like to have a girl tell me that she did not want to dance with me. I was thankful that I was not one of them tonight. I felt sorry for them, even though I knew what any one of them would do to me if they ever learned that they had been coming onto a guy who was in girl's clothes. I could not help liking the way they just kept coming on to me, one after the other. It certainly stroked the feminine ego that I was developing.

After about fifteen minutes, Terry finally came back. He had two large glasses of white wine for me, in plastic tumblers. He also had three bottles of beer for himself. He asked me if any guys had tried to pick me up and I admitted that they had. He told me that I

should dance with some of them. He said that I might never get a chance like this again. He then smiled and said that it raised interesting ideas for him. He decided that he was going to try pick up girls since he looked so convincingly like a guy, just to see what it felt like.

Just then, one more guy, not so grungy as the last few, came over to the table, and looked down at Terry.

“Hey man, mind if I dance with your chick?”

He acted as though I were not even there. I felt like I might be Terry’s property or something. I felt offended. It was not Terry’s decision if I danced or not. It was *my* decision. I was just about to say saying to that effect when Terry answered him.

Terry looked at me, and smiled with a wide grin. “No man, she loves dancing but I don’t like dancing very much. She’d love to dance with you, man. Wouldn’t you, Beverly?”

I knew by the mischievous glint in his eye that if I did not go along with this, he could and would make things much hotter for me.

So, I smiled and stood up. “I’d love to dance with you.” I sort of hoped that I was making Terry jealous but I knew that was not really the case. He wanted very much for me to be as much like a girl as I could be tonight. Girls danced with guys so that was what he was expecting me to do.

What a mistake it was to be flippant about it. As soon as I stood up, I realized that this guy was quite a

bit bigger than I was. I'd never stood so close to a guy before because guys don't usually stand real close to guys. It made me nervous. But when he wrapped his arm around me to lead me off to the dance floor, I soon realized how really big and strong this man was. He would have been able to flip me around like I was a bag of feathers.

I also realized with quite an emotional shock that though I had been wearing almost nothing but girl's clothes for about two weeks, I had still been looking at everything through a boy's eyes. This was my first time seeing a guy from a truly feminine perspective. And it scared me to know that he could do whatever he felt like to me and I would be helpless to stop him.

The only thing, I very quickly realized, that girls had going for them with guys like this, was their feminine wiles to make sure that his attitude towards them remained amenable. It made me feel really and truly girlish, even more so than I had ever felt before. I knew that real girls grew up with this kind of awareness and that I was getting a chance to do and to feel what real girls find normal.

Something very deep inside of me was thrilled. I loved it. I yielded myself to the strength that I felt in his arms as he led me out onto the crowded dance floor.

Just as we got to the dance floor, the song changed from a fast one to a slow dance. I knew a moment of absolute terror then. He turned toward me, put both of his big hands on my slim waist, and pulled me tightly toward him. He was very strong. I did not know what to do. I quickly glanced around and I saw

that the real girls were putting their arms up and placing their hands on the backs of the necks of their dance partners.

I knew that I had to do everything that I could to continue this charade, or get the shit beat out of me. Timidly, for the first time in my life, I put my hands on the flat, hard-muscled chest of a boy. Girls got to do this kind of thing every day but for me it was like a dream. I felt his hard little nipples through his thin shirt material. I could feel his muscles rippling under the palms of my hands. This was a real guy, I thought to myself. I would never ever be able to be like this guy. Yet, wearing a dress gave me a strange kind of control over him. Guys wanted girls to like them. They would use all their power to be liked by a girl. I loved the feelings that were filling my conscious awareness.

Slowly, resignedly, I raised my arms up so that my hands were on his shoulders, then I laced my fingers together behind his neck. It made me feel so utterly exposed and vulnerable to him. I hoped and hoped that he would not feel the erection I had in my silk bloomers. I hated myself for not being able to get rid of that erection. Being so intimately connected with a guy, in a way that only girls usually get to be close to guys, well... it really turned me on.

But as he pulled me to him, crushing me against him by wrapping his strong arms around my waist, I felt his erection for me. He did not hide it and he made a show of letting me know that I had turned him on. I tried hard to pretend like it was not there but he pressed it into my upper belly. I could feel the heat of it, even through all my clothing. I could tell

that it might have been in the area of eight inches long, too. He rocked his pelvis, rubbing it very slowly up and down over my belly.

Furtively, I glanced around to see what I should do next. There was a girl beside me. She was dancing with her eyes closed and she had her head laying on her boyfriend's chest. I knew that it would make me feel funny but I thought that I should do that too, in order act like a normal girl. I lay my head on his chest and closed my eyes too. I wanted to look as completely like a normal girl doing things that were normal for girls to do as was possible.

He raised one of his hands and gently stroked the hair on the back of my head. I was terrified. Then, he bent over and began talking to me.

“My name's Jake. It's short for Jacques. Man, I got to tell you, I think you are, by far, the best looking chick in this place, you know that?”

I did not know what to say. I knew that if I was a real girl that I would be flattered. I wanted him to continue thinking that I was a normal girl so I raised my head so that I could look at him.

“Thank you for the compliment, Jake, but I am sure that is not really true. There are lots of other girls here who are very pretty. I think you have had a lot to drink.”

His pelvis moved, grinding his erection into my upper tummy. “Lady, *that* is how true it is. *That* is how hot you look. I've had a hard-on for you since you

walked in the door. Is there anyway that we can get rid of that pansy boyfriend of yours for a while?”

“Terry? Absolutely not. Terry and I are getting married as soon as we leave college,” I lied, terrified at the thought of being alone with this guy.

“Shit, that’s too bad. You won’t ever know what a real man is like as long as you stay with him, you know?”

I moved my head back to look at him. I could not believe what he was saying to me. He took that opportunity to plant his lips on mine, right squarely on my mouth, crushing his lips against mine. I could hardly breathe.

My heart raced a million miles a minute. I was no queer but I had a hard-on that would not quit. I was in this man’s arms, I was dancing with him, and now I was even kissing him.

I tried to pull my head back. I do not know whether it was the beer that I could smell on his breath or not but he pressed against my lips even harder. Then, he pushed his big tongue into my mouth. I had no choice but to receive it.

Inside I cried, because I knew that I would not resist him for kissing me like that. This was the way this guy kissed girls. He was treating me like I was his girl. I tried to move away, sort of, but all I ended up doing, was moving my tongue over his, sort of sucking on his tongue. I hated it but my fingers laced themselves even more tightly at the back of his neck. He made me feel so frail in his arms. I hated to admit

it but I loved feeling like this and I wanted to continue being treated like I was a real girl.

He pulled my waist even harder against him and I could feel him rubbing his cock against me. He was almost driving it into my belly. He moved it faster and faster. I tried to move my mouth away from his lips but all it succeeded in doing was allowing him to probe his tongue into me even further.

I was so ashamed that I was not trying to fight this guy off. But I actually found myself sucking on his tongue. I liked being kissed by this guy. I liked the feel of his strong arms around me. I liked the feel of his erection pushing up against me, up and down, up and down. I could sense the size of it. What amazed me was that I was not even repelled by the idea that this guy was using my body to masturbate himself. Instead, I felt strangely flattered that I was able to turn him on like that.

I yielded in a rather docile fashion and let him do what he wanted to with me. I knew that I just might never get a chance to experience anything like this again, so I tried to become alert to what every sensation was so that I would be able to remember it.

As I did so I became ultra aware of every feminine stitch of clothing that I was wearing. As I kissed my first boy, I became especially aware of the feel of my silk bloomers. I felt the elastic beribboned hems at my knees. I felt the petticoats pressing against the front of the delicate silk underwear. I felt the intimate girl material being ground into the only remaining few inches of boyhood that I had left.

I nearly swooned in his arms and had to cling even more tightly to his neck so that I would not faint onto the floor. This drove Jake to pushing his tongue even further into my mouth. I felt his strong body tense and his breathing became even more labored.

I blushed, ashamed of what was going to happen. I had made him, by my femininity, so horny that he was going to cum, right there on the dance floor. Scared, I looked around, but no one was paying any attention to us. It seemed like all of the other girls were similarly occupied. He drove himself into me and, as I felt his cock shudder, I exploded into my own panties, without anyone even touching me down there. I just could not believe how wonderful it felt to know that I had turned him on like that. I spurted deliriously into my panties as I clung to his neck and sucked on his tongue. I felt completely girlish, as he demonstrated his maleness to me.

Just the feeling, the ultimate feeling of being in a girlish situation, was enough to make me cum wildly. I knew that for me the ultimate in sexual experience from now on would be that sense of feeling utterly and completely girlish. I knew that I would do anything to be allowed to be as much of a girl as it was possible for me to become.

I hated to admit it but I wanted to be able to attract guys like Jake to me, again and again. If this was what being a fairy felt like then, I was willing to admit to myself that I was now a fairy and that I loved the feelings of being a fairy.

I glanced around at the others who were dancing around us. No one seemed to have noticed what we

had done. He was still shuddering against me when I had a wild and scary thought. I could still feel his cock against me. I was still hugging him. I still had his tongue in my mouth. I realized suddenly that real fairies and real girls sucked guys' cocks too.

I also realized that it would take me a lot of guts to ever be able to do that to a guy. I also knew now that if I were ever in a situation where that would be required of me, if I was wearing girl's clothing at the time, I probably would be able to do it.

I would be a cock sucker, I knew. The idea shamed me but I knew that it was true about me. What really amazed me, though, was that the idea of actually kissing, or putting my mouth on a thing like the one that was grinding against me at the moment, was no longer the ugly and repulsive idea that it had been to me. I wondered how long I would have to wait before I would get the chance to actually do it.

Jake, I soon realized, was really loaded. When the dance was over, he backed off a bit and was looking very sheepish. He said he was really very, very sorry for what he had done to me. Then he turned away and disappeared into the crowd.

I went back to my table, churning inside with all the new ideas and sensations that I had felt. Our drinks were on the table with my purse but Terry was gone. I wondered if he really had tried to pick up a girl. I was pretty sure that he would have tried, just for the hell of it.

I sat, aware of a growing cold mess and a shrunken little cock in my panties. But there was nothing I

would be able to do about cleaning myself up till we got home. Whenever Janet would help me get out of these clothes, she would know what had happened to me when she'd see the mess. There would be no hiding it from her.

Strangely, I also knew that she would approve of it. She had been teasing me for the last few days about getting a boyfriend. She liked having me lie on my back while she lowered my panties, then lowered herself onto me but she would also keep making remarks about how I needed to get it on with a real guy too. She'd said that real guys were able to make real women out of guys like me. I was beginning to suspect that she might be right after my little fling with Jake. I had loved being made to feel like such a complete girl in his arms.

It only took a few sips of wine before another guy came over to my table. I glanced around and saw that Terry was nowhere in sight. I figured that the only way I was going to enjoy myself, considering my costume, was to dance with the guys who asked me to dance. No girl was going to dance with me the way I looked, I was pretty sure. I smiled, stood up, and let another boy take me out onto the dance floor.

Fortunately for me, Jake did not reappear and none of the guys acted like him either. I danced almost constantly that night. The more guys I danced with, the more my confidence grew about dealing with men from the perspective of being a woman. I learned very quickly that, as far as guys were concerned, I was an attractive chick that could be hit on.

I absolutely loved it and I almost forgot that I really was a guy, just like the ones I was dancing with. I developed a new erection that stayed with me all the rest of the evening. A couple of the guys tried to kiss me and I tried not to stop them, too much. I liked how hard a boy's lips felt. I loved the feel of their bristles from a poorly shaven face as it brushed against my cheeks. I hoped someone with a mustache would kiss me but, alas, it did not come to pass.

Time flew. Every time I needed a new drink, some guy was always there to go and get it for me. I loved having the guys around. As a short, bookwormy guy, I had usually been alone all the time. But being a pretty girl meant that I was always attracting attention. I loved knowing that I was at last the pursued one, rather than the rejected one.

My nervous tension gave way to feelings of being accepted as being a very feminine person. As I drank and danced with the boys, my limp-wristed behavior seemed to increase in direct proportion. I felt so free. More than once, I found myself leaning over to touch a guy's forearm or to lay a gloved hand on the side of his face as I had often seen girls do. It made me feel so free to be able to do it. I loved it. I found that I was really liking the guys too. I liked the way they were trying to make me like them. I loved the enchanting experience of being a girl at a crowded dance.

The calves of my legs were very sore from dancing on high heels but I just did not seem to have it in me to refuse to dance when one of the guys came and asked me. I loved the feel of their strong arms around me. I loved being treated like I was a princess, albeit a 'fairy' princess. I had envied girls for the way they got

treated but now it was my turn to get the same treatment and I loved it.

Near midnight, Terry returned. I was startled to see that she was holding someone's hand, a girl's hand. The girl was none other than the student aid officer who had tried to help me that first day that I arrived at the school. She was the one who had referred me to Janet's apartment in the first place.

The student aid officer came over and stood right in front of me as she eyed me carefully, letting her eye move from the tiara in my hair to the high-heeled shoes peeking out from under the hem of my dress. She smiled and leaned over. She whispered in my ear, "Oh my, Beverly, you are simply ravishing. I could just eat you up, you look so precious."

I was stunned. Terry smiled at me, then leaned over and kissed the girl on the lips. They took my hands, reminding me to take my purse, then led me out to the foyer.

I was only responding. I was not thinking. Terry told me it was time to go home. Dumbly, I searched my purse for the coat check tickets and I waited for the two girls to return to me. Terry held my pink wool coat for me as I slid my arms into it. The student aid officer was smiling at the coat I was letting Janet put on me. Then they each took one of my elbows and led me down the stairs and out into the cold night.

The chilly air soon cleared my head. I was just about in my right mind by the time we reached the apartment. Janet reminded me to gather up my

skirts as I made it up the steps so that I would not trip and fall back on her. We entered the apartment.

I removed my coat and plopped onto the sofa, amidst a loud rustling and a pretty splaying out of my skirts about me, in a most feminine fashion. I felt like one of the Gay Nineties ladies in the movies.

Then Terry introduced me to her lifelong friend Mona. Mona giggled and told me that she meant what she had said in the pub, about me looking so precious that she'd like to eat me. She told me that the moment I got a hard-on, I should tell her, because she really did want to eat me. She said that it was her lifelong dream to meet a pretty boy who would let her dress him up as a young lady and it really turned her on. She wanted very much to see what a boy would look like amidst silk and lace. Her words had made me erect again but I was too ashamed to admit it to her. I did not want this strange girl to see what I had spilled in my panties, especially since she would know that it was because I had been out dancing with boys.

Janet laughed at my confused expression. She told me it made me look really cute. She rose and poured us white wine, then went over and sat beside Mona, resting her hand on Mona's thigh, as though she was quite used to touching this pretty girl in such an intimate fashion.

Mona said it was time that Janet should explain things to me. I listened.

“You see, Beverly, I live in a state where everything a woman owns reverts to her husband's keeping and

ownership. Now I am in line, in a couple of years, to come into a very large sum of money as an inheritance. There is only one catch. In order to get it, I have to be married before I turn 21 years old.

“Mona grew up with me and she knows all about this dilemma. I want that money. It is rightfully mine. But if I get married, it will go to the guy I marry and I will lose all control over it. Mona and I have talked about this many, many times. I am sure you can see how unfair this seems to me.

“Last year, we came up with an idea. If I got married to a guy, who would be willing to sign his identity over to me and at the same time, be willing to assume my identity, I could pretend that I was him. It is important to find one who will actually sign his identity over to me. That way, he would not be able to change his mind later on. He would pretend that he was me. That way all the money that should have gone to my husband would go to me because *I* would be the husband. It will all come to me. I will be in control of all my own money.

“The thing was, I needed a very special kind of guy. First, it would have to be a guy with no immediate relatives that he would have to answer to, which would complicate this thing. If he had any very close relatives, he could just not give up his identity very easily. They might start looking for him and if they found him, it could blow the whole idea. I would then lose all the money to him.

“Second, it would have to be someone who was poor enough that he had no economic ties to his old identity. He also had to be poor enough that the idea

of a lifetime of financial security would be appealing to him. In other words, he would have to need money badly enough that he would be willing to become a woman in order to get a lifetime of financial security.

“Third, he had to be a guy who would be small enough, physically and have enough of my facial features, to conceivably look like me and take over my identity. He would also have to have the gentleness of spirit to be able to pass himself off as a real woman and have a lot of the feelings that are required to be female. In other words, he had to be able to wear my clothes and be able to pass as me with people who do not know me very closely, like the estate lawyers who execute the wills and probates of the estate.

“Fourth, he had to be just perverted enough that we would be able to talk him into trying to wear dresses to see if he was able to enjoy the experience of pretending to be a girl and to see if he could be feminine enough to act naturally like a girl. We did not want to end up with someone like those queens you saw tonight at the bash. They make a mockery of womanhood.

“We figured that if he was an introverted bookwormy type, he would probably have never had much of a relationship with girls so he just might, if he sees how nicely pretty girls are treated, like the idea of having people hitting on him, instead of being rejected when he tried to hit on them. If we could find a guy like that and we were able to give him some of his first sexual encounters while he was wearing sexy feeling girl’s clothes, he might just be willing to become a girl for a long period of time. We did not want

him to become a girl, just to live as though he were one.

“We had absolutely no idea of where we could look for such a person, as we were pretty sure that such a person would be rare. When Mona got the job at this college last year, we knew that she would have access to thousands of student records and she would be able to find the right kind of guy, if he entered the college. We did not want to advertise in one of the sleazy magazines because you never know what you might get. We had to pick someone that had a pretty clean background, for health reasons.

“Frankly, we were beginning to wonder if we really ever would find someone. Mona has checked thousands of student files over the last few months. The school thinks who she just likes working overtime.

“Because of her position at the school, she would be able to fudge the records a bit so that he would end up receiving my diploma and I would receive his. He would have to enroll in January, in my classes, only he’d enroll as Beverly J. Price. Mona can fix it up for us to make it all legal.

“I would enroll, in his name, to business administration, while he would take the more feminine-oriented design courses, in my name. That way, later on in life, we could invest in a ladies fashion store, with him making the designs and I could manage the store, if we decided to do that.

“Then you came along. Mona immediately recognized that you had the right build and some of my facial features. She checked your student records and

found that your nearest of kin lives across the country and has a different surname than you do. She looked up your academic records and learned that you were certainly the bookwormy type of person we were looking for.

“You grew up in a home full of women which meant you were no stranger to the ways of women or of what is thought of as women’s work. She seemed to sense that you were able to be intimidated by females and that you did not seem to have an overactive sense of machismo in you nature. So she called me and we agreed to see if you were the person we were looking for.

“So, now you know why I let you stay here and why I have tried so hard to get you to wear my clothes and to try to keep you in my clothes. I was astounded at how easy it was to get you to dress up in my sexiest girl’s clothes. But more than that, I was astounded to see that you seemed to be more than willing to wear only my clothes, even going to the point of letting a big bruiser like Jake kiss you the way he did. I bet you even came in your panties. You sure did look like you loved what was happening to you.

“In all honesty, you must have thought that it was kind of strange that I wanted you to wear skirts and dresses all of the time? Well, I know how much you loved to wear them. What I am hoping for is that you will consider wearing them for the rest of your life.

“I will promise to take very good care of you, buying you the most beautiful clothes, dresses that is so that you can always be in the height of fashion, within reasonable limits that is. I will spare no cost for your

beauty treatments. I promise to give you complete freedom. If you found that you liked guys better, I would not hold you back. In fact, I kind of like the idea of being a cuckolded husband.

“Not only that but I found that I loved to fuck you when you wore my dresses and pretty little satin panties. I cannot describe how nice it was to see a pretty boy lying under me as I fucked him.

“You will find that Mona is even more aggressive than I am in that area. She is the real butch and I know that she can hardly wait to get her hands up that pretty dress you are wearing right now. She might even want you to move in with her and be her wife too. All she could talk about all night as we were watching you was how horny you were making her.

“In other words, dear Beverly, you are an answer to my prayers. Since I saw you with that big goon Jake, I know that you really do love the whole idea of being a real girl. By the way, I asked Jake to go after you like that because I wanted to see how you would react. Guys don’t normally act like that on a dance floor. It was pretty obvious that you were enjoying yourself immensely.

“So now that I am pretty sure about you, I can ask you, will you consider doing me the honor of becoming my wife?”

“This is so much to think about, Janet. Can I think about it?”