

MARSHA'S TALES

By Marsha Lakey



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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SUSAN'S SECRET

By Marsha Lakey

Dear Diana,

I'm sworn to secrecy, but you know how hard secrets are to keep. That's especially true when your secret is a wonderful, exciting secret. I just want to tell everybody. Call all my friends. Talk about it at work. Tell everyone at the beauty shop. But, I can't, and it's killing me. So I'm telling you, my closest, dearest, and oldest friend.

Remember when we were little girls and we used to play dolls and house? Remember how we used to talk about what our husbands would be like? We conjured up images of big, strong, handsome, gentle men, who protected our honor and cared for our every need and desire. We were princesses and they were knights in shining armor. We pretended to be hardy and adventuresome pioneer women who's men were fearless, rugged, cavalry soldiers.

As we started to grow up we didn't talk so much about our dream men, but about the boys in our school.

Remember your crush on Kevin? He was all you could talk about. You drove me nuts! "Kevin smiled at me. Kevin rode his bike down my street." Kevin this and Kevin that!

I know, I know I was just as bad with my crushes.

Then came high school. Remember riding home on the bus after the first day at school? All we talked about were the senior boys. They didn't look anything like the boys in our classes. They were our knights and cavalry soldiers. We couldn't get over it. We had actually died and gone to heaven at the tender age of fourteen.

The high school boys weren't the only changes in our lives back then. We were changing too. We weren't little girls any more. We had sprouted hair and had to shave our legs. Our breasts had begun to swell, and we wore bras not because we wanted to be like the big girls, but because we needed them. And, Oh God, do you remember worrying about when we'd get our first period and trying to figure out how we were going to tell our mothers!

Diana, we always talked about everything. Every feeling, every experience, every dream. We understood each other. It was as if we had mental telepathy. Not only did we hear what the other was saying, but we knew what the other was thinking. I've never had another friend like you, and I doubted that I would ever again.

That's why I'm writing you about my wonderful and exciting secret. Even though you now live on the other side of the world, I know you will understand and share my joy.

Well here goes:

MY SECRET

My secret is Michael. I know what you are thinking,

“How can your husband of twenty-three years be your wonderful and exciting secret? After twenty-three year of marriage the excitements is long gone!”

Well, it's back but it's not the same. So just hold on.

I guess our marriage has been a lot like other people's.

We met in college. He wasn't a big, strong cavalry soldier, but he was cute, smart, a little crazy, and very nice. Most of all he loved me and I loved him.

What more could you want, right?

Like all of us, except for you, the only girl I know who found a real sugar daddy, our relationship was slowly molded and changed by our careers, our families, and by time. We became more like partners in a business than lovers. In fact in time we weren't lovers at all.

On the surface everything looked great; nice home, nice neighborhood, successful careers and social status. A whole lot of people would like to have what we had.

But there was something missing, and while we never talked about it both Michael and I knew it was true.

For a long time we have gone about our lives silently ignoring our growing separation. Or at least that's what I thought. The truth was that things were changing but I didn't know it, and what was changing was Michael. I sensed something, but I didn't know what. His travel patterns began to change. He began wearing his hair longer. His nails weren't clipped so short. He lost weight. The strangest thing was his increased interest in what I wore. I liked this, and thought he was just showing some interest in me. I made no connection between these things, but still I knew something was different.

Then came the day of discovery.

Now you know I never go up in attics. That's where bats live! Well this day Michael wasn't around to go up there for me, so I had to go up there myself. As I was rummaging around looking for something my mother had given me I noticed a closet over in a corner. I didn't remember any closets up in our attic so I went over to look. I moved some boxes out of the way, opened the door, and what I found inside floored me.

This closet contained a complete women's wardrobe. I mean there were dresses, shoes, skirts, coats, jewelry, lingerie, the whole works! On top of that there was make-up. More make-up than I've ever had. Finally I found wigs. Three of them. All different styles, but each shoulder length and ash blonde

Diana, I didn't know what to think!

Whose things were these? How could he keep his mistress' clothes in my house? I was angry! I was devastated! All I could do was sit down and cry. But soon I started to think and I realized something just didn't fit. I got up and looked again at the things

I had found. The sizes were big, fourteens, sixteens, large, extra large, bras at size thirty-eight. In the make-up I found cosmetic correctors, eyelashes, fingernails, and hair removal products. I wondered, what was I seeing? Then I looked back at the wigs and a light came on.

These weren't Michael's mistress' things, these were Michael's things!

Can you imagine how I felt and what I thought? My husband was some sort of sick weirdo. Some guy who liked to get dressed up in women's clothes and prance around like a fag. Diana, I have to tell you I was so upset I almost threw up. I couldn't stand to be in that closet anymore. I had to get out of the attic. I started to leave, but just before I did I grabbed one of those wigs and took it with me.

Michael was gone for several more hours, and all that time I thought about how I would confront him. It was hard to stay focused. My feelings flipped back and forth between hurt and anger. I didn't know what I would do when I saw him, but I wasn't going to let him off easy.

When Michael came home the first thing I did was stick that wicked wig in his face. I screamed and raged. I wanted to know how he could do this to me. I ridiculed him for being a twit. I threw his wig in his face.

Through this all Michael was quiet. He let me go on and on until my energy began to drain. Then in a quiet way he started to talk. He told me that he didn't know why he did what he did, but that the desire to do it was as old as he was. He said that these desires had grown stronger and stronger the farther we had grown apart. He told me that he believed that our lack of physical contact for so long, had been the trigger that caused this other side of his personality to assert itself.

Finally, he suggested, "Don't do anything right now. Think about this. There may be some possibilities that you can't even imagine."

Then he said something really strange. He said he was actually glad that I knew, and thought that after a while I would be glad too.

Well, you've really got to be confused now. Your best friend from thousands of miles away writes to tell you she has a wonderful secret, and she goes on to describe how she finds out that her husband wears women's clothes. You've got to be thinking, why doesn't she just kick him out? Don't think I didn't think about doing just that.

Over the next several days I thought about a lot of things, but one thing that I kept coming back to was the last thing that Michael had said. That he was actually glad I knew, and that he thought that after a while I would be glad too.

Why did he say that? What did he mean?

I couldn't figure that out, but for some reason I thought to go back and look in that closet. I went upstairs in the attic and for the second time opened the door that had just a few days before turned my life upside down. I grabbed the doorknob, paused, took a deep breathe, and then went in. Just like before I wanted to run out of there, but I made myself stay. This time I was looking for a clue, something that would explain what Michael had said. Maybe something that would put my world back in order.

I began to poke around. Looking, but not knowing what I was looking for. And then it caught my eye, a photo album. I opened it up and saw it full of pictures of Michael. There were close-ups, pictures with other men and women, indoor photos, outdoor photos, some of the picture were even taken in our house. The only thing was that in each of the pictures Michael wasn't Michael.

Michael was a very attractive woman.

He, no, she, had a nice figure, she was dressed well, and she looked good.

I thought, *"This is my Michael? It can't be, this is a woman!"*

I took that album downstairs with me and sat down and looked over each picture. It was Michael all right, but I couldn't believe my eyes. How could my husband look so good as a woman? Who were these people he was with?

I remember closing the album and thinking, I'm not feeling like I felt when I made my first discovery. There was no feeling of anger, no crushing hurt. What I felt was curiosity. For some strange reason I was drawn to these picture of my husband as a woman. I wanted to know more. How did he undergo this transformation? Where did he buy these clothes?

My head was filled with questions, and I couldn't wait until Michael got home to ask him.

MY DECISION

When Michael walked in I was at the kitchen table and he could see his photo album sitting before me. His face froze, and I knew he expected another confrontation. He didn't have a clue that was the last thing I wanted, and he almost fell over when I said, "Michael, I can't believe what a pretty girl you can become."

He didn't know what to say. He had expected another session with a wild, raving wife, and instead he just heard me tell him that I thought he was a pretty girl.

It took a moment for Michael to regain his composure and when he did he replied, "Do you really think so, Susan?"

Well, that was the ice breaker. For the first time in days we both felt comfortable enough to talk. And talk we did.

I learned that Michael had been a serious crossdresser for quite a while, and that he had a number of friends who were also crossdressers. These friends were the other people in the photos, and in many cases they were also his photographers. He told me about his childhood ventures into crossdressing, and how he had pushed those feelings down for many years. He told that the name of the girl in the pictures was Michelle. He told me that being Michelle let him be things Michael could never be, and how Michelle filled a part of his life that had always been empty.

I have to tell you, Diana, the hour we spent talking and looking at his album reminded me of how you and I used to talk. It was wonderful. I was beginning to understand what Michael meant when he said, that he thought someday I would be glad I discovered his hidden side.

When we had finished looking at the album Michael asked if I had noticed a second album. I told him that I had only seen the one, but would love to look at another if he wanted me to. Michael excused himself and went up to the attic. In a few minutes he returned carrying a full sized, leather album. I guessed right away that what he was going to show me weren't more snapshots but professional photographs, and as soon as he sat down Michael confirmed my guess. He told he how he found out about a studio that specialized in glamour photography. They did men and women, and, yes that's right, they also did men who wanted to look like women.

I wanted to tear the album open and start looking. I couldn't wait to see these new pictures of Michelle. I thought, if Michael looked good in the snapshots, he had to look great done by a professional.

It was hard to sit and patiently listen but Michael wanted to tell me about it. He said that on the day of his photo session he got dressed as Michelle and drove to the studio. When he arrived he was given a beauty makeover, his hair was styled and long fingernails were applied. He told me that this was his second makeover and how wonderfully feminine he felt to be primped and pampered.

I loved listened to my husband talk about his transformation into a woman. I was even a little envious because I have never had a real makeover.

But the wait was killing me.

I wanted to see Michelle!

Michael could sense my growing impatience and so he opened the album. What I saw was more than I expected. There inside the cover was my Michelle. Her big blue eyes looking right at me.

Diana, you and I should wish for such a pretty portrait.

I'm telling you Michael looked wonderful! His lips, his skin, his hair were fantastic. But most of all his eyes were beautiful. I couldn't believe that this woman was my husband, but most of all I could believe my feelings. This woman excited me. I wanted to meet her. I wanted to be with her.

I know all this sounds strange, but what I was feeling for Michelle was what I had felt for Michael long ago.

The album contained other photographs. Beside the portrait there were three other poses, each with a large eight by ten and two five by sevens. The second pose was causal. And once again Michelle looked great. Her hair was slightly different, it was still ash blonde but a little more layered and longer with lots of loose curls. Michael explained how the photographer used a fan to lift his hair and add effect to the picture. I don't know how Michael developed his taste for women's clothing, but it is excellent. What he picked out for Michelle was perfect.

She was wearing a red blazer over a long, black scoop-necked, cotton dress. The dress had a matching red belt and she had on a pair of black suede, ballet flats. The outfit was topped off with gold hoop earrings, a flat necklace and broach on the blazer's lapel. The colors, the style and the accessories matched her hair color and

skin tone perfectly, and you could just tell by her expression that Michael was very comfortable being a woman.

The next pose was in evening wear. Michael told me that he picked this outfit out in the studio because, while he had always wanted to, he had never bought an evening gown. I don't know who made this selection, Michael or the photographer, but once again Michelle looked wonderful! .

She had on a silk jacket with black sequins and gold tone beads over a silver-gray bustier with a long black, crepe skirt. Her shoes were black satin pumps and her earrings gold French wire with two black bead drops. In this picture Michelle's hair was straight and slightly shorter and fuller, more like her portrait picture. By pulling one side behind her ear Michelle gave her hair a slightly more formal look that matched her attire perfectly. Her make-up was also more formal. It had been redone and adjusted to match her clothes. And once again I was attracted to her eyes and how they were the focus of her face.

I told Michael how attractive he looked. I could tell he was somewhat embarrassed, but he squeezed my hand and told me how good it made him feel to know I felt that way.

Before we turned to the final poses there was a question that I had to ask Michael, "Where did you get that cleavage?"

I mean, here I am looking a picture of my husband dressed like a lady ready for a night on the town and he's got more showing than I can muster. What gives? This isn't fair!

Well Michael told me how crossdressers can use tape, make-up and breast forms to create the illusion of breasts. He also told me that between the make-up person at the studio and the way his photographs were developed a very real illusion was created. Illusion or not I have to admit that I was little envious of my husband's chest.

My envy grew greater when we finally turned to the last set of pictures. Before we did this Michael cautioned me that they were a little racy and that he hoped if he showed them to me he wouldn't be pushing me too far or too fast. Little did he know that at this point there was no way he could push me too fast, and little did I know what Michael had meant by "a little racy."

Diana, I was not prepared for what I saw when we turned the page. There was my husband almost naked with other people who were most definitely naked. In each of these last poses Michelle was wearing only navy, high cut panties, matching blue, lace top stockings and three and a half inch, blue patent leather pumps. Her hair was back to the longer, layered and curly look and her make-up was most definitely seductive.

In the large pose Michelle was looking straight at the camera, and behind her was a very muscular black man with a shaved head. His arms were around Michelle and his hands were cupped over her breasts. In one of the smaller pictures Michelle was with the same black man, but this time the shot was from the side and they were in an embrace. She had her arms up over his shoulders and he had rested his large hands over her bottom.

The final pose was with another woman. This was another frontal shot of Michelle. In this picture the other woman was nuzzled to Michelle's breasts.

Can you believe it, my husband posing naked before a camera with other people! I should have been jealous! I should have been mad! But I wasn't any of those things. I was excited. These pictures were a real turn on for me. I know it sounds weird, but I'm telling the truth.

Before we put the album away I just had to ask Michael how he felt when he was posing nude with other people, especially with men. I mean this other guy was completely nude so he had to have his dick sticking right in Michael's privates.

Michael thought a second and then told me posing nude was a little embarrassing at first, but the people at the studio were so nice that they soon made him feel very comfortable. He went on to say that when he is Michelle he frequently experiences advances from men and that he doesn't mind them. He said that he actually likes it when men come on to him because it reinforces his feminine desires.

Then he said, "To be honest I was terribly excited when I felt that man's cock get hard and press up against me. The look on my face in these pictures wasn't an act, it was the stirring of real passion."

That was it. We were done for the night.

Without saying it we both realized that we had gone about as far as we could. The rest of the evening was quiet. Not quiet like before when we just going our separate ways, but quiet like when people are lost in deep thought.

The next morning Michael got up early and left before I was out of the shower.

When I dried off and walked out of the bathroom to get dressed I noticed a stack of magazines on my dresser.

On top was a note:

Dear Susan - Maybe these will help you understand me better. I hope so because I want you to love me.

Forever yours, Michelle.

The note brought a tear to my eye. Michael hadn't said anything like that to me in years. I thought that this must be what Michael meant when he said, "Michelle let him be things Michael could never be."

We didn't talk much about Michelle for the next few days, but I could tell that things had changed between Michael and I. We were nicer, and more attentive to each other. We did and said things that we hadn't done or said in years. Little touches, kisses, compliments and thank you's that had been forgotten were now back, and I loved it.

During this time I looked through the magazines that Michelle had left for me. They were crossdresser magazines, and before you conjure up images of some X-rated trash, I've got to tell you that these magazines had a little class. They had names like Lady Like, Tapestry, and Transformation and they contained pictures, stories and articles all about crossdressers.

As I looked through them I was amazed at how many men could be made to look so good as women. In these magazines I read about how crossdressers felt and how they dealt with the real world.

The last magazine in the stack contained a special surprise. Want to guess? That's right, Michelle! Two pages from her studio photographs and a letter she had written. In her letter she told about how happy she was as Michelle, but how a part of her life was still missing. She said:

I can never be really happy as Michelle as long as the person I love most doesn't know I exist. I want so much for her to know me and love me, but I am afraid that if she knew I would lose her forever.

Remember me in your prayers.

Love, Michelle.

Diana, I cried when I read that, but my tears weren't tears of sadness they were tears of joy.

For right then and there I knew what was going to happen. Michelle was going to become part of my life. I decided that Michael and I had gone too long living together, but living apart, and that it was through Michelle that we would once again find love.

MY PLAN

I knew that if Michelle was to become a part of my life it would have to be gradual. I wanted her as much as I had wanted anything, but after all those years of living with Michael I would need some time to get used to the changes I was about to cause. I thought a lot about how I would pull this off, and then suddenly the light went on.

I had a plan.

Step one began the next day with a trip to the mall. The clerk at Victoria's Secrets must have thought I was crazy. I bought bras, panties, camisoles, hose, garter belts, all in sizes too large for me and all in quantities that begged for an explanation. The next stop was the drug store where I bought ladies razors, hair removal products, and body lotions. I took all my purchases home and went up to our bedroom. I opened Michael's underwear drawer and took out all his men' things and replaced them with the pretty lingerie I had just bought.

In the drawer I placed this note:

“Dear Michelle - I know you have to hate wearing those awful men's underwear so I bought you these. I hope you like what I picked out. Also, I noticed you've been a little lax in keeping your body smooth. Before dinner I want you to go in the bathroom and very carefully get rid of your nasty body hairs. Your lingerie will feel much better next to smooth silky skin. Love, Susan.”

When Michael came home I didn't mention anything about the surprise waiting in his dresser. I stayed down- stairs and just listened. It wasn't long before I heard him walk into the bathroom and turn on the shower. My plan was working just as I hoped it would, Michael wanted to be Michelle as badly as I wanted him to be her. He would not resist my instructions. He would gladly let me turn him into Michelle.

A little while later Michael came down for dinner, and as he walked into the kitchen I would could see this special look on his face. He walked over to me and hugged me saying, "I love what you bought me. Everything is so pretty, and yes they do feel better when my skin is smooth."

I gently pushed Michael back so I could see his face. He was crying. I had never seen my husband cry, but there he was with tears running down his cheeks. I couldn't help myself and pretty soon we were both hugging and crying and, yes, laughing. It was wonderful. We had never been so close as we were at that moment.

Each day or so I implemented another step in my plan, and the second step involved another trip to the mall. This time I headed out for the sleepwear department. Thinking back, I know I was having as much fun buying things for Michelle as she was having wearing them. I actually had to control myself in the store because I was becoming a very uncharacteristic impulse shopper. When I was all done I set off for home with an assortment of slinky satin nighties, cuddly flannel jammies, ruffled cotton night shirts, a thick terry- cloth robe, a beautiful pink floral house coat, and two pairs of slippers. I knew that Michelle Would just love what I had bought her and I couldn't wait to get home.

Once again I took my purchases up to our bedroom and put them in Michael's dresser and closet. Then I wrote another note:

"Michelle - You've got to stop sleeping in your underwear like boys do. I bought you these things so you can be more yourself. I think you'll like them. I had a ball buying them for you. Of course I expect you to wear these regularly for now on. Tonight I would like you to start with the white, ruffled night shirt, the terry cloth robe, and warm slippers. Love, Susan."

I really wanted to tell Michael to wear something more sexy but I resisted the temptation knowing how awkward he would look still being a man. I knew the time would soon come when Michelle would be with me and it was better to wait and let her wear those things.

Michael loved what I had bought for him and he was very happy to follow my instructions. By then he realized where I was taking him and he was ready to comply.

The next morning I put another note on Michael's dresser. It said:

"Dear Michelle - There is no reason for your lovely wardrobe to be hidden away in the attic. This evening I want you to move Michael's thing out of our bedroom and into the spare. Then I want you to bring down all of your things and put them here. I've made room on my dressing table for your make-up so please put it there. Love, Susan."

Needless to say Michael was quite busy that evening.

The following morning another note appeared on Michael's dresser:

"Dear Michelle - How awful it must be to have to wear men's clothing all day long. Starting today I want you to pick a casual outfit from your wardrobe and wear it around the house in the evening. Love, Susan."

That night just before dinner Michael came downstairs and he had done just what I told him to do. He had on a lavender silk blouse, baggy pleated jeans and a pair of leather, ladies Keds. I could tell he was excited about being dressed entirely en femme, and I made a point of telling him how nice he looked and how the color of his blouse was a perfect match.

A second look at Michael told me that he had gone beyond the directions I had given him. Michael was wearing make-up. Not much mind you, but make-up nonetheless. He had put on a little bit of mascara, eye shadow, and lip color. I liked his initiative, but I couldn't let it pass without comment.

I said to him, "Michael, you've been bad! I told you to wear those clothes, but I didn't tell you that you could wear make-up too. What do you have to say for yourself?"

Michael blushed and his eyes dropped to look at the floor. In voice much softer than I was used to hearing he replied, "I'm sorry, Susan. I just wanted to look nice for you. Please don't be mad at me."

I told Michael that he was forgiven and that I really did think he looked nice. My plan was working wonderfully.

Everyday I was moving Michael closer and closer and closer to Michelle, and I was doing at a pace that had allowed each of us time to become comfortable with the change that we both wanted so badly. Finally the time had come and I put the last step of my plan in action.

I made one last trip to the mall to shop for Michelle's debut outfit. It wasn't an easy selection. I wanted to pick just the right thing and I was agonizing over what that would be. Should I pick something up scale and preppie? Something a little sexy and daring? Something for the career lady? I just couldn't decide! Then I saw it, the perfect selection. It would look great on Michelle and it most definitely would be the right thing to wear for what I had planned.

On Thursday morning in early October Michael got his last letter. It said:

Dear Michelle - It's time that we meet. Actually our meeting is long overdue. We probably weren't ready but I wish I had meet you years ago. I feel we share a special bond that only women can know. It's something that can't be explained, only felt. I think you know what I mean. I plan on being home early today and I want you to be here when I arrive. I think it best that you plan not to work today or tomorrow. In your closet you will find a new outfit that I bought for you. I hope you like it. I can't wait to see you wearing it. After we meet and talk I want to go out shopping and to dinner. If we still have any energy left we might stop by one of the dance clubs down by the river. Sound like fun? It will be a real girl's night out. I can't wait to see you. Hope you feel that way too. Love, Susan.

It was hard working that day. My mind was most definitely not on the job. I kept looking at my watch and thinking, "*I wonder what Michelle is doing now? Did she like what I bought her? Did it look as good on her as I thought it would?*"

The hours dragged by that day. It reminded me of being in school and watching the agonizingly slow movement of the clock as the end of the day approached. Finally, it was time to leave. I had to restrain myself from sprinting out the door, down the hall and through the parking lot.

When I got home there was a note on the kitchen table:

Dear Susan - I love what you picked out for me. The color and style are just right. I think you will be pleased. I'm sure this day has been as long for you as it has for me. Somehow I wanted to leap forward to this moment. But we've waited this long and we shouldn't rush and spoil our meeting. Please take a minute to put down your things and just relax. I've poured you a glass of wine and it's in the refrigerator. When your ready just turn on the stereo and I'll come down. Forever yours, Michelle.

Was she crazy, Diana? Relax! No way! I was too hyper to relax. In the last few weeks I had gone from a wife with a comfortable but empty marriage to a wife who had engineered the transformation of her husband into a woman. It had been an emotional roller coaster and it was time for the ride to end. I wanted to meet Michelle!

So I grabbed the wine, went into the family room, turned on the stereo and waited for Michelle.

I was sitting with my back to the kitchen so I heard Michelle before I saw her. I thought I had mentally prepared myself for this moment, but the reality was something else. My heart was racing and my stomach was turning over as I heard her come closer and closer. I was absolutely a nervous wreck, until all of a sudden I felt Michelle's hand on my shoulder. It was like a bolt of lightning raced through my body.

Michelle sensed my anxiety and she slid to the side of the chair, grabbed my hand and kissed me gently on the lips saying, "It's OK. to be nervous, Susan. I've had butterflies all day long. All I know is that I'm just glad that we're finally together."

Then she stepped all the way around the chair and stood right in front of me.

I let go of her hand and motioned for her to step back so I could see her better. She moved comfortably and gracefully, shifting her weight back and forth, twirling around, all the while looking at me with her gorgeous eyes.

I was slowly regaining my senses, and as I did I began to look closer at my Michelle. She was every bit as good looking as her pictures. Her hair and make-up looked really natural and her figure was very attractive for a gal in her forties. I also began to notice her outfit, the one I had searched so hard for just the day before. I was proud of my good taste. She looked good in green, and the V-neck chenille sweater and long, crinkled silk skirt would be perfect for the evening. I was especially pleased to see that Michelle had created her cleavage. It turned me on and I was sure it would attract the attention of others too.

I held out both hands, Michelle stepped closer, took them and then sat down next to me.

We both smiled and looked deep into each other's eyes. Without saying a word we read one and other's minds. We knew that we had done the right thing. Neither of us knew where this would lead, but we knew wherever things were going, we would go there together.

Just like a couple of emotional girls we started to cry. Big tears ran down both our cheeks ruining our make-up. Instinctively we began to wipe and kiss away the tears of

the other. Without thinking our kisses became passionate. Our lips met and parted and our warm, soft tongues began exploring.

Diana, it had literally been years since Michael and I had kissed that way and, frankly, I hadn't missed it. But this was something else. I was flooded with desires and emotions I had never felt, even when Michael and I were really lovers. I wanted every inch of Michelle. She stirred in me urges that I had read about, but didn't believe myself capable of.

As much as I wanted Michelle right there, that very moment I knew I had to resist. There were things Michelle and I were going to do that night and it wasn't time to give in to total abandon quite yet.

I slowly pulled away from Michelle, and as I did I could see the disappointment in her eyes. I knew she had been struck by the same hammer of passion and I felt sorry for her. She didn't know what I had planned and it was hard for her to understand why we should wait.

To make her feel better, I kissed her gently, stood up and urged, "Don't look so sad, lover. Just trust me, the night's still young."

With that we went upstairs to redo our make-up and get ready to go out.

MY JOY

It was fun getting ready to leave. We chattered on and on just like you and I used to. Michelle even gave me some help with my make-up, and I have to say I liked the subtle, but sexy changes she made. I think the reality of Michelle really hit me when, just before we left she picked up her purse and checked to see she had all the things she needed. It was a simple thing. Every woman does it out of habit. It's just that when I saw Michelle do that I knew what she had become. Michael had become a lady, and I couldn't have been happier.

Our first stop of the evening was the downtown mall. It's a wonderful place; an old downtown skyscraper in which the first three floors have been opened up and renovated into a super place to shop. And shop we did!

We had an absolute blast, trying on this and that, giggling at the things that made us look silly, and admiring the things that made us look good. Over the course of a couple of hours I bought a few things, but Michelle bought many. After all this trip was for her.

If I wanted Michelle to start living with me she would definitely have to expand her wardrobe.

We decided it was time to quit when we had more packages than we could carry. Besides, we were hungry.

We made our way back to the car and then left for a restaurant that overlooked the river. It was an informal place that attracted an up scale crowd and had a reputation for good food.

As we entered I purposely walked behind Michelle just to see how people accepted her, and I was most pleased with my lady. She received several once-overs from both

men and women. I could tell that the looks weren't looks of, "What is this person?" but looks of, "Not bad!"

I thought to myself, "*Eat your hearts out, boys and girls.*"

Dinner was great, and we never ran out of things to talk about. We shared a lot of feelings about how we had grown apart, about how we had missed the other, and about how exciting our new friendship was. I don't know who thought of it first, but almost simultaneously we both said how neat it would be to take off in the morning and spend a long weekend out of town. The natural choice was Chicago. We both love the place, it was only six hours away and the possibilities for two single girls on a Windy City weekend were endless. It was decided, come morning we were packing up and heading west.

But we were getting ahead of ourselves.

There was another stop yet that night. So we got back in the car, drove down into the valley and cruised the night club district. There were lots of places, but we were looking for a nice dance and drink club where we didn't feel like everybody's mom. Well Flanagan's was our place, and when we got there we found a nearby parking spot and got out of the car. We were both a little nervous.

I hadn't done the bar scene in years and wasn't really sure what I was supposed to do if men came on to me.

Michelle wasn't totally new to this, but she said she was always a little worried about being made.

We worked up our courage and opened the door. Once we were inside we knew we had found just what we were looking for. Flanagan's had a mixed adult crowd and they were playing classic rock and roll dance tunes. Michelle and I looked around to find a table, and almost before we sat down two guys approached us. They were thirtyish and not bad looking. We let them buy us drinks and sit at our table. They were definitely on the hustle and Michelle and I loved it. It was fun. Before long the four of us were out on the dance floor moving to the music.

