



Reluctant Press

The Honeymoon

Ricky Brundt



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMON

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE HONEYMOON

By Ricky Brundt

I met Judy during my junior year at college and we hit it off right away. It was lucky for me that she dug my act because everyone regarded her as a wonderful catch. She was very pretty then, and remains every bit as pretty today. She has a dynamite body with hips which clearly state that she is a female without being overly “broad”. Her breasts... yes, her lovely breasts. They're about a B—cup; nice and plump, but not too large, just like I like them. The curves of her long, lovely legs flow down over her scrumptious thighs, past her calves with just the right amount of curve to them. It's the whole package.

She exudes sex appeal, but there is nothing cheap about her. She has always conducted herself with the utmost dignity and self assurance. She is one of those women who impresses one immediately as being classy... that is, as being from a family with social standing and money.

Anyway, enough of my admiration for the love of my life because there is time enough for that later on. Suffice it to say here that, after about four months of being in a steady relationship together, she arranged for me to meet her family in New Orleans, which was a reasonable midpoint between our college in the East and her family's home on the West Coast.

Judy and I had very hot times together. Still, I did not know during our early months together how very adventurous she was sexually and what exotic delights she would bring to my life. The first indication I got of her adventurousness was on our honeymoon. We decided to fly to Bermuda and soak up some sun on the pink beaches. It's a great, quaint little island.

Our hotel was small, with a wonderful meal plan. We ate a full breakfast there and a full dinner at the end of the day. During the hours in between, we were free to tour the island and enjoy a lunch at one of the many small restaurants that dotted the landscape. Of course, given that this was our honeymoon, there were some days we cut our sightseeing jaunts short so that we could stay in our room... and stay in one another's arms.

One morning, we were lounging around our suite when Judy got a particularly impish expression on her face. I knew that something special was up when she looked at me that way. I asked her what was on her mind, but she just smiled and giggled. I had

to ask her at least three more times before she finally let me know what was on her mind.

She got up really close to me and whispered hotly in my ear, “Dear, now that we're married, I don't think that we should hold back secrets from one another. Don't you agree? I want to know the fantasies in your mind, and I want you to know the fantasies in my mind.”

While she was telling me this, she slid her dainty hand down my chest, over my stomach to the front of my slacks. She began to knead her delicately manicured hand across my fly, gently stimulating my penis.

I'll tell you, she really knew how to break down a guy's resistance. I would have done anything to make sure that she continued doing what she was doing. I nodded feebly that I agreed.

“Now, a lot of the stuff in your head doesn't concern me at all, just as I am sure you don't care about a lot of my thoughts and opinions. However, there are some nooks and crannies in that mind of yours that I am quite interested in. What I am really taking about, Dear, are your sexual secrets. That's right, I want to know those deep down sexual desires that make your prick get bigger and bigger. ”

To emphasize her point, she gave my most valuable member a playful squeeze.

Now that I knew exactly what she had in mind, I wasn't sure that I should go along and bear my soul to her. After all, most people have a few sexual quirks rattling around in their heads and I was no different.

I thought very hard about her question in the brief moment that I had to respond. I considered making up some witty fabricated response, but I quickly rejected that plan as it entailed lying to my new bride. I knew intuitively that that was no way to start a marriage. I thought about simply refusing to answer, but that would surely disappoint her and put some distance between us.

For obvious reasons, I wanted to keep us as close as possible. Therefore, I swallowed my apprehension and faced up to the fact that I would have to agree to her offer. Before doing so, however, I wanted to find out as much as I could about what it would entail.

“You're sure you want to do this, right? No matter what my secret desires are?”

“You betcha, Tommy. Any sexual turn on that is in that wonderful head of yours, I want to know about. Besides, I'm sure that I will want to participate in whatever sexual fantasies you may have, especially if they're on the kinky side. Now, come on, quit stalling and spill your guts. Remember, you also get to learn what my deepest desires are. Fair is fair.”

“Well, if you get pissed off or bent out of shape, you have no one to blame but yourself, you know.”

“Stop stalling, Tommy. Tell me, tell me,” she said as she stamped her foot in a charmingly coquettish manner.

“All right,” I began. “You see, ever since I was young, I have loved the way that women looked. I have always loved to sneak glances at nicely shaped breasts and long graceful legs.”

“That's your deep dark secret, Tommy? Come on. Every young man likes to look at women. You're still stalling, Tommy.”

“No, I'm not. Don't rush me, now. I'm getting there.”

I took a deep breath to steady myself.

“It was not only that I liked looking at women, but I was taught from an early age to respect and admire them. My mother made sure of that. She immediately corrected me if I expressed any anti—female attitudes which had been planted in my head by unruly male schoolmates. She would not hear of my limiting my friends solely to boys. I was expected to have just as many girls as friends, and to treat them all as a young gentleman should. Maybe if you had gotten to know her before her death, you would understand this all better.”

“I know that you loved her dearly and I think I can see why you loved her. I also suspect that's why you have always treated me with respect. As you know, it's one of the things that I love about you, Dear.”

“Thanks. You're right, my mother had a lot to do with the way I treat women.”

“This is all very touching, Tommy, but frankly, it hardly qualifies as a secret.”

“Bear with me. I'll get there soon.”

I took another deep breath before going on.

“Everything was fine until I went away to college. But, as you know, my mother died my freshman year and I became very lonely.”

“I remember you telling me what a tough time that was for you.”

“In the midst of my loneliness, I started thinking more and more about how it would be to...”

I stumbled in mid—sentence, knowing that words spoken can never be recalled. What could I do?

“I just can't tell you, Judy.”

“I can't believe you're making this so difficult. Just tell me, for Pete's sake.”

She was clearly at the end of her patience by this time, so I gulped hard and proceeded.

“I—I—I started thinking about how it would be to... to look like a girl, to get dressed up and all. There, I've said it.”

I watched her carefully so I could gauge her reaction. What I saw can be best described as a quizzical expression. She certainly wasn't revealing much about how she felt about my secret. Caught up in my nervousness and not knowing what else to do, I just kept on talking.

“Maybe I was trying to recreate my mother. Maybe it has nothing do with that. I took some psyche courses but never got a good answer.”

Again, I gauged her reaction. Slowly, a smile began to play across her lips. At least, I thought, she hadn't thrown up her hands in disgust.

"Well, I can see we are going to have some interesting discussions about this juicy bit of information," she began.

"I'm not going to tell you all of my thoughts about your secret just now, but I definitely want to hear more about it."

"There's not a lot more for me to say. I just wondered how it would be to put on sexy girl's clothes and prance around. For example, I wondered how my legs would look in stockings and high heels. I am really very embarrassed to be telling you all of this."

"Tommy, don't be silly. After all, we're married and I would have probably find out sooner or later."

"Moreover, I am certainly intrigued. So don't you dare stop now that you've whetted my appetite. Tell me, did you ever carry out your fantasy... that is, get dressed up?"

"No, I didn't, but I certainly wanted to on numerous occasions."

"You chicken, you," she said with a big smile. "I would have loved to have seen you all gussied up."

This was the first clear indication that she might be accepting of my desire. Inside, I sighed with relief.

"If you didn't actually get dressed up, what were some of the fantasies you had of getting dressed up? At least tell me that."

"Well, sometimes, I wondered what it would be like to go outside in a pretty skirt and heels and feel the breeze blow up against my legs and underwear. That never failed to get me excited."

"My, outside, no less. So, it's not just that you wanted to get dressed and look at yourself in a mirror in your room. But you actually wanted to go outside in your pretty girl clothes and get seen by others in the process, right? What a sexy imagination you have, Tommy. My, my!"

"Yeah, I guess I do. I wanted others to see me and treat me as a woman, rather than as a male. Just to see what it was like, you know. I even wondered whether I would be able to get my share of glances from the men I encountered. That was probably the kinkiest thought that I had".

"Well, I guess it was, you devil you. And to think that you were thinking these wild thoughts all the while that we were dating."

"You can bet that I kept it hidden from you as well as I could, because I had no idea what your reaction would be. Now, I've lived up to my part of the bargain. What kind of secrets do you have that can match that one?"

"I guess after pushing you so hard, I really don't have a choice, do I? Anyway, you will be very interested in what my secret is. In fact, it may be the surprise of the night."

“You see, my secret is that I have always wanted to get a guy to dress in girl's clothes and have hot sex with him. Isn't that something? Your fantasy and mine fit together perfectly.”

It took a few moments for the import of what she had said to sink in for both of us, and it was certainly a surprise. We seemed to realize, almost simultaneously, that this was probably a major turning point in our relationship.

“I told you so much about my secret, Judy, that I think you ought to tell me even more about yours, especially given that you started all of this.”

Happily for me, she agreed to elaborate.

“My brothers were generally loud and rambunctious and dominated the attention of the family. I felt kind of pushed to the background, even though I knew that I was smarter, more mature and more civilized than they were. Now that I look back on it, I got pretty resentful of them over the years. In fact, when they were particularly unruly, I had this recurrent fantasy of wanting to put them both in pretty, frilly dresses as a way to curtail their high spirits. Petticoat punishment. I guess that's where my desire to dress males in girl clothes comes from.”

This helped me understand a lot about her desire to feminize males, but I was having trouble understanding where I fit into all of this. I certainly didn't consider myself boisterous or domineering with her.

“When I met you, Tommy, I loved the fact that you were so kind and not overbearing like the males I had grown up with. To the contrary, you were wonderfully gentle and considerate. But still, I kept returning to my fantasy of dressing up a male in women's clothes... not as punishment by this time, but because it turned me on. I thought many times about asking you to let me feminize you, but I didn't know how you would take it. I certainly didn't want to lose you because of a quirk in my personality.”

“I must say that I am fascinated by all of this, Judy. I never suspected when we were dating, that you had such rich fantasies on your mind. I guess the question for us is where do we go from here?”

“This certainly creates some interesting possibilities, don't you think? After all, you want to know what it's like to look like a girl, and I want to help a man dress up in pretty girl clothes. So, the only question is whether we actually put this into practice or whether we just sit and fantasize about it. Off hand, I can't think of a good reason why we shouldn't actually do it, at least a little bit. You know, to see whether we like it. After all, we both want to and no one else will be the wiser. What do you say?”

“I don't know. It's all so new to me. I couldn't have imagined in a million years that your fantasy fit perfectly with mine. But I do have to warn you that it's going to be hard for me to get dressed up as a girl without thinking that I'm perverted or something. I certainly wouldn't feel 'normal', whatever that means.”

“I don't know what 'normal' means either,” she responded quickly, “but I'll be damned if I'm going to let society's idea of what I ought to do dictate what I actually do. Don't you agree?”

“I think you are right, Judy, but what exactly do you have in mind?”

“Well, we could start by taking a few steps to see what it's like. What do you say?” she asked invitingly.

I could hardly refuse such a gradualist proposal. After all, if I got uncomfortable, I could always call it off. A nod and a smile was my response to her.

“Goody! I am so excited. I don't want to wait any longer, do you? Here, Baby, give these a try,” she said as she reached down and lifted the hem of her short skirt up to her waist.

She deftly hooked her thumbs in the elasticized waistband of her pink bikini panties and pushed them down her lovely legs. They were quickly off over her pink heels. She draped the panties over her index finger and held them out toward to me like a succulent moist fruit just waiting to be picked. I could even detect the sweet scent of perfume on the delicate undergarments, as well as the faintest trace of her own delicious female perfume.

“This is what you want, isn't it?” she asked coyly.

“I know it is, Honey. Well, all you've got to do is get out of those awful clothes of yours and find out how these feel wrapped around that pretty cock of yours.”

In short order, I shucked off my shoes, socks, slacks and underwear.

“I can see that my friend there is very interested in learning what the inside of my panties feel like when they're snuggled up to him,” she said, gesturing toward my stiffening cock which was now sticking out prominently from my groin.

I blushed deeply because my excitement was so very apparent, but since I had already revealed my deep secret, there was no way at this point that I was going to miss this opportunity to actually wear girl panties.

I took the filmy garment from her and tried to position them so I could put them on. Would you believe it? I couldn't figure out how to do it. It's not as easy as it seems. Both the front and back of the panties looked a lot alike, and the leg holes didn't look that different from the waistband for that matter. Judy chortled as she watched me turn the panties in my hands, trying to figure out where to stick my legs. Thankfully, she soon came to my rescue.

“Let me help you, Tommy. It seems that you haven't had much experience in putting on girl's panties, have you? Well, there's always a time to learn new things and your time has come. As you know, girls' little twats get rather moist when they think naughty thoughts, so panties have nice absorbent cotton crotches to soak up any precious juices which might trickle out of their private places.”

I was very embarrassed, and excited, by her vivid description. She had never spoken to me like this... and I loved it!!

“See, here is the crotch. It's not silky like the rest. I also saw you wondering which is the front and which is the back. This is how you do it. First, you hold the crotch downward, like we have it, and then check out the two sides. See how much bigger this side of the panties is than the other side? That's the tush side. You can see why if you take a look at my nicely rounded butt. I'll guarantee you, it takes a fair amount of

satin to cover these fleshy globes. There you go. You've got it. Now, all you've got to do is to slip them on.”

She made it all sound so simple with those few pointers. I lifted my right foot and placed it through the proper leg hole and then followed that with my left foot.

“The only exception to the 'tush side/bush side' rule,” she continued, “is thong panties, which have only a thin satin strip that fits between your ass cheeks. We'll get you into a pair of those at a later time.”

Then it hit me what I was doing.

“Goodness,” I murmured, “I am actually putting on panties... real girls' panties! It's so strange and exciting at the same time!”

Judy just giggled and said, “of course you're putting them on, Silly. And they're going to look great.”

I pulled them all the way up over my hips and noticed that the waist band was a little tighter than I had expected. The rear end was a little fuller, as well. Nevertheless, the fit was remarkably good except, of course, for a certain very prominent protrusion at my front.

“You look very pretty, although the front side of the panties looks quite a bit different than when I wear them,” said Judy playfully.

“We can probably tuck you back between your legs. That is of course, if we can ever get panties on you without your getting an erection first.”

For the next ten minutes, she encouraged me to parade around in front of the mirror while she expressed her admiration for the way I looked in that most intimate of girl garments. Her words rang like music in my ears.

Although it was true that I had had a desire to dress in girls' clothes for years, I had no idea that the urge was so strong. The reality of putting on this pair of panties had aroused something very sensitive in my psyche.

She began to rub me gently through the thin fabric. I don't know whether any static electricity was generated but, I tell you, the effect on me was certainly electric. My excitement rose steadily as she played my prick like a fiddle... making it sing a sweet tune of pleasure. Even though I wanted to prolong the wonderful sensations as long as possible, I soon lost control of myself and gushed my copious seed into the front panel of the panties.

“Well, I guess you enjoyed that, didn't you, My Little Sweet,” she said with a broad smile on her face.

For the rest of the honeymoon, to my delight, Judy insisted that I wear panties every day. What a thrill that was! Imagine, I was actually going outside with frilly panties caressing me under my slacks. And they were just barely out of sight of everyone who saw me!

About halfway through the vacation, she told me that it was time that I learned how to wash out lingerie. After all, we were going through her supply at twice the rate she had planned for.

Once I had completed this delightful chore under her careful guidance, I stood back and admired the full colorful array hanging brightly and colorfully along the shower rod. What a beautiful sight!

The next day, she gave me a special treat when we made love, something I had not expected. We were making out hot and heavy, and soon we were as naked as the day we were born. But just when I started to move more on top of her, she gently pushed me onto my back and moved on top of me.

“Just lie back and let it happen, Baby. This is going to be special,” she assured me.

Judy moved one leg, and then the other, over mine. She ground her pelvis into my abdomen as I enjoyed the unusual sensation of her weight on top of me. I quickly realized that there was something strangely pleasant about having to exert more effort to breathe.

She apparently didn't want me to do anything but assume a passive feminine role. Judy was going to take the lead, but where she was going to lead me I had no idea. Soon, she moved her legs inside mine, forcing them wider and wider. All the while she continued to grind her mons into me.

She leaned forward and breathed hotly in my ear, nibbling on it as she spoke, “give it to me, Sweetie. I just have to have some of your sweet pussy, Baby.”

I had to do a double take to make sure that I was hearing her correctly.

“My pussy?” I asked softly.

“Yeah, your wet, hot box,” she said. “I can't wait to slide my big stiff dick right up inside you.”

Her words lit a fire of passion within me. I understood immediately what the game was that we were playing and decided to give it my best shot, although I must confess that I felt somewhat awkward doing it a first.

“My little twat is right here between my legs waiting for you, Big Boy,” I told her, hoping that the lilt in my voice didn't sound too fake.

She kissed me passionately as she raised herself up and deftly guided her “manly” gash down over my pink “feminine” prick.

“Take my cock, you hot wench. Take all of it,” she said, inviting me to play along further with our fantasy.

“I know that it's big for you, but I'm sure you can handle it. Can you feel it up inside you?”

“Yeah, you're filling my pussy all the way up. I feel so fulfilled, so feminine. It's wonderful! I just want to lie here beneath you and enjoy getting fucked. How does my pussy feel to you, Honey?”

“It's wonderful. It's wet and slick and it's going to milk all of the come right out of me. I don't think I'm going to be able to hold back too much longer!”

All the while, she was smoothly grinding her hips down on me, giving me exquisite pleasure. Then it happened. We both went over the top together and I had one of the

longest, most enjoyable orgasms I had ever had. I must have had ten or twelve spasms myself and I could feel each time her vagina contracted around my shaft.

For a good minute, we were unable to move. We just clung to one another, trying to regain our breath. When she finally moved off of me, I rolled onto her chest while she cradled me. We said little as we basked in our sexual afterglow and reflected on the meaning of our new fantasy.

Right before she went to sleep she whispered in my ear, "You know, I have a lot more adventures in store for you when we get back home."

She was right.

TV WEEKENDS

At the conclusion of our honeymoon, Judy and I returned to the lovely cottage we had purchased just before our wedding. It was small and white. It had a charming porch with a trellis on one end.

I still remember walking up the front walk the day we returned from Bermuda, arm—in—arm with my Judy. My joy was all the greater knowing the secrets we had shared with one another during our honeymoon.

Underneath my nondescript slacks, I was wearing a lovely pair of her panties. A baby blue pair, I recall, complete with lace around the waistband and leg openings.

“I really had a great time, Judy,” I told her in a low voice as we entered the front door.

“The honeymoon was even better than I had hoped it would be.”

“It was great for me, too, Honey,” she said flashing a warm smile.

“Just what parts of the honeymoon did you like the best... that is, besides hauling my ashes?” she said impishly.

“I’ll bet it’s what you’re wearing right here inside your pants.”

She gave the front of my slacks a rub with her cupped hand, allowing her to feel the silky panties just underneath.

“I have to admit that wearing them makes me pretty hot,” I said, “but I guess you already know that, don’t you?”

“Nothing could be more obvious. They really make you pop your cork.”

“I love ‘em, but I guess this all has to come to an end,” I sighed with resignation.

“After we unpack our suitcases, I’ll change into some of my own underwear and then rinse out yours. They should be no worse for the wear, except maybe I stretched them a little in front.”

“We need to talk about this, I think, Tommy Babe. I don’t see why our fun has to end now. Let me tell you exactly what is on my mind. Rather than going back to your male underwear, I would prefer it if you would simply throw all of it away. After all, wouldn’t you really rather wear panties all the time? Just think, your cock would be caressed by silky sensations all day long.”

Without pausing for my answer, she continued.

“Let me make it clear, though. I don’t think that you should continue wearing my panties indefinitely. I have something much more interesting to propose to you. I think that we should go shopping very soon to buy you some pretty panties of your own. The colors will certainly be much brighter and exciting. Better than the boring white underwear that you and other guys usually wear.”

“Now, I don't want you to say 'no' on this, Tommy, because it's really important to me. Besides, if I am a good judge of your erections, clothing your loins in satin turns you on. What do you say, Honey?”

I realized that I was considering a very big step in my life. Just think, she actually wanted me to throw away all of my underwear! There wouldn't be any pairs of jockey shorts lying around in the drawers that I could go back to in case I changed my mind. When I put on my clothes every day, I wouldn't have a choice about whether to wear women's underwear or not. It would be panties for me.

Then it occurred to me—— what about when I went to the Doctor's office? I certainly couldn't show up there in pink panties. When I mentioned this, Judy agreed that I should keep one pair of my underwear for the Doctor's office and for other such extraordinary situations.

However, she was very clear that she expected me to be very dedicated and conscientious about wearing panties at all other times. After a moment more of thought, she said that she wanted to keep my single pair of male underwear so that she would be sure that I wasn't cheating on our arrangement.

“Sure, I guess all of this is OK with me. After all, the panties do feel neat underneath my slacks... but you have to promise me that you'll keep this as our secret. I would be terribly embarrassed if anyone found out. You can appreciate that, can't you?”

“Sure, I think we can accommodate your desire for privacy.”

She paused and took a deep breath.

“Well, thank goodness we have that settled,” she said, with a smile lighting up her pretty face.

“I had been worrying ever since the voyage that you might balk at this when we got back home. I'm so proud of you, Tommy, for putting silly old macho ideas out of your head and going along with me in this matter. Thank you, Honey. This is going to be great fun.”

The very next day, she went out shopping by herself. I suspected what she was doing, but I tried to keep my hopes from getting too high. When she finally arrived, I was surprised at the number of packages that she brought in, especially since we didn't have a lot of money to throw around.

“Are you OK, Judy? You were gone quite a while.”

“I'm fine. It just took me a little longer than I thought to find everything.”

“What did you get, Honey? Look at all this stuff,” I said excitedly. “I hope all of this didn't cost a whole lot.”

“I got some good deals on much of it, but I also had a little money which I had stashed away. Anyway, I assure you that once you see these beautiful garments, you won't care a bit about the money.”

“To begin with, I got you your first supply of panties. And I got them in a variety of styles and colors. All very feminine, so you can see how each of them look on you and start deciding which types really ring your bell. Here, let me show you what I got you.”

She motioned me to follow her into the bedroom, and I eagerly trailed along behind her. She took one of the shopping bags and withdrew a profusion of shimmering colors.

“I got you eighteen pairs, Tommy, because you are going to be wearing these all the time, you remember. See, I got you ones in each of the major pastel colors, plus a few extras in pink.”

She held up a particularly pretty pink pair for me to admire.

“Now, as you can see, these are regular—style panties and are more fully cut than the others. I'm sure you recognize this style because it's what you're wearing now, aren't you?” she said with a giggle.

She paused for a moment while I looked down sheepishly, and then she continued her discussion of panty styles by holding up another pair.

“Here are some bikini—style ones which, I warn you, will ride very low on your hips. We'll have to see whether it will show panty lines under your slacks, also. Ah, here is another type. This last style is a favorite of many girls: high—on—the—thigh. They fit me quite well, but I find myself wearing the traditional style most of the time. Of course, I have no way of knowing how any of these will feel on your male—shaped hips. That will be for you to find out as you priss around in them.”

I loved the way she was sprinkling our discussions of my wearing panties with provocative descriptions. I just hoped that she wouldn't embarrass me in public with such talk. No, she wouldn't do that... at least I kept telling myself that.

“These are really pretty,” I said, as I held up a mint green pair with a wide lace band around the waist.

“Yes, they are. But let's not get too caught up in your new panties. After all, there will be time enough for you to try them all on tomorrow. Now, though, there is something else for you to feast your eyes on. Let me show you what I have in this bag. Yes, this bag right here.”

She reached inside and withdrew a long silken garment from the bag. At first, I was somewhat befuddled. After only a moment, though, I began to figure out what type of garment it was. Yes, there was no mistaking it now. She had gotten me A NIGHT-GOWN!

It was soft yellow, mid—thigh in length and had thin spaghetti straps. The bodice was fitted for breasts! Girl's breasts! It was so lovely that I couldn't, for a moment, believe that it was truly mine to wear and enjoy.

“Judy, this is for me?! You intend for me to wear this when I go to bed? Isn't this going quite a bit beyond mere panties?”

“Indeed it is, Tommy, but you'll do it for me, won't you? You know that it will make me very happy. You know I'll get very turned on when I run my hands over your silken body. I've already told you that it's my deepest sexual desire to get you all dressed up,

to make you into a perfect picture of femininity. And, don't tell me that you don't want to sleep in a nightgown. What, after all, was *your* deepest sexual desire? You wanted to wear girl's clothes, didn't you, you sexy rascal, you?" she said teasingly.

"So, I don't think you have a lot of room to protest. I'm just helping us to satisfy our shared fantasy, right?"

"Yeah, I guess you're right. It's just that it's all so new to me. This is quite a change we're talking about."

"I know, but it's going to be a blast... the sexiest, hottest thing we've ever done. Now, strip off those clothes of yours so you can slip your pretty new nightgown on."

I did as she directed me. My fingers were trembling as I shucked off my shirt, slacks and other garments.

I thrilled as I felt the yellow satin cloud descend over my body. It was as if my entire skin had suddenly come alive as it rubbed against the inside of the wonderful garment. I felt as if I were being caressed all over by femininity!

"Tommy, you look absolutely delicious!" she said, with just a little tinge of envy.

"I don't think I can help feeling you all over."

And so she did... to our mutual delight. We got hotter and hotter for one another as the seconds passed. She suggested that we move to the bed, although we both knew that it was not sleeping that we had in mind.

The fact that I was, for the first time, wearing a very feminine nightgown added a totally new and exciting dimension to our lovemaking.

I guess we knew what we were doing because our lovemaking was terrific. After we had given one another roaring orgasms, we simply collapsed in one another's arms. The last thing she told me before we dropped off to sleep was that she had some more surprises for me tomorrow.

She was true to her word. The next day was Saturday, so we didn't have to worry about going to work. We slept as long as we wanted and then enjoyed a leisurely breakfast, playing footsie under the table all the while. As we munched on our Eggs Benedict, she complimented me several times on how sexy I looked in my nightgown. I guess she wanted to make sure I knew that she still approved of my new girlish look.

As soon as we finished, she took me by the hand and led me back into our bedroom where she began to parade before my eager eyes the wonderful contents of all of the other packages she had bought the day before.

I had never seen such a profusion of beautiful garments before in my life! And to think, they were all mine! Mine to wear, and to priss in, and to get hugged in! They were wonderful.

As I savored the silky feel of the last peignoir, she looked at me especially seriously.

"Tommy, I can tell that you really like wearing the panties and the nightgown," she said.

“All I have to do is give you a few rubs through the satiny material and you harden right up, as you well know.”

She paused, choosing her words carefully.

“Let's talk some. Don't worry about going through the other packages. After all, we can put your new clothes away later.”

Whatever it was that she wanted to discuss sounded fairly important.

“I think that we should be completely honest with one another about this, because it's a big new step down the road we are traveling. I suspect that, given your predilections, what I have in mind shouldn't be a problem for you at all.”

“First of all, I think we should regard this as a plan, a program. You shouldn't just dress willy nilly. No, it's much too important for that. I want you to get on a regular schedule of making yourself pretty for me... and for yourself. I've thought of several things that would make me very happy.”

“First, you are so happy wearing panties that it should be obvious to both of us that you should continue to do so. That means wearing pretty panties under your work clothes everyday when you go to the office. But I don't think we should stop your pleasure there. I also want you to wear hosiery under your dress slacks.”

“I'll tell you, if you think your panties feel nice and silky under your pants, just wait until you are clothed all the way from your waist down to your little toesies in sleek feminine garments. I'm going to love working out the finer details of this with you later.”

“This brings me to the next part of my plan. I know that once you have gotten addicted to the pleasures of wearing panties and hosiery at work, you will naturally wonder what it's like to wear other girl clothes.”

“Soon, I'm sure that you are going to want to experience how additional garments will improve your appearance, how they will make you look more and more like a sexy young lady. After all, once you have started down the road to beauty, who would want to stop? I will, of course, accompany you all the way down this path. I will do everything I can to help you enjoy it.”

“To start with, you are going to need to set aside some time so you can devote yourself totally to creating your female self. Every evening when you come home from work, I want you to get fully dressed up and I want you to stay fully dressed *en femme* until you go to bed when you will change into your nightie. It doesn't stop there, though. Every weekend, I want you to get fully dressed up both days. We live here alone and there is no real reason why you can't do that for me. You'll look so pretty and sexy, I can tell. And I know that you'll be so happy doing it.”

“So, there's my plan: panties and hosiery under work clothes, and then fully female in the evenings and on weekends. It's pretty simple, don't you agree? I'll be so very disappointed if you won't go along.”

She didn't give me a whole lot of time to consider this great change in my way of living, but we were newly married and I didn't want to disappoint my lovely new bride so soon in our marriage. Perhaps even more important than any of these considerations, I

had thoroughly enjoyed wearing her panties during our honeymoon. She was absolutely correct about that. I can't explain it, but as soon as I put them on, I felt a warm contented glow come over me, giving me an inner peace which I had never experienced before.

Exploring this forbidden land of satins and frills was so pleasurable that I found myself longing for the feeling, almost as if I were addicted to it. I could only imagine what additional pleasures lay in store for me when I would put on even more girl's clothes. I did not want to pass up this opportunity to explore, at least experimentally, my femaleness.

“That's quite a plan, Judy, and it obviously requires a serious commitment from me to make it work. I'm apprehensive, of course, because... because... well, you know,” I stuttered.

“But, I love you so much. How can I refuse you? Sure, I'll give it a try,” I heard myself saying.

“Great! I hoped you'd see things my way!”

Her happiness was obvious.

“This is going to be such great fun,” she exulted. “I'm so excited about this that I want to get started right away. The last time I looked at my calendar, this is Saturday, so that means we need to get you dressed up for the day, right?”

Her smile stretched from one side of her pretty face to the other.

Although I had agreed only seconds before that I would get dressed up every weekend, it had not fully occurred to me when I did it that today was Saturday.

“Yeah, that's right,” I guess, smiling to myself over the fact that she had so skillfully tricked me into getting started on her program.

“Before you get into your lovely new clothes, you have to get yourself ready. After all, it takes some preparation for girls to make their bodies as soft and feminine—looking as possible.”

“The first step is a nice warm bubble bath. Let me see. I know I got some bubble bath for you yesterday. Yes, here it is. There is nothing quite like a bubble bath to put you in a female frame of mind. I don't know whether it's because of the delicate scent or because the oils make your skin feel so silky soft. Anyway, it's great.”

She led me into the bathroom and promptly drew a tub of warm water and added the fragrant oils. I found myself imagining that it was a magical potion which would actually change me into a girl. I was very surprised that the thought came so readily, so powerfully, to my mind. What was coming over me?

As I soaked in the bubbly water, I inhaled the sweet perfume which wafted upward toward my nose. I began to wonder what pretty clothes she had gotten me, how attractive I would look in them and other girl—type thoughts.

Although Judy saw the contented smile on my face, she did not comment, however, probably because she did not want to break the spell I was under.

After a few minutes, she left the room briefly and then returned carrying one of the bags. She withdrew a razor and shaving cream from it.

“You're going to have to remove your body hair, you know. You'll be surprised at how much more girlish you'll look once its gone.”

I lifted one of my legs above the bubbles and she began to lather it up.

“In the future, we can experiment, Tommy, with other ways of removing hair. I bought some wax and some depilatory cream for you. However, I thought that shaving might be the quickest way to get it off this first time. Now, when you're through with your gams, remember that you also have your chest and your underarms to do, Tommy.”

I soon completed the task of shaving all of the hair from my body, except for a fluffy triangle in my public area. Judy was absolutely right! My muscles looked much smoother and softer than they had previously.

As I looked down at my perfectly silky legs, it was almost as if they were real girl's legs, except for the important difference that they were mine! When these girl's legs moved, I was the one doing it!

Judy caught me admiring myself and chided me playfully, “I know they're beautiful, Tommy, but we have work to do. You have only just begun. Now get out of the tub and towel off your girl body... and don't forget to use some body lotion to soften your skin and to soothe where you've shaved. When you're through, come into the bedroom, Honey... and be sure to bring your little toesies.”

She turned and prissed out of the room, giving me a great view of her beautifully rounded tush under her tight skirt. My toes? After a moment of reflection, I had a good idea of what she had in mind.

Back in the bedroom, she positioned me on the bed and began to instruct me in how to give myself a pedicure. I noticed right away that the color of polish she had bought for me was a bright red. I guess she didn't want there to be any doubt in my mind that my little feet were on their way to the sexy world of girlhood.

She began by placing foam separators between each of my toes. Judy explained that they were necessary in order to keep me from smudging my polish before it dried. It was strangely exciting to hear her refer to it as *my* polish. She told me start with a base coat which would make the colored lacquer adhere to my nails better and would keep it from staining my nails. Then followed two coats of the rich red polish. I couldn't believe how excited I got watching as each of my nails was transformed into a sexy little crimson eye—catcher. The last step was a top coat, which, Judy assured me, would make the color look smoother and wetter. It would also help to resist chipping. Silly me. I had always assumed that women just applied one coat of polish and that was it.

As soon as we finished polishing my toenails, Judy told me to start on my fingernails. I did each one in turn, following the same procedure that I had followed with my toenails. She told me that next weekend we would glue on false nails so I could experience how it was to have beautiful long nails.

Until then, the bright red color at my fingertips would have to do it on its own. If I really got into having long nails, she said, I could think about letting my own nails grow longer. It would all depend on how much guts I had about having my longish nails seen by others. I had no idea how courageous I would be in such matters, but I guess I was going to find out over the next several weeks.

Once the polish had dried on my fingernails, I knew that the clothes were next. There was no avoiding getting fully dressed up in girl's clothes from head to red—tipped toes.

“This is the next step, Tommy,” she said, as she withdrew a package of stockings from one of the bags. “These are thigh—high, garter—top stockings. Let me show them to you. See, they have an elasticized garter at the top of each one which holds it up. I thought that it would be better if you wore this type of stocking your first time because they are so simple. Also, let me give you an important bit of information: pantyhose, although very popular with women, will make it impossible for you to use a urinal, right? Just keep that in mind, Honey, for future reference.”

“Yeah, thanks for the tip. There is more to this than I had thought.”

“I also got you some pairs of traditional stockings. You know, they're like these but without garters at the top, so you will have to wear a garter belt with them. But, for this time, let's just focus on these. Here, let me show you the best way to get them on. You've seen me do it a number of times, but it may not have sunken in. The most important thing is to bunch the stockings on your thumbs until you get all the way down to the toes. Believe me, you don't have a prayer of getting them on right if you simply hold them by their tops and ram your leg in. There, you've got it. Now, stick our pretty little toes right in the toe of the stockings and then extend your leg as you let the stockings slide out of your hands. See how great they feel on your shaved legs? I'll tell you, they look sexy as can be.”

I loved receiving her guidance and encouragement. It was clear that she was enjoying the prospect of transforming me as much as I was... if that was possible.

“See, Tommy, how these stockings don't have any dark sections around the toes. You know, they're called 'reinforcements'. I got these in a 'nude—to—the—toe' style so that we can show off your new pedicure to best effect. See how pretty your polished little toes look shining through your stockings?”

I had to agree that she was right. My little toes did look delicious.

“Now where's that pretty pair of emerald green panties that I got you. They're made just like the mint green ones of mine that you liked so much several days ago. Ah, here they are. Let's get these on you and see how they look.”

My hands trembled with excitement as I took them from her and slid them up my stockinged legs. They literally glided over my stockings.

“Great! Now for a garment which all young girls look forward to putting on for the first time.” “Ah, here it is,” she said as she brought out a very lacy brassiere from one of the packages. Just think, in only a moment I was actually going to be wearing a brassiere! I couldn't believe it! A real brassiere of my very own!