



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# Second Life

Lynn Brown



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

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A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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# Second Life

**By Lynn Brown**

Recently I left my position as a salesman of office equipment like small computer systems, fax machines, phone systems and copiers. I was fortunate enough to make some money in the market, having invested in several good stocks such as Ericsson and Apple Computer when these stocks first came out on the exchange. I was lucky enough to get out of both several years ago, before the market dropped. Although I made my small fortune in real estate, buying 40 acres of farm land at \$1000 per acre, then selling five years later to a developer, who was building a large mall, for three million dollars. I was very lucky indeed. After taxes, I was able to invest into an annuity which would pay \$4000 per month. Since I was only thirty-three at the time, I figured that I would never have to work again.

My wife, Bonnie, who I married shortly after high school, worked part time for her father who owned a chain of grocery stores. Since we do not have children, we have enjoyed our life together; we went on weekend trips whenever the mood struck us and could golf play and tennis whenever we liked especially since I had retired. Bonnie was also active in the local amateur theater, both as a board member and as a director or stage manager.

Bonnie was just starting to direct an English mystery, "Clue," set in the early twentieth century. She had been into rehearsal for almost two weeks when she came home one evening after rehearsal rather upset. I had just returned from the course after playing a round of golf followed by a friendly low stakes game of poker. Since Bonnie was going to practice and I would be out, we made separate arrangements that evening for dinner.

I was watching television when Bonnie came home. Seeing the mood my wife was in, I mixed her a scotch and water while I poured myself Jamaican Rum and orange juice to relax.

I listened as Bonnie told me of the problem she had this evening. It seems one of the actresses who had a small part had to resign, as her husband was being transferred that coming weekend. Because school was about to begin in a week, she and her husband decided

to move immediately. Bonnie needed a replacement for her part, a tall housemaid. After questioning Bonnie about why it would be so hard to replace a minor part, she told me that they had already ordered the costume which would fit a five foot nine inch woman. The only people she could think of to play the part were under five foot five. The maid was married to the butler who was six foot two; therefore, the part required a tall woman. While the maid only spoke a few lines, her part was critical to the entire show.

After downing a second drink, I saw Bonnie's eyes light up. Smiling at me she said, "Bob dear, I just had a wonderful idea. You could play the part of the English maid. You are almost five foot nine. When you were in high school, you were in several plays and you always had a female role. I remember that you were rather good. You could play the part of the maid!"

"That was almost fifteen years ago. I went to an all-male high school and I was selected to play a girl as I was small and slender. I don't think I could do it now."

"Nonsense, you are still slender. What do you weigh? About 145 pounds?" she replied with a glimmer of hope in solving her dilemma. "Why wouldn't you want to play the role of the maid and help me solve my problem?"

Replying to her question, I answered, " You remembered correctly that took the girl's role in several plays. Unfortunately, many of my classmates would also remember. I was teased about being a girl for five years after finishing high school. I do not wish to be remembered as the man playing the girl's role in a play. If there was some other way where I would not be recognized, I would consider helping you."

"I appreciate your feelings and I understand. I used to be kidded that perhaps you dated me so you could wear my dresses. After several months, the girls stopped kidding me. So I understand where you are coming from. I will try to find someone else as a replacement," Bonnie told me. We watched television until bedtime.

That evening after making love to my wife, I was about to fall asleep. She sat up in the bed, announcing, " I have a plan that would solve both our problems. If you do not wish to be recognized playing the part of the maid in my play, you could pretend that you are someone else trying out for the role. No one would know it was you."

"I do not understand how someone would not realize that I was playing the role of the English maid. I don't see how I can help," I replied.

"Bob Crane does not have to apply for the role. Perhaps if Linda Cole took the role of the maid, then no one would know that the maid was indeed my husband. Have a good night's sleep and we'll discuss my idea in the morning" Bonnie told me as I was drifting off to sleep.

At breakfast after I had showered and had my first cup of coffee to get the day going, Bonnie explained her plan in greater detail. " Bob, you don't want to play the girl's role in my play. I need someone of your build to take over the role. If you came to rehearsal as Linda Cole, a friend of mine, then a girl would be assuming the role. No one except me would know the true identity of Linda Cole. You would be listed as Linda Cole in the program. If we practice at home this week, I am sure that you could be convincing as a woman and would pass as Linda. Would you be willing to help me out? It means a great deal to me, dear!"

Thinking it over for a minute, I finally told her, " I will become Linda under one condition. We will practice here at home. I will give it a week. If at the end of the week, either you or I think that I would be recognized as a man wearing a dress, then the deal is off. I do not wish to expose myself to ridicule as I was in high school. No one can even think that I am in your play. If anyone would or could recognize me, I can not be in your play."

"Fair enough," she answered, smiling as if the world had been lifted off her shoulders. "Cooperate with me fully and do as I suggest and ask. If at the end of a week, you are not convinced that you can become Linda Cole without anyone recognizing you and you feel uncomfortable in the role, then I will find another way to resolve my problem. Since there are only a few lines to learn, you will only have to study your stage directions which we can practice at home during the day.

"I think the best way to start is to have you be Linda Cole, starting now for the rest of the week," she told me. " You just had your shower, so I think that we should try to prepare you for your role as Linda. Lets go to our bedroom. I believe I have some clothing that will fit you for the present. Strip down to your shorts and come into the bathroom."

Following Bonnie's orders, I went into the bathroom wearing only my boxer shorts. In a few minutes, I was standing in the tub as Bonnie applied Nair over my entire body. I waited for ten minutes, letting the chemical react to my body hairs. Bonnie turned on the water, taking a cloth to rinse the lotion off my skin. At the same time, I lost the hair from my arms, legs, chest and back as well as the hair on my hands and feet. Stepping from the shower, Bonnie took a large towel, patted me dry, then applied body lotion, rubbing it into my skin. Once the lotion was applied, Bonnie took out a pink safety razor and shaving cream. Spreading the cream under my arms, she shaved the hair from my armpits. Handing me her deodorant, I applied it under my arms. Wrapped in the towel, I followed my wife into the bedroom.

Going to her dresser drawer, Bonnie took out a pair of white lace-trimmed panties, giving them to me wear. Stepping into the panties, I suddenly became aroused at the feeling of the nylon panties against my manhood. "My, my, that will never do," she laughed. Going into her dresser drawer, she found a small little panty brief. I pulled the tight brief up until the waistband was around my belly button. The front satin panel was holding my erection tightly against my tummy. "That is much better," she said, "Isn't it amazing how such a tiny garment can hold things in place? Now. slide your arms through the brassiere while I close the hooks in the back."

I slid my arms through the white heavily laced satin-covered underwire brassiere. After Bonnie closed the three hooks in the back, she took two pairs of my socks, rolling them up and putting a pair into each bra cup. Then she adjusted the length of the shoulder straps. Retrieving a white lacy embroidered waist cincher, she put it around my waist, snapping all the hooks into the eyelets. I had to hold in my stomach as she fastened it closed. My waist had been reduced two inches by the cincher.

Bonnie rolled a long tan nylon stocking up my left hairless leg, then bending down, she fastened the top of the stocking to the two garter snaps suspended from the cinch, one in front and the other on the side. Once the first stocking was taut, she rolled the second stocking up my right leg before securing the top of the hose into the garter snaps. She then adjusted the length of the four suspenders holding my stockings. Bonnie held a white

knee-length slip for me to put over my head, sliding the slip down so the lace bodice rested over the padded bra. The slip clung to my body from the bodice to the three layers of white lace at the hem of the slip. Bonnie took her hands and pressed out the wrinkles from the slip.

Taking me by the hand, we went to her dressing table. I was seated with my back to the mirror as Bonnie applying her makeup to my face as she started with a cleanser, before applying a moisturizer into my pores with smoothing strokes of her fingertips. Taking a small cotton pad, she took off the excess moisturizer. Then she applied a foundation, using a small triangular sponge and working the cream on my face. Following the foundation, she applied a light liquid makeup, spreading it with the sponge. Starting with my eyebrows, she used a pencil, giving them depth, then used a black liner for both upper and lower lids. Deciding on green eye shadow, she applied the color using a small tip brush, putting both dark green and a lighter green shadow on the upper portions of my eyelids. After taking a sable haired brush to apply the blush, she outlined my lips with a colored pencil before filling in the outline with a crimson red lipstick.

As I sat, Bonnie went to her closet returning with her good long hair wig. Placing the wig on my head, she pinned it into my own hair with several bobby pins before brushing the wig into a style which enhanced my femininity. Once she was finished, she reached for her perfume bottle, then sprayed me in several areas, including between the protruding mounds under the slip.

Having me turn towards the mirror, I was amazed at the reflection starting back at me. I did not recognize the woman in the mirror. " Surely, no one would even think looking at you, that you are Bob Crane, much less a man dressed in woman's lingerie. You are beautiful. You look like a Linda should!" my wife exclaimed.

"Now, let's finish getting you dressed. Here is a pink short sleeve Dacron and cotton blouse. Remember that the blouse buttons to the left. Put on this red Dacron skirt, the zipper goes to the left."

I struggled pulling the skirt into place as it was tight, not around the waist but I was forced to keep my legs together as there was little room in the tube portion of the skirt. The tight hem lay at the tops of my knees. The hem was so tight I could not see the lace hem of the slip. While I was standing, Bonnie slipped on a pair of red three-inch spike heels on my feet. While I had worn heels during the play in high school, it had been fifteen years since I last wore stilts like these.

Bonnie, taking hold of my arm trying to steady me, said, "Let me guide you while you walk around the room several times until you get accustomed to wearing heels. I know these are slightly small for you, but I will buy you a pair this afternoon that should fit better. Now walk around the room on your own."

When I could balance myself, Bonnie had me return to the dressing table, telling me, "Smooth your skirt under you as you sit at the stool. The skirt is tight enough to make you keep your legs together in a feminine style. I think I still have a pair of clip-on earrings somewhere in my jewelry case. Yes, here they are, along with the matching necklace." Bonnie clipped the long pendant gold earrings on each lobe, then fastened the necklace under the collar of the pink blouse with red rose buds.

Looking into the mirror, I was astounded at how feminine I did look. My legs were shapely, poised in the three-inch heels. I had feminine curves on top as well as in the waist. The skirt was tight and did a good job of clinging to my derriere. My face was pretty, framed by the long curls of the wig. Peeking out from the wig were the long pendent earrings.

Looking me over, Bonnie said, "Bob, no, Linda, you are outstanding. I would never believe you were ever a man. You look so feminine. Before we start working on your completely becoming Linda, let me file and polish your nails."

Bonnie shaped my nails the best she could before putting on three coats of matching crimson polish. I sat at the vanity, allowing them to dry as Bonnie found our camera and camcorder. She told me, "We will tape your lessons, then review so you can work on becoming 100% female. Since you don't have to work, we'll spend the entire week practicing for your role of Linda Cole." Coming over to me, she kissed me lightly on the lips, saying, "I do appreciate your help. I will work with you at home on the staging so if you DO decide to play the part, it will be easy for you to work into the role. The performance starts in four weeks."

Once the nails had dried, I went into our den and posed for some still pictures. I needed a glass of water to quench my thirst. Once I took a drink, I was surprised to see lipstick traces on the rim of the glass from my lips. Returning to the den, I practiced walking back and forth until I was accustomed to wearing heels as if I had done so my entire life. Once I had gotten use to walking in the high spiked heels, Bonnie showed me how to walk more like a woman, swinging my hips slightly, holding my hands and arms in a more ladylike position, as well as how to hold my hands while standing. Bonnie reminded me that my skirt was tight and she had chosen this particular one so I would have to walk with smaller steps. The skirt helped restrict my stride. She showed me to hold one arm with my other hand, as well as play with my necklace or hair while standing still.

After a light lunch, we continued practicing my walk before she proceeded to teach me how to sit properly in a chair or on a sofa, as well as the proper way a lady would stand when arising from the chair or sofa. We practiced all afternoon until it was time for dinner. I help Bonnie prepare dinner, which I very seldom would do as Bob. It was strange hearing my heels clatter on the hardwood floor of the kitchen. When I would put too much weight on my heel as I walked, Bonnie would remind me to gracefully lift my foot, putting both the ball of my foot and my heel down together.

After dinner, I cleaned the kitchen as Bonnie went shopping. I was watching television when she returned carrying several packages. Turning off the set, I took the packages that my wife handed me. The first was a pair of black three-inch spike heels in patent leather. I removed the red heels, then put on the new shoes. They fit perfectly. Bonnie had me walk around the room several times, seeing if the heels were comfortable. She noticed how I arose from the chair and complimented me on being feminine and remembering my lessons. The second package contained a weighted pair of falsies that looked like real breasts. Bonnie told me that she had an adhesive she would apply later in the evening. It would hold the falsies in position until she applied the solvent. There was a small jar of makeup to be used around the false breasts, covering the difference in skin tones so the breasts would appear to be natural.

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We watched television until bedtime. Bonnie supervised as I took off my clothing. Still wearing my wig, make up and panties, I laid on the bed while my wife pressed the adhesive falsies into place on my chest. As I sat up, I could feel the weight of the breasts jutting from my chest. Going to her dresser drawer, she took out a long pink full-length nightgown and handed it to me.

I tried to protest, saying that I did not need to wear a nightgown, but she reminded me that I had promised to try being a girl for the entire week; that meant in the evenings as well. "You will wear whatever I tell you during this week," she reminded me. "If you are to be Linda Cole, we have little time to perfect your role, so it is necessary to remind you to be feminine in dress and in thinking twenty-four hours a day. Put on the nightie."

I put the pink nightgown over my head, sliding it down over the attached falsies. The lace on the bodice was sticking out from my new glands, the square neck gown was held on my shoulder by two laced nylon straps. The bodice had several layers of white lace. The full pink skirt of the nightgown enveloped my ankles. As I pulled the nightie into place, I saw the flashbulb of our camera. Bonnie had me put the wig on the stand before supervising me as I removed the makeup from my face. She also had me moisturize my face before going to bed.

Once in bed, Bonnie wrapped her arms around me, giving me a passionate kiss. Our nightgowns became entangled, adding to the excitement as we made love that night. The following morning, I found myself with my arms around my wife's waist while one of her hands was resting on the top of my gown, squeezing the falsie; her other hand was resting on the pink gown at my butt. We again made love. It had been a long time since we had sex in the morning.

After my shower, Bonnie gave me the feminine deodorant and handed me a fresh pair of white panties, matching the pair I had worn yesterday. I had trouble putting on the bra over the falsies. Laughing as she watched me struggling with the bra, she said, "Watch how I put on my bra. Turn the bra so the hooks are in the front. Now fasten the hooks into the middle row of eyelets. Turn your bra around your chest until you have the cups in front of your breast. Now lift the cups over your boobs and help place them into the cups of your bra. Put your arms thru the straps.

"Some women will put the cups across their boobs, then reach around, struggling to hook the eyelets. I find this a much easier way." "Of course," she kidded, "If you want, I will be happy to lift them into place for you, my dear."

After adjusting the bra around my new breasts, I could feel the weight of the falsies pulling on the bra's shoulder straps. I struggled into the tight panty brief before hooking the waist cinch into place and rolling up my nylons. Bonnie was pleased as she watched me dressing in the feminine lingerie. Once the slip was on and I slipped the heels over my silky clad legs, Bonnie put my makeup on, explaining as she applied each cosmetic to my face. She informed me that this afternoon she would teach me how to do my own face as well as style my hair. Once finished with the makeup, I put on the skirt and blouse I had



worn the previous day. We had breakfast before reviewing the lessons I had learned. Bonnie expanded on my posture and use of hands. I walked and talked until she was satisfied.

Taking a break, we both reviewed the tape from the camcorder as we played it over the television set. Bonnie pointed out not only the areas I needed to practice but my strong points as well. After a snack, we continued practicing my feminine deportment. During lunch, we sat in the den reviewing the film of my last efforts at learning to conduct myself as a lady. There were only two negative points that Bonnie suggested I needed to work on.

To the vanity, I followed Bonnie. Sitting on the stool, I watched closely as she explained what she was doing and the reasoning behind each application. Cleaning my face with cold cream and then rinsing with soap and warm water, I started applying my own makeup under the careful eye of my wife. It took me a while as I had trouble with the eyeliner. Finally I finished. Bonnie took a picture with our Polaroid camera of the final results. After rinsing and cleaning my face again, we went to the den watching the tape of her instructions. Bonnie pointed out to me the mistakes I had made.

Back again to the vanity, I reapplied the makeup while listening to the hints from my wife. Cleaning and rinsing, I applied makeup again, this time without comments from my wife until we had completed doing my face. Bonnie made several suggestions, showing me how to improve my looks. After three more attempts, Bonnie said that I had done an excellent job and we decided to call it a day. Again I helped with dinner and the cleaning. Going to bed that evening, I was given a long yellow nightgown with a lace bodice and a full skirt. I had trouble tucking all the skirt under me as I got into bed. Bonnie was laughing as I struggled before suggesting an easier way to get into bed while wearing a full-length nightie.

Since I had hand-washed the panties and bra before going to bed, I had clean undies to put on in the morning. Bonnie gave me a pink nylon camisole decorated with red roses and pink ribbons throughout the garment. I was given a half-slip which matched the camisole. Again I put on the waist cinch and a clean pair of stockings, this time a midnight black silky sheer, along with my new heels. Sitting at the vanity, I did my face. Once I had completed, Bonnie made several minor suggestions, taking the eye shadow brush and blending the colors and extending the color to the edge of my eyes. She noticed that I had several long bushy eyebrows which she plucked using her tweezers.

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Once finished, I was given a blue nylon pleated blouse and a full dark blue Dacron polyester skirt. Bonnie told me that I had been walking very nicely while wearing the tight skirt but I needed to practice my stride while wearing a looser skirt. I finished dressing by wearing a different necklace and matching earrings. Bonnie had me spray her perfume on my neck, wrist, and behind my ears. She reminded me of the shorter stride I needed to take as we walked into the kitchen.

We practiced the entire morning walking, sitting, standing and using my hands. I also was taught the proper way to pick up items and how to bend as a woman does. Again we

taped the lessons and reviewed before practicing again. Bonnie thought it was about time that I had experience walking in public. We drove to a shopping center.

Getting out of the car, Bonnie suggested, "Linda, we are going window shopping to practice being in public. You will not need to talk, as we still have to find your feminine voice. Try to relax and enjoy looking in the windows."

"But what if someone realizes that I am a man wearing ladies' clothing?" I asked, afraid to be seen in public wearing a blouse and skirt, much less makeup and high-heeled shoes.

"If I thought that there would even be the slightest chance of that, we would never have come for a walk. You will never be mistaken for a man unless you do something foolish. The only reason we drove so far from home was to give you confidence because we would never run into anyone we know. Relax, we had a wonderful ride out here and it is a lovely cloudless sky. Let's enjoy the day," stated Bonnie.

Once I could relax, I did enjoy walking and hearing my heels clicking on the brick and concrete while window-shopping. Bonnie did all the talking, suggesting several lovely dresses and undies I might wish to purchase should I continue in my role as Linda. Bonnie told me, when someone said something to us, I was just to smile at them. Bonnie would do all the talking.

Time passed quickly. Returning to the car, I noticed by the clock in the dashboard that it was past five o'clock. We had been walking and window-shopping for over two hours. Bonnie complimented me as we entered the car. "Linda, you did extremely well today acting as a woman. You are a natural and an exceptional learner. No one noticed anything out of the ordinary. You looked and handled yourself as a woman. I was surprised as you took short strides while wearing a loose-fitting skirt. I am extremely proud of you."

I thanked Bonnie for her comments. Yes, I was enjoying myself, from being able to pass as a woman, having the breeze tickle my legs as it blew under my skirt and the smell of the wonderful perfume I was wearing. I enjoyed the return ride until Bonnie pulled into a restaurant parking lot.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear. You did so well today, I figured we both earned a treat tonight. Open your purse and touch up your makeup. Give me your comb and I will adjust your hair. No one noticed you were not a woman today and they will not notice tonight. I will order for the both of us so not to give your secret away. Remember, if in doubt, smile."

Bonnie was correct. Several men looked at us with lust in their eyes as we walked to our table but as Bonnie informed me, "That just proves how convincing you are as a woman." Bonnie ordered our meal and when we were served, I remembered to give our waiter a big smile. Of course, having a glass of wine helped calm my nerves. To celebrate, Bonnie and I split a chocolate fudge layer cake with ice cream.

Getting ready for bed, Bonnie handed me a short waltz-length pink nightie trimmed in white and pink lace and ribbons along with a large pink bow in the middle of my cleavage. She insisted that I wear my makeup to bed that night after putting my wig on the stand. Before getting into bed, I sprayed myself liberally with perfume. We made passionate love as we had never had before.

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In the morning, Bonnie handed me a different blouse, plain white nylon with small white flowers woven throughout the blouse, to wear with the dark skirt I had worn yesterday. After practicing and reviewing my walk and sitting, I helped Bonnie as she sorted the clothes to be washed. Since I was uncertain if I would take the part in the play, she was lending me her clothes which were a good fit but not perfect. We were running out of clothing for me to wear. She showed me how to separate the laundry and how to wash and then iron the blouses I had been wearing.

In the afternoon, Bonnie began the hard task of teaching me to speak like a woman. We spent the entire afternoon talking and reading out loud, having me talk in a higher pitch, yet not a falsetto voice, so that I was not straining. Once I had learned to modulate my voice, she had me reading magazine articles to her out loud. Reviewing the tapes, we worked on improving my voice. Even into the evening, I practiced modulating until bedtime. The following day was a repeat with my practicing until I could master speaking softly and in a higher register. The last day, I was taught how to use inflections when speaking, as well as to use words considered feminine when I would describe an article of clothing or speak about a person. By the time I had finished, I was more aware of the differences between male and female patterns of speech.

That last night of my trial living as a woman Bonnie suggested that we have the ultimate test before I decided if I would accept the role in her play. She suggested that we go out to dinner and then a movie as two girl friends.

That evening after showering, I shaved both my legs and under my arms as well as giving my face a close shave. Bonnie gave me a pair of black lace panties and a matching bra. Seeing that I was aroused when fastening the bra in place, she found her long leg black panty girdle. Handing it to me, she watched as I struggled pulling the girdle into place. The black satin panel girdle fit very snug around my waist and legs. The high top came about eight inches above my waistline encasing me as it reduced my waist size two inches. To the garter snaps under the legs of the panty girdle, I attached the tops of a pair of sheer black nylon stockings. Then I slid the three-inch black heels on my feet. I had gotten used to the heels so I had no problems wearing them. Looking in the full-length mirror hanging on the bedroom door, I admired my shapely silky legs. Bonnie commented on my legs, saying, "You were born to wear stocking and heels. You look very fetching, my sweet."

After putting on the lacy hemmed and bodice black slip, I was ready to put on my makeup for the evening. Bonnie reminded me to use black eyeliner as we were going to a function rather than staying at home. She explained that there was a difference in how makeup was applied for various occasions. After finishing with the bright crimson lipstick, Bonnie pinned the wig in place and brushed the fibers until she was satisfied with the resulting curls, bangs and waves. She found a set of faux pearl clustered earrings and a single strand pearl necklace which she fastened around my neck.

While Bonnie was doing her makeup, I was told to remove my polish, then repaint my nails using two coats of the bright red polish that complimented my lipstick. Bonnie came into our bedroom in her pink panties and bra with matching lace bodice slip. She had fin-

ished with her makeup. Going to her closet, she took out her good black chiffon dress with a deep 'V' neck and long sheer sleeves with huge cuffs that fastened with pearl buttons. She unzipped the back of the dress before handing the gown to me. Taking off my heels, I stepped into the dress, pulling it up over my full chest and putting my arms through the sleeves. The dress fit perfectly thanks to the strong girdle I was wearing. Bonnie zipped the back after hooking the single fastener. Going to the dressing table, Bonnie came back with her perfume, spraying me behind the ears, on the nape of the neck, my wrist, and into the valley of the bra I was wearing, before having me lift my skirt where she sprayed both knees.

My wife finished getting ready by putting on her two-piece pink silk suit. The lapels of the jacket were lined with pink satin. The low rounded neckline showed the lacy slip she was wearing under the suit jacket.

We told each other how pretty we were. I used my best feminine voice as I told her, "Dear, you really look beautiful tonight. The pink suit really looks perfectly lovely on you. You are very sexy this evening."

"Talk about sexy, you are lovely and the black dress is much sexier on you than when I wore it. You are a living doll, my sweet Linda. I have put the items you need for tonight in this evening purse. Tonight we should have a wonderful evening together. Look at yourself in the mirror before we go. There is NOT a single trace of Bob Crane visible. Linda Cole is a beautiful vibrant woman. Let's enjoy our evening," my wife spoke as she gathered her dressy pink satin evening purse.

Bonnie had made reservations for us at a very intimate restaurant we often frequented. The lights were soft and dim. The sound system was playing soft orchestral music. Once we were seated, the waiter approached our table asking what we would like to drink. Bonnie replied, "I would like to have a Rob-Roy. What would you like, Linda?"

I was not surprised by Bonnie asking me the question. I knew that tonight was my graduation test to see how well I could act in public while dressed in female clothing. Using my best feminine voice, I said, "I would love a Myers Jamaican Rum in a tall glass with freshly squeezed orange juice, please."

Once the waiter had left the table, Bonnie reached across, taking my painted fingers in hers. Giving my hand a squeeze, she said, "Linda, that was absolutely perfect. I am so proud of you tonight."

While we were sipping our drinks, a middle-aged couple approached our table. The man, who we both recognized as one of our neighbors, stopped to say hello to Bonnie. He introduced himself and his wife to Bonnie, who introduced me as Linda Cole, a close friend. The wife asked about Bonnie's husband. Bonnie told her that Bob was out of town so she and her best friend were going to dinner and a play. As we all said our goodbyes, the wife gave me a lovely compliment. "It was a pleasure to meet you. Your outfit is very becoming, I wish that I had your lovely figure to wear such a dress!"

"Thank you. It is very kind of you to say so," I replied, giving her a big smile. I had noticed the husband was trying to look down into my dress as he stood between Bonnie and me.