



*Reluctant Press* presents:

# James Gets “NHanced”

Sarah Spunda



---

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

---

*Copyright © 2008, Reluctant Press - All Rights Reserved*

***Reluctant Press TG Publishers***

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

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

***Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!***

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do **YOUR** part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

# James Gets Nhanced

by Sarah Spunda

Sunday morning at Starbucks always felt like the best time of the week to James Cooke. Lounging over your second refill, reading the New York Times; what could be better? But Grace seemed antsy. She often seemed a little jumpy, as if she wasn't quite at ease in her body. This puzzled James, because she had such a wonderful body - tall, slim, with long straight hair so black it looked almost Asian. Her face was southern European, with warm skin and delicate classical beauty. She was aggressively healthy; he didn't think he had ever seen her sneeze, much less get sick. She had everything going for her, but she was never at ease. He wished he could interest her in something quiet and contemplative, like doing crossword puzzles.

Grace Sansouci was trying to figure out how to pry James out of his repose. She wanted to be talking to him, doing things, not just sitting next to a table piled up with newspaper. She paged through the fashion section. That was pretty safe. James wasn't likely to ask her about any of those stories. That lasted about five minutes, then she was back to looking into the middle distance. It felt like they had been here for hours. She listened to the conversations going on around them. She got a lot of information from random conversations, because she had a great memory for anything she heard.

It wasn't that she couldn't read. She could read, just slowly. And she moved her mouth. When people saw her trying to read, they sometimes tried to help her out, like finishing a sentence for a person with a lisp, which was humiliating. Maybe when she knew James a little longer, she'd talk to him about it. Maybe when they hit the six-month mark? No, that was coming up real soon, and she wasn't ready. Maybe nine months.

She looked at James across the table. It would be easy to resent him. He had a homey, friendly face, like he just came off the farm. He was a little shorter than average - not the kind of person who would be threatening to other guys. Grace envied that quality. Every man she worked with at Carpe Auto seemed to feel threatened by Grace's very presence. When you added the fact that she was V.P. of a company dominated by men, she felt like

she always had to be careful, always on guard. If any of them suspected her reading disability, they'd pounce on her like a pack of jackals.

But James wasn't competitive. He was cooperative, open-minded and funny. And sexy.

Grace put her foot on James' chair, alongside his thigh. He looked up. She bit the corner of her lip between her teeth, their private signal. She moved her foot into James' lap, to verify that his little man had gotten the message. James folded the paper so fast that he spilled half his coffee on the floor.

When they got to Grace's apartment, James headed straight for the bedroom, to forestall other possibilities. They had had a fabulous food-frenzied fuck the night before on the butcher block table in the kitchen, but he had banged his head on a low hanging pot. It was still sore.

This time, on the bed, Grace got on top and took it very slowly. It felt to James that she was giving his cock a slow and sensuous massage. She ordered him to lie still as she teased and teased and teased, barely moving, but always moving, in and out and in. Finally, as he thought he might pass out from the excitement, he suddenly came in a great paroxysm. His ecstasy pushed Grace over the edge, and she came for the second time.

Later, together in the bath, Grace played with the hair on James' legs. "Hey, Babe," she said, "I've got an idea."

Two hours later, James thought to himself that this was one of Grace's odder ideas. He stood in a pale blue Cinderella princess dress that puffed out from his newly-shaved legs with many layers of petticoats. It rustled every time he took a step in his princess slippers. Grace had stuffed some socks in the bodice to give him cute little princess breasts. He was supposed to be a young princess named Jasmine who didn't know anything about the real world.

Grace, meanwhile, was wearing a lady pirate costume. Apparently her brother worked for some high-tech clothing manufacturer; he had sent her a whole slew of adult Halloween costumes to get her feedback.

The lady pirate, looking very sexy in her puff-sleeved shirt and harem pants, came out of the closet with a tiara. "Look at this beautiful crown for you, Princess Jasmine! Just a minute. I need to do something with your coiffure. I wish your hair was just a little longer. We could do something really nice." Then she went running off to find the hairspray.

James thought this game would be fun. He had never done this sort of dress-up before, but it didn't bother him. He could tell Grace found his costume a turn-on. The plan was for the lady pirate to teach the innocent young princess about sex. He didn't know what that meant about her psychology, but he didn't care. Anything that made Grace hot was OK with him!

Grace put a little pink lipstick on James, some face powder, and a few other touches - enough cosmetics to feminize his face, but little enough to leave him looking like a young girl dressed up for a party. Then she had him sit in an oversized armchair, which made him look small and cute. James was cute even as a man, but dressed as little Princess Jasmine, he seemed like a precious little bonbon. Grace was getting wet just looking at him from across the room.

"Ahoy, there, Princess," said the Pirate Lady. "What have ye been doing while your father's away from the castle?"

"Nothing, miss," said the Princess, her eyes looking down. She was very shy.

"Been playing with the little princes, maybe?" asked the Pirate Lady.

"No," said the Princess.

"Well then, tell me this. When the little boys go peepee, do you ever watch them do it?"

"No, I never," said the Princess. "That would be BAD!"

"Arrgh," said the Pirate Lady. "Well, have ye ever seen a penis?"

The little Princess slowly shook her head, batting her long eyelashes. She even blushed.

"Well, me little pretty one, it's time ye learned. I left one around here someplace. Let me see if I can find it, then I'll show you what you do if you ever find one."

The Pirate Lady looked under the table and behind the couch. "Wait a minute," she said. "I think I left it under some ruffles. Ah ha! There are some ruffles."

When the Pirate Lady found the penis, the little Princess made a quiet "Oo" sound. Then the Pirate Lady showed her many things that could be done with a penis! Before very long, the little Princess was sobbing and squealing in a somewhat unladylike way.

Grace and James straightened their costumes and wore them the rest of the day, with the Pirate Lady petting her little Princess Jasmine, even cutting up her food for her at dinner.

James enjoyed the role playing. He had never experienced Grace being so solicitous and affectionate. He also liked her normal personality, which was more direct and brusque. He thought of it as her "businesswoman" persona. But all the stroking and smiles - it was as if he was a little pet - and he didn't mind it. In fact, he liked it a lot. It gave him shivers. He also had a tingling feeling in his head. Maybe it was an emotional/physical reaction to Grace patting his hair so much.

"This weekend was wonderful," he said, as they were putting their costumes away. Each box was labeled with the letters NH and a silhouette of a bunny rabbit. "Oh, God yes! It was the best! My brother will be happy to know that I actually tried these. He's always asking me."

When they kissed goodbye, they lingered a little longer than usual. James felt very close to Grace, as if seeing another side of each other had allowed them to let down their guards in a way.

"Wait, before you go," said Grace as she pointed to the tiara still on his head. They laughed. "It must be comfortable. I think it's very becoming. You should wear it to work tomorrow."

"The whole outfit, maybe," said James. "Maybe they'd treat me nicer." He had to tug to get the tiara off. It had become really stuck on over the hours. As he handed it to Grace, the light hit it to shine off a hologram of the NH bunny rabbit on the inner rim.

That same week, there was a contentious meeting at 2232 Innovation Lane, the headquarters of NHance Corporation.

"It's a strategic decision, and I'm the Director of Strategic Marketing," said Abel Baker. "All the indicators are way off the charts. There's no way we're going to go back on this. No way!"

"You are so wrong," said Stephanie Flores. "You are endangering the entire enterprise with your antics." She stared at Abel until he looked away. "Six month half-life - that's an eternity! Do you know what the FDA would do ..."

"FDA? FDA?" said Abel. "Forget the goddamn FDA! We're not going to wait seven years to get this approved as a medical device in the U.S. of A. There's no reason to. There are twenty countries we could sell in today. Twenty more we could qualify within three months. Get real!"

Kyle Sansouci wished he had brought his laptop to this meeting. Abel and Stephanie could go on like this for hours. He knew it was an important decision for the company, and it would affect his department in every way possible - objectives, resources, schedule. But the two of them should just go off into a room by themselves and wear each other down. Or just the two of them and Nathan Holmes, who would eventually make the decision. Nathan was sitting there, looking amused by all the fireworks. Nathan always looked amused, like a grinning idiot or something, but he was the most brilliant biologist (actually the most brilliant person) that Kyle had ever met.

"Do you know what the black market price for one of those tiaras is? We could run the company for three years with a production run of ..." said Abel.

"There should not be a black market in our research units. Do you know what a 'research prototype' is, Abel?" Stephanie made quote marks with her fingers. "It is something we produce very sparingly for a specific and tightly controlled purpose. It is not something we use to ramp up our production facilities and leak to Third World profiteers to put a few bucks in our pockets to finance a new Jaguar."

Kyle wondered if he closed his eyes, if he'd be able to fall asleep with all the shouting. What he really should do is develop a protein to help him get through meetings like this. He could make it short term - one hour half-life. Maybe excite the pleasure center? No, that would train him to like meetings and seek them out. Maybe hit an area of the brain that would cause all of this to seem interesting?

"... and all of your tiny enhancements, a miniscule boost to the breast, a tiny toning of the butt, minimum dose of everything - nobody will even notice for God's sake. The product is to change the woman in a way that will be noticed ..."

No, thought Kyle, I don't want to be interested. I'd get caught up in the discussion and waste weeks of good work time. Maybe just a mild mood elevator? Sort of THC Light? Nathan might already be using that one. Look at him smiling there. I'll have to ask him.

"... medical devices after all. It doesn't matter if it's something the patient selected or not. An overdose is an overdose ..."

What I need, he thought, is to be off somewhere else mentally, but check back every 15 seconds or so to see if there's something I should be paying attention to. If not, back to my

own world. Yeah. Then I can plug anything in for the off time - a creativity protein, to come up with more great ideas.

"... impossible. These are biological proteins. The worst they can do is use up energy. There's no such thing as an overdose of ..."

Or a visual hallucination, maybe. A controlled acid trip, that I could step out of whenever I wanted to be in the meeting. Or a fantasy of some kind. Well, who am I kidding? There's only one kind of fantasy worth the trouble - a sexual fantasy. I mean here I am, within eighteen inches of Stephanie's breasts, which don't interest me now - but why not get some mileage out of that?

Grace and James met for dinner at Caruso's on Wednesday. Grace leaned close. She took a little nibble of James' ear and whispered, "Jasmine, honey, I've missed you so much." James' heart took a little flip, as the memories flooded in.

"I talked to my brother," said Grace. "He's going to send me a bunch more stuff - costumes and other things." She got tired of always going to Caruso's, but she knew the menu cold, so it was easy.

"I thought maybe we could go back to your place tonight," said James. Grace usually slept over at James' place one night during the week.

"I was going to suggest the same thing," said Grace. "Hey, what's this?" she said, mussing his hair. "You have gray roots. I never knew you died your hair."

"It's not. I don't."

"You're 29 years old," said Grace. "How can you be going gray?"

"I'm not - at least I never was."

"But there's a clear line between your nice brown hair and your roots. You look like a skunk. But it's not really gray. It's more like blonde. That's weird."

It turned out the new hair was not only blonde, but growing fast. By Saturday, he had almost an inch of blonde hair. It looked odd. So he got it cut to get rid of the brown.

Grace shook her head when she saw it. "Oh, ooh, James. My little Jasmine. You look like an egg. I can't play with your hair." She rubbed her hand on the stubble.

"My head has been tingling a little for several days now," said James. "I wonder if that has something to do with it. I sort of connected it with the great sex we've been having ... Oh, you're crying, Grace."

"I know. It's stupid," she sniffled. "I miss your hair. I love your hair. Promise me you'll let it grow long. Really really long."

"Well, I don't know," said James. "I'll think about it."

Saturday night, he had to be the Pirate instead of the Princess, because his hair was too short to be a Princess.

A few days later, Grace got another package from her brother. She had trouble making sense of the long title, "Anchorwoman," because she was seeing it as a soft "ch." But she

got it as soon as she saw what was in the box - a lavalier mic, a speaker, and a news-woman type outfit (white blazer with a burgundy top and skirt).

There were also a lot of pages of paper with, she supposed, instructions or something. She threw all that stuff out. "Boilerplate and chaff," she said, disgustedly. If she had read it, she would have seen that among the lavalier features were, "Biological molecule NHance™ technology features - Velvet Voice, Professional Smile, Camera Comfort."

The clothing sizes were right for her, and she figured they'd work for James too. She was a bit taller, and he was a bit thicker, but the costume had elastic in all the right places to make it fit a variety of bodies. She spent that evening planning out in her head the new game they would play over the weekend.

On Friday, they ate in front of the TV. Grace switched channels from one newscast to another, and recorded them on the Tivo. "Did you catch the way she read that line? She put the emphasis on the wrong syllable ... What do you think about that outfit? Or that one? Much more conservative, isn't it? ... Squeaky voice ... Do you think she's pretty?"

James joined into the spirit, and came up with critiques of the newswomen's clothing, vocal styles, and facial expressions. He couldn't figure out quite what Grace was up to. Sometimes she got the bit in her teeth like this, and it was impossible to sway her from her course. He never watched TV news. There were so many different broadcasts!

Grace was clearly knowledgeable about many of the broadcasts and broadcasters. She commented on not only what they were watching, but on news shows of note from the previous week or month. She was really into it! James tried to draw her into a conversation about the upcoming election. No dice. He made funny faces, but she didn't notice. Her attention was on the screen. He finally lay his head in her lap and went to sleep.

"No, no," she said, but softly, stroking his cheek. "Don't go to sleep. I still have a DVD of Murphy Brown."

Saturday morning, Grace announced, "Okay, here's our project for the day!" She put a camcorder on a tripod in front of the dining room table (the news desk). Then she put an office chair behind the table, and put a stack of blank papers on the surface.

"Okay, here's how it works," said Grace. "I've recorded some newscasts on my iPod. What we do is, put the ear bud in, and repeat what the reporter says as she says it. I'll go first."

Grace stumbled a bit at first. For one thing, she had always been camera shy. Plus it took time to get used to saying out loud whatever she was hearing. They made several takes, though. Pretty soon, she had the newscast down cold, and she felt more and more confident. At first, she shied away from the camera, but soon she was playing to it like a pro. She would look down at her blank pages from time to time, then look up directly into the camera, beaming as if she had just spotted her best friend. After a couple of hours, they had a really fantastic looking sequence, which they watched several times on the television.

"Migosh, Grace - you could use this as an audition tape for an announcer job. You really could! Look at that poise and self-assurance."



Grace squirmed with pleasure. She did look good. *Really* good. And she had none of her usual discomfort with seeing herself on screen.

“Okay, boyo,” she said. “After lunch, Princess Jasmine will get some professional training as Newswoman Jasmine.”

The first order of business was professional appearance. James' hair had continued to grow rapidly, and was now covering his ears. It was a beautiful golden color, as soft and silky as a child's hair. But it was kind of shaggy. Grace gave James a soft wedge cut that looked much more womanly.

“Whoa, I don't know,” said James, looking at it in a hand mirror. “I don't think I can go to work on Monday looking like this.”

“No, no, it's no problem,” said Grace. “We'll spike it out with gel. It'll look very hip hop. Or if you don't want to mess with it, you can just wear a baseball cap. Let's get started on your nails!”

“Listen, you have to guarantee me that I'll look normal for work on Monday. This is important.”

“Yeah, we will. You will,” said Grace. “It'll be fine.”

Grace took a long time getting Jasmine's makeup right. “Isn't this look a little extreme?” asked James.

“I don't think so. The lights and camera wash out anything too subtle. And besides, you have certain structural shortcomings, due to your male physiognomy.”

Eventually she got it right, and Newswoman Jasmine looked pretty good sitting at the news desk.

“And now, we introduce, for the first time on the NH Bunny network, our new anchorwoman Jasmine, for her maiden outing.” When the camera rolled, however, it was a little rocky.

“Ah, pretty good for a first try. Sort of.” said Grace. “Let's see. You need to look at the camera, OK? And see if you can soften your voice a little bit. You're coming across sort of Howard K. Smith, and we're looking for something like Melissa Theuriau.”

They did a few more takes. Grace refused to show him any of them because she didn't want to discourage him. “Good. Good. Much better. One thing - try to smile while you're talking. It'll help, I think.”

To keep things fun, they played out little scenarios. Anchorwoman on location from the kitchen. Anchorwoman on location from the back porch. Anchorwoman on location from the bedroom. That one led to an extended 'commercial break.'

They also played Connie the Coffee Girl. Connie was the lowliest person at the TV station but she had a nice voice. When the Anchorwoman suddenly got laryngitis in the middle of a broadcast, Connie got her chance at stardom. They took turns being Connie or the stricken anchorwoman.

As the hours went by, James learned to hold his smile and talk into the camera. But the most amazing progress was with his voice. He very quickly developed a soft but clear speaking style that sounded very feminine. Perhaps because it was Grace behind the cam-

era, it had an intimate, almost bedroom-y purr, which made him an excellent TV personality. He really got into posing for the camera. He couldn't believe that he wasn't inhibited by the fact that he was dressed in women's clothes, looking like a woman, being videotaped doing it. But he wasn't inhibited - quite the opposite - he was fantasizing about their little sessions actually being broadcast.

Sunday morning, they reviewed the films, while drinking their coffee at home. "I can't believe the difference from when we started!" said Grace. "You are totally fantastic! But you still have the most difficult part ahead. This afternoon we will each face The Anchorwoman's Ultimate Challenge."

It turned out that the Anchorwoman had to face the challenge of one of her competitors sneaking under the news desk and doing things while she tried to broadcast - licking her toes, rubbing her thighs, eventually engaging in full-on oral sex.

James provided the highlight of the weekend, when Grace almost made him fall out of the chair with excitement. He maintained his bright smile and intimate gaze into the camera as he recited, "We are continuing to cover this story. More news to fol ... fa ... ah ... ah ... ah ah ah ah ah ah eeeeeeeeeee!!!"

They rolled on the floor watching the replay. "Even your scream sounded perfectly in character!" said Grace.

"I know! I know! That's the way you sound sometimes when we make love."

"ME? I never scream," said Grace. "Never like that."

"Sometimes," said James, moving in on her. "Sometimes when I do certain things." A little later, he showed her the things he was talking about, and it turned out James was right.

The next morning, James was back at his place, drinking some coffee before leaving for work. The phone rang. Since the caller ID said it was from his admin at work, he answered it. "Hey, early bird," he said. "That's another worm for you!"

Megan, his admin, laughed. "Oh, that's so funny! He must have told you to say that," she said. "That's exactly how James answers the phone!"

James, puzzled, said, "What?"

"Hi, I'm Megan. I work with James. You must be Grace, right?"

"Uh, no," said James. "That is ... just a minute." He put the phone on mute. "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers," he said. "Oh god!" His voice was coming out as Newswoman Jasmine. "She sells sea shells by the sea shore." Still the same. He couldn't sound like himself. He read a sentence from the newspaper. Jasmine all the way!

He picked up the phone again. "Hello, Megan?"

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I shouldn't have said that. Could you do me a big favor and not tell James I said that?"

Oh, geez. Megan thought that she was talking to some woman who had spent the night with James, and that she had just revealed the identity of another girlfriend. "Don't worry," he said, "I won't tell him. And it's OK anyway, Megan. I know about Grace. You see, I'm James' sister. Just a sec." He put the phone on mute and grabbed his forehead. So,

what am I doing at James' house? And how can James go to work if he sounds like Jasmine? Ok. Ok. "And I came over this morning because James is sick. Throwing up all over the place. He won't be coming to work today, actually. Maybe tomorrow. One of us will call and let you know."

"Okay," said Megan. "Tell him I hope he feels better soon. I'll cancel his meetings. Not to worry. Oh, and please don't tell him anyway? About what I said?"

James tried everything he could think of to get his voice back. He tried lowering the pitch, but his voice still came out feminine. The low pitch just made him sound like a sex kitten. He talked fast. He talked slow. He hit himself in the side of the head to try to jar his brain back to normal.

He tried to picture functioning in the world with a voice like that. People would laugh at him. They would think he was gay and looking for action. Maybe he could say he lost his voice and whisper. But this was ridiculous. If he could train himself to speak like a woman, he could train himself to speak like a man.

He called Grace in a panic. She didn't recognize his voice either. When he told her what happened, she laughed! But when she realized how upset he was, she reassured him.

"James, relax. It's OK. This happens to people all the time. To actors." Actually, Grace had never heard of it happening to anybody, but she had to get him to calm down. "I'm coming over there right now. I taught you to speak like a woman, and I can teach you to speak like a man again." Grace was pretty shaken. She had no idea what to do. But she could make up some speaking exercises on the way over. Growl and frown or something.

Getting back to a masculine voice was much more difficult than the other way. Grace brought her iPod, but not the lavalier, and James practiced imitating male reporters. By the end of the day, he was able to go back and forth between the male and female voices, but if he wasn't careful, his tendency was to drop into Anchorwoman Jasmine's voice.

They took a long break from the Anchorwoman game. They still got together every weekend, and they often played the Princess and the Pirate, or other fun games using one or more costumes. The exploration of their fantasy life seemed to give a richer texture to their relationship. James looked forward to every time he saw Grace, even for a quick dinner or just a phone conversation. He wanted to be with her all the time, but he tried to keep from pushing too hard, because he didn't want to scare her off.

One Friday afternoon, James got a call from Grace. "Could you get over here a little early? I've got something to show you."

Grace answered the door dressed completely in white vinyl. She had a one-button crop top that exposed the bottoms of her boobs. It had a low neckline showing most of the tops as well, and long sleeves. Her Hot Pants Harlot costume also had thigh high go-go boots and a very skimpy pair of vinyl shorts that covered her pubic triangle, but not by much. It was topped off with a white vinyl Carnaby Street cap.

She was all over James before he got in the door, and she had his pants down while he still had his coat on in the entryway. They made love there, standing against the wall. James made her pause for a second so he could push the front door closed.

Later, in the bedroom, they were making love for the third time. "James," said Grace, "what's the dirtiest thing you can think of doing?"

"The dirtiest thing in general, or right now?"

"Right now," she said, in a dreamy voice.

He looked at the two of them. Grace was naked, lying over the edge of the bed, with her hands touching the floor. He was inside her, facing her feet, pumping in and out, while wearing the Princess Jasmine outfit. "I don't know," he said. "But this would certainly make my Top Ten list."

"James," she said, "could you do me a favor?" She pushed him off and rolled over. "Could you just touch your penis against my anus?"

James did. This was an area of sexuality they had never explored.

"Could you press it just a little? Sort of gently massage the rim? Here's the lubricant. Oh, that feels funny, but sort of good. Is it OK for you? Ah, yes. A little more pressure. Yesss. More. Go ahead. Yes. Yes. All the way. Uh. Oooh. Yeah. Uh huh. Uh huh. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah."

The next morning, Grace wanted to get started as soon as they woke up.

"I'm sorry," James said. "I don't know if I can. You sort of wore me out last night."

Grace giggled. "I guess I did. You were fantastic! That's OK, lover. You deserve a rest."

But after breakfast, she seemed restless. She cleaned the house while James read the paper, and started reorganizing some shelves. Once when he glanced up from the paper, she was staring at him with a hungry look.

"Listen, Grace. Do you want to get out and do something? We could check out the Farmers' Market? Or walk by the river?"

"Yeah, sure. That would be fine. Maybe a little later. But I was thinking - I'd like to see what you look like in that costume. I bet your pretty blond hair would be very becoming. We could put on some white nail polish to go with it."

James didn't know if he'd be able to fit into the boots, but they had elastic panels that allowed them to fit over his larger feet and legs. After he got them on, he felt a gentle pulsing; he described it to Grace as an "electric" feeling in his feet and legs. It wasn't unpleasant, just odd. Maybe it was due to constriction of the blood getting down there.

The rest of the outfit produced a very amusing effect, especially after Grace applied a heavy coat of "Trashy Jasmine" makeup. James' hair was now almost down to his shoulders. Even without boobs and with his small butt, he looked like a true hooker. By the time they had done his nails and posed for pictures, it was time for lunch.

James ate two sandwiches, plus the leftover fish from Friday and a big helping of ice cream. "Don't eat the plate!" said Grace, amused by his appetite. He seemed to be eating a lot lately, but he was actually losing weight, so what the heck.

As soon as lunch was over, James collapsed on the couch and fell asleep. Grace went out to get more food for the rest of the weekend.

When he woke up, James noticed that the electric pulsing in his legs had increased. Not only that, the feeling had spread to his chest area, and to his crotch. He also noticed that he was starting to feel sexy again.

He ambushed Grace as she was putting away groceries. He still wasn't getting erect (it had been a very long night), but he found that pleasuring Grace was very satisfying and much more interesting than he had realized before. As her body responded to his stroking and licking, it was like an energetic field of sensuality materialized, including him in her pleasure. Her eventual orgasm was almost as satisfying as one of his own.

After that, James came up with a game to play. He called it "Hello Sailor," and it involved Trashy Jasmine accosting the unsuspecting Grace with sexual suggestions. He insisted that they play the first round on the sidewalk in front of her apartment.

"Oh, I don't know about that," she said.

"Come on, it's getting dark already. Nobody will see us."

Trashy Jasmine stationed herself at a streetlight, and Grace was quite embarrassed when her upstairs neighbors passed by. They didn't say a word, but they turned their heads to stare at James as they passed. Grace's humiliation was doubled when Trashy Jasmine said, "Hey, y'all. Take a picture. It'll last longer."

After that, they went inside, which was OK with James, because he could accompany his blandishments with physical inducements as well.

Oddly, even though James felt as sexually turned on as he could ever remember, his piece remained as limp as spaghetti. But when Grace kissed him and rubbed his breasts, ahhh, it felt amazing. And when she rubbed his thighs and his crotch and his limp penis and butt cheeks, oh lordy, it felt like heaven. At one point, she touched his butt hole, and all the electric currents that had been circulating in his body came together in a bright glow of pleasure. "Could you do that again?" he asked.

They soon found a use for Grace's electric vibrator. "Ohmigod, is that inside? Oh yes, it is! OOOH! No, it's okay. Put it back in, gently, yes, yes, just like that, ooh," at which point his verbalizations became non-words, ending eventually in an ear-piercing shriek. Grace worried the neighbors could hear.

"Are you OK?" she asked.

"Oh, God, that was so weird," said James. "It was a huge peak of sexual excitement, but I felt it all over my body, like in my nipples and lips and everywhere really. It was so intense. The closest thing I know would be an orgasm, but it was spread all out, and I didn't even come close to ejaculating."

Grace put her hand over her mouth to hide her smile.

"What? What's so amusing?" said James.

"Babe, I know exactly what you're talking about. I think you just had your first girly climax. Don't you feel you've been missing out all these years? Maybe we can make it happen again."

They could, and did, for both of them. By the time the sun rose, they were two exhausted puddles of spent sexuality.