



Reluctant Press presents:

BONNIE

Lynn Brown



A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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BONNIE:

Starting With My First Time Out

BY LYNN BROWN

Five years ago, I was dating a young lady named Bonnie. She was a schoolteacher in her mid- twenties, standing 5 foot 7 inches, weighing about 130 pounds with a great figure, 38-25-36. She at one time had been married for a brief period, but when she and her husband parted ways she finished college and became a Junior High science teacher.

I had been working several years after finishing college. Being twenty-six, five foot nine and 160 pounds, I had recently moved from Cleveland, Ohio, to Memphis, Tennessee, to become a sales engineer for the company headquartered in Cleveland.

The wife of one of my customers taught at Bonnie's school and arranged a double date, with Bonnie as my dinner date. We were both the same age and similar backgrounds. Needless to say, we did hit it off and dated for several years.

At Valentine's Day we exchanged presents. In addition to her gift, there were two boxes from Cupid, one for Bonnie and one for myself.

Bonnie opened her box to reveal a pair of white-laced panties. She was surprised when I opened my box, which contained a matching set of panties in my size. Bonnie took it all in stride and asked if I would like to model the panties for her. I was embarrassed and declined as we were at her apartment and her roommate was in the other room.

However, we did talk and I explained that I was a cross dresser and enjoyed wearing women's clothing on occasions. She said that she would like to see me dressed, so we made a date for the first weekend in March for dinner at my apartment where I would be dressed in feminine apparel.

On Saturday, I had finished shopping at the stores for our dinner and wine. After setting the table and fixing salads, it was time to take a shower. Letting the water run over my body for a good long soaking, I took the razor and shaved my legs. It felt smooth and silky after all the hair was gone.

Patting myself dry with the towel, I then applied lotion to the arms and legs before powdering the rest of my body. Returning to the bedroom, I dressed in the panties that Cupid had delivered at Bonnie's as well as a long white "Merry Widow" corselet, which hooked and then zipped up the front. This is a foundation garment, which helped shape my male form into a feminine silhouette, made of stiff polished cotton with lace covering the cups of the brassiere section. The garment is boned vertically with stays that reduced my waist and the crisscrossed satin panels flattened my tummy.

The corselet extended down over my hips to my upper thighs. There were two garters on each side dangling from the hem of the garment, which I attached to each sheer beige nylon stocking. Stepping into a long high waist girdle with satin panels in the front and rear, I secured the side zipper. This girdle reduced my waistline a little over two inches. To the three garters hanging from each side of the girdle I attached the hose. It seems strange that I can still recall the wonderful feeling of the stocking caressing my bare legs as they were snapped and held into place by the garters. This was followed by an additional pair of laced panties, a laced trimmed slip and a pair of black patent leather three-inch heels (my only pair of shoes at that time).

Putting on my male bathrobe, I went to the kitchen starting the dinner and to await Bonnie's arrival. Hearing the doorbell ring, I opened the door letting Bonnie into the apartment.

She saw that I had on heels and asked "are you fully dressed?"

"No," I replied, "I only need to put on my dress and wig to be ready. I will be back in a few minutes, turn on the television if you care to." I excused myself and went to the bedroom where there was a two-piece pink suit and a white silk dickey hanging on the closet door. Donning the suit I reached under the skirt pulling the slip into place, then returning to the living room where Bonnie had the stereo playing soft romantic music.

"Let me apply makeup to your face so that we can complete your transformation," Bonnie suggested. We sat at the sofa where she applied eye shadow, liner, mascara, blush and lipstick. She then brushed the wig until she was satisfied that the auburn shoulder length hair properly framed my face. Reviewing the results, she sprayed perfume on my neck, wrist and behind my ears.

"Check yourself in the mirror. How do you like your face?" she asked, "it would be nicer if you had a pair of earrings."

Returning from the bathroom I replied, "Thank you, it really looks great! I appreciate your assistance. Let's celebrate with a glass of wine."

While Bonnie sipped her wine, I took mine into the kitchen and continued cooking dinner. When the food was put on the table, Bonnie held out my chair as though I was a lady. After eating, when the dishes were cleaned, we relaxed on the sofa for over an hour, talking and kissing.

Bonnie took me by the hand leading me into the bedroom. She took off her blouse, slacks, loafers and white socks leaving her standing at the bed dressed in only panties and bra. She watched as I took off the two-piece suit and heels revealing the full length laced slip.

"That is really a beautiful slip you are wearing," observed Bonnie.

"Thank you," I quipped, "you are welcome to borrow it any time."

Climbing into bed we started caressing each other, when Bonnie suddenly exclaimed, "You are wearing a girdle. Take it off!"

As I complied with her wishes, she watched as I released the garter straps holding the nylons and then pulled down the long side zipper allowing room for my hands to pull down the girdle. She laughed as I wiggled trying to get out of the girdle until I could slide it down my nylon-covered legs.

"It is amusing to watch someone else having to go through the same manipulations removing a girdle as I do" she exclaimed, "Now come to bed."

We proceeded to make love. It was a thrill having my smooth nylon legs wrapped around Bonnie's, feeling the interaction of her legs rubbing against my nylons. Only as she pulled down my panties did I receive a bigger thrill. Having finished we were resting, when the doorbell rang. Bonnie put on my robe and answered the door. It was the neighbors living in the apartment directly below. The two young girls evidently had heard a commotion and were curious as well as being nosey about the noise. They inquired if there was a pair of pliers that they could borrow. Bonnie politely said "no" sending them on their way.

She came into the bedroom finding me beneath the sheets and laughed saying "I started to ask the girls to come in so that they might ask you in person but thought that they would not appreciate the way you presently look!" We both had a good laugh.

We dated for several months after that and at times Bonnie would inquire if I had dressed lately in women's clothing. I told her that I had on several occasions in the evenings during my travels but never had the nerve to leave the motel room.

She asked, "Have you ever been dressed and gone out in public?"

"Only during Halloween, did I dress and venture out to a bar, but to be able to dress and go out for an entire evening is just a dream which I have," I replied.

Talking at length, Bonnie proposed that we should plan to have some fun by my dressing for an evening out. She mentioned that she would be glad to assist in the fulfillment of my dream. It was decided that we should plan to go out of town where no one would recognize us. We had also discussed purchasing a recliner chair for Bonnie.

There was a discount store carrying Lane recliners, which were factory seconds, selling at a terrific discounted price in Okolona, Mississippi, where I had purchased one earlier in the year for myself. In addition we also decided to play golf that Sunday morning at a local club in the nearby town of Houston. I made motel reservations for Saturday at the Holiday Motel, in Houston, where I would stay during my monthly sales calls in the area.

During the two weeks between our scheduled weekends, I went to several stores to purchase a nightgown, several pairs of panties, a laced trimmed white brassiere, and some jewelry for this outing.

Friday evening I had two suitcases packed, one with feminine clothes, the other with my regular male attire. I also packed a bottle of scotch for additional entertainment, as Mississippi was a "bring your own bottle" state at that time.

Saturday at noon, we were ready and on our way to Okolona after stopping for a sandwich at a local Memphis eatery. Arriving at the furniture store a little before three o'clock we found the perfect chair for Bonnie. I paid for the chair and made arrangements to have them deliver it next week to her apartment. We then drove about twenty miles to Houston, checking into the motel.

Unpacking, hanging up our clothes, I got some ice so that we could enjoy a drink as we watched the news on TV until Bonnie said, "it is time to change for the evening. While I take a shower, you lay out the clothes that you plan to wear tonight on the bed."

Shortly after, Bonnie emerged from the bathroom and I took my shower while she dressed for the evening. Entering the room after drying, Bonnie looked at me and said, "Go back and shave your legs and also under your arms. We want you to be a proper lady tonight."

When I had completed the shaving, Bonnie came into the bathroom and applied lotion over my entire body. Returning to the bedroom she handed me a pair of my panties, which I put on. She held out the laced trimmed bra as I inserted my arms thru the shoulder straps, before she hooked the bra in back. Picking up the life like breast forms and passing them to me, I placed them into the bra cups. Next came the long high waist girdle.

Blushing, I struggled pulling the girdle into place before closing the zipper. Sitting on the edge of the bed I guided the long dark black nylons over my smoothly shaven legs, bringing the tops of the hose to the highest point upon my legs. Standing I fasten the nylons to the garter straps attached to the girdle. Then came the slip, lifting it over my head then sliding the slip down the body, over the filled bra, until it rested in place below my hips. I stepped into the black three-inch heels that slid gracefully over my nylon covered feet.

Sitting at the dressing table, Bonnie mentioned that tonight I would receive the full treatment. She brought her cosmetics over to the vanity and started by applying moisturizer over my face.

Wiping off the excess, she applied a foundation base followed by setting powder. Next came a brow pencil liner, blue eye liner, and blue eye shadow, both light blue for the top of the eye lids and darker blue for the lower portion of the lids.

As she finished with the eye shadow, there was a knock on our door.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you, as we were running late, I decided to order room service for dinner. I hope that you do not mind."

"No, charge it to the room. Since I do not wish to be seen like this I will go into the bathroom while he sets up the dinner," I exclaimed scurrying for safety behind the bathroom door.

When the waiter left, Bonnie finished putting blush on my cheeks, although I was naturally redden in the face. She took an eye curler compressing the lashes to give a curved effect before applying mascara. When the mascara had dried she combed the eyelashes to eliminate any lumping. We then had dinner as well as a glass of scotch and water with our meal.

As we finished the meal, Bonnie said, "let's complete getting you dressed so we can go to the movies."

She then applied a creamy red lipstick after outlining the lips with a pencil, following with a glossy sealer coat. Stepping into a petticoat, I then donned a multi shade, belted, vertically striped, blue silk shirtwaist dress. Bonnie placed the long auburn wig on my head and brushed it until she was satisfied that all the curls were in place before applying hair spray. She took my light blue cardigan sweater placing it over my shoulders and buttoned only the top button. Bringing out a vile of perfume she sprayed it liberally. Adding a pair of earrings (clip-on), a bracelet and necklace she completed my outfit.

"Before we leave, look into the mirror. I want you to see a very attractive woman who is now ready to venture outside and fulfill her dreams. Don't you agree?" she asked.

I was amazed by the vision in the mirror, as I could not believe that the reflection was really me. "What an incredible transformation " I exclaimed, "You certainly worked wonders. Thank you so very much. I cannot believe that this is me standing here."

We both pick up our purses; mine containing money, lipstick, comb, tissues, license and room key. Bonnie took the car keys and drove to the theater. As we parked the car I suddenly became very nervous and hesitated leaving the safety of the car before going out in public dressed as I was. Bonnie came over to my door. "What is the matter, is there a problem?" she asked.

"I am scared, what if someone would recognize that I was not a girl? What would we do and what would happen? Please can we just return to the motel? " I pleaded.

"Nonsense, you look pretty and quite feminine. Just talk in a whisper and relax. No one will know anything other than the fact that you are what you seem, an attractive girl attending the movies with a girlfriend" Bonnie reasoned, calming my nerves.

She had convinced me that every thing would be all right. Leaving the safety of the car, we walked to the ticket booth (Bonnie reminding me to take smaller steps). She purchased our tickets as I stood to the side. Entering the theater we found some seats and settled down before the movie started. Bonnie was correct as no one paid any attention to us.

As we were leaving the movie, Bonnie asked if I needed to stop at the powder room. Hesitating I replied " I need to go but am afraid to enter the ladies' room."

"It is better that you go to the powder room rather than the men's room dressed as you are," she teased, "just make sure that you sit down rather than stand."

We entered the powder room walking past the vanity section into the stalls. Fortunately, I did not have to wait. Entering and locking the stall I raised my dress unfastening the garters from the stockings before unzipping and pulling the girdle down. Lowering my panties, I completed my business; reversing the procedure on finishing.

"No wonder it takes a woman longer in the rest room," I thought.

Leaving the stall, I washed my hands. Bonnie suggested we sit at the vanity and freshen our lipstick before going to the car.

"Well, now that you have been on the other side. How does it feel?" she kidded. "Shall we stop for some dessert and coffee?" she asked as we headed towards the car in the parking lot.

Stopping at a restaurant we had dessert without any incident. As we were leaving two young men approached us trying to "feed" us a line thinking that they might get lucky by picking us up. I was frightened that they might discover that I was not a female, but Bonnie handled the situation and nicely sent them on their way. I had to laugh as now the "shoe was on the other foot."

As we were returning to the motel, Bonnie asked, "How was your first night out on the town as a woman? Did you enjoy yourself and wasn't it fun being accepted as who you appear to be, a pretty young lady?"

"Yes, thanks to you I have really enjoyed myself. I appreciate what you have done not only for me but to me. I feel so pretty and also so feminine," I replied giving her a kiss on the cheek.

As we changed for bed, I removed my feminine apparel as well as all the make up. While Bonnie changed into a pink short nightie, I slipped into a simple knee length aqua gown well trimmed in lace. Bonnie entered the room, noticing how I was dressed, said, "I am glad that you are wearing a nightgown, as it is a finishing touch to end a wonderful evening. Here let me add a little perfume" as she sprayed my neck, bodice and wrist. We enjoyed a very romantic evening with both of us attired in nylon nightgowns.

We awoke about eight in the morning only to find ourselves wrapped in each others arms engulfed in nylon and lace. We made love again before showering and having breakfast. Afterward we prepared for our golf outing.

Wearing shorts to play golf I experienced a strange sensation with my bare hairless legs exposed to the cool breeze. No one seemed to notice that my legs had recently been shaven. We enjoyed our round of golf even though I had lost



the golfing bet to Bonnie, which was a favor to be honored by the loser at the winner's request.

We returned to the motel to shower before returning home. I had previously made arrangements for a late check out time. Stopping at the front desk to pay our bill for the room, I mentioned to the desk clerk that we needed to shower before leaving. This was agreeable with her. Arriving at the room, Bonnie suggested that I should shower first and afterwards I could pack my suitcases.

After showering and shaving my face, I came out of the bathroom to find that Bonnie had laid out a complete set of my feminine underwear on the bed. "This is the favor from winning our bet which I NOW wish to claim. I would like you to dress in the outfit you wore last night for the rest of the day," she requested. "You were convincing as a girl last night and I think you will be surprised that you can pass as well in the daytime. You need additional confidence during the day light, plus I think it would be a fun thing to do and this is our FUN weekend!"

She entered the shower as I donned the panties, bra, falsies, girdle, nylon stockings, petticoat, shirtwaist dress and high heel shoes. Taking the wig off the stand I brushed it so that the curls would be set in place. Bonnie had completed her shower putting on a blouse and slacks over her bra and panties.

Having me sit at the vanity she then applied foundation, setting powder, frosted pink eye shadow, mascara, blush and a medium shade of pink lipstick completing my transformation. While she applied light makeup to herself, I completed the dressing by adding the bracelet, necklace and earrings. Bonnie suggested that the blue sweater be worn. She tied a silk scarf over my long auburn wig and under my chin securing the wig from the wind while we drove back to Memphis.

The drive was very relaxing as I sat in the passenger seat while Bonnie was at the wheel. We had a pleasant drive talking and listening to music. Bonnie suggested that we stop for an early dinner, as we had not eaten since breakfast. She pulled into a quaint restaurant. After being assured that every thing would be all right, she suggested that I take off the scarf and fluff my hair before leaving the car. The hostess seated us at a small booth in the middle dining section. While there were several full tables around our area no one seemed to pay any attention.

The young waitress asked if we had made our choices. Bonnie replied, "my girl friend will have the house salad with ranch dressing and the baked fish with steamed vegetables. She is watching her waistline. I will have the pork chops with a baked potato and carrots. We will both have ice tea." No sign of any recognition by the waitress as she left turning in our order to the kitchen. The meal was very enjoyable as we talked over dinner.

When the check was presented to us the waitress said, "It was a pleasure serving you LADIES. Please come back soon." Her comment sent a warm thrill through my body. I left her a larger tip than my male counterpart would. Returning to the car, Bonnie said, "see there was NO problem. Everyone accepted you for what you appear to be, a pretty young lady. I am proud of the way you conducted yourself while you are in feminine attire. Did you enjoy your first complete weekend in your feminine finery?"

"It has been an exciting weekend, more than I ever dreamed of, nor ever imagined" I responded. "I enjoyed the pretty clothing, make up, but most of all your company and your acceptance of me during these past two days."

Shortly thereafter, we arrived at Bonnie's apartment. As I was retrieving her suitcase and golf clubs, from the trunk of the car, her roommate, Jo Ann, saw Bonnie in the parking lot and came over to car asking, "what happened to Charlie? I thought that you had planned to be with him this weekend."

Bonnie laughed, "Can't you recognize him standing here?"

"So this is why you said that you had a very unusual weekend planned. He is absolutely gorgeous. Both of you come inside as I wish to look closer at this lovely creature under a better light."

The three of us went into the apartment. Once inside Jo Ann examined me very carefully as I walked and turned at various angles per her bidding for several minutes before saying, "his lipstick needs to be touched up a bit but otherwise he looks absolutely wonderful, every inch a woman. I love his outfit and admire how well he manages to walk in such high heels. The three of us must go out together some evening to dinner or hear a concert or see a movie just as three girl friends."

Bonnie replied, "it would be fun but the decision is up to Charlie. What do you say, Charlie?"

"If neither of you have any objections, then I am game anytime. It would be a pleasure to party with the both of you."

As I was leaving, Bonnie gave me a long kiss before saying, "Let's touch up your lips before you leave, my girlfriend must look her best." She applied additional lipstick then walked me to the car.

"Be careful going home. Maybe you better take off your heels before driving."

Doing as she had suggested, I drove in my stocking feet. After arriving home, putting the high heel shoes back on my swelling feet was very difficult but I did manage, so that I could bring the luggage from the car to the apartment.

Since it was still early I decided to have a drink before disrobing and watch some television. Instead of using my recliner, I sat on the edge of the sofa, as Bonnie had taught me, admiring the hem of my dress with the petticoat showing as well as the long shapely smooth hairless legs encased in nylons and heels. I decided to wear the nightgown to bed as well as the makeup that had been on my face since the afternoon.

That night I experienced marvelous dreams, of the three of us enjoying dinner and attending a jazz concert while I was completely feminine in appearance wearing dresses and cosmetics. At the same time I was aware that the realization of these dreams would come true in the very near future.

Monday morning found me packing for the week's sales calls as well as a second suitcase for my girl self. During the evenings I would change into my small feminine wardrobe and stay in the motel room as I was still afraid to venture out on my own.