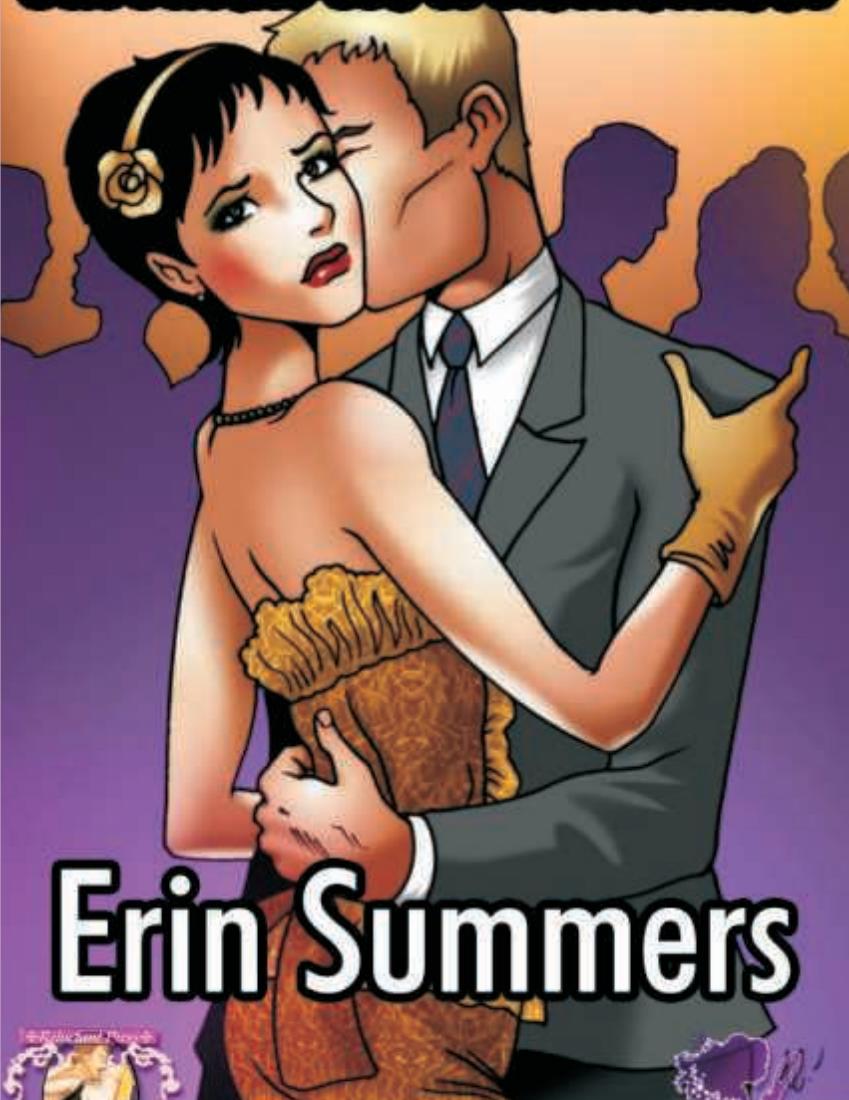


An Affair He'll Remember



Erin Summers



A "New Woman" Novel



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An Affair He'll Remember

By Erin Summers

My affair with Crystal had ended badly. Most extra-marital affairs don't end well and this had been no exception. Nineteen months we'd been together. I couldn't leave my wife and kids. Not with a pre-nuptial agreement that gave her all of her separate property from before our marriage and half of what we'd managed to earn and save since our marriage.

Eleven years of marriage to my boss's daughter. I'd been with the firm for three years before that but my promotions came a lot faster after we started dating. I skyrocketed to the executive suite when we married and now I was the number three man in the business. My brother-in-law was number two and he'd take over when

my father-in-law retired. That is, if he ever decided to retire. Sixty-nine years old, at least fifty million in the bank, and there was no sign that he would ever slow down.

Maybe it was the death of my mother-in-law ten years earlier in an automobile accident that had kept him working longer than originally planned. They had made all sorts of plans for retirement, including an around-the-world cruise. Everything in his life had fallen apart after some idiot who was late for an appointment ran a red light. He served a couple of years for vehicular manslaughter and then mysteriously disappeared. I'd always wondered if my father-in-law had arranged that disappearance. Perhaps someday I'd learn the real truth.

Why I felt the need to fool around with Crystal was something that gnawed at me throughout the affair. My wife is still gorgeous, even though she's in her late 30s. She works out as though she were training to be in the Olympics. She runs every morning after she gets me and the kids off to work and school. She goes to the gym and lifts weights or takes classes four days a week. She had a job with the company that she left the day before our wedding. She's smart too. There's a Master's degree in business from a prestigious university hanging on the wall in our den. She does the daily crossword puzzle in pen, since we get an old-fashioned print newspaper.

But Crystal had caught my eye and I'd become enthralled with her. I was so taken that I set her up in an apartment. There were four months to go on the lease and I was looking around at the place. The furniture I could probably arrange to sell, or donate to charity and take a tax deduction. My brother is our accountant and he could fix it up so the wife would never know about that. The television, DVD and DVR would go to the veteran's home where Dad had lived out the last few years of his life. We

were still grateful for how well they'd taken care of him after he'd fallen into senile dementia.

The surprising thing was that Crystal had left almost all of her clothes and shoes behind. The note had been simple and to the point:

"Bill, I've had it. You're never going to leave your wife and I've been fooling myself all along thinking you might. I should have probably realized that the first time you refused to spend the night. I've been in this apartment eight months and we've never once gotten to spend the night together. I was much more interested in sharing your time instead of your money. I never got enough of that time. Although I can't deny the sex was great. It was spectacular. But I know now that I'll never be that one woman in your life.

"So I'm leaving you. I won't tell your wife or anything like that. I'm not angry. I just won't do this to myself any longer. I want nothing in my life to remind me of you or our time together, so I'm leaving all of the clothes and jewelry that I've worn during our time together. I took the last \$6,000 out of the account you set up for me to buy a new wardrobe and to set me up in my new apartment. I've changed the number on my cell phone and the switchboard at my office has been instructed not to put you through to me. Please don't bother me again.

Crystal"

Like everything about her, the note was clear, to the point and asked for nothing I would have trouble doing. I had no desire to try to convince her to give me another chance. She was right. I would not be leaving Allison. I would not jeopardize my good life. Maybe I could get away with this one incidence of infidelity, even if it had

lasted so long. I put the note in the fireplace and watched it burn up. Then I left.

* * * * *

I was living what I felt was a great life with my husband Bill and our two children. I thought everything was fine. We were happy. Bill worked in my family's business and we had everything we wanted. I refused to let him spoil our kids and insisted they do chores for their allowances. We took two vacations each year, one to the family's cabin on the lake and the other to New York or Las Vegas. Money was never an issue. My husband spent every night in our bed except when he was out of town on business.

I had an idea come to me a few months ago and decided to surprise Bill with it. He'd tucked his last three years of bonus checks into a savings account for a rainy day and I decided we should invest it in something better than a low-interest savings account. I shopped around and found a great house for us to buy and rent out to make money. Bill's brother is our accountant and I'd talked to him about this. He'd said it was a great investment idea and had lots of tax advantages. I had sworn him to secrecy and he had promised not to say one word to Bill about it.

I was meeting with my real estate agent on the morning that I found out everything wasn't as wonderful as it seemed to be. Bill and I had excellent credit but with the economic mess, banks had gotten a lot stricter in making loans. We had plenty of money to make the down payment, thanks to Bill's frugal nature. Making the payments wouldn't be a struggle even if we went without a tenant for an extended time. But we had to qualify for a good loan and that meant having the best possible credit.

So Michelle, my realtor, and I were at her office, going over the credit report on Bill and me that she'd ordered. "Allison, take a look at this. It's from nine or ten months ago."

"What is it?"

"Three, no, four credit inquiries from what look like property management companies or landlords. Were you two looking for an apartment or something?"

"No. We've been in our present house for ten years. I don't get it."

"Well, maybe you were the victim of identity theft. Let me call these people and see if I can find out what's going on without setting any alarms off. You go eat lunch or shop and come back in an hour."

I returned an hour later and found Michelle on the phone. She hung up just as I sat down in the chair next to her desk. "Well, I have the answer to our question. No one stole your identity after all."

"That's a relief. So what was all that stuff on the report?"

"It turns out that Bill has rented an apartment for some reason. I've got the address. Do you want to go take a look at it?"

"Yes. Would you mind if I went alone?"

"Of course not. Can we meet tomorrow about making an offer on the Pine Ridge property?"

"Yes. I'll come by around ten if that's alright."

* * * * *

The apartment building was in one of those fringe neighborhoods. Right on the edge of a somewhat seedy

neighborhood on one side; on the other side was a nice neighborhood. The building itself was fairly new and had security gates. I parked on the street and walked up to the gate. The manager was in apartment 31 and I pushed that buzzer.

“Yeah?” came out of the intercom speaker.

“I’d like to talk to the manager about an apartment.”

“We’re full up. Go to the website and you can fill out a form for the waiting list. Or the property management company has other units.”

“No, I want to talk to you about one of your tenants. Bill Nelson.”

“He doesn’t live here.”

“Well, he’s renting an apartment here. Maybe someone else is living in it, but I’m his wife and I want to know what’s going on.”

“Oh, that guy. Come on up, honey.”

Maybe if the manager had been a man, he’d have covered for Bill. But the manager was a woman and she buzzed me in. I found my way to her apartment and she invited me in. “Your husband around five foot ten, one hundred and seventy-five pounds or so? With dark hair and bright blue eyes?”

“Yes. That’s Bill.”

“He rented a place about nine months ago. Some woman was living in it. But she moved out a week or so ago. I hadn’t seen him for a few days but he was here this morning. He didn’t stay long though.”

“Would you let me have a look around inside that apartment?”

“Normally I’d say no. I have to give 24-hour notice when I want to enter an apartment when it isn’t an emer-

gency. The owner will give me hell if he hears I didn't follow that rule. It's one of his buttons."

"Buttons?"

"Buttons. You know. When you do or say things that upset people, you've pushed the wrong button."

"Oh, I get it. But you're going to make an exception for me."

"Only because my late husband was fooling around behind my back and I didn't find out about it until after he was long gone."

"He died while he was having an affair?"

"No honey. He left me high and dry. Cleaned out our bank account, took the car and all my jewelry when he left with that hussy of his. I only found out he died a few years ago when some lawyer called my daughter and let her know that she needed to clean up his estate. The bitch left him and he died alone. Now let's go look at this apartment."

It was apartment 14. Normally that number wouldn't mean much, but it happens to be the date of our wedding anniversary, so that made me even angrier than I already felt. Inside the apartment were some nice furniture and a few photos of Bill. There were no pictures of the woman and the only sign she'd been there was the closet and dressers filled with clothing. I sat down on the sofa and started to cry.

"Are you alright, honey?"

"No, I'm not, but I will be. How many months are left on the lease?"

"Four. And the rent is pre-paid, so it will just sit empty unless he uses it for something else."

"Oh, he's going to use it, alright. Do you mind leaving me alone here? I'm going to look around a bit more and take a few things with me, but I promise to bring them back. Oh, and do you have a key I can have?"

She gave me a key. "Keep that one. I have another at my place. I don't know what you're planning to do, but I can see from that glint in your eye that this husband of yours is in big trouble."

"You have no idea. Maybe I'll fill you in when I get it all together."

"I'd like that. We women need to stick together."

"We sure do and that's a lesson he's going to learn for himself. Thanks for your help."

After she left, I rummaged through the closet and dresser drawers. Finally making a decision, I took a dress, a pair of shoes and some lingerie and put it into a plastic bag I'd retrieved from the kitchen. Then I went home to take care of a few things.

In our basement is a locked door. I have the only key. Bill asked me what that room was for when we moved in. My mother had paid to have the basement remodeled before we'd moved in, in order to create this room. It was the room where I practiced magic. Perhaps 'practice' isn't the right word, since I've been practicing since I was a little girl. I'm very proficient at it now. I just don't use it much anymore.

I couldn't use it to save my mother. I wasn't there to try to cast a healing spell. Oh I used it to extract revenge on the man who killed her. That reminded me that I was overdue to make a visit to him. I would do that as soon as I finished putting my plans for Bill into action. I locked the door behind me and went to work.

* * * * *

The kids were in their rooms and Allison and I were sitting on the sofa, watching one of her favorite TV shows. At a commercial break, she turned to me. "Honey, let's go for a ride."

"Now?"

"No. Right after the show is over. Is that alright?"

"Of course."

"I'll drive."

I didn't recognize where we were going until we pulled up in front of the building where Crystal had been living on my dime. I should have known I was in trouble but I didn't suspect a thing until we were parked.

"I think you know why we are here."

"No, I have no idea." Denial seemed like the smartest course.

"Okay, follow me then."

I went with her and we walked right up to Apartment 14. She had a key and opened the door. I followed her inside and she led me straight to the bedroom. She sat on the bed and patted the bed surface right next to her, indicating I should sit down there. I did.

"Now this is your chance to fess up and tell me what's been going on. I'm a forgiving person and, assuming you're honest with me, we can get past whatever has happened. But if you lie to me, we will have serious problems. I'm going to ask one time and one time only. Why did you rent this apartment and who was living here? Don't deny that you rented it. I've seen your signature on the lease, I have a copy of the check where you prepaid

the rent for a year and I've talked to the manager who has seen you here many times."

"I rented it. I will admit to that. I should have told you but I didn't."

"So why did you rent it?"

"I wanted a refuge. So I could have a place where I could go to get away from the office and from our place. I needed some privacy and alone time."

"Why?"

"I just did. There is no why."

"Perhaps this is why." She stood up, flung the closet door open and Crystal's clothes were hanging there.

"Now there are two possible explanations for what I'm seeing here in front of me. One is that my husband was having an affair with another woman. The other is that these are your clothes, which I find kind of hard to believe. They look like they are too small for you, although maybe you just come here to fondle them. So are they yours or do they belong to your mistress?"

"They're mine. I've spent months acquiring them. I tried buying clothes that fit me but I looked ridiculous, so I decided it would be more fun to just fantasize about things that would make me look like a gorgeous girl if I could actually wear them."

"So you have fantasies about being a girl?"

"Yes. That's what's going on, that's why I had to rent this place and now that you know, I'll donate all this stuff to charity and get into therapy with a shrink."

"You'll do no such thing. You aren't donating a single stitch of this clothing to anyone and you don't need therapy. At least not the type you're thinking of at the moment. No shrinks for you, although there is some shrinkage in your future."

"What are you talking about?"

"You'll see. Now let's go. We're going home. Don't say a word to me. You're going to sleep in the guest bedroom."

When we got back home, Allison and I went up to that guest bedroom, which she'd already made up for me to sleep in. "Yes, I planned ahead. You should remember that. I always plan ahead. I didn't expect this but once I found out about it, I made a plan. Now, this is your last chance to change your story. Anything else you want to tell me?"

"Not a word, except I'm sorry I kept a secret from you."

"That's fair. But you're nowhere near as sorry as you're going to be. Meanwhile, I want you to take this pill." She handed me a pink and blue pill of a type I'd never seen before.

"What is it?"

"It's a sleeping pill. I want you to sleep here alone tonight and I don't want you getting up and disturbing me in our bedroom, or bothering the kids. You'll wake up tomorrow after they're gone to school. I've already told Andy you won't be in tomorrow. Now take the pill. Here's some water."

She handed me a glass of water and I downed the pill. I started to feel groggy almost immediately and Allison actually had to help me undress. By the time we managed to get my body beneath the covers, I was sound asleep.

* * * * *

Someone was shaking me and I didn't want to wake up. "Leave me alone, I want to sleep more" I said.

"I don't care what you want. It's the first day of the rest of your new life and it's time to get started. So get your cute little butt out of bed."



I yawned and stretched before whipping the covers off and standing up next to Allison. It dawned on me immediately that something was wrong. I'm 5'10" and unless Allison is wearing her higher heels, we usually stand about the same height. She's 5'8" after all. But now she towered over me, by a wide margin. Then I looked down and screamed. A woman's voice came out of my mouth.

"Oh, stop screaming. It didn't hurt a bit. And yes, to answer that question in your mind, you're a girl. Yes Bill, you're now Jill, a five foot, two inch, 104 pound girl who likes short skirts, high heels and goodness knows what else. This is your chance to live out your fantasies of being a girl."

"Change me back right freaking now."

"Uh no. In fact, every time you ask me to change you back, I'm adding a day of girl-time to your punishment. Right now you're going to be Jill for the rest of the term the apartment is leased for. That's four months. Now it's four months and one day."

"I didn't know about not asking to be changed back."

"That's fair. Four months then. But from now on, every time you complain to me about being a girl, or ask to be changed back, I'm going to add a week, not an extra day. Do you understand?"

"Yes. But what are you going to do about me disappearing for four months?"

"Oh. That could be a problem except when I told Andy that you wouldn't be in today, I let him know you were being forced to take a leave of absence. You've had a nervous breakdown. You were taken to a hospital out of the area for some specialized treatment. We aren't telling anyone."

"My brother will wonder about me."

"Actually he won't. I'm going to see him today and I'm going to slip a pill into his coffee. After he takes it, he will forget he ever had a brother. When your punishment is over, I'll give him another pill and his memories will all return. No harm, no foul."

"I see. You did say you were a planner and I never knew just how thorough of one you were. So what are your plans for me?"

"That's a good question, Jill. Tell you what. There's a dress, shoes and lingerie here that are from your apartment. Some makeup too and your purse. I'm going to go downstairs and make a cup of coffee for us. You get dressed and made-up and I'll be right back."

"But I don't know how to dress like a girl. It was just a stupid fantasy. In fact, I don't want to do it anymore. Please change me back."

"Do you love this so much that you're already choosing to add a week to your girl-time? You must really like how it feels to have breasts and long hair. You're so adorably cute too, at that height. The world must look so much bigger to you now."

"I'll get ready while you make us some coffee."

* * * * *

I went downstairs to make that coffee, knowing that Jill would find she had all of the skills she needed to get herself ready for the day. I'd been very thorough in preparing the magic that had transformed her. She knew how to do everything.

While she was getting ready I called my brother. "Hi Andy, I need to talk to you."

"Sure Allison, what's up? Any word on Bill?"

"He's all checked in. The hospital sent two people down to take him back there last night. I got a call this morning that he slept through the night, but he's struggling a bit with the adjustment."

"I can watch the kids if you want to go and visit him this weekend."

"I do, but the rules are no visitors for the first month. This place came highly recommended. I didn't know this was coming but Bill had been seeing a shrink for a few months about his stress and other problems. She recommended this place a couple of days ago and finally we decided together yesterday afternoon to send him."

"Well, I hope he gets better soon. We need him around the office."

"I'm sure you can cover for him."

"You bet we can. He can be away as long as he needs to be and we'll have a spot for him whenever he gets back. Not just because he's my brother-in-law either. He does a good job."

"Speaking of good jobs, I need a favor."

"Sure sis, what is it?"

"I have a friend. She got dumped by the guy she was dating and she's had to move back here from the coast. She needs a job. You have an opening for a sales secretary, don't you?"

"Yeah, but that job's a tough one. We've put the salesmen through sexual harassment awareness training a bunch of times but they still give whatever girl we put down there a rough go of it. The last one didn't file a complaint but she quit after just eight or nine weeks. I've got a temp down there right now and she's complained to me twice."

"I'm sorry to hear that, but I think Jill would be a great fit for that job. She types over 100 words per minute and she's very efficient. She's also smart and pretty too."

"Where do you know her from?"

"We met in college. You didn't know her."

"One of your sorority sisters?"

"No. We were in the same hallway in the freshman dorm before I moved to the sorority house. We've stayed in touch. You might remember a few years back when I flew out of town to be a bridesmaid?"

"More than once."

"Once was for her wedding. But that didn't last either. She has trouble hanging on to men."

"Maybe she'll find a good one here."

"Maybe. Should I send her over to see you?"

"Tomorrow soon enough?"

"Yes. That will be fine. Thanks Andy."

"Anything for my little sister."

* * * * *

I looked at the pantyhose on the top of the dresser and had no clue about how to put them on. The panties had been no problem and the bra had gone on with surprising ease. I had even found myself reaching around behind my back to fasten it. Until now my only skill with bras had been unfastening them.

Then I picked up the hose and suddenly I knew. You ball them up around the toe and slide them up your legs one at a time. I watched with amazement as my hands pulled the nylon hose up my smooth legs and finished

pulling them up by standing and tugging on the edge of the panty portion. I stepped into the dress and zipped it up the back. It was a dark blue and the heels were black. They were four-inch heels and yet I walked in them as sure-footedly as if I were wearing a pair of sneakers.

The eyeliner, eye shadow and mascara went on with a practiced hand, then I added lipstick and gloss. There was a pair of small hoop earrings on the dresser and I fitted them to the holes in my ears as though I'd done it every day of my life. I ran a brush through my shoulder-length hair and I was ready.

Right then the door opened and Allison walked back in with the coffee for us. She handed me my cup and I took a sip. I noticed the red stain on the rim of the cup with alarm. "One of the downfalls of not wearing that long-lasting lipstick. Maybe you should think about changing brands. I'd be happy to take you shopping."

"No thanks. Okay, I'm dressed. Now what?"

"Now we go and prettify you a bit more. You'll enjoy the pampering portion. Then when we're finished, I'm going to take you out to run an errand. After that, it will be back to your new home sweet home. After that I have really big plans for you."

"Care to fill me in on them?"

"Tell you what. Be a good girl and just do whatever I tell you to do this morning and at lunch, I'll fill you in on your immediate future. Now let's go girl, grab your purse. But don't look inside of it yet."

We walked down to her car and she opened the door for me. "Sit sideways and smooth out your skirt before you sit down. Then swing your legs around into the car. You don't want to give any Peeping Toms a free shot of your panties." I did as she directed and she made me practice it a few times. Finally, we left.

She drove to a local spa that I recognized the name of. She'd been here several times and I'd paid the bills after the fact. We went in after leaving her car with the valet."

The receptionist practically gushed when she saw Allison. "Mrs. Nelson, it's so good to see you again. I was so pleased to see your name in the book for today."

"Thanks, Cindy. This is my good friend, Jill. She's joining me today for spa day, my treat."

"That's so nice of you. Jill, isn't Mrs. Nelson one of the most generous people in the world?"

Before I could answer, Allison interrupted me. "Cindy, I've told you before. Call me Allison."

"Okay, Allison. You two are in the nail salon first. They are expecting you."

In the nail salon I had to remove my pantyhose without letting anyone see up my skirt. Then I sat in a vibrating chair that felt really good on my back. The only downside was that it made my breasts shake a bit as it vibrated. One girl was working on my feet while another was working on my fingers. Allison was right that this was very luxurious and I felt quite pampered. Then I noticed a foul odor.

"What's that smell?"

"Oh, that's the acrylic nails we're applying to your fingers. How long do you want them?"

Allison spoke before I could think up an answer. "She wants active length. Not too short, but not too long that she won't be able to operate a computer keyboard. You know what I mean."

"Of course."