

A Cruise to Nowhere



Audrey Taylor

An "Adult TV" Novel



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A Cruise to Nowhere

By Audrey Taylor

That I, Marshall Gordon decided to sign up for this worldwide cruise is due mainly to Margaret's constant badgering that I needed to relax.

"It's the perfect place to rewind," she repeated for the umpteenth time. "You'll never find so many new people in one place, which you sorely need," her encouragement was unrelenting.

I wasn't sure I was ready to relate to other people just yet, but the relaxation sure sounded good.

Leaning over the ship's railing as it pulled away from shore, I couldn't help thinking about my recent divorce and the 20+ years of turmoil that had led up to it. The distinctive sound of the fog horn reverberating across the bay reminded me of my two children. They were off somewhere in the Midwest, each one choosing to remain in their respective college towns after graduation, happy to avoid returning home where so much bickering and arguments had accom-

panied their earlier years. I saw them only occasionally now, forcing me to turn my attention inwards finally, towards my own happiness.

Margaret Finley, a woman in her early fifties who had been my office manager for almost the entire eighteen years that I owned my summer resort, had taken this exact three-month cruise just last winter, meeting Eliot whom she was still seeing, although it was definitely going through a cooling off period of late. She'd wanted something more permanent, but her pushing only resulted in his pulling farther away.

My advice about 'cooling it' just fell on deaf ears.

My resort area was in the mountains and afforded me plenty of free time during the winter months, hence my ability to steal away for this extended time period. Margaret could easily handle the mundane tasks that come up at this time of year. She had my itinerary if something urgent needed my attention. I certainly hoped not. I was looking forward to my first real vacation in quite some time, wanting to just float freely in whatever direction my interests might take me.

Once we cleared the harbor I headed below to my cabin, a tiny compartment shared with another rather mature gentleman, Harry Simpson, whom I'd met earlier. He wasn't very interested in company, being diagnosed recently with a terminal illness, seeking to spend whatever days remained away from 'his oppressively annoying family' as he put it.

I'm not sure I understood, but promised to give him plenty of space anyway, certainly intending to find more cheerful companionship, and especially away from our cramped quarters.

Our very first evening at dinner I was surprised to be seated next to a rather charming woman, a Ms. Estelle Simmons. I suspected she was pretty close to my own age and was also recuperating from a broken relationship with a similar desire for new people. We hit it off surprisingly well. She talked of her recent travels to Russia, including a few hilarious incidents which had me laughing uncontrollably. While we were eating dessert, I was surprised by her offer to help me with a costume when I mentioned I hadn't brought one for the masquerade party planned for the following evening.

"That's too much bother," I hardly needed her help. "I'll pick something up at one of the shops in the morning," wanting to deter her without hurting any feelings.

"It's really no bother at all," she wasn't to be put off easily. "Why spend money unnecessarily on something you'll probably only wear once. Seems so silly especially with the overpriced shops below." She eyed me critically, "You look like you'd be a perfect fit." She was alluding to my slight build and made me wonder if my high-pitched voice had anything to do with her planning. It was always getting me in trouble.

All throughout my teenage years when the rest of the guys were becoming deep baritones, my soprano pitch managed to stay with me without any change. I can't tell you how frequently I've been mistaken for a female on the phone. So often that I've gotten to the point where I don't even bother correcting people when they refer to me as Marsha, thoroughly exhausted with having to correct them. I just shrug off the caustic remarks made by the vast majority of insensitive people it's been my distinct displeasure to meet over the years.

All the more reason why I am now appreciating Estelle's obvious disregard of my natural voice.

Her enthusiasm was getting contagious. I could see her mind working feverishly as she continued sizing me up, "You'll be easy to fit. With all the clothes I've brought, I'm sure we'll find something appropriate. It'll be fun seeing if we can turn you into a presentable female."

I could feel myself flush, as I realized she was intending for me to masquerade in her clothes as a woman. Where had she gotten such an idea, I wondered, as I tried to stop squirming.

Looking at her, I couldn't miss the sparkle in her eyes. A hint of intrigue came from her full red lips which seemed to be begging for a kiss. The other guests had gone some time ago, leaving the two of us intently chattering away over our third glass of wine, while she reviewed the various steps we would have to take to accomplish a half way decent transformation.

I couldn't help wondering if this wasn't a ploy to get me to her cabin. She casually mentioned that I'd certainly need to shave my whole body in order to pass inspection. My imagination soared, picturing the two of us shaving my legs while we were naked in the shower together. Smiling inwardly, I couldn't help wondering why such a lovely lady would need to go to such lengths to attract a man. I was certainly ready to be hooked.

Estelle mentioned several times how important my full cooperation would be in order to accomplish the task properly. My curiosity continued to mount, intrigued by her motives for all this hullabaloo.

Had I a hint of them I would probably have jumped overboard and swam for shore that very instant. But my trusting nature aided by the unaccustomed drinks and her close proximity was definitely playing havoc with my judgment. Her hand was gently stroking my leg which wasn't helping either. When she suggested we retire to her cabin to go over our needs for tomorrow, I was ready.

Her, "Wait till I've worked my magic on you," just caused me to laugh out loud. I could hardly wait, trying to contain my anticipation of what was coming.

When I heard myself say, "If you really think it will work, I'm game," my high-pitched voice still held some uncertainty, a vague tugging at the back of my mind. She was a beguiling woman.

Following along to her cabin, I admired her rather shapely figure, not having taken much notice previously. I knew it wasn't easy fighting gravity for so long, yet she seemed to be defying it well. The extravagance of her cabin stunned me momentarily, before she graciously showed me around to the two other rooms adjoining the large living area. Put my quarters to shame. It was hard to believe she had all this to herself, yet I noticed no signs of others.

We sat side by side on the couch sipping an after-dinner liquor, while she skillfully coaxed the gory details of my defunct marriage out of me, even though I had promised myself not to dwell on it.

She overcame my inhibitions so easily, astounding me further when she casually asked me to remove my outer clothes so she could take my measurements.

Images of erotic delights instantly came to mind as I stood up and removed them.

When I turned around towards her I half expected to be greeted by her in similar attire. Instead she was holding a tape measure and began running it all over my body.

“Just need to check how everything will fit and if any adjustments are needed,” she explained.

I could almost taste my deflation.

She was dead pan serious about my masquerading as a woman. No exciting interlude was about to happen. Her interest seemed limited to transforming me into someone else. Like a lump of clay, to be molded and shaped to her exact specifications.

I quickly dressed when she was through, a feeling of being used hard to shake off. I was glad to close the door behind me, after she resisted my obligatory effort at a goodnight kiss, allowing only a peck on the cheek.

“Darling, we’ve only just met. We’ve a long voyage ahead of us. Shouldn’t we get to know each other better,”

This from a woman who had just seen me in my skivvies, while her hands had been all over my body raising my frustration level right up there. To meet stunning defeat yet again. I was trying to keep myself from blowing a gasket.

She’s right, I begrudgingly granted her while settling into bed, trying to block out the snoring of my roommate.

Where’s the rush? Wasn’t I here to relax. I’ve definitely got to slow down.

It wasn’t my idea to go to her cabin.

2 Masquerade Party

We met again in her cabin late the following afternoon. I couldn't shake off this feeling of obligation to her, despite the disappointment I had experienced the previous evening. We just had to get to know each other better. I'd simply go along with her for the one evening and then if there still wasn't interest on her part I would choose someone else from the many females I had seen wandering around the decks earlier. There was certainly no shortage of available candidates.

Estelle tackled the task at hand almost with a vengeance, saying she wanted to change me from the inside out. It didn't take much coaxing to get me to shave my entire body with the cream she handed me. She easily handled my poolside question, "Many folks have insignificant body hair, both men and women." She spoke so matter of factly, reminding me we had little time to waste if we were to get to the party on time.

When she pierced my ears for the lovely diamond earrings we had been admiring together, I was surprised by my own nonchalance, accepting her, "They'll close quickly enough once you leave them alone," without further comment.

I was sitting at her makeup table, wearing this confining all-in-one corset, the breast pads offering realistic cleavage as I watched her reflected image approaching me.

"Ouch," I felt the needle penetrating my right earlobe. Why was I so passive, I wondered, feeling antsy from the nylons stretched tautly over my smooth legs, my excitement growing when I realized how much I already resembled a lady. I grimaced as the

second lobe received it's sting, feeling her insert the stud I would wear until right before we left for the party.

As she did my hair and nails, it was the first time I truly understood why my wife was always late whenever we had to go to a party or something. How could a woman give this much attention to so many details? It was truly amazing.

When Estelle began working on my face, I couldn't help smiling at her serious face.

"You know Estelle, you look like you have an ulterior motive for this whole masquerade."

She pulled back looking at me suspiciously.

"What do you mean," she seemed a bit tense, like I'd uncovered a secret plot or something.

When I laughed and told her I was only kidding, she immediately snapped at me to stop distracting her. She wanted to get everything just right. I didn't truly understand why that was so important. She was most likely just a perfectionist in all things she did.

I had to keep reminding myself that it was only a masquerade party. It was okay if somebody discovered I wasn't truly a woman, wasn't it?

When she was finally done, the old me had all but vanished, replaced by a remarkably pretty woman. I never imagined I could be so attractive. The sparkling earrings twinkling in my ears made me realize it was the first time I had ever worn jewelry. I'd always shied away from ornamentation, and for that matter wasn't particularly interested in the clothes I wore either.

That the holes in my earlobes were semi-permanent never even entered my mind.

‘My God’, my thoughts were in a daze, she’s actually brought out the woman in me. *‘Where was Marshall?’*

My mind was struggling with his disappearance.

Even my hands looked feminine, their hairy appearance replaced by the smooth soft skin that led to shapely manicured pink nails. When she slipped the rings on each of my ring fingers, a glittering diamond on my left and a deep green emerald on my right, I simply admired how they added to my appearance. The diamond necklace hanging between my inflated breasts reflected brightly in the flickering light.

The face staring back at me left little doubt that Gloria (my alias for the evening) would be attending tonight’s party. Quite an attractive woman, at least I thought so. Teetering on the unaccustomed heels, my face registered disbelief when she informed me that the 2" heels were only the beginning, that many women handled 3" heels normally. I leaned on her for balance as we slowly proceeded to the dining room.

Dinner was totally uneventful. Most of the guests were not in costume yet. Many of them hadn’t realized the need for one when they had packed for the cruise. I felt embarrassed, realizing that had been my exact predicament before Estelle had come to my rescue. Now I was the masquerading Gloria, as Estelle constantly referred to me, while no one around me seemed any the wiser. Perhaps some of the other men would like to learn of her talents. I was surprised that no one mentioned anything about Marshall’s absence, accepting my presence without a hint of anything amiss.

I tried picturing myself saying, “Hi, I’m Marshall, the guy you met yesterday and I’m dressed as Gloria for the party tonight.” The right opportunity just never did come up.

Later, when the party began, I had no alternative but to remain as Gloria, being introduced all around to a small cluster of folks at the refreshment table. One happened to be a gentlemen also in his mid-fifties, a John Parsons, who immediately attached himself to us. He seemed to accept my female identity on face value, unaware of my masquerade deception. Estelle certainly didn’t fill him in on the secret, preferring that my true identity remain strictly between the two of us. I felt a strange excitement at being accepted so readily as a woman, not realizing how my soprano voice was corroborating the presence of the new Gloria.

While we all stood around sipping our drinks and talking about the exotic places our ship would be visiting, it struck me as odd that so few guests were in costume, and even those few had made only half-hearted attempts. Most wore masks and only a single couple had gone to the trouble of putting on matching flowery tops and some odd makeup. It looked like I was the only one who was into the full spirit of the occasion, and no one was the wiser for it. Why had Estelle gone to such lengths? My curiosity remained strong. Why had she just made plans to meet at her cabin later? I certainly wasn’t about to leave her side.

The evening progressed along and she started pushing me to accept John’s offer to dance, whispering in my ear to let myself go and experience my femininity while I had the chance.

That I finally relented was probably due to the enchanting music, realizing Estelle wasn’t going to

dance with me in this getup anyway. As John led me to the dance floor I smiled nastily at Estelle who looked just like a grinning Cheshire cat. She was enjoying this whole game, at my expense. Maybe she was one of those kinky types who got their kicks from toying with other people's minds.

It feels odd that my arm is draped over a shoulder, finding no other place for it after John had wrapped his arm deftly around my waist. Strange feelings of powerlessness are invading my whole body as he lifts my right hand and begins to guide me around the dance floor. I've never taken the woman's position before. Weird butterflies are fluttering around in my belly. It's hard to believe he still considers me a real woman.

Fortunately he's a good leader, a definite plus as I've had to pay close attention to his gentle pushes and tugs to avoid tripping over my feet. After only a few dances I'm actually beginning to get the hang of it. When John proposes we step out on deck for a breath of fresh air, I immediately notice that Estelle is nowhere in sight, so I let myself be led outside by the insistent pressure at my arm. It's kind of interesting, being on the receiving end of so much attention. So different from my frustrating pursuit of Estelle.

Strange how my ego feels inflated knowing he's actually interested to me. Certainly a welcome change from the beating it's been taking lately, even if it's taken a female disguise to gain this recognition. I can sense a feeling of power from my ability to attract a man. What a heady feeling.

Once outside though, it didn't take me long to realize that John's ardor wasn't going to be easy to manage. I hadn't planned on his being so strong as he pinned me against the railing, trying to find my lips with his own. I felt like an idiot, sensing his urgent

need and all the time I had thought he was such a gentleman. I had a hold of both his hands, literally clinging to them, while moving my head from side to side to avoid his searching lips. I had difficulty keeping from laughing at the humorous picture we must have made.

All of a sudden I wasn't laughing any more as his mouth connected with mine and I could feel my lipstick smudging as I tried in vain to free myself, even as his wet tongue was searching for an opening. His tongue was past my lips and pushing against my teeth. This guy was certainly determined.

His hand on the back of my head kept me pinned while his tongue kept licking and probing relentlessly.

I wondered how I was going to extricate myself from this ludicrous scene that was proving exhausting.

When I felt my initial stirrings I was literally in shock. I could feel the response in my girdle as my vulnerability and helplessness started to overwhelm me. My own frustration level was begging for release as my lips slowly started to respond, totally forgetting that this was another male I was responding to. I wasn't thinking straight anymore.

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Struggling to cope simultaneously with the internal and external battles enveloping him, our hero has no idea of the unwitting progress he has already made down a path that's been carefully laid out for him.

Estelle, with absolutely no romantic interest of her own, has skillfully utilized Marshall's attraction for her to guide him in an entirely new direction. Her plan requires a participant of unique qualifications and temperament and so far Marshall has proven an excellent choice.

When he initially stepped off the gangplank he was already being selected as one of several likely candidates that would fit Estelle's purposes. It had been easy to have her seat changed to become his enchanting neighbor at dinner.

Of the several possible candidates, Marshall had seemed the best suited to her purposes. Her avid interest in changing his appearance was certainly no passing whim, as Marshall had inadvertently guessed that afternoon. It was only the first step of an assignment which would land Estelle on easy street. But to claim her reward she had to assure her client's complete satisfaction, which wasn't any small task.

Marshall's slight build had certainly contributed to his initial selection and when Estelle discovered his feminine voice it seemed to put the icing on the cake.

Testing Mr. Parsons' interest had been her primary goal for the evening. One look at Gloria's smudged lipstick and John's triumphant smile when they returned promptly informed her of the success of phase one.

Estelle greeted them both as Gloria seated herself while John excused himself to go to the men's room. Estelle took advantage of the free moment leaning towards her new creation, hardly able to keep the smirk from her face.

“How was your stroll on deck?”

Gloria whispered back, “No big deal,” never realizing how his disheveled appearance told a different story. “He dances well,” he offered, hoping to cover any obvious signs of his recent outdoor activities. He was wrestling with his confused feelings and certainly wasn’t prepared to share them with anyone.

Estelle was pleased by his positive response, relieved that he wasn’t already storming indignantly from the room.

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I sat there quietly trying to deal with the internal struggles still smoldering inside me. I still couldn’t believe the intense arousal I had experienced when I finally stopped struggling and returned John’s kiss. It had been unbelievable. This masquerade thing was definitely going off the deep end. I had to get out of this dress and back into my own things soon.

“Don’t be a party pooper,” Estelle responded when I suggested we call it a night. “The fun’s just beginning,” she handed me my drink and lifted her own, “to a wonderful voyage.”

Feeling thirsty, I accepted the drink, appreciating the cool liquid as it slid down soothingly. I was still holding my glass when John returned, moving his chair purposely closer to me before sitting down.

To my chagrin he wasn’t about to leave me alone, and Estelle was no help as she encouraged me to dance some more. I had to mention he was a good dancer. Didn’t she understand I really wasn’t interested in dancing with other men, even if I did look like a woman.

This time he held me even closer if that was possible, and it became a kind of game, as I constantly pulled away trying to get him to loosen his grip. As the dance progressed, the motion started to get to me and I had difficulty maintaining my struggle, finally questioning whether it was really that important. I was getting more comfortable with the frequent spins and dips, knowing it was a bit old-fashioned, but having no real say in the matter. What did you expect from an older man, stupid?

Being on the other end of a dip was surprisingly exhilarating, being forced into a position of total trust, teetering backwards in a hopefully graceful manner before finally being lifted once more into his tight embrace. My arms had grown accustomed to his shoulders.

Before long I had loosened up, laughing easily at his frequent jokes, appreciating his charming sense of humor in spite of the wacky circumstances. After all, it was still a party and I was here to enjoy myself, wasn't I? I thought less and less about being free of my feminine ensemble, deciding to enjoy the music and John's company instead.

Somewhere along the way I realized my true identity was no longer present, that I had assumed the female persona that everyone else had accepted so easily. All thought of it being only a masquerade costume had vanished. My voice was certainly an important factor for my acceptance, and for the first time was actually feeling pleased with it since it was helping me avoid discovery. I had no need of John's anger, even though this was a legitimate masquerade party, since being fooled so completely would probably prove a real embarrassment to him.

Later in the evening, the Emcee decided to have the group select their favorite costumes, offering bottles of champagne for the top three individuals.

When I started to rise, Estelle gripped my arm and gave me a severe look, holding me in check. She leaned over whispering in my ear, "You'll only embarrass John, and a silly bottle of champagne isn't very important against that."

I felt her distress realizing the game we were playing could really hurt some feelings and accepted her suggestion without fuss. I watched as two couples with matching outfits and a fairy princess walked off the dance floor with their prizes. None would have been a match for me.

When I saw Estelle leaving with a vampire, (a horrific mask), John had me locked up pretty tightly again on the dance floor. I wondered if maybe she had forgotten about me. Panic started to set in as time went by and she didn't return, recalling her earlier instructions to meet at her cabin. I didn't like the idea of her being with someone else, leaving me dressed like I was to find my way alone through the ship's corridors.

Returning to my own cabin didn't offer much of a choice. My roommate would probably take one look at me and laugh himself into an embolism and die even earlier than expected. At Estelle's cabin I ran the risk of finding her entangled with the vampire which would really devastate me. I contentedly remained on the dance floor in John's embrace for the time being.

When the band finished the last set and started packing up, full fledged panic started to set in. John helped me with my wrap, putting it over my bare shoulders and must have sensed something wasn't

right, for he asked if I'd like to take another stroll before turning in. Delay the inevitable? Maybe if it was really late my roommate would be asleep and I could sneak in without being detected.

No sooner had we gotten out on deck then John was again pressing me against still another railing. It was hard to escape them. My earlier feelings of helplessness returned in full force. After a brief struggle I consented once again to his demanding lips, finding I had little resistance to keeping him away. My own desires had been buried too long. He actually tasted good. I was certainly in over my head. Playing along while trying to control my own excitement was proving quite a chore. The long day had taken its toll, and I could feel my legs starting to buckle, as his tongue ran wetly over my lips, probing persistently for an opening.

When my lips slowly parted and allowed his tongue access, I could feel my own passions igniting, crying out for release. Desire shot to the surface, my body losing total control as a wild tingling went on inside my panty girdle, my penis soaring into hardness within its confined space. John's arousal pressed hard against my hip and I knew he was close to losing it too. When we both exploded simultaneously, our mouths were locked in deep passion, my own juices pumping wildly into my girdle as I pressed so avidly against his thigh. We were both gasping for air trying to find out way down from the glorious peak we had attained.

It took a few minutes to regain a semblance of control again, several aftershocks leaving both of us tentative as he slowly disengaged himself and I tried standing on my two rubbery legs without support. Somewhere along the way I had surprisingly grown accustomed to the 2" heels. I looked into his soulful eyes as he said, "That was beautiful, darling."

How did I respond? It had actually been fantastic for me too, even though I was only playing at being a female. I could hardly believe it had happened, yet more aftershocks forced me to acknowledge the painful truth. And the beautiful afterglow still remained.

“Thank you,” I whispered remaining deeply entrenched in my new character. “It’s late, John. I had better be getting back to the cabin,” realizing I had to retrieve my things from Estelle before returning to my own cabin. This had gone way overboard, pardon the pun.

When he left me in front of Estelle’s cabin with a parting kiss, I waited for him to disappear down the corridor before quietly knocking on the door.

It opened a moment later, Estelle greeting me in a revealing nightgown.

“There you are, Gloria. Where have you been? I was getting worried. I hope you didn’t get in any trouble,” her playful look of concern annoyed me, as I stormed past her looking angrily about the cabin for the vampire. When I realized she was alone I immediately began looking for my clothes.

“Relax, darling. Sit and have a nightcap so you can tell me about your evening. I put a lot into creating you. I think you can spare me at least a brief review of your evening before running off.”

She offered me a liquor, and I hesitated a moment, taken in by her obvious charms as she clicked my glass.

“To Gloria. May she always be the good sport she was tonight.”

I sipped my drink, feeling a bit foolish but knowing a few more minutes wouldn't kill me.

"Who was that vampire you left with?"

"Oh him. Just some stupid jerk who only wanted to get in my panties. Not at all like you, I might add."

Her directness surprised me, causing me to wonder if John hadn't been coming from the same place.

"I brushed him off. Come on, let's get to bed, I'm pooped," she took my hand, leading me into the bathroom as I felt my passivity returning in full force knowing my jealous feelings were completely unfounded. I followed meekly behind.

She helped me out of my clothes, lifting the dress over my head and gently disengaging my garters so I could step out of the nylons. I felt like a princess from some far off land. When I was down to panties and bra, with the dreaded corset and girdle at my feet, I needed to use the toilet while she inspected my girdle for telltale signs of my passion.

Her knowing smile when I returned was completely lost on me as she rubbed some cold cream into my face, offering not a clue of what she was thinking while handing me several tissues to wipe off the cream.

When I looked at my face in the mirror, it was mostly clear and I was too fatigued to worry about the few traces that still remained. Tomorrow was another day. I felt like I had hit a wall.

Estelle's sexy nightie remained a constant distraction, her breasts swaying so enticingly as she repeatedly leaned over me, using alcohol to clean my earlobes before replacing the studs.

“Keep them clean or else they’ll get infected. You don’t want that to happen, do you love? Here,” she handed me a nightgown similar to hers, “try this. It’s really comfortable.”

“Hasn’t this gone far enough?” I held the flimsy nylon tentatively in my hand. “Don’t you think I should be getting back to my own cabin?”

She was sitting in bed, patting the vacant side.

“Don’t be silly. Stay with me tonight. I won’t bite,” her smile was so compelling.

I caved in, feeling a need to redeem myself with her. My masculinity needed some affirmation badly, and she certainly seemed to be offering me an opportunity. I drew the nightie over my head and joined her without another word, much too tired to argue. I still had hopes she had other things in mind, besides sleep, even in my exhausted state.

We laid there talking awhile before I tried to kiss her, hitting her turned cheek as her lips were meeting my own cheek, so much like girlfriends instead of lovers.

She reached over to put a hand on my cheek.

“You’ve been great, Gloria,” still my female name, “and I hope we become close friends. Sleep well, darling.”

Marvelous. So much for other possibilities.

She shut the light and I laid there in the dark, feeling my exhaustion overtaking me, dulling all the mad thoughts still running around in my head. Totally forgotten were my panties and brassiere and the slinky nightgown, thoroughly preoccupied with my

earlier emotions from kissing John, which had led to the wild release of our passions. Slowly my eyes closed as I drifted off to sleep, knowing I'd have a lot to sort out tomorrow.

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In matter of fact, John just happened to be the one who had come up with the million dollar bonus idea, during a conversation with Estelle over a month earlier at a dinner party aboard his yacht, Hatteras. He'd listened attentively to her proposition and proposed the bonus arrangement while agreeing to accompany her on this cruise so she could work her wonders. Should she be unable to locate a willing partner for John by the time they reached San Juan, then he would simply depart the cruise ship at that point. Worse come to worse, he would have lost maybe a week or so.

He had made a stringent list of requirements which Estelle was acutely aware had to be met in full if she was in fact going to watch her meager bank account grow to the delightful proportions she had never before imagined. It was not an easy assignment.

But Estelle was committed to the challenge. It's true, of course, she had been fortunate to locate a candidate of Marshall's potential on her very first attempt. He'd proven quite malleable, allowing Estelle a free hand in preparing his masquerade, and wonder of wonders it seems our Mr. Parsons is smitten with the newly created Gloria.

Still a long way to go, but step one had certainly been accomplished. Providing a mature female that still retained her maidenhood probably represented the most difficult detail of the assignment. Yet no-

body could argue that the newly created Gloria didn't fulfill that requirement to perfection (from a female point of view, of course).

Now to get John to make the invitation which would eventually lead to marriage, that was going to take some magical maneuverings. And of course persuading Marshall to go along with the proposal. Some more nifty soft shoe steps. His interest in Estelle remained strong and she intended to use it for all it's worth. He still had a ways to go to becoming a presentable female but Estelle was fully prepared for the next step, all the vital necessities carefully locked away in a suitcase in her cabin.

3 Pool Masquerade

I didn't stir until well past nine, surprised as I glanced at the clock when Estelle gently shook my shoulder.

"Good morning, sleepy head. Breakfast will be here in a few minutes. It's too beautiful a day to spend in bed."

As she slowly came into focus, I licked my dry mouth before it hit me full blast. Yesterday hadn't been a dream and I was still in woman's clothes. The knock at the door really got me moving as I jumped up and made a mad dash for the bathroom, shutting the door in time to avoid all contact with the outside world.

Having taken care of my toilet and splashing some cold water over my face, I listened to Estelle's voice through the door.

"You can come out now, darling. He's gone."

Studying my face in the mirror a moment longer, I was surprised at the many signs still remaining from last night. The thin line of my brows, she had been ruthless with the tweezers, and I didn't remember them being so arched before. And the studs reflecting from my earlobes while my messy hair still retained much of the styling from last night. I must have been comatose to let her do my ears.

Some of last night's exhaustion still remained. Probably why I'd been unable to fight off John's advances. And I'd been fairly well intoxicated at that point too. That must be the reason for my participation. I could find no other explanation.

The growling noises in my stomach made me aware of the hot food right outside the door.

"It's getting cold, darling," Estelle prompted at that very moment.

"Hi," I sat down opposite her while she poured me a cup of coffee. Placing a napkin in my lap, I had fun trying to get it to stay on the slippery nylon. What a strange myriad of sensations, the slick nylon sliding against my shaven legs when I crossed them. My bra felt weird underneath the gown, certainly no competition for Estelle's natural look in her clinging black negligee. She was a fantastic looking woman and I wondered yet again what it would take to get a response from her. I'd never get her interest dressed like this and yet she seemed in no particular hurry to return me to my masculine image. A really weird situation.

My hunger took over at that point and for the next ten minutes I literally gobbled everything down, enjoying the glittering sheen of my painted nails as my hands moved about. So many reminders of last night's activities.