

Part One:
THE QUEST
Finding My Womanhood



Genevieve Just

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**THE QUEST- PART ONE:
FINDING MY WOMANHOOD
by GENEVIEVE JUST**



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Chapter One

The final words my new acquaintance, Samantha, had written on the email were “Don’t worry; this is going to be great, just come to California. Can’t wait to meet you and you are going to feel very differently about yourself when I’m finished with you!” And that’s exactly what I was doing. I was sitting on an American Airlines flight from Des Moines and trying to relax with my second Bloody Mary.

I’ve been a closeted crossdresser since I can remember. Experimenting with my older sister’s wardrobe, my mother’s lingerie and finally purchasing my own bits and pieces of a wardrobe in the last couple of years. I had learned through extensive practice with the use of books and videotapes to apply my own makeup, and was able to do a reasonable job, even though I was never entirely satisfied with the final result. I had ventured out on occasion to a local gay nightclub where crossdressers met, but had never felt as comfortable as I had hoped. It had been hard making friends and my shyness was certainly a contributing factor. I knew with a little one on one help that I could do a better job and present myself in a more attractive, feminine manner.

Samantha had asked me to fill out a questionnaire that she had emailed me. It was generally very vague questions: How long have you been crossdressing? Are you happy with the way you appear as a woman? Did I have a wardrobe? Did I consider myself a crossdresser really, or did I ever entertain the thoughts of taking hormones and becoming a real woman? I answered what I could as honestly as possible. I had always been what I thought was a regular crossdresser and nothing more. I considered myself straight and I loved women, although being slight of frame and

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naturally thin, I had never been much of a success in dating or romance.

Samantha also asked if I considered crossdressing a fetish. I replied no, that from what I had read in book after book it was inherent to one's personality. She had asked if I enjoyed fetish wear such as leather skirts or high black heels and I had to admit I did. Samantha questioned me on whether I considered myself passive or aggressive. I had always thought I was enormously aggressive in research and development in which I specialized in, but as far as my love life; passive. I didn't want a woman to dominate me I thought. I always had wanted a woman to be herself and not be a wallflower, so I could retain my inner feminine side and not have to act the male part all of the time.

There were also questions about my personal life. I explained to her that even though I was in my late thirties I truly believed I looked younger, especially when I was dressed as Genevieve, the feminine name I had given myself. I had retired at a very early age after selling an internet company I had started for an enormous amount of money. It wasn't that I hadn't deserved it; I had. But the sum itself was ridiculous for the actual work I had done and now I was set for life to do as I pleased.

She admitted from the very first time that I talked to her that her rates were not cheap and I said that money wouldn't be a problem. I even sent a cashier's check ahead to cover the entire time I would be there. The maximum stay she would allow for a new client was a week. She had said that I would be amazed by the results I would see and I had no doubt of her prowess after reviewing the 'Before' and 'After' photos of girl after girl in her client database.

I told her that what would please me the most in life was to explore

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my feminine side. I wanted to look, dress and act like a woman, whenever I wanted to, to the best of my ability. And I needed help in perfecting all aspects of myself. That's why I had sought out her and the services she provided.

Her website “Feminine Flavor” pictured a beautiful Victorian style house in the wine country of Northern California in a somewhat rural environment. No snoops or unwanted passerby's to annoy her or her students. The rooms in the photos I saw were well appointed and furnished with a feminine taste that I had longed to partake in. A photo on the opening page of the website displayed a beautiful photo of Samantha and her husband, who aided with the students. Samantha herself, or “Head Mistress” as she was called by her students, was quite tall with a long mane of auburn hair and impeccable makeup. She dressed like a hip schoolteacher; a tight white starched blouse, long grey pencil skirt and high heels. Her husband, Robert, or Roberta as he was called when dressed, on the other hand was quite ordinary looking as a man but when dressed as a woman, looked amazingly beautiful also.

The thrill of being taught by the best, or at least the best I had found was all I could think about. Two large suitcases containing mostly skirts, blouses, shoes, makeup and wigs were riding below me in the baggage compartment. All that was feminine about myself as we approached San Francisco were the silky nylon pink panties that I wore beneath my casual men's clothing. I was excited and determined to change that.

Chapter Two

At the baggage claim in San Francisco International Airport, a tall good looking man with a crop of wavy dark hair in his mid thirties came directly over to me with open arms. I immediately recognized him from the ‘Feminine Flavor’ website as Samantha’s husband.

“I’m Robert,” he said giving me a warm hug. His voice changed to a mere whisper as he added, “And you must be Genevieve!”

“I am,” I replied with an ear to ear grin. Hearing my feminine name from a stranger like this warmed my heart.

“You’re going to have a great time, I promise,” he said grabbing my two large bags from the conveyor belt. “C’mon, the car’s just in the first lot.”

I followed Robert to the parking lot and told him I had been in San Francisco several times, but this would be my first time as Genevieve.

“My wife’s the best at helping you obtain your goals,” he said. “Samantha has helped more ‘girls’ out than you can ever imagine. She loves doing this and... well personally she’s the reason I finally got married. Never thought I’d find a woman that would appreciate my feminine side and Samantha has not only nurtured it, she’s made me feel the way I’ve always dreamed of feeling.”

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“You certainly look different as a woman,” I quickly added.

“Thanks. I’ve worked at it for quite awhile but until I met ‘her’ I had only scratched the surface of my potential. ”

“I’m hoping she can do wonders for me,” I replied. “I can use a whole lot of work!”

“And that’s what you’re here for,” Robert added. “To obtain your goal of femininity. ”He glanced over to me with a warm smile. “You’ll be at the right place in about an hour and a half,” he said checking his wristwatch.

“Thanks for picking me up. And thanks for the words of encouragement!” I replied. We reached Robert’s late model BMW sedan and he carefully place my luggage in the trunk.

The ride up north to Sonoma was uneventful other than the usual traffic and Robert and I talked about crossdressing most of the trip. He told me that when he had met Samantha he was much like me, struggling to perfect his look and image and that meeting his wife had been the best day of his life. They had now been married for just over four years and lived an idyllic lifestyle; especially for a crossdresser. I was enthralled with Robert talking about his relationship with Samantha and secretly hoped that someday I would be able to find someone who would accept me... as Genevieve.

I had never been to Sonoma and other than knowing of the annual wine festival there, had little knowledge of the town. It was quaint, quiet and had the kind of touristy charm you see on ‘Wish You Were Here’ postcards. We drove through the unassuming main intersection and made our way further north a few miles to a quiet back road, which we turned onto.

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About a quarter mile down the road it curved to the right and directly in front of us sat a grand Victorian home.

“Great house,” I said as the Beamer came to a stop in the circular driveway.

“Believe it or not, sometimes it seems a bit cramped but all Victorian houses seem a bit small at times. It’s gone through a few renovations over the years, we’ve made some changes ourselves, and now it totals about 3000 square feet.”

Robert retrieved my luggage out of the trunk and we walked to the front door. Before we could open it, a raven-haired beauty in her early twenties emerged; Samantha. She stood about 5’ 8” but the black hi heeled pumps she wore increased her height to near 6’. Samantha wore a white satin long sleeve blouse and a dark grey knee length pencil skirt. Her makeup was picture perfect. Movie star perfect with ruby red lips, and I could tell she hadn’t rushed in accentuating her hazel eyes with powders and liner. She extended her hand to me and I gratefully accepted it.

“I’m so glad you’ve come, Genevieve,” she said with a smile. “We’ve been waiting for you!”

“It’s very nice to meet you and I’m really excited about being here,” I stated. “Although I have to admit I am a bit nervous.”

“I understand,” she said warmly putting her arm around my shoulder. “All ‘girls’ are at first when they arrive at ‘Feminine Flavor’. But you’ll get over it and we’ll do our best to make you feel right at home. Robert will put your bags in your room while I show you around a bit. Then I’ll leave you alone to get dressed for dinner.”

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“I’m afraid I’m not that good at doing my own makeup,” I said seeming to stutter the words out. ”

“Nobody is when they come here,” Samantha stated. “And that’s why they come here. To achieve perfection and to learn all the womanly gifts and secrets I can show them. ”She gripped my hand and turned to me, looking me straight in the eye. “Give me a week and I truly think you will be pleased with the results,” she said. “I’m positive of it. ”

“Alright,” I replied sheepishly. “Although I am rather embarrassed at my own makeup efforts. ”

“See my eyes,” she said looking directly into mine. “See how I’ve done my makeup to accentuate every arch, every peak. I will teach you the way I was taught. When I first saw your photograph I could tell you had great bone structure. All you needed was a firm hand to guide you. I am that hand,” she said, now holding mine.

I almost felt like crying because I had finally found a woman that understood me. And... who was now going to help in my quest.

Samantha showed me their home. It was appointed elegantly with furniture of the late 1800’s and took you back mentally to a completely different time period. If there was a television, I didn’t see one. The phone must be in the office I thought because it too wasn’t apparent. My questions were answered when Samantha spoke.

“Robert and I have tried to create our own bit of paradise here and one that will work great with our guests. All intrusions into our peace, such as phone, television and computers are in the office areas. This way the house remains in a more pure state similar to when it was built. ”

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“I agree,” I replied. “I’m much more relaxed already just leaving all that behind.”

“Did you eat on the plane?” she questioned.

“I had lunch if that’s what you want to call it.”

“Then let me take you back to your room. You can shave, shower, do your makeup and get dressed. Is an hour and a half okay?” she asked.

“I’m afraid my makeup alone usually takes about two,” I stammered.

“Lesson number one,” she said grasping my hand and looking deep into my eyes. “Makeup is an illusion. And practice makes perfect. Do the best you can in the time allotted you. I want to see what you can do, and what mistakes you are making so I have something to work with. Go now, and get pretty,” she said with a smile.