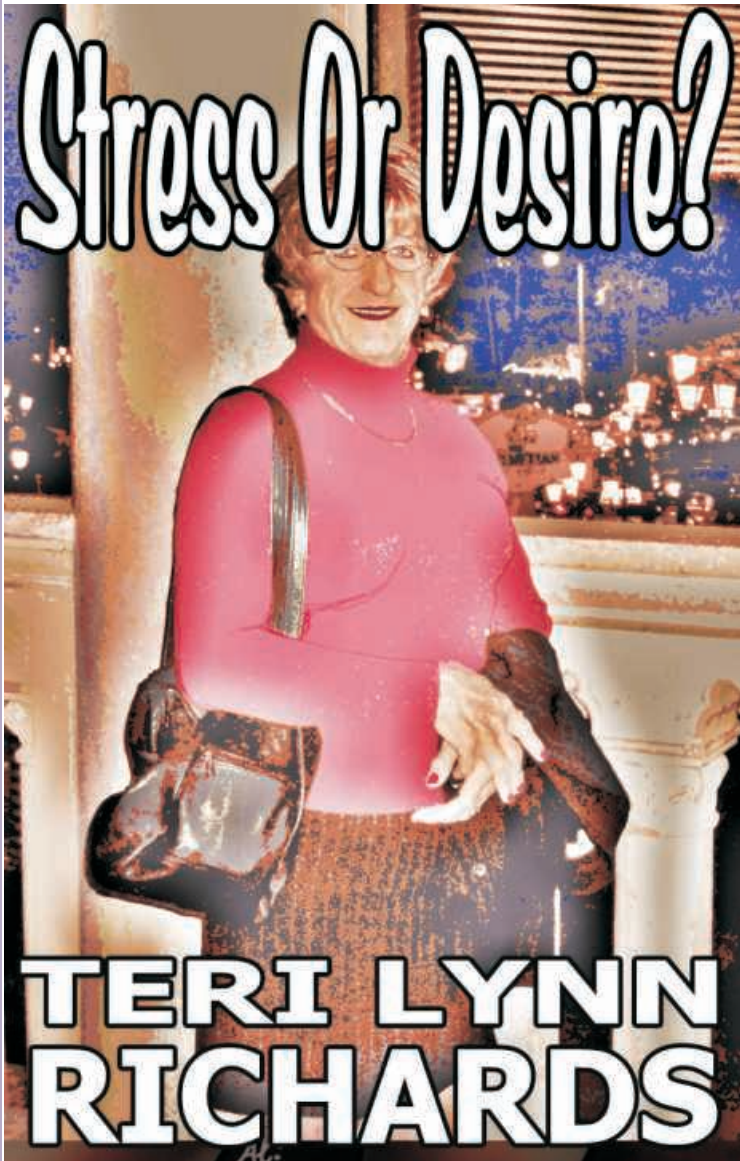


Stress Or Desire?



**TERI LYNN
RICHARDS**

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STRESS OR DESIRE?

By Teri Lynn Richards

It has been several years since Teri transitioned at work. Her transition was initiated by her spouse, Jill, because she recognized that "Terry" would never be completely happy until he became Teri. Jill was aware of the constant stress in Terry's life and remembered, that when they were dating, Terry mentioned that at one point in his life, while he was single, he had attended a Halloween dress-up party, going as the office secretary. Jill did not know why Terry chose that outfit. Was it a dare? Did he lose a bet? Or, did he draw the short straw, designating what he would have to wear; but she filed that information in her memory. Years later, thinking that a change in Terry would enhance

their retirement, she initiated a very gradual feminization process – a process which turned Terry into Teri.

That change made their marriage stronger and even more fun. Teri's co-workers noticed that she became more relaxed and friendlier, as her feminization progressed; although, at first, they did not know that Jill was on a mission to feminize her husband. They simply thought that Jill wanted to update Terry to a trendier style of clothing. Jill shared her plan with only one trusted co-worker. Until Jill's plan had progressed to the stage that it was apparent, that just modernizing Terry's wardrobe was not Jill's real intent, the other co-workers had no clue as to Jill's mission.

Once it was obvious that Jill was not stopping at just updating Terry's wardrobe, rumors went home to the spouses, some of whom were quite interested in the new developments. Such a good rumor had not come out of the office in a long time. Secretly, some of the wives were envious of Jill's adventurous spirit, because their husbands were too macho and some softening – getting in touch, a bit, with their feminine side, wouldn't hurt them.

Of course, there were those men, in the office, who were drawn to women who took care to display their femininity and because such women are sometimes difficult to find, some of these men were consequently drawn to crossdressers, associating with them at bars, night-clubs, or for dinner and movie dates. There was one such man in the office where Terry used to work – her former boss – Eric.

When Eric began to notice that Terry was starting to dress nicer for work, he complimented him. Terry explained that it was his wife's idea to update his ward-

robe – truly not knowing at that time, what his wife’s real motivation was.

As Terry began to wear feminine shirts (shirt-blouses), Eric admired Terry for not being afraid to try something new. Little did Eric know that Jill was coning Terry into wearing the feminine “shirts”, with the excuse that she loved the smoother texture because it didn’t irritate her fingers, as did his old shirts, whenever she gave him a backrub or caressed him; and that she wanted him to look trendier.

Regardless of the reason for Terry’s new style in clothing, every time he wore a new blouse to the office, Eric would tell him how nice he looked. Eric’s wife was not given to displaying femininity by what she wore. She didn’t use make-up often – only for very special dinners or celebrations, so her day-to-day appearance was quite plain.

Eric was not one to miss the occasion when Terry wore a new shirt-blouse or when he came to the office with a new hairstyle. Eric complimented Terry so often that Terry began to think Eric was jealous of his new look – but why?

After several months of changes, each change making Terry look more feminine, Terry began to wonder why Eric was so complimentary. Did Eric miss the fact that Terry was looking more and more feminine each week? Or, was it the more feminine-look that made Eric so complimentary? Something was drawing Eric to Terry’s new look – but what was it?

But Eric was a very conservative person, one who never revealed his true inner feelings – feelings that said ‘feminine looks nice – on anyone’. Eric too had his questions. Yes, he enjoyed looking at very femi-

ninely-dressed women, but why was he so drawn to Terry's changing appearance?

Because of the challenging economic times, crime was rampant and that put a lot of pressure on Eric, as managing supervisor of the Office of Criminal Investigations. The long hours and difficult cases – difficult because folks were getting more clever and sophisticated in the crimes they committed – began to take a toll on the health of many of the staff. It seemed that there was no time to relax – no time to enjoy life.

Eric felt the stress building in his life. At the same time, he thought back on how relaxed Teri became with each change in appearance. Eric wondered – how did wearing different clothing affect Terry's mood?

Eric decided to find out the reason for Terry's changing mood. He Googled the topics of stress and crossdressing. Why crossdressing? Although at first the staff bought Terry's explanation – that his wife was trying to get him into updated clothing for a different look, in preparation for retirement – it wasn't long before the talk around the office water-cooler termed Terry's new clothing style as "crossdressing".

At sites, such as Tri-Ess, Eric found research and true-life accounts that amazed him. Many experts in the field of crossdressing mentioned that if a man gets more in touch with his feminine side, it reduces his stress. These experts seemed to agree that it takes great energy and creates substantial stress, for a man to continually present a macho image. They stated that when a man stops trying to be super macho, to impress everyone with how much of a man he is, his blood pressure/stress is significantly reduced.

Well, Eric wasn't buying any of this "propaganda". This information seemed designed to turn macho men

into “sissies”, thought Eric. Besides, even if the information was true, he was way too conservative – socially and religiously – to even entertain the thought of trying to get in touch with his feminine side, in order to reduce his stress.

With the recent crash of the housing-market and stock-market, crime skyrocketed. The stress of keeping up with the caseload became overwhelming. Eric felt worn out. It seemed that the nights were never long enough for adequate sleep. This sleep-deprivation leads to exhaustion and/or depression – a period when the mind is so overworked that the body wears down. Eric was beginning to suffer from sleep-deprivation. And indeed, Eric lost interest in his hobbies and family-activities. He was simply too tired to participate in anything outside of work. Eric got so worn-down that he thought medical advice was warranted. He booked an appointment with his doctor as soon as he could.

Eric notified Gail, a co-worker, that he had an appointment with his doctor. Gail decided that sharing some confidential information, with Eric’s doctor, before Eric got to the doctor’s office, would be beneficial for Eric – information that Eric may not share with his doctor because, at this point, Eric may be unaware of. Eric arrived early at the doctor’s office and within 10 minutes, a medical tech entered the waiting room and announced: “Eric, the doctor will see you now. She is in room #4. Nervously, Eric proceeded to room 4. His doctor, Carol Olsen, asked what his complaint was. Eric explained his job-situation. Dr. Olsen asked Eric what he thought might help him to reduce his stress. Eric admitted that he was at-a-loss as to what he could do. The doctor then asked Eric how others in the office handled the stress. He told her that pretty much everyone was suffering from the same pressure and thought

that a month's vacation in Hawaii would go a long way to reducing their stress. Before Dr. Olsen could comment, Eric added that there was one employee, now retired, who seemed to be much less stressed than the other employees. Dr. Olsen asked Eric whether he knew what this employee did to reduce his stress.

Eric was afraid to tell his doctor about Terry and his transition to "Teri". He didn't know whether he should tell his doctor how Terry seemed to become much more relaxed, as his wife changed the clothing that he wore and that Terry began to enjoy wearing feminine clothing, so much, with his wife's encouragement, that he eventually transitioned to become a woman. Eric thought that if he had to trust his health to someone, it might as well be his doctor. Eric then told the doctor that he noticed that the former employee's wife started changing what he wore to work and that seemed to affect his mood. Dr. Olsen asked Eric to explain the employee's clothing-change in more detail.

After Dr. Olsen listened to Eric's account, she made a comment – a surprising comment to Eric. Dr. Olsen, replied, "Well, Eric, why try to invent something new? If it worked for one of your employees, it could work for you. How do you think your wife would handle it if you started to dress differently for work?" Eric said that his wife would never go for it because she had an even more conservative upbringing than he did and because in her family, she has three brothers who are all super-macho – a car mechanic, a plumber and a cement-mason and they would laugh her out-of-town, ridiculing her to no end.

"Eric, you don't have to rush into this. Just the fact that your mind knows it can expect something different each week or so, will act as a relieve-valve, reduc-

ing stress so it cannot build to deadly levels. Eric, you have a choice, try going the route of your former employee or visit the local funeral home and pick out your cemetery-plot. Besides, crossdressing isn't that uncommon anymore and it certainly isn't a crime," stated Dr. Olsen.

"Why do you say that?" asked Eric. "I just checked the results of your blood-pressure test and it's sky-high. Was the doctor telling the truth? Only she knew. Dr. Olsen continued, "We need to get it down "STAT"! Starting on that task today is not too soon," answered the doctor. Dr. Olsen reminded Eric that starting immediately, to reduce his stress, was important and that even if he started very slowly, it would help his situation, because a slow start was better than not starting at all.

Eric returned to the office, closed his door and put up the "Do Not Disturb" sign. He had some serious thinking to do. A multitude of questions crossed his mind. First, if he even dared to take Teri's route, how would he start – what excuse would he use? – knowing that his wife would object. What would his employees think? His friends –

his family? How could he explain to anyone that he, such a macho guy was wearing clothing with a feminine appearance – no, not just appearance, but actually feminine clothing! He would never live down the ridicule he would get. NO! This is not something I can do, he thought. But what was the alternative? – a stroke? A heart-attack? Not pleasant alternatives. Eric realized that he really should take his doctor's advice. If it worked for Teri, why wouldn't it work for him?

Eric decided that his health couldn't wait for him to get up the nerve to begin crossdressing, so he might as

well bite-the-bullet and start – today. Eric thought that he needed some help, but this help wouldn't come from his wife. He thought about how Teri was treated, while transitioning to feminine clothing. Gail always seemed to compliment and encourage Teri. Yes, Gail would be the logical choice for someone in whom he could confide and ask for help.

At lunch, Eric went to Gail's office and told her –loud enough for others to hear – that because of the extra work she had been doing, he wanted to buy her lunch. Gail accepted and off they went, across town, to a quiet restaurant. Eric was nervous. How would Gail react to what he was about to tell her? Would she be as encouraging and supportive to him as she was to Teri? Would she keep his plans a secret?

Eric knew that the answers to his questions would never be found unless he told Gail why he offered to buy lunch. Don't chicken out. What's the worst that can happen to me? I can die from embarrassment; but oh, I can die from stress and that's far less exciting than dying from embarrassment, thought Eric.

"Gail, I have something very confidential to share with you. Will you promise not to tell anyone – not even my wife, if she asks?" Gail agreed, so Eric laid out his dilemma. Gail replied that she was relieved that he was only suffering from stress, not marital problems, family problems, or a more serious medical condition. Her reply seemed to calm Eric a bit, so he told her what his doctor suggested. Gail replied that it was an interesting twist of events. Teri's wife wanted to feminize him, but she felt that he would resist, so she had to slowly trick him into wearing women's clothing; now it was Eric, who, at the suggestion of his doctor, wants to

feminize his wardrobe, but is afraid that his wife would object.

Gail suggested that, after work, they meet at a thrift store, where she could start on finding him some shirt-blouses. Gail found a half dozen shirt-blouses – not too feminine or frilly – sort of gender-neutral. Eric appreciated Gail’s help in picking out the blouses. But Eric had one question – how do I explain that I’m wearing a blouse, to my wife? Gail suggested that he not tell his wife immediately. She thought that Eric should first get comfortable wearing a blouse at work, for some time, letting his employees get accustomed to his new attire, before telling his wife anything about his Plan. Gail suggested, that in the morning, Eric should change the ink in the copier and deliberately spill some on his shirt, making sure that he complained loud enough for the staff to hear that he spilled ink on his shirt. Gail would then come to this rescue, offering to get him a shirt so he could change. She would then come back with a shirt, which really would be a shirt-blouse. Gail offered to keep the blouses, which she would purchase, in her office and if they both came in early, Eric could change from the shirt he wore from home, to one of the new shirt-blouses. Agreed upon the Plan, Eric met Gail early in her office, each day and she gave him one of the new shirt-blouses to wear.

It was Fall, so Eric was wearing a sport-coat, so his new shirt-blouses weren’t readily visible. By mid-day, however, one of the female agents, Carol, came into his office. After talking to Eric for about 30 minutes, she took a closer look at him. Something seemed different about him. Yes, she thought, he’s wearing a blouse. Before leaving the office, Carol commented, “I like the nice shirt your wife bought you. It looks so much nicer than the shirts you normally wear.” “Thankkk youuu,”

was all Eric could mumble. Oops, thought Eric, even with the coat on, she noticed my blouse. Eric couldn't wait to tell Gail about his encounter with Carol. He reminded Gail not to let on that she knew anything, in case Carol should mention anything to her. "Cross my heart," replied Gail.

Gail decided that, with the feminine blouses, Eric should be wearing a woman's blazer instead of his sport-coat, so one day she stopped by the thrift store again and picked up several blazers for him.

Changing from a shirt to a blouse, each morning at the office, had become a daily routine.

Once Eric began to wear the women's blazers, over his blouses, it was easier to notice that there was a definite change in his appearance. In time, all of Eric's employees knew that he was wearing blouses instead of shirts and women's blazers to match. John, a younger employee, teased him – "So, how many shirts did you spill ink on? And your jackets too? Next time, don't wear your blazer when you add ink to the copier." Otherwise, maybe because of Teri's transition at work, there weren't many remarks, or looks-of-concern, about Eric wearing blouses and feminine blazers. This continued through the Winter, into Spring.

With warmer weather arriving soon, Eric would not be wearing a coat over his blouses. His blouses would stand out more. His employees would clearly and immediately see that he was wearing blouses, because without a jacket, it would be very obvious that he was wearing blouses. At Gail's suggestion, Eric thought that it would be prudent to warm up his wife up to the fact that he was wearing blouses at work. He would leave out the fact that he was also wearing matching

blazers, but he didn't want her to be totally blind-sided by having her hear about it from one of his employees.

At the end of another busy week at work, Eric decided to wear a blouse home, instead of changing back to his shirt before he left work. Oh, he left his woman's blazer at the office. He decided on a reasonable excuse. When he arrived at home, his wife, Ann, greeted him. Eric took off his sport-coat and hung it up. As soon as he did so, his wife noticed the blouse. "What's with the new shirt, honey?" Did she fail to see it was a blouse? thought Eric. "Oh, the service company was busy and couldn't respond, so I had to change the ink in our copier," replied Eric. "I spilled some ink on my shirt, so Gail offered to run out and get me another shirt. She said she got it from a thrift shop. I guess that's all that was available," added Eric. "Well, I can't complain. It looks better than what you normally wear," added Ann. "Why don't you keep it on when we go out to dinner tonight? I didn't feel like cooking today," stated Ann. Eric was pleasantly surprised – no – shocked, at his wife's unexpected reaction.

One hurdle crossed, thought Eric. But that seemed too easy. How would Ann feel if she knew that he was wearing blouses every day at work now and even feminine blazers to match? He would leave that topic for another day. After dinner, Ann and Eric went to the movies. As she was snuggling her husband, Ann noted that the soft texture of his blouse was much more pleasant and didn't irritate her skin, as did his regular shirts. Ann thought that she liked snuggling her husband, better in a soft shirt better than his other shirts. During the movie, she commented, "Now I know why you love to cuddle up close to me when I'm wearing a soft blouse. But how do you feel wearing it? Wearing a

blouse isn't something that men normally do. It doesn't seem to bother you."

Eric replied, "Well, dear, it's not like I planned it. The guys at the office saw what happened and Gail was simply helping out, so I didn't see what harm it would cause if I wore a shirt which looks and feels a bit different than my other shirts. "I completely agree," replied Ann and I certainly don't mind, but imagine what our friends and family would think if they saw you right now. You're supposed to be a super-macho guy – a law enforcement macho type, daily dealing with criminals. Can you see their reaction; should they see you wearing a blouse? Eric answered, "I'm not sure I could handle the ridicule and I don't know whether you could, either, but I'm not doing this every day. It was an unexpected event today, so we don't have to worry about it." "Well, may I say that spilling ink on your shirt was good, because I sure like the soft feel of your blouse, so let me enjoy it for the evening," commented Ann. Eric filed that comment in his mind. Ann added, "So, next time we're out alone, how about wearing that blouse for me again?"

Monday, Eric couldn't wait to get a moment alone, to talk to Gail. Eric told her about him wearing the blouse home on Friday and Ann's request that he wear it to dinner. Gail replied, "Maybe she sees a softer side in you, but is hesitant to tell you that she likes the softer side better than the macho side; so she gave you that generic excuse about your blouse being softer to cuddle against, instead of telling you that you looked nicer – less rugged in a blouse. Women equate a softer personality with a more understanding and sensitive personality and sensitivity is something every woman admires in a man – more than being macho." Those words encouraged Eric in his Plan. Maybe he could

pull it off - saving his health without sacrificing his marriage.

The following week, as Eric arrived early at the office, Gail met him with another blouse. The weather was now getting warmer, so the blouse was more feminine because it was of a lighter material than those he had worn previously. It would be more obvious, even with a blazer, that he was wearing a blouse. Eric objected. "Gail, this blouse is a bit too feminine. "Oh Eric, don't worry. The women know that with warmer weather blouses get lighter and yes, that makes them look a bit more feminine, but you can still wear a blazer for a week or so, until you get comfortable with wearing a more feminine blouse and before it gets really warm. And don't panic over the guys – I bet some of them are jealous and would love to wear something nicer than what they're wearing, but you know that men are so caught up with maintaining their macho image, that they're afraid to try a softer style of clothing. With Teri having transitioned at work, nothing you wear will shock the staff. I think the biggest hurdle will be getting you used to wearing non-macho clothing. You know, by wearing blouses, you might encourage some of those tough guys to wear something different – something more comfortable and less macho," replied Gail.

Eric trusted Gail, so he agreed to wear the thinner and more feminine blouses. Today's blouse was light blue and actually looked quite nice on Eric. Eric was still a bit hesitant about wearing it, so he kept his blazer on, but even with the blazer on, it was obvious that Eric was wearing a quite feminine blouse. Eric saw his reflection in his office window and it sent a tingle down his spine. Secretly, he admired what he saw – a softer

man. It seemed that the load of his stress was already beginning to get lighter.

Mid-week, just after lunch, the office fire alarm sounded. Eric ran outside, along with his employees. Smoke was rising from the roof. The fire department arrived, checked out the cause of the smoke and determined that the air conditioning system shorted out. Everyone was allowed back inside. In an hour or so, without the air conditioning on, it became quite warm inside. By three o'clock, it was so warm; Eric could no longer wear his blazer. With his blazer removed, his feminine blouse was now visible to everyone, as they passed his office. No more hiding what he was wearing. It was time to face-the-music.

Carol, walking by Eric's office, couldn't help but notice that he was wearing a pretty blouse. She knocked on his door and entered. "I just wanted to say that I think your blouse is so pretty. Where did your wife find it?" Eric blushed, then answered, "Actually, Ann did not buy it. I did. During Teri's transition, I noticed that she was becoming more relaxed & gentler with each change in her appearance. I thought that if I shed some of my mach image, I might be an example to the other guys and we could reduce some of the stress around here. So, back to your question about where Ann bought this blouse – she doesn't even know that I'm wearing this right now. You know that she comes from a very conservative and religious background, so I have to warm her up to this very slowly," replied Eric. "My lips are sealed," said Carol. Eric was not about to tell Carol that because of stress, his doctor suggested that crossdressing is something he should pursue. He wasn't bold enough yet, about his decision, to let others know about the path upon which he had embarked. So, for now, Eric was willing to let them

think that he was merely interested in changing the office atmosphere a bit.

Once Eric was seen, by his employees, wearing a blouse without a blazer, there was no more point in hiding that he was wearing blouses. Besides, with the warmer weather, it would now be uncomfortable wearing a blazer. One day, as Gail met Eric early at work, she pulled a small box out of her purse. "Eric, I have a small accessory for you to wear with your blouses." Gail handed him a lovely gold necklace. She suggested that with the more open-collar blouses, a necklace would be a nice feminine touch. As she opened Eric's blouse one extra button, she noticed that he had no chest-hair. "Oh, this will look perfect! It looks so divine – kinda sexy," giggled Gail. Eric questioned whether this would give him too-feminine-a-look. Gail reminded him that his ultimate goal was to dress completely feminine and that a gold necklace was a less-drastring way of adding femininity to his appearance, until the staff got used to his new appearance, than most anything else he could add at the moment. Eric agreed, so this would be his first day wearing a blouse and necklace.

John was the first employee to see Eric with his new necklace. He stepped into Eric's office and commented, "That necklace is a nice touch. When I saw you wearing a blouse last week, without a necklace, I thought it looked a bit plain. In fact, a matching bracelet would look really good." Eric couldn't wait until he saw Gail again at lunch, so he called her into his office to tell her what John had said. Gail replied, "It seems that John has good taste. I wanted to suggest that this morning, but I didn't want to spook you. With the suggestion coming from a guy, I know you'll feel more comfortable wearing a bracelet. Actually, I bought a necklace

and bracelet, but I held on to the bracelet until I thought you were ready for it. Let's go with just the necklace for a couple of weeks, then we'll add the bracelet." For the remainder of the week, with each new blouse, Eric was now seen sporting a gold necklace.

Friday was their customary night for dining out, after work. It had been several weeks since Eric wore his first blouse out for dinner. Ann had not mentioned anything about him not wearing his blouse again, but Eric did not forget Ann's comments. He purposely did not wear a blouse again the following Friday, as Ann suggested, because he thought that it might be pushing his secret Plan and Ann may become suspicious.

This weekend, he decided that it was time to surprise his wife again. After all, she requested that he wear a blouse, so he didn't have to worry about how she would react if he wore a blouse. Eric confided in Gail, that he thought it was time again to wear a blouse, for dinner with his wife. Gail agreed. She went to her office and got a nice, soft-yellow blouse. Gail suggested that Eric wear his necklace with the blouse. He was a bit hesitant, but decided that if Ann didn't bite his head off for wearing a blouse, maybe she would be OK with him also wearing a necklace.

On the way home, Eric was thinking what explanation he would give his wife, as to why he was wearing a different blouse – not the same (and supposedly only) blouse he had.

As he entered the house, Ann caught a quick glimpse of him from the kitchen, where she was fixing some ice tea for them. "Hi Honey. How was your day?" Is that a new shirt you're wearing?" she called to him. "Come here and let me see." Eric kicked off his

shoes and strolled into the kitchen, trying to act 'cool'. "Oh, a new blouse. I thought you only had one blouse and you would wear that one again, sometime, for dinner. But this is a pleasant surprise – a new blouse, and a much nicer blouse. Where did you get it? I can't wait to cuddle up to that!" remarked Ann.

Eric told his wife that he stopped at the thrift store, where Gail had bought him the other blouse. He explained, to Ann, that he told the sales clerk about him wearing a blouse home one day and how his wife liked the soft texture better than his other shirts. He told Ann that the sales clerk offered to find him a blouse, but a bit nicer than that last one Gail got for him and assured him that his wife would like it. OK, so this was a little off from the whole truth, but now was not the time to go into unnecessary details as to how he really got the blouse – or that he was wearing blouses, on a daily-basis, at work.

Eric was pleased with the reception and reaction he got from his wife. But it puzzled him that she made no mention of the gold necklace that he was wearing. After relaxing, each with a cold ice tea, Ann suggested that it was time to go out for dinner and a movie. Wearing a feminine blouse at the office, where the staff had gone through a previous employee's transition, was one thing, but wearing a feminine blouse out in public, especially without a blazer, was another thing. Eric desperately wanted to go out to dinner with his new blouse, but he had to play up the fear-factor a bit, so as not to arouse Ann's suspicions.

"Honey, I know you enjoyed cuddling against a softer material last time we went to the movies, but I don't think I can wear this blouse out to a restaurant. At the movies, where it's dark, is one thing, but in a

restaurant – I don't know," pleaded Eric. "And why not? Many gay men dress that way all the time. The public doesn't stone them. They're used to seeing different styles of clothing on people. Don't be a baby," answered Ann. Meekly, Eric replied, "Well, I'm not gay and I certainly don't want people looking at us, giving you weird glances because they think you're out with a gay man."

"Oh boo! Who cares what anyone thinks! I know you're not gay. If you like it, if I like it – if it makes us happy, let them think what they want. Besides, that gold necklace gives you a bit of a femmy-touch. Maybe folks will think that I prefer my man to look a bit effeminate, instead of like a lumberjack," retorted Ann.

Wow, Eric thought that his wife had missed the necklace. What was he thinking? Women never miss gold - or diamonds. He should have known better. Eric relented. "OK, OK, if you think it's OK and you're not embarrassed, I'll wear this blouse. Just before heading out the door, Ann gave Eric a quick, unexpected spritz of Charlie. "Why did you do that?" asked Eric. "Oh, I just thought that as good as you look, you should smell the part," replied Ann.

Dinner at the Fire House was excellent, as usual. The waiters hovered near their tables, never leaving them in want of anything. The food was superb. Eric wondered whether they were getting better service because of what he was wearing. Were any of these waiters gay, and thus interested in him? Some of the waiters were rather cute. Why would they be interested in him? thought Eric. Dinner over, it was time for the movies.

Eric wasn't that interested in the movie; his wife was so cuddly with him that his mind was on the night

ahead, not the movie. If wearing blouses was something his wife did not object to – even enjoyed, then maybe his Plan had a chance. During the entire movie, Ann cuddled and caressed Eric like a teenage girl, out on her first date. The night at home turned out even better – a night of deep passion.

Eric was quite happy with the progress of his Plan. He had come from a very macho-stereotype to a guy now wearing blouses out for dinner with his wife and (unknown to his wife) at work. She even thought that his necklace added a “femmy-touch” to his appearance. But why would his wife enjoy seeing him in a softer (feminine) mode? Maybe it’s like Gail said – Women appreciate softer, gentler men because they are more sensitive and thus more open to their spouse’s needs. If it makes her happy, that’s good enough for me, Eric rationalized.

As had become custom by now, Gail greeted Eric, early in the office. She had a very nice blouse waiting for Eric. While Eric was changing into his blouse, he told her all about his weekend and Ann’s reaction to the more feminine blouse and necklace. When he told her that Ann even sprayed some Charlie perfume on him, before going out, Gail squealed, “Eric, you’ve won the battle, now don’t mess up winning the war. Following your doctor’s orders may not be an ordeal after all; it may just turn out to be the best time of your life. Eric, let’s try adding something new this week.” With those comments, Gail grabbed a pair of tweezers out of her purse. “With such a nice blouse, it would be more becoming if your eyebrows looked nicer. Let me give them a soft feminine shape,” offered Gail. Gail then proceeded to pluck Eric’s eyebrows, shaping them to a much nicer appearance than the manly caterpillars he was sporting before. Gail handed Eric her pocket mir-

ror. "How does that look?" she questioned. "Oh my, people are going to notice, but I love the new look," replied Eric.

Gail assured Eric that most people don't readily notice such things as trimmed eyebrows. She told Eric that the eye sees what the mind expects. If a person is dressed in a somewhat feminine manner, then the mind expects to see a somewhat feminine face; so, to the eyes, nothing is out-of-place. Eric thought this was a reasonable explanation, but just in case his wife questioned him about it, he knew he would have to think of another bogus explanation. As for the office staff, only Carol commented to him about his eyebrows, telling him that he was starting to look less and less like a caveman. Before going home that day, Gail suggested that Eric not mention anything about his eyebrows to his wife. Gail said that he should wait to see whether Ann would make any comments about them.

On the way home, Eric stopped for a haircut. That put a thought into Eric's mind. If his wife noticed his trimmed eyebrows and questioned him about it, he would tell her that his hairdresser decided it was time to trim those unsightly brows and get them looking more civilized. Who could argue with that?

Dinner was uneventful. Ann & Eric discussed the day's events and made plans for the long weekend, planning to go to Las Vegas. At the end of a busy day, as they were getting ready to go to sleep, Ann commented, "My mind was so pre-occupied with work and thinking about the weekend, I didn't even mention that I think your eyebrows look alot nicer. How did your hairdresser convince you to let her trim them? I've been wishing for years that you would clean them up, but I didn't want to say anything because I didn't want

you to feel pressured into trimming them – but I’m so glad that your eyebrows finally look nice. You’ll look alot nicer, come this weekend, when we go to Las Vegas. Thanks!”

Eric couldn’t wait to see Gail, at work, and tell her about Ann’s reaction to his trimmed eyebrows. Gail, replied, “I think your wife sees the potential in you to make a real gentleman out of you. And I’m betting that she notices that when you’re wearing something nicer, you’re also more relaxed – not as much of a tough-guy. I think we can add that bracelet this week, to your office attire.” Eric was happy. Even though it was under his doctor’s orders, that he was starting this journey towards crossdressing, deep inside, it gave him a tranquil and satisfied feeling.

The staff, at Eric’s office was now accustomed to seeing him wearing shirt-blouses and a gold necklace. With the addition of a gold bracelet and his trimmed eyebrows, he got several comments. As usual, Carol was the first to mention it. As she passed Eric coming out of the copier-room, she commented, “I didn’t want to say anything earlier, but now that your eyebrows are trimmed, may I take the liberty to say that the old brows didn’t match your shirt-blouses and lovely gold necklace. Whoever is working on your appearance, tell them they are doing a good job.”

Carol didn’t want to lay it on too thick, so she called his blouse a shirt-blouse. Carol felt that using too many feminine descriptors, for his new attire and accessories, might embarrass him and she kind of liked the new, softer Eric, who was developing. It seemed that since his change in clothing, he was nicer to the staff. The stress didn’t seem to be getting to him as much as before - so why ruin a good thing? In parting, Carol

added, "Oh, the bracelet is a great match with your necklace. I think it's pretty."

Other employees, upon seeing Eric, now also wearing a bracelet, simply smiled as they passed him or talked to him about their cases, not making any comments about it. Yes, Teri's transition must have desensitized them, so they no longer were surprised if they saw a man wearing something less macho – even feminine. So, the week progressed, with Eric wearing a new blouse every day, along with his necklace and bracelet and looking quite nice – or more accurate – effeminate, with his trimmed and shaped eyebrows.

The weekend had arrived. It was time to pack for Las Vegas. Eric got home before Ann did, so he packed his suitcase. Soon, Ann arrived. Women being better planners than men, Ann had packed a little of her suitcase each day during the week. Unknown to Eric, she found the two blouses Eric had worn on their dinner-dates and packed them in her suitcase. She wanted to tell Eric to pack them, but she was afraid that he might be hesitant to do so, so she packed them. With the blouses packed in her suitcase, she would be sure that she would have them available for Eric to wear in Las Vegas. All she had to do was convince him to wear the blouses, once they were in Vegas. Yes, she liked the soft material when cuddling Eric, but she also had some other unexplainable attraction to having him wear blouses. Before they left the house, Ann looked and found Eric's necklace lying on the dresser. She picked it up and walked towards the door, where Eric was waiting. She leaned over to kiss Eric and while doing so, she slipped the necklace around his neck. Eric seemed a bit surprised and his raised eyebrows signaled his feelings to Ann. "Wear it for good luck and for me," she begged, and out the door they went.

After arriving at McCarran International, in Las Vegas, Ann and Eric got onto the shuttle for the car-rental agency. Once they had obtained their car, for the weekend, Ann suggested that they go shopping for some casual clothes. At Macy's, Ann spotted some lovely blouses. She bought several for her and some for Eric. Eric just assumed that the blouses were for her. When they arrived at the hotel, Ann laid out their new cache of clothes. There were some shorts and tank-tops for Eric, and several blouses. She laid each in a pile – one pile on her side of the bed and one on his side. After placing Eric's new shorts on the bed, she added three blouses to his pile. "What are these doing on my pile?" questioned Eric, as he pointed to the blouses. Ann replied, "Honey, you look so nice in your two blouses that you've worn at home, I didn't think it would hurt for you to have a few more blouses. Besides, this is a very open-minded town, so I thought you could wear them while we are here relaxing. Would you mind? I was fortunate to find some nice blouses for you, but if I had not, I had your old blouses packed. I'd really love for you to look sexy and trendy, while we're in Las Vegas, so please be a sport and wear them this weekend."

Wow, Ann was sure good at planning ahead. But what was the comment about him "looking sexy and trendy, wearing a blouse," thought Eric. Didn't she tell him that she liked the blouses because they were softer? Now, she's telling him that he looks sexy and trendy, wearing a blouse. Eric couldn't explain it, but he was pleasantly surprised by his wife's attitude. What other surprises did she have in store for him? thought Eric. They were only spending three days in Las Vegas. Clearly, it seemed that she expected him to wear a blouse each day of the weekend. Eric didn't want to tip-his-hand, that he was thrilled she asked

him to wear blouses for the weekend, so he offered a feeble objection; but deep inside, he relished the opportunity to wear something feminine. Eric especially enjoyed that his wife was seeing him wear the blouses; unlike him wearing blouses at work, without her knowing it.

In the afternoon, Ann and Eric decided to visit the pawn-shop of TV's Pawn Stars. Ann couldn't believe the huge selection of jewelry. While she checked out the jewelry, Eric was looking at old guns and coins. Ann spotted a lovely gold bracelet. She didn't know why, but, immediately, she thought that she should buy it for Eric. She thought that it would match perfectly with his gold necklace. They met at the door, ready to return to their car. Eric showed Ann some old coins he had purchased. Ann then pulled out the bracelet. "I thought this would be a good investment, especially with the uncertain economic times," commented Ann. "It looks expensive. It will look nice on you," replied Eric. "It is expensive, but nothing is too good for my dear husband. It's for you," said Ann. Astonished, Eric muttered, "That's for me?" "Yes dear. Give me your hand so I can slip it on." Eric stretched out his hand and Ann fastened the bracelet around his wrist. "Oh, it looks darling," squealed Ann. "Do you like it?" Eric didn't know how much exuberance he should display, so he simply answered, "It's nice."

The bracelet looked absolutely lovely around Eric's wrist, but it also added a touch more femininity to his appearance. "Are you sure that you want me to wear this?" questioned Eric. "Yes, dear, it looks perfect with your blouse and necklace. Besides, we have one more stop to make. It will be quite cool in the evening, so when we go to see Phantom-of-the Opera, you will

need a jacket. Besides, a jacket is proper for the evening show. Eric agreed and they went to several stores.

At one store, Ann found a nice blazer, which she thought would fit Eric perfectly. It was a woman's blazer, but it would be a good match for the blouses she bought him earlier. When she showed Eric the jacket she had selected, Eric pointed out that it was a woman's blazer – as if she didn't know that. "Yes dear, it's a blazer, but it will look so nice with your blouse and jewelry. So, stop your complaining. Humor me and go along with the program. This is our 'anything goes' weekend. Try to remember – the look I want you to have is 'sexy and trendy'. Just as they were ready to leave the store, Ann spotted a nice pair of slacks. They looked perfect for Eric. How could she let Eric wear a blouse, jewelry and manicured nails and go in men's jeans? That would be tacky. Eric did not yet know that manicured nails were on the list of what Ann had planned for him. "Eric, stop. I have to grab something else." Eric turned around and joined his wife. Ann took three pair of slacks off the rack, each in a different color and handed them to Eric. "Go to that dressing room and try them on and let me know which pair fits," instructed Ann. "Why do I need these?" questioned Eric. "Think about it. Tonight you'll be wearing a blouse and blazer, with gold jewelry, not to mention your shaped eyebrows. How do you think you will look? Do you think that you will portray the same macho-image that you display at home? With men's jeans, you would look rather dorky – out-of-place. Trust me; it's better to look effeminate – gay, if you please, by wearing the women's slacks with your blouse and blazer, than looking half effeminate and half macho. So, no more of your tough-guy arguments. Go try on the slacks," Ann answered. While Eric was trying on the slacks, Ann

made a quick trip to the lingerie section and picked out a half dozen panties in various colors – not for her, but for Eric. She quickly paid for them and concealed them in her handbag.

When Eric returned from the dressing-room, he informed Ann that all three slacks fit. “Good, then we’ll buy all three,” said Ann. By now, Eric knew better than to argue with his wife. Besides, with a little quick math, he figured out that she wanted him to have three pair of slacks because they would be spending three days in Las Vegas. He was so brilliant. How could he be this lucky? This was turning out to be a better weekend than he expected or could have planned.

In the evening, Ann and Eric had planned to see the Phantom-of-the Opera, so Ann wanted to get a manicure and pedicure. She asked Eric whether he would mind waiting for her at the salon. Eric agreed, so they looked for a beauty-salon. A welcome-sign indicated, “No Appointment Necessary.” Soon, Ann found herself in a chair, getting a pedicure. Eric sat patiently. There were no magazines for men, so he picked up a woman’s magazine and thumbed through it. He found some very trendy uni-sex hairstyles. While looking at the magazine, a voice interrupted, “Sir, would you like a manicure while waiting on your wife? And how about a hair-styling?” Eric was startled. He looked over at Ann with a puzzled look – like a little child, waiting for permission from an adult. Ann smiled and nodded her head in the affirmative. Eric responded to the beautician that he would like a manicure and hair-styling.

The beautician filed Eric’s nails, then buffed them to a nice shine. Eric wasn’t used to all this. When Eric did his nails, he simply cut them with a nail-clipper – done. This lady was spending alot of time, doing his nails.

Just as Eric thought that she was done, she picked up a bottle of clear polish and coated his nails.

“Nail-strengthenener,” she commented. Before Eric could object, all his nails were coated. Ann was watching and noticed Eric’s surprise. She simply smiled at him. Well, Eric now had polished and shaped nails, a gold necklace and bracelet. That would give him a suitable feminine look, combined with blouse, women’s slacks and blazer. Ann told Eric that the hair-styling he got had quite a feminine look and that it went well with his feminine clothes. Dressed up for the show tonight, Eric would look quite fashionably fem.

Ann and Eric returned to their motel to get spruced up for their evening out. While Eric was in the shower, Ann laid out one of the new pair of slacks, a blouse and the blazer. Ann watched as Eric got dressed. “My, my, it seems that my lovely husband had finally caught up with the times, instead of looking like a lumberjack,” remarked Ann. With his new look, Eric looked like a well-kept man, if though, effeminate. But this was Las Vegas and what happens in Las Vegas..... Ya, ya. No one else will ever know. As she had done once before, Ann snuck a quick shot of Charlie onto Eric’s neck and chest.

Ann and Eric enjoyed a wonderful dinner at the Venetian and then headed to the show. The line was short and soon they were on the way into the theater. The lights were already dimmed, so they slowly made their way to their seats. As they slid into their seats, they looked around and to their great surprise – even shock – they saw a couple from their church at home. Mark and Janie Hall had been their friends for a long time. They knew each other very well, but Mark and Janie had not known about Eric’s recent changes in attire and here he was in a blouse, women’s slacks, gold

necklace, gold bracelet, polished nails, a woman's blazer and a somewhat feminine hairstyle. Wow, the intermission, when the lights were turned up, would be an interesting moment! Eric felt like leaving, but he also felt feminine, thinking that Mark and Janie would be seeing him in his new effeminate style. Eric got that warm, satisfied feeling in his soul again. No, he would not leave. He wanted the Halls – their best friends – to see him. Deep inside, he felt like this was the person he felt himself to be and he wanted his best friends, and the world, to see him that way. If his wife only knew how he felt. He felt like a kid, showing off his new bicycle, the day after Christmas.

The show was worth the price of admission and then some. Ann cuddled Eric, just like at the movies, at home, but this time, she added something else. She gently took Eric's necklace between her fingers and played with his necklace, then traced her finger along his neck. Then she slipped her hand over his blouse and caressed his chest, finally placing her hand under his blouse for more caressing. Eric had never enjoyed such affectionate attention, outside of their home. If this is what the new clothes – yes, the fem clothes got him, then he was ready for more. Finally, Ann took Eric's hand and caressed his fingers, then gently rubbing her fingertips over Eric's nails. As she did so, she whispered into his ears, "I love the feel of your smooth nails. They feel and look much nicer than before, especially when you have hang-nails. You should get your nails done more often. I'll have to make sure that you let your nails grow out more, for a bit more feminine look. They would really look good in red."

Eric found it difficult to process all of the recent changes, especially Ann's approval. He certainly never expected such a reaction from her. His thoughts

crowded out the music, so he missed a good part of the opera – darn shame.

And now – the moment-of-truth! It was intermission time and the lights were coming up.

In a moment, Mark and Janie would see the new Eric. Eric's stomach was tightening up. What would his best friends think of his new appearance – his quite feminine appearance? OK, it's time to face-the-music. Pretending that she had nothing to hide, Ann turned first and greeted Mark and Janie. "So nice to see you. Are you two enjoying the show?" remarked Ann. Janie replied, "Yes we are. It's so nice to see you. We thought that we might meet someone we know, at this show, but to see you is a special treat. And look at how nice you got Eric to clean up for you, for this show. How did you ever manage that? He looks so sweet. Sometimes I think that a softer appearance would do Mark some good. Eric looks so adorable. You'll have to tell me later where you bought him that lovely blouse. And the nails – I love that his nails are manicured nice. They look better than mine. Did you do them for Eric?" The men didn't want to talk over the women, as the women were sitting next to each other, so they just looked at each other and smiled. Eric could feel the blood rushing into his face. Although Eric wanted to be seen in his feminine mode, he was, nevertheless, quite embarrassed that Mark should see him like this; not to mention that he thinks that he heard Janie telling Ann, that she loves his manicured nails. This is not the reaction he expected from the Halls because they always appeared to be so conservative. Apparently, away from their home-town, the Halls felt free to express themselves. It seems that they are not as prudish as they appear at home.