

AUDREY'S AMOROUS ADVENTURES

By Audrey Moss



ILLUSTRATED BY BRIAN DUKEHART

AN 'ADULT TV' NOVEL

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AUDREY'S AMOROUS ADVENTURES **By Audrey Moss**

CHAPTER ONE **HOUSEMATES**

Bruce and I had shared his small suburban house during the year following our respective divorces. Although, when I moved in, we were hardly more than acquaintances, it turned out to be a good arrangement for both of us. He is a sales executive with a major company and he travels a good deal leaving me much of the time with the run of the house.

I keep body and soul together with occasional management consulting assignments, and, when not thus engaged, I doggedly pursue a long cherished dream of writing, "the great American novel."

At the point where this story begins, I had the beginning and the end pretty much under control, but I was having a devil of a time with the middle.

Alone with my literary aspirations, I often found myself wishing the house had more warmth; a more inviting atmosphere in which to try to be creative. It had been designed and built by Bruce in his bachelor days. Comfortable, but somewhat Spartan as one might expect, it had steadfastly resisted all attempts by his wife, during their brief marriage to overcome an inherent coldness. However, on the plus side, its independent owner's and guest wings afforded the two of us ample privacy.

I was also dimly aware that my attitude toward my surroundings might be exacerbated by a state of involuntary celibacy dictated by the terms of the probationary period in our divorce.

Bruce's off again, on again, presence kept me from being too lonely, but it was certainly no substitute for female companionship. All of this didn't help move the novel along. At times I would sit for hours by the word-processor's keyboard at a loss for inspiration.

Actually, even if it were not for the terms of the divorce, I still did not feel ready to seek out dates. I had no stomach for the singles bar scene, and I had no idea where else one might go to meet attractive women. Perhaps I was still in love with Lois, but I didn't think so and I knew she was not still in love with me. After the first few months of connubial bliss, it turned out that Lois was more interested in the economics of developing nations than she was in me.

For my part, I was beginning to realize that what I missed was her wearing feminine things, provocative lingerie, dresses, nightgowns, the scent of her perfume and nail polish. I missed the sight, the feel, and the smell more than I missed the person. I did

have occasional pangs of guilt that, in some way I did not quite understand, this contributed to our drifting apart.

Sitting numbly in front of my keyboard, I had plenty of time to ponder if this analysis of myself was, in fact, valid, and, if so, what it meant. Perhaps I didn't really need a woman, but, rather, the femininity that a woman represents.

None of this was making a lot of sense, when I suddenly remembered an incident early in our marriage.

Lois had asked me to model a spring frock while she pinned the hem of the skirt to the shorter length that was becoming fashionable. I protested vigorously but she turned a deaf ear, and I finally gave in. The dress was a bit small for me, but, in spite of the tight fit, she managed to zip me in.

Thinking back, I remembered as clearly as if it were yesterday, the warm fuzzy feeling that swept over me after she zipped me into that dress. I has no idea what that feeling meant. All I knew then was that I could not reveal to Lois that there was anything I liked about being in that dress. I got out of it as quickly as I could.

As that whole scene came rushing back to my consciousness, I wondered anew what it meant.

Bruce was away so there was no possibility of discussing it with him. Anyway, our relationship was not that open and I would have been extremely uncomfortable confiding in him feelings that were, to say the least, personal and subject to all kinds of possible interpretations. He might think the whole idea was hilarious, or he might think I was queer.

Queer? Not a chance, I thought.

While these disparate thoughts were running around in my head I remembered that Lois had left in my care some boxes and garment bags full of personal things for which she would have no use in the Peace Corps in Nairobi.

Might the spring frock she was shortening be in one of those garment bags? I found myself drawn to the closet, looking through her things, and there it was. I took off my socks and trousers, and stepped into the frock. It was still a little small, and I had some difficulty getting my arms into the puff sleeves. It was also a bit of a challenge reaching around back and pulling the zipper up into place.

Once in the dress, I walked over to a mirror, the short skirt swishing gently against my bare legs. The same warm fuzzy feeling rushed back and, with it, a weakness in the knees. Somehow I felt grateful that the feeling had not been a figment of my imagination, nor had I lost it in the intervening months.

For the rest of the day I stayed in that delightful frock. I was, of course, scared that Bruce might come home unexpectedly and use his key, or someone might come to the door and I would have to stall them while I shed the dress and put my male clothes back on.

But I was happy with the complete change in my spirits.

That change was immediately reflected in my creativity. I sat down before the keyboard and the words came easily as they hadn't done in months, so fast that my fingers could hardly keep up.

This started a real breakthrough in the stalled middle section of the novel. I didn't understand what was happening, but I wasn't going to deny it either. The fact was that some invisible barrier had been broached and my writing was progressing once more. That was what mattered.

When the ideas slowed and the words stopped I would take a break, get up and walk around the house, stopping occasionally to look in the mirror and admire the beautiful frock. Inspiration renewed, I returned to my writing.

At the end of the day I reluctantly took off the frock and returned to my mundane male attire, hopeful that the opportunity to put on a dress would be there again the next day, and the newfound mysterious feelings would return with it.

And so it did.

The next day I tried on another dress from Lois's ample wardrobe, this time a more sophisticated "basic black" with straps instead of sleeves. The freedom of bare shoulders was yet another new sensation to be relished, and the effect on my psyche was, if anything, further enhanced. Then I spied a bridesmaid's dress. Somehow it had seemed enough to just wear the first two dresses, but this one cried out for a more serious approach. It just didn't seem right to be flat chested, bare legged, and wearing boxer shorts under such a confection.

Before I quite knew what was happening I had her storage boxes open and an assortment of bras, garterbelts, panties, stockings and slips laid out on the bed.

As if I were hurrying to meet some imagined deadline, I put on a white lace bra stuffed with a couple of pairs of rolled up stockings, matching garterbelt, tap panties, and a full lacy white slip. I felt elated to be fully attired in lingerie for the very first time!

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I rolled a pair of beige stockings up my legs just as I had watched Lois do so many times. I could still see traces of light blond hair showing through the sheer hose, so I tried a second pair over the first. The effect was perfect and I attached them to the garters.

I knew that Lois's shoes would be too small so I settled instead for a pair of loafers; not good, but better than nothing.

I was finally ready for the dress. I pulled it on over my head and gave an involuntary shiver as it slid softly down over the nylon slip. I reached around and zipped myself in. The bodice hugged me tightly giving me a nice feminine shape over my false breasts, and the skirt flared out in a full circle swirling around my nylon clad legs as I walked around the room.

I was, of course, aware that some aspects of my transformation were far from complete; wig, make-up, jewelry, and heels. These could wait, I thought, until I gained

enough courage to go shopping for myself (or my imaginary wife/girlfriend/sister). For the time being, things were progressing as fast as I could handle, if not a little too fast.

By this time I was hooked. I bought some small toy balloons and filled them with water to make more realistic and sensual breasts. I began wearing Lois's negligees to bed. When Bruce came home from his travels, I would not wear a dress, but I would have on lingerie under my male clothes, always being careful to wear a sweater or jacket so the bra straps would not show.

Then one day at breakfast, Bruce suddenly broke off his casual conversation about the day ahead and stared at me. The surprised look on his face told me in an instant that something was dreadfully wrong.

I looked where he was looking and immediately realized that I had forgotten to put something on over my shirt. He must have seen the bra straps!

"Oh, my God!" I exclaimed, flushed with embarrassment, and ran to my room, closed the door, and lay trembling and sobbing on the bed.

What was I to do?

Desperate thoughts raced through my head; my secret was not a secret anymore, my comfortable life here in this house, my opportunity to spend quiet days writing, suddenly ended, all because of one careless mistake. I could not expect Bruce to be anything but disgusted. I would have to move out, go to a hotel, at least temporarily I would start packing right this minute.

I got a couple of suitcases out of the closet, and I just started to pack when there was a gentle knock on the door.

"Yes," I said in a voice trembling with anxiety.

"May I come in?"

"No, please don't," I said. "I'm packing my things, and I will soon be so far away you won't have to ever admit that you knew me."

"That's just the point, Neil. It's not a question of not wanting to know you. I have a confession to make," Bruce said, in such a soft voice that it was hard to believe this was the same macho sales executive I had shared a house with for a year. "You see, I've always had a secret fascination for men who dress as women. I have a few acquaintances who are TVs, and, knowing that you have inclinations along those lines, is one of the nicest things that has happened to me in a long, long time. Now, may I come in?"

I was in such a state of shock that it took me some time to pull myself together.

"I guess so," I whispered, retreating from the door.

Bruce came in looking white as a sheet, as if his admission had been as hard for him as my being discovered had been for me. Clearly each of us was as apprehensive about this encounter as the other.

I put on a sweater to hide the offending bra straps and motioned Bruce to the armchair, while I sat stiffly at the desk.

At first there was an embarrassing silence, finally broken by Bruce who summoned the courage to ask a few questions.

“How long have you been dressing?” (a couple of weeks) “Do you have many female things?” (only what Lois left) “Wigs, make-up, jewelry, shoes?” (none of those things) “Do you have a female name?” (no)

I had answered hesitantly, not knowing quite how candid I should be, especially if he should move over from facts to feelings. I was also so new at this that I did not know what would sound ridiculous, or just plain odd, even to me, much less to the new Bruce I did not know.

However, he seemed genuinely empathetic. Sensing my shyness, he took over the conversation and I began to relax. First, he said it was about time he told me more about his own revelation, the admission that had led me, however reluctantly, to let him come into my room while I was still in a state of shock at having been discovered.

It turned out that Bruce, while having no interest in cross dressing himself. had been an “admirer” for a long time, though he had stifled it during his marriage, and it played no part in his divorce. From what followed, it was clear that he knew a lot more about the TV scene than I did, which, of course, wouldn’t have been hard. In the end, he said that he thought I would like to know that he had a friend who runs a TV boutique.

“Neil, now that you know where I’m coming from I trust you’ll put those suitcases back in the closet and enjoy being your femme self whenever you feel like it. Frankly, my friend, the more you feel like it the better I’ll like it.”

I put the suitcases back in the closet, and Bruce seemed relieved.

“We’ll have to give you a femme name. I’ve always liked ‘Audrey’. What do you think?”

I said I thought it kind of sounded like me.

“Good, I’m going to enjoy helping you with your own wardrobe. I’ll go and call my friend with the boutique and see if he can entertain a visit from us now.”

From what I could hear of this end of the conversation, Bruce’s friend would be happy to see us as soon as we could get there.

This was all happening so fast my head was swimming. I still had on bra, garter-belt, panties and stockings under my male clothing, so I gathered up a slip, put it in a shopping bag, and joined Bruce who already had his car warmed up and ready to go.

Bruce seemed excited.

On the way over he talked a blue streak, which was fine with me as I sat silently contemplating what had just happened so quickly and anticipating what might happen at the boutique. I was most grateful, to be sure, that Bruce had accepted my femme side, even giving me a name he liked. I was also grateful that he seemed to be assuming a role as Audrey’s friend and protector. But I was also vaguely uncomfortable as to how that role might evolve.

These thoughts were interrupted by our arrival at the store.

When we entered the store my confidence level went down another notch. I was introduced to the proprietor, Gordon.

“Gordon, this is my friend Audrey. We need your help in making her wardrobe complete, everything from wigs to shoes, from make-up to perfume to lingerie.”

I protested that I had plenty of my wife's lingerie, but, to my complete embarrassment, Bruce cut me off, “But you said the bras were too tight.”

At that point I decided I was outnumbered and I couldn't fight Bruce, who clearly had an ally in Gordon.

What was going to happen was going to happen.

I looked around the store, and knew without a doubt that it was well stocked with just about anything feminine one could desire.

The other customers appeared to be all real women, and, for a fearful moment the thought crossed my mind that I was going to be led around the store by two men and asked to pick out, in front of these women, the things I wanted.

Gordon read my mind, “Audrey, come follow me into the dressing room. You can take off your male clothes and put on the slip I see you brought. I'll leave a dressing gown out for you and you can make yourself comfortable. I'll bring things for you to try on. Incidentally,” he whispered, “I've left a proper pair of falsies on the dressing room table. Bruce, you know what you'd like her to have, so you come with me and help me pick things out.”

After Gordon and Bruce left I took off my male clothes. I inserted a very realistic set of falsies in my bra, donned the slip I had brought with me, slipped on the dressing gown and sat down with some TV literature Gordon had thoughtfully provided.

Soon there was a gentle knock on the door, and they came in with arms laden.

“OK, girl, take off the dressing gown and we'll try these on.”

Standing in front of Gordon in just my slip seemed quite natural, but, in front of Bruce, I don't know why, but I blushed furiously.

Gordon's matter of fact, “we do this every day,” manner relieved the tension. He had me sit at the vanity while he fitted a strawberry blond wig and brushed it out so the tresses lay gently on my shoulders. This was followed by make-up which Gordon applied quickly and expertly to my eyebrows, eyelids, eyelashes, cheeks and lips.

Bruce knelt and slipped a pair of black strappy sandals on my feet.

I stood up, feeling a trifle unsteady, but far surer than I would have imagined, and walked around in front of the two men.

Bruce then produced a green taffeta cocktail dress. He held it up over my head, guided my arms into the sleeves, helped it down over my slip, and zipped me in. He

fastened a necklace behind my neck, clipped earrings to my earlobes, and clasped a bracelet on my left wrist.

Gordon sprayed me with hair spray and perfume and pronounced me transformed.

I went over to a mirror and realized immediately that Gordon was right. It took a few seconds for me to be sure that the feminine creature looking back was actually me!

They escorted me out into the store. The other customers didn't seem to take notice as we wandered around, and I slowly gained a modicum of self-confidence.

Bruce seemed to want to buy out the whole store, insisting that the purchases be on his account. Ignoring my protest that I did not want to be, "a kept woman," he picked out another wig, pumps, dresses, blouses and skirts, jewelry, make-up, corselettes, bras, flare leg panties (commenting that he preferred these to the standard kind), and slippers.

By the time we finished our buying spree it was dark and I was persuaded that it was safe to go home fully dressed.

Gordon boxed our purchases, along with my male clothes, and put them in the back of the car.

Bruce opened the door for me and I slid in, conscious of the shortness of my skirt and apprehensive lest we get stopped or have a breakdown. Bruce got in the driver's seat and, sensing my concern, said, "Don't worry, Audrey. I'll drive carefully, but it would look a little more natural if you didn't sit squeezed against the passenger door."

I slid over and sat next to him, keenly aware of the security of his masculine presence in a way Neil never could feel.

Neither of us said much during the drive home. I imagined that, even in the dark, every person I saw had x-ray eyes that could see right through to the true me underneath all this feminine finery. And the feminine finery itself was giving me problems. However hard I tried to keep it down, the short skirt was showing more thigh than modesty would allow.

Though I kept my eyes averted, I felt that Bruce was enjoying the scene and enjoying my discomfort.

In addition, my thoughts kept returning to the enormity of the events of the last few hours. Earlier today I was a man who enjoyed the feel of wearing a few articles of female clothing. This evening here I was fully decked out as a woman, sitting in a car with a man I had known, man to man for more than a year.

Furthermore, he seemed to enjoy treating me as a woman far more than he enjoyed my male company as his house mate.

The silence finally got to me and I asked, "Bruce, you're so quiet. Do you wish we'd never done this?"

Bruce put his arm around my shoulders, "Of course not, Audrey. I'm absolutely delighted. I cannot think of anything I'd like better, at this point in my life, than a relationship with a feminine presence without the risks inherent in a relationship with a real woman."

His arm around my shoulders was reassuring. What he said was unnerving.

What did he mean by a "relationship"?

At last we arrived at his house.

I started to open the car door, but he held me and said, "Wait, I'll come around."

"Oh, come on Bruce, this is still really Neil beneath all these frills, and I can open my door."

Still, I waited for him to come around. Swinging my legs out the door, I tried without success to prevent an immodest display of lingerie. Giving up, I thought, "*Why not let him have some pleasure,*" and gave him my hand to walk me to the front door.

Once inside, I could hardly wait to get to a mirror to confirm the miracle Gordon had wrought. I had to admit that I liked what I saw; the new Audrey was very real indeed.

While I was basking in self adulation, Bruce was bringing the packages in from the car, "While I take these up to your room, Audrey, why don't you make us a couple of drinks?"

I went to the bar and made us each a cocktail, wondering how Bruce would behave with me alone at home dressed fully as a woman. *Would he expect me to act normally as his old friend Neil, or would there be different expectations of Audrey?* I thought I could trust Bruce, but I also felt a tingle of excitement as I faced the unknown. The ambivalence made me uncomfortable.

Bruce took longer than expected. He explained, as I handed him his drink, that he had unpacked all my new things, hanging the dresses, blouses and skirts in a closet, and putting the lingerie away in an empty bureau.

I was shocked to find that I felt a shiver as I realized that his hands had touched all of my most intimate lingerie. I looked at the couch, but settled for a chair, not wanting to give the appearance of inviting Bruce to sit next to me.

No one said anything as we sipped our drinks.

Finally, Bruce cleared his throat and began in a very businesslike tone, "As I said a little while ago, I'm delighted to have Audrey around as much as possible. However, there will be times when I will be entertaining customers or business associates, and you will want to revert to Neil. I hope you won't mind."

I interrupted to assure him that I had no intention of living as Audrey full time.

Bruce continued, "I understand that, however, I do hope you will want to be Audrey most of the time. So I promise to give you at least two hours warning before bringing anyone to the house. Besides Audrey is so attractive that I'm afraid one of my guests might try to make a pass at her."

Aware that adequate warning might be a problem, I was relieved that Bruce had thought of it without being prompted. As for someone wanting to make a pass, the thought never crossed my mind. But the idea of Bruce being concerned; that was a bit more serious. I felt flattered, but I did my best to pretend I hadn't heard.

The week following the visit to Gordon's boutique flew by. I was barely aware of small and subtle changes taking place in my newly liberated world.

Bruce began coming home most evenings instead of dining out.

I would dress casually during the day, sweater or blouse and skirt, flats and no make-up; a costume I could get out of quickly if someone came to the door. Then, in the late afternoon, I would shower, shave, and put on a more formal outfit; dress, wig, make-up, heels and jewelry.

When Bruce came home we would have a cocktail and dinner. Neither of us were gourmet cooks but we managed together.

Another change was that we talked more openly than before, as if some invisible barrier had been lifted. Almost none of the talk concerned Audrey, but it was clear from things that Bruce did, more than what he said, that he was enjoying treating me as a lady. He was so supportive that I even felt I could share with him the storyline of my novel and accept his helpful suggestions, something I could not have done just days ago.

It was a wonderful week.

Saturday dawned bright and clear and warm.

After breakfast, Bruce suggested we pack a picnic and drive to a favorite spot of his in the country. Having been out as Audrey just the one after-dark drive home from the boutique, I assumed he meant for me to go as Neil.

I came down in a corduroy shirt, slacks and loafers. The reason for the look of keen disappointment took a moment to divine, and then I had to be persuaded that I would be safe in Bruce's car and a very isolated picnic spot. I returned shortly in a sweater and skirt, low heels, wig and light make-up.

Isolated it was, a beautiful wooded glen, well away from traveled roads. I brought a blanket and Bruce the picnic basket from the car. We walked into the woods until we came to an open sunny spot where we could sit on the blanket and enjoy a view of mountains with a brook in the foreground.

As Bruce got the French bread and cheese and opened a bottle of wine, I wondered idly how many girls he had brought to this romantic spot.

Bruce handed me a full glass and touched his to mine, "A toast to Audrey, may there be many more days like this."

Then he took my hand, and we sat down on the blanket next to each other. Bruce asked if he could put his arm around my shoulder and didn't wait for an answer.

I snuggled in, mesmerized by the warm sunlight, the sound of the rushing brook, and the feeling of security in his strong arms.

The euphoria, of course, didn't last forever. The tall trees began to cast a shadow over our picnic spot telling us it was time to pack up and go home.

I sat next to Bruce on the way back to town.

Back in the house, Bruce put a hand on my shoulder, turning me toward him.

"Audrey, this has been the nicest day I've had in a long time. I hope you feel the same."

"Oh, Bruce, I do, but don't go too fast. I'm not sure I know what I'm doing, but I do know that I feel released from some mysterious bonds. I want to go to my room and write for a while, then I'll come back down for cocktails and dinner."

"Will you wear the green taffeta cocktail dress we found at Gordon's?"

I let him guess.

It was the most productive writing session I could remember.

Afterward, I bathed, shaved, and dressed according to Bruce's wishes in the green strapless taffeta, with a short skirt and a huge bow in back. I hadn't tried perfume since Gordon had sprayed me so liberally a week ago, but this evening temptation got the better of me and I dabbed myself liberally in strategic places.

A wave of shyness swept over me and I regretted my indiscretion the minute I entered the living room reeking of a "come hither" scent.

Bruce saw my embarrassment and held out his arms in a reassuring gesture of welcome.

I had every intention of resisting, and I managed for a moment, but, before I knew what was happening, he was holding me in his strong arms. Looking up into his warm brown eyes, I shuddered at the erotic feel of his rough hands on my bare shoulders.

For a moment, as we stood there gazing into each other's eyes, I thought, *"Oh, my God, I hope he doesn't try to kiss me. I've never been kissed by a man, and I don't think I'd like it."*

I steeled myself.

Bruce put his hand behind my head and pulled me closer.

Our lips met.

For a brief moment I held back. My knees felt weak, my heart skipped a beat, and then I lost all will to resist.

I opened my lips and let Bruce in.

Our tongues touched sending tingles up and down my spine.

His tongue felt cool and smooth as he probed deep into the far corners of my mouth.

I tightened my arms around his neck. To my surprise I found myself thinking, *“This is a lot more thrilling than kissing Lois.”*

I couldn't breathe, but I didn't care. Finally, I relaxed my grip on his neck. As we pulled apart, Bruce's hand dropped to grasp mine and give it a squeeze. I squeezed back.

As we finished dinner Bruce turned to me, “Audrey, I have something I've been dying to give you, and I've been waiting for just the right moment when I thought you'd be very open-minded.”

I sat down warily on the love seat, wondering what on earth Bruce could mean by being “open-minded” enough to like something he wanted to give me. *What could it be that I might want to reject?* Barely a week ago I had fled to my room in tears when I was sure that

Bruce would not be open-minded enough to accept my femme side.

Now the tables were turned.

I braced myself as he handed me a box. I untied the ribbon, took the lid off and pulled back the tissue paper. There lay a gorgeous white negligee. I took it out, stood up holding it next to me savoring the sensuous feel of satin and lace. There was a matching peignoir still in the box. I couldn't wait to try them on.

“Bruce, when did you buy these lovely things?”

“When we were visiting Gordon's boutique.”

“You mean you thought then that I... that I...?”

“I hoped.”

“I don't know quite what to say.”

“Do you like them?”

“Of course. I love them.”

“Can I see you in them?”

“Maybe.”

“Well, why don't you just go right upstairs now and try them on.?”

I took the two delicate garments in my arms and ran upstairs. I unzipped my dress and stepped out, took off my slip, garterbelt and stockings, leaving only my bra and tap panties. I slipped into the negligee, delighting in the feel of satin as it cascaded down my body. Then I put on the peignoir and tied its long ribbon with a bow in front.

I had just stepped into a pair of open toed mules when I heard a knock on the door.

“Yes.”

“It's me, Bruce, can I come in and see what my presents look like on you?”

“I guess so.”

The doorknob turned and the door slowly opened.

Bruce stood there a moment without saying a word. Then he came to me and took me in his arms.

This time I didn't resist.

"Can I stay?" he whispered in my ear.

I pushed him away and began unbuttoning his shirt, as if that were the most natural thing in the world for me to do. As I helped him off with his shirt and unbuckled his belt, I caught myself wondering what would happen to all the extra room if we became roommates instead of house mates.

CHAPTER TWO: AUDREY'S DOOR PRIZE

The annual Bachelor Holdouts stag party was scheduled for the third Friday evening in May. Eligibility was limited to those members of our high school class who had, so far, managed to avoid matrimony, and, quite naturally, the number was getting smaller.

In fact there were only four of us left.

In early May, Ken, Roger, Gene and I started getting on the phone with each other, tossing around ideas for what to do and where to go.

One of our dwindling flock had read about a female impersonator show which would be in town that week.

Although it hadn't been my idea, I was secretly hoping the others would approve. I had dressed a few times over the past several years, or, more accurately, been dressed by a girl friend who got turned on by putting me in "drag". I too got a kick out of it, though I never quite admitted it, even to myself. She even had a name for me, "Audrey."

Although the idea of going to a professional "drag" show did not please Roger, our most "macho" member, the other two thought it intriguing, something out of the ordinary. Our holdout finally gave in, and we made reservations for four at the host nightclub.

As might have been expected, talk at dinner that evening was liberally sprinkled with self-congratulatory anecdotes describing how each of us had managed to stay out of the clutches of predatory females. There was also the predictable probing to try to determine how close each of us might be to giving in.

Through it all I thought I detected a slight suggestion of insecurity behind the forced bravado. Perhaps the bachelor life wasn't as great as we made it out to be, after all. Then again maybe we weren't the "catches" we made ourselves out to be.

Dinner over, we went on to the nightclub and entered through a lobby decorated with full sized posters of what appeared to be gorgeous girls, except for the fact that each was identified at the bottom as "Mr. Jack", or "Mr. Jim", etc.

For the first time I began to feel a bit uneasy about our venture.

We paid our cover charge and each of us was given a ticket with a prize number. The matching stub was dropped in a large goldfish bowl, already quite full. The number of tickets already in the bowl made the chance of winning whatever trophy was being offered seem very remote. None of us gave a second thought to what the prize might be, or to our ticket numbers.

Having made our reservations well in advance, we were led to one of best (and most conspicuous) tables right in the center of the room next to the stage. I thought briefly of trying to get our table changed to a less visible location, but realized that the scene I might create would draw more attention than if I left well enough alone.

Once seated, I looked around nervously.

What if someone I know sees me here?

Then I took some comfort in the fact that there were four of us, all virile masculine males. And, besides, anyone who is here and sees me here is just as open to suspicion as I. To say they had seen me at a “queer” show, would raise the question as to what they were doing at that show.

The printed program told us that this show was a revival of a very famous Female Impersonator show of the late fifties and early sixties called, “The Jewel Box Review”.

I wished I had had time to read the biographies of each of the performers before the show began.

My thoughts were interrupted by a waitress who took our drink orders.

A few minutes later, at exactly nine o'clock, the room lights dimmed and the stage lights brightened. It was comforting to realize that things were happening right on schedule, just the way they would in any straight nightclub.

I began to relax.

The orchestra struck up a lively tune and the curtain went up. The show was an absolute delight, and I found myself becoming totally absorbed in what was going on. Its appeal transcended the fact that the “girls” were actually boys, though that contradiction obviously added spice to a tasteful and professional production. Even one of the “boys” was actually a girl (the audience, at the end, was challenged to guess which one, and failed). Most of the boy-girls were prettier than any of the girls I had dated recently.

Soon I had even picked out a favorite, a boy dressed very femininely in a square dance costume, with puff sleeves, a full skirt, and several petticoats. He sang “I Love Being a Girl” from Flower Drum Song, and he seemed to mean it. Another performer, in ballet costume, danced gracefully with a male partner, jumping into and out of his arms more frequently, I supposed, than the original choreographer had intended.

I became so involved in the show that I forgot all about the guys I had come with, to say nothing of the rest of the audience. When the pace did slow, at one point, I tore myself away for a moment to see how my friends were reacting. To my surprise, both Roger and Ken appeared just as enthralled as I. Only Gene seemed attentive, but not fully involved. The real surprise was Roger!

All too soon the first act was over and the curtain came down. The room lights, however, remained dimmed and my favorite “I Love Being a Girl” girl came out in front of the curtain, followed by a male from the chorus carrying the goldfish bowl full of ticket stubs.

She explained to the audience that the numbers on the tickets in the bowl matched the ones we were given when we came in. Each of us should take our ticket, look at the number, and be ready to claim the prize. She would reach into the bowl and pull out this evening's winning number.

I fished mine out of my pocket and read “97”. I felt quite safe for I knew by now the numbers must be well into the hundreds

The winner, she continued, would be taken backstage and transformed professionally. If the winner were a girl, she would be made over into a boy and introduced in the late show. If the winner turned out to be a boy, he would be transformed into a girl.

I thought to myself, *“What an intriguing idea, especially if the winner is a boy.”*

The band played a flourish as my girl reached into the bowl and took out a number. Ticket in hand, she came over to the microphone and announced that the number was, and she paused to add suspense.....

“Number 97!”

I looked again at my ticket in horror and disbelief. Blushing furiously, I tried at first to hide the ticket, but, by that time, the others at my table, and even at adjacent tables, knew I held the winning number.

My friends, enjoying my predicament to the hilt, and not about to let me escape, took hold of my arms and escorted me up on stage.

I stammered something to the effect that I would gladly give my ticket up for anyone who wanted it, but the audience wouldn't hear of it, clapping and shouting, “go for it!”

My friends left me up there on the stage and returned to our table.

I gave a resigned shrug as I turned to face my girl. More radiantly beautiful up close than she had been from a distance down in the audience, her presence took my breath away. My knees almost gave out from under me as I blurted out, “I guess I'm in your hands now.”

My willingness to go along with the act was rewarded by a peck on the cheek.

She took me by the hand, parted the curtain and led me backstage. As we made our way toward the dressing rooms she introduced herself as “Charlotte”, and surprised me by asking, “Do you have a favorite girl name?”

Reluctantly, I admitted that a girlfriend had dressed me as a girl a few times. She called me “Audrey”, and I liked the name. (I could hardly admit that Bruce had named me, could I?)

“Audrey it is then,” she announced. “Here, take this white Merry Widow and white lace bikini panties, go in the bathroom and put them on. Don't take too long. We have only half an hour and there's lots to do.”

The panties felt cool and soft as I pulled them up my legs. There were little bows on either side where the material came to little more than an elastic waistband. My buns and my manhood were, however tightly and modestly encased. The white Merry Widow, made of satin and stretch lace had a pink rosette where a real girl would have cleavage.

When I came out of the bathroom, Charlotte looked me up and down and rewarded me with a real kiss this time.

I found myself more than willing to try for more! Standing in front of her, she inserted very realistic jelly-like falsies in the bust of the Merry Widow, tugging them this way and that until she was satisfied that she had achieved the proper feminine shape.

“Sit here and I'll roll these white nylons up your legs.”

She was an expert, and, aside from a welcome gentle lingering of her cool fingers as she attached the garters, she had my legs encased in no time.

I stood up, enjoying the feel of garters tugging at the tops of the nylons.

“Stand still and put your arms through these straps.”

I did as I was told and she slid a luxurious white lace trimmed slip over my head and eased it down over my hips. I was surprised, and secretly pleased, at the way it hugged and gave a smooth shape to my false breasts.

Finally, she held out for me to step into, a many layered white petticoat made of a very light gossamer-like material. When she pulled the elastic up to my waist, the layers stood out from my nylon clad legs like a ballet skirt.

“If you like, I think I can put you in the dress I have on.”

I hadn't dared think of actually wearing the dress she had on! I guessed that she knew I thought it was very pretty, and she probably knew I was wondering how it would look on me. However, hoping to retain some semblance of dignity, I tried not to sound too enthusiastic.

If that was what she wanted, it was all right with me.

With that she turned her back to me and asked me to undo her dress.

I felt very privileged as my fingers fumbled nervously, finally sliding the zipper down. I helped the dress slide off her shoulders and down her svelte body, and my heart skipped a beat as she put a cool soft hand on my shoulder to steady herself as she stepped out of the full skirts.

Until now I hadn't given it much thought, but I assumed that professional female impersonators dispensed with frilly feminine lingerie in favor of a more mundane padded body suit under their gorgeous costumes. To my delight Charlotte proved me dead wrong. Standing there in her bra and her slip, both lavishly trimmed in lace, she seemed to me the personification of femininity.

Picking her dress up off the floor, she held out the little puff sleeves for my arms, then held the dress up over my head and slid it down over my petticoats, and zipped me in.

I shuddered at the click of the zipper as it reached the end of its track, striking a symbolic note, the sound of being locked in with no escape, no turning back.

Charlotte broke into my thoughts, “OK Audrey, now that you're in my dress, you can sit down at my vanity.”

She had me close my eyes while she quickly and deftly did my make-up; a base to cover any light stubble which might appear as the evening wore on, eyebrows in dark brown, eyelids in blue to match my eyes, mascara, rouge, lipstick and lip gloss (the latter, she said, to make my lips shine under the stage lights!).

Finally, from her own jewelry box, she clipped a pair of hoops to my earlobes, fastened a cool pearl necklace behind my neck, and loaded my wrists with jangling bracelets.

My eyes still closed, I felt her fit a wig on my head, pulling the headband tightly down in back, and adjusting the front so I could feel bangs brushing my forehead just above my eyebrows.

With a hand on my head to keep the wig in place, she brushed it out so the tresses fell softly on my shoulders..

Then she told me to open my eyes while she tied a long floppy black bow to the back of the wig.

When I opened my eyes I knew I would be startled, I just didn't know how startled. At first I could not recognize myself. I thought she might have replaced the mirror with a picture. Then I began to identify my own basic features, and slowly realized that she had skillfully camouflaged the masculine ones and emphasized the feminine ones. I was speechless.

She stood close beside me, taking obvious pleasure in her handiwork.

“Here, Audrey, sit down and lets try on a pair of my medium heel pink pumps. If they don't fit I can borrow a different size from another member of the Company.”

She bent down and slipped them easily on my feet.

I stood up, admiring what they did for my ankles, and took a few tentative steps. They were surprisingly comfortable, and I soon found that I could stand and walk about without feeling awkward.

Stealing a glance at her watch, Charlotte asked if I would help her into her gown for the late show. I didn't need any encouragement. Her costume was a voluminous ante-bellum gown, and, to my delight, she needed a lot of help getting into it. I held it out so she could slide her slim arms into the sleeves, then helped it over her head and down her body, taking every discreet opportunity to accidentally caress her lovely nylon clad figure.

Finally, I adjusted the skirt so it hung gracefully over her petticoats. As I zipped her in I wondered if she felt the same sense of being captive I had when she had zipped me into her dress.

I was beginning to forget how I had gotten here and why, when a buzzer rang from somewhere outside the dressing room and brought me sharply back to my senses.

“It's time to go,” Charlotte said, confronting me with the inevitable, as she sprayed me liberally with perfume.

Sensing my anxiety, she took my hand.

“Here, Audrey, don't you worry. I promise that I will be right with you all the time, and nothing bad can possibly happen. I'll introduce you to the audience, and you won't have to do a thing after that but appear as part of the chorus. You will be guided to the right place on stage and you can sing along if you know the number.”