



Reluctant Press

Hooked on Femininity

Audrey Taylor



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. DIAMOND

A 'SPECTRUM' NOVEL

Copyright © 2002, Friendly Applications, Inc. - All Rights Reserved

Reluctant Press TG Publishers

This story is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder.

Protect Professional Fiction on the Internet!

We need *your* help! We want to keep providing our readers with low cost, professional quality fiction on the Internet. We spend thousands of dollars to edit, illustrate and typeset *each story*. It is important, therefore, that everyone works to help keep professional fiction alive on the Net.

This story is protected by US and International copyright law, and is owned exclusively by Friendly Applications, Inc., D.B.A. Reluctant Press, which retains exclusive rights to publish these materials. The civil penalties for copyright infringement can be severe, including substantial monetary damages, injunctive relief, and liability for attorneys' fees incurred in prosecuting a case. If a court determines that the infringement was committed willfully, statutory damages of up to \$100,000 for each copyright infringed can be awarded. Even if not found to be acting willfully, a defendant can still be held liable for statutory damages of \$500 to \$20,000 for each copyright infringed. **These penalties apply even if money was not charged.** In addition, criminal penalties may be imposed if someone willfully infringes a copyrighted work for commercial advantage or private financial gain. This crime is punishable by up to five years imprisonment, up to \$250,000 in fines, or both. State civil damages and criminal penalties vary from state to state and country to country, but are always severe.

The best way to keep professional illustrated fiction available on the Internet is to do YOUR part to protect the author's and publisher's copyright. *You can be part of the solution.* Encourage others to purchase our stories. Never share the access rights you've purchased. **You** make the continued availability of TG fiction on the Internet possible. Thank you for your cooperation!

THE SACRIFICES OF MARRIAGE

by **Audrey Taylor**

I don't know if you've heard of this guy, Dick Porter. He recently had his name legally changed to Doreen. I want to tell you, his story is proof positive that the road to a happy marriage can certainly take some perplexing twists and turns.

He first met Jane Eleanor Swift at a local function in our small town of Chicopee, Wisconsin. Instantly infatuated with her, as she was with him, things progressed to a whirlwind period of dating and romance.

Not thinking to take the time to explore each other's background very carefully, they rushed headlong into that wonderful institution known as "marriage". Obviously impatient for their lifelong relationship to begin, each hastily concluded that the other was THE one,. To be honest, they seemed almost afraid to delve too deeply for fear of finding a reason to back off.

After a quaint town hall ceremony and a brief, yet passionate honeymoon, they settled down in Jane's apartment. "It's more roomy and so much better furnished," Jane explained and Dick found himself succumbing to her wishes, never realizing for an instant that a pattern was being established that would be all- important to their future marital harmony.

Unfortunately for our loving pair, haste caused them to overlook certain difficult "issues" and their relationship began to reveal some strain after only a few short months. Their blissful bubble was threatened almost to the bursting point when Jane, at dinner one evening, confessed to her latent bisexuality. She related how her interest in women had developed at the university and how she thought she had put it behind her when she graduated. But, no, she was again struggling with a growing interest in her own sex, in particular this woman, Susan, who had recently started working in the eye wear department. She couldn't believe the strong attraction she felt and didn't know what to do with it.

Dick was faced with an a perplexing dilemma. Jane was suggesting he try shaving his body, even offering with a smile to lend some assistance if he needed. If his body were smoother, she thought, it would provide an outlet for her drives and hopefully defuse this growing itch.

Dick, still in shock from Jane's confession and trying desperately to understand the implications of it on their relationship, reluctantly agreed to her suggestion, desperately hoping to placate her unusual cravings. He knew he didn't want her seeking out other women. "What's a little body hair?" he asked himself, little realizing where this might lead.

Her attraction for his smooth body seemed to have reignited her passion for him. The intensity of her desire definitely surpassed his own. Her sexuality seemed to be supercharged, leaving him frequently physically and emotionally drained.

She gradually assumed the role of initiator in their sex life, invariably positioning herself on top, preferring to be in control while he was content to lay back and enjoy the marvelous sensations she aroused in him.

One sunny day when they were out together for a stroll in the park, he couldn't help noticing her look around when they passed a dynamite-looking blonde, obviously admiring her figure and her sensuous walk even as he did the same. Saving his questions for later, he decided to broach the subject over dinner. He discovered that her desires had grown even stronger of late, abetted by Susan's frequent flirting at the office. Now instilled in Jane was a definite interest in pursuing a "closer friendship". Lovely euphemism, that, no?

So, in spite of his maintaining a smooth body, conditioning it regularly with the oils and creams she provided, outside forces still threatened to impede on their intimacy. What more could he possibly do?

"Perhaps if you appeared more feminine," Jane mused out loud, "around the house only, of course." She was certain this would heighten his desirability to her, and help her contain this ever-increasing itch for that bitch, Susan.

Again he went along, telling himself it wasn't *that* big a deal. Wasn't fulfilling his wife's fantasies a part of the duties of being a loving husband? By this point, he was wearing one of her sexier nightgowns to bed every night. Initially, it felt weird to him, tingly against his now-smooth skin. This thought was quickly overcome, though, as his nylon clad body began to respond to the arousal her flitting fingers generated. She simply *loved* to tantalize his chest as if he were a woman.

From that moment forward, the aggressor role belonged to Jane. Her arousal had certainly grown and she soon had him wearing an array of sexy nightgowns around the apartment in the evening. He was quite honestly baffled by what was attracting her, thoroughly convinced it was just a harmless game within the confines of their marriage. If this keeps her from going astray, then wasn't it worth it?

Of course she couldn't restrain herself from further exploration, and soon she had him wearing one of her sexy black garter belts with smoky nylons encasing his freshly shaven legs, with black lace panties replacing his boring boxer shorts.

Saturday mornings, he would sit around in this lovely ensemble with his newspapers, receiving constant attention from Jane. She was continually distracted by his enticing image, occasionally even stopping the vacuum to make love to him right there on the living room carpet, simply unable to contain her raging desires. And wouldn't you know it, Dick's was starting to enjoy his ability to draw Jane's interest when he

was dressed this way. A somewhat timid soul, he'd never experienced such power before.

One particular Saturday, she wasted no time in discarding all his “disgusting underwear” (as she called it), substituting panties and nylons. She had already purchased a full selection for him without his knowledge. The light resistance he offered was stopped effortlessly. He was only trying to save face, anyway, certainly preferring the delicate panties over his cotton boxers. And who could blame him?

Every evening when he came in from work he immediately headed to the bedroom to change into the nightgown she laid out for him, usually adding a robe (a soft pink one was his favorite) and slippers to complete his appearance before joining Jane for dinner.

He certainly looked wonderful to her now, even though he didn't have all the necessary curves which her imagination filled in for the time being. She started referring to him as Doreen, or simply Dori, wanting his new image to have a name that befitted it. Her internal excitement remained intense; eternally grateful for his metamorphosis and the gentle emergence of the creature she has secretly hungered for so long.

Jane encouraged his experimenting with her things whenever they were at home, having him wear her high heels regularly—fortunately, they had the same foot size—and even some light make-up and jewelry when he was in the mood.

When they went to the movies, Jane couldn't keep her hands off his hidden garters and nyloned thighs. Her constant teasing was an aphrodisiac for the two of them. They could hardly wait to get past their front door before tearing off each other's clothes. Everything was perfect, Jane thought, except for the lack of a bra and its enticing contents. *That* was a situation which she was determined to rectify.

One evening she had him try on one of her underwire bras, cheerfully assisting with the rear snaps before carefully stuffing each cup with panties to give them shape. At her urging, he left it on under his nightgown when they went to bed, somewhat uncomfortable with the pressure across his chest but succumbing once again to her persistent pleas. It almost drove her crazy to imagine real breasts in the padded cups when she made love to him.

Several days later, driven by her own passion to remove his bra and fondle breasts when they were in bed together, she made a few discreet inquiries and eventually found herself at a women's store specializing in ladies' foundation garments and the like. Her visit unearthed the most authentic-looking breast prosthesis she could imagine.

Mindless of the cost, she was soon attaching them securely to Dick's cleanly-shaven chest, admiring how perfect his profile had now become as she assisted him into the bra required by his new appendages. Her excitement was sky high, his new look rejuvenating her flowing juices, causing her to beg him to wear them beneath his nighties and the other feminine clothes he wore around the house. She relented to his taking them off for work, only after much emotional turmoil.

He couldn't resist wearing them to bed when he saw how much she loved to play with them through the night. With his new breasts and smooth body, he'd become a

substitute for the “real thing”. Only to a degree, of course, although at that point, neither of them was too concerned with his shortcomings. For now, at least, they had the best of both worlds.

In the meanwhile Dick wasn't really troubled with any of this, having no conception of the further changes still in store for him. Becoming accustomed to the weight of the falsies, especially while sleeping, wasn't easy. But his wife's adoring expression after their passionate lovemaking made it all worthwhile. So what if this was a bit unconventional? It was between the two of them and who cared what other people might think? Harmony in their marriage was what really counts.

Chapter 2: Trouble in River City

Then one weekend, Jane decided to change the rules of their little game, with the simple request that they go out together as “girlfriends”. His adamant refusal was shocking to her; he refused to risk embarrassment in the outside world.

“It's an idiotic idea,” Dick said. “This whole thing has gone far enough.” He began roughly to remove his nightgown, throwing it to the floor and quickly adding his panties and bra to the pile in front of her. He stormed out of the room in search of the removal cream for his falsies. He searched for his regular clothes, stopping suddenly when he realized he no longer owned any boxer shorts, necessitating his putting on a fresh pair of panties before getting into his jeans. Finished dressing, he checked out his appearance, satisfied that Dick was back and decided to immediately buy some new underwear. He was determined to bring this whole charade to a quick close.

Leaving the house, he failed to notice the gleam in Jane's eye, as she sat there contemplating an entirely different solution to their impasse; she realized his resistance had to be dealt with from a totally different standpoint.

He spent the day contemplating an end to their dress-up routine, selecting several pair of his former boxers at a local men's store before stopping in to see the latest Rocky release. Jane kept busy contacting an old pharmacist buddy of hers, arranging to pick up some medication that would assure Dick's acceptance of the role Jane had grown accustomed to for him.

While he was thinking about how crazy she was to expect him to appear in public as a woman, she was calculating how to insure his daily intake of female hormones went undetected, knowing in short order his new image would take on the perfection she expected. Enough of this male macho thing. No more pussy footing around! Doreen *will* get with the program, she vowed to herself.

Alone all day, he begins to wonder if he hasn't been a bit hasty, noting that he really has grown used to the feel of panties, finally deciding he doesn't really want the boxers he's carrying around, and plans to get a refund as soon as he leaves the theater. Watching the strutting Stallion do his thing, it's apparent to him that he himself will never fit that kind of masculine role. He can't help noticing how his legs are being irritated by the rough fabric of the jeans, wishing he'd worn some panty hose for protection. Oh well, he munches on his hot dog, it's important to let Jane know he does have his limits. Going out in public as a female is a step beyond them.

Finally returning home after dinner, she's ensconced in front of the TV and they hardly exchange two words while he prepares for bed, donning his nightgown as male pajamas are a thing of the past and anyway he's grown to appreciate the feel of nylon when he's in bed. He falls into a troubled sleep, already missing their intimacy.

Meanwhile from the very next morning, leaving Dick completely in the dark, Jane starts mixing a generous dose of female hormone powder into his food, usually blending into his coffee or juice, assuring he will come around to her way of thinking in the not too distant future.

Soon she's gotten him back into the falsies around the apartment of course and then in bed too, as they slowly recover from their first full-fledged fight, returning to the marital niche they had each been comfortable with before.

She actually convinces him to wear the falsies one evening when they go to a movie, after he lost a bet, graciously helping him off with his heavy jacket when they're seated in the theater, "No one can see you in the dark, silly."

He knows he lost the bet but that doesn't negate his intense feeling of exposure, knowing the falsies are pushing the bra and her sweater way out there. He looks at his neighbor and is relieved that he is thoroughly engrossed in the movie.

Meanwhile all through the show she's enjoying teasing him, his appearance adding to the fantasy that Susan is her companion. When it's over and the house lights come on, she makes a big show of helping him with his coat and he feels his cheeks inflame knowing it's hard to miss his expanded dimensions before he finally gets his jacket closed. Never again. No more betting.

Lately, his chest has begun to feel itchy. 'The falsies are to blame' he concludes, hardly aware how his mood swings have been intensifying, while his frequent emotional outbursts are becoming commonplace. He's crying so easily lately, finding it almost impossible to control, especially when Jane seems to pick on everything he does without let up.

Why can't she just leave him be? He's started having problems at the office too, all to frequent run-ins with his boss, often causing him to hurry from his boss's office to keep his tears of frustration from being detected.

One Saturday, Jane has him decked out in a lovely skirt and blouse combo with some light make-up and his hair neatly tucked away in a ponytail. Suddenly she announces, "Let's see the movie at the Rialto. The timing's perfect. We should just make it." When he hesitates momentarily, she quickly poo poots his resistance, saying he looks adorable and no one would ever imagine this lovely creature was her husband, hurrying him quickly outside and into the car before he has time to mount any real objections. The hormones have simply taken too much of a toll, his passivity assuming an ever greater hold on his psyche with every passing day.

Being readily accepted, he's surprised at what an uneventful day it turns into, enjoying the movie and the light dinner at the new vegetarian restaurant Jane's been raving about. He uses a whisper to help disguise his voice and quickly forgets his anxiety, realizing everyone is accepting his feminine image without a second glance.

With this breakthrough, he pliantly moves in to dresses and whatever else she suggests, showing a growing interest in learning to apply his own make-up and listening more attentively to her ongoing comments on how to perfect his new image. He certainly wants to avoid detection, doesn't he?

He's fully accustomed to the falsies by now and the firm brassieres required to support them. He wears them for increasingly longer periods of time. It's rare that he doesn't sleep in them, necessitating extra time each morning to detach them before dressing for work, a growing resentment building inside him for the delay. 'Wouldn't it

be nice if I could just wear them to work,' he's been daydreaming lately, smiling to himself at the ridiculous picture he would make.

Being fully dressed as Doreen is nothing unusual anymore, and he's actually beginning to enjoy the attention he receives as a woman, especially when they're out dancing, which they've been doing a lot of lately. After getting over his initial apprehension, he's grown accustomed to handling a string of male partners, 'to allay people thinking we're lesbians', is how Jane explains it away. He's so busy handling the men, he fails to notice that Jane's invariably on the dance floor with another woman.

Despite Doreen's efforts Jane's lesbian yearnings have continued unabated, leaving her quite content with Dori handling the multitude of males by herself. Instead of Doreen's improved feminine image placating her urges, it only seems to have increased her interest. This wasn't working as she had originally expected.

Now he voluntarily keeps his body clear of hair and has started permanent depilatory treatments at the local beauty salon at Jane's insistence. They've also trimmed his eyebrows, not too severely of course, and taught him how to maintain his nails properly, causing his hand movements to become more feminine as he now must consider his nails whenever he uses his hands.

The tight panty girdle he now wears regularly beneath his work clothes has added a definite curvature to his shape, decidedly feminine in nature. He goes mechanically through each day, hardly aware that anything is amiss, totally intent with pleasing the growing demands of his wife.

Meanwhile, Jane has decided to book a holiday excursion for the two of them, a two week cruise in the Caribbean, as sisters of course. He's amazed that she thinks he can pass for such an extended period, but her unwavering confidence easily overcomes any lingering doubts he may have. He finds it hard to remember when they were last out together as husband and wife, almost forgetting what it feels like to appear in public as a man other than for his short trips to and from work.

He's been noticing lately how his nipples are starting to protrude out and are so much larger and sensitive. When Jane suggests he might want to try a softly padded brassiere for work, to protect their tenderness, he easily accepts her suggestion hoping to avoid the excruciating pain he experiences when he inadvertently brushes into things. The bra is so much smaller than the one for his falsies and is surprisingly comfortable, giving him a strange sense of security when he's wearing it.

He's completely unaware that he's wearing bras full time, passing yet another barrier into the sultry world of womanhood, much to Jane's appreciation. She's continuing her subtle guidance, condescending to his use of his new bras at home since he definitely prefers them, adoring the idea that his own delicious flesh is requiring their use. She's delighted by how quickly the hormones have worked their magic, deciding to continue them for a while longer. Absolutely no thought to other side effects, not really concerned that other male attributes that may be lost along the way. She wants him to fulfill his feminine nature to the fullest, finding she relates so much more comfortably to him when he's in that role. She purposely avoids him when he comes and goes to work, detesting even the slightest contact with his former male image.

Dick, meanwhile, is having a hard time understanding the why and wherefore of his breast development, especially since he's stopped using the falsies. He can't deny the feeling of relief when he put away the falsies for good. And Jane's avid attention to his newly developing spheres has proven an earth-shattering source of pleasure. Her marvelous sucking lips and sliding tongue seek them out without failure every night. He's begun to anticipate their love sessions with increasing intensity, seeming to crave her attention, finding himself dressing in skimpy skirts and plunging necklines to draw even more of her interest.

Even the trouble he's been having maintaining erections seems hardly to phase her. He simply pleasures her orally now, sometimes for extensive periods of time, thoroughly enjoying her delicious juices while bringing her to repeated orgasms. She in turn drives him crazy with her own titillating tongue at his engorged nipples, arousing him to unbelievable heights. The exquisite feeling goes well beyond anything he's experienced previously.

He hardly realizes how he's made the journey from spectator to recipient in his appreciation of the female breast and all the marvelous sensations that go with ownership. Jane seems to be solving her lesbian desires and Dick certainly isn't raising any further complaints, feeling good about fulfilling his mate's inner needs even while he's experiencing vital new pleasures himself.

Now when they go out dancing, he finds himself immediately assaying the available male partners while she automatically peruses the female population. No real harm in her playing around on the dance floor, he concludes, while he's attained a certain flair for following his partner's lead. He readily agrees with Jane's assessment that men are so rough and crude, yet he finds he enjoys their avid attention and tight muscles when he's clinging to their shoulders in a tight embrace, finding the close contact a source of surprising stimulation.

One day, when shopping at a local costume store, Jane discovers a unique 'cache sex' which she automatically purchases, insisting Dick try it at once when she arrives home, hoping he'll become accustomed to it by cruise time.

At first the tight compression causes him some distress, but she urges him to stick with it a while longer. Surprisingly after only a few days his crotch seems to have numbed over, allowing him to wear it without any further discomfort. Authentic female is all you can say for his appearance now, even when he strolls about the apartment in only panties and a bra, which thrills Jane to no end.

Without Dick's knowledge, his boss has been planning for Dick's vacation to become a more permanent one, as he's grown thoroughly disenchanted with having to deal with the moody and contrary individual Dick has become. Where Dick had previously been handling customer complaints with efficient caring responses, he now finds their constant chatter annoying and offensive, hardly caring whether they're happy when they hang up. "Do they really think I believe their asinine stories?" Dick was mentioning just last week.

Without breathing a word to Dick, his boss has made arrangements for a replacement for the two weeks Dick will be away, hoping she'll learn the job effectively so he can sack our hero(ine) upon his return. He hasn't missed the changes to Dick's shape

either, like anyone could miss it, wondering why Dick's always got his suit jacket on in the office. Definitely something odd with this character. His boss smiles to himself, 'maybe the cruise ship will be high-jacked', providing an easy solution even as he watches Dick bidding farewell to the office staff.

Chapter 3: All Aboard

The cruise goes unexpectedly well, Dick remaining behind on shore as sister Doreen takes his place as Jane's traveling mate. Hardly understanding how it's happened, he now considers himself a full time woman, even when the two of them are alone in their cabin.

Their first night at sea finds them wrapped up in a discussion of the available men on board, Dick confessing that he's feeling an irresistible tugging towards one particular gentleman at their dinner table. He's from Chile, and is hardly a gentleman, but that's yet to be discovered by our heroine. Jane hardly concerns herself, her own attention drawn to the two women at the table next to them, who seem to be traveling alone very much like Doreen and herself.

Several nights into the trip, while Doreen's out being wined and dined by the Chilean gentleman, Jane finally unleashes her long pent-up frustrations, joining the two lovely ladies in their plush stateroom for a 'no holds barred' private party. While he's desperately fending off the Chilean's wandering hands, she's exploring the alluring 'for women only' games of the past. He's dealing with the strange new feelings erupting inside him, while she's reawakening her wonderfully devilish passions she's squirreled away for too long.

Out on the foredeck, Doreen finds herself in a breathtaking embrace, unable to control his own response when the Chilean's probing tongue invades his mouth.

Much later on, as their intense petting session culminates, Doreen is barely able to contain the situation, restraining the Chilean's fingers at the last possible moment as it probes for the crotch of his panties.

Soon afterwards he's letting himself into his stateroom, only to wonder where his wife is at that late hour. Lying in bed in his frilly nightgown, he reminisces about the rough hands that had been caressing his tender breasts, toying with the nipples himself while generating the marvelous arousal he still remembers from before.

Dave hardly hesitated pressing his belly so fervently into the male arousal, realizing again how intense his interest has become, wondering how the Chilean gentleman would react at discovery of his true gender. He falls asleep lost in the excited new feelings evolving inside him. So very different from only a few short months ago.

His wife staggers in early the following morning, finally able to disengage herself from the pulsating bodies of her party companions, falling instantly asleep next to her bleary-eyed mate. He sits up momentarily, barely registering her presence, adjusting his nightgown so his soft budding breasts are positioned more comfortably before nodding off once more into dreamland.

As you might expect, by trip's end he has completely succumbed to the Chilean's passionate overtures, including of course his exciting initiation into fellatio and the wonderful world of anal love, easily consenting to spend time with his new beau when he visits on his next business trip. He's already anticipating his visit. It seems the Chilean gentleman had absolutely no qualms about Doreen not being all that she ap-

peared to be. In fact his own arousal seemed to intensify when he discovered Dick's presence.

Meanwhile Jane's old passions have been released and fully actualized once more. Never to be locked away again. Much of the trip was spent in the company of her two new lovers, hardly noticing or caring where Doreen was spending his time. When they walked off the ship arm in arm as two sisters, both with wide-assed grins plastered across their faces, they were definitely prepared to deal with whatever the future held in store for them. They immediately promise each other that another cruise had to be planned, hopefully in the near future.

Chapter 4: Back To Reality

When Dick tries returning to his masculine image on that first Monday morning, he's forced to settle for what ultimately appears to be a woman wearing male clothing. He just can't seem to keep the sway from his hips, and the thin eyebrows and reddish lips (he almost scrubbed his skin off last night) easily mark him as feminine, as does the larger bra his growing beauties now require which is difficult to keep hidden under his jacket.

Jane has a hard time containing herself from laughing as she watches him leave the house, realizing that Doreen has taken over the dominant role in his life.

His boss is literally astounded when he first lays eyes on him, bringing him instantly into his office, closing the door quickly to insure their complete privacy. Dick too is surprised as he finds himself looking at his boss in a totally new light, automatically appraising his muscular arms in the tapered shirt and his cute ass when he walks around the desk.

His boss demands an explanation and Dick makes use of a concocted story, that he lost a bet to his wife and had to assume a female disguise for the entire cruise, which has proven difficult to undo since his return on Saturday.

His boss laughs out loud, even as he stares anew at this strange creature before him, noticing the half hidden holes in his earlobes and the gentle curl to the hair. He's unable to control a disturbing interest building inside him, wondering how Dick must have looked all dolled up if he's this enticing dressed as he is. Those are definite bumps in the jacket, and his lips seem so full and pink and the way he's sitting. Yes, some interesting changes have occurred here.

He hesitates only a brief moment before informing Dick that his job's being handled by someone else, surprised by his own discomfort as he goes on to explain that all other positions are currently occupied. His compassion is aroused when Dick instantly breaks down into tears, accepting the handkerchief he offers so naturally, even as he tries to understand his own excitement when he touches Dick's hand.

