



Reluctant Press presents:

Bonnie Too



Lynn Brown

A 'HER TV' E-BOOK

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Bonnie Too!

By Lynn Brown

Synopsis Of Previous Story (# 676)

After informing my girlfriend Bonnie that I enjoyed wearing women's clothing, we had a date at my apartment where I had prepared supper and was completely dressed en femme. After an interlude in bed, we discussed my crossdressing and Bonnie found out that I had gone out completely dressed for a Halloween party and that I had a grand wish that I could venture out fully dressed. At her suggestion, we spent a weekend together out of town where I dressed up and we went to the movies.

Bonnie had requested that I wear my feminine outfit driving home the following day. Arriving back to Memphis, we met her roommate Jo Ann who was sur-

prised but accepted my state of dress. For the next year, Bonnie and I dated where I was almost always dressed as Lynn. Jo Ann joined us on many dates as well as our weekly golf outing.

At the urging of both Bonnie and Jo Ann, I entered and won the All-Male Beauty Contest. Not only did I win the first prize but I was given the role of the bride in the teachers' production of a crossdressed wedding.

About to be transferred to Atlanta by my company, I asked Bonnie to marry me. She did not want to leave her job as a school teacher nor did she wish to leave Memphis. We dated for six months; I would fly to Memphis for a weekend and sometimes I would send a plane ticket to Bonnie to visit me in Atlanta. Finally we broke up since she did not wish to leave Memphis.

I had been living in Atlanta about a year when I received a phone call from Jo Ann. She had started an all-girl country band and had moved to the Atlanta area. After we had talked for a long time, she asked, "I was wondering if Lynn and I might get together for dinner this next weekend?"

MORE BONNIE

I had made a reservation at one of the Italian restaurants that I had previously gone to during a dinner with a group from my crossdressing club, Sigma Epsilon of the Tri-Ess Society. I also made arrangements to have my nails done as well as a facial with makeup for Friday afternoon at the beauty salon I sometimes frequently before my monthly Tri-Ess meetings.

I had scheduled my sales calls in South Carolina that week so I could be home by noon on Friday. Having unpacked from my trip, I took a shower after using the depilatory, shaved my legs and gave my face a close shave before getting dressed in a casual shirtwaist dress and flats for my appointment. I only put on lipstick as the girls knew me as Charlie whenever I came to the shop for treatments. I enjoyed being pampered by Crystal whom I enjoyed talking to as she did my nails and facial. Learning that I had an important date for the evening, she spent considerable time applying my makeup.

Arriving at my townhouse apartment, I changed into my black undies, Merry Widow waist cincher and smoke-colored stockings before donning my petticoats and the black strapless taffeta knee-length cocktail dress. I finished by adding a single strand faux pearl necklace with matching dropped screw-type earrings. Slipping into the black three-inch narrow heels, I completed my dressing by adjusting the long auburn wig and pinning it into my natural hair.

Taking my "White Diamond" perfume, I sprayed my neck, shoulders, behind the earlobes and wrist before lifting my skirt and spraying my knees and ankles. In the mirror I looked very pretty and very feminine. After gathering my purse, I went into the den to await the arrival of Jo Ann.

Promptly at seven-thirty, the door bell rang. I was as nervous as a young schoolgirl going on her first date. Walking to the door, I heard my heels clicking on the tile foyer. Glancing in the hall mirror, I checked my face and skirt making sure my petticoats were not hanging below the hem of my dress. I patted a strand

of hair down the side of my head, making sure everything was perfect.

Jo Ann was dressed in a bright red silk, full-skirted, knee-length after-six dress, along with red three-inch heels. She was wearing a red stoned gold necklace with matching teardrop earrings. In her hands was a red clutch purse and red wrist-length silk gloves. The red dress set off her bright long curly blond hair. "You look great," I exclaimed, letting into the foyer.

She leaned forward, giving me a womanly touch to the cheek, as women normally greet each other while not wishing to smudge their makeup. "You look absolutely beautiful, Lynn. Each time I see you, you are more glamorous and more feminine. It is so good to see you again. I have been looking forward all week for our date. I hope you have been looking forward to tonight, too."

After I showed Jo Ann my townhouse, we left hand-in-hand and walked to my car parked in the driveway. I opened the door for Jo Ann. She laughed, stating, "There still is a male side to your personality, Lynn." We both smiled and enjoyed my slip into manhood for an instant.

During the drive to Aldo's, we made idle talk. At the restaurant, after ordering our dinner and a round of drinks, Jo Ann told me that she had decided at the start of the school year not to teach but wanted to give her dream of country singing and starting an all-girl country band a chance. She had found several girls in the Atlanta area who were young and wanting to get into country music and show business. In the meantime, Jo Ann had some success in publishing several country songs she had written. One song was among the top twenty on the Country charts. She had been extremely

busy getting the band together, hiring a manager and setting up an apartment in Burford, Georgia, a small town North of Atlanta.

I told her about my new sales territory and the amount of time I spent traveling. My territory consisted of North and South Carolina, Georgia and Florida and the Western part of Virginia. My main accounts were tile manufacturing plants and some plastic injection molders for which my company made colorants to use with natural resins. She asked if I had an opportunity to go out while wearing ladies clothing. I told her about finding a support group for crossdressers that had a chapter in Atlanta which met every second week of the month and how my experiences with the group were how I became knowledgeable about Aldo's; we would dine there on the weekend. Both the manager and the wait-staff accepted our group.

Dinner was excellent and we enjoyed catching up the news from Memphis and what Bonnie was doing. On the drive back to my townhouse, Jo Ann became a little amorous, playing under my skirt and rubbing my nylon-covered legs. At home, I poured us each a Scotch and water. Sitting side by side on the sofa, Jo Ann reached over pulling me closer to her. With her hands on my neck, she gave me a long, sexy, kiss.

Shortly thereafter, both Jo Ann and I had removed each other's dress, tossed off our heels and were standing body-to-body in our undies, Jo Ann in a red pushup sexy bra with matching high-cut red, lace trimmed, nylon panties with matching garter belt and smooth glistening silky stocking. I was in the black Merry Widow corselet with black panties and dark

smoke-colored nylons attached to the long four garters hanging from the corselet.

Soon we headed into my bedroom and to the pink laced canopy bed. I had put pink satin sheets on it earlier in the day. It was not long until I felt Jo Ann reaching around my back and lowering my panties. Before I could roll over, she had removed her panties as well as her brassiere.

When we had both climaxed and were in each other's arms, Jo Ann confessed, "I always found you attractive as Lynn but never realized how much more intense our sexual activity would be. I see why Bonnie enjoyed having Lynn around. I always preferred Lynn to Charlie when I went on outings with you two. I enjoyed being with a man who could pass as a woman and I loved having you around. But this is the ultimate!"

I offered Jo Ann one of my nightgowns after we had showered together. She took the long, red, full-length nylon, low-cut, split-sided gown while I chose the powered blue baby doll set. We slept until noon. Dressed in our nighties, we fixed breakfast together and sat at the kitchen table,

discussing plans for the rest of the day. Jo Ann asked to borrow a robe as she had left her suitcase in the car.

Once in the house, she changed while I did the dishes. When I entered the bedroom, I found Jo Ann at the ruffle-covered dressing table, putting up her hair in a pony tail. She was wearing her short yellow golfing outfit. "I thought we might play a round of golf. Since it is the middle of the afternoon, we could play nine holes before darkness sets in. Lynn, do you still have your pretty pink outfit?"

I was not ready for this turn of events but it had been almost nine months since I played golf in a skirt. Quickly I changed and shaved closely before adding daytime makeup .I put on my short sports wig, tying it securely with Bobbie pins into my own hair. Calling the city course close to my house, we got tee times without any difficulty. I took my car as Jo Ann transferred her golf clubs to my car .It was a beautiful day on the course. The slight wind blew under my short skirt, sending goose bumps up my bare legs as we played. I became accustomed to the wind and started concentrating on my golf game. Afterwards, we found a pleasant deli and had a small salad and shared a club sandwich.

Back at the townhouse, we showered separately; I put on a simple skirt and blouse before going to a local movie. Returning, we went directly to the bedroom, where Jo Ann insisted that she undress me for the evening activities. It took over thirty minutes before my panties were lowered, After bathing together, Jo Ann changed to return to her apartment. I was wearing a short knee-length, yellow, lace-trimmed scooped neck and hemmed nightie. We kissed at the door and made plans for the following weekend.

On Friday afternoon, I was late returning from Florida and called Jo Ann to tell her I would be late but should be picking her up at her place after eight for dinner. By the time I came through the Atlanta six o'clock Friday traffic, I had just enough time to go directly to her apartment. Jo Ann was dressed in a sweater and skirt with heels. She was somewhat surprised that I was not in Lynn mode. Although she was disappointed, we enjoy each other's company for dinner. I suggested that we go to a nightclub for dancing and drinks but she declined, stating she was tired and

thought it would be better at a later date. We kissed on the front porch as she did not ask me in. We did decide to go out Saturday evening and she planned to spend the night. "I trust that Lynn will be with us tomorrow night as well as Sunday for golfing. I will bring my overnight bag. Looking forward to tomorrow night."

It took awhile for me to realize what had expired. While she tolerated Charlie, she preferred Lynn as a companion. It was confirmed the next evening as I shaved and applied lotion to my body. Dressed in my lavender undies and wearing my girdle, I decided on a very tight-fitting sheath dress in purple and white along with white heels. Even though it was early Fall, I did not have shoes that would match my outfit. I took extra effort in applying the makeup and polishing my nails. Checking the clock while drying my nails, I discovered I had spent close to two hours preparing for the evening. It was worth the time. Opening the door, Jo Ann looked me up and down for a few seconds, then planted a long lingering kiss on my painted lips, saying, "Lynn, you look incredible. Sorry to spoil your makeup but I just HAD to kiss you. Let's enjoy dinner tonight and I will use my rain check for dancing."

After golfing on Sunday, we returned to my townhouse to shower, have sex, and shower again. Dressing causally, we rode to a nearby Chinese restaurant for dinner. When I brought up the subject of dating next Saturday, Jo Ann said, "Lynn, I would love to see you but finally my manager has gotten the band a spot at the Grand Ol' Opry Friday night in Nashville. I hope that this will lead to more concerts. Can we get together on Monday evening when I return?"

Sadly, I replied, "I will miss you but I hope that you do well in Nashville. Unfortunately, I'm scheduled to

leave Monday for Alabama and western Florida. How about the next weekend?"

Two weeks passed before I saw Jo Ann again. Her performance was well-received and her manager had managed to book her for another show in two weeks. He also arranged for a one-night performance in Chattanooga at a small Western bar which featured live entertainment. We dined and played golf since the weather was nice.

That weekend was also the weekend of the Tri-Ess meeting in Atlanta at the Double Tree Hotel. I had reserved a room for Saturday and requested that Jo Ann join me that evening as well as spending the night. She enjoyed meeting our group and quickly made friends with two of the wives. Sunday morning, I was still dressed as Lynn as we joined the group for breakfast. After eleven, we said our goodbyes, returned to our room and changed into our golfing outfits.

While I enjoyed golfing in a short skirt during the summer, it was nothing compared to having my skirt blow slightly up during a breeze across the course in the early Fall. It was hard to concentrate on my game with the tickling sensation caused by my pleated skirt raising, showing my lacy panties which I wore over my tight panty brief.

On the ride back home, Jo Ann received a call from her manager who had good news for her. A major country singer had asked for her to open at the Grand Ol' Opry and wanted to sing one of the songs Jo Ann had composed and sung at her last show in Nashville. In addition, he had two clubs, one in Chattanooga and

the other in Greensboro, N.C., that wanted her for Friday and Saturday night performances after next week's show in Nashville.

While I was happy with Jo Ann's success, it became harder for us to see each other as I would normally leave Atlanta on Monday morning and return sometime Friday. She would be traveling from Friday and return on Sunday late afternoon. We would do our best to see each other on Sunday evening for dinner and spend the night together. I would call her during the week as I traveled. Finally I rearranged my schedule so I would do paperwork on Monday, leave on Tuesday morning and return to Atlanta on Saturday.

One weekend when Jo Ann was playing in Nashville, I decided to see her perform and stayed at the same hotel. I remembered to pack a nightgown for the trip as I knew that she wanted to spend time with Lynn. We spent the night, then returned to Atlanta together as the band members rode with the manager in a rented van. We enjoyed our time together during the trip to Atlanta. It had been over six weeks since we had seen each other for a weekend.

During November, Jo Ann mentioned that she would not have any shows for the weekend and thought we could spend quality time with each other. I was scheduled to make my Florida trip which included Jacksonville, Orlando, and Lakeland. There were major ceramic tile manufacturing plants which purchased my company's product in those towns. I told Jo Ann that we could make the trip by leaving on Monday and spending the weekend in Clearwater, Florida at a hotel located on the beach. We could drive back on Tuesday which would be an all-day trip.

"I would enjoy a brief vacation. Lynn will be joining us, I trust," Jo Ann questioned.

"Yes, however there will be times when Lynn can not be present as Charlie has to make some sales call as well as having to take the plant manager and Chief Engineer along with their wives to dinner one night. Also, it will have to be Charlie making the sales calls. Lynn will be there the rest of the time, I promise."

"Then lets plan on a great week together," Jo Ann responded.

"Fine," I replied, "we shall plan for the third week in November, leaving Monday morning and coming back the following Monday. We will spend the long weekend at the beach. Nothing but relaxing, eating and sex," I joked.

Two weeks later, I picked up Jo Ann early in the morning. When she opened the door, she seemed surprised until she kissed me and felt that I was wearing a bra under my Oxford cloth shirt. "I'm sorry, I thought you forgot that Lynn was joining us for the week."

"Since I have several calls to make during today's trip, I just wore Lynn's undies and Charlie's outerwear. Lynn will join us tonight, I promise!" I replied. "I thought it best to beat the traffic out of Atlanta this morning. We will stop south of town for breakfast. Let me carry your suitcases."

During breakfast, we discussed my schedule, stopping at several plastic molding plants along the way and spending the night in Jacksonville, Florida. The following day I would make sales calls in Orlando and spend the night. Wednesday, we would head for Lakeland, Florida and call on the ceramic tile plant, then entertain the engineers and management for din-

ner on Wednesday evening. Thursday, I would call in Tampa and Clearwater in the morning. The rest of the time we would be alone, enjoying the weekend together.

Early afternoon, we checked into the motel in Jacksonville. After taking our luggage to our room, I made two sales calls at plastic plants and one glass bottling plant that used my company's colorants to decorate the Pepsi Cola bottles they manufactured. Getting back to the motel, I found Jo Ann had taken a nap and changed into her bathing suit. Quickly I put on my trunks and we went out to the pool to swim and get the last warm sunshine of the day. Returning to our room, Jo Ann asked, "Do you have a woman's bathing suit?" When I replied in the negative, Jo Ann smiled and gave me a kiss on the lips. "It is time for Lynn to take her shower and shave her legs. Wear something sexy for tonight," she teased.

Jo Ann showered as I was putting on my makeup. I had painted my toenails a bright red but decided to use a blushing pink shade of polish on my finger nails as I needed not to have any red polish remaining in my cuticles the next day. Once my makeup was finished, Jo Ann had finished her shower and starting dressing for the evening. She wore a red and green-striped on a yellow background halter sun dress. She put her hair into a ponytail which she secured with a bright yellow ribbon and bow that matched her dress.

My bright pink, fluffy, nylon, long-sleeved blouse was transparent so that the decorated lacy pink slip as well as my bra was clearly visible. There was ample

cleavage that could be seen as the cups of my brasserie squeezed the silicone breast forms attached to my chest. My tight red Dacron skirt showed off my slim waist and padded rear. After I put on my red heels and picked up my purse, we headed to a seafood restaurant. Returning to the motel, we both stripped to our undies and made passionate love for over an hour.

In the morning, we ordered room service. Over my white satin bra, panties, garter belt and nylons, I put on my blue Oxford cloth shirt, gray tweed sport coat and navy pants. It took several hours to get to Orlando. Jo Ann stayed in the car while I made my first sales call. We checked into the Marriott Courtyard. I went to call on the plastic molder in Kissimmee where I received an order for a thousand pounds of tan dry color (about \$3000.) Returning to our motel, we enjoyed a short nap until time to eat. That evening we chose a small Italian bistro. I wore a white lamb's wool sweater set with my red skirt and red heels. Jo Ann wore her silky, power blue nylon blouse and a dark blue side-split skirt. The wine and live singing was enjoyable, putting us in the right mood for a wonderful evening. After enjoying sex, we rinsed our faces and donned our long night-gowns before going to sleep.

We slept late as we only had a two-hour drive to Lakeland, where we checked into the Holiday Inn and unloaded our luggage. My appointment was for two o'clock with dinner scheduled for 7 to 7:30 with our company. Jo Ann was disappointed that I did not wear lingerie this morning. I told her that this was my largest account. I could not risk the chance of someone noticing I was wearing a bra or garter belt and stocking. She suggested I could wear panties but I told her I could not chance discovery when I went to the bathroom.

As I was getting ready to leave, Jo Ann asked if she could borrow the car for the afternoon as she had some shopping to do. She suggested she could drop me off at the tile plant and pick me up later. I should be finished before five; that would give us time to get ready for the dinner party. At 1:45, I was at the front door of the tile plant.

The ceramic engineer, plant supervisor (also a ceramic engineer and the company's vice-president of manufacturing) and I met for several hours, discussing some new colorants I had to offer. They also wished to bring a new line of tile into production and needed my recommendations for the glaze required to give the desired structure and design to the ceramic tile. I received an order for six truckloads of glaze to be delivered one every three weeks. We agreed to meet at the local steakhouse along with their wives for dinner and drinks. I told them I had brought my girlfriend along for this trip. After making our final plans, I went to the office lobby where Jo Ann was waiting for me.

We made small talk while returning to the Holiday Inn. I showered after Jo Ann. She chose a simple silk dress in maroon and red along with matching heels. I put on my wool blended dark grey suit along with a white shirt and red striped tie.

We arrived several minutes before the other three couples. I introduced Jo Ann to them. After several rounds of drinks, everyone relaxed and we had a wonderful dinner. Jo Ann and the wives got along fabulously. After dinner, all the wives took me aside to thank me for dinner and to convince me that Jo Ann was a keeper and that I should hang on to her. The men had expressed their feelings toward Jo Ann as she was gracious as well as intelligent and pretty. The plant

manager whispered to me, "She is a real keeper, Charlie."

Back at the motel, Jo Ann went to the refrigerator and retrieved a bottle of fresh-squeezed orange juice. From her suitcase she brought out a bottle of Myer's Jamaican rum, my favorite drink. I had taken off my suit, shirt and tie. We sat on the lounge chairs sipping our drinks, Jo Ann in her slip and undies, discussing the evening events.

Soon I had finished my drink. "Change into your pink baby dolls tonight and add some pink lipstick," she said in a very authoritative voice as she slipped into her short red silk pajamas. Soon we were on the bed, caressing each other until we both climaxed.

Thursday morning, I dressed in a pair of high-cut panties and my white lacy teddy. As I put on a long sleeve white dress shirt, I could see an outline of the teddy under my shirt. I had only three sales calls and would be wearing a sport coat while calling on the customers. They were all small plastic molders, one in Tampa near the causeway and the other two on the highway towards Clearwater. By two o'clock, I was finished and we drove forty-five minutes to the Marriott Courtyard along Clearwater Beach on the Gulf of Mexico.

After bringing in all our luggage, we unpacked for the long weekend. Jo Ann suggested we walk the beach and swim in the Gulf to relax. "First, I think you need to use Nair on your back, arms, and chest before we go out," Jo Ann suggested. Without questioning, I retrieved the Nair and Jo Ann spread it over the areas that had a little bit of hair. After rinsing, I lathered my legs, giving them a close shave as I knew I would be wearing a dress tonight.

After my shower, I dried myself before coming into the room. Jo Ann had her two-piece bright yellow suit along with a yellow straw hat and sunglasses ready to go. "I will be with you in a minute as soon as I put on my trunks."

I was surprised when Jo Ann handed me a ribbon tied box. "You told me that you did not own a ladies bathing suit, so yesterday I went shopping. I hope you like my selection," she said. Once unwrapped, I held a one-piece multicolored woman's swim suit, a bright yellow with dark blue lines running from under the bust line to the legs. The suit was made of Lycra.

"It is beautiful!" I exclaimed, "However I don't think it would hide my scrotum. I will be hanging out and someone will be sure to notice."

Jo Ann laughed. "Lynn dear, I thought of that so I also purchased a small, high-cut panty brief. You can tuck your maleness between your legs and the brief will give you support. Many women also wear a brief under a full cut suit, some to hide the pad and others for additional modesty. This flesh-colored brief should eliminate your concerns." She watched as I struggled into the brief, pulling my manhood back between my legs and holding it there in one hand while pulling the brief into place. After a few extra tugs, I was satisfied that my balls would not come loose. I then struggled into the swimsuit and inserted the foam rubber weighted falsies into the padded cups of the swim suit. Jo Ann pinned my short wig to my own hair, added lipstick, and handed me a rubber yellow swim cap to carry and a pair of ladies sunglasses. She took her beach bag with money and the room keys. We both wore tennis shoes.

Walking to the elevator, I was scared someone might realize that I was a man wearing a woman's swimming suit. Several people entered the elevator on the second floor as we went to the main floor and exited to the beach. No one said a word. We just smiled to each other. Once at the pool, we found several beach towels and headed to the beach. Finding a spot, we set our belongings on the towels and went into the water. Jo Ann showed me how to put on my bathing cap, making sure all my hair was concealed and covered. While the water was not cold, it wasn't warm either, just refreshing. We played for a while, then headed to the white sandy beach to lay on our towels while soaking in the sunshine. We put lotion on each other's backs and shoulders. After an hour sunbathing, we rinsed off in the Gulf, then took a long walk hand-in-hand along the nearly empty beach.

Back in our room overlooking the water, we stripped from our suits and rinsed them, hanging them over the shower rack. Jo Ann had put on a pair of lacy pink panties. I did the same. Shortly we were in each other's arms on the bed, making love.

Jo Ann suggested that I take the first shower. "The rest of this trip, I do not want to see Charlie, just Lynn as you promised. Let's plan to eat at that seafood restaurant down the road that the desk clerk recommended. I understand we can eat on the outside deck. We can enjoy the sunset and the fresh breeze coming off the water. I suggest you wear your yellow sundress and a petticoat. You might want to wear stocking and your low heels tonight. Also take a sweater in case it gets chilly."

Out of the shower, I chose my yellow satin panties, matching bra and garter belt to which I attached my

long, sheer, beige nylons. Sitting at the vanity, I polished my fingernails red, matching the color of my toenails. Once the polish was dry, my makeup followed: brown eyeliner, brown shadow and black mascara along with some rose blush and cherry red lipstick. I went a little overboard with the perfume; we would be outdoors but I wanted Jo Ann to still be able to enjoy my scent. We had decided earlier that we would both wear the same perfume.

By the time I had finished, Jo Ann had showered and gotten dressed in her strapless orange sundress with matching sandals. As she put on her makeup, I stepped into my petticoat and yellow halter-top sundress and my white heels while carrying a white clutch purse and my white cotton long-sleeved sweater on my arm.

Our restaurant was not fancy but very quaint. We had a table next to the railing on the deck. As we were finishing our first drink, the sun was setting over the water. Once the sun had set, there was a slight breeze coming off the water. We both decided on having a Florida lobster tail for dinner and a salad along with fresh steamed vegetables. The dinner and atmosphere were wonderful.

Driving back to the motel Jo Ann suggested that we walk along the beach for a while. Her suggestion sounded wonderful. We took off our shoes and I removed my hose, putting them in my purse. An arm around each other's waists, we strolled the beach for an hour, pausing many times to kiss. Once back at the motel, we changed into our long nightgowns, both of us

leaving on our makeup (and I my long wig). Jo Ann fixed two glasses of Myers and orange juice which we enjoyed on the small balcony outside our room. That evening we kept the balcony door opened and enjoyed the sounds of the surf as we fell asleep in each other's arms.

It was slightly after nine when we awoke. I shaved closely with my safety razor and added a little "Cover Girl" foundation. Quickly we dressed in our sundresses, mine with the petticoat, which we had worn the previous night. Putting on only lipstick and brushing our teeth and hair, we hurried to the buffet breakfast the motel offered. We enjoyed fresh fruit and fresh orange juice as well as bacon and sweet rolls. It was well worth the hustle we had to endure getting ready in such a short time.

Donning our swim suits, we again went to the beach to take in the sun's warmth while sun bathing and walking along the sandy beach. We also swam in the hotel pool, which was heated. Back in our room, we decided to nap before dinner. As we changed into our undies, I noticed that I was slightly sunburned. Looking in the mirror I was stunned as I had white marks on my shoulders where the shoulder straps of the swim suit covered as well as a white breast area and torso. At the base of my thighs to the tip of my toes, I was tan as well as above the breast area. There would be no way to explain how I had received such a tan.

We decided to dress up for dinner this evening and go to an quaint Italian place I had frequented during my travels. I had gone there several times when in Clearwater. The food was great; the atmosphere wonderful, and it had live music. Since it was a fancy restaurant we decided to dress for the occasion. Jo Ann

had donned her bright red silky panties with matching lacy bra and garter belt, dark hose and a form-fitting red silk print dress with a very plunging neckline and her three-inch red pumps. Her jewelry was a simple red and blue stoned necklace with matching dropped earrings and a matching bracelet.

I decided to wear the black cocktail dress that Jo Ann and Bonnie had chosen for my formal gown for the womenless beauty contest several years ago. I shaved my legs and face closely before pulling on the long black Merry Widow corselet, dark stockings, two pairs of black panties and the black crinoline. It took me about twenty minutes to apply makeup before I stepped into the gown. Jo Ann pulled the snap shut in the back and pulled the zipper into place. Sitting at the vanity, I added the long dangling rhinestone earrings and a single-strand rhinestone necklace as well as my three-inch black open-toe sling-back pumps that allowed my painted toes to show through the opening.

Arriving at the restaurant, we walked hand-in-hand into the hallway. In my best feminine voice, I said, "You have reservation for Lynn Brown, party of two." Because the hostess saw us enter hand-in-hand, she took us to a cozy booth. We ordered a bottle of chilled white Chablis along with the Veal Marsala. While we were having our wine, two young men came over from the bar and asked us to dance. I looked over to Jo Ann and she nodded her approval to me. They escorted us to the dance floor where I enjoyed having my skirts swirl about my knees. After two dances, the men returned us to our booth as we thanked them for the dance.

At the table, Jo Ann exclaimed, "I was surprised that you were such a good dancer and that you could

follow your partner. You looked very pretty as your skirts twirled about you. I am surprised that you dance so easily in heels. I would love to be able to dance close with you but I don't think this would be the proper place. I will just have to be content holding your hand as we sit." With that, she reached under the table until she had the palms of her hands resting under my dress above my stocking-clad knees .

We enjoyed our dinner and went into the bar for a cocktail. Sitting at a table, we sipped our drinks, listening to the music. We were chatting when I heard a man ask, "Would you ladies care to dance again?" Looking up, I recognized the same two fellows we had danced with before. Smiling, we both responded positively to their invitation. At the end of the first slow dance, the band played a swing tune which I danced with my partner while Jo Ann sat out the dance. Returning to our table, I thanked the young man and told him, " It was a pleasure dancing with you. My girlfriend and I have an early morning trip so we must say goodbye." It was sweet but I left no doubt in the two fellows that we were not going to have sex that night.

They thanked us for our company and headed back to the bar to seeing if they could score with some of the several other single women in the lounge; it was Saturday night and the lounge was crowded.

"You handled them very well," Jo Ann exclaimed, "you let them down nicely while being very firm. Where did you learn that trick?"

I laughed and replied, "It reminded me of my first time out in public with Bonnie. After the movies, we went to a café for coffee and cake. Two young boys tried to pick us up. I was scared to death as I thought that they would find out I was a male wearing a dress.

Bonnie very politely turned them down. It just stuck in my memory, I guess."

Once we had returned to the motel parking lot, Jo Ann suggested that we stroll the beach before going to our room. "Sorry, but I have to use the powder room quickly. Too much liquid and dancing," I laughed.

Once I had completed my toilet, I came into the bedroom. Jo Ann had poured us a Jamaican Rum and orange juice. "Let's sit on the balcony and enjoy the night air and breeze." She also turned on some music on the radio. Shortly, she asked, "Lynn, may I have this dance?" Even though the balcony was small, we moved our chairs into the bedroom and danced cheek-to-cheek for over fifteen minutes. As Jo Ann twirled me around, my skirt would lift slightly above my knees, The breeze off the Gulf caught my skirts and blew them slightly above my thighs, causing a cool sensation on my panty bottom as well as the exposed part of my legs between my stocking tops and my panties. Adding to the sensation caused by the wind and twirling dress, Jo Ann planted a long sensuous kiss on my freshly-painted lips.

We moved inside together as our lips were pressed against each other's. She led me to the middle of the room, saying, "Relax and do to me as I do to you. Follow my lead." With that, she unzipped the back of my dress while her lips were against mine. I did the same to her. Her tongue flickered on my lips. I could taste her lipstick on my open, painted lips. I felt her open the clasp to my black cocktail dress. I did the same to her. In a few seconds, she took her lips from mine and, us-

ing both hands, she reached to my shoulders and pulled my dress down to a heap on the floor. As soon as I duplicated her moves, she stooped over, lifted my dress and draped it across the chair. I did the same with hers.

