

A Costly Mistake



Lynn Brown



A "Her Tv" Novel



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A COSTLY MISTAKE

by Lynn Brown

My wife, Jane, and I (Charlie Brown) have been married for over ten years. One afternoon shortly after the honeymoon, Jane found my footlocker which I had in the storage unit of our apartment. She opened the footlocker to find my small collection of women's clothing consisting of one shirtwaist dress and a pink two-piece suit along with several pairs of lacy nylon panties, one bra, a pair of black patent leather three-inch heels and a very cheap wig.

While dining on a Friday night after I had returned from a sales trip, Jane asked me about the footlocker and what I had inside. Being honest, I told her that prior to our marriage I enjoyed dressing in women's clothing . She

asked if I had ever gone out in public dressed as a woman. I admitted to her that on two occasions, both on Halloween, I had dressed and gone to parties with a girlfriend who had put makeup on my face and painted my nails. To answer Jane's question as to how my girlfriend was dressed, I told her that she wore a French Maid's costume with a short skirt with net stockings along with three-inch heels. I mentioned that we danced constantly during the party and that my girl friend and I had a good time that evening.

Several months went by without any discussion regarding my girlie wardrobe until several weeks before Halloween. Jane informed me that the apartment residents were having a party in the patio area and suggested we attend and I wear my outfit to the party. She decided it would be fun if we dressed in clothing of the opposite sex. I jumped at the chance.

The day of the big party, I went to get my footlocker, brought it to our apartment and took out the pink suit and underwear. Jane suggested that I iron the skirt and jacket to remove all the wrinkles. After an early supper and before taking a shower, she suggested that she should shave my legs. While I protested, she convinced me that I would look feminine by having removed the hair off my legs. I let her shave them.

Drying off from my shower, Jane applied body lotion all over my body, particularly my legs. She handed me the lace-edged panties and the brassiere from my collection. From her dresser she took out a pair of foam rubber falsies which she had from her high school days. After stuffing the falsies into my bra cups, I began to have a woman's shape. She took out a tight panty girdle which I struggled over my hips into place. Taking my nude-colored stockings, I rolled them up, one leg at a time, over my smooth legs, then attached each stocking to the garters

tabs of the panty girdle. From another drawer Jane gave me a very lacy hemmed half-slip of hers to wear under the pink skirt of my suit.

Going to her vanity table, I looked into the mirror and saw my reflection in a bra, hairy chest and a pretty silk half-slip trimmed in white lace. Sitting at the stool, Jane worked at applying foundation, liquid makeup, massacre, eye-shadow, liner, lipstick (red) and blush to my face. Even Jane was surprised at how feminine I had become. She gave me a bottle of bright red nail polish and I was told to paint my nails which earlier in the day she had filed and shaped into ovals.

While my nails were drying, Jane finished her shower and came into the bedroom in panties and bra. Going to my closet, she borrowed my best suit along with a light blue Oxford cloth shirt and proceeded to put them on. I was enjoying watching her struggle with the tie. Finally I offered my assistance to fix it. After that Jane insisted I add another coat of fingernail polish. By the time Jane had finished dressing in my clothing, my nails were dried and I donned my pink skirt and jacket along with the black three-inch heels.

Jane took my wig, pinning it into my hair with bobby pins, then brushed the wig into a becoming style. From her jewelry box she found a triple strand of pearls along with a pair of long dangling pearl earrings with small screws which she tightened to my lobes. Spraying me with her Chanel No. 5 perfume behind my lobes, on my wrist and on my neck, I was ready to attend the party. Jane gave me a clutch purse in pink in which she placed the lipstick tube, a vial of perfume, tissue, mascara and a small package which was rather bulky. "This item is to complete your outfit. Every woman needs to carry a pad in case of an emergency," she told me as she laughed.

It took us a while before venturing to the party being held downstairs at the pool deck. I had to practice walking in the heels. At the same time Jane had to get accustomed to my shoes as they were slightly large and she was wearing three pairs of my socks. It was a sight; both of us walking around the room for ten minutes until we were comfortable wearing our new shoes.

As we leaving our apartment, Jane mentioned, "I am surprised, Charlie, but you are a very attractive girl. Let's enjoy the evening." And enjoy we did, After having several drinks and making small talk to several of the neighbors, we danced together the entire evening. Returning to our apartment, I was glad to take off my heels. Jane removed her shoes, remarking, "Men's shoes are awful heavy. I'm glad I don't have to wear them everyday. I know that your feet are sore, let me rub them for you."

I relaxed on the sofa with my feet in Jane's lap as she rubbed them, relieving the stiffness. Soon Jane was massaging my legs until I was totally relaxed. Suddenly I felt her fingers at the top of the panty girdle; in one fluid motion she brought the girdle off my hips and to my ankles along with the attached nylon stockings. She started kissing me on my painted lips, arousing my manhood under the soft confines of the nylon panties. She was the aggressor as we made love.

Arriving in the bedroom thirty minutes later, I changed into my male pajamas; then, under Jane's supervision, I cleansed off the makeup. We slept late into the morning. Jane insisted that I rinse my undies in the sink and hang them over the shower rod to dry. That evening I returned my clothing to the footlocker along with the panty girdle which Jane gave me to keep.

During the next several months I only dressed for one afternoon. I asked Jane if she would mind if I put on my feminine outfit. Once she agreed I went and retrieve the

footlocker and put on the undies as well as the blue shirt-waist dress. Jane did not offer to help but suggested that I add lipstick and earrings to complete my transformation. Once I finished, Jane took great delight in handing me a pink apron to cover my dress and insisting I help clean the apartment under her supervision. That evening I cooked , served dinner, and cleaned the dishes and kitchen as Jane watched television.

Before going to bed, Jane suggested that we have a talk about my crossdressing habit. For over an hour we discussed how I started and why I enjoyed wearing women's clothing. I told her, "It started in early high school after my older sister had gone to a dance wearing a short ballerina formal with two huge petticoats. I was fascinated with the rustling of the petticoats and the pretty light blue formal. One weekend when the family went out, I ventured into her room to try on the dress. I was not satisfied until I had removed the petticoats and dress; then I put on her bra, panties, garter belt and nylon stockings before adding the petticoats and formal dress.

"I was able to squeeze into her shoes as I had a rather small foot for a boy of fifteen. Once I had totally immersed myself in feminine clothing, I walked around the house, played music and pretended I was at a formal dance. The timer in the kitchen went off, signaling that I had better put an end to my fantasies. I hated having to give up the pretty dress and soft silky clothing. From that day I was hooked and wanted to wear panties, bras, stockings and dresses. They felt comfortable , soft and were pretty . I enjoyed the feelings from wearing pretty sensuous clothing."

Jane asked, " Did your sister or parents ever find out what you were doing?"

I replied, "I think my sister knew as she suggested several times that I should go to a costume party in one of

her dresses. I was ashamed to admit that I would really enjoy doing that, but I told her that I would find a more fitting costume for the evening such as a pilot or pirate. Of course she tried to have me commit to having her dress me in one of her outfits "which would be simply darling on you." Mother never said a thing so I do not think she was aware of my wanting to wear dresses."

"Would you like to wear dresses now? What about sex? Are you interested in dressing as a woman and having sex with a man?" she asked rather pointedly.

"Yes, I would like to dress in ladies clothing on occasions as I enjoy the soft materials and freedom a skirt gives. I do want to look like a real woman when dressed but, no I do *not* wish to have sex with a man at any time. There are basically three types of men that wear women's clothing. The first are "Drag Queens" who are female impersonators and for the most part are gay. The second group are gay men who are very effeminate and dress to attract men. I belong to the third group which is heterosexual men who enjoy wearing women's clothing and expressing their feminine side both in dress and behavior.

"There are many thousands of men who are professional men such as lawyers, policemen, firefighter, accountants, engineers and military men as well as professional athletics who enjoy wearing dresses. I've searched the web and found a national support organization that has many regional chapters which meet on a regular basis. In fact there is a support group in Atlanta that meets on the second weekend of the month. There is also a support group for the wives or girlfriends of the members."

"That is very interesting . I had no idea that so many men wish to dress as women and are not homosexual. Would you get me the information from the web sites so I can look into this? I understand why you enjoy wearing

soft clothing but I worry about us as a couple and that you might be gay. Now go change into your pajamas and you can do your laundry before we go to bed."

While I was washing my feminine clothing, Jane was on the computer checking out my sources.

When she was finished, she changed into her nylon pajamas(she had not worn nightgowns since we had been married for two months. She said she was more comfortable in nylon pj's). Once in bed, I made love to Jane.

The following morning over breakfast, Jane surprised me, saying, "I have looked over the material on the internet and I see no reason for you not to look into the group meeting in Atlanta. In the meantime you may dress in the house during the evenings when I am not at home. I only ask that you will let me know when that is and that you change back into male clothes before I come home. I understand your desire to wear pretty things as I thoroughly enjoy my clothing BUT I do not wish to have a Lesbian relationship. I want a husband. Perhaps on a Halloween night I would be amenable to being in your company when you are dressed as a woman. Can you live with my decision?"

It did not take me long to agree and promise that she would not see me wearing dresses or lingerie. I was happy to be able to come "out of the closet" and have something to look forward to in the future.

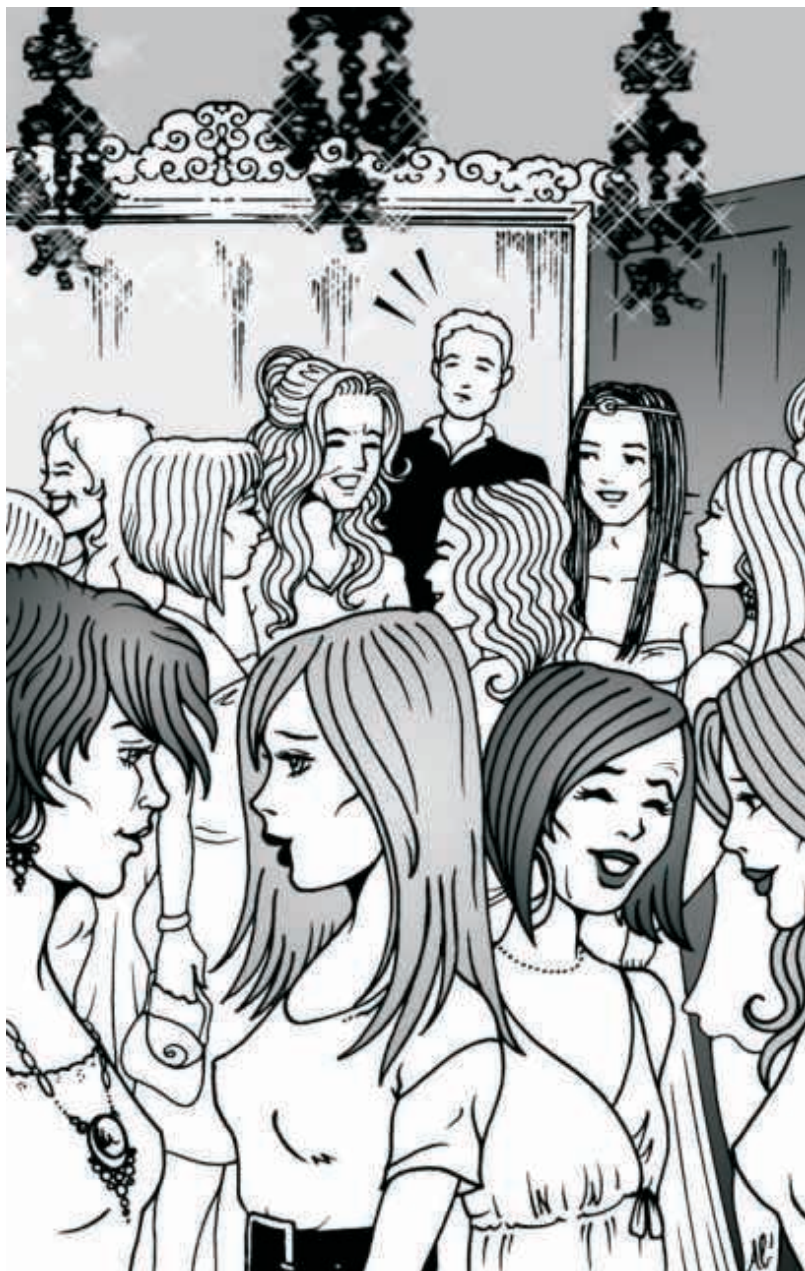
Two months later, after dressing several times at home when Jane was away, I decided to contact Tri-Ess. Getting on the internet, I found the Tri-Ess Society listing, then the Sigma Epsilon group in Atlanta. After receiving an email from their web site, I chatted with a member, finding out the details of their meeting at the Double Tree hotel located on the northern outskirts of Atlanta the second weekend of the month. I was told that they meet on Fri-

day evening, dressing and going out to dinner. The formal meeting is Saturday early afternoon, followed by dining at the motel or going out (optional for each member) for dinner and sometimes an activity. It was suggested that I should come to the meeting in "drab," meaning male attire if I would be uncomfortable on a first outing. If I felt like dressing for dinner, I could join either group.

It was with great anticipation when that weekend finally arrived. I loaded my car with the few feminine items I owned as well as purchasing some makeup which I would need. I also shopped at Upton's during the week, purchasing several pairs of Bali panties and matching brassieres in white nylon, well trimmed with lace. I left Memphis at five in the morning on Saturday, arriving around one o'clock at the hotel. By two o'clock, I nervously entered the meeting room. There were about twenty people in the room, all wearing skirts or dresses. Three of the members were genetic women; the other were men. Some of the men were very pretty and looked like real women; others could pass while there were several that appeared to be "a man in a dress."

Everyone was friendly and welcomed me. My contact through the internet introduced herself to me and saw that I met everyone. I sat through the meeting but did not really pay attention to the program as I was intent on watching and observing the members. The meeting lasted about an hour, then broke up. Several of the "girls" were going to the mall for shopping and others went to the bar or their rooms. Linda, my assigned member, suggested I might wish to change and meet them for dinner at the hotel dining room since it would be easier the first time out to be closer to my room. She offered to help me if I needed and gave me her room and cell phone number.

Thanking her, I told her I would see them at six thirty for dinner.



Once in my room, I unpacked my suitcase and hung up both my dress and pink suit . I took a long hot shower. With a towel wrapped around my waist, I shaved, using a safety razor one way, rinsed my face, then shaved the opposite direction. I put on a pair of panties, the panty girdle, a second pair of panties, then the bra, filling it with my foam rubber falsies. I had gone to Walgreen's the past week getting makeup and instructions for all the makeup I needed. Carefully, I applied the makeup after moisturizing my face.

Once I had finished, I put on a pair of opaque dancing tights to hide my hairy legs, then donned my stockings, securing the tops to the garter tabs of the white satin garter belt hanging on my waist. Taking the new white lacy bodice slip which I had purchased earlier in the week, I slipped my arms through the straps, sliding the silky slip over my breast line and down over my hips. Stepping into the skirt, I pulled it to my waist, closing the snap and zipping the rear zipper closed. The suit jacket slipped easily over the bodice of the slip as I buttoned the jacket, securing the top button to hide the hairs on my chest, even though there was only a slight mound of hair.

Checking myself in the mirror, I decided that I looked fine and was eager to go out with the group for dinner. I took my black clutch purse, put in the room key, then opened the door slightly to enter the hallway. All of a sudden I became frightened at walking out the hall completely dressed in woman's apparel by myself. All sorts of problems entered my mind. Quickly, I stepped back into my room and locked the door. I tried to reason with myself, but self would not listen.

Suddenly I remembered Linda's cell phone number and I gave her a call. Within ten minutes, she was knocking on my door. She came in carrying two glasses of wine, offering me one as she entered. We sat and talked for a

few minutes while sipping the wine. Linda was wearing a deep blue silk dress which was classy but still showed off her feminine figure. She told me, "This is perfectly normal behavior for most of us when we try to go out in public for the first time. I had the same experience as you several years ago when I first met with the group. I should have remembered; I would have insisted on picking you up and walking with you in the hall and into the dining area . Please forgive me."

I felt a lot better knowing that Linda had the same reaction as I did and that I would at least have company venturing out into the hallway. We left and walked to the elevator. We were alone in the elevator at first but stopped several floors down, picking up an older man and his wife. The woman looked both Linda and me over closely until Linda smiled politely at the couple. Once we got off at the lobby, Linda said, "You do not have to speak, just smile. That will satisfy most people. A smile will avert a curious person and make them comfortable. I found that most women will not notice that you are a male in feminine clothing if you look passable. The only time I have been read as a male in a dress is by teenage girls. They just have a super power for being aware . Why I have no idea." She laughed softly and gave me a big smile.

Soon we were in the dining room of the hotel and seated at a long table with ten other ladies (two of them wives of members). We all had drinks and ordered our dinner off the menu. Most of the men were undetectable as men until they talked, although several were overweight and had masculine features which they did not try to hide. After dinner we all went into the bar. Linda and I sat with a couple who appeared to be in their mid-twenties. The wife was a very pretty woman wearing a stunning striped shirtwaist dress in aqua and blue. She was

wearing a full blue petticoat hemmed in fancy dark blue lace. Her husband was thin and looked very attractive. His makeup was well-suited to his coloring and his nails were manicured and painted in bright red, matching his delicate lips. He was wearing a similar dress in red with bellowing pink laced petticoats while wearing four-inch red heels; his wife was in three-inch heels. Both had similar hairstyles, simple but feminine, letting their dangling earrings show.

Shortly, the group of fifteen that had gone out to dine at a restaurant returned, meeting everyone in the bar. They all had enjoyed dining out. Several members decided to go night-clubbing for the rest of the evening. Others talked in the bar. A group of young people that had been at a wedding reception in the hotel came in, taking several tables. There were six women and two men. While the men looked at our group with sneers, the women were curious as to what we were and why we were wearing dresses.

One of our members told them about Tri-Ess and that we were heterosexual men who enjoy dressing and acting as ladies. The women had all sorts of questions which were answered by the older members of our group. The big questions were, "Which bathroom do you use?", "Why and how long have you been wearing women's clothing and makeup?" and "Does your wife or girlfriend know and does she approve?"

I just listened as I had many of the same questions in my head for years. I noticed that two young girls in their early twenties were very interested in several young members of our group and seemed to be talking them very seriously. I watched for some time until the girls and the two members of Tri-Ess left towards the elevator, hand-in-hand. The blonde of the two was laughing loudly

as they departed, saying, "I can hardly wait to see what you are wearing under your skirt!"

Linda, who had been observing me during this time, leaned over saying, "This happens a lot of times. It seems that all the girls will be quite happy with the results in the bedrooms. Sometimes we learn that the wives we had talked with during the evening have thoughts of putting their husbands in dresses and makeup shortly after meeting with our group."

It was well after midnight when I got back to my room. I was feeling good about myself, as well as enjoying being able to wear women's clothing for a long period of time without feeling ashamed or being recognized in public as a weirdo. Taking off my suit jacket and coat, I decided to sleep in my lingerie and full makeup. I fell asleep immediately and did not wake up until the alarm rang at 8:30.

I quickly showered and went down to breakfast where I recognized only the wife of the young married couple that I had shared a table for dinner. I joined them for breakfast. Later I felt a tap on my shoulder. It was a man I did not recognize until he spoke. It was Linda. We talked for a while before we both had to check out of our rooms and return home. He asked me what I thought and was I planning on returning the following month. I told him I enjoyed myself and looked forward to returning if my wife would let me. He understood where I was coming from. I thanked him for his friendship and looking after me.

It was a seven-hour drive back home. Analyzing the previous day, I realized that no one had talked business other than to say what they did for a living if they were asked. It was a relaxing no-pressure group. Arriving at my apartment, I decided to leave my suitcase in the car as

I did not wish to antagonize Jane. As I came through the door, I could smell dinner cooking.

Giving my wife a kiss, I went to the bathroom, washed and checked to see that all my makeup had been removed. We talked during dinner and I told her about Tri-Ess, the people I met and what we did. I tried to answer all her questions. She asked if I planned to join the group and what was done at the meeting. During our discussion, she gave me approval to attend the monthly meetings.

Over the course of the next two years, I attended about two meetings every three months. I stayed home for Christmas, Valentine's Day, and the month of my wife's birthday as well as our summer vacation. I became more and more interested in clothing, makeup, jewelry and shoes. During my free time in Atlanta, after the meetings, I would join several of my "sisters" in shopping at the mall or a great consignment shop which welcomed crossdressers. I looked forward to attending the monthly meetings, maybe too much. After my first meeting, I joined the group going out for dinner rather than eating in the hotel dining room. I also attended several plays and concerts while fully dressed as a woman. After my second visit to Atlanta, I decided to purchase several nightgowns, which I loved sleeping in. They were so much more comfortable, softer and frillier than men's cotton pajamas.

I always looked forward to my monthly meetings. Not only the companionship but to be able to venture into the public during the evenings or daytime in women's clothing. During the two years, I had accumulated quite a wardrobe, from panties and bras to short skirts, dresses and high heels. I had become proficient in wearing four-inch heels as well as wearing deep dark makeup and fixing my wigs. I had a short auburn curly wig and a long

dark brown shoulder-length wig in which I would put in a large colored bow, matching the dress I wore.

If Jane had left for work on Friday before I would leave, I would dress in a lacy bra with matching panties, garter belt and nylons as well as a silky laced camisole during the cold weather for my drive to Atlanta. I would do the same returning home, sometimes wearing heels when driving. One day I decided if I were to travel in lingerie I should go all the way. I purchased a pair of women's slacks with a side zipper as well as a Dacron and Nylon women's shirt which completed my outfit. I would drive to my office and change back into my male attire before going to the apartment and greeting Jane.

Everything was going fine for two years since I started going to Atlanta. I dressed on a monthly basis as well as once or twice for several hours at home while Jane was away. I had several outfits at home, keeping the rest in a locked closet at my office. At the office, my dresses were hung in a small locked closet and I had a small cheap dresser chest for my dainties and sweaters. Then one Sunday evening, Jane dropped the bombshell.

After dinner, she asked how my trip was. She acknowledged that she knew that I looked forward to these monthly trips but she had changed her mind. "I think that you have become more feminine during the past year. I know that you enjoy dressing and acting as a woman, but it deeply concerns me that if you continue that, you will want to remain a woman full-time and undergo sexual surgery. I would not be able to live like that."

I quickly answered, "You have no need to worry. I have no intention to have a sex change, nor do I wish to be a woman all the time. Yes, I enjoy wearing pretty soft and feminine clothing and wish that I could wear lingerie all the time and dress more around the house. But I am a man and wish to remain one. However, I love you and

wish to please you and keep you happy. What do you suggest?"

"First," she replied, "I do not want you to go to Atlanta anymore. Secondly, I want you to sell or give all your feminine clothing away. Would you do this for me? You have probably noticed that we have had sex less frequently since you started your trips to Atlanta. It is difficult for me making love to someone who I constantly picture in a dress and sexy lingerie and wonder if you are interested in me or my clothing. If you really want us to remain married, you have to give up your obsession of crossdressing. I would like to help you get over your compulsion and suggest that we both see a therapist. What do you want?"

I was stunned as I never figured that Jane was upset with my monthly weekend trips. In the back of my mind, I had been wondering why we had so little sex during the last year. While I had toyed many times with the idea of becoming more feminine during my journey to Atlanta by doing small feminine things such as shaving my legs and thinning my eyebrows, I would not do it because I knew that Jane would be upset. Therefore I did the best I could to cover over things that would show that I had longings to look more like a woman. My face was pretty enough with the proper makeup, but my body hair had to be hidden as best I could by wearing opaque dancing tights and long-sleeved dresses with high collars.

"You are the most important thing in my life and I want to keep you happy," I answered. "I will do as you ask."

It was hard to part with my feminine clothing as I had purchased many items during my shopping tours with the members of my group in Atlanta as well as adding purchases from local stores from time to time. I went through my wardrobe and discarded several dresses

which included the pink suit I brought prior to my marriage and the blue shirtwaist dress, along with some undies which were old, and all my hair bows . I could not part with all my clothing, so I kept them locked in the closet at my office. From time to time, I would dress at the office on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon when I needed to catch up on my paperwork.

Since I rented a small one-man office rather than work out of the house for the firm for which I did technical support service on their equipment, I was not worried about being discovered wearing women's clothing. However I never wore a dress or skirt at the office to insure that I would not be seen in a dress. I would wear a dress when I was at home and Jane would be out for the evening or when she sometimes had to spend a night away from home during the month.

I told a slight modified truth to Jane, saying, "I gave away my women's clothing to the Goodwill and took some to a consignment shop." Of course the consignment shop would never sell any clothing since it was located in my office closet. I thought that I had been clever when I came up with the idea.

During the next six months, I was able to dress at home twice. While we did have sex, it was infrequent and not very fulfilling for either of us. One Thursday afternoon, I had a call from Jane who told me, "Charlie, my sister in Kansas is ill and in the hospital. I think I had better plan to see her for a week. I called and have made plane reservations for Sunday afternoon. I think I will stay for a week until she is better."

"My concern is for you to be with your sister. Make whatever plans you need. I will drive you to the airport. Do not worry about me," I replied.

Sunday morning, I drove Jane to the airport and waited until her plane left. While waiting to see the plane taxi down the runway and soar into the air, I thought, "Why not spend the rest of the day in dresses as well as evenings until Jane returns?"

I went to my office and packed undies, shoes, makeup, wig, dresses and nightgowns for the week. Once home, I cleared out several drawers in my dresser and arranged my feminine wardrobe, also hanging up several dresses. I spend the balance of Sunday completely in a dress and heels. I kept all the makeup on the counter of my bathroom, making sure that I did not use the master bathroom since that was Jane's vanity. That evening I removed my makeup and put on my prettiest and most lacy aqua blue nightgown. It was wonderful sleeping in such pretty and silky nightwear. On Monday I showered, put on body talc, and dressed in soft white frilly panties with a matching undercut brassiere along with beige nylons attached to my white satin garter belt. From the closet I put on my male Oxford cloth blue shirt along with my navy side-zipper women's slacks and a pair of flats. I wanted to add some makeup but decided against the idea.

I enjoyed the day in woman's clothing and looked forward to changing into a dress and heels for the evening. On the way home, I stopped at a local restaurant for takeout. I was showered, makeup applied, and dressed in an hour. I enjoyed eating in front of the television while fully dressed. Jane phoned that evening, checking to see if everything was alright. I told her not to worry; I had stopped for takeout and everything was fine at home.

The rest of the week went great. I would use my bathroom to shower in the morning, dress in feminine underwear for the office, pick up food, shower and shave upon arriving at home, putting on fresh lingerie, applying makeup, donning a dress or skirt and blouse as well as

high-heeled shoes. At the end of the evening, after removing my makeup, I would slip into a pretty nightgown for bed.

Jane called on Friday, giving me the time of her flight for Saturday afternoon. That evening I enjoyed getting ready for bed in my prettiest and most feminine nightgown. I left my makeup on and went to bed early, giving myself sexual gratification. After removing my makeup, I fell into a sound sleep until the alarm work me up.

While still in my nightgown, I started washing my clothing in the machine. Once they were dried and folded, I put them in my suitcase, cleaned up my bathroom and changed our sheets on the bed. Once I had completed all my chores, I showered, dressed in a sport shirt and wash pants. I checked my face for any traces of makeup in my bathroom mirror. Everything was fine.

I thought it would be best to double-check my dresser drawers and closets, making sure I had all my feminine items in my suitcase. While checking, I found a pair of yellow lace panties that were in the corner of the dresser drawer. Close call, I thought to myself. I gathered my garment bag with my dresses and my suitcase and took them to the car. I stopped off at the office and put my women's clothing away before continuing to the airport.

I was glad to see Jane. I had looked forward to her return even though I had enjoyed being able to dress in pretty clothing during the week. We stopped for dinner before getting back to the house. Her sister had been very ill but was recovering at home where Jane had nursed her for four days after leaving the hospital.

Jane went into the house while I retrieved her luggage from the car trunk. When I entered the house, Jane was furious. "What is the meaning of this?" she demanded.

I went with her into our bedroom and into her vanity. On the counter sat my short wig on its portable plastic stand. I had made a Big Mistake. While trying to be thorough in collecting all my feminine wear, I had forgotten that I kept the wig on Jane's vanity instead of the vanity in my bathroom. I was caught. I told her that I had forgotten to remove the wig when I finished dressing from the evening before she came home.

"How often did you put on women's clothing? Did you touch any of my clothes?" she asked.

I told her that I had dressed three times while she was gone and I used only my things as I knew she would not want me to touch her clothing. She was mad. Gathering her thoughts and trying to control her anger, she told me to get my pajamas and sleep in the guest room for a while until she decided what she wanted to do. I took my pajamas along with my clothing which I would need for work the following morning into the guest bedroom. I did not sleep very well that night. I was quiet as I showed, dressed, and left for work in the morning so not to disturb Jane.

That evening I came home with my tail feathers dragging. Jane prepared dinner and we ate in silence. After the meal, I cleaned the dishes, then met Jane in the den. I sat opposite her.

"I have been giving this a lot of thought since last night," she said, "I have come to the conclusion that I took the wrong direction with your cross dressing. While I still do not want you to travel monthly to Atlanta, I have decided, rather than forcing you to give up your cross dressing habits, that maybe if you have approval from me to

dress in women's things, perhaps you might tire of the idea and be able to quit on your own. I remembered what the therapist told me that no man starts out wanting to wear dresses but somewhere in your past you experienced a thrill which you remember and you wish that it could continue.

"You told me about your wearing your sister's prom dress. During our joint sessions with Dr. Mann last year, you said that you enjoyed wearing pretty silky underwear and soft clothing. I have decided that I have been too harsh and that I should not only allow you to follow your fantasy but I should help you to become a proper lady in all respects. This means that I will allow you to wear ladies clothing but you must promise me to wear what I tell you and when. No sneaking around. I will help you in deciding what to wear. You will wear lingerie at all times and will be put into skirts whenever you are at home."

Jane saw my face light up and she became more serious. "Yes dear, you will wear women's clothing until you decide that you do not want to touch another skirt, dress, panties or bras. Once you decide that you are cured, we will stop this punishment. Yes, punishment. I am convinced that in the near future you will beg me to release you from having to act and dress as a woman."

"You have your choice," she said with a devious smile across her face, "either dress to please me, or you may pack up and leave."

I had been paying attention but her last statement of dressing to please her should have signaled my brain that Jane had not given into my wanting to wear feminine clothing but that she was determined to put a definite end to my crossdressing. I was focused on the last part of her declaration about leaving.

"I understand your message. I certainly do not want to lose you. I welcome the idea that you will help me dress in the future and I promise to wear whatever you ask and when. I just ask that you will not humiliate me in front of our friends."

No," she replied, "you will be embarrassed on some occasions but not in front of family or friends. That I promise you."

She continued, "Since my man loves to wear pretty and soft lingerie, you WILL wear panties and a brasserie at all times. That means seven days a week, twenty-four hours a day. Do you agree?"

"Yes dear," I replied, thinking that this was not a bad start.

Jane continued, "I want you to gather ALL your feminine wardrobe and bring it home. I assume that you have your things at the office or in a locker. While you bring these home, I am going to clean out your dresser to make room for your new things. You will do all your own washing as well as my delicate items. You are to keep them separate. Do you understand?"

I nodded to acknowledge her statement, picked up my car keys and left for the office. It took me over an hour before I returned with two dress bags, two suitcases and a box containing my shoes. Arriving home, I was told to strip off my clothes, shower, then put on my prettiest bra and panties along with a garter belt and stocking. After I was finished, I was to call Jane into the bedroom.

Soon I had put on my lavender lacy panties with matching nylon wired cupped bra along with a pair of foam rubber falsies which filled the bra cups. I slipped the garter belt over the top of my panties and fastened the nylon beige stockings. I called Jane.

Jane entered the room and sat on the edge of the bed, eyeing my form. She started laughing, saying, "I apologize dear, you look nice but you need to learn the correct order of putting on your undies. What do you do if you need to tinkle? You need to remove your hose, garter belt, then panties. You need to put the straps to your garter belt under your panties. That way to relieve yourself, you just lower your panties. I guess that you have a lot to learn about wearing ladies things. Don't worry as I will teach you, darling," she smiled.

"Now hang all your dresses in your closet where I have made room. Once you hang them all, we shall have a fashion show and decide which dresses are suitable for you. Do you have a matching slip for your pretty lavender lingerie? No, then we will make a list of items to purchase that you will need. In the meantime, put on a white slip before you try on your outfits."

Jane moved to the chair in the corner of the room while I unpacked the garment bags. We started as I modeled every dress and every skirt and blouse combination for her. I put on a pair of black three-inch heels while walking around the bedroom to display my wardrobe. The first dress was a halter taffeta cocktail dress, very short as the skirt was about nine inches above my knees. I bought this at the consignment shop in Atlanta while shopping with some of the younger members of the club.

Jane laughed, "Where in the world did you buy this dress? It is too short and certainly not the proper style. It is made for a young woman in her early twenties. Not a mature woman in her forties. I realize that you enjoy the feel of taffeta but you need a longer skirt and different neckline for now. Put the dress on the bed and we will donate it to Goodwill."

I tried on all my dresses. Several that I had purchased on a whim from the consignment shop were much too

short and some were way too tight. From seven dresses, we discarded four. The ones we kept were a yellow sundress with white vertical stripes and a full skirt; a black short cocktail dress in taffeta; and a dark blue fitted silk and wool suit. Several of my skirts were too short and made for younger women. Jane liked my selection of three blouses: a white Nylon "see through" with long transparent Nylon sleeves; a light blue polyester long-sleeved blouse with a Peter Pan collar; and a pink Rayon short-sleeved blouse.

Next, I modeled all my lingerie, starting with the bras. Jane assisted me by snapping the closures and adjusting the straps. I had bras running from size 38 B to 42 C. The bras that fit we kept; the others went into a pile. Next came the panties, I had a variety of high-cuts, briefs and some tap panties, ranging from size 5 to 6. I told Jane that I wore two pairs, one to hold my manhood in place, normally the size five high-cuts, the others as outer wear. I only had the one panty girdle that Jane had given me over a year ago for Halloween. She admired my collection of three nightgowns.

Then came the shoes. When I put on the several pair of four-inch heels, Jane could not restrain herself. "What ever possessed you to buy four inch heels? Dear, you should learn to dress as a middle-aged lady, not a hooker or a young girl just out of high school. You should wear three-inch heels as dress shoes and smaller heels for everyday wear."

She looked at the few earrings I had which she thought were tasteful but told me I needed some necklaces and rings as well. "Alright Charlie, I want you to go into your bathroom but take my makeup mirror and paint your face. Then put on the infamous wig and your yellow dress along with the sensible heels and call me."