The Cross-Dresser’s Wife

will the ultimate game between a man and his wife turn into his secret fantasy—or hers?
Miranda snuggled up and whispered into my ear. “I think she-males are sexy.”

I nearly stopped breathing. It was the single most terrifying thing she could have said. Two decades in the closet will do that to you. “You do?”

“Oh, yeah. Pretty girl on the outside, boy-bits on the inside.” Her lips brushed my cheek. “It’s the best of both worlds.”

“I guess.” My stomach was churning. Thank God we were already lying down or I would have collapsed. “But they aren’t all that pretty… are they?”

“Not all of them. But some of them… ouch.” Her arm slipped down my body. “Really, Simon,” she said softly, “you wouldn’t believe they were guys at all.”

I knew that, of course. Years of web-surfing had taught me pretty much all there was to know about transgender issues, with the singular exception of anything by way of practical experience. Still, I had to feign ignorance. “Sure, maybe the ones on hormones. Since they were teenagers, I suspect.”

“You’d be surprised. An early start is a big advantage, but so is having the right genes. You know, a thin build, not too tall…” Her fingers probed the soft skin just above my groin. “Very little body hair. Kinda like you.”

The bedroom was soaked in darkness. The streetlight on the corner outlined the blinds and not much else. I wondered if we were going to mess around after all. “You seem to know a lot about it,” I muttered.

“I poke around the web. It’s all out there.” She hiked herself up on one elbow, while her fingers encircled the base of my penis. “We were talking about fantasies the other day… You said you’re attracted by long hair. I do understand that, even though mine is short.” She paused. “Can I tell you my fantasy?”

I swallowed hard. “Seems only fair.”

She hopped out of bed and opened her laptop. “I found this on a blog. It’s called a ‘caption’. That’s where someone takes a picture they like and adds text, to turn it into a little story. Kinda like a children’s book, only for adults.”

I stared at the picture on the screen. No fucking way…

“I know you’re not into this kind of thing, not like this guy in the picture. But, well… You wanted to know what turns me on. This is it.” Her voice was sincere; she wasn’t kidding around. “I think it’s really erotic. I hope you don’t mind.”

All I could do was shake my head. It was my own damn caption!
His Secret Desire

Oh, my God! Miranda, is that really him? Your husband? What on earth did you do?

I just helped him dress. He's been at it for years, you know. Hiding it from me. All that guilt and shame; it was so hard on him. At least it's all out in the open.

But he looks so... He looks like a real woman! I mean, that cleavage alone is just...

Oh, they're fake. The best mastectomy forms money can buy, color-matched to his own skin. I concealed the seams with makeup.

Good heavens. His hair is gorgeous too. Extensions, I suppose. And what did you do to his face?

I got rid of all that nasty facial hair. Otherwise it's just makeup. He wasn't all that masculine to begin with.

I'll say. He's got nice legs too. How did you get him to agree to all this?

That's the funny part. He thinks it was his idea, that he had to talk me into it. He's actually grateful.

But you've wanted to do this for years! Back in school we used to talk about how cool it would be to totally feminize a guy.

Oh, absolutely. And tonight is the big payoff. I'm going to introduce Simon to a double-ended 'Love Rider', doggy-style. He thinks he's all soft and girly now? Wait 'til I get through with him.

His wife's Secret Joy
Miranda slipped back under the covers but left the screen on. “It even has our names in it. They’re common enough, but even so… What are the odds?”

Not as high as you might think. I couldn’t tear my eyes away. Sharing my private fantasy with a bunch of faceless strangers on the web was one thing, but having it show up on my wife’s computer was downright terrifying.

“So what do you think?” Her fingers crept back toward my crotch. “Guys dressing up as girls—it’s pretty freaky, I know. You must like her hair, though.”

My body was threatening to give me away. “Yeah, it’s gorgeous hair. She, uh… doesn’t really look like a guy at all.”

“I know! Like I said, some guys just have what it takes.” She made contact with my sex, her fingers exploring its widening base.

I sucked air. “Maybe it’s not a real woman.”

“I thought about that. But I’m pretty sure it’s a guy. I can’t quite put my finger on exactly what it is—there’s just something about that face.”

No freaking kidding! It was, of course, my own face; lifted from an old photo and artfully superimposed on a female body. How could she not see that?

Miranda lay her head on my chest. “When I think about what it must be like… You know, shaving the guy, plucking his eyebrows, putting the makeup on him… I just go all weak.” She gripped my penis. “You know what the best part is?”

I half-rolled away, but she wouldn’t let go.

“It’s when he puts on the wig. A nice long one, like in the picture.” Her fingers twitched. “It’s the moment when he turns into a woman. He’d already be dressed up in lingerie or whatever—maybe a nice cocktail dress—and his face is perfectly made up, and then suddenly he has this wonderful head of hair. It’s like, that’s the end of him as a guy. All that’s left is a woman.”

*Oh, God.* This was getting to be too much.

“Hey, you’re really into this, aren’t you?” She sounded surprised.

I groaned and collapsed onto my back. It was no use. I couldn’t hide it.

She explored the length of my member. “I guess long hair really does it for you.” She touched her lips to mine and stroked my member. “Okay, sweet-cheeks, I’ll wear a wig for you. But how about this—why don’t you wear one too? For me? Would you do that?”

*Would I?* “I’ll do it,” I gasped.

Then we made love.
We went online and bought a pair of wigs, one for each of us. Hers was a blonde pageboy, a bit lighter than her own hair, straight to her shoulders. I thought it was pretty plain, but she wanted to keep it simple. Mine was brunette, darker than my own hair, and quite a bit longer than hers. That was her idea. It came down past the shoulder in thick waves and, paradoxically, by being bigger it made my face seem smaller. She seemed to enjoy the aspect of role reversal.

I was reluctant to wear it, at first, but Miranda insisted. “If I have to wear mine, then you have to wear yours. That’s the rule.”

How could I say no? It was my fantasy in the first place. Hers was for me to do exactly the same thing, so I could hardly refuse.

So she put on her wig, and a nightie I was partial to, and I agreed to her terms. She sat me down at her vanity, wrapped my head in a nylon cap, and placed the new brunette wig on my head.

“How about a little makeup?”

She brushed out my wavy tresses, then said, “How about a little makeup?”

I shook my head. “That wasn’t the deal.” But I could’ve said so more firmly.

“Deal shmeal. A girly hairdo doesn’t look right without the lashes to match.” She plucked a mascara wand out of its base and tilted my head back. Involuntarily, my eyelashes lowered and she quickly made them longer and thicker.
“You need a bit of shadow too. Hey, don’t blame me! These wigs were your idea.” She rubbed a light bronze eye shadow on an applicator. “Those gorgeous lashes will show up better with a bit of this.”

I sighed and closed my eyes. It was pointless to argue. When she was done, she handed me the lipstick she had recently used on her own lips. I stared at it for a moment, then leaned toward the mirror and colored my mouth.

We shifted to the bed. My shirt was already off, so I felt every touch of that huge head of hair against my bare skin. Miranda turned off the light. I took off my pants. Then we kissed, lipstick to lipstick, as her hand crept into my crotch and tickled me into an erection.

“I’ve got an idea,” she said eagerly. “It would really turn me on if you wore my nightgown.” She must have sensed my reaction. “Well, it makes sense, doesn’t it? You’re the one with the long hair.”

She knew I liked that gown. It was pink satin, trimmed with lace, and didn’t quite reach her knees. It would ride somewhat higher on me.

She let the spaghetti straps drop from her shoulders, and stepped out of it. Before I could object, she had it over my head and pulled down to the bedspread. I stood up to let it fall the rest of the way.

“Oooh, baby.” Miranda folded it over my raging manhood, then knelt on the bed, which was high enough that she was a head taller than me. She wrapped me in her arms, her hands gripping my shoulder blades, and pulled me into a tight kiss. Our mouths opened and merged into one another. Her fingers crept into my hair and cupped the back of my head. My own hands rode her hips while she used my head, rather forcefully, as a sex toy for her tongue.

When we lay down, Miranda rolled me onto my back and artfully arranged my hair across the pillow. “It’s pretty,” she said, teasing out the ends. “Just like one of those shampoo commercials, where the model tosses her hair at the end and it flows all over the place.”

Then she mounted me, already in full control. I barely had to move. She would kiss me, softly, and ease her hips up and down once or twice, then play with my hair and kiss me again, hard, all the way to the back of my throat. This went on for some time. Each time she brought me to the brink, she throttled me back, and all the while her own passion mounted ever higher.

Only after she was done did she allow me to finish, which culminated in the most drawn-out orgasm I’d ever had. “That,” she told me in a teasing voice, “is how a woman makes love to a she-male.”
A few days later, in one of our favorite restaurants, at a table for two under the drone of an air conditioner, I leaned across my soup and murmured, “With regards to lingerie… I was kind of hoping that you’d be the one wearing it.”

Miranda started laughing. “Really, Simon, have you been carrying that comment around all week? And you finally decided that a restaurant was the right place to spring it on me?” She shook her head and resumed poking at her salad.

“Be that as it may… It’s how I feel.”

“Well, you know how I feel too.” She adjusted the hem of her dress. “If I have to wear lingerie then so do you. It’s only fair.”

“Is that really necessary? I mean, I’m a guy. That stuff is for women.”

“You didn’t look like a guy the other night.” She put down her fork. “But it doesn’t really matter, does it? Fantasyland is a two-way street. And by the way—I’m thinking about stockings,” she said in a hushed voice. “Specifically, a pair of black nylons. I found a caption about it; I’ll show you later.”

As before, it was one of mine. My face, my secret fantasy. How many of these did she have tucked away on her laptop? I’d written quite a few captions over the years; had she been collecting them all this time?

I thought about it for a few days, then borrowed Miranda’s Lady Shick and shaved my legs. What the hell—it was the fall anyway and I was only wearing long pants. No one would notice until next summer and by then the hair would’ve grown back (or so I told myself). On our next early night Miranda casually set out an old pair of stockings and a new garter belt (in my size), and I slipped them on while she was out of the room. We were both in wigs and nightgowns before she noticed.

“Oh my God, you shaved your legs!” She lifted my hem and touched my knee, then placed her leg next to mine. “They look the same! Oh Simon, it’s just so wonderful of you to do this for me. Thank you so much.”

“No problem.” We sat together on the bed, in the dark, our hands roaming across each other’s bodies. “But you know,” I began. “About those captions… This isn’t exactly the first time I’ve seen them.”

She drew back. “Simon! Have you been going through my stuff?”

“No, no, nothing like that. I read them on the web.”

“But how could you—” Her voice caught. “Are—are you serious? Do you like TG captions?” All I could do was nod.
Some men shave their legs; maybe to improve their time in the pool, to stay cool in summer, or just to feel clean. Simon had his own reasons for using his wife’s Lady Shick on his legs, and on his chest and arms as well. And his wife approved.

Good lord, Miranda. Is that the girl you hired to help out around the house? Why do you let her lie around naked? What if your husband sees her?

Oh, that is Simon. He shaved his legs, so I encouraged him to wear stockings. He’s got great legs, doesn’t he?

But... he’s got breasts! And his hair is just... gorgeous.

It is, isn’t it? Well, he deserves the best. Poor dear, he’s been dreaming of this his whole life.

Oh, and he’s coming with us tonight, to the club. As a woman.

I think he should show a bit of cleavage, don’t you? And a nice swingy skirt above the knee will show off those legs.

... LOOK GOOD ON A WOMAN
It wasn’t until we were out for a walk the next morning that the subject came up again. “So how long have you been reading the TG stuff?” It could have been either of us asking the question, but in the event it was me.

“A few years,” Miranda replied. “Before that it was more often stories, on places like Fictionmania.” She took my hand. “I guess you’ve heard of it, huh?”

“Oh, yeah.” I hesitated. “Same for me. A few years.”

“It blows me away, you know. We’ve been reading the same stuff.” She sighed. “Both fantasizing about the same things. More or less. I guess you like the ones where the guy ends up with a girly head of hair.”

“Yeah… But others are okay too. Some of the magic or SciFi—”

“It’s forced-fem for me. Of course, I’m not the one being feminized.” She gazed out across the lake, where the morning mist had yet to dissipate. “You’ll have to show me some of your favorites.”

So that night, for the first time, Miranda and I surfed TG captions together. It was a surreal experience, checking out familiar blogs while trying to pretend that they weren’t all that familiar. I expressed my distaste for certain captions; mostly those with X-rated photos, but also the ones that were hard to read because of poor graphics or blocks of solid text. Miranda agreed that readability was important.

Inevitably, of course, we arrived at my own blog, well down the most-recent list on the World of TG website. “It’s one of my favorites,” Miranda said. “Too bad it hasn’t been updated in awhile.”

I’ve been a bit distracted. There was silence while we both read my most recent effort. Mercifully, it didn’t feature my face.

Miranda shrugged. “Not bad. It’s a bit lame, but maybe that’s the whole point. The guy is such a failure, it serves him right turning into a maid. But at least he’s got some pretty sweet hair, right?”

“That’s what I like.” Not to mention the ‘being forced’ aspect.

“I’ve noticed that Sylvia—whoever she is—is way into the long hair. No wonder you like her stuff. Personally, I like the feminizing. It seems the guy always has to be tricked into dressing up.” She chuckled. “Sylvia has issues.”

What could I say? I did have issues—and they were right in front of us, complete with illustrations. The only thing missing was an air-raid siren and a big red arrow pointing to my head reading BIG FAT SISSY, CLICK HERE.
A hard day's night ... at the salon

Thinner! Those eyebrows still look like they belong to Fred Flintstone.

Who cares? My so-called 'husband' is going to be a woman for a long time.

What on earth did he do?

Simon hasn't had a job in years. He's a failure as a man, so he might as well be the maid for awhile.

Damn, I wish they hadn't gone nuts with the curling iron. It looks so girly.

Absolutely. And the industrial-strength depilatory as well. He's going to have a woman's face and that means no fuzz.

I take it you applied the all-night moisturizer, like I suggested?

Use lots of makeup. Do whatever it takes. I want him gorgeous.

A caption by Sylvia
“It’s a brassiere, silly.” Miranda handed me the black undergarment. I unwrapped the packaging. “What am I supposed to do with it?”

She giggled. “How about, put it on? No, seriously—put it on. It’s yours. I don’t want you stretching mine out of shape. I know we’re the same size, but still.”

I shrugged and took off my shirt. The straps slipped over my arms. Miranda fastened the back and adjusted the shoulder straps. “It’s a little loose,” I muttered, poking at the collapsed chest.

Miranda balled up two pairs of socks and stuffed the C-cups. “It’ll do for now,” she said cheerfully. Then she handed over my garter belt.

I laughed. “Oh, we’re doing that now, are we?”

“I thought we might. Back in five, luv. Don’t forget the makeup.”

I stepped into the garter belt, attached the stockings and—for a change of pace—slithered into Miranda’s black slip. I found a pair of her sling-back pumps that fit not too badly and sat down to work on my face. She’d had me apply my own makeup several times before, so I could manage the basics. A thin coating of foundation, powder, and just a hint of blush. Subtle lines around the mouth and eyes. A bit of bronzy eye shadow, mascara and cranberry lip gloss.

I was pinning my hair into an elastic cap when Miranda returned, wearing her blonde wig, an ivory chemise, nude stockings and tall silver heels. She picked up the brunette wig and slipped it over my head, then watched as I brushed it out.

When I stood up, she looked me in the eye: “Nice shoes.” I had been an inch or so taller, but the difference in heel heights had reversed our roles. As I gazed up at this woman who was still my wife, I realized that I no longer felt like her husband. My mind shied away from wondering what I’d become.

Miranda killed the lights and put me to bed. She was in charge and she knew it. We’d even discussed it, once, after checking out a few captions that featured light bondage. It wasn’t something either of us were really into, but we agreed that a woman exercising control over a man was definitely erotic.

She played me like a fiddle. While we kissed I tried to keep my own hands busy, yet she didn’t seem to want—or need—me to do much.

“I’ve been wondering,” she said between sessions where our mouths were locked together. “Have you ever dressed as a woman before?” A long kiss followed.

“I wouldn’t do that,” I gasped. “I don’t go through your things.”
“Not now. Before we met. Like in college. Or maybe as a child?”

I shook the hair out of my eyes. “Well, I might have—”

“I knew it—you don’t just fantasize about this stuff! Simon, you’re a real cross-dresser!” Her fingers tickled my groin. “You got any girly stuff stashed around the house—from back then?”

I shuddered. “No way. I got rid of all—”

Her grip tightened. “This is so cool. I got me an honest-to-God tranny. I bet you used to dress up in mommy’s delicates.” A quick stroke, then another. “You can tell me. Did you have a favorite bra? Maybe a silk slip of hers, or a wig?”

“Yes, a wig! And a—a body briefer. It’s like a corset.”

We kissed and Miranda picked up the pace down below. “What else?”

“A black cocktail dress,” I said, my body heaving. “Loose skirt down to the knee. Long sleeves and a scoop neckline. It felt wonder—Oh, God!”

Before I knew what was happening Miranda was on top and sliding down my shaft. Our crotches slapped together, our breasts interlocked, our mouths fused. For what seemed like a long time we shared the same air, breathing first through one nose, then the other, while our tongues took turns trying to reach the other’s tonsils. Then we exploded into each other—and everything stopped.

When I could breathe again, I said, “I guess I can tell you now.” A heavy sigh. “You know those captions you like so much? I wrote them.”

Her head snapped back. “What? You mean, ‘His Secret Desire’—that one? And the one about stockings? And the curly blonde hair? All those captions?”

I nodded. “I’ve been writing them for a few years. Heck, you know that. You’ve probably read most of them.”

“Let me get this straight—you are Sylvia?”

“Yes. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you before. It was just—”

“I know. You didn’t know how I’d react.” She grinned. “Now you know.”

I wrapped my arms around her. “Thanks for understanding.”

Miranda laughed. “You’re wearing makeup, a brassiere, nylon stockings and my best slip—not to mention the sexiest hairdo I’ve ever seen—and you’re worried about writing a few captions? Good grief.” She kissed me on the nose. “My sweet innocent Sylvia. What am I going to do with you?”

But as it turned out, she already had a pretty good idea.
A woman's fantasy...

Oh, my God! Miranda, what on earth did you do to me?

It was just a fantasy, for God's sake!

Christ, I can feel the cups in this bra. This is my own skin! How the hell did you do this?

Shit, you didn't... You wouldn't... I'm afraid to look.

This is too much. Wearing lingerie in the bedroom is one thing, but do you really expect me to go outside looking like this?

Oh, shit... You've been fantasizing about she-males all these years, so you finally decided to turn me into one.

What do you think? You're a woman now. Just like you've always wanted.

Yeah, right...

Implants. I found a clinic where they don't ask too many questions.

Oh, don't be such a baby. It's still there. It's just hiding behind that fake vagina.

I certainly do. I paid good money for those boobs, not to mention the hair extensions.

You got it. Now listen up. For the next hour or so, I'm the man, you're the woman, and this is the 'Love Rider 2000'.

... Becomes her husband's reality
A few weeks later we took off for our annual vacation: ten days in Florida, with Disney World on the agenda. Miranda made all the arrangements.

We stayed at the Waldorf Astoria, outside Orlando. The first three days were spent shuttling back and forth to the ‘home of the mouse’ before that got old, after which we checked out SeaWorld and Universal Studios. For the rest of our stay we had planned to do a whole lot of nothing, but Miranda announced that she had a surprise in store. Did she ever.

I awoke with a bit of a hangover, which was odd since I hadn’t been drinking. But as I later found out, that’s exactly what Rohypnol—otherwise known as the ‘date rape drug’—feels like the morning after. In that groggy state it took me awhile to figure out exactly what had happened.

First off, I had breasts. Okay, they weren’t real breasts, unless the skin of my chest had gone numb, but they sure as hell looked real. The color matched my own skin tone and there were no obvious seams. If they were hidden with makeup, someone had done a damn good (boob) job on me.

Still in bed, and still half under the sheet, I lifted up and jigged a little. My chest swayed provocatively, just like the real thing. “Shit, what did she do?”

I shook my head and a tangle of long hair slid across my upper back. I felt my forehead and found not the woven edge of a wig, but a mere bump in the skin. I followed it around, picking at it, but it wouldn’t come loose. Like my newfound breasts, it had been glued down and the edges sealed.

That’s when I noticed my hands. They’d never been any bigger than my wife’s—and I’d been shaving my arms, along with the rest of me, for a month now—but they had somehow acquired quarter-inch fingernails. Like everything else, they were glued down so firmly that they felt like the original equipment.

Gently, I touched my face. There was no hair, of course, and my skin was moist, but I wasn’t wearing makeup. So I’d been subjected to an all-night moisturizer, as well as an industrial-strength depilatory cream—just as I’d written.

I tugged at the sheet. It flowed smoothly across my skin, which was no surprise since I’d shaved only the night before, but I couldn’t feel anything between my legs. Which meant… I lifted the sheet. Yep—I had a pussy.

I took a closer look. The ‘skin’ around the opening was numb to the touch and there were no seams. So it was fake, but thoroughly glued into place and the edges blended with the surrounding skin. Miranda had done her homework.
There was a note on the night stand:

Sylvia:

It’s about time you got up, sleepy-head! I laid out some clothes for you. Nothing fancy, just basic daytime wear for we women. And yes, I DO expect you to wear it. Enough of the tomboy routine, okay? You’re a girly-girl for the day. So get dressed!

Miranda

I slid out of bed, eyeing the lingerie laid out nearby: a black corselette, beige stay-up stockings (no garters for a change), and a short black slip. In the closet was a simple shift dress, in black with three-quarter sleeves and a scoop neckline. On the floor sat a pair of sensible black pumps. Everything looked new.

I picked up the corselette: Miss Mary of Sweden. It was panty-style, with a hook-and-eye closure in the gusset. The front was embroidered with silver stitching. As I stepped into the opening, a Maxi pad fell out. Oh, no… Yet if I didn’t, she’d find out. So I smoothed the pad between my legs, drew the garment up and worked it over my hips. It fit snugly, pinching my waist enough to give me a decent figure. I shrugged into the shoulder straps and plopped my chest into the cups.

A wave of softness flowed over my shoulders. Twin curtains of long brown hair screened out everything but the female body that had replaced my own. I couldn’t believe she expected me to set foot outside looking like this.

I swept back my hair and peeked through the curtains. I squinted, blinded by color so blue it hurt, with nary a cloud in sight, and the brilliant greens of the golf course spread out below. It was a beautiful day—and I was to live it as a woman.

I got dressed. What choice did I have? My male clothes were gone.

“Not bad,” Miranda said when I emerged from the bedroom. She was wearing a white blouse and a black pencil skirt. “You need to walk more like this,” she told me as she demonstrated. “Take short steps. Pretend you’re not in a hurry.”

“I’m not,” I said softly. “Except maybe to get this over with.”

“Meow! Okay, here’s the deal.” She gathered my hair into a loose ponytail. “I see by the calendar that it’s four days until our return flight. The glue will last a lot longer than that. But if you play nice—” Her lips brushed my ear. “Maybe I’ll give you the solvent an hour or so before we check out.”

I knew what that meant. “You want me to pretend I’m a woman.”

“No. Don’t pretend anything. I want you to be a woman.” Miranda handed over a small purse and told me to open it. “See that? You’re ‘Sylvia Simon’ now. And there’s the ID to prove it.”
My body felt foreign; tight in places it had never been tight before and loose where a man shouldn’t be, with a skirt fluttering about my knees and thick hair flowing around my neck. I felt compelled to arch my back, and even to walk by placing one foot in front of the other. None of it came naturally.

The Dressing Room—a ‘full service’ salon—was ten minutes away by taxi. We were expected. Miranda stepped into the lounge, leaving me to deal with the cute blonde girl at the counter. I spoke my name.

“Right this way, Ms. Simon. Would you like a glass of wine before we start?”

I shook my head, then noticed that Miranda was watching. So she wanted me to act like a woman, did she? Or be a woman? Fine…

I smiled as my hand fluttered into my hair. “Call me Sylvia.”

“Cool. Like the comic strip. I’m Chloe.”

“Nice to meet you, Chloe. And ‘yes’ to the wine.”

I sat in a red leather chair and sipped, while Chloe brushed my hair and pulled it back. I relaxed, feeling a spreading warmth. It felt as though my innate ‘maleness’ was ebbing, displaced by a growing female psyche. I’d often thought of myself as being neither masculine nor feminine, but stuck somewhere in no-man’s land between the two. Yet here I was in female dress, with long hair and ample chest, being done over as a woman. I was stuck no longer, it seemed.

Chloe selected a small bottle from the counter. “All ready for your new face?”

I handed her my empty glass. Miranda came over to sit next to the counter, where she could see me. I took the chance to study our two faces; one thoughtful and slightly amused, the other puzzled. Without her wig and lacking makeup, my wife was attractive but in a rather tomboyish way. But as for me…

“I’ve always thought that a woman’s beauty lies in the symmetry of her face.” She touched her cheek. “One side should be a reflection of the other.”

“That’s true,” Chloe said, uncapping the bottle of liquid foundation. “Just look at Sylvia. She’s got a ton of symmetry.”

“I’ve always thought so. That’s where makeup comes in too.”

“How do you figure?” That was me.

“She’s right,” Chloe said. “Foundation smooths out unevenness, including pores, blemishes, even slight differences in muscle and tissue under the skin.”
Miranda nodded. “I know it sounds weird, but the more uniform a woman’s face is the prettier she is. She even looks younger.”

Chloe finished smoothing the liquid over my face, working it down my neck and up to my hairline. She added powder with a fluffy brush. “How’s that feel?”

I opened my mouth, feeling the skin stretch. “Dry.”

“That’s the powder setting. Once everything sinks in you’ll hardly notice it.” She blushed my cheeks and contoured around the edges.

Miranda grinned. “I’ve heard that you can see a woman’s soul through her eyes. So don’t spare the mascara. This girl needs all the help she can get.”

Chloe chuckled. “Most men aren’t into the Marilyn Manson look.” She thinned my brows to a uniform curve, darkened them, and outlined my eyes with a Kohl pencil. She used a cotton swab to smudge the line, then dipped an eyeliner brush in deep shadow and wiped it over the liner, widening the line to the outside.

“I love that smoky-eye look.” That was not me.

“I hope I got it right.” Chloe went on to apply bronzy eye shadow. “But you know her better than I do, ma’am. How would you describe my client?”

“Oh, she’s a total ditz.” Miranda grinned when I stuck out my tongue. “But she has a real feminine softness about her. Guys love it.”

“I’ll bet they do. Close your eyes, honey.” Chloe feathered mascara through my lashes, top and bottom, sweeping the brush outward for length. “Now pucker up.” She lined my lips and filled them with brick-red gloss. I rolled one atop the other. I was shocked. There was no way that gorgeous creature could possibly be me.

For once Miranda was silent. Maybe she had trouble believing it too. But it was true: I was prettier than her, sexier and more feminine. I was the better woman, but how was that possible? Was it all down to the makeup and Chloe’s expertise? Or was there something particular about me that suited me to this role?

I closed my eyes as Chloe atomized perfume in my direction. She unbound my hair and teased the ends, then sprayed it and brushed for volume.

Miranda found her voice. “So how do you like the new you?”

I tried to act casual. “I love it. Chloe did a wonderful job.”

“She did indeed.” A quick smile. “I think she found your inner diva.”

“You’re just about ready,” Chloe said. But before I could get up, she leaned over and peered into my cleavage. “Hang on a sec. I just need to check…”
Dismayed, I watched her touch the upper slope of first one bosom, then the other. She seemed satisfied. The makeup was waterproof, she informed me, so I could even shower with the breastforms. “But how did you know?”

She stared at me, then laughed. “Who do you think glued those puppies on last night? Not to mention your new plumbing. It took both of us to corral that wiener dog in its sleeve and stuff those balls up inside—and super-glue the lot.”

I looked around at all the mirrors, the cosmetics, the wigs. “I thought—”

Miranda looked amused. “Oh dear, did I forget to mention that this salon caters exclusively to cross-dressers? My bad.”

“If it makes you feel any better,” Chloe said, “you’re probably the prettiest guy I’ve ever had in here. Girl scout’s honor.”

I deep-sixed my pride and thanked her. Then I moved to the counter, feeling the light touch of my new hairdo with every step. I opened my purse and looked back at the two of them, one loose tress touching my cheek. “What do I owe you?”

“Isn’t that cute? She wants to pay for her own transformation.” Miranda reached over and clicked my purse shut. “You’re done here.”

Power. I’d never felt anything like it. A woman’s beauty will open doors for her, both literally and figuratively. It was the same everywhere we went that afternoon: people paid attention to me. In dress shops, shoe stores, department store cosmetic counters, we never had to wait for service. Even the Asian girl at the nail salon ignored Miranda to serve me. It didn’t take long for me to figure out that she was the plain one and I was the looker. Me.

The pattern held when we entered the restaurant; the maitre d’ had eyes only for me. I was seated at a table overlooking Lake Apopka, with Miranda tagging along like my kid sister. It was a gorgeous evening, with the setting sun casting long shadows over the water. For the first time in my life, I felt just as beautiful.

We ordered wine and entrée salads with vinegar-and-oil dressing, as ladies do. Miranda eyed me across the table. “You’re really getting into this.”

“It’s easy. You just stick your fork into the bowl and whatever comes up, you put it in your mouth.” I demonstrated.

“Oh, ha ha.” She lowered her voice. “I suppose being a woman is just as easy?”
I rolled my eyes. “Why wouldn’t it be?” I tossed my head to shift my hair.
“I just didn’t think you’d polish up so well. Glamorous, even.”
“We can’t all be tomboys,” I said with a shrug.
Her eyes narrowed. “I wasn’t aware any of us were.”
“It’s a relative thing.” I glanced at the lake. “What are we doing tomorrow?”
“It’s up to you. We could go back to Disney World and do all the girly stuff Simon wouldn’t.” I must have looked puzzled. Miranda grinned. “You know, check out Fantasyland, go through Cinderella Castle, ride the teacups. Maybe get our picture taken with Minnie Mouse. That sort of thing.”
I glanced at a male diner nearby. “Personally, I’d rather shop.”
“Oh, you are a girl!” She put down her fork. “There’s something I’ve been meaning to ask you… But it’s a bit risqué.”
I flashed a smile. “After what you did to your husband last night, I doubt you’re all that concerned about offending my ‘delicate sensibilities’.”
“Okay. You asked for it. What’s Roger like between the sheets?”
I stared at her. “Who the heck is Roger?”
She laughed. “Don’t tell me you forgot him already! Your husband?”
So that was her game. I thought fast. What might she want me to say? “Oh, him. Well… he’s a stud, pretty much. You know, in bed. He’s good with his hands. He totally, uh, plays me like a xylophone.” Whatever the hell that meant.
Miranda smirked. “Sounds nice. I guess. So do you ever fake it?”
“Of course I have, Sylvia. Most women do. We can’t all be as lucky as you.”
I picked at my salad, acutely aware of my body. With each bite, with lips pulled back to avoid smudging my lipstick, thick tresses swept over my shoulders, their curly tips tickling the bare skin exposed by the scoop neckline of my dress. It was impossible to ignore. I tried changing the subject. “What’s your husband like?”
“Simon?” She sighed. “Total wet blanket, I’m afraid.”
I stared at her. “He can’t be that bad, can he? I mean, he’s… nice.”
“He is. Simon is a nice guy. Nothing else.” She pursed her lips. “You know how men are, right? The good ones, I mean. Strong, confident, a bit aggressive—like Roger. Simon isn’t like that. He’s just not much of a man.”
“I see.” To hear your own wife describe you like that… I took a deep breath and reminded myself to stay in character. *Simon isn’t here.*

Miranda returned to her salad. “Actually, I envy you. Roger is a ‘take charge’ kind of guy; he knows what he wants. Simon is totally the opposite. He’s actually *too* considerate in bed, if you can believe it. He’s always deferring to me, as if I were the man instead of him. It makes me wonder.”

This was getting dangerous, but I had to know. “Wonder what?”

“Like maybe he wants to be the woman. Like maybe he’s a tranny.”

“I think they call them ‘cross-dressers’ these days.”

“Whatever. I just wonder what would happen if I called his bluff. Made him dress up for real, the whole nine yards. I wonder how he’d react.”

“Oh… that’s hard to say.”

“C’mon girl, you’re my best friend. What do you think I should do?”

I shrugged. “Maybe you should talk to Simon about it.”

“That’s easy for you to say.” She sighed. “I did try to, but I could never find the right moment. How do you ask your husband if he wants to be a woman?”

“It’s not like he wants to *become* a woman. I mean, whatever you’re talking about doing to him, it would just be temporary—right?”

She smiled, briefly. “That would be up to him. Why do you care?”

“I don’t. It’s just not right to feminize a guy against his will.”

“Who says he’s against it?” Miranda leaned forward. “I probably shouldn’t tell you his dirty little secret, but what the hell. Simon’s been writing fantasies about transvestites. He puts them up on the web and everything. TG captions, they’re called. Really freaky stuff. He seems to like the idea of being forced to dress up as a woman—usually by his wife.”

“Really.” My head was spinning.

“True story. But it got me thinking. If I were to trick him into dressing up, it would just be making his own fantasy come true. How could he object to that?”

I shrugged. “I guess he’d just go along with it.”

“Right. And when he did, I’d know it was the right thing to do.”

I stared at her, my lips frozen. So all I had to do was object…

“I’m gonna do it,” Miranda said darkly. She picked up her wine glass. “Here’s to making hubby’s dreams come true.” We touched glasses, and drank.
“You’ve been a good girl today. I think that deserves a reward, don’t you?”

I knew what that meant. Miranda left to change in the bathroom while I hung up the first dress I’d ever worn for an entire day. It felt like a rite of passage. I placed my shoes neatly in the closet and folded my lingerie—the black slip and the beige stockings and the black corselette with silver stitching. I opened the top drawer to put them away. Inside, I found a black teddy. She’d thought of everything.

I slipped it on, the satin gliding over the smooth skin of my feminized body, and stood by the mirror to fix my hair. I was amazed at how soft it felt and how well it had held its bounce. More than the teddy or the makeup that made me glamorous, it was this glorious hair that had truly transformed me into a desirable woman.

“Hey, babe. Yer a sight.” It was Miranda, but she was wearing my—or rather, Simon’s—shirt and trousers, and her hair was slick with gel. She swaggered into the room, grinning. “Didn’t forget your old Roger, did ya?”

Oh, God. So the game continued, and once more I was obliged to play along. After all, it was her fantasy too. I managed a weak smile.

“I knew it.” His voice lowered to a growl. “A week of girly stuff and you forget ya even got a husband! You chicks are all the same.”

“Sorry about that.” I leaned against the bureau. “What are you doing here?”

“Figured I’d surprise ya. Good thing I did, huh? Another day and you’d a’ been hoppin’ into bed with the first guy who offered you a vodka spritzer.”

“I wouldn’t do that,” I protested, unsure of what the right answer might be.

“Oh-huh.” He put his arms around me and pulled our pelvises together. “Miranda tells me you’re up for some company.”

I decided to play along. “Now that you mention it…” We kissed. Roger was taller than me by a good few inches, he in dress shoes (with lifts?) and me barefoot—which seemed appropriate, I couldn’t help thinking, since I was the man’s wife.

“You’re a beautiful woman,” he whispered, and I lay my head on his chest while he rocked me back and forth. I felt a flush of warmth rush through my body. “I’m going to make love to you,” he said softly.

We pulled apart. I lowered my head, eyelashes fluttering. “I’d like that.”

“Good. Then you won’t mind wearing these.” From the bottom drawer he came up with a pair of fuzzy pink circles, linked with a chain. Handcuffs! “All in good fun,” he said playfully, reaching behind me to snap the rings over my slim wrists.
“Do we really need those? I mean, I’m willing—” I heard the locks click together, first on one side, then the other. Under all that fuzz, the cuffs were hard plastic and too tight for comfort. “You have a key for these?”

“Relax. It’s in my suitcase. I think.” He grinned and kissed me hard. “I gotta say, babe, I like you like this—sexy and helpless.” He sat me on the bed. “How about you, huh? This turn you on? I bet you like being controlled.”

God help me, I did. But I wasn’t about to admit it, even now. But he knew.

Roger laughed. “You women are all the same. Out there it’s all equal rights and choice and whatever. But in the bedroom all you do is toy with your hair and let the guy do whatever the hell he wants. Which is exactly what I’m gonna do.”

I felt myself shrinking, or maybe it was my ‘husband’ getting taller. I bit my lip and gazed up at him; then tossed my hair and managed a coy smile.

He dropped his pants. Underneath he was wearing a pair of Simon’s white boxers, and under that... something straining to be set free. “It’s funny,” he said, ripping off his loose sweatshirt. “Women say they like manly guys, but then go all gooey when a man gets done up like a girl. I know it’s a woman’s prerogative, but jeez—make up your damn mind.”

I couldn’t help staring. His legs were shaven, of course, as Miranda’s had been, but whatever was under there was skin-colored and slowly rising from its former position back between his legs. Yet it couldn’t be one of those.

Beneath his T-shirt Roger was wearing a bra. “You chicks go for the she-males in a big way, so I got all femmed up for ya. Hang on.” He left the room, returning moments later with Miranda’s blonde wig and makeup bag. He stuck the wig on his head, then applied lipstick, mascara and eye shadow. The result looked a lot like Miranda, but didn’t stop talking like Roger.

“There ya go, babe. One she-male, ready for action. Call me ‘Rhoda’.”

I sighed. “I’m not sure who any of us are anymore.”

Rhoda donned the black slip I’d worn earlier and sat down beside me. “I’ll keep it simple then. For tonight, I’m the man and you’re the woman.”

There was no point in arguing. “You’re the man.”

“Right. And you’re the woman. Put this on.” He held up a rubber ball with a strap. I hesitated, then opened wide. He crammed the ball behind my teeth and cinched the strap tight to the back of my neck. Then he fluffed out my hair.

When he dropped his boxers, a thrill ran through me. I’d written about the things before, of course, but I’d never seen one in person.
Simon was the man of the house...

But Sylvia became a plaything for his wife.

Oh, God, what the hell is that?

Sylvia, meet the 'Love Rider 2000'. He'll be your date for the evening. You two will fit together perfectly.

I got you now, Simon. I'm gonna make you my bitch...

Oh, is this your first time as a woman? Don't worry, I'll be gentle.

I'm gonna turn you inside out with this thing.

Pleath... I mmm shill a mmm-an, for -odd's -ake!

A man? You don't look like much of a man to me.

So you wanted to be a wife? Now you're gonna find out what it's like to be the little woman in bed.

A CAPTION
BY SYLVIA
It was the Love Rider 2000, large as life. Maybe larger.

“Impressive, huh?” Rhoda made a pile of the pillows and rolled me over on top of them. With my hands bound behind me I had no choice but to face the bedspread, my head turned to one side, my hair in a loose sprawl. He hefted my hips.

“Poor old Simon, eh?” he said, his mouth hard to my ear. “You wouldn’t believe what his wife’s doing to him. Ever heard of chemical castration?”

I shook my head and groaned—but I knew. It explained a lot.

“It’s what they do to sex offenders, to make sure they can’t get it up.”

Rough fingers plucked at my teddy. I twisted under him but the cuffs dug in.

“She did it last night. Injected it straight into his dick. Know what that means?”

I groaned and shuddered. This was happening too fast.

He grabbed my shoulders. “It means that no matter what happens tonight, poor old Simon—wherever he is—don’t have to worry about gettin’ no stiffy.”

Rhoda pried my legs apart and positioned himself in the gap, one hand pressing firmly against my back. Fingers slithered into my crotch.

“I mean, she castrated the poor sap. Isn’t that about the worst thing a wife can do to a guy?” His voice sounded far away, as if he was towering over me—like a high priest of the Aztecs preparing to sacrifice a virgin.

Which is precisely what I was. A virgin, as a woman. I was Sylvia, and Sylvia had never been with a man. Until now.

Rhoda entered me from behind. I wriggled to accept every inch of the Love Rider as it filled a hole inside me I never knew existed, a tunnel lined with the skin of what had once been Simon’s manhood. But Simon no longer existed.

I felt a spreading warmth. All that was male had been vanquished, defeated, sent fleeing into the wastelands beyond the kingdom. A queen now reigned in place of the king, and all that was left was female. I was a woman.

* 

When he was done, Rhoda—or Roger or Miranda or whoever the hell he was—lay down next to me. Gentle fingers cleared the tangled hair from my face.

My eyes fluttered open. I saw Miranda. She was smiling.

“And that,” said her teasing voice, “is how a man makes love to a woman.”