I Did It Her Way: Fantasies aren’t always what they’re cracked up to be…

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Sarah called out from the en suite, where she was still trying to style her shorn locks into a reasonable approximation of my own tousled hairstyle. “What comes next, sweetie, is that little black dress you always liked. It’s fairly modest length-wise, so you won’t show too much leg—your thighs are a little on the skinny side—and the draped neckline should hide the fact that our boobs aren’t quite the same size.”

I pulled the camisole over my head. “Cool. I was wondering about this wig, though. It’s your color for sure, but the style isn’t exactly the same. Won’t people notice?”

“Not a chance. I’ve been wearing that wig to work for the last few weeks. Everyone’s used to it by now. Besides, it really is my actual hair. I had it woven into a wig when I got it cut. The style’s as close as they could get.”

“Wow… You really went the extra mile to win this contest, didn’t ya?” Feeling nervous, I paced around the bedroom. Her high heels took some getting used to. “Babe? I was thinking about how we’re gonna explain the fact that we’re not wearing costumes to the party. I mean, we are, but no one will know it until the big reveal. Since the party’s a few days early, maybe we can say we didn’t know it was for Halloween.”

“That won’t be a problem.” Sarah studied herself in the mirror. A close-up photo of me was taped to the glass. It would take a pretty close inspection to tell the difference. Even her two-day stubble looked real. With her chest bound she looked an awful lot like a dude, albeit a fairly scrawny one.

I found the cocktail dress she’d laid out and slipped it on, then discovered I couldn’t manage the zipper. I asked for help and Sarah came over to zip me up, lifting the thick mane of curly hair that had once been hers in order to reach the neck of the dress. I studied the result in the closet mirror, feeling curiously pleased; it fit my freshly feminized curves perfectly. Sarah watched me from the bathroom doorway, naked from the waist down. That’s when I noticed what was between her legs. “What the heck is that?” I asked, pointing.
Sarah glanced down. “That itty bitty thing? It’s a fake penis in a chastity cage, of course. Looks pretty real, huh?”

“I guess. The question is, why?”

She pulled on a pair of my low-rise briefs, the ones with the Superman logo on the butt. “Simple. I want to look like you even when I’m dressed like this.” She struggled into a sleeveless white undershirt and posed awkwardly. “Do I pass?”

“Well, sure. But I never wore one of those things.” Oblivious, my fingers smoothed out the wrinkles in my dress.

“I know. But if you did, you’d look like this, right?” She hiked up her briefs to show the shape of the cage. “What’s the point? You don’t have to take your pants off to win the contest. Just show ‘em your chest.” I checked my look in the mirror, then stroked the smooth expanse between my own legs.

“If I had to, I guess I could remove this vagina thing you’ve got me wearing. That would prove it.”

“Uh-uh. The glue I used on you won’t come off without solvent. There’s a bottle of it down in the storage locker.”

How strange. That meant my breasts were on for the duration as well. “How are we gonna win if I can’t prove I’m a guy? I hope your cage thingy coming off is enough.”

“No can do. It’s glued on, same as yours. The penis, I mean, not the cage. I could unbind my breasts but they’re not all that big, as breasts go. They’d probably call ‘em man-boobs.”

I put my hands on my hips, as I’d often seen Sarah do, and used my best imitation of her voice. “What’s the bottom line here, sweetie? If we can’t show them who we are, then we can’t win the contest. So why are we doing this?”

Sarah eyed the carpet. “Yeah, about that… there’s no contest.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I see.” I stepped into the en suite and ran Sarah’s brush through my hair. Then I spritzed myself with eau de toilette.

Sarah watched from the doorway. “You’re not upset?”

“Nope.” I bent at the knee, tugging at the hem of my skirt. “I get it. We don’t choose our fantasies, they choose us. Yours just happens to be wanting to make love with yourself. I’m okay with that.” Again in her voice: “I went to this much trouble to dress up, sweetie, so you are going to have to buy me dinner.”

She pursed her lips. “That isn’t it.”

“What else could it be? You just like me as a woman?”

“It’s complicated. It’s kinda weird too.” She collapsed onto the bed. “See, I’ve always been fascinated by the whole ‘cuckold’ idea. You know: a weak man with an adulterous wife? She puts him in chastity and takes a lover—some handsome stud who gives her the loving she can’t get at home. Preferably with her loser husband watching from the corner.”

I crossed my arms, feeling the impressive bulge in my chest. “I had no idea you saw me like that.”

“I don’t! I mean, you aren’t the biggest guy around—” She grimaced. “—but I know you’re not like that.”

“She nodded. “That’s what need to know: what it feels like to be the weasly little guy being cheated on.”

I stared at my feminized image in the closet mirror. “That’s why you dressed me up like this? I get to be the adulterous wife while you pretend to moan about how awful it is to be married to such a controlling bitch, and be cheated on?”

“That’s about the size of it.” Sarah pulled on a pair of dark blue dress pants, then stood up to button the waist. “Only I won’t have to pretend.” She picked up my favorite plaid dress shirt.

“Sorry, babe. Had to do it. Gots to live the dream.”

“Yeah, about that… there’s no contest.”

“Whaddya mean? A Halloween party with no prize for the best costume? That’s pretty lame, if you ask me.”

“There’s no party either.” She sighed and shifted into my voice. “Sorry, babe. Had to do it. Gots to live the dream.”

“Huh?” I repeated, confused.

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Sarah was now fully cross-dressed. She picked up my purple-and-red stripped tie and knotted it close to her neck. “Where are we going tonight?” I asked. “If it isn’t a party, then what?”

She shifted briefly into guy mode. “Derrick’s place. Like, duh. Did ya forget already? You only work with the guy every day.”

“Uh… Big guy, lifts weights? Could pass for Adonis?”

“That’s him. If you’re into that sorta thing.” She rolled her eyes.

“Why would we go to his place if there’s no party?”

She grinned. “He knows the score. Don’t ya remember? You set it up last week. He’s always had the hots for you, and he knows what a pathetic little dweeb your husband is—” She pointed to herself. “—so he’s generously agreed to make my fantasy come true. I get to watch.” She winked. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. “While he turns me into his personal fuck-toy? Not bloody likely!”

I touched my cheek. “Sarah. No can do. This is gonna happen.” She strolled up to me, patted my check and carefully pronounced the magic word: “Kamiokande. There, feel better now?”

“I know.”

“Is there some reason I should?”

“Of course. I had you hypnotically conditioned so you’d have no choice but to act like a woman. That was the trigger word.”

I shrugged. “Kamiokande? What’s that even mean?”

“It’s an experiment in Japan to detect neutrinos from the sun. Don’t you feel any different?” She looked puzzled.

“Of course not. Hypnosis is a crock. It works for some people by giving them an excuse to act out. Don’t you know that?”

Sarah slumped onto the bed. “Dammit. I really thought I had all the angles covered. Crap and double-crap.”

I swept my skirt underneath and perched next to her. “Hey, don’t feel so bad. Lots of people don’t know the facts.”

“I just… I really wanted to know what it felt like, you know? To sit helplessly in the corner with my little dickie all locked up, while my gorgeous wife gets the wild night of sex I could never give her. Gets me all hot just thinking about it.”

I touched the hair tumbling over one shoulder. “Your gorgeous wife? Is that what I am? I look like you.”

She smiled. “Thanks for that. I suppose I am fairly attractive, in my own way. I never much cared about it, though.”

“You want to look like that? A dweebified version of me?”

“Not all the time. But for at least one night, yes.”

I smoothed out my skirt. “Wow. It’s just, you know, kinda hard to imagine why you’d want to do that.”

“Like you said, we don’t choose our fantasies.” She placed her hand over mine. “Listen, I have no right to ask you this, but… would you consider doing it anyway? For me?”

“Oh man… if it was just going out in public, or to a party, or even just a date…”

“But it would mean so much to me! Besides—” She stroked my nylon-clad knee. “You took to this like a duck to water. Dressing up as a woman, even acting like one—it’s a lot more than most men would do. You even talk like me, when you put your mind to it. You could totally pull this off.”

“Sure, I guess. But… I’m not a woman ‘down there’.”

“Oh, that doesn’t matter! Derrick prefers back-door anyway.”

“What, really? So he—I mean, does he know? About us?”

She shook her head. “He doesn’t know we switched places.”

I touched my cheek. “Jesus. I dunno, fooling a guy in bed? Isn’t that kinda… wrong? Like, unethical?”
“I really don’t think he’d mind. He’s bi, you know.”
“I see. You really did think of everything. One problem, though: I’m not bi. Not even a little bit.”
“Well, no. But, see—you don’t have to be.” Eagerly, she turned to face me. “Don’t you get it? You’re Sarah. All you have to do is pretend hard enough, and you can actually be a woman. And it’s perfectly natural for a woman to make love with a man.”
I bit my lower lip. “I am Sarah.”
“That’s right. And I’m Jonah. Haven’t you ever wondered what it might be like, to be a woman? Just look at you, perched there with your legs together, looking so pretty—you’re a natural!”
I studied our reflection in the closet mirror: it was just Jonah and Sarah, same as always. If I didn’t try to pick out who was who, I could easily believe everything was just as it should be. The two of us together, dressed up for an evening out.
Sarah could see me weakening. “It’ll be fun,” she said. “C’mon, let’s get you cleaned out down there. It’s only polite.”

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Derrick was nothing if not the perfect gentleman. Thinking that Sarah was me, he patted her on the head, called her a pathetic loser and said she was welcome to watch as long as she sat in the corner and kept quiet. Sarah nodded eagerly, acting thoroughly put in her place as she dropped her pants and pretended to try and hide her chastity cage. Derrick pulled a face. To me he said, “You sure you’re okay with this? I know ya told me about him, but man—it’s sure somethin’ to see.”

“It’s for Jonah,” I said, swallowing hard.
“I know all that,” he said. “But it has to be what you want too, doesn’t it? His fantasy is you cheating on him, so you have to be totally into it.” He put a solidly muscled arm around me. “This is important, babe. I can’t be with a chick unless she’s, well... really into me. Like, seriously turned on. You wouldn’t want to hang with a guy who wasn’t into you big-time, would ya?” He stroked my hair. “Naw. ‘Course you wouldn’t.”

I nodded, feeling very small next to this man. What was he, six-four? Six-five? Compared to my five-ten in heels, he looked like a figure out of Norse myth.

“Good.” He guided me into his bedroom, where the real Sarah was already perched on a stool in the corner. Derrick ignored her and invited me to join him on the king-size bed. It had an open canopy with heavy gold curtains, now tied back, red satin sheets and a gilded mirror in the ceiling. I sat next to him, wondering what I’d gotten myself into.

Derrick lifted my hair and drew the zipper down my back. Then he leaned in and kissed me. “Convince me,” he whispered into my ear. “The guy needs to be seduced just as much as the girl does. Fair is fair.”

Was that true? I’d never felt that way myself and it was hard to believe Derrick had ever needed much convincing. The man had to be every woman’s dream lover. Any girl in my shoes would consider herself lucky. Was I lucky? Maybe so. In any event, I had to put on a good show for Sarah.

I reached up to caress the side of his face. “It’s my husband,” I said in a stage whisper. “He can’t ever know about this. He’s a dear man, but... he can’t give me what I need.”

He lifted my chin and kissed me on the lips, very gently. “What is it you need, my sweet flower of womanhood?”

We locked eyes. How can you lie when someone’s staring into your soul? “I need you,” I said, wondering if Sarah’s hypnotic conditioning had affected me after all. My lashes made like a butterfly. “I need you... inside me. I—I need to feel like a real woman. A real woman.”

“Poor Sarah. Never been with a real man before, huh?”

I shook my head. It was no lie. He tugged the dress from my shoulders. I shook my arms free of the sleeves, then stood up and let it drop. Derrick, gallantly, gathered the dress and draped it over the loveseat next to his bed. His own clothes joined it there. My god, I thought—his abs looked like they were carved from solid granite.
My doubts returned. Here I was, disguised top to bottom as a sex-starved female, wearing nothing but lingerie, in bed with a man who could probably kill me with one hand tied behind his back. What on earth was I thinking?

He ran his fingers through my curls. “Love the hair, babe. Really brings out your eyes. They pop.”

I gazed up at him, mouth agape, trying to focus. What would Sarah do? My gaze fell, lashes fluttering. His hand caressed my chin and once more he kissed me. Gently, but insistently. My mind seemed to dissolve. My fingers found his chest. A moment later I was on my back. Music began to play: Lana del Rey, her debut album. I mouthed the words in her sexy voice. Derrick was above, pinning me to the bed; not forcefully, it must be said, but as a large man dominating a woman smaller than himself. I was that woman.

This was my place. This was my role. Act the part; show him you want it. I kissed back and raked his back with painted nails. I am Sarah. It was all about being a woman.

After a long time we came up for air. “Best lose the drawers, m’lady,” he whispered. Hurriedly, I wiggled out of my panties and half-slip, all too aware of what was coming. My groin was protected by the prosthetic, but my backside was defenseless. Wide open for business, one might say.

Derrick took my hips between his hands. “How do ya want it, babe? Doggy-style or legs-up?” Gee, how considerate can a guy be? I had no clue, so it was up to him. He lifted my legs and wrapped them around his torso. My thighs tensed as he moved in. Meaty hands gripped my buttocks. He bucked his way inside. I gasped. A feminine squeal escaped my lips. I thought of Sarah sitting in the corner. This was for her—her fantasy, her voice. “Oooh,” I breathed. “It’s so big. It was never like this—before—with him,” I grunted, as Derrick pulsed in and out.

“Ain’t his fault,” Derrick said. “Some guys got it, some don’t. Don’t be too hard on the dude.”

This—this was what it was like, to be a woman. The man was all muscle and raw power. I was a mere extension of his manhood, a passive receptacle for his overwhelming desire. Did I say passive? I wasn’t: my legs embraced his torso, flexing in time with his thrusting; my hands stroked his thighs. My eyes rolled back as he caressed my breasts, my lips, and the long hair spilling across his pillow. But who was playing who? Was I the instrument of his passion, or he the facilitator of mine?

I felt him explode inside. Unbidden, it brought my own feminine moans to a shrill crescendo. He pulled out, drew a long breath and rolled onto his back. “Damn good lay,” he muttered.

High praise indeed. I was barely able to stand and stagger into the bathroom. There I sat for awhile, my face in my hands. What had I done? I looked at Sarah on my return. Her head was down. That’s what it’s like when your wife cheats. It’s degrading.

Soon thereafter, we both got dressed and went home.

I was beyond exhausted. Turning back into a man seemed like way too much trouble, so I settled for hanging up my dress and swapping my lingerie for a nightgown. Sarah in turn wore my pajamas and we collapsed into our own bed.

As we lay in the dark, awaiting sleep, she asked me the question I’d been dreading. “Sweetie? It sure sounded like you enjoyed yourself back there. Was it really that good?” I chewed my lip. “Better than I thought,” I said at last.

“That’s good. I guess. You’d, uh… do it again?”

I thought about it. “Sure. Why not? If that’s what you want.” I found her hand under the covers. “How was it for you?”

She sighed. “Funny thing. Sitting there with my dick in a sling, watching my wife have the best sex of her life—it wasn’t all that great. It kinda sucked, when you get right down to it.”

Big surprise. Our fantasies choose us, but that doesn’t mean we have to like them. I squeezed her hand. “Tell you what. Next time, you don’t have to wear the cage.”