No doubt about it: Trudy was home early. She told me that very morning, before going to work, that she would spend the evening with the group of ladies she ran with. Yet here she was, striding up the walk at half past noon. Disaster!

My own plan was simple enough: doll myself up as a total babe, spend the afternoon hitting upscale dress stores en femme, then head over to the art gallery for a light dinner—and to be seen. To that end I had already shaved myself top to bottom, secured my breast forms with all-day adhesive, clipped a six-piece set of blonde extensions into my hair, and utterly transformed my face with Trudy’s makeup.

I should have had most of the evening to undress, put her things back where I found them, and re-masculinize myself, but that part of the plan was out the window. In about two minutes my wife was going to discover a strange, yet hauntingly familiar, woman standing in her bedroom—or possibly cowering in her closet—wearing nothing but an open-bottom girdle and a pair of sheer pink stockings that showed off her legs to fabulous effect. She might or might not recognize the lingerie as her own, but either way she was guaranteed to hit the roof. I was done like dinner.

Then again… on the surface my mind was in a tizzy—What ever shall I do? She’s gonna catch me for sure!—but deep down a strange calm settled in as I contemplated my future. Trudy would certainly want to make me suffer—for being such a ginormous sissy. What kind of man would willingly turn himself into a woman—a very attractive one to boot? But she wouldn’t divorce me; not a chance. No way would she let me off that easily. She’d keep me around—‘your enemies closer,’ and all that—but she’d probably force me to dress up as a woman like all the time. That, she’d figure, would teach me a lesson I wouldn’t soon forget. As she was fond of saying, it would “fix my little red wagon.”

I knew exactly what she’d say: “So you wanna be a woman, huh? Okay then, while you’re living in my house—” And it really was her house; I’d set it up that way myself, as a tax dodge. “—you are damn well gonna be a woman.”

Hmm… I’d have to keep my arms and legs shaved and wear my hair halfway down my back. I’d have to apply makeup every morning and keep it on all day. I’d have to wear high heels and a skirt or a dress around the house, and out in public as well. I’d call myself Angelica and do all the stuff stay-at-home wives usually do, like cooking and cleaning and shopping—which were already part of my household duties anyway. Dressing the part would seal the deal and make it official: I’d be the wife in this relationship.
Acting on autopilot, I stepped into the closet and closed the door. I knew it wouldn’t do me any good—the dress I was about to put on was lying on the bed, my own clothes were in a heap on the floor, and her makeup was anything but where she left it—but, true to my nature, if there was a way to avoid or just delay a confrontation I’d take it.

I heard her when she stepped into the room—and stopped dead in her tracks. “Well, well…” she said, presumably to herself. “It appears someone has been a naughty boy.”

I peeked through the slats in the closet door. She was at the vanity, peering at the cosmetics I’d left out. “Whoever she is, the girl knows how to coordinate colors.” She moved to the bed and picked up the dress I’d left there. “Excellent choice. One of my favorites.” She set the dress down and looked around the room. “Whoever this woman is, she must have gone out. She didn’t wear this dress, so she must have picked out something else.” She turned toward my location. “Perhaps I should check the closet to see what’s missing. Yes… I think I’ll do just that.”

Hey, I’m no dummy. I know sarcasm when I hear it, so I slid the closet door open. Her eyes went wide. She pointed at me in mock horror. “My goodness, who are you?”

I stepped into full view. In my best feminine voice: “Hello, my name is Angelica. I’m your husband’s long-lost sister.”

“Oh, really? You’re the sister-in-law I never knew I had? That’s amazing.” She looked me over. “I take it there’s a good reason why you’re wearing my clothes?”

Play the game, I thought. I resolved not to be the one who broke character. “Actually, yes. You see, I just flew in this morning and the airline—wouldn’t you know it—has lost my luggage. Adrian said it would be okay if I borrowed some of your things, just for a little while. He said his wife is a very generous woman who wouldn’t mind one bit.”

“Do tell. So where is my darling husband anyway?”

“He went out. Food shopping, I think.”

She nodded, sucking on her lower lip. “Uh-huh. So how is it that Adrian never mentioned you before? Like, ever.”

“I believe he was saving it for a surprise.”

“No kidding. Well, mission accomplished there.”

“I suppose so.”

“As it happens, I am a very generous woman. You are welcome to borrow whatever you want from my closet. It looks like you’ve got this little number all picked out.” She nodded toward the bed. “Hey, don’t let me stop you.”

I drew a quick breath, picked up the dress and stepped into it. The interior was satin-lined, so I needed no slip. “Let me help you with that… Angela, wasn’t it?” She drew the zipper up my back, sealing me into a mini-dress that showed generous amounts of both leg and cleavage.

“Angelica,” I said, tugging on the hem. “Oh, yes. Such a pretty name. It suits you.” She returned to the vanity. “I see you already helped yourself to some of my jewelry, but here’s one item you forgot.” She picked up an atomizer of perfume. “This is Daisy,” she said, “one of the most feminine scents imaginable. The ads say it makes you feel playful and innocent. Let’s see if it works, shall we?” She spritzed my throat and cleavage. “I’m not too fond of it myself, but it’s Adrian’s favorite. Taste tends to run in families, so I’m sure you’ll love it too.”

My eyes were watering. “Yes, it’s lovely.”

“Mm-hmm. Saaay, I’ve got an idea. Why don’t you and I go out for dinner? My treat.” She took my hand, gently but firmly. “This’ll be a great chance for us to get acquainted. I always wanted a sister; growing up with two brothers was no picnic. Think of all the girl stuff we can do together.”

“Is that a good idea? Going out? What about—”

“Adrian? Forget about him. I have a feeling he won’t be back from ‘food shopping’ for quite awhile. Heck, maybe he’ll never come back. Wouldn’t that be a hoot?”

Off we went. Amazingly, Trudy managed to keep up the pretense for the rest of the day— and night. It wasn’t until the next morning that she finally addressed the issue, after I woke up in the guest bedroom and dressed myself in the clothing she’d laid out—lingerie, of course, along with a tasteful skirt-blouse combo, a pair of sensible pumps, and a note granting me free access to her vanity.

Over a light breakfast, we chatted. “So… Adrian never did come home,” she said. “Why do you suppose that is?”

I shrugged. “Perhaps he fell and hit his head, and doesn’t know who he is. We could maybe go look for him?”

“I have a feeling that would be a huge waste of time. But I like your idea of him not knowing who he is. The question is: who does he think he is?”

Our eyes met. “Could be anybody,” I said.

“This may be a wild stab in the dark, but I’m gonna guess that he’s passing himself off as his long-lost sister.”

“Interesting theory,” I muttered, staring at my now empty plate. “You might be on to something there.”

She gathered the dishes and stuck them in the sink. “The real question is, what should I do about it? I mean, he’s been wearing my clothes when I’m not around, without my permission to boot. It’s rude, is what it is.”
I sighed. “Plus the guy’s a ginormous sissy. Don’t forget about that.”

She cocked her head. “I wouldn’t put it quite like that, but I do see your point.” She returned to her seat. “I could use your advice, Angelica. One girl to another. What do you think I should do with a thoughtful, loving husband who turned out to be a sneaky behind-my-back cross-dresser?”

I mulled it over. “Well, I guess since he already does most of the cooking and cleaning and shopping—all the stuff stay-at-home wives do—maybe you could just… I dunno. Make him be the wife?”

She sat back. “I see. And dress the part, is that what you mean?” She waited for me to nod. “Interesting idea. So he’d get up every morning and do his hair and makeup, and put on women’s clothing—kind of like you did a little while ago—and then he’d go about his, or her, day as though he was a real woman. Have I got that right?”

Another nod. It was playing out just as I’d feared, although I thought she would have taken more of a ‘lay it on the line’ approach instead of just asking a bunch of leading questions. Still, there was no arguing with results.

Finally, she slapped the table and rose. “All right, let’s do that. Shall we say a trial run of, say, six months? See how it works out?”

I stood as well. “I’ll speak to the guy, see if I can talk him into it.”

She laughed. “Good luck with that. He’s pretty stubborn, once his mind is made up. Still, if anyone can talk him into being a woman, it’s you.” She paused. “It might be a good idea to fix up the spare room for long-term use. Pick out whatever clothing and other things you think he’d like from my room and put it in there.”

With a touch of sadness, I agreed. It wouldn’t be appropriate for Trudy to sleep in the same bed as her sister-in-law. They wouldn’t be as close as they had been, she and Adrian, but what she was losing in a husband she was gaining in a sister.

“It’s not like he’s gone forever,” I said, haltingly. “He’ll be back from time to time, whenever you truly need him.”

She giggled. “Just like Batman, huh? That’s the first time ever Adrian’s been compared to a superhero.” Then her voice softened. “Angelica… I know what you’re saying. He still loves me, in spite of having to go away. I love him too, in spite of the fact he can rock a mini-dress better than me.” We joined hands.

“And tell him this for me: when he does come back, there’ll be a nice big strap-on waiting for him. Trust me, he’ll learn to love it.”

That made me smile. Like I hadn’t already found it hidden in her closet, tried it, mastered it, and moved on to bigger and better things. Even so, it might be interesting to have her on the other end, doing all the work.

“I think this is going to work out nicely,” I said. “In a weird way, maybe this is how you and he were always meant to be.”

She grinned. “It’s pretty obvious who wears the pants in this family, isn’t it?” She looked me over. “My husband certainly has a great set of pins, so… yeah. Maybe he was meant to be the girl. Let’s run with that.”