

When Rob and Amanda Hart met, they were Robin Hart and Amanda Finch, and they were both working as travel agents in the same office. They were immediately attracted to each other and began to date. Rob was attracted to the feminine way in which Amanda dressed and acted, and Amanda was attracted to Rob's sensitivity and refined good looks. After six months Rob proposed to Amanda, and she immediately accepted.

While they were engaged, Amanda suggested that they found their own agency, which they named the Hart to Hart Travel Agency to honor their love for each other. It was a struggle to build the company from scratch, but it made them feel like real partners, relating not only as husband and wife but also as business partners. To reflect their relationships and their name, they chose linked hearts as the symbol of their agency.

After a year of struggle to get their agency off the ground, they began to do good business. As a result, over the second and third years they had hired 4 other agents and a receptionist/secretary, all women.

Rob acted in his natural, masculine fashion at work, continuously trying to obtain the greatest efficiency in the firm. In so doing, he frequently ignored the feelings of others, and he was continually putting off the rest of his colleagues with his unending, brusque orders. The other agents told Amanda that Rob was behaving insufferably and asked her to discuss with him what could be done to improve the morale at the agency.

Besides that, Rob was somewhat insensitive in the sexual relations he and Amanda had, focusing on his own excitement and thinking too little of Amanda's pleasure.

That Saturday, after breakfast, Amanda opened a discussion with Rob by bringing up the difficulties at work. She pointed out that the noncollegial position he had put himself in was decreasing the others' motivation and thus lowering the success of their agency. "You need to make the others, including me, feel more a part of our team," Amanda said. "To do this, we must all feel equal and equally appreciated. Rob, our company is going to fail if you cannot change your ways."

"Since it seems so tied up with your masculine persona, I think that if you could make yourself feel a bit feminine, you'd be able to function much more effectively," Amanda continued. "But how can we achieve that?" asked Rob, confused. Amanda replied, "How about if I buy you a few externally undetectable female clothes that you can wear as the rest of the members of our company do? It will give us all a feeling of belonging and should continuously remind you to limit your masculine behaviors. Besides, if you did that, your feminine concerns would turn me on." Rob knew that this was an unorthodox solution, but he wanted so much for their agency to succeed that he agreed. And the notion of enhancement to their sex life was exciting. Amanda thus took some measurements on Rob, and they agreed together to buy some feminine clothes for Rob.

On the next afternoon, Sunday, Amanda took a hesitant Rob shopping at Penney's at the local mall. The most basic feminine clothes were the first that they sought: panties. Rob was amazed at the wide variety of panties that were hanging each on their own hanger, in contrast to men's underpants that came in plastic wrapped packages. Amanda felt that rather feminine panties were what would best achieve their aim of changing Rob's sensitivities, so they focused on panties of the shiniest satin and with bows, lace, or embroidered decorations. To make the underwear least noticeable at the urinal, they decided to buy only white panties.

After selecting two dozen pairs of size 6 panties, they moved to the women's pants section of the store. Amanda figured that they could find pants that were lined in a silky material and thus would provide the feelings on Rob's legs that would make him feel feminine while not looking too overtly feminine. Since Rob was slim and only 5 feet 9 in height, Amanda knew they could find pants that would fit him. While having colors that are common for men's business trousers and choosing pants with leg openings of a size not too uncommon for men's garments, they nevertheless would have the higher rise and pocket-free rear of women's dress slacks. As they looked, Rob and Amanda chose a variety of pants to try on. Some of them closed with a zipper on the side rather than the front. All were either beltless or had rather narrow belt loops.

Robin had to try these pants on, so with a pile of pants in their arms he and Amanda got the key to the dressing room from the attendant. Amanda explained that the fit would be right only if Rob had one of his new panties on, so Rob took off his male pants and underpants and for the first time pulled on the silky panties. They felt peculiar in both the fit and the material, but he was impressed how nice and silky they felt against his skin. He felt even more peculiar when Amanda explained that Rob would need to tuck his penis if the new pants were to fit.

Rob came out of the dressing room with each pair of pants, and he looked at himself in the mirror, interested in the look but concerned about what the other shoppers might think and thus continually reminding himself of the reasons for his trying on feminine clothes. He found that a few of the pants were just too tight at the crotch, but the rest seemed OK, albeit smoother and trimmer looking than the pants he was used to. Amanda saw that the differently cut, fuller rear on these pants would be hard to take as a men's style, but she kept this thought to herself. Rob figured that his jackets would cover the side zippers on the pants that had them and that the lack of a fly on those pants would not be noticed by the casual observer.

Having chosen six pairs of pants, Amanda took Rob to the belt rack, pointing out that his belts would not fit into the loops on the two pairs of pants that had them. They chose a shiny black, narrow belt with a feminine expanse of silver buckle, which Rob figured would also be covered if he kept his sport jacket buttoned. To begin Rob's feminine experience, Amanda encouraged him to leave on his panties and a pair of brown pants with a slightly tapered leg and to put the narrow belt through its loops. They went up to the payment counter with five other pair of pants, two in black, one in tan, one in navy blue, and one in royal blue. Rob was entranced with the slippery feel of the pants' silky lining against his legs.

When they returned home, Amanda explained to Rob that he and the other agents would feel more as one with each other if his legs under his pants were shaved like theirs. Moreover, he would then be more sensitive to the silky lining, and this would further remind him of the need to act in a less masculine fashion. They therefore went into the bathroom, and she seductively stripped off her clothes and said "Let's shower together ---". Rob took off his pants and panties, as well as all the rest of his clothes, and Amanda seductively took off her clothes, bra, and panties. As they climbed into the bathtub together, Amanda carried in a bottle of Nair. She knelt down in front of Rob, and while kissing his legs and penis, she smeared Nair on the full length of his legs. She then got up, and they embraced and stroked each other for minutes, as the lotion did its work and they both got sexually aroused, to the point that Rob eventually had an orgasm despite the itchiness he felt on his legs. Amanda then turned on the shower, and they both soaped each other up. As the soap was washed off, so did all the hair on Rob's legs.

Climbing out of the shower, they each towed the other dry, and Rob exclaimed that he could not believe the sensitivity he felt in his legs as the towel touched them. Amanda gave him a handful of her body lotion while she took a handful herself, and he rubbed it all over her body, while she rubbed it on his legs. It made his legs feel awfully good, he had to admit, but the flowery scent would take some getting used to.

As Rob and Amanda climbed out of bed the next morning, Monday, Rob again felt how nicely sensitive his legs felt. But when Amanda passed him his work clothes, that is, his white panties and his dark brown women's pants, and he drew them on, he could not have imagined the lovely feeling that the silk lining on his shaven and oiled legs gave him. Pulling on the rest of his clothes did not itself add to the feeling, but the movement of his legs and the feeling of the nylon against his crotch and belly surely did. "Wow! What a feeling I and other men have been missing," he thought.

As they got out of their car in the parking lot, most of the others they passed took no notice, but one couple had wide eyes as they noticed that Rob was wearing feminine pants. Arriving at the office, Rob explained to the other agents that he was going to try to be less aggressive and was wearing women's pants to remind him. Amanda told the other women that, to support his attempt to act less masculine, they should henceforth call Rob by his full name, Robin.

For the next couple of weeks Robin worked on talking and acting more softly, and Amanda and Robin had the best sex of their marriage. Every week Rob would again apply the hair remover to his legs. He began to be quite used to the sensitivity he felt with his panties and pants on, and he began particularly to appreciate the softer fabric in his new pants. When once or twice a friend commented on his unusual choice of work clothes, Robin noted their explicit purpose to aid the Hart to Hart Travel Agency. The female agents really appreciated his attempt, they told him.

While Rob was clearly trying, his male nature was hard to overcome. In times that he was under pressure their Hart to Hart staff still found his behavior too hard and aggressive. Amanda suggested that the best way to help him was with a biological aid: to increase the amount of estrogen in his system. Robin wanted to improve his behavior, but he was worried about the effect of the hormones on his sexual prowess. Amanda said that she would consult with her gynecologist and have her prescribe a small enough dose so that there would be no such

effect. With this Robin assented. Amanda received the prescription, written in her name, and she filled it at the pharmacy. Each morning, as prescribed, she dissolved a small dose of the estrogen in Robin's coffee.

At the same time, Amanda decided that Rob's aggressiveness at work could be lowered if they took more balanced roles in their sexual relations. Robin's birthday was coming up, and for a present she bought him a pair of simple nylon powder blue women's pajamas with plain blue nylon pants with no fly, and with bluebells embroidered on the collar of the top. With curiosity Rob opened the package with pink, flowered wrapping paper. When he found the nylon pajamas, Amanda explained that she would find their sex more exciting if he wore these pajamas, and at the same time he would be a calmer husband and colleague if he extended the amount of female clothes by this small amount at home. With a little trepidation Robin put on the pajamas, but when he found how nice the silky fabric felt on both his bottom and chest and when the sex that followed was particularly great, with him taking a somewhat less aggressive role than normal and Amanda taking a somewhat more aggressive role than normal, he was happy to wear them. A week later found him on a shopping trip to buy himself two more pairs of nylon pajamas. To titillate Amanda, he chose one in pink with ribbons embroidered in satin and one in canary yellow with white lace sewn in a pattern over the bust. Amanda glowed when he first wore one of the pairs that he had bought for himself.

Robin had first found that he had to Nair his legs once per week to keep them smooth. However, after a couple of months of taking estrogen each morning, he began to see the number of days between the needed hair removals increase. He found himself enjoying the good spirit at work more and more, and he had to admit that business was booming. And Amanda found him somewhat slower to climax, much adding to her enjoyment of their sexual relations.

One day, the associates at the Hart to Hart Travel Agency had a planning meeting. One of the associates suggested that they could increase their team spirit even more if they had a common company uniform. They decided to go on shopping expedition together after work on the next Friday. The women took the lead, with Robin tagging along. After looking together through racks of pants and blouses in the misses section of a local women's store, the women decided together that tapered leg burgundy pants with a low cut waist, opaque black knee-highs, and a turtleneck blouse with their business insignia of linked hearts on the collar would be their choice. Robin did not want to disappoint the others, so like them he bought a pair of the pants and a few pairs of the knee-highs, reasoning that the stockings would not look any different than black socks. When Amanda ordered 5 blouses for each agent from a company that made clothes with specialized insignias, she ordered 5 for Robin, also.

What excitement there was at the agency on the morning when the blouses arrived by UPS. The blouses were of a silky orlon, and each member of the agency had a blouse in turquoise, in yellow, in white, in pink, and in cream. Every one of the company members went into the back room to put on one of the new blouses. Robin was treated like the others, as they all took off the tops they had worn to work and pulled on a new turtleneck. Robin had to admit the view of his colleagues in bras was a perk of being treated like one of the girls. He was so taken with this that he didn't even think about what he would look like with a cream colored soft turtleneck with a shiny embroidered emblem of linked hearts sticking up above the collar of his sport jacket. That was certainly an unusual combination for a man, but, they all reasoned, it was, after all, not so different from either the look of a men's turtleneck under a sport jacket or the look of a women's blazer and a pretty turtleneck blouse. And Robin noted how comfortable the soft fabric felt against his arms.

Before they left work, the associates agreed that each Friday they would wear the company uniform. But because they did not want to wait the three days till the next Friday to inaugurate their uniforms, they would wear them for the first time on the very next day. Therefore, on the next morning, Amanda brought out Robin's and her company outfits. She also gave Robin a lower cut pair of panties, which she had bought the night before, and she wore a similarly cut pair. She explained that they needed the lower cut of panties because the burgundy pants were low cut hip huggers.

After pulling on his panties, which felt rather peculiar because of how low they rode, Robin reached for the first time for knee high nylons. The shiny, filmy material felt so nice on his hands and even finer as he pulled them up his smoothly shaven legs. The nylons, though black and opaque, put a sheen on his legs that would be hard to mistake for socks if one focused on them. As he pulled his pants up, the silk lining touching the nylons really charged him up. Moreover, Robin realized that these women's pants closed with a rear zipper, a new experience. Also, he had to be especially careful that his blouse was evenly pulled down so that it would stay in

the low cut pants. And once the pants were on, their feel of not coming up to his waist was most unusual, and he realized that unlike the pants he had bought with Amanda, in the leg these were of a distinctly feminine narrow width and a feminine length, stopping above the level of his ankles. What he did not realize was that the tight fit of these pants caused panty lines to show through when his sport jacket swayed and did not cover as he walked.

Then Rob put on his shoes. He had never thought about the feeling of putting on a pair of shoes, but now he was impressed at how easily his feet slid into his shoes, how sensitized his feet felt, and how thin a layer there felt to be between his feet and his shoes. Such a feeling as this is a primally feminine experience, he thought, jazzed at the notion.

Driving to work, Robin and Amanda felt a real bond as they both were wearing the same style blouse and pants. The color of their blouses were different; Robin's blouse was in turquoise, and Amanda's was in yellow. As they arrived at work, all of the members of the Hart to Hart Travel Agency squealed with glee at their uniform in common that morning, and Robin felt proud that he had taken actions that produced such camaraderie among their staff. And he decided he enjoyed the exquisite feel of the nylon knee highs so much that he would wear them every workday, even when not wearing the agency uniform. Therefore, after work he told Amanda they should stop by the Walmart and buy him a dozen pair of black knee highs.

For a month, on each Friday all five of the agency staff wore their uniforms. The female clients thought it was cute, especially since the male owner was participating, too, even to the panty lines under his low slung pants and the shiny ankles peeking out below the narrow women's pant legs. However, one of the staff, Marcia, noted that their uniform was not externally complete. They were all wearing different shoes, and Robin's male shoes looked particularly clunky next to the nicely tapered burgundy legs on his pants. Marcia said that there were plenty of types of shoes that were not particularly sexually typed but that were more delicate and would match their company pants better, while providing a fully external uniformity to the dress at the agency on Fridays.

So on the next Friday after they closed, the six agents and their secretary walked to a nearby ladies' shoe store. The females, of course, knew their shoe size, but Robin had no idea what size he took in a ladies shoe. The salesman got out the measurer, and he showed quite some surprise when he realized he needed to measure a man wearing nylon stockings. Size 10 medium, they concluded. The agents looked at a wide variety of shoes, but they decided that they needed a shoe with a low heel and a closed top so that the shoe would not be too obviously a women's style. To check this, Robin was designated as the person to try on the candidates. He tried on penny loafers and kiltie loafers, but they seemed too informal for work. Still, he was interested by how light and comfortable these shoes felt. He tried lace up shoes that looked very masculine, and the other agents booed, saying they would not be caught dead wearing those to work. Finally, they came upon some dark grey booties that tied and had a one-inch heel but were delicately cut. Robin agreed that they were very comfortable and that he would not be too embarrassed to wear them with his company pants in the office. So the women each bought themselves a pair, also, and they left the store with all seven of them wearing their new shoes. Between his slippery black nylon knee highs, now showing less due to the tops of the booties, his silkily lined low slung pants over his low cut panties, and his more delicate than customary shoes with a bit higher and a bit narrower heel than he was used to, Robin began to understand how different feminine clothing was to the heavy, rough male clothing that he had used to wear to work. The people that they all passed on the street found this delicately dressed male, surrounded by women with the same outfit, quite a sight. Robin was taken with the different sound his heels made as they hit the ground, compared to his men's shoes. In the following weeks, now and then a client would titter about Robin's attire, but his associates would always defend his behavior as helpful to their agency, and this made him feel appreciated.

For the next two months, here was what Robin's life was like. On Sundays Robin awoke in Amanda's arms, their having had great sexual relations the night before. He took off his nylon pajamas and put on men's underwear, chinos, and a sport shirt. After breakfast, he and Amanda worked all day in their garden or fixing up their house. After dinner and a bit of TV, Amanda washed and styled her hair, and every other week Robin Naired his legs, shampooed his hair, and showered. Then Amanda put on her nightgown, and Robin put on his nylon pajamas, and dog-tired they went to bed. Mondays through Thursdays, they woke up in the morning and each put on their panties. Robin took out a pair of his black knee highs from a neat pile in his sock drawer and pulled them on, while Amanda put on sheer panty hose. Robin put on a pair of his silk lined women's pants, so soft to his touch, a pastel colored shirt, and a blazer, and Amanda put on a skirt and a blouse. Robin put on his booties, which he now wore daily because he had found their lightness so pleasant, and Amanda put on her 2-

inch heels. Each combed their hair, with Robin's now getting rather long. Amanda put on her makeup, and together they went to work. Typically, on Tuesday or Wednesday, the couple, each in their feminine night clothes, would make love.

On Fridays things were the same, except that both Robin and Amanda wore the company turtleneck with the linked hearts and their low slung burgundy pants. After work on Fridays, the associates at Hart to Hart went out to a cocktail bar that had dancing. Robin would dance a fast dance with each of his associates. He chose a fast dance so there would be no issue of who would lead, thus removing any possibility of their feeling dominated. He found that in his light women's shoes he could dance so much more gracefully than in heavy men's shoes. After cocktails and dancing, Amanda and Robin went out to dinner. Under the table Amanda frequently stroked Robin's stocking clad leg through his lined women's pants. His tucked penis stirred strongly in his panties, and he could hardly wait to get home for them to have intercourse.

When they walked from their garage into their house, they excitedly began to fondle each other and kiss deeply. Both would rub the other's bums, feeling the other's panties through the soft burgundy pants. As they moved in embrace slowly and fitfully toward their bedroom, they left behind a trail of first blouses, then booties, then women's pants, then one bra, then knee high stockings, and finally panties.

On Saturdays Robin and Amanda woke up late, and Robin made breakfast. They needed to shop for food, followed by some clothes shopping for the two of them. To put him in the spirit of buying himself women's clothes, Robin wore his panties, but otherwise he wore men's clothes. Amanda wore a sweater and trousers. Each week they shopped for something pretty for Amanda and something pretty for Robin. It was a blouse or a sweater or a skirt or a bra or a packet of panties or a pair of earrings or any of a variety of other possibilities for Amanda. For Robin they spent long periods looking for the prettiest yet comfortable panties. Robin came to like shiny, soft panties, frequently with bows, and he found very enjoyable having panties in a variety of colors, dark and light, pastel and rich. As the weeks went on, Robin became less self-conscious about looking for panties for himself, realizing that standing with his wife, he looked like a cooperative husband helping her shop. On the other hand, when in some weeks they shopped for some new trousers instead of panties for Robin, Robin had to try these on, and it was still with some embarrassment that he would come out of the men's dressing room with women's trousers on to look into the mirror. This was especially the case since they were now choosing some in brighter, albeit still darkish, colors than they had originally done.

One week while on their shopping trip Robin complained of dry lips and said that he figured that women had an advantage in that lipstick would moisturize their lips. Amanda agreed, and she pointed out that they could buy Robin some clear lip gloss that would have the same effect. They went to the cosmetics section of the drugstore in the mall and picked out some lip gloss that advertised itself as containing emollients. When Robin tried the gloss at home, he found that it did indeed make his lips feel a lot better. The shine it put on his lips made his lips stand out when he looked in the mirror, but he was more aware of the perfumed smell it continuously provided. While not something he was used to, he had to admit that the constant aroma was quite pleasant. As a result of the moisturizing effect and the nice aroma, Robin renewed his lip gloss after every meal and had it on all weekend. During their sex on that Saturday night, Amanda said that the feel of Robin's lips against her made up lips made her hot, providing another reason for Robin to keep wearing his gloss. Thus he wore it to work on Monday, and the other agents, while understanding his stated reason of lip dryness for wearing the gloss, found him one step further along in looking feminine.

After two months of this schedule, on one Sunday Robin began to notice that his workpants had become too tight around his bum. The estrogen had caused fat to be added to his bottom, while leaving his waist the same or slimmer. When he tried to find men's workpants that would fit, he found that men's pants simply did not fit him comfortably, whereas the pants he wore to the agency during the week fit very well indeed. The only solution he could think of was to wear the pants of a women's sweat suit for his chores around the house and yard. So one Saturday he went into the Sears in the mall they were at and shopped in the misses section. He began by examining drab colors, but he was so attracted to a pretty shiny medium blue sweat suit that after trying it on, he bought it. Realizing that one sweat suit would not be enough, he also bought a soft sweat suit in fire engine red. For that and subsequent Sundays the colorfully clad man doing the garden work attracted the attention of passersby and neighbors.

During some lunches Gail and Judy, two female agents in the agency, enjoyed window shopping, and one day they invited Robin along. Feeling that he could not refuse if he was to continue the collegial feeling that was so

good for business, he agreed to join them. During this trip, they spied some velvet yellow women's pants in the window and admired them greatly. A few days later they invited Robin again. Robin, Gail, and Judy saw the same pants in the window and were so taken by them that they went into the store for one of the associates to try a pair on. When Gail came out of the dressing room, Robin and Judy marveled at how pretty they were. The two women insisted that Robin and Judy also try on a pair of the pants in their size. Delighted in their beauty and their feel, Gail and Judy said that they should buy all three pairs. Robin wondered aloud when he would ever be able to wear such feminine pants, but they were so pretty and so nice to the touch and Gail and Judy were so insistent, that he did indeed buy a pair for himself. However, the women pointed out, black stockings and grey shoes did not go with those pants. They therefore bought Robin some sheer tan knee-highs, which they insisted that he put on with his pants so that they could choose appropriate shoes. They then dragged him to the shoe section of the store. After trying on many pairs of shoes, they all agreed that a pair of yellow skimmers set off the new pants particularly beautifully. The women, excited by this experience of making Robin so feminine looking, lobbied to him that he should surprise Amanda by wearing his new purchases back to the agency. He was really uncomfortable at appearing on the street with such obviously nonmasculine clothes, but he felt he could not disappoint his agents without a negative effect at work, so he gave in. What a sight he made as he walked down the street and into their travel agency clad in shoes, stockings, and pants none of which could in any way be mistaken for men's. Amanda was amazed and excited that Robin could have been convinced to appear in public in such obviously feminine apparel. Robin was amazed, too, but explained to himself that to wear apparel that was simultaneously so comfortable and so attractive could not be a bad thing. The feel of the velvet pants to his hands and the feathery feel of the skimmers on his feet was just heaven. Moreover, the smooth, matte, flesh colored look of the tops of his feet made them appear extremely sexy.

A week later, Amanda needed to get her hair cut and styled, and she invited Robin along. He was sitting in the chair next to her in his Friday outfit and fell asleep. This gave Amanda an idea. She had been thinking that Robin's hair, which he wore longish, would look prettier with some body, but she feared he would balk at having his hair done in a women's salon. During her next visit, as Robin was sitting in the styling chair next to her, the stylist offered him some coffee, into which Amanda had dissolved a sleeping pill. After he fell into a deep sleep, the stylist trimmed his hair with some layering, combed some hair forward and cut it into straight bangs, put large rollers into his hair, and suffused the rollers with styling solution. When his hair was dry, she took out the rollers and combed out his hair. The stylist and Amanda agreed that his hair looked lovely.

Upon awakening, at first Robin groggily asked how long he had been asleep. Amanda was still getting her eyebrows waxed, so he began to read his magazine again when he felt his hair on his forehead. Staring into the mirror, he yelled, "What have you done to me?" Amanda's explanation of how pretty his hair looked was to no avail, but when she explained that he could comb his hair into a masculine style and it would be hard for anyone to know its feminine option but that she would really turn on if they had sex while his hair was combed in its feminine option, Robin agreed that the styling to give this flexibility was a good idea. When he arrived at work the next day, even though his hair was combed in the masculine fashion, the other agents complimented him on how pretty his hair looked with its new body. Clients didn't really notice, but Robin felt that he was treated with more deference than he once had been.

On the next Sunday, Amanda showed Robin how to set his hair after he got out of the shower, so his hair would have its fullness for the next week. For the next two months on each Sunday Robin set his hair. He began to tire of having to set his hair each week, and he complained about the need to Amanda. He was thinking of stopping the tiresome practice and live with his hair in its earlier state, but Amanda pointed out that he could have a permanent to give his hair body without having to set it all the time. So the next time they visited the salon, Robin asked the stylist to give him a body perm. He had no idea of the peculiar odors that he would smell and the pulls on his scalp he would feel, and he was not fully prepared to sit for a time in the waiting area of the salon with large rollers in his hair and a hair net over it, but after it was done, he had to admit that his hair looked as nice as it had after a temporary styling but was pleased to think how easy to care for his hair would now be.

Two Fridays later, before the associates went out for their Friday afternoon drink, one of the associates told Robin that Amanda had told her of his hair styling option and that he would look cute if he combed his hair into the feminine option before they went out to drink. Not wanting to appear argumentative, Robin acceded. He had to admit that he really felt that he fit in among the associates, and this feeling was strengthened when a group of

men came to the table and asked each of the associates to dance. Robin and Amanda refused while the single agents accepted. It was the first time that Robin had been completely mistaken for a woman, and it gave him pause. However, the great sex when he and Amanda returned home got him over his problem.

At their next visit to the hair salon, Robin had his hair shampooed and touched up while Amanda had a more complete treatment. Robin felt how nice it was that he and Amanda could share this time, as they had not been able to do when he went to a barber for males. While their hair was drying, Amanda was getting a pedicure and suggested that Robin's toenails were on the drab side. "Why not put a pretty shine and color on them? After all, who sees your toenails besides me?" she asked. So Robin pulled off his knee highs and chose a deep pink iridescent color that he found particularly attractive, and the pedicurist went to work on his toes. When she was done, his feet were far prettier than he had ever found them. He almost hated to cover his pretty toes back up with his pretty nylon stockings.

Amanda thought Robin's toenails looked so cool, and she complained that she could not appreciate them when he had his shoes or slippers on at home. Knowing his shoe size, she stopped in a shoe store one afternoon and bought a pair of marabou slippers that would display her husband's pretty toes. One night as Robin put on his pretty pajamas, Amanda brought out a package, all gift-wrapped, and with great ceremony presented it to Robin. Entranced with the kindness of his wife buying him a present, Robin opened it up, to find the feather decorated open toed slippers with 2-inch heels. She told him how sexy she thought it would make him to her for him to wear those slippers, so he slipped them on and sashayed over to her, finding it a bit of a challenge to negotiate the narrower, higher heels than he had ever worn. What a special night of sex they had! In the morning Robin slid his feet into his sexy new slippers as they went into the kitchen for breakfast, and Amanda was all over him again. Robin was not about to wear male slippers at home when these slippers had such an exciting effect on his wife.

Amanda and Robin had for the whole of their marriage found a sensitizing part their sexual foreplay to kiss, fondle, and lick, and suck on each other's breasts. Because this was already a part of their life, Robin did not mark any change, but in fact this activity felt better and better. The small doses of estrogen that he had taken daily for a few months already were the cause, but all that occurred to him was how fine their sex was, and his sighs of pleasure encouraged Amanda to increase the intensity of this part of their foreplay.

After repeated occasions of sex like that, Robin's breasts began to feel very sensitive right through the day. He reasoned that the sensitivity was as a result of this part of their sex. He did not want to give up this wonderful feeling, so he had to find a way to deal with pain caused during the day by the sensitivity of his breasts. Amanda pointed out that the problem came from Robin's breasts rubbing on the rough material in his cotton undershirts. She noted that women solve the problem by wearing nylon underwear over their breasts. When Robin himself took no action on this but kept complaining about the discomfort, Amanda took things into her own hands. She went to Penney's, chose ten pretty white nylon camisoles, and put them in Robin's underwear drawer on top of his undershirts. In exasperation over his daily discomfort, Robin gave one a try, and as soon as he began to wear a camisole, his breast pain subsided. Thus he began wearing a camisole every day, even on weekends under male or female clothes. He really did not notice that the camisole straps and lacy bottom could be slightly seen through his turtleneck blouses on Fridays, but when a customer laughed at the style of his underwear, he protested that comfort needed to be the major criterion.

Robin was feeling the need of exercise, but because of all the hard work at the agency he got little. One day the women said they were off to an exercise spa after work, and Robin asked Amanda if they should not join the crowd, since he felt so lethargic. The girls said that it was not necessarily a session for people of a single gender, so on the spur of the moment they went. He and Amanda had an athletic bag with a few sports clothes in the back room, so they grabbed that and went along.

When they arrived at the spa, they found that only the people from their own agency had come to that session. When they opened their athletic bag, Amanda found a leotard and tights for her but only a shirt and no shorts for Robin. When Robin came out saying he could not participate, one of the women said she had an extra pair of shorts that Robin could borrow. What the hell, he thought, I need the exercise, and only my friends are here to see me. However, when he pulled the silky shorts over his panties and tried to put on his shirt, he found the shirt was far too small over his chest – he had not worn it in the last many months, and his chest had grown since then. As tight as it had become and as rough a material of which it was made, it really hurt his breasts, so much that he really could not exercise in this shirt. Seeing his disappointment, one of the girls then offered him

a spare leotard, saying that only the top would show if he put the shorts on over it. Robin pulled the golden leotard on, pulled the shorts on, and went out into the exercise area. The instructor thought it funny to have a man with women's gym clothes on, but the girls in the agency felt it just one more occasion of what they were used to at work, especially on Fridays. Robin found the exercise extremely enjoyable, and the feel of the silky leotard against his chest just added to the enjoyment and was quite comfortable on his breasts. On the other hand, his legs felt cold in the gym because the temperature was kept low to avoid making the exercisers sweat too much.

At the end of that session the associates agreed to arrange a weekly exercise class for themselves alone so that Robin could wear a comfortable leotard and still would not feel self conscious about appearing in this garb and being the only male among women. Thus before the next time he and his colleagues went to the spa, Robin bought himself a leotard. It appeared grey to him but in fact was silver, with straps that crossed in the back and attached under his arms to the darted bodice. He also bought full length black opaque tights to keep his legs warm. The difficulty was, he found, that the neckline of the leotard pulled his chest hairs painfully and the elastic straps pulled his underarm hairs. Amanda suggested that he could solve that problem in his Friday session by not only removing the hair on his legs but also on his chest and underarms. The next Thursday, Robin prepared to shave his chest and underarms. He realized that he needed to be especially careful because his nipples and aureoles had grown and were quite sensitive.

One day after work, arriving at their spa workout, Robin opened his athletic bag, only to realize that he had forgotten his shorts. What the heck, he thought. I'll just wear my leotard, like many of the others. The fact that my tucked male equipment will show a bit will just have to be tolerated by my associates. After all, their nipples show through their leotards. Truth be told, so did his, a little. His breasts had also become more rounded as a result of the estrogen, and the leotard emphasized this feature. Also, Amanda noted that his leg shape was softer and rounder than it once had been, so his legs looked very nice in his leotard and tights. Even the instructor subconsciously stopped treating Robin as different from the other class participants, since his look was far from masculine.

After a few more spa workouts, Robin began to complain to Amanda of discomfort on account of his breasts bouncing under his leotard as he did the aerobics steps. His breasts, after all, were not the size of many women's, but they had grown to a skimpy A size, large enough to bounce a bit. Sympathetic to her husband's pain, Amanda picked out a sports bra for him in what she knew would be his size, 36A, when they went shopping on the following weekend. Rather than making a fuss about it, she simply inserted it into his athletic bag. Getting dressed at the spa at the time of their next workout, Robin came upon the sports bra and looked at it quizzically. He realized that using it would be some kind of statement, but at the same time, it seemed so sensible to avoid the breast discomfort he'd been feeling during exercises that he pulled it on and fitted his small breasts into it, before pulling on his leotard. His associates noticed his new piece of clothing. However, they understood well how necessary such support was during physical activity, so they simply took it as one more way in which Robin would understand their way of being.

However, in his leotard his crotch showed in its shape that he was not the same as the others in leotards. Of course, his fellow agents knew he was not a woman, but he told Amanda that he felt self conscious with his male parts showing. Amanda pointed out that he could purchase what she had read was called a gaff, an elastic belt that would hold his equipment in. "Then you'll look and feel just fine, and won't have always to wear shorts," she opined. So during the next week Robin walked into a store specializing in clothes for crossdressers. He felt self conscious since he felt he was not necessarily inclined to crossdressing in the way of others but was doing it for his wife and his company. However, realizing that the gaff would make his daily worn pants fit better and the lack of difference with the other employees would help the company, he began to wear the gaff daily.

It was summer, and it was now a year since Robin had begun to try some feminine clothes to limit his masculine tendencies at work. The associates had become very close in that year. To celebrate the closeness of the associates and the resulting profits of their agency, one of the women organized a swim party for all of them at the pool at her house. Robin wanted to participate but realized that his bathing suit from a year before had a few problems. First, it was too tight around his butt. Second, his now A-size breasts would be exposed and would flop around while he swam. Third, when he had a shirt on, it would chafe his breasts. When he spoke of his concern to Amanda, she said, "Look, Robin, you have seen that you are more comfortable exercising when



you have a bra on. To swim with a bra on is simply to wear a woman's swimsuit. It's not new for you, given your experience at the spa. Of course, with a woman's suit only, your male equipment would rather show. However, you can wear your gaff as you are used to doing with your leotard, thereby minimizing that problem, and all the girls at the agency will feel as one, as usual.

So the next weekend found Amanda and Robin shopping for a one piece women's swimsuit for Robin. There were so many pretty suits on the rack; it was not like shopping for a man's suit, thought Rob, where one looked at a half dozen possibilities and then quickly chose. Instead, one had to consider dozens and dozens, in a variety of fabrics and patterns. Then, it was necessary to try on the possibilities, both to see how the suit looked and to feel the fit around his breasts. He chose an electric blue suit with the bra part in patterned white with a little bit of lace at the bottom. A short skirt was attached, hiding what little bump appeared between his legs. As he rode home after the purchase, Robin was amazed at what he had done. Not simply because it would help the agency and not simply because it would affect his sex life, but because it seemed like the natural thing to do, he had bought a pretty women's bathing outfit to look nice at the pool with his female friends.

So when the agents were all sitting around the pool at the swim party, Robin, with his blue one-piece suit, his shiny red toenails, and his shiny, soft lips, felt as pretty as any of the others and felt himself even more to be one of the girls. His breasts were not only well supported by the swim bra, giving him a comfortable, secure feeling, but they were also well decorated. A week later, when he wanted to cool off in their own backyard pool, he felt it the nicest thing to do to put on his pretty electric blue one-piece swimsuit with its white detailing. After a few weeks of this, Robin found himself with tan lines that were certainly not typical for a male. On the other hand, except when home with his wife or exercising with his colleagues, no one saw the form of his tan.

After wearing a swimsuit with a built-in bra while swimming and a sports bra while exercising, Robin realized that it would be more comfortable to wear a bra whenever he would have any physical activity. Since his daily routine involved a walk to the office from the parking lot and lots of walking around the office, it made sense to wear a bra every workday. However, he was embarrassed to walk into a store and buy bras for himself. So he asked Amanda to go shopping with him the next evening after dinner. Shopping in the lingerie section of the local Penney's with Amanda, they looked at bras of many colors and styles. Robin was looking at a plain style, but Amanda said "If you are going to wear a bra, why not a really pretty one?" As a result, they began to look at lacy, satin white bras. Robin looked at a couple with underwires, but Amanda told him that such a bra would not be comfortable for the whole day, so instead they looked at softcup, padded bras in Robin's 36A size. They picked out five extremely pretty ones, and Robin was heading for the cashier when Amanda said you had to try them on to see if they fit comfortably. Amanda asked for the key to a dressing room, and the saleswoman was mighty surprised to have both members of the couple go in. That's carrying togetherness pretty far, she thought to herself.

In the dressing room Robin took off his jacket and shirt and his camisole, and Amanda introduced him to the most feminine of activities, trying on bras. They found that three fit quite comfortably, but one was binding and one was too loose around his breasts. Robin found the process very exciting, so much so that he decided to wear one of the bras out of the store. So they took the tags off of that bra, returned the poorly fitting two to the saleslady, and paid for the three new bras for Robin. Little did the saleslady know that the bras were for him; she thought it must be Amanda who was wearing the new bra and did not catch on to the rounding in Robin's shape because he had a jacket on.

From then on, Robin wore a bra to work each day. He had to admit that, besides the function, he loved the idea of wearing such a pretty and feminine item and it made him feel even more one of the girls. Of course, bras being designed not only for breast support but also to emphasize the breasts of women, it did just that for Robin. Not wanting to appear too peculiar, Robin tended not to take his jacket off much at work.

One day Amanda came into the office with a trade newspaper in her hand. She showed Robin that it said that there would be tax savings for their agency if they were certified as an all-female small business. Robin, always on the lookout for a way to save a buck, agreed that they should try. Because Robin's name could be taken by a man or a woman, they expected no problems with the papers. Amanda filled them out and submitted them.

A few weeks later, they received a letter with tentative approval. But they were unhappy to read that to gain this certification, a visit by an inspector was necessary because the lawmakers had feared that some companies would fraudulently claim to be all female when they were not. Of course, Robin realized that they could not back out because it would make them look guilty. Amanda thought for a minute and said she thought that in his

Friday work outfit and with his softened, rounded body and his hair, which he had let grow somewhat long, if he left off his jacket and wore only some foundation and lipstick, combed his hair in its feminine mode, and wore some basic jewelry, the inspector would suspect nothing. So on the day of the inspection Amanda showed Robin how to clip on earrings and to put on these cosmetics. It was Robin's idea just before they left the house to put on a splash of Amanda's perfume.

At the office the inspector indicated that a requirement of certification was participation in the organization of all-female firms. The owners needed to participate in a meeting of heads of all these firms on the very next day at 1 p.m., with the inspector present. As a result Robin and Amanda had to run off immediately to a women's clothing store to purchase a women's suit. It was his first skirt. The suit that they chose was mint green, with a pleated knee-length skirt and a collarless jacket that stopped at the waist, sleeves that were elbow length, and a column of three large white buttons on each side as decoration. To go with the suit, they picked out a beige bow blouse of shiny rayon, a slip, and pantyhose. Trying the outfit on and looking into the mirror at the pretty person looking back, Robin felt he saw a new side of himself.

The next day, as Robin put on his nylon underwear, floated his pretty new slip over his feminized body, pulled on his pantyhose, and donned his new outfit, he realized again that he was enjoying the feminine clothes not only for the camaraderie it provided or the eroticism it provided for his sex life with Amanda, but for the special feel and look the soft and silky clothes gave him. However, as he looked in the mirror after putting on his foundation and colored lipstick for just the second time, there was a grating feeling produced by looking at his face. He realized that his eyebrows appeared far too thick to give the feminine appearance he otherwise showed. He told Amanda that he feared that his eyebrows might give him away. Amanda agreed, and she spent 15 minutes trimming his eyebrows with a pair of scissors, just enough, she said, so they would look less bushy but not so much as to be obvious when he was dressed as a male.

Robin realized that the flats and low heeled booties he had for shoes would not be seen to match his suit. So on his way work, after leaving Amanda at the agency, he drove to a women's shoe store and chose a pair of medium height high heeled black pumps. He was struck that the salesman helping him try on his heels did not even consider the possibility that Robin was other than female. He walked out of the store in his pretty new shoes, ready for the meeting. Navigating in high heeled shoes was no problem at all, because he had been wearing his marabou slippers for so many months at home.

After a half day at the agency, with the rest of the staff struck with Robin in a skirt and Robin conscious not only of his skirt but of the loveliness of his blouse, Robin and Amanda drove off to the meeting. Robin was aware that as he exited the car, he had to be careful of how to maneuver in a skirt, so as not to expose an unladylike expanse of leg. The two of them entered the meeting looking, they thought, like a pair of women partners, but fearful that something about Robin would give them away. They had decided that Amanda should do most of the talking, worrying that Robin's voice would give him away. Robin sat at the meeting table, with his nylon encased legs crossed, as he had seen women do. The feel of his legs in the open, except for his pantyhose, with his skirt floating on his upper legs, was one he was not used to, but it surely felt nice. It also made him feel quite as one with the other pairs of partners sitting at the tables, whose nylon covered legs he was admiring.

As they left the meeting, Robin and Amanda were feeling very high. They had succeeded in their meeting with other pairs of women, and as a result their company had a real tax advantage over its competitors. To celebrate, they decided to go to a nice restaurant for dinner. Robin said he was concerned whether he'd be able to continue to fool strangers, but Amanda said they'd get a corner booth where they'd be unlikely to be noticed. When they entered the restaurant and the maitre d' asked "Two for dinner, ladies?" Robin became more relaxed. Amazed at how well he passed as a woman, Robin decided to order a ladies' drink after they sat down, so he ordered a pink lady. While sipping his cocktail, Robin twirled his pumps on his toes and then realized what a feminine thing he was doing. Now that Robin had a skirt and nylons on, he got a real sexual thrill when Amanda stroked his leg under the table with her nylon clad foot, with her shoe slipped off. To settle down, Robin felt he had to suggest they freshen their lipstick, but that experience charged him up even more, and he could hardly wait till they got home to release the sexual tension.

For the next few weeks Robin was back in his feminine pants at work, but he thought frequently of the day in his skirt suit, and one day he even wore his bow blouse. When the Hart to Hart associates decided to have an ice skating party as a New Years Eve party, he realized he needed to think about what to wear to the party. But

Amanda was way ahead of him. While doing her Christmas shopping, she bought stirrup stretch pants and a pink bulky sweater for Robin. On Christmas Day, under the tree, Robin found his presents from his wife: this sporty outfit together with a nightgown, necklace, and bracelet. How right this felt, and it felt even better when, after he tried on and admired his presents, it immediately led to some very hot sex.

On the night of the skating party, Amanda and Robin arrived at the rink in their feminine skating clothes. Both had feminine hairdos and makeup. Both, of course, wore bras under their sweaters to support their breasts during the physical activity of skating. Amanda carried her skates, but they had decided that Rob's hockey skates would not fit with his appearance. So as they entered, they went to rent women's skates for Robin, of course giving his women's shoe size to the rental desk. He was brought a pair of white, women's figure skates, and he stared at them, never having expected to wear such things. As he laced on the skates, he realized that they had higher heels than on any skates he had ever worn but they were surely prettier than any skates he had ever worn. Why shouldn't he be able to wear such things of beauty, he asked himself. In fact, Robin found himself envying the women who had cute skating skirts on and wishing he had one.

As Robin and Amanda were skating around, the musical piece being played ended, and they announced that the next set would be a women-only skate. What a kick it was when Robin realized he could participate in this set for the first time in his life. He tried to skate as gracefully as he could to fit in with the other women. This was difficult, as he was just getting used to skating with figure skates, with a toe pick that could catch on the ice.

Later in the evening there was a couples skate announced. Robin realized that he could not ask Amanda to skate, but he was really taken aback when a man skated over and asked him to join him. It made him realize how convincing his feminine appearance was, with its soft lines and made up face. Of course, he refused the invitation, trying to do so as kindly as possible. Amanda appreciated the difficulty she had put her husband in, but she was inside rather pleased at his sharing experiences that she had had many times.

In January, the Hart to Hart Travel Agency received an invitation to participate in a late February cruise of members of all female firms. The whole agency was abuzz with the possibility, especially given that as travel agents they would receive a significant discount, and it was immediately voted that they should close the agency for a week and they all should all go. Amanda pointed out to Robin that the dress on these cruises was formal in the evening, and it being for all-female firms, he'd have to dress the part. Robin didn't bat an eye, saying what excited the other women was what was important to him, though inside he found the idea of 3 days and 4 nights dressed as a woman extremely exciting. Still it took him aback when Amanda said that evenings would be spent in evening gowns and that no woman would be seen as fashionable in evening dress with clip-on earrings. So with some concern for the difficulty of reversing this externally obvious step, Robin agreed that he had to have his ears pierced.

Thus a month before the cruise, Amanda took Robin, dressed in casual feminine clothes, to the earring store at the mall for a free piercing. He had to choose the studs that he would wear for some weeks. He was quite attracted to studs with cubic zirconium chips, but he was worried that such shininess flashing at his ears would attract too much attention when he was dressed as a man. Ultimately he chose medium sized gold balls, perhaps not realizing that these, too, would shine prettily. Amanda and he also chose two pairs of small hoop earrings, one in gold and one in silver, for when he could take out the studs.

Robin had been looking so feminine each day at work that the agents took it for granted when he came in with pierced earrings, just commenting how pretty his ears now looked. They looked the prettier two weeks later when he could take out his trainers and begin to wear his delicate hoops. Robin found that it took some practice to learn to insert his earrings into his recently pierced ears. Still, he got a kick out of how pretty his ears became with earrings on, and he really looked forward to going to purchase dangly earrings for their cruise. Amanda and he went to the earring emporium at the mall, and Robin tripped out on the beauty of the earrings they were purchasing and the tickling of his neck as he tried them on.

The following weekend Amanda and Robin went shopping to buy clothes for the trip. Robin understood that it would look really funny for him dressed as a male to shop for and try on the feminine clothes they were looking for, so he dressed in one of his company turtleneck blouses over a bra and camisole, his stirrup pants over his panties, and his black flats over pantyhose.

Having read in the cruise literature that days would spent off the boat walking in picturesque towns and on the beach, Robin and Amanda first shopped for women's shorts for Robin. The pastel and bright colors that were

now possible for him to wear and the style of shorts that widened from the waist and had cuffs certainly struck his fancy, especially as compared to the drab colors, like khaki, and straight lines of the men's shorts with which he was more familiar. The higher rise of the shorts struck him as very feminine. He found it hard to imagine walking in public in such clothes, but he chose three pair, one a hot pink, one a pastel green, and one with bold red flowers on a light blue background, and they took them into the dressing room. The shorts felt tight on his waist, but Amanda pointed out that unlike men's shorts, they needed to stay at the height of a female waist and he could not wear a belt. The flowered shorts seemed to both of them a bit much, given that his hips were narrower than he wanted to bring attention to. So they decided on the two solid colored pairs.

Robin was still thinking about how nice his shorts were, but Amanda, very much the practical member of the couple while shopping, said they had to move on to buy blouses that would go with the shorts and be comfortable in the tropics. Amanda suggested sleeveless blouses in a soft, stretchy material. After looking at many blouses in many stores, they settled on a beige blouse in a ribbed fabric, a sky blue blouse in a tightly knit polyester and with a low neckline, and a white blouse in a coarse knit with three pearl buttons closing the neckline. Not a collar on one of them, Robin noted.

They had not even started to look for evening gowns, and they were both already tired. They decided to have some relaxation by having lunch in a restaurant. While eating they happily chattered about their recent purchases, like two female companions. His decision to wear female garb had really brought them together, Robin thought.

Robin had suggested to Amanda that he carry his black pumps in a bag to wear when he was trying on gowns, but she had replied that the heels on those shoes were not high enough to approximate the height of the shoes he'd be wearing with the gown. The result, she said, was that they needed first to go to the shoe store, where they both bought a pair of strappy black patent sandals with 4" heels as well a pair of multicolored beach sandals for Robin. These they carried to the stores where they were looking for evening gowns. But it had become quite late, so while they began to look at evening gowns, he did not try even one on, and they decided to put off that purchase for the next weekend, giving Robin a whole week of anticipation.

On the following Saturday, Robin and Amanda returned to the stores selling formal women's dresses. Robin wore a blouse and skirt and pantyhose and his black high-heeled sandals. They went from store to store, looking at gown after gown. Now and then they would choose a gown that he would try on. Amanda also tried on a few, making for a most enjoyable sharing, as Robin commented on the gowns that Amanda tried on and she on the gowns that he tried on. All in all, Robin tried on six different gowns. He found that, unlike his previous experiences with shopping for male clothes, he enjoyed the shopping and trying on, not just as a means to buy. Eventually they settled on one gown for Amanda and two for Robin, one a black strapless and one coral with a draped low cut bodice and spaghetti straps. Amanda chose more bras for both of them including a longline strapless bra for Robin. They also bought a pair of spike heeled pumps to match the coral gown, having decided that the strappy sandals would go well with the strapless gown.

While Robin was shopping for a full length half slip to go with his gown, Amanda took the saleswoman aside and told her that instead of bringing the actual gowns that Robin had tried on and they had chosen, she should pack for them dresses that were in the same style but fit a breast cup size C instead of the size A Robin really could support. Also, unbeknownst to Robin, when they shopped for a longline strapless bra to go with Robin's evening gowns, she chose for him a C-cup bra in place of one with his normal A-cup bra size. A day later, on the sly, Amanda went to a mastectomy clinic and purchased a set of breast forms, a special type that fit over his A-cup breasts to make them into C-cup breasts. She also bought some special makeup to blend the breast forms in with the wearer's skin.

For the next three weeks, Robin was in a state of great anticipation, as he looked at his evening gowns hanging in his closet. A day before the cruise, Amanda pointed out that if Robin was to look as good as he wanted on the cruise, he would need a more feminine hair style. So for the first time Robin made an appointment for himself at the beauty salon they had been using. He made the appointment for late in the afternoon of the day before the cruise, wanting not to have to appear at work in what he knew would give him completely away as a crossdresser. How he could think he was not already obvious as a crossdresser was beyond Amanda's understanding, she ruminated. But his appearance still was a turn-on for her.

Arriving at the salon, Robin requested the book of hair style illustrations that he had seen women use during his earlier visits there. He and Amanda considered quite a variety of possibilities for his hair, which now came

down to just above his shoulder. Amanda said that Robin needed a do that would look feminine on the ship but which could be pulled back to look less feminine after the cruise. They chose a graceful pageboy style and were about to ask the beautician to begin when on the spur of the moment, Amanda decided that it would be fun for them both to have their hair in the same style. There turned out to be a beautician with a free appointment, so Robin and Amanda sat in adjacent chairs, and the two beauticians began putting their hair into matching pageboys.

First, their hair was shampooed. While still wet, their hair in back and on the sides was cut into layers, and a sparse fringe from their bangs was cut straight across. Then their hair was wrapped around curlers and a styling solution applied. Robin couldn't get over how many new things he was experiencing. After sitting next to Amanda for what felt like a long time under the drier, the beautician said she'd comb out their new dos. While doing that, she said Robin's eyebrows needed some attention and plucked them into two well separated arches. Robin stared at himself in the mirror, realizing that upon leaving the salon, he would clearly look feminine from the shoulders up. So as to not present a confusing appearance, he asked Amanda to borrow her powder and lipstick, and he applied these to his face. Thus, the two of them, looking almost like sisters in jeans and bulky sweaters and pageboys, walked on the street back to their car. Being tired from the hairsetting procedure, they got into their nightgowns and robes when they got home and got themselves some dinner while dressed in these sleep clothes. What a kick and how comfortable this was, Robin thought, as he packed his suitcases full of women's clothes and packed his garment bag with his lovely gowns.

In the morning they woke up, ready to prepare themselves to go on the cruise. Amanda suggested that since they had the same hair styles it would be fun to dress in a similar style. Since they each owned a white blouse with a Peter Pan collar, pink pants, knee high stockings, and low heeled mauve pumps, they decided to wear them. Amanda had makeup that she said matched these outfits, so they both applied that.

Thus when Robin and Amanda arrived at the airport, to fly to the cruise liner's port, they were wearing similar outfits, had similar hairdos, and had similar makeup. The associates squealed at how cute that was and complimented Robin profusely at his pretty hairdo. Robin was surprised that his reaction was to blush at the compliment, open his pocketbook, and redo his face. However, he was even more redfaced when he had to explain to the check-in attendant of the airline the difference between his appearance and that on his driver's license picture ID, even though the attendant was impressed that he would dress that way to benefit his company.

They all climbed on the plane for Robin's first flight dressed as a woman. Nobody seemed to notice. After the flight, the Hart to Hart crew shared two taxis to the pier and boarded the cruise ship. They were surprised to find that though the group from the all women's corporations were all at least apparently women, they only formed part of the cruise, and the rest included both men and women. The Hart to Hart group were greeted in a friendly fashion by the purser and shown to their cabins.

Robin and Amanda arrived in their cabin at 3 in the afternoon, and Robin suggested that they go to explore the ship. Amanda said they couldn't do that then, pointing out that, with cocktails beginning at 6:30 and with Robin's special needs in dressing, they would barely have enough time to prepare for the evening if they started right then. Amanda said she needed to polish her fingernails with a color suitable for the evening, and she told Robin that he would look much better in his evening gown if he had polished fingernails, too. This was a first time experience for Robin. Amanda filed his nails into as shapely a form as their short length would allow, and she applied a coat of fire engine red polish. Robin got really turned on by the shine and color on his nails but realized he needed to sit quietly during the time they took to dry. He was even more surprised when Amanda explained that a second coat, and later a cover coat, was necessary. While the second coat was drying, she told him to take off his pumps and stockings, and after removing his lighter polish with polish remover, she applied a coat of this red polish to his toenails after separating them with tissue.

Once their nails were dry, Amanda and Robin took off their slacks, Amanda having suggested that Robin do a touchup shave to his chest and underarms, since they were going to be exposed when he was wearing his evening gown. She also suggested that he be careful not to get his hair wet. While he was in the shower, Amanda put on her strapless bra and began her makeup. In the middle of this she called into Robin to remind him to put on his body lotion after his shower, to counteract the scraping of the razor, but also to make his skin as supple as possible for the evening's activities. Upon his coming out of the shower, with his hair still covered by the shower cap that Amanda had remembered to bring and with only his panties on, Amanda handed him his

longline strapless bra. Because they had chosen the waist size rather small for Robin's natural waist, depending on the bra to cinch his waist some, it was easier if Amanda did the bra hooks for Robin, in back, instead of their normal way of putting on a bra by hooking it in front and rotating the bra around. The tightness of this garment was most unfamiliar to Robin, but he understood that he needed it if his gown was to fit.

Robin then noticed how empty the cups were, whereupon Amanda presented him with the new breast forms, telling him how much nicer his dress would look if he wore them. He was surprised at this idea, but he agreed that he would probably look better with them on, so Amanda took the bra off for the time being. She opened up the adhesive that would attach the breast forms to his chest, applied the adhesive, and pressed the breast forms on. All of a sudden Robin felt a weight on his chest that he realized was normally felt only by women. However, he noticed something of a seam between the top of the forms and his chest and was concerned that it would give away the fact that his breasts were not entirely him. Amanda said she was still a step ahead of him and brought out the cover-up makeup that would blend the forms into his skin. Once it was applied, even Robin could not see where his skin left off and the forms began, and his chest had quite the contours of a woman.

Then Amanda hooked up the bra again. Now Robin's breasts quite filled the cups, extending well above them and showing an extremely entrancing cleavage. Amanda said she had one more gift for her lovely husband, and she brought out a gift box with a beautiful, shiny gold chain with a delicate pendant in the form of linked hearts. Robin was so touched by this gift, and when he put it on and it hung down just to the beginning of his cleavage, he was impressed at the artifice of emphasizing this ultrafeminine way in which he was now built.

It was then an hour and a half before cocktails. Amanda said they both needed to put their hair in large curlers and spend some time attached to the heated curler device so that their hair would have full body for their formal evening. Since the two of them were sharing the heater, this took a half hour, and Robin began to understand why they'd needed to start so early preparing themselves for the evening. Robin brushed out his pageboy as the hairdresser had instructed, while Amanda brushed out her own hair style, making them both feel so intensely they were sharing their lives with each other.

Amanda then told Robin to apply foundation to his face and then said she would apply evening makeup to him for the first time. After all, he had never worn eyeshadow and eyeliner, he had not lengthened his arched eyebrows into a sexy curve, and he had never applied lipliner. Amanda instructed him to fill in his lips with a shade of lipstick darker than he had worn before, and after doing so, Robin was amazed at how sensuously feminine his face now looked.

Robin then pulled on some taupe pantyhose, a color he'd never tried before. They were sandalfoot so that his shiny toenails would be visible through his hose. As Amanda instructed, he then pulled on his formal, full length half slip. The feeling of the satiny nylon slip against his nylon encased legs was electric, and his penis stirred, even though tucked under in his panties. Trying to calm himself, he sat down and buckled on his 4" heels. Of a coral color to match his gown, they had a medium width strap across his foot just above his toes and fastened with a strap around his ankle. His penis stirred again upon seeing how his polished toes flashed and attracted attention to his sexy feet.

In the meanwhile Amanda had put on her own dark green evening gown and came over to help Robin put on his coral evening gown. He put his arms through the spaghetti straps and let the straight, full length skirt slide down his legs doubly covered in nylon. Three layers of a slippery material were even more stimulating than two, he enthused to himself. Amanda zipped up the back zipper of the gown, and the top hugged his narrowed waist while just covering his bra and thus showing his lovely cleavage. The skirt shone in the light, emphasized by Robin's long leg length and the high waist of the gown.

Robin slid his new dangly earrings into his pierced ears, aware of how the long hooks needed no security clip, and, as Amanda handed him two shiny bracelets from her jewelry box, he put one on each wrist. They both ran a comb through their hair to fix any hairs that had been pulled out of place by putting on their gowns. They stood together in front of the mirror and smiled happily at the reflection. What they saw were two absolutely beautiful young women dressed gorgeously. Robin could hardly imagine wanting to look like a man again. He and Amanda wanted to kiss, but Amanda warned against smudging their lipsticks.

There were just five minutes before they were due on deck for cocktails. Robin sat on a couch to calm himself and prepare himself for the first time he would appear in public not only as a woman but with his cleavage exposed and no androgynous aspects at all. All of a sudden, he realized that he would need to have a tissue and his cabin key with him and that he would need to be able to refresh his lipstick after they ate. Amanda went to

her suitcase and produced two evening bags and gave the gold one with a long delicate chain strap to Robin. He put his key, two tissues, and his lipstick in the bag and hung the bag over his bare shoulder. Then he and Amanda left their cabin and walked down the passage, appearing to be two beautifully clad, coiffed, and made up women in their evening gowns and high heels.

When they arrived in the cocktail lounge outside the dining room, all of their friends' heads turned to see this beautiful couple. A few of the male passengers also had their attention attracted to these pretty women, it never entering their mind that one of them might not be a woman. In honor of the occasion, it was Amanda who went to the bar and ordered two martinis, one for her and one for her lovely spouse. The members of Hart to Hart chatted amiably while sipping their cocktails until called to dinner.

In the dining room the waiter held the chair for each of them, not a common experience for Robin. Sitting in his full length gown also took a little organizing. He also was very happy that they had cloth napkins, as he had no idea how he would keep a paper napkin on his lap with his slippery skirt. As the first course was served and they began to eat, each time he raised his fork Robin saw his fingers flash. This reminded him to eat in as fastidious and graceful a fashion as he could and to limit his portions to keep his figure so that his beautiful gown would continue to fit.

After dinner Amanda said that they needed to use the rest room and to refresh their makeup. Robin realized that the ladies room was his only choice. He had never used a public ladies room before, having always been able to go to a one person rest room when he was dressed as a woman and had to use the toilet. He felt no problem of privacy himself, as the booths had doors, but he did have a time pulling up his long skirt and pulling down his pantyhose so that he could sit on the toilet, and after he came out, he was a little embarrassed for the other women there who did not know a male was participating in their cosmetic activities.

They walked to the ballroom, their high heels clicking. The band was playing a slow, romantic tune, and some of the other women from the all-women's companies were dancing in pairs, since their significant others were not along. This made it natural for Amanda and Robin to decide to dance. For the first dance, Robin was so affected by the amazing feeling of dancing in an evening gown, heels, and makeup that he did not think of who was leading. As usual, it was he who was leading. Amanda suggested then that to make things even she lead every other dance. So he put his right hand in Amanda's left and tried delicately to rest his flashing left hand on Amanda's shoulder and let her guide him around the floor, with her feminine hands on his bare back. What a spark he felt, even though he found it hard to stop leading. Amanda and he found this so enjoyable that they danced every slow dance of the evening, completely exhausting themselves. Robin especially found his feet very tired, having never worn such high heels at all before, except for trying them on, and having never stood on heels for such a long period.

When they returned to their cabin, he felt ready to collapse. But when they put on their silky nightgowns, with him leaving his breast forms attached, they both became very aroused, and their sexual relations were spectacular. Both of their pillows became stained with makeup that night.

The next morning Robin and Amanda awoke in their nightgowns with a smile on both of their faces. They each showered and, side by side, put on their makeup, with Amanda giving a few tips to her very pretty husband. Robin didn't want to take off the breast forms, but he found that his A-cup bra didn't fit. Amanda said they could go ashore and find a larger bra for him. So Robin put on his beige sleeveless blouse and went braless. He pulled his shorts over his panties and gaff and tucked in his blouse. As he pulled it tight, Amanda noticed that his breast forms' nipples were quite apparent through the blouse. He put on his delicate beach sandals, exposing his prettily polished toenails, put on his makeup, and declared himself ready for breakfast. With his breasts displaying themselves so at the breakfast buffet, none of the other passengers, other than the Hart to Hart agents, saw him as other than a woman, and even the agents found it hard to think that their male boss could really be a man.

After breakfast Robin and Amanda returned to their room to refresh their makeup and then made their way to the tender that would take them to the pier. They had to sit close to other passengers. Robin was self conscious, but when the man his thighs were pushed up against smiled at him and said "Sorry to crush you, Ma'am," he felt better. Upon alighting on the pier, they asked directions and then walked to a shop that sold lingerie and bathing suits. There they picked two C-cup bras, and then they spied a display of bikini bathing suits. Robin was amazed at his possibility of wearing a bikini, even though he wondered whether it would show too much that his waist did not narrow as much as most women's. Nevertheless, they chose a shiny yellow bikini bathing suit

with a C-cup top for Robin. Amanda suggested that they also buy an A-cup top for the bikini so that Robin could also wear the suit when he did not have his breast forms on. Amanda bought a bikini in the same style, but in gold. In the dressing room they both took their bras off and put them in a bag and put their bikinis on under their blouse and shorts. Leaving the shop, they began touring the town and the beach. What a kick it was to Robin to be in such interesting and romantic surroundings while walking in swishy shorts and sandals and a sleeveless blouse.

After walking for an hour, they decided on a dip in the ocean before going back to the ship. While Robin was still sensitive that his waistline's straight contour was inconsistent with his pretty, sexy bikini, others did not seem to notice, and numerous males swung their heads around to look at the two pretty women running by into the ocean. Soon after they jumped in, Robin became concerned at the possibility that the breast adhesive would not be strong enough to hold his breast forms on and that the breast makeup would reveal the prostheses, but happily the materials were made with these considerations in mind, so there was no problem. The bikini clad husband and wife played happily in the waves for a half hour before realizing it was time to meet the tender for the short ride back to the ship.

Getting back onto the ship, they took off their damp bathing suits but put on dry ones so that they could go the ship's pool. Robin renewed his both his breast blending and facial makeup and put on his shiny light blue and white one piece, and Amanda put on a red striped bikini that she had brought. Sitting around the ship's pool in their bathing suits, sipping cocktails and eating hors d'oeuvres with the other agents, also in pretty suits, the company of women certainly had for them all a double meaning. At the same time, Robin felt awkward that the bra on his suit did not fit his C-cup breasts, so the fabric was too tight for good taste or for full comfort.

At 4, Amanda and Robin returned to their cabin to begin preparing for that evening. They each took a shower, with Robin now realizing that there would be no problems with the breast adhesive weakening in the shower. The black strapless full length gown that he then donned looked even more beautiful when the décolletage was fully filled out with his breast forms than it had when he had tried it on in the shop. As he passed the mirror and saw himself in a strapless evening gown and strappy black spikes, his amazement knew no bounds. Again dinner and dancing were entrancing, and the night was made even more special when the captain came to the Hart to Hart table to chat. Robin decided to let the others do the talking, as he was not fully confident his voice would not give him away.

This went on for the three days of the cruise. For the last two evenings Robin appeared in the same two evening gowns as in the first two nights, but with different jewelry and a sash. This made Robin begin to understand concretely how it was possible to make a single dress part of more than one ensemble. Each of the Hart to Hart staff looked particularly beautiful each evening, and the females while marveling at how lovely each of them looked, particularly marveled at how gorgeous Robin was. On both of these evenings each member of the Hart to Hart staff asked Robin to dance, and he was pleased that they wanted to dance with their boss, something they would not have felt if he had not gone out of his way to be one of them.

Upon their return from the cruise, Robin realized that he could now exercise the full option that he now had in the dress he wore to work. He could wear men's clothes with his hair pulled into a low ponytail secured by an elastic, but even then he would wear panties, a bra, and a camisole. A part of this option was how he would deal with his now pierced ears. Should he let the holes close? Or should he put in inconspicuous earrings in at work to keep the holes open for special occasions when he would wear a cocktail dress at a party? Or, perhaps, he should wear pretty and obvious earrings. For the first couple of days he temporized by wearing his gold studs. But after consideration, he decided he so much liked making his ears pretty with earrings that it was foolish to lower the effect with earrings that no one would see. This led to a decision to wear large pearl button earrings and, given that feminine commitment, to appear fully as a female at work. After all, he thought, when he had been dressed in fully feminine garb, he received none of the curious or derisive looks that he received when androgynously dressed. This would be a real benefit at work.

So he appeared at work the next day in a women's top with a ruffled collar, his big pearl earrings, his pageboy hairstyle, and a full pleated skirt. While getting called Ma'am took some getting used to and some of his old clients were really taken aback by seeing this man who now appeared as a woman, the imagined benefit of being seen as a woman appeared to be real. Moreover, he realized now that his breasts had grown enough that he was uncomfortable without a bra on during the day. While his shape was thus far from masculine, he appreciated the beauty of his soft curves. And he was even more attractive when he wore his breast forms. But



then there really was no way his male shirts could fit. Therefore in the next few Saturdays he and Amanda bought him a variety of blouses with darts, and he wore a pretty blouse every day, sometimes with women's pants and sometimes with a skirt. Each day he wore one of the many pairs of women's shoes that he was now buying, having understood how attractive it was when the shoes matched the outfit and how jarring to his feminine appearance it was when they did not match.

At home, since both he and Amanda preferred him looking feminine, he dressed almost all the time in feminine clothes. Amanda had shown him her preference for his night time wear by giving him gift of a second beautiful peignoir a few days after they returned from the cruise. It was a gold set, with multilayer chiffon forming the robe and the skirt of the gown, hanging from a satin bodice embroidered with hearts. They were so entranced by seeing both of them in beautiful peignoirs that they came to having sexual relations about four times per week, twice the rate that they had had while Robin was wearing men's pajamas.

To demonstrate her love and let all know it, given how Robin now appeared at work, Amanda went to a jewelry store and lovingly picked out a diamond engagement ring in his size. That night at dinner, Amanda told Robin how much she loved him and that she loved the way he looked. Having established a romantic mood, she took out the ring case from her handbag and gave it to Robin. Robin was mesmerized at having such a present and profession of love. He put the ring next to his wedding ring on the fourth finger, left hand, and he wondered how he could ever take it off. Its brilliance was so great, and its meaningfulness was so enormous!

Upon arrival at work on the next Monday, Robin had on his bow blouse and green suit, his pantyhose and black pumps, a pair of silver large hoop earrings and a silver chain, and his new engagement ring. The whoops from the secretary and the other agents when they saw the beautiful ring he was wearing were ear splitting. They congregated around Robin, as they would have with any of the female members of the staff, and admired his lovely gift.

Robin's parents wrote that they would like to visit Amanda and Robin at Thanksgiving. Amanda and Robin decided that they had better share his new way of dressing with his parents during this trip. However, so as not to provide an immediate shock, Robin wore men's outer clothing and only simple stud earrings when they arrived. But after they had had a chance to get settled, Robin and Amanda began a discussion of how he had found it beneficial and enjoyable frequently to dress in feminine garb. He knew that his parents were open-minded, and true to form, they said they were intrigued at how he would look. Thus on the Saturday late afternoon, Amanda took Robin's parents out to a museum while he prepared himself for the evening. He wanted to appear very ladylike with his folks, so he put on a frosted light pink nail polish on his fingers, a simple dress with small flowers and a high neck that he had bought especially for the occasion, and pearl drop earrings. His makeup was muted, and he wore mid-height pumps. When Amanda returned with his parents, Robin was sitting on the living room sofa reading a book, looking for all the world like the lady of the house. Robin's parents were amazed but extremely impressed at how pretty Robin was, and they both embraced their new daughter.

Robin dressed as a female for the rest of the visit, and he and his parents found their relationship to be warmer than it had been since he was a boy. This made the senior Harts appreciate Amanda's effect on their child more than they ever had. It also gave Robin yet another reason to prefer a feminine appearance to a masculine one.

It was only a couple of weeks till the agency's Christmas party. The members of the firm had decided to have a formal party to which they would invite their best clients. They all realized that they needed to look their best, to impress their guests. Therefore Robin told Amanda that together they should both shop for particularly striking cocktail dresses. At home they discussed together what style dresses they were looking for, realizing and reveling in the fact that this was a conversation that few couples would have. They decided on Christmas colors, with Amanda looking for a red creation and Robin looking for a medium dark green creation. With that decided, they first shopped for a black corsolette for Robin. Shopping for lingerie while appearing as a female made Robin feel so feminine, he realized. Trying on a corsolette in the fitting room made him realize how much his shape supported that feeling.

On the next evening Amanda and Robin, each with their corsolette on under a blouse and women's pants, went to the store where they had bought his evening gowns, now to shop for cocktail dresses. They each tried on dresses in a variety of fabrics, with a variety of necklines and skirt lengths, and a variety of pretty decorations. Robin finally selected a gown with spaghetti straps, a square draped neckline, and a full skirt with a lovely sheen that fell just below his knees. Just as the red cocktail dress that Amanda selected with his advice made her look particularly lovely, so did Robin's green creation make him look lovely. So when they entered

the Hart to Hart Christmas party together, the company clients were struck by the two lovely owners, and the other agents were appreciative not only of having such beautiful colleagues but of having one of their bosses who was male so thoroughly committed to the same femininity that was so central to them.

Robin found that when shopping for a Christmas present for Amanda, wearing very feminine clothes made the process much easier as compared to when he had been dressed as a male or androgynously. He could now easily shop not only for lingerie, as he had done in the past in male clothing, but also for dresses for her. Not only did it seem natural to shop for a dress, but also his experience in women's styles was much more well developed.

On Christmas Amanda was extremely pleased with Robin's choices for her. He had chosen clothes that he himself would like to wear: a pretty suit for work, a lovely sweater with embroidered ribbons below the neckline, and a leotard for exercising. And Robin was really excited by Amanda's present to him of a skating outfit, including a blue and red plaid skating skirt, in the style that he had much admired in their skating party the year before, a light blue sweater in a very feminine style, and shiny flesh colored tights, as well as a pair of women's white figure skates. So the next evening the two of them went skating at the rink, with Amanda in practical pants to keep her warm but Robin in tights and his beautiful new skirt. The experience made Robin seriously consider taking lessons in women's figure skating.

In January the Harts excitedly anticipated an evening at the opera. Knowing that formal dress was *de rigueur* at the opera, Robin bought a black velvet full length dress with lace sleeves and sequin decorations above the bodice. He also decided he wanted a special hairdo to wear with this gown. Having not had his hair cut other than trimming for more than a year, his hair had grown much longer. To keep it in shape, each evening before bed he found himself standing next to Amanda with both of them brushing their hair for many minutes. Thus, in considering his hairdo for the opera, he decided he could try an updo for the first time. His hairdresser was amazed and excited to give him such a coiffure worn only by women, and he was really taken with his new appearance when he left the beauty salon. At the opera the couple appeared like two young women from high society, and they were both treated that way by those whom they encountered in the lobby and as they took their seats.

Robin and Amanda's fourth anniversary was coming up in two months, and Amanda enthused that they should have a ceremony at which they would rededicate their vows. A week after they decided to do this, Amanda told Robin that he deserved the wonderful glow that she had had on their wedding day. The glow came from feeling specially pampered and beautiful on their special day. Robin got quite excited when Amanda suggested that they shop for wedding gown and trousseau for Robin.

This shopping consisted of many excursions over many weeks. In that time Robin bought not only a bridal ensemble but many pieces for his trousseau. After buying \$2000 of lingerie, foundations, blouses, skirts, dresses, scarves, and other accessories, Robin realized it was time to empty his dresser drawers of almost all male clothing and replace it by the women's clothes that now made up his attire essentially all the time. He could see no further use of his men's underwear and dress socks; he hadn't worn these for months. So he put those in a packing box, for storage in the attic, and he used their space in his dresser for bras, panties, foundations, knee highs, stockings, and pantyhose. Likewise he packed away all his men's dress shirts and all but one of his two of his sporty shirts, leaving them out as work and camping shirts that he could wear open over a blouse. He could no longer wear them buttoned because of the size of his breasts. He put in their place his blouses, with darts to accommodate his breasts and made from much prettier fabrics than those in the blouses he had worn when he was trying still to have a male aspect to his work appearance. He packed away his men's shorts and bathing suits and replaced them by the much prettier bikinis and one piece suits, as well as the pastel Bermuda's and neon hot pants he had just bought. He removed the straight legged men's pants, sport jackets, and men's suits from his closet and replaced them with his new more curvily cut pants, skirts of all cuts, lengths, and colors, and dresses, using a new group of hangers that they'd bought with clips and pads meant for women's clothes, and putting the wooden hangers meant for male jackets and pants into the front hall closet for hanging coats. On one of the wooden hangers he put the full length coat he had bought to wear with his opera gown, and on two others he put the two pieces he bought as part of his trousseau: a yellow informal feminine jacket and a tan women's dress coat that closed with a deep, feminine overlap and had large fabric-covered buttons. In his dresser's sweater drawer, he kept some of his bulky sweaters but replaced the pullovers and coat sweaters in muted male colors with pastel sweaters with a delicate weave and cardigans with pretty decorations. He stored away the clunky collection of men's shoes he had on a shoe rack. On this rack and the new rack he'd

bought, he now hung an array of delicate, shiny and decorated flats and high heels of all heights, as well as the marabou slippers which he now always wore when he was walking with his nightclothes. He stored away all of his pajamas except the silky ones that held such memories, and he replaced them with a collection of nylon nightgowns with the prettiest decorations.

Shopping for his bridal gown was almost as exciting to Robin as shopping for his trousseau. He arrived at each bridal shop he visited with his C-cup breast forms and a longline strapless bra on. Each saleswoman treated him with the utmost feminine courtesy each time he shopped. Just touching the beautiful fabrics produced sensory overload, and the lovely bodices, lace decorations, and jewels were a joy to behold. There were so many options to decide among, and of course, price was one factor since these gowns could set Amanda and him back many thousands of dollars. But the saleswomen, wanting to make as much on the sale as they could, encouraged him to try on even the most expensive gowns. This produced many afternoons of seeing his reflection in gorgeous gowns and feeling their wonderfully sensuous inner surfaces on his skin.

There was one particular gown that he fell in love with immediately upon seeing it that was not unaffordable. It had a full skirt worn over voluminous silky petticoats and a bodice appliqueed with lace inlaid with ribbons, with a sweetheart neckline. On the front of the skirt were prettily curved satin panels edged with small pearls, and on the back sat a large satin bow. The gown had a train with decorations along the edge that matched those on the front of the skirt. Having decided on this gorgeous gown, Robin proceeded to picking a veil and headpiece that would match the gown. The headpiece he chose had a tiara of small pearls that matched those on the gown's skirt, and the waist-length veil had patterns embroidered in shapes similar to the decorative panels on the skirt. He also chose pumps covered in a satiny white fabric and with graceful heels of only two inches, to make dancing easy.

Robin had shopped for the gown by himself, and he kept the tradition of not showing Amanda his choice until the day of the ceremony. However, they did shop together for jewelry for the ceremony and for suits for leaving the reception for their second honeymoon. After much searching, they found and bought each other white ribbon chokers threaded with their special symbol, linked hearts, in diamond chips. The suit that they bought for Robin suited the occasion perfectly. It had a straight rust-colored skirt attached at the waist to a simple nylon sleeveless top. The waist was decorated by a broad self-covered belt, far broader than any man's belt he had ever worn. Worn over the blouse was a grey, fitted jacket that stopped just above the belt, had  $\frac{3}{4}$ -length sleeves, and had a pattern of white heart outlines on it.

A week before the rededication ceremony Robin realized that he would again have the embarrassment of showing a male picture while appearing as a woman when they checked in to fly to their second honeymoon, and when they returned, and every other time he flew. Moreover, he was concerned at what would happen if he was stopped for a driving infraction and his license picture was at such odds with his appearance. He decided to take the bull by the horns and get done with this embarrassing situation by suffering it once and for all. He put on his pretty new suit and his normal makeup, combed his hair, and drove to the driver's license bureau to change the picture on his license. The officer making licenses did look at him funny, and Robin realized that the picture would be in conflict with the "M" in the space for sex if anyone thought about it, but at the same time he was enchanted with how pretty he now looked on his license.

On the day of the rededication ceremony Robin and Amanda awoke with great anticipation. After breakfast, they both put on a bra and panties and a blouse and jeans, and they drove to their beauty salon. Robin's regular beautician did a special set of his hair in a beautiful updo, with tendrils down his face, while Amanda's set her long pageboy with some full curls. The makeup artist did a special makeup job on each of them, emphasizing their respective feminine traits and painting the fingernails of each with a polish chosen to complement the coloring of their particular skin and hair.

When they got back home, they each put on diamond earrings and the linked heart chokers. Robin put on his breast forms, and they each put perfume in their cleavage. They both then donned their special wedding lingerie, stockings that they attached to the garters on their longline bras, and their wedding shoes. Carrying their wedding gowns and accessories with them in their protective bags, they drove to the photographer's studio. In the dressing room of the studio, Amanda donned her dress and short veil and Robin again felt his body caressed and beautifully decorated by his two petticoats, gown, train, headpiece, and veil. Then pictures were taken of each of them separately in both sitting and standing poses, in both profile and facing the camera. In Robin's case pictures were taken both with the veil over his face and with the veil up. These were followed

by pictures of the two of them together, facing each other with their arms about each other's waist, then standing next to each other while holding hands, and finally in an embrace.

They then drove to the hall that they had hired for the ceremony, where the staff of their firm, who were serving as bridal attendants, were waiting in their lovely yellow satin bridesmaid dresses. Also waiting were both Robin's parents and Amanda's parents, who, of course, they had also informed earlier. Many more pictures then were taken with these people who meant so much to them. There were a whole variety in various groupings, some with both Robin and Amanda and some with one of them. Especially meaningful to Robin was the picture of him, Amanda, and the bridal attendants and the one of him and his parents, who were apparently very proud of how beautiful their son appeared.

As the ceremony started, first, Amanda walked down the aisle in her pretty white street length dress, and took up her position awaiting her lovely spouse. Then each of the Hart to Hart bridal attendants walked one by one slowly down the aisle. Then all eyes turned to the top of the aisle as Robin commenced walking down the aisle in his bridal gown and veil and white satin pumps. He had never felt so beautiful, and he was very touched by the happy look on the faces of both his and Amanda's parents.

Their vows were even more symmetric than at their first wedding: I Amanda take you Robin to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health till death do us part. I Robin take you Amanda to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, in sickness and in health till death do us part. They had bought a pair of matching, delicate wedding rings engraved with flowers, and they lovingly placed these meaningful bands on each other's fingers. After the minister pronounced them spouses once more, Amanda initiated an extended kiss of great love, with their lipsticks mingling. Then the two beautiful brides recessed up the aisle, to the applause of all assembled.

In the reception line the relationship of the guests to Robin was very different from their first wedding. The female and male guests hugged him, something they would not have done if he was dressed in a tuxedo. After the reception line, Robin and Amanda proceeded immediately to the dance floor. They loved dancing more, now that he was able to be pretty and sensual. The feel of his petticoats swishing against his legs and of his wide, heavy skirt, with the train now buttoned up, moving with him was an experience he would never forget.

As the reception wound down, Amanda and Robin each donned their specially bought skirt suits and heels, changed their formal earrings for short dangly ones, and set off for their second honeymoon with both having nothing but women's clothes in their suitcases. They had reserved the bridal suite of the local hotel for the first night. After arriving in the suite, Robin disappeared into the bathroom, saying he wanted to get more comfortable and that Amanda should do the same. Appearing in his peignoir, both he and Amanda were immediately hot, and their sex was even better than on their first honeymoon, the moreso since Robin was not so quick to climax as he had been on their first honeymoon.

The second honeymoon of Robin and Amanda was spent at a lovely inn on a small island in the Bahamas, where they flew the morning after their rededication ceremony. Besides frequent sex, with them reveling in each other's feminine hair, skin, and breasts, their time was spent at wonderful meals in which their conversation was frequently on feminine fashions, at swimming, with both in bikinis, and at tennis. Both of them found tennis more fun than in years before, since both of them were now dressed in sleeveless tennis blouses, tennis skirts, and tennis panties, and both had flashing fingernails as they swung their racquets. Robin took a little while to get used to the flapping of his skirt while running for a ball, but soon the feeling was one he would never want to replace by wearing shorts.

Soon after they returned home, the proofs of their new bridal photos arrived. Choosing the one to put in a frame on their wall unit proved to be a tough task, as there were so many pictures of the beautiful bride Robin. But they chose a shot of him in profile standing in his beautiful gown with the lovely train spread out to the side and the curvature of his bosom rather emphasized. Soon on their living room mantel stood this photo of Robin the bride next to the photo of Amanda the bride from their wedding, and next to the photo of a bride and groom from their original wedding now stood a photo of two brides. Robin frequently stared at these pairs of pictures, appreciating the unusual opportunity he had been given by Amanda to appear as the gorgeous bride as well as the handsome groom.

Robin now almost always chose to look very feminine in all places. While he could go in typically masculine clothing, he was most comfortable in panties and bra and pretty outer clothing. Basically he wore men's clothes when women did. When camping, he wore a male woolen shirt and male styled women's jeans, the feminine

cut necessary for his round bottom. But underneath he wore panties, a bra, and a camisole. He might from time to time go androgynously in a blouse and pants, especially when he was lounging around the house. But at work he chose to go in typically feminine dress, with pantyhose, dress or blouse and skirt, with businesslike but obvious earrings. He felt most comfortable this way when they went out for an evening because then he could show his pretty cleavage and wear dangling earrings. To keep that soft shape and curvy bosom that he wanted, he made a point of taking his female hormones regularly, but he also needed to take time off the hormones now and then so that he would retain his sexual abilities.

As for Amanda, she had to admit that while she had not originally intended so heavily to feminize her husband, she had more and more positively reinforced his progress towards feminine appearance and action. Now that Robin lived and looked as a woman but still could function sexually as a man, Amanda realized that this unusual arrangement of having a feminine husband was entirely to her liking. They could share not only those things that all spouses share, but also they could share a feminine concern for beauty, for each other's feelings, and for those of their staff. They were truly partners in their business and in their marriage.