

# The Girlfriend Experience



## Jenny Winters



An "Adult TV" Novel



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# The Girlfriend Experience

**By Jenny Winters**

They'd known each other forever, more or less. Their mothers knew each other, so it was natural that they'd meet. In fact they met in childcare and then went to the same school.

It was there that they became "best friends" for life. It nearly fell apart when hormones started bouncing and boys noticed the two dark curvy girls with the even teeth and the wide smiles. They dated together and apart, they swapped boyfriends and compared notes on which was the best kisser, and whose hands roamed the furthest.

It was no surprise that they both graduated high in their classes and when they went to the city, they shared an apartment. Then the hormones kicked in again. Jane went to live in the suburbs with William, an account manager. If Emma thought he was boring, she never said. She still met Jane at least twice a week.

“I wish Douglas was a bit like you,” Emma grumbled about her latest boyfriend. “I mean we used to talk forever, we never had silences. Now he’s getting distant, not like you; you’re always interested in my things.”

“I don’t know what you mean by things, but I’ve always loved our friendship.”

“I guess men don’t have friendships like women do,” Emma replied. “They talk about sports, and hang around with each other in bars, but there’s nothing deep in their relationships with other guys. If they never met a friend for ages, they’d never think about calling them.”

“William’s a bit the same but he’s always working. He’s ambitious,” Jane said. “That means I’m on my own a lot and I’m so grateful that you’re still here for me. I shouldn’t grumble. He’s a great provider.”

“Since Douglas sold his software company, he doesn’t need to work so long. He doesn’t need to work at all but he keeps taking on contracts to sort out problems.” Emma said. “I think he’d take more notice of me if he could plug me in with a USB.”

“I like William making the money,” Jane replied. “He lets me spend it; he doesn’t grumble when I’m extravagant and doesn’t make too many demands in the bedroom. He knows his place and I think I do too.”

“I know we both have a lot to be grateful for,” Emma replied. “But it gets you thinking that there should be more to this.”

“It gets you thinking what exactly?” Jane asked after a pause.

“Why can’t a man be more like a woman?”

“That’s a song from ‘My Fair Lady,’ wasn’t it?”

“No that was the other way round, ‘Why Can’t a Woman be More Like a Man’ to be precise; Professor Higgins sang it.”

“Okay, brains,” Jane laughed.

“No I’m serious; it’s a valid question,” Emma persisted. “When did you ever have a conversation with him about which dress you should wear to go out, or what hairstyle suits you?”

“He’d never notice,” Jane laughed. “If I was naked, he might, but I doubt he’d say much. He’d probably think it was the latest fashion.”

“You’re not taking me seriously,” Emma replied. “It’s a serious question. Our partners are supposed to be our best friends, like you and I.”

“But it’s different; we’re girlfriends and we do different things.” Jane’s smile was wicked.

“Not all the time; there should be some companionship, some deeper level of communication.”

“I think he left those skills at the altar,” Jane replied. “You’re wiser; you never married the guy.”

“I’ve been with him as long as you’ve been married,” Emma said.

“But we’ve both lost the spark. Perhaps it’s inevitable? If you find a way of changing it, let me know.”

“I don’t know. There must be a better way.”

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“Jane, you must look at the web page I’ve just sent to you,” Emma called a few weeks later. “Remember we talked about girlfriends and men?”

“Don’t tell me you’ve found the answer,” Jane replied.

“It’s called ‘The Girlfriend Experience’ and it’s for men.”

“That sounds like a porn site.”

“That’s what I thought at first, but it’s not. You can buy a gift voucher for the man in your life to help him understand you better is what it says.”

“How does it do that?”

“I think it’s some sort of course.”

“Like a psychologist and counselling?”

“I don’t know,” Emma admitted. “I wanted you to look at it and then we can talk. It’s not couples therapy if that’s what you’re thinking.”

“Okay, I’ll call you and fix lunch later in the week. We can talk about it then.”

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“I looked and it can’t work,” Jane said after the usual hugs and kisses when they met in their favourite coffee shop.

“I don’t know,” Emma replied. “There’s not a lot of information on the website and anything’s worth a try. Douglas hardly says more than a few words at a time.”

“What if Douglas changes too much?”

“I don’t think he could be further away from me right now.” Emma wiped away a tear. “I’m on the point of leaving him.”

“Oh, you poor dear; I didn’t realise things were so bad.”

“It’s not that he’s unkind, it’s that I never seem to see him for more than a few moments. I can’t get his attention. I dress up all sexily and all he does is fall asleep. I’m lonely and bored.”

“But he’s not unfaithful?”

“His mistress seems to be the financial statements on his computer,” Emma replied. “It’s not as if he

needs to make more money. I have enough in my trust fund for us.”

“I don’t know what to say,” Jane replied. “Could you come over for dinner one night soon? It’s William’s birthday next month; we could make that the reason for a get-together?”

“If he’s still around.” Emma grimaced. “There’s nothing to lose, I’m going to investigate that website. Things can’t be worse.”

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“Welcome to ‘The Girlfriend Experience.’ How may we help you?” The voice on the phone was soft and reassuring when Emma called.

“I got your number from the web but it doesn’t tell me where you are.” Emma was expecting to talk to a machine and she wasn’t prepared for a person.

“We’re wherever you want us to be,” the reply came. “We’re stupendously expensive but we guarantee to bring a change in anyone’s relationship. We offer a personal service and we can come to your city whenever you wish.”

“But what do you do?”

“We offer to do our best to make anyone’s partner more responsive,” the woman explained. “May I ask who we’re talking about? No names, just an idea.”

“It’s my boyfriend. We’ve been together for a few years and I love him dearly, but we seem to be drifting apart.”

“Parting, however painful, may solve your problems.”

“I don’t want to do that to him,” Emma said

“If it’s your boyfriend and you engage us, then we can probably educate them to be more amenable to your needs, just like your very best girlfriend.”



“That sounds awesome but how do you do it?”

“We use our own programme, with a mix of skills. We help the man in your life to be as close as your best girlfriend.”

“I get the name; it’s ‘The Girlfriend Experience,’ but how do you do it? The website doesn’t tell me much.”

“We don’t put it all on the web because we don’t want to give away all our secrets. Each case is treated based on its individual needs. If you wish, I can arrange a personal consultation for a fee where it all can be explained.”

“I think I’d like that,” Emma decided, even though she had so little information.

“I’ll give you our billing address and bank details if you give me your email. When we have received the consultation fee, someone will be in touch to make an appointment.”

“How do I know you’re not a scam?”

“You don’t and it’s a reasonable question. Use your credit card and then you can ask them for a cash back or whatever they call it.”

Emma gave her email address and sat back. She thought for a moment, transferred the rather hefty fee, then called Jane.

“I called them,” she said, knowing that her friend would know who she meant. “They’re sending someone to see me.”

“You’re really serious about this,” Jane replied. “Can I be there when they come?”

“I’ll call you as soon as I know.”

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“Hi, I’m calling from ‘The Girlfriend Experience’ and I’d like to set up a meeting.”

“That’s quick.” Emma had only waited a day. “You’re coming here?”

“Yes, the address you gave if you wish, or we could meet somewhere else if you prefer.”

“Can my girlfriend be here too? Her husband is as bad as my partner.”

“It sounds like you both need our help. As it’s a consultation we can do that but it will be separate fees if you decide to go ahead with our programme.”

Emma called Jane once she’d agreed where to meet. A downtown hotel was chosen. She wanted to keep it secret and she was sure Jane felt the same way. At the hotel, Emma gave her name.

“Your party’s in the garden room.” The receptionist pointed to a doorway. “It’s the third on the left down the corridor.”

“I’m Rosemary Hollinghurst.” The lady stood as they entered. “You can call me Rosie. ‘I’ll order some coffee and you can ask me questions after I’ve shown you our video.”

“It isn’t on the web?” Emma asked.

“No, we don’t want the programme to become too widely known or someone will copy it, and then where would we be?”

The conversation as they took their coffee was direct and to the point. Both girls agreed that their problems were the same; a lack of communication and a feeling of loneliness within their relationship.

“Are you sure you’re not thinking of breaking up?” Rosie asked. “That would be one possibility to consider.”

“Why do you ask?” Emma said. “You’re not selling the programme too well.”

“I’m sorry if you think that,” Rosie replied. “It’s a simple caution because once the programme starts to work, there may be real and permanent behavioural changes in the man we’re working with, and you may not want that.”

“So what is it exactly that you do?”

“We work to instil some gentler characteristics,” Rosie explained.

“Like a girlfriend?” Emma asked.

“Yes, we chose the name because we aim to help them to understand that a real relationship requires some effort. Girls do it naturally, but men don’t.”

“I used to think we were so close.” Emma could feel a tear coming to her eye. “He’s changed. He’s still kind and gentle but sometimes he seems unfeeling. He doesn’t notice things.”

“We all change day-by-day, whatever relationship we’re in,” Rosie replied. “We’ll ask you all sorts of question as we go through the programme and we will do our best to tailor it to your needs.”

“And we’ve no obligation to proceed if we decide that it’s not working?”

“There’s no possibility that it won’t work.” Rosie smiled as if it was a silly question. “And you can decide that it’s gone far enough at any time.”

“How do I know?”

“He’ll have to agree to join the programme,” Rosie said. “Even if you give him it as a gift, he has to agree.”

“How does it work?”

“It works in stages. Each one is given over a residential weekend. You can stop after any stage if you feel its not right for you.”

“What if he goes backwards; reverts to type after stopping the programme?”

“He’ll be the first. I can promise it won’t happen.” Rosie reached for her laptop. “There are two videos for you to watch at home. I’ll send you a link and password.”

“What will they show?”

“The first one is the very basic process and the second is one which we were asked to take to the ultimate degree and took several stages to get there. Don’t worry, it is an extreme and there’s no possibility that we could do this without your decision to proceed.”

“That all sounds mysterious.” Emma looked across at Jane.

“Any change would be good.” She looked at Rosie. “I’m at my wits’ end; I don’t know what to do.”

“I think I’d better show you the video. Then you can go home and consider if you want to proceed.”

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“What did you think?” Jane asked as they were in the car after their meeting.

“I think it’s probably worth a try,” Emma replied. “I know, you think I should leave it, but I’m not going to get happier if I do.”

“You have the video to watch, that could tell you more,” Jane said. “I know you think I’m too tolerant of William’s obsession with work, but I don’t want to change him.”

“You’re too happy spending his money.”

“There’s that too.” Jane smiled. “But your Douglas works from home a lot of the time. Surely that makes you closer?”

“If taking his lunch to the computer room makes us closer, I’d like to know how.” Emma sighed. “Some days that’s the only time I see him. He closes the computer and then disappears to the gym. He comes home, showers, falls asleep and the next day it’s repeat and repeat.”

“You do sound as if you’re having a rough time.”

“And I know I have to do something about it.” Emma turned into Jane’s drive; they hugged and parted. “I’ll let you know what I decide.”

The first video could have been an extract from a romantic movie. There were opening scenes of couples obviously not communicating; separate lives and even separate cars going to the same events.

The following scenes weren’t much more informative. They showed the man, for it was a male partner they were dealing with, was shown with a severe looking lady in glasses and a business suit. They were in a basic room which could have been a consulting room for any profession, with a voice over describing the objects of ‘The Girlfriend Experience’.

In the following short scenes, the couple were shown shopping together in a department store. They lingered in the dress department and sniffed testers in the perfumery. The last scenes were of a happy couple, sitting together, touching and smiling.

The voiceover continued, upbeat and encouraging, but it gave no real clue about the process. There followed a couple of testimonials in which happy couples expressed their thanks that they’d found the programme.

“Any thing’s worth a try,” Jane said to herself, reaching for her phone.

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“What’s this?” Douglas opened a card. “It says you’ve booked us into something called ‘The Girl-

friend Experience' and I should call a number to make a booking for a weekend."

"That's almost right." Jane smiled at him. "But it's not us; you're going on your own."

"I don't understand." He looked at her blankly.

"You don't have to," Jane told him. "We have to do something with this relationship or its heading for a train wreck."

"I have to work." He looked at her with a mystified expression. "You never said anything was wrong."

"It's not as if I'm unhappy, it's that we've drifted apart." Jane sat down and looked up at him. "I'm tired of feeling so alone in this relationship."

"I'm working for us." Douglas sat opposite her.

"You don't need to work so hard or for such long hours." Jane wiped her eye carefully so that her mascara didn't smudge. "We have money. I need some companionship."

"I'm here for you."

"Maybe you are physically, but emotionally you're hardly ever here."

"You're being unfair."

"I'm not being unfair." Emma raised her voice. "You never notice me. I change my hair, I wear a nice dress; I even do my best to be glamorous on the rare occasions you take me out. For all the reaction I get, I might as well be a scarecrow."

"So what is this experience, if I agree to go?"

"It's only a weekend. It's to try and help us to get on better; to be closer like we were before."

"But it's only me going."

“That’s right,” Jane replied. “They don’t offer anything for the partner. That’s presumably because I’m the one hoping the problem can be solved.”

“I get it; it’s all *my* problem.”

“I don’t want to argue.” Jane went to put her arms around him. “Please just try it. I don’t want to lose you.”

“Has it become that serious?” Douglas looked at her, realising how serious she was.

“I wouldn’t be asking if I didn’t love you.” She held him and put her head on his shoulder.

He could feel her sobs.

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Douglas didn’t know what she’d let him in for when she dropped him off at the imposing villa specified in his instructions to join ‘The Girlfriend Experience.’ He waved as cheerfully as he could as she drove away.

He had no idea what to expect. The literature and the website were equally vague. The only thing he knew was that his relationship was failing and that he didn’t want it to.

He shrugged his shoulders as he watched Emma’s car turn out of sight. He turned and went in.

“How was the experience?” Emma picked Douglas up on Sunday evening and they sat together quietly in their home.

“I don’t know how to describe it,” he said.

“Come on; you were there.”

“But for some of it I was so relaxed and spacey that I don’t remember all the details.”

“They didn’t get you on drugs, did they?” Emma was suddenly alarmed.

“No, of course not, but it was so very strange. They didn’t do anything really and I didn’t do anything either.”

“There must be more to it.”

“You left me and I went in. I was greeted like an old friend and shown to a lovely room. The lady suggested that I take a shower and come down in a robe for a drink and a chat.”

“So that’s what you did?” Emma asked.

“It was a beautiful shower. I don’t know how to explain it but there was a scent in the water, and the toiletries were the labels in your style magazines.” Douglas paused and looked at her. “I hesitated to use them but then I did and they felt so nice. I can’t tell you; the scents and the feelings were so relaxing.”

“The idea was that you should feel good.” Emma prompted him to continue.

“My hair felt so soft. I wrapped it in a towel for a while, not really wanting to move, let alone dress.”

“Your hair is always clean and shining,” Emma replied.

“I look after it and I like to wear it long so I have to take care. This was different. I used the drier there and it seemed to shine so much.” Douglas paused. “You must think I’m being very girly.”

“Not at all.” Emma laughed. “It’s good to hear you talking like this. There have been so many times I felt you were slipping away from me; we didn’t talk about little things like this.”

“Their robe was soft and silky, very light and soft,” he continued. “I went to the lounge where she was waiting with a drink and a headset. She said I was to watch their introductory video.”



“Did you learn about the programme there?”

“I fell asleep with the headset on. I can’t remember a thing but I really felt so easy with myself and everything around.” Douglas paused again. “I’m not explaining this well, am I?”

“It doesn’t matter, keep going.”

“There’s not much more to tell. It was late by then and with another drink, I went to bed.” There was another pause as Douglas weighed what to tell her. “I had silk pyjamas laid out for me. I should have taken something to wear, but I never thought of it. I slept like a log.”

“No dreams during the night?” Emma smiled.

“Yes, but I’ve no idea what they were. I like them; I seemed to be floating gently somewhere, dancing, cocooned in silks and satin. The scents were very real, like your favourite perfume.

Emma held out her hand, for him to take and together they went to their bedroom.

“It sounds so romantic.” She turned and kissed him softly but longingly.

“Romantic sounds good.” Douglas reached for her with a gentleness that she’d never felt before. It felt so good.

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“Lie still while you recover.” Emma snuggled up to him in the afterglow. “Tell me about the next day.”

“Promise you won’t laugh at me,” he said. “I did things I never thought I could ever do.”

“I’d only be shocked if you told me that you’d been throwing rocks at the stained windows in church.” She laughed.

“Okay, I went for a massage, like you and your girlfriends do, but I went alone.”

“Did you like it?”

“I loved it.” He smiled at the memory. “The scent of the oils and the feeling of the hot stones; the sensations stay with me.”

“That didn’t take all day.”

“Afterwards I was back to the headset and their version of virtual reality. It was so realistic. I was dancing again and my hair was swinging. I think I was hallucinating too because it all got very jumbled.”

“How did it get jumbled?”

“I don’t think I want to tell you.”

“You’ve come this far, why stop now?”

“I think I should.” Douglas held her closer to him, still with that new gentleness, and sighed. “Would you mind if I shaved my body hair?” he asked suddenly.

“I’d love it.” Emma replied immediately. “I can imagine how you’d feel against me.”

“I like the way you feel,” he replied. “I’d like to try to give you the same feeling.”

“I could make an appointment for you at my salon,” Emma suggested. “Men go there, so you’ve no need to be shy.”

“I’d like that.”

Emma said nothing but smiled to herself. It reminded her of trips with her girlfriends; sharing a bed, sharing everything so intimately from clothes to makeup and doing each other’s hair.

If this was the girlfriend experience she was paying for, it was sounding good.

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“Tell me, did he come back a new man?” Jane asked as soon as they sat down over lunch.

“Not really,” Emma answered.

“You don’t sound too sure.”

“I’m not really sure,” Emma replied cautiously. “There’s something about him that’s different, but I can’t describe it.”

“Is it what you expected?”

“I didn’t know what to expect.” Emma smiled. “You must think I’m too vague to be true. There’s something different about him. It’s like he realises that I’m there more. He’s spent less time at work, and his personal hygiene has gone up a notch too.”

“He was always good looking.”

“Now he’s paying more attention to me. He even noticed my new dress and shoes.”

“That’s something,” Jane almost grunted a grudging reply.

“It’s more than that. He’s showering for longer; he’s using my shampoo and conditioner and he’s taken to using a fragrance that I bought him ages ago instead of those horrible body spray things.”

“He’ll be asking you for grooming tips soon.”

“Don’t be catty.” Emma smiled at her friend. “You’re just jealous.”

“Seriously, tell me has anything really changed?”

“He complimented me on the way I’d put up my hair, and he took me for dinner at a real restaurant.”

“You mean he didn’t just take you to a pizza joint?”

“No, it was really nice; waiters and tablecloths, wine and soft music. He didn’t rush back to work in his home office either.”

“Lucky you.”

“Don’t look at me like that; I know what you’re thinking.” Emma couldn’t stop a smile coming. “And I’m not going to tell you what we did either.”

“Did you enjoy it, whatever you’re not going to tell me?”

“It was heavenly.”

“I wonder if it’s going to last.”

“I hope so,” Emma replied. “That was after one weekend and I’ve booked him in for some more sessions.”

“I’m surprised he agreed to go.”

“I told him straight; either he changes or I’m leaving,” Emma replied.

“Alimony could strip him bare.”

“I don’t want to think about that.” Emma shook her head. “That’s not why I’m doing this.”

“Did you get any feedback from the people who looked after him?”

“Not much; they told me to watch for little things changing in his behaviour.”

“It sounds like you’ve noticed something. How long it will last is anyone’s guess.”

“Sure, that’s why he’s going again.”

“Tell me he objected.”

“Not at all; it’s what I expected and it’s strange. They must have impressed him somehow because when I told him that he I’d booked another session, he didn’t argue. In fact, he seemed rather pleased with it all.”

“I hope you know what you’re doing.” Jane raised her glass to toast the venture.

“I hope so too.”

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“You smell nice.” Emma picked him up from his second weekend.

“I’m pleased you approve.” He leaned over the car seat and kissed her gently. “I think it’s a perfume that you used to use ages ago when I first met you.”

“Mm, I really like that scent.” Emma hugged him back and looked at him hard. “There’s something about you.”

“It’s sweet of you to notice,” he replied. “I’ve had a lovely couple of days. I can’t wait to come back.”

“You really enjoyed it?”

“Oh yes, it’s been delicious,” he replied.

“What happened? I mean, what was it about?”

“You know, I can’t remember a thing,” he replied. “But it was truly wonderful.”

Once they arrived at their apartment, Douglas’ good mood continued, much to Emma’s surprise.

“I need to freshen up,” he said as soon as he was through the door. “I’ll just put my case away and then I’ll be with you.”

“You’ve been ages,” Emma said.

She was in their kitchen when she heard him in the living room.

“I wanted to be all fresh for you.” He came close and put his arms around her. “I’m so lucky that you care for me so much.”

He kissed her ear, sending tingles down her spine. His tongue played around the earlobe, tweaking her earring. His hands, wrapped around her, started to turn her towards him and he kissed her on the lips. It was a long and sensuous kiss with tongues intertwined.

“Your lips are so soft.” Emma pulled back and looked at him. Are you wearing something on them?”

“Yes, they said I should because they thought you’d like it if they weren’t dry and hard. They said that the ideal lips would be soft and yielding, so I’ve tried to do what I was told. Did you like being kissed like that?”

“I don’t know; you’d better try it again and I’ll study.”

She pulled him close and felt one of his hands gently exploring the back of her neck as we kissed. He wasn’t forcing the kiss; it was as if they were responding to each other’s touches in a way that they’d never done before.

I liked it.

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“What did you really do?” Emma asked. “I don’t believe that you can’t remember; I saw the way you looked as you said it.”

Douglas looked at her for a long moment. He took a deep breath and started.

“Are you sure you want to know?” he asked.

“Of course.” She took his hand and sat close to him.

“They dressed me up,” he said.

“There’s nothing wrong with that.”

“You don’t understand; they dressed me as a girl.” He looked down as if ashamed to continue. “And I liked it.”

“That’s okay; it’s all about understanding, you and me.”

“It was more than that. They dressed me in lingerie, a bra with weighted breasts, panties and then stockings on a garter belt.”

“You always used to have a thing for garter belts,” Emma said cheerfully. “I remember how we used to play. I’d get dressed up and you’d help me to get undressed.”

“I loved that.” Douglas smiled at the memory.

“It’s one of those things that we shouldn’t have let go.” Emma kissed him lightly. “That wasn’t all, was it?”

“No, I got the works. They did full makeup on me; I don’t mean a little. They did the full works.” Douglas’ smile gave away how much he’d enjoyed it but Emma pretended not to notice.

“That must have been a new experience.”

“My nails were painted, but they’re short and stubby. They didn’t look good.”

“You need my manicurist.”

“Maybe, but not today.” He blushed. “They said next time...” He blushed again and looked away.

“Next time? I presume you’re going again.”

“I think I’d like to but I need to tell you more before you decide if I should.”

Emma noted the way he said that. He was asking for her to make a decision for him. That was a first.

“It was so complicated,” Douglas replied. “I’m surprised you didn’t notice that they shaped my eyebrows.”

“Now that you mention it, I can see, but I don’t think it would stand out to a casual observer.”

“I can’t remember all of the process but the foundation and shading made my face look different, and the time spent on my eye makeup was incredible. I even got false lashes.”

“I remember putting my first lashes on,” Emma said. “It took ages to get them right and then my eyes watered all night.”

“They felt heavy for a while but I forgot about them afterwards, unless I got a glimpse of my reflection.”

“I bet you didn’t recognise yourself.”

“That’s true; it was as if I was someone else too. I felt so different, and people looked at me differently.

“Does that mean you went out dressed as a girl?”

“Yes, I did,” Doulas replied. “Please forgive me; I didn’t expect it to go that far.”

“There’s nothing to forgive. I got you into this programme because I wanted you to stay close to me, like my girlfriends do.”

“I’m not a girl though; please don’t lose sight of that.”

“How could I?” Emma kissed him again. “What did you wear?”

“They gave me a red dress with deeper red patterns. It was dark and had half sleeves, with a very modest neckline. It was tight too; I was surprised when the back zipper was pulled up. It clung to my waist and tummy.”

“It’s good that you’re so slim; red isn’t good with bulges.”

“I got red shoes too,” Douglas continued. “I was afraid of them. They had heels and made me stand differently.”



“Heels alter your posture.”

“I know that now.” Douglas gestured with his hand. “They were about that high; two and a half inches and very narrow. I thought I’d fall.”

“But you didn’t?”

“No, it was easy after a few turns round the room. The only real awkwardness was when I had to go down some stairs. That was really weird.” He half-smiled at the memory.

“It’s a skill,” Emma reassured him.

“They gave me big silver hoops to wear in my ears.”

“You haven’t worn earrings since you were a student.”

“I know, but the piercings were still good.”

“Did you like them?” You used to wear tiny studs in your ears.”

“I loved them. There was something about the way they moved in my earlobes as I walked or even when I turned my head.”

“What about your hair?” Emma asked. “It’s long enough for all sorts of styles.”

“They bundled it up under a cap and gave me a choice of wigs. They said it was to make sure that no one recognised me.”

“Don’t tell me; you chose the long blonde one.” Emma laughed.

“You’re almost right,” Douglas admitted. “It was blonde, but it wasn’t the longest, just to shoulder length. I had visions of catching the long one and ripping it from my head in an embarrassing display.

“I’d guess with all that, you’d be amazed with your reflection.”