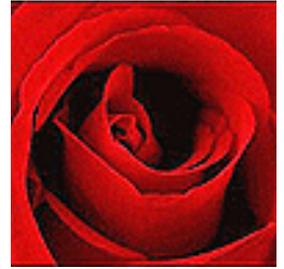


# Blossoming

By Jewlz

Published on Lush Stories on 22 Jun 2010



*It is all in the preparation.*

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/crossdressing/blossoming.aspx>

Just the thought leaves a tingling reverberation in my entire body.

I can't stop thinking about how being en femme makes me feel; from the relaxing bath soap, bath oils and incense to the calming talcum powder, body lotion and seductive fragrances.

I take pleasure in prolonging the transformation, recording every muscular contraction, hormonal fluctuation and penile twitch. In order to do appreciate all this and more I start off with advance planning; I don't mind having to wait a couple of days before I become the luscious female I see in the mirror. As part of the planning and preparations, the kids get to go see their grandparents or cousins for the night or duration, my better half leaves for a business trip and she's regularly on the road but she knows about my erotic inclination; after all she indulges me and when I transform for the two of us; it usually ends up being a carnal event (but that, I shall narrate for you on another day).

The day before, whilst in drab with a throbbing hard-on, I will pre-select the evening's color scheme, ranging from soft pastels to vibrant commons and then comes the outfits: from risqué to racy articles to the body contouring skirt along with it's complimentary top. Any mother would be proud to know that I don't own a single pair of woman's pants. In drab, pants are fine but en femme, pants are a drab. They hide my long, firm, supple, hairless legs (favorable gene pool I suppose; I don't come from a hairy bunch, even facial hair is a scarcity – besides a sporting a 'Nanny McPhee' type facial strand or two, a medium sized tuft of pubes and a micron or so of underarm follicles, I am as naturally bare as an egg).

My skin is the texture of a 25 ~ 30 year old GG, well nurtured, moisturized, frequently soaked in vitamin E rich bath and on drab days nourished with baby oil with aqueous cream or tissue oil thus resulting in a pleasing soft sensual feel right down to my rosebud. Having a soft, feminine silky skin has to be complimentary to the clothes that I put on (imagine having to slip a low denier stocking yet your skin doesn't really tingle and get maximum goose-bumps from them), the touch and feel of the femininity of the clothes has to be pronounced, otherwise what's the purpose of going through the whole exercise.

As a CD I dress to feel; F-E-E-L, to feel the femininity, the sensuality, the excitement in, around and through my body; the sexiness of it all and I will not cheat myself of that pleasure when given the opportunity.

I experience male pants enough throughout the day at the office, at the kids school functions, at family functions and at church but for the next few hours, my body hungers for that different texture (like switching from a 5 year old to a 21 year old whiskey) and I shall greatly reward it.

Still on that day before, I will check if I don't want to acquire another well deserved item for my special evening, maybe the dress I had been eyeing out at the mall or something that I saw on the fashion channel or experiment with a look I saw from one of the girls at the office. Buying something to add to my wardrobe is exhilarating, it can only be equaled to opening a Christmas gift, so I ensure that whenever I go buy something, I really cherish the moment and that I get the correct item so that I don't end up with shopper's guilt afterwards.

Should the need arise to purchase something, I will pass by the mall or the particular shop on my way home from the office and where necessary, I'll go through the motions of 'I need to buy these for a lady friend who is round about my size' or where ever possible, I pick a store where the size is displayed.

Years of experience have shown that I can go to the one branch of the department store to inquire about the size and color availability and then go to a different branch across town to actually buy it – this only happens in those shops where I would be a little shy on the confidence supply or where possible I would ask my wife buy it for me.

The more effort I put in the preparation, the more I enjoy the transformation and the time I spend en femme. I feel a sense of accomplishment and perfection when I am sitting or bustling about the house and completely engulfed in feminism.

The night before the transformation, I will spend a couple of minutes ensuring that everything is still the way I would like to see it; do I still feel like appearing in mauve or maybe now I may want to be in pastel yellow? Do I have the right stockings; colour and sheer?

Once everything has been checked and re-checked; I would then settle in for the evening engaging in some meaningful, mostly erotic, conversation with my wife about what I intend to do the following day or days. I would tease her with what she'll be missing out on whilst she out of town. She enjoys it when I am dressed up; genderfucking is just one of our fetishes – the thrill and prolonged arousal we get from the various activities makes the orgasms long, hard and raucous yet extremely pleasing and

sufficiently gratifying.

Alone. Silence. Nothing but my increasing heartbeat and the ticking of an antique clock stirs in the house. Bliss, just sheer bliss.

I call out each occupant of this house, just as a final check that the house is really empty and I get a tick or a tock from the old grand-father clock as a response.

I have parked the car in the garage, out of peering neighbors' sight; the blinds are partially open (just in case there is a voyeur out and about in the neighborhood) and the unnecessary lights will be left off. A glass wine has been placed delicately next to the bath right next to an ice bucket.

I run a sensual bath filled with Primrose bath oil, burn a stick or two of incense – one in the bathroom and one in the lounge just to further reinforce the ones that had been burnt earlier during the day. By turning the power button on, the home theatre fills the house with as many classical music notes as possible: the environmental transformation is set and running its own course.

In the bedroom on the bed is an outfit which will be worn on this particular night and right next to it is a note: 'Have a great time honey!' My cock stirs at this validation – though it does not say to whom the note is addressed, it still brings further life to my cock. I admiringly look at the outfit laid out and realise that even with all the planning I had put in, my wife still knew how to surprise and astound me and her choice is not far off from what I would have chosen myself.

I disrobe from my masculinity, slip into a silky heliotrope peignoir and begin the beautification process with transforming the nails. I slowly and carefully paint the nails with a coat of clear nail polish, starting with the already trimmed and filed toe nails. Whilst that dries off, I daintily tend to the also pre-prepped hand nails.

Once the first coat has dried completely on all the phalanges, I then put on the colour and for tonight it is a glimmering, pearl pale purple. As all the paint work is drying and waiting for the last protective coat of varnish, I head for the kitchen to fill the ice bucket and grab the merlot. All the while my penis, in its half-cocked state is bobbing from the excitement of the contact with the silky material, it's not the only part of my body that's enjoying the ecstasy of the change in the texture; my nipples are also keenly communicating their pleasure and so are my butt cheeks which seem to have the highest concentration of goose bumps. In the bath I settle down and relax to a glass of red and read an erotic chapter of how some girl transformed herself, took to the streets and unexpectedly got more than she bargained for. Page after page, line by line, word by word, I transform with her, walk in the streets with her and share in the emotions of her venture as Wagner then Dvorak then Tchaikovsky, Chopin, Mozart and Strauss keep me grounded. It's only at the sound of Bach's 'Air on a G String' that I am

pulled out from the intensity of the literature and set the book aside and realise that the water has cooled considerably to leave my nipples protruding from chest, above the water level.

I allow my body to sip and accept the oily water one last time before I drain the tub and exit, hardly drying myself off but rather allowing my body to drip dry. When the body feels moist enough, I apply some perfumed talcum powder to trap what's left of the moisture on the skin. With a touch of perfume on the erogenous zones whilst the body is still warm, I'm ready to honor the outfit on the bed.

As the smooth classical music amasses in the room, I carefully and with orchestral movement slip my foot into the barely black hold-ups; pulling and stretching it gently and evenly up and around my leg. The sight of the painted nails through the silky sheer hosiery stimulates enough hormonal secretion for me to feel an orgasm building up. With enough effort though, I can suppress that uprising and after regaining my balance, I follow on with the lilac satin hikini, which upon touching my ass just cools it enough to allow yet another orgasmic tremor to flow through my almost thrusting pelvis.

After bending over to smooth out the creases on the stockings and allowing my cock to nestle in on the satin hikini, I slither in small calculated steps to the dresser to take a shallow sip of merlot just to keep my nerve endings temporarily at bay. The sensation of the stockings and hikini on this freshly oiled body have is incredible whilst the swish-whoosh whisper of the nylons syncopates Bach; my knees become weaker as my desires intensify.

I admiringly put on the lilac satin and black mesh, garter-less basque which has white Chantilly lace trimmed padded 34B décolleté cups. As each hook-and-eye merge, my body is encased bringing about a sculptured definition which can be likened to the accentuation of Venus de Milo's curves.

Once the shape forming, seducing basque has been tied and properly placed; I take a long approving and grateful look in the mirror, feeling the softness of the material along with the way it has placed emphasis on revealing the body. I am particularly grateful to my wife for allowing me to explore my femininity; secondly for having picked out and prepared this outfit before she left.

Putting on the contouring mid-thigh pencil skirt, I ensure that I relish sensation of the lining as it brushes against the different textures of my body; the basque, my own skin and finally the nylons with more syncopation and a bit of static – static which just adds to my aroused state. A simple waistline pastel cerise charmeuse blouse with a low neckline complements the 3" shiny black and strawberry pink tapered heels. The silkiness of the charmeuse on my torso causes me to break out heavily in goose bumps and as I daintily slip on the heels making sure that I keep my balance – I just like the challenge of having to put on heels whilst standing; they make me feel myself rise above everything giving a sense of being better than me, a higher identity than my usual self. I feel that they are

achieving what they are intended to: making my legs longer, my calves more defined and my booty more rounded, pouty and bubblelicious or more simply put: bootylicious.

Taking the first few steps in heels are almost always about re-adjustment and getting the foot and the raised slipper re-acquainted and shortly after that it's like being in a waltz: gliding and flowing, almost not touching the ground. The body acknowledges that it's in a new form of mobility and tunes itself to it; the hips loosen up, the calves tighten up, the waist conducts the entire movement as if it were conducting a symphony, leaving the torso with only one option: to dance to the music.

Placing myself pleasantly and elegantly: lady-like in the dresser chair, I begin the penultimate and most invigorating stage of my effeminacy: the make-up. Unlike going to the barber, where a similar process of 'beautification' (in a masculine manner) takes place; feminization requires and deserves gracefulness, gentle mannerisms, sophistication and refinement.

At the barber, I can plant myself in the chair look up and in a whore-like manner wait for the business to be done – my transformation is the hands of another person and one who has, primarily, monetary benefit from the relationship. However, when coming to effenation or self sissification, it is all in your hands (well most of the time anyway). You get to choose the color schemes, the brand and product that conform to what you want to achieve, the final face that you see at the end is the effort of your creativity, your mood, your sexuality and you see the person you would happily fuck endlessly. Whether it's a slut, a call-girl, a damsel or vaudeville; it's yours and it's the way *she* makes you feel.

I like putting on my face last because I get to appreciate more the time and effort taken to transform and it usually goes a little something like this: Vivaldi's four seasons in the background. The face is the canvass and I, the artist. Now am I going to be Van Gogh or Picasso? Most importantly, I read somewhere that there is no wrong or right way to apply makeup. I usually start with the foundation – complementary and enhancing my skin tone, I apply it on the face and neck, especially if I have a low neckline blouse.

The eyes – I love to play and color my eyes as they are big and expressive so ordinarily I cover them with a shade or shades (not more than two) that are complementary to my outfit. I find that the subtle shading does it and it allows for eyes to bring about their joie de vivre to the coloring. As I have said that I come from a non hirsute lineage, my brows are thin, yet defined almost as though I tweeze them or have them done at a salon. So, as I preen them and prime them to be lightly highlighted with a pencil; I feel the femininity permeating through every subcutaneous pore. Sometimes eyeliner is not even a necessity but it does have its moments or days.

In order to get one step closer to being her (she whom I saw in a movie, a magazine or fantasy) I tilt my head a wee bit and lengthen, emboss and satisfy my eyelashes with a lick of mascara giving them

body and volume. A hue of color on my apples with blush conveys more attention to the already high and noticeably defined cheek bones.

Just before the final color is applied to the face, namely; lipstick, I take another long ardent, bordering lustful, look at this seductive and provocative vixen and see how I am fading into the background as she gets superimposed on the template which we call my face.

Another mouthful of merlot should keep the nerves down but it doesn't seem to be working that well anymore as the veins are becoming fuller and fuller, the glans throbbing like an incessant headache and pre'jec oozing out like molten larva on the satin. The satin hikini lends its own spiteful hand to ensure that my penis is stroked, soothed, caressed and smothered by all its fibers and it laps up the ever dripping fluid.

Reaching for the lip liner, I ensure that I shift my thoughts slightly to Vivaldi so that I can complete the task at hand. I touch the lips with the liner, pucker and let it smudge as much as possible onto the lips then I put on a layer of lippy and mesh the two together giving the effect of an ocean meeting a shoreline.

To ensure that I don't have an excess of lippy on, I blot and then close the face negotiating deal off with gloss so that the glistening and shimmering of my heels, diaphanous nylons, undergarments, reflective nails and glittery blouse is encapsulated.

With that entire head spinning beauty looking right back at me from the mirror, I complete the metamorphosis with a wig, usually a short haired, with a short fringe and ending comfortably on the neck and nothing tacky. The wig is the proverbial cherry on top as it now completely takes away any last traces of me and leaves Jules (a.k.a Jewlz) in the room in all her splendor and magnificence.

After dressing up, I would go finish off the story I was reading in the bath, over a glass of wine or watch erotic movies – it is the innuendos that seem to have more effect than the harshness of the hardcore material though I do enjoy those too. In between chapters I tend to and further my culinary skills.

All these activities happen with a vibrating butt-plug in my keister, slowly and marvelously massaging my prostate and sending undulating thrills and shocks through my entire body. The sensations are at times almost unbearable and torturous yet so exhilarating; the feeling of wave after wave of orgasmic build up leaves me in a constant state of tipsy not being entirely sure if it's the merlot or the rush of brain drugs (hormones) or a strong combination of both, either way the feeling is intense and calming.

It is in this state that I find myself forgetting the harsh realities of the real world: the office politics, the

senseless violence and all other injustices that we inflict upon ourselves as humans. I am at peace; whether alone or with my wife but there is peace with Jules around.

From here on in, I just wait for my body to give in and let the pearly passion potion out with such gusto and fervor that I am left drawn and emptied like a dried up well. And for those few orgasms and seemingly endless ejaculation, dressing up is worth all the time and energy.