

## My Husband The Cheerleader

by T.G. Cooper

My wife's threat to quit playing football forced me to become a cheerleader.

Or, maybe I should say, forced me to continue her career as a cheerleader. It was shortly after we'd switched bodies, and I was sitting in the kitchen in my now way oversized terry cloth bathrobe, sipping a cup of coffee and feeling despair and bewilderment like I had never felt in my life. I was a woman. A really gorgeous woman. My own wife. And I didn't have much interest in adding cheerleader to the list of new experiences I had "enjoyed" since waking up with a slit between my legs.

Kiki, her short black hair disheveled and a bushy growth of black stubble on her face, was wearing a pair of boxers and a T-shirt, pacing around the kitchen in my old male body in a very prissy, feminine huff. "If I miss cheerleading practice, I'll get kicked off the squad. It took me two years to make the squad. Two years!"

"Honey," I said, feeling a little angry, "this is hard on both of us, and I understand your disappointment, but I'm not sure your cheerleading is really the most important thing for us to worry about right now."

She stopped pacing and glared at me. "And what is important?"

I winced, surprised at how deep and threatening her voice sounded. How angry she seemed. I lowered my own voice and spoke softly and deliberately. "I think my football career should be the focus of our attention right now." I paused to brush a strand of long blonde hair out of my face. "I do pay the bills after all."

She put her hands on her hips and cocked her head haughtily. "You used to pay the bills, sweetie. And it's my football career now." As she said it, her eyes drifted from my face to the swelling of my breasts and back up to my eyes again.

I felt the anger rising, tears of rage pooling at the corners of my eyes. "I'm the one who did all the work to make the NFL roster, thank you."

"And I'm the one who took a semester off college and worked two jobs so you could walk-on at Michigan and earn the scholarship that made all this possible," she shot back.

I stood up. "You're not being fair!"

She strode up to me. She was now a foot taller than me and a hundred pounds heavier. I was surprised that I felt scared and took a step back, but I steeled myself and, hands on hips, stared defiantly into her rugged face. "You're going to find out," I spat, "just how hard it is to play football for a living.

It's brutal. I'm not sure you can handle it."

She stuck her face right down into mine, her nose almost touching mine. "Oh no I won't," she said viciously, "because I am going to call the coach and tell him that I quit the team."

She spun away from me and charged toward the phone hanging on the kitchen wall.

"No!" I screeched in a panic, and bolted toward the phone, breasts swaying wildly on my chest.

Kiki laughed, a deep, masculine laugh of triumph and lurched for the phone herself. With a burst of speed born of desperation, I bolted past her and leapt toward the phone, but just as I seized it and cradled it to my breasts Kiki came up behind me, wrapped her muscle-roped arms around me and locked me in a vise-like grip.

"Give me that phone," she said.

"No," I said and tried to wrestle free, but she was too big and strong and started to laugh as I squirmed in her arms, grunting prettily.

With one arm firmly around my waist, Kiki began fishing for the phone with the other, her hand sliding into the front of my robe as I, phone gripped tightly in both hands, kept it from her. I could feel her manhood pressing into my backside.

"Let. Go." I said angrily, but she stopped fighting for the phone and, with a little chuckle, began to fondle my left breast. She put her hand under it, lifted it and gave it a squeeze. It was the first time she or anyone had touched my breast and I screamed. "Don't! Don't!"

"Come on sweetie," Kiki cooed, "be a little doll and give your husband the phone." She bent down, pushed her head around my hair and gave me a little bite on the neck while pinching my nipple, sending an erotic jolt through my body that my masculine mind seemed to flee from in terror.

I screamed and, wrenching one arm free, hurled the phone against the wall, watching it shatter into pieces and spill onto the floor in a pile of cheap plastic and silicon circuit boards.

"Damn it," Kiki bellowed, losing interest in her game and letting me free while she knelt to look at the pieces of the phone, staring at them in wonder like a man stares at an accident victim, not to help, but simply to confirm that what his eyes are telling him is true.

Furious, gasping for breath and suddenly realizing that I was sobbing, I grabbed a crystal candy dish from the sideboard and hurled it at her with all my strength. It barely missed her, exploding into glittering shards and disappearing against the white tile floor.

Kiki sprang toward me, her fist raised over her head.

I instinctively cringed, but she suddenly stopped herself. I peeked up at her from beneath my forearms, and I could see that she was taking deep breaths, calming herself. I took a step back, toward the door, wanting to be able to run if she lost her temper again.

Kiki shuddered, and her eyes suddenly seemed to fill with surprise. She quickly calmed. "Look," she finally said. "I'm not used to being like this." She indicated her body. "My temper surprised me. I could have really hurt you, and I am sorry."

I put one hand gingerly to my cheek, wanting to believe her but still a little afraid. "It's... all the testosterone," I managed softly.

She grunted. I could hardly believe it. My pretty little blonde cheerleader grunted at me. "I guess you're right," she said. She walked carefully back to the kitchen table and sat down heavily.

"I'm gonna go upstairs for a little while," I offered, wanting to give her some space and some time to calm down, and also needing some space for myself and wanting to calm down. I turned to go, but stopped in the doorway and looked back over my shoulder at her. "Could you wait... on calling anyone... until after we've both had a chance to calm down and talk about all this? Please?"

She nodded, staring silently at the floor. I turned and went upstairs to our bedroom, closing the door behind me and throwing myself onto our king-sized waterbed. My mind was racing with all of the new experiences I'd just had. I was trying to deal with the fact that my wife had been playing with my tits and processing that reality that she was now a lot bigger and stronger than me. Our arguments --we had them just like any couple-- suddenly seemed far more threatening to me. She was a temperamental girl--what would she be like now that she could beat the crap out of me if I made her mad?

And yet, she had also been a sweet, feminine girl. A girl's girl who was a nurturing and loving as any woman I had ever known. Could a change of body have changed her personality so much? Or, had I been too insensitive to her fears about losing her place on the cheerleading squad and driven her to the point where her masculine anger took over?

And what point had she been on? The memory came back despite my efforts to block it-- the feeling of her hot breath on my neck, the quick playful bite and the sharp pain as she pinched my nipple. The swelling pressing into my back.

Would she force herself on me if she got mad enough?

No, I told myself. No. She's not like that. But I felt a little sick, nonetheless. Laying there in my bed, my breasts pooled on my chest like poached eggs, I seriously considered the possibility that some man-Kiki or someone else-- might force himself on me.

It was a new fear, this fear of a sexual predator, and it made me feel like a woman.

I lay there for a long time, twisting a strand of my long blonde hair in my slender fingers, thinking.

Daydreaming. Letting the things that had happened sink in and feeling my way around the problem.

Finally, I rolled out of bed and, letting my robe drop to the floor, lowered myself onto the toilet and took a pee. The seat was cold, and I squirmed a little as

I sat down, cursing the unfairness of the fact that girls have to sit down to pee for about the tenth time in the day or so since I had become one. After, I carefully wiped myself, and then I took a long, hot shower. I'd gotten a shower message to help relieve some of the bumps and bruises of football practice, and I turned it to its strongest setting and let the hot water knead at my back, luxuriating in the relaxing rhythm of the water.

Finally, when the water started getting cold, I turned off the shower and toweled off in the steamy bathroom.

My armpits and legs were getting a little stubbly, but at this point I had no intention of shaving them and so I rubbed my hands along the stubble and smiled to myself. It was almost like being a little bit of a man, I thought.

Though I was careful not to let it all get wet, I hadn't pinned my hair up before showering-- I wasn't exactly sure how to do it-- so I stood naked in front of the mirror and used the blow drier to dry the ends that had gotten wet. Reality greeted me there, my mind still not wanting to believe that the beautiful woman staring back at me as she carefully blew dry her hair was me.

I had married Kiki because she was all woman. I was really a man's man, a tough, macho guy who was good looking and successful enough to land the premium ass. To me, that meant a premium bod and a very feminine personality. I didn't want a partner, and I didn't want a friend. I wanted a woman who would be a good mother and an obedient wife.

Kiki had been a cheerleader in high-school and college, and after two years of working and trying out she was scheduled to be a cheerleader for the Texas

Cowboys come fall. She had a tall dancer's body--slender and tone from hours dancing and in the gym--but she had been too developed to be a serious dancer.

Her breasts and hips were too large. When I'd met her back in college, I saw world-class tits, a rock hard ass and thighs that would have made Liberace howl at the moon.

I first met her at a frat party my freshman year at

Michigan. She was dressed in a slinky black mini-dress that said she was gorgeous and willing, but that she wasn't free. She was a high-status woman who expected to be pampered. I didn't have money, but I was a stud, and I was a walk-on on the football team.

I stared at her from across the room. When she finally noticed, I gave her body the once over and then locked gazes. She glanced at me and gave me a little smile of encouragement. I strode casually but confidently across the room, put my hand under her chin, lifted her face and kissed her so hard that she came up gasping for air.

Later, she told me that she knew right then she had to have me. I was all man, and she couldn't stand wimps.

The truth was, I fell in love with her as soon as I got to know her. She was the perfect combination of poise and beauty.

And now I was her. I glanced at her world class tits in the mirror, watching them sway on my chest as I worked my hair. Both of my arms were raised as I brushed my hair with one hand and directed the blow drier with the other, so my breasts were high and proud, the meaty nipples bobbing like corks in a windy sea. Her face-- my face-- had the innocent, girl next door quality, with big, bright green eyes, a highly kissable mouth and dimples to die for all framed by a mass of platinum blonde locks that did not come from a bottle.

As much as anything else, I had always loved her slender neck and tone, rounded shoulders. The slender arms that suggested vulnerability, vulnerability that was now mine. "Don't think about that," I interrupted, pushing it from my mind as I shut off the blow-drier. "This will not last much longer."



I slipped into a pair of my old boxers, pulled on an old T-shirt and slipped into a pair of my old sweatpants, then pulled the robe back over my shoulders.

The only piece of her clothing I used was her slippers-- they were ridiculous pink puffballs, but they fit and so I wore them begrudgingly.

I thought back again on that first meeting, and how she had told me that she had loved me immediately.

The comment she'd made that suddenly locked into my mind was, "I can't stand wimps." She mentioned several times that weak, effeminate men infuriated her. Did she hate me now? I wondered. After all, I had lost my manhood, going from a swaggering stud to a busty blonde in a single night.

And I had wished for it, too.

Oh yeah, I guess I didn't tell you that. This all happened because of our last argument. She had been complaining about how hard workouts were and I had told her she should try football sometime. She told me that I wouldn't last a day in cheerleader camp. I laughed. "I wish I could spend all day dancing and gossiping with the girls," I'd said. "That's what I call the easy life."

The next day I woke up in her body.

When I went downstairs again, Kiki was sitting on the couch still in the same clothes, staring blankly at the television. When she saw me come into the room, she picked up the remote and turned the television off, moving a pillow so I could join her on the couch.

"I took a shower," I offered as small talk. "I feel a whole lot better."

"Good," she said. "I think this has all been harder on you than me. I'm sorry that I lost my temper."

"Me, too. I forget sometimes how important cheerleading is to you. I should have been more sensitive."

"Thanks," Kiki said, moving as if she would give me a hug, but I pulled back.

"I'm still a little uncomfortable," I said.

She nodded. "I understand." After a moment, Kiki cleared her throat. "Cameron, after our marriage, cheerleading is the most important thing in my life. I have worked so hard to make that squad. I don't want that to be taken away from me. I can't let it."

I shook my head. "I understand, but what can you do?"

You can't show up to cheerleader practice this Monday like that."

"Of course not. Is that what you think I am suggesting?"

"I.... I don't know what you're suggesting. I don't understand. It doesn't seem to me that there is any way for you to stay on the cheerleader squad unless we change back tonight."

"Cameron, I'm asking you to go to practice for me. To take my place until we get back to normal."

My mouth dropped open. I chuckled. "You want me to be a Texas Cowboys cheerleader? Me? The man you once described as the most masculine man you'd ever met? In high-heel boots and a vest, shaking his ass in front of 50,000 drunken men? Me?"

Kiki took my hand. "Cameron, I'm not asking you to go cheer at a game. The season isn't for another month.

Surely, we will be back to normal by then. It would just be practice for a few days. You'd spend your mornings surrounded by the most beautiful women in Texas. What could be more macho than that?"

"I'll be wearing a sports bra and tights, doing kicks and splits and being really, really perky," I answered sarcastically. "I'd hardly call that macho."

"You'll be testing your physical limits, competing with a couple dozen athletes to see who is the toughest."

"I'll be trading make-up tips and talking about the latest episode of Ally McBeal."

"That, too," Kiki said with a smile and a shrug.

"And don't forget you'll get to shower with all those girls, too."

"I'm surprised you're not jealous."

Kiki looked down at the front of my robe, the rounded swelling of my cleavage exposed by the opening. She crinkled her nose. "I don't think I have to worry about you sleeping around. Most of them like men who have smaller breasts than you."

I sighed, running a hand through my hair. "Do you have any idea just how strange all of this is to me?"

I feel like you're asking me to breathe underwater or sprout wings and fly to the top of Mount

Everest. You want me not just to be a woman, but...but a girly girl!"

"And you're asking me to go out and be a tough guy. It feels just as wrong to me, just as weird, just as frightening. If I can do it, you can do it."

I started to counter that my job was actually important, but I knew that cheerleading was her world, and I bit my tongue. "I don't know any of the routines" I finally burst out.

"We're learning all new routines starting Monday," Kiki said. "Cameron, you can do this."

I looked at her, trying to think of something to say, some way to get out of this. She could sense my resolve weakening. "I'm afraid," I finally managed.

"Okay? You once told me that the reason you loved me was because I was a man's man. You told me you hated wimpy, effeminate men. I'm scared that if I do this, you'll lose respect for me forever. That even if I get my body back, you hold me in contempt because I wasn't a man."

I thought that Kiki was going to cry for a minute.

Her eyes clouded up and she shook her head no.

"Cameron, to me a real man is a man who is tough, who makes sacrifices, who never takes the easy way out and who wins no matter the odds. I married you because I believed that you would do anything to protect me and to make me happy. I know this is the hardest thing I have ever asked you to do, but if you make this sacrifice for me, if you go to practice and be me for a few days, I will always respect you because I think only a real man would have the confidence and the guts to do this."

What could I say to that? My body surprised me, tears flooded my eyes. This time when Kiki reached out to embrace me, I let her wrap me in her arms. I placed my head against her shoulder and cried while she stroked my hair, kissed me on the forehead and then said, "I love you."

The next day was Sunday so I would have a full day before I had to go to my first cheerleading practice.

As we had done every morning since the switch, we went into the backyard early in the morning and Kiki practiced her kicking. As a former soccer player, Kiki knew a lot of technique and she impressed me early on how quickly she picked up the skills of kicking field goals. The hardest thing for her to learn was going to be the angled kicks-- kicks when the ball is off to

an extreme angle and close to the goal posts. You had to kick it just so to get the angle you needed while also lifting it high enough to avoid a block.

At first, she struggled with these angled kicks, but by the end of our Sunday morning workout she was consistently making the hard angle kicks and grinning confidently.

"I really think I can do this," she gushed after making her third straight practice kick.

I smiled up at her. "Just keep in mind that it's a little harder when you have a bunch of 250 pound men charging at you trying to rip your head off."

"I'm not worried. They almost never get to the kicker."

"Almost isn't always."

"I was hoping that you would be supportive," Kiki offered, picking up one of the practice footballs and spinning it in her hands.

"I'm just trying to prepare you for what you'll face when practice starts."

"Come on," Kiki said. "Say it."

"What?"

"Tell me that I did a good job."

"Okay," I answered begrudgingly. "You did a good job.

I think you can pull this off."

"I know that was hard for you to admit," Kiki said handing me the ball.  
"Don't forget that this afternoon it's your turn."

"I know."

"Are you excited?"

"That might be one word for it."

That afternoon, Kiki and I had agreed that she should orientate me to some of the basics I would need to know when I showed up for cheerleading camp in the morning. I was still hoping that I might be able to talk her out of this whole scheme, but I also knew on a deeper level that I would have to go through with it. Being trapped in my wife's body was disconcerting and on a certain level embarrassing for me, but going out in public as a woman terrified me. I knew that everything would be different, that I would have to dress and act in ways that a man wasn't supposed to act, and I felt terrified. Terrified.

To tell the truth, had always believed that being a man was both better and harder than being woman. I felt like women-- as much as I loved them-- got the raw end of the deal when God made their bodies, but that HE made up for it by making their lives softer, easier and more comfortable.

Now, I was going to have to live a woman's life, and I had to admit to myself that I was very worried that I couldn't do it. I thought that I might fail and fail badly. What kind of man would it make me if I discovered that I couldn't hack it as a woman?

Kiki

Almost from the moment I became a man, I wanted to bang my husband. I know it may sound strange, but that same afternoon I found myself contemplating his curves and wanting to bury my head in his breasts.

Was it the testosterone? I'm sure that was part of it. I KNOW that was part of it because I was longing for things that I had never longed for in my life. I had never even thought about having sex with another woman during my life. No, I had been boy crazy my whole life and loved everything about them-- the way they smelled, their deep voices, a rock-hard chest matted in hair.

But now, hours into my husband's body, and I was staring at his long, slender neck and wanting to kiss it. I wanted to run my hands through his long blonde hair, to fondle his firm, womanly breasts. Women's bodies were miracles, I suddenly realized. Why hadn't I noticed before?

There was more to it than just the fact that I was now a man looking at a gorgeous young female body.

Equally exciting to me was the fact that inside that pretty little package was a swaggering, two-fisted alpha male who could out macho even the most macho men. Climb a cliff? Sure. Surf a 30-foot wave? Why not? Cameron had been my fantasy man, a man who took on challenge with zest and bravado. And as he paddled out to tackle those massive waves, I always



sat on the shore expressing my womanly concern, the dutiful little lady all the other girls admired because her husband was so rugged.

And I? I never really admitted it to myself, but sometimes I wanted to be him. I wanted to be the one climbing the cliffs, surfing the waves, parachuting over the mountains. But, since I was the female, I settled on living vicariously through my man, letting him take the risks for both of us.

And then we woke up one morning in each other's bodies. I woke first and, startled, stared down at the long, slender legs of the woman my husband had become, shaking my head in disbelief. When I woke him, we had both broken into hysterics, and he had grabbed a robe and fled downstairs.

Eventually I went downstairs and there he sat in his old robe. One side of the robe had slipped down, exposing the round bareness of his girlish shoulder.

His blonde curls were a mess, glossy coils gathering around his face and shoulders. His big green eyes stared up from those smooth, hairless cheeks and I could see that the man in that pretty little girl's body was scared, scared to death.

"What will we do?" He asked in his high-pitched little voice.

I wanted to make love to him right then.

Cameron wishes every night to be a man again. He has tried wording the wish a thousand different ways.

He's tried kneeling down and praying. What he doesn't realize is that the night he wished to spend his days giggling with the girls, I also wished to be him.

Now, my wish is to lay him down and make him scream with pleasure. That's why the wish isn't working.

Cameron

My training wasn't so bad. Kiki had to teach me some basic dance steps, so I dressed in her workout gear so she could show me some different kicks and turns.

Kiki had to help me put my hair up so it wouldn't fly in my face as we worked out. She told me that if I danced with all that hair I would get a sore neck and a headache.

"You'll have a sore back as it is," she teased as she showed me how to get that mass of hair back and into a scrunchy. "Swinging those hooters of yours around is a workout in itself."

I just slit my eyes at her in the mirror.

Kiki showed me the basic moves I would be expected to know. The team leader might call out something like "let's try a half kick here" and I would be expected to know automatically what she meant. So, Kiki first showed me the moves and then, with a little music playing in the background, she would call out the names of different moves expecting me to do them. Of course, I struggled at first. I got so frustrated I thought I might cry, but Kiki

calmed me down and after several hours I had all the terms and the moves memorized.

"Whew!" Kiki said as she cut off the stereo. I was fanning myself, my body and my outfit soaked in perspiration. "That last set was perfect."

"I think I have all the moves memorized," I said, proudly.

"Yeah, but you are also showing great form. You have to not only do the moves, but do them crisply, compactly, with a minimum of wasted movement."

"Did I do that?" I asked, suddenly feeling insecure.

"To the T," Kiki said. "You looked like you'd been dancing for years. I'm jealous."

"I'm sure I'm not nearly as good as you were," I said modestly.

"You're great," Kiki said. "Really."

I noticed that she kept glancing down at my chest.

Looking down, I realized that with all the perspiration my top had become almost transparent-- my nipples were clearly visible against the tight material, straining against the thin latex. I surprised myself by glancing down and noting the bulge in her pants and then instinctively wrapped my arms around my chest. "I'm gonna go take a shower," I said weakly.

"Mind if I join you?" Kiki asked.

I gave her a dark look and rushed out of the room.

After my shower, I dressed in my usual boxers and bathrobe and went downstairs. Kiki was cooking dinner-- pasta and clam sauce. She'd tossed a salad.

"Can I help?" I asked.

"Just stay out of the way," she answered.

I wandered into the living room and watched Sports Center. Some of the other NFL teams were already in camp and the announcers were showing highlights from workouts and talking about which veterans might get cut and which rookies were likely to make an impact.

I felt bored, and I immediately felt worried that the boredom was part of this girl's body I had now. I loved football and had always followed it closely.

Was I now going to start wanting to watch the

Lifetime Channel?

Yet, preseason football reporting was boring. Maybe I was overreacting. When football season started, I felt sure that, tits or no, I would be craving every bit of football news I could get. I didn't care if I was a girl or not.

But no, I reminded myself. No. You will not be in this body come football season. It can't happen.

Dinner was mostly quiet. We'd been together all day, so we didn't have a lot to share. When Kiki cooked, I always did the dishes so when we were both finished eating, I scooped them up and carried them to the sink.

Kiki went into the other room to watch television.

After I'd finished cleaning up, I followed her into the other room and sat down on the far end of the couch from her. "Come sit a little closer?" she said, patting the cushion next to her.

"I'm fine," I answered, curling my legs up under me and hugging a pillow to my chest. "What's on?"

"I was going to watch Alice in Wonderland. It's a special. Fine?"

"Fine," I said, not really caring what we watched.

It was actually pretty good. We shared some laughs and some smiles. Normal smiles without any deeper meaning.

When it was over, I told her I was going to bed. She stood and looked like she wanted a hug or a good night kiss, but I just turned and hurried from the room.

I felt bad because Kiki had always been one who needed a lot of physical affection, but, well, things were just different now and I was not ready for her to touch me.

One of the funny things about our change is that from the first night Kiki had automatically started sleeping on the couch. Throughout our relationship, whenever there had been an argument it had been my duty as the man to go sleep on the couch. So, it just seemed natural that as we were no longer comfortable sleeping together she should be the one now that slept on the couch. We never even discussed it.

As I collapsed that night, throwing myself into our big, soft comfortable bed, I thought, "At least there's one good thing about being the wife."

Kiki did not start training camp until the next day, so she agreed to help me get ready and then drive me to practice. The team actually did training camp in another town. They spent two weeks living in a dorm and working out. Wives were not allowed, so after today, Kiki would be gone, and we would both be on our own. We were both scared to death about the separation and our new roles, but we didn't talk about it.

That morning, I was finally forced to shave my legs and my arm pits. My armpits stung like hell when I put on my deodorant, and I stood there in the bathroom flapping my arms like a chicken for five minutes.

"As a Texas Cowboy's Cheerleader," Kiki explained as she helped me dress the next day, "you are expected to represent the team and the cheerleading squad at all times. That means you need to be smartly dressed and to look your best."

"You mean wear make-up."

Kiki was working my hair as I sat at her dressing table and watched her in the mirror. "Make-up is required of a fashionable woman," she said. "And you can't go out in your boxers and bathrobe."

"Can't we call this off?" I pleaded. "I can't do this. I'm not going to be able to put make-up on after only one lesson."

Kiki was adamant. "I could stay home from football camp and show you," she said.

I frowned. "You owe me."

"I know. I'd give you a kiss for being such a good husband, but I know that would only upset you."

Respectful of my feelings, Kiki didn't doll me up too much. Probably the most embarrassing thing for me was the bra. To me, there was never a more feminine piece of clothing, a more sexually alluring piece of clothing. As a man, I had often thanked God that only girls had to wear bras and had reveled in my freedom to strut around the beach bare-chested. I had also loved nothing so much as getting a young lady out of her bra, feeling that freeing those heavenly orbs from their lacy prison was just about the most wonderful thing a guy could do on a Saturday night.

Now, my relationship to the bra had completely changed. In the bathroom, I slipped the narrow straps over my shoulders and tried to fit the cups around the soft mounds of flesh on my chest. After struggling for several minutes, I held the cups against my breasts and charged into the bedroom. "Fix it," I said, blushing with embarrassment. "No funny stuff."

My wife came around behind me and fit the bra over my shoulders and chest. As she tightened it, I could feel the strap across my back and the tug of the bra straps on my shoulders. Thankfully, Kiki was very respectful. She knew how hard this was for me and her touch was light and minimal. When I glanced at her, half expecting to see a grin of amusement, I saw only compassion and understanding.

The understanding continued with my clothes. Kiki had me wear a pair of white, knee length shorts, a navy blue blouse and a pair of sensible sandals. Jewelry followed. Finally, she gave me a light make-up job, carefully explaining some of the skills she was using.

She showed me a drawer in the dressing table that contained several magazines with articles on make-up and hairstyles. "There's also a virtual make-over program on the computer, so if you need to, you can try out different looks."

"I'm going to go to practice every day and then come home and hide," I told her. "Ponytails will do."

I felt stupid. The clothes I was wearing were not overly sexy, but they were women's clothes, and they projected an image of femininity that was repulsive to me. I felt like my clothes were telling the world that I was just a silly blonde bimbo who liked being a hostess. And the bra was already pinching my breasts!

I reached down and grabbed at my bra with my hands, yanking at the elastic at the bottom through my blouse.



"Cameron!" Kiki yelled in horror. "You look like a beast when you do that. Please never do that in public!"

I stopped. "But what am I supposed to do if this damn thing starts pinching my breasts? It hurts!"

"I know all about it, but have you ever seen a nice girl grab at her tits like that?"

"No," I said, "but..."

"But nothing. Bra discomfort is a fact of life that most girls experience."

"So, what do they do?"

"If there's one convenient, they go to the restroom and make adjustments."

"And if not?"

She smiled.

"They just... put up with it?"

"If you see a girl shrugging a lot, she's probably having a problem up there."

I stared at her open mouthed. "I can't believe this is happening."

"Me neither," she answered. "Now let's go before we're late."

She handed me my purse and we were out the door.

Kiki

I know how hard it was for Cameron to dress in women's clothes, and I understood his humiliation when he had to ask his wife to help him with his bra. In fact, I almost offered to call the whole thing off because I began to worry about how all of this might affect him.

I mean, I had wanted him to go through this on a certain level, had even wanted him to experience sex as a woman, but now that these fantasies were becoming reality, I was starting to have doubts. Would he ever be the same man again after this?

Could a man go through Texas Cowboy Cheerleader camp and still be a man? What if Cameron really became the perky blonde woman that he would have to pretend to be? Could he ever return to being the man he'd been?

Still, seeing stud-muffin in a woman's body had been arousing for me, and now seeing him dress as a woman brought me an even greater charge. Even as I felt growing concern about how all this would change Cameron, I fought back the feelings down below and kept myself under control. When he was finally done--face painted and purse slung over his shoulder-- I barely fought back the urge to grab him and have my way with him right then.

As we drove to practice, I could see that he was nervous and excited, so I had him review all the dance steps he'd learned in the car. I called them out in random order, and he described them to me and did the upper body motions as much as he could manage. I praised him and asked him to promise me that no matter how things went the first day or two, he would not quit once I got out of town.

"I've never been a quitter," he said. "I promise you that I will stick this out."

"I know you've never been a quitter," I told him.

"But you've also never been a woman."

"It's still me in here," he said.

"I know. I believe in you, Cameron, and I have since our first kiss."

"And I believe in you, too," he said. "We're going to get through this together, just like we got through everything else."

We were pulling up to the entrance to the dance studio where workouts were held. "There are only two girls on the squad you know. Their names are Tiffany and

Leiani. Tiffany is a redhead and Leiani is Hawaiian.

If you have any problems, go to them. They are also new, so they will be good friends to have, but this isn't like football and all the girls will be friendly."

Cameron nodded. I reached out to give him a hug, but he picked up his baby blue, Texas Cowboys Cheerleader athletic bag and let it come between us.

"Bye," he said.

"Cameron?"

He got out of the car but bent over and looked back at me. "Yeah?"

"This may sound strange, but try to have fun. Okay?"

He rolled his eyes. "I'll do my best."

As I watched his tall, slender form walking toward the gym, long blonde ponytail bobbing from side to side, he seemed to merge with and disappear among the other women as they scurried into the building. I felt my heart expand and grow warm with a strange mixture of love, fear and pride. That was my little Cameron off to her first day of cheerleader camp, and I felt really proud of her for having the courage and the devotion to do this for me. But I was also worried that she might have a harder time of it than she realized, and I was ready to comfort her if she would let me.

As I drove away, I actually felt myself crying. It wasn't just because Cameron was making such a grand gesture or because she was entering a new stage of her life, but because I realized that I was missing out on a day that I had dreamt of since I was a little girl.

I would never get to experience the excitement and pleasure of being one of the new girls on the squad because when I got my body back that would already be over.

Cameron would have to tell me all about her day, I decided. I would have to live my cheerleader fantasy through her.

Of course, I also had my own problems. Though I had a fair amount of confidence regarding kicking--goodness, I'd been kicking since I'd been a little girl-- I didn't really know that much about football.

I swung by a Borders Bookstore intent on picking up a couple books about football fundamentals. As a girl, my idea of the difference between a tight end and a fullback was very different from what it should be now that I was a man. And all I knew about the quarterback was that he was usually the cutest guy.

Now that I was going to be hanging around the locker room snapping guys with towels, I needed to know a little more about the game.

I hadn't been in the store more than five minutes when a salesgirl came up and said, "can I help you?"

"Where do you have books on sports," I said.

"Which sport?" She asked.

"Football."

"Follow me, and I'll show you." She gave me a little smile and walked toward the back of the store.

I noticed how she was shaking her behind at me and grinned in surprise. You go girl, I thought, admiring how aggressively she went after cute guys. Of course, I was surprised and amused to be the object of her affection, but not too surprised. I knew how good looking my husband had been, and I had always been very conscious of and pleased by the fact that when we went out together women were always trying to get his attention.

Some girls might have been angry that their husbands got so much attention, but I knew my own worth and for every woman that gave him a wink I had a guy ogling me.

"Here are all the books on football," the girl said.

I stopped and she stepped smoothly closer to me. Our bodies were almost touching. She tilted her head back and smiled at me. "I'm surprised a guy like you is looking for football books," she offered, "you look like you'd know the game."

I threw my shoulders back and smiled at her. I was enjoying her attention and felt like talking to her.

She seemed nice. What was the harm? "Actually, I play football for the Texas Cowboys," I boasted.

Her eyes lit up. "What's your name?" She said, reaching out and touching me on the wrist.

"I'm Cameron Fletcher," I said with a wink.

"Oh my God," she gushed. "All my girlfriends think you have the cutest butt in the NFL. I can't wait to tell them I met you."

I glanced back at my butt. It was cute. "Well, thanks for saying so. Hey, would you like an autograph? I'd be happy to give you one, but don't tell anyone I'm here, okay? I'd never be able to get out."

She was in heaven. I signed a book about the Cowboys for her and one for her boyfriend. After I selected my books, she rang me up, but before I left, she asked me for a hug and I agreed. It seemed innocent enough, but the hug was a little too close and the feeling of having this tiny woman in my arms, her breasts brushing against my chest, sent a wave of pleasure through my body that was unexpected and even seemed a little dangerous.

When I pulled away, I noticed that she was blushing.

She knew that she'd affected me. I picked up my bag nervously and waved goodbye. "Come back and see me," she said, and as I turned and left, I could see other girls in the shop rushing over to her to find out who I was.

Back in the car, I felt confused. Waves of pleasure and guilt were washing through me, and I was fighting a frighteningly insistent series of demands that were originating from between my legs. I pushed down on the lump, hoping to make it go away, but it just started making greater demands. I thought back on the girl, how good it had felt to have her in my arms, and I felt a little yucky.

I'm a woman, I told myself. I'm not supposed to like that.

As a beautiful girl, I was more than accustomed to having men come on to me. Most of them were gross--they came on like slobbering dogs in heat. I learned young to blow them off. But this new thing of having the same effect on women bothered me. I liked talking to women-- I was one. I enjoyed their company.

Would I have to watch out now? To keep my distance to avoid any misunderstandings? But that would mean that I would have to spend all my time hanging out with men, and as much as I loved men, sitting around watching baseball players scratch their balls and talking about women was not my idea of fun.

And how would Cameron feel if he found out that I was out flirting with girls? By the time I got home, things down below had cooled a little, so I took my books into our living room, threw myself on the couch and started reading "The

Fundamentals of Football." Halfway through the first page I realized that I couldn't remember a single word that I'd read. I was thinking about that girl from the bookstore. She had very pretty eyes.

I thought again about the feeling of her arms around my shoulders. My hand on her back, feeling the stiff material of her bra through her shirt.

I pushed it out of my mind and tried to read.

She kept coming back.



I set my book aside and sighed. Cameron would not be safe tonight unless I did something. I went upstairs and found Cameron's stash of Playboys. Half grossed out, half-desperate to relieve the pressure I felt, I looked through until I found the centerfold. Out of curiosity, I'd looked at these books when I was a woman, and while I had been able to admire how hard the girls had worked on their bodies, I'd also thought that they were desperate and shameless.

My concerns about the playboy centerfold's character did not enter my now male mind. I only saw those incredible curves, those perfect noses and those smoky, sexy eyes. It didn't take long. After, I wiped myself and washed my hands, feeling a little sickly. I felt like I'd committed some kind of sin.

Irrationally, I was sure that when Cameron came home, he would know what I'd done, and he'd be grossed out.

I was grossed out, but the feeling had been so strong and so frightening that I knew I had to relieve it.

I guess I should confess that though I'd been looking at the picture of the girl in the magazine, I'd imagined myself making love to Cameron.

He'd been wearing his cheerleader outfit and, after yanking his shorts down to his knees, I'd done it to him in the front seat of my -- his-- restored '57

Chevy. I imagined myself entering Cameron and him pleading, begging for it, his head thrown back in a spasm of pleasure as he clawed at the leather seat with his crimson nails.

God but I wanted him right then.

If Cameron wasn't ready for real life sex, I told myself that I had to respect his wishes. I would never touch him without his consent. He was smaller, weaker and more vulnerable than me and it should be his prerogative as the female to say no.

But I decided right then and there that it was my prerogative to try and encourage Cameron. Girls were sometimes more reluctant than guys-- especially the first time. I would be gone for two weeks and

Cameron would have two weeks to get used to his body.

Also, I knew that I'd had my period shortly before

Cameron had taken my body. That would mean that about the time I came back Cameron would be ripe for impregnation and his body would be-- as the old saying goes-- hot to trot.

I doubted that Cameron had any idea how his sexual appetite would increase at the peak of his fertility.

His guard would be down and with a glass of champagne or two to ease his inhibitions, who knew what might happen?

Cameron

My first day as a cheerleader was not as bad as I expected. In fact, I think my trepidation as I followed the other girls into the studio and then back into

the locker room was far more painful than the actual experience. I was so nervous. I mean, I am a guy, but here I was dressed like a girl, heading back into the girl's locker room with my bag on my shoulder. Half of me was sure that the girls would laugh at me when they saw me. The other half was afraid that they would scream.

Of course, rationally I knew that they would probably just treat me like any other girl. How would they know that I was really a man?

But, my emotions were getting the best of me and when

I walked into the locker room and looked around at all those partially clad young women, I had to fight back my instinct to turn and run. Fortunately, just as I was standing in the doorway and thinking about running, a cute as a button redhead caught my eye and waved me toward the back of the room. I smiled, not having to pretend that I was relieved, and made my way back to the girl who had waved at me.

"Tiffany?" I asked hopefully.

She gave me a funny look. "You say that like a question."

I sat down. "Oh," I'd forgotten that I was supposed to know her, "I guess I'm just still feeling so...excited... about finally making the squad."

"It's great, isn't it?" She possessed the beautiful strawberries and cream complexion that only true red heads had and, beneath her base, I could see that freckles dusted the bridge of that perfect little nose of hers.

Tiffany took my hand. "We told each other we'd make it if we just kept trying. I just can't thank you enough for all the support you gave me during all those years of tryouts."

I smiled, genuinely liking this woman and feeling glad that I would have her as a friend. I was used to bonding through put downs and grunts, so I struggled with what I should say to her. "I feel the same way," I finally managed stupidly. "You've been a great friend to me."

I was trying not to openly check out her body.

Tiffany had been sitting there topless. She now fished in her bag for her sports bra and struggled into it. I opened my own bag and pulled out my things before glancing around the room to see if anyone was watching as I slipped out of my shorts and put them in my locker.

I noticed Tiffany looking at me funny. "Feeling shy?" She asked as she laced up her shoes.

"I guess it's cause it's my first day," I answered with a shrug. "I don't feel as confident as usual."

I undressed, struggling embarrassedly with my bra again, and quickly redressed. When I was done, Tiffany and I found Leiani and we all hugged and shared our excitement. I was starting to feel silly, but I fell back on my years of team sports. No matter what sport I had played as a boy growing up, I had always managed to fit in with the team by just acting like the other guys. This team would be no different, I would just watch how the girls acted and no matter how strange it seemed I would act the same.

I quickly realized that my fears about having to adopt an attitude of feminine perkiness had been well-founded. These girls had all been picked in part because they were eager, buoyant and cheerful. I watched how after each work out or step they would all shout encouragement to each other, wide smiles spread across their faces. No one complained, but some of the girls did make suggestions. The girls all spoke in a slightly higher register, and I found myself modulating my own voice to make it just a little more high-pitched and nasal.

As for the coaches, there was none of the yelling, screaming and belittling I'd come to expect from football. Most of the time, directions were not given as orders, but phrased as questions.

"Kiki," Mary Maxwell, the director of the cheerleaders would say. "Could you put a little extra oomph into that second kick? Your leg isn't getting quite high enough?"

"I'll do better next time," I promised and, when I got the extra elevation on my kick, Mary said, "That a girl, Kiki. Kick the sky." Some of the other girls urged me on and I blushed a little, happy that I at least wasn't embarrassing myself-- or Kiki, I should say.

It was a long day. We spent the morning going over the timing and the moves for two new numbers. Mary had a machine that simply counted off the rhythm and she scripted the steps for us. Once all the girls had the steps down, she raised the tempo. That afternoon after a light lunch, we practiced the numbers to the actual music we would dance to if we were at a game.

I surprised myself at how much fun I had that afternoon. I'd never enjoyed dancing very much as a man, but I think that may have been because in my neighborhood guys did not dance. I came from a blue collar

neighborhood and the only dancing we did was slow dancing with our girls. Yet, now I was in a situation where no one would question my manhood if they saw me dancing, where in fact I was allowed to and expected to dance and I was having a great time.

Sure, some of the steps were girl dances-- we did a lot of waving our fannies, shaking our tits and showing off our legs, but there were no guys around and it was fun just to move to the beat in a room full of girls who were just having fun.

In the locker room after the girls were all excited and giggly. We'd just finished the first day of camp and though they were all tired and sore, they were also thrilled to be a part of an elite dance team. The guy in me found the whole thing kind of silly-- I mean, it was only dancing, but at the same time I found myself getting caught up in the euphoria. I certainly didn't feel that I was a part of the whole thing, but I enjoyed being a spectator.

I wrapped myself in a towel and made it to the shower.

In the shower, I had to really concentrate to try and keep from too openly checking out all these hotties that surrounded me. They were all lithe, athletic women, and even the few glances I allowed myself left me feeling like I had to pee in the worst way.

I finished as quickly as I could, troubled by my physical arousal and feeling guilty about looking at these women, and headed back to my locker. Dropping my towel, I got into my under things as quickly as I could, feeling a little wave of relief when I managed to slip into my bra with a minimum of male fumbling.

While I buttoned up my blouse, Tiffany and Leiani--who were both still single-- asked me if I wanted to go out with them for drinks.

"Oh, I can't," I said, trying to sound disappointed.

"My... husband... is coming to pick me up."

Leiani's eyes lit up. "Going to go out and celebrate the big first day?" She asked mischievously.

I brightened, glad to have her offer a plausible sounding story. "He's taking me out to dinner," I said. "He's... really proud of me."

"Why are all the good ones taken?" Tiffany said wistfully.

"I bet there's more to all this than just dinner," Leiani teased taking me by the wrist. "Has someone made a recent trip to Victoria's Secret?"

"No," I said, but my embarrassed blushing only made Tiffany and Leiani exchange conspiratorial glances.

"Cameron leaves for training camp tomorrow doesn't he?"

"Guys," I burst out, "that's private!"

"You're so bashful today," Tiffany remarked. "And you usually tell us everything."

"We'll be expecting a full report tomorrow," Leiani said, "no matter how tired you are."

I had pulled on my shorts and was now slipping into my shoes. "I'll see you nosey guys tomorrow," I said, trying to keep my voice light.

"Kiki," Tiffany said. "You don't want him to see you like that."

"What?" I said.

She pointed toward her own face. "You forgot your make-up."

I sat down, pulled my purse out of my bag and, retrieving the compact, tried carefully to do a light make-up job with some base and lipstick. Tiffany and

Leiani teased me mercilessly about the wild sex they were sure I would be having with Cameron and I used their distracting me as an excuse for the less than perfect job.

Finally, they walked out with me and, of course, came right up to our SUV. "Hey Cameron," Tiffany said.

"Hey, good looking," Leiani offered as I slipped into the car.

Kiki, in my body, smiled happily and waved. "Hey girls, how did my little Kiki do on her first day?"



"She was great," Tiffany said. "I think you should give her a special reward tonight."

"I'll do that," Kiki said with a wink. I sunk into my seat. "See you girls later," Kiki said as we pulled away.

"Bye," Tiffany and Leiani called in unison.

When I glanced at Kiki, she was grinning. "They think..." I started.

"I know what they think," Kiki finished, "those two are my best girlfriends. Aren't they hilarious?"

"Yeah," I grumbled, "I'm in stitches."

Kiki gave me a little punch on the arm. "Oh, come on, tough guy. Have a sense of humor. How'd your day go?"

I managed a little smile. "I almost hate to admit it," I told Kiki, "but I had an incredible day. I think I kicked ass."

"Tell me all about," Kiki said excitedly. "And don't leave anything out."

All the way home, I told Kiki about the day, describing the people I'd met, the steps I'd learned and the final practices with music. "Since nobody there knows who I really am," I admitted, "I don't really feel as self-conscious. I mean, if you had been there to see me shaking my booty like a horny hooker, I probably would have died, but it was kinda fun. I always wondered what girls talked about in their locker room."

"I always wondered what the guys talked about," Kiki said with a sigh.

I turned to her. I'd been so preoccupied with my own change that I'd forgotten that she was about to experience her first day as a man among men. I wanted to reach out and take her hand, but I was still feeling very sensitive about my body. I was scared to give her any signals that might make her want to get physical with me.

"Are you nervous about tomorrow?" I asked.

She nodded. "I went and got some books about football. There's so much I don't know. And I'm a little scared about the locker and how to talk to all these guys."

"They mostly grunt and scratch themselves," I said with a smile. "You may want to practice scratching your balls tonight."

Kiki smiled. "Well, if you can make it as a cheerleader, I can make it as a kicker."

"It's a lot harder than you think," I said, bristling a little.

"So, being me is easy and being you is hard, is that it?" Kiki yelled, banging her palm against the wheel.

Angry, she was driving faster and weaving in and out of traffic.

"I didn't say..."

"The hell you didn't!"

"Kiki, could you please slow down?" I said, sinking back into my seat, looking out the passenger side window.

"The reason you think my life is easy is because you aren't even really trying. Your face looks like you made it up with a spray gun."

"My face is fine!" I shouted back.

Kiki snorted.

I crossed my arms and stared out the window angrily. By the time Kiki pulled the car into the driveway, a wave of emotions rolled over me and I started sobbing. "I'm trying my best," I managed. "I don't know what you want from me."

Kiki looked like I'd shot her. "Oh... Cameron..."

I..." She gave my shoulder a little squeeze. "I'm scared about tomorrow, and I shouldn't take it out on you."

"I just need a few minutes," I managed, wiping at my tears.

"Okay."

Kiki

I do not know how to deal with my husband's crying. I mean, I never saw him cry in my life. Ever. He just wasn't the type. When something bad happened, Cameron was more the type to run five miles or go out in the garage and beat up his punching bag. Now, it seems like he's in tears over every little thing and I feel helpless. He looks so small and vulnerable, tears running down his cheeks. It just kills me.

After Cameron started crying in the car, I felt like such a jerk. I know that he thinks his life is harder than mine, but this wasn't the time for me to make a big deal out of it. It should have been a fun night, but I'd lost my temper and ruined it.

I grabbed a net full of footballs and went out back, kicking them into the practice net over and over.

Thinking about tomorrow. After a while, I stopped kicking the footballs and decided to try being a guy.

I walked with as manly a strut as I could manage and said, "What's up?" I was speaking through my nose and my voice sounded a little thin. I tried it more through the chest. "What's up?"

That sounded better. I started strutting, bobbing my head like a rooster and saying, "What's up?" in as deep a voice as I could manage. Then, I stopped.

"You talking to me?" I said, trying to look tough, my shoulders back and my chest out. "You... talking to... me, tough guy?" I made fists. "Don't make me give you a knuckle sandwich."

A burst of feminine laughter shocked me out of my play acting and I spun around to see Cameron laughing, his hands clutched to his chest. "You sound like a reject from Welcome Back Kotter," he burst pleasantly.

I felt silly, but I was glad to see that Cameron had gotten over his crying spell and I played along. "I think I sound pretty tough," I said, striking another macho pose and trying my best to sound like

Humphrey Bogart. "I don't need some silly dame making fun of the way I talk."

"Try it again, Sam," Cameron answered, trying to sound like Bogart and I think surprising himself at how little masculinity he could put into his new voice. He finished in his regular, flute like piping.

"If she can take it, I can take it."

I switched to John Wayne, swaggering toward Cameron and pretending to gallantly sweep the hat off my head.

"Listen here, little lady," I said, "I'm the sheriff in this here town and I don't want no trouble out of you."

"Whah sah," Cameron said in a very credible southern belle, "I come from very fahn breedin'."

I was surprised and pleased to see Cameron playing along, caricaturing female roles. I felt like it meant that he was becoming more confident in his new body, less self-conscious. I wanted to grab him around his tiny waist and give him a big kiss, but I held back.

"You're really nervous about tomorrow," Cameron said.

"Is there anything I can help you with? Do you have any questions about what to expect?"

We'd already talked about what I could expect. I felt that I knew what I was getting into, but that there was no way to really practice for it. I'd always found groups of men loud, rough and intimidating. I didn't even like Cameron sometimes when he was around a group of males. I knew that for the next two weeks I would be eating, sleeping, working and even showering with a bunch of guys, and I couldn't just withdraw or ignore them. I had to be them.

Still, Cameron was being supportive, and I wanted to encourage that. We sat and talked long into the evening before we went in and ate a light dinner.

Finally, I went off to the couch to sleep while

Cameron went upstairs to our bedroom.

As I lay on the couch, I thought of him getting undressed. I saw him stepping out of his shorts and unbuttoning his blouse. Slipping out of his bra and shaking his long blonde hair free, blonde curls spilling over his

slender shoulders and pooling at the tops of his firm, tan breasts. He would be smiling, feeling the joy that only a woman knows of getting out of all that tight, constricting clothing and letting it all hang out.

Cameron, I thought, please let me love you. I know you're scared and nervous, but I know that you would enjoy being in bed with me. I'll be gentle, I promised the night. I'll be slow. You'll love every second of it. I touched my fingers to my lips and blew a kiss at the ceiling.

It seemed that I'd no sooner fallen into a restless sleep than the alarm went off. I squinted at the digital readout-- it was 5 am, and I had to be at the airport in an hour. The next thing that I noticed was that I had a hard-on. I'd been married long enough to know about this early morning phenomenon, but I was a little annoyed by the whole thing. Still, silently urging "Mr. Happy" to go down, I went into the downstairs bedroom, showered, shaved and dressed.

One thing I could definitely get used to was how quick and easy it was to dress as a man. What shall I wear today? I would ask myself jokingly. Pants and a shirt?

Yeah, that sounds good.

Of course, dressing could be more fun for a woman, but many days I had not felt all that excited about the time I had to spend putting on make-up. Now, I didn't have to. I felt some satisfaction in knowing that Cameron was now finding out all about dealing with that big hair and the joys of mascara. Like all men, he'd never really appreciated how much trouble I went through on a daily basis.

When I came out of the bathroom, I was surprised by the smell of eggs and bacon. I found Cameron in the kitchen, humming as he cooked. He was wearing his too big man's terrycloth robe. "Good morning," I said.

"What's all this?"

"I wanted to give you a big send-off on your first day," he said with a big smile.

"Thanks," I said, feeling a rush of love for this man that really went beyond words. "You are really special."

Cameron brought the plates of food over to the table where he'd already placed cups of orange juice and mugs of steaming coffee. I had two eggs and four strips of bacon plus two pieces of toast. Cameron's plate had less than half that. It was fun to be able to eat like a guy and I dug in zestfully.

We ate in relative silence, but as I was using a piece of toast to mop up the last of the yolk from my plate Cameron broke the silence. He was sitting with his elbows propped on the table, his hands at the back of his neck, looking up at me concernedly. His long golden hair framed his face.

"I'm worried about you," he said in a small voice.

I stopped eating. "Worried?"

"Things can get pretty crazy at camp. There's a lot of pressure. Don't be offended. I know what you can make it through these two weeks, but I'm worried about how hard it might be on you. How it might change your personality."



"What do you mean?"

"I'm worried that you might come back a mean bastard."

I smiled. "You don't have to worry about that honey."

I will not let this experience change me. I have a strong sense of identity."

"Football is all about dominance," Cameron continued, eyes wide with concern. "It's about beating people to the ground. About being the strongest. What if..."

"What?" I found myself studying the softness of

Cameron's full lips.

"What if you like it?"

I understood then what he was concerned about. Poor guy. He was scared that once I got a taste of football, of the male power game, I would come back and start competing for dominance with him. I was bigger and stronger now. He was a girl. He didn't want to get into a situation where he was being physically intimidated.

I rubbed the back of my hand against Cameron's smooth cheek. He let me this time. "I feel like we've always respected each other," I said staring into

his eyes, trying to reassure him. "I would never try to dominate you as a man or as a woman. That's not the kind of relationship I want."

"I know," he said. "And I hope you aren't insulted..."

"Of course not..."

"But I'm just a little scared is all."

"We'll talk every night," I said.

"Good."

"Now, can I tell you that I'm scared for you, too?"

Cameron lifted his head in surprise. "Me?"

"Cameron, you're a beautiful woman who is going to be home alone for two weeks and has no idea how to take care of herself. Yes, I am worried."

Cameron looked petulant. "I'm not a child," he said.

"I think I can take care of myself."

"Just promise me that you'll be careful. Men have a lot of freedom that they take for granted. I'm just scared that you're going to go someplace alone or leave the backdoor unlocked and that something terrible might happen,

that's all. You need to remember that you are a very desirable-- and vulnerable-- young woman and there are men out there who might hurt you."

I could tell from the way that he reacted that Cameron was disturbed by what I was saying. He didn't want to think about being attacked or raped. No woman did. But I had to make him realize that he was now a female and very much in danger.

He stood, tightening the belt on his robe, the swell of his breasts pushing open the top of the robe revealing pretty pools of soft, feminine flesh.

"You're right," he said, "I promise to be careful. I won't take any chances."

"I guess it's time for me to be going," I said. I grabbed my suitcase and, with Cameron still antsy, opted for a goodbye wave instead of a kiss and a hug.

I really was worried about him and found myself not wanting to leave. But, with one last look at my pretty little husband as he stood at the front window, his face a mask of feminine concern, I pulled out of the driveway and drove to the airport.

Cameron

I had to fight to keep this silly new body of mine from crying as Kiki pulled away in her car. Two weeks. I already felt alone in this big old house of ours. It seemed so empty now, and I really couldn't fall back on relatives. I didn't want to visit either set of parents in this body.

I was feeling overwhelmed with concerns for both myself and Kiki. How would she do on the football team? How would she cope with two weeks of grunting, sweating and smelly male bonding. What would she be like when she came back? And her parting concern for my safety had me worried about being home alone.

I'd learned during the fight the other day that I was helpless in the hands of a large man. What if a man realized I was home alone and broke into the house? I made sure the front door was locked, and I set the security system. At least if someone broke in, I could make a run for the neighbor's house.

I went upstairs to get ready for my own day. I knew it would be hard for me to be alone for the two weeks, but we'd talk every night. I'd just have to fill my extra time working out and reading.

Reading. I went to Kiki's dressing table and pulled out some of the material she'd left on make-up. Maybe she'd exaggerated a little, but Kiki had been right about my make-up job. It was taking me too long to make my face. The results were poor.

Now, I have always been a competitor. Whatever I was doing, I always wanted to win and I usually did because I outworked and out prepared my competition.

I know it will sound strange, but after my one day as a woman among women at the cheerleading camp, I felt a twinge of competitive fire. It wasn't about cross dressing or male-female bullshit after that, it was about being the best.

With Kiki gone, I didn't feel as self-conscious about playing the female role. Who else knew but me? So, if I was going to be a girl I decided that I wanted to be the best. Among the group of women who now made up my friends and competitors, looks were very important. I'd looked like a nun in my little shorts and blouse yesterday. From now on I would dress better. I also wanted to have first class make-up and as perfect hair as possible.

I had a lot to learn and I resolved to do so starting now. With about an hour and a half to get ready, I headed to the shower resolved that I would learn everything there was to know about being a fashionable woman. No one was going to show up Cameron Fletcher, I told myself with a little smile. Until I got my body back-- or maybe until Kiki came home-- I would be the top girl at cheerleader camp. Or, at least I'd give it my perkiest try.

When I headed out of the house that morning, I didn't feel quite as confident about my being the top girl.

I would need more practice before I was ready to walk in heels. I'd managed to navigate around the house in a pair of Kiki's pumps, but I lacked the poise and grace that make a woman in heels admirable instead of clownish. I'd also found the subtleties of making my face more difficult to master than I had hoped. It was one thing to read about using the lipstick pencil to get a crisper line to my lips, it was another to actually do it. I had also struggled with an effort to blend two different colors of eye shadow.

So, I'd settled for a cleaner, simpler make-up job and decided on low sandals with a white mini-dress that definitely said 'confident.' I was pretty proud of my hair. I'd managed to get it back into a big bow with a couple carefully styled ringlets at the sides of my face. Not as good as I'd wanted, but I felt better about how I would compare to the other girls.

As long as I got a little bit better every day I would be satisfied.

My efforts were rewarded when I arrived at camp.

Several of the girls noticed, commenting "cute dress" or "I love your hair today." I returned their smiles and carefully picked out an aspect of their clothes to compliment, all the while a warm blossom of pride expanding in my stomach. Kiki was wrong. I could do a good job at this.

Of course, my girlfriends assumed that my perky attitude was the result of a good night of lovemaking.

I teased them with innuendoes, but refused to give them any details. That morning in a team meeting before rehearsal we were measured for uniforms and given a schedule of appearances. I was appalled to see that in only a week we would be meeting fans and signing autographs at the grand opening of a new mall.

My newfound enthusiasm dampened.

This meant that, barring a long distance granting of our wish to get back in our own bodies, I would have to appear in uniform. In public. In front of a bunch of people I didn't know.

That was a whole new level of experience for me. I'd been thinking that I would only be seen by this small group of women that I trusted and felt comfortable around. Now, I would be out in public in those very short shorts and knee high boots being looked at by men.

Yuck.

"Something bothering you?" Leiani asked.

I looked up in surprise. "Oh, I just didn't realize that we would be making appearances so soon."

"Isn't it great?" Leiani gushed. "I can't wait for the whole world to see me as a Texas Cowboys

Cheerleader. It's every girl's dream."

I smiled, trying to look like a girl whose dream was being fulfilled. "We worked years for this girlfriend." I felt proud of myself for coming up with that line so quickly. I was actually thinking that I was about to become every man's wet dream.

That thought made me queasy. Were guys going to be going to the bathroom with pictures of me?

Double yuck.

"We're all three going out Friday. Your honey's out of town so you don't have an excuse."

"Oh, thanks, but I'm not really into the club scene."

I flashed my wedding ring.

"I knew you'd say that," Leiani said.

"Why don't we have a little get together at my place?"

Tammy offered.

"I'm not sure," I said.

"You're coming," Kelly said. "And that's it. You don't have to pretend you won't be lonely."

She walked away without waiting for an answer. I watched the pretty little witch strut across the room, cursing silently. I would have to find a way out of this one. There had to be a way.

Yet, by the end of the day as I toweled off after my shower, I couldn't think of a good excuse. In fact, facing the looming emptiness of our house felt discouraging. I could still practice walking and mess with my make-up when I got home. Why not go with

Leiani and Tiffany, if only for the company? It would beat sitting around the house all by myself worrying about Kiki.

I was starting to feel like a spy. Here I was being allowed into the secret world of women's rituals. It was kind of exciting in a surprising way. I decided that I would just go along for the ride.

That afternoon, Leiani and Tiffany dragged me to a dress store called Madison's. I couldn't seem to say no to Tiffany. There would be a formal dinner party for the big money Cowboy fans the night before the season



started, and we would all, I was assured, need new dresses. It was a small dress shop, and they actually had ladies who helped you in and out of the dresses you were thinking about buying. I let Tiffany and Leiani do all the talking. The ladies brought out a selection of evening gowns. Leiani and Tiffany went into the giddy mode that women seemed to reach when they were shopping. I kept my attitude positive, but

I really wanted to just grab the first rag they had me try and get the heck out of there.

Grab the rag, of course, was not the game. Try on everything at least ten times, walk around, look at yourself in the mirror and get comments from your friends and the shop ladies for hours was the game.

All the dresses I saw looked the same at a glance.

Black. But as we tried on more and more I realized that there were differences far beyond even the obvious questions of strapless, spaghetti strap... etc... The positioning of the waist had a tremendous impact on the way the dress hung. Some dresses made me look twenty pounds heavier, while others were much more flattering to my waist. Some were backless. Some hung like drapes, others hugged the body.

Tiffany and Leiani were fun. They joked and laughed all through the experience and made it tolerable. I ended up with a very fashionable black dress and a new pair of heels. The dress would be ready in a couple days. Together they cost over 5000 dollars. Leiani and Tiffany teased me about what my husband would say when he saw how much I spent. I smiled and said, "Maybe he'll never find out about it."

"Men can sense these things," Tiffany said. "He probably already knows."

"He probably does," I agreed. "He probably does."

Back at home, I pulled all the curtains in the house and armed the alarm. I wished that Kiki hadn't said anything about... you know... but now that the idea was planted in my mind I was not feeling safe. Once I knew the house was secure, I fought the urge to get undressed and collapse on the couch. Instead, I trudged upstairs, slipped into a pair of Kiki's heels and began walking and walking and walking.

I wish I could find the man who invented heels, I grumbled to myself as I struggled to negotiate the stairs, and punch him right in the nose. Again, I didn't feel it was enough to be able to walk in heels.

I could do that. I felt that I needed to be comfortable in the them. I had to be better than the women, to be able to walk smoothly and gracefully.

That was taking a little more work.

Eventually, I got an inspiration. We'd converted a room in the back of the house into a dance studio. It had a TV and video player so she could work out to dance videos. I grabbed a copy of the new "Sabrina" and carried it back to the studio. I carefully watched how Julia Ormond walked, then I walked in front of the wall length mirror that covered the wall. Each time, I got a little closer to mastering the walk. I was learning not only about posture, but where to hold my arms and other essentials.

Thank God Kiki isn't here to see this, I said to myself. She'd probably laugh herself to death.

Just then the phone rang. I rushed back to the front of the house, swearing that only a man could invent things as limiting as high heels, and grabbed the phone, my chest heaving. "Hello?"

It was Kiki.

Kiki

I'm not used to being yelled at, really. I mean, I was a girl. Girls don't yell at each other, and men rarely yell at pretty girls. I'm not talking about some young nerd yelling at me from a passing car--every girl gets that-- I'm talking about in everyday conversation.

For example, no one ever greeted me before by shouting "How the hell are you?" and punching me on the arm when I was a girl. Now, that was common. Also, there was a lot of cursing. A lot of it. And I didn't at all care for the way they talked about women.

Bitches. Cunts. Whores. It was awful. I hated the way they talked and more than once I wanted to take the stewardess hand and tell her it was okay. I felt so bad for her, but I knew that I was a guy and wasn't supposed to be sensitive.

Anyway, she was the regular on the Cowboy's private jet and seemed to give it right back to them. I admired her spunk. She was the kind of girl that I wished I could be. Or could have been. You know what I'm saying.

Once we got to camp, we were able to stow our stuff in the dorm and then we headed right over to the football field to practice. I was relieved that we dressed in our rooms. Because the field was so close to the dorms, there

was no need to use the locker. I would be able to dress in my room, so at least I wouldn't have to be naked in a room full of men. I knew a lot of the coaches from being a player's wife and would have told you before how sweet and gentlemanly they were. No, not the head coach. James

Jameson had always given me the creeps. He looked at me with the look of a wolf or a shark, his eyes probing my body as he mentally undressed me.

Now, though, he and the other coaches were the biggest bastards in the world. They shouted at us, spittle flying from their mouths. They ridiculed us. No matter what we did, they found some reason to complain and made us run extra sprints.

I'd heard from Cameron that the first day would be easy, that all we would do was run around in shorts doing drills. After, he'd said, I'd go and kick some field goals and hit the showers. If this was the easy part, I wasn't sure I was going to make it. In one drill, you had to throw yourself to the ground chest first, roll at the legs of another player, leap back to your feet and dodge the next player as he rolled at yours.

We did that for what seemed like an hour. My chest hurt, my knees were torn up, I was struggling for breath. And the coach kept howling at me for being a slacker. "You look like you've never done this before

Fletcher," he screamed. "You tumble like a girl!"

I surprised myself. Instead of wanting to cry like I might have before, I just got more and more angry. I worked harder and harder at the drill. When we were done, the coach said, "That was better, Fletcher" but I just stalked off to the hose to get a drink of water.

"Coach was busting your balls big time Fletch-man." I looked over. It was the punter, Kruski.

"I'd like to bust his ass," I spat, surprised at myself.

Kruski laughed. "Don't let it get to you, Fletch-man.

We were 6-6 last year. The coaches want to send the message. That's all it is. It's all about winning."

"I'm not sure all this yelling is necessary. He could be more supportive," I answered, not really thinking.

"Supportive? This ain't a girl scout troop, Fletch-man."

I felt embarrassed. The last thing I wanted was for word to get around that I was talking like a girl. I felt embarrassed all of a sudden, standing there in my pads, shorts and helmets. I suddenly felt like I was still a girl and everyone could see me dressed up like a football player and they would laugh at me for thinking that I was a man.

For one crazy minute I thought that I was wearing a bra beneath my gear and wondered if I should run back to the dorm and take it off before anyone saw it.

Calm down Kiki, I said to myself. Just calm down.

You are not wearing a bra. You are not a girl. You are a man, and everyone here will accept you as that as long as you don't start talking about the

Young and the Restless. I smiled to myself. The fears drained away. I was sure I was going to be able to pull this off.

After the drills, I and the punter did go off to practice kicking while the rest of the team ran through offensive and defensive drills. I was kicking the ball well and was very pleased with how I was doing. The special teams coach stood off to the side, writing on a clipboard and watching, his eyes hidden behind dark glasses. I felt a little nervous being watched by him, but I put it out of her mind. Back when I'd been a dancer, I'd had learned to put myself into a mental zone that allowed me to block out everything else and just focus on my moves. I used that same technique, kicking ball after ball through the uprights from different angles and distances.

I felt proud of myself. I would be the first woman to play football in the NFL, even though no one would know. How I would love to let some of these guys know that I was a girl and that I was just as good as they were.

To my surprise, there was another field-goal kicker in camp. He was practicing at the other end of the practice field, but I knew enough about football to realize that a team only had one kicker. Were they thinking of replacing Cameron? I would have to ask him when I called him that night.

I kept looking over at the special teams coach, Butterson. I was smiling and expecting some kind of congratulations from him for my good kicks, but he just kept looking down at his chart. After watching for almost an hour he just walked away without saying a word.

What an asshole, I thought. He could learn a lot from the cheerleader coach. She was always encouraging us and giving us hugs. Where did he come off being such a jerk?

Kruski interrupted my thoughts.

"Me and some of the guys are going to go down to the titty joint tonight and get a couple lap dances," Kruski said, tossing me a football. I stared at it for a minute before I realized I was supposed to throw it back.

I wanted to ask Kruski how a married man could spend his evenings in a titty bar, but worried that would make her sound like girl talk. "Have a blast," I finally grunted.

Kruski threw the ball back. "Don't you want to come?"

I tossed it back to him, thinking, he sounds surprised. Male rage began to build in me at the thought that my husband had been going to strip clubs. Cameron had been coming up here to camp and going to titty bars while I sat home crying!

"I don't feel up to it," I said. "I'm tired."

"You seem a little out of it," Kruski said. "Is everything okay?"

"I'm having some problems with the little lady," I managed stiffly, thinking angrily of Cameron back at our house in his bra and panties, practicing his little dance steps and putting on his lipstick. Good, I decided. He deserves it for going to strip clubs while I was home alone. Now he won't have to pay some 16-year-old run away to show him her tits. He can look right in the mirror and see his own.

"Women sure are moody," Kruski said with a sigh.

"But you can't live without 'em."

"She's a moody one all right," I said. "But it's nothing that a good bang wouldn't solve."

"Now you're talking like the Cameron I know," Kruski laughed, making me fume even more.

The coach whistled for the team to gather for an end of practice talk. "If you change your mind let me know," Kruski said, jogging toward the huddle.

I jogged over, too, but I was furious at what Kruski had said and I wanted very badly to hit something.

That little bitch, I thought. That lying little bitch.

I can't believe that he tricked me. How many times did he tell me how lonely he was here at camp? How he spent his nights reading and thinking about me? And all the time he was getting lap dances from whores.

I'll never wish him back into his own body, I thought viciously. He can stay a woman for the rest of his life.

When the huddle broke, I jogged back to the dorm, feeling the anger building with each step. I was so furious that I flung the door to my room open, sending it slamming against the wall with a loud whomp! and bouncing back almost closed again. I hurled my helmet against the cinderblock wall and watched the hard plastic burst into tiny fragments,



surprised at my own strength. "Goddamn it," I yelled, moving to slam my fist into the wall.

Suddenly, a pair of arms wrapped around me, putting me into some kind of wrestling lock. "Calm down!" Someone growled in my ear, wrestling me to the ground. "Calm the hell down."

As strong as I was now, whoever was grabbing me was stronger. I fought, but the bigger man had all the leverage and greater strength. Once I stopped fighting, he let me go and I rolled over to see that it was Brown, a six-foot seven inch offensive tackle who weighed over 300 pounds. Behind him, I could see several players. Coach pushed through the mass of bodies and stared down at me. "Two miles and then come see me," Jameson said. "And why don't the rest of you bozos hit the weight room for a change? Maybe we'll win more than six games this year."

"You heard him," Brown said. "Two miles."

I got up and started to head toward the door, everyone looking at me. I dropped my head, feeling ashamed, wanting to cry, and I started to push my way through the crowd of players. Brown put a hand on my chest. "Take your pads off first," he said, looking at me strangely. "You ain't right his year, Fletchman. Somethin' wrong with you."

"Yeah," I heard Kruski say from somewhere in the back of the crowd. "He actually made some field goals in practice today."

I closed the door to all the jeering. Taking off my shoulder pads, I slipped into a T-shirt and retied my shoes. I looked at the phone and thought about calling Cameron. Maybe I should just quit the team, I thought. Walk out on Cameron and leave all this, start over a life as a man. The thought terrified

me. I was not enjoying being a man very much, and I had no idea how I would even begin to live my life alone.

I thought about Cameron-- I already pictured him in my body, with his bright eyes and long blonde hair-- and realized that I still loved him. I decided to go for a run and talk to the coach. I had a lot invested in my relationship, and I had to think about what Cameron did and how angry I should really be at him.

The run helped. By the end of the miles, a lot of the anger and tension had left my body. I sprinted the last quarter mile and tumbled to the earth, laying on my back, stretching out and breathing hard, my clothes soaked with sweat.

A girl suddenly filled the sky above my head. She had walked up and stood above my head, and I looked up her long, tan thighs, past her pert young breasts and at her smiling face. "Hi!" She said cheerily. She was wearing very short cut offs and I caught a glimpse of a panty. I felt like someone had grabbed a hold of my intestines and started twisting them into a bow.

I was startled and a little confused, but rolled onto my side and looked up at her, smiling and saying, "Hi?" She was young-- I figured about 18, and had honey blonde hair.

"I'm a big fan," she said. "I was wondering if you might sign my shirt?" She held out a black marker, and I noticed that she had several other names on her shirt.

I stood up and smiled. "Sure," I said. "Any special message?" I heard a light giggle and looked up to see a group of young women-- obviously her friends--huddling together and watching.

"How about, to a special girl?"

"Okay. Sorry about the sweat."

"I like it," she said. "You smell good."

I took the pen from her and started looking for a place to sign.

"Right here," she said, offering an area just above her left breast.

I hesitated, but then shrugged and figured what the hell? She stood very close as I started to write against the soft flesh of her chest. I reached up with my free hand and put it on her shoulder to try and hold the cloth in place while I wrote. When I glanced down at her, her head was tilted back, her mouth was parted just enough for me to see the white of her perfect teeth and the hint of a pink tongue. Her eyes were damp.

She was standing very close to me, and whatever perfume she was wearing filled my head and made me a little dizzy. I seemed to take in the whole of her body. The smallness of her frame, the softness of her breasts, the long, tone, tan legs and the slender, girlish hips. And I wanted her. She knew it, too.

"Aren't you going to ask my name?" She asked.

Walk away, I told myself. Be a smart girl and walk away. Just finish signing and politely walk away.

But I answered, realizing that my throat was dry.

"What's your name?"

"What would you like it to be?" She answered.

I glanced down at her breasts, then back into her eyes. "You're a very pretty girl," I said, surprising myself. I badly wanted this girl, I wanted her as a man wants a woman. I wanted to ravish her.

And I wanted to get back at Cameron. Again, I pictured him in my mind, standing with his slender arms stretched out as I helped him squirm into his bra. I pictured how his heavy breasts had pooled together in its silky cups, how feminine and vulnerable he'd looked as I helped him with his eye shadow.

We, the girl and I, put our arms around each and kissed, out tongues touching for one electric moment.

I could feel myself getting larger, and I reveled in the feeling of this warm, willing female pressing her body against mine. She pulled away after the kiss, but kept hold of my hand. "God, you're a sexy guy," she almost whispered.

For that moment, she was the world to me. I forgot where I was, what I had been doing, where I had to go.

All I knew was the slender little girl and her tongue and how badly I wanted to get her out of that bra and on her back. I would have taken her into the

bushes next to the track and done it right then, but she said, "Meet me tonight at Bennigan's." And walked away.

I watched her move, the perfect roundness of her behind in those tight denim shorts, and I knew that I would have to go to Bennigan's. Kiki, the sweet little blonde cheerleader, was feeling like a stud. I wanted to be the man this girl thought that I was. I wanted to brand her.

I wandered into Coach Jameson's office, my head swimming with even more confused emotions than before.

"What's wrong?" Jameson said, sitting back in his chair. His office of course was just a temporary makeshift, a storage room in the back of the college's weight room that had been converted for our short stay.

Though I badly wanted to talk about what was happening to me-- God how I missed being able to talk to my girlfriends-- Jameson's tone made me feel defensive.

"Nothing," I said.

"Son, you just smashed up your helmet and tore your room apart for no apparent reason. I'm telling you, you have a problem."

I found myself having a hard time looking him in the eye. "Trouble at home," I said.

"The little woman not putting out?"

The little woman is sitting right in front of you, I wanted to say, but stopped myself. I glanced at him angrily and was surprised to see that he was smiling.

Foolishly, I realized that the putting out comment was some kind of standard guy joke. I shrugged. "We aren't getting along," I said. "My wife has changed since we got married." I almost laughed at my own little joke.

Jameson nodded. He leaned forward in his chair, took off his glasses and stared at me with a serious look in his eyes. "You've changed in the past three years," he said. "I've changed. Of course, your wife has changed. That's what people do. You just have to realize that's a part of married life and adjust."

"This doesn't sound like you, coach," I answered, hiding a little smile. Was Jameson a marriage counselor?

He nodded. "Well, I know, but I am a family man. I've been married for 25 years. We've had good times and not-so-good times. Let me tell you something.

That Kiki is a real special girl. You're a very lucky guy. Cling to her, young man. She is not a problem; she is your salvation."

When he said that, my heart melted. I wanted to kiss him, but I didn't think he would care for a kiss from his field-goal kicker, so I just murmured "Thanks."

I started to get up, but he stopped me. "One more thing."

I sat back down.

"We have another kicker in camp. I believe in competition. I want you to know that the job is yours to lose. I heard you kicked well today. I'm counting on you to win the job and help us get back to the

Super Bowl."

"Okay," I said. With a nod, he dismissed me.

I went back to my room and cried. I felt so good about what coach had said about me, that I was feeling proud of what a good wife I'd been. The womanly pride was now at war with the part of me that had caught fire holding that girl's body in her arms. I wanted to prove coach right about Kiki, to be a good wife even now that I was in the body of a man. I was a good wife, I thought. Here I am, going through all of these strange experiences for Cameron, doing everything I can to keep him happy...

...everything except remain loyal.

But was it really cheating if I had sex with another woman? Especially when Cameron wouldn't even let me touch him? I have needs, I told myself, and Cameron won't satisfy them. That should be a part of his duties as a good husband!

And yet, I knew how hard it had been for him to dress and act as a woman. Here was this guy who prided himself on being the manliest man in the world, and he was putting on make-up and learning to be a cheerleader for me. Cameron, I reminded myself, was dancing, kicking, and squealing in a

room full of women, his breasts bouncing around as he smiled and shook his fanny, all because he loved me.

Didn't I owe him my loyalty? Was it really fair for me to expect that guy I loved so much to lay on his back and let me make him into my woman?

I took a shower. I got dressed. I went to

Bennigan's. She was everything that I had hoped for and more. I was a lot more shy than she had expected, she told me, but she was just thrilled to have done it with a professional football player and, when I kissed her goodnight, she gave me a pat on the butt and said, "Come back anytime."

Back at the dorm, I was overcome with guilt, and I vomited. When I finally felt good enough, I gave

Cameron a call. I knew I had to tell him everything.

Kiki and Cameron

When the phone rang, Cameron ran excitedly through the house and answered in a breathless voice. He'd been expecting the call for hours and was eager to hear what had happened on the first day of camp.

When Kiki heard Cameron answer the phone, the sound of his high, nasal voice broke her heart. He sounded so excited to hear from her. How was she going to explain what she'd done? It would break his little heart. I'll wait, she decided. I'll tell him at the end of the call.



Kiki explained how the first day of camp went. Told

Cameron that she had kicked well. She also mentioned that the team had brought in another kicker, but that the coach had promised her the job was hers to lose.

When Cameron heard about the other kicker, a tingle of fear curled up at his groin. He'd kicked well the past year but had missed one kick in overtime that had cost the team a game. He badly wanted to be at camp and was very concerned that Kiki would lose his job. For the hundredth time, he looked down at the swelling of his breasts and cursed the fact that he was a woman. Well, Kiki was the man and she would have to do it. All he could do was offer advice and encouragement.

"Kiki, I can't tell you how proud I am of you for going out there," he said. "I just want you to know that I believe in you. I know you won't lose the job."

He's so sweet, Kiki thought, feeling ashamed. How could I have? "Ummm... thanks, Cammie. Her voice cracked a little as she fought back a sob of guilt.

"How are things at camp?"

"Fine," Cameron said. "We added a new routine today and got fitted for a few scraps of cloth they call our uniforms. Kiki, you didn't tell me that we would be making appearances next week!"

Kiki grunted. She had been worried that Cameron would drop out if he knew about the appearances. "I forgot," she lied. "Do you think you can do it?"

The line was silent for a moment. "Kiki, um, going out in public dressed like that? In front of people I don't even know? I'm... a little worried. I'm not sure I can do it."

Poor little guy, she thought. "Cammie, I know this has all been very hard for you. Let's not worry about all that yet. Maybe we'll change back into our own bodies before it happens."

"Okay. I've been wishing every night, but nothing seems to happen."

"You really hate being a woman, don't you?" Kiki asked.

Cameron had one of his fingers at his mouth and was chewing softly on one of his long, lacquered nails.

The question surprised me, but not as much as his answer. "No," he said, feeling a strange sense of relief. "No, I don't hate it. I wouldn't say I hate it. I mean-- I am a man, still. In my mind. And--well-- it's not that I hate it so much as that I'm not comfortable with it. Everything is so-- strange. If

I'd been raised a girl, maybe it would all seem natural, but right now I'm a guy with tits learning to put on his make-up and that is a combination that makes me uncomfortable. I was raised to think girls were weak, that girl stuff was silly. It's hard for me to be a girl. Besides..."

"Besides what?"

"I love being your husband," Cameron admitted. "I love making love to you, and I love having you in my arms, listening to the sound of your voice. It's hard on me knowing that I can't be the man you married for you right now. It makes me sad."

"You could be a woman for me," Kiki said impulsively.

"N... no," Cameron said softly. "Let's not talk about that."

"Are you starting to have any... woman feelings at all?" Kiki asked.

"No," Cameron said honestly. "I haven't, though I know you have started to feel a little like a guy. I could see it in your eyes. Hear it in your voice."

Waves of shame washed over Kiki once again. "I'm sorry," she said, "I really am. I didn't want to start to feel these feelings. I mean-- I thought I was a normal woman. I never ever had any other feelings, but now I feel strange feelings when I look at you. It's not something I ever wanted. It's just something that is."

"It's okay," Cameron said. "I understand, and I'm not blaming you. But, I hope you understand that I am not ready to let you... have your way with me."

"I know."

Hoping to lighten the conversation, Cameron decided to tell Kiki about his shopping trip. Kiki listened, somewhat dumbfounded. "You hate shopping!" She protested. Shopping? My Cameron?

Cameron felt himself blush. "Tiffany and Leiani were irrepressible," he said defensively. "And I do hate shopping. To be perfectly honest, I think I just feel lonely without you and wanted something to get me out of the house. I miss you."

"I miss you, too."

Cameron

After the call, I went upstairs and got undressed. It was late. I felt exhausted. The fact that Kiki was facing competition made me feel a little scared. She was not used to competing, and I felt like the pressure might upset her. Hopefully, whoever this new kicker was would not be the kind to start trying to play macho head games with Kiki.

I thought about Kiki, about her dark hair and her muscled shoulders. Funny, but the first time I realized that I was thinking of Kiki as a male, as being that male body that had been mine. And she had admitted that she was starting to feel like a guy. A disturbing image started to take shape in my mind, but

I pushed it away, shaking my head. Thank God, I wasn't starting to have any female feelings. I might have lost my mind if I started to feel things that a woman feels. No, body or no body I was a man and I would always be a man. I would never let-- that-- be done to me.

I had spoken to Kiki this morning before she left, but now separated by a thousand miles and with weeks to go before we'd see each other again, I marveled at how good it felt to hear her deep, handsome voice. She had been very reassuring, and I felt better knowing that I had a wife who would

be there to take care of me. I pictured her sitting there on her bunk as she had spoken to me, her arms laced with muscles like steel cables. The wiry hair on her chest.

I shook my head. Looked over at her dresser. A little smile playing at my lips, I wandered over to Kiki's dresser and picked out a sheer black nightie.

Why shouldn't I? I thought playfully. She was gone, I missed her, and it would be fun to dress up in her clothes. I slipped into the nightie and looked at myself in the full length mirror. The diaphanous cloth floated around my lean, curvaceous body. My breasts poked enticingly at the thin material. My legs were naked, smooth and toned. They went, as we guys like to say, from my ass all the way to the ground.

Giggling to myself, I went over to the dressing table and put on some dark, crimson lipstick. I decided to put on some dark eye shadow and a little blush.

Slipping onto a pair of black pumps, I pretended that

I was Kiki and slinked over to the full-length mirror.

"Hey good looking," I said with a smile, the sound of my voice sending a thrill of pleasure through my body. I locked eyes with the image in the mirror, stepped in so close that my breath started to steam the glass, and then kissed the mirror while one hand reached up and cupped one of my full breasts. My right foot came up off the ground.

"It's getting late," I told myself, feeling suddenly foolish. "I need to get some sleep."

I scrubbed the make-up off with some cold cream and put my hair up for the night. Feeling in a happy, silly mood, I decided to sleep in Kiki's nightie.

It was something to remind me of her.

I was so tired, I forgot to make my wish.

That night I dreamt I was at a football game. The game was tied, and the crowd was howling-- louder than a jet engine. The quarterback dropped back and lobbed a pass over the middle. The receiver made the catch, and a time out was called with just three seconds left in the game. It was time for a field goal and the coach looked at me and yelled, "Field goal unit on the field. Now."

I started to run into the game, but he stopped me.

"Where are you going?" he said. I froze. What happened, I wondered? Had I lost my job to the other kicker?

"Kiki," Coach shouted, "get in there."

I saw Kiki run into the game in my body and a wave of relief passed over me. I hadn't lost my job. I looked down. I was wearing my Texas Cowboy's

Cheerleader uniform, my breasts bound tightly in the tiny blue blouse that was tied up around my chest, showing off my flat, perfect tummy.

I picked up my pompoms, gave a high kick and yelled, "Good luck, Kiki! Go Cowboys!"

Kiki

I was so guilty after what I'd done, that I finally wished for Cameron to have his own body back. I was ashamed of myself for the way I'd acted and ashamed that I hadn't had the courage to tell Cammie about it.

As a woman, I'd always believed that relationships were built on honesty and had tried to be honest with

Cameron and myself.

As a man, I seemed to be a heel. Not only did I have no willpower, but I was lying to Cameron, hurting him at a time when I should have been doing my best for him. When I made the wish, I felt a great sense of relief. Tomorrow, I hoped that I would be back in my own wonderfully female body, a body whose impulses I understood. I'd be living my dream of being a cheerleader, and Cameron would be back in his own body playing football. Everything would be back to normal.

Then I thought about Shannon. What if she came on to

Cameron? What if he found out what I'd done? What would he do?

I took my wish back. Made it again. Took it back once more. It would be best, I decided, to play out these final two weeks.

In the morning, I was still a man. I guiltily put on my gear and headed out to the field for early morning drills. I was annoyed to discover that I couldn't stop thinking about Shannon-- the smoothness of her thighs her cheeks, her body. I thought about the small noises she'd made during foreplay. The tiny beads of sweat on her belly after as she lay on her back and watched me with those electric blue eyes.

I pictured her in a Texas Cowboy's Cheerleader uniform.

Oh, Cameron, I thought, what have I done?

Cameron

I got up even earlier than usual. I wanted to spend a little extra time on my hair and make-up. This day

I'd decided to wear a pleated blue skirt that came mid-thigh and a white, sleeveless blouse that showed off my long, slender arms. I was also feeling confident enough to wear heels, so I slipped on a pair of pumps. Checking my hair, make-up and jewelry, I nodded proudly at my reflection and, grabbing my gym bag, headed to camp feeling very proud of myself. I was looking better and better each day. The hard work was paying off.

That's all I can say about that particular day.

Everything else was routine. I spent the day dancing with the girls. Tiffany and Leiani told me about their dating adventures. Some of the veteran cheerleaders started opening up more. They told me about their children and their husbands, their careers.



I felt good. Though I had the looming public appearance to think about, things seemed to be falling into a comfortable routine, though toward the end of the week I started to think I might have a fever. I was watching ER Thursday night. It was a very good episode. I had never noticed before what a good actor

George Clooney was. His performance was spellbinding.

During one romantic scene, I suddenly felt hot. I could feel that my face was flush, and the heat was spreading down to my chest. I didn't want to miss any of the show-- it was such a good episode-- and it was at a part where Clooney and a long time woman lover were thinking about getting back together. I wanted to see if they would kiss, so I fanned myself impatiently.

They did. My fevered feeling got worse and I ran to the bathroom as soon as they cut to commercial.

Looking in the mirror, I saw that I was indeed flush--the tip of my nose was a bright pink-- and I took a couple Tylenol before sinking down on the cold toilet seat and relieving my suddenly full bladder.

By the time I got back to the living room, the feeling of the fever had passed, but now I felt hungry. I was craving chocolate. God, I wanted some chocolate so badly! I went in the kitchen and got myself a bowl of non-fat chocolate ice cream, gobbling it down in huge spoonfuls. I'd eaten like a slob and licked the sticky chocolate from my fingers. What is going on? I wondered, perplexed once again by the strange ebb and flow of this female body of mine.

I went back to the living room and turned on Sports

Center, impatiently waiting for their review of football camps. I was not very interested in the other teams, but found myself watching the reports with a little more interest and felt some relief. I'd been worried that my change was going to cause me to stop liking football. Thank God that being in a female body didn't mean that I was going to start wanting to watch gymnastics and ice skating.

These guys are such world class athletes I thought to myself as they interviewed one. Look at those biceps.

Rock hard. Not an ounce of fat on the guy.

Chiseled jaw. They cut to a scene of him dropping back to throw a pass, and I admired how firm and tight his butt was. I could tell he worked out hard to keep in that shape. And-- maybe I needed to turn the air down because it was SO hot in here. I began fanning myself again.

When the Texas report came up, it focused on the battle for kicker. Coach Jameson was explaining that the fact the team had brought in another kicker was no reflection on Fletcher. I felt a sharp little pang at that. I moved to the edge of my seat. "We have absolute faith in Fletcher," Jameson said. "But we also have faith in the value of competition."

I gasped excitedly. Kiki came on the screen—my Kiki! "Are you worried about the competition?" The ESPN announcer asked.

"Competition is a part of sport," Kiki answered calmly. "I welcome it whether it comes in training camp or from another team."

I bit my lip. Where had she learned that kind of talk? It was the perfect answer.

"Are you afraid that you'll lose your job?"

Kiki shook her head. "I expect to win the job and be a part of this team for many years to come."

The interview ended. The phone was ringing, and I rushed to the phone excitedly. I knew it was Kiki. She had purposely waited until after the interview to call, the rat! "I just saw you on television!" I squealed.

"How'd I do?" She asked.

"You were great. You sounded just like a real football player. Where'd you learn to talk like that?"

"I've been living with you for long enough," she answered. "I just said what you'd say."

"How is it going?"

"Fine. I don't seem to be having any trouble kicking, but I am struggling a little getting used to being a guy. All the yelling and macho crap."

I curled up in a corner of the couch, brushing my long blonde hair back and pulling my knees to my chest.

"That's what I'm really missing right now," I said. "I'm jealous."

"Don't be. I'd rather be doing what you're doing."

"You're living my dream right now. How is that going?"

"It's hard," I admit. "My feet are just killing me, and I think I may have strained my knee a little. But it's been fine."

"Not so bad as you thought, huh?"

"Well, I still feel funny walking around in a skirt."

"Fussing with my make-up. In fact, would you mind if I had your hair cut short? It's a real pain."

"Not as long as you don't mind if I have yours dyed blonde."

"I was just teasing."

"I know."

"I miss you."

The line is quiet for a moment. "There's something I should probably... no, never mind. I miss you, too."

"What were you going to tell me?"

"Nothing. Sweet dreams."

Kiki

I hung up the old-fashioned dorm phone in my room and stretched out on the cot with a sigh. I was still feeling incredibly guilty about what I'd done, how I'd cheated on Cammie, but I couldn't bring myself to tell him. I told myself that it didn't matter, that it wasn't really cheating. But I knew what I'd done was wrong.

Worse still, I was thinking about Shannon more and more, trying to rationalize another liaison. Don't do it, I told myself. Don't do it. I resolved to control myself for the next week. The advantage, I decided, was that I would be all the more ready to do

Cammie when I got back home. It would only be another week, and I would be home and things would be getting sorta back to normal.

Happy that I'd made a decision to be loyal, I rolled over, closed my eyes and tried to sleep.

After twenty minutes I picked up the phone and called

Shannon.

After two days of grueling workouts in shorts, we put on the pads and started hitting. The guys were a lot more on edge that third day. There was a lot of growling and barking, shouting and fighting. I felt like I was trapped in a cage with a group of gorillas.

They were like animals. Teams brought in far more players than they were allowed to have on the roster.

Over half would be cut before opening day, and when the hitting started guys knew that their jobs and futures were on the line.

There were smiles and protestations of camaraderie. But the young guys just out of college were hungry sharks that wanted jobs, and there was fear in the eyes of some of the veterans. Aside from the increase in tension, it didn't mean much to me. I was not involved in any of the hitting drills. I spent my time over on the other field with the other kickers.

My competition was turning out to be very average. He couldn't kick the ball as far as I could, or with as much accuracy.

The biggest problem for me was the boredom. I started to fantasize a lot while I was kicking. I'd pretend I was a Rockette. Sometimes I'd be doing cheers in my head and try to kick the ball right at the point in an old routine where a high kick was called for.

On Thursday my competitor came over to me after I'd hit three straight fifty yarders from the left hash mark. He was shaking his head. "Fletcher, it pains me to admit it, but I know you're the better man."

We hadn't talked much, and that comment surprised me.

"It's only kicking," I said.

"Well, I don't figure to be around much longer, so I was wondering if you could maybe give me some advice?"

Taking a look at him, I saw there was a deep sadness in his eyes. He'd probably been dreaming about being a kicker ever since he'd been a little boy, and now he was facing the reality that he was not going to make it. At least, not with Texas. I wanted to give him a big hug, but I held back, trying to maintain my manly mask. "What?" I grunted.

"What's your secret? How do you kick so well?"

I set up a ball on the right hash mark, still at 50 yards, and boomed it through the uprights. "I pretend I'm a Rockette," I said with a smirk. "And kick as high as I can."

He laughed. "Okay. Okay. But maybe when we aren't in competition, you'll give me some pointers?"

"Count on it." I said with a wink.

The next day my competition was gone. Cut from the team. Everyone congratulated me, especially the veterans. The old warriors needed to believe that they could fend off their own challenges, and the fact that I'd beaten out mine gave them all hope. It was different out here, the competition was more brutal and more open, but I'd fought my way to prima ballerina of my dance school at one time in my life, and I knew what it took to rise to the top.

These guys weren't so big and bad, I decided. Heck, I was a girl and I was doing just fine at football. If girls had muscles as big as guys, I decided, we would rule the world.

Shannon and I celebrated that night. It had gotten to the point where I wasn't even feeling all that guilty anymore.

Cameron

Friday was a day of many changes for me. It started with my first public appearance as a Texas Cowboy

Cheerleader. We were to be in the food court at a huge, Texas area mall. The other girls were all bursting with excitement, but I felt sick, a feeling that grew worse as I squirmed into my uniform that morning. The uniform consists of a pair of extremely short, extremely tight white shorts, and a blue satin shirt that we tie up around our chests cowgirl style in order to expose our midriffs. We wear glossy white cowboy boots and nylons. I felt like a doll, all dressed up and ready to be put on display, my ass and my breasts wrapped to draw maximum attention.

It was obvious the minute I arrived at the mall, my fluffy white and blue pompoms in hand. I was feeling horribly self-conscious, dragging my feet, slump shouldered. "Shine!" Mary Maxwell said when she saw me. "Shine, shine, shine!"

I immediately plastered a bright, happy smile on my face and straightened up my posture. I could put on the act, but I was dying inside. I and the rest of the girls were getting looks and comments from people already, and the mall was nearly deserted. Once all the girls had arrived, we did a run



through on a couple of routines so we could get used to the mall floor and the sound system.

The mall tiles was hard on the knees and ankles, and sound echoes throughout the high-ceilinged central food court, so you really had to concentrate to keep from getting out of step.

After our second rehearsal the small crowd of early arrivers that had gathered round clapped and cheered.

We kicked and pranced, shouting out "yeah" and "alright." Then, we started signing autographs. To my relief, many of the people were little girls who wanted to grow up to be cheerleaders one day. They asked us questions about what it was like and how we got onto the squad. There were stock answers we'd been told to give to each of these questions. These girls, I realized, looked up to us the way boys looked up to the players. I thought that was cute, and I tried to be as friendly and encouraging as I could be. Some mothers brought toddlers dressed in little cheerleader outfits. It was kind of a girl's thing.

There were, of course, some guys. The few bashful looking fathers who'd brought their daughters didn't bother me; I thought that was kind of sweet. Nor, really, did the handful of adolescent boys who came through the line while their less courageous friends stood at a distance and ogled. They were just little boys, really, and it was obvious they were intimidated by adult women. They blushed and grinned, and all of the cheerleaders teased and flattered them.

The old guys, though, they bothered me. A few guys came through with that "God's gift to women" smirk on their faces and tried to chat us up. It was forbidden for us to take dates on these appearances, and the crowd was discouraged from pursuing them, but we'd been warned ahead of time

that there were always some. I thought one guy was going to let his tongue drop right into my cleavage and that really pissed me off, not just because I was really a man but because it is obnoxious.

Anyway, when the day finally ended I walked out of the mall and sighed with relief. God, I thought to myself, please let me be a man again soon. Tiffany was with me. She reminded me about dinner. "Should I bring anything?" I asked.

"Some wine?" She asked.

"White or red?"

"Both."

When I got to Tiffany's house, I handed her the wine.

She gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and walked back toward her kitchen. She was wearing a loose-fitting silvery dress that showed her bare back. I wanted her like a man right then. Mentally, I felt that same deep, longing need that I'd known as a man.

I wanted to raise my little pleated skirt and do her right there. This body, though, interpreted my hunger differently, and my nipples immediately hardened.

I felt a tingling between my legs.

Shit. I could feel my face turn flush, and I was surprised by this sudden erotic need. "Calm down," I said to myself. "Calm down."

"I was just about to put the pasta on the burner," Tiffany said, setting the wine on the table. She picked up her corkscrew and turned to face me, seeing that my nipples were hard through my thin silk blouse.

She smiled crookedly and pulled the cork out of the bottle, pouring two glasses and handing me one.

We stood close together at the kitchen counter as we sipped our wine, or elbows almost touching. I started to open my mouth but Tiffany shushed me. "Don't talk," she said. We sipped our wine, looking deep into each other's eyes. I knew, then, that I'd come here expecting this. That I didn't want to fight it.

Kelly reached up and started to unbutton my blouse.

"Leiani?" I whispered.

"She isn't coming," Tiffany said, reaching a hand into my blouse to take my breast in her hand. She smothered my sigh with another kiss.

We made love.

"Drive careful," she said as she let me out the front door, I don't know how many hours later.

"I will," I answered, a fuzzy ball of pleasure. I felt so relaxed, as if a huge weight had been taken off my shoulders. "Bye."

I didn't feel guilty until I got home and saw that the light on the answering machine was blinking. I knew it was a message from Kiki. I walked over to the machine and hit "erase." I didn't want to think about her now. About anything. I just wanted to curl up into a ball of myself and enjoy what I was feeling.

There would be time enough for guilt in the morning.

Kiki

I'm trying to convince myself that what I'm doing isn't wrong, and in a sense, I don't think that it is wrong. I mean, it's not like I'm making it with a man, which to me would be cheating. Plus, Cameron now had no interest in sex at all. Could he really complain when I was doing something that he didn't want to do anyway?

Of course he could. And would. If he found out.

The whole thing had me thinking about life after training camp. I felt mostly certain that we would switch back into our own bodies if we both wished it to happen, but what if we didn't? What if this weird switch wasn't something that would happen twice? What if we stayed in each other's bodies? Did that mean the end of our marriage? Would we stay together and live as a platonic couple, sharing our lives without sharing our beds?

Maybe we could adopt children, I thought. Have a family that way.

But did I really want that? Would I still be able to love Cameron if he was a permanent woman?

I mean, I think I would always love Cameron no matter what, but would I love him the same way? As a partner?

I kept telling myself that we would stay together; we would have to stay together. But something was uncoiling deep inside me, just the tiniest doubt.

And what about Shannon? We hadn't spoken at all about what would happen after camp broke. Would she want to come and live in Texas? Did she think this was a long-term thing? What girl doesn't? How would I feel if a guy did to me what I was doing to Shannon now?

The questions kept coming. I didn't seem to have any answers.

My humiliation at practice the next day was a kind of godsend. It gave me something else to think about besides my -and I almost choke on the thought- women troubles. In addition to kicking field goals, I also handle the kick-offs. No big deal. The goal is just to kick the ball as high and far as I can, and I can kick it off a tee.

Most of the time, I kicked the ball so deep into the other end of the field that there was no return.

Then, even if the other squad did catch it and try to run it back toward my end, the ball carrier was usually tackled well before he got close to me. My job as the kicker was to hang back in case the runner broke through the

line and had a chance for a touchdown. If he did, I had to "bust his ass or at least slow him down" as the coach said.

In all my years of ballet and cheerleading, I have never had to bust anybody's ass, but in Cameron's body

I was feeling strong and confident. Plus, I almost never saw anyone get back to the kicker, so I wasn't worried.

And, of course, toward the end of special teams practice, I did a kick-off and watched in horror as the return team smashed a huge wedge through my guys and the runner burst through the hole and rocketed right at me, his eyes glittering deep in the shadows of his helmet as bore down on me.

I panicked. My hands flew up to my chest, I stood flat on my feet and tried to lower my shoulders. He was running right at me and I could hear people yelling and shouting. Some of my guys were in pursuit and they were screaming at me to hit him. I closed my eyes, so I didn't see what happened, but Kruski told me after, laughing and giggling the whole time, that the return man, seeing I'd frozen in panic and even closed my eyes, had made a quick juke move and stiff-armed me in the head.

The stiff arm, in case you are like me and don't know, is when a player knocks another out of the way by sticking his arm straight out with as much force as he can and belting his opponent with the flat of his hand. The result of this stiff arm was that my head snapped painfully against my neck and I collapsed to the turf.

When I struggled to my feet, I saw that 88, the guy who'd been returning the ball and who Kruski later told me was named Washington, was dancing in the end zone while the rest of the return team slapped him on the back

and gave him high-fives. The rest of the players were laughing at me. "Ole!" They shouted.

"Nice dive, I give it a 10!" Kruski yelled "I haven't seen alligator arms like that since I was playing Pee Wee football at the county park!"

Coach Butterson stalked out onto the field. "What the hell was that?" He said, "What the hell was that?"

I started to turn away but he grabbed my facemask and yanked me back around to face him. "You have to take that God-Damn-Man out! You're the contain man."

Fighting back the urge to rip his hand off my facemask and break his fingers, I just said "okay."

"One more time," Coach Jameson yelled. "Kick-off and return teams, one more time. Winners watch while the losers do wind sprints."

"If he gets through you better get him," Marshall, a big linebacker who'd come into camp about 15 pounds over-weight gasped. "I ain't running no wind sprints."

Washington gave me a slap on the back as he ran towards his end of the field. "I made you look silly," he said, turning around to face me while jogging backwards. "I'm going show you another move this time that'll juke you right out of your shoes."

I didn't answer. I just put the ball on the tee and kicked it as high and as hard as I could, praying that

I wouldn't have to make another tackle. It was a good kick and the ball hung in the air for a long time, meaning that the coverage guys were able to get downfield and hammer Washington to the ground as soon as he caught the ball.

As we headed to the lockers while the other guys did sprints, guys kept teasing me. It was their way, I realized, of telling me that it was okay. Men showed support by mocking and ridiculing each other, it seemed. That was one thing I was not enjoying all that much, but I laughed and took it as best I could.

When I got back to my room, I pulled out my books and started to review the basics of tackling. Tomorrow, I decided, I'll get to practice early and ask some of the guys to help me "review" my tackling skills.

I knew two things for sure. I would not close my eyes the next time, and I wanted to pound Washington very badly.

Cameron

When I woke up the next morning, I felt incredibly stupid. I mean, it had felt really good to have a woman in my arms again. It felt nice to touch and be touched. But when Tiffany had started to get a little more intimate and to do some things below the waist, I felt really uncomfortable. I could almost pretend that I was a guy with a girl when we were just doing some heavy petting, but when she got more serious the signals and feelings from my body were wrong. Just plain wrong.

My body responded: there were feelings of pleasure.



But in my mind I am still a man, and it had felt a little strange. The next morning those feelings of strangeness were magnified, and I found myself fighting to block the memories of her tongue and what

I'd felt down there out of my mind.

Everything from my body to my clothes reminded me of Kiki, and that added waves of guilt and shame to what I was feeling. Of course, I tried to tell myself that since there was no penetration it wasn't really cheating. I also tried to tell myself that since I was not a man right now it wasn't the same. But when I tried to imagine myself laying these lines on Kiki I heard how dumb they sounded. "But Kiki, I'm a woman, so that makes it okay for me to have oral sex with one of your best friends."

How would I feel if Kiki had sex with one of the guys on the team? The thought grossed me out.

We had Saturday and Sunday off, which was both good and bad. Kiki had complained about how tough dancing was on her joints, but I had always scoffed, figuring that she was a girl and took the smallest ache more seriously than a guy would. Now, however, I was learning that she had not been exaggerating so much at all. My knees and ankles were all sore, and I thought that I might have strained my left knee after one kick because the ligaments were really throbbing. It was good to have a day off so my body could rest, but it also meant that I had nothing to take my mind off

Tiffany and what had happened.

Usually, I went out back and kicked footballs when I wanted to relax and think, but as sore as my legs were that was out of the question. I decided

instead to spend some time stretching, and then get into the hot tub and just soak. If my legs started feeling better later, I decided, I would maybe hit some golf balls.

In a baggy pair of my old shorts and one of Kiki's workout tops, I went into Kiki's dance studio and put on an old Gun's n' Roses tape, smirking to myself. I wondered if any woman had ever relaxed to Guns n'

Roses before. Not likely. But it did just the trick as I got down on the floor, put my legs straight out and touched my toes. Not unlike football players, the cheerleaders went through a series of stretching exercises before every practice. It helps reduce the chances of injury in any sport, and it also serves to release tension from the body. I went carefully through the standard cheerleader warm-up, working mostly on loosening the muscles in my lower body. It hurt at first, but as I worked the knots out of my legs and released pressure from the aching muscles I started to feel better and better.

Not for the first time, I was amazed at Kiki's body.

She had incredibly long, tone legs, and long, slender arms. I had always been amazed at how firm her body was, and now that I was inside it I was better learning to appreciate how limber. Of course, being in a female body is a whole different experience than being in a male, but the rush you get from being in great shape and flaunting the physicality of your body is just about the same. It felt great just to be in Kiki like that, the same kind of pure rush I got when I was dancing now.

When I was done stretching I did some light upper-body stuff on the nautilus machine, working my arms, abs, and shoulders. That got a little perspiration going, a good light sweat that coated my body and, when I was

laying on my back and doing some leg lifts, pooled in the valley between my breasts.

By the time I went out on the back porch and fired up the hot tub, I'd untangled my thinking a lot. I'd been wrong to go over to Tiffany's house. I couldn't lie that I was caught off guard or anything like that.

I'd known, expected and wanted it to happen. In addition, Kiki would find out. There was no point lying about it. She and Tiffany were best friends and when we got our own bodies back that would be the end of it. I had to tell her and that was it. I just had to hope that she would forgive me.

I also would have to talk to Tiffany. Make sure she understood that it was all a mistake, a one-time only thing.

I went back inside and got myself a light beer from the refrigerator. I held it in my hands as I stood under the deck shower and rinsed off some of the sweat, little droplets of water clinging to the can and my thighs as I sank into the hot, roiling waters of the tub, popped the top on the can and took a big, long sip.

Male or female, I decided, there was nothing like a nice cold beer. Setting the beer can on the deck, I sunk down into the tub and let the hot water work its way into my joints and bones, further loosening up my body, helping me relax and forget about my problems.

The warm water surging all around me gave me a sense of security, of wellbeing. I pictured Kiki, her short black hair, her rugged, unshaven face. It would be great to see her again. Another week, I thought to myself. One more week and we'll be together.

Unbidden, unexpected, unacceptably, I suddenly imagined having her between my legs. It was more than an image; I almost felt her entering me. Sitting up in the hot tub with a start, I pushed the image from my mind, running my thumbs under the straps on my bikini top and pulling them up higher on my shoulders and wondered, "Where did that come from?"

Kiki

When Cameron called that night, I knew something was wrong. First, I'd been the one making the calls, and it struck me as odd that he'd suddenly decided to dial me. Second, he was very quiet, very tentative. "Uh, hi, Kiki."

"Hello," I said, putting the phone in the crook of my shoulder and sprawling on the bed. "What's going on?"

"What do you mean?" He said a little defensively.

"I mean, what's going on?"

"I just called to talk. Like we do every night. Why do you think something is going on?"

I sighed. "Well, you weren't in when I called last night. And now instead of waiting for me to call you, you call me, and besides that I can tell by the sound of your voice something is bothering you."

"Maybe this isn't a good time," Cammie said softly.

"Maybe I should call back later..."

"No," I said, feeling impatient. "Let's talk now."

What happened last night? Where were you?"

The line went silent. I just waited. "Well, that's kinda why I called you," Cammie said. "I went over to Tiffany's house for dinner with her and Leiani last night."

I smiled at that. I knew it would be good for him to have some friends, and I was glad he was getting comfortable with them. At the same time, I was laughing as I imagined him spending a night out with the girls. It was kind of sweet. "You could have called me when you got home," I said. "How late were you over there?"

"I spent the night," Cameron said, and again I detected something in his voice that told me something had gone wrong.

"You stayed over at Tiffany's?"

"Yeah. I hope you aren't mad at me."

I shook my head at the phone, wondering what the hell was wrong with him. "Why the hell would I be mad about that? I did worry a little bit, but we're both grown-ups."

Cameron forced a chuckle. "Promise me you won't get mad?"

"About what?"

"Just promise."

"Fine. I promise I won't get mad. Now what the hell is this about?"

"I want to be perfectly honest with you about this, and I swear it won't ever happen again, but Tiffany and I, I guess in a way you could say that we sorta slept together."

I felt like someone had blindsided me on the football field. "What?"

"Tiffany came onto me," he started, his voice getting higher and more pleading, "I should have left, but I didn't know what to do..."

I was having a hard time picturing all of this, relating to it. I was a woman whose husband was telling her that he had slept with another woman, and the red-hot hate that flooded my body was the feeling any wife would get, but at the same time my husband was a woman, and as he confessed to me in his high, soft voice that he hadn't been able to fight off

Tiffany, I wasn't sure what to say or feel. Besides, I was actually feeling a little wave of relief after all of my own infidelities. "What did you do?" I asked, sitting up in my bed.

"I just told you..."

"No, I mean what did you do? What did you actually do? Was there... penetration?"

"Kiki! I can't believe you would ask..."

"Well, I'm trying to deal with this," I yelled. "I'm trying to understand just how far you let this go."

"It doesn't matter what we actually did the point is..."

"The point, Goddamn it, is that you cheated on me."

Cameron sniffled. "I'm sorry," he almost whispered, as the sniffles built toward all out bawling. "I didn't mean..."

I stood up and punched the wall. Calm down, I told myself. Calm down. At least he didn't go out and sleep with a guy. "Look, Cameron, don't cry," I managed. "Just let's both calm down a little bit here."

"I don't want to be alone," Cameron whimpered. "I don't want to be a woman. I... I can't handle all of this."

"You can," I said. "You can. It won't be for much longer."

"What if it is? What if we have to stay like this?"

"Cameron, would you please stop crying? Please?"

The sniffing started to subside. "Good," I said.

"Good. That's good."

"I know I was bad," Cameron managed finally. "But will you forgive me?"

I rolled my eyes. "Of course, I forgive you. Look, I'm sitting here trying to figure out if it really is cheating or not considering the condition you are in right now. This is all so weird."

"I've never done anything like this before," Cameron continued. "I was always faithful, and now I just don't know what to think about what I'm feeling."

"Well, Cameron, you have a very healthy young body and it has needs. I think you're just feeling what it's like to have the sex drive of a normal woman. It's hard for me, too, you know. I'm not used to the way this body feels and reacts to things."

"I know," Cameron said. "But you've always been loyal."

That felt like a kick in the gut. Guilt pushed the last of the anger out of me. I should have admitted to what I'd been doing right then and there. It was the perfect time. But my mouth just refused to say the words, and instead I said, "Let's not talk about that."

"Okay."

"Do we need to talk more about what happened with



Tiffany? I mean, what is this? Just a one-night stand, or do you have feelings for her?"

"You mean, do I love her?"

"Yes."

"No," he said without hesitating. "No. I didn't even know I was attracted to her... like this... until I got to her house. I mean, I told you I still felt like a guy, but I didn't think or know how to act out on those feelings while I was in a woman's body. It just happened, and I know that I will never do it again."

"Okay." I badly wanted to know what they'd done. I can't explain why. It was just that it seemed to me somehow that if they'd just kissed and held each other, it didn't amount to much, but if Tiffany had penetrated my husband, that seemed to me a much larger sin. Was it the man in me wanting to protect his female? I don't know, but I didn't think this was the time to push Cameron about it.

"It's going to take me a little while, I think, to come to terms with all of this," I said.

"Me, too," Cameron answered.

"Can I go now? I'm tired. We can talk some more tomorrow."

"Alright," Cameron said.

"Are you going to be okay?"

"Yeah."

"Good night, then."

"I love you," Cameron said sweetly, and it surprised me because he rarely went first in the 'I love you' game and his voice sounded so soft, so devoted, so feminine."

"I love you, too."

I set the phone on the counter and lay back on my bed, struggling against the confusing babble of emotions that was swirling around in my head. Already, though, a strange kind of happiness and euphoria was forming in my mind, a feeling that this whole thing was really a very good thing. My husband was now a very guilty woman, but also a grateful one. And that would give me the upper hand in our relationship when I got back home.

Cameron

I spent the next week thinking about Kiki's homecoming and settling into my routine of cheerleading practice in the morning, reading and watching videos in the afternoon. But, as the big day drew closer, I started to get more and more nervous. I really wanted to please Kiki, to show her how much I cared about her and to make sure she was going to stick with me even if we-I was just starting to accept that it might be possible-were stuck in these bodies. The thoughts frightened me. What if we were stuck in these bodies?

Did that mean, ultimately, sex? Babies? Motherhood?

My body felt strange when I thought about the future, and my imagination betrayed me. I stopped in the grocery store one day for coffee and saw a woman carrying a pretty little newborn baby in her arms, it's puffy eyes closed, little fists waving gently in the air, and I felt a warmth in my belly and a heaviness, almost like I had a baby in me. Blushing, I hurried from the aisle, but the sensation stayed with me, and on the way home, with the seat belt stretching between my breasts, I kept imagining a wet, tiny mouth drawing milk from my nipple.

One day after practice the husband of one of the other girls surprised her by picking her up for a special lunch. He was a tall, broad-shouldered man and he greeted her by wrapping her slender body in his arms, lifting her off her feet and kissing her so long and hard that I could feel my bones ache with pleasure as I watched and felt as if I were the one wrapped in his big strong arms.

I was ashamed and humiliated. I was a man-I am a man-but I was watching a couple make out and pretending that I was the female. And I couldn't stop myself. I watched the whole kiss, my skin feeling all tingly like tiny hands were running all over it, and I wished, craved, wanted when it was over to run my hands over his rough, unshaven cheeks, to nuzzle in the crook of his neck...

It took three trips to the mall before I finally worked up the courage to go to Victoria's Secrets. It had been a struggle, the kind of struggle you can imagine, with me sitting in front of my mirror, touching up my lipstick, and thinking "I'm a man. I'm a man. I'm a man." But the lacy white cups of my bra and the swelling of soft, rounded flesh that hung on my chest mocked the claim, and no matter how much I tried to tell myself I was a man I couldn't trump my body which seemed to just smugly sit there and swish and sway and make me feel girl thoughts and laugh that not only wasn't I a

man but I on the spectrum of womanhood I was a girl's girl with breast and hips and an ass and legs that most other women would die for.

The closer it came to the day Kiki would come home, the more guilt I felt over my night with Tiffany and, oddly, the more my fear grew that I might lose Kiki.

I was growing terrified at the thought that she would leave me, and I would be alone in the world, alone and a woman. Could I be Kiki's woman? Could I be her wife?

I rented videos. Autumn in New York. Wild Orchids.

When Harry Met Sally. Any movie about couples and love and sex. And I watched the films studying the girls now, the way they talked to their men, the smiles, the sideways glances, and the couplings, with him all over her smooth, slender body, him attacking her with sex, the thrusting, the rocking, the spasms of pleasure and the calm afterward, she, always she, with her head on his chest looking dazed and defeated.

I was terrified, repulsed and captivated. I watched some of the sex scenes three and four times, feeling both sick and aroused, scared and fascinated. The woman on her back, her smooth legs wrapped around her man's midsection, her head thrown back and her hair tangled all around her as the man thrusts violently again and again...

The director cut to a close-up of the woman's face, her eyes closed in ecstasy, her painted lips parted to reveal white teeth and meaty pink tongue, her cheek is smooth and hairless, and she is wearing smoky eye shadow. I paused the picture and looked at her there, finding her pleasure

in surrender, her euphoria in defeat, her womanhood on her back and with her eyes closed.

That's what I have to become, I thought, if I want to keep Kiki. That's what I have to learn to love.

The first two times I went to the mall, I walked right by Victoria's Secrets and wandered, first to a book store across the hall where I pretended to look through fashion magazines but kept staring at the silk and satin blazing in the display windows, bras and panties. I walked around, trying to build up courage, but ended up buying three pair of shoes. The second time I bought a new dress to wear when I met Kiki coming off the plane and, of course, another pair of shoes that matched and a purse the girl talked me into as well.

Finally, on the third trip, I forced myself to walk through the door to Victoria's Secrets, trying not to look as embarrassed and uncomfortable as I felt. I had barely started to look at a display rack when a young woman approached me and asked me if I needed help.

I did. I could feel myself blushing, my whole face getting hot, and I thanked God for concealer, but when

I tried to talk. I was practically whispering and I could barely get the words out. "Yes, I... um... I'm looking for something, you know-well, the thing is, my husband... I..."

"Is it your anniversary?"

"No." I smiled. "My husband has been away two weeks..."

The girl took my hand. "I know just what you need."

What I needed was a lacy white thing covered with ribbon and bows that looked like a corset and had those things where you tie stockings. The stockings the girl recommended were not sheer, but a pattern of lace as well, as were the panties. I was in no position to argue, and I felt more than happy to let her make all the decisions. After all, what did I know about turning on a man?

When we were done, though, I felt like I'd made a new best friend; the salesgirl was really good. As she bagged my purchases, she bit her lower lip. "Have fun."

What was I supposed to say? So, I said what I thought a woman would say. "I expect to." We both giggled.

Kiki

The last week was both the best and the worst. Or maybe I should say the best and the worst of my life as a man which, considering it had only been a week so far, was probably predictable. I met with Shannon. I wanted to tell her face to face that what we'd had had been beautiful, that I cared for her and thought she was special, but that I loved my wife and had been wrong to betray her. I only got halfway through the speech when Shannon snorted, then laughed.

"You don't think I'm in love with you?" She said, eyes dancing with amusement.

"Well, I just didn't want you to feel like I used you."

"You? Used me? Do you have any idea how cool my friends think I am now that I bagged a football player?"

"What?"

"Hey, it's not quite rock star and it would mean more if you were a quarterback, but you're definitely a trophy."

I was stunned and relieved. I'd imagined crying and accusations, but we just had a good laugh over it and, just to show there weren't any hard feelings, slept together one last time. I realized that I would really miss her, though our relationship was purely physical. I would always remember Shannon as something soft and sweet, liquid and sticky. She was a woman without complications who, back when I was female, I might have called a slut, but I now consider something of a shapely miracle.

After we made love, she propped herself up on a pillow and lit a cigarette, her hair hanging all down in her eyes, the tip of her nose flushed pink, her eyes dancing with glee, pride, looking like a hunter that had just bagged a prize. I'll always remember her just like that.

I also got my revenge on special teams. I'd been putting in extra time in tackling drills all work, despite the coach's protests. He was worried that I'd get hurt, but I wasn't going full speed, and I didn't care anyway. I wanted to prove that I could tackle as well as any guy, and after a few days I learned the basics, stopped cringing when someone came at me and learned to throw my shoulder into him.

It was the perfect situation because we had agreed to scrimmage with the Washington Redskins. Everyone kept talking the night before the

scrimmage about how much they hated the 'Skins, how they were a bunch of low-class punks, and I'd just assumed it was some kind of ritual. You know, hate the other guys so you can smash them. Typical guy stuff. But as we were warming up, I found out it was all true. The Redskin players were talking a lot of trash, and they ran through our scrimmage at one point, taunting us.

So, when I kicked off to start the scrimmage, I was actually happy to see their return man emerge from mass of people, juke our safety and cut toward the sidelines. I took a good angle and sprinted toward him, lowering my shoulder and planning to smash him into the visitor's bench as hard as I could. Just before I would have hit him, he tried to sidestep me and almost made me miss, but I adjusted and wrapped my arms around his left leg just as one of my teammates pounded into him from the back. I heard the tendon in his knee pop as he screamed in pain and came crashing to the ground.

As I stood, my teammates were all slapping me on the shoulder pads and helmet, congratulating me for the touchdown saving tackle, and smiling as I ran back to our sideline, I glanced back at the prone form of their return man, #81. During warm-ups, he brushed past me and said "I'm gonna steamroll your ass."

"Is he okay?" I asked Brown, the other man who'd hit him.

"Didn't you hear that pop? Torn tendons. Done for the season."

I glanced back and nodded with satisfaction.

Steamroll my ass? Sometimes, I thought, it's good to be a man.



With the scrimmage over, I turned my full attention to

Cameron. My desire, my only desire, was to bang him.

It became my goal. I would wine and dine him, loosen him up, lay his sweet female body down and make a woman out of him. And I wanted to do it the day I got back from camp.

Cameron and Kiki: The Reunion

As Kiki got off the plane, she almost walked right past Cameron, who, in his pretty white dress looked every bit the woman Kiki didn't expect him to.

"Cameron," she heard a soft voice call. "Cameron."

She turned, saw Cammie all dolled up in a very sexy dress with substantial cleavage, his hair professionally done and his face as well, and she did a double take even as she recognized the needy look in

Cammie's eyes: he'd spent a lot of time getting himself made up and wanted a compliment.

"You look fantastic."

Cameron smiled with pleasure, shifting his purse to his left shoulder and walking up to Kiki, looking up into her rugged face. "Thanks. I wanted to surprise you."

Kiki put her arms around Cameron, one around his waist and the other at his back, pulled him in and smothered him in a kiss. She felt the small surprise, then the initial resistance as he put his hands to her chest and pushed, and finally, much to her satisfaction, the surrender as his knees weakened, he pressed his breasts against her and sagged in her strong arms. She held Cameron up when the kiss ended, gathering the sweet ball of femininity into her arms and whispering, "I missed you Cammie."

Cameron's eyes had gone smoky, and his lips were open.

"I... missed you to." He reached up and put a hand to Kiki's cheek, running his fingers over the stiff whiskers. "That was quite a kiss."

"I wanted to keep up appearances."

"Oh, so that was just for show?"

"You tell me," Kiki responded, moving in for another kiss that left Cameron as limp in her arms as a dishrag.

"That seemed pretty real."

Other players' wives were stopping by to say hello before rushing off with their kids and husbands, so

Cameron and Kiki had to break it off, offering greetings, and in Kiki's case handshakes, for Cameron hugs and pecks on the cheek. Cameron was feeling confused. It had felt so good to be in Kiki's arms, so good to have her kiss him like that.

But he was also feeling ashamed, still ashamed, that he was allowing his wife to treat him like a woman.

Part of him wanted to run. To cry. To go buy a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt and a comfortable pair of shoes. Kiki put her hand to the small of Cammie's back and steered him toward the luggage pick up. Now, isolated from other people, she felt she could speak freely. "I am really impressed with how well you're dressed, Cameron. You look great."

Cameron looked up at her and smiled, trying to fight down the doubts, the fears. "I let the salesgirls pick it out."

"Well, I have a surprise for you."

"Really?"

"I have reservations at Justine's. Thought we'd have a little celebration. What do you think?"

"I think it's great," Cammie said, taking Kiki's arm.

"What a fun idea."

Kiki continued to play the man, opening the door for

Cameron, pulling out his chair, and ordering for them both. She couldn't get over the change in him.

His speech and mannerisms had softened and become more feminine, and dressed and made up as he was, he oozed his newfound womanhood in devastating waves of sexuality. They sat, catty corner at the table, their knees touching, their faces close together. Kiki ordered a whole decanter of wine and made sure Cammie drank his share.

When they'd finished eating and were waiting for desert, the two sat and stared into each other's eyes.

"God," Kiki finally said, a lump in her throat, "you are so beautiful."

Cameron smiled, lowered his eyelids and looked at the floor. He knew where they were headed and he wanted to let it happen very badly, but at the same time he was afraid, ashamed and confused. When he looked up again the smile was gone and his big, green eyes were cloudy. "Kiki," he said, "I'm trying. I'm really trying. I wanted today to find out, to try to be your... wife... in case this doesn't change. I don't want to lose you but I don't know if I can go through with this."

Kiki reached out and took Cameron's smooth slender hand in hers. She turned it over and kissed him softly on the wrist. "What is there to be afraid of?"

She whispered. Cameron started to speak, but she reached out and placed a finger on his lips. "Hush.

Listen." She kissed his wrist again, then let her kisses rise up his forearm, slowly and gently. Finally, she let her eyes drop from those fantastic green eyes to his tiny, upturned nose and those full, crimson lips before lovingly

tracing every line of his long, slender neck and then studying, frankly and without shame, the ripe swelling of his breasts.

"I love you and I will always love you. I cherish you and I will always protect you. Nothing in this world pains me more than the thought of tears in those eyes, sorrow on that pretty face, pain in that heart."

Cameron felt it all melt then, his ego, his vanity, his stupid masculinity. It all melted, and a warm ball of love rose began to spin and grown somewhere deep within him, spinning and growing until it started to rise and rise, opening his throat, parting his lips and making him sigh even as his eyes lit up with joy and relief. "I love you," he gasped softly. "God how I love you."

He clung to Kiki on the way home, the soft swells of his own body hot against her hard, muscled form. When they were back to the house, Cammie was ready to go upstairs, right to the bedroom, but Kiki said "No. It will be better if we wait just a little longer."

She filled the wine bucket with ice, plunged a nice bottle of white into diamond glistening shards and grabbing two glasses, led Cammie out to the hot tub, stripping down to her underwears and lowering herself into the frothy water.

"Come on," she said, looking up at Cammie, his blonde mane glowing against the night sky.

"I have another surprise for you," Cammie said, kicking off his heels and slowly beginning to wiggle out of his dress, revealing that snowy white lace of his corset, hot against the tan swellings and curves of his body. Kiki felt herself getting stiff as she lay in the swirling waters of the hot tub, watching her husband as he danced slowly, raising his arms above his head and

burying them in his hair as he let his wide curvaceous hips sway from side to side, his legs impossibly long and tone and smooth as he danced toward the edge of the hot tub and stood above his wife, looking down, smiling without shame and saying in a high, happy voice "what do you think?"

Kiki felt herself about to go mad with passion. "I think it's time you got wet," she said and sweeping Cammie into her arms, she pulled him screeching and giggling into the bubbling water.

Hours later, they found themselves in their bedroom.

Cammie had her head against Kiki's chest, and she was running her fingers idly through the thick, wirey hair, occasionally pausing to kiss his chest, his shoulder, his chin. They made love in the hot tub, in the shower, on the floor and in the bed. They kissed and fondled, laughed and grabbed, hugged and nuzzled and enjoyed the perfect thrill of being in love and making love and knowing who they were.

Kiki had one hand buried in his husband's long, blonde hair and with another he caressed her shoulder. "How do you feel?" He said. "Now."

"I feel like I'm your girl. I'm your woman," Cammie answered. "Like you'll always be there for me, to take care of me. To protect me." Cammie glanced up gratefully into her wife's eyes. She felt they'd both passed over a savage land, a place of darkness and confusion and ended up, finally, at home.

Kiki closed his eyes. Was this the way it would end?

Should they stay this way, Cammie as the woman and he as the man? Could they ever go back? But he realized that, as great as the night had been and as much as he had enjoyed being the man, he loved even more being the woman, being held, being protected.

And he couldn't give up either on the dream he'd had ever since he'd been a little girl in his little

Texas Cheerleader outfit, doing kicks and waving his pom-poms in the air. He wanted to be a cheerleader.

He'd always wanted to be a cheerleader.

He took Cammie's hand. "Cammie, let's make the wish one more time. Just to make sure this is the way it has to be. Will be."

Cammie looked up, confused and uncertain. "You mean back to our own bodies? Now, after what we've had?"

"Let's make the wish, together, just to see."

"But..."

"Let's make the wish."

Finally, she agreed. They wished to be back in their own bodies, Cameron uncertainly saying that she wanted to be the man and Kiki asking to be the woman. "In case it works," Cammie said as soon as they were done, "can we make love once more tonight?"

Kiki agreed, but she was spent. After an hour of trying, she lay on her back, angry and embarrassed.

Cammie stroked her on the chest and kissed her on the cheek. "It happens," she said softly, "it happens."

In the morning they were back in their own bodies.

Kiki rushed downstairs in her robe, her own silky lavender robe, to find Cameron in the kitchen in his fuzzy terry cloth, drinking a cup of coffee and smiling. Kiki rushed up to her husband, relieved to see that he was happy with the change and threw herself into his arms. "We're back!" She shouted.

Cameron kissed his wife and reached down to cup one of her breasts, giving it a playful little squeeze. "It does feel good," he said, "it does feel good."

Kiki playfully slapped at him. "You rat!"

"Don't even try it, girl. I know how good it feels now."

"I guess you do," Kiki said. "God I never met a girl so horny."

"Hey, I'm a nymph, what can I say. Want some coffee?"

"Yeah. Oh. I love being me again."



Cameron brought her a mug of coffee, came around behind her and wrapped his arms around her ribcage.

"We'll never be the same, you know. What I said last night will always be true. I'll always be your girl, and a part of me will always want you to be a man for me."

Kiki looked back at Cameron and smiled. "I know. I feel the same way. But it's better, now, isn't it? We know so much about each other, about ourselves."

Cameron kissed her on the neck and slid up to take her lobe into his mouth and chew. "And I think we have a lot more still to learn."