

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"A PROPER LADY I"



**BOYS CAN BE CRUDE AND UNKEMPT...
BUT THIS ONE WAS TAUGHT TO BE A LADY!**

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I

By Kristi Love

Illustrations by Puyal

Sandy Thomas Advertising

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:
sandythomas@cox.net

DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:
‘LOVE EDITING’

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

“The secret of life is to be yourself. Once you can fake that you've got it made.”

&

It's important to be yourself and stand up proudly for what you believe in no matter how weird or stupid it is. You will be remembered forever!

anonymous

A PROPER LADY I

Kristi Love

"I'm leaving you, Andy!" my wife, Marsha, announced Sunday afternoon as I was lounging on the couch watching football. "You're a lazy couch potato with no ambition, mooching off me to pay the bills, and refusing to find a job."

"Aw, Baby!" I moaned, "Let's not get into that argument again. We went over all that last week. I'm your husband. Since when is it mooching to spend your money when you have it, but it's not mooching when I make the money and you stay at home?"

"Ohhh!" she growled. "Nothing has changed! You still don't have a job, the rent is due, and my job doesn't pay enough. Couldn't you help a little around the house? The least you can do is clean up after yourself!"

"Hey! I looked for a job all week. Jobs are hard to come by. Can't I have a day's rest and watch the games without being hassled? The house will survive without constant cleaning."

"You don't listen to me!" she continued shouting. "You aren't the man I married! I thought I was marrying an ambitious businessman. Instead I got a slob! We have nothing in common! We hardly speak to each other anymore!" She had her suitcases packed and standing at the front door. "I called a cab. I'm taking Timmy and moving back with mother!" My 5 year old son, Timmy, was cowering at his mother's side.

The taxi pulled up out front. When Marsha opened the door to take her bags to the curb, she was startled to see Helen Sinclair, a kindly older woman from across town, standing on our porch, ready to ring our doorbell.

"Hello, Marsha," Mrs. Sinclair sweetly greeted. "Is something wrong?"

"Hello, Mrs. Sinclair," Marsha growled as she carried her suitcases to the waiting cab. "Nothing is wrong that a separation from Andy won't fix!"

I grudgingly got up from the couch to join them at the front door. However, I didn't volunteer to help Marsha with her luggage. If she was going to leave, she would do so on her own steam.

"Are you leaving?" Mrs. Sinclair asked Marsha.

"It's none of your business, Helen!" Marsha testily answered. "Andy, I hope you spend our time apart reviewing your many faults. Maybe we can get back together once you straighten out!"

"Faults! Straighten out!" I growled. "Maybe you should look within yourself."

"Ohh!" Marsha growled as she dragged Timmy by his arm to the waiting taxi. "Don't expect me to return until you change your slovenly ways and get a job, Andy!"

"Don't hold your breath!" I shouted back.

Mrs. Sinclair stood next to me on the porch listening to this exchange. She looked shocked as Marsha pushed Timmy into the cab and they drove off. Mrs. Sinclair was a woman of 50 years, old enough to be my mother. She and Marsha never got along, but she and I had become friends over the past year. I'd help her with repairs to her house and she would return the favors with freshly baked casseroles and pastries.

"Well, I never...!" she finally gasped. "I wouldn't worry, Andy. I'm sure she will return when she cools down and comes to her senses."

"Maybe," I sighed, feeling depressed. "We haven't been getting along. She wanted a career driven man and I want to mellow out. My inability to find a job pushed her over the edge. She won't return until I become the career driven breadwinner she thought she was marrying. I've been looking for a job, but there isn't much of a demand for anvil salesmen."

I was pretty upset, although my demeanor would indicate otherwise. I wasn't one to show my emotions, and that was another character trait that bugged Marsha to frustration.



My wife, Marsha, stormed away as Mrs. Sinclair and I watched in dismay. All I wanted to do is relax at home, and she took it so personal.

"I'm sure she will reconsider once she calms down," Mrs. Sinclair cooed.

She wanted someone who would empathize with her, someone who would show emotion and emote. I just wasn't the emoting kind. I pretty well held all my emotions inside, and she let everything out. We were like oil and water in that respect. Nonetheless, my stomach was turning cartwheels with this latest confrontation.

"I'm sure something good will happen soon," Mrs. Sinclair forced a smile. That was her personality. She could find a silver lining in being sent to hell.

"It had better happen quickly," I moaned. "The rent is due. This apartment is the only place I have."

"Don't you have friends or relatives you can stay with until you get your feet on the ground?" she asked as I closed the front door behind us.

"Not really," I answered. "I lost contact with most of my friends, and wouldn't impose on them anyway. My only living relatives live across the country. We haven't spoken in years."

She sat in the rocker while I resumed my seat on the sofa and turned off the game. "Where will you go if you can't pay the rent, Andy?" Mrs. Sinclair asked.

"I don't know," I sighed. "I may try for welfare or unemployment, but that's not enough to pay the rent let alone put food on the table."

"I have an idea," she suddenly brightened. "You can move in with me. It's lonely in that big house since my son, David moved out. I could use the company, and you and I have always hit it off."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Sinclair," I was tempted by her offer, "I'm not that kind of guy. I'm a married man, even if Marsha has lost her senses. I could never..."

Helen laughed, "I'm not suggesting any such thing. I'm old enough to be your mother. My late Walter was such a hunk of a man. I like you, Andy, but you just aren't my type."

I blushed. I understood her point. I'd seen photos of Walter and he was a real man's man, at 6', 210 lbs. On the other hand, I was 5'7", 155 lbs, hardly the imposing figure that Walter presented. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Sinclair, I didn't mean to imply..."

"Never mind, Andy," she beam. "I want to help you in your time of need. You are really a very nice man and deserve better than what you have been dealt. What do you say?"

"Mrs. Sinclair," I gasped at her generous offer, "I don't know when I will be able to pay you."

"Andy, I'm quite wealthy. My late husband left me very well off. It's not money I want, its companionship."

"Well..." I stammered.

"If it's any help, you can do odd jobs around the house to help out," she soothed. "Sleep on it. We can talk tomorrow."

"Okay, Mrs. Sinclair," I agreed. "It's a tempting offer."

The next morning, Mrs. Sinclair knocked on my front door as I was crawling out of bed. "Not looking for work today?" she asked.

It was 10 AM, and the way I was dressed stated the obvious. "I'm having trouble getting started."

"Did you think on my offer?" she asked.

"Well..." I hedged, and then finally stated, "If it's still open..."

"Good!" she said with satisfaction. "Why don't we move this afternoon?"

"So quickly? I was thinking about later this week."

"No use putting off for tomorrow what we can do today. Won't it great to tell your landlord to shove it?" she gushed.

"Uh...well, okay," I hesitated. "I'll need sometime to shave and pack my clothes."

"Why shave, Andy? You don't have much of a beard. Bring your clothes, of course, but only your best things. I'll get you new clothes when those wear out."

"Oh, you don't need to do that, Mrs. Sinclair. I have plenty of clothes, although they have become a little worn," I stated.

"Oh, posh," she said. "Allow an older woman her idiosyncrasies. It's been so long since I was able to help another person. I miss Walter and don't have David to cater to. I would appreciate it if you would let me help you out. Besides, I have no one else to spend my money on."

"Well..." I hesitated, not sure if I wanted someone to enter my life at the moment. But Mrs. Sinclair was such a kindly older woman. What's harm in letting her satisfy her maternal instincts by pampering me a little? Finally, I nodded and sighed, "Okay, I'll bring just my best clothes. I don't have many clothes, so I won't need a large closet."

"Let me worry about that, Andy," she slapped her hands together in glee. "I know that we will have a wonderful time together. I'll cook us a wonderful meal to celebrate. Okay?"

"Uh...I had to sell my car last month to pay the rent."

"I'll pick you up at 6 PM, then," she waved good-bye.

"Well I'm ready..." I announced when Mrs. Sinclair arrived to pick me up. "All my clothes are in this one suitcase. The rest of my belongings are in storage."

"Wonderful," Mrs. Sinclair gushed.

She lived in a mansion a few miles outside of town. Her house was huge! And the grounds were expansive. "Let me show you your room. I know you will love it." Mrs. Sinclair opened the door to an upstairs bedroom with a flourish.

I entered and was astonished at its expanse. "Mrs. Sinclair, it...it's huge..." I didn't want to tell her that it was a little on the garish side too, with its armoire, king size bed with a floral print spread, and vanity with a huge mirror.

"Here is your closet," she opened a walk-in closet that could hold the clothes of a small store.

"My Gawd, Mrs. Sinclair, my clothes will get lost in here. Don't you have a smaller bedroom? I'll only be here long enough to get on my feet."

"My other bedrooms are used for my many projects," she smiled. "Your wardrobe will grow to fill the available space."

"I don't know how," I said as I hung what few clothes I had and filled couple of dresser drawers with the remainder. "I can't afford the clothes to fill this closet, let alone wear them."

"Oh, posh!" she said. "You'd be surprised at how easy it is to accumulate enough clothes for that closet. I'm sure you will find occasions to wear all of them. Let's enjoy a nice meal."

A scrumptious meal it was too. Obviously Mrs. Sinclair knew her way around a kitchen, even though she was wealthy enough to afford a cook. Over dinner, we continued our conversation. "You stated that your wife accused you of not understanding women," she said as she sipped clear soup.

"Yeah," I mumbled. "No offense meant, but I just don't understand women...what they want and how to please them. It seems that all I know is how to displease them."

"Maybe I can help during your stay with me," she finished off her soup. "After all, I am a woman. I know a few things about being one."

"I wouldn't want to inconvenience you, Mrs. Sinclair," I flushed at her offer.

"Come, come, young man," she lightly giggled as we started on the salad. "We will be living together into the foreseeable future. Let me help you, so you will be more successful with your next mate."

"I'm not looking for another woman," I blushed a little deeper. "I hope that Marsha and I can reconcile."

"Of course you do, dear," she brought a tomato to her lips. "My lessons could help you and her make it happen. You wouldn't want to repeat the mistakes of the past."

"Uh...no," I thoughtfully chewed on my lettuce. "Maybe learning what women want will help me in the future."

"I'm sure of it, dear," she finished her salad.

"I really want to carry my weight," I said. "Surely there is something I can do around the house."

"I have a gardener that takes care of my grounds," she said, "But maybe you would help me around the house with the cleaning and such."

"I thought that somebody of your wealth would have a maid," I said as I finished my salad.

"Oh, heavens no," she stated. "I'd never let a stranger into my house."

"I'm not much of a cleanliness freak," I started on my fish. "I would need instructions in order to do it right."

"I will be happy to provide it, dear," she delicately started on her fish. "We'll start tomorrow. Now let's finish our meal."

It was a fine meal, although a little small in portions. My guess is that she cooked small portions because she was used to living by herself. I'd have to find snacks or I'd starve.

As I was getting ready for bed, Mrs. Sinclair knocked on my door. "I have some vitamins for you to take," she announced. "You look a little haggard. It must be from not eating properly. We must keep up our health now."

I was a little taken back by her offer. She was getting a little too motherly, but I shrugged it off as paranoia on my part. After all, she offered to help me in my time of need. Besides, she was such a kindly older woman. What harm could be had by catering to her whims? I took the offered bottle and while she stood nearby, I took the prescribed quantity, two pills, and washed them down with a glass of liquid she offered. "What's this?" I asked pointing to the liquid in the glass.

"Oh, that's just a mineral water I use for stress relief," she answered. "It does wonders for your skin."

I shrugged and swallowed the entire glass. The last few months had been stressful and a little help with relieving my stress would help. I snuggled in my new bed and decided that I had to get up bright and early to start looking for a new job.

Unfortunately, my lazy ways must have come to the forefront sometime during the night, because I got up at 10 AM and lounged around the rest of the morning. Mrs. Sinclair found me lounging on her sofa watching TV, and sweetly suggested that I help her make the beds and do the laundry. I was embarrassed to be caught my first day living with her lounging in my shorts and a t-shirt, not even shaved, so I agreed. I did want to help pay my way.

“Let me shave and I’ll be right there,” I suggested.

“Oh, don’t shave,” she smiled. “It’s not too scruffy yet.”

“I haven’t shaved in four days. I really should clean up.”

“It’s silly to clean up before doing housework,” she laughed, grabbing my hand and leading me upstairs. “Start on the beds. I’ll gather the laundry.”

I started with my bed, whipping the covers to the top. “Oh, not like that,” she said. “Beds must be properly made up, dear. Let me show you.” She stripped the covers, straightened the sheets beneath, fluffed the pillows, and arranged each blanket so the bed looked like it was professionally made.

“That’s a lot of effort when it’s going to be messed up again tonight,” I said.

“One must take pride in his work,” she instructed. “This is your first lesson on learning what pleases a woman. Women love neatness. You will please a woman by picking up after yourself and maintaining a neat environment.”

I nodded my understanding and started to make up her bed under her watchful eye. After a few aborted attempts, I finally did it to her satisfaction, and then we moved onto the next task.

Before I knew it, it was late afternoon and we had swept through her house like a tornado, vacuuming, washing and ironing, and doing dishes. There was always something that needed doing.

Soon it was dinner time and she asked me to help her in the kitchen. I reluctantly agreed. The kitchen was always a place to avoid until it was time to eat. I knew absolutely nothing about cooking, but that was about to change.

I continued taking the vitamins each night, washing them down with the green mineral water. I helped around the house during the day. I became more proficient at doing housework and I never found something to snack on. Between the housework and my meager diet, I seemed to lose weight.

My small wardrobe took a beating too, as I never found time to buy new clothes. The few clothes I had were well worn, and my weight loss made them loose fitting.

I was concerned about my growing beard when I found my shaving supplies missing. I must have left them at my old apartment. They would be long gone, as it had been leased to new renters' right after I moved. I stated that I needed to buy a shaver and Mrs. Sinclair had another idea. "Let's have your beard laser shaved," she suggested.

"Won't that permanently remove it?" I asked.

"Oh, no, dear, it's like waxing. It merely ablates the hair and stunts its growth. It will re-grow, but at a slower pace. You wouldn't have to worry about shaving every day."

Shaving was a grind I didn't enjoy doing. I didn't want to lose my beard, what man does, but reducing the shaving cycle was enticing. "Does it cost much?" I asked.

"Don't worry," she said. "I'll cover it. It will be nice to not see your face covered with ugly hair."

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't know you were offended," I said.

"I'm not offended, dear," she smiled. "I just think you look so much nicer without all that facial hair."

Off she took me for laser treatment. It wasn't too painful and after a few treatments, my face was as smooth as a baby's rear. My beard didn't reappear for two weeks. With its reappearance, Mrs. Sinclair talked me into going back for another treatment, resulting in an even smoother, cleaner appearance. My face felt soft and smooth, smoother than I could remember it ever being. I attributed that to not scrapping my face each day with a razor.

Four weeks after moving in with Mrs. Sinclair, my chest started hurting a little. It wasn't a sharp pain, more like a deep muscle pull under both nipples. I attributed it to the housework, which required constant stretching. I was on the go from morning till night. It is surprising how much work it is to maintain a clean house.

At the same time, Mrs. Sinclair insisted that I maintain my grooming by brushing my hair every night, taking my vitamins religiously, washing and ironing my clothes, and for some reason rubbing lotions into my skin each evening. I resisted at first, but if it made her happy, why should I complain? She was doing so much for me. It was the least I could do if it pleased her.

My hair was growing fast. She shrugged it off when I mentioned it to her. I suggested that I get a haircut, and she said, "Oh, posh, dear! Your hair is starting to look really healthy. Its longer length gives you a sophisticated scholarly look, like Tom Hanks in the 'De Vinci Code'."

After two months, my pants were history. Constant washing and a few missteps sent them to their graves. With only shorts left, I told Mrs. Sinclair, "I needed to go to town on a clothes shopping trip. Everything I own is turning to rags."

"I have to get groceries this afternoon. I'll take a few measurements and pick up some clothes to last you until we can make a serious shopping trip."

I was busy with the laundry, so I allowed her to measure my chest, waist, and hips, along with the length of my legs. "Just get me a couple pair of pants and a few shirts, Mrs. Sinclair," I suggested as she left the house.

I just returned from a short walk about her grounds when she returned from shopping. "Please help me with the groceries, Andy," she pleasantly requested.

After putting the groceries away, I asked if she bought clothes for me. "Yes...and no..." she sighed. Most everything was closed, what with today being Sunday, but I was able to find some clothes that fit you." She handed me two packages.

I was surprised to see that the bags were from a woman's clothing store. I opened them to find two pair of shorts, a couple of shirts that looked like blouses, and a pair of woman's slippers. I stammered, "These are women's clothes."

"They are for you, dear," she pleasantly stated. "It was the only store open that had clothes that fit your measurements."

"I can't wear these," I stammered.

"Why can't you wear them?" she innocently asked. "They fit you, and nobody but me will see you wearing them."

"But..." I couldn't find the words.

"You said that you wanted to learn about women to be prepared for your next mate, didn't you? Women are more than just housework. This is a wonderful opportunity to experience what women feel when they are dressed."

But, Mrs. Sinclair," I moaned, "I'm a man. I can't wear women's clothes!"

"Posh! Nobody will ever know. Haven't you wondered what it is like to wear lingerie or a dress? I'm not suggesting you go that far. These are just shorts and blouses. They practically look like men's clothes."

My resistance was faltering. I couldn't counter her arguments. The clothes felt nice and nobody but Mrs. Sinclair would ever see me wearing them, so why not indulge myself? "Oh, alright, I guess," I murmured. "I'll give them a try."

"Here are some new undershorts," Mrs. Sinclair produced a small package from her purse. "I noticed that your undershorts are becoming thread worn too."

I reluctantly retrieved the package and opened it. Inside was three pair of women's panties, although they weren't much different in style from the undershorts that I was wearing. I gave her a pleading look, but she smiled and suggested I try on my new clothes.

A few minutes later, she softly knocked on my door. "Are you decent, dear?"

"I can't figure these buttons," I muttered. "They are on the wrong side."

"No they aren't, dear," she giggled. "Didn't you notice your wife's clothes? All women's clothes have buttons on the opposite side from men's."

I muttered that I hadn't paid much attention to Marsha's clothes. "Maybe that's a problem you have with women, dear," Mrs. Sinclair suggested. "You don't pay enough attention to the details. If you didn't notice a trivial detail like the location of her buttons, what else did you neglect to notice?"

"You're right," I reluctantly agreed, "but I wasn't interested in her clothes. These undershorts don't have an opening so I can take a leak standing up."

"Try sitting like us women," she suggested. "I noticed the toilet seat left up more than once. You won't have to remember to lower it."

"Sit to take a leak? One of the advantages to being a male is the ability to piss standing up..."

"You still have that 'ability'; just don't exercise it," she said. "Sitting to take a leak is distinctly feminine. Doing so will give you unique insight into the female psyche."

I reluctantly agreed to give it a try. Why not? Nobody would ever know and it could help me understand why women act like...like women. When I leave Mrs. Sinclair's house, I'll buy normal men's undershorts and resume my God given right to stand to take a piss.

I barely showed my male bulge after donning the women's undershorts, which disturbed me somewhat. I didn't recall being that small. A male bulge is a distinguishing characteristic of men, like breasts are for women.

The blouses were long sleeve and semi mannish in cut, which soothed my bruised ego somewhat. Yes, the buttons were in the wrong place and they had lace around the collar and down the front. I once wore a dress shirt with lace down the front to a formal gathering, but the shirt was hidden beneath a jacket.

My biggest beef was with my new shoes. Why couldn't she have bought me some sneakers? These were distinctly women's slippers with 2" heels, for Christ's sake. Mrs. Sinclair finally convinced me that wearing heavy sneakers around the house was silly when I could be wearing these cool, light slippers. I finally gave in and agreed to use them, although I felt silly doing so. Yet, like the other clothes, nobody would see me, so where's the harm?

The next morning I was wearing a completely feminine ensemble when I came down to make breakfast. I had examined myself in the mirror before venturing out of my bedroom. I convinced myself that I still looked manly in these clothes. My hair was a little long, but it had a manly cut and my face, although softer than I remember it ever being, still looked like me.

"Wear this apron when cooking, dear," Mrs. Sinclair said upon entering the kitchen as I was finishing preparing breakfast. "You don't want to soil your new clothes."

"Yes, ma'am," I took the apron from her hands and reluctantly tied the plain looking garment about my waist.

"You look darling in your new clothes, Andy," she complimented as I served her breakfast. "Although..."

"What?" I was concerned that I looked freakish.

"Your hairy legs," she hesitated. "They look ugly with those nice clothes. Have you considered shaving them?"

"Shave my legs? No," I looked down to see what she was talking about. "They look okay to me."

"They would look so much nicer if they were smooth," she said. "It wouldn't hurt to keep your entire body free of hair."

"You mean my armpits too?" I stammered.

"Of course," she smiled. "Your new clothes would look nicer if you removed all hair from your body."

"But..." I sputtered, knowing full well the look in her eyes. When Mrs. Sinclair got that look, she always got her way.

Needless to say, the next morning when I fixed breakfast, my legs and pits were hair free. I felt naked as I flittered about the kitchen.

Shaving my legs during my evening bath was so humiliating. Was it really necessary? Yet it was a small price to pay. I was poorer now than when I first arrived. I had not been able to look for a real job, being kept so busy keeping her house clean. I needed to keep Mrs. Sinclair happy until I could leave of my own free will and that looked more remote now than anytime since I first moved in three months ago.

"My, but don't you look absolutely lovely, my dear?" Mrs. Sinclair gushed upon arriving for breakfast.

"I'm a man," I grouched, "I'm not supposed to look lovely."

"Look who got up on the wrong side of the bed?" she giggled. "You will get used to cleanly shaven legs, dear. Soon you won't feel right with hair on your legs."

"Like my face, Mrs. Sinclair," I moaned. "I haven't seen 'hide nor hair' of my beard in a month."

"Doesn't your face feel nice, Andy?" she asked while eating an egg. "It certainly looks nicer with all that awful hair gone."

"I don't mind a clean shaven face," I said, "but mine isn't allowing me to shave it at all. My beard has disappeared. You said that the laser treatment wouldn't remove my beard."

"I said that it would slow down the growth, and it has," she responded. "It's just taking time to grow."

"A month without my beard showing is an awful long time between re-growth," I muttered.

My life returned to its routine, with me spending most of the day polishing the furniture, cleaning clothes, and making our meals. Mrs. Sinclair didn't seem to spend much time doing domestic chores now. She would watch that I did everything right and correct me when I strayed.

My new clothes soon felt normal. Mrs. Sinclair would buy me clothes from time to time and gradually my male clothes disappeared. Soon the only clothes I owned were those she provided, and they seemed to become more feminine with each purchase. One time, she returned with what looked like skirts instead of shorts. When I noted her error, she said, "They aren't skirts, they are skorts, shorts with wide legs."

"But it looks like a skirt?" I gasped.

"They are just clothes. Nobody will see you wearing them. You will find them more comfortable than your shorts. Haven't you wondered what it felt like to wear a skirt?"

"Not really," I stood with my tongue hanging. She was suggesting that I actually wear clothes that looked like skirts.

"Wear it for me," she soothed, "But if you need an excuse, then consider it a kilt. Now there is a manly garment."

I didn't touch a skort for two weeks, but finally my curiosity got the better of me, and I wore one with my apron over it. With the apron, the skort looked somewhat like shorts, which placated my bruised male ego. To my surprise, it was very comfortable, not restrictive about my genitals like the tight shorts Mrs. Sinclair was prone to buy me.

I was doing my normal housework when Mrs. Sinclair happened by. "Oh, Andy, that skort looks fabulous on you. Doesn't it feel nice?" I grudgingly agreed that it was comfortable and I'd continue wearing them.



I cleaned and dusted Mrs. Sinclair's home daily under her supervision. "You're quickly learning maintaining a nice clean home, Andy," she cooed. "But why do I need to dress so femininely?" I asked, concerned about my increasingly feminine clothing.

Skorts weren't my only problem or even my most bothersome one. My chest continued to ache, especially beneath my nipples, and I started to notice puffiness surrounding them. It was apparent in the tight fitting blouses I wore when working. It looked to me like I was sprouting breasts, small to be sure, but causing definite peaking of my blouse. When I pointed out my observations to Mrs. Sinclair, she told me that I was imagining things, until it became obvious that I wasn't, and then she would say that I may have a chest infection and suggested hot packs to try to drive the infection away. The hot packs didn't work.

I seldom left the house, except for brief sorties to empty the garbage, thus my only human interaction was with Mrs. Sinclair. That was fine with me. I didn't want anyone to see me wearing these silly women's clothes anyway. I hadn't received a phone call or letter from Marsha since she left. I wrote her a note letting her know where I was staying. Mrs. Sinclair agreed to post it during one of her forays into town.

My hair was getting quite long, but whenever I mentioned it to Mrs. Sinclair, she simply complimented me on how healthy it looked. Yes, it was healthy, what with my daily brushing, but it was the length that concerned me. She never volunteered to give me a haircut, and venturing into town while wearing feminine clothes was out of the question.

"You really should get out more often, Andy," she suggested. "You are looking rather pale."

Finally I agreed to spend time walking around her grounds. She has an extensive rose garden. I soon was working in it as a break from the housework. The sunshine was refreshing and working the rose garden was relaxing.

"You must wear gloves while working in the roses, dear. Wear mine," she handed me her gloves.

I'd been pricked a few times and gloves seemed a good idea. "Do you have a hat?" I asked. "My hair keeps falling in my eyes."

"I've a better idea," she said. She appeared with a brightly flowered scarf. "Let me pull your hair into a ponytail like this," she said, taking my hair in her hands. "I'll put a scrunchie in it to keep your hair away from your face. Let's tie this scarf around your head to keep your hair clean."

"Don't you have a less flowery scarf?" I asked.

"No, dear, but don't worry, it looks nice." I reluctantly agreed and soon the scarf was wrapped about my head.

One day, I was working the garden, deeply absorbed in my work, when a male voice asked, "May I be of help, ma'am?"

Ma'am? Was he referring to me? I turned around to see the gardener looking my way. "I beg your pardon," I whispered. "Were you talking to me?"

"Yes, ma'am, you're staying with Mrs. Sinclair, right? I wondered if I could help with your gardening."

He didn't seem disturbed at seeing me full frontal. He thought I was a woman! How could he make such an obvious mistake? It had to be my scarf or maybe my clothes. I was mortified! What was I going to do? Should I correct his mistake? What would he think if I did? What would he think of Mrs. Sinclair? Would he spread rumors in town?

I was about to set him straight about my gender when Mrs. Sinclair appeared at the back door. "What's the matter, Albert?" she asked.

"Nothing, ma'am," he answered. "I was just offering to help your houseguest with her gardening."

Mrs. Sinclair noticed immediately his use of the feminine pronoun when referring to me. "Annie doesn't need your help at the moment, Albert," she responded.

"As you will, ma'am," he responded and walked away.

When he was outside hearing range, she sighed, "That was close."

"He will tell everyone that your houseguest is a woman," I said. "What will people think when they learn differently?"

"We'll have to take measures so they don't learn differently," she casually stated.

"Measures? What measures can we take?" I asked. "Delivery men will expect to see two women living here."

"This is fortuitous in a way," Mrs. Sinclair said, "I was struggling with how to tell people that I was boarding a man without rumors spreading that we were having an illicit affair. That is no longer possible. Nobody minds if two women share a house, especially if one is much older than the other."

"Two women?" I stammered, "Are you suggesting that we foster the notion that I'm a woman? I'd never pass as a woman, especially up close. There's my voice, my face, my...I'm a man, Damn it!"

"Of course you are, dear," she soothed, "Nothing can change that. Wearing women's clothes won't change you from a man to a woman."

"Right!" I emphatically stated.

"So what's the harm in letting others think that you are a woman during your stay with me? You will be able to return to being a manly man without a problem," Mrs. Sinclair said.

"But...but a man should wear men's clothes," I stammered, trying to punch holes in her logic.

"Our lives would be so much simpler if people thought that you were a woman," she soothed. "Besides, all your clothes are female now."

"I...I don't sound like a woman..." I searched for excuses.

"Easily worked," she excitedly stated.

"My face and body aren't feminine." I realized that I was losing this battle of wills.

"The gardener thought you were a woman even while looking at you face to face," Mrs. Sinclair said, "and you weren't wearing makeup. There are ways to make your body look feminine. You aren't as masculine as you think."

“What are you thinking of?” I stammered, “Nothing permanent or requiring surgery?”

“Nothing permanent is needed unless you request it. Surgery isn’t necessary.”

“Good! I’m a man and I like being a man!” I defended.

“Does that mean that you will give it a try?” she asked.

“Okay, I guess...” I groaned, realizing that she had won again, “But only to fool the gardener and occasional visitors.”

“Good!” she enthused. “Let’s get started immediately. It’s good your beard stopped growing. It’s been what, 31/2 months since you last shaved? Your face is so smooth and your skin is so soft.” She stroked my cheeks in a motherly way.

“That laser treatment wasn’t supposed to be permanent,” I moaned, feeling my soft face.

“It merely slows the growth for most people, but not in your case. Nonetheless, it is fortuitous,” she pondered.

“Fortuitous for this proposed impersonation maybe, but disastrous for my manhood,” I mumbled.

“Stop being such a baby,” she giggled. “Your beard didn’t define your manhood. It was just an outward sign of it. You’re as much a man without your beard as you were with it.”

“I’m not so sure...” I sighed.

“Take a bath and we can start your feminine education for real,” she said.

“I thought wearing these women’s clothes was real,” I groaned as I climbed the stairs for my bath.

“They are the tip of the iceberg, my dear,” she muttered.

When I returned downstairs after bathing the garden dirt away, Mrs. Sinclair greeted me, “We will start with a little makeup and work on your voice.”

“I’m not going to talk to anyone,” I grumbled.

“Oh, really,” she smiled, “What about the gardener this afternoon? You spoke to him and he was the first person, other than me, to see you wearing women’s clothes.”

“Uh...I was caught off guard. It won’t happen again.”

“Oh, sure...” she laughed. “Voice lessons are a priority. Everyone categorizes others based upon their voice. If you have a feminine voice, they will believe you are a woman, even if you aren’t pretty, but if your voice is masculine, they will question your gender no matter how pretty you look. Now say ‘Ahhh’.”

The voice lesson lasted for hours. By the time she called it quits, my throat felt like gravel, but I could speak at a higher pitch without sounding falsetto. “We will continue tomorrow, dear. Practice makes perfect!”

We were tired when we stopped, so we went to bed. When I entered my room, I found a silky, women’s night gown on my bed. I groaned, but knew that Mrs. Sinclair expected me to wear it, and based on my win/lose record with her, I merely picked up the flimsy garment and put it on.

The nightie was floor length and pale green satin held up by thin spaghetti straps, one over each shoulder. I donned the matching satin panties next to it before attempting the nightie. The panties felt cool against my soft hips.

I examined the nightie trying to determine how to get into it. Should I drop it over my head or step into it and raise it until I could insert my arms into the straps? I decided to step into it, but became frustrated when I couldn’t bring the waist past my butt. When did my butt get so large? I remember my butt being quite small compared to my waist, but now the reverse was the case. How did that happen?

Finally I decided to lower the garment over my head and allow it to slither down my body until I could insert my arms into the straps. To my surprise, this worked. I was fascinated by my image in the full length mirror. From the neck down, I looked like a woman wearing a snug, long, silky nightgown, but I looked male from the neck up. It was quite a contrast.

What caught my eye and immediately got me worried were two small mounds tenting the bodice of my nightgown. When did I get breasts? These were no longer the little pimples I sported as a guy, nor were they the slight puffiness I'd experienced these past few months. These were the beginnings of real breasts! I had to speak to Mrs. Sinclair and arrange a doctor appointment. It wasn't normal for a guy to grow breasts, even a guy wearing female clothing.

I admit that sleeping in that silky nightgown was heavenly. I loved the soft, silky feeling as the gown slid on my skin. Some parts of wearing woman's clothes had its advantages.

The next morning, I was awakened by Mrs. Sinclair. "You must start each morning with a refreshing bath. Shave your legs."

I wondered what was special about this day. Mrs. Sinclair had something in mind. Did it have anything to do with our discussion from yesterday? And what is wrong with a nice refreshing shower? Not wanting to argue, I did as instructed and entered the kitchen wearing my "normal" clothes, a plain white blouse and matching shorts. "What's on the agenda today?" I innocently asked.

"I will really introduce you to femininity, dear," she cooed.

"I thought these clothes were an introduction," I stated, grasping the women's shorts I was wearing.

"Oh, heaven forbid! Those are just clothes. I'm going to teach you all aspects of looking and acting as a woman."

"I only need to know enough to pass inspection by the gardener and visitors," I said.

"Au Contraire!" she smiled. "Femininity isn't a sometime thing that you do one day and put in the closet the next. It's like learning a language. You can learn the fundamentals from a book, but to really speak proficiently, you must submerge yourself in it and speak it constantly. Likewise, you must live femininity day and night. There are no half measures. Let's start with your underwear."

"I'm already wearing women's underwear!" I gasped.

"Girl's shorts barely pass as women's clothes. I'm going to introduce you to the softest silkiest lingerie, like your nightie. Then you will learn why women love being women."

A shiver raced through my body. What had I agreed to? She didn't give me time to worry as she dragged me upstairs to her bedroom. "Undress, dear. Let's see if the lingerie I bought you yesterday fits properly."

When did she buy me lingerie? It had to be in the morning, yet the gardener didn't see me until the afternoon. Why would she buy me woman's lingerie before my encounter with the gardener? I was about to question her when she said, "Hurry, we have so much to do and so little time to do it in."

Once I was nearly naked, she said, "Your underwear too."

"But, Mrs. Sinclair, I can't take those off until you leave."

"Oh, please, Andy, I'm old enough to be your mother. Besides, I was married to a man that would put your puny thing to shame," Mrs. Sinclair laughed.

I blushed to the bone, but reluctantly did as she ordered. She told me to turn around so she could see, 'how I was progressing'. What did she mean by 'progressing'? She handed me a pair of silky pink panties. "My, but you have lost a lot of weight, dear. Are those breasts? And your waist is so small. What happened to you, Andy?"

"I wish I knew," I moaned. "It's been happening over the past three months. I should see a doctor."

"I'll see what I can do. In the meantime, put this panty on so we will see how those budding breasts fit within a bra." The silky bra matched the panties in style and frilliness.

I was happy to quickly pull the panty over my hips. "Your manhood is barely discernable in your panties," she said. I agreed, but loved how the panty felt against my skin.

"Let's fit this bra," she said, as she wrapped it about my chest. "It's a perfect fit. You are a 34A cup. How did you grow so large so quickly?" A shiver ran up my spine with her words.

I couldn't explain it. "Let me fix these straps. It should feel snug about your chest. How does that feel?" she cooed.

I sighed, "It feels quite nice, actually comfortable to not have these breasts constantly jiggling as I do my housework."

"Now for pantyhose," Mrs. Sinclair said.

"Do I have to wear pantyhose too?" I groaned.

"You could choose to wear nylons, but then you need a garter belt to keep them up," she said. Carefully I rolled the sheer pantyhose up my hairless legs and over by hips. It felt fabulous!

"Andy, your legs look fabulous in those hoses. You should always wear sexy nylons," she cooed. I felt pride in her praise. I agreed with her. I did have sexy legs.

"Put your clothes back on, dear," Mrs. Sinclair instructed. You are wearing the proper underwear for a modest young woman." I didn't want to be a 'modest young woman', but if I had to learn to pass as a woman, I'd rather be modest.

Once I had my blouse and shorts back on, I was about to step into my shoes, when Mrs. Sinclair stated, "Oh, no, Andy, you wear heels from now on."

"Wear heels around the house? Why do I need to wear high heels?" I gasped as I looked at the 3" heels from hell dangling from her fingers.

"Silly boy!" she laughed, "What self respecting woman doesn't know how to walk in heels? You normally wouldn't wear heels like these around the house, unless you are preparing for a date, but you have to practice, and practice makes perfect."

I reluctantly took the feared high heels and after sitting and placing my feet in them, I carefully tried to stand. Wow, what a shift in balance. I felt like I wanted to topple over head first. My knees almost buckled as I tried to find my balance. This felt really strange.

"It's like learning to skate," Mrs. Sinclair said, "Once you find your balance, use baby steps before trying to walk normal."

I did as she suggested, and nearly fell onto my face, but I caught the arm of a nearby chair and straightened out for another attempt. I was nervous as hell, but I hesitantly continued my struggle with the heels. It was like a dare. Certainly I, a man, can do anything a woman does daily. It became a struggle between me and the heels to see which was going to win. The heels almost won!

I was going to call it quits when I found my balance and with hesitant steps I put one foot in front of the other. My ankles wobbled and my knees nearly gave out at times, but I finally made it across the room without falling.

"Do it again," Mrs. Sinclair said without giving me time to savor my victory.

I spent the next two hours learning to walk all over again. I nearly twisted my ankles on more than one occasion, and I was sure I'd pop my knee or fall on my face, but Mrs. Sinclair finally announced that I 'had it'. I wasn't so sure, but I welcomed a seat at her vanity.

"Let's fix your face," she stated as she held my chin.

"What's wrong with my face?" Surely she wasn't going to do something to my face.

"It's too masculine," she merely pronounced.

"Well, I hope so," I said, "After all, I am a man."

"But a masculine face is a detriment when trying to pass as a woman," she answered. "Remember to speak using your feminine voice."

The agreement to look feminine for occasional visitors was getting out of hand. Wearing a few nondescript feminine clothes around the house until I could replenish my male wardrobe was one thing, but making my face look feminine was another all together.

"I'm not sure I want to continue," I grumbled. "This has progressed from merely wearing female clothes to changing my voice, and now to changing my face."

"Don't be such a baby!" she laughed, "I'm not going to do anything that can't be easily reversed. I'm just going to trim your bushy eyebrows a bit and apply light makeup."

My heart started to calm down with her assurances that I could easily return to looking male when I needed to. I agreed to allow her to continue. What's wrong with a little makeup if it helps me pass as a woman when working the roses or answering the door?

"This may sting," she warned as she attacked my eyebrows with tweezers.

"Don't remove too many," I said. "They will grow back, right?"

"Of course, dear," she sweetly answered. "Women have to do this all their life, unless of course, they have them removed by electrolysis."

"Or laser..." I added, remembering my missing beard.

"That doesn't concern you since I'm just tweezing a few stragglers," she smiled.

"Okay," I agreed, dreading what I'll see when she finished.

True to her word, it stung and not just a little. Each eyebrow hair seemed cling for shear life, as if they knew something I didn't. It took her a half hour and it was a half hour of hell. Why did it take so long to remove stragglers?

She wiped my eyebrows with a clean moist cloth. "That will do, for now," she pronounced. "Let me start your makeup while your eyebrows settle down. They are a little red."

She spent 20 minutes brushing stuff onto my face, dabbing other stuff, and wiping stuff off, until I was entirely confused. "Your face takes to the makeup like a duck to water," she complimented. I missed my beard.

Once finished, she stood me on my wobbly heels and guided me to the full length mirror. My mouth fell open at seeing my reflection. I looked like a girl, actually a young woman. "I...that can't be me..." I stammered.

"But it is, Andy," she countered. "It's surprising what proper lingerie and makeup can do to a masculine image."

"My...my eyebrows, you plucked most of them away," I gasped. I felt my now high arching brows.

"Everything will grow back once you return to being a man," she assured. "In the meantime, you can appear before others knowing that they will not recognize you as a man."

Not only my face appeared feminine, but my entire body had taken on a feminine shape. My bra plus hiding my manhood beneath satin panties emphasized my expanding chest and narrowing waist. I had a feminine figure!

"You must learn to apply your own makeup. A light dusting and a little lip color is sufficient to make you look feminine. Continue practicing your heels while you do your housework. Remember to speak in your soft feminine voice."

I was confused and dejected. How could I look like a girl? I was a man, damn it! I don't want to be a girl or even look like one. I had to find a job so I could leave Mrs. Sinclair's place, but most important, I needed to see a doctor to find out what was happening to my body. I shouldn't look the way I looked in these clothes. I shouldn't need to wear a bra, but I did!

A week later, Mrs. Sinclair announced that she made an appointment for me with her doctor, a close personal friend. I was concerned about any of her friends knowing my condition in case it would come back on her after I left. "Don't worry about that, dear," she commented. "Dr. Jim Baron was a friend of my husband. We go back a long way. The appointment is for tomorrow a 10 AM."

"Is he coming here?" I hoped.

“Hardly, dear,” she laughed. “Dr. Baron doesn’t make house calls. He has one of the busiest practices in town.”

“Did you pick up men’s clothes for me to wear for the appointment?”

“Get real, Andy, of course not. It would be a waste of money to buy you men’s clothes with your body as it is,” she said. “After all, your femininity is the purpose for the visit.”

“I will be wearing women’s clothes to the doctor’s office?” I asked.

“Of course, dear,” she didn’t understand my concern. “I told the doctor the reason for the visit and he expects you to wear female clothing. He doesn’t want a feminine person wearing masculine clothes to show up at his office. What would the other patrons think?”

“What will they think when they see me, a man, enter the office wearing obvious woman’s clothes?”

“We must make sure they don’t see a man wearing women’s clothes,” she stated. “You will get up early tomorrow so we will have plenty of time to prepare you for the visit.”

“But...” I gasped.

“You do want to see a doctor, don’t you?” she questioned.

“Yes, but...” I couldn’t voice my shock and the terror I felt at appearing in public wearing female clothing. I would be the laughing stock of the office.

I tossed and turned all night. My stomach did flip flops and my mind visualized all the awful things that would happen to me when people saw me in my shorts, blouse with obvious breasts beneath, and feminine shoes. Terrible things were going to happen to me.

Mrs. Sinclair had me up by 7 AM, taking a luxurious bath. The tub was filled with scented oils and powders. I reeked of flowery fragrance when I entered my bedroom to get dressed.

“Clean panties and bra are on your bed, dear,” she cooed. “Once you have them on, I’ll do something with your hair.”

She helped me fit the bra about my growing breasts. The bra was for a small B-cup, and my breasts fit comfortably within it. My manhood seemed to be getting smaller and less significant. It never was something to brag about, but now it was puny. I had no problem hiding it between my legs, so my panty showed no sign of my true gender.

“Sit here, dear, while I work on your hair. You washed it well and it has such a lovely scent now,” Mrs. Sinclair ran a comb through my growing hair. I silently thought about how I got into this situation. How would I survive today?

She snipped here, parted there, and fluffed and sprayed my hair. Half an hour later, she said that she had done as much as she could with the limited time and resources. “Let me do your face,” she offered.

She applied her magic where it should never have been applied, my face. She examined me with a jaundiced eye. “Not bad,” she decided, “Now finish getting dressed.”

I didn’t recognize the young woman staring back at me from the full length mirror. I looked completely feminine with my silky pale blue panties, nicely filled bra, tastefully made up face, and curly, feminine styled hair. “I don’t know what to say...” I stammered. “How can I look like this?”

“You must have feminine genes, Andy,” she smiled. “My Walter could never have looked so feminine, no matter how much paint and powder I used.”

“I really need to see the doctor now!” I gasped. “I shouldn’t look like this. Something is very wrong!”

“We will find out this morning,” Mrs. Sinclair stated as I stepped into my blouse, skort, and slippers.

I was scared as I exited Mrs. Sinclair’s car at the doctor’s office. I wore my white sailor skort, lavender blouse, and white 1” slippers. I selected that combination to appear as feminine as possible. Mrs. Sinclair said that if I watched how

I walked, talked, and sat, I very well might survive this awful experience without being detected as a man.

The waiting room was filled with patients, male and female. I was sure everyone there would detect in a New York second that I wasn't a woman. A few gave me a casual glance and returned to their magazine. Nobody jumped up, pointed at me, and shouted, "THAT's a MAN!"

I tried to appear nondescript. I must have succeeded. The nurse called for 'Annie Taylor'. "That's you," Mrs. Sinclair tugged my arm.

"Who is Annie?" I whispered.

"You are, silly," she giggled. "I had to give them a feminine name, since you would be wearing woman's clothes."

"Good thinking, I think," I decided, but wondered when she was going to tell me.

The nurse directed me to a scale. "Let's take your weight." My heart was racing. Would my weight give me away?

I stood on the scales and up popped 127 pounds. I weighed 127 lbs? Where did my weight disappear to? I knew I had lost weight, but 40 pounds?

She took me into a small room. Did the nurse know about me? She certainly didn't act like she did. Maybe, just maybe, I would get through this ordeal and back to being a man without becoming the laughing stock of the town.

"Miss Taylor," the doctor greeted me as he entered the room. "How may I help you?" Surely Mrs. Sinclair told him of my problem when she made the appointment, so I explained that I was a man, and had a problem with my body taking on feminine proportions, especially my breasts.

"Please take your clothes off to your underwear," he requested. I stood before him wearing only my bra and panties. "Definite feminine body shape," he said, looking me over. "Let me examine your breasts."

I blushed deeply as I deftly removed my bra to allow my embarrassing breasts to swing free. "You do have a problem, don't you, young man," he stated.

"To say the least," I said. I continued to speak in my practiced feminine voice even though he knew my story.

"I'll take blood," he said, "then do a physical exam."

My blood was drawn, blood pressure checked, and then he started probing. He looked into my eyes, checked my ears, felt my soft, smooth face, noted my lack of muscularity in my arms and legs, and finally felt my breasts. "When did you first notice that you were growing breasts?"

"A few months ago," I said, embarrassed at his intimate probing. It felt strange to have a man touching, feeling, lifting and probing my breasts.

"Have you been taking female hormones?" he asked.

"No! Never!" I emphatically stated.

"Have you incurred any unusual stress in your life?" he asked.

"I explained my financial situation that led to living with Mrs. Sinclair and told him of my marital problems culminating with my wife leaving with my small son.

"Unusual deep and continuous stress may affect a person's hormones too," the doctor explained. "Lower your panties so I can examine your genitals."

I did so, again embarrassed that a man would see my puny manhood. He clinically examined me there, finally pronouncing, "You are developing the secondary sexual characteristics of a female."

"I know, doctor, that's why I'm here," I impatiently stated. Geez, talk about stating the obvious!

"I mean," he smiled at my retort, "somehow you have ingested a huge amount of female hormones or you have started generating them yourself. We need to wait on the blood work before we know how bad the situation is."

"I swear that I have never taken female hormones, doctor," I solemnly stated. "I would never do that. The only pills I take are vitamins. I like being a man! I want to return to wearing men's clothes!"

"I wouldn't expect to return to wearing men's clothes any time soon," he stated. "Once we find the source, it's going to take some time to remove the estrogen from your system. Stop taking all pills to see if they are the source. Also I suggest you lower your stress level to see if that is the cause."

"You...you mean that I have to continue wearing women's clothes?" I gasped. "I can't return to being a man?"

"Look in that mirror," he stated, "Does that body belong to a man or a woman?"

"A...a woman..." I choked at the admission.

"You would look ridiculous wearing men's clothes, even if you could find some that fit. You are not only growing breasts and have a 35" bustline, but your waist is only 26" and your hips are 36". You won't find men's clothes tailored to fit those dimensions."

I collapsed on the chair, devastated by his conclusion. "When will you know the results of the blood test?" I asked.

"In a few days, but the results will merely tell us the obvious. Your body is saturated in estrogen. Where they came from will take much longer to determine," he said. "Return in a week. We may know more then," the doctor said. "Try to lower your stress level. That may alleviate the situation."

How was I going to lower my stress level? If anything, this doctor's visit increased my stress level by orders of magnitude. If stress was causing this, I was a goner. My estrogen levels will go stratospheric.

Head bowed and dabbing a tissue to my eyes, I slowly returned to the waiting room. "Is she okay?" a waiting patient showed concern with my crying. "It wasn't bad news was it?"

"She will be fine," Mrs. Sinclair smiled. "She just received unexpected results that she needs to resolve."

Once we were in the car, I broke down and cried. Between sobs told her what happened with the doctor. "What is happening to me? How can I be turning into a woman? Where did the female hormones in my system come from?" I babbled on as Mrs. Sinclair drove home. "How could my body get female hormones? I'm a man. Men don't generate estrogen."

"Not in the amounts the doctor indicated," she soothed. "But all men generate some estrogen along with their testosterone. Maybe stress caused your system to become mixed up and start producing estrogen and stop making testosterone. Let's see what next week brings."

"The doctor said that I stop taking all pills, including my vitamins. Maybe that will stop this awful change," I sobbed.

After contemplating what I said for a second, Mrs. Sinclair said, "Obviously you must live as a woman until this clears up. Let's hope the doctor finds a solution by next week."

"Live as a woman? You mean really love as a woman 24/7? Interface with others as a woman?" I continued to babble.

"Yes," she answered. "As long as your body is developing as a woman, you must dress, act, and interact as a woman."

"Why can't I just stay in your house until it clears up?"

"Who knows when or if it will clear up?" she said. "You must act as if it will only get worse. That means developing a life as a woman until the doctor finds a solution."

I fell silent. So many issues were whirling through me head. I didn't want to be a woman! I knew nothing about being a female. I had to think. I needed rest. I was so tired.

I moped about the house for the next few days, and Mrs. Sinclair left me alone. Each day she insisted that I drink a full glass of orange juice. She said it was to "make sure you have your daily amount of essential vitamins since the doctor has taken you off the pills."

She left for a few hours each day, while I wandered through the gardens trying to decide my next move. Should I leave Mrs. Sinclair's safe haven and try to make it on my

own? Should I write Marsha and ask for her help? Should I see another doctor for a second opinion? My stress level certainly didn't come down during this time.

A week later, I left Mrs. Sinclair's house for the second time since coming to live with her for my follow-up doctor's visit. I didn't hold out much hope, as my body changes had not reversed or even slowed down. Obviously the vitamin pills weren't the cause of my strange changes. It had to be my stress level, and no matter how I tried, I couldn't control it.

The doctor confirmed that I was reeking in female hormones and that my testosterone production has all but stopped. He didn't have an explanation but said I start taking my vitamins again since they obviously weren't the source.

On the way home, Mrs. Sinclair said, "It's time you got on with your life and it can't be as man for a while. Let's take steps so you can function in society until a solution is found."

I was too stunned to argue. My breasts continued to grow. I was an obvious small B-cup. My skin was soft, smooth, and hairless. I had allowed my hair to grow to my shoulders. I wore woman's clothes, although somewhat unisex, for months now. Maybe she was right; maybe I should try living as a woman. After all, patients in the doctor's waiting room hadn't recognized me as a man wearing women's clothes. They had accepted me as the woman I was dressed as.

"Okay..." I hesitantly agreed with Mrs. Sinclair. "I'll give it a try as a temporary fix, but only until we find out what is happening with my body and reverse it."

"Of course, dear," Mrs. Sinclair smiled. "Did the doctor give you the okay to start back on your vitamins again?"

"Yeah, they aren't the problem."

"Good, dear, we don't want your health to suffer because of your unfortunate gender identity problems."

"I don't have a gender identity problem, Mrs. Sinclair," I said as we pulled into her garage. "I like my male gender."

"Yes, but your body doesn't agree," she said, "So we must reconcile your mental identity with your physical reality."

"You mean by finding a way to return my body to being male, right?" I asked.

"Of course, dear," she sweetly agreed, "but until then, you need to function in the female world. Nothing permanent needs to be done, unless you request it. Think of it as learning exercise so that you will understand women better once you return to being a man."

"I guess you're right, as long as it isn't permanent," I admitted. "Marsha always accused me of being a brute and not understanding her."

"I doubt if she will say that the next time you two meet. The two of you will have a lot in common and you will fully understand her feelings," she stated.

"I guess..." I sighed as we entered her house.

"No time like the present," she said, as she led me to her bedroom. "Sit down while I get my equipment."

"What equipment is that?" I thought. 'Her vanity is filled with bottles and tubes of makeup.'

I didn't have to wait long. Standing behind me, she said, "Hold your head still. This will only take a moment."

I felt a sharp prick in my right earlobe. "What did you do?" I gasped.

"I merely pierced your ear, dear, nothing much," she soothed. "Your other ear will take only a moment."

"I don't want my ears pierced!" I cried. "You said nothing permanent would be done!"

"Pierced ears aren't permanent," she calmly said. "The holes will close once you stop wearing earrings. Lots of men have pierced ears."

"I don't need to wear earrings!" I angrily stated.

"No self respecting woman would be caught without earrings. It's a dead giveaway, and the clip-on types are painful," she countered.

I was about to jump from the chair and storm upstairs, but a sharp pain in my other ear caught me off guard. "Both ears need to heal before you wear really dangly earrings," she stated as I jumped to my feet. I forgot that I was wearing high heels and immediately crumbled to the ground, my ankles giving out on me.

"I have gold keepers to put in your piercings until they heal," she helped me back onto the chair, ignoring my protests. "The holes will heal quickly once you return to being a man. Now you will be able to wear the prettiest earrings."

My life became a lot more complicated after that. No longer was my day occupied with housecleaning and gardening, although both tasks continued to some degree. Now my days and nights were spent learning how to pass as a female. I never realized there was so much to learn. I was exhausted each night when I went to bed.

Morning usually started with Mrs. Sinclair waking me up from an exhausted sleep followed by a long, leisurely bath with lots of salts, powders and scents to soften my skin and make me a 'femininely fresh'. This was followed with her styling my hair and applying my makeup. Soon she had me doing my own hair and makeup under her supervision, then finally on my own. Of course, she would critique my efforts, at first quite critically, but slowly the criticism ceased and she started praising my hair and makeup.

At the same time, my clothing selections started changing. Instead of the plain cotton undies I'd worn the past months, I now wore nothing but silky panties, bras, camisoles, and other ladies intimates, including long slinky nighties and even babydolls to bed. Mrs. Sinclair said that they were to help me feel feminine. They felt wonderful against my skin.

I insisted that it was not necessary to wear a dress to appear female and Mrs. Sinclair agreed, although she said that I would look fabulous in one. Not wearing a dress was a small victory for my diminishing masculinity, but a victory nonetheless.

My outer clothes still consisted of shorts when inside and feminine Capri pants when outside. I wore skorts from time to time, and she even talked me into trying on a skirt or two. Actually the skirts were quite comfortable and I started wearing them on a regular basis, but always indoors.

I had to constantly wear high heels. "You've worn low heels all your life. It's time to give high heels equal time," she insisted. "Besides, they make your legs look sexy."

"I'm not interested in having sexy legs," I insisted.

"Whether you are interested or not, you have them," she said, "and if you have them, then flaunt them." The shoes hurt my feet, but my ankles and calves became used to them and they did shape my calves to nice lines.

She introduced me to full and half slips. She said that a slip would hide my bra when wearing sheer blouses and was absolutely necessary to maintain modesty when wearing a full skirt. A full slip is a pain to get into and out of, but it feels so heavenly. I agreed to make skirts a regular part of my wardrobe because they gave me an excuse to wear silky slips.

Mrs. Sinclair often had me sit in my room holding a fancy hand mirror and practice applying makeup while I wore a full set of lacy lingerie, nylons, and my highest heels. She said, "It helps establish a feminine self image, dear."

I wasn't sure I wanted a female self image, but after a while, I started seeing an attractive woman reflected in the mirror. At first I got a queasy stomach that the attractive woman in the mirror was me. On the other hand, I was pleased at what I saw as I applied my makeup, which also gave me a queasy stomach because of what that might imply.



*"Doesn't your lovely lingerie feel so nice, Andy," Mrs. Sinclair gushed as I diligently learned to apply my makeup. "You are becoming a lovely young woman."
"I wish that I could return to being the man I am," I said as I brought the luscious red lipstick to my lips.*

Under Mrs. Sinclair's strict supervision, I learned all the feminine tricks of the trade. With my weight loss, my fingers became thin and tapered. She encouraged me to allow my fingernails to grow, and as soon as they were long enough, she showed me how to file them into feminine ovals. She introduced me to the wide variety of nail colors. I learned how to maintain and strengthen my nails, what colors went well with my skin color, and how to match nail color with my lip color. It was a confusing whirlwind of knowledge that I never knew or ever thought I'd need to know.

It wasn't long after the last doctor's visit that she began referring to me as 'Annie' and 'she' and 'her' in all her conversations with me and anyone she spoke to. It was disconcerting to be referred to as Annie and by feminine pronouns, but when I asked her to stop, she giggled, and said, "Oh, Annie, don't you think it would seem strange to refer to such a feminine person as you by a male name and male pronouns?"

"But I am a man..." I defended myself.

"Oh, you may be male, but you are hardly a man," she took my long, feminine fingers in hers. "You simply must let go of Andy and embrace Annie, dear."

"This is temporary," I swept my hand over my feminine clothes. "I'm returning to being a man as soon as the doctor determines the cause of my hormone imbalance."

"Yes, I know," she sympathized, "but until then, you must become the most feminine woman possible, if you are to have a chance at a real life outside this house. Let Andy go for the time being. We will resurrect him when the time is right."

"How can you be sure that I will be able to return to being a man if I lose myself in this femininity?" I questioned. "What if I learn to like being a female? What if I become so feminine that when I do return to being a man that my mannerisms will be so swishy that I'll never make it as a real man? What if..." I collapsed in exhaustion, tears coming to my eyes.

"I know this is so confusing to you, Andy," she soothed my long curled hair. "This is not your fault. It's just nature. All you can do is deal with the situation. Right now that means passing as a woman, not just in looks, but in how you carry yourself, even to how you think. People will recognize you as a man, even if you look pretty, because of your actions, your voice, even the words you use when speaking. Most of all, you will give yourself away by your insecurities. If you doubt your femininity, people will sense it and question why. Once people start questioning, you are lost."

"But I'm not a female," I moaned, "I don't even want to be one. How can I gain the knowledge and confidence needed to ever pass outside this house?"

"I'll help you with the fundamentals, but confidence is only acquired by leaving the house and interacting with the outside world. Your confidence in your femininity will grow once you see other people react to you as a woman. That's the only way. That's why we've been working so hard. I have planned a shopping trip for us next Sunday at the Center Mall."

"Shopping at the mall? I can't be seen wearing women's clothes and looking like this in a public place like a mall! There are too many people, too many opportunities for me to screw up," I panicked.

"Possibly," she softly agreed, "But it's the only way. Full submersion is the best way. Also, there is safety in numbers. People at the mall are going about their own business. They usually have little time to spend scrutinizing others."

"Guys go to the mall all the time to look at the girls," I said. "I used to do it myself all the time. Malls are prime girl watching territory!"

"Teenage boys go, maybe, but not so men. Men go to malls because their wives drag them there. They would rather spend Sunday afternoon in front of the TV. Young boys aren't interested in 'older' women like you," Mrs. Sinclair said.

"Older? I'm only 24 years old," I huffed.

"You are old to a teenage boy," she laughed.

"Can't I try some place less exposed before going to the mall?" I asked.

"We could go to a movie tonight," she suggested. "I would love to see "Pride and Prejudice".

"That's a chick flick," I gagged.

"And you are now a chick," she laughed, "so you should love it."

"I guess that would be okay..." I hesitated. I had to take the plunge someday; perhaps it was best under cover of night.

"Wonderful," Mrs. Sinclair declared. "You are already wearing nice lingerie and your hair and makeup are perfect. I have the loveliest skirt and blouse for you to wear."

"I can't to wear a skirt!" I gasped.

"I thought you didn't want to be recognized as a man wearing women's clothes," she said.

"Yes, I do...I mean I don't. It's just that a skirt..." I stammered.

"Nobody expects a man to venture out wearing a skirt. A skirt will give you an advantage. Besides, you are already wearing a lovely slip. You would have to remove it if you wore shorts or Capri's."

The slip did feel wonderful! I could become addicted to wearing slips and silky panties...and even my bra gave me comfort. "Okay," I reluctantly agreed. What had I gotten myself into? I was so scared that my hands were shaking and my knees quaking!

I tried to keep my skirt below my knees as Mrs. Sinclair drove to the theater. My skirt was gray with little knife pleats, and hung 2" above my nylon encased knees. My blouse was modest white and hid my lingerie beneath, but the front buttons were covered with a lace trim that made the blouse

extremely feminine. I still wore my gray heels and my makeup and hair were as fresh as earlier in the day.

“Okay, let’s go, Annie,” Mrs. Sinclair pronounced after she parked her car. “The theater is a short walk away.”

I was quaking as I hesitantly exited her car and stood on my heels on the pavement. I wanted to either get back into the car or run as fast as possible to the darkness of the theater, but neither was an option.

Draping my purse over my shoulder, I walked next to Mrs. Sinclair to the theater. I felt a slight breeze kiss my legs and up my skirt. Luckily, I was prepared and pressed my hand to my front to keep my skirt from flaring up. Mrs. Sinclair saw what I did and she smiled.

There were a few people out and about, and the theater marquee was fully lit. I stood to the side while she paid for the tickets. I looked about and a few people were looking my way, but none appeared startled at what they saw.

One man glanced my way as he passed the front of the theater, and his eyes widened as he took in my image. He didn’t look angry or astonished. Actually he looked interested. Surely that was not true, but he nearly ran into a light pole while walking and looking.

Mrs. Sinclair completed the purchase. I told her about the man as we entered the theater. “Your first conquest,” she giggled.

“He was not a conquest!” I huffed. “He was just clumsy.”

“He became disoriented when he saw a lovely woman, namely you,” Mrs. Sinclair said. “That is a small conquest.”

I didn’t want to argue the issue, so I silently followed her to our seats. The movie was quite interesting and for some unfathomable reason, I seemed to relate with the women in the movie. Maybe it was because of my constant training over the past few weeks or the clothes I was wearing. Nonetheless, I left the theater with tears in my eyes and feeling affinity with the heroine.

It was dark outside when we left the theater. We were walking back to the car when Mrs. Sinclair saw an open ice cream shop. "Let's get a cone," she suggested.

The inside of the shop was brightly lit. "I can't go in there!" I gasped. All that light will surely give me away. Besides, there are half dozen teenagers in there. You get our cones and I'll stay outside."

"Nonsense, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair said. "I bet you a week's cleaning that nobody will read you. On the other hand, if they can detect you as a man, it's better to be exposed before a few teenagers you will never see again than people you may know and meet in the mall. Now is the time to determine if you pass or not."

She took my hand and led me into the ice cream Shoppe. My knees were about to collapse beneath me as I became fully exposed to all the patrons and sales people. I tried to smile, thinking that if they became hostile, a smile might save me from a beating.

To my undying relief, and my complete confusion, there wasn't a mass panic for the door or to kick me out of the establishment. "We'll be right with you, ladies," an ice cream scooper smiled our way.

The teenage patrons glanced our way. The girls gave me the once over, while the guys looked me over from head to foot before returning to their dates. Nobody seemed to see anything strange or out of the ordinary.

"Take your time, dear," Mrs. Sinclair answered the girl. "My niece and I have all night."

Niece? Suddenly I was Mrs. Sinclair's niece. I guess she had to make up some relationship because of our age differences.

I stood off to the side fidgeting as my skirt danced about my knees. I felt the soft silkiness of my lingerie and the added elevation my heels provided. I hoped people wouldn't become suspicious because of the added height my heels provided. I glanced down and saw my breasts tenting my blouse, and

realized how much I now had in common with these teenage girls, and how much I no longer had in common with the boys.

The teenagers left with their ice cream, and it was our turn. "What flavor do you want, Ma'am?" the ice cream girl asked me.

I felt so exposed and vulnerable. I was afraid to speak. Surely my voice would expose me as a man no matter how high I pitched it. Mrs. Sinclair nudged me. "Strawberry," I softly spoke.

"Single or double scoop?" she asked, seemingly not taken back by my voice.

"Uh...single, please," I softly replied. Sweat trickled down the back of my neck. This was the most traumatic experience of my life. My life was on the line with every word I spoke.

"Sure, Ma'am," the girl went about her job, giving me only the slightest notice. Nothing about her demeanor indicated she saw or heard anything out of the ordinary.

Once we received our cones, Mrs. Sinclair paid, and we exited the shop. "See, Annie," she gushed, "Nobody saw or heard anything out of the ordinary. They saw two ladies ordering ice cream because that was what we are."

My hands still shook, making eating my ice cream difficult without smearing it on my face. "I was terrified!" I stammered. "How can they not see that I'm a man wearing women's clothes? Are they blind or hard of hearing?"

"Nothing of the sort, dear," she laughed. "They saw you as the young woman you are becoming, and reacted to you as such. You are much prettier than you give yourself credit for."

"I don't want to become a young woman, I just want to pass as one until my hormones return to normal," I said.

"Nonetheless, you are becoming a young woman, whether you want to or not. The female hormones in your system are affecting more than just your body, dear."

"I...I don't think so..." I murmured.

"Why haven't you cut your hair?" Mrs. Sinclair asked.

I was taken back by her sudden question. "I couldn't go to a barber because of the clothes I've been wearing."

"Oh, pooh," she giggled. "The Andy that moved in with me would have found scissors around the house and cut his hair back to a manly length long ago. You had plenty of opportunities to do so, so why didn't you?"

"Well..." I stammered.

"You like your long hair, don't you?" she continued. "You like the way it looks, the way it styles. Do you want to stop at a barber tonight to get it cut?"

"No..." I stammered, feeling my hair brush my shoulders.

"That's Annie speaking, not Andy," she said. "Annie likes her hair long, her nails feminine, and she loves her lingerie, doesn't she?"

I was suddenly afraid, very afraid. "Yes..." I whispered. "I love the feel of my soft silky lingerie caressing my body."

I was silent the entire trip home thinking of what Mrs. Sinclair said. Could I really be turning into a woman? Nah, that isn't possible! Nonetheless, the experiences of this evening shook me as much as if I had been exposed as a man wearing feminine clothes.

My life returned to being routine after that until Sunday morning, the day set aside for the mall trip. I felt my life was about to end. It is one thing to appear in public at night in a movie and another to appear in a well lit mall during daytime. Who knows, maybe the people in the ice cream shop did know I was a man under my skirt. Maybe they were just being polite by not making a scene. That was a more plausible explanation than that I fooled everyone into thinking I was a woman on my first try outside the doctor's office.

Nonetheless, Mrs. Sinclair was determined to take me shopping, and I only half-heartedly resisted. I think I was curious if the ice cream parlor was a fluke or if I really could

pull this off. That doesn't mean that I wanted to become a woman, more that it was an adventure in my rather routine life. After all, how often can you push dirt around a house before almost anything becomes more interesting?

"Now, Annie dear," Mrs. Sinclair was referring to me by that name all the time now. "We are going to try on lots of clothes today, so wear something comfortable, yet easy to get into and out of."

"Yes, Mrs. Sinclair," I said. "What if I wear a skirt and blouse?"

"That will do, but wear your heels, since I'm introducing you to dresses today."

"Oh, Mrs. Sinclair, are you sure I'm ready for a dress?"

"You've been ready for weeks, dear," she laughed. "I've been putting it off for this shopping trip. A girl should have a say in choosing her first real dress."

I wanted to remind her that I'm not a girl, but it would fall on deaf ears. As far as she was concerned, I was a girl, emerging into a young womanhood, and nothing I say will change her mind.

I too was starting to harbor doubts about my manhood. I loved the feel of my lingerie, and no longer felt strange wearing skirts. One day, I realized that I was using my feminine voice all the time now, even when alone and talking with myself. I was concerned, but I continued nonetheless. It felt right, considering how I looked and dressed.

I worked my hair and makeup most of the morning. I wanted to be as feminine as possible, not because I wanted to be feminine, but because I felt that was the best way of getting through the day without being recognized as a man wearing woman's clothes.

My hair was quite long now, and with Mrs. Sinclair's help, I could style into an attractive fashion. "I'll take you to the beauty parlor next week, Annie," she said as she brushed it

about my ears. "They will be able to do fabulous things with your lovely hair."

Oh, no, another adventure, one that would be the ultimate test. If anyone would know my secret, a beauty salon operator would. There are no secrets from those women. But I had more immediate problems to address, namely my mall adventure.

I wore softer shades of makeup for day, another trick Mrs. Sinclair taught me. My skin is so soft and supple that I need very little foundation, but a little smooth's out all blemishes and provides a fresh palette to work with.

When I first learned to work my eyelashes, I was sure I'd poke out an eye. I wasn't far wrong, but with time, I improved, and now I can coat my lashes with the best of them. I used short strokes to make my eyelashes appear as long as possible, especially my upper lashes. Earlier I'd applied subtle shades of gray eye shadow and dark eye liner to highlight my eyes, which are one of my better features. I finished up my face by applying ruby red lipstick and filling in for a smooth glossy finish.

As I rolled my pantyhose up my legs, I was thankful that I'd cleaned my legs of stubble, not that Mrs. Sinclair would allow much to appear. I even got into the ritual by checking my legs and armpits daily to make sure my legs always appeared smooth and hairless.

I continued dressing by stepping into a tight fitting tan skirt with a hem 2" above my knees and fastening it about my waist. My skirt went well with my ivory blouse that has cute ruffles about the neckline. My blouse was just transparent enough so that my soft silky teddie could be seen beneath.

I stepped into my 3" ivory heels that Mrs. Sinclair provided. I could walk quite well in this height heel, although 4" heels still gave me problems, and I won't even discuss what happens when I walk on 5" heels. Mrs. Sinclair assured me that time and practice will resolve that problem.

I went to my full length mirror to see if everything was in order. My image seemed quite put together. Even I had to admit that I looked quite fetching, even pretty. "Wait until you try on the perfect dress today," Mrs. Sinclair stepped next to me. "You won't believe how beautiful you will look." I doubted her. After all, I really wasn't a woman, so I can't expect to look beautiful. The best I could hope for was to look passable, which is all I was working towards.

I never got used to the chill a breeze gives me as it whips about my knees and up my skirt to brush my lacy panties. I stepped out of Mrs. Sinclair's house to walk to her car and kept my skirt modest by holding it down with my hand not holding my pocket book.

I slid into the passenger's seat and swept my skirt beneath me as Mrs. Sinclair taunted. The slippery feeling as my silky panties moved over my silky slip always made me feel giddy. It was such a foreign feeling for someone who had always worn cotton underclothes my entire life.

As Mrs. Sinclair pulled out of her driveway, I lowered the visor and examined my face one more time. I was appearing as a woman in bright daylight for the first time ever, and my stomach was filled with butterflies. I wanted everything to be perfect, so that amateur looking makeup wouldn't be the cause of my exposure. I would be simply humiliated if someone found out I am a man dressed as a woman.

My eyes looked sensational, if I may brag. My complexion was flawless, smooth and soft. There are advantages to having no beard and soft supple skin, at least in my present circumstances. Later when I return to dressing in men's clothes and being a man in society, my skin will become a disadvantage, but that is for the future.

Mrs. Sinclair drove to town and kept up a constant patter of encouragement, telling me to not slouch when sitting or standing or walking, keep my head high, be proud of myself and let my breasts lead the way. She said that I would lessen my chances of exposure by looking like I was proud of my appearance. "A sure way for others to question your gender is

to downplay or hide your feminine features," she said. "People question why a pretty young woman would hide her feminine features."

"I wouldn't call my breasts and legs my better features," I softly said.

"Exactly the attitude of someone not comfortable with her gender," she said. "A pretty young woman would be proud of her body, not ashamed. You must not consider your breasts and nice legs to be detriments. They are assets and you should be proud of them and display them as such."

"I'll try..." I said as she pulled into the mall. My big adventure was about to begin.

"We will work from the inside out," Mrs. Sinclair said. "First is lingerie." My heart fell to my knees as she dragged me into a 'Victoria's Secret'.

Like most men, I was always 'afraid' to enter this 'female only' establishment. I thought that the women in the store would stare at me and question reason for being there, my sexuality. Now not only was I entering this exclusively female shop, but I was expected to linger over the products, feel and discuss them with Mrs. Sinclair, and buy items for my own use. I was entering as a woman ready to buy their lingerie.

Mrs. Sinclair led me to the panty counter where panties of every color in the rainbow were stacked. There were plain cotton panties, much like the ones I had started with, but Mrs. Sinclair took me right past those to the very thin, very sexy nylon and lacy panties. "You can buy cotton underthings at any drug store, Annie," she whispered. "Women come to this store for lingerie to make them feel sensuous and sexy."

The counters and stacks were covered with every style of panty known to woman, from thin see-through panties, frilly lace panties, bikini panties that barely covered ones crotch to bloomers that harbored back to another era.

"You should consider these panties, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair stated, holding up a pair of frilly lace panties. "They make you feel oh so nice while giving you a degree of privacy."

A sales girl came over to help. "May I help you please?"

"My niece, Annie, is visiting from her home on the farm. She can't wait to buy her first pair of really sexy panties," Mrs. Sinclair declared.

I nearly lost my lunch when the salesgirl turned to me and asked, "What styles are you considering, ma'am?"

Mrs. Sinclair remained silent as they waited for me to answer. I was sure the girl would see through my disguise. I cleared my voice and quietly said, "I like these boutique style panties."

"Oh, those are a favorite of mine," the salesgirl gushed, "They make me feel so nice. Your boyfriend will love you in them too."

"I don't have a..." I started to say when Mrs. Sinclair interrupted.

"Annie will take half a dozen pair in a variety of colors," she said. "Her size is..."

The salesgirl went off to gather my order, and Mrs. Sinclair took me to the side and quietly said, "Annie, you almost lost it just then. A young woman would never tell a salesgirl that she wasn't buying sexy underwear for her boyfriend or that she doesn't have a boyfriend. You must act like other girls would act under similar circumstances."

"It's all so new...so strange..." I nearly cried.

"I know, dear, but you will learn quickly," she comforted. "Just assume that you want to dress pretty to please your boyfriend, and everything will work out nicely."

"But I don't want a boyfriend...I don't even want to think that I have one," I declared.

"Don't knock it if you haven't tried it, dear," she cooed. "Now let's get back to shopping. We have an entire day ahead of us."

Relieved that the salesgirl didn't seem to 'read' me as a man under my skirt and blouse, I reentered the world of

feminine shopping with a little more confidence. After buying the panties, Mrs. Sinclair guided me to the bra section. We discussed the various types and styles of bras, and then she told the salesgirl, "My niece is a 35 B-cup. She needs bras for daytime and for special occasions at night too." I didn't know what she meant by 'special occasions', but I wasn't about to ask her at that moment. We bought half dozen bras of various styles and colors that matched my new panties.

We spent nearly two hours in that store alone before leaving with our arms loaded with packages containing every type of silky, lacy lingerie known to women: teddies, bustiers, nighties, panties, bras, and even a corset...and they all were for me.

I had no idea when and where I'd wear all of them. I hoped that my medical condition would soon be fixed. When that happened, I would leave woman's clothes behind me and all these lovely clothes would go unworn. It almost made me sad, but not quite. Until my body reverted back to being male, I was going to enjoy wearing these lovelies as much as I could.

After taking those packages to the car, Mrs. Sinclair declared, "Now let's look for dresses, Annie. You will look absolutely gorgeous in a dress."

I wasn't sure if she was right or not, but my confidence had grown leaps and bounds while in the lingerie shop. I didn't feel nearly as awkward as earlier entering a dress shop. We wandered from one boutique to the next, not buying anything, but looking at the styles and discussing the features. "Visualize what that little creation would look like on you, Annie," she would say, and I'd try to do as she asked.

At first it was difficult to imagine me wearing these lovely dresses. Soon I could visualize me wearing such and such lovely dress to a special occasion, and I actually liked what I imagined. I realized that I would look nice wearing many of these dresses.

As we walked and talked, I forgot how I was dressed and where I was. I got so absorbed in our discussions that I didn't realize that I was walking amongst throngs of people as a

woman while wearing a skirt and blouse, and full makeup. I didn't even feel discomfort walking in my heels.

"Unlike your lingerie, Annie, you can try on any dress in your size," Mrs. Sinclair encouraged. "Let's give it a try."

We entered a boutique and found a dress that I liked, not too risqué, yet not too conservative either. "My niece was taken by this pale green slip dress," Mrs. Sinclair told the salesgirl. "Do you have it in size 6?"

"Yes, we do," the girl smiled. "Your niece will look quite lovely in this little number." I blushed at her comment, but decided it was just sales talk to get me to buy it.

I blushed deeply as the salesgirl found the dress in my size. Would I really try on such a feminine dress? "Are you sure I'm a size 6?" I asked Mrs. Sinclair. "I've never tried a dress on before."

"Of course I'm sure, Annie," she giggled. "I bought all your other clothes and they fit, didn't they?"

"Yes...but what if this dress doesn't fit? The salesgirl will become suspicious that a woman my age doesn't know her own dress size."

"She most certainly would," Mrs. Sinclair giggled, "but your diet has resulted in a petite size six. It will fit you perfectly. Besides, the salesgirl sized you up the moment you stepped into the boutique, and she agrees with my choice."

When the salesgirl returned with the dress, Mrs. Sinclair asked if I could try it on. "Of course, ladies, take your time. I'll be right here when you are done."

"Come, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair cooed. "Let's try this dress."

She locked the change room door as I slipped out of my skirt, blouse, and half slip. "Drop the dress over your head and lower it over your body," Mrs. Sinclair stated.

I did as she instructed, and after inserting my arms and fitting the top over my bra, I allowed her to zip me into it. It fit perfectly! The skirt came to just above my knees and fit tightly about my womanly hips and petite waist.

"Oh, yes, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair declared, "That dress is you! How lovely you look in it."

I looked at my reflection in the mirror, and saw a young woman wearing the silkiest soft slip dress imaginable. Could that woman really be me?

Wear it outside while we look for other dresses and skirts," she suggested. "That way, you can feel it for fit."

I did as she suggested, and the salesgirl was full of praise too. "You know, we have this little black number that would be a knockout on her," the salesgirl suggested. "It is perfect for those intimate nights out on the town with your boyfriend."

I wanted to tell her that I wasn't planning any 'intimate nights', especially with a man, but Mrs. Sinclair stepped in and took the offered dress. "I was looking at that skirt and top combination in the store window," she said.

"Oh, that is one of our best sellers," the girl gushed. "We have it in size 6 too."

"Let's try that one too," Mrs. Sinclair said.

After acquiring both outfits, we returned to the change room. "Mrs. Sinclair, I don't need this little black dress. I'm not having any intimate nights on the town with a man."

"I know, dear, but every young woman needs a little black dress like this. Let's get you out of that slip dress and into this black number. Black makes a girl look smaller and more petite, not that you need worry."

A few minutes later, I was out of the slip dress and ready to put on the black mini-dress. "You need to remove your bra for this dress, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair declared.

"Won't that be risqué?" I asked.

"Of course, but if you have it, flaunt it," she giggled. "Besides, this dress is made to be worn without a bra. It has built-in support to keep your breasts up and together to expose enticing cleavage."

"Mrs. Sinclair!" I gasped. "I don't want to entice anyone."

"Oh, don't be an old fuddy duddy," she laughed. "Have some fun. Let yourself go."

I removed my bra, feeling somewhat naked without its comforting control. Mrs. Sinclair had seen my embarrassing breasts grow from little nubs to the full size they presently grew too, so I wasn't embarrassed to expose them to her.

I stepped into the black dress and brought it over my breasts and inserted my arms into the short sleeves. Mrs. Sinclair zipped me up and we examined the fit in the mirror. "Oh, Mrs. Sinclair," I gushed, "It's lovely." I fell in love with it immediately.

"Yes, it is perfect," she said. "You never know when such a dress is needed. Every young woman needs a dress like this in her closet."

I turned to examine it from the back, the front, and side views. It looked scrumptious. "Can I buy this one too," I pleaded.

"Of course, dear," she gushed, "I would never deny my lovely niece such a lovely dress."

I almost felt like her niece now. Maybe being her niece until my medical problem was fixed was for the best. It would answer inquiries about our relationship.

"Let's try on the skirt and top combination," she suggested after I'd pranced about for a few minutes in the little black dress.

"Okay," I was almost sad at having to take off this lovely dress. It had fallen in love with it.

A few minutes later, I was ready to slip into the blouse. "No bra with this blouse, either," Mrs. Sinclair declared. "It is made to show your lovely bosom."

"Don't they make any dresses today that don't show your breasts?" I asked.

"That slip dress didn't," she giggled, "but sometimes it feels really nice to not wear a bra. Besides, it's nice to be a little naughty."

I dropped the deep Rose color blouse over my head and allowed Mrs. Sinclair to button me up. The silk blouse felt heavenly against my smooth skin. I adjusted my breasts to properly fit and was surprised at how comfortable they felt.

"Put your half slip back on, Annie," Mrs. Sinclair suggested. "This skirt needs a slip to provide proper modesty."

I wasn't sure how much modesty my slip would provide under this lovely ivory skirt, considering how light and floating it felt, but I did as she suggested. After all, I loved wearing all my silky lingerie.

"Now for the skirt," she gushed.

I stepped into the skirt and raised it over my legs until it settled about my waist and over my hips. I closed the waist and it fit perfectly. The skirt felt scrumptious as it danced above my nylon encased knees as I twirled.

"Step into your heels, dear," Mrs. Sinclair said, "Let's see how this blouse and skirt combination works with high heels."

I did as she suggested, and turned to look in the full length mirror. I let out an audible gasp as the skirt swirled up about my knees to expose my silky lace lingerie. I automatically brought my knees together to maintain my modesty. Where had that reaction come from?

Mrs. Sinclair was there to help settle my skirt back about my legs. "Isn't that the loveliest skirt and blouse combination you have ever seen?" she gushed.

My reflection mesmerized me. This young woman was every man's wet dream, yet she was me. I started to visibly shake at the vision I beheld. "Is something wrong?" Mrs. Sinclair asked.



“When did I become so feminine?” I gasped upon seeing my reflection. “I can’t be that girl in the mirror.”

“Of course it’s you, Annie,” Mrs. Sinclair said. “You have become a lovely young woman.”

"How did I become so feminine?" I squeaked. "That can't be my reflection in the mirror."

"Of course it is you, Annie," she giggled. "What have I been telling you? You have become a gorgeous young woman over the past months. You just couldn't see it until now."

"But...my breasts, they look so natural...and large," I squeaked.

"They are natural, Annie," she laughed. "You grew them all on your own. Yes, they are lovely, and impossible to hide any longer, so display them with pride."

"But...what is to become of me?" I softly asked. "How can I return to being a man when I look so...so feminine?"

"Don't worry your pretty head about such abstract notions, Annie," she said. "Enjoy being the woman you have become."

I no longer tried to straighten her out about my gender. It is useless until my body returned to looking like a man. Once that inevitably happens, everything will return to normal, but until then, I have to live in the here and now, and that life is as a woman.

The End

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