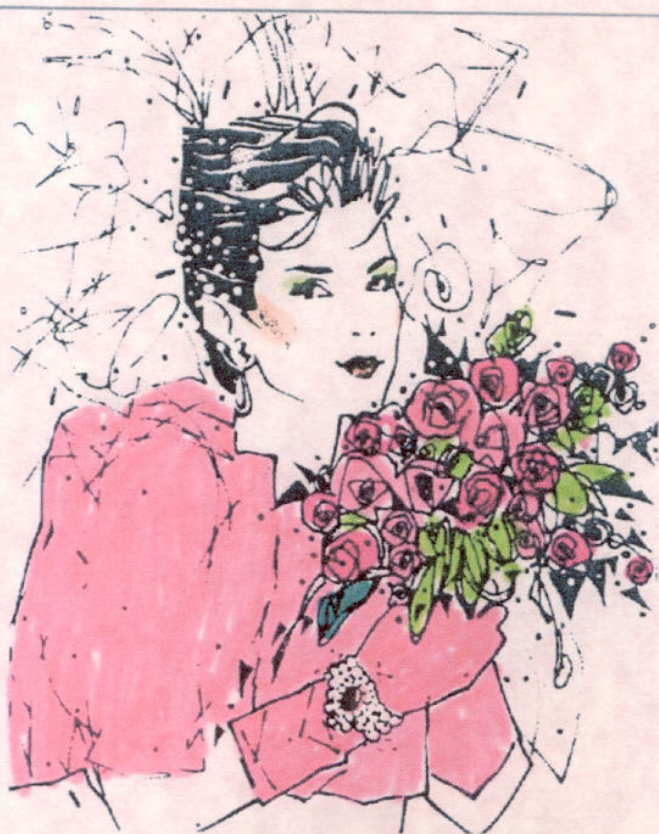


# TV FICTION CLASSICS

## "ALL DOLLED UP"

*"Lilly needed a model to practice her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help."*

Volume #12



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*"ALL DOLLED UP" -- 1*

# **TV FICTION CLASSICS**

## **MAGAZINE**

**Volume 12**

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***ALL DOLLED UP***

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**"The world can only be changed by changing men."**

# "ALL DOLLED UP"

By Sandy Thomas

99 to 100. The Blazers were behind the Lions with only 8 seconds on the clock. The tension filled the air as the Blazer captain Bill Johnson called the last time out in the final game of the State College Championship. Every six foot plus player's eyes went to the board as if the clock might make an extra click or maybe they could stare it into stopping faster.

I'm that captain.

This is terrible. This creative writing fiction term paper is due in two days and I can't seem to think of anything to write about except the big game. The problem is that I can't believe what really happened!

You should have heard the roar of the crowd when the coach...

No...No. This has to be fiction. The teacher said good fiction comes from what you know best, things around your life. But I've grown up in this small town. I haven't ever seen a star in person or anything. What can I write about? Neighbors? My sister? Our town?

Well, it's a small town. Thirty-two hundred people. Everyone knows everyone. My father died in an auto wreck nine years ago, so my mother opened a beauty shop in town. It was tough for a couple years but now we have about everything we want.

I could write about high school and those years? Yeah, that's it!

First, my sister is called Lilly, short for Lillith. Her name means "evil woman" in Hebrew. She was two years older and going to beauty school to work in the beauty shop with my mother. My mother was very busy socially, so she was gone most of the time when not working.



Me, I was the high school star, a “jock”. I lettered in every sport...it was a small school but my 6’ foot large frame and athletic form made the coaches always picked me to be captain.

Being a farm town community, some of the other guys were equally big and lets face it, sports in a small town in Indiana are important. Friday night during the season, basketball was the hot ticket. Sometimes people offered me money just to get a sold out ticket. Yeah, sports were it.

When I walked down the street after a big game, I was either a hero or scum depending on how I played.

My neighbors were an elderly retired couple on one side and Mrs. Woodside and her son on the other. Her husband and my father were killed in the same accident while going to our “duck hunting” cabin up state. Her son, Kelly (who’s name means “warrior”) and I grew up together. I’m afraid “warrior” didn’t really match Kelly’s prowess. As kids we were once the same size and played together until eighth grade. Suddenly I shot up while Kelly barely grew an inch.

When we were young, we were best friends and told each other our most intimate secrets. In high school, I guess I was too busy with sports to spend much time with Kelly.

I felt sorry for him. The other guys teased him about his size, five foot, five inches and his skinny funny build. The worst ribbing was in P.E. class. If I wasn’t captain, he was always the last to be chosen...If I was captain and I chose Kelly, the other guys would sneer at me, “Hey, he’s no good!” Teenage boys can be so cruel.

Kelly never showed any anger when I didn’t pick him. He seemed to assume his place as the “last pick”. Besides short, his physique was funny. The other guys wore large shirts and small shorts around their skinny butts. Kelly was tube shaped and relatively broad at the bottom causing him to have an awkward run. Kelly wore a small T-shirt that hung loosely and a medium sized shorts that fit tightly around his wider pelvis.

When we played sports in P.E., the other guys wouldn't give the ball to Kelly and just sort of "ran over him." Oh, I stood up for him. There was a bully named Buzzy who used to pick on Kelly every day, sometimes stealing his lunch money on the way to school.

Kelly never complained. I saw him sitting alone at lunch one day without any lunch. My team mates were at another table where we usually ate to talk about the latest game. Anyway, Kelly says, "Oh, I wasn't hungry." But he looked over towards Buzzy's table who had TWO milks and several candy bars. It all made sense.

I asked, "Did Buzzy steal your money?"

Kelly looked down in embarrassment. That night I went over to Kelly's house and had a talk with him.

The next day, Kelly walked to school as always. Near the corner snack shop where all the hoods hung out, Buzzy and a few of his buddies stopped Kelly.

"Hey sissy!" Buzzy yelled. "Come over here." Kelly as usual, stopped.

"Kelly, Kelly, Kelly," Buzzy sang. "I hope you have your 'road toll' this morning...\$1.00 as usual. I know you're watching your girlish figure so you won't need lunch."

Kelly dug into his jeans pocket and pulled out a bill. It was a ten. Kelly looked at Buzzy and said, "All I have is a ten."

"Sorry kid," Buzzy said, "Exact change or more only. We'll just take the ten."

Kelly folded the bill in half length wise and started to give it to Buzzy, pulling it away at the last second. "Oh," Kelly said, "This is enough for ten days...how about credit?"

Buzzy laughed to his buddies, "Look guys, she wants *credit*. Ok, the new 'toll' is \$2.00 a day. That will pay you up for a week."

Kelly smiled and stuffed the bill in his shirt pocket. "Buzzy, all you have to do is *get it*..."

Buzzy, angered by this confrontation stepped toward Kelly to take the bill. One of Buzzy's henchmen suddenly whispered, "BUZZY, over there!"

The eight guys from the football team and of course, myself, had “happened” upon the scene. “Hi Kelly, Hi Buzzy, Hi girls,” I said matter of factly, “What’s happening?”

Buzzy’s chagrined smile said it all, “Oh nothing!”

Kelly interrupted, “Hi Bill, I was just collecting the ‘road toll’ from these guys. Right Buzzy?”

Buzzy turned to his two buddies for some look of support. They knew they were outnumbered and couldn’t break their eyes from their shoes.

Kelly continued, “Let’s see...You just said the toll was \$2.00. I’ve been paying it for three months now. You owe it for that period and your friends. That comes to plus or minus a couple of hundred dollars. Do you have it with you?”

Buzzy said, “Oh, I got it...,” turning to me, “Are you guys going to MAKE me pay?”

I turned to my teammates and said, “What ever is fair. I know you wouldn’t pay anything you didn’t owe. Right?”

Buzzy was confused. He didn’t know whether he should walk away or fight it out. He hemmed and haw’ed.

I interrupted, “Buzzy, I’m just watching...if you owe it to Kelly, it’s only FAIR. Fair is fair, RIGHT? If you’ve been taking Kelly’s money for years, then you’ll do what is right. RIGHT, ask your buddies???”

Buzzy’s henchmen nodded their heads. Kelly said, “Or you can kiss my shoes and pay me back all the money you owe me plus 6% interest in two months.”

Buzzy said, “Okay, I’ll pay you back.”

Kelly smiled, “AND.”

“I’m not kissing your shoes.”

Kelly said, “That wouldn’t be RIGHT.”

Buzzy looked at his buddies, “the team” and then quickly bent down and kissed Kelly’s dirty tennis shoes. He quickly got up and without ceremony, he leaped on his cycle and said, “I’ve got the point...I’ll pay you back Kelly. That’s for sure.”

## MY SISTER

My sister(the evil woman) was a former cheerleader at my high school and loved by all. By day she would take beauty

classes, by night give haircuts at home. The school and law allowed her to practice as long as she didn't charge money. Even free, it was hard to get "victims" for her "practice". I allowed her to cut mine but what could you do to 'screw up' a crewcut.

She conned Mrs. Woodside and several neighbors into "free cuts". Even Kelly came over, because they didn't have much money. His mother didn't have a trade and they were trying to live on Social Security and a small insurance policy.

My mother tried to help them, passing on our outgrown and discarded clothes. My clothes didn't fit Kelly well, but some of Lilly's did...I mean the pants and t-shirts...unisex stuff.

Lilly studied everyone's face and selected new styles for them. She gave me a "jock" flattop. Kelly's she let grow, only trimming the bottom for months. It got so long that the straight down styled bangs hung in his eyes. With his white skin and light brown hair, it made him look funny, soft looking, almost effeminate. The guys at school had laid off him after the "Buzzy" incident. Still I had to tell him.

He agreed and went to my sister. "Bill thinks this cut is too long."

"Oh, he does," she said. "I think it suits you. I have an idea, I'll give you a perm, some curl...that will shorten the look."

I walked in and saw Kelly. He had a pink plastic cape and Lilly was inserting big pink rollers in his hair.

Lilly gave Kelly a perm.

Afterwards I looked at Kelly. It looked like a girl's haircut. Kelly's unflawed pale white skin didn't help either.

Lilly glowed, at her latest "creation." She beamed, "Bill look at Kelly...isn't he pretty?"

He did look pretty. His deep, brilliant large eyes, pinkish lips and high cheekbones made him look girlish...girlishly pretty. I didn't want to hurt Kelly's feelings so I just nodded.

When Lilly started to show Kelly how to blow it dry, pulling the hair down to the nape of his neck and teasing it at the crown for body, I had to leave.

Later, my sister and I had a fight.

“Lil, your not helping him. You’re making him look more like a sissy.”

“Oh, you jocks,” She screamed. “You can call names but you can’t be friends with someone who is a little different. Kelly can’t help it that he’s too small for your ‘sports’. How can he get strong if he can’t play. Why don’t you help him...”

“Okay,” I said, “I will.” I took him the next day to the gym and we shot some baskets. I was surprised how well he shot. I showed him some pointers and he caught on fast.

Unfortunately, baseball season was starting. I didn’t have much time to spend with Kelly. Oh, I saw him occasionally, he hung around with my sister. He was the only easy “skill” she could find to practice her beauty lessons.

I’ll never forget the day I walked in after practice and saw Kelly. His hair had grown to over his collar and was all one length. Lilly had teased his hair into a bouffant, swept up and over on one side, held with a sparkled girl’s barrette.

Kelly’s face was bright red when he saw me. Lilly confronted me, “I thought you were going to be late?”

My jaw dropped. Lilly said, “Now you just run along if you are going to make fun. Kelly’s helping me. I’ve got a wedding this weekend and I’ve never done one of these styles.”

Kelly apologized, “I just wanted to help her.”

Lilly scolded, “Don’t apologize to him. You aren’t doing anything wrong.”

I went to the kitchen to fix a bite to eat. When I went back into the living room, Lilly had changed the style to a wavy swirling long lock look. His hair looked long, curled it did look shorter.

But that was only the beginning, I sat watching TV while she pulled his hair “Up” with combs and teased and curled the top adding baby breath flowers. Then she added a spray hair glitter that added sparkle and a touch of glamor.

Lilly said, “That’s it...that’s what I want for the bride.”

How could my sister do this to him? I guess I wasn’t a very good friend or I would spend more time with Kelly, you know, keep him busy.

Lilly was busy looking in some bags. It wasn’t over for Kelly. She took a large piece of pink lace fabric and threw it

over his shoulders saying, "This is a piece of the dress for color."

I couldn't believe what came next...Lilly pulled out her make-up bag. Quickly, without comment, she began applying a make-up foundation to his smooth face. She said to Kelly, "Your skin is so nice, I hope you never grow a beard."

Talking to herself she continued, "I need a glamorous look...extra mascara, additional lipstick and gloss, a hint more blusher."

She worked quietly for a while then said, "There."

I looked at Kelly. This was no longer Kelly, the boy next door...he looked like a blushing bride. The softness that was so unattractive as a boy was dazzling as a girl. His yielding personality became appealing to my maleness. His facial expression was that of an available, sexy female. His red lips tempting and sumptuous. Kelly was projecting an image of a glamorous girl, unlike any in our small town.

Feeling my stare, Kelly said, "Lilly, please no more. I look stupid."

I interrupted, "Kelly, I won't tell any one about this, I promise. Really, you look nice. I want to get a Polaroid camera and take a few pictures."

Lilly agreed over Kelly's objections. I snapped pictures as Lilly changed the make-up subtly to give different mood expressions. Kelly looked most feminine, a ladylike gentleness showed in his eyes.

Kelly was dressed in a t-shirt and jeans. I wondered what he would look like in a lace dress, or a short skirt. Even in the jeans he looked like a girl, except for the flat chest.

It was getting late and time for Kelly to be home. Lilly said, "Do you want to remove your makeup here or maybe you would like to show your mother?"

Kelly shyly said, "Yes, she'd love to see it. I told her I was helping you."

After Kelly left, Lilly started to yell at me about teasing Kelly.

To her surprise, I admitted that I thought Kelly looked gorgeous. "Lilly, I can't believe it. You are GOOD. Kelly

could have been a girl. If he was in a dress, and walked in, I would have thought he was the best looking girl in town.

Lilly looked at me seriously, "I bet I can get him to try on my maid of honor dress, but you better not tease him or tell anyone. OK?"

That night before I went to sleep, I looked at the pictures. There wasn't any boy showing in the pictures only a fresh, wide-eyed and rosy female. I was haunted...I wanted to see more of this girl.

The next day was Saturday. Lilly called Kelly to help her again. I went to play ball but Lilly told me to come home around one o'clock.

I quietly snuck in the back door and went to the front of the house. My jaw dropped when I saw him. Kelly was wearing a kitten-like soft bridesmaid dress while Lilly pinned the hem. His pale white muscleless shoulders looking vulnerable in this dress.

Kelly turned bright red when he saw me. I said, "Kelly, you look wonderful." He looked surprised. "You could easily be a model. Can I take some pictures."

He nodded.

The time flew and we all laughed. Kelly realized that I enjoyed his "dressing up" too and relaxed, enjoying himself. For fun, Lilly took Kelly to her room and tried on one of her church dresses.

Lilly went to fix us some food. Kelly was in a tight knit dress, beige nylons and black 3 inch pumps. He sat primly across from me, his hair artfully pulled up in a knot with a pink ribbon. He said, "I shouldn't be doing this...if anyone ever found out..."

"I won't tell." I looked him in the eyes. His round, doe-like dark eyes batted, his rosy, pink cheeks and lips looked at me for acceptance. I moved over on the couch next to him. "Kelly, you make a pretty girl."

He smiled showing sparkling white teeth between his red painted lips but nervously pulled down the hem of his skirt to cover some of his lace slip that showed between his soft thighs. It was a feminine motion, one not learned but natural. He said,

"It feels funny having bumps on my chest. The bra feels tight when I move my arms and the skirt makes me feel naked. I'd die if any of the guys at school saw me dressed like this."

I teased him, "I promise not to show very many of the guys!"

He looked terrified, not sure if I was joking. I comforted, "I won't tell...promise."

He stood up to help Lilly with the food. Kelly's wide pelvis and narrow waist looked natural in a skirt. His skirt was drawn tightly across his derriere to reveal his shapely soft buttocks and a sexy crease between them. The way his rear globes thrust out would have been a turn on for any red blooded male.

I didn't feel like eating and only nibbled on the sandwich. After we ate, I asked Lilly, "Take Kelly to your room and have him try on a few more of your dresses...he looks better in them than you." Lilly took Kelly by the hand. Reluctantly he tried on several more of her dresses, modeling them for me.



I took more pictures, I couldn't get enough of this fantasy girl. If only this wasn't my buddy, Kelly. If only this image was a real female, I flip for her. But it wasn't.

The soft bottom cheeks and dainty body that I sensualistically longed to fondle belonged to a boy. This was my buddy in lace panties, bra, slip and silky skirt and blouse. I wished he was a girl.

I had to see Kelly as a girl again. What could I do? Then it came to me...

The next afternoon, Lilly and Kelly were looking at the pictures I had taken. I told my sister, "Lilly, these pictures are wonderful, you should put them in your portfolio. They might get you a job someday."

She thumbed through them and said, "Yeah, some of these are great...too bad the backgrounds are so crummy. We should have done them outdoors or something. Say Kelly? Would you let me do this again?"

Kelly said, "No way, someone might see me."

Lilly was thinking, I knew she would. "No, not here. We could go to our duck hunting cabin upstate and get a full portfolio. Please???"

Kelly looked at me. I said, "These might even get me a job someday as a photographer. We could go in two weeks over the three day holiday weekend?"

The next two weeks, Kelly came over several times for fittings and color tests. Lilly really got into this. She had gone to Victorville, a large city thirty miles away and made a deal with big department store. Her make-up, their clothes, and Kelly as the model. She lied and told them Kelly was a rising new model from New York. I was supposed to be a well-known photographer. They gave her everything she wanted.

Three days before the weekend, Kelly came over. Lilly took him upstairs and made him shave all hair from his arms and legs. There wasn't much but he was denuded for sure now. Lilly, despite his protests, plucked away at his eyebrows for ten minutes. When she was finally finished, all that was left of Kelly's brows were two high girlish arches.

He complained, trying to make a boyish expression in the mirror, "The guys will notice at school..."

"No they won't...they're only interested in themselves," Lilly answered.

It took several hours to drive to the cabin. The small rustic shelter hadn't been used for a while. It took another hour to bring all the stuff in. There was only one bedroom and a pullout couch in the living room.

Lilly made a makeshift hanger for the stacks of clothes. I fixed us some food while Lilly prepared Kelly for his "shoot" tomorrow. She applied long false nails to his hands and painted his finger and toenails with a red polish. While they were drying, she plucked even more of his eyebrows making his face more girlish.

Throwing him a bra, panties and nightgown from the clothes collection, she said, "Kelly, for the next two

days...you're a model, a pretty female. You might as well start now." Kelly blushed but slipped on the nightgown.

The sleeping arrangements were, Kelly and I in the bedroom, Lilly on the couch. She said to me, "Remember Bill, Kelly needs *her* beauty rest."

Kelly climbed into bed, the stunning lace and satin bridal nightgown clung to his thin frame. He said "goodnight" and turned his back. His wide hips and buttocks encased in the gown was like a second skin. I was in bed with a boy in a dainty girl's nightgown, yet this appeared to be my fantasy *girl*, *her* rear and hips so full and inviting.



*Kelly blushed but went about his business getting dressed.*

I wondered how Kelly would feel, knowing that his hips looked so girlishly tantalizing in nylon. I guessed he would be embarrassed. How would any boy react, knowing that his body was generating a feminine allure? It wasn't his fault, nature gives us little choice.

I awoke with a strange sensation...an awareness of lace and satin against my chest. I opened my eyes to realize that the small sway center bed had pulled us together like two spoons, my front against his satin covered backside. My maleness was awake before I was.

I laid there on my side marvelling for minutes before I whispered, "Kelly are you awake?"

No answer. I gently pulled away to give him back his space. How embarrassing. I hoped that he hadn't awakened and felt my hearty attention pressed against his nyloned soft buttocks. I turned over and fell asleep again.

The sun was shining in the window, it was still early. I turned and saw that Kelly was gone. I got up and put on my sweats and went into the kitchen. Kelly was in the kitchen making coffee and breakfast. His hair was pinned up with a ribbon and he had already put on some make-up. He smiled at me blushing deeply, then saying, "Morning, did you sleep well?"

I nodded. My eyes followed his shapely figure as he femininely moved around in a frilly housecoat over his nightgown. He brought coffee over and sat down, his housecoat and gown opening, showing a vast portion of smooth thigh. He crossed them above the knee like he'd been a girl all his life. Did he know what he was doing to me?

We chatted about the weather and he finally said, "Bill, I appreciate your friendship. You haven't teased me once."

Kelly's smooth knees were exposed, like a proper lady. I replied, "You're just helping my sister. What's to tease?"

"Oh, you know, me letting her dress me like this. I guess I feel pretty being all dolled up. Do you think I look silly?"

"No," I said almost too boldly. "I think you look lovely."

He took a deep breath, his padded bra jutted out prettily. He bent forward, whispering so Lilly sleeping on the couch

couldn't hear, "I feel so funny having you see me wearing panties and dresses. I know you must think I'm a sissy or something."

I said, "I could treat you like a *real* girl this weekend? I think we'd both enjoy that."

Before he could answer, Lilly turned over and said, "Hi, guys! I thought I smelled coffee."

The rest of the day was spent taking pictures.

It started with Lilly putting hot curlers in his hair so she could try several new "fluffy" styles. Then Lilly went about putting together each outfit and what accessories were to be worn with it. She'd sketched drawings of what each picture should portray.

I snapped a few pictures of Kelly undressed and struggling into a tight "girdle" that Lilly had put out for him. It had a wide belt that tightly went around his waist, taking off several inches. Kelly's figure was now a pleasing series of womanly curves. Even his chest, while not like breasts, was full and fatty, with larger than normal pointed nipples.

He looked embarrassed as Lilly prepared his dress. He stood exposed in only the lace bikini panties, his legs daintily hosed and 3 inch leather high heeled pumps. He looked uncomfortable, his hands clasp in front covering his chest in modesty.

He looked relieved when Lilly held up a padded, push-up lace bra and helped him fasten it covering his oversized twin nipples. Lilly showed him how to reach inside each cup and pull the fat up to give the impression of cleavage. Kelly looked in the mirror and saw in disbelief a valley, a soft small valley. This addition thoroughly girlified his image.

Kelly put a white lacy slip over his head and Lilly took him to a make-shift make-up mirror and light. Kelly's derriere swayed ladylike from side to side calling attention to his wide full hips encased in nylon.

I took a few pictures as Lilly prepared Kelly. Kelly looked so fragile and vulnerable as he tried in vain to pull the short slip skirt down to cover more of his smooth thighs.

Lilly had it all laid out. We did it all: femme fatale, classic, jet set sophisticate, preppy. Every outfit fit the image and Lilly



*Kelly's high fashion look  
contrasted to the rustic background.*

made sure Kelly's hairstyles, make-up, even the perfume was just right.

From the black and white polka-dot silk pajamas to the electric purple crepe dress to the hot pink linen dress with the fitted torso, Lilly was able to get Kelly to assume the right mood and expression by setting up a scene.

Unconsciously, Lilly was teaching Kelly all the tricks of being a girl. She even forgot a few times that Kelly was a boy. Once she said, "Here's a lipstick color you could wear to school...Ohhh, I forgot." Then she giggled, "Oh well...maybe you can model for me again in the future. Would you like that?"

Kelly blushed, knowing that I was listening. Lilly had an idea..."Why can't Kelly dress like a girl once in a while??? You can keep all the lingerie from the store and I'll give you some of my old dresses and heels..." Then as an after thought, "Since we got all the pictures done yesterday, we ought to go for a drive into town."

"Like this"?

"Sure," Lilly said, "You look just like a pretty girl. No one will know the difference. We'll fix you up a handbag to carry..."

Kelly grinned at me and shyly accepted. I was beginning to get worried. What did this mean? What if the guys at school found out? Would they call *me* names like...sissy...pansy?

I watched as Lilly helped Kelly get ready. Kelly must of known that his swinging hips and dainty steps were getting to me. It was like he was flaunting his girlishness in front of me.

While getting dressed he bustled around in only a lace white satin slip that was translucent enough so I could see his bikini panties.

It was nice out so he wore a flouncy short skirted dress that fit tightly around his plump hips then flared, accentuating his new spirited wiggle. Nude sheer hose made his legs look long and smooth, particularly with the 3 inch high heels.

He asked Lilly if she could bleach his hair a bit lighter...maybe some streaks. My worst fears were coming true...I had caused it all.

## DRESSING FOR DOLLARS

We developed the pictures. They were beautiful. Even I was impressed with the outcome. They were high style, "New York" type glossies. My sister, I hated to admit, had the "touch".

A week later she burst through the door after seeing the head of advertising at the Department Store. "They bought them all!" She tried to get her breath. "Bill, they loved your photos, they loved my styles and they loved Kelly the *model*". She handed me a check.

My eyes blurred as I knew I was reading the figures wrong. Three thousand dollars? No? Yes, it was three thousand dollars. I looked at her. "Are you kidding?"

Lilly smiled, "I told them we were all 'professionals' and that was our rate. I say we split it three ways, okay?"

Kelly was elated at first, talking of being able to buy his mother a few needed things, like a new stove. When Lilly talked of future sessions, Kelly asked, "What are they going to do with these pictures?"

"Put them in their ads. You'll be famous," then realizing the potential consequences if he was found out, she added, "Look at these, do they look like Kelly the boy? No. Nobody will know. It's not even this town. We might be able to make this much *several* times a month.

Kelly thought a minute, then said, "For mother and this kind of money, I'll learn how to dress, style my hair, do make-up, walk, talk...anything they want. I'm going to tell mother the news."

His mother, knowing about his helping Lilly was surprised and supportive. She only warned, "You better not let too many people know about this." We all agreed on that!

The money was divided and gone quickly. Lilly had set up several more sessions. She laughed, "I raised the price...they won't appreciate our work unless they pay through the nose."

Lilly took Kelly shopping to get a few essentials, accessories that all models had "in their bag." Several pairs of clip-on earrings, a light foundation make-up matched to Kelly's skin, several lipsticks and nail polish that matched, make-up brushes and several basic dresses. Lilly also gave weekly manicures and pedicures to Kelly, warning, "Be careful with your nails, we don't want to have to use false ones." Kelly's well manicured, long oval nails were beginning to look too feminine for a boy.

They modified Lilly's clothes making them "one of a kinds" by shorting the hemlines, making the skirts narrower and changing the cut. Kelly did some of the sewing himself. I got a funny feeling watching him sew dresses that he would be wearing. I don't know how to explain it.

Lilly decided to make a bold move with Kelly's hair which was quite long and thick. She told Kelly while running her

fingers over his bangs, "I want to keep it long, but all the volume is at the bottom pulling down the look." She began trimming the weight off the ends. She added, "We want your hair to be light, not just hanging." She showed him how to use hair combs saying, "It pulls the whole head up and gives the illusion of being taller...it shows your pretty face." Kelly blushed.

Lilly also informed Kelly that a model's "lifetime was short". She said, "Kelly dear, don't take offense but you're going to have to take care of your face and body like any model. Nightly cleansing, moisturizers, facials and I even suggest you wear a clear lipstick whenever possible. Oh, and one more thing...I'd like you to lose about 5 pounds. You're not heavy but the camera puts on weight. I'll talk to your mother about a diet...she can help you."

I had my work cut out too. I had to buy new camera equipment, filters, and lens to get a professional look.

The first ads hit. They were a huge success. I wanted to tell everyone, but couldn't. The department store first used daily the one of Kelly in a basic black short dress with the caption, "PUT IT ALL TOGETHER!" We were told his legs, were the perfect "three diamonds". That meant, when his legs were pressed together, there was diamond between his thighs, one between the calves and knees, and one between the ankles and calves.

Lilly worked weekly with Kelly's hair, adding soft body, fullness and waves; even lightened it several shades. Even as a boy, his hair moved freely—as a girl it was sexy, sophisticated, femininely pretty. His mother got used to Kelly in curlers and make-up running back and forth to our house, sometimes in a short skirt or a dress.

It was about this time that Kelly started getting samples from the store. These were samples that manufacturers would send free to potential buyers. The store wanted the model's opinion of the style and what she thought of it. These samples were wonderful and all his to keep. He quickly had his own complete girl's wardrobe including some rather interesting lingerie.

Kelly had seen a catalogue of dance wear and had requested some samples. When they came there were several "dancer belts." These were like g-strings but with a wide tight belt around the waist. Lilly looked at Kelly and said, "These look like they might hold you in."

He removed his panties and tried to put one on...it was dreadfully tight. Kelly said, "It's too small."

"They're supposed to be small," Lilly insisted while Kelly strained. He worked on getting into the garment for minutes, finally had to push his maleness 'up' because the garment allowed no room. I was surprised the garment didn't tear. "There...", he said with a final pull allowing the belt to constrict his waist. He turned towards me, his figure now looked totally girlish except for his lack of breasts. "This is going to take some getting used to."

He was entrapped in a debilitated position. The garment gave a girlishly flat effect but was painful. Kelly said, "I don't think I could stand this for an evening."

In about twenty minutes, Kelly complained, "This garment's killing me. I feel numb."

Lilly said, "Leave the garment on overnight. You'll get used to it. We need to do some swimsuit ads soon. You'll need something like this."

They became part of his everyday wear...everyday except on days when he had PE. While I and "the other guys" were playing baseball or cruising around drinking beer looking for girls, Kelly was exploring frosted lipsticks, aquamarine eye shadow and red blushes.

I guess he was beginning to look a little weird. His long hair and fingernails were obvious. On weekends he wore the dance garment under his boy clothes. He'd figured out that the first hour was the toughest so Friday after school he put it on and wore it until Monday morning. It didn't hurt much anymore he said.

He started out wearing his fingernails short but soon that wasn't enough. Lilly went half and half on a nail kit and made a bet as to who could grow their nails the longest. On weekend nights they'd beautify them bright red, creamy pink or one of the other endless shades of polish. Lilly and Kelly were becoming fast friends.

**The store requested some pictures of a disco scene.**

"Rage" was across the county, a teen club for 16 to 21 year olds. It was a wild place with rock music and dancing. Kelly was afraid because we knew some people that might be there. I'll never forget the first night we went in. We must have sat in the car for a half an hour debating whether or not to go in. Kelly was afraid. Lilly finally said, "I'm going...you can sit in the car if you want."

We had spent a lot of time getting Kelly ready for the club. I really thought he'd chicken out. He wore lots of make-up and Lilly curled and teased his hair into a wild almost whoreish look with makeup to match and perfume, lots of perfume. I had my camera ready.

We had to stand in line for a few minutes. I whispered to Kelly, "Nervous?"

Kelly nodded then reached in his red leather purse and took out a lipstick. He adjusted the bodice of his dress and noticed the boys watching him. They were staring. The awareness was so strong, it almost felt like a physical touch. Kelly smiled at one of the boys and he turned away in shyness. A blush tinted his face in embarrassment.

At the door they were asking for identification. I panicked but Kelly just smiled at the doorman and for some reason he let us in. Later I noticed that they were only "carding" the guys. Also there was no cover charge for the girls while the guys (me) had to pay \$6.00.

The place was crowded and dark. Kelly took my hand and we snaked our way into the club. The guys outnumbered the girls 3 to 1. They gawked as Kelly walked by.

Kelly whispered, "I feel so different here. Like prey, helpless in my skirts and 3 inch heels."

I looked at Kelly who was having second thoughts as the guys were sizing him up. He looked good...too good.

Kelly whispered, "I can't believe I'm doing this. If I get caught, I'll get beat to a pulp."

"And if you pass...we can go anywhere," Lilly giggled. She was right. I looked at her then at Kelly. Lilly was wearing a mint green silk dress with a white collar, low cut and tight.

The skirt fit tightly over her fanny, calling attention to her walk. They were by far the prettiest young ladies in the club.

Kelly was wearing a sleeveless black lace dress that looked like it was made for him. It was amazing how feminine his round soft arms and shoulders looked. The hem of his dress merely skimmed his knees making his legs look so girlish. He looked so beautiful, so feminine, yet something was missing...CONFIDENCE.

Suddenly they were surrounded by men. It was like a locust attack. I couldn't even see Kelly as several guys came up to talk. I began to get tense as they complimented him on his dress and make-up. It was crowded and guys seemed to pass by just for the chance to brush by "accident" his waist or hip. I caught a glimpse of Lilly on the arm of some tall guy heading for the dance floor. I took pictures and saw a guy approach Kelly.

"Hi I'm Gus," said a tall handsome college student to Kelly. "You sure are pretty...I've never seen you here before. Can I buy you a drink?"

They had a soda at the soft drink "bar". Gus seemed nice. They talked for a while and he asked Kelly to dance. I was worried about Kelly but figured he could reckon what to do on the dance floor.

Gus was a good dancer. I looked around. Other boys were standing around too shy to ask the few girls to dance. Kelly would have been one of "those guys". Some boys play soldier, then join the army. Would Kelly turn his hobby into a lifetime? I took pictures.



It was a slow dance, and Gus wrapped his arms around Kelly and one hand swooped down the fabric of his dress and boldly roamed over his protruding rear. I saw Lilly dancing with Buzzy, one of the football players from school. I was sure he was in the same gym class as Kelly. The song was "Kiss me one more time" and I watched as Gus held Kelly close grinding his hips against Kelly's. Gus was much taller than Kelly. When the song was almost over, Kelly turned his face up to "thank" Gus and

their lips met in a light "thank you" kiss. To my surprise, Kelly passively accepted the embrace.

Out on the dance floor between songs, Lilly and Kelly changed partners. I was nervous now. What if Buzzy recognized Kelly?

After the song, Kelly looked up at Buzzy and was met with the same fate again only this time it was more aggressive. His protesting lips were pressed tightly against Buz's. I tried to say something...it was too late, Buzzy's meaty tongue filled the silky insides of Kelly's mouth and cheeks. I tried not to think of what was happening to Kelly.

Buzzy's tongue entered again and he ground his hips against Kelly's. Kelly tried to get away but his muffled "Mmm, Mmm!" was interpreted as lust. I felt ashamed for Kelly. He was being kissed by a man. I was sure he felt a sense of overwhelming shame.

I looked for Lilly hoping she could help. I didn't want Buzzy to know I was close to Kelly. He might put two and two together. Another slow song was playing and to my surprise Kelly danced closely against Buzzy. He looked relaxed and seemed to have a dreamy glow on his half open eyes.

After the dance, Kelly brought Buzzy over and introduced him to Lilly and I saying that we were his out of town cousins. Buzzy looked at me, remembering that day with Kelly. I knew he'd put two and two together. But he didn't. He didn't even bring it up.

Buzzy had a booth so we all went to his table. Kelly surprised me when he snuggled in close to Buzzy. Buzzy quickly had an arm around Kelly's shoulder.

We talked for a while but Buzzy was more interested in Kelly than in small talk. At one point, Buzzy said to Kelly, "You're irresistible!" Buzzy's head lowered and their lips gently met, clinging lusciously like a kiss of thrilling new love.

Kelly's head was turned backwards from the desirous pressure of his devotee's kiss and his breasts jutted out wantonly. Watching breathlessly, I saw Buzzy's hand gently but respectfully touch one titty and caress it for a moment, then tactfully withdraw.

Kelly unaware of others around snuggled close to Buzzy and they kissed again and again. It actually looked like Kelly

was kissing back! I took a few pictures of them kissing—I figured I could always blackmail Buzzy if he found out.

The boys walked the girls to our car when the club closed. Kelly was walking with a full swing to his hips and Buzzy's eyes rested on his shapely hips in a short skirt. Both Kelly and Lilly permeated with passionate goodnight kisses. Their admirers pinning them against the car.

Driving home I gave Kelly a look. He knew what it meant.

"I know, I know," he confessed. "I could have been found out. I couldn't resist Buzzy...to see him swoon over me...I just couldn't help it. If he only knew!"

But wasn't it fun?" Lilly bubbled, high from the exciting night, "Kelly, no one knew you were a boy. After that encounter, we could go anywhere to take pictures. We could come up here on weekends and you could be a girl everywhere we go. We'll have to bring up more everyday dresses for you to wear..."

While Lilly poured on about her "new girlfriend, Kelly sat prissily in his short dress, his knees pressed properly together." His face had a expression of contemplation as to what this evening meant. He was treated like a girl, even a bully that hated him, was dazzled by him. From being tormented by everyone to being a goddess. Kelly said, "I can't get over how panties, a bra, a dress and a little make-up change how people treat me. I wonder why?"

I was beginning to get worried. What would this do to Kelly...the boy?

## A FEW MORE PICTURES

It seemed the department store couldn't get enough pictures. You'd think we would have stopped all this craziness but month by month Kelly was getting better at imitating a girl. It was a profitable hobby. When alone, Lilly treated Kelly like a teenage girl. Lilly would call Kelly and whisper, "They just got in some new dresses...there's a green one that you're going to love!"

Lilly talked to Kelly a lot about "being a pretty girl" and its responsibility.



*One of our fashion photos—  
Kelly had a natural female  
attractiveness, which dresses  
and lingerie emphasized.*

Kelly said, "I get scared around boys, it's like they think I'm their docile plaything. Being stronger and bigger they could just overpower me."

Lilly confessed, "I still get scared sometimes. I feel like I might get sick. On the other hand, it's exciting."

Lilly had lots of women's magazines around which gave us ideas on make-up and hair for the photo sessions.

We used the cabin for our photo sessions. We spent some money fixing it up into a studio. Kelly felt relaxed up there. A combination of the fresh air and that he couldn't run into anyone he knew. We'd shoot during the day and at night, they'd sit around having a pajama party, both of them in nightgowns and girlish robes. I wore sweats.

Kelly's hair was put up in rollers and Lilly



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loved trying new hairdos before we went out. At night we'd go to a small town nearby and have dinner, sometimes going to a dance. Lilly used the hot iron curler, teased and ratted his hair then added a little pink bow in the back. "Oh honey, you look wonderful...you're going to drive the boys crazy tonight."

Kelly's hair was now over 18 inches long at the top. For the past few months the excellent shampoo and conditioning had added to his feminine appearance. It was like the longer it got, the faster it grew. He was having to do some pretty radical things to make his hair look at all boyish.

### A SURPRISE ENCOUNTER

One weekend in town, Kelly came to me excited. "Look," he said sticking a newspaper in my hand. "What do you think?"

There, between the ads for the various movie theaters, was an ad featuring an attractive woman in her twenties. She had on a skimpy costume and obviously did a song and dance act. "So what..?"

Kelly rolled his blue eyes saying, "Look closer." The girl had long, beautifully curled hair, a slim waist and nice cleavage. Under the picture was a caption in small print, "Bambi", the world's most beautiful female impersonator. Playing this week only at the Sun-Art playhouse.

That evening we went down to the theater. It was several hours before the show, Kelly dressed as a boy. We sat in the car behind the playhouse in hopes of seeing Bambi. About a half an hour later, Bambi arrived in a limo with his manager.

I was shocked. Bambi was dressed in a breathtaking gown of pale blue silk with a tight full skirt, and was carrying a black full-length mink coat.

The stage door was locked, the night guard was probably asleep somewhere. While the manager went to the front to open the door, Kelly hopped out of the car and went over to Bambi. Kelly asked, "Are you Bambi?"

With a shy and sassy smile the reply was "Yes".

I couldn't hear what Kelly was saying but it looked like he was telling Bambi all about us. He reached into his pocket and pulled out some pictures.

Kelly turned to the car and motioned for me to come over. To my surprise, Bambi was quite interested in his pictures. The manager abruptly opened the door and when he saw us said, "Beat it kids, we've got a show to do."

Bambi gave him nasty look and said, "Leave them alone...they are my guests tonight. Get them seats! Now!" The manager was not as tough as he appeared, he scurried away quickly.

Bambi said, "Come on, you are my guests tonight. I think you'll like my show. Come to my dressing room and you can watch me get ready."

The dressing room was beautifully decorated in pinks and had mirrors and bright light across one wall. Across the other was a rack of dresses and gown that were used in the show.

We watched Bambi in awe, no one could ever guess this curvacious woman was male. His face was small featured and pretty, his silk covered legs so shapely and he walked so naturally in his pencil thin high heels.

I thought Kelly was the only boy in the world that dressed up, yet here was another. A male in a gown, heels, lingerie showing glimpses of lace and even more curious was the obvious cleavage at his neckline.

Kelly and I looked at each other when Bambi started to disrobe to prepare for the show. Kelly asked, "Should we leave?"

"Naw," Bambi said, "We're all just guys here."

Bambi asked me to unzip the long zipper of his gown. He slipped out of the gown, clad only in white lace lingerie and a fancy garter belt holding high on his smooth legs a pair of sheer stockings.

I was thrilled and trembling and nervously said, "you're figure...ah...it looks so real."

Bambi laughed, "It is...now. I started taking female hormones when I was about your age." He ran his hands over the lace covered girlish mounds on his chest. "I guess it would be hard to act like a boy now."

Kelly's gaping mouth closed just long enough to ask, "How did you ever start dressing like this?"

### **Bambi tells us his story.**

*It began the summer we went to the lake. My sister was in a dance class. She and Amy, a girl from Europe, spent most of the summer working on a dance routine for a talent show audition called "Searching for Stars". I sat around watching them practice, making comments; mostly derogatory.*

*Then disaster struck...due to the sudden death of her father, Amy had to go home, only three weeks before the big dance audition. My sister, Jan, was in tears for days until my mother said, "Maybe Barry could be your partner?"*

*Jan said, "Yeah, he looks like a girl."*

*"Yes, he does, he's always possessed fine features." Turning to me she asked, "How about it? How about letting us dress you as a girl? You know most of the music."*

*Jan added, "It would be fun having a sister for a couple weeks."*

*Before I knew what happened, I was sitting on the couch in a little frilly sundress, hotly flushing. I was speechless but choked out, "I don't know...What if I get caught?"*

*Mom continued, "Don't worry dear, Jan and I will do everything to make you into a perfect girl. She'll teach you all the routines."*

*"It won't work!"*

*"Sure it will. Look at your creamy smooth skin and sloping shoulders. You are mostly hairless. Leave it to Jan and me. We'll have you fully feminized by the talent show audition."*

*The next day when I got home from the beach, Jan and Mom had placed a lot of boxes and packages in my room. I looked inside and found dresses, slips, bras, panties and even night-gowns. They must have spent a fortune. How could they afford this?*

*Before dinner Mom told me to shave my legs and any other body hair.*

*"But Mom, the guys will laugh at me!"*

*"We are going home soon, besides I don't want you playing rough house with a bunch of boys until after the audition."*

*Jan taunted, "My brother's going to have tits. Ha, Ha haaaa."*

*"Now leave your brother alone. He's doing you a favor...most brothers wouldn't." She held up a pair of frilly panties.*

*"Aw mom," I pleaded, "I don't have to wear the stuff underneath too, do I?"*

*Mother continued, "No dull boy's stuff for you...only girl's clothes. You have to look natural."*

*"I'm not going to have to wear high heels too?"*

*"Of course darling, and we'll teach you to dance like a lady in them.*

*Within the hour, the mirror reflected a different person. Over my padded bra, panties, garter belt and nylons, I wore a pretty little party dress with a hem that was just above my knees. I felt naked because my smoothly shaven thighs showed in their nylon sheaths.*

*Mom said, "You make a stunning girl."*

*"No way," I said. I was still in shock, but I looked so girlish.*

*After several weeks of rehearsal, the girl's clothes ceased to be an agony and became a part of my personality. I was a good dancer.*

*I had fun those weeks. My sister and I took several dance classes and performed at several small recitals. Mother was very proud of her "daughters".*

*I'll never forget the first time I walked out on the big stage for "Searching for Stars". My sister and I had practiced the follies stage tune many times but it suddenly struck me...I was about to walk out and have hundreds of people looking at me. Me, dressed like my sister, in a short skirted dance outfit, nylons, high heel dance shoes. My heart pounded as the time got closer. My sister handed me a bright red lipstick, "Here, freshen those Cupid lips."*

*I was having stage fright. My jittery hand could hardly hold the lipstick straight.*

*The stage manager said, "Okay girls, you're up!"*

*My sister grabbed my hand and pulled me out on the stage. The music started, I automatically danced and sung my practiced part. I couldn't believe it was me on stage. My face turned a bright red. I saw the audience laughing and applauding to our antics. They loved our act, two young sisters singing and swinging to the sounds of old "big band" tunes. At the end, we swayed and shimmied our hips, then did leg kicks along the lines of old vaudeville follies. The act went perfectly.*

*We ran off stage and the audience wanted more. I could hardly take a breath, the twin padded mounds on my chest rising and falling quickly.*

*The stage manager said, "You girls are great! Go back out and take a bow."*

*I followed my sister to center stage, swinging my hips and walking proudly. She took my hand as we curtsied to the audience. I trembled from the excitement. The audience loved me...as a girl. I knew the first several rows could see my panties under the short skirt.*

*I was hooked. I loved it. I loved the applause...applause for me as a girl. A girl in a short flashy dress, nylons, heels, and long curled hair.*

*My sister saw it in my eyes when I asked for the lipstick to re-freshen my lips. She handed it to me saying, "It's going to be tough getting you back in boy's clothes. I don't care, I like having a sister."*

*That night my mother came into my room and handed me a frilly nightgown of hers. "Here, wear this. Son, you were wonderful today. An booking agent told me she had several offers for you two to perform for money. Would you want to do that?"*

*"Gee mom, I don't know...what if someone found out?"*

*Mom thought for a moment and answered, "We'd have to make sure you were perfect...I mean as a girl. You know, hundreds of people seeing you perform, you'd better never show any 'boy', Okay?"*

*My heart was thumping against my chest. My mother said leaving, "Okay, as of this moment, you're my daughter. I don't want to see you in anything but girl's clothes. Before you go to sleep, I want you to say one hundred times, 'I am Bambi, I am a girl.'"*

*I had trouble sleeping. How long would I have to be a girl? I was worried, but I couldn't wait to stand before an audience again in lingerie and dresses.*

*My sister and I worked out a 'sister' act that was booked several times a month in speciality theaters. I was surprised at how much it paid. My mother decided to "manage" us full time. We had the nicest clothes and spent thousands on costumes.*

*As the bookings poured in, my sister and mother firmly confirmed my transformation by making sure I was perfect. Their method wasn't to point out any maleness, but to keep me absorbed in feminine interests. My hair had to be set in curlers nightly, my nails filed and polished, makeup applied and refreshed, costumes to be sewn and repaired. This left time only to practice our act, dance lessons and sleep.*

*During one performance, I lost an earring. The very next day, to my objections, mother had my ears pierced. From that day on, the earrings danced against my cheeks as I danced...never to lose one again.*

*The money poured in, so Mom hired a tutor and we toured around doing shows. She came to me one day and asked, "Would you like to grow breasts?"*

*"Breasts?"*

*"Sure, you can take female hormones. Since your male ones haven't started flowing strong yet, I've found a doctor who said you could develop teenage girl's figure in a year. Are you game?"*

*I couldn't eat breakfast the morning I was to see the doctor. Mother chatted merrily about this and that, but I was nervous. To mother, it seemed so inevitable that I should develop breasts. I asked mother, "I'm scared, does it hurt or anything having breasts or taking hormones?"*

*Mother laughed, "You are so feminine now, they will just help push your system into the feminine range. It will take you years to properly develop. Just try them for a while...if you don't like the way they make you feel, stop taking them. OK?"*

*In six months, a hardness had grown under each nipple pushing them out about an inch. My sister treated me differently. She whispered, "They feel wonderful, don't they!"*

*The next several years flew by. My sister and I were beginning to be booked on television. In my mother and sister's eyes, I was as female as they were. My hair grew longer, down well below my shoulders. The hormones sapped my male vitality, but did their assignment well. A silky softness appeared under my skin, rounding out my few angular features. I liked showing off my feminized body. I thrilled at wearing short skirts and low cut dresses in front of audiences.*

*I grew more feminine but it seemed for a while that I would never be anymore than an "A" cup.*

*Mother would say, "Bambi, don't feel self-conscious. Your small breasts have relatively large nipples...they are just as responsive as large breasts. You are just developing the erectile tissue first...later, fatty tissue will join it adding at least a cup size." It took years, but look...over half the women in the country wear a full 'B' cup bra, I am one of the few men.*

*Two years ago my sister married my doctor and quit show biz. Solo girl singers were a dime a dozen so I decided to expose my secret. By dressing and being so NON-MALE, both men and women love my show and find me attractive.*

*I'm booked solid for the next two years.*

*Kelly and I watched the show. We both were amazed...there was no maleness showing in Bambi's act. After the show we went backstage and attended the "wrap" party. There were many men and a few attractive ladies all vying for Bambi's attention.*

*Kelly attended all the shows that week. He and Bambi became close friends.*

*We graduated and both of us planned to attend a small college near our home. I was on a basketball scholarship.*

Kelly was going to have to pay for his. I assumed he'd want to have lots of photo sessions to save money. I was wrong.

Kelly came to Lilly and me. He was excited. "Guess what???? Bambi wants me to spend the summer as his road manager. He says he doesn't care if I dress as a boy or a girl."

Lilly was disappointed, "What about our photo sessions??? The department store account??? Bill and me???"

We tried to talk him out of it. We both agreed when he said, "If you two had the chance to travel around and see the big cities, would you??? Or would you stay here in 'smallville U.S.A.'???"

He was right. I would love to get out of town. Lilly told the photo clients that we were all in Tahiti for the summer and not working. They promised to raise our rate next year.

It was a lonely summer...I played baseball, Lilly worked on her hair styling. We both missed Kelly. The house was quiet without the infectiously enthusiastic Kelly.

### KELLY'S BACK

I walked in the door from baseball when Lilly said happily, "Kelly's back in town and he says you should go next door right away".

I asked her, "How's he look?"

She laughed, "Good...he's been getting in shape."

I knocked on the back door with the secret code. KNOCK..BANG..KNOCK.

Kelly opened the door, he had a towel around him like a girl would. I couldn't help staring. He was hairless everywhere, but when he lowered the towel I did a double take. He had a bosom, not very developed but definitely not flat like a boy's chest. His large nipples looked like sunny side up eggs sitting on his chest.

He saw me staring and pulled the towel up.

He had an embarrassed look like I'd never seen before. He whispered, "I shouldn't have done it. Bambi took me to his doctor. I didn't want to but they talked me into injections of female hormones. I didn't think they'd do anything but LOOK!"

He lowered the towel a little.

His nipples looked swollen and puffy. "They've got a hardness under the nipple that's real touchy. I don't know what to do???"

He looked thinner, almost frail.

He explained that it would take several years to be completely develop.

I said, "Are you crazy? How did they talk you into this?"

"The doctor said my male hormones hadn't started to change me much yet. He has a lot of patients like me who for one reason or another, don't want to encourage their male development. He said my career as a model would be over if I grew a beard. I like the money for the modeling; I need it for school. It's been three months. I'm only on light doses now. He wants me to gradually build the dose over a year, that way my body thinks its 'puberty'...only this time as a girl. I won't get a beard as long as I take the pills. My skin is softer too."

"Let me see more," I was fascinated.

He lowered the towel more. With his chest forward, his nipples stuck out about an inch. Not much, but his aureolas were a dark pink and about the size of silver dollars. The soft small points looked like they should be on a 13 year old girl. I gasp, "They're so big!"

"They are real sore too, it's part of the budding process. Every morning in the shower I use a breast pump on the nipples. My doctor said it helps stretch the skin and makes them appear fuller.

"How are you going to hide them from the guys in college?"

"I'm not taking a gym class. Our pictures are going to be better than ever. Feel this."

I touched his small breasts, at first with my fingertips then cupped one in my hand. They were warm and firm. The nipple responded to the touch, shriveling up into a hard ball. Under each breast was a hardness. Kelly explained that it was a breast bud gland. "If I continue on the current dose, it will make me more feminine, keep my voice high, add some weight around my hips and of course 'small titties'. If I go to the next dosage level, my breasts would grow bigger, probably making a bra necessary. My fat structure would change and they would become soft and full."

Then he added again almost apologetically, "I was going to start getting a beard soon.

He went to his purse, pulled out a bottle of pills, taking one.

"Kelly, I don't know...breasts are hard to hide. You'll be the only boy in school who has tits."

Kelly threw his head back and pushed out his chest, and said, "Do they look too big now?"

I carefully put my hand on one of Kelly's protruding nipples. The warm swelling wasn't a trick, nor was it just an outgrowth of fat. This jutting out was an obvious "filling out", like small seeds pressing against the ground surface, hoping to blossom.

Could Kelly really sprout breasts capable of comparison to a girls?

My heart was pounding. I sensed danger in what I was thinking. The mixture of these pills penetrating his body cells would change him. They would hinder the evolution of his body toward manhood and steer it toward that of a female.

I watched Kelly curling his long hair. He took pleasure shedding his masculinity, embracing the fertilization of his femininity. Allowing his body cells to be penetrated, Kelly was passively embracing the disintegration and interruption of his maleness.

This tiny pill filled me with terror and anxiety. I knew it wouldn't kill him, but it might kill his maleness.

Six months went by. I was beginning to see changes in Kelly. He seemed to think of himself as a girl with feminine thoughts and feelings. He and Lilly were always together. They loved running around together, going to dances and doing 'girl' things.

Kelly's doctor had increased his dosage of feminine hormones, taking them for 25 days and 5 days off. This was to create a natural cycle of estrogens and progesterone. While still only an "A" cup, he was a full "A" headed for a "B". Weekends, when Lilly and Kelly were dressing to go out, I studied Kelly. His chest no longer looked like a boy's. Two pert female points brazenly sprouted out with a swelling curve that was beginning to be noticeable even when Kelly tried to hide them. (see picture)

Lilly celebrated thresholds as Kelly graduated from bra size to bra size. It was like birthdays, they just kept blossoming. From an "A" fully padded to a slightly padded, then to between sizes, an unpadded "A" to a padded then slightly padded "B". His face was beet red when I said, "More than a mouthful is wasted."

Kelly's face had been pretty enough, but it took on a new feminine glow. There was a difference in his eyes, which seemed to grow bigger and his voice became naturally high pitched and soft...a sweet girlish voice. His hair too took on a new softness and fullness, growing like weeds.

One night after a night dancing with Lilly, I asked Kelly, "What do you do when the guy gets fresh? Do you let him *feel* you?"

"No darling, but I could!" he said with a big smile. He unbuttoned his blouse and unhooked his white lace bra, to expose his little white breasts.

He had developed definite girl's breasts, soft little nicely rounded mounds with cute full pink nipples that stood out excitedly.



*Even with no makeup, Kelly was not able to hide his girlishness, and now his chest.*

"They have grown several inches already and the doctor says that if I keep taking my medicine, they will keep growing until they are as large as any girl my age. My hips and thighs are larger, in a year my body will be established as estrogen based...my body will think it has always been a girl, I'll have an almost completely feminine body."

"Then what," I asked?

He went over to a table and stretched out on his side in a seductive feminine pose, well aware of his swelling hips, tiny waist

and pert breasts standing out. "Then what?" he mocked, "Isn't that enough?"

He threw his bra to me saying, "Remember the CLUB??? You never know when you might get SHOT!"

I slipped the lacy garment around my chest stretching it to where it almost broke, finally hooking it in back. The lace cups were still warm from Kelly's soft flesh. The bra cups which fit Kelly snugly, hung wrinkled and empty on my chest. I felt embarrassed.

Kelly looked at me and said, "You didn't forget! Remember when we were kids?"

I hadn't forgotten...I'd hoped he had.

### **My mind remembered like it was yesterday...**

It was in my mother's beauty shop. Because it was a small town, it also carried a few clothes, everything from girl's to women's sizes. I grew up around the salon and had worked there since I was old enough to push a broom.

One Sunday Kelly came by in hopes that I'd get my work done early and could go out and play. We were all alone in the store...my mother had enough during the week, being open six days and all.

We were 14 then, both rather small for our age, I guess that's why we hung out together while the other guys were playing football. Even I was the last "chosen" in P.E..

It was a rainy day when it all began. I was finished with my chores of sweeping and cleaning. Kelly asked, "What are we going to do today...go to the arcade?"

"I don't have any money. We could go to my house and watch TV or play games?"

"Hey," Kelly said, "There's a bunch of stuff people have left here for goodwill. Let's go see if we can find some good stuff."

My mother was a promoter. She had to be with all the competition from the nearby big town's "7 day" mall stores. On Saturdays, she'd have people bring in their old clothes and stuff for the poor. Of course, while they were there, she'd sell them new clothes.

In the back room were bags of "stuff". Clothes, lamps, games, pictures and more. Not all of it was junk. Some people just brought in their outgrown clothes. There must have been a truck load of stuff there.

We played for a while looking through each bag. They were mostly girl's clothes but there were a few interesting items. A toy train set which we decided to keep for ourselves also a broken walkie-talkie.

I was looking through a cardboard box. Kelly yelled, "Look at this!" It was the biggest bra I'd ever seen, at least a double D cup. HUGE! Kelly laughed then slipped his arms through the straps and said, "Hook this up." I hooked the back.

He turned around. We broke up laughing. The bra hung on him like a vest, each cup sagging below his waist. He took a couple of shirts and filled the cups. We laughed even harder as he pranced around.

He laughed and said, "Can you imagine having to walk around with two cantaloupes on your chest?"

"More like two watermelons," I said. Kelly strut around, the two large projections stiffly protruding in front, his vision downward impaired by the paired hemispheres.

We quickly tired of that and went back to our boxes in search of treasure. Kelly didn't remove the bra, leaving it on like a disguise. We found a few more treasures before he came up with another "Bra" for me. "Not for me," I said.

Kelly insisted, "It's part of our new club, *a bullet proof vest!*" I slipped it on, mine wasn't nearly as big as Kelly's. I took a couple of socks and filled the cups. We pretended to have bullet proof vests on and shot at each other with imaginary guns, then falling into the sacks of clothes as we were "hit".

About an hour later, the rain let up and we went to the park to play.

The next week, we began our search for "bullet proof vests". To our surprise, we could find only a couple of small lightly padded ones, probably for girls about our age. "These wouldn't protect us from a BB gun," Kelly said. "Oh well..."

He tried to put it on over his shirt but it didn't fit. Without a thought, he slipped off his shirt and into the bra. I hooked the back...a perfect fit. I tried to put mine over my shirt but it was too small also. I removed my shirt, put the garment on and

Kelly hooked me. I turned around and laughed. We both were wearing bras and jeans. We searched a couple of boxes for "goodies" but only found girl's clothes, no "fun stuff". Kelly picked up a lacy pink dress with lots of petticoats sewn in. He slipped it over his head and I zipped it up.

"Here's one for you," Kelly announced. Mine was a little big and not as fancy. We both laughed at how we looked. Kelly picked up several pairs of panties and said, "Here. Let's try these." That day the time flew...soon it was time for me to go home. We each must have tried on every piece of clothing there. We pranced around trying to look like prom queens or something.

This went on every weekend for a couple months until I got interested in football.

We had never talked about what we did since...

I took off the bra and threw it back to Kelly laughing, "Looks like you are going to need to wear 'bullet proof vests' for a while."

## GAINING CONFIDENCE

Kelly loved going out with my sister and being seen as a girl. He became an expert with a curling iron, wearing his hair in a cluster of ringlets down the back.

The more confidence gained by going out, the more his face took on a feminine softness and girlishness. His glowing skin and complexion was that of a lovely girl. His highly arched eyebrows gave his face a girlish softness. Every man turned for a second look.

I hated what was happening to Kelly. He wasn't developing male interests or learning male customs. He hadn't learned how to dance as a boy...he danced as a girl with boys. He was being "dated" not dating. He had learned and developed a feminine sex appeal that would never work for him as a boy. Some of the guys at college were beginning to make comments about Kelly...about his girlishness.

In dresses, being around boys made him feel more like a girl. He'd walk with his skirts swishing, oblivious to the admiring glances cast in his direction. Males would flirt with

him by approaching and talking to him, then asking him to dance, touching, sometimes trying to kiss him. Kelly was an instinctive flirt. His smooth-moving body language and confident walk in heels made him appear sexy and receptive.

We never actually spoke about this or about sexual feelings. I didn't want to know about his. He found it pleasing and addictive to have men tell him he was pretty. I assumed that all girls felt the same way.

Why was Kelly, the girl, so popular? I think I knew. I was fascinated by how different Kelly had become from these virile, handsome males. They could see his interest in their masculinity and were flattered by it.

The differences between men and Kelly were becoming more obvious and intriguing. Such as his soft smooth skin without hair, so unlike the boys thicker bearded skin. His lips were fuller, narrower eyebrows, softer complexion and relative hairlessness of his arms and legs which he emphasized by shaving.

Also being a boy, he knew what they liked, their interests and how they liked their girls to act. Or maybe it was just his firmly rounded derriere.

Things Kelly couldn't imagine doing, came naturally when under the spell of some admiring man. Was he trying to validate his femininity?

### **Bossom Buds'**

Like the weekend we spent at the cabin shooting pictures. We decided to go into town to a country dance. Lilly suggested Kelly wear a new white satin dress to the dance. He said, "I can't wear that...there's no straps."

"I think you'll be surprised, besides it's got a built in, padded strapless bra and doesn't take much to hold it up. Try it on."

The dress was very low in front and back...like the dresses Lilly was wearing lately. Kelly slipped into it then Lilly zipped up the back. It was quite tight and the rounded tops of his white breasts showed. Anyone who danced with him could look down and see a little hollow between his mounds. Kelly felt

naked but very girlish knowing that the tops were actually his own.

Lilly said, "Now bend over and pull your breast into the cup." He did. I was shocked by the amount of "skin" filling the cups.

Kelly was magnificent in the low cut gown, which fitted like he was poured into it. His breasts looked as if they might spill out his dress. His hips had taken on a new fullness, looking more like a woman's than of a girl's. His wider pelvic area caused him to swing his hips more in an alluring manner. Wearing especially high heels...it was uncomfortable but he would only have to dance and not walk far.

Was Kelly beginning to feel like a female and conscious of his feminine sex appeal? Or was it simply a game of "drive the boy's crazy" that my sister had taught him? Lilly tutored him in GIRL 101, encouraging female responses, telling him, "it will show in our fashion pictures."

At the dance, Lilly and Kelly met a couple guys and enjoyed dancing. But that night was different.

We gave Kelly's date a ride home because his car wouldn't start. They were in the back seat and I could see what was happening in the rear view mirror.

As Kelly's date kissed him goodnight, his hand found his breast and gently caressed the taut nipple clearly outlined through his dress. Kelly didn't stop him. He looked at Kelly, then slipped his fingers into the top of his dress, easily finding his large nipple. He took it in his fingers and rolled the tip while kissing Kelly. Kelly looked ecstatic with thrills, a moment of a physical stimulation that I and most boys will never know. I envied Kelly's date. He was enjoying a most beautiful girl unaware that Kelly was really a boy. If only I could forget or didn't know...

### **LATER AT THE CABIN**

Kelly's hair was now in a ponytail, a white lace ribbon held it back over his shoulders in schoolgirl style. Large dangling earrings swung against his cheeks. He looked so feminine.

I sat on the couch watching his every move. He went to the closet and slipped out of the evening dress into a frilly shorty nightgown. He rolled off the sheer nude nylons but left on the white panties.

He could feel my eyes watching his every feminine move. He stood up and swirled around making his nighty flare out and said, "Bill, is this okay to wear to bed?"

Lilly laughed at his coy joke. I did too but was filled with fear. This looked, smelled and probably felt like an attractive girl, but this was my buddy...a boy. He slipped on a nylon cover-up that tied in back in a big bow.

Kelly and Lilly fixed a spicy pizza, which I ate too much of. I shouldn't have eaten so much, I get nightmares when I eat late. Kelly had become a wonderful cook.

Lilly got up and turned on the radio to some music and they danced until it was time to go to bed. Lilly fell asleep on her bed, the couch.

I stood up and said, "I'm tired."

Kelly replied, "Me too."

We walked silently into the bedroom, Kelly walking in front. I don't know what came over me but I slapped his rear like a basketball player and said, "Nice rear." I stripped down to sleep in my boxer shorts.

Kelly smiled then turned around and slowly stripped of the cover-up then threw it playfully in my face, covering my head. He grabbed a pillow off the bed and hit me with it saying, "Remember our pillow fights as kids."

"Sure," with that I picked up a pillow and gently hit Kelly again on the butt. To my surprise, he hit me with full force right on the head.

We started chasing each other around the room hitting each other. It was obvious that Kelly enjoyed this game and it got rougher. I wasn't hitting him with my full power but he was slamming me hard and fast. He was quick and got me good a couple times. I started to see red and got serious about pillow pounding him.

I smashed him good and he tried to get away over the bed. I caught him trying to climb over the bed. I had little trouble

tackling him by the hips. My heart was pounding as the fight took all the tension out of my mind.

Once I felt the nightgown and smooth legs, I came to my senses. He was still trying to get away but my strong hands easily held the kicking Kelly.

It quickly turned into a wrestling match, Kelly was trying to pin me, his short gown flying and I was getting mostly smooth skin in my grasps.

I had to do something...I swooped under his legs and picked him up bodily in my arms then threw him down on his back. I pounced on him with my full weight, pinning him down flat. He ceased fighting trying to catch his breath, moving his plump white thighs apart slightly to get comfortable with my hips between them.

A silence followed, as I stared at Kelly. His face blushed and lips bright red from the fight. The twin mounds of his breasts pressed against my chest and he laid perfectly still under my crushing weight. His nighty had slid up almost to his hips.

I let one of his hands go free and it went to straighten his long blonde hair in a girlish motion.

He looked at me with those helpless and weak blue eyes, knowing that I was a stronger, more aggressive male. His pert breasts seemed to quiver as he struggled, my body was responding.

He blushed as he realized that something was growing between us. He wiggled his hips then spread his thighs apart slightly more, trying to get comfortable.

I broke the silence, "Wow...You're tough but your soft figure makes a great pillow. Your skin even feels like a girl's."

"I guess you just get used to it," he said softly. "Maybe I was meant to be a girl? The clothes, the bra's and all are very comfortable."

My conquering hand went down and pinched hard his silky pantied bottom saying, "There is more to being a girl than pretty clothes."

"Ouch!" Kelly moaned, "What's that mean?"

"Oh nothing," I said letting Kelly take his side of the bed. "Go to sleep."

I think I went to sleep for a while but the strong smell of Kelly's perfumed hair was arousing me. When I woke I was spooned next to Kelly again. I knew that he could feel the pressure raising. When I moved my hips trying to get comfortable, Kelly awoke, eyes bulged wide-eyed as he sensed what was happening. He whimpered, "It's Okay. Stay close, I'm cold."

"But...but," I stuttered, "Sorry, but you felt like a real girl."

Kelly to my surprise rolled over on his back, pulling me on top. He whispered, "I feel like a girl on the inside. I'm as *real* as you wish to believe."

I was at a loss for words. "You make such an attractive girl...on the outside. I nudged his lower limbs apart wider, laying now precisely between Kelly's soft thighs.

My fingers slipped inside his gown and lightly caressed one of his full sensitive nipples. It was swollen hard, pointed out in excitement.

Kelly lips parted and his eyes closed, he gasp, "I'm afraid...what if I'm not 'built right?' I wish I had strong muscular limbs like you."

"Everything about you is now womanly. You have a soft plump derriere and your pelvis is wide, I'm sure you could do anything girlish you wanted," I whispered. I was confused. Here was my friend, a boy who I'd tried to help become a man...now I was encouraging him to surrender his maleness and give up his girlish virginity.

My body and finger tips told me this was female. I continued to "tweak" his erect nipples with my fingers. He writhed from my tinkering but did not move away. I whispered, "You're proud of these aren't you?"

"I like not wearing padded bras," he said boldly, "By wearing unpadded brassieres, I feel real. You make me feel so feminine."

If I succeeded, he would never be the same. It seemed to happen so fast. Girl's clothes had added so much to Kelly's girlish good looks, and he naturally took to girlish deportment which attracted my carnal male lusts. Was I trying to rationalize what I was feeling??

My mind told me to stop, but his eyes encouraged me. His sweet, gentle and passive personality yearned to experience



complete feminine surrender. The moon lit room was dreamlike.

My state of amorous intensity was making my decisions. My lips met his and to my surprise, I found them soft, luscious and responsive, just like a girls. I asked, "How do you feel?"

Kelly reached up and pulled his hair up and said, "Like a girl who's about to encounter womanhood."

I could feel his heart under his breast beating from fear, but he sensed innately just what to do...allow me to master and infiltrate his deepest soul. The swelling intensity made him want to scream, but because of my sister, he could only get out a few muffled shrieks.

Kelly squealed as he tightly gave up his male status and took on the female function. His feminine emotions were infectious, causing me to aggressively communicate my maleness which he submissively accepted.

Filled with emotion, I didn't think Kelly could accept so fully my overtures. Once he accepted the fundamental deflowering, he quivered sensitively to each of my charges, his eyes bulging and his mouth open trying to get air. His girlish wide hips and soft flared thighs reacted appropriately to their new situation, that of forbearing potent attention.

A humble position it is, invaded by and ravished...all to accept a rich reward of male homage.

There was no satisfaction for Kelly, only the reward of conceding and conquering fears in one's self. A exhausted feeling overtook us both.

I asked breathlessly, "Are you okay?"

Kelly shook his head loosening all the long curls and smoothing out some non-existent wrinkles on the belly area of his gown, he said, "I feel like a flower bud, bubbling over with the essence of a hot summer cloudburst. Saturated in the spirit of a new frame of mind. I feel intensely feminine."

I drifted into a deep sleep. I felt ashamed of what had happened...I had encouraged Kelly to be feminine and to accept my carnal desires. I thought of him sleeping peacefully and

wondered if he was full of shame too or did I fulfill his capacity as a pretty feminine person.

### A NEW DAY

I don't remember waking up or getting dressed. Kelly was in the living room, still in his short nighty, with Lilly showing him how to put up his hair. With his long hair pinned up on top, he looked older, more womanly.

When Kelly saw me he went to get me coffee. His walk was different, more dainty, almost a mince with a full hip sway. A sway like I'd seen on my sister after a late date. Kelly handed me the mug of coffee and giggled girlishly, "I hope I didn't fill *your* cup too full."

He didn't look ashamed or guilty. No, he looked like a load had been taken off his mind. He no longer had to play at maleness, even in front of me his most macho friend.

I don't remember anything that happened the next few months. All I know is that Kelly was more attractive to me than ever. He treated me like a 'boyfriend' and I treated him like my 'girl.'

It started out with DANCING at "Rage". Kelly's flirtatiousness must have been attractive to me because he made me jealous when other guys would ask him to dance.

This was the beginning of a rapid courtship on my part. Kelly flirted and encouraged me by being as glamorous as possible.

It wasn't long before we were dating on a regular basis. Kelly swooned, "You love my femininity and I love being feminine for you. I'd buy him lovely dresses, low cut knits in assorted colors then take him out in them.

My attention had a feminizing effect on Kelly. Kelly confided, "Look." I saw the shiny gold of small dangling earrings. "We were out shopping and Lilly wanted to buy me a pair of hoop earrings. We picked out a pair but they were for pierced ears. The clerk said she could pierce them for me. Lilly seemed excited by my willingness to pierce them saying you would like it. It was quick and only hurt a second. I have to

let them heal for a week or two so I can wear the large hoop ones."

It was like a dream, and a nightmare. Here was my dream girl, beautiful, loving, in sexy lingerie...but this was my neighbor...a boy...it wasn't right...yet I could not stop my thoughts. What was happening...I couldn't see any male in Kelly.

Kelly was now seeing me as much as he could. We'd meet for dinner, shows, movies and night clubs. Kelly knew that I was in love with him, the "image" he played so well. I bought lots of gifts for Kelly: dresses, jewelry, and even some lingerie. Kelly, of course, also did nice things for me: cooked me dinner, bought me a tie for my birthday.

Under the leadership of a "boyfriend", Kelly's femininity blossomed. The hormones helped too. His skin seemed whiter, his lips a vivid red, his big blue eyes and arched eyebrows, everything said, "young ultra-feminine girl." Even if he wore them, boy's clothes couldn't hide his curves any more: the rounded full bust, the deep inward curve of his waist and the outward flare of his full thighs, hips and derriere.

I was in a haze. I don't remember school or anything, only Kelly. I started to talk about us being married and him having my children. I talked of him being my wife and Kelly having children. I wanted Kelly to be my soul mate. It was impossible of course, but even Kelly loved talking about it, saying, "Can you imagine me being pregnant and having children, my breasts filling with milk and nursing?"

We spent all our time together which must have been months but it seemed like minutes.

Then it happened:

## THE RING

Kelly looked elegant in his conservative blue silk double breasted dress with gold buttons and an oversized collar.

I was slipping a very large diamond set on a thin gold band over his manicured finger.

He smiled shyly.

It was like I was watching someone else, but it was me. I asked him to marry me.

“I accept,” Kelly said shyly then threw his arms around my neck. His perfume almost made my eyes water, or maybe it was emotion.

Somehow we pulled strings, and were able to change Kelly’s legal status to female allowing a legal male-female marriage.

Kelly looked radiant...I was out of control. It was impossible, I couldn’t marry Kelly!

Yet Kelly looked every bit a lovely girl, my future wife. His full breasts, hips, waist and thighs that formed a symphony of soft responsive feminine flesh filling my heart with passion and love. With a pink manicured hand propped on his hip, he batted his long sweeping eyelashes and said, “Well? What do you think the guys in gym class would say now?”

I knew what they would do. To me also. This couldn’t be happening yet I could not block the events.

Kelly, the boy, had melted into a girl. I wanted to call the whole thing off, but to my surprise, everyone was for it. Kelly’s mother, Lilly, everyone! This couldn’t happen, but I was powerless to stop it.

## MARRIAGE

It’s bad luck to see the bride’s dress, but I saw it laid out on the bed. I was going to call this crazy thing off. His dress was two layers of silk taffeta, white over pink, giving a rosy halo to the full length gown. Tiers of satin pleating cascaded from the large satin bustle bow on the back of his gown’s skirt.

Lilly’s maid of honor dress was made of the same material, just not as elaborate. Kelly held the dress up to my chest. My hands trembled as the satin rustled against my black tux. On the bed was the rest of Kelly’s outfit, a lace garter belt with frail white silk stockings, a matching lace bra and tiny bikini panties.

Kelly smiled seeing my nervousness and said, “I’ll be a good wife, you’ll see.”

Why couldn't I bring up what was bothering me...I couldn't marry a boy. Yet, I was afraid if I brought it up, it might all end. By being so feminine, Kelly made me feel so male.

I looked at the soft lingerie on the bed.

Kelly shyly said, "I knew you'd like them. I love the heavenly feel of the silk stockings on my legs. They are special, for our special day."

I waited with a few friends as Kelly dressed. I wondered what they thought...surely they knew.

My nerves were on edge as I was informed that "it was time."

I thought of Kelly. He bore no resemblance to a boy. I thought of Kelly for several moments, intrigued. My "buddy" was about to become my "wife". He looked every bit a woman, with long shapely legs, a slender waist and swelling breasts tipped with full pink and tender nipples. I don't remember any boyiness since before that night in the cabin.

Dozens of candles were lit creating a weird pale glow. Was I dreaming??? This couldn't be happening, could it? I was startled by the sudden blast of the wedding march played on the organ. Everyone stood and watched the back of the church. Kelly appeared.

His long hair gleamed with honey-blond highlights and was pinned up, accented with baby-breath and a silver pin. But was all this enough to be my "wife?" Could this sensuous, provocative image of a woman, make his "husband", me, happy?



It was a special day, the day that Kelly would have to pass over that invisible threshold into all-out womanhood, leaving all boyishness behind. Could he do it??

Soft whispers and Kelly's full brocade skirts rustling, were the only sounds, as Kelly stood jittery next to me.

Kelly's dress's waist was a little snug and the bodice cut daringly low but covered with a sheer fabric, his cleavage was apparent. The skirt was full, swelling out in luxuriant pleats that swirled and rustled as he walked.

Kelly took my hand. He almost gushed, his eyes filling with tears, he whispered, "I am so lucky to have you."

His gown glowed from the light hitting the white embroidered lace and the off the shoulder puffed sleeves. The very low neckline accented Kelly's slender waist. He looked radiant and most importantly, totally feminine. I couldn't stop now, it would have broken his heart.

## VOWS

The preacher spoke, "In the wonderful times ahead for you, Kelly and Bill, try to make each day special for each other. In the beginning, it's exciting, your new life together. A good relationship is easy...Try to make the good times for your mate, twice as good...try to make the bad times, half as hard..."

"Do you Kelly, take Bill to be your lawfully wedded husband till death do you part?"

An alarmed look emerged on Kelly's face. A look of fear appeared as he realized that he was vowing to be a woman and a wife to a man for the rest of his life.

The silence was deafening as he didn't answer, obviously in thought. The crowd was getting nervous. Somebody in the back yelled, "WELL?"

In a soft mutter, I heard, "I do." and then again louder, "I DO!"

The preacher continued, "Do you promise to love and obey him till death do you part?"

Kelly took a deep breath which showed off his twin prominences and feminine silhouette. The only sound was the rustle of the satin and taffeta around his body.

"I do."

I agreed to the vows easily, mesmerized by the softness and femininity offering to be my soul mate for millennium.

The preacher announced, "I now pronounce you man and wife." Then to me he said, "You may kiss the bride."



I lifted the veil and smoothed it back over Kelly's hair, my fingers entwining a few strands. Kelly tilted his head, parting his lips as our lips met. Kelly made a moaning sound as I crushed him with a big hug. We kissed for a long time, my mouth working over Kelly's. The audience applauded at the gesture of love.

I tried to understand what Kelly was feeling. I felt fear for him. I was to be the husband, a role I knew would be mine. Kelly had to be filled with terror at what he had done...become a wife! Sure, the next hours would be filled with laughter and fun at the reception but then what? Kelly's body had all the curves of a woman's but could he perform his wifely duties forever? I trembled excitedly at seeing Kelly's smooth satin dress caress his back and buttocks. I gave him a hug.

Kelly's bosom firmly pressed against my chest, his bodice tightened, his breasts swollen and straining against the frail white lace of his bra, his nipples extended and pulsating sensations. This couldn't be a boy.

I felt like I was going to faint, but didn't.

The reception was fun. Kelly danced with all.

Kelly's aim was right on, Lilly caught the bouquet.

## THE LAST DANCE

As the end of a wonderful evening drew near I reflected on the evening. Kelly took the rose off the table and put it to my nose. The aroma was like the perfume that he wore that night in the cabin.

Kelly made the loveliest bride, a great dinner, outstanding musicians all made a lasting impression on every partygoer. Kelly's mother glowed with pride as Kelly and I danced the "last dance" of the evening. Her son looked ravishing in his

gown of satin and silk taffeta. The rich tapestry accents of his gown was in stark contrast to my black tux.

Kelly looked in dreamland, this moment being the crescendo of memories of time spent with me...first date, birthday surprises. Kelly looked pleasantly weary after our wedding and an evening of dancing with me and a bevy of attentive men. This was only the beginning of Kelly's life as a wife.

I wondered if Kelly knew what he was in for.

I felt tired like I hadn't slept for months, weary to the core, yet excited. I carried Kelly across the threshold of our room. I whispered, "You're my wife now."

He blushed and whispered, "I'm yours. Your's forever."

I don't remember sleeping that night, just Kelly's exhausted yet contented look, his eyes glassy. His rich perfume overwhelming me.

I whispered, "What's wrong?"

"I had no idea it would be like this. Being a wife is confusing. I did vow to have you as my husband 'forever'...that's a long time. Getting married and my wedding night has me a little confused. It's no longer a game."

"Maybe you'll get used to it?"

"I guess...I've never felt so much like a girl."

The next day we left for our honeymoon. Kelly looked totally feminine in his rose covered cotton sundress. From it's shoulder-baring cut away top to his tiny waist and dramatic whirl of full skirt, this dress was made for the female form and Kelly sexily filled every curve.

## HONEYMOON

Our honeymoon, the two weeks in Hawaii, changed him. I could see a difference in him with each day of being my wife...he glowed, not just from the rosy tan and sun streaked hair, something deeper. A homey, contented look was on his face. A happiness...it was obvious that he had become comfortable in his new role as bride.

He'd putter around making things nice for me and buying new sexys clothes to keep my interest.

Kelly asked, "What do you think of my new outfit?" It was a girlish cut, filmy chiffon blouse, his breasts strained proudly at the low-cut neckline. The snug fitting challis leather skirt and matching shoes looked both innocent and wild. His opaque hose matched the tone in his blouse, creating a voguish impression from top to toe. There was a penetrating, more experienced look in his eyes.

On our bed, Kelly always laid out a shorty pink nightgown with a lace trimmed "V" neck. Kelly still blushed when he saw me staring at him with lust in my eyes. We had a huge walk-in closet, with Kelly's dresses, skirts and blouses on one side, my suits on the other.

In Kelly's closet hung a new wardrobe, a gift from his rich aunt: Animal print dresses, paisley scarfs, bright blazers, sequined evening dresses, ski pants, cashmere sweaters, even a feminine cut man's suit.

All this must have cost money but I don't remember paying for it. My life was so homey and warm.

Kelly's drawers were filled with absolutely dazzling lingerie covered with satin and lace. One morning, he reached in and pulled out a "V" neck sheer bra in black and said, "I don't know what being a wife has done to me but we better keep it up, I'm almost a 'C' cup now."

As he positioned the cups over his womanly chest, he added, "My doctor says that if you and I have a child, he can give me medicine to make my breasts functional for nursing."

Was Kelly crazy? We couldn't have children. Maybe he meant adopt one?

Kelly couldn't seem to get enough of girl's clothing. Kelly was always wearing sexy low necked dresses with short skirts, long black coral earrings hung from his lobes.

A new glow appeared in Kelly's blushed cheeks and blue sparkling eyes.

We took more pictures for the department store, set scenes of Hawaii, of the breeze lifting his skirt or toying with his tumbling curls, there was a glow that made his femininity as dazzling as the colorful flowers that made up the background.

Kelly announced, "I can't believe I'm really married. I feel so different, I can't remember ever feeling like a boy with you."

What was strange, I couldn't remember Kelly the 'boy'.

I tried to see the old Kelly with his boyish enthusiasm and zest. The boy was gone, in its place a vulnerability, sweetness and an eagerness to please. His voluptuous body in such contrast to a male's lean strong body. A radiant smile played on his full painted lips.

Why was this happening so quickly? So easily.

### A BUNDLE OF JOY

Kelly fixed a candle light dinner to tell me the exciting news...We were going to have a baby. I was shocked to speechlessness. Was Kelly crazy? He talked of his worry. His mother almost died giving birth to him. I humored him, there was no way he was pregnant.

It must have been eight months later but the time went by quickly. I walked into our nursery feeling joy. Kelly held up our infant and said, "Here he is, Bill Jr....7 lbs. 6 ozs."

Kelly sat down and opened his blouse. He was wearing a maternity bra with special underwire support and a detachable flap to open to the baby. Kelly easily detached the flap and I was shocked to see his breasts so swollen and full of milk. I gasp, "They're so big!"

Kelly smiled and whispered, "I've been taking a prolactin type substance and the doctor said they will probably stay large."

Kelly's nipples were especially large and looked sensitive. He confirmed it by saying, "They are very tender and sore from nursing. I have to lubricate them to prevent them from chafing." Kelly drew the baby to his white breast and the infant began to aggressively suckle. An expression of pain then delight overcame Kelly as he felt the baby nurse at his breast. He looked wonderfully feminine and maternal.

I don't know what the doctor had done or technically how all this happened, but I felt pride and love for my family.

Time flew until... Kelly was wearing a new cobalt blue chiffon afternoon dress with a short but full skirt, smart white shoes with three inch heels. His figure was perfect for the tight dress showing womanly curves, poised and proud. Yes the figure of a woman and a mother.

Kelly came to me and sat comfortably on my lap as the skirt of his dress arose, showing his smooth hairless fleshy thighs. His hips had widened into a shapely fullness flaring from a tiny waist. A bewitching fragrance floated in the air.

Kelly chatted excitedly about his day: cooking, sewing, fashion, our son. His mental attitude was as passively feminine as he looked. There was no "boy" left, only the comfortable qualities of a female. Nylons, high heels, filmy lingerie and clinging dresses matched his feminine posture, walk and speech patterns.

Kelly snuggled in my lap and whispered, "I want to have another baby!"

"WHAT" I loved my life, my wife and children but I had to talk to Kelly about all this...How could this have happened?

But Kelly wouldn't let me get a word in. "Kelly, we have to talk..." But he just kept rubbing his manicured nails through my hair.

I started to yell...something I'd never done before. "KELLY...KELLY, listen...listen to me! PLEASE!!!!"

The perfume burned my nose, as I finally got Kelly's attention. He comforted, "I'm here...wake up! You're having a nightmare." He shook my shoulders.

The room was spinning, the haze clearing. I was in the cabin. I was soaked from sweating, it must have been the pizza. I looked at Kelly...it was like I lost years, yet it was only hours later. Kelly was stroking my head with a cool wash cloth.

"You must of had a high fever...I've been trying to wake you up for an hour."

My eyes went to Kelly. His small nipples showed under his translucent gown but not the full matronly breasts of my dream wife. It was all a dream. I felt relieved yet felt a loss. I was in love with the "dream girl", Kelly, but knew in "real life" it could never happen. It was all dream. of course?

After that night I could never look at Kelly without thinking of my dream.

Kelly didn't know of my dream and continued to spend every waking moment dressed as a girl.

At college, the boy's physiques, most of whom had started beards, contrasted with Kelly's white round arms and delicate hands with pointed feminine nails.

Kelly's femininity was continuing to crystallize and it was becoming more difficult for him to hide his feminine shape: long hair, breasts, not to mention the way he walked, swaying in a non-male manner. His skin was white, smooth and hairless. His blue eyes were large and dreamy. As a boy he looked drab and frail, but when dressed as a girl he was a vibrant, flirtatious and alluring young girl.

Lilly loved feminizing Kelly, taking him to nearby towns where they wouldn't know anyone and going to dance clubs. At Lilly's insistence, they started to go on double dates with boys they met.

It wasn't long before he had many admirers and had a busy girl's social life. He told me he found it heavenly to be a beautiful young girl, adored by all. He knew what it was like to be kissed but also knew that was where it had to end. He never dated any one more than once or twice.

So life went on, a dull, wimpy boy during the week and dazzling, attractive female on weekend nights. Sunday's were spent with Lilly in town shopping for outfits for the next weekend's adventure.

One day, I saw his bedroom. It looked more feminine than Lilly's. All pink, the closet was full of dresses, skirts and high heeled shoes. On the bed, lay a pink lacy nightgown. Kelly was even sleeping as a girl.

I asked him, "don't you have any boy clothes anymore?"

"Sure," he said, "They just aren't as much fun." He opened a drawer filled with pastel colored lingerie, panties, bras and garter belts. In the corner was three pairs of boy's underwear. He picked up a pair of lacy yellow nylon panties

and said, "These aren't just clothes to me...they're an expression of my personality. I love wearing them under my boy clothes—it's like having a secret."

He continued talking of his collection of intimate apparel holding up the panty's matching bra. "Can you imagine, I now 'fill' this bra...and it's comfortable too." Its soft stretch cups were delicately entwined with lacy flowers over the translucent nipple area.

Kelly talked of the extreme discomfort of wearing the "dancer's belt" to compress his maleness which couldn't ever show through his dresses, especially the tight, snug fitting ones that were in style. He found the more he wore the "belt" the more comfortable it was.

I wondered if the guys at school ever wondered why Kelly's pants fit so differently. They never said anything.

We spent most weekends at the cabin doing newspaper photo layouts for the paper. One night Kelly really overdid it. Lilly teased his blonde hair high, much of his new cleavage erupting above his wispy waist and five inch stiletto heels which matched his magenta long nails.

I asked, "Isn't that a little MUCH?"

He looked down at the tight mini-skirt that barely covered his bottom and hips, covered by a leather jacket, saying, "It's in style! The *daring* girls are wearing everything TIGHT."

I was surprised at how easily Kelly walked in those spikes and tight skirt. Just like any female.

We danced, then I lost track of Kelly for a while. I envied the boys that flocked around Kelly. They didn't know Kelly's secret thus enjoyed this flirtatious girl tremendously. I wished I could look at Kelly as my dream girl again. In real life, I couldn't escape the fact, he was a boy.

Lilly and Kelly were dancing together, girls can do that. They always had such a good time together. It struck me, as they bounced around on the dance floor that they were looking at each other. Not just as girlfriends...but more. I watched as their mini-skirted knees moved to the music.

They came to me shortly after and said we had to leave.

Back at the cabin, Kelly came to me. He confided, "Bill, do you think you could sleep on the couch tonight."

I knew immediately what he meant...He and Lilly were going to sleep *together*. I started to protest, but then it struck me. Kelly was a boy and Lilly was a girl. It was natural, regardless of the pert, soft mounds on Kelly's chest.

A little surprised, I said, "Sure."

I watched them get ready for bed. Kelly's hair was in an 'up' style so pulling a couple pins caused it to fall around his shoulders in loose curls. The gowns they put on clung to their curves. My sister was going to sleep with my dream girl...that was all perfectly natural.

They kept me up all night.

The next day it was like nothing happened. Lilly just said, "Sorry about last night, I guess Kelly's male hormones haven't been completely deadened." Kelly's "glow" was brighter than ever.

Something had changed Kelly, he had a new look about him. He had experienced a carnal *male* function and "lived". He had satisfied a woman and would never be the same.

His experience gave him a different attitude. There was a new facet to his personality, and also a new power. He had *confidence* in his eyes.

I took Kelly for a walk in the woods the next morning. We found a log next to a stream and sat on it. The tree filtered sunlight played in Kelly's hair.

We sat close watching two squirrels play. Kelly looked up at me, his big eyes looking to ask a question.

I asked, "Do you have something you want to ask me.?"

Kelly blushed but muttered, "Do you like me?"

"Of course," I said.

"No," he asked again, "Do you like me as a girl?"

I blushed this time. He was wearing a country cotton walking dress. The bib top fit tightly across his girlishly prominent bosom. I admitted, "Yes, I find you very pretty. If you were a real girl I'd probably fall in love with you."



*Walking around with Kelly was like walking around with any pretty girl. The males were checking him out!*

Kelly looked for the words, "I thought so...you said something that night when you had the nightmare that made me think so."

I started to apologize, saying, "I'm sorry..."

Kelly interrupted me, putting his painted nailed finger to my lips. "Shhh....., If I was real, I'd like you too. Tell me about your dream."

We sat on the log for a long time, talking from the heart. Each of us wishing the other was different. We talked for a long time about the what if's. Kelly whispered, "I wish I could become what you want. I can only be what I am. I love being a girl and I love Lilly. Seems strange, but I think she loves me too...just the way I am."

I tried to get him out of my mind. Still his image was haunting my every thought. I had to do something. I came up with an idea, I'd teach him sports and help him become a *real* man. Then I wouldn't have to see my 'dream girl' and could escape his spell. I'd get him into one of the basketball clinics at college and help him become a great basketball player. That's the ticket....

The game end.

I huddle with the coach. He throws his hands up in the air and points to a jacketed figure on the bench. The figure quickly sheds the hooded sweat outfit.

The player, #88, Kelly Whitehouse, runs out onto the court, the tight basketball tank top clearly showed his full breasts with large nipples. His tiny waist was obvious as was his hairless body. The Lion team was trying to figure out who this player was and WHAT? I was glad he hadn't worn a bra...

Kelly ran to the end of the court, almost skipping. His single knot pony-tail adding an unexpected, teasing and playful element to the tense last seconds. The tall jock players look awkward and off guard. They can't seem to take their eyes off this..."it is a girl, isn't it" person. They aren't as aggressive, appearing frozen in place. Was this the twilight zone???

Kelly takes the ball and quickly passes to the forward, who then passes back to Kelly. Kelly fakes a long throw to me down court, then 360's, throwing to a guard.

The crowd is counting down...FIVE....FOUR....

The ball is thrown to me at the 3 point line...TWO...I jump and fake shoot, passing the ball to a flash of blonde who comes in under the blocking Goliaths and gently and softly lays the ball against the backboard. Simply and without power the ball passes through the hoop with a WHOOSH! ONE...BEEEEEEEEEP! We won!!!!!!

The cheering crowd went wild . The team picked up Kelly, holding him on their shoulders. I noticed one of the guards fondling Kelly's smooth leg, very unsportsman like. I hate it when the guy's treat my sister Lilly's fiance' that way. At least I get to be the best man.

No, this won't work. See, the problem is that *this* is all true. My writing assignment has got to be *fiction*. Got any ideas for me?

### THE END

P.S. Someone suggested that Kelly write a story telling his side of what happened. Maybe it all wasn't a dream? Are you interested?

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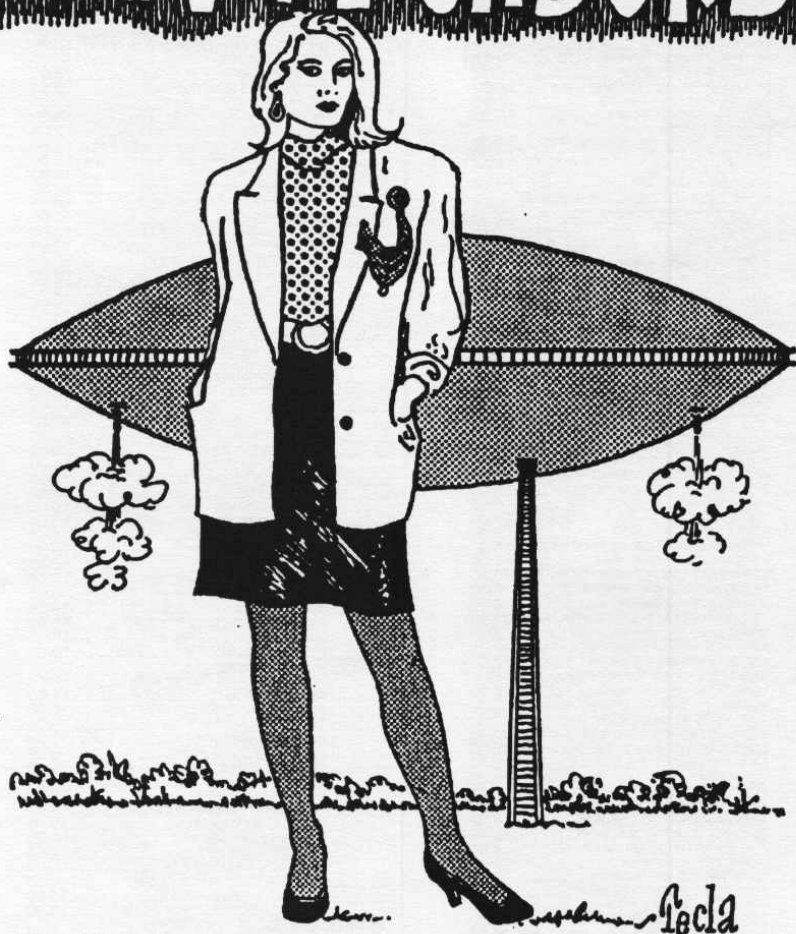
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(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

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### JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

### SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

### NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

### ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

### ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

### MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

### FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

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Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

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In a small town, everyone knows

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Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

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A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

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Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

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Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

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After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

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A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

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**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

**HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

**MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**COED CREATED #42**

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED**

**#44 &45**

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

**THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58**

That's actually their son and father! This

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

**WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69**

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74**

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76**

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

**CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78**

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

**GIRLISH #87**

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

**GIRLHOOD #89**

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

## CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

**GIRLIES #16**

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

**DOUBLE ISSUE****MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

**DOUBLE ISSUE****REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . .

**DOUBLE ISSUE****FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

**CLEAVAGE #31**

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

**METAMORPHOSIS & META'**

**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

**FEMININE DESIRES #44\**

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

**MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47**

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

**SON TO SISTER #48**

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

**A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50**

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

**SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

### **BECOMING EMMA #57**

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

### **HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62**

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

### **A PARTY GIRL**

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

#### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

#### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

#### **TV VACATION #3**

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

#### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

#### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

#### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

### **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

#### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

#### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

#### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

#### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

#### **IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)**

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

#### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

#### **CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7**

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

#### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

#### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

#### **FASHION MODELS #10**

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

#### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

#### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

#### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

#### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

#### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

**FEMININE FORTE #16**

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

**PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

**THE MAKEOVER #18**

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

**BOYS TO BABES #19**

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

**THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

**THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

**I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

**FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

**RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

**MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

**TITILLIATING TV TALES**

**HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

**HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

**HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

**AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND**

**AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

**UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

**PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

**A WILLING WOMAN**

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

**GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

**THE STORE BRIDE**

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

**PRETTIER IN PINK I**

**PRETTIER IN PINK II**

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

**MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

**WHAT SISSIES WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

**WHAT GIRLS WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

**PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT**

**ILLUSTRATED**

**SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

**#1 NORM:**

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

**#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

**#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

**BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

**HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

**SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

**BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

**THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

**BOUND TO BE A MAID**

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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