

THE SECOND PRETTY MISTER CONTEST

INSIDE! Read about teenage boys
competing in a beauty pageant —
as girls!!



INSIDE! Read about a ghost forcing
a man to cross-dress!!



Also includes the short story —
"Johnny, You've Got Breasts!"



INSIDE! Read about a *menage-a-trois*—boy, girl, *boy-girl*!

THE SECOND PRETTY MISTER CONTEST

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THE SECOND PRETTY MISTER CONTEST

CHAPTER ONE

George Fischer made his regular Saturday trip to his post office box, knowing that today was the day it would arrive. He rented the box for only one reason - his monthly issue of the TV Mirror. The TV Mirror arrived in plain brown wrapper and was dedicated to the heterosexual transvestite.

Mr. Fischer retrieved the large brown envelope from his box and carried it out to his car. He wouldn't open it until he got it home - a habit he developed while his wife was still alive.

Back at his old, two-story brick house,

George ripped open the envelope and stared at the month's cover 'girl'. She was kind of attractive, but in a pretty male kind of way. She wore nothing but fishnet stockings and a garter belt, and a heavy compliment of make-up. She did not appeal to him, so he turned the page of the tabloid.

The inside cover contained ads offering various services to the transvestite and George skipped these over. The next page - the contents page - contained various photographs of transvestites in wildly different poses. George found none of these girls particularly attractive. He didn't bother to check the contents. He knew every issue was essentially the same.

He began to flip through the editorial pages and readers letters sections. The center-spread contained photos taken at a transvestite group party held in Collingswood, New Jersey. The party-goers all seemed to be having a good time and some were fairly attractive. He then flipped forward again to the classifieds.

This was always Georgs Fischer's favorite part of the paper. There were hundreds of personal advertisements and almost all of them contained photographs of the advertisers. It was only in this section that George ever found anything of interest to him.

What interested George was photographs and descriptions of young men in drag. As a youth, he had gone to live with an aunt in Northwestern Canada when his parents had died. This aunt had two younger daughters and no husband or males of any kind around the isolated house. As a result, George was initiated into the female world. The aunt made him dress and act as a girl at all times. He attended school as a girl, he got a part-time job as a girl, he even dated as a girl. And he loved it.

The masquerade was discovered by a school official and he was removed from the aunt's household. Placed in a foster home at the age of fifteen, he became a superior

student. He concentrated on his school work and was determined to go to college. His foster parents saw to it that he did go to college - Northwestern University where he majored in education.

It was in college that he learned he would be a transvestite for all of his days. He continually sought out anything he could find on the subject. Although he didn't actually dress anymore, he never stopped thinking about it.

He got a job teaching in a Midwestern American city and soon had advanced to Assistant Principal. He also became the school's drama moderator, in charge of putting on the yearly school play. For the first couple of years, he did Shakespeare, and he did it the way it was done in Shakespeare day - with males playing the female roles. This however did not go over real well with the other faculty members and was soon abandoned. But seeing the teenage boys

dressed as girls caused a sensation in him that he would never get over.

He married his beloved Virginia after a three year courtship and had a daughter - Tracy. The two of them were tragically killed in an automobile accident three years ago, only three months after George had been named Principal of John Milton High School. It was at that time that he subscribed to the TV Mirror, and began to go all out to satisfy his desires to observe young males in female dress.

He then destroyed a Milton High tradition the following year - the Pretty Miss Pageant. It had been held at the school during the Senior Prom for over fifteen years. But that year, due to protests from feminist groups, and his own insatiable desires, he instituted the Pretty Mister Contest, which was an abysmal failure.

He had taken a lot of flak over that and as a result the Pretty Miss/Mister

Contests were abolished forever from the school.

As he read over the advertisements, he began to daydream about the Pageant again. Even though it was never held, most of the contestants had dropped out at the last second, one of the boys did attend the Prom in an evening gown and heels, with his hair professionally styled and his face expertly made-up. He had been a contestant and had not known that all of the other participants had dropped out and the contest cancelled. His date and girlfriend attended the Prom with him attired in a tuxedo. The pictures George had of the two of them during the Prom were his prize possessions. He had begun a scrapbook of photos of young boys in dresses and the photos from the Prom were first in the book. He had heard rumors that one of the contestants that had dropped out of the Pretty Mister Contest had gotten a sex-change operation, but it had never been substantiated. But sex-changes didn't inter-

est him.

And then he saw her.

On the third page of the classified was a new advertisement. A lot of the ads in the Mirror had been running for years with the same plea for friendship, letter-exchanges and photo swaps, and the same photos a lot of which were severely outdated in style of dress and make-up.

But this was a new one. And the photo, despite the poor reproductive abilities of the newsprint, was exquisite. It definitely interested him, as judged by the sudden bulge in his crotch. The ad read as follows:

"Lonely young TV wishes to meet with sympathetic father-figure. Will relocate for right person. Looking for companionship and generosity. Write soon. Love, Rita."

There was a code number at the end of the ad for writing to Rita. George knew he would writing to this person.



Lovely young outg
wishes to correspo
possibly meet other
interests. Long lette
will insure same in
to all my sisters.

C

vely Young TV wishes to meet
th sympathetic father-figure. Will
ocate for right person. Looking
companionship and generosity.
te soon. Love Rita.

Code BD 221



George clipped the photo and threw the paper out. He took out his writing paper and began to write to this lovely creature.

Rita was wearing a short dress that showed off loveley legs perched on beautiful high-heeled sandals. Her arms were slender, her shoulders rounded. Her face had the contours of a young woman. Nothing in the photo suggested that there was a man beneath the clothes.

George Fischer mailed the letter an hour later.

CHAPTER TWO

George Fischer went through the school routines the following week and then presided over the graduating class's ceremony. The school closed for the summer a week later.

George began to check his post-office box every day, waiting for Rita's reply. He had the photograph in his wallet and would stare at it whenever he could. He just couldn't believe that Rita was as lovely as the photo suggested. He also knew that very few letters ever got answered by the

advertisers.

But the letter did show up. George didn't even wait until he got home to read it. He opened it with trembling hands in the car.

There was a photograph enclosed, but George avoided looking at it until the letter was read. Rita was happy to have received George's letter and was interested in further correspondence. She was 17 years' old and lived alone, but as a boy. Her parents had thrown her out of the house because of her cross-dressing and she had dropped out of school due to the ridicule she received due to her femininity. She lived in an East Coast city, but was willing to move anywhere in the country if she could find the right situation.

Then George looked at the photograph. She was even better looking than he could have hoped. She had curly brown hair that almost reached her shoulders. Apparently, her ears were pierced as there were gold studs

i
n her lobes. Her deep blue eyes peered out from beneath mascaraed lashes and arched brows. Her cheekbones were highlighted with blush, her nose was a pretty one. Her pink lips pulled back in a gentle smile to reveal perfect shaped teeth. There was no hint of an Adam's apple, usually a dead giveaway on transvestites. Her neck was long and slender, sloping into those wonderful shoulders. She was wearing a flowered blouse that was unbuttoned to the chest. There was no swell of breasts where there should have been, which helped George to suspend belief that this was not really a woman's picture that had been sent in an effort to deceive him. This was a most accomplished transvestite indeed, George thought. I must meet her.

He wrote another long, heart-rending letter, pouring everything he had into it. He didn't want to keep corresponding with Rita - he wanted her to come out here to

him. He wanted her to live with him.

After mailing the letter, he pulled out his scrapbook and added the photo of Rita to the first page, with the Prom pictures.

He visited the upstairs bedroom that his daughter had used. It was pretty much untouched since the day she died. All of her clothes still hung in the closet, all of her underwear still in the dresser drawers. George regularly cleaned the room, changing the linens and drapes, and occasionally washing the hanging clothes. He was hoping that Rita would accept his invitation to come and live with him. She would be welcome to use this room, and everything that it contained. Tracy Fischer had been a most popular teenage girl, and a very attractive one. She made her parents proud with her excellent grades in school and work on the school newspaper. She attended an exclusive prep school and was being groomed for college as a journalism

major. The death of Tracy and her mother Virginia had opened such a deep hole in George's life that he could not bring himself to empty her room.

He lay down on her bed and opened his scrapbook to the picture of Rita. He then tearfully brought himself to a furious climax for the first time in three years.

CHAPTER THREE

Rita's second letter arrived in less time than her first one and contained another fantastic photograph. She was considering his offer to live with him but was a bit hesitant, due to his age.

George wrote again, telling her there was nothing to worry about. He merely wanted to pamper her, to be her surrogate father. He wasn't interested in any kind of sexual relationship, and he had plenty of money saved and nobody to spend it on.

And that was what convinced Rita to

move to Fairville.

Rita's third letter informed George of the day she would be arriving and how he would recognize her.

George was at the bus depot two hours early, wearing his best suit and carrying a bouquet of flowers. Rita had said she would more than likely be arriving as Rita and not Richard, and George was prepared for that eventuality.

But it was Richard that arrived. He stepped off the bus wearing a baseball cap that concealed his long hair. His slender fingers carried a small suitcase and shoulder bag. George dumped the flowers in a waste can and went to meet her.

"Hi, Rich," George said. "Nice trip?"

"Yes, it was, thanks. How are you? You look good." His voice was sweet and feminine. And he did not look to be any older than fourteen.

"Do you want to eat something first?
You've had a long trip."

"That's okay. Let's go right to
your place." He smiled up at George. "I'd
like to change."

George smiled back. "Of course."

The ride to George's house was quiet.
George noticed that Rita's movements were
all feminine. He daintily crossed his
legs at the ankles, and kept his hands in
his lap. He occasionally reached a hand
up to push aside a stray hair and George
saw he was wearing a gold stud in his left
lobe.

At the house, George carried the
bags up to Tracy's old room.

"Oh my God," said Rich/Rita. "This
room is gorgeous!"

"Yes, it was my daughter's. She
decorated it herself. I've kept it just
as she had it."

"Oh, I'm sorry about your daughter. You

must have loved her very much."

George didn't reply. He placed the suitcase on the bed and the shoulder bag on the floor next to it.

"I'll leave you alone. The bathroom is right down the end of the hall. My room is next to it. The other room is a guest room, but there isn't much in it anymore. I haven't had a guest in the house in about three years."

"Thank you, George. I think I'm going to like it here."

George went downstairs and put some frozen chicken into the oven. He could hear Rita moving around upstairs and then heard the shower. He couldn't wait until she came downstairs.

An hour later, she still had not come down. George called upstairs softly, and then went up. Rita, dressed in a soft sleeveless blouse and print skirt had fallen asleep on the bed. She

had done her make-up and nails, and a pair of canvas oxfords sat on the floor waiting for her. Her hair had been blown-dry and pulled back on the sides, held in place with colorful combs. The trip must have been more exhausting than she had first thought.

George closed the door and let her sleep. A wide smile was on his face as Rita turned out to be every bit as lovely as he had imagined she would be.

CHAPTER FOUR

Rita slept for almost twelve hours, waking up the next morning. She changed out of the wrinkled clothes she had slept in, and cleansed her face.

She joined George an hour later in the kitchen where he was preparing eggs.

"Good morning," he said cheerfully.
"You look nice this morning."

"Thank you." She was wearing a simple naive terry shirt set that showed off the beginnings of a fabulous tan on her bare arms and legs. She wore the oxfords she had



set out the previous night.

"Sorry I fell asleep. I just layed down for a second, and next thing I knew it was morning."

"That's okay, you had a long trip yesterday. Sit down, I've made some breakfast."

They sat opposite of each other and ate contentedly. "So tell me about yourself, Rita," George said.

"Well, I've only been Rita for a short time. I spent my first sixteen years as Richard. I had always wanted to be a girl, always felt that someday I would eventually be one." She stopped and finished the eggs on her plate.

" - But I never had the nerve to tell my parents about it. My dad especially wouldn't have understood. Then I met this girl in school - Megan. We hit it off really good, y'know? I really liked her. So one day I told her about my feelings - about how

I'd always wanted to be a girl. Instead of getting mad or upset, she was sympathetic and offered to help me.

"She dressed me in some of her clothes and taught me how to apply make-up and nail polish. She taught me how to care for my skin and hair. We had some great times together - as girls.

"I began shaving my legs and let my hair grow long. Megan pierced my left ear, and it was at that time that I started getting razzed by my classmates. I no longer looked like a skinny wimp of a boy - I looked like a girl dressed in boy's clothes. When Megan pierced my other ear, the spit hit the fan at home.

"My dad followed me one night to Megan's house and waited outside in the car. When he saw me and Megan come out of the house some time later he nearly fainted. I was wearing one of Megan's dresses with pantyhose, high heels, make-up, the whole

works. My dad leaped out of the car and whipped the tar out of me. Then he grabbed my arm and dragged me into the car. All the while Megan was screaming, and soon her parents came out to see what was going on.

"My dad yelled at them at the top of his lungs, accusing them of turning his son into a sissy fag. A fight almost broke out between my dad and Megan's dad.

"Megan's parents were just as stunned that I wasn't really a girl. They had assumed I was just another girlfriend of Megan's.

"They laid down the law to her right then - she was never to come near me again.

"Meanwhile dad drove me home, screaming and cursing at me. I cowered in the seat next to him and prayed that the car would get in an accident and kill both of us. I was crying like a baby.

"At home, he made me stand up in front of my mother, who looked at me shamefaced and disgusted. My dad went up

to my room and packed my clothes into a suitcase. He gave me some money and told me to leave. Just like that. So I did.

"I found a cheap one-room apartment, got a job in a restaurant as a busboy. I kept going to school until the taunting and beatings got to be too much. Then I dropped out and moved out of the city.

"I found another apartment and a better job in a gay nightclub where I became a popular waiter. I began wearing make-up and nailpolish to work and was hoping to eventually go to work as a girl. But I was soon fired because of my feminine ways.

"But I had made contacts with the transvystite underground while working there and managed to get another job working for a closet TV in a mail-order house. Only problem was I had to submit to his sexual whims - dressing up and going out on dates with him. God, I hated that man.

"And it was around then that I placed my

ad in the TV Mirror.

"And here I am."

George then told Rita everything about himself he had not elaborated on in his letters. Including the Pretty Mister Contest.

"How interesting!" Rita exclaimed. "I wish you had been the Principal at my school. I would have loved being in that kind of contest."

"What are your plans for the Fall, Rita? Do you think you'd want to go back to school, finish your senior year?"

"Do you think I could?"

"Sure, why not?"

"As Rita or as Richard?"

"It would have to be as Richard since there is no record anywhere of Rita. But you'd be free to live here for as long as you want, dress whenever you want, and I would support you."

"This all sounds too good to be true."

Yes, I think I'll stay here. And I would like to go back to school. I just hope I don't have the problems I had at the other school."

"I can help with that. After all, I am the Principal."

Rita smiled at George and he smiled back.

CHAPTER FIVE

Since it was going to be established in the Fall that Richard Roth would be living with George Fischer, they made it point to never be seen together with Rich as Rita.

Rita lived almost exclusively as a girl, appearing as Richard only to shop for clothes he would need for school, or to register at the school. George pampered Rita with all of the clothes, make-up, and jewelry she wanted. Rita in return, turned out to be a dervish in cleaning, cooking,

gardening and sewing.

George wrote to Rita's parents and got their written permission for George to become Richard's personal guardian. Everything was in place for Richard to resume his high school studies.

* * * *

In September, Richard began his Senior Year of High School at Milton High in Fairville. He made it a point to not dress or act too femininely while at school and as a result was soon accepted by the other students.

He became popular among the girls, who admired his talents at cooking and sewing in home economics.

Mr. Fischer proposed a special Halloween party at the school and wanted input as to what kind of special entertainment or activity should be planned. The other

faculty members each submitted a proposal. Mr. Fischer would evaluate each one and make a decision. But his decision had been made weeks ago.

Rita confined her outdoor activities to the far side of the city, in order to avoid any of her new classmates. Her impersonation was so authentic and attractive that she could anywhere, do anything as a girl without anyone suspecting.

On the night she met Geoff, she had gone to a dance concert in a suburban theater.

Dressed in a lacy button-back blouse and black slacks she had been asked to dance by a bearded man who was clearly almost ten years her senior. She never had any misgivings about dancing with, or getting close with guys, but never one this old.

They danced, and he introduced himself.

"My name is Geoff Hughes. I've been watching you all night. What's your name?"

"Rita."

"Nice name. That's quite an outfit you're wearing - it looks expensive. Is that real lace?"

"It is. Thanks. You dance well."

"Thank you. Would you like to get a drink or something?"

"I can't - I'm underage."

"Are you kidding me? You look over twenty-one to me."

"I'll be eighteen in December."

"Good Lord. Well, I hope you don't mind that I'm twenty-six."

"No, of course not."

"Good. What do you say we split from here? Maybe get something to eat."

"Okay. Why not."

They split a small pizza and talked

for hours afterward while sitting in a park. As the evening got cooler, Rita found Geoff's arms around her shoulders. But she didn't mind it a bit.

"Geoff, it's getting late - I've got to head back home."

"I'll drive you - where do you live?"

"No, please, I've had a wonderful time, but my - uh - uncle, my guardian, will be waiting up for me. It would be better if I didn't show up with a boy."

"Well, okay, I respect your wishes. I've enjoyed the evening."

"So have I, Geoff. Thanks for everything."

Geoff leaned over and kissed her softly. She returned it. She had been kissed by boys before and had never really enjoyed - only tolerated it to keep up the masquerade. But she found herself liking this boy, and wanting more. The kiss was soon over, too soon, Rita thought.



"Save some for next time," Geoff smiled.

"Okay," Rita said softly, almost
breathlessly.

"Then I can see you again?"

"Yes."

"Great, what's your number?"

"Ch, well, you better give me yours.
My uncle wouldn't be too happy about a twenty-
six year old guy calling me."

"Well, okay." He took a pen offered
by Rita from her purse and wrote his
name and number on a scrap of paper from
his wallet.

"Goodbye, Geoff. And thanks again."

"Goodnight, Rita. You're welcome."
They kissed again, a little longer this
time, Geoff's tongue just tickling hers.

CHAPTER SIX

George Fischer presented his proposal for the Halloween celebration and it was almost unanimously panned. Most of the other faculty members remembered what a fiasco the Pretty Mister Contest had been the last time and were certain that it would be again. The other proposals were all then discussed, but no one proposal could be agreed upon.

It was decided by a consensus that the student body should vote on their own celebration.

The proposals were written up and printed on ballots that were distributed to the students. On the ballot besides the Pretty Mister Masquerade Pageant were a simple Masquerade Ball, a fifties costume dance, a celebrities masquerade, and a horror costume dance.

Rich Ross was excited by the ballot and immediately voted for the Pretty Mister Pageant. A classmate of his - Jo Ann Garner saw him stuff his ballot into the box.

"What did you vote for?" she asked.

"What are you voting for?" he questioned back.

"I don't know, I can't decide. They're all pretty dull."

"How about the Pretty Mister Masquerade?"

"But that would just be for the guys."

"You could still dress up - go as a boy. Dress your boyfriend up, enter him in the pageant and go as his escort."

"I don't have a boyfriend. But that

sounds like it might be the most interesting choice. Is that what you voted for?"

"Yes."

"Okay, then I will, too." She checked off the box next to the Pretty Mister Masquerade Contest and signed the ballot.

"Will you be entering, Rich?" Jo Ann asked as she dropped the ballot into the box.

"I don't know. It might be fun."

"Oh, it would be! And I could help you. It's not that easy being a girl - even for only a night."

"Okay, I accept. And you'll have to go as a boy - I'll help you with that. Agreed?"

"Agreed!"

* * * *

"How's the balloting going for the Halloween party?" asked Rita a week later.

"There seems to be a general apathy among the boys," answered George. "But the girls have voted overwhelmingly for the Pretty Mister Contest. It seems to be a shoo-in."

"That's great. I can't wait. I made a friend in school, a girl, who wants to help me prepare for the pageant. She's really pretty, George."

"Bring her around some time, Rita."

"I will. We'll be having our first lesson here this week-end. I was thinking of turning the guest room into a temporary bedroom for Rich while Jo Ann is here. Is that okay?"

"Sure. Fine."

"Okay."

Rita called Geoff later that night and found that he was disappointed that she hadn't called him in two weeks. He was even more unhappy to learn that she couldn't see

him that coming week-end either. She promised that they would get together soon.

That Saturday morning, Mr. Fischer drove Rich into the city to Jo Ann's house. He helped her pack some things and then they headed directly to a shopping mall.

"We'll have to get you a few things, Rich. You're taller than I am, otherwise I would lend you some things of mine."

"Well, just get the very basics to start. Anything else I can get on my own."

"You'll need a bra, and panties, pantyhose, shoes, make-up, jewelry, and some kind of gown."

They wandered into a woman's boutique and Rich allowed Jo Ann to indulge herself in picking out lingerie for him, knowing all the while that he had far nicer things of his own back in his room.

They purchased the required items and

found Mr. Fischer who had kept him self occupied reading the paper near the huge water fountain.

"Got everything, kids?"

"Yes, Mr. Fischer," replied Jo Ann.

"Well, then , for your sake, I hope the Pretty Mister Contest wins in the balloting. It seems it would pretty embarrassing to go to all this trouble and then not have pageant."

"I don't mind," said Rich. "It'll be fun."

"Yeah, I bet we could make Rich into a very pretty girl."

"Well, I'll have to remain neutral in this, being the principal. So I'll keep scarce while you two are together. Come on, let's head home."

Back at the house, Rich and Jo Ann grabbed a quick lunch before heading up to 'Rich's room'. Rita's room was locked.

Jo Ann instructed Rich in how to put on the bra, panties and pantyhose, and Rich paid strict attention. When she was sure he knew how to do it, he padded off to the bathroom and stripped own to his shorts.

"Okay," he called out from behind the closed door. "I'm putting on the bra."

Minutes later - "I've got the panties on, too and am trying to put these pantyhose on real carefully."

He emerged a minute later, feigning embarrassment.

"You did good," Jo Ann said soothingly. "Don't be embarrassed. "I have to put those things on everyday."

"Yeah, but you're supposed to."

"Getting cold feet?"

"No -"

"Okay, then." She stuffed his bra cups with tissue paper. "We'll have to come up with something better than this to fill you out. Breast forms would be ideal but

they're kind of expensive for just one night."

Jo Ann pulled a dress from among the clothes she had brought with her.

"This might fit you," she said and helped him into it.

"It's too short in the skirt, but fits fine otherwise. You'll just have to show a lot of leg."

She took a pair of shoes from the case and placed them on the floor.

"It doesn't look like these are going to fit you." Rich tried stepping into them but she was right. "Darn. We'll have to get you a pair of shoes."

"Mr. Fischer had a daughter about my age and still has a lot of her things in her room. You want me to ask if we could borrow a pair of shoes? I mean, if they fit."

"Do you think that's a good idea? I heard he was pretty upset over her death. He may not want us messing with her stuff."

"I don't think he'll mind. We've had some pretty long talks about her and he seems to accept it. I'll ask."

Rich went downstairs in the dress and shoe-less feet. Mr. Fischer found the sight amusing.

"Jo Ann's shoes don't fit, so I'm going to use a pair of mine and tell her they were your daughter's. When we get more advanced, I'm going to be using more of my stuff, telling her they were Tracy's. Okay?"

"Sure. Have fun, girls."

Rich retrieved a pair of simple pumps from Rita's room and returned to Jo Ann.

"They fit," he said.

CHAPTER SEVEN

"So what are you and Jo Ann going to name your new self?" asked George later that evening after Jo Ann had left.

"We haven't even talked about it," said Rita, now changed into an outfit that fit a lot better than the dress loaned by his tutor. "I suppose I'll suggest Rita."

"Why not Tracey?"

Rita looked at him. "Are you kidding me?"

"No, I think it would be nice to have my Tracey back, if even for a short time."

"Okay, then. If you want me to, I'll mention it next time we get together."

That night, after George bid good-night to Rita and was laying comfortably in bed, he received a visit from his wife.

("Good evening, George. How are you?")

"Virginia? Is that you?"

("Yes, George. I want you to know that both Tracey and I approve of what you are doing to that young boy.")

"What do you mean?"

("You intend to turn him into Tracey permanently don't you? You want to resurrect your daughter in him.")

"I'm going out of my mind. Virginia, please, don't haunt me like this!"

("I'm not haunting you, George, be serious. No chains or flowing white gowns. I'm a spirit now. Occassionally

we're able to make our presence felt in the material world.")

"But why now?"

("Your love for Tracey and I has intensified recently. And it has touched us, even here. I had to come to you, to let you know how much we love you, and miss you.")

"And now you know about me? About my - uh -"

("Yes, George. I've known about your quirk for some time. I tried hard to get you to talk to me about it, but you never took the hint.")

"I, I never suspected -"

("Why don't you try on some of my things, George? That's why you've kept them all these years, isn't it?")

"Virginia, please, you're embarrassing me."

("George, I'm dead - how embarrassed can you be in front of me? Go on - do

it for me. Let down your masculine pride for just a few minutes and let your feminine self show through. I'll help you.")

George got out of the bed and opened the top dresser drawer of Virginia's to reveal perfectly clean, folded and perfumed underthings.

("Go on, George, you've always wanted to, don't deny it. I can see right through you.")

George found himself with an erection.

("It's nice to know I can still get you excited, George.")

George pulled down his boxer shorts and with a trembling hand, removed a pair of panties. He slowly pulled them up his legs, settling them around his waist.

("Nice, eh, George? And you'll feel so much better now - less tense. Go on - try on a bra, maybe a slip.")

George closed the drawer instead.

"I can't," he said. "I just can't."

Not yet."

("That's okay, dear. It's a start. I'll keep an eye on you and see how you're progressing. I'll even stop by occasionally, when the winds are blowing right. Good bye, George. I love you...")

"Wait, Virginia - I love you..." His voice trailed off. "I can't believe I just held a conversation with my dead wife..."

He climbed into bed, totally oblivious to the fact that he was still wearing his wife's panties.

CHAPTER EIGHT

The balloting results were posted around the school. The Pretty Mister Masquerade Pageant had won overwhelmingly, due to voting apathy by the male students. The Pageant was open to any of the boys in the school and the girls were invited to volunteer their services as tutors to those boys that did decide to enter.

Mr. Fischer found himself desiring more and more to wear his wife's clothes, but managed to suppress them again and again.

He was ashamed of himself the morning he woke up and found himself wearing her panties. He had taken them right off and immediatly washed them. He had convinced himself that the v'sit from his wife had been an hallucination brought on by overwork.

Rich and Jo Ann began spending all of their free time together. Rita became an almost forgotten person to Rich, although not to George.

"What is wrong with you?" George said one morning to Rich at breakfast. "Why don't I ever see Rita anymore?"

"I haven't had the time - I have to be with Jo Ann for lessons. And I don't want her to know about Rita."

"Can't you spend less time with her? After all, I am providing you with room and board - and there were conditions attached."

"It'll just be for a little while longer - the Pageant's only three weeks

Rich didn't want to admit to George that he was falling in love with Jo Ann. He was amazed to find out from her that she wasn't a very popular date despite her beauty. She didn't put out, as the boys said of her. And a lot of other guys were intimidated by her looks, figuring she must have dates coming out of her ears. She found herself attracted to Rich. She enjoyed his company and the fact that he seemed interested in her as a person. And she was really surprised by how interested he seemed in winning the pageant.

Jo Ann and Rich decided to test out how well they had trained 'Tracey.' The next weekend plans were made to spend the two days as sisters.

Over George's protests, Rich packed a suitcase with some of Rita's clothes and essentials and made his way to Jo Ann's house.

On Friday after school, Jo Ann waited downstairs as Rich prepared himself alone for the first time in her bedroom. Jo Ann's parents were still at work, and as yet had not met Rich. They would that night.

Tracey made her emergence and when Jo Ann saw her she squealed with delight. Tracey wore a mint green dress with long puffed sleeves. A string of pearls went around her neck and matching pearl earrings were clipped onto her ears. Her hair was pulled back at the sides and held in the back with a light green barrette. She wore low-heeled patent leather pumps with a little bow at the vamp, and sheer, sheer pantyhose. Her make-up was perfect - light green shadow on her eyelids, mascara to lengthen and bring out her lashes, blusher highlighted her remarkable cheekbones, a light pink lipstick topped with gloss so that her lips glistened. Her nails had a matching shade of pink polish and were long and rounded.

A jade ring was on her left ring finger.

She moved with grace and poise, walking through the living room past Jo Ann twice before taking a seat next to her on the couch, smoothing her skirt beneath her as she did.

"Hi, Jo Ann," she said softly, delicately with a polished feminine soprano.

"I can't believe it," said a stunned Jo Ann. "I just can't believe it. You're perfect - beautiful!"

"Thank you," said Tracey smiling, her hands folded neatly in her lap.

"Just wait until my folks meet you. I'll never be able to convince them that you're a boy. Gosh, I can't believe I taught you that well in only two and a half weeks."

"This Pageant is very important to me," Tracey said, but her voice had deepened a tone, was now Rich's. "I've never been any good at sports, I'm not real

smart, I have no real talents. But this -
this is something I think I can do well.
I think I can win this thing. And I'll
owe it all to you."

Tracey leaned over and kissed Jo Ann
softly. They looked deep into each other's
eyes, only inches apart. Tracey took hold
of Jo Ann's hand, placed her other arm
around Jo Ann's shoulders. Then they kissed
again.

Jo Ann found the sensation of tasting
lipstick while she kissed. She took her
hand from Tracey's and clasped them around
Tracey's neck. Tracey's hands found Jo Ann's
waist and began kneading the skin beneath
her blouse.

Their kissing increased in intensity
and they both found themselves highly
aroused. Tracey began unbuttoning Jo Ann's
blouse. Jo Ann stopped her at three buttons.

"No," she said, "not now. Not here. Not



like this."

Tracey pulled back, took Jo Ann's hand in hers. "I understand. I'm sorry - I was just - " She couldn't find the words.

"Fix yourself up," Jo Ann said, standing up, re-buttoning her blouse. "Your lipstick is smeared."

Tracey stood up also, smoothing her dress, checking for runs in her hose. Then she headed up to the bathroom and her make-up case.

"What was I doing?" she scolded herself in private. "I could have blown everything down there! I have to be more restrained, take my time. She likes me, I know that. I just have to be more patient." She repaired her make-up, then went back downstairs.

"Jo Ann," Tracey began.

"Forget it. It's partly my fault. My parents will be home soon, practice

your walking some more. These heels aren't very high, but the shoes you'll be wearing tomorrow will be. Get your feet used to these."

Tracey obeyed, knowing the practice to be unnecessary, but wanting to please her. She stopped when she heard the front door opening.

"Here they come," Jo Ann said excitedly.

Mr. and Mrs. Garner entered the house talking. Mrs. Garner was the first to see Tracey.

"Mom, dad," Jo Ann said, standing next to her guest. "I'd like you to meet -" She stopped. "A girlfriend of mine from school - Tracey."

Tracey looked at Jo Ann puzzled, then looked at the adults staring at the both of them. "Hello," she said sweetly.

"Always happy to meet Jo Ann's friends," Mrs. Garner said. "I'm Kate, and this is my husband Tom."

"Hiya," Tom said, extending a hand. Tracey took it and shook it lightly. "You're very pretty. I like your dress."

Tracey blushed and muttered a polite "Thank you."

"We'll be going out a little later, mom. Come on, Tracey, I have to talk to you upstairs."

Tracey followed Jo Ann up the stairs, bewildered.

"What happened down there?" Tracey asked when they were in Jo Ann's bedroom.

"Look at yourself," Jo Ann said sternly. "I mean, really look at yourself. How could I have introduced you to my parents as Rich Ross, the boy I've been spending so much time with? You look more like a girl than I do!"

She was selling herself short, but Tracey knew what Jo Ann meant. She realized

she had done too good of a job for her alleged first time.

"What are we going to do?" Tracey asked.

"I don't know, but we have to get out of here before they do find out you're a boy. God only knows what I was thinking when I suggested this idea."

Jo Ann grabbed a dress from her closet and a pair of dress shoes and headed for the bathroom. "You're too dressy for me. I'll hurry and change."

"Then what? Where are we going to go?"

"I haven't decided yet. Wait here, I'll be right back."

While Jo Ann changed, Tracey wondered if she had indeed blown everything with the days happenings. She didn't want to lose Jo Ann as a friend, and wanted to get more intimate with her eventually.

After changing, Jo Ann helped Tracey

up her suitcase. Then grabbing purses, they headed downstairs. Jo Ann's parents were seated on the couch.

"Where are you two going?" Mrs. Garner asked

"I'm going to go back to Tracey's house with her and drop off her case. Then we'll probably go to the dance at school."

"Why does she have a suitcase with her?"

"Well, she lives pretty far, and brought a change of clothes with her for the dance."

"I don't understand," Mr. Garner chipped in. "She brought a change of clothes into school so she could come here with you and get ready for the dance. So now you're heading over to her house to drop off the suitcase? That doesn't make sense, dear."

"Dad, please, we have a long way to go--"

"Why doesn't she stay here tonight, Jo Ann?" Mrs. Garner suggested.

"Sure, we've got room. You could both sack out down here - have a pajama party," Mr. Garner said merrily.

"That's okay," Tracey said. "Thanks anyway."

"I insist. I'll phone your parents and clear it with them if you want."

"No! No, that won't be necessary. Maybe some other time."

"Good night, mom, dad. Come on, Tracey."

"Good night, Mr. Garner, Mrs. Garner. It was nice meeting you."

"Good night dear. Sorry you couldn't stay."

Tracey shrugged, then followed Jo Ann out the door, pulling on a jacket, again following Jo Ann's lead.

They headed for the bus stop in silence.

CHAPTER NINE

("George, it's me again.")

George had been napping on the couch. He was still furious over Tracey's decision to spend the evening at Jo Ann's.

"Hi, Virginia. What's new?" He had decided there was no sense in fighting his ghost.

("You're upset, George. And rightly so. You have to put your foot down.")

"I tried. She's very strong-willed. She seems to really like this Jo Ann."

("You're losing her. You have to do something.")

"Like what?"

("Something drastic, unexpected.
Go upstairs, George. I know aht you have
to do.")

"Okay. Whatever you say." Humor
her, he thought. He went upstairs. Virginia
was already there in his room.

("You have to discipline her, George.
You never did that with our Tracey - you
always left it to me. But I can't do it
any more. You'll have to.")

"Well why can't you? If you can appear
to me, why can't you appear to her? Scare her
into being more cooperative."

"The only way I could do that would be
to possess a body and work through them."

"Why?"

("Don't ask me - it's just the way it
works up here. Do you want me to possess
your body and punish that girl?")

"Yes, I would."

George suddenly grew glassy-eyed as
Virginia's spirit disappeared.

George collapsed on the bed, his body limp. ("Okay, George, I am in now in control here.") George got up from the bed.

("You're still in here, and can feel everything that I do. You just have no say in the matter. It'll be a bit awkward for you but you'll get used to it.")

He went over to Virginia's dresser.

("Now pay close attention to how I dress and prepare myself.")

He pulled open the drawers one by one, removing items of clothing and placing them on a nearby chair. George was fully conscious, but unable to control any of his actions. He felt slightly nauseous, but knew he wouldn't be sick. The whole episode had him a sort of numb shock.

After the underclothes had been selected George stripped naked and headed for the bathroom.

* * * * *



It was now three hours later - seven o'clock. George was sitting contentedly in the living room. The numbness he had felt earlier had been replaced with a sort of euphoria.

He was wearing a two-piece linen-look suit of beige. Only the suit had a slim skirt with a kick pleat instead of his customary trousers. The suit had been his wife's, and she had worn it only once before she had died.

George crossed his legs, adjusting his skirt as he did so, relishing the feel of his freshly shaven legs in the expensive stockings as they brushed together. He admired the look of the beige pumps on his feet and marveled at how well he had been able to manuever in them. It had been a long time since he had last worn heels.

("You'll have to let your nails grow longer, dear. These just won't do. Maybe

we'll go and get some nail tips applied at the salon.") George knew he had no say in the matter and just sort of endured in limbo.

("Will we have a surprise for Miss Tracey when she gets home!")

CHAPTER TEN

The car had passed by slowly enough for Tracey to have recognized its driver. She couldn't tell if the driver had recognized her.

She was standing at the corner of the two largest streets in the city of Fairville, waiting for a bus that would take her into the suburbs where she should hop another bus that would take her to within a block of George Fischer's house. Jo Ann was also standing with her, arms folded, unusually quiet.



"Listen, Jo Ann," Tracey said trying to pry her out of her funk. "I'm sorry for what happened tonight. But are you going to pout about it all night?"

"You've changed," she said softly without looking at Tracey. "You're no longer the sweet boy I knew in school. You've become some kind of monster."

"I have? How? Explain that deduction."

"You've never tried to kiss me before tonight."

"You didn't seem to mind."

"I didn't - until I realized what we must have looked like on the couch with you dressed like that. If my parents had walked in - "

"I care for you, Jo Ann, don't you know that? I had wanted to kiss you for some time, but didn't have the nerve until

tonight. And I think the way I was dressed had a lot to do with it. I wasn't afraid to be tender - "

"That's another thing!" Jo Ann blurted out. "You've turned into too fine a girl! I couldn't have taught you that well! And it had to be more than coincidence that those clothes and shoes fit you so well.

"Look at you! Standing here at the busiest intersection in Fairville dressed as a girl. How many normal guys would be able to be so calm about it - especially if this is supposed to be his first time ever in public as a girl. There's something very wrong about you."

Tracey saw the car approaching again. There was no doubt that she had been recognized. She had to get rid of Jo Ann as quickly as possible.

"Jo Ann, you're not thinking straight. You're upset. Go on back home, I'll be

fine getting home. I'll call you tomorrow and we'll talk. Under more normal circumstances. Okay?"

"Are you sure?" Tracey saw the car stop, then back into a parking space across the street.

"I'm sure. Go on back home. There's no sense you going all the way home with me then all the way back."

"Okay. But only because I suddenly can't stand to look at you like that. I don't think we should do this any more. If we're going to stay friends I don't want to see Tracey anymore. Okay?"

"We'll talk about it, Jo Ann. I'll call you tomorrow."

Jo Ann walked off just as Geoff approached.

"Rital!" he said. "Where've you been? Why haven't you called me?"

"Listen, Geoff - first off my name isn't Rita, it's Tracey. Second, I don't think it's a good idea that we see each other."

"Why? Tell me why. And why'd you lie about your name?"

"Geoff, please! I don't want to see you anymore."

"We'll see about that!"

Geoff grabbed Tracey by the arm and began dragging her forcefully across the busy street towards his car.

"Stop it, Geoff! Let me go!"

"Quiet. We're going somewhere a little more private to settle this once and for all." The tone of his voice didn't sound threatening to Tracey so she stopped her struggling and went along with him.. She did want to settle it, too.

He opened the passenger side door

for her and took her suitcase, tossing it in the back seat. After she had sat down, he closed the door and went around to the driver's side and climbed in.

They drove in silence for fifteen minutes before Geoff pulled up in front of an apartment building.

He parked and shut off the car. He reached in the back and grabbed the suitcase before climbing out. Tracey didn't wait, exited the car on her own.

"This way," Geoff instructed. Tracey walked into the building with Geoff immediately behind her. "Third floor," he said as they started up the dark staircase.

On the third floor, Geoff guided her toward his apartment, unlocking the door and flicking on the light inside. He dropped the case on the floor next to the

door and closed it.

"Now we'll settle this," he said.

He grabbed Tracey roughly by the shoulders and kissed her viciously. Tracey, in a panic tried to break free, her eyes wide in terror, but was unable. Geoff forced her backwards onto the newspaper covered couch.

He began ripping open her clothes.
"Now we'll settle it, bitch," he cried.
"We'll settle it good!"

"No! No! No!" Tracey screamed, trying hard to fight him off. But the stronger male easily removed the dress, buttons flying, material shredded. He thrust his hand into the trembling girl's groin.

"Oh my Jesus -" he muttered.

"I would have told you, I was going to tell you," Tracey sobbed, crying hard now, almost convulsing in fear. "That's why I didn't call!"

"Jesus, you're a boy - a damned boy!
I don't believe it!" He pulled on Tracey's
bra and removed the inflatable breast form
that had been padding it out. "Jesus."

He got up and walked over to the
small window. "Get out of here," he
muttered.

Tracey sat up, adjusting the bra,
wearing only pantyhose and a tight pantygirdle,
her dress in pieces on the floor.

"Okay," she said between sobs. She
slowly retrieved her suitcase, never taking
her eyes off the boy at the window. She
went out through the door and into the
hallway, her heart pounding furiously,
her hands trembling.

In the stairwell, she dressed in the
a-shirt and pants she had worn into school
in the morning that now seemed months ago.

Back out on the street, she began to

run, thankful she had worn low heels. She stopped a block from the apartment building under a street light. She retrieved her compact from her purse and inspected her face. Her heartbeat was now racing along due to the exertion and not from her panic. She knew she was safe from him now, and forever.

She repaired her make-up expertly then headed for the nearest bus stop. It would be a long ride home.

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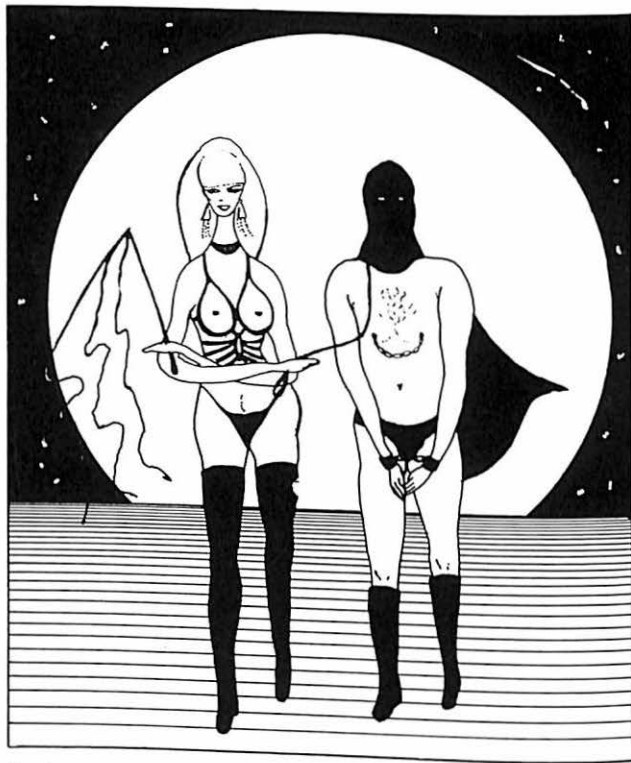
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