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BIRTH OF A LADY

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**This book is for all the feminine young girls who,
wittingly or otherwise provided the inspiration for
this story. . .**

The Birth of a Lady

by Sandy Thomas

DENIAL.

“What the heck do you do all day when I'm at work? I make sure the house is clean when I leave and it's filthy dirty when I come home!”

“I work!” Robert answered, coldly. Tracy didn't reply immediately, as he went on, “If you think I'm going to scrub the floors, you're CRAZY. Just because I'm home working on my computer and not some hot shot lawyer, it doesn't mean that I'm not working.”

Robert went to give his wife a sexy little hug.

“I'm not in the mood,” she spat. “Just once, I'd like to come home to the house the way I left it.”

“I live here too!” Robert noted as he tried again to get his wife in the mood. “Remember me? Your husband?”

She looked at him with flashing red eyes. “Hey? Would you like to try a NEW position tonight?”

“Yeah!” Robert gasped, “Got one in mind?” He moved over towards her again.

She pushed him away again. “Yeah! How about if I sit on the couch all night and you spend the evening in the kitchen?”

Robert reached out, “What you want is a wife too.”

"That's what I need!" Tracy said as she relaxed a little. "Look, dear. I love you but something is missing for me in this relationship."

Robert's heart started to pound. He knew what she was talking about. Something was missing and he didn't know what.

"We need to talk," she said, "After dinner."

After dinner, Tracy came out of the kitchen to find Robert waiting with the TV off. "I'll try harder," he started.

"It's not just you," Tracy said. That was when Robert knew he was in big trouble. "It me," she added. "It's something that's in me. Deep inside of me."

"You want a divorce?" Robert gulped.

"I want a wife," Tracy said without a smile. "I want someone I can let my hair down with."

"You mean I'm not fun?"

"I meant literally."

"We'll get some help. A housekeeper? We'll go out more often."

"I need more than that," she said. "I thought that it might work with you but. . ."

Robert was gasping for breath. He knew that his life as he knew it was suddenly over. Tracy was not the first woman to dump him.

Tracy said, "I want to talk and I don't want you to interrupt me. Okay?"

Robert nodded as Tracy took a deep breath.

"There's a few things you don't know about me," she stated. "You want a drink?"

Robert nodded.

Tracy fixed them both a strong drink and began:

Since grade school, I have always had a habit; call it weird obsession, if you will. . .of sizing up boys and men I

see in public, looking to see if they would make up well as girls. All my life I have looked for exceptionally pretty, girlish looking boys. They are very rare--I mean boys who would look completely feminine when dressed up in girl's clothes--naturally pretty and shapely.

You are probably wondering how this got started. My little quirk began in grade school and went through high school, college and even law school. I went to a very large high school that made it surprisingly hard to make good friends. After school every one just went their own way.

Both my parents worked, in fact, most of the kids my age were alone until their parents came home.

I walked to and from school with Marie who was my best friend. She lived down the street and came over almost every day to gossip, listen to records, do homework, you know, girl things.

One day we were walking home from school when we saw this boy Alfred being teased by some bullies. He was almost in tears when I yelled, "Leave him alone, you big bullies! Aren't you man enough to pick on someone your own size!" Girls could get away with that kind of stuff. Even the worst bully wouldn't hit a girl. . .and I was pretty and well liked.

The gang smarted off at me, but left Alfred alone. He thanked me. "I don't know why they pick on me. . .I'm no threat to them."

Alfred was an extremely pretty boy, who at first look could be a girl in boys' clothes.

Marie and I invited him to our house to have a soda. I found out that he lived behind me on another street.

I looked at him carefully. I knew why the boys picked on him. He was frail, small featured, and almost dainty. At that time, I wasn't thinking that he was one boy in a thousand who would make an exceptionably pretty girl. I

just knew he wasn't very manly like the more developed boys in my class.

He was about my height and weight, had blonde hair and small hands and feet. We talked, Marie making some remark about how mean some boys are.

I could see that he was flattered to find two pretty girls that were willing to talk to him.

He certainly had a pretty face and slender figure. I suggested that he walk home with us from then on. He was glad to have some protection. We were all in our early teens.

The next day Marie and I again invited him to come in and have a soda, and he eagerly accepted, eager to become friends with us.

He hated school, and was unhappy because he didn't fit in. The worst part was those bullies who made fun of anyone small. In PE, the boys made him very uncomfortable, and even the coach called him girl's names.

The three of us became close friends. Surprisingly there was none of the threesome rivalry that sometimes happens when three friends get together.

At first, Alfred just sat quietly with Marie and I as we talked about clothes, make-up and hairdos. Then one day, I said, "Alfred! Let us do your hair!"

I knew boys hated anything feminine so I didn't want to offend him. "Have you ever dressed up as a girl, Alfred?" I asked him innocently.

"No, I never have," he replied blushing.

"Did you ever stop to think that looking like a girl might be an asset to you?"

"No."

"Well," I said, "if you were a girl, the boys wouldn't pick on you?"

"The could tell and they'd beat me up."

"Seriously," I said, "Think how exciting that would be. . .the boys wouldn't tease you then? Can we try?"

He resisted but we wouldn't take no for an answer.

Marie and I picked out a set of my sheerest and prettiest lingerie and a pair of nylons. We gave them to Alfred and sent him into the bathroom with instructions as to how to put them on.

We both were so excited that we quickly picked out a complete outfit, including a slip, heels and one of my favorite school dresses.

I knew it would fit. His shoulders were small and his hips fullish with no masculine muscles developed. His arms were round and smooth and feminine, and his white skin was smooth and soft.

We sat him down, but in a position where he couldn't look into the mirror and proceeded to make him up. We powdered and rouged him, applied lipstick, mascara and even a little eyebrow pencil.

His hair was rather long and we were able to curl it and make a lovely style.

The transformation was complete. Marie and I stood with our mouths open. Alfred looked like any exceptionally pretty young girl.

I led him to the mirror, so he could see himself. He glanced at himself in amazement!

"That can't be me?" he exclaimed, staring at himself in the glass. "I'm actually pretty."

He stared and stared, turning this way and that, mesmerized by his appearance.

My heart raced. Here was a boy that I could have for sleepovers and my parents wouldn't care."

By the time Marie and I finished dressing him, we were all in shock. His bra had been carefully padded to give him my bust measurement and we decked him out with earrings, necklace, bracelets and rings.

Marie looked at me when we were finished and said, "He could go anywhere like this!"

Even though he pretended that he disliked looking like a girl, I knew that he loved the vision in the mirror.

That was the beginning of my little obsession. For the next few weeks, Marie and I gave Alfred lessons in feminine deportment. We taught him how to sit down and get up gracefully, how to hold his hands and other feminine mannerisms. He quickly caught on.

Everyday after school, we'd escort him by the bullies and take him to my house to be dressed up, pantied, powdered and practiced. He was like our little Barbie doll only better!

"This is so much fun," I said to Alfred. "I wish we could take you to school and show you off!"

"I love it too," he said. "I wish I was really a girl."

I said, "With us, you are!" I was fascinated with his girlish beauty.

When Tracy stopped talking, Robert looked at his wife like he'd never seen her before. "So what's that little dress up thing have to do with us?"

"Alfred was my first boyfriend," Tracy admitted.

"Sounds like he was more like your first girlfriend," Robert laughed.

"He was that too," Tracy said seriously. "I guess that was when I got hooked on feminine guys."

"Hooked? There were others?" Robert asked.

Tracy nodded. "Once I saw how easy it was to transform Alfred into the perfect girlfriend, I was hooked--until you."

"Me?"

"You were my first real boyfriend who didn't dress up."

"Did your parents know?"

"They found out about Alfred after one of my pajama parties. They were upset at first but realized that Alfred

was very feminine. They realized that such beauty shouldn't be wasted on a mere boy."

"No wonder that they were so happy we got married."

"They actually thought you'd just become another one too."

"Another one? Me?"

"You have a soft face and body that isn't all hard and muscled. I guess that was why I was attracted to you. You not only have a pretty face, but a slender, girlish body, which lends itself to figure training. I'm sure my parents saw that too."

"They thought I'd be dressing up like a girl?"

Tracy nodded, adding, "They know me. I've never gotten along with regular guys. I tried it but I have to confess, in my fantasies, I see you dressed as a girl. Still male but feminine. I guess that's why I get so upset when I come home and you are so typical male."

Robert took Tracy's hand. He said, "We need to get you some help. I think our doctor can refer someone. We'll get through this period. You just need help."

"I've had help," Tracy admitted. "The best shrinks in the country. They told me NOT to marry you. They said it wouldn't go away. I told them THEY were wrong. Maybe I was wrong."

"Let me get this straight. You like guys in dresses?"

She corrected, "I love guys who are completely feminine in feelings and interests, as well as in looks."

"And me?"

"Looking back. I guess I feel in love with you because of your beauty potential. You are so delicate but your male macho feelings and desires are ruining our life. I suppose I should be ashamed to confess it, but I'm not. I need to be with someone feminine."

"Like a girl?"

"No," she said sadly, "I wish it was that simple."

Robert winced a little at this, but, not wanting to reopen hostilities, he said nothing but, "I do love you."

"I know," Tracy said, "And I love you. But can we live together? We HAVE to talk this thing out. Find some solution. Some way to make ME happy."

To this, Robert flushed. He was angry. "What about MY feelings. Don't I count?"

"I thought it would go away," Tracy said, tearing welling up in her eyes.

Robert took a big drink from his glass. "Want another one?"

He got up and fixed two strong ones. A lump formed in his throat. He couldn't think of any solution. He finally asked, "Is there anything I can do?"

"Maybe soften up a bit," Tracy said through tears, "but that might not be enough."

"I'll do anything to save our marriage?" he stated softly.

"Anything?"

"Yes! What can I do?"

"You work out of the house," she replied. "I want you to keep this place as nice as a woman would."

"I can try but I don't really know how to do much of this housekeeping stuff."

"I'll call mother and see if she can get you acquainted with your new duties."

"Don't make it sound so difficult. I've never done any housework. And are you talking about flower arranging and decorating too?"

"That would be so nice," she sighed with a grin.

Overall, both Robert and Tracy felt relieved. Both felt they had compromised and were emotionally worn out.

The next morning, Tracy gave woke him up with a little tickle. "It's your turn to make the coffee and make breakfast for me!"

"Oh," he moaned, remembering last night. "Okay, dear. You got it."

Reluctantly, Robert got out of bed and made breakfast.

Once they had sat down at the table, Robert asked, "So do we switch off days or what?"

"NO." she smiled. "You will be doing it all for a while."

"OK, where do I begin?"

"I'll have mother come over today and help train you."

A bit later he heard his wife on the phone. "Yeah mom," he heard her say. "Robert knows it all now. I don't know if it'll help but he wants to try. I have to go to work. I have court today."

For Robert, the morning was very busy. It was hard to not be dirty. He had to clean his own dishes, clean up the bedroom and pick up his underwear lying in a heap near the bed.

Suddenly he was seeing the mess that he made each day. He kept wondering what Tracy was really talking about last night. Everyone had some old flames--Tracy's odd interests were certainly different.

Tracy's mother, Helen, was in her middle forties. Robert had liked her from the start. She was attractive and trendy. She liked music, sports, and was well read. Robert knew that they shared secrets, but he only now understood the profundity.

Tracy's father, Ben had welcomed Robert into the family like he was some kind of a football hero. In comparison to Alfred, Robert guessed he was.

While Tracy was very busy as a lawyer, they had spent a lot of time at her parents. Mostly with Ben and Robert glued to the TV set.

Robert tried to do some computer work, but he found a little note from Tracy in the bed that said, "I love you and you love me. But are you willing to help? That's all that really matters."

"I've got to try something," Robert thought. "I can't lose her."

That night, the table was set when Tracy came home, dinner was on the stove and soft music was playing. Fresh flowers were placed several spots and the house was spotless.

"WOW!" Very nice," Tracy commented.

"Just trying to show you my softer side," Robert responded with a grin.

"I like it," she said. "Maybe there's hope for you after all?"

Over dinner that talked about each other's day. Robert talked about cleaning before asking, "That guy you dated, the one who dressed up? What happened to him?"

"His family moved out of state. Mom hears from him once in a while. I think he's married," she almost giggled. "Hey, let's go to bed early tonight!"

"Great!" Robert knew what that meant!

Robert finished the dinner dishes and went into the bedroom. Tracy was ready for bed. Lying on the bed was a white nylon nightgown. Tracy picked it up by the

shoulder straps and whispered, "Since you've been doing woman's work all day, maybe you'd put this on for me?"

"ME?"

With a sexy look in her eyes, she came over and eased the nightgown over his head and let it slid into place, the hem falling to just above his knees.

With a squeal, "That 'a girl," she pushed him down on the bed and began to caress his nyloned figure.

It was all so sensual and sexy, Robert couldn't complain.

The next morning, Robert felt rather foolish in the little nightgown.

"That was so good last night," Tracy remarked, "the best ever, young lady!"

That embarrassed Robert, but he was beginning to get into the spirit of the game. It had been good. Yes, different and maybe the best!

It was all so silly. Robert went into the bathroom, peering into the full-length mirror. His heart was at his throat as he stood looking at the silky nightgown he was still wearing. He cringed, muttering to himself, "You are not the most masculine guy in the world, are you?"

Back in the bedroom, Robert turned to his wife. "You aren't going to tell your mother about this are you, dear?" Robert asked, as started to remove the nightgown.

"Of course!" she replied. "It was her idea. She thought it might make us closer."

"I guess we were closer," he laughed. "I just don't like the idea of anyone knowing."

"I don't hide anything from my mother," Tracy retorted. "She loves you, you know."

That morning Robert tried to straightened up the house before hearing his mother-in-law announce her arrival.

"Tracy asked me to come by," she said. She was fashionably dressed in a fitted knit dress with a matching leather belt and high-heeled pumps. Her long hair was pulled up in a French twist.

"So how are you doing, Robert?" she asked, with concern. "What say, we have a cup of coffee?"

They sat and talked for a bit before Helen said, "Tracy should have told you. It's not something that one can suppress forever."

"I know," Robert quietly acknowledged.

"She really thought it would go away," she continued. "Her Dad and I knew it wouldn't."

Robert reddened, and responded, "Well, what are we going to do now?"

"That's why I am here," she cheerily declared. "To answer your questions."

"So tell me about Alfred."

Helen smiled, "We just thought he was a girl. He'd be here when we came home from work and sometimes spend the night. They'd be doing girl things like fixing their hair and makeup. He made a really cute girl."

"How did you find out?"

"That was funny," Helen said, with just a hint of mischief in her smile. "Tracy's dad looked in after the girls returned from a double-dated with some boys. You should have seen his face when he found them on the living room couch in a passionate embrace and kissing!"

Robert nodded, but made no comment.

"You know, you'd make up into a pretty girl too," she added.

Robert almost gagged on his coffee. "I don't think so, Mom," he managed to choke out.

"I have some cute nighties for you in my car," she said matter-of-factly. "Tracy told me you are wearing them now."

Robert blushed deeply. "She told you?"

"She told me you were trying to stay married. Was it that bad?"

Robert flushed as he shook his head. She went on. "I think you should try wearing nighties for a while. Maybe it'll be enough—that and keeping the house clean."

For the next few weeks, Robert would finish the dinner dishes and find Tracy waiting for him, nightgown in hand. Their sex life had gone from sparse to overwhelming.

In the height of passion one night, Robert agreed to start wearing lipstick. Another night while wearing a yellow nylon nightgown with puffed short sleeves and a fitted bodice, Tracy slipped little breast pads into the cups of the bodice.

In the bedroom, Robert found himself sitting on the bed with his legs crossed just like Tracy's.

Tracy commented, "I wish I could get you to shave those legs. I hate the hair."

"Shave my leg hair like a woman?"

"You seem to have gotten used to the lipstick."

Robert flushed red but said, "Okay. For you, I'll try it."

Tracy quickly produced a set of electric clippers. Starting at the ankles and working up, she removed every strand of male hair, even the hair from his armpits.

Once that was done, she made a bath and had him soak before showing him the fine points of shaving his legs before directing Robert to take a shower. After-

ward, she gave him a complete rubdown with skin moisturizer.

"This is to give your skin a smoother, softer feel," Tracy explained. "Nice eh?"

"I love the massage," Robert said.

"Every time you shave your legs, I'll give you a rub down, okay?"

Tracy handed Robert a nightgown, which he slipped over his head without complaint. They went to directly to bed and made love.

In the morning, Robert overslept and discovered that Tracy had already left for work. Robert crawled out of bed. Leaving his nightgown on, he went to the kitchen to get a cup of coffee.

Pouring from the half filled carafe, Robert muttered to himself, "I never over sleep."

"Aren't you pretty in that," a voice said from behind him, startling him.

Robert nearly spilled his coffee. He whirled around and stammered, "My, gosh! You scared me!"

His mother in law laughed, "Thank goodness you had something on!"

Robert blushed. "I'll be right back. I have to change."

"Oh, don't change. I like you the way you are. As a matter of fact," she added, "I want to talk to you about Tracy. I have an idea."

With a deep red face, Robert looked at her and nodded, "Okay. As you can see--I'm trying!"

"I see," she giggled, "has it been that bad?"

Robert laughed and fluttered the hem of his nightie. "At least I can't say I'm bored. It's been rather fun."

"What say we have a little more?"

"What?" Robert asked.

"Put yourself in my hands," she said flatly. "Maybe if you'd dress up completely for Tracy, she'd realize how foolish all this is? I'll teach you everything you need to know?"

"I'd feel so silly," Robert said, "but I feel silly now so I'll give anything a try."

"I have a feeling that Tracy won't recognize you when I'm finished with you," laughed Helen.

"What are you going to do?"

"Well, since Tracy likes you to wear nightgowns, let's try a few more things." She added, laughing, "I bet she hardly recognizes you when I'm done."

Robert wasn't sure. "She might like me to do the housework and even be a little effeminate, but do you think she really wants me to become like a woman?"

"That's what we will find out--we are going to completely feminize you!"

Robert, flushed and excited, stood in front of his mother-in-law, confused by her comments.

"Tell me," Robert asked, "This Alfred character. What was he like? I mean, was he a fruit or what?"

Helen giggled, "No more than you, my dear. Actually he was a delightful young lady to be around. Ben really liked him. I'll tell you more later."

"What are we doing to try here?"

"We need to find out what Tracy thinks when she finds she is no longer living with a husband, but a girlfriend. I have no qualms about the outcome. After the initial surprise, if I understand my daughter, she will be quite excited about the change-over."

"What about Ben?"

"As for your father-in-law, knowing his weakness for pretty girls, he'll be delighted too!"

As Helen went into ecstasies over the scheme, Robert asked, "Do you really think this will work?"

The rest of the day was spent with Helen as she began his training. A considerable portion of the time was devoted to learning and practicing comportment. Robert learned how to walk properly in heels, sit gracefully in a short skirt to prevent wrinkles and unladylike flashes of lingerie.

There was housework too. Helen showed him how to iron his wife's lingerie without burning them and how to rinse out her stockings so they'd be clean and snug for another days wearing. "I guess I'm becoming Tracy's maid too," Robert moaned as he put her clean clothes away."

"It's only fair," Helen laughed. "You are home all day, besides, I don't want you two fighting over the last pair of clean nylons!"

"This is so weird."

"You'll get it."

Robert asked, "So what should I wear to scrub a bathtub?"

Helen laughed. "Do you have anything in steel wool?"

She laughed at her joke and added, "When doing housework, remember two things: cotton and stretch. Wear one of Tracy's sleeveless knit tops and a tube skirt. I don't want you wearing pants for a while."

They talked a bit about Tracy's liking for boys in feminine clothing. Robert was beginning to understand that this might be the only way to keep his marriage together.

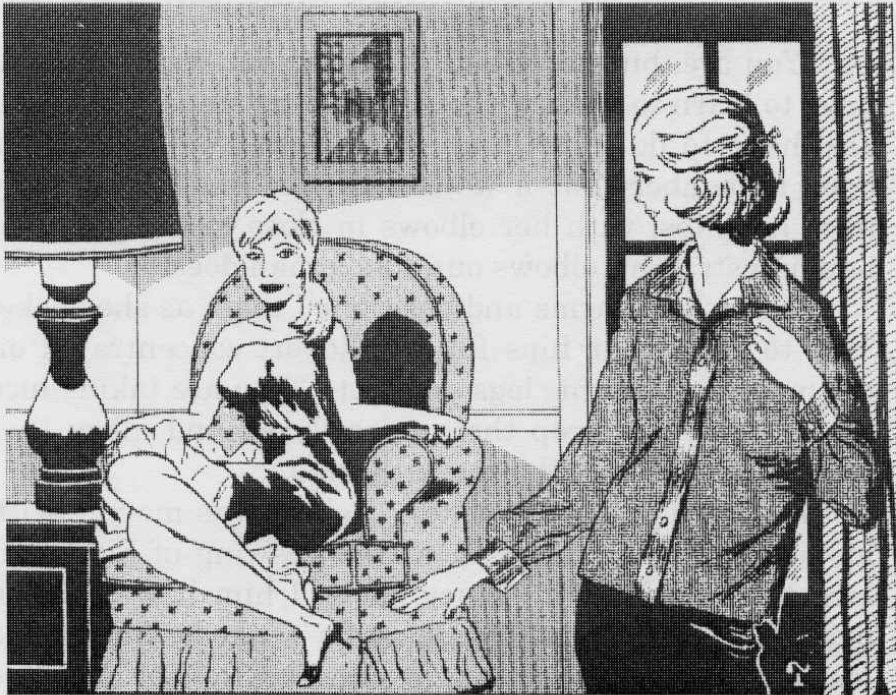
About four in the afternoon, they finished the housework and Helen helped Robert prepare for Tracy's return. At the last minute, Helen added a little fall to Robert's hair for length.

When Tracy arrived home, Helen was gone. "Honey, I'm home!" she announced as she put down her briefcase.

Robert was ready, but apprehensive. He came out of the kitchen wearing a black crepe cocktail dress. His face was nicely made up and his hair curled. "Dinner is almost ready," he said softly and motioned over to the cocktails ready to be poured.

"Robert! Let me see you!" Tracy was elated. She came over and gave him a peck on the cheek. "Mother did a fabulous job."

They sat down on the living room couch and Robert crossed his legs girlishly at the knees and waited for his wife's reaction.



Tracy showed no surprise at the way Robert sat or how he had smoothed out his skirt when he went to refresh their quickly downed first drink.

Helen moved over next to Robert and beamed, "This makes me so happy! And the house, it's so neat and clean. You did it all?"

Robert blushed and nodded, "It wasn't that hard. It just took all day. I didn't do anything else."

"Well, you had time to do your hair and makeup!" Tracy laughed.

"Your mother did it."

"Don't worry, after a few weeks," she spoke, "You'll be doing it in a quarter of the time."

A perplexed Robert demanded, "What do you mean a few weeks?"

"Mother said it would take a month just to train you right," Tracy said, "And your makeup is OK, but I think we need to have your colors done to get the right shades."

"Your mom said I was good?"

"You are, but not great. There's your walk; you will have to learn to walk without such long steps. And we'll also have to do something about your hands. Just for now, remember that a woman carries her hands away from her hips, with her elbows in close to the body not hanging straight, elbows out, like a man does."

She took his arms and positioned them as she spoke. "Try to keep your hips fluid." Robert concentrated on the movements of his legs and feet. "You are taking nice small steps, but keep the ankles flexed and allow that sway at the hips. It'll come with time."

Tracy was a good teacher. Robert was moving with his arms moving smoothly with the swing of his upper arm to the minimal. Tracy showed him how to touch parts of his skirt and blouse as he walked. She pulled his shoulders back and taught him how to hold his spine erect, but not stiff, allowing his hips to gently shift and sway to the changes of weight and direction.

"That's it!" she announced. "You will learn to carry yourself with far more discretion and modesty than before. A woman's bearing should be sweet and pleasant,

her movements humble and meek while her carriage dignified and stately."

"WOW!" Robert announced. "I don't know if a guy should know how to do this! Is there a lot more?"

"Lots!" Tracy smiled. "Keep your eyes forward. Don't let them roam, keep your eyes modestly on the ground and ahead of you."

They practiced for a while and the time flew quickly. "OH! I have to do the dishes," Robert exclaimed. "That was fun."

"You have the makings of a wonderful wife!" Tracy laughed. "I think I'll keep you!" she concluded.

"Really?" Robert said, having realized that this was the nicest evening they'd had together in years. Robert's reservations resurfaced.

He asked his wife, "Do you really want me to dress like this?"

"I love you like this!" she said in return. "With mother's help during the day and mine at night, you'll have it down in no time."

"What down?"

"You and I will have everything in common. We'll be sharing and loving and won't have to go our separate ways. I think you and I will be happy, if I leave the household affairs to you."

"This is so odd," Robert gasped.

"If this makes us both happy, what's the problem?"

"I could dress as a man and do the housework?" "Robert protested.

"Why? Dressing you as a woman has allowed you to discover another side if your personality. Honestly, would you put as much care into the washing out the nylons and our lingerie if you were in pants?"

Robert nodded. That was true.

"It's getting late. Run along and do your dishes. I'm going to call mother and then I'll meet you in bed with two little nighties!"

Making love with Tracy was so disconcerting for Robert. The feelings were like before but the added sensation spending the entire day in nylon threw off his rhythm. Robert moaned, "It's hard to be a red hot lover in a pink baby doll."

Tracy laughed, "You'll get used to it. Just give it time."

Trained and transformed--

The next morning, Helen came over before Tracy had left for work. Tracy informed Robert that Helen would be taking him some place special and to dress in a shirt, slacks, and put on a sport coat.

"What? NO DRESS?" he asked Helen with sarcasm.

"That will come later," Tracy giggled. "Don't you worry. I expect my girl to be here when I come home."

Helen did not tell Robert where they were going. She talked about how happy Tracy sounded.

They drove to a little suburb about 45 minutes from home. There was a little Victorian house in a business district with a small sign that read: "Domicile".

"What is this?" Robert asked.

"You aren't the only man who's having trouble with his wife you know?"

Helen rang the bell and a buzzer opened the large ornate metal gate to let them enter.

Robert just followed his mother-in-law in silence.

Once inside, an attractive, older woman introduced herself as Miss Rennam then said, "Is this the young man you called about?"

Helen nodded as he was looked over.

"What do you do here," he asked rudely.

Miss Rennam explained, "We teach young men like you how to keep house properly. It's not something that many men have been trained to know."

With a wink towards Helen, she went on, "So your mother-in-law said that you prefer doing your housework in skirts? Are you wearing panties and nylons now?"

Robert blushed a deep ruby.

"That's good. We have a lot of work to do." Turning to Helen, the woman asked, "How feminine should our goal be?"

Robert was becoming scared at the matter-of-fact attitude of this woman.

Helen smiled, "My daughter is Tracy. Maybe you remember her in here with a boy named 'Alfred'?"

"AMY! What a delightful girl. This is her husband? I thought. . ."

Helen interrupted, "We all tried to tell her, but at least Robert is willing to try to make her happy."

"You want her to be completely happy?" the woman asked Robert.

He nodded.

"Well then," the woman said turning to Helen, "my recommendation is that we get him on an anti-androgen or have him operated on as soon as possible."

"WHOA!" Robert yelled. "NO SURGERY!"

Helen interrupted, "We don't want to go that far. We are just looking to make him more womanly and give him a chance to see how the other half lives first."

"That's okay," the woman said, "Since you came here on your own, I'll explain to you what we can do."

Robert was completely confused. He asked himself, "Were some men forced here? And operations?"

Just then a woman came in carrying an armload of dresses. It's our job to figure out what kind of woman you should become and help you `be all that you can be.'" She laughed at her choice of words. "We start at the basics and work out. I don't think he should be too busty, does your daughter have a preference?"

"Only that he looks natural," Helen said, adding, "but I guess you could say she's into breasts."

They both laughed as the lady brought out a pair of silicone breast pads in a 36AA size. Before Robert could complain, they had removed his shirt and fitted him with a bra and the pads. Adjusting the straps, Miss Rennam said, "Is there any reason he can't wear these all the time?"

Helen shook her head. "He's at home all day. My daughter would be thrilled."

"What about hormones?" the woman asked. "He's young enough that we would have very nice results."

"What do you think, Robert?" Helen asked.

"Hormones? What do they do?"

"Wonderful things to take the rough edges off you boys," the woman said. "It suppresses a male's natural resistance to feminine things. It softens and rounds out their limbs, and their breasts enlarge, even have full nipples."

"I don't want to go that far!" Robert grimaced.

Helen laughed, "Relax. We will only go as far as you feel you want to go."

The woman nodded in agreement, adding, "We won't need it unless you start resisting the training. Sometimes a healthy shot of estrogen helps get the guy back on track. As long as you understand the goal here, we'll all be fine."

"The goal?" Robert asked.

"We are going to make you 'comfortable' with all things and tasks that are feminine in nature. Immersion therapy, some shrinks call it."

Robert looked confused. "You mean like when they make someone smoke a hundred cigarettes in an hour to stop smoking?"

"That's aversion therapy. Our program is sort of like that--only at the end--you are smoking more." She laughed at her little joke. Now we have a lot to do..."

Robert was escorted into various rooms with distinct functions. He was given a manicure in one. Robert's nails were filed to taper toward the ends and a cherry red polish applied. While his nails were drying, he was escorted into another room. He held his hands out with his fingers up to not smudge them.

Helen thrilled at the sight of his bright red nails. "Tracy is going to love this!" she said. "If you can be careful with your nails, you could have very pretty hands."

Robert was fitted with several new pairs of shoes. Several basic "work" pumps with two and a half inch heels to some evening slippers with four-inch heels!

"I can't walk in these," he exclaimed.

"You'll learn," Helen chuckled.

Robert was surprised that he could even get across the room. "Man, if I could ever get used to these, I could get used to anything!"

Robert practiced walking back and forth, trying to get used to the tortures angles his feet had to assume.

Helen said, "Your leg and calf muscles might be sore until you get used to them. Now let's get you into a dress!"

Off to another room, Helen immediately spotted a lovely, solid navy dress made of a soft fabric. "You need a few basic dresses that go anywhere," she said. "This one's style is too classic to resist."

Before he knew it, he had the simple, but elegant dress on.

"This feels nice on," he had to admit; his fingers touched at the shiny, silky fabric.

"You can have it if you promise to take good care of it," Helen scolded with a bit of sarcasm in her voice. "See? You are beginning to understand why women love their clothes and want them taken care of, right?"

Robert nodded, as his hands ran over his dress, feeling the nylon bra and panty set underneath.

With great care, they picked out several more dresses but it was decided that Robert should wear the navy one home.

Even Robert agreed that with the new bust line and his fingernails perfectly manicured with red polish, the dress was more fitting.

The final step was the makeup room. His lips were painted in a "fingernail matching" red and his dimpled cheeks blushed. Robert's lashes were darkened with mascara and his eyelids deepened with blue/brown eye shadow. Without asking, the makeup artist began plucking at Robert's eyebrows. "OUCH!" he gasped, but she continued and didn't stop until he had the high, sexily arched brows of a woman.

"That seems a bit permanent?" Robert gulped.

"They grow back," the operator said impatiently. "We are is giving you a chance to really feel like a woman."

"I'm feeling it," Robert admitted before they proceeded to try on various hairpieces.

"Your own hair is nice and long, but I think adding some length will help you get into the right mood," the stylist said. They found and long hair extension, which was identical to Robert's own natural color.

His own hair was cut in front to create some wispy bangs on his forehead and the extensions added body

and length, creating gentle waves falling from the sides and back.

When Robert moved his head, the hair floated about his shoulders. Then the operator began to tweeze more of Robert's eyebrows, saying something about "opening up his eyes a bit more."

Finally, Miss Rennam came back into the room and stepped back to inspect their creation.

Barking instructions, a wide, navy leather belt was tightened around his waist, which accented the dress' curvature over his cinched-in waist and full hips.

Miss Rennam unfastened the top two buttons of his dress, letting it open enough to show a flash of cleavage.

"Walk for me," she ordered.

Robert straightened his shoulders and walked slowly across the room, taking small steps. He felt their eyes on the swaying motion of his hips.

"That's very sexy," she remarked. "With a little more practice, you'll be getting as much attention as your wife!"

Robert blushed but was becoming more intoxicated by the minute. All told, the little changes were sensational! When Robert swayed over to the full-length mirror, his finger went up to adjust the long, soft hair as if it were his own.

"No one would ever guess you are a guy," Helen said with tenderness.

Miss Rennam interjected, "Yes, I'm satisfied that he looks like a woman, but he could be a lady." She said, "Lady" like it was "Queen!"

She went on, "You have a pretty face, but are a little heavy about the waist. You need to lose about ten pounds in the right places or at least move it around." She made some notes in a folder. "I think you'll get the walk down, but I'm worried about your attitude. Some boys can't seem to check their maleness at the door."

"I'm trying," Robert moaned. "I've gone further than any normal guy would!" Robert looked at the clock and realized that the day was almost gone.

"I think you should go home and have a nice little heart to heart with your wife," Miss Rennam said. "We are here for you! I suggest you take a few more minutes and look at our portfolio."

Helen and Robert went into the conference room and began to look through the many photo albums on the table.

"Oh my gawd," Robert exclaimed, "These are guys?"

"Are and were," Helen answered. "Look at the before and after shots."

The outcome "after" shot was hard to believe except for the "before" series where one could see the boys succumbing to femininity. Some boys were effeminate in the "before" shots, others not. Some were young so that suppressing their sex and delaying male puberty made them grow up more like girls than boys.

Others were just regular looking guys in the first pictures that changed in the series of pictures. Their hair grew, legs rounded, their breasts enlarged and they ended up with girlish figures and hips!

"This is amazing!" Robert pointed out a picture of a guy in a bikini walking down the beach. "This one must have had an operation?"

Helen shook her head. "No, just some figure training. They train their parts to stay drawn well up between their legs by means of a gaff."

"But take a look at these pictures," Robert pointed. "This one. He must have," Robert stammered, "had it cut off!"

"That's Alfred!" Helen said calmly.

Robert gasped and nearly hit the floor. The pictures showed a beautiful boy/girl in an attractive two-piece bi-

kini. "That's Tracy's Alfred? She turned him into a girl!"

The pictures clearly showed the concealing value of a gaff.

"Look back a few pages," Helen suggested.

In the first picture, this boy was shown standing before a mirror admiring himself, the feminine appearance was marred by an obvious bulge in the front of his silky panties. The second picture showed the panties down around his ankles; revealing to the viewer that this was very definitely a male.

"Look at what a little training can do!" Helen said, "See the difference?"

The third picture was posed much the same as the first. Alfred, the boy-girl standing proudly, admiring himself in his panties, but there was no telltale bulge in the front!

The fourth was Alfred, putting on a girl's bikini. The fifth, Alfred standing proudly posed in the girlish garment for the entire world to see. But there was no masculine gender to be seen. Instead he had a perfectly formed, girlish little triangle.

"It's not as easy as it looks," Helen suggested.

"I can believe that!" Robert stared at the series of pictures showing how the deception had been achieved.

"So Alfred developed tits!" Robert mused. "And a nice butt!"

"Yes. I think that's why Tracy never got over him," Helen reflected. "It's hard to find guys like that! He was so effeminate and loved doing anything that made him more girlish."

"What's he doing here," Robert asked, pointing to a series of pictures.

"Alfred is pressing his two appendages up into his body with one hand and pressing his member back be-

tween his thighs with the other. He could create such a charmingly girlish front!"

Robert shook his head.

"And there you see," said Helen pointing to another bikini photo, "just how these boys become just like girls without a major operation."

"I guess it's better than being cut!" Robert tried to joke.

Helen stated, "I am told that with the right training, a gaff is quite comfortable although any male excitement is impossible while the gaff is in place."

"You really think Tracy would want ME to wear one of those things?"

"Of course. When the gaff comes off," Helen explained, "there is no lessening in the thrills and one can react as any ordinary male in sexual matters."

Helen reached over and caressing Robert shoulder trying to soothe his fears. "I think you are going to find yourself closer and more in love with Tracy--and she with you."

"Oh dear, I don't know what to say," he muttered, "I'm frightened and yet I'm intrigued at the same time."

"Don't worry," laughed Helen, "Tracy's looking forward to seeing you completely transformed. During the next few weeks, I trust you will do your best to make yourself into a perfect girl."

With only the slightest hesitation, he replied, "Okay, but I feel so strange."

"Do you like your new dress?"

"Oh, YES!" he blushed. Robert didn't speak for a few moments, then, very indefinitely, he tried to express himself. "I really can't believe it. I'm feeling so girlish that I want to go home and clean the house and look pretty for my wife. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"Nothing wrong with that!" Helen prompted. Robert paused with a deep sigh as Helen explained, "Your masculinity says it shouldn't feel good, but inside it does." "Yes, Mother."

"It just takes time for you to get used to it. Trust me, you and Tracy will never be happier! We'd better get going if you are going to have time to clean the house and look pretty for Tracy."

"I should change back."

"Look at you?" Helen giggled. "It would take hours for you to change back."

Miss Rennam appeared. They had put Robert's wallet and keys into a new purse along with his new makeup. They had him touch up his own lips and spritzed him with some perfume before adding it to his purse.

"We have loaded your purchases in your car," Miss Rennam said.

After allowing Robert a few minutes to gather his nerve, Helen walked her new daughter-in-law to the car and drove home.

As they approached the door, a neighbor on his way out waved, thinking it was Tracy and her mother.

Once inside, Robert moaned, "He saw me!"

"He saw a woman," Helen corrected. "Don't think about that now. You have housework to do."

Robert quickly tossed a few pieces of clothing from the washing machine to the dryer. Worried that he might ruin his new dress, he went to his bedroom and took it off. Unzipping and then slowly working the dress up over his body, he carefully hung the dress for later. Robert caught his reflection in the mirror. He was standing in a slip, his bra and panties showing through the translucent nylon. He picked out a simple house-dress and buttoned it up, mystified by the feminine per-

son he had become. When Robert saw himself in the mirror bearing breasts that seemed to be his own, he flushed with excitement. A wave of disgust passed over him, and he had to mutter, "You have become quite the little sissy!"

Helen helped her son-in-law clean up the house and start dinner before sending him up to put on his new dress again. "I can't wait to see Tracy's face," Helen admitted.

They didn't have to wait long, before they heard Tracy arriving, loaded with packages.

"Go greet your wife," Helen instructed. He was wearing his new blue dress and the highest heels. Taking a breath, he went straight to the living room, where Tracy had put down her bags.

"Oh, my!" Tracy squealed with delight at the vision of her effeminate husband. "Look at you! Standing there, wearing a new little dress--and those new curves!"

She surveyed his overall carriage from the natural looking hair to the artful makeup blended to his own complexion. She ran to him and gave him a big hug. "You make me so happy! Was it a horrible day for you?"

He shook his head, his long hair fluttered about his shoulders.

For a while they talked about the day at the "spa."

Helen announced, "Robert saw pictures of Alfred in their portfolio."

Tracy's expression changed suddenly. "OH?"

"Maybe we could go through your old picture albums and show Robert how Alfred changed?"

"I never want to look at him again!" Tracy moaned before turning her attention back to Robert. She had him walk across the room several times and praised him on his ability to walk in high heels.

"Miss Rennam says he has a way to go," her mother stated.

Tracy turned to Robert and said, "Rome wasn't built in a day! I must say, you are coming around beautifully. I just adore you!"

Robert was strangely pleased at her reaction, but still confused at the backlash at the mention of Alfred. He made a note to ask Helen what happened between them.

Meanwhile, Tracy was becoming very loving and affectionate.

"Please, dear," he chided. "Wait until mother leaves!" Robert gracefully adjusted his dress and pushed a stand of hair out of his eyes.

The prissy finger movement was not missed by Helen, who commented, "See? I think he could go anywhere."

Tracy and Helen lapsed into a conversation over the day's events so he went to serve dinner.

THE DETAILS...

Over dinner the conversation turned back to Robert. "Robert, you are becoming a great cook," Tracy said.

"I think it's time for a new name," Helen observed, "Calling him 'Robert' will just remind him that he's a guy in a dress."

"Mom's right," Tracy agreed, "You've earned a girl's name."

"What did you call Alfred when he was dressed?"

"ALLY," Helen said, "So that's out!"

"You are certainly right. I don't really feel like a 'Robert' dressed like this," he concurred.

"How about we feminize your name like we've done you? How about Roberta?" Helen suggested.

Tracy agreed, "Roberta is a logical choice."

"Isn't it a bit too close to Robert?"

"Roberta is not anything like Robert. Just like you aren't anything like Robert the way you are dressed and acting."

"Roberta' is rather sweet sounding," Robert mused.

"Roberta," Tracy repeated several times. "My husband Roberta! I like it!"

Robert blushed at the reminder that he was her husband.

"I think it fits him very well," Helen said.

"I'm Roberta, I'm Roberta, I'm Roberta," Robert slowly repeated. "Makes me feel funny inside," he said softly.

"Turns me on," Tracy laughed.

Thus it was that Robert adopted the name `Roberta'. Before he went to bed that night, Tracy had him write his name as `Roberta' 100 times on a piece of paper. Like the new dress and hairdo, he would get used to the name.

Before Helen left that night, plans were made to go back to "Domicile". Also Robert was put on a diet. "What's the use," he explained. "With all these tight clothes, I can't eat as much anyway."

That night after doing the dishes, he went into the bedroom to find Tracy with a nightgown set out as usual. Tracy admitted to being very excited over the day's events. "I can't wait to get you in bed!" she said sexily.

"Hold your horses," he smiled. Robert put on the nightgown then sat down at the makeup table and applied fresh lipstick casually.

"Hurry!" Tracy groaned.

This was not the Tracy who was always sick with a headache or asleep early. He knew he was teasing her when he decided to pick up the room a bit.

Tracy never took her eyes off him. She finally grabbed him and pulled him on to the bed.

She put one arm around his waist and ran her free hand gently over his hairless skin. "Oh Roberta!" she purred, "I can't wait to have you. You are so soft and pretty. And I love your breasts!"

Tracy responded to them like they were the real things. She lowered the straps of his nightgown enough to see that he was wearing a "sleep bra" to hold his new inserts. "You must like them too if you are willing to sleep in them!"

Robert flushed with embarrassment, and started to say something about being told to wear them, but it had been his decision.

Tracy put her arms around Robert and snuggled her soft breasts against his. She cupped one of his breasts in her hand and whispered in a very serious tone, "I don't ever want to see you not wearing these. They are a part of who you are now."

By this time Robert was so turned on that he have agreed with anything.

The next morning,

"Show me your new clothes, dear," Tracy requested firmly. Robert opened the closet door, exposing several new dresses.

"Very nice selection. I'm going to ask mother to take you back to get a few more things, okay?"

"Do I really need this much new stuff?" Robert asked with trepidation. "It's a waste of money when your things fit me."

"It's important that you have your own dresses and lingerie, dear," Tracy replied.

"I don't mind borrowing your things?"

"I do love it when you wear my things, but you need to have clothes that match your own personality and taste," she explained. "Besides, things like brassieres are very personal. Now show me what you have."

There were several basic dresses, one classic "little black dress", a cotton jumper with a full skirt, plus some simple house dresses for working around the house. There were also three skirts and several coordinated blouses, one sleeveless.

There was a fitted knit dress with a turtleneck and Robert's favorite, a denim mini-skirt that could be worn with most any blouse.

"I think that I have enough for a while," Robert mused.

"What are you going to wear today?"

"Should I wear a dress?"

"It'll look better with the breasts!" Tracy giggled.

Following Tracy's lead, Robert dressed, did his hair, makeup and decided to wear a particularly conservative, knee-length, knife-pleated skirt and a simple silk, tank top blouse with a low neckline.

Their goodbye kiss that morning was especially girlish with neither wanting to smear their lipstick.

Robert went about his housework. He did the dishes, made the bed, cleaned the bathroom, washed out some lingerie and ironed a few skirts and a blouse.

When he went to hang them up, he noticed some of Tracy's shoes in the closet. There was a pair of Tracy's red high heel pumps. Sexy shoes that Robert had always loved seeing Tracy wear. Feeling naughty, he kicked off his heels and put on her pumps. They were tight--Tracy always complained about them too--but she loved wearing them.

Robert walked across the room. They were high enough that his hips wiggled when he walked. He then

tried on her black patent leather pumps, then a pair of soft sandals and even her pink and white jogging shoes.

He felt so odd, knowing his actions were weird. "Tracy and I wear the same size shoes," he gleaned.

He put back on his heels and began making the bed. On the nightstand was his flowery penmanship—"Roberta!" written one hundred times. Just seeing it embarrassed Robert. He wanted to throw it away.



That was just the beginning of many swings of emotion. That afternoon, Helen came to have dinner. After dinner, Tracy told Robert to get cleaned up and into something more comfortable for lounging.

"What do you suggest I wear?" he asked.

"Dear, why don't you wear your nice nylon gown and peignoir, and your new mules?" Tracy counseled.

"But your mother is still here?"

"I want her to see you."

He obeyed and went to the bathroom where he began to apply cold cream as the first step toward removing his makeup.

"And don't forget to leave your bust on," Tracy called after him, with a giggle.

While Robert was putting his things away, and undressing, he kicked off his shoes, realizing that he had been walking in high heels for hours! The pain appeared with a vengeance. He had to massage his calves quite firmly for a minute to keep them from cramping.

Soon Robert entered the living room, wearing the gown and peignoir set. He had not tied the robe, but left it open, so that the gown was clearly visible, with its lacy bodice flashing his imitation breasts. Flesh colored and firm, they lent him a maidenly appearance that confused him.

He was wearing some lipstick. His skin was still so smooth from the treatment at the beauty parlor. Lipstick was all he needed to maintain his feminine imagine.

"Mom! Doesn't Roberta look lovely," Tracy, gushed with admiration.

"She's getting there," smiled Helen.

"SHE? ROBERTA?" moaned Robert. "I'm Robert! I'm Robert in a nightgown but still a HE!"

The women were shocked. Helen said, "What's this business of your getting upset every time someone refers to you as 'she' or 'her'? I thought you liked the name 'Roberta'?"

Tracy sat quietly, watching her husband intently.

"But, I'm a man," Robert protested. "You two are treating me like I'm a little girl!"

"A masculinity protest," Helen mused. "I thought I saw it coming this evening," she observed sternly. "Well, we'd better work it out."

Robert was shocked by her tone and she continued in the same stern voice. "Look. Am I wasting my time here?"

"What do you mean?"

"Are you going to keep your marriage together or what?"

Robert gasped, "But I'm a man?"

Helen went into a tirade. "Men! What's so great about being a man? I've lived with a man for over twenty-five years and I can tell you about them: domineering, arrogant, swaggering, blowhards--every one of them. Ben and I have little nothing in common since the day we were married." She continued, "I love Ben but men? Who makes the wars? Men. Who created this tension-filled world? Men!"

"Can't you just acknowledge I'm male?" Robert protested.

Helen agreed, "Okay. I will call you Robert until you ask me not to, okay?"

Robert felt like he was making some progress. He nodded. He sat silently, only his fingers moved to adjust the hem of his dress.

"What's wrong now?" Helen demanded.

Robert made a couple of groans before he exclaimed, "I don't think I can do this; even for Tracy. Look at me."

"You look very nice."

"I've never heard of anything like this," he moaned. "I'd never really heard of a man wearing dresses and now I have a bunch. Even my name is in question. Isn't there another option?"

"We just want you to feel comfortable and be able to 'pass'. I thought you and Tracy were extremely happy lately?"

"We are," Robert said. "Why does it have to be one way or the other? Why can't I be a man sometimes?"

Helen answered, "It's the nature of femininity. Ever notice how women in pants and without makeup, still look like women? Sooner or later that will happen to you."

"Nonsense," Robert defended. "I can be a man anytime I want."

Helen turned to her daughter and asked, "Can I talk to Robert alone?"

Tracy went to the kitchen and Helen whispered, "I want you to see something. Tracy would kill me." Helen went to a closet and pulled out a photo album buried there. She thumbed through it. "Look. That's Alfred when his father came to visit. He was trying to be a man."

Helen handed Robert the pictures. Robert said, "Of course he still looks like a girl. His eyebrows are plucked and that long hair looks too girly."

"Like yours?"

"But look how he's standing!"

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Page by page Helen showed Alfred's transition. Alfred went from a rather plain, unimpressive boy to a very attractive and wholesome appearing, young woman.

In the "boy" pictures, even in male clothes, his persona was unquestionably that of a delicate and slender young girl.

"You think that would happen to me?" Robert asked.

"Tracy and I hope so."

"What about my voice, my actions?" he appealed.

Helen smiled, "Believe me. You are very girlish already. I'm sure that's why Tracy married you."

Tears began to well up in his eyes, as he struggled to hold them back.

"What is it now?" Helen inquired with special tenderness.

"I'm a darn weirdo; that's what I've become," he sniffled.

"Why do you say THAT?"

"Because, I'm becoming attracted to the idea of wearing dresses. When you came in, I wondered what I would look like in the dress you are wearing. I find myself trying to think like a woman. I'm fascinated by myself in the mirror." Almost as if it were an afterthought, he whimpered, "But I don't want my organ removed."

"No!" Helen responded quickly. "There's no need for that." Then she thought a moment and continued, "If

you are weird, then my daughter is too. I guess I am too! I like helping my son-in-law learn to be a woman."

"I feel like I'm losing everything!"

"If you want to be Robert again, I'm sure you and Tracy will end up in divorce court. She's had a taste of being with the kind of man she loves..."

Robert was silent for a few moments. "How long would I have to be like this?" he asked.

"For as long as it takes..." Helen answered, puzzled by his question.

"What about me getting a job?"

"Tracy a hot lawyer and makes a fortune. Anything you make just goes to taxes anyway. I'm sure she'd rather have you home taking care of the house."

"So the idea is that I'm going to become Tracy's roommate?"

"Why not? No one at Tracy's new job has met you. You could be away, separated, or whatever. You could be Tracy's sister in law!" she told him. "Some people will have to know," Helen added. "It's time I told Ben." She assured Robert that she would tell him in her own way. "He'll understand. We've been through this with Tracy before..."

"When do I get to be a man?"

Helen spoke seriously. "We must be consistent. I want you to feel feminine all the time."

"24 hours a day?"

"Just try it for a while," Helen asked softly and explained, "With time, you'll get a confidence that only time can bring. I'll help you properly trained and fixed up with everything you'll need."

A blushing wave of pink washed over Robert's face as he quietly accepted Helen's women's direction. "I guess you are right about switching back and forth. But how far are we going to go with all this?"

No one seemed to be able to answer that question.

EACH MORNING...

After Tracy left for work, Robert would put on an apron to protect his housedress. It usually took an hour or two to clean up the house. Robert was finding it easier each day because he was getting more efficient.

Helen would come over each morning for coffee and to help Robert.

The first time he had to answer the door for the mailman, Robert cowered. Firmly, Helen pushed him toward the door and said, "Young lady, go get the mail and introduce yourself. You look just like any woman who's been doing housework."

"Really?"

"Try it and see."

Robert quickly straightened himself up in the hallway mirror and opened the door to sign for a package.

The mailman inquired, "Where's Robert?"

Robert explained that he was away for some schooling. His face was flushed when he said, "I'm Roberta, Robert's sister."

They exchanged some friendly chatter that began to make Robert feel uncomfortable when the mailman didn't seem to want to leave.

Robert almost had to push him out the door, turning to Helen, who observed the encounter. "See?" she said, "That's why you can't run around here without makeup and your hair done."

Robert rechecked his reflection in the mirror. "He didn't have a clue, did he?"

Helen laughed. "The mailman was only the first of the world who will only know you as a woman."

One morning when Robert had finished his housework, Helen said that they were going out.

"Where?" Robert asked.

"I thought we'd go get you an identification card and have lunch."

"What kind of ID card?"

"Your driver's license, silly, and then we'll have lunch."

"They just won't change my sex like that, will they?"

"We'll see," Helen laughed. "The DMV wants your license to match how you look. Besides, the Domicile has a contact there."

Robert left the house with his mother-in-law wearing one of her "loaned" conservative, but fitted day dresses. It was a dark blue, polka-dotted rayon that buttoned up the back. There was a matching, wide belt that pulled in his waist making the skirt flare over his hips.

Helen wore a similar dress in green. From head to toe, not a single accessory was missed. In matching, snow-white lingerie and nude pantyhose, he was wearing everything his mother-in-law was wearing. Only he wasn't used to the slippery sensation and his panties snug sensation as his full slip floated under his dress held up by its thin straps.

"I'll never get used to this," he whispered softly as they got into the car.

"Sure you will," Helen smiled as she pulled her legs into the car and compared her legs with her son-in-laws. Just watch those black patent pumps. They can be tricky, even for a girl."

Robert knew that he should stop all this, but seemed more incapable the further he went. He knew what he was feeling was not right for any man, but he was doing what Helen wanted anyway.

Checking his face in the car's vanity mirror, Robert said, "I feel like I have forgot something?"

Helen laughed, "Only your masculinity is missing and you won't be needing that. Is your driver's license in your purse? Let's get that fixed first."

"Isn't that a bit much? What if I decide not to do this any longer?"

"We just switch it back."

When they entered the official DMV, the reality of it all began to set in. There were lines everywhere, but Helen pushed him towards the corner. "Over here," Helen whispered, like there was some secret place where there was no line. A little sign said, "BY APPOINTMENT ONLY."

She rang a buzzer and a tall blonde woman in a business suit came out and said, "Can I help you ladies?"

There's been a `mistake'. My daughter's license says that she's MALE."

"This young woman?" the woman smiled sarcastically. "Let me see her license."

Robert's face turned a deep red as Helen motioned him to give the lady his license."

Looking at the plastic, the woman shook her head. "NO, NO, NO, this won't do for an attractive young woman like you. It'll take a few minutes, but we must have this fixed! And the name is obviously wrong too. What do you go by now honey?"

"She goes by Roberta," Helen interrupted.

Robert was beginning to see that this was all set up ahead of time. Somehow, someone was paid off to make this kind of problem easy. "Excuse me," he asked with a wink, "If there's `another mistake' do we just come to see you to get it back?"

"Heavens NO!" the blonde laughed with a shake of her long blonde hair. "The DMV never makes two mistakes!"

Robert heart skipped a beat as the woman pushed him to the front of the "picture taking line" then ran off into the back office. In about ten minutes, she came out with his new license. It felt strange seeing the 'F' in the box for sex and the picture of him with his hair curled and his face made up.

The blonde lady gave him a sweet smile and whispered, "I hope being a woman is as much fun for you as it's been for me!"

"See?" Helen laughed as they got into the car, "Wasn't that easy?"

Robert was worried, very worried.

Helen said, "Let's go have some lunch and run by the Institute.

Robert couldn't eat much lunch. He finally asked, "That woman was kidding, right? Changing my license back won't be a problem, right?"

"Maybe not," Helen said, "but sometimes, the 'girls' don't understand why anyone would change back."

"Girls?"

"See," Helen smiled, "You didn't even know that the blonde woman wasn't always a 'blonde woman!'"

"NO!"

"Sometimes they become a bit bitchy. I'm not sure if it's the female hormones or working at the DMV. Don't worry, if you want to go back, we'll figure out a way. But be honest, doesn't it make you feel better to have female identification?"

"It makes me feel silly. I'm a husband and I'm running around in dresses. Worse yet, I've just told the state to consider me a female!"

Back to the INSTITUTE.

Robert found himself back in front of the Institute. He was more scared than before because this time he was there on his own accord. Helen talked softly about his appointment. "This time I'm giving them the go ahead, okay?"

Robert looked confused. "I'm still don't know what that means," he stated.

"Just means they don't have to worry about you trying to be a guy tomorrow," Helen said. "It'll be easier."

Robert agreed to cooperate.

When they entered the Institute, Robert saw a sweet, young blonde girl in a little pink party dress leaving with his mother. Robert looked at Helen and she winked. "I bet he's going to his first dance as a girl."

"That's a boy?"

Helen laughed, "If you use the term loosely."

As soon as the receptionist saw Robert, she smiled, "How nice to have you back. I must say, you look a lot more comfortable today."

Helen laughed, "He's coming along just fine. "

They were led to the back of the building where there was a clinic looking room. The woman asked, "Is he here for 'management'?"

Helen said, "Yes, it's his first 'management' appointment. Robert has decided to stay this way for a while. He's having the usual problems with discomfort and needs to start on some figure training."

Miss Rennam took Robert by the hand and led him to a chair. She commented, "It's always so nice when

they come back on their own. Just look at you--all prettied up and asking for more."

Robert blushed as Miss Rennam asked him to remove his clothes.

With both women looking on, Robert removed his dress and slip. The sterile cold room caused him to shiver as he stood in bra and panties awaiting instructions.

"The bra." Miss Rennam waved for it to be taken off, then ordered him to turn around.

Standing in only panties was even worse. Miss Rennam spoke to Helen. "He has a nice shaped bottom. From the looks of his nipples, they will do nicely with some stimulation." Then turning to Robert, she said, "I want you to continue to let your hair grow out. It's nice when a man has longer hair than his wife. That always works out nicely." She fingered his rather longish hair that was now cut into a feminine shape.

Miss Rennam finally said to Helen, "Shall we pump him up a bit too? It would make his hair really flourish."

Helen told her to proceed. "Tracy said to not hold back on her account."

"What's that mean," Robert asked.

"Nothing," Helen interrupted.

"I wanted to talk to Tracy before we do anything more!" Robert insisted.

BARGAINING.

Tracy was waiting with champagne when they returned home. "Let me see it!" Tracy gushed, handing a glass to Robert.

Robert cringed and dug into his purse, handing his wife the license.

"Great picture, missy!" Tracy said to her blushing husband. "Hooray! I'm married to a woman!"

"Please don't tease me. I'm doing this for you."

"You're right, Honey!" Tracy said, "I know it's selfish on my part, but I don't want to ever lose you."

"But why do I have to go so far?" Robert moaned. "I'm wearing the clothes."

"The license is to protect you from problems. Now you can use ladies rooms without a thought."

"I have to use them, you mean."

"Yes, dear," Tracy said, "We will be together always even in the bathroom!"

"They want me to take female hormones."

The hormones will soften your skin, reduce your body hair, and make you feel more feminine."

"I've seen pictures of what they did to Alfred."

"He took a lot for a long time! I'm just asking you to try them."

"One step off the bridge is what it feels like."

"You can stop anytime you want," Any stated.

In a few days, Tracy convinced Robert to just try them for a short period. "You can stop anytime you want!" she added. "Just meet with the doctor and he'll answer your questions."

Meeting with the doctor, Robert said, "This is all Tracy's idea. I like the way I am."

"That's a very nice dress," the doctor said, making Robert blush. "Sometimes one doesn't know that the grass is greener on the other side of the fence. One just knows that one can't stay on this side."

Robert was confused, but listened. "Okay," he thought, "With the way I looked in skirts, perhaps a little "girl juice" wouldn't hurt?"

After examining Robert physically, he announced that Robert's health and figure were "quite suitable" for feminization.

He gave him a prescription for some pills.

"You keep saying that these are a very light dose," Robert questioned, "So why take them at all."

The doctor smiled and explained, "Remember how you first rejected the idea of wearing women's clothes and now you are comfortable in them?"

Robert nodded.

"Well, the same thing will happen chemically. Your body will initially try to cast-off the chemical effects of the feminine hormones. You will get a look at the other side of the fence. Don't worry, it's takes a long time before your normal male secretions are overcome."

"How long before I begin noticing changes?"

"Mental or physical?"

"Either."

"A week or two."

The doctor gave Robert a little form that would help in getting new documents like an amended birth certificate, passport, etc.

It said:

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I am treating Robert Woods with female hormones for a gender uncertainty. At this time, please note that chemically he is female and should be regards as such.

Dr. Smith

"A gender uncertainty?" Robert asked.

"Bureaucrats. All they want to see is a letter with someone's MD on it and they stop asking questions."

"When should I come back and see you? If I take the pills for too long, what will happen?"

"Just the cyclic stages of puberty--only this time as a girl. Your hips would widen and your breasts would begin to bud."

But what about sex with Tracy? Can I still have it?"

"Sure, but your male organs will be a bit less sensitive. Most women see that as a positive. You will too when you're wearing a gaff."

Tracy went with Robert to have his prescription filled. Tracy was so excited with Robert's conceding to a light dose of feminization.

She couldn't stop talking about how much Robert would love the new sensations. "Your skin will get soft and your hair will grow like weeds in spring!" she gushed. "Maybe you'll want to increase the dose later and get breasts!"

"NO TITS!" Robert insisted. "I'll wear the lingerie, makeup, and do my hair for you, but NO TITS!"

Tracy giggled and chastised him, "Pretty soon you'll learn that we girls call them breasts."

Robert was confused by it all. It was a so-called "light dose", but there was the medication, pills and information on how to cycle them through-out the month. There was something said about the "step ups."

"I'll never understand all this," Robert moaned, rubbing his belly.

"Don't you worry! I know how it works, dear," Tracy said.

MEETING DAD...

"Tracy and I were talking," Helen announced. "She said that it's time we introduced the 'new you' to Ben. You two are coming to dinner tomorrow night."

"I can't face him like this!"

Helen laughed, "Oh, he already knows something is in the works. He asked me about your eyebrows."

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'OH, you know your daughter!'"

Robert moaned, "I can't believe I'm doing this."

"Lets go pick out a pretty dress for you to wear."

"Does he have to know everything?"

"You mean your new hormone cycle? Don't you worry about him. He's been through this before. He can spot a gal on her period from across the room."

"I have a couple days to go on this cycle," Robert stated. "I feel so bloated. Do I have to go?"

"You can't hide forever."

The next morning, Tracy left for work early. They had barely even discussed dinner with her dad that night. He just didn't feel like getting into an argument with her.

Robert woke up and after putting his hair up in hot rollers the best he could, he slipped a print housedress over his bra and panties. For makeup, he merely applied a bit of mascara and a coat of pink lipstick.

He worked fast to tidy up the house, put away the dinner dishes, and did several loads of laundry.

Other than the time he took to remove his rollers and finish his hair, Robert was too busy to think about how he was dressed.

By three, he began to think about the evening and facing Tracy's dad. Tracy had called and said she'd be home at five to get ready and before she hung up, said, "I want you to impress him with your femininity."

Robert knew better than to argue. He prepared a bubble bath and enjoyed soaking in the hot water. He remembered to check his legs and carefully shaved them with his pink razor.

At the mirror, Robert cringed when he saw his effeminate reflection, but he didn't have time to dally. He plucked a few stray hairs from under his eyebrows, then wrapped himself in a terry robe and laid down on the bed, thinking about what had happened to him.

It was so sweet and sour. In some ways all the problems of his male life seemed so far away. He and Tracy had never been happier or more in love.

He noticed that all the pictures of him as Robert had been removed from the bedroom. Helen must have done it to not remind Robert of how he was.

And now, he was going to dinner with his father-in-law in that cute little dress hanging on the back of the door.

Robert arose from the bed and held the dress up to his figure. It gave him a remarkable feeling as if he had never been male.

He returned to the bed and lay down to rest.

At six-thirty, the two 'gals' arrived. Robert was very nervous as he entered his in-laws house. He was wearing the simple blue rayon dress his mother-in-law had picked out. It had an above the knee-length fitted skirt. His waist was set off by a wide black leather belt, which matched the black high-heeled pumps he wore.

Tracy had chosen the silkiest lingerie for her husband. Black full cut panties with lacy inserts, a matching bra and full slip. Nude colored hose showed off his smooth legs to their best advantage.

His hair had been curled and looked longer than ever. His outfit was completed by a single strand of pearls around his neck, a gold watch and several dainty rings.

When they entered the living room, Tracy's father was just taking a sip from his nightly cocktail. Helen announced, "Ben! Your daughters are here!"

Robert blushed as he checked his skirt and walked towards the wide-eyed Ben.

"Hi, dad," Robert said softly, then making a pirouette as instructed by Tracy.

Ben was silent as he surveyed his feminized son-in-law. He saw a youthful, somewhat bashful girl--pretty and well rounded with a lovely demeanor. Robert had been feminized from the tips of his pink fingertips to his highly arched brows and down to the way he stood perched in his high heels.

Ben laughed, "Well, old boy. They did it to you, didn't they? Come sit down with me."

Robert took his normal spot on the couch next to Ben's stuffed chair. Ben said, "It makes you look younger. You could be a college girl."

"Thanks, I guess," Robert said.

"You have that fresh look that the college guys really go for," he said, watching Robert's every movement. He continued, "I understand you are going to be like this for a while."

Robert nodded.

"Well, you better get out there and help the other girls in the kitchen. Do you mind refreshing my drink? There's a game on."

Robert arose from the couch and headed for the kitchen. He felt Ben's eyes following his impossible-to-stop hip wiggle.

Over dinner they talked about trivia and the food before Ben asked, "So Robert, how are you feeling about all this? Have they talked you into growing breasts yet?"

"I'm taking some pills," Robert blushed, but answered honestly.

"How long?"

"Not long," Robert muttered softly.

Ben spat, "What's wrong? You should have a nice set of tits by now."

"I'm not sure I'm going that far."

Tracy spoke up, "We've got him on a light dose of female hormones so it's going to take a while before we see any results."

Ben laughed and reminisced, "Remember Alfred, that kid you dated in high school? I swear, he had a nice set of tits in a month!"

"It was longer than that," Tracy corrected.

"Remember how much trouble he had getting out of gym class?"

They all laughed...except Robert. He didn't like being the center of this attention.

Helen saw Robert's embarrassment and stated, "Let's change the subject. Robert is going to take this only as far as HE wants. Right now, we just want him to feel comfortable in his little dresses and let him know that we all love him as a girl."

"Here! Here!" Tracy said.

Ben joked, "Hey, I just want to know if I should be talking up my new daughter to the guys at work?"

"Dad!?" Tracy giggled as she fluffed out Robert's hair. "There will be time enough for that later."

"After I'm dead," Robert responded sarcastically. Robert's face was red with embarrassment.

Ben laughed, "Hey kid, relax. If you are going to be running around with Tracy, all made up like a woman, you might as well have someone picking up your dinner checks!"

"He's just teasing," Helen said, motioning for Ben to leave. Ben got up and went into the living room to watch the reruns on the golf channel.

"Picking up the dinner checks?" Robert agonized as he cleaned the dishes.

"He means that he expects you to start responding like a woman, not some fruit." Helen proposed, "Listen. If you respond appropriately, Ben won't be able to tease

you. Like when he teases you about the guys at work, all you have to do is show some womanly interest and he'll clam up." Helen winked at him. "You just watch what happens."

"Yeah, honey!" Tracy suppressed a giggle, "The minute my father thinks you are really gone, he'll leave you alone."

"I'm trying my best," Robert moaned.

Tracy restated the need for Robert to be proud of his femininity in front of her father. She asked, "So what do you say if he makes a comment about your bosom?"

What they said made sense. Robert thought for a moment. "How about, 'I can't wait till it's bigger?'"

"Yeah!" she said, "Then ask him if he likes your hair or your dress. Put him on the spot."

Step by step, she coached him on the correct techniques to controlling her father.

Robert paid close attention to her directions, vowing that he would do better the next time.

Back in the living room with Ben, he sat down on the sofa making sure the tight skirt of his dress rose above his knees, making a full display of his nylon clad legs.

"You have a lovely pair of legs, honey," Ben commented.

"Thank you," Robert said, crossing his legs at the knees. "I just love these new short skirts."

"How was that?" Robert asked Tracy later.

"Perfect," she beamed in approval. "Don't give him an inch."



By the time they were home, Robert was quite aroused and Tracy noticed it. It was right after their period and Robert was as randy as he could get. She came over to his side and began to play with him. Shortly they were headed for the bedroom.

It was all so different now. This time, Robert was careful to remove the dress and put it on a hanger before he went to bed so it wouldn't get wrinkled.

Tracy laughed at his girlish concerns. He was more interested in his dress than her lustily attention awaiting him in bed. When he got into bed, she aggressively resumed their play.

It was still early when they finished, so they got out of bed. Tracy directed Robert to put the dress back on, which he did without protest. Without hesitation, he went to the vanity mirror to fluff his hair, and pat stray hairs back into place. He reapplied the lipstick, carefully following the outline Tracy had made. Finished, he surveyed his reflection with satisfaction.

Tracy noticed the involuntary feminine gestures that Robert performed, and was pleased. She tried to reinforce them, saying, "Hey, you're getting to be a regular harlot in bed."

"It has something to do with the hormones," Robert confirmed. "I feel so different. I don't mind telling you, I am confused about this all, but anything that feels this good, can't be all that bad."

Tracy's smile, inside, was vastly broader than the outer one that Robert saw.

By the end of the month, Robert didn't notice anything new. If anything, he was more sexually charged than ever. Tracy was too. He commented after making love, "Guess I'm too much of a man for those female substances to get to me!"

By the end of the second month, only Tracy could notice the subtle changes occurring in Robert's body.

By the third, the shape of his hips and waist had taken on a more feminine contour. His voice slid into the higher range easier and he was much more emotional over little things. He'd cry over anything, even a run in a stocking.

Tracy almost laughed when Robert said, "I'm going nuts. I'm glad those pills aren't working."

A few days later, Robert awakened to the realization that his chest was bruised. His hands went to his nipples that were hard and swollen. "I have to tell Tracy to lay off them when we are making love," he thought to himself.

But the pain didn't go away. That night, he asked Tracy not to touch them. He put on a bra to sleep in.

The next morning, they were even sorer. He went to the bathroom, pulled up his nightgown, and for a "brief" moment he almost fell over--his jaw just gulped up and down, but no sound. When his brain started working again, he realized what was going on. It wasn't like this was a big surprise, but he had to admit that he was rather dismayed. He had not welcomed all the signs of his approaching womanhood. Breasts could not be hidden under t-shirts and ignored. There was no going back with THIS one.

Tracy was gone.

In the bathroom mirror, Robert searched for the cause and saw a slight puffiness around his nipples and felt a hard globule under his dark pink nipples.

At first, Robert didn't say anything to Tracy, but pretty soon it was obvious something was wrong.

On Friday, and they went to Tracy's parents for their weekly dinner.

Robert probably made 5 trips to the bathroom during dinner alone and adjusted his bra...unconsciously trying to make it comfortable.

Finally, they were leaving and backing out of the driveway, and Robert said, with a melancholy tone, "Tracy, guess what...?"

That's all he said and Tracy slammed on the brakes, turning a big beaming grin on Robert. "Your breasts are budding! Right?"

Robert wondered how they do that? Women seemed to know everything he was feeling before he felt it.

Robert said, "I'm not all that excited about it. I think I'm beginning to understand why women are so funny about bras! My nipples would drive me crazy without one.

Tracy laughed, "So that's what's wrong? I haven't seen you without a bra on for days."

Robert was embarrassed, "I was thinking that the bras must be causing the irritation."

At home, Tracy wanted to see. "Okay," he moaned. He felt sheepish when he opened his bra and showed Tracy what was happening to his chest. "Is this from wearing bras or the pills?" he asked.

"I don't know. I was eleven when that happened to me," Tracy giggled.

"Mother bought me a training bra--but you are already wearing the big girl stuff."

"I have to see the doctor!" Robert moaned. "We've gone too far with this."

"Or not far enough," Tracy responded, coming over and giving him a big hug. "Think about it. You are starting puberty like a young girl."

"But I'm a guy!"

"You're no longer all male, not if you have budding breasts. Look, I'll make another appointment with the

doctor. Maybe you'll decide to continue or even step up the dose a bit."

Tracy couldn't wait to share Robert's budding breast "celebration" story with her mother. She was very excited and hugged him. To his shock, she opened her blouse and showed him her new bra. "We'll have to get you some of these brands. They are so comfortable!"

That night, they went over for dinner. Helen made Robert a beautiful white cake to celebrate.

After dinner, during "girl talk" in the kitchen, Robert was treated differently. The conversation was on lingerie and monthly cycles. There was talk of a bra shopping expedition.

The next day, Helen took him shopping for "girl stuff," then to the doctors for a checkup.

Robert knew it was coming and was sort of looking forward to the event of having "something happen."

Obviously when he was growing up, most of his friends were boys and they didn't give a darn about the girls as they grew breasts...only after they had them.

He remembered the 6th grade girls with tits and a lot of embarrassed giggles, a sort of mystery about the whole bosom thing. Now Robert was going through what they did and it muddled up his thinking. Even after reading the Institute's books called, "So you are going to be a woman," it didn't make sense.

The doctor said, "We have you on a estrogen hormone cycle. A 'period' isn't just a punctuation mark for you anymore. Cycles are a significant change in your life. The reaction to female hormones is affecting everything biological, psychological and socially you do. In fact, it's affecting your relationship to your wife, your

self-esteem, and the way that you feel about yourself. It brings with it new expectations and rights."

"I didn't really bargain for all that," Robert said. "I guess I should stop the pills, right?"

"This is a critical time in the reorganization of your body image and sexual identity. At some point, most all the boys I treat are confused about their new bodies and are unsure about the changes and growth that they are experiencing."

"There are a lot of guys like me?"

"Yes," the doctor stated, "The young boys I get seem to fare the embarrassment better because they don't have a clear sense of being a man. The older ones often are self-consciousness and worried that they might make a mistake. You are lucky to have Tracy and Helen around to support you. I should examine you."

Robert undressed down to panties and put on a paper gown. The doctor took notes and pointed out characteristic body changes. Most obvious was his breast development. There was a slight enlargement of the areola, the area around the nipple, and elevation of the breast as a small mound, which he called "breast buds."

"They aren't very big," Robert said.

"It takes a girl about four and a half years for the completion of mature breasts. I see your body proportions have changed with your hips becoming fuller."

"I feel like a cow sometimes," Robert moaned, almost in tears.

"So far your transition to 'womanhood' as been very typical. I see that you are doing very well with wearing make-up, shaving your legs, and doing your hair.

"Tracy insists I never go with out makeup. She says I'd feel self-conscious and embarrassed without it now. I'm so confused. I feel both anxious and scared, and happy and embarrassed. Tracy is treating me so differently."

"And rightly so," the doctor said, writing in his notes, "You are becoming a delightful young lady. I think it's time we cranked up your cyclic hormone therapy schedule. Besides the pills you've been taking in a 28 day cycle, I think we'll add a 20 mg of estradiol valerate injection on Day 1 of each cycle. Two weeks after Day 1, we'll give you injections of 250 mg of hydroxyprogesterone caproate and 5 mg of estradiol valerate. 28 days after Day 1 is Day 1 of your next cycle. We'll want to get you in sync with Tracy's cycles. Are you two still making love?"

"Of course," Robert sarcastically stated. "She's my wife."

"Sure," the doctor said, "but let's move things about a bit. I'd like your 'period' after Tracy has hers. We want your highest estrogen levels to be when she's on her period. Okay?"

Tracy knew why and Robert just went along. He was doing more of that lately.

By now, Robert was beginning to understand his cycle. His breasts would hurt during the last week--something that never happened at other times of the month. His complexion would lose its middle-of-the-month healthy glow and appear duller and more mottled.

Robert came to dread the five or six days that preceded the end of his cycle. He had no interest in sex. Each month, when those days arrived, all he wanted to do was withdraw from the world and sleep. Since Tracy was on her period, PMS was one more thing they had in common.

AT HOME...

For the next few months, Robert experienced many new emotions. The new, much stronger cycles were at times difficult to cope with. Like a pressure cooker, the stress of his body was building. By day 18, he would burst into tears at the slightest provocation.

Tracy knew what was happening; most young women feel it coming days before they get PMS. While Robert wouldn't actually have menstruation, his body was feeling all the chemical pressures. Every woman handles these pressures a little differently, both physically and emotionally.

Robert had the same ups and downs of hormones, and hormonal swings as Tracy. Nearing the end of the month, both were at high points of the female hormones, estrogen and progesterone. Both husband and wife were now feeling bloated, irritable and blue, or "just crummy," as Robert moaned. "I'm sorry I never understood how you felt. I can't stand how I feel!"

On day 21, when Robert took his last pill, his breasts were sore, he had a backache, headache, and was nauseous. Tracy wasn't feeling much better but explained, "It's up hill from here, dear. A few days after my period starts I begin to feel better. Hormone levels go back on the upswing."

"I'll never do this again!" Robert swore. "I hate how I feel."

For the next six days, Robert took nothing, allowing his testosterone to spring back a bit. The cramp-like pains in his pelvic area and lower abdomen quickly went away, but the fluid buildup took longer to dissipate.

The tension and irritability of the young couple disappeared and with it the physical and emotional symptoms. Breast swelling and tenderness, fluid retention, craving for sweets, headaches, anxiety, restlessness, and

irritability all just disappeared like a puff of steam. Like it never happened.

It was a sunny day again.

Just Like Clockwork?

Each month, Robert went for his "day one" injection without protest. The appointment was always made when his estrogen and progesterone levels were at the highest levels and he was least likely to object.

Robert probably didn't realize it but at the beginning of his cycle, his male testosterone would respond a bit and go to its highest level of the month.

He felt sexy and could made love like a husband to Tracy until at about day 14 (of his cycle,) when the estrogen overwhelmed his testosterone, pushing it slowly into new lower levels.

It was also on day 14 when he'd have an injection of mainly progesterone. The rising levels of both estrogen and progesterone helped make Robert's body prepare for pregnancy. Something that could never happen-but his body didn't know that!

Robert lost interest in his maleness for the last days of the cycle.

Tracy knew not to tease him during this hypersensitive period when the female hormones were raging. Robert's head was all fuzzy and he didn't feel very connected to the outside world...almost like he was in a trance. All he wanted to do was curl up in a ball, clutch his stomach and wonder what craziness made him do all this.

His emotions were unclear like seeing the world from a deep, warm pool. But after a few days, it was like coming out of this pool feeling happily drugged, ready to do the experience again.

Helen told him, "Women used to say 'Aunt Martha is visiting' when they had their period? Well, I think they were right to think of it as a visitor. If you treat your cycle like a guest, it'll go better for you. What I mean is for you to make time for how you feel during your monthly cycle just like you would for someone who was coming to visit. Do what your Aunt wants to do, like take naps, or warm baths. What ever it takes to get through it. You have now joined the 'Sisterhood of the Womb.'"

Each month his testosterone levels dropped; not much, but a little. And each month as the cycle repeated, the female hormones found less resistance. The highs and lows were still there but somehow Tracy was able to keep Robert on track.

Perhaps it was how he felt at the beginning of each cycle...

A NEW GLOW:

Robert was feeling really good for a change that morning. In the mirror, his face looked "rosy" and "glowed." Not like the pasty white "morning sickness" face he'd seen for the last long week of "PMS".

Tracy stated, "You look chipper today."

"Do you think I've changed?" Robert asked looking into the mirror intently. Some mornings he was too queasy to spend much time in reflection.

"Maybe you look rounder," Tracy said, "that's all."

Robert ran his hands over his smooth skin and over his chest. There was a softness all over he'd noticed and on his chest was a fullness he'd never noticed. "Do you think my breasts will get a lot bigger?" he asked his wife.

"Duh? That's the idea," she giggled. "I see your body changing."

Robert did a double take in the mirror as Tracy asked, "Did you take your pill yet?"

"I'm taking them at night now. Your mother said it might help with the squeamish feeling I've been getting in the mornings."

"Lot's of girls take their birth control pills at night for that reason," Tracy said.

"No matter what you say," he giggled, "I'm not having any babies!"

"I just want you to look like you could," Tracy laughed.

Tracy could see that Robert's body was changing.

Tracy was so excited that she couldn't leave her feminized husband alone. Some mornings, just keeping Robert on track as he was fought the queasy sensations in his stomach was trying.

Early in each cycle, Robert felt great. They made love often during the first week, then gradually the frequency reduced during the cycle.

The strong female hormones were at war with Robert's male ones. It had taken several cycles before the signs that his male brutes were giving up.

He was getting a glow about him. His skin cleared up and his hair glistened with a healthy shine. There would be ups and downs with each monthly cycle but the worst was over,

Tracy came up behind Robert and kissed him on the neck, her finger running over his shoulder's silken skin.

"Your skin feels wonderful, dear. This is too good to be true!"

Robert looked up and said, "I'm doing all this for you."

"I know," she said, her face flushed with passion. It was the ultimate a man could do for the woman he loved.

Tracy ran her fingers through Robert's silky, long hair then down his shoulder towards his small but sensitive erect nipples. A soft gasp escaped Robert's lips as

his wife's hands slide over his chest. "You are going to love having breasts," she whispered softly in his ear.

Robert moaned in frustration. It was the wrong time of the month for him to respond as a husband. She pulled away and threw him a lacy but well padded bra. "For now, it's one of these for you."

Robert looked at his wife's own full, creamy breasts and obediently slipped it over his shoulders and hooked the straps. Another soft moan of frustration escaped from Robert's throat they both went back to getting dressed. Hooking his fingers into each cup of his bra, Robert pulled up a little flesh creating cleavage.

With the padded, pushup bra, his shapely chest was nearly equal to his wife's.

A typical day...

Seeing the time, both husband and wife began in earnest to get ready. Both in bra and panties, they began to work on their hair. The hot curlers were ready and Robert began to put them in his hair. The smaller ones on top and the larger ones on the side. Even though Robert's hair was shorter than Tracy's, the setting style was the same. By now he was used to doing his hair and it was just another day with a girl's hairdo and wearing a dress.

While the hot rollers did their work, both husband and wife started on their makeup. Tracy's lipstick was a more muted pink for work while Robert felt he could use a brighter shade of red to go with the dress he planned on wearing.

They always wore the same perfume. "No war of the scents in our house," Tracy insisted as she sprayed the room and walked through it.

Once rollers were removed, both went to work on their "dos". Robert's was teased and combed so it curled

out slightly up in a flip. The front set in soft, feathery bangs.

"That looks very nice on you," Tracy said. "I can't wait until it grows out and is as long as mine."

"Sure is a lot of work, but it's getting easier as it get longer," Robert nodded.

"By the time it grows out to my length, you'll be an expert in the styling skills to take proper care of it."

"I'm becoming more and more like you, aren't I?" Robert asked as he fluffed his hair gently.

"That's the idea!" Tracy laughed. "With your hair growing at over half an inch a month, your hair should be as long as mine in about a year."

"I meant, I'm becoming like you..."

"A female?" she giggled, "Yeah, you are becoming like me. By the time your hair is my length, I bet you couldn't be a man again if you tried."

"I just don't want to lose you," Robert moaned. "I need you now more than ever!"

A NEW FIGURE FOR A NEW LIFE

Tracy noticed that her husband was "starting to get quite a figure." The shape in his hips and breasts were eye-catching and conspicuous. Her sweet husband wasn't oblivious to the changes in his body, but as a woman she could see his new physical future beginning to unroll.

Tracy wondered what to tell her husband about being a woman and the physical, emotional, and spiritual aspects of female sexuality. She wanted to open a honest dialogue about sex and being a female, but was afraid it might scare him.

"When I was with Alfred," Tracy said to her mother, "I tried to pretend there was no connection between get-

ting emasculated, feminized and having sex. I don't want to make that mistake again."

Helen nodded, "But you don't want to make a big deal about him functioning as a young woman. Intellectually and emotionally he's not there yet. When the female hormones kick in a big way, there'll be a lot of changes. He'll have lots of urges and feelings that are new."

Tracy smiled, "I can see it in his actions already. In the last part of his cycle, he becomes self-conscious and obsessive about the way he looks. He's even commented on the fact that men are beginning to make him feel weird."

Helen laughed, "Can he get it up anymore?"

Most families don't discuss sex but Tracy and her mother did. But what was there to hide? She said, "His male libido with all the estrogen is pretty beat up. I think he's just finding out what it means to live in a female body. We just need to reinforce the idea that his body will be changing and that it is a positive experience."

IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG

It seemed like one morning, Robert woke up and his body had changed. It hadn't been swift but it seemed like it. He wasn't a muscular young man anymore. He was exploding out of his clothes. He looked in the mirror in awe. "What happened to me?" he gasped like he'd been in a coma.

And then it hit him. He had become a woman!

He wasn't ready for the metamorphosis. But staring him right in the face was a young woman. She had hips and unmistakable breasts with a new air of maturity.

The first hints of maturity were conspicuous physical changes. Even in "male clothes", his small breasts

pressing through the tight T-shirt, and his jeans riding high on the hips with no evidence of male "budge".

He had gotten through the hormonal changes and the embarrassing, awkward mood swings every month for up to a week. Even with the cramping, mood swings, headaches and bloating, he was prepared to begin each month again to support "new and wonderful body changes."

There was that morning when Robert came to his wife pulling on the cups of his bra. "Honey, this doesn't fit anymore," he complained. "Did you wash it in hot water?"

Tracy knew that Robert had changed in many ways. She smiled at his concerns.

That night over dinner, Robert broke down and sobbed out all his emotions.

"Am I doing the right thing?" he moaned.

Tracy guided him over to the mirror and pointed out the obvious. "I see a pretty young woman--still a bit uncomfortable with her new sexuality, but blossoming into a charmer. Look how comfortable you are in that cute little dress. Did you pick it out?"

Robert dabbed his tears of confusion, nodding to her question. He was wearing a Nile green and rose print housedress with a rosette edged hem with Irish lace at the bodice and sleeves. It was the dress of a very feminine, but confident woman.

Confused, Robert didn't know what to say but stammered, "I think that I've gone far enough. Those pads don't fit in my bra anymore!"

"It's up to you," she said.

Tracy and Robert were watching television in their nighties and robes. A brassiere commercial came on. When it was over, she placed his hand on her breasts

and asked, "Wouldn't having a full set like these make you feel better about the way you are dressing?"

"I don't know!" Robert said.

ACCEPTANCE/RESIGNATION.

As the months went by, Robert became accustomed to his new life. Helen taught Robert how to cook, sew, and knit. Robert started on a sweater. It was to be a surprise for Ben.

Ben accepted Robert for what he appeared to be. It was making his daughter happy.

Tracy was making a lot of money so their life slipped into an easy, happy, routine. During the week, Tracy went to work; Robert kept the house, and did the cooking and cleaning.

At the beginning, Helen went along with Robert to do the shopping and to provide moral support. It didn't take long for Robert to become poised enough to try on dresses, and even lingerie, without embarrassment. Now, he often went out and about entirely on his own.

Once a week, they had dinner with Tracy's parents or had them over. Ben got to where he never referred to Robert; he even began to get friendly with Robert, teasing him.

Both Tracy and Robert went on a diet and lost over ten pounds. Robert's loss was most at his waist.

Little by little, as Robert perfected his feminine ways.

Occasionally, Tracy and Robert went out, more often than not to dinner and a movie, but most of the time, they just stayed home or went to her parents for dinner. Like any two girlfriends, they never ran out of conversation.

As a family they were all quite close. Helen couldn't help Robert enough. One night after dinner, she said, "You have a lovely pair of legs, honey. I have a wonderful wool miniskirt you'd look wonderful in."

Ben was trying to ignore the girls, but they went on. Ben stated, "Very nice legs. Bet the guys are always trying to get a peek up your dress."

"It happens," Robert said calmly. "What a shame that the boys can't see our pretty lingerie without sneaking."

Robert crossed his legs at the knees, tugging his skirt downward in feigned modesty.

Helen said, "Come with me. I want you to try on that skirt and my favorite sweater."

Before long, Robert came out wearing his mother-in-law's skirt and tight little angora sweater. His hair had been pulled back at the sides with a blue ribbon and lips touched up with deep pink lipstick.

"How's this?" he asked his wife as he whirled around.

"Perfect," Tracy beamed in approval. "Quite natural and I love the way your figure looks in mom's sweater."

Ben began to become interested in the "fashion show" and Tracy noticed it. "Dad," she asked, "What do you think?"

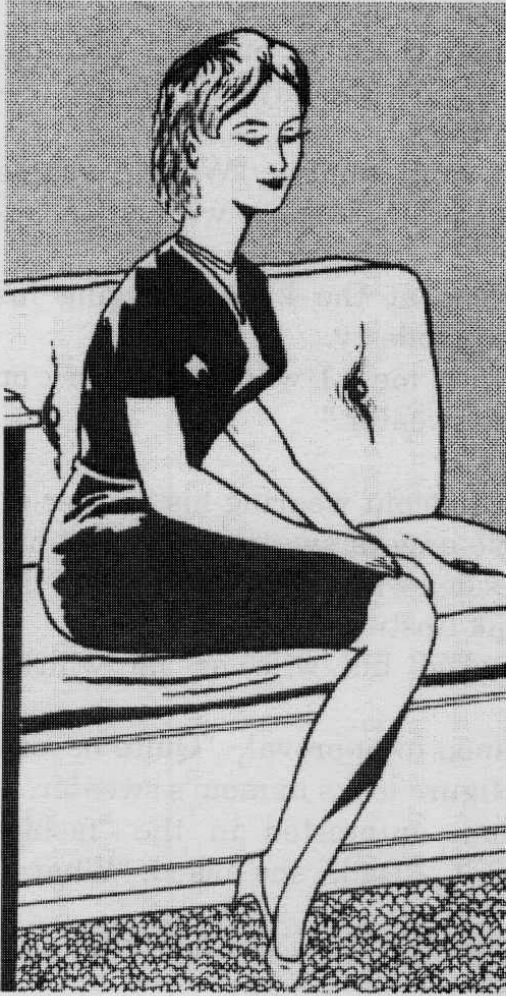
"I've always loved that outfit on my wife," he spat, "Why wouldn't I like it on my son-in-law."

"I like my skirts a bit longer," Robert said to Helen, "But I love the sweater! It makes me feel so...voluptuous!"

Ben looked up from the golf reruns and said; "I think he could be a cup size bigger."

"MEN!" Robert teased.

Helen directed Robert back to her bedroom and into another one of her favorite dresses. He did so without protest.



Back to the living room, he went to the vanity mirror to fluff his hair, and touch up his lipstick.

"You have such great taste," he said to Helen, making sure Ben noticed his spontaneous feminine gestures.

Ben said, "Hey, you're getting to be a real flirt."

"They're Helen's clothes," Robert confirmed. "Sharing her clothes makes me feel so feminine."

Helen smiled, and gave Robert a big hug. "If they make you feel that good, you can wear my dresses anytime you want." Then

winking at Tracy, she said, "You know, Ben's right. You could use a bit more on top."

"Really?" Robert squealed, "I don't want to be too busty?"

"Why not?" Ben mumbled and went back to his television.

Robert was taken back to Helen's bedroom to try on more of her outfits. While Robert was changing, Tracy talked to her father more seriously. "I love him, dad," she whispered. "Please be nice to him. Finding a man like him is impossible."

"Duh!" her father said before smiling. "Actually I think I like him more this way. How far are you going to take him?"

Just then Robert came out wearing a conservative wool tartan pleated skirt and blouse that buttoned up the back. Tracy and Ben stopped their conversation.

Robert turned showing off the skirt and his hose and heels. "Well?" he asked, unaware of their conversation.

"You are beautiful," Ben stated. "As long as you are going to be my daughter, from now on, I want to approve of your men."

"Daddy?" Tracy questioned.

"I'm serious," Ben said, "I want to approve the men you see. You are my daughters, right?"

Tracy nodded.

He explained, "Then you won't mind me 'approving' your dates."

"He's joking, right?" Robert said.

"It's a dangerous world. A girl needs a man to look out after her," Helen added. Turning to Ben, she reminisced, "I'll never forget the night Ben called me to the window. Looking out we could see a car in our driveway and immediately recognized Tracy in the front seat and Alfred in the rear...with their dates. Dates you had APPROVED! The streetlight was bright enough that we could easily see into the car. A young man had his arm around Tracy's shoulders, his other hand gently resting on her tummy through her pretty satin dress.

"The boy's lips were on Alfred's, his tongue obviously deep between his pink lips. I've got to give it to that boy," Ben commented, "He was always willing to do what

the boys wanted from a girl." He snickered, "No matter what, looks like I have two beautiful daughters now! But don't think I'm paying for anymore weddings!" Turning to Robert, Ben said seriously, "If you meet Prince Charming, I want you to elope!"

Robert moaned. It occurred to him that his maleness was now being completely ignored by the whole family. He looked dejected.

"Don't be down, my dear," Helen consoled. "You'll get used to it. As a girl, you need more protection. Face it; you aren't as strong as you used to be. Having men around is safer for young girls..."

Seeing Robert's facial expression, Tracy added, "It's no disgrace being feminine. You just go about things differently."

Robert was almost in tears.

Ben said, "Sorry I've been teasing you. Even I think you make a better daughter than son-in-law."

Tracy pushed her husband toward her father and said, "You two kiss and make up!"

Ben pulled Robert onto his lap and put his arm comfortingly around his shoulders. "Be a good daughter and give daddy a big kiss!"

A curious but fluttering thrill went through Robert at being on his father-in-law's lap. The older man gently touched at his dress and Robert found himself blushing deeply.

Robert's thick dark lashes dropped in embarrassment to rest against the curve of his pink cheeks. Tracy's voice seemed so far away. It was saying, "Give daddy a kiss."

Robert's full red lips trembled and involuntarily yielded toward Ben's lips as the man pulled him closer and first touched his lips gently against the boy's.

The kiss, barely touching at first became more familiar then fully in contact. Robert felt the man fully tasting his lips as the girls began to applaud.

"That's the way I want you to two get along!" Tracy laughed.

Ben finally pulled away from the pink soft lips and muttered softly, "My darling little sissy son-in-law, you are going to make the men of this world very happy."

Robert could feel the significance of his words deep in his chest. Realizing that kissing men was what he was expected to do. What kind of a person was he becoming?"

Robert realized that Ben was gently but fatherly caressing his skirt's hem and nyloned thigh. "Don't!" Robert said abruptly, pulling his skirt down as much as it would go.

Standing up quickly, Robert primly adjusted his skirt and crossed his arm over his bust. They were all looking at him like, "What's wrong?"

He saw it for the first time. His wide but confused eyes realized that his wife, Helen and Ben all just expected him to respond like a young lady. Anything else was out of the question.

That night before they went to bed, Robert's thoughts were so basic, so intensely different and physical. Nothing male was expected of him. Not the clothes, sex, not even the protection of his wife!

As Tracy snuggled up to Robert, the excitement brought on a glow, but nothing male was happening. He was feeling more feminine than ever before. He couldn't even think of trying to mount his wife. But the caresses were nice.

As they caressed each other, Tracy whispered, "I love your new figure. Her hands ran over Robert's hips feeling how fleshy and wide they had become-like hers. Her

fingers went to his new-sprung breasts, playing gently with the sensitive nipples that pressed outward from his nylon nightie.

"This is how we were meant to be," she whispered in his ear hotly.

Their nightgowns began to blend together as the two embraced and Robert tried to make love to his wife, but it was late in his cycle.

"I'm sorry," Robert cried.

"Sorry? I love you like this! Take one of the pills. If they'll work for presidential hopefuls, they will work for you."

Robert popped the Viagra and in twenty minutes felt more like a man again...except with a woman's figure.

He was suddenly so aware of his nightgown and the way it caressed and tickled against his body. He could feel the increased weight of his breasts on his chest and how his sexuality now came from within. He was able to appreciate every touch of Tracy's fingertips-so much more than before. Their smooth legs played about each other and the scent of their intermingled perfume reminded Robert of his femininity.

Pleasure was so much slower coming, but lasted for much longer. Robert didn't need to instantly penetrate his wife to show excitement. His breath of life was now centered in his breasts, skin and the full body contact of his loving wife.

An outside observer would see two women making unhurried love as only two women can. They would see the curved shapes of femininity enjoying each other and the outline of breasts pushing outward in excitement as they made contact with each other.

Robert realized from Tracy's muffled cries that he didn't have to apologize to Tracy for not being manly. She was never excited like this with him as a man.

Robert was comfortable that his wife preferred his femininity!

Afterwards, Tracy reminded Robert to put back on his gaff, saying, "You understand now how important that training and having panties with only soft feminine lines is for a girl."

BYE BYE BOY CLOTHES!

The next morning after Tracy went off to work, Helen came over with a few of her dresses that she knew Robert would like.

Protected by plastic bags, there were two party dresses--one in black taffeta with a scoop neckline and a short, full skirt, the other a lavender crepe sheath which had to be supported more by the wearer's bust than by the delicate strings which served as shoulder straps. Also to be found were various skirts in woven wool, spun silk, or a wool knit, as well as a number of blouses, ranging from a soft angora sweater, to a "V" neck blouse made of pure silk.

When they went to hang them up, they found no room.

"You ought to get rid of these," Helen said fingering his wool shirts.

"What? Those are my clothes?" Robert said, trying to get a dress hung without squishing it.

"These are your clothes now," Helen said handing him another dress. "Besides with all the weight you've lost, most of that won't fit."

"I'm not getting rid of all my male clothes," Robert stated flatly.

"How about just dumping the ones that don't fit," she suggested. "I have a lot of other things I know you'd love, but there's no room. Remember that black evening

dress I wore the other night? It would be yours if you had the room."

After an hour of trying on clothes, most all Robert's male clothes were in a pile on the bed.

"Should I save these for later?" Robert asked, a frustrated tenseness in his voice.

"Why?" Helen responded calmly, "They'll probably never fit you again. Keep a couple pairs of jeans and a few shirts...the rest is taking up much needed space."

PHOTOS....

When they took his male clothes to Goodwill, they stopped by Helen's house for a coffee break.

Over coffee, Helen almost whispered, "Tracy would kill me if she knew I was showing you these, but I can tell you have questions." Out of a closet, she pulled several little photo albums.

"Alfred?" Robert asked.

Helen nodded as she opened the first scrapbook.

"Obviously at first, Ben and I thought he was a girl. He would spent many nights with Tracy," Helen said as she turned the pages. "When we found out, I insisted that we see Alfred as a boy."

After some time, Tracy opened her bedroom door, and pushed Alfred out, now dressed as a boy. I was amused to note that he hadn't been able to remove all his make-up. His face still looked very pretty and girlish."

"Can you can imagine your father-in-law's astonishment when he beheld Alfred as a boy? We hadn't had the slightest suspicion that he was not a girl--which is not surprising, for he would have fooled anybody!"

The pictures showed two young girls doing girl things together.

"We sat Alfred down and had a long talk. His father who was raising him was gone all the time and showed no interest in him.

"To my surprise, Ben suggested that we become his guardians. He said, 'After all he's sleeping with our daughter.'"

Alfred said his father would sign the necessary papers. Tracy was so excited, she asked, "Can he live here as a girl?"

We looked at him--we saw that in spite of his boy's clothes, he still looked like a pretty girl. I now realized how foxy Alfred had been. He had left on his makeup, knowing that it would make him look like he should have been a girl. Alfred also took pains to continue his feminine mannerisms and voice, acting the part of a girl to perfection, and pretending to be much more girlish than he really was. He acted exactly like a girl dressed in boys' clothes and not the slightest bit like a boy."

"Ben was persuaded, saying, 'He's altogether too pretty and girlish in spite of his clothes. As a boy, he's a misfit. You should have been a girl.'"

Robert sat looking at the pictures as Helen went on, "We sat Alfred and Tracy down and had a serious talk with them about their future and what we expected.

Ben stated that he thought that Alfred made an attractive girl and that would be the problem. He said, "Living here, we'd expect Alfred to be completely feminine in feelings and interests as well as in looks. We'd want him to fit in socially. He'd be growing up with women not having a sexual attraction for him, and he will be attracting men. How are you two going to handle that?"

"I'm teaching him about boys," Tracy offered.

"What if he falls in love with a man," Ben asked. "He's not going to be able to marry one."

"We are in love, dad," she answered, adding, "but he can still have boyfriends like a girl."

We talked about him like he wasn't in the room. Finally Alfred said, "Life would be unbearable for me if I had to continue it as a male. I cannot bear the thought of wearing boy's clothes and being treated like a boy. I want to be a girl with all my heart and soul, to wear lovely dresses the rest of my life, to be pretty, to have my own long hair, to have a feminine body, to develop breasts and hips and girlish thighs, and all the rest of what girls do."

Alfred was so determined.

He went on, "I thought I was a boy, but since Tracy has been dressing me in girl's clothes and shown me what a pretty girl I am, a strange change has taken place in me. I would do anything to feel more feminine."

Ben and I were worried about being sued by what our daughter had done to this poor boy.

"Well," said Ben, "There isn't far for you to go. You are as feminine and girlish as most girls. Much more and there will not be a trace of your masculinity left!"

"That's fine with us," Tracy said, putting her arm around Alfred's shoulders.

Ben and I agreed that no one should know about Alfred. We both insisted that the secret of his true sex shouldn't be known. "If he's going to live here," Ben stated, "I expect him to do everything like a teenaged girl. I don't want you two becoming hermits. I want you going out." Turning to Alfred, Ben asked, "You understand that means going out with boys. Can you do that?"

He blushed, but nodded.

"I guess Ben and I both thought this was some kind of a adolescent stage and that Tracy would meet some real guy and move on."

"She did. She met me," Robert moaned.

That night when Tracy came home, Robert had a wonderful dinner prepared. Over dinner, Tracy mentioned a lawyer at work. She went on and on about him, even mentioning that he'd asked her out.

"What did you tell him?" Robert asked. Doesn't he know you are married?"

"I told him I'm living with my sister-in-law," she smiled. "I told him my husband left me."

"I left you? No wonder he's hitting on you."

"I love you. No man is going to steal me away from the 'girl' of my dreams. Don't be jealous."

Robert moaned. "You wouldn't go out with him, would you?"

"Only if he had a handsome date for you too!" Tracy laughed.

"You aren't serious?"

TRYING TO GO BACK....

Hearing about his wife and the guy at work was too much. He had to prove to Tracy and himself that he could be a husband again.

Robert rummaged through the few male clothes left in his closet. It had been so long since he'd worn male clothes and he was looking forward to the lack of constraint male clothes implied. He felt excitement when he saw a pair of his favorite worn jeans. "It's been so long," he mused.

He decided he'd just wear everyday casual clothes. Not a suit or anything; just the comfortable clothes of a man.

Robert laid out his clothes on the bed before he realized that was how girls put together their wardrobe.

There was a pair of jeans, cotton shirt and a sweater, cotton underwear, white cotton socks and tennis shoes.



"Finally," he sighed as he pulled his fitted tank top over his head. Robert was wearing a white; full cut nylon panties and a plain bra with a back closure. Seeing the full cups, Robert worried for a second about hiding them. "Male clothes will cover it all." He was determined.

He took off the bra and panties, replacing them with the male cotton underwear. They were so tight; he had trouble pulling them over his full fleshy hips. He quickly pulled on the shirt and started on the jeans.

Robert had to struggle into the jeans. His shape had changed so much. He had to squirm and struggle just to get them over his hips. When he finally zipped them up, they looked like they might burst open at any moment. The men's jeans did nothing to hide Robert's girlish bottom.

Robert looked into the mirror, feeling uncomfortable with the clingy sensation of the cotton shirt.

He ran his hands down over the shirt, down to his waist and over his full tightly encased hips. Fumbling with the shirt's buttons, Robert silently cursed the person who decided to reverse buttonholes on male shirts.

Finally he succeeded in getting the front of the shirt buttoned. But all was not well. The shirt pressed outward from his chest with mounds of femininity trying to free it's self from the garment. "OH MY gawd," Robert gasped. "They are huge?"

It was worse than he'd ever imagined. He tried the sweater, but it called even more attention to the mounds--and there was the movement.

The sweater was very loose around his narrow waist and it bunched at his waist.

Robert finished by pulling on a thick pair of socks and tennis shoes. "At least they fit!" Robert moaned. Tennis shoes were so much more comfortable than the heels Tracy had insisted he wear.

"It's just going to take some time," he said checking himself out in the mirror. "A haircut, I'll let my eyebrows grow in, and..." his thoughts trailed off.

When Tracy came home and saw him standing there, trying to be masculine, she couldn't help herself. She

burst into laughter, finally getting her breath enough to say, "You're kidding, right?"

Robert frowned, "It'll just take some time. Things have just gotten carried away."

Robert started making dinner. It was now so natural for him to take care of the house.

When was bending over the oven, she started laughing again. "You bottom looks hot in those jeans!" she said, startling Robert.

"These are my male clothes!" Robert stated. "I'm not going to wear girl's clothes anymore!"

Tracy tried to not laugh. "Looks like you don't need to. You look adorable in those jeans...but you really should wear a bra...it's almost indecent!"

"Don't laugh at me," Robert said, almost in tears. "I want to be a man again," he said temperamentally.

"A man or male?" Tracy asked carefully. "You are still male...you just aren't much of a man anymore." She smiled at Robert.

Robert looked at her with tears in his eyes. This wasn't what he wanted to hear. "Look at you," she said, "Look how those jeans fit?" She pointed at his crotch.

Robert looked down, seeing no sign of maleness showing, only the smooth "V" and the curved hips of a female.

Robert blushed as Tracy reminded him of the obvious. "And your chest. How are you going to hide that?" She started laughing again. "I won't be seen with you like that!" she said.

Robert moaned, "What am I going to do?"

"Well, young lady," Tracy laughed, taking him by the hand to their bedroom. "First thing is to get you into a dress!"

Tracy threw Robert his lingerie, then went to the closet and handed him a dress--helping him put it on. It

was a sleeveless, pink flower print dress that was fitted and made for the kind of curves he was showing.

The skirt was short and barely covered his panties. A short skirt didn't bother Robert anymore. He knew how to deal with a mini-skirt.

Once again in high heels, Robert felt comfortable maintaining his balance. He was accustomed to what heels did to a person's walk. He walked over to a full-length mirror and moaned, "Am I stuck like this forever?"

"LOOK!" Tracy said, coming over behind him and giving him a big hug. The mirror reflected a pretty, young lady with more than ample cleavage and legs that would stop traffic.

Tears came to Robert's eyes. His emotions were no longer masculine; they were now expressive and feminine. Not only had his body changed, but his way of thinking had changed too.

Tracy's fingers entered the bodice of his dress and caressed his soft mounds. He felt himself becoming excited. Not the old stirrings that were focused between his legs but his whole body was tingling and there was that ache to submit to his wife. With his face flushed, he followed his wife to their bed. "Okay, if this is what you want!"

"It's exactly what I want!"

Robert relaxed, knowing that he wouldn't and couldn't respond like a husband.

His wife didn't want that! It was the least he could do for her.

THE END (or the beginning!)

If you liked this story, write to me.

SANDY THOMAS

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The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

Passport to Femininity #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASS-PORT)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 upswep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer. A daughter and son, all in one child.

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.

Dressed to Dance #16

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

Going a Broad #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

Near Miss #18

In a small town, everyone knows everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

Tit for Tat #19

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!

That's a Girl #20

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.

My Son, the Bridesmaid #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

Paul: Girl Model #23

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

Husband to Housewife #24

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

One of the Girls #25

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

Woman-Hood #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

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 crossdressing 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 room-mate. 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!! GREAT!

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, Randy tries to find work...and himself.

Virgin Vows #8

Randy and his twin sister, Rose, have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike. This year it's in prom gowns! A yearly tradition for the twins turns to terror when Randy is asked to wear a prom gown.

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

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 girls things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

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 step-mother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

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