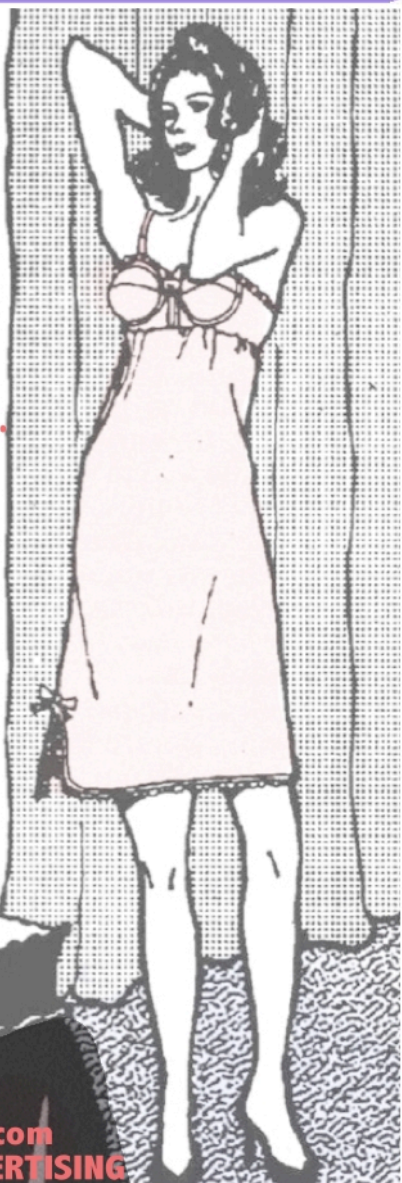
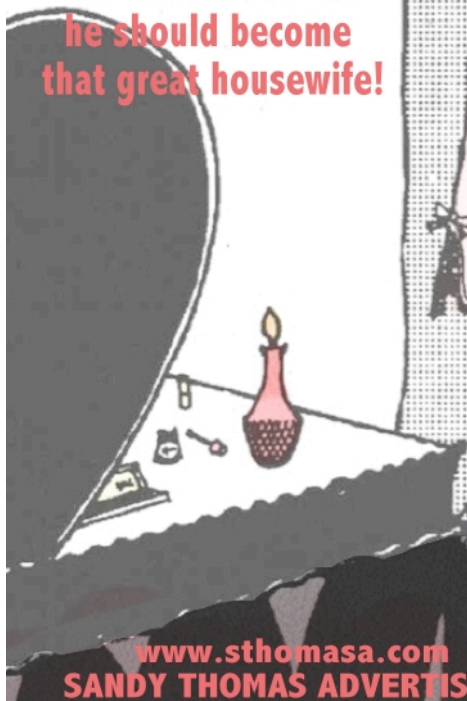


TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION

BIRTH OF BARBARA

**Paul wants Amy to
be a better housewife...
Her mother decides
he should become
that great housewife!**



BIRTH OF BARBARA

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

Volume 14

By Sandy Thomas

www.sthomas.com

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QUOTE BOARD

You can blame Adam or Eve or the snake...

But the snake didn't have a leg to stand on....

BIRTH OF BARBARA

by Sandy Thomas

“What's for dinner?” Paul asked as he began to take off his shirt. Each evening, when he got home after work, he would change out of his suit and shirt, and into slacks and a tee shirt. He looked about for his slippers, found them under the bed where he had left them, and was about to sit on the bed to put them on when the realization struck him, that the bed was still unmade from the morning.

“Hamburgers,” Amy replied dully.

Paul didn't hear her. Moreover, he was about to comment on the disarray the room was in, then thought better of it, after remembering the heated exchange that had occurred minutes earlier. Instead, he sat down on the bed, removed his shoes, and put on his slippers.

Amy, having barely recovered from her anger, stood in the bedroom doorway, twirling her cocktail glass idly, watching detachably as Paul went through his nightly ritual.

“Well?” Paul asked.

“Well, what?”

“I asked what's for dinner,” he said slowly, trying not to let too much sarcasm creep into his voice.

“Hamburgers.”

“You're kidding, we've had hamburgers twice this week.

“Well, you're about to get `em again tonight.”

Losing most of his self-control, Paul exploded again. He arose from the bed, marched to the doorway, to confront his spouse nose to nose.

Amy braced herself for the tirade she knew, from too much experience, was about to come forth.

“Hamburgers, hamburgers,” he screamed at her, his voice rising in pitch with each word. All the frustration of the day seemed to come upon him at once, to be released in this moment of fury. The words poured out without thought. The red of anger in his face deepening as he ranted.

Amy paled in her own, cold, anger. She was certain that Paul would not strike her, but she nonetheless dreaded what was becoming another nightly ritual for her husband. His tantrums usually began and ended within fifteen minutes of his arrival home, starting as soon as he finished a cocktail.

“I’m sick and tired of hamburgers,” he screamed. “Hamburgers, or those damned TV dinners. The only decent meal around here is when we go to your mother’s...and while I’m at it, look at this room. It’s a mess. What the hell do you do all day long? It certainly isn’t keeping house.”

Amy had a full day. She shaved her legs, applied makeup, did her nails and deliberated over the fine details of an outfit and getting the right shoes. She had worked on her hairdo, trying several new way of putting her hair up. She had talked to his mother...the rest of the day she had probably wasted....

“Are you through?” she asked, coldly.

When he didn’t reply immediately, she continued, “Well I’ve taken your screaming for the last time. You knew I wasn’t the little homemaker type when you married me. I never will be. This business of trying to do something that I’m just not cut out for is a colossal BORE. You asked what I do all day? Well, mister, I’ll tell you...NOTHING.

“And that’s not the half of it. I’d like to go shopping for clothes...but how can I buy anything decent on what YOU bring home. My parents would like to help, but, NO, you’re too PROUD. So, I’ve never learned to cook,

and I never will. And if you think I'm going I'm going to spend my life on my hands and knees, scrubbing floors, you're CRAZY.”

Amy had argued back at him before, but never in such a cold, deliberate, way. It was almost as if she had rehearsed this speech over and over again. It was a little disquieting; he had never seen her with such an attitude before.

Paul softened. He reached out, his hands circling his wife's waist, his lips gently pecking a kiss to her cheek.

“I'm sorry, honey,” he began. “I don't know why I take my anger out on you. I'll take you as you are, `cause I love you, and `cause you are what you are.”

Amy relaxed a little, and responded in a more accommodating tone. “Paul, I know how frustrated you get at school. Maybe I'm not very good for you...you expect too much from me, and I can't give it to you. I love you, too - truly I do - but these fights are taking it out of me. I can't take them any longer.”

Then her tone changed again. “Look, let's eat; then later, we can try to talk things out. I've been thinking about something for the past week, and I want to get your reaction to it.”

Their dinner was eaten hurriedly and in silence, the burgers on the platter serving as a reminder of the fight.

Afterward, Paul went into the living room to read the evening paper, while Amy cleared the table of the dirty dishes. Leaving them stacked in the sink, she joined him.

“So soon?” Paul asked, tactlessly, as he looked up.

“I stacked them,” she replied.

Paul winced a little at this, but, not wanting to reopen hostilities, he said nothing. He laid his

newspaper aside and gazed at his wife appraisingly. She kept herself trim and neat; totally unlike the household. She was strikingly beautiful and poised as the result of her stint as a model. She had chosen fashion instead of college after she'd graduated from high school.

What chemistry makes love, he mused to himself.

Amy was thinking, too. "How sensitive he is," she silently thought, "He claims that he likes being a teacher, but yet, he can't stand the little animals he has to work with. He's not happy at school, and I'm not making him happy at home." She gave an involuntary sigh.

"Hmmm?" Paul asked, shaken from his reverie by the sound.

"I didn't say anything...just a sigh. Paul, I must talk with you. Promise me that you won't blow up, no matter what, please. We HAVE to talk this thing out."

"Sure, honey. Whatever you say," he agreed.

"I'll get the coffee, first," Amy told him. Rising from her seat, she left the room, to return moments later.

"Well?" he asked, after she'd handed him a steaming cup.

Wordlessly, Amy sat down, still holding her own cup. She took a cautious sip from it and then another.

"Remember your promise," she exhorted.

Paul nodded in assent.

"I've had a lot of time to think, lately. We are just not happy..."

"But, I love..." Paul started to interrupt.

"Wait," she stated. "Let me say what I have to say without interruption, then we'll discuss it.

"As I said, neither of us is happy, the way things are. We love each other, true, but that love is going to turn sour if we keep on the way we're going."

"But..."

"Shhh, I'm not through.

“You know I loved the life I led while I was a model. I liked the work, I liked my job, I liked the money. I made more money on some DAYS than you, with your degree do in a WEEK.”

At this, Paul flushed. He was about to defend himself, but he remembered his promise to keep quiet and, instead, put his cup to his lips, to sip of its contents as he listened.

Amy noticed the effect of her cutting remarks so she continued in a more gentle voice, “I don't mean to hurt you, honey, but need to face the facts. I am not, and I doubt that I'll ever be, the housewife type. Yet, you need a clean house and homemade meals.

“Let's look at your situation: You thought you wanted to teach. Yet, you come home from school, day after day, so edgy that I can't say two words without you blowing up.”

Paul continued to take tiny sips from the rim of his cup, wondering when Amy was going to make her point. What did she want...a divorce? Maybe just a separation? A lump formed low in his throat at the thought, and he had to force himself to concentrate on her words.

“Next week is the last week of school before summer vacation. I have an idea that could certainly make ME happy. Would you be willing to give it a try?”

“How can I say, if I don't even know what it is?” Paul responded.

Amy smiled. “Wouldn't you promise to try anything...if it would save our marriage?” she asked sweetly.

“You know I would. This is childish.”

“Promise,” she insisted.

Paul was silent a moment, then acquiesced, “Oh, all right...I promise.”

“Promise to do whatever I ask...to make me happy and to save our marriage?”

Just a hint of suspicion rippled across his visage, then, in desperation, he replied, "Yes! BUT...you promise me one thing, too. As long as I keep my promise...no divorce or anything like that."

"It's a deal," she confirmed.

Paul's curiosity had been stimulated. He didn't really mind promising "anything" to save his marriage, but nothing of Amy's plans had yet been revealed to him.

"It's so simple," she replied with a serious expression. "I'm surprised I hadn't thought of it before. Listen...you have months of vacation after next week. I called Harold (her former employer at the modeling agency) and he can use me practically full time, the whole summer...for the fall campaigns. I can make thousands...you know we can use the money...and it will get me out of the house for a while. What do you think so far?"

"Well, I don't exactly like the idea of my wife working, especially for Harold," he began.

"It's not like I HAVE to, silly...I want to. Well, OK with you or not, it is a deal, right?"

"Right," he assented.

Paul arose to go for more coffee. He wondered about the job offer. Why pay Amy so much? He had seen Harold's lascivious glare at Amy's curvy bottom, at her trim ankles and the intriguing swish of her tight skirts.

The realization left Paul with a strange feeling... he paused to brush her forehead with his lips, he then moved toward the kitchen.

"Wait! Sit down," she commanded. "I'm not through with the plan."

"I thought we were all settled...you work," he said.

"We are...about me, but not for you," she responded.

Puzzled, Paul did as he was told: he sat down and listened once more. “You have heard only half the plan,” she explained, with a smile. “I have plans for you, too”

Paul placed his cup on the table and watched Amy tugging her skirt down, keeping her knees together and staring in his eyes. Amy was a living, breathing ricochet of her beautiful mother, Janice. She had high cheekbones, full lips and a delightful fashion sense.

Amy continued, “From all your criticism, it seems that you know just how a household shouldn't be run. So, your job for the summer will be to run the house, and we'll see how well YOU do at it.”

“Hah!” Paul snorted, “that would be a snap. When do we start?” he asked.

“Your school is over next Friday. I can't think of a better time than the very next day; Saturday,” she decided.

“When do you start work?”

“I'll have to call Harold and see if I can start Monday. That will not be a problem. We can use the weekend to get you acquainted with your new house-wife duties.”

“Don't make it sound so difficult.”

“You may be surprised,” she cautioned with a grin.

Overall, both Paul and Amy felt relieved. She was to get out of the house, and Paul would be spared the failure of his marriage.

Remarkably, the balance of the week passed without incident. The calm, which had descended upon the household, had made a considerable improvement on their relationship.

Saturday morning, the first day of summer vacation: Paul and Amy were still asleep when the alarm went off at seven A.M. Still half asleep, Paul

reached out to shut off the alarm, and, with only one eye open, checked his watch for the time.

“Gawd!” he exclaimed in disgust. “Who pulled the alarm out on a Saturday.”

Amy was now awake. “I did, silly, don't you remember what today is?”

“Saturday?”

“Yes...but what is special? Today we start the new deal,” she announced triumphantly.

“Oh, yeah,” Paul acknowledged sleepily. “Call me when the coffee's ready.”

Amy gave him a tickle, and he squirmed. Then she gave him a good nudge. “Oh, that's not my job,” she giggled. “Starting today, the house is yours...coffee and all. You start the coffee.”

Reluctantly, Paul got out of bed, put on his robe and went to the kitchen and made the coffee in the electric pot. He plugged it in, and came back to the bedroom.

“Coffee's working,” he told her, as he stifled a sleepy yawn.

Amy was all ready out of bed and had put on a light blue cotton breakfast coat. While she was brushing her teeth in the bathroom, Paul entered, silently waiting his turn.

“Working class first,” she offered, brightly before accompanying him to the kitchen for breakfast.

Once they had sat down at the table, Paul folded his arms across his chest and said, with mock seriousness, “OK, where do we begin?”

“Well,” she advised, “YOU can begin by serving the coffee. Then we'll plan the day.

Paul gave Amy a peculiar glance, then reluctantly arose, and got the cups and saucers, plus the cream and sugar.

He was about to say something, when Amy...realizing his resentful attitude...counseled, "Paul, for the first time in months, we have enjoyed living together without a fight. You promised, but if you are going to start out with a negative attitude, it just won't work."

Paul smiled, recognizing that Amy had made sense. "You're right. I'll really give it a chance."

He poured coffee into both cups, then resumed, "All right, this time for real: where do we begin?"

"I think," she replied thoughtfully, "that we should use the first weekend to fully acquaint each other with what is expected. During the past week, I have been giving it a lot of thought. Let me itemize some things YOU have yelled at me about.... SO, I expect this house to be run...not in the manner in which I ran it, but in the manner in which you expected of me. What that consists of, how would I know, but I'm going to criticize you as quickly as you were to criticize me."

"Tit for Tat, eh?" he observed, baring a slight grin.

"Two:" she continued, "No hamburger, because that is what you were always complaining about. Three: I expect to be waited on in the same manner you felt you were entitled to be...."

Paul interrupted. "I never wanted to be waited on."

"No? Who sits and reads the papers while the dishes are dirty? Who wanted coffee and stayed in bed 'til it was done in the morning? A million things...."

"Proceed," Paul responded weakly.

"If I complain, remember how much guff I took. Starting now, you get the same food allowance. You plan the meals, change the beds, do the laundry, AND stay within the budget. See if it doesn't bore you, too," she added with a sardonic laugh.

"Saturday is bed day," she continued, "clean sheets. The laundry man picks up on Mondays and Thursdays

about eleven. All he gets is sheets and pillow cases, the rest is done at home. Dry cleaning is on Wednesdays. Say, you'd better write this down."

"I'll remember," Paul said.

Amy concluded, "You'd better get to work."

"Just like that? What do I do first?"

"It's your house, now; so do whatever pleases you. As for me, I'm getting dressed and going to mother's."

Paul poured himself another cup of coffee, and sat there reflecting on his situation. Before the cup was quite half empty, however, he set it aside and got up from his chair. He went directly to the bedroom to get dressed.



Did Paul realize what he was agreeing too???

Glancing at the clock and seeing that it was all ready past eight, he speeded up his tempo.

While Amy was using the bathroom getting ready, Paul put on his slacks and T-shirt, but returned to his slippers to wear around the house.

Then he turned his attention to the bed; he stripped off the old sheets, remade it with clean linens, and cornered the sheets the way he liked.

After the sheets and pillows were in place, he put on the bedspread, gently smoothing it into place. Sometime during this process, he began to hum a tune that had popped into mind. He stepped back to admire the job he had done. That was when he noticed Amy standing in the doorway, quietly observing him. He had no idea how long she'd been there.

"You haven't sounded this happy in weeks," she casually observed.

For some reason, this remark embarrassed Paul and he stammered in response, "I, uh...couldn't get the tune, out of my mind."

"Well, YOU have fun, dear. I'm going to Mother's but I'll be back for lunch. Bye." With that she gave him a peck on the cheek and traipsed out the front door.

For Paul, the morning was hardly a bore...in fact, it fairly flew by. There was so much to do.

After straightening out the bedroom, he noticed the bathroom light had been left on. When he went in to turn it off, he saw Amy's soiled clothes lying in a heap on the bathroom floor. Picking them up, he deposited the dirty clothes in the hamper and took it to the kitchen. He found himself talking aloud. "Better clean the dishes first, and then think about what to make for lunch."

When he realized that he was talking to himself, he thought, "I better watch out, or I'll be getting answers." He smiled at his own joke and busied himself in the kitchen.

At eleven forty-five, Amy let herself in. Hearing noises of activity coming from the kitchen, she knew that Paul had not heard her enter.

“Hi! I’m home,” she called.

“What’s new at your mother’s,” Paul inquired as she entered the kitchen. “Besides talk and gossip.”

Amy’s mother, Janice Forrest, was in her middle forties and what would be termed in the fashion world as “smart”. She had always had an instinct for fashion and had passed her knowledge on to her daughter. She was also a good homemaker, liking all the things about keeping house, a trait her daughter had NOT developed.

Before her marriage to Paul, Amy had not been close to Janice, but the trials of her marriage forced her to seek her mother’s advice and companionship. Janice had welcomed Amy back to her bosom. She not only resumed her role as mother again, but became Amy’s friend and confidante as well.

There was little that Amy didn’t confide to her mother. Paul knew this and welcomed it; realizing that whatever calm and peace there had been was probably the result of Janice having smoothed things over.

Amy’s father was a self-made man in the business world, but Janice was the absolute ruler of her household. So, while Jim, was a king at the office, he was a mouse at home. He was actually afraid of his wife, and she usually frustrated him when he tried to exercise some authority. Over the years, he’d learned that life was a lot easier if he just let Janice have her way.

He had been very disappointed when Amy married Paul, because Paul wasn’t been interested in coming into the business.

“Did you tell Janice of our new arrangement?” Paul asked, fully expecting that she had.

“Of course. There is no reason it should be kept a secret.”

Amy changed the subject, "What's for lunch?"

"A tuna salad sandwich with potato chips. OK?"

Paul finished making the sandwiches and put them on the breakfast table, which he had previously set with a linen tablecloth and napkins. After he'd poured coffee into cups for each of them, he called out, "lunch is ready."

Paul was already sitting down when Amy returned to the kitchen. She noticed the table setting, and remarked, "How pretty. You won't like washing and ironing table clothes."

Paul was pleased that his effort was noticed, and responded good naturedly, "Well, then, try not to be a slob and spill on it." They both laughed.

"What did you do this morning, Paul, dear?"

"Oh, I straightened the house up a little, cleaned up the kitchen, and started lunch. I got the laundry going, and here we are. Did it bore me? I rather liked it and the morning went fast," he admitted honestly.

"This afternoon have to clean up the kitchen again, and put the clean clothes away. Oh and start on that pile of ironing you left me. Are lamb chops OK for dinner?"

Amy nodded assent, nearly stunned with amazement. She said, "I need to get my clothes in order for Monday."

"I wonder if you would mind going to the store and picking up the chops and a few other things?" he asked.

"Of course I mind, sweetie," she said ironically. "That's your job."

"But I'll never get through," he complained.

She responded with a laugh, "You know what they say, 'A woman's work is never done.'"

Paul's face flushed, embarrassed at the remark, but he did not reply.

That evening, Paul finished the kitchen dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. He brought the tray with the coffee service into the living room where Amy was lounging, watching the television.

Amy looked up as Paul served her.

“Ummm, good,” she purred. “Just what I need...coffee.”

“I'm beat,” he said with a sigh, plopping himself into the easy chair.

“You make a darn good cup of coffee,” she remarked after her first sip.

With exaggerated motion, Paul took a sip from his own cup. “Good to the last drop,” he said, mimicking a commercial, then laughing.

Amy laughed along, a moment, then mused, “It's so good to have laughter in the house.” She slipped her hand into his as she arose, tugging him up with her. “Come show me. I want to inspect your work.”

“Oh, all right,” he yielded, grudgingly.

“First I'll show you the ironing I did,” he offered, as they walked to the bedroom. Along the way, she put an arm around him and gave him a loving squeeze.

He looked at her in surprise at the gesture.

Answering his unvoiced question, she said, “Oh, I'm just happy. I know this is going to work out so well.”

He opened the door to the bedroom closet, displaying the clothes he had ironed that afternoon, their hangers neatly spaced.

She inspected his work carefully. “Where did you learn to iron like that? It's beautiful.” Then her expression changed. “Oh, Oh! Look here, Paul. You've scorched this blouse. The iron was too hot.”

“Gee, I'm sorry,” he apologized. “I didn't notice it.”

“You must learn that different fabrics take a different heat,” she scolded. Then in a more congenial

voice, she continued, "But, otherwise, you do very, very nice work."

"I'm really sorry about the blouse," he repeated, "but I'm glad that you like the rest of it. Your slips and panties are in your dresser," he beamed.

Amy opened the dresser drawer and saw her slips had been neatly ironed and folded. She also noticed that the usual disarray had been straightened out...everything had been carefully folded and arranged.

"Wonderful," she told him, realizing her husband had sorted all her colorful panties by style and put them all neatly folded in little piles. Her special ruffled and lacy nylon panties were in a special place. Her drawers had been off limits to Paul but he now knew her "unmentionables" well.

"I worked on the kitchen cabinets, too," Paul said.

"I couldn't care less about the kitchen," she responded. "Dinner was much better than the daily hamburgers I dished up. The potatoes were a little bland but I love what you did with my panties!"

Noticing the disappointment in Paul's visage, Amy added, "You did marvelously. I just remembered, one of the buttons on my red cloth coat is loose. Be a dear, and sew it on for me tonight. I want to wear it in the morning.

"I don't know how to sew," Paul retorted with a snap. "Can't you do it yourself? Besides, I'm tired."

"Well...you'll just have to learn. Let's not argue, please." Amy's voice showed irritation at the beginning, but not wanting to antagonize Paul into an argument, she added in a softer tone, "Remember, a woman's work is...."

"Wait a minute," Paul interrupted crossly. "That's the second time today you've hit me with that quote." It was obvious to both of them that Paul resented the inference that his masculinity was being abased.

Very deliberately, Amy didn't respond immediately. She tried to appeal to his sense of logic, "You must admit that what you are doing is certainly not men's work."

"In some primitive societies..." Paul began to lecture.

"We're talking about THIS society," Amy reminded him.

"But I didn't bargain to become your housemaid."

"Oh, but you DID." Amy's voice was calm and deliberate, whereas Paul's was hesitant and defensive.

"You were always telling me what I did wrong, and how you could do it better. So, now you have your chance. I'm pleased that in the first day, you've shown signs of adjusting beautifully."

"Let me finish, dear," Amy insisted. "You love me, and I love you. Our marriage was headed for the rocks unless we found a solution."

Again Paul nodded.

"We have always been honest with one another. Did you not really enjoy yourself today...and the work that you did?" Amy demanded.

Paul's face flushed with embarrassment. He stammered very softly, "Yes, I did."

"I don't know why," he elaborated, "but I did not mind doing the housework. If only..."

"If only, what?" Amy asked.

"I mean, I like doing this...what we're doing...but, please, don't refer to it as women's work; it embarrasses me."

"I noticed," she replied, "but it shouldn't. Don't be so sensitive, it's only a name and we both know the work is important."

"I guess you're right," Paul conceded.

"As for the sewing," Amy changed the topic, "I guess there are some things you couldn't possibly know

about,” she concluded with a sly smile. “You never got to take Home Economics, did you?”

Finally the day was over and they were tired enough to go to bed. After they'd settled under the covers, Amy impulsively gave her husband a tender kiss on the cheek, which Paul drowsily acknowledged the gesture with a happy grunt. Shortly they were both asleep.

The following morning, Sunday, Amy awakened to the smell and crackle of frying bacon. She opened one eye; saw that she was alone in bed, then looked at the clock. It was seven A.M. She got out of bed and shuffled to the kitchen, where she found Paul busy getting breakfast. He was already dressed.

“Breakfast is almost on the table, sleepy head,” he advised, when he saw her.

“Smells good,” she said. She saw that the table had been set with paper doilies...something which she had never done. There was even a small waxen rose in the bud vase that Paul had borrowed from their formally dusty artificial flower display.

Paul poured Amy coffee and he placed a plate of bacon and eggs in front of her. A stack of toast was already on the table, wrapped in a linen napkin to keep it warm.

“So fancy...you'll spoil me,” Amy commented. “Instead of going to church this morning, would you mind if I spent the morning at mother's?”

“Of course not. I suppose I'll tidy up the house a bit. I want to be at the grocer's at nine. I still need a few staples.”

“Have fun shopping dear,” she urged. “I'm going to read the morning paper, and then get dressed.”

She went to the front door and picked up the Sunday papers, and then retired to the living room, where she curled up comfortably on the lounge chair as Paul busied himself in the kitchen.

Again she heard him humming a popular tune. Amy smiled to herself contentedly.

It was nearly two P.M. before Amy walked in and she couldn't help noticing his look of concern.

"What's wrong, dear," she asked.

"A surprise I made for you didn't turn out," he told her. "What do you have in the case?" he asked referring a large suitcase Amy had put by their bedroom door.

"A surprise for you!" she offered, coyly and laughed. "You'll see later."

"Women," Paul commented dryly.

Amy said, "So, show me MY surprise that made you so unhappy."

Paul took her to the kitchen and pointed to a cake that was four inches high on one side, but only one inch on the other.

"It fell," he explained sorrowfully. His demeanor brightened as he asked, "What's my big surprise?"

"First, I need a promise," she replied.

"You and your damned promises," he began crossly.

Amy placed her forefinger on his lips, stopping him, and almost giggled, "Shhhh. First you have to hear it."

"OK," he acceded, "I promise."

"Then take a shower," she commanded, "hot as you can stand. Wash your hair. After you're through, put on your terry cloth bathrobe."

Thinking he might get lucky, Paul did as instructed.

After twenty minutes, he reappeared. Amy was sitting on the bed, waiting for him. She studied his face very closely. The scrutiny made him feel uncomfortable, but he made no comment.

Paul, at 24, was of medium-to-small build, five feet seven, and weighed 145 pounds. He had wavy light brown hair, and a very light beard. He wore his hair rather long for a man, over his ears, with the back reaching below his collar.

For a fleeting moment, a sense of oddity struck him, as he subconsciously noticed that there was a towel covering the only mirror at Amy's makeup table. Before that recognition became a conscious one, Amy had taken his hand and led him to the chair in front of, but turned away from, that table. "Sit."

Drawing up another chair, she sat so that they faced each other. She opened a jar of cold cream, gently patted dabs of it onto his face, then spreading it, ultimately to rub in thoroughly.

"I like the cream," he joked. "Maybe lower?"

"For once, please be still and quiet, Paul," she directed. "No talk. I think you will find what I'm going to do will be fun. Just have a little patience."

With a skeptical expression, Paul sat back and allowed his wife to proceed.

She wiped off the cream, and then proceeded to apply various cosmetics to his face. Paul knew what was going on, but said nothing. The attention was pleasant.

From time to time, Amy would get up and step back a pace or two to appraise her work, and then sat down to resume her task. Finally she was finished, lacking only the application of lipstick.

She padded over to the bed, and opened the suitcase that she'd brought from her mother's. Rifling through it, she selected a white nylon slip and withdrew it, holding it out from her by the shoulder straps.

With a satisfied look on her face, she returned to Paul, eased the robe from his shoulders, and brought the slip over his head. Gently pulling him to his feet, she arranged the slip so that it slid into place, the hem falling to just above his knees.

With a squeal of delight, she began to work more feverishly with her attentions to Paul. He found himself both angry and puzzled for not stopping this foolishness. But it was “intimate play” and he didn’t want to stop that....

Amy went to the case, again, and brought back a black chiffon dress. It had a full skirt, three-quarter sleeves, and the bodice had a high neckline. She popped the dress over Paul's head, smoothed it over his body, then, giving him a half turn, zipped it up in back.

Giving him another half turn, Amy adjusted its self-belt, then told him to sit down again. This he did ever so meekly.

Bringing out a pair of nylon hose, Amy rolled one up in her fingers, then unrolled it onto one of Paul's legs. She repeated the process with the other stocking and leg. Having elastic tops, they needed no other support to stay in place.

Next she fitted his feet with gold mesh slippers that were woven with elastic threads. They were a little snug, but they fit.

“Are you done playing?” he finally asked hoarsely.

“Pretty soon, doll,” she replied.

Amy removed from the case a blond wig and shook it out gently, then placed it on Paul's head. The hairstyle was a modified pageboy. She combed it out and shaped it to his face as best she could, then returned to his make up.

She spent a long time getting his lipstick right, wiping off the first two applications, unsatisfied with the shape she'd given to his mouth.

Finally she was done.

“Stand up,” she directed.

Paul stood up, feeling rather foolish in this unaccustomed apparel.

“Amazing,” Amy remarked, “simply amazing.”

Paul was beginning to get into the spirit of the affair. “Let me see,” he eagerly asked.

She went to the closet door and opened it wide, allowing the full-length mirror to swing into view. Paul's heart skipped for a moment. It was like there was a stranger in the room! He gave a little start, then realized that the person he saw in the mirror was himself. She moved when he did.

“My Gawd! It's me,” he said with awe.

He stood there, fascinated at his own reflection.

Amy regarded him, “Honest to Gawd, Paul. I had no idea you would look so feminine. You may not be the most beautiful girl I've ever seen, but you could certainly pass a close inspection anywhere.”

Paul was turning in front of the mirror, not taking his eyes from the mirror.

Amy stepped up to him and cupped her hands underneath his chin, her fingers pursing his lips a little. She turned his face a little to one side and then the other.

“I've never seen anything like this in my life. You've undergone a complete transfiguration,” she said with amazement. “You look so soft; you're actually pretty.”

Paul swayed a little; beads of cold sweat were beginning to appear on his forehead.

“What's the matter, honey?” Amy asked.

“I feel kind of funny,” he answered weakly, “all trebly and excited, like, and a little faint.”

“Here,” she directed him, “sit on the bed, and let me get you some water.” She got some cold water from the tap in the bathroom, and gave it to him.

Paul took a few sips. “I don't know. I've never felt quite like this before...all nervous and excited.”

“So I've noticed,” Amy remarked. “Me either. I can hardly keep my hands off you...you're so cute.”

“Here, lie back on the bed and relax. Let me try something.”

“I hadn't planned this part, but it's something I must find out, now.”

Amy proceeded to make love to Paul. Their sex life, heretofore, had been conventional and infrequent. Amy normally wasn't aroused too easily, and Paul wasn't too aggressive. Now, Amy became the aggressor, clumsily at first, but soon she had aroused Paul to a feverish passion. While she was kissing him passionately, her hands were caressing his body, and discovering spots that neither of them had known were so sensitive.

Paul responded to the caressing and soon began to repay Amy in kind.

It was hard to believe that only two and a half hours had elapsed since they'd arrived home, Amy thought as she lay still, enjoying the afterglow.

Paul reached over to the nightstand and took another sip from the glass of water Amy had brought out earlier.

Amy watched him, noting that his movements were more graceful than usual.

“How do you feel now?” she asked.

“Spent,” Paul answered. He started to set the glass down, then noticed the lipstick print on the rim.

“Look at this glass,” he exclaimed, holding up so she could see. “You have your lipstick all over me.”

“Oh, no, silly,” she giggled. “This time it's your lipstick.

After a pause, she asked, “Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes...very much,” Paul replied softly.

Amy reached over and took his hand, “I don't remember ever getting such a complete release...or enjoying it more. Do you feel the same way?”

“The giddiness I felt must have been sexual, from the way I reacted,” Paul confided, “but I'm not sure that what we've done is right.”

“What's wrong about it?” she asked.

“I don't think I should be in these clothes,” he responded thoughtfully, “I'm not a woman.”

“For a little while, no one would have guessed otherwise,” Amy teased. Then she added, “As long as we both enjoy it and we aren't harming anyone, who's to say that it is wrong?”

“I guess,” Paul said, in cautious agreement.

Amy looked at Paul. The makeup was smeared, and the clothes he had on were wrinkled. She pulled him up from the bed, unzipped the dress, and bade him take another shower.

Just a little reluctantly, he removed the various items of clothing, carefully folding each piece and placing it on the one of the chairs. Then he entered the bathroom.

While he was in the shower, Amy phoned her mother and brought her up to date on the afternoon's activities. She related the change that the makeup and clothes had made in Paul's appearance, commenting as to how cute she thought he'd looked. Then she described their reactions to each other. As she heard the water in the shower cease, she quickly ended the conversation and silently put the phone back on the hook. She didn't want Paul to know she had placed the call.

She entered the bathroom while Paul was still drying himself. He had scrubbed his face as hard as he could, but was unable to completely remove the cosmetics Amy had applied. There were enough traces in his pores to lighten his skin and give his face a very soft look.

“Here,” she said, as she handed him a garment, “put this on.” It was a nylon tricot nightgown.

Paul accepted it from her, but then asked doubtfully, “Do you think I should?”

When she didn't answer, he slipped each arm up through the arm openings, then lifted it over his head.

Amy thought she saw a hint of ecstasy in his expression as the filmy material settled down over his body.

“Doesn't it have a nice silky feel against your skin?” she asked.

“Yes, it does. I rather like the feeling,” he admitted.

Amy led him back into the bedroom.

“Let me put on your stockings,” she offered. She picked up one and knelt beside him.

“No, I'd like to do that myself,” Paul responded, reaching for the stocking she held.

He rolled it up so that he could get his toes into the end. As he unrolled the stocking up his leg, Amy giggled.

“You're precious,” she said, “You already know how to put them on without stretching or snagging them.”

Paul blushed a little, but repeated the actions on his other leg with the remaining stocking. Then he slid his feet into the mesh slippers. Now he arose from his seat.

Amy helped him into the gown's matching peignoir. She also replaced the wig onto his head and combed it a little.

“There, that's better,” she remarked.

Paul stepped over in front of the mirror again and admired himself.

Amy observed him, pleased with the results thus far. She pulled several sheets of facial tissue from the box on her nightstand, divided them into two groups, then rolled each group into a ball. Walking over to Paul, she put a ball of tissues into each of the two pockets the gowns bodice, giving him a simulated bust line.

“I knew something was missing before, and this ought to help,” she suggested as she did so.

It finally occurred to Paul that he'd never before seen the clothes he'd been wearing, and, moreover, that he was somewhat larger than Amy.

“Where did you get the clothes, dear?” Paul asked, as he turned to and fro, studying his new shape.

“They're Mother's,” she replied.

“Does she know about this?” he asked with just a hint of concern.

“Of course!” she replied. “It was her idea to spice things up. An idea, incidentally, of which I definitely approve.”

“I guess it did that!” he responded slowly. “I just don't think I like the idea of anyone else knowing.”

“Mother isn't just ‘anyone else’,” Amy retorted. “She may just be the best friend you have.”

“Now, what's for dinner?” she changed the subject. “I'm getting hungry.”

“Gosh! I forgot about the dinner. It ought to be ready soon. Will you be a dear, and make the cocktails while I finish in the kitchen?”

“OK honey, but just a minute.”

He stopped and she stepped up to him and circled his waist with her arms. Claspng him to her, tightly, she gave him a hard kiss on the mouth.

“That's for you,” she told him, as she released her embrace.

As he turned to go, she gave him a quick pat on the fanny, saying “Cutie.”

When Amy came into the kitchen to make the drinks, Paul was busy at the stove. She noticed with satisfaction that he had taken an apron and put it on over his robe, so as not to soil his nightclothes.

They ate leisurely, discussing the afternoon's events.

Later that evening, while they were lounging in the living room, Paul remarked, “You know, I haven't seen the Sunday papers yet.”

“Miss them?” she asked.

“Not exactly,” he admitted, “I've had too busy, and exciting a day.”

“Well, that's how the days should go for you. Don't you feel so much happier, now?”

She noticed the way he'd settled into the chair, curling himself into it, sort of kitten fashion, with the skirt of his gown draping to the floor.

“You could use a little lipstick,” she observed.

“Not now,” he said, “it's getting late.”

“This has been quite a day for me, how about going to bed?”

“OK by me,” she answered.

They went to the bedroom and Amy began to put on her satin pajamas. When she saw Paul take off the peignoir and begin to remove the gown, she asked, “What are you doing?”

“I'm going to put on my pajamas,” he replied.

“Why don't you sleep in what you're wearing?” she asked in a way that was almost an order.

Somewhat hopefully, he asked, “Should I?”

“I want you to,” she said firmly.

“I can't sleep with the wig on. It'll get all tangled, and, besides, it's hot.”

“No need for that,” she agreed.

They were both spent, mentally and physically, so they fell asleep immediately.

Monday morning, Paul was waiting in the bathroom with fresh coffee, knowing Amy was about to leave on her first day of work. She had just gotten out of the shower. Paul knew that she prepared for her day by shaving her legs, and armpits, just to be extra smooth.

“Thank you, honey. I can find everything in my drawers now,” Amy said tormenting him as she ran around getting ready.

Paul had showered and was wearing his own slacks, T-shirt and slippers.

Amy was a little disappointed that he did not wear his gown, but said nothing about it.

She picked out black stockings held up by a garter belt. She paraded between the bedroom and bathroom wearing black panties and bra that were nearly as sheer as her nylons.

Rushing, she ran to the bathroom to get her makeup is just right. Back to the bedroom, where she applied perfume to all those special places.

“It’s like you are going on a date,” Paul commented.

“More important than a date...they are paying me!”

It is time for her to select her work outfit. She picked out a nice top, not revealing too much of her cleavage and a short tight skirt.

“Well?” she posed?

“I’ll pay you to stay home,” Paul sighed seeing his wife, all dressed, as hot looking as she can for her fashion position.

She kissed Paul quickly, more a peck than a kiss and says, “I left a mess in the bathroom.”

“I’ll get it,” Paul says. “Dinner at seven.”

Amy grabbed her purse and as she was going out the door, she mentioned to him, “Oh, by the way. Mother is coming over this morning. I told her there were some things you needed help on, and she consented to come over this week to help get you started.”

“What kind of help,” he asked, curiously.

“Oh, stuff. Like cakes...and other things.” She gave her husband a warm kiss on the mouth, leaving red lipstick on his lips, then pulled the door shut behind her.

Instinctively, he pulled out a tissue and wiped the lipstick off.

The feeling in the pit of Paul’s stomach was real. As much as he want her to be happy, he felt pangs of embarrassment in his gut. He would be doing laundry and woman’s work while Amy was busy, surrounded by manly men and Harold.

But the day was now a battle with the clock. There were months of dust hiding and a dinner to plan. Part of him was jealous but he was also excited about creating a nice, clean organized nest.

Paul began to straighten up the house, and clean up the kitchen. At nine thirty, the doorbell rang, and he admitted Janice.

She was dressed smartly, in a sleeveless dark blue sheath, with a matching leather belt. Her ensemble was completed by a boxy, short-sleeved jacket.

“Good morning, Paul,” she greeted, as she entered. “Any coffee left?”

“Good morning, Mom. Of course.” After he'd poured Janice's coffee, they sat and talked for a while.

Eventually, Janice got around to what she really wanted to talk about. “I haven't seen Amy this happy in

months. And I hear you are enjoying your new role in the house, too?"

Paul reddened, and responded, "Well, there are a lot of things I don't know about, yet."

"That's why 'Mom' is here," she cheerily declared.

Ever since Paul and Amy had married, Janice referred to herself in that manner; Paul hadn't gained just a spouse, he'd also acquired another "Mother"...not merely a mother-in-law, but another "Mom".

Very quickly Janice had Paul explaining how he'd gone about making the cake, what seasonings he was using in his cooking, and his problem with the scorched ironing.

She listened with interest, and explained that the directions one gets on packages are not enough. "You have to do a little more to it than what it usually calls for," she told him. "I'll watch you go about your routine."

The morning flew by, as Paul worked and Jan showed him the little housekeeping tricks she had learned over the years.

When lunchtime came around, Paul put together a meal, and they sat down to eat and talk.

"I hear you make a cute girl," Jan said, with just a hint of mischief in her smile.

Paul almost choked and blushed, but made no comment.

"I would love to see you dressed up that way," she added.

Paul again almost gagged on the food he was chewing. "I can't believe she told you. I don't think I'll be doing that again, Mom," he managed to choke out.

Very matter-of-factly, she reiterated, "Well, I see nothing wrong with it. Sounds really fun and just remember, I would like to see you sometime." Then she led the matter drop.

The afternoon was devoted to Jan showing Paul some simple sewing tricks regarding buttons, darning, and the like. Paul caught on quickly.

Jan also cautioned Paul about frequent heavy meals, explaining that calories must be watched. She reminded him that neither he nor Amy needed such heavy foods as he'd been preparing, and suggested that he should concentrate on salads, and lighter dinners. Baked cakes was good for the ego, she cautioned, but bad for the waistline.

Shortly after four o'clock, Jan was ready to return home. As a parting compliment, she told Paul, "I'm truly amazed at how quickly you catch on. In no time, you'll be able to handle the house all by yourself, I'm sure."

When Amy arrived home, she rang the bell, preferring to have Paul answer the door instead of letting herself in with her key. Paul was expecting her, and came to the door eagerly. He was anxious to know how her day had been, and eager to tell her about his.

"Hi, honey," he greeted her.

He couldn't miss the look of disappointment that washed across her face, and knew something was wrong.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"I had hoped you would be dressed, when I came home today," she answered.

With a puzzled look, he remarked, "I'm not exactly naked," gesturing at his shirt and slacks.

"I mean dressed up pretty like yesterday," she elaborated.

"I didn't know you would want me to," he countered, defensively. Paul was feeling agreeable, so he told her, "Well, if it makes you feel better, I'll get dressed up after dishes. OK?"

Dinner was eaten with much animated conversation. Amy told of her day, and her happiness at

being back at work, being with old friends again, and the new people she'd met. Paul told of his day with Janice, how she'd helped him, and how happy Janice was for two of them.

He saw an opportunity to pass off the dish chores to Amy and suggested that she do them while he tried to get dressed by himself. Then he remembered that the dress he'd worn was wrinkled.

"There's another dress in the suitcase," Amy informed him.

By the time Paul had completed his change, Amy was having coffee in the living room.

He had done the best he could with the makeup, but, doing it for the first time, he'd applied too much, getting an effect which was beyond merely theatrical. He clearly hadn't understood the purpose of the eyebrow pencil, as he'd made his brows too dark and pronounced. His lipstick was on crooked.

He entered the room wearing a yellow silk sheath dress, which had cuffed short sleeves and a fitted bodice. The protrusions at his chest bore witness that he'd remembered to stuff the balls of facial tissue into the cups of the slip.

Amy suppressed a giggle when she saw him. She made compliments about his efforts, but she took him back into the bedroom to repair his work, gently explaining how to fix what was wrong. Step by step she coached him on the correct techniques.

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

Back in the living room, he sat down on the sofa only to discover that the tight skirt of the dress rose above his knees, making a full display of his nylon clad legs.

"You have a lovely pair of legs, honey," Amy commented, "but you must be careful to keep your knees

together when you sit down, or cross your legs, so no one can see up your dress.”

“Like, who's going to see, anyway?” Paul asked.

“I see,” she replied, “and don't I count? Besides, it just isn't right, my dear.”

Paul crossed his legs at the knees, tugging his skirt outward in the process. “How's this?” he asked.

“Perfect,” she beamed in approval. “Quite natural.”

Paul began to become aroused, and Amy noticed it. She came over to his side and began to play with him. Shortly they were headed for the bedroom.

This time, Paul was careful to remove the dress and put it on a hanger before they went to bed. It wouldn't get crushed.

Amy was lustily awaiting him when he got into bed, and aggressively resumed their play.

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

Amy noticed the involuntary feminine gestures that Paul performed, and was pleased. She tried to reinforce them, saying, “Hey, you're getting to be a regular tiger in bed.”

“It has something to do with the clothes,” Paul confirmed. “I feel so different. I don't mind telling you, I am confused about this all, but anything that feels that good, can't be all that bad, right?”

Amy's smile, inside, was vastly broader than the outer one that Paul saw.

They returned to the living room, where Paul turned on the television. Offhandedly, he mentioned, "I fixed that red button on your coat today, dear."

They'd hardly settled down, when the doorbell rang. Paul's face was wide with panic.

"Who could that be?"

"Probably mother," Amy answered, "I asked her to come over tonight."

"She can't see me this way; you let her in, while I go change."

Amy blocked the doorway to the bedroom, and told Paul, "No, don't. You know she wants to see you this way...that's why she came over."

"Besides, she wants to talk to both of us, together. So just relax and sit down; you look perfectly lovely. Oh, mother IS alone, so there's no Dad to worry about."

Paul did as he was told, and sat down again. He crossed his legs at the knees, and waited with trepidation.

When Amy let her in, Janice showed no surprise at the way Paul appeared.

In a confusion of reflexes, Paul arose as she entered the room, yet he smoothed out his skirt as he did.

Janice walked up to Paul, took him into her arms, and gave him a warm embrace...something she had never done before.

"My, you ARE cute," she told him.

Paul's blush bloomed, visible even through his makeup. Janice directed Paul to walk in front of her, back and forth, while she studied him.

After a few passes, she spoke, "You'll need a lot of practice and some effort, but we can handle that."

A perplexed Paul demanded, "What do you mean, work?"

"Well, for one thing, that horrible wig. It is not human hair, and looks too...`wiggy', if you know what I

mean. Moreover, I don't think that either the blond color or the hairstyle is best suited to your face. The cosmetics are OK, but we will have to work on the shades a little.

Paul looked towards a mirror as his mother went on, "Then there is your walk; you will have to learn to walk without such long steps."

"This is silly," Paul stated.

"But fun, right? 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 them this way when you walk. All in all, you do have the makings," she concluded.

"The makings? Of what?" Paul thought but went along with the joke. Paul, recovered from his embarrassment, listened intently and followed her instructions.

After a while, they all sat down and talked.

There came a point in the conversations, when Paul's reservations resurfaced. "I should not be doing this?" he told Janice.

"I thought you both liked what you're doing?" she asked in return.

They both nodded in confirmation.

"Then, as far as I'm concerned, it is right. Let me tell you kids something. I've been around a little longer than you both have. I have a man who has nothing in common with me, nor I with him. We go our separate ways. When I heard of the arrangement you kids made, I encouraged it. It appears to be fun for you both."

"Really fun for me," Amy giggled.

"Paul, you are not aggressive. Don't get embarrassed," she told him as she patted him reassuringly on the knee, "but you are not cut out for the

competitiveness of this world. You are by nature passive.”

“I can’t help it.”

“Well, we are lucky in this world, if we can find our rightful places. Amy was always headstrong...like her father. An Alpha male—only she was female. Perhaps she selected someone like you to marry because she knew she could dominate you. I think you will be happy, if you let Amy take over and she leaves the household affairs to you.”

Turning to her daughter, she continued, “As for you, Amy...you are a model because you're pretty. You are also too much like your father. He could use you in his business, should you ever want to join him. I, on the other hand, could never do a thing with you, at home. You always wanted things your own way, and all too often got them. If this makes everyone happy, what's the problem?”

“But, men don't go around dressing and acting like women,” Paul protested.

“Just consider that you are not an ordinary man,” Jan retorted. “You are a fortunate one, who has been able to discover both sides of his humanity. You can be a man with Amy,” (Paul flushed at this remark), “and yet you can enjoy the things that you both like to do.

“What do you two care about what other people might say? Who's going to know, anyway?” Janice arose from her seat. “It's getting late; see you in the morning, Paul, dear.”

She kissed each of them gently, on the mouth, then left.

Back in the bedroom, Amy handed Paul his nightgown, which he put on without comment. They went to directly to bed.

In the morning, Amy was pleased to discover that Paul had kept his nightgown on, and was wearing its matching peignoir while he was busy in the kitchen with breakfast.

She walked up to him and gave him a warm kiss, then said, “Thanks.”

“Thanks for what?” he asked in surprise.

“For everything and for being YOU,” she replied.

They had their breakfast, and discussed the conversation with Janice from the previous night.

Amy left for work, and Paul busied himself in the kitchen engrossed in making a mental grocery list and how to attack the domestic work around the home. It was quite relaxing to have coffee at the kitchen counter while dressed in a nightgown and robe. As Paul contemplated what he had to do that day, his hand ran down his gown and felt his mother-in-law’s beige, full cut brief Vanity Fair panties with the lace floral inset on the loin.

He didn't even hear Janice come in, letting herself in with the key she'd always had, but never before used.

She surprised Paul as he was doing the dishes.

“It’s darling and fits you well, Paul, dear,” she spoke, startling him.

Paul looked up from the sink, and stammered, “Oh, gosh! I didn't expect you...that is...I forgot you were coming.”

He moved his hands, and headed toward the door leading to the bedroom.

“Where are you going?” Janice asked.

“To change.”

“Oh, don't change for me. I'm like Amy on that...I rather like you the way you are,” she observed, “And I don't think you are being fair to Amy.”

Paul looked at her in shocked surprise. “What do you mean by that?”

“Well,” she explained, “it's one thing to clean house; it's another thing to clean house as a woman.

“A certain part of every woman's day is devoted to herself. She needs this for her own well being, as well as to look nice for her husband when he gets home. You will find that washing dishes or floors is one thing, but you have to wash, and still keep your manicure nice. You need some time each day to get ready for when Amy comes home...to look pretty. Something you both are having fun with?

“You mean get prettied up like June Cleaver?” Paul asked.

“Put yourself in my hands,” she said flatly. “I'll teach you everything you'll need to be the perfect homemaker and someone Amy will look forward to coming home to....”

Paul agreed to try.

After dressing, the rest of the day was spent with Jan as she further instructed him. A considerable portion of the time was devoted to practicing how to walk, sit, and arise from his seat, gracefully, in each case handling his skirt so as to prevent wrinkles and unladylike exposure.

Jan patiently showed him how to iron the chiffon dress, and taught him to rinse out his stockings so they'd be clean and snug for another wearing.

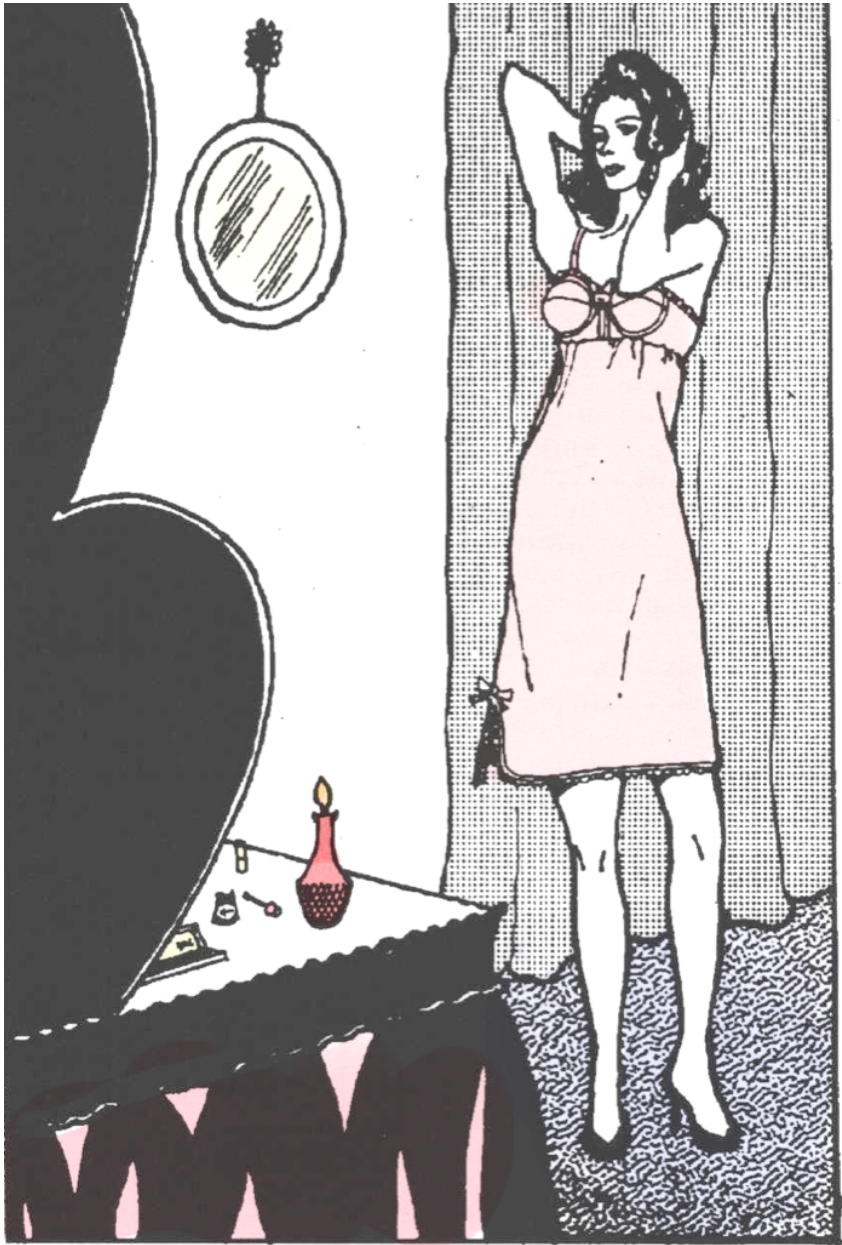
They talked about Amy's liking for Paul in feminine clothing and he had to agree. Who is to really care what someone wears or in what traditional role someone lives? What difference does it really make as long as one is happy living in that role.

Janice said, “Amy is perfectly content in life working at a traditional man's job. When she comes home, I know she loves seeing a clean house and a happy feminine nest.”

About four in the afternoon, they ceased working on household chores and Jan helped Paul prepare for Amy's return.

When Amy arrived home, Jan was gone, and Paul was ready for her. He was wearing the black chiffon dress and fully made up. The dinner was ready; the cocktails were ready; Paul was ready. Amy was elated.

Wednesday morning, Janice came very early, even before Amy had left for work. She informed Amy that she was taking over the instruction and care of Paul, and that they would not be home all day. She asked Amy to bring something home dinner from the Chinese restaurant.



*Paul was getting used to a feminine lifestyle. . .
what scared him was he liked it!*

After Amy had departed for work, Janice had Paul dress in his shirt and slacks and put on a sport coat. Then they left in her car.

She did not reveal to him where they were going, and just made idle chatter as they drove.

In one of the quiet moments, the thought occurred to Paul that he was making fewer and fewer protests as to what Amy and Janice were doing to him. Along with that came the recognition that he wasn't protesting because he actually liked it.

Janice turned into the shopping center parking lot, and parked near a store that had a sign reading "Mr. Charles' House of Beauty". They walked up to the door, and found it locked. Then Jan knocked on it, and a man in a white coat unlocked the door from inside and let them enter.

Janice had been patronizing this salon for years, and knew that Mr. Charles could be trusted to keep a confidence.

She explained to him...with a brief turn toward Paul, and a wink, "This is my son-in-law, who is going to be the leading lady at a charity play. I have decided to go all out, and I want you to really do him up. Paul will go along with anything you suggest. Won't you, Paul?"

Paul could tell that the explanation she had just given was mainly to put his own mind at rest, more than to divert the suspicions of the operator.

Charles walked to a phone and dialed a number, then spoke softly for a few moments, before returning to them. "My sister has the ladies' shop a few doors down. She will be here shortly to help us with the clothes," he told them. "In the meantime, put this on," he directed, handing Paul a pair of white nylon panties, and a terry wrap.

Paul was shown to a dressing room, where he disrobed and put on the garments.

As he was doing so, Charles put up a screen, effectively shielding the interior from the street side view.

Paul reentered the room to find that Charles' sister was already there. He reflected, again, that with each new experience, he was becoming less hesitant about the changes.

Under Charles' direction, he walked back and forth, so that he could be studied. He was stopped from time to time, so that the sister could take measurements from various parts of his body.

When she'd finished, the sister departed.

"What sort of character is he to be in the play?" Charles asked of Janice.

"The ingenue. Make him as sweet looking as you can," she told him. "Get to work."

He had Paul remove the robe, then lie face down on a padded massage table which was covered with paper.

"Please explain to us what you are doing," Janice requested, "so that Paul won't get too nervous."

Charles accommodatingly began an enumeration as he performed his tasks, "First, we have to remove the body hair."

He produced a set of electric clippers, and began shearing the hair from Paul's legs, starting at the ankles. After he'd had Paul turn over to get at the front of his legs, Charles continued to the arms and torso, clipping away even the hair from his arm pits.

Although Paul was wearing only panties, he had not felt naked until the hair had been removed.

Jan commented that, without all the hair, he was fairer skinned than she had expected.

Charles then repeated the process, using a razor. He then directed Paul to take a shower. Afterward, he proceeded to give him a complete rubdown with cold cream.

“This is to soften the stubble and give your skin a smoother, softer appearance,” Charles explained. That done, he had Paul replace the robe and don a pair of paper slippers.

Charles had taken this opportunity for a short break, and poured himself a cup of coffee, when his sister reappeared.

She had many packages cradled in one arm, and an armload of dresses over the other.

“I don't think I should make you too busty,” he said aloud, albeit to no one in particular. He brought out a pair of sponge rubber breasts of a small size. Directing him to open the robe, he held them up to Paul's chest. Apparently satisfied, Charles asked his sister for a bra, which she handed him. It was black and lacy.

Once again, he had Paul remove the robe. Placing the foam pads in the cups, Charles helped him get into the brassiere, and adjusted the straps so that the garment would fit without being too tight or too loose.

Then he went back to the pile for another item. Out came a black elastic waist cincher. It was of the type that required lacing. Having hooked it around Paul's middle, he proceeded to tighten it.

“Hey!” Paul cried in protest, “That's tight.”

“You'll have to get used to it. It's not even tight enough. Giving you a bust is easy, but you will have to suffer a little for a nice waist.

“I don't think I'll even bother fitting you for a girdle,” Charles mused. “You aren't that hippy.”

His sister nodded in agreement, then added, “If we don't take you in at the bottom, it will better accent your waist and shape.”

Charles emphasized the point by pulling the cincher's strings even tighter.

It not only drew in his waist, but it shortened Paul's breath. He could barely get enough air to keep

from gasping, yet he found it tolerable. He discovered that he actually liked the secure tightness around his body. Moreover, the mirrors weren't covered here, so he'd been taking it all in, as they went from step to step. His hips now curved outward softly from his tucked in waist.

Charles' sister now took Paul in hand, and led him to a pair of chairs. "Let me have your hand," she directed.

Paul gave her his hand, and she proceeded to give it a manicure.

"A woman's nails are expected to taper toward the ends," she explained as she clipped and filed on them. When she'd finished with both hands, she asked her brother what shade to use. He provided a bottle of nail enamel, which she began to apply to Paul's nails.

Paul had manicures before, but he was fascinated at the sight of his hands, free of hair, with bright red, tapering nails.

When they were dry, he looked them over, folding his fingers toward himself.

"No, Paul, not like that," Janice instructed. "A woman always looks at her hands this way." She demonstrated for him, holding her hand with the fingers extended, the palm facing away.

Paul copied her example, even trying to imitate her graceful motion.

"Know how to put on stockings?" Charles' sister interjected.

Not realizing how much he was admitting, Paul answered, "Yes, I think so."

"Here," she said as she handed him a garter belt. "You'll need this, since you're not going to be wearing a girdle."

With little guidance, Paul fastened it into place, then proceeded to pull the stockings onto his shaven

legs. He thrilled at the sight of his hands, with their bright red nails, carefully smoothing the silky material over each foot and up the limb. That done, he completed the action by snapping them to the belt's tabs.

The stockings were a much lighter shade than those he'd worn at home, but, with the hair was gone, his legs looked much nicer.

"You have a well shaped calf and ankle," Charles' sister remarked as she helped him slip his feet into a pair of leather pumps. They were red, with two and a half inch heels.

"Now stand up, and trying walking in them," she ordered.

Paul did so, and was surprised to find that they fitted so well. He had always wondered how women could stand to wear high heels, but was further surprised to discover that he wasn't having an especially difficult time on his first attempt. He paced back and forth trying to acclimate himself to the unaccustomed angles his feet and body had to assume.

Charles' sister explained that, for a few days, his calf muscles might be sore as the leg muscles got used to their new position.

Next, Paul was given a slip to put on. Like the bra it was black, with lace femininely edging the hem and covering the bodice.

Charles said, "Most guys absolutely love the way that girl's underwear feel and how the slip's hem swirls around smooth thighs."

Paul said nothing as he was helped back into the terry robe.

Charles sat him down at a makeup table, and proceeded to try on various wigs. He began with blondes, then tried reds, but finally settled on a chestnut brown which was nearly identical to Paul's own natural color. It

was a modified pageboy, with gentle waves falling from the sides and back, and wispy bangs on the forehead.

Satisfied, Charles removed the wig and began to make up Paul's face, tailoring the selection and blending of various items to suit Paul's skin type as well as coloring. He explained each procedure, doing one side, then directing Paul as he tried to match it on the other.

When Charles began to tweeze the eyebrows, Paul protested. He was careful reassured that the effect would only be to clean up the lines a little, and would not be noticeable, so Paul let him continue.

With the makeup done, Charles put the wig back onto Paul's head and spent a little time combing and arranging it. Finally, he exclaimed, "Viola!" and stepped back to display his creation.

The sister helped Paul into a white blouse, which she buttoned up the back. Next she helped him step into a dark blue knit skirt, and fastened a matching wide leather belt around his waist, which further accented the trim curvature of his cinched-in waist.

Over the blouse, she helped him don a jacket, which was fitted at the waist, with a flare at the back. The sleeves reached just short of his wrists. Like the skirt, it was a blue wool knit. He quickly realized that the two pieces were actually a suit.

After she fastened the single button that served as closure, she gave a light tug to the hem of the jacket, letting it shape to his figure.

She stepped away from him, and Charles took over. "Now, walk back and forth for me again," he directed.

Paul did so, but was so fascinated by the high-heeled shoes, that he tried to watch his feet as he walked.

"No! No!" Charles cried in dismay. "A lady never walks around watching her feet."

Paul looked up in surprise.

Charles, realizing his slip of tongue, apologized profusely, explaining, “It is so difficult to remember, now, that you are not a woman.

“Please try it again,” he continued.

Paul tried again, this time straightening his shoulders and holding his head erect. He walked slowly, taking small steps. By placing one foot nearly in front of the other, he imparted a distinct swaying motion to his hips.

“That's better,” Charles remarked, “with a little practice you will get it.”

Becoming more fascinated by the minute, with the image created by the wig on his head and the artful application of cosmetics, Paul strutted over to the full-length mirror. He gave his head a quick shake, and noticed with satisfaction that the hair was soft, and responded to his motion as if it were his own hair.

“You look lovely,” Janice said with warm admiration.

Charles interjected, “Yes, I'm almost satisfied.”

To no one in particular, Paul asked, “What size am I?”

Charles' sister quickly answered, “You are a size twelve.”

Charles observed, “You look just a little heavy for your age. I think you'd look much better at about ten pounds less.”

His sister added, “That would bring you down to a size ten, which would definitely suit you better.”

Janice made a mental note to put Paul on a diet.

Looking up at the clock on the wall, Charles discovered it was already nearly one o'clock, so he declared it was time for a lunch break. He generously offered to go to the nearby restaurant and bring back sandwiches and coffee, a suggestion that was well received all around.

While he was away, his sister engaged Janice in private conversation for about fifteen minutes. Then she left, presumably to return to her shop.

Paul couldn't hear what they were saying, but he could tell that Janice had done most of the talking, while the other woman had been mainly nodding her head in agreement.

Janice turned her attention to Paul, first to explain that Charles's sister couldn't stay for lunch, but that she expected to be back later.

With only the barest of hesitation, he said, "I feel a little strange doing this in front of a man, mother dear."

"Do you like your new clothes?"

"Oh, YES!" he gushed. "Do you think Amy will like them?"

"You'll find out, won't you? Do you feel comfortable in them?" she pressed.

Paul didn't speak for a few moments, then, very indefinitely, he tried to express himself. "I really can't describe it. I feel so...well...girlish...feminine. I feel as though it's okay to behave differently in these clothes. I can walk, talk, and make feminine gestures. Do you understand what I'm trying to say?"

"And you think that women's clothes shouldn't be that comfortable?" Janice prompted.

"Well...I don't know; I guess..." Paul paused with a deep sigh.

Janice tried to answer for him, "Your head says it shouldn't feel so right, but your heart says it does; is that what you mean?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Don't worry about it. It will be all right after you get used to it...trust me, Mother knows."

Shortly, Charles returned with a bag full of sandwiches and soft drinks. The three of them sat at the coffee table and had their lunch.

Paul marveled at the realization that he'd been taking smaller bites, and chewing less conspicuously than usual, without conscious direction. When he was through, he took a paper napkin and gently patted his mouth, rather than the usual rub down. With only sporadic conversation, Paul noticed that Charles was observing his actions closely.

When they'd finished with lunch, Charles gave Paul a wraparound smock, telling him to remove his suit and blouse. Paul took the garment, wondering what was next in store for him.

While Paul was changing, Charles began talking with Janice most earnestly. This time Janice was doing the listening and nodding in agreement.

In a few moments Paul came out without the suit, and the slip showing beneath the blouse; he needed help getting the blouse unbuttoned from the back. Janice undid them for him, and he returned to the dressing room. Charles and Janice hurried, to complete their conversation.

Shortly, Paul returned, still in his hose and heels, but wearing the smock. He had neatly arranged the suit on a hanger, and put in on a rack in the main room.

“What now?” he asked, nearly interrupting the end of their talk.

“Charles is going to give you a facial,” Janice replied. “He feels that it will soften your skin. I also have given him a few other instructions. Be a good boy, and heed what he tells you.

“I have to go out for a while, but I shall return before you are done.” She reached out for Paul's hand and gave it a little squeeze, then let herself out.

Paul was directed to a lounge chair, which allowed his head to lean back slightly, while the rest of his body was in a semi-reclining position. Charles gently removed the wig, and placed it on a wig block. Then he proceeded to remove the makeup from Paul's face. Next he applied an herbal masque to draw all the impurities from deep in the pores.

All the while, he'd been making idle conversation, sprinkled with explanations of what he was doing and why.

Suddenly, he became very direct, "So, you're in a play?"

"Yes," Paul replied, with a suspiciously tentative voice.

"You will do well."

"I hope so."

Charles was still for a few moments, then a wave of resolve washed across his face. "Just what are you?" he bluntly asked of Paul.

Paul began to feel faint, and asked, wide eyed, "What do you mean?"

"Listen, I know that you aren't in any play...certainly not any charity production. Do you know what this day is costing Janice?"

Paul gave just the slightest shake of his head.

"Hundred of dollars more that any play would make," Charles answered his own question, "plus the cost of the clothing and the wig. Everything here is the finest...all bought for you...nothing rented."

Paul felt as though he could die of shame, right that very moment. He tried to say something, but his throat was so tight that he could only gurgle meaninglessly.

Charles could see that he'd made his point. Of course, he'd all ready known the score for his conversation with Janice. However, he felt he had to

eliminate the sham if he was going to be able to give Paul the help he really needed.

Very gently, he spoke again, “It's all right. I knew it wasn't a play from the start. Janice has filled me in on your situation. I am going to help you in any way I can. Besides, it's fun for me too.”

Paul was extremely grateful that his face was covered by the masque and towel, hiding the evidence of his embarrassment. He nodded in assent.

After the facial, Charles had Paul remove the bra and inserts. He brought out two very authentic looking breasts. After applying an adhesive, he carefully located each one on Paul's chest and worked it into a smooth fit. While he was feathering the edges with a special makeup base, Charles explained that the silicone filling in these forms would give them weight and bounce which would duplicate that of real breasts. By the time he'd finished, the adhesive had properly set, so Charles had Paul sit up so that the bra could be refitted.

When Paul saw himself in the mirror, bearing realistic breasts that seemed his own, he flushed with excitement. “Amy is going to....” He wasn't sure what she would do.

“As long as you are going to look real, these are much better than ordinary foam rubber,” Charles told him, as he fastened the bra in place and readjusted the straps.

“Now since we are going for REAL,” Charles smiled, “Let's really surprise....” Charles showed Paul a wisp of a garment, not unlike a string bikini. It wasn't as insubstantial as Paul first guessed.

“This is a “Fem-Lessismore” gaff,” he explained. “It will hold it your male parts in where they can't give you away, should you have to use a lady's room.”

Charles directed Paul as he donned the device and arranged himself for a proper “flat” fit, then helped him adjust the various straps to keep the desired effect.

Paul listened, but did not think that such would ever be a problem. He couldn't imagine that he would ever be in need of using a rest room where there might be others to notice.

With the smock back in place, Charles turned his attention to rebuilding Paul's makeup. This time he had Paul do the whole job. He only provided instruction and correction while Paul completed each step.

Paul learned the differences between daytime and evening makeup by trying examples of each. He also received preliminary instructions on how to care for his wig.

There were many more questions that Charles was dying to ask of Paul, he didn't dare just then, out of fear of going too far and losing a good customer.

He returned again to Paul's eyebrows, stating that they were still too bushy for his new image. This time he arched them into a thinner, yet natural appearing, feminine line.

Paul allowed himself to become submerged in ecstasy. He had never felt so relaxed and natural. It was as if he had been in such clothes, and spending weekly session in a beauty parlor, all his life.

He listened to the instructions carefully, and followed them explicitly. However, he was finding it hard to be patient as he discovered that he already understood, instinctively, much of what Charles was explaining.

A third time, Paul went through the process of doing his own makeup. This time Charles was satisfied with the results, and allowed him to redress in his new ensemble.

Paul hadn't been out of the dressing room very long when Janice and Charles' sister came into the salon together. He arose from his seat to greet them.

“A lady does not rise when someone enters the room, dear,” Janice corrected. “Only a man does.”

With just a hint of hurt in his voice, Paul responded, “I just wanted to show you how I look.” Then he did a pirouette for them.

In open admiration, Janice exclaimed, “Precious.”

“She looks,...er,” Charles' sister checked herself, “I mean, ‘he’ looks lovely.”

Paul was very happy to have pleased them. “Except I still could stand to lose those ten pounds,” he observed.

“Well, then, we’ll work on it, my dear,” Janice encouraged him.

Charles was studying Paul, with a puzzled look in his expression. “I don't know what,” he said aloud, “but something seems missing, yet. That's it! Jewelry,” he announced. “She has no jewelry.”

Once again he'd lapsed unwittingly into using the feminine form of reference for Paul.

“You're right,” Janice confirmed. “Let's see what we can do about that.”

Jan and Charles' sister left quickly to get some items from her shop while Charles resumed Paul's education. He now turned his attention to the voice.

“You are fortunate in that you are not a baritone,” he advised. “Still, you do not have the voice of a woman, either. Luckily, appearance dominates people's impressions. To all appearances you are female...not only female, but feminine...there's a difference, you know.”

Paul nodded in agreement.

“You want your voice to be higher, but not a falsetto...that is an obvious giveaway. Don't talk from

the chest, where you resonate; let your voice start in your throat. Talk softly, not quite a whisper, but with a Monroe-like breathiness.

“People may think you have a cold, but that's better than revealing the power of a man's voice.

“Try to avoid the telephone; you won't have the advantage of the other person seeing you. For that matter, don't start talking to someone from behind; let them see you first.

“You'll need to develop a feminine vocabulary. Try sprinkling your conversations with words like ‘darling’, ‘honey’, ‘cute’, and ‘sweet’, but don't overdo it. This can be particularly effective to use such words in describing inanimate objects, as with a ‘cute hat’, or a ‘darling dress’. You can also use them for abstractions, such as a ‘sweet thought’.”

It hadn't taken Jan and Charles' sister long to get what they needed and return. They took over with Paul, first placing a string of simulated pearls around his neck, and then adding a gold bracelet to his right wrist. Next Jan attached pearl-like drops to his ear lobes.

Paul wasn't too happy about the earrings because they pinched.

When he protested, Jan shushed him, saying, “A lady does not go out without earrings.”

Charles sister occupied herself with fitting a hat in place on Paul's head. It was a pillbox style, white, with a small amount of veiling about it. When it was arranged to her satisfaction, she pinned it securely to his wig.

It was getting into late afternoon, and Paul, after taking an opportunity to admire his new image, remarked, “Jan, we'd better be going. I'll wash up and change.”

Appearing perplexed, she asked, “Change what?”

“Why, change back into my slacks, of course,” Paul replied, astonished that he had to explain.

“Silly thing,” she replied, “you can't change back, now, and still get dressed again in time for Amy. It's already past four o'clock.”

“But I can't go out on the street like this,” he protested. “What if someone sees me?”

Jan was firm. “You'll just have to, dear. Your slacks are already out in the car, and I'm not going to bring them in for you. So there really is no other choice, is there?”

So saying, she handed Paul a small clutch purse, in red leather that matched his belt. This he tucked into the crook of his elbow.

Charles then gave Paul a round, white, leatherette case, explaining that the cosmetics he would need were inside. He added to this a paper sack, with the wig block inside.

Thus loaded, Paul was taken firmly in tow by Janice. They said their good-byes, then ventured out into the parking lot toward her car. When they reached it, Jan opened the door for him. In a seemingly instinctive movement, he made a half turn, lowered himself onto the seat, then swung his legs inside. As he settled into place, he relaxed his grip on the packages, letting them lay on his lap.

Jan closed the door, smiling with satisfaction at the typically feminine way he had entered the car.

They rode home in silence, each deep in private thought.

Watching them leave, Charles' sister asked him, “What do you think?”

“Darned if I know,” he mused, “I wonder just what is going to happen from here. I'd love to be a fly on the wall when Amy sees what we did to her husband.”

“I'm sure he'll be back for more,” his sister speculated.

When Janice parked the car, Paul was in a state of panic. He wouldn't get out of the car, until she had assured him that no one was around. When he finally got him out of the car, he hurried, only to discover that he had to wait for her, since his keys hadn't been transferred to the purse he carried.

Only after they were safely inside did Paul relax a little. They spent the remaining time before Amy returned sitting in the living room, talking. Janice resumed giving Paul pointers on feminine behavior and his voice, which he absorbed intently.

"I hope she doesn't laugh too hard," Paul sighed.

They didn't have to wait long, before Amy arrived with dinner. Loaded with packages, she rang the doorbell.

"Wait here," Janice instructed, as she arose to let Amy in. She guided Amy straight to the kitchen, where they put the cartons in the oven to keep them warm. Then she led her into the living room, where Paul was primly sitting, and waiting for her.

"Oh, Paul!" Amy squealed with delight at this vision of him. She studied him sitting there, wearing fitted clothes, displaying a decidedly feminine figure. She appraised the overall image: natural looking hair, in a style that suited his face; artful makeup blended to his own complexion. "You are simply scrumptious. I could just eat you up."

Seeing that he didn't stand when she entered the room, she drew him up from his seat. "Okay, young lady, show me what else you learned." She directed him through various poses, to model for her. She heaped praise upon him, commenting on his curvaceous shape, and the sexiness of his clean-shaven legs in their high heels.

“Isn't he just darling?” her mother asked. “It was the least I could do for you. I know how I feel in clothes that aren't just right for me.”

Amy replied, “I must say, Paul is coming around beautifully. I could just love him to death.”

Paul was immensely pleased at her reaction to the changes wrought that day. “You'll have to wait you're your sweet mother leaves, darling,” he chided, in a high sugary voice. He gracefully touched his hands to his hair, patting a few strands into place.

The little feminine gestures were not missed by Amy, who remarked, “Delightful! Oh, darling, you look simply wonderful.”

Amy and Janice lapsed into conversation with each other, over the day's events. So Paul quietly slipped off to the bedroom, where, using the mirror, he carefully removed his hat. Then he removed the suit jacket so he could hang it up in the closet.

He was amazed at what he saw when he opened the closet door, and immediately returned to the living room.

“Where are my clothes?” Paul interrupted, an angry tenseness in his voice.

“Shhh. Sit down dear,” Amy responded calmly, “I must hear the end of mother's story.”

Without the jacket obstructing her view, Amy could more clearly see of Paul's new bust and waistline through the blouse. “Wow!” she stopped for a second, “your new figure is HOT. Go ahead, mother....”

Paul was a little miffed at being put off like that, but not enough to lose his temper, so he sat down beside Amy, smoothing his skirt as he did. He involuntarily tugged at the hem of the skirt, which had ridden up a bit as he'd settled into place and crossed his legs.

Amy had seen the motion, and put her hand on his knee. “Precious,” she motioned.

Soon Janice had finished the recounting the day's activities, and Paul again asked, "What happened to my clothes in the closet."

"Aren't they just like they've always been, dear?" Amy asked in surprise.

Janice smiled and interjected, "Surprise! That is the remainder of my revelation, children. It's like ripping off a Band-Aid, you just do it quick."

Amy and Paul stared at Janice as she went on, "Paul was feeling so guilty and 'funny' about doing feminine things, so I decided to make it NOT optional."

"My clothes are gone?" Paul gasped.

"You remember, Paul, when I left you at the shop this afternoon? Well, I came to the apartment, and I filled your closet with some fun things I think you both will enjoy. Later on, you will want to buy some things of your very own, but I wanted to be sure you had a good start. Unless, of course, Amy objects to the new you...."

Amy laughed, "No objection here. I can't wait to see what's under that skirt."

Paul blushed, remembering the gaff. "Gee honey...."

Amy stopped him, "After dinner, we'll go through what is there and you can model them for us."

"But what about my men's clothes?" Paul demanded.

Amy broke in, saying, "Sweetie, it doesn't look like you will need them for a while, and they would have taken up needed space here."

Janice said, "I took them to my house, where I'm keeping them for you. Until you BOTH really want them back, you two can have such fun exploring a new kind of relationship." She winked at Paul. "Dinner is in the oven waiting for it to be served."

Mollified, Paul got up to set the table. Then he brought the Chinese dinner in from the oven. In minutes, they were enjoying their meal.

Before long, the conversation was steered to Paul's name. "You know," Janice observed, "The name 'Paul' is simply unsuitable for him now."

"Honey," Amy agreed, "With that figure, we just can't go on calling you 'Paul'."

Paul sighed, "If you guys are serious about keeping me in dresses, I'm not going to feel like a 'Paul'."

"You need a feminine name to use when you're in this mode," Amy continued. "Paula is a logical choice."

Paul's mind recalled some childhood teasing he'd suffered. "I don't really like 'Paula,'" he told them, "besides, it may be too obvious."

"He's right," Janice confirmed. "He needs a female name that he can begin to identify with."

They proceeded to throw out a list of names, each taking successive turns. None of the standards, like Mary, Jane, or Alice seemed to fit. Janice said, "Pick the name of the prettiest girl in high school...and not Amy."

"There was Barbara. I've always liked the name 'Barbara,'" Paul mused.

"Barbara," Amy repeated, thoughtfully. After a long pause, she stated, "Barbara. I like that and I think it fits you very well. Shall I call you Barbara?"

"Barbara, Barbara, Barbara," Paul slowly repeated. "I think I like it," he said firmly.

Janice agreed with them.

Thus it was, that Paul adopted the name 'Barbara'. The others immediately dropped the use of his male name. They began calling him by his chosen nom-de-femme, and began to get used to it. Like: "Barbara, dear. Please pass the chicken-fried rice," Amy teased.

Like the new, feminine, clothes, the new name felt suitable when in a dress.

“Barbara,” Amy asked, “Why aren’t you eating?”

Paul laughed, “I’m wearing a waist cincher.” He said it was so tight that he couldn’t eat as much as he normally would.

“It’s worth it for THAT figure,” Amy teased. Moreover, she admitted to being very excited over the day’s events, as well as to the prospect of inspecting Paul’s new clothes and underclothes.

Amy said, “Barbara, you can leave the dishes until later, so that we can see your new outfits now. So show me what you learned today....”

The three of them went into the bedroom together.

Paul sat primly down at the makeup table and crossed his legs above the knee. He applied fresh lipstick, then used a hair pick to touch up his hairstyle. By the time he was satisfied with his appearance, he realized that he was in desperate need of using the toilet. He excused himself, went to the bathroom and closed the door.

There, he remembered discovered that his modesty device prevented him from relieving himself in the way he been accustomed to doing, unless it was removed. He remembered Charles’ counsel about this matter, and sat down. He found that, in this position, with a little manipulation he could void himself without the necessity of removing the gaff.

For Paul, the feelings were so confusing. Amy would soon see what he’d done between his legs. It was a garment that no real husband would agree to wear even for the sake of his marriage. But Paul, completely encased in women’s clothes from neck to toes, readjusted everything about his hips, bottom and nyloned legs.

And with his little gaff controlling his maleness, he pulled up his panty gusset up tight. Was this what Amy wanted? A totally dickless husband?

Paul returned to the bedroom to discover Amy had gotten out the camera while he carefully went about removing his suit and hanging it up in the closet.

Amy watched him, and while he was still in just his slip, she came over to him and put one arm around his waist. With her free hand she gently ran a finger over his hairless skin.

“Mmmm. Smooth. And so creamy...really, Barb,” she purred, “You are so soft.”

Amy made the observation that his bust line was different than it had been with just wadded tissue to padding. Her mother described the material they were made of, and explained that the forms were the same type that women used after enduring a mastectomy. She detailed how they were camouflaged so that only a minute inspection could reveal that they weren't the real thing.

Amy then insisted that Barbara remove his slip so that she could see it for herself. He flushed with embarrassment, and was quite hesitant to reveal himself. Nevertheless, Amy coaxed him into it.

Amy's eyes flashed right between his legs where his gaff had compressed his male parts well up into his crotch area to produce only a smoothed over surface under the silken gusset of his girly panties.

“Oh my!” Amy gasped. “It's perfect. It's amazing... like you are really my wife! I love IT!”

“Really?” he asked. In bra and panties, the sensation of being “without” was not all that unpleasant.

Janice said, “I think it helps with the way he walks.”

“Obviously,” Amy said as the cleavage grabbed her attention. It appeared that Paul's breasts were his own flesh.

“If only my breasts were so pert,” lamented Jan.

“Maybe Barbara will loan them to you?” laughed Amy.

Amy put her arms around feminized husband and unfastened his bra hooks. Trembling, Paul lifted his arms slightly and allowed Amy to slide the brassiere away from his torso. The bashful flush spread from his cheeks to his throat and chest as Amy fingered and examined his ersatz breasts.

“Stop fidgeting,” she admonished him, “as your wife, I have certain privileges.”

Then her facial expression turned solemn, and she cupped a hand under one of his breasts. She spoke in a very serious tone, “I love seeing you wear these. You might even learn to love wearing pretty brassieres”

“I have to take them off sometimes, or my skin will break out,” Barbara protested.

“Then give yourself the airing when I'm not home, an ideal time would be during your daily oil bath.”

In surprise, Barbara responded, “I didn't know I was to take a daily oil bath.”

“Well, now you do,” Amy insisted. “It will keep your skin soft.” As an afterthought, she added, “I didn't realize you were so fair.”

“I don't know how he was ever a man?” laughed Jan.

“Please, Mother, it's embarrassing enough,” Paul protested.

“Show us your new dresses, Barbara dear, and we'll discuss your manhood later,” Jan said firmly.

Paul didn't like being put off, but couldn't find the resolve to resist Jan. She opened the closet door, exposing feminine clothes of all kinds.

“Are they all for me?” Paul asked in surprise, mingled with trepidation.

“To the extent that they fit, dear.” Jan replied.

“Some probably won't,” she explained. “I brought selections from my own wardrobe that I don't need or use anymore. Some were too young. Others are things I bought from Charles' sister, who put them in the car while you were busy in the beauty shop. The underthings, with the exception of one or two slips are new; the shoes have to be new, because you are a size larger than me. It's too bad too, because I have so many like new shoes I don't wear anymore.”

“Mom,” Amy said, “I love the jewelry.”

“The costume jewelry? Most of it I brought from home. Anyway, don't worry about it, let's have a fashion show.”

Paul was in awe of the amount of clothes. More than he'd ever need. There were cotton dresses, one in classic shirtwaist style, with a full skirt, plus some simple shifts, one sleeveless. There were dressier styles in polyester pongee, or various knits, with slim or A-line skirts. Sorting through the hangers, Barbara found a blue jumper that could be worn with or without a blouse.

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 poly/cotton, spun polyester, or a poly/wool knit, as well as a number of blouses, ranging from a woven cotton camp shirt, to a cowl neck made of pure silk.

Barbara's eye was caught by a particularly attractive, white, knife-pleated summer skirt, and a pale blue, satin jacquard blouse with ties at the bottom of the long narrow neckline which could be knotted into floppy bow right between the breasts.

He gasped, “I bet I have more dresses than any man in the world!”

Amy and Janice spent the next three hours helping Barbara into and out of each item, moving them about to taste on his side of the closet. He modeled every outfit, executing a pirouette at the end of each feature.

For each change, Amy posed her mate for a photograph directing him into various poses, sitting, standing or walking even taking close-ups of Barbara's face.

Several times, Janice, who was an experienced seamstress, marked with pins some of the items that didn't fit well enough, so that they could be altered. A few items were discarded, at the suggestion of Jan or Amy, as unsuitable.

With several of the outfits, Jan knelt and marked the skirt for hemming to a shorter, more fashionable length.

“What's Barbara's size, Mother?” Amy inquired.

“A twelve at the shoulders and bust, but only a ten waist and torso. Many of these pieces will have to be altered to make them fit properly.”

Barbara had yet to try on any of the shoes in the closet. In addition to the red pumps he had been wearing since the visit to the beauty parlor, there were another pair of high heeled pumps in black patent leather, a pair of soft moccasins, velvet lounging slippers which had a gold thread applique of little flowers around the rim, and a pair of white mules with a fuzzy fur covering the instep. There was even a pair of pink and white jogging shoes.

His face expressing wonderment, he looked at his mother-in-law and remarked, “You thought of everything, didn't you?”

When Jan didn't immediately respond, but Amy did, observing, “It's a shame Barb's not my size, then we could double up on our clothes.”

“Well, I think that she might get down to a ten on top, when she loses about ten pounds,” Jan offered.

“Mother, PLEASE,” Barbara exclaimed, exasperated at her use of the feminine pronoun.

Jan ignored him and continued talking to Amy, as though he didn't exist. “Barbara can intermingle the accessories easily enough. I brought over some of my ‘junk’ jewelry...all that I can spare without Jim getting suspicious. He thinks Goodwill had a really good day.”

Finally acknowledging his presence, Janice turned her attention from Amy, “By the way, Barbie, I filled your dresser drawers with the underthings you'll need. There are several slips, including a taffeta party slip, some panties, another girdle, and a bra or two. I brought so much I can't remember it all. I also picked up some new stockings for you. I don't think that you can wear Amy's. Hers will be too small for you.”

It had taken several hours for the fashion show, and as it was getting late in the evening, Jan told Barbara to get washed 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?” Amy counseled.

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,” Amy called after him, with a giggle.

While Barbara was putting his things away, and undressing, he kicked off his shoes. Now, the realization that he had been walking in the high heels for hours came to him with a vengeance. He had to massage his calves quite firmly for a minute to keep them from cramping.

Janice whispered something to Amy. Then Amy picked up the snapshots she had taken and followed her into the living room to wait for Barbara.

“I think I’d better stay over here tonight, Amy; you may need me,” Jan told her. “She has to be straightened out for one final time, and I think I know just how to do it.”

Amy listened thoughtfully, then, after brief reflection, she nodded in agreement.

“I’ll call Jim,” Janice continued, “and tell him not to expect me...that I’ll be here.” She walked to the phone and called home to make the arrangements.

Soon Barbara 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 ill concealing his ersatz breasts. Flesh colored and firm, they lent him a maidenly appearance that thrilled him.

He was wearing his wig, and, although the makeup had been removed, he’d reapplied some lipstick. His skin was still so smooth from the treatment at the beauty parlor, which made lipstick all he needed to maintain his feminine imagine.

“My, what a lovely vision,” Amy gushed with admiration.

“I agree. Barbara, sit down, my dear, next to me,” commanded Jan. “We have some talking out to do.”

“Yes, Mother,” he replied softly.

“Now,” she demanded, “what’s this obsession with wanting to know when you will get your male clothes back?”



Amy's mother seemed intent on feminizing Paul completely!

Amy sat quietly, watching her husband squirm intently. She had been instructed to leave things in her mother's hands, and, for once, was obeying her mother's wishes.

"But, I am a male," Paul protested. "This is fun but...."

"The masculinity protest," she mused. "I thought I saw it coming this evening," she observed sternly. "Well, we had just better work it out."

Paul was again being talked to like a small child. His happiness of the day gave way to hurt. Jan noticed the change in his facial expression, and continued in the same stern voice. "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 all about them: domineering, arrogant, swaggering, blowhards...every one of them."

"I didn't have a choice," Jim tried to add.

"Jim and I have had nothing in common since the day we were married, and I can tell you, most women don't," she continued, warming up to her favorite subject. "Who makes the wars? Men. Who created this tension-filled world? Men. Don't tell me about men, sister; I know all about them."

Jan didn't even acknowledge that he' spoken, but continued, "Do you like your new wardrobe?"

Paul sat silently, only nodding his head.

"Answer me," Jan commanded.

"Yes, MOTHER," he conceded.

"So quit worrying about male clothes. Amy loves you like this, you seem to enjoy the woman's work and you have a beautiful wardrobe. What is your problem?"

Paul made a couple of false starts with his mouth, unable to get any words out. Then gesturing over the length of his body, he exclaimed, "Look at what you've made of me. I don't know if it's right?" he stammered.

Jan rebutted. “Amy and I did not make anything of you. Do you think, for one second, that any of this could have been done without your consent and some desire?”

“I never had any desires like this before,” he countered.

“They may not have been on the surface, but they were there. Tell us, is being happy so terrible?”

Barbara was silent for a moment, thinking of what to say. It came out in a rush, “Four days ago, I'd never had a skirt on in my life; I was a man. Now, I haven't a single article of men's clothing to my name...only dresses and other women's clothes. How can I face my friends, and other people? What will they think?”

“I don't care about anyone else. And it can only get better as you accept your new role,” his wife said tenderly.

“I like this but Charles at the beauty shop, told me I was being made up to `pass'. What did he mean? I like to wear these things but did he mean OUT? I must confess to being extremely happy...although I don't know why. Why can't we just do it at home, by ourselves, and no one else ever know?”

Janice regained control by answering for Amy, “Just how long do you think that would work? No! It has to be one way or the other.”

“But, Mom, this passing business: I wouldn't fool anyone. Sooner or later people will find out.”

“Nonsense,” Jan asserted. She wasn't about to be diverted by his fears.

“Amy, show HER the pictures that you took this evening. Barbie has yet to see herself as she really is. All she has seen is her mirror image, when she was too excited to actually take a good look at herself.”

Barbara had become too intimidated to protest Jan's continued use of feminine pronouns when she referred to him.

Janice drew closer to him and, one by one, showed him the shots that Amy had taken.

For the first time, without the excitement of the new clothes and the events of the day, he saw how he really appeared. He presented the image of a very pleasant, wholesome appearing, young woman. In spite of his size, the clothes made him look more slender than he really was.

When he commented on this, it was explained that the cut of women's clothes are intended to slenderize, and accentuate, whereas men's clothes are cut to make a man appear muscular.

He saw in the photos a woman in her early twenties (the makeup made him appear several years younger), who was neither thin, nor particularly fat, but rather round and firm.

He had never been muscular, but he'd certainly never realized that he was so rounded. The pictures left no more doubts; his appearance was, indeed, that of a real woman.

“What about my voice, my actions?” he appealed.

Amy broke in again, “Sweet, I don't know what has happened to your voice, but you can pass...believe me. Your tone isn't a soprano, but, honestly, honey, I've heard real women with far more masculine voices.”

“As for your actions,” Jan interrupted, “believe me, dear, there is very little more I can teach you. Your carriage, your poise: you have it. And it will only get more natural with time. In a couple weeks....”

Tears began to well up in his eyes, as he thought of something for a moment. He struggled to hold them back.

“What is it now?” Amy inquired with special tenderness.

“I'm a damn weirdo; that's what I am,” he sniffled.

“Why do you say THAT?”

“Because, just before I came in, I couldn't help admiring my figure in the mirror and wishing that my breasts were real. I've been dressed this way for only four days, and it seems as if I have never dressed any other way. I find myself thinking as a woman, all day long. I look forward to the next house-keeping or womanly task, no matter how trivial. You're right...it IS woman's work; and I'm very good at it.”

Almost as if it were an afterthought, he whimpered, “But I don't want my organ removed.”

“No!” Amy responded quickly. “No need for that!” Then she blushed at the implication of her remark. She recovered instantly, continuing, “If you are weird, then so am I. I love living with a man who is very much a woman...a man with tenderness and an interest in some of the things that I love, such as clothes and gossip. I don't want a marital relationship like Mother and Dad. I guess I want a wife like my mother....”

“Just a minute, children,” Jan interrupted. The conversation was getting too far afield of her goal.

“Who is to say what is normal? Even the psychiatrists don't have a universal definition for 'normal'.” She told Barbara, “You can't be both Barbara and Paul. You must decide which it will be...the old way or the new. Moreover, I have a plan that will allow you to 'pass', as you call it, without any difficulty.”

“Gawd, what a big decision,” Paul sighed.

Janice said, “It's easier now. You only have to continue to do what you are doing and stop agonizing over it. Give it some time. If you want to be Paul, then I will return your male clothes, and you and Amy can continue your fights on the way to the divorce court...because that's where you both were heading.”

“Darling,” Amy took over, “Even your personality has been changing. I love the new you. You're sweet and kind, and, I might add, in bed you are positively

fantastic in bed. You have been a different person these last few days, and I love it.”

Paul was silent for a few moments. His head was swimming. Amazingly, what they were saying did make some sort of sense.

“So just continue doing what I’m doing. For how long?” he finally asked. “What about school, this fall?” he reminded them. “I have to go back to my job: teaching.”

“I’ll tell you what,” Amy replied brightly, “Vacation’s just started; let’s just do it for the summer, and then we’ll see.”

Janice added, “To put your mind at rest, if at any time you decide you want to revert back to being ‘Paul’, you can have your clothes back, and that will be the end of Barbara. OK.”

Paul didn’t miss the emphasis she put on ‘end’. Was it was all or nothing? If he chose to give up being ‘Barbara’, there’d be no returning later on. With that as a safety net, he was convinced to give it his all. After wiping his eyes with the tissue Amy offered, his countenance brightened. “Gawd,” he sighed, “I can’t imagine how this could work being 100% female.” he told them.

Jan adjusted herself on the couch and outlined the plan. “We tell everyone Paul Anders has gone East for the summer, to take a refresher course. Miss Barbara Anders will be explained as Paul’s cousin, who was staying here with Amy while Paul is away. With proper makeup and some weight loss, the similarities between Paul and Barbara can be obscured enough to make comparisons inconclusive.”

Amy said, “Some people would have to know.”

Jim would be told, but Jan assured them that she would tell him in her own way, and at her own time. Referring to Jim somewhat sarcastically, she advised, “Don’t be too concerned about his hot air.”

Of course, Charles and his sister already knew, but Jan was certain that they would keep their confidence. Indeed, with Charles being unmarried, and a beautician, he was suspected of being unconventional, so Jan expected him to be sympathetic.

At this time, Barbara removed his wig, and placed it on the table. Jan stopped mid-sentence, the shocked look in her face mirroring that of Amy's.

“What's wrong?” Barbara asked in surprise.

“You must never, never do that, Barbara dear,” Jan spoke gravely. “Put it back on immediately. You should suppress all signs to Paul...from us and even yourself.”

“But it's so hot, and my head is sweating. Besides, I can't wear it to bed, or all during the day; it will get ruined.”

“Your own hair is longish. I'll talk to Charles in the morning and see what he suggests,” Jan said softly. She returned to explaining her plan. “The goal is to make Paul appear to all as a wholesome young woman. Because all this is new to him, he lacks self-confidence. I propose to stay by his side for several weeks if there is any problem adjusting.”

Amy gushed happily, “Oh honey, this is so exciting! I know you are going to love being a housewife.”

“Now, Amy, You'll need to be patient, it's going to take time getting Paul properly organized. The meals might be a little skimpy and the house not exactly perfect.”

Amy laughed, “Just coming home to a clean house and those pretty curves is reward enough. It will take a few weeks to get rid of the rough edges.”

Turning back to Paul, Jan admonished her charge, “Now, Barbara. You need to forget about ‘Paul’ and any male ego that might persist. You wear the panties now.”

A wave of acceptance washed over Paul as he realized what all this meant. "I guess you're right, Mom."

Jan continued to discuss the immediate plan. "Barbara will need identification, so she will have to apply for an ID card or driver's license. With that, she can gradually accumulate other items in her purse that will validate her identity. She will not need a social security card, because she certainly would not be applying for a job at this time."

Jan observed that in the excitement of that day, none of them had noticed that among all the clothes for Barbara, there were no shorts or slacks. Reflecting on the anatomical differences between male and female hips, she suggested that they should be avoided. "While you are quite capable of swinging a skirt. I think that too much 'male' will show, in slacks...at least for now."

Barbara remarked that since she preferred skirts anyway, it wasn't a problem. With that resolved and the hour being late, Barbara got up to clean the kitchen, leaving Janice and Amy to make up the guest bed.

Amy hugged her mother in happiness.

When Amy came to bed, Barbara was already under the covers, and, even though, they were both exhausted from the day, Barbara was waiting expectantly and Amy was ready.

The next day, Thursday morning, began as a typical late June day, with the promise of a warm afternoon. Barbara had just seen Amy off to work. Although she had put on a terry cloth bib apron to protect the peignoir from being soiled, she was still in her nightgown. The house had been left a mess from the activities of the previous evening, but she and Janice were having one last cup of coffee before attempting to restore order.

Just then, the back door bell rang, freezing Barbara in panic-stricken silence. All the confidence gained during the previous night drained out of her at that sound.

Janice strode around the table and put both hands on Barbara's shoulders. Gently, but nonetheless with a firm grip, she pulled Barbara up, talking sternly as she did so.

“Listen, girl; get that doorbell.

“You look just fine, and I'll be right here beside you.

“Now, straighten yourself up, and go get that door.”

Barbara did so, and opened the door to find the laundry man.

When he inquired where Amy Anders was, Barbara explained that Amy was out and that she was a houseguest. As the man continued his friendly chatter, Barbara found herself giving him the arranged story about being Paul's cousin from out of town.

Talking to a man, Paul was amazed that his voice became more feminine, baby-like, and high pitched. They exchanged dry-cleaning laundry items, clean for dirty; then, thanking her, the man departed.

Barbara closed the door and turned to Janice, who was sitting at the breakfast table observing the entire encounter. Janice remarked, “See? Nothing to it.”

“I thought for sure that he would see through me.”

Janice laughed, “Only through the parts not covered by your apron. Seriously, Sweetie,” Janice continued, “You seemed to relate quite nicely with that gentleman.”

Working together, it only took a little over an hour to get the place back in order. When they had finished, Janice told Barbara to get ready, because they were going out.

“Where?” Barbara asked, with a hint anxiety.

“I thought we'd apply for your driver's license and then have lunch out. I called Charles a while ago, and he can take you about two this afternoon.”

“What should I wear?” Barbara asked in a doubtful tone.

Janice let out an exasperated sigh.

“My dear child, you'll have to start deciding such things for yourself. I can't go through life telling you what dress to wear. But until you have time to develop your fashion sense, I will help you dress like a wholesome, proper young woman.”

Paul blushed at the reference of being a wholesome young female.

“I suggest for the day,” she added, “that you use a little less makeup than Charles. I like the blending of the colors, but heavy makeup isn't becoming on a girl of twenty.”

“I'm twenty-four, Mother,” corrected Barbara.

“But you look twenty and could even pass for a college coed,” Janice replied.

Paul spent a few minutes removing some unwanted hair, and then took a quick shower. In his bedroom, he opened a new pink and white glossy cardboard box that said, “Fem-Lessismore” on the label. He opened it and took out a new flesh colored gaff. Naked, Paul felt somewhat male as he stepped spandex control garment and with a shiver, gathered the thong up high on his hips and into position. While dresses and nylons felt soft and nice, this was something he wondered if he'd ever get used to wearing.

Most surprising, Amy loved seeing him in one. Even at bedtime, she didn't allow him to remove it until the very last minute.

Everything was compressed flat and upwards as far as they would go, making the fit of panties proper. There could be no male ego as the initial discomfort was almost unbearable. But Paul knew the throbbing would soon subside since it was to be his “friend” day and night; only taking it off for bathing purposes and intimate moments with Amy.

But being pantied was not all unpleasant. A pair of silken panties and the gently hugging soft brassiere made him smile. The panties were soft and shiny against his hips and bottom. They were feelings he had never experienced before. Every time he moved his hips, the panties would rustle and ripple about his bottom in a silky, soothing softness. With every step, it reminded him that all he could was to relax in an aura of passivity.

Boobs had always been a source of excitement for Paul and now understood “buxom pride”. The two mounds on his chest were not simply a couple of bumps somewhere between his chin and his belly button. They were clear signs of being non-male.

He went to the closet and selected a cotton shirtwaist dress. It was white with red diagonal pencil stripes, and featured a full skirt that gathered in soft, un-pressed pleats. Hooking its hanger onto the closet door, he turned to the dresser and found a garter belt in one of the drawers, he decided on individual stockings rather than pantyhose.

Marveling anew at the silky feeling as he unrolled a stocking over each leg, Paul fastened the garter tabs. Upon standing, he reveled in the secure sense of comfort imparted by their snug tautness. He gathered a full slip over his arms, slipping them through the thin straps, then lifting it over his head to it settle in gossamer waves flowing over his body.

Removing the dress from its hanger, his hands found their way under the skirt and into the armholes,

as it followed the same path as the slip. At last, he stepped into the black patent pumps he had picked out. He knew these were not the actions of a man and got an eerie feeling about all this but went ahead.

He applied his makeup, then combed his wig into a simpler version of the style Charles had done for him.

He selected a trio of bracelets for his left wrist. Around his throat he put a thin gold chain, bearing a golden locket.

Checking himself in the full-length mirror, Paul smiled with satisfaction, and then went into the living room where Janice was waiting; ready to leave.

“Let me look at you.” Paul gently turned a complete circle for his mother-in-law. “Three things are missing,” Janice advised, “purse, earrings, and fragrance. Don't use too much; just a dab behind each ear.”

As Paul retreated to the bedroom for the missing items, Janice called after him, “And don't forget the shade of lipstick you are wearing.”

Janice drove to the state office, where Paul filled out an application for a driver's license. It felt strange putting an ‘F’ in the box for sex. Since he had stated that he'd never had one before, he was issued a temporary student permit, and instructed that he'd have to make an appointment to take his driving test.

Paul gave the clerk a sweet ‘Barbara’ smile and thanked him. As he walked toward the door, high heels clicking on the hardwood floor, he just barely heard the clerk comment to himself, “Nice kid.” He felt a warm glow spread throughout her being.

In the corridor Janice spoke softly, not wanting to be overheard.

“See?” she stated with her best I-told-you-so inflection. “You're a natural.”

They had lunch at a nearby restaurant. While they were waiting for the waitress to come take their order, Janice suggested that Paul order the fruit salad and take his coffee black adding, “We need to work on your figure.”

Paul didn’t like his coffee straight, but followed Jan’s regimen anyway, vowing to learn to like it for the sake of beauty.

At one forty five, they were parked outside Charles’ salon. Janice explained that when she called for the appointment, she had informed him of Paul’s new name, and he had happily agreed to cooperate.

When Janice and Barbara entered the shop, Charles was in one of the front booths working on a lady. As soon as he saw them come in, he brought over one of his assistants to finish the project, and then approached with a greeting.

“Ladies,” Charles smiled. “How nice to see you both looking so nice. Come, I have a booth in the back reserved for you.” He led them to the back of the salon, where it was private.

After he’d closed the door to the booth, Charles asked, “Now, what can I do for you?”

“Paul has decided to stay like *this* for a while,” Janice answered. “He finds the wig too hot and uncomfortable to wear all day. What would you suggest?”

“I can understand that,” Charles responded, “Let me look at you and see what I can do.”

He took Paul by the hand and led him to a chair. With unmasked admiration, he commented, “I cannot believe that you are the same ‘man’ who came in for ‘costume’ help. Just look at you...I simply cannot believe it.”

Charles gently removed the wig, and combed out Paul's own hair that was rather long, although not balanced for a feminine shape. He combed it to one side and then the other; trying to decide which style he could produce from the unruly base. The hair was too long in the front and on the sides, but short at the back.

He finally said to Janice, "The most feminizing thing I can do is to make a modified 'pixie' cut. I can trim the front into bangs, shorten the sides just a little, to expose the ears for large earrings, and leave the top long, curling it just a little to increase the lift." He sighed, fingering hair at the back.

"The back needs to grow but I can fit a short hairpiece until it grows longer and fills out. I can also tease it to add some body. That will make the shortness less obvious. Yes, it will look very pretty like that. I think if we thin and arch his eyebrows, the short hairdo will be completely feminine."

Janice said, "I think that will work nicely." She told him to proceed, so he led Paul to the sink, where he lay back and enjoyed the luxury of letting Charles wash his hair. After it had been rinsed, and toweled to just damp, Charles began to comb up the front and cut it, feathering the lengths to avoid a blunt line.

Charles said, "Last chance to change your mind. What I'm about to do is totally feminizing. You will look very funny if you suddenly go back to being a man."

Paul sighed, "Go ahead. Both Janice and Amy think this is the right thing for me."

After trimming the sides, he shaved the back of Paul's neck, carefully shaping a feminine outline. Then Charles set the top and sides in rollers, using a strong smelling lotion. Then it was time for Paul to sit under the dryer.

Janice explained that, since it would take about an hour, she was going to the drug store. She handed Paul a

ladies fashion magazine to read and left. Charles excused himself, saying he would return when Paul's hair was dry, to comb it out.

Paul began to leaf through the magazine, pausing, as various fashion articles caught his attention. The time went quickly and the hair dryer automatically clicked off with a little bell alarm. Janice had not yet returned.

Charles reappeared and began to comb out Paul's hair. He began making not-so-idle conversation as he did his work.

"I've never seen anyone like you before, 'Miss Barbara'," he teased. "You pretended all this was for a charity play, and you even became quite upset when anyone inadvertently referred to you in the feminine gender. Today, you walk in, with your head high, looking sweet and lovely, and answering to the name Barbara. You look very attractive today...you have learned your lessons well. And now you want me to complete your feminization?"

Paul blushed, "I guess I like it." He smiled into the mirror at him.

Charles continued, "I have worked with female impersonators before...but you are not one of them. You are like a true woman. Are you really male?"

Paul was quite taken aback at the question. No one had ever questioned his maleness before. He sighed, "I don't know...I'm not acting, Charles. This isn't a masquerade. A lot of what I'm feel, no one taught me."

"You are right about one thing, you certainly are natural. I meet all kinds of people in this business. I meet the girls who like boys, the girls who like girls, even the boys who like boys. The only ones I don't get to meet are the boys who like girls...they never come in here. Do you like boys?"

“No!” Paul responded emphatically. Then, after a moment's thought, he said, “At least, not in the way you have in mind. However, I must confess that in my role as a woman, I get a real thrill at having a man compliment me, or take special notice of me. I don't know what that means. Sexually, I only like Amy and I have to confess, I like her being the aggressor...being made love to BY her.”

Charles said, “It's one thing to be complimented and encouraged by women...but when I'm done with you, only men are going to find you sexually attractive. And maybe your wife too.”

Paul admitted, “I do like being out in public today. I even liked being noticed appreciatively by men. Still, I couldn't imagine ever going to bed with a man, even if he knew what I really was.”

Charles didn't respond, but continued working silently as Janice let herself into the cubicle. She was carrying a small paper sack, printed with the drug store's logo.

It took cutting and curling to fit Barbara with a hairpiece that was essentially, only a very short fall. As he worked, Charles showed Paul how to fix it in place with bobby pins and comb his own hair over it such that it blended in.

Paul missed the immediate glamour of the longer hair, but the new hair felt cooler and more natural. With the makeup, his face retained more than enough femininity. Moreover, in about a month, his own hair would be long enough to style femininely, without the need for any hairpiece, let alone a wig.

Then began the plucking. Charles said, “I will show you how to fill them in.” You will not have to try to make a delightfully, sweet expression.”

Charles suggested that Paul might need extra help with combing out the hair the first few days, because of

the permanent wave, and offered to come to the apartment to show him how to set it.

“I don't think that would be right, Charles,” Paul told him.

“Oh, I don't know, Barbie, dear,” Janice interjected. “If he comes over in the evening when Amy is home, I don't see the harm in it.”

She turned toward Charles, and wagged a finger at him in mock seriousness, saying, “Listen, you; this sweet little thing is new at this game, so play it easy. Besides, ‘Barbara’ is married to my daughter, Amy. They like it this way. I would not like to have anything disrupt their happiness.”

“Janice,” Charles stated, “I would not have it any other way. Nevertheless, he should know how to properly care for the fall, and how to comb and set his hair each night.”

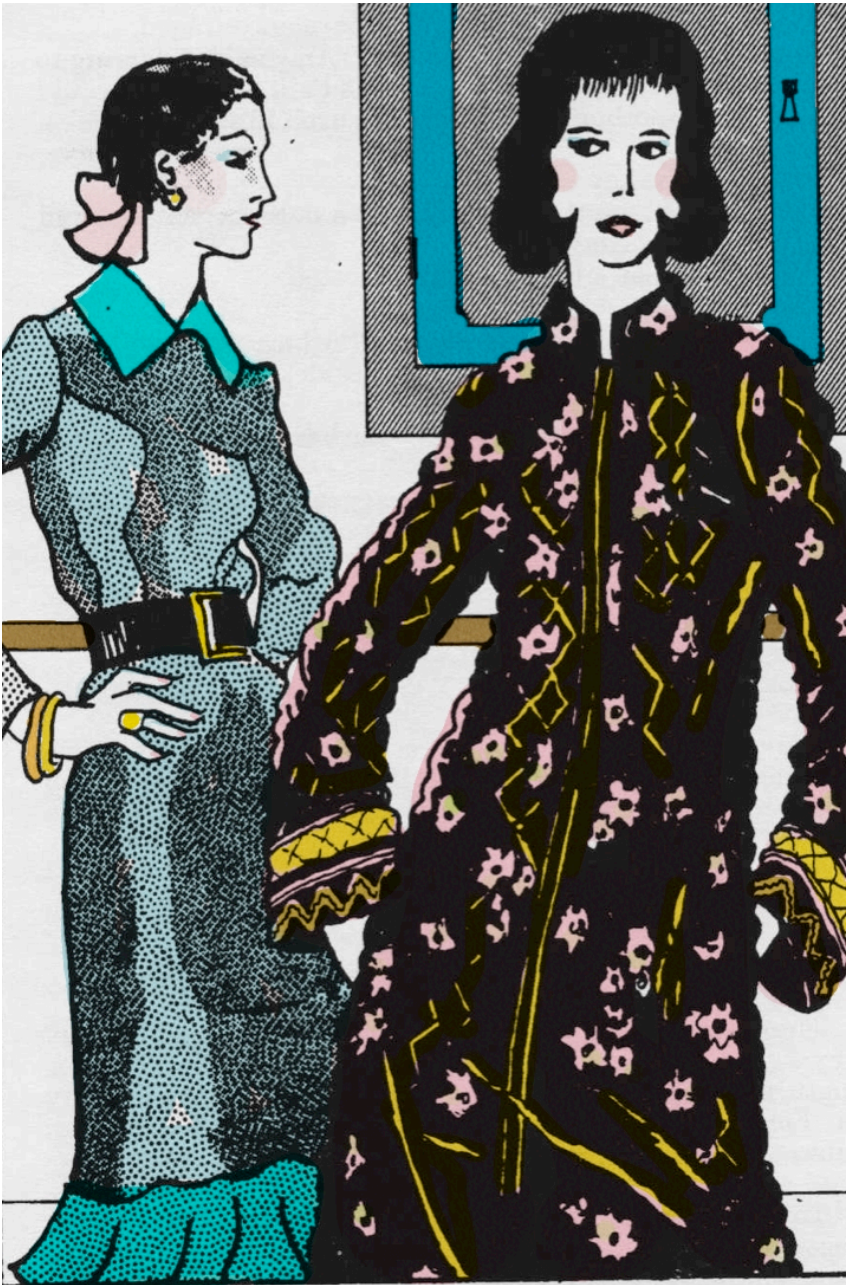
At that, Janice made a call and came back. “I just called my daughter,” she announced. “She said you should come for cocktails and dinner tomorrow night. Barbara will be hostess. I think I'll come, too,” she said, inviting herself. She wrote down the address and the time, seven P.M.

Back in the car, Janice handed Barbara the paper bag. In it was a red billfold, set with rhinestones, with a matching key case. There were also several packets of white pills, each in a compact looking case.

Mystified, Paul inquired, “What are the pills for, Mother?”

“You will take one each morning without fail,” Janice instructed.

Seeing Paul's uncomprehending look, she continued, “They are birth control pills. It certainly wouldn't do for Amy to get pregnant now, when things have become so harmonious.”



Paul was now for all intents a woman!

Janice let 'Barbara' out at the curb and drove off, leaving him to walk to the apartment. A neighbor was leaving the apartment two doors away, and he smiled a "hello" smile as they passed, which 'Barbara' sweetly returned.

When Amy arrived home, a gorgeous smiling face with high cheekbones, big dark eyes, and big luscious red lips met her. "Your face, eyes...so striking? Oh my...."

Barbara posed, showing off shapely hips and blue, knee length, straight skirt, with matching pumps.

They had dinner, and then talked about what each of them had done during the day. There was so much to tell, that the evening flew by, until they found themselves so sleepy that they dropped off as soon as they were in bed.

Friday morning, Janice called early to say that she would not be by during the day, but that she would come for dinner. She also reminded Barbara to take her pill.

Barbara got Amy off to work, then found herself very busy, as she had spent two days on herself, at the expense of the housework. After combing her hair the best she could manage, she selected a cotton housedress with a wraparound skirt. For her makeup, she merely applied a little powder, and a dab of lipstick. She decided that a pair of bobby socks and the brown moccasins were sufficient for the occasion.

She worked fast, cleaning, washing, and answering the door several times for various tradesmen. When she stopped for a ten-minute lunch break, she limited herself to a glass of skim milk.

At two, Barbara began to prepare a roast for that evening's dinner party, knowing that with baked

potatoes and brown-and-serve rolls, it would require minimal attention during the cooking.

She blended a packet of dry onion soup into a tub of sour cream, and placed it in refrigerator, then re-checked to be sure that there really were two packages of potato chips in the cupboard. Half a head of lettuce was cut up for a salad, and returned to the refrigerator in a resealed bag.

By three-thirty, the kitchen had been cleaned up and little but the cooking time remained to be done to have dinner ready to serve.

Barbara drew a bath and enjoyed a half hour's luxurious soak, taking great care shaving legs. She further enhanced the final fifteen minutes by adding bath oils. After towel drying, there was the routine of putting on the gaff, panties and brassiere. There was little time to ponder over the deeper meanings of being gaffed.

Barbara plucked a few stray hairs from her eyebrows. Charles had warned that keeping eyebrows pretty would require daily attention, as did almost every part of a woman's routine.

Barbara, then wrapped herself in a terry robe and lay on the bed, thinking about the events that had transpired that week.

Never had he been so relaxed and happy. Paul seemed so far away. Had it only been two days since he had taken the name "Barbara"? And only a few days more, since he had started wearing dresses? It seemed impossible that being meticulously gaffed was his reality for the near future.

The last remnant of Paul that yet remained in the apartment was the framed eight by ten inch portrait that had been in the bedroom. The day of the photo, there had been a squabble when Paul thought Amy was flirting with the photographer. Maybe it was the other

way around? The portrait had been moved to an obscure spot in a dark corner of the living room.

She thought of the picture, and arose from the bed to go look at it. Looking upon her former appearance gave her odd feeling. It was as if beholding the picture of a stranger.

Absorbed in the strangeness, Barbara glided into the kitchen to check the meat. Assured it was cooking properly, she considered the rest of the preparations, and realized that she hadn't planned for a vegetable. Checking the freezer, she found two packages of French cut green beans. That would have to be it, she mused, as she returned to the bedroom and lay down to rest a bit longer.

Emotionally exhausted, she drifted off to sleep.

She was startled awake by the realization that someone was in the room with her, right beside the bed. She began breathing again when she recognized that it was only Amy looking down upon her.

“Wake up, you sleepy-headed doll,” Amy said, as she bent down and gently kissed Barbara on the forehead.

“My meat!” Barbara exclaimed, wondering how long she'd been asleep. “What time is it?” she asked as she frantically sat up.

“It's only five-thirty,” Amy assured her. “I got home early today. You have plenty of time.”

Barbara got off the bed, smoothed over the covers where they'd been mussed during her rest, and hurried into the kitchen. She checked the meat, and decided it could cook a little longer yet. So, she returned to the bedroom to get dressed.

“What shall I wear tonight, Amy, dear?” she asked.

Amy responded with a mischievous smile, “Mother tells me that she thinks Charles is getting a crush on you. Why don't you wear something fancy?”

Tears began to fill Barbara's eyes as she confronted her spouse, saying, "Please don't tease me about that Amy. You know I only want you."

"You'd better remember that tonight, sweetheart," Amy warned. "I don't mind a little flirtation, but just keep it light."

Barbara was shocked. "What do you mean?"

"Mother told me how coquettish you got when he complimented you."

"I was flattered," Barbara defended herself. "I guess I'm not used to so much attention and many compliments."

"Just remember," Amy said firmly. "You are my girl."

Janice let herself in at six forty-five. She had stopped using the bell, and just used her key.

Barbara was wearing her new black taffeta dress, which had a scooped neck above its fitted bodice, and a full skirt. She had chosen the black patent leather pumps to wear with it. For jewelry, she had selected a small rhinestone string choker with matching rhinestone string earrings. A matching bracelet adorned her right wrist, while on her left she wore a dainty gold watch that was fastened by a narrow cloth band.

When Amy had helped Barbara comb out her hair, she had tried on a black headband, but decided it was too much and took it out again.

Amy, on the other hand, had dressed very simply. She was wearing only a plain white blouse and straight skirt. Her shoes were low-heeled loafers.

When Barbara asked why Amy had dressed so informally, while setting her up so fancy, Amy reminded her that Charles was really coming to see Barbara, not herself.

She had not had any reason to blush at any time that day until Amy had said that; now she was doing so vividly.

Promptly at seven, Charles was at the door.

Seeing that Barbara was holding back, Amy gave her a good-natured shove toward the door. Barbara recovered some of her composure and opened it, to greet Charles and let him in.

He'd brought a small bouquet of fresh flowers, which provided Barbara with considerable delight. She found a vase for them, and asked if anyone would like a drink.

Amy offered to prepare the drinks, suggesting that Barbara should stay with Charles until it was time to serve dinner.

Barbara agreed, reminding Amy of the chips and dip which needed to be brought out with the drinks.

The ladies all ordered Martinis, but Charles asked if they had any Perrier. Amy's reply...she was about to give her regrets...was interrupted by Barbara, who advised that there were several bottles in the refrigerator.

Amy gave her spouse a knowing look, as if to say, "Oh? And you just HAPPENED to have exactly what he likes?" But it had been seen at Charles' shop.

Janice remained in the living room with Charles and Barbara. They each took separate chairs, and, no matter how much she tried to encourage it, the conversation remained spotty and forced.

When Amy returned with the drinks, the atmosphere relaxed a little, helped by a round of toasts to one another and the diversion of consuming the appetizers.

After the first cocktail, Barbara excused herself from the guests, saying she had to prepare the dinner.

Janice offered to help, but Barbara gently refused, saying that this was her party and she would like to carry it along by herself.

She tied a white organdy party apron around her waist, not only to protect the dress, but because she felt it looked cute. And it did.

Dinner was served without incident, and in the give and take of passing around the portions, the stiffness wore off. Indeed, the conversation became quite lively, as Amy and Barbara were led into telling stories on one another.

After dinner, Janice insisted on cleaning up, and shooed Barbara and Charles into the living room. Amy tried to stay behind to help her mother, but Janice wouldn't hear of it. She insisted that Amy stay close to Barbara and protect her.

"Oh, mother!" she protested. "Really now, a triangle affair like that would be too strange for words."

Something in Janice's expression made Amy begin to take this seriously.

"I guess she does need a chaperone, doesn't she?" Amy observed, as she made her way to the living room.

In a few minutes, Janice served coffee. Then Charles began to instruct Barbara how to set her hair at night, as well as how to comb it out in the morning. He suggested Barbara come to the shop at least once a week, for a facial, manicure, and set. Under the pressure of Janice and Amy agreeing that this was a good idea, Barbara allowed a standing appointment to be established for Thursday mornings.

With business out of the way, Amy put on some dance records, and in a happy spirit asked Charles to dance with her. He danced with her for two numbers, while Barbara sat on the couch watching.

"Why don't you dance with Barbara?" Janice suggested to Amy.

“Why, I don't know...it would look a little weird, two girls dancing....”

“You do everything else together,” Janice teased.

Amy tried passing the buck to Charles, “Why don't you dance with Barb, Charles?”

“I'd like that,” he replied. “May I?”

“Don't ask me.” Amy giggled, “There she is; ask her.”

He turned and took two steps, to stand by Barbara's knee. “Care to dance, dear?”

Barbara tensed. “I've never danced with a man before. I've always led, never followed.”

Amy urged, “You'll find it quite easy. Just let the man lead you where he wants to go.”

They teased Barbara into the center of the room, and, at first, not knowing how to hold her hands, she assumed the lead position. Charles corrected her, and they began to dance. As with everything else she'd learned this week, Barbara caught on quickly. Nevertheless, she held back stiffly, at first, when Charles seemed to draw too close. After two numbers, Amy put on a rhumba, a dance that she knew Barbara had particularly liked, as Paul.

Charles, drew Barbara in close and whispered, “Relax, dear. Don't be so stiff; it robs you of the feminine enjoyment to be had.”

Amy said, “This is important. Dancing with a man is good training...stay light on your toes.”

Barbara relaxed, and let him draw her close. Their bodies made contact, and after a few bars, she let her head lean inward until it was brushing Charles' cheek.

Pretty soon, they were swirling with the music, Charles holding Barbara close, his hands cupping her slenderized waist and occasionally his fingers edged cautiously downward against the upper swell of her curvy hip.

“That a girl,” Charles encouraged as Amy dimmed the lighting and put on music, by deliberation, a mostly slow romantic number. Barbara found herself dancing groin to groin with Charles, her pretty head against his shoulder.

Time seemed to stop as Charles held Barbara’s breasts against his chest and brushed his lips across the top of her head.

Amy was encouraging Barbara to stay in character even though she saw Charles sneaking feels of her bottom. “So you get your cute ass pinched...” she teased.

Charles defended Barbara, “We are just dancing... well, a little close.”

“Mmmm... is that why her cheeks are so flush?”

Charles said, “I like dancing with you, Barbara, dear.”

“Nothing will come of it, you know,” she warned.

“Perhaps, but I still like it. Don't You?”

“Actually, yes. I guess I owe you for all this but remember, my heart is with Amy. I am not into guys.”

“No. Maybe you aren't, but you are becoming a woman, and a woman needs a man to feel female.”

“Not this woman,” Barbara laughed. At that point, she disentangled herself from Charles, explaining that the dance was over.

The party broke up after that. Before Charles left, he insisted upon giving each of the ladies a kiss. Barbara was certain that Charles lingered a little longer on the one he gave her, but, since she was enjoying the attention, she didn't complain.

As Janice departed, she informed them that they had only one more hurdle: her husband Jim. She announced that she and Jim would drop by after dinner the next evening.

“I can handle my lion better after he's been fed,” she explained. Then she mused, speculatively, “I may

even be extra good to him tonight, to help soften him up.”

Janice called early the next morning to tell Amy and Barbara that she and Jim were coming over about seven P.M. She instructed Barbara as to what she must wear, as well as what to do while she and Jim were there.

Barbara and Amy spent the day together. Amy helped out with the chores, leaving Barbara plenty of time to prepare the meals and, later, herself. In the late afternoon, Amy sent Barbara into the bath. When she had finished, Amy treated her husband to a special cold cream rubdown that Janice had bought.

At seven-fifteen, Jim and Janice arrived. While Amy received them at the door, Barbara took her place sitting on the couch. She was wearing a plain white rayon blouse, with 3/4 sleeves, tucked into a knee-length straight skirt. Her waist was set off by a three inch wide red leather belt, which matched the red pumps she wore. Barbara had chosen the silkiest hose she had to show off her legs.

She had returned to wearing her wig, which had been carefully styled for the occasion. The outfit was completed by a single strand of pearls around her neck and a gold charm bracelet that dangled and jangled.

When Jim and Janice entered the living room, she was just taking a sip from her glass. She gracefully lowered it to her lap, simultaneously tugging at her skirt, to pull it taut around her crossed legs.

To Jim's eye, Barbara was a young, somewhat husky girl...not overly large, but well rounded. She had a fresh look that came from using a minimum of makeup; and appeared to be a college sophomore, or rather, looked like a fashion magazine's idea of how a college

coed should appear. Jim liked pretty girls, especially those who had just reach their majority.

“Hello,” he said, watching Barbara's movements. “Who's this?”

“Daddy,” Amy began the introduction, “I want you to meet Barbara.”

“This is my dad, Barbara.”

Barbara held out her hand, which Jim took and shook gently, if overly long. She had to chew on the tip of her tongue as she smiled to keep from blowing her cover.

Amy continued, “Barbara is Paul's cousin. She's visiting for a few days.”

The mention of Paul refocused Jim's mind, and he asked, “Where is that husband of yours?”

“Oh, he'll be here later,” Amy replied. Then she held her hand out, beckoning Barbara.

“Would you help me in the kitchen a moment?”

Barbara arose from the couch, and followed Amy out of the room. She was careful to ever-so-slightly accentuate her hip motion...not so much as to be obvious, but enough to be sure that she'd kept Jim's attention. He followed Barbara out of the room with his gaze.

Noticing that Janice was observing him, Jim commented, “They are making `em better than they used to.”

Amy and Barbara hugged each other, even while trying to suppress squeals of joy, lest they be overheard. If Jim couldn't tell, then the last hurdle was nearly behind them. All that remained was for Janice to expose the truth. She was busy at the task.

Janice said to Jim, “You were asking where Paul was?”

“Oh! Yes. I thought he was going to be here.”

“Honey, Barbara IS Paul,” she declared.

Jim had been picking through the magazines on the coffee table, to discover there were only women's

fashion publications. He was idly thumbing through one, not paying much attention, either to it or his wife.

“Yeah, I heard,” he replied absently, “Paul's cousin, or something.”

“No, dear, Barbara and Paul are one and the same,” she said patiently.

“Yes, dear,” he responded sarcastically. “I know...the same family.”

“No, dear,” Janice tried once again. “I mean that Barbara and Paul are the same person.”

The impact of his wife's tone of voice began to come through to Jim, but he remained incredulous of her message.

“What are you trying to say?” he demanded.

“Calm down, dear. It's very simple: Barbara is Paul, and Paul is Barbara. The person you think is Barbara is Paul made up as a woman.

That got through, loud and clear. Janice had provided ignition, and Jim started lift-off, then went ballistic.

“What the...?” he shouted. “Amy! Bar... I mean Paul! Get in here this instant.”

The girls stopped giggling when they heard his tone of voice. Amy took Barbara's hand, gave it a reassuring squeeze. With their hands still intertwined, they entered the living room.

Jim's face was red with anger. His expression was frightening to both the girls. The only one unmoved was Janice; she knew Jim would have to blow off his cork before she could reach his brain again, so she let him rant and rave.

Barbara and Amy had been forewarned that this would happen, but they were still unprepared for the reality.

“Kooks, queers, all of you. This world has gone mad...topsy-turvy! Look at you, you...you,” Jim

sputtered. He couldn't think of a word appropriate enough. Gesturing at Barbara, he continued ranting, "...made up like a damn woman. Take off those sissy clothes and get into your own pants, you damn jerk!"

"These ARE my clothes, Dad," Barbara began to explain in a soft voice.

"What the heck do you mean?" Jim continued to rage.

Janice interrupted the exchange, "Don't distract him, Barb, dear, let him get it out of his system.

"Why don't you go fix him a drink," she suggested.

The girls went back into the kitchen.

After about fifteen minutes, Jim had spent himself and was exhausted. Janice began, again, to work on him, starting with Amy's earlier unhappiness, and briefly describing the events, which had led up to this evening.

Jim listened, his mouth agape. "I'll be ruined if anyone finds out about this," he agonized.

"Who's going to find out, unless YOU tell them?" Janice proposed. "The cover story about Paul being away for the summer is plausible enough, and you, yourself, couldn't tell Barbara from the real thing."

Eventually, with much hard sell on Janice's part, Jim relented. The girls were invited back in.

"OK," he conceded. "You can be Barbara, if that's how you want it, but, for Gawd's sake, don't call me 'daddy' or try to sit on my lap."

The girls winked at one another; they knew that the last battle had been won.

The weeks flew by.

Barbara got up early each morning, donning his prettiest dress (and appropriate foundation garments help to maintain a smooth line). He added a simple makeup and lipstick, and attractive jewelry. Before

Amy was even up, he made sure the coffee was ready and usually prepared a fruit dish and made a fresh bran muffin. Since they both were watching their weight, they saved the elaborate and hearty breakfasts for Sunday brunch.

Over coffee, Barbara let Amy talk about her plans for the day and saw her off to work. After that, it was making sure kitchen was spotless and glimmering clean. Colorful aprons added such a “good morning” touch.

Barbara would then usually change into a cotton housedress. The natural fibers were certainly more comfortable to wear when vacuuming and dusting daily. It was hard work to keep the house ship-shape.

By mid-morning, Barbara could take a few minutes, have a cup of coffee and plan for a well-balanced, tasty dinner.

Sometimes Janice dropped over and they girl-talked. Janice even taught Barbara how to sew and knit, so Barbara started on a sweater. It was to be a surprise for Jim.

Jim gradually came to accept his emasculated son-in-law for what “she” appeared to be. Although he didn't like the unique arrangement, he was appreciative of the fact that it was making his daughter happy. A regular relationship with Paul (or maybe any other man) as a husband was not.

With Amy making good money at the agency, and their life slipped into an easy, happy, routine. During the week, Amy went to work; Barbara kept the house, and did the cooking and sewing.

Keeping house for two girls, with one being a model and the other very clothes conscious, kept Barbara busy. In her free time, she took care of herself, with baths and a weekly beauty treatment. At the beginning, Janice went along with Barbara to do the shopping, to provide moral support. It didn't take long, however for Barbara

to become poised enough to try on dresses, and even lingerie, without embarrassment. Now, she often went out and about entirely on her own and bought fun little girl things for Amy and herself.

Once a week, either the girls went to Amy's parents home, or they came over. Jim got to where he never referred to Paul; he even began to get friendly with Barbara, teasing her.

Soon, Barbara had lost ten pounds, plus a few more, and was kept busy for a while, under the direction of Janice, taking in clothes. Poor Jim was totally left out of the discussions about all those girlish things that women bring to life's experience. Those silly, soft things that men do not appreciate or even need to comprehend.

While Paul was at first feeling apologetic and ashamed of being feminine, he now embraced those girlish things; those silly, frilly, delicate things, the lace, the satin, the curls, bows and ruffles. Those utterly feminine things that are so much fun to wear and bring a woman pleasure.

Jim would just rolled his eyes when the discussion turned to things that served him no purpose; lipstick, hairdos, high heels, short skirts, silk blouses, sheer lingerie and all those deliciously womanly things. But he never missed a wiggle when Barbara would wear a particularly short skirt.

He'd laugh and torment, "I swear, you have a nice little tail there. Maybe better than Amy? You want a job at my office?"

As Barbara perfected her feminine ways, instead of being embarrassed, Barbara would wiggle her hips and innocently turn her curvy heart-shaped bottom towards Jim and lean forward, balancing with both hands on her hips. "Really...? Oohh you're teasing me, aren't you?"

Jim would laugh and say, “Absolutely. My guys would get no work done...and Amy needs you around the house.”

Janice began withdrawing from daily visits, leaving her “girls” more and more to themselves.

Charles regularly hinted for another invitation, whenever Barbara was at his shop. Wanting to leave well enough alone, she chose to be deliberately obtuse, and ignored his attempts. Charles always had a new trick up his sleeve to make Paul look more feminine.

Occasionally, Amy and Barbara went out, more often than not to dinner and a movie, but much of the time, they just stayed home. They found that, having so much in common, they never ran out of conversation.

No reference was ever made to “Paul”; it had come to the point that Barbara never thought of him any more. He was like a long forgotten dream.

Then, one night in early August, Amy came home and told Barbara that Harold, her boss, had invited her to go dining and dancing, in celebration of the completion of the Fall layout schedule. She said, “I don’t know why he asked, he knows I’m married.”

“I think you should go, dear,” Barbara encouraged. Even Paul was surprised by his own absence of jealousy. In the old days, Paul would have been insanely jealous and angry. Now it was a kind of naughty exploration that a young man was attracted to his loving wife.

“I told Harold that you were visiting,” Amy said, referring to their cover story, “and that, since I was Paul’s wife, how could I go out with another man while my husband’s ‘relative’ was a house guest?”

“What did he say?”

“He told me that I should get you a date, and bring you along,” Amy giggled. “All expenses paid.”

“That would be silly,” Barbara asserted.

“No it wouldn't,” Amy retorted.

“I don't want to go out on a date with you and Harold,” Barbara protested.

“It will be fun,” Amy countered. “Besides, you'll be with me all night.”

“Who would take me, anyway?” Barbara asked, as though that would settle the issue.

“Well, why not ask Charles?” Amy suggested. “He's still dying to date you. We could have some real fun, if you'd let yourself loosen up.

“Oh honey, what do you mean?”

“I don't mean THAT kind of fun,” she followed with a mischievous smile. “Still, we should get out with male company once in a while, so that we don't forget how to act when they're around.”

Barbara thought about it. “Well...OK,” she agreed reluctantly.

Amy didn't give her time to reconsider. “Oh, by the way, it's formal. But don't worry about it; I can borrow one for you from the shop. You're no trouble at all to fit, now that you're a ten.”

“When do we try this?” Barbara remembered to ask.

“Thursday night. You'd better call Charles and get him set.”

Barbara smiled. “He'll be a snap,” she said confidently.

It took a moment while the realization settled in. “Oh darling, your father doesn't need to know about our dates. He's going to think....”

“Yes... yes he does,” Amy shockingly admitted. “Sweetheart,” Amy stated. “I know you're embarrassed, but we have to let my father know you are not like him. She gave his breast a tender embrace, whispering softly

against his ear, “I’m so proud of your beauty and well, to be honest, how girlie you have become.”

Thursday evening, they were actually ready ahead of time. Amy was wearing a black lace gown that had a straight, floor length, skirt, and black silk pumps, and the rhinestone jewelry set. For Barbara, she'd brought home a white net formal, princess tailored, with an off-the-shoulder sweetheart neckline...very décolleté.

To complement the gown Barbara wore on one wrist a rhinestone bracelet. As the hem of her gown lagged behind her movements, glimpses could be had of the white *peau de soie* sandals she wore. As an additional accent, Barbara wore a gold heart suspended from her neck by a black velvet ribbon.

Barbara's hair had now reached a length that allowed Charles to work it into a variety of styles. Not surprisingly, he had put extra effort into her makeover that afternoon. After all, he did want his date to look perfect.

When he arrived at the apartment, he was carrying an orchid. With expert care, he pinned it to Barbara's shoulder.

Harold, who arrived scarcely five minutes behind Charles, was doubly impressed. Not only was Amy looking spectacular for this night out, but her “husband’s relative” was quite striking, as well.

Before Harold arrived, Amy said to Charles, “Barbara a terrific dancer.”

“I’m not letting HER off the hook tonight,” he teased and looked smiling, “I hope you are wearing pink panties?”

Charles was already misbehaving and Barbara felt excited butterflies in his stomach.

They first had cocktails at the office watering hole and Barbara had a chance to meet many of the people Amy worked with daily. Many were salesmen.

After cocktails, the two couples dined, danced, and engaged in lighthearted conversation. When Harold took an opportunity to dance with Barbara, his compliments on her artistry brought forth an embarrassed blush. All in all, it was a gala night, and the girls were taken home tired, but happy.

Barbara almost gave the game away when she saw Harold giving Amy an indulgent goodnight kiss at the door. "Paul" just about bubbled to the surface but Charles distracted her, whispering, "Darling, that is only natural...the end of a nice evening."

Barbara sighed, unable to take his eyes off Amy and the salaciously intimate sensations. Charles said, "You know what you have to do?"

Barbara regained composure, thinking of the feelings and all the sensations. Taking his cue from Harold, Charles had drawn Barbara into his embrace and pressed his lips against hers. Not wanting to create a disturbance, she chose to kiss him back. Even after their lips parted, Charles released Barbara with obvious hesitancy, relaxing his hold only gradually until Amy got the door unlocked and open.

Amy hadn't missed a bit of Barbara's encounter. With a naughty glint in her eye, Amy giggled, "That was such a wonderful evening, I hate for it to end. Would you boys like to come in for some coffee?"

A soft little whimper came from Barbara as Amy smiled. Amy was inviting men they had just kissed into their house.

"I'm exhausted...." Barbara said feeling weak, and a bit unbalanced in his high heels.

"Maybe she's right," Amy smiled and moved to give Harold another big kiss. Clearly she liked Harold...no

not love, it was the vision of a “thank you for a wonderful evening” kiss.

Charles followed suit with Barbara until all were breathless, struggling to talk and actually say good night.

Barbara felt lightheaded. His wife was really treating him like just another woman. Letting this guy kiss her...he wondered if it had ever happened before and would again? Barbara felt the sharp stab of jealousy, and yet at that same moment, he found a new peace of mind. It was so unspeakably naughty but erotic.

Charles, seeing the horrified look on Barbara's face, quickly demurred; then gave her a private grin as he watched an expression of relief wash over her. Reluctantly, Harold followed suit, pleading a mythical early meeting.

Safely inside, Amy began teasing Barbara unmercifully. While they removed their makeup and prepared for bed, she probed her mate about that kiss.

Barbara tried to explain that she'd only done it to avoid making a scene.

“You didn't just allow him to kiss you, sweetheart,” Amy accused, “you kissed him back.”

“Just like you.” At that, Barbara arched an eyebrow and said, “Oh, are we jealous? Well, I have a remedy for that!”

The feminized husband was by then in an airy, light cyan blue nylon-chiffon nightgown with a lace under layer at the bust. With come hither, feline grace, she let herself down onto the bed and stretched out to await Amy's arrival next to her.

Barbara was not holding back femininity; hands, gestures, legs crossing and manner were consistent with the way she was dressed.

When Amy climbed into bed, she whispered, "Can we double date again?"

"Yeah I think so, but seeing you with Harold was weird. And your father can not ever find out...."

Amy smiled, "He already knows but I don't care what Dad thinks. I am so proud of you." She gave her spouse a passionate kiss, their nightgowns melting together. Only minutes ago, with her husband watching, the silky, smooth head of another man's tongue had found its way between those pink, parted lips.

Now Amy's pink tongue was flicking across her husband's lipstick painted lower lip. Amy could almost sense the musty taste of Charles on the soft lips.

"GAWD! I love you," Amy gasped. Their heads close on a pillow, they whispered about the evening and particularly, the tingling fantasy being two young beautiful women out on the town.

Amy whispered very softly, playing with the fantasy, and planting fertile seeds of future intrigue. "When the guys at my office found out Paul is gone, I've been getting a lot of speculative invitations."

"I bet those guys at your office were always sniffing around you," Barbara sighed.

"And now you," Amy teasingly whispered. "But that crazy kind of fantasy should stay between our bed sheets... well at least for now."

Barbara playfully giggled and whispered back, "Let 'em smell!"

This was so exciting for all.... Amy teased with a delicious little tremor as she softly whispered, "Are you my girl?" Her fingers softly traced down Barbara's nightgown and went between the legs.

Barbara gasped as the finger traced what wasn't there; the strip of blue nylon panty. Under the thin fabric was the convergent control of the gaff. It was a tricky moment. It was not to come off too soon or too late or stay off.

"Oh my," Barbara gasped, knowing that Amy liked his maleness tucked out of her sight and feel with no response until.... "I'm sorry, I didn't mean to respond, well, so soon."

Amy could feel the heat of her feminized husband's face flush. "Well, it's okay tonight...it's been a pretty exciting evening and not the only one out of control. You've never seen another man excited?"

That calmed down the tension, "Well, only my own." Barbara's face flamed with a torrid blush, asking, "Are most...thicker and longer?"

Amy's fingers tightened with a warm exploratory press, sliding over the smooth panty gusset. Feeling nothing, she whispered, "They all are. That's my girl." She slipped her thumbs under the elastic of Barbara's panties and tugged.

That was the sign. Barbara wiggled his hips and Amy tugged the panties and then the gaff down the curve of smooth buttocks.

There was some more shifting of hips...panties and gaff hit the floor in a tangled heap. In seconds, Amy had Barbara on her back, legs spread, gasping and blushing. Between Amy's thighs, maleness was clasped in her own sleekly rounded thighs. Everything was in a movement of pure reflex.

Much too quickly, Barbara was fumbling in the dim light for the missing panties and gaff. As Amy rolled over to go to sleep, there be a blush of shame on Barbara's cheeks as she stepped back into her gaff, pulling it up over her curvy bare rump? In the bathroom, Barbara would try to smooth the "just got

laid” wrinkles out of the gaff before putting back on the panties.

This was how they did it now.

Several evenings later, Amy returned home from work at the agency to find Barbara very quiet and moody.

“What's wrong, hon'?” she asked.

“This,” Barbara replied as she handed Amy a letter addressed to Paul. It was from the school board, informing him that school was to commence in two weeks. It directed him to report a week before classes started, for instructions and a room assignment.

“I guess it's coming to a close,” Barbara said morosely.

“Why?” Amy asked. “It doesn't have to.”

“We can't bury Paul forever,” Barbara retorted. “Someone is bound to get curious.”

“I'd better call Mother and have her bring Paul's clothes back,” she continued, unconsciously referring to her masculine element in the third person.

“I'll do it,” Amy offered compassionately.

Shortly after dinner, Janice arrived with a bundle of clothes.

Reluctantly, Barbara took them from her. As she went into the bedroom to change, she shut the door for privacy, something she hadn't been doing since becoming Barbara.

Janice had seen her in nearly every stage of undress, except that her private parts were always carefully tucked away. Yet, somehow, she could not let Jan observe the reversion to being Paul.

Barbara removed all of her clothing. Stripped to the skin, she then peeled away the bust forms.

With sigh of resolution, Paul put on a pair of cotton shorts, then his white shirt, followed by his suit pants. After he'd put on his socks and shoes, he tied his necktie and put on the suit jacket.

From force of habit, he glanced into a mirror before he left the bedroom, and frowned with distaste at the reflection.

As soon as Paul came into view, Amy and Janice broke out in laughter. They laughed so hard that they were left gasping for air.

“What's so funny?” Paul demanded, still using Barbara's voice. It was going to take some time to get used to talking in the lower register again.

“You are,” they gasped. “Go look at yourself...take a good look.”

Paul walked back to the mirror, with Amy and Janice following, still uttering sobs of mirth. He took a longer, closer look this time.

Since the last time he'd worn these clothes, he had lost over fifteen pounds. His hair still held a feminine wave from the permanent and his eyebrows bewitchingly lovely. In his haste to change, he had forgotten to remove his makeup.

Moreover, during the past six weeks, the combination of the weight loss, the daily exercise program Janice had outlined for him, and the tight constriction of the waist cincher, had given him a markedly feminine figure. He still needed the breasts to complete the image, but his narrow waist, rounded hips, and slender shoulders appeared more female than male. The gaff had further helped to create a charming little wiggle to his bottom.

This was the masquerade...he looked like a girl trying to dress up as a man. It was quite a joke.

The clothes felt heavy on him. He'd become used to the feel of the lacy, frilly underthings, made from nylon

and silk. He'd come to like the way the skirt tickled his knees. He especially liked the admiration he'd received from others for his wholesome prettiness.

As a man, he was nothing special; as a girl, he had something special. The male suit hung low on him, like a little girl dressed in her older brother's clothes.

"Paul doesn't know what to say," Janice spoke to Amy; "so I'll say it for him." she talked to Amy. "He can't go around like that! Have Paul send them a letter saying he is resigning."

Then she focused directly on Paul. "Please go change into something that makes your bottom look cute."

Paul sighed, knowing his bottom did look "cute" in a tight skirt.

Janice said, "Paul should be wrapped back up into a bundle and stuffed back into my basement."

"I think that's an excellent idea, Barbie, dear," Amy concurred. "Something frilly, maybe your little black dress to celebrate the decision?"

This story hasn't yet reached its end. Amy and Barbara fear that this arrangement cannot go on forever. Eventually, Barbara's male chemistry might override the effects of oil baths and beauty treatments and more radical actions might be necessary.

The fear was gone that Paul would be read as a man in public. But there was the concern that an accident or severe illness might require a doctor's examination. But most doctors have seen everything. From time to time they still discuss how to make Paul's feminization more permanent, but, the status quo pro's continue to outweigh the disadvantages.

"Paul" is never mentioned by name. He may have to come back someday, but they are putting off thinking

about it for as long as possible. The obvious means of prolonging Barbara's femininity, like advanced female hormone therapy or simple operations, were discussed mostly at bedtime.

Amy proposed, "It would make you more like a real girl...."

Barbara said, indecision creeping into his eyes, "For now, I don't mind being gaffed and taking those little pills. Besides, it's a big step and after a certain point it might be hard to change back. Oh, I'd be so scared."

The pointy pink nipples of fleshy mounds pressed so delightfully against the thin nylon of Barbara's nightgown. The pills had made skin feel soft and radiant warmth and there were small elevations that mostly consist of nipples. Nipples that would be out of place in a man's swimsuit. There was even the risk of a small bounce by moving quickly.

"Honey," Amy whispered in a soft loving voice, "Sweetheart, I don't know, but I bet thousands of boys like you become women. She spoke softly, squeezing one of his erect nipples. She carefully choose her words, "Sweetheart...it's happening around the world, somewhere every day, every hour, a pretty, young husband decides he should be a woman."

A little uncertain, Barbara tucked a strand of long hair behind her ear and reached out, her delicate fingers brushing down over the delicate fabric of the nightgown.

But deep in Amy's heart, she knew taking it further would be very special gift from a caring wife to her feminized spouse; total acceptance of Paul's femininity.

A gift that had no parallel...and like so many of the impulsive things that change our lives, a simple operation...so quickly done...and only minutes later, so utterly undoable.

With an intriguing twinkle in her eyes, Amy encouraged, whispering feminizing ideas in Barbara's ear... things that caused Barbara to flutter her lashes and make knees clasp tightly.

"Darling," Barbara purred, "it excites me when we whisper things and pretend about...well, actually being a woman forever. It seems so unreal."

"You could do it," Amy smiled. But neither of them was immediately willing to accept the loss of libido that would accompany a commitment to some of the advanced methods.

On occasion, Amy will arrange dates for them. She has even encouraged Barbara to go out on dates without her.

Barbara, in spite of his reluctance to do so, has accepted a few such invitations. He found that Amy and he both enjoyed the social intercourse, especially the chance to be the flirt. Nevertheless, they drew the line at yielding more than a couple goodnight kisses... for the thrill."

Amy encouraged, "There is nothing more fun than a little dancing, maybe letting some guy sneak a few kisses?"

Paul was not sure he could really do that, for real...but he did. After one such date, he said to Amy, "I can't believe I find THAT fun."

"It's easy... if he's a nice handsome guy. He makes you feel feminine, right?"

Paul agreed, "Mmmm, I guess I need to understand and not be threatened if you also kiss some nice guy?"

Amy didn't answer, just reached over and rested her hand on Paul's smooth knee, her fingers edged up under the skirt, up between his thighs...he shivered. She whispered, "YOU are my GIRL?"

Their desires were only for each other.

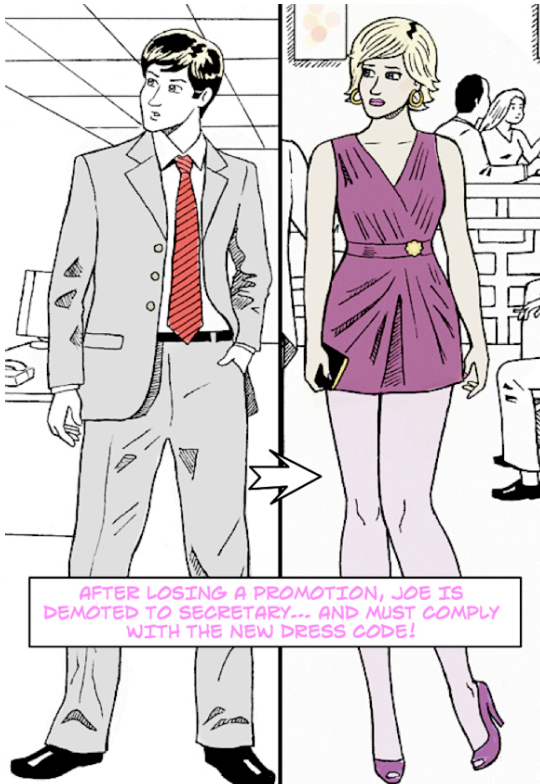
So the story remains un-ended. They are happy with their lives now, but know that someday, Barbara may no longer be able to hide his male features, and they might have to return to a conventional life-style.

In the meantime, they put it out of their minds and take each day as it comes...together.

THE END

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