

EMPATHY TV FICTION

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING



Francis had a beautiful new wife, good job and all...so why did he flirt with the girls? When his wife finds out its "SKIRT FOR THAT FLIRT!!"

VOLUME 5

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

EMPATHY

TV FICTION

VOLUME 5

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING

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BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING

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BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING

Originally called "Skirt for a Flirt"

by Francis Eberhart.
Edited by Alice Trail

CHAPTER I SANDRA CRAVES LIBERATION

Francis Jeffers hummed a happy tune as he bounced lightly up the stairs. Why not? He was young, healthy, and extremely handsome; although slender and less than average male height. He had a smooth face, wavy blonde hair, and a dashing figure that made him adored by women. He had a wonderful wife and new baby; he was well liked at his office, especially by cute Suzette who petted with him when they met behind the files. On the way home in the bus he sat beside saucy Alice holding hands with her. Slyly, she usually slipped her hand under his newspaper for a playful feel.

Perhaps the only cloud on his horizon was a rather acute shortage of money at present. As Sandra was more serious, this worried her, but Francis, being more optimistic, was confident that things would work out. Before she was forced to resign her position because of pregnancy, she had been in charge of a dozen women in the data processing department. All her supervisors said she had a good business head.

"Hi, Honey." his loving wife purred, greeting him with a hug and kiss when he entered their humble abode. Sandra always brightened at his return; he was so cute and full of jokes. He took Snookums off her hands, and he was so utterly handsome that she felt a stirring inside just to look at him. She loved Francis so much and was getting over her self-consciousness at being a bit taller and fifteen pounds heavier

than him. After all, she did have a very shapely and well-proportioned figure.

At present, she was a bit wilted from the kitchen's heat, and her hair was mussed where Snookums had grabbed it, quite different from the crisp, neatly groomed office woman who had given up trim tailored skirts in favor of housedresses and cotton aprons. Her face was not beautiful but with strong, well-formed features that showed considerable strength of character; she was a brunette with intelligent brown eyes.

As she stood by the range, Francis embraced her from behind, and she was thrilled to feel his hands roam over her body and caress her ample bosom. Her large buttocks were young and firm enough to jut out nicely with no sagging. As he pressed against them, she felt his slight but definite arousal and hoped he still had it at bedtime.

Over dessert, Sandra asked how he intended to pay his life insurance premium, due that week. When Francis said they'd have to withdraw money from their savings, she pointed out that their bank balance had dropped steadily since she quit her job. "Don't worry, Sweetheart," he said.

He was about to add that they'd do better when their car repair bill was paid when she asked, "Why don't you let me handle our finances? I do have a degree in business administration, you know."

Francis knew it well enough, and also that she had earned much more than him before she became pregnant. This had made him somewhat less important than he thought the man should be; with his wife home, even though it meant reduced income, he felt more independent, more like master of the household. He was a bit sensitive on the subject of education and earnings. He had been compelled to drop out of college when his father died in his third year, and he still did not have his degree.

"No dear, I'll handle the money. That's the man's job."

"Oh, Honey! Why can't we get Mrs. King or someone to watch Snookums? We'd be money ahead if I went back to work."

"Not that much ahead. Besides, Mrs. King is too old, and there's no one I trust with Snookums but you."

At bedtime, Francis noticed a silky pink nylon nightgown and matching panties laid out on his side of the bed. "Darling, you left your nightie over here." He observed.

"No dear, they're yours for tonight. I laundered your pajamas today, and they aren't dry yet. There aren't any clean pajamas in your drawer, so you'll have to wear my gown."

Shaking with anticipation, Francis put out all the lights and, after stepping into the panties, he dropped the dainty, silky gown over his head and let it softly cascade over his slender body.

When he slipped under the covers, Sandra was waiting. At once, she felt the ecstatic size of the emotions in his panties. They snuggled together and fondled each other provocatively, but for some reason, Francis was as hesitant and timid as a bride on her wedding night. When he failed to assume the top position, she rolled over atop him, engulfed his palpitating member within her hungry niche, and sat up on his slender figure. He knew he should take the lead, but he had been so unaccountably shy at bedtime for the last few weeks.

Like tonight, Sandra had gradually taken over the initiative in bed, and his usual self-confidence waned even more now that Sandra had gotten him into panties and a nightgown. The caress of the soft gown increased his fervor and swelled his emotions, especially since his wife was taking the lead in their lovemaking. She sat atop him like some pirate queen about to say, "I've caught you now, and you won't escape until I take all you've got!"

Francis squirmed and thrilled, as he lay squashed beneath the big girl's weight. Then, she lay forward, still atop him, and after feasting her lips on his passionately, she rolled over, bringing him to the uppermost position. His ardor seemed to wilt for an instant until she whispered, "You're so cute in a girl's gown. Sometime, I'm going to dress you in my clothes."

At once she felt a new surging of his excitement swelling within her. They had a glorious fulfillment and happily fell asleep.



Francis knew it well enough, and also that she had earned much more than him before she became pregnant.



Sandra scarcely knew what had compelled her to insist on her handsome husband wearing her nightgown.

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Sandra scarcely knew what had compelled her to insist on her handsome husband wearing her nightgown. It may have been a combination of little things: his lovely hair and complexion which led people to remark that he should have been a girl; his embarrassment when lingerie was displayed or discussed; his gentle, graceful manners and soft manner; the picture of him in his mother's album when he was twelve years old, showing him dressed in girl's clothes for Halloween; the fact that he was so gifted at several skills usually performed by women.

Whatever it was, his loving reaction in the nightgown was very gratifying, as it brought him to a fervor he had not previously possessed. The following morning, Francis was quiet, reserved, and "on his dignity" as he removed the gown and his panties.

A few nights later, a new thrill awaited Francis. At bedtime he found, not just a nightie and panties, but some other exciting things awaited him. This time Sandra helped him dress, first fixing a fancy garter belt on his slim midriff and then, as he sat on the edge of the bed, she knelt and assisted while he drew his very first pair of sheer, wispy nylons onto his well-shaped lower limbs. He was not very athletic, thus there were no muscular bulges to mar the graceful curves of his legs. The gentle caress of the dainty mesh excited him almost unbearably, and as Sandra drew his nylons up, something else went up too, and the thrilled girl leaned forward to give it a big kiss.

Then, she gave him her best pair of panties; they were a trifle loose on him but the beautiful baby blue garment lavished with lace thrilled him to giddiness. His cup was running over as his wife fastened one of her queen-size bras across his nearly hairless chest. He could not begin to fill it, but Sandra found some hosiery and stuffed a good handful in each of the cups. Francis clung to her, overcome with confused joy, kissing her madly. Reaching down, she felt the pulsating arousal through his panties.

"Oh, you Cutie Pie. Here's something you need." She slipped a pair of her high-heeled shoes on his small-boned feet and they fit perfectly. "Let's see you walk in them, that's it."

You're a most graceful girl." She fondled her excited spouse, stroked his bare midriff and his lace-covered breasts. "Oh, my pretty girl has such nice titties!"

Suddenly Francis clutched himself in his most sensitive area. "Oh, Honey I'm so close!"

"No, don't dare do it 'til we're in bed!" Sandra implored too late. He was holding himself, and his hips were churning back and forth as his over-stimulated shaft slid up and down in the exciting silkiness of his panties. He sank upon the edge of the bed and sat there in the throes of his release. All the disappointed Sandra could do was hold him in her arms. This meant no appeasing her physical needs for this night, but she had learned a bit more about her problem man.

The next day, Sandra had to ask for money because Francis had borrowed from her carefully hoarded household account for a down payment on a stereo. She said this was a luxury that should wait until they were out of debt, but he ignored her. Later when he made a wry remark about her economy tuna and noodle casserole she retorted, "Let me manage the money, dear, and I guarantee you'll have steak at least once in a while without being in debt."

Francis became a bit huffy at this and reminded her that he wore the pants in the family. That evening he rejected the nightgown she offered, and there was no love making. He sulkily turned away from her in bed, and when she pursued an embrace, she felt the limpness of his attitude.

The next day, Sandra received an unexpected, yet exciting phone call from Mr. Ogle, her former employer. If she would return, she'd receive a nice raise and be first in line for an executive position. That evening, she implored Francis to allow her to find a baby sitter and return to the work she did so well and found so rewarding. As her handsome husband sat on the sofa, she threw herself on her knees and begged, "Please, dear, this is a heaven-sent answer to our problems. The salary is much more than you are making, and with it, we can be debt free."

When he frowned, she realized that her choice of words had been unfortunate to the sensitive male. "No, Snookums

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needs you," Francis said. "She should have one of her parents with her all the time." As she went on pleading, he asked, "Is that big fellow, what's his name, still there?"

"Who? Dick? I guess so. Why?"

"Then you're not going back."

So that was it! Francis was jealous of Dick, a big outdoor sports type of man who had been nice to her. He had taken her home a few times when they worked overtime, but everything had been quite proper between them.

"How can he be so unreasonable?" Sandra thought resentfully, nearly in tears. She was sure that he liked the attentions he received from girls in his office, and a neighbor had told her about him holding hands with a girl on the bus. She knew he was still polite to his former girlfriend who sang in the choir with him. As she implored, her head in his lap, Francis stroked it and pressed it a bit closer to him, and she felt his slight but definite arousal. Could he be hinting that he'd like her to give him oral gratification? They had never delved into this particular by-play of love, but Sandra would do it and a lot more to gain a point so important to the welfare of her family.

At bedtime she nudged downward under the covers, to the surprise of her prudish, and brought him to a joyous fulfillment in a manner he had never experienced. She hoped this would soften his attitude, but all it accomplished was to soften him in an area that resulted in her falling asleep with her own desires unappeased. With his attitude, she was facing a long future in the kitchen, despite her business and technical skills.

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CHAPTER II. NEW THRILLS FOR FRANCIS

Shortly thereafter, Francis caught a severe case of the flu and was confined to bed for a week. As a result, Sandra's work was doubled, as she ran back and forth caring for him and Snookums. Already haunted by their financial straits, she was now burdened by medical expenses. She managed to remain cheerful; however, and luckily, she and Snookums did not catch the bug. The following week, Francis was much better and able to move around and wait on himself, but the doctor advised him to stay home a few more days. While ill he had worn only his own pajamas, but now, he accepted the pretty nightgown and panties she placed on his bed.

At once, she observed his incredible pleasure, and that encouraged her to give him a little surprise she thought he'd like. He was about to take a shower when she brought him a large jar of white cream saying, "Darling, since you like taking care of your skin, put this beauty cream on all over, before you shower."

"What is it? Why is there no label?"

"It's a special disappearing and moisturizing cream that will do wonders for your skin. Use a generous amount, but don't get it too close to your little man." As Francis took the jar, she advised, "The cream should stay on about seven minutes before you wash it off. Oh, and here's my shower cap so you won't get any on your head." She checked her watch and observed that he'd waited about long enough before the shower started.

Soon she heard an amazed, "Honey? What's going on? What is this stuff?"

She entered the bathroom and said, "Here let me have a look." In an instant, she saw enough to tell her the depilatory had cleaned him like a newly plucked chicken - his nice soft body was completely devoid of hair. He was angry at her deceit as she giggled, "Those dainty garments you love so much will feel twice as nice on your perfectly smooth, girlish skin. I told you it was a disappearing cream because it made all that unwanted hair disappear."

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Bitterly he complained, "My hair is all gone even where every man has hair!"

Sandra nearly joked, "So does every woman, darling. Looks like you're in a class by yourself." Instead she appeased him all she could. Instead, she told him to use her lilac body talc with the big powder puff before slipping into his panties and nightgown.

Unable to forget the tempting position fate and her boss had offered, she was suddenly overcome with hope, hope of a future she felt she deserved. While Francis was taking a nap with his silky gown and panties on his hairless body, she made two phone calls. The first was to her boss to inform him she would be coming back to work in a few days. Then, she phoned Francis' boss and obtained approval for her husband to remain home the rest of the week.

When Francis heard about this, he was anything but ecstatic. Sandra said cajoled him saying, "You simply can't object to letting me out of place for a few days. You're well enough to watch the baby now, and we need this money!"

The next day, she left for what she called a glorious taste of freedom. Accustomed to seeing her in housedresses and low-heeled shoes, Francis stared in awe at his tall, chic, and shapely wife. That evening, she returned glowing with satisfaction. She easily coped with the work, and everyone had been SO nice to her.

"I'll bet they were," said Francis grumpily, a touch of jealousy in his voice.

Sandra was very loving to her handsome mate and showered him with praises because the apartment was neatly in order, and little Snookums had been well cared for and was spotlessly clean.

Figuring he had to do this only for the rest of the week, Francis worked industriously, to show her that housework wasn't such a big deal as she sometimes made it out to be. With her limited funds, Sandra made only one purchase that first week. In a lingerie shop, she bought a pair of falsies, which she certainly didn't need for herself.

Sandra had some news for Francis but was a little apprehensive about breaking it to him, and thus, she postponed the chore until Sunday night. Her smooth skinned master had

again accepted a garter belt, sheer hose, a bra (nicely filled now) and silky nylon panties. He was snuggled against her in bed, his face to her great, billow-breasts when she whispered that she'd talked to his boss who said he could stay home a third week.

"What gave you the right to call him?" exclaimed the angry male in lingerie. "I won't stay home, I won't!"

"Please, dear," coaxed Sandra. "Next week is a very important one at our office, and I'll earn a bonus if I help them meet an important deadline. We'll be all that much ahead because your absence is paid for by sick leave."

"No, I'll not stay home and do housework and mind the baby another whole week! That's your job. Maybe we'll look for a baby sitter when Snookums is older, but you'll stay here tomorrow!"

In the darkness, Sandra reached for the sensitive thing in his pink panties, but he peevishly pushed her hand away. "I'm going to work, even if you leave first! Snookums will be left all alone, and it will be your fault!"

Oh, please," he gasped as she pulled down his silky lace-trimmed panties. Quivering at her skillful caresses, Francis let her slide downwards in bed to give his excited love instrument a kiss and close her lips lovingly around it. He liked it that other time, so if she pleased him, he might grant this one urgent wish of hers.

How different it felt and tasted this time, completely devoid of hair. Her hand gently stroked the soft, smooth velvety flesh all around it while her lips drew on it earnestly, provocatively with all the affection and finesse her eager ambition could create. Before long Francis was gripping her head with both hands and his hips began to push convulsively forward and back. Sandra gallantly faced up to her master's plunging ramrod and finally accepted his ecstatic outpouring to the last drop.

Later, when they kissed goodnight, and Francis seemed so pleased and relaxed, she timidly asked if she could go to work on tomorrow. "No, dear," he drowsily told his still unappeased wife. "I go to work tomorrow, and you stay home."

"Oh---" sighed Sandra as if in surrender; then she asked if he had finished his antibiotic pills.

"NO! I don't need them anymore."

"Well, you should finish those last few. I'll bring you one." She did, with a glass of water, but by "mistake" it was a sleeping pill.

The next morning, Sandra awoke her "sleeping beauty" to bring him his orange juice. She was fully dressed, neat as a pin, had already fed Snookums and told Francis his robe and slippers were on the nearby chair. Francis was so drowsy he didn't mind staying home, at least at first. With Snookums in the playpen, he dozed off again.

At 10:30 an alert, brisk Sandra received a phone call. "Programming, Ms. Jeffers," she replied crisply.

"Honey, did you know there's not a stitch of my clothes in my closet except for my robe?"

Sandra discreetly lowered her voice. "Daring, please forgive me, but I had to do that because you threatened to leave Snookums alone. I hid your clothes for the good of our family. You'll realize I'm right when you think it over. Fortunately, you needn't go outside today. Please, dear, look in my closet - I'm sure you'll find something --"

Francis hung up angrily.

When Sandra arrived home, she received a delightful surprise! Her handsome spouse was wearing a pretty pink housedress with dainty feminine lingerie underneath, and high-heeled shoes. He had intended to remove his feminine finery before her return, but the time slipped away. Snookums was gurgling happily. She'd had her nap on time and was clean and well cared for. Francis was greatly embarrassed to be caught in a dress, but Sandra eased his anxiety when she kissed him lovingly and made a big fuss over his sweet appearance.

She unlocked his closet but beseeched him to remain in his dress, declaring that he "never looked so adorable".

Francis was still sulky over the trick she played on him, but he didn't insist on changing. This enabled her to add a few touches she'd never been able to do in the past. Despite his half-hearted objections, she painted a nice cupid's bow on his mouth with her lipstick and coaxed him to sit at her vanity while she combed his long lustrous hair into a feminine style and clipped a large pink in it to match his dress.

Francis stared in fascination at his girlish reflection in the floor-length mirror and blushed at his feminine appearance. Sandra noticed the bulge in his skirt. Embracing him, she took hold of his enraged member through the material of his dress, slip, and panties, she whispered, "I'll have to get you a girdle to hide this bump."

Trilled to giddiness and feeling very much like a girl, Francis fairly melted into her arms and passively accepted her caresses. He remained in the very becoming dress all evening, and Sandra marveled at his gentle, effeminate behavior. Before the evening was over, her shy, girlish husband had consented to stay home the remainder of the week.

"Of course, I'll return to work next Monday - so you must stop working the end of this week," he insisted.

Although Francis felt it beneath his male dignity to do housework, he learned that there were some very pleasant aspects to staying home. He always dressed himself and Snookums very carefully when he took her shopping, and he was amazed at the number of pretty, young women who were friendly to him. Some were real beauties who would never make overtures to a man ordinarily, but the combination of Francis being so handsome and little Snookums being so cute in her fresh, crisp dresses attracted even more pretty women, mostly with babies themselves, than he had ever dreamed of meeting.

One of these was Lois, a pert redhead with a little boy about Snookum's age. The two babies jabbered at each other so comically that their parents had laughed and naturally started chatting. At their second meeting, Lois said she wished the babies could see each other more often. Francis' heart skipped a beat as she batted her blue eyes with their long lashes.

The next day was vital to Sandra's hopes of liberation, so she groomed herself carefully. With that in mind, she wore her most elegant dress, an eye opening creation of turquoise silk with daring low bodice and very short skirt that revealed the beauty of her magnificent figure.

"Say," exclaimed Francis when he saw her, "I thought that dress was for evening wear."

"It's just for today, Honey. Two top men are coming in from New York, and Mr. Ogle asked us to be at our best. The bodice is a bit low, but I'll keep on this chiffon scarf."

"If you sit down, you'd better have a desk in front of you." warned Francis as he caught a glimpse of her plump white thighs above her stocking tops. As a rule, she wore a house-dress while he was the male peacock, attracting feminine eyes and not being above a little harmless flirtation. He didn't like this turn of events, but he kissed her goodbye more ardently than usual. He worried about 'Big Dick' and the other wolves, that doubtless would be leering at her charms.

Mr. Ogle could have used her services that afternoon. There were a couple important men in town and but when she explained that her remaining on the job depended on her being off that afternoon, his attitude changed. "Take as much time as you need, dear. I hope everything works out for the best," he gushed.

The shapely woman took a bus to the firm where Francis worked and asked for Mr. Stern, office manager. As she walked with queenly air thru the office several low whistles and excited murmurs gave her confidence for her task. Seated in Mr. Stern's private office she crossed her long beautiful legs, and Mr. Stern gulped and sight.

"Wow. What a stunner!" he thought with a leering smile. "Who'd think Jeffers would have such a sexy wife? He seems so quiet and sissyish. Wonder what she wants? Hope I can help her."

Sandra began a bit nervously, but Mr. Stern patted her hand encouragingly as she presented her case. She produced a memo from Mr. Ogle stating her salary, substantially more than her husband received. When Mr. Stern reached for it, his hand touched her lovely, out-jutting breasts, and he dropped his glasses. Continuing, she pleaded that Francis not be told of her role in his "leave of absence".

She went on, "Him staying home with the baby while I work is the best step we can take to get ourselves out of debt. Still, he'd resent us both it if he knew I saw you."

As the executive pondered his decision her sweet fragrance enveloped him and the frequent glimpses of her partly

exposed alluring breasts and tempting plump thighs were irresistible. "All right, honey. We'll do it."

When he promised to issue the order at once, the overjoyed Sandra impulsively kissed him on the cheek. "Oh, one more favor, Mr. Stern," she asked, encouraged by the tender look in his eyes. "I understand Francis had an office girlfriend (this was just a guess). If you would kindly supply her name, I would have an additional reason for taking the drastic step."

Mr. Stern hesitated, and Sandra knew he must have someone in mind! She put her face very close to his and whispered, "Please?"

"One more kiss, but on the lips this time," Stern insisted with a devious smile.

Sandra gladly paid this reasonable fee, and he said, "Well, there's been nothing serious you know, but --" He gave her two names, which she jotted down as added ammunition for her campaign. Another kiss, this time, a long, clinging juicy one with open mouths. They parted, both with a happy glow.

CHAPTER III. LUSCIOUS, LOVABLE LOIS

The shapely siren returned to her office for two hours, basking in the compliments of her coworkers, and then hurried home. She was late, but Francis' frown turned to admiration at sight of her sexy charms. He started to embrace her but she said, "Wait until I change." She removed her dress and slip and looked simply enchanting in her panties and bra, her great billowing breasts nearly spilling out of their lacy hammock. Francis forgot his reproaches as he madly kissed her sweet mouth and her warm, tempting boobs until she gently pushed him away "More after I put something on and help you with dinner. By the way, why are you wearing your newest trousers?"

"I had to have something decent to wear to the store. When I returned, I forgot to change."

"Do you have to doll up to go to the store? Are you trying to impress some housewife with a wandering eye?" It was just a chance remark, but he looked a trifle guilty. "Well," she con-

tinued, "You must be very careful of your best trousers until we get out of our financial predicament. I'll get you something to protect them."

She went to her closet as Francis watched with fascination the rhythmic bobbing of her big shapely buttocks in the black lace panties that outlined their every beautiful curve. She returned with a frilly bib apron of sheer white lace, dropped it over his head and tied the broad sashes in a big bow at his back.

Francis protested rather weakly, but Sandra rebuffed him. "Honey, you look just darling, and I don't believe for a minute that you really dislike it. You see, I felt the bra under your shirt and the garters at your thighs."

Francis jumped. He hadn't felt her light perceptive fingers. Since he would return to work next week, he decided it wouldn't hurt to indulge his harmless enjoyment of soft silky lingerie for these last three days.

"Since you are almost fully 'dressed' how about a skirt and a nice pair of heels?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed Francis, blushing at the thought. He might enjoy these things in private, but he would be too self-conscious to wear them under the eyes of the woman he loved.

After slipping into a sweater and slacks, she insisted on him removing his apron, shirt, and pants. As he stood before her in his panties, bra, and nylons, she produced the falsies she bought and showed them to him for the first time, "Since you're wearing a bra, you may as well slip these into the cups." She said in a tone that sounded more like an order than a request.

"But dear, I don't need those!" he protested.

"Go ahead," she countered. "They'll fill out the front of your blouse and make you look more natural."

Despite his reservations, while Sandra watched, he inserted the pads into his bra, had Sandra fasten the back buttons of his soft white translucent blouse with long billowing sleeves, stepped into a silky white nylon half-slip, fastened the back clasp of a knee-length navy skirt replete with tiny pleats, and slipped his feet into dark blue three-inch pumps.

"Don't forget your apron," Sandra chided.



As Francis tied a fussy bow in the lacy sash of the fancy apron, he began to doubt his rightful position as master of the house.

As he tied a fussy bow in the lacy sash of the fancy apron behind him, he began to doubt his rightful position as master of the house.

As they disrobed for bed, Francis threw the dainty night-gown aside and insisted, "Where are my pajamas? I've been wearing your clothes all evening, and I won't wear this!"

"Now, Sweetheart," Sandra coaxed. "You know we always kiss and make up at bedtime. Put on your pretty nightie and be my pretty girlfriend."

"You want your way entirely too much lately!" he pouted. "Don't forget, I'm the man of this house." Finding some cotton pajamas of his own, he put them on and went to bed without another word.

Sandra slipped her arm around him but he sulkily pushed it off. The big girl was in the mood for love, but he rejected her tender overtures until, at last, she ceased eyeing his slender form with keen resentment. For a moment, she considered taking her soft husband by force, which in her angry frustration she might well have succeeded. She had never attempted such a ploy, and her pride would not permit it now. Feeling defeated, she tried to compose herself, but a tear of frustration and disappointment trickled down her cheek.

Francis forgot his troubles when he met the very attractive Lois while shopping. She asked his advice about buying and preparing of foods. Declaring that he knew so much more than she about such matters; she made him feel far more important than Sandra ever did. Once or twice, she 'accidentally' brushed against him as they talked. He apologized as his hand touched her shapely buttock and a bit later, her tender thigh. It must be said that Lois was not really a loose girl, but her husband, a traveling salesman, was often away as much as a week at a time, far too long to leave such a warm-blooded, fun-loving beauty alone.

As they approached her home after shopping the pretty redhead told him, "If you were Snookums' mother instead of her daddy, I'd invite you in for a cup of tea."

Francis didn't know just how to reply, and as Lois said no more on this subject, they parted at her walkway. He liked her more with each meeting. He loved Sandra, but Lois was so different, much more petite, cute as a little doll, and so

friendly and flattering to his male ego that had been bruised so much lately.

The next morning, the last day Francis expected to be home, the thunderbolt struck. He took in the mail and opened a letter from Mr. Stern only to learn that he had been granted a one-year leave of absence. Stunned and uncomprehending, he phoned his superior who very stiffly and firmly told him that his replacement had worked out very well, and was a very experienced and capable man they decided to retain. Due to the recession that had hit industry in general quite hard, they could not take Francis back at this time. They might consider his return in a year, and then only if business permitted.

"Perhaps I can think more clearly out in the fresh air," he thought with his head spinning as he numbly dressed Snookums to go shopping.

At the supermarket, Francis encountered Lois again. Actually, these meetings were not by chance as the handsome young male had to pass her house on the way to the store, and the love starved Lois had taken to watching for him at her window. Made reckless by his upsetting news he responded a little more bravely to her saucy comments. At times she squeezed his arm or put her lovely face close to his as they joked and laughed and he thrilled all over at her provocative nearness. They pushed their strollers homeward and nearing her home, Francis found courage to ask Lois if her invitation to tea for Snookums' mother might apply to him.

Lois smiled teasingly, "Well, I could put a skirt on you, and you could pretend to be her mother." It was just an idle remark, so she wondered why he blushed so deeply.

They entered her nicely furnished home and deposited the babies together in the playpen. Lois went to the kitchen to make tea, and as the babies were playing peacefully, Francis went to help her. She let him put some cookies on a plate, and later as she reached for something from behind him, her arms encircled his slender waist for a moment.

After they sat in the living room with their tea, Lois exclaimed, "Oh, forgot the lemon!"

They both jumped up at once and bumped into each other. Before they knew it, they were locked in a passionate em-

brace, hugging and kissing. Francis kissed her face, her ears, and her soft fragrant neck. Suddenly, he realized her hands were at his back, questionably running back and forth over the outlines of the bra beneath his shirt. He broke away so violently that Lois stared in amazement as he picked up Snookums, gasped, "Thank you," and turned to flee.

"Your tea!" cried Lois.

He gulped it down and ran without another word!

CHAPTER IV. SANDRA'S SUSPICIONS

He might have run faster had he known that an hour before, Myrtle, a friend of Sandra's from high school, phoned her saying she heard Francis had been spending a lot of time with an attractive redhead and had been seen going into her home on Elm Street. After the first shock, Sandra gained control of her emotions and replied evenly, "Thanks, Myrtle. Please ask your friend to keep her eyes open, and if you hear of this happening again, phone me right away. I can hop a cab and be there in a jiffy." Eager to be in on the action, Myrtle promised she would.

Francis arrived home to discover one bag of groceries was missing - he'd left it at Lois'. How could he return, after his strange behavior to her? Trying to decide, he put away the groceries he'd brought and put Snookums down for a very late nap. He had lost track of the time since the morning's upsetting news; thus he lost some more precious time before he finally hurried back to Lois' place.

When he arrived, the redhead's, her tender smile told him he was forgiven, but she had unpacked his bag and put several items in her refrigerator. Thus, another fifteen minutes was lost before he could start his hasty walk homewards. He was very late by now, he had left little Snookums alone for the very first time, and when he arrived, he prayed that Sandra was not yet home.

His greatest fear was realized when he found her, livid with anger, waiting for him. "Where have you been? Why bring more food when you've already shopped? You can't have

forgotten that much! How can you leave Snookums alone? She might have suffocated or been kidnapped."

She was shooting questions faster than he could answer them, and he couldn't imagine why she was so furious. Finally, he managed to say he had forgotten to bring home this bag of groceries.

"Where did you leave them? What was on your mind to make you forget them? Why isn't Snookums up from her nap? What? She just went to bed? What's the matter with you? Wait, what's that on your mouth? Lipstick! Who were you kissing?"

"N-No one, dear. I put some of yours on before I left."

"Come on, tell the truth! I never used that shade in my life! Who did you kiss?"

"Uh...er...the old lady in the produce department."

"Why?"

"I guess she is glad I bought something."

"She kissed you because you bought two pounds of cabbage? You're a very poor liar! She never wears lipstick. You're wearing your best shirt and the trousers of your best suit! Did you doll up for your secret girlfriend? Take your shirt and trousers off right away!"

Francis resented her sudden show of arrogance but scarcely had the spirit to fight back at her; he was assailed with feelings of guilt and bewildered that she almost seemed to know what had happened. "Will you please step out?"

"No, I will not." I mean to see that you hang them up properly." As he buckled his belt and Francis reluctantly undressed and stood sheepishly before his angry wife in his bra, panties, and nylon stockings.

"I thought so," she snapped scornfully though she really felt a surge of relief inside. He was not likely to have undressed to reveal his pretty frillies to another woman. Outwardly she remained stern. "Sissy Boy just loves his lingerie, doesn't he? He must have something to wear with it. Put these on."

She gave him a full white slip with lace at the bodice and hem and brightly flowered housedress. Once before she had caught him in a dress by surprise, but she'd never ordered him into one in this dictatorial manner.

"No, Honey, I'm going to put on some other trousers."

She advanced toward him with a sternness he'd never seen, so he backed away warily. "I said put these on!" she snapped.

Francis hesitantly accepted the slip and drew it over his head, and without delay, he followed it with the pretty flowered dress.

Sandra had never seen her "master" quite this meek and abashed, and she took advantage of it by applying full makeup to his sulky face and slipping his small feet into three-inch pumps. When in skirts, his spirit softened, and he acted more like a shy pouting girl. His wife's anger softened also as she noticed his transformation. "Francis was a bad boy today, so we'll make a Francine out of him."

When they put Snookums to bed, Francis said, "Darling, I'd like to change into my own clothes now. I feel so strange this way."

"No, dear!" she sharply replied. "I love my pretty Francine, so you will stay just as you are for the rest of the evening."

Stung by her bossy manner, he snarled, "You can't dictate how I dress."

"Yes, I can! You were a naughty boy today, so you're getting a dose of petticoat discipline. I know you like it because you've been wearing my nighties and lingerie for weeks."

"I'm not going to stand for this! I'll find a baby sitter, and I'll go back to work."

"According to Mr. Stern's letter, you have no work, except here at home for at least a year!"

"Oh, no." I'd never stay home that long." I'll find some work - any work."

"Don't bother. I'll find plenty for you here. You're the one who said Snookums should have one of her parents with her, and I agree. Later, you might go to work, but for now, you are our housekeeper and her sitter while I earn some real money to get us out of our financial hole."

Francis' position as master of the household was becoming quite insecure. He was full of resentment at Sandra's high-handed insistence on having her own way, but at bedtime he couldn't help feeling thrilled as always to see her with her big, bobbing breasts nearly escaping her nightgown as if begging

to be kissed. After a few diffident moments, he was in her arms with his face pressed lovingly to her warm boobs, his troubles forgotten for the moment. As he kissed her fleshy melons, Sandra whispered in his ear, "Which do you like best, Honey, blondes or brunettes?"

"Darling, you're the only brunette in the world for me."

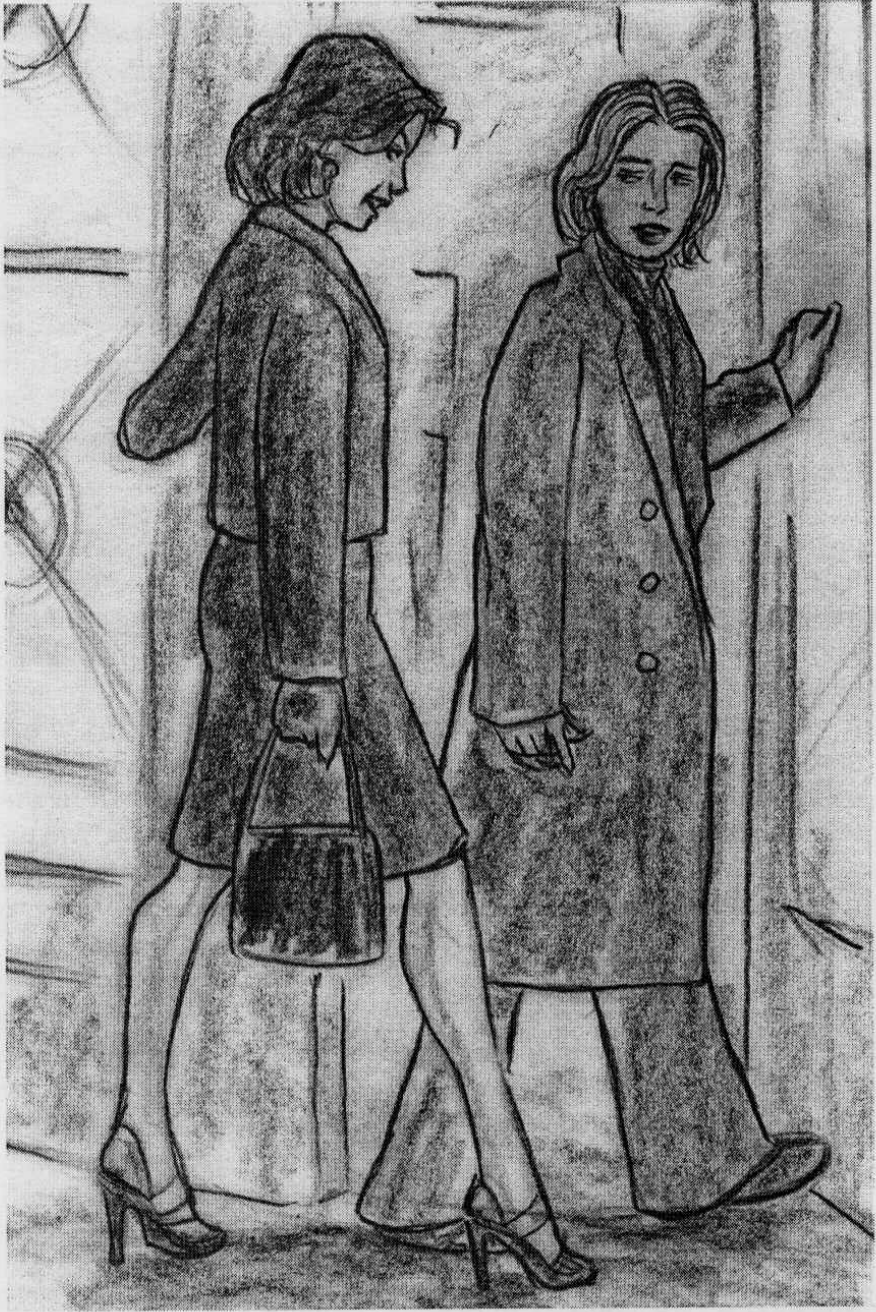
She murmured, "How about redheads?" and as she felt him quiver violently, she became more convinced than ever of his guilt. She longed to cross-examine him, but she decided to wait rather than warn him that he was being watched. How could he cheat on her, with her working so hard to please support him? He seemed so shy, but she knew he was very attractive to women.

Her hand descended in a light, playful smack on his bared posterior and a succession of gentle smacks followed, Sandra using one hand, then the other. It did not hurt but to be held like this unable to move and have one's buttocks spanked, even lightly, was very humiliating after all that had happened on this upsetting day.

The events of the day gave him disturbing doubts as to his ability to cope with his suddenly strong willed wife. As he fell off to sleep, he determined to thwart her plans and regain the dominant role she was trying to wrest from his grip. Meanwhile, Sandra was thinking, "If we ever had a serious quarrel, I think I could subdue him physically. At any rate, I'd love to give him a real good spanking!"

The next day was Saturday, and Sandra was home. She and Francis were polite in a strained way, but they were both wary and on guard. When she offered him a nice bra, a fancy garter belt, and lace-lavished panties to wear beneath his sport shirt and slacks, he couldn't resist putting them on. While he was in the kitchen Sandra quietly packed away all his pajamas and male underclothing, to move to her parents' home. He might demand their return later, but he certainly was sweeter and gentler in his silky undies.

Francis had promised to visit his mother, and Sandra agreed for him to take the car there with Snookums while she shopped. Some hours later, she phoned and asked him to pick her up as she had more bundles than she could carry.



“You’ll love this shop!” Sandra said. “It’s got a lot for both of us...”

Leaving the baby with his mother, he drove to the address she had given.

Sandra was waiting at a quietly furnished, dimly lit store with no outside advertising, only a few oddly assorted mannequins in the window. Two of them had masquerade costumes, another was in maid's uniform, and one was wearing a corselet. The place was modest and unpretentious. As Francis approached, he saw two finely dressed gentlemen leaving. They walked with such supple grace and elegance, their hair beautiful in a long mod style, and their figures molded like a pair of Greek gods. He gazed after them with interest.

"Hi, Honey," Sandra greeted him. "Weren't those two men handsome, and didn't they have such lovely figures? We're going to get a wonderful present for you, to make you every bit as attractive as them, a foundation garment."

Francis drew back in alarm, but she explained that no one would see him except her. "I know you like to look nice, so this is just what you need."

A plain, sharp-eyed, woman in a severe cut black dress greeted them saying, "Good afternoon. Something for this gentleman?"

Sandra had spoken with her earlier, but to avoid Francis from learning of their conversation, she said, "I want to purchase a foundation for my husband if that is possible."

"Why of course, dear.' My name is Ms. Savage, and I'm sure we can help you. You're lucky to have such a nice figure," she said, looking admiringly at the handsome but nervous male. "I can tell just by looking at him that he'll look simply perfect with some of the things I have to show you. This way, please."

When they arrived in a brightly lit fitting room and instructed Francis to undress while she acquired a few items they would need.

"Honey, I can't take my clothes off" he pleaded when they were alone. "I'm wearing -- you know!"

"Darling, this is a very special shop. Most men who come in here wear lingerie. Come on." She began to unbutton him, and he reluctantly disrobed.

His anxiety increased when he learned that he had to remove everything except his sheer nylons. "She won't come in here, will she?" he gasped.

"Don't worry," Sandra purred. "I think she'll just hand me the garment though the doorway."

Just then, Ms. Savage walked right into the room, smiling at the cowering male who ran behind his wife while frantically trying to cover his nudity with his hands. "Oh my," she gushed. "He has a girlish figure, if I may say so, Ma'am. Such perfect skin. A lot of girls would love to have such a smooth, flawless body. Not a hair anywhere - just like velvet."

The prudish youth kept moving his hands to conceal his nakedness from the admiring Ms. Savage. "Don't be so bashful, sir. This is my job. I see male and female nudes every day, but not many as pretty as you."

At this Sandra caught her slender spouse in her arms and held him. "Come dear," she said. "Don't make such a fuss. She will give you something to wear."

Ms. Savage walked up closed to the blushing male whose heart was beating like a hammer as he feared she would see his utterly hairless genitals and laugh.

As Sandra embraced him, the saleslady soothingly stroked his bare shoulders and back, marveling at the softness of his skin. She purred, "Such a sweet, modest young man. Look, we're all friends here, and I'm trying to help you. Here, step into this." She handed him a device very similar to a man's jockstrap, but was made of a pink power net.

Francis quickly tried to get into it to hide his hairless genitals, but it was so tight and hard to stretch, he gasped, "It's too small! I can't pull it up over my legs!"

"It should be good and snug to keep the scrotum tucked well back and give you a nice smooth line," Ms. Savage explained. To his great mortification, she calmly reached down, grabbed his soft, baby-smooth shaft, turned it back between his legs, and tugged the strap into place with seemingly little effort.

Sandra felt a bit strange to see her husband handled thus by another woman, but Ms. Savage seemed quite impersonal and certainly knew her business. This was no ordinary jockstrap! His genitals did not hang down and rest in a comfort-

able pouch that bulged out in front, they were crammed back between his thighs and flattened so much that he seemed to have lost the last vestige of his manhood.

Realizing this tight strap would eliminate those unsightly bulges that appeared in his dresses and skirts, Francis was still frightfully embarrassed to be standing practically naked between the two women. He saw Ms. Savage look at his little hairless breasts, and he quickly turned away from her to his wife who comfortingly embraced him again.

"You're so pretty now, dearest," she murmured in his ear. "This strap fixes you up nicely. Isn't his body lovely, Ms. Savage?"

"Oh, it's simply divine, and his fanny is so cute!"

Francis was acutely aware that he presented a view of his soft white globes to Ms. Savage, and he self-consciously held one hand against them. "Honey, please let's take it and go," he implored his wife. "Oh, where are my clothes?"

"I moved them to make room on that chair for some other things," Ms. Savage admitted. "Shall I bring them back in?"

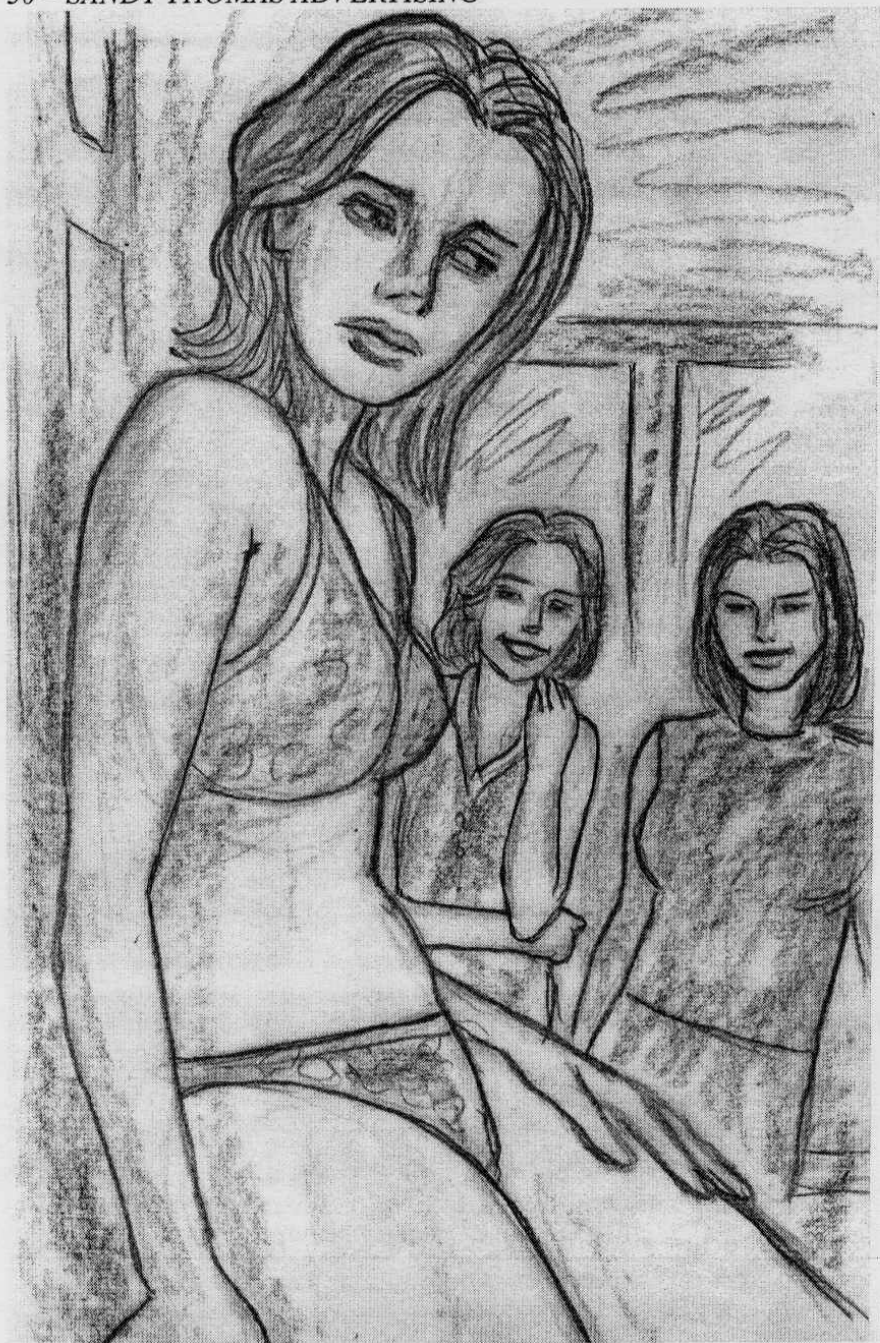
"No!" said Sandra. "Honey, stop worrying about minor details, and let's get down to business. You have to try on your foundation. You know! I told you about it earlier."

"Could I have some privacy, please?" Francis begged.

Glancing at Sandra for approval, Ms. Savage replied, "Sir, I have to be here to fit you properly, and your wife has to help you make the selection."

Ms. Savage presented three foundations and said, "This is our 'Instant Woman' model." As she knelt and held it for him, Francis stepped into the garment and all three of them had to tug and squeeze and pull to get it up in place. To his sorrow, he learned that this garment was, in reality, a remarkable, maximum control corselet. Its curved steel ribs nipped in his already slim waist and whittled away several more inches. As he worked his arms through the strong shoulder straps, they helped him tug the constricting sheath into place.

"Oh what fun!" exclaimed Sandra as she stared at his feminized figure with delighted amazement. Enclosed in its powerful grip, Francis could scarcely breathe, and the mirror showed the well-padded bra cups gave him an outstanding bust.



Francis saw the new look of his artfully padded figure as it swelled outward in full graceful curves to give him an enchanting feminine silhouette.

Its lines curved gracefully downward to his slim girlish waist and blossomed out into beautiful rounded hips. "See? Your figure just needed a little control to bring out its possibilities."

In the side and rear view mirrors he saw the new look of his artfully padded derriere as it swelled outward in full graceful curves to give him an enchanting feminine silhouette.

Sandra was in ecstasy, and Ms. Savage declared, "He's the sweetest, most adorable client we've ever had." She gartered the sheer nylons he had left on. Sandra removed her shoes and told him to slip them on, "to get the right effect".

Ms. Savage told the feminized husband to walk back and forth to get the "feel" of his foundation. As he shakily did so, he protested, "It's too tight! I can't breathe!"

"You'll get used to it, sir. Just take shorter breaths."

Francis' mind was a jumble of emotions and total embarrassment at Ms. Savage's remarks about his body.

"Now let's try this garment," said Ms. Savage, holding up another foundation. "It's not cut quite as long but would permit sexual activity if desired. Does he have a boyfriend?"

"No!" Francis exclaimed. "We're married."

"I'm aware of that, sir," Ms. Savage scoffed. "Sometimes sweet little things like you just can't keep the boys at bay." She went on to explain that the one Francis wore, and also the belt, would prevent such activity. Also, both of them were equipped with sturdy hooks to insure that once they were on, they were kept on.

"Why would anyone want to look?" Francis innocently inquired.

"Probably no one in your case, sir, but there are cases where the wife, or other friend of the wearer, feels more assured of the subject's chastity if she, or he, holds the key," Ms. Savage replied.

"We probably don't need that because my Francis is a good boy, aren't you, dear? However, why don't you explain the safety measure."

While Francis turned beet red, Ms. Savage explained, "The wearer can use the toilet, but only while sitting. Any sexual activity or any effort to get the organ in an upright po-

sition so it can be used is impossible. The third garment has twin cutouts in the rear to expose the buttocks. This is in case the wearer is naughty and needs to be chastised or be in position to accept other attentions."

"Great!" explained Sandra as Francis stared, only half comprehending. "I like that one, and we'll take the pink bridle as well. Okay, Honey?"

The corseted male cleared his throat and tried to sound like the head of the family. "Er- how much do they cost?"

"Don't worry your pretty head about that, dear," Sandra beamed. "They're a present from me."

"Isn't she good to you?" Ms. Savage gushed. "Now, let's get you into the foundation your loving wife selected."

Sandra hugged and kissed her tightly sheathed mate while Ms. Savage watched approvingly. "It's such a pleasure to see a sweet TV with an understanding wife. You don't know how lucky you are, sir. Most married TV's don't find much understanding or sympathy at home."

Francis wondered why she was talking about television.

"Most of them have to sneak and dress up all alone without qualified help, and many others suppress their desires and become terribly frustrated. This is very sad because the urge that some men have to dress in women's clothing is one of the strongest drives they can have, and if they don't gratify these urges, they often go all to pieces. Yes, you're lucky, sir. With your wife's help, you'll become a lovely young woman. You're feminine now, but with the right makeup and a nice hairdo, you'll be a real beauty."

"Oh, no," thought Francis. "This is going too far! What am I getting into?" He need not have asked himself this. The mirror told him he was already in it.

"Oh, I can't wait to see him in dresses with that foundation!" exclaimed Sandra.

"Let me show you some nice, casual styles, especially nice for his type."

"I'm hoping he will wear some of mine."

"I'm sure he can, Ma'am, but I'll wager most of them will have to be taken in at the bust line."

"Yes, because he's such a cute Cinderella now." giggled his wife while her curvaceous spouse squirmed as they openly discussed him wearing skirts.

"Here's something I think you'll both love," Ms. Savage said as she brought in the prettiest pair of panties, or rather bloomers, they had ever seen. They were full cut and made of dainty pink silk that puffed out prettily with big flounces around the bottom and reached to just above his knees. This fetching tidbit had a dainty pattern of small roses and was adorned with beautiful appliqué rosebuds. It was ultra feminine, or rather, ultra sissy!

As joyous excitement mingled with his embarrassment, Francis eagerly stepped into the dainty garment.

When Sandra saw her blushing husband in it, she promptly bought it.

"Please, let's go now," the male in corset and bloomers urged his wife, but Ms. Savage was bringing in two more 'goodies' she wanted to see. The first was a well-starched, three-tiered white petticoat that flared out stiffly from his slender waist. Then came the cutest "little girl" dress of white cotton eyelet embroidery with puffed sleeves and embroidered bodice. The skirt fluffed out almost like a ballet skirt and was held out prettily by his stiff petticoat.

As Ms. Savage hooked his waist in snugly, Sandra cried out in delight at his beautiful, yet very juvenile appearance. "Oh, he looks like a delicious marshmallow! I could just eat him up!"

Although giddy with embarrassment, the sissified male seemed to become very prim and docile in the charming little-girl dress. As he gazed with fascination at his cute reflection in the mirror, Ms. Savage whispered to Sandra, "I thought this would be very becoming on him, he seems like such a gentle, innocent person."

"Yes, he is," agreed Sandra. "But, wow! Who could have imagined that he'd look so natural?"

Francis blushed self-consciously and lowered his head. He was so sweetly modest and tame in this childish dress, Sandra just had to buy it. Poor financial situation or no!

Ms. Savage gave the bloomers, petticoat, and dress to an assistant for wrapping and inquired, "Will Francine- excuse me, Francis wear his lovely foundation home?"

"Oh no! I could never wear it on the street," he exclaimed finding his voice after his long, abashed silence.

Ms. Savage brought his clothes and the ladies helped him until he was nearly extricated from his "Iron Maiden", and, to his immense relief, they left him to dress.

While Sandra paid for her purchases and Ms. Savage confided, "Gentlemen such as your husband often have a fantasy which accompanies their transvestism. I mention this because some TV's like a domineering or masterful woman to make them wear certain things, do certain things they don't have the nerve to wear or do on their own, whether they admit it or not. You could play that role to perfection if you wished. Also keep in mind that we have many things for the effeminate, passive male who wishes to be dominated by a strong woman."

"We have maid's uniforms, little girl and little boy costumes, bunny and lamb costumes, almost anything you can imagine. There are restraints to make sure he behaves, hobble skirts that allow him take only the tiniest steps, elbow length leather gloves or boots joined with an adjustable draw-chain to limit movement, and hoods, if you want to keep him the dark. Oh, you may as well take these two locks, even if you don't think you'll need them. They're included in the price of the foundation."

On the way home with Francis safely back in trousers, he began to recover some of his spirit although his voice was still soft and shy. "Honey, I don't know when I'd ever really wear those things, and that foundation is way too tight!" he reasoned.

"Don't worry about dear," his loving wife assured him. "They'll only be for very private, dress-up sessions."

At home she told him to change into a slip and house-dress, but he flatly refused, saying tartly, "You're getting too bossy, and I'm not going to let you dictate what I wear!"

Sandra started to retort but checked herself and replied meekly, "Whatever you say, dear."

That night; however, he did slip into the dainty nightgown she had placed on his pillow, and his manners were noticeably nicer.

When Francis arose to dress on Sunday morning, he missed his male underclothes. When he complained, Sandra explained that she'd put them away to make room for the pretty silky things he'd enjoy much more. "You'll have to wear lingerie from now on. What's the big deal? You know you like them."

The next time Francis went shopping, he bought a pair of boxer shorts from the grocery money and vowed to keep them hidden from his wife. Imagine a man having to hide masculine underwear from his wife and wear them in secret!

CHAPTER VI. A FLIRT LOSES COURAGE

That evening Sandra came home with a new hairdo that made Francis blink in surprise - instead of her usual curls, her glossy dark hair was brushed back severely straight on both sides and caught in a neat bun at the back. It was a business executive style that coordinated well with her tailored coat and skirt.

When she changed into a trim body shirt and trousers she had, despite her beautiful big boobs, a distinctly male appearance with her broad shoulders and a tall shapely figure. When Francis kissed her, she affectionately hugged her handsome mate and asked, "Do you like me like this?"

He softly murmured, "Yes, Honey."

That night in bed, Francis again was shy and reserved, leaving Sandra to initiate their lovemaking. Hoping he wouldn't consider her forward manner to be unladylike; to excuse her boldness she whispered, "I'll pretend I'm the big amorous husband, and you're my sweet loving wife."

In the first weeks of his stay at home, Francis had not done much housework except for shopping, caring for Snookums, preparing the meals, and occasionally rinsing out their lingerie and hose. Fearing he would rebel if given all the

housework at once, Sandra had not asked him to do any cleaning, scrubbing or other arduous tasks. However, since she had always kept a scrupulously clean apartment, she slowly began to remind him of other light, necessary duties such as dusting, vacuuming, waxing, and ironing she knew he was capable of doing.

This interfered with his spare time, and Francis resented it, particularly when his methodical wife began to leave a list of chores every morning that needed to be done. If they weren't completed when she returned, she would question him, gently but searchingly, to determine the cause.

Being a capable manager; Sandra gave him numerous hints to improve his efficiency and felt there was no reason why the apartment should not be clean and tidy with the ironing and mending kept up to the minute, as when she'd done herself.

Francis resentfully declared that he had helped her when he worked, much more than she was helping him.

Sandra replied that their transition of duties had given her a great deal of extra work and that her office work was far more responsible and difficult than his had been. Saying, "I'll help you all I can, but I expect to relax a little at home with my nice, loyal husband to stroke my weary brow and wait on me a little."

Angrily, Francis vowed to himself that he would never become a stay-at-home husband, or a mere household drudge. He was a man, and this kind of work was far beneath him, especially since he had to wear skirts, dresses, and silky feminine undies! He longed to get Sandra back in the kitchen; or failing that, at least find work for himself and a baby sitter so that he could be foot-loose and free again. Tomorrow, he'd begin making phone calls in search of work.

Jobs were scarce in the recession, but he would take anything to escape the net he felt closing around him. If Sandra thought he was about to stay home burdened with all this demeaning unmanly work, she'd find out differently. There wasn't much offered in the Help Wanted columns, so he phoned Reggie, his chess partner, Mr. Wolf, the choir director, and Mr. Stern, although he'd sounded quite cool when they had last talked.

Meantime, until he found something, he decided that it wouldn't be wrong to continue his friendship with Lois. After last time, when they had kissed, the prudish, timid male had resolved not to see her again, but what was so wrong about one little kiss? He deserved a little fun, so why shouldn't he enjoy the company of this vivacious, pretty girl? It would serve Sandra right if he got even with her for piling all the household duties on him.

The virtuous young man never meant to do anything wrong or even improper, but surely, it wouldn't hurt to bask a little in the flattering friendly attentions of this pretty young woman. Perhaps he'd even regain some of the masculine courage and confidence he had lacked lately. Moreover, he decided stop his "dress up" sessions with Sandra and any further wearing of nightgowns, lingerie, and especially dresses. These little "games" were thrillingly pleasant, but Sandra was able to totally dominate him when he was "dressed" because his desire to wear these things matched too well with her plan to domesticate him.

The next day, as Francis shopped with Snookums, the lovely Lois entered the supermarket. She never looked more luscious and tempting in the brief halter dress that revealed her tan shoulders and the shapely lines of her alluring body. Again Francis thrilled happily, if a bit naughtily, as she touched him behind the asparagus, and when bit later, his hand brushed against her, discreetly of course, by the canned hams.

After checking out, they strolled homeward, chatting happily about their babies until they reach her home. Not surprisingly, Lois invited the handsome male to drop in. Francis had intended never to do this again, not only because someone might see them and tell Sandra, who was already suspicious.

He feared his nervousness and excessive shyness might prevent him from enjoying the nearness of this coquettish girl in private. Of course, his shyness last time was because of his telltale bra, but now, he wore his only pair of masculine boxer shorts.

When he hesitated, Lois coaxed, "I learned some wonderful sit-up exercises that I'd like to show you. Come on in. It won't take long."

Finally, Francis consented to come in, "for a minute."

When they put the babies in the playpen, they gurgled at each other as if to say, "Where've you been all my life?"

To Francis' surprise, Lois removed her dress and stood before him in naught but her red bra, panties, garter belt and hose, her curvaceous body beautifully tempting. He was shocked, but dazzled, by her beauty. Impulsively, he moved close, put his arms around her from behind, lightly massaged her smooth bare midriff, and whispered, "Oh Lois, oh, dear!"

She turned and embraced him, and they madly kissed.

Lois' body was deliciously slender and much more petite than Sandra's. He didn't have to raise his face to kiss her as he did with his big wife. Her bare flesh was excitingly; velvety smooth, and he couldn't help caressing it gently, in the thrill of this glamorous girl's nearness.

Suddenly he jerked sensitively as her fingers ran teasingly across his tummy and dipped under his belt. "You have to take these things off," she murmured. "We have to do our sit-ups in our undies."

"Oh no!" Francis objected. "I'm sure I could do them in my clothes." He liked to flirt, but he had never dreamed of disrobing, even partially, before another woman. Lois was unfastening his belt, and although he tried to push her hands away, his resistance was not nearly strong enough to match her tempting allure and insistent eagerness.

She shoved his trousers down, and he shyly stepped out of them as she unbuttoned his shirt. Tossing it aside, she gulped at the view of his short slender body, not hairy like her husband's. "Your shoes too," she murmured. "Exercising is much more comfortable without them."

Somehow, this inviting sight, which most men in his place would have found irresistible, made him very apprehensive. Lois noticed this and tried to allay his fears. "I usually do my exercises in here," she explained. "Doesn't this rug feel good under your feet? Here, face me and do just as I do." She did a few simple exercises that Francis followed quite easily. Slowly

beginning to relax, he smiled at the lovely redhead in her bra and panties, and his clear blue eyes became more at ease.

When they both raised their hands high above their heads, she glanced at his boxers for some sign of swelling, but none was visible. "Now, hands behind your neck and look up at the ceiling, that's it! Hold for a count of fifteen." On the count of four with him gazing upward, the pretty redhead stepped forward, grabbed his boxer shorts, and quickly drew them swiftly to his ankles.

"Oh no, Lois! Stop!" Francis cried out with panic as he tried desperately to draw them up again. As he did so, he tripped over them and tumbled to the thick rug. For an instant, his feet were in the air just long enough for her to whisk his shorts off and toss them away. A struggle for his undershirt, playful on her part but frantically in earnest on his, ensued. Despite her giggling and occasional pauses to kiss different areas of his soft, exposed flesh, the love starved young woman managed to pull his lone remaining garment over his head, leaving him completely nude before her.

The ultra modest male, so recently shorn of all bodily hair, kept both hands shielding his genitals as he wildly looked about for his boxers. To his shame, Lois could see his completely hairless body, and unknown to him, his prudish struggles only served to increase her desire.

Before Francis could get free to recover his boxers, she caught him in an ardent embrace, and for the first time in his adult life, he was naked in the arms of a woman other than his wife. Nay, for the first time in all his life, for he had been an unsullied virgin when he married Sandra. Even then, the modest male hadn't permitted her to see him nude except at night with the lights out.

Now, here he was in the bright afternoon light, naked as a baby in the arms of this beautiful redhead. He nearly broke loose from her embrace momentarily, but she clung desperately to him, her lovely breasts mashed against his bare bosom as her sweet mouth met his in a long, passionate kiss.

She sensed his painful, agonized embarrassment and tried to ease his shame as best she could. "Oh dear, you're bashful about undressing, aren't you," she whispered. "Want to jump under the sheet and cover yourself?"

He knew that might only complicate his situation, but it did offer some refuge from her beautiful inquisitive eyes. Without taking time to reflect on the probable consequences, Francis quickly jumped into the bed and wriggled under the top sheet. "Now, Lois please, I never dreamed that you, that we... This must stop this at once! Please bring me my clothes. Oh, what are you doing? No, Lois, don't!"

To his astonishment, his shapely seductress was taking off her panties. Attired in nothing but her bra, garter belt, and nylons, she lifted the sheet and slipped into bed beside him. He caught a frightened glimpse of a reddish brown clump of hair and inhaled the fragrance of her feminine urgency. Scrambling away in a desperate attempt to escape her obvious amorous intentions, he tried to escape out the other side of the bed. Anticipating his move, Lois promptly slid an arm around his slender waist and held him fast. "Oh no, Lois, we mustn't! I should look in on Snookums."

"No dear, right now you should just look at me," she purred seductively. The petite girl did not look at all strong, but she seemed all arms and legs. Like an octopus, her tentacles held the slender velvety body of this reluctant male who had flirted with such apparent boldness, but at the moment of truth, lost his courage.

They rolled over this way and that as Francis futilely tried to fight off her roaming hands. "Oh, darling, you have such beautiful skin," she cooed. "I never knew a man's body could be so soft and smooth."

"Please, Lois, don't. Oh no," he cried as she captured his slender, half erect, symbol of masculinity. Ooops! It too was completely devoid of hair, and she thought, "Just like a baby's, and he's acting like a baby!" As she fondled it to some hardness, Francis fell under the spell of her petting and lay more quietly. Still, he trembled with nervousness, his, pure as a cloistered nun; virtue preventing him from relishing this beautiful girl as he should have.

Despite the qualms of this palpitating male, Lois stroked him into an outstanding state, and he realized the gravity of the compromising position he was in with this luscious red-head. She felt a pang of disappointment, but to compensate, she drew his head close to hers for a long, passionate kiss.

The extremely sensitive male shrieked and jumped back, but she clung to him desperately as she felt him swelling with excitement. Seizing his maleness in her hand, she tried to guide it into her hungry recess as it quivered with desire from feeling him at the very lips of her already creaming niche.

He jerked forward and was about to enter the gates of paradise, when suddenly, a piercing scream of rage sounded within the room. The two would be lovers lifted their startled heads to see Sandra, who had arrived by taxi after being alerted by a call from Myrtle. Glaring at them from the doorway, her face livid with fury. In terror, the guilty pair scrambled away from each other.

Almost insane with fury, the wronged wife flew at Lois, intending to inflict what vengeance she could. Lois jumped up and tried to run away, but Sandra leapt forward and struck a stunning blow to her face, yelling, "You knew he was married, you bitch!"

Almost unconscious, Lois sank to her knees. To keep her from falling, Sandra grabbed her long red hair in both hands. As she was about to administer more punishment, Francis yelled, "Don't hit her again!" He had jumped out of bed on the other side, and after hastily retrieving his boxers, was rushing toward the two women.

As he adjusted his boxers up at his waist, Sandra released Lois and delivered a punch to his jaw with all the power she could muster. As he reeled, stunned by her blow, she sat on the bed and dragged him face down across her lap. "Where did you get those awful boxer shorts?" she demanded as she roughly stripped them away. "You know you're supposed to wear silky panties, and where is your bra?"

"Oh no!" he cried out in shame as his wife revealed his humiliating secret to his would be lover, as he desperately struggled to escape her able clutches. "This isn't what you think! Let me explain! Oh, please don't do this to me!"

WHACK!!! Her large firm hand landed sharply on her husband's bare posterior, followed by a series of sharp smacks as her strong arm flashed rapidly up and down.

Francis was beside himself, and he fought madly to break away from Sandra's grip. She had clamped one of her power-

ful legs over his and discovered that, in the nude, he was even easier to handle than usual!

CHAPTER VII. THE DEGRADATION OF DON JUAN

What a bizarre situation, a wife actually spanking her naked husband under the eyes of his adulterous sweetheart! Sandra had never dreamed of doing such a thing, even in fun, until only a few evenings ago at home, when she had done it playfully and had gotten quite a charge out of feeling his nice soft buttocks. At this very moment, mingled with a raging desire to punish him, she experienced a strange feeling of sexual stimulation. As she felt his velvety, girlish figure wriggling impotently in her grasp, she watched with fascination as his soft pale globes begin to blush pink from her blows.

The loud smacking brought Lois, who had hastily thrown a dress onto her nude body, back into the bedroom, her female curiosity overcoming her fear of this fierce, avenging woman. How her beautiful blue eyes widened to behold her handsome, though reluctant, lover over his big wife's lap while she whaled away at his abjectly turned up bottom.

Sandra glanced at her and snapped, "You! Whatever your name is! Hand me that mirror on the dresser, or you'll be next!"

Out of fear and intimidation, Lois promptly and obediently handed the plastic-backed mirror to her unexpected visitor. Sandra's hands were stinging from using them so hard on Francis, but she wanted to scorch her cheating spouse much more severely.

Whack, whack! The smooth plastic back of the mirror fairly exploded against the struggling male's flesh, and he screamed for mercy. This was far more drastic than a hand spanking, and instead of pink his tender globes took on a bright rosy hue.

Fearing that her mirror would be shattered, and a bloody mess would ruin her white carpet, Lois ran out and fetched a ping-pong paddle, which she offered to Sandra saying, "Er...excuse me, would you use this to keep from breaking the mirror?"

Sandra looked up in surprise but at once accepted the more formidable weapon. The two women made the exchange with the vengeful wife scarcely missing a stroke. Poor Francis screamed louder and wailed in frantic pain as the cruelly efficient paddle whacked blazingly hard against his already scorched flesh. Once he broke free for a second but his athletic wife quickly recaptured him and continued to flail him without mercy. When his head struggled upward, Sandra raised her arm and clubbed the back of his neck with her elbow, stunning him and keeping his flaming, agonized bottom turned up to accept the punishing paddle.

Wracked with pain and unable to escape, tears of anguish and frustration flooded down his cheeks. Sandra had intended to stop because his whole posterior was red as a beet, but she wanted this other woman to hear him cry as that just might put an end to their romance. She lightened her blows as the slightest smack now made him scream. Besides, it was plain to see that he'd had more than enough. When his crying began to ease, she laid on a few more, light but agonizing pats, each one bringing forth a fresh series of screams and wails.

Lois pitied her well thrashed would be lover, but her compassion began to mingle with scorn. A real man, in her view, would never go across his wife's lap, turn up his bare bottom so readily, accept such a trouncing, and do nothing but cry like a baby. Indeed, his dainty, hairless body looked much like a helpless baby's, sniveling and blubbering across its stern Mama ' s knees.

At last, Sandra released her grip, and her nude husband collapsed on the floor, his slender figure shaking with abject, near hysterical sobbing. As she stood up and smoothed out her skirt, Lois couldn't help noticing her shapely legs and protruding buttocks.

When the whipped Francis did not arise, Sandra pulled him to his feet and watched him dance about in pain. Forgetting his babyish genitals, he held both hands to his burning buttocks. While the women watched with great interest, they noticed that his penis, which had been so soft when put to the test earlier, now stood out quite stiffly, bobbing in undignified nakedness, as its sobbing owner jumped about in agony.

Sandra intended to break up this affair for good and demolish any admiration this pretty redhead might have for her husband. As if on queue, she said, "I'll show you what girly boy here really likes." Drawing up her skirt to expose the most luscious thighs Lois had ever seen, she pulled down her pale green lace trimmed panties. Stepping out of them, she handed them to the still dancing Francis and ordered him to put them on.

Having to put on his wife's panties while the lovely Lois watched, after seeing him soundly spanked by her, had to be the ultimate humiliation! Because anything was better than his shameful nudity, Francis would not dream of disobeying. As his wronged wife watched him squirm into her panties and begin to look around for his male clothing, another idea struck her. This attractive redhead had been surprisingly cooperative; perhaps she'd be willing to go a step farther. In a softer voice, she said, "This sissy needs something to cover his little titties. Do you have a bra you could lend him?"

"Yes, I'll get one for you," she hesitantly replied. She had been awed by Sandra's fury and wanted to appease her as much as possible. Also, she wondered how this weeping man in panties would look with a bra strapped around his quivering bosom. She produced a fairly new bra, and Sandra hooked it on her chastised mate as he continued to shake with silent sobs. Eager to please the one in power, Lois scooped up several handful of Kleenex, and Sandra stuffed them into the cups of her whipped husband's bra, further enhancing his girlish appearance. Eying him with contempt, she spat, "Now look at our pansy! Are you proud of yourself?"

"N-no," Francis quavered miserably.

"You sniveling, sissy crybaby! "You'll pay for cheating on me!"

"But we really didn't -- I only wanted to --"

"You only wanted to what?"

Rather foolishly the smarting husband stammered, "To do sit-up exercises."

"Sit-up exercises? I'll exercise you when we get home! You'll put on a housedress to scrub the floors, do the ironing, and mend my bra and this jacket if I ripped them spanking you"



“But we really didn't -- I only wanted to --”

“Yes dear, but we really didn't do anything. We almost did--”

“Is that true, Red?” Sandra demanded of Lois.

“There was no penetration,” Lois admitted. “We tried, but he was too soft.”

By the look in her eyes, Sandra believed her and felt slightly relieved that her husband had been unable to consummate the illicit affair. Still, this was no credit to his reprehensible intentions. “Well, so sissy boy couldn't get it up in

spite of all his flirting and pretending to be a man. You should have told her that you couldn't get it up unless you were wearing a silky woman's nightgown. If she knew that, she wouldn't have thought you were so manly! Okay, because of this infidelity, you'll wear silky feminine lingerie all the time, or the spanking you'll receive will make this one seem like love taps! Do you understand?"

"Y-y-yes, dear." What a disastrous day this had become for the virtuous woman-shy male who had never intended any wrong doing other than a kittle harmless flirtation and perhaps an innocent kiss or two.

"We'll see if your sweethearts admire you as much, when they discover that you're just one of the girls!" she snarled while slapping his wilting member scornfully. "If you ever take that out for another woman, I'll cut it off!"

"I never will, Honey. I promise."

"If you do, I'll have your genitals removed, so instead of tenor, you'll be singing soprano! "All right, you're wearing your sissy pants, and you had better get in the habit of keeping them up!" As the tongue lashed male once again promised to do so, she ordered, "Tell your girlfriend that you never want to see her again!"

When he reluctantly did so, the red haired beauty's pride was stung at his spineless rebuff. Finding sufficient courage to retort, she spat, "I never want to see you again! There's no manhood in you, and I hope your wife gives you another spanking when you get home." Turning to Sandra, she added, "Mrs. Jeffers, you may keep that paddle if you wish!"

"Thank you," she snapped, even though her anger at the attractive Lois was beginning to soften. "This paddle is exactly what he needs."

"You are welcome," Lois replied with a devious smile while wishing she could watch another session of her would be lover across his resolute wife's lap.

Get dressed!" Sandra snapped at Francis. "I ought to make you walk home in your bra and panties and let everyone see what a girly-boy you really are. But, don't worry! You'll start doing penance soon enough in your housedress and heels, you little fairy!" Francis heard a snicker from Lois and lowered his head in shame as Sandra added, "See if the baby's

diaper needs changing, take her outside, and wait for me while I have a word with your lover."

Unable to neither face the beautiful Lois nor escape the scene of his degradation fast enough, Francis hastened to obey.

CHAPTER VIII.

DAWN OF UNEXPECTED FRIENDSHIP

Lois had watched with awed fascination as Sandra had reduced her handsome husband from a debonair flirt to a cowering, weeping pansy in short order. To the dainty redhead, Sandra seemed like an imperious war queen of ancient times, fierce as a lioness yet a picture of sexy femininity. When she spanked her nude husband, her great breasts bobbed up and down bewitchingly, and her skirt had hiked up to reveal strong but beautifully curved legs. Later, when she quizzed and tongue lashed him, she towered over his cowering form like a conquering Greek goddess, thinking and talking much faster than he, as she mastered him in body, mind, and spirit. She was woman, a dazzling, domineering, and liberated woman. Far from the passive women of yesterday, she was masterful, yet she remained exquisitely feminine.

Lois had never met such a woman personally, but she had seen professional entertainers of this type. Sometimes in the loneliness of her bedroom, she had fantasized that such a queenly female was a close friend of hers, perhaps even beside her in bed. She stared in admiration, mingled with fear and apprehension, as this regal conqueress approached. A tearful explanation and plea for forgiveness tumbled out nervously as she told how forlorn she'd been with her husband absent so much. They had moved here recently, and she had no friends to fill the lonely void in her life.

Her delicate charm, her quivering chin, and her lovely, fear-filled eyes softened Sandra's wrath, and she sensed that this dainty, genteel girl was no man-chasing tramp. Instead, she was an affection-starved woman who desperately needed a friend. To make matters worse, the sissy Francis had failed her in bed, just as he'd failed his wife on many occasions. Seeing a tear trickle down the pretty girl's cheeks and the heav-

ing of her lovely breasts, Sandra's voice softened somewhat as she said, "Don't cry. I know this wasn't all your fault. By the way, what is your name?"

"Lois Caruthers."

"My name is Sandra."

"I'm sorry we had to meet under these circumstances because I-- I wish we could be friends."

"Hmmm- but you were a naughty girl, weren't you? As punishment, I think I should take you over my knees. Do you agree?"

"Uh- er. I'll do whatever you think I should."

"All right, come here and lift your skirt."

"Oh." exclaimed the red haired beauty with a bright blush as she shyly raised her skirt. "I'm afraid I-- haven't any panties on."

Sandra leaned forward and drew her skirt well above her hips. While Lois gasped with embarrassment, Sandra gazed in wide-eyed admiration at the prettiest thighs and daintiest little muff she had ever seen. Bashfully, Lois tried to hide her love mound with her hands but Sandra ordered, "Take your hands away!" As the smaller girl quickly obeyed, Sandra was amazed by how easily she had been able to take such complete control over Francis, and now, his charming sweetheart. "Do you usually go without a slip and panties?"

"No, never, but when you arrived so suddenly, I quickly threw on this dress."

"You were in a hurry to watch the fun, weren't you?"

"I couldn't believe you were really spanking him. I never saw a man in such a position."

"Well, now you'll be in the same position, my fine young lady," Sandra said with a devious smile as she guided the slender girl across her lap. She felt a hot flash of excitement when she saw those beautiful tender buttocks turned up so tamely at her disposal. Raising her hand, she administered a few sharp smacks on each soft delicate globe. The passive girl squirmed, but no sound escaped her. Each succeeding smack fell very softly and lingered on its velvety target before lifting, each becoming gentle pats mingled with caressing strokes of the tender flesh at her mercy.

"This girl is so defenseless," she thought. "She has no friends, but what a beautiful body! I think she is more sinned against than the sinner. Who knows what I might do in her place?"

Despite Sandra's unaccountable attraction for this red haired beauty, she told herself she should be stern with the girl she'd caught in bed with her husband. As her hands lightly, but thoroughly, explored those flawless buttocks, her fingers traced light patterns across the plump thighs, which Lois kept modestly pressed together. With an effort the big girl injected some severity in her voice as her hand pushed between those tender thighs. "Let's see, did he touch you here?" she demanded while shoving her hand between them.

"Oh no! No, not even once."

"Are you sure?" At this, though she hadn't planned to do it, Sandra's long finger slid right inside the warm silky niche of the pretty girl across her lap.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" gasped Lois, wriggling her shapely bottom frantically.

"What's the matter? Did I hurt you?"

"Oh no, it's not that. It's just that, Oh, Oooo, Ohhh!"

Sandra suspected this girl was extremely starved for affection. She did not intend to gratify her desires, but she couldn't help leaving her finger in for a moment to observe the convulsive gyrations of this warm blooded redhead. She didn't have a sister, but she had often longed for one, a nice affectionate one such as this pretty girl, turned so invitingly across her thighs.

Lois was released just as a violent spasm caused her to slip off Sandra's lap and fall to the floor. She at once knelt in front of the masterful woman, her hands gently resting on her big round knees. As she bowed her head and pressed a kiss on one nylon-clad thigh before showering her "dream girl's" plump thighs with kisses, and moaning, "You have such beautiful legs!"

"They're too big, yours are just perfect," murmured Sandra as she drew slightly back and asked, "Do you love my husband?"

"Oh no, no, Sandra! I'm glad you gave him what he deserved. I'll never look at him again, I swear it!"

“If you really mean that...perhaps we could be friends.”

The kneeling redhead sighed, “Oh yes, I'd love that. I'd far rather have you than your husband! He's not my type.”

“No?” whispered Sandra to the cute redhead. “What type do you like?”

“I like -- you. I've always longed to know a splendid queenly woman like you.”

Sandra lifted Lois to her feet and kissed her full on the lips, a sweet lingering kiss that thrilled both of them to the core. Still embracing her, Sandra whispered, “I'll have to drop in on you sometime, to return your bra.”

“Oh, I don't need it, but I hope you do come. Are you really going to make Francis wear lingerie?”

“I sure am”

“Good! In that case keep the bra. It just fits him.”

“Well, it does fit him better than mine do.”

“That's because you...you have the most beautifully developed boobs I've ever seen,” she gushed as she got up and went to her vanity. Returning with a gold chain necklace with a large exquisitely wrought elephant sparkling with precious stones, she cooed, “I want you to have this.”

“Oh, I couldn't accept this!”

“Do you like it?”

“Why, it's gorgeous!”

As Lois slipped it carefully over Sandra's head, she said, “Please accept it. I like it better on you. That's for...for being so kind and merciful to me. I hope it will remind you to visit me.”

“It's not as beautiful as you,” Sandra sighed as she took Lois in her arms and kissed her. The lovely bauble was cool between their breasts, a happy reminder of its new owner's acceptance. A warm friendship began to blossom out of a most unfavorable beginning.

How amazing that in a single day Sandra could be more furious than ever before in her life, and less than two hours later, her whole body and soul was warmed and filled with such sweet, thrilling joy. Still, she told herself that this unexpectedly pleasant experience shouldn't soften her attitude toward Francis. He must be well punished for his flirting and in a way that would advance her campaign for liberation.

By the time she joined him, she was again the stern faced dominatrix who had taken the upper hand and meant to keep it. She stared coldly at her well-spanked husband, vowing never to allow him to forget this day and the consequences of his sneaky affair. Taking out her lipstick, she commanded, "Pucker your lips!"

Never having known her to be so cruel and bullying before this day, he pleaded, "Please, dear, not out here!"

"Pucker up, and hold your lips firm so I can fix your mouth!"

As he sadly obeyed, she painted a vivid red cupid's bow on his mouth, intentionally making it oversized and mercilessly apparent to every onlooker and sneered, "If you act like a whore, I may as well paint you like one!" To offset the sadness of his trembling lips and tragic blue eyes, she painted a smile on his lips, turning up their corners while her still smarting husband stood perfectly still, fearing that his slightest move might aggravate her vitriolic anger. To increase his mortification, he saw Lois watching from her front window while his wife applied the lipstick so lavishly:

As tears of shame and degradation welled up in his eyes and trickled down his cheeks, Sandra knew she had not merely deflated his romantic affair, she had pulverized it completely. Never again in his life could he meet his pretty red-haired neighbor without dropping his head in shame, unable to meet her glance.

Some small children playing nearby didn't notice them, nor did a salesman hurrying into his car; but everyone else they met stared at the handsome, red-lipped male who was plainly in some kind of distress, and at the tall, business-like woman who strode sternly beside him as he pushed the baby stroller.

Sandra broke the tense silence. "I've been working less than three weeks, and this is the third time I've had to take time off because of you, and you'll pay for that!"

"I'm sorry, dear," Francis nervously replied.

Of course all three of these occasions had turned out very profitably for her in terms of her campaign to make him stay home so she could work. Still, she was angry enough over his infidelity to use every fact against him.

Hoping to appease her furious mood, Francis tried to explain that he had not started this affair, nor had he wanted to make love to Lois.

Sandra stopped him with, "Save that for your divorce!"

Her words greatly frightened Francis. They had been happy until this very day, and he hoped against hope that their marriage would not founder on the rocks.

"After you change the baby and put her to bed, remove all your clothes!" Sandra ordered when they got home. "Move fast. Because of you, my dress is all wrinkled, and I have to take a taxi back to my office."

The shaken Francis quickly obeyed. By the time he removed his outer clothing, Sandra had changed into a fresh slip and combed out her hair. Eying him scornfully, she spat, "Your lover's bra and your wife's panties! You're quite the man, aren't you? Do you think Lois still admires you so much?"

"No dear."

She told him to remove everything and then made him turn so she could inspect his chastised surfaces. She longed to use the paddle, Lois' present, on him again but one glance at his flaming rear told her he had been punished enough for the present. Instead, she took some soothing cream and told her nude spouse to come across her lap. At some other time he might tell himself she'd just been lucky to overpower him and that he could resist her, but now, for the first time in his life without any use of force, the still trembling Francis went meekly across his wife's knees.

Her dainty nylon slip was caressed smoothly against his bare flesh, and he felt a stirring in the sensitive area pressed against her plump, velvety thighs. As she gently massaged the cream into his enflamed buttocks, she felt as though they were now her property. She had captured them in battle. When she finished, she powdered his globes, just as he powdered Snookums.

His unbidden tears flowed freely as he slipped into the cruelly constricting foundation garment. It chafed his scorched buttocks as it was tugged into place. As he was finally encased in its powerful hug, Sandra recalled the locks that had lain forgotten in her purse since the day he'd first

been corseted. Quickly she found them, and her face beamed with satisfaction as the lock snapped shut, making him her prisoner. "Now we'll see how much flirting you do, you two timing sissy. You like girl's clothes, eh? Well, I'll fix you. Get into this slip, and be quick about it."

Francis numbly held up his slender arms as his wife dropped the lace-lavished nylon slip over his head. His chest was still quivering, and he didn't trust himself to speak.

"Now your dress, Francine!" Sandra spat the last word with cutting contempt. She smiled as her intimidated spouse accepted the pretty housedress, which he now filled out with the most fully rounded womanly curves imaginable. She tied a dainty white apron around his waist that, along with a pair of her high-heeled shoes, gave him a charmingly domestic appearance. "There. Your Lois should see you now, Sissy Girl. The same goes for your girlfriends in your office, and those you flirt with on the bus and in the neighborhood. I'll take the flirting out of you."

"Oh please don't be so...so harsh in your judgment, dear," cried the petticoated male passionately. "I love you and I never dreamed of --"

"CRACK!" She slapped him stunningly hard on his face for the very first time in their married life. Would he strike back? She tensed herself for his possible retaliation but all her intimidated husband could do was gasp and cower fearfully before her.

Exulting at his timidity, she snarled, "Shut up! Did I say you could speak? You never thought you'd get caught you sneak. We got your chastity garment and your cock bridle just in time! That little thing in your panties isn't near good enough for any healthy woman, but to make sure, it will be safely locked up in the future!"

Poor Francis had never meant to be unfaithful, nor to do anything wrong; and of course the virtuous, bashful husband never dreamed of committing adultery. How the spanked and corseted young husband wished he could tell his wife that he loved only her, that he would never willingly go to bed with another woman. Still, he feared to speak, and his enforced silence made him even more miserable. Tears welled up in his soft blue eyes.

Sandra saw them with increased satisfaction. "Are you going to cry again, you sissy? Yes, Francine feels sorry for herself, sorry that she got caught! What you want is to be in trousers with one of your girlfriends, isn't it?"

Francis nodded eagerly at the first part of this question and unfortunately seemed to want the second condition also.

"Oh you would? Well, when I finish with you, you won't be able to flirt! Stop fidgeting, and stand up straight. Put your feet together, hands at your sides. Don't play with your apron. Hold your head up, look at me, and don't speak unless I give you permission!" She was browbeating him now; having lashed his soft tender flesh, now she was lashing his spirit with her searing words. Whenever she made a sudden move, he flinched nervously as though he was fearful of another hard slap. She noticed this and occasionally made such moves, just to enjoy this further evidence of her superior position. "Lock all your silly male clothes in the closet, and bring me the key, she said, adding to his humiliation. "Move hut-two- three- four!"

Francis hurried off as quickly as he could in his high heels and tight corset, his skirts bouncing prettily about his nylon encased legs. Tears ran down his cheeks at the humiliation and injustice of this terrible situation. He never meant any harm or wrongdoing; yet he had been soundly spanked and degraded before a beautiful woman whose friendship he had hoped to enjoy. Now, Sandra had dressed him as a girl and was assuming a powerful mastery over him. "I must not permit this!" he told himself fiercely, knowing all he could do was lock up his clothing and humbly give the key to his wife. "I simply mustn't!"

As she accepted the key from her meek effeminate husband, Sandra sneered in a manner that boded no compassion for him.

"Oh." cried Francis as he recalled his date for a job interview that sounded just perfect for him. However, after his chastisement at the hands of his wife, the way he was dressed, and with his clothes locked away, he knew he would have to call and postpone the interview.

When her taxi arrived, Sandra stalked out without kissing him goodbye, leaving behind a bewildered, forlorn husband,

spanked and petticoated, whose world had suddenly tumbled in ruins about his ears. Tears kept spilling from his eyes; tears not only from the pain of his burning buttocks but of miserable shame and frustration.

What a nightmare this day had become! Had Sandra really caught him naked in bed with Lois? Had she really forced him across her lap and spanked him, while Lois watched, until he actually cried? Had she, instead of not moving a finger to help, given his wife the cruel ping-pong paddle so she could spank him harder? How shamefully loud he had bawled, and while still sobbing, he had been forced into his wife's panties and his lover's bra.

After starting dinner, he hurried to make himself as attractive as possible, hoping to appease his wife's anger. Doing his best with comb and brush, he changed into a fresh apron. He didn't need rouge, as his cheeks still bore a rosy red flush from the humiliations of the day, all four of his cheeks, in fact! He prepared a pitcher of daiquiris, Sandra's favorite summer cocktail, and had Snookums clean and ready for her mother's strict inspection.

Francis didn't hear his wife enter, and jumped nervously when she entered the kitchen. She eyed his girlish figure and pretty face without a word of praise. After accepting a cocktail, she changed into a shirt, trousers, and one of his ties. Needless to say, this made the husband in his housedress, high heels, makeup, and apron feel definitely like the most girlish of the pair!

CHAPTER IX. KISS AND MAKE UP

Sandra was calmer than she'd been that afternoon but her rage, although now controlled, was the cold calculated anger of one who has decided upon a course of action. As they sat down to dinner, Francis timidly began to vow his love for her but she interrupted, "Save that! We'll talk about it later."

After he did the dishes and put Snookums to bed, Sandra ordered her petticoated husband into the living room. When they were seated in opposite chairs, she told her primped up

husband how disgusted she was with him. Furthermore, she was considering a divorce, even though alimony payments would keep him practically penniless for years. Fearing to interrupt, Francis went to his knees, stiffly, in his tight foundation, and begged her not to think of divorce pleading, "I love you more than anyone else in the world, and I would never love another woman, or even think of one."

At this Sandra struck him with a thunderbolt of frightening charges. She named the two girls, Suzette and Karen, in his office. She even bluffed that Karen, whom he had "jilted" in favor of Suzette, had given her loads of incriminating information about him. His petting partner on the bus was identified as Alice Morgan. A neighbor told where she worked, and she was ready to "tell all". A clerk in the grocery store told how he was carrying on an affair with Emily, the pretty checkout girl. And now his, tryst in bed with Lois had been the last straw. "I'll see my divorce attorney day after tomorrow. In the meantime, you are on probation and will do penance."

"Yes dear, anything you say."

"For the next two weeks you will be my personal maid."

"Yes, honey," nodded Francis, thinking this would scarcely alter his present duties.

"We'll go back to your friend Ms. Savage, and you'll be fitted for a maid's uniform and a few other things."

"Uh- all right, dear."

"You'll curtsey whenever I come into the room, whenever we meet, and whenever you wish to speak."

That said, Sandra taught her intimidated husband how to curtsey and rehearsed him until he could do it proficiently. In his constricting foundation, he was quite stiff at first, but he was naturally graceful and adapted readily to effeminate actions. Before long, he was dipping one low reverent curtsey after another, bowing his head with servile respect, holding his skirt out, and raising it slightly with each genuflection. "Since you're so fond of women's clothes, you'll keep your body ready for them by using the disappearing cream at least once a week."

"Yes, dear," he agreed reluctantly while dropping another curtsey.

"You will discontinue going to Shoppers World and do all your shopping in the other direction, at the stores on Eighth Street."

"Yes, honey," he curtsied again; this was two blocks farther away, but Francis was not bold enough to mention this at the moment. For six months, despite their love for each other, they had confrontations like two hostile armies ready for battle, each looking for any advantage it could find and searching for weakness in its opponent. Sandra had been first to find the weakness in his armor, and her forces had quickly poured through. Now, she was winning victories on all fronts.

"You'll wear your foundation garment when you go out every day, under the male clothes you have no right to wear. See that you're in your 'Instant Woman' every morning before I leave."

"But Honey, it'll surely be noticed. I can't --."

"You've admitted that you're not a man, so you may as well look like the woman you really are. You can wear a tight sweater over your shirt," she added mischievously, knowing that would only serve to make his 'curves' more conspicuous. "You'll be locked in chastity garments, either bridle or foundation, whenever you're out of my sight. You think you're such an irresistible lover, we'll see how many conquests you make with your titties and your matronly bottom jutting out. Maybe then, you won't be so eager to undress and let other women see your corset and panties! Tell me: when you're dressed completely as a girl, do you feel like a man or a woman?"

"Er, like a woman, dear," he confessed in a whisper.

Hearing his admission with grim satisfaction, Sandra felt he would be much more modest and chaste in skirts, as he certainly couldn't be trusted in trousers. "Yes, I thought so. Well, you'll be in dresses most of the time now, so forget that you're even partly male. I'm going to grant your secret wish and make a girl out of you."

Poor Francis was dismayed but he dared not argue, as she was holding all the aces. While she eyed him sharply, he reluctantly raised his skirts and dipped his first voluntary curtsy, to her secret delight. While he was this meek, she couldn't let him off the hook so easily. "You're my maid Cecile, and I'll just call you 'Sissy' for short. Do you like that name?"

He bit his lip as he curtsied and said he did. Sandra then made him bathe her feet, massage them with a creamy foot balm and then lacquer her toenails. As she watched his bowed head crowned by its full, wavy mass of glossy hair she thought, I'll bet he'd look pretty with a permanent. Aloud she said, "Sissy, I want you to write a full account of your flirtations since our marriage, like you did in your diary."

This diary was a detailed record of Francis' pre-marital adventures with girls. His extreme shyness had resulted in very tame romances, but his descriptions of girls had been rapturous, but his daydreams and fantasies about them had been quite vividly described. He had carefully hidden this book, but Sandra discovered it, and it was now at her parents' home along with his male underclothes. Francis agreed to her demand, thinking that would give him a chance to present his side of the story, which she had not permitted him to do verbally. "Be utterly truthful," she added, "Describe every kiss and caress, every improper feel and remark. Don't dare leave anything out!"

He curtsied again, wondering with a sinking heart how he'd ever find time for all these new duties.

As they disrobed for bed, Sandra unlocked his foundation. His tears flowed again when the tight garment cruelly chafed his flaming, swollen buttocks when he wriggled out of it. Sandra had his 'bridle' ready, the smaller power net belt that tucked his genitals back under his crotch and flattened them there. She snapped shut the lock, and its distinct CLICK had a note of finality as if to say, "You're done with this for tonight. In the darkness he shyly lay near his side of the bed at first, but he eventually found the courage to place a timid hand on her waist under the covers.

"What do you want with me?" his wife snapped so suddenly that he jerked nervously away. "With all the girlfriends you go to bed with, you surely don't need me How dare you put your hand on me!"

"Please dear, I love only you, and remember, we agreed to kiss and make up at bedtime whenever quarreled."

Sandra jumped up, switched on the light, and while her pink-gowned husband watched, she went over to her dresser

and returned with a fancy lace trimmed garter. "Put your hands behind your back!" she demanded.

"Honey, wait! What are you doing?"

With no explanation, she pushed his arms back. They were weak with indecision and feelings of guilt, so that was not difficult. As she wound the dainty elastic band twice around his wrists, she ordered, "Don't dare take that off! 'I'll teach you to dictate to me what is to be done in this bed.'"

"But- but I didn't mean to --"

She interrupted with a scathing, "You want to kiss and make up, do you? Well, you're going to kiss. You'll kiss me until I'm fully satisfied, and you won't need to be untied to do it!"

Upset and confused, Francis barely understood her meaning, and he wondered why she had brought her long handled bath brush to bed. He began to comprehend only when she forcibly pushed him downwards in bed until he faced the huge glossy columns of her thighs. For the second time that day, a curly-haired fragrant Mound of Venus beckoned to him. This one, bigger and more commanding, would not take "no" for an answer. With his arms behind him, it was difficult to move but Sandra turned him into position lying on his stomach to face the sensuous task of love which no one but a real prude like himself would find objectionable.

But Sandra saw to it that his performance would not lack in ardor. As he slid downward his gown had rolled back to expose his two globes, still rosy from their misadventure of the afternoon, were now lying within convenient reach of his wife's long handled bath brush. From time to time, her supple arm reached down and smacked him lightly but warningly on those still burning surfaces to encourage him to still greater efforts, then her hands would return to the back of his head, drawing it forward compellingly against the eager cavern of love that he had too often neglected.

After a while, Sandra's whole being was filled with a delicious uncontrollable yearning that needed firmer contact to appease it. She rolled her flirting husband onto his back and lay across him. The big vulva, that he had wooed into a frenzy with his kisses, now worked grindingly, rhythmically against his upturned features. His arms, crushed under the weight of both bodies, began to ache but he bravely kept his face up and

his kisses pouring against the big lips mashed hard against his own, darting his tongue between them, pushing it in hard and using it as she instructed until it was so tired it could scarcely move.

If the one-time master of the house had wondered if he were losing the initiative in bed, this night would remove his doubts. After a long delightful time for Sandra, near smothering for Francis, her massive hips began to slide forward and back faster and faster. For the first time ever she was able to achieve a glorious fulfillment in this charming fashion.

The next morning Francis had to arise promptly with his working wife. She told him lying in bed was a poor way to start the day, and besides, she wanted him in his housedress before she departed.

“When I go out to shop, I'll have to wear my trousers!”

“You can change later, but in the mornings, I want you looking nice and neat in your dress and apron.”

He was inwardly enraged by the authoritative tone she used, but knew he must appease her for at least the next few days. When he struggled into the powerful clasp of the “Instant Woman” that squeezed his waist in so tightly and gave him well-rounded contours in bust and hips, Sandra locked him in it. She smiled with grim satisfaction as her handsome husband put on a slip and pretty flowered dress because he didn't look nearly as flirtatious as before.

Francis winced at the smug contented look on Sandra's face, but he remained silent. For the first time, he would have to brave the outside world with all those feminine curves beneath his masculine shirt and trousers. He prayed for rain so he could cover up with raincoat, but the day was beautifully bright. He decided to wear the raincoat anyway, but on such a hot day, he naturally attracted a lot of curious glances. He took Snookums through the park, opposite the direction of Lois' house, and luckily he didn't meet anyone he knew. However, in the park a rough looking man stared at him and made him uncomfortable. The man, with a scraggily red mustache and beard and piercing light blue eyes, overtook him and drawled, “Hello, friend. How are you today?”

“All right,” answered Francis, a bit nervously as he saw no one else was near them. “Really, I don't have time to talk.”

Still, the man insisted on talking to Snookums, who was not as unsociable. When he placed his hand over Francis' on the stroller handle and lightly squeezed it, Francis pulled away and said, "I must go now."

The red bearded man finally left, but not before practically undressing Francis with his eyes and promising to see him later. The shapely male hurried to complete his shopping, badly frightened and rueful of the day he had ever met the beautiful and affectionate Lois.

He had an appointment to see a prospective employer this afternoon, but locked, as he was in his 'Instant Woman', any such meeting was impossible. Reluctantly he phoned Mr. Goodwin to tender his regrets.

"That's too bad, Mr. Jeffers," he replied. "I thought you might be the man we're looking for. Tell you what; I'll be in my office tomorrow afternoon from four to six. If you can, make it then, I'll be glad to see you."

The next day was Saturday, and Sandra would be home to care for Snookums. Francis impetuously told Mr. Goodwin he'd be there. He didn't know just how he could get away or what he'd tell Sandra, but he knew he must make his break for freedom soon.

Greatly worried that Sandra would really divorce him, Francis knew he must please her for the present, even while plotting to find employment and avoid the life of a housewife. In late afternoon, he changed into his slip and dress again, this time using a belt to accentuate his curves the way Sandra liked. He applied makeup as carefully as he could and practiced his curtsies before the full-length mirror.

When Sandra came home, he dipped at once in a low, graceful curtsy that made her smile in spite of herself. "That's very good, Sissy. I see the baby is nice and clean. Was she good today?"

"Yes, Honey."

"And how about my big baby, Sissy? Was she good today?"

"Oh yes. Honey! I always want to be good and please you."

After dinner, Sandra gave her petticoated husband a little present, a bottle of "Super Vita" tablets that he was to take twice daily. "We can't afford to have you get sick again, while you're needed so at home."

Eager to keep her in good humor, Francis took them gladly, unaware that they were actually estrogen tablets his conspiring wife had transferred to the empty "Super Vita" bottle. She got the idea from Ms. Savage who said, "Most TV's have no idea what they want. You have to take control and make decisions for them."

CHAPTER X. A CRIMP IN HIS AMBITIONS

Sandra selected a pair of slacks and a nice dress shirt for him to wear to House of Beauty the next morning. The shirt, his very fanciest, was sheer and had rows of ruffles down the front.

"Honey, this shirt is so thin. I'd better remove my foundation first."

"Absolutely not!"

Getting really fearful now, he stammered, "You won't let them do anything that will keep me from going out, will you?"

"Of course not. Now, ring Carlotta's bell next door. She's sitting with Snookums while we're gone."

"Darling, could you do it, please? I can't stand her, she's so coarse, and I knew she'll notice - er-"

Sandra lightly embraced her shapely husband and gently cupped one of his jutting 'breasts' in her hand. "Your titties, dear? Don't be afraid, they're very pretty. Besides, Carlotta is doing us a favor, so we must be nice to her."

Their fat neighbor's eyes lit up with delighted surprise when she saw Francis. As he feared, she noticed his bosom at once. "Why Francis, you look so sweet!" she exuded in a voice that revealed her desire to 'reach out and touch' his prominent breasts. He managed to elude her until he could flee with Sandra. Still, the fat, woman's eyes followed him as if to say, 'I'd love to get you alone, Pretty Boy.'

Sandra drove their car to the House of Beauty, in a fashionable shopping center. Francis wanted to dissuade her, if he could. With fear of divorce hanging heavily over his head; he dared not risk further offending her.

Inside, a neat, sleek woman came forward and admitted them. "Mr. and Mrs. Jeffers? Come right in."

Francis had never been in one of these 'no-man's-lands', but its elegant decor, sweet feminine fragrances, and the woman's calm composure helped to relieve his tension. To avoid embarrassing him, Sandra explained that they had planned to attend a costume party as Marc Anthony and Cleopatra, but as she was taller and had a more robust figure, the male costume had looked better on her, and her husband had agreed to exchange roles with her and he would go as the Queen. She said they wanted a wig for Francis, but also wished to have his hair styled and his face prettied up. "He'll have to practice his role in dresses at home, because we want to win that first prize."

"Sure," smiled the operator. "My name is Hazel, and I'll help you any way I can. Now, remove your coat, sir, if you please."

A younger woman, a manicurist, had joined her and Francis could feel that they were watching him with great interest as he hung up his sport coat and unwillingly revealed the lush curves of his womanly figure. He slipped into the beautician's chair as quickly as possible and was glad to have Hazel fasten a light cape around his neck, which covered most of his body.

She tilted him back horizontally in the chair to give him a good view of the ceiling chandelier and very little else. Applying a fragrant cream to his face, she massaged it soothingly, skillfully and he began to relax at her gentle stroking. He felt Lillian, the manicurist, take one of his hands and bathe it in a sweet smelling lotion; she also, worked with such clever caressing finesse. Between them, they were nearly putting him to sleep. Of late, he had welcomed sleep, which permitted him to forget momentarily his worrisome aspects of reality. Drowsily, he realized Hazel had applied lather on his eyebrows and was drawing a razor across them, so expertly that he scarcely felt it.

"Hey? You aren't shaving them off, are you?" he murmured, opening his eyes.

"Oh no, sir, just trimming them for you. Keep your eyes closed, sir, if you please."

"Honey, Hazel knows what she's doing. She does this every day. Just leave it to her," cautioned Sandra, a note of rebuke in her voice.

The electric clippers hummed with a soothing drone around his ears, and he stirred a bit nervously as his light sideburns were shaved off. Holding the main mass of his longish hair back away from his hairline, Hazel cleanly trimmed all vestiges of hair at his temples, leaving only bare skin to border his tresses.

"Uh-- I do not usually have sideburns..." he commenced.

Sandra snapped, "Francis!" rather sharply and his protest quickly subsided. He was alarmed at what might be happening, and he heartily wished he had not come. Still, he could scarcely jump up and take his leave now.

Both operators had recognized the authoritative ring in Sandra's voice as they consulted her, rather than him, about his 'treatment'. They worked in silence for a while, Hazel's comb and scissors arranging snipping a bit here and there, shaping his full hair with practiced artistry. Lillian gently pressed his hand in hers, massaging its soft flesh, buffing and polishing his nails. He hoped she wasn't painting them, but mingled with his apprehension was a warm, cozy feeling at being thus pampered.

Francis was given a shampoo, which he didn't mind at all by such skillful hands. Next came a rinse to which, he learned later, a bright gold tint had been added. If his hair wasn't covering his face, there was a towel over it, or else he was tilted back in the chair or turned away from the mirror so he couldn't see what was taking place. He felt gentle little tugs at his scalp as Hazel did something and he thought sleepily, as in a dream, whatever it is, it feels so good. Occasionally he heard a soft murmur of voices, as one operator or the other consulted Sandra as to how her spouse should be titivated. "I suppose you don't want his curls too tight:" he overheard Hazel say.

He agreed, "That's right, it mustn't be too curly when I'm outdoors --"

Sandra cut him off saying, "Francis. We know what's best for you." Then, he heard her tell Hazel, "Well, I know my

permanents never last long enough. Give him a good firm set, and put his curls up nice and rigid."

The women's hands were deft and gentle, and in the pleasant quiet Francis began to doze off again when he felt someone slip off one of his shoes. "What are you doing?" he exclaimed.

He tried to raise his head, but Hazel gently pushed it back saying, "Please don't move right now, sir."

"Relax, dear," Sandra said soothingly. "I'm just going to try my shoes on you. I think they'll look more suitable on you after the girls finish fixing you up."

Francis was embarrassed as he felt her still warm shoes slide easily onto his small boned feet, and he cringed with embarrassment when someone noticed that he was wearing ladies hose and surmised, "I'll bet he has pretty legs."

At this Sandra, with wifely pride, raised one leg of his slacks to display his calf in its sheer cobweb of nylon.

Francis squirmed nervously as someone lightly stroked it with admiration, and he blushed when they all laughed at some remark. As his shapely body lay almost horizontally, exposed to their curious eyes, he could only hope they weren't discussing his foundation. Primly he pressed his legs more closely together, unaware that they regarded nearly everything he did as additional proof of his femininity.

When Lillian finished his second hand, Hazel softly brought the dozing husband back to reality. "We're ready for the drier, sir. Come this my, please, and be careful not to smear your nail polish."

Francis stirred himself and arose; he saw that his nails had been enameled a beautiful shade of pink, and not a conspicuous red as he had feared. He followed Hazel, in his feminine shoes; unconsciously falling into a mincing girlish walk the amused onlookers did not fail to notice. Just before he sat down he glimpsed himself in the mirror, with his head all covered with rows upon rows of curlers. "Oh!" he gasped as mingled feelings of dismay ran through him. He felt as though some undefined catastrophe was in the offing as he wondered where was all this leading.

As Hazel placed a drier on his head, Sandra said, "Your hair will take a while to dry, so you'll have to be patient. Here's a magazine to read while you wait."

He watched as she chatted with the other women. Unable to hear what they were saying because of the hum of the dryer, he glanced idly at the magazine and began to read the feature article with interest. To his surprise, it was about a male who was being transformed into a female by his wife. The book, a Sandy Thomas publication, had not fallen into his hands by chance. Attention to every detail, large and small, was one of the reasons Sandra was a successful executive.

When he finished the exciting, well-written story, he was feeling very excited within the confines of his harness, but he was helpless to react to them. When the drier was lifted and his curlers were removed, he nervously wondered what the result would be. He could only hope that they hadn't gone too far. He was still turned away from the mirror as Hazel combed him out and then applied a generous amount of hair spray from every angle.

"Pucker up, sir," Hazel told him on orders from Sandra. "I have a real pretty color for your lips." When she was finished, she stepped back and viewed him with satisfaction. "There!" Hazel gushed. "He's as pretty as any lady who ever came in here and prettier than most!"

"Oh yes! H's so beautiful, he could go on the stage!" exclaimed the young manicurist.

When Francis looked in the mirror, he couldn't believe his eyes. A really beautiful young woman with shimmering golden blonde curls piled artistically atop her head was looking back at him. She had pencil thin glamorously arched brows, eyelids tinted with romantic blue shadow, a soft red glow in her cheeks, and lips of bright pink to match her nails. Yes, despite her trousers, this lovely blonde must be a woman. Her kissable lips were trembling slightly, and her soft eyes were wide with astonishment.

"Oh, it...it's so lovely, I can't believe it, b...but I could never go out like this," he stammered. "Can it be combed out or straighten?"



When Francis looked in the mirror, he couldn't believe his eyes.

He raised his hands as though to touch his shimmering tresses, and all three women exclaimed at once, "Don't touch it!"

As he quickly dropped his hands, Sandra added, "Don't you dream of touching it with a comb or your hands or anything! It'll just be hard set like this for the first few days, so

just leave it alone! You wanted to be a woman, and we're going to make you a real cute one!"

"But I can't go out like this! I have some real important things to do today..." the dismayed girlish husband quickly stopped himself. As he hurried toward his coat, he realized that both operators were admirably ogling his softly jutting breasts and curved, rounded bottom.

Forestalling him, Sandra insisted that he wear her short, embroidered vest instead. His hair must not be covered, they said, and all that was needed to make him look utterly girlish was this little cutaway vest that nipped in his waist and revealed all the pretty curves of his bosom and derriere.

Sandra squeezed into his jacket, but it was tight across her broad shoulders and made her look even more masculine. She embraced and kissed her abashed and primed husband, and as she delightfully viewed their reflection in the mirror, she knew her campaign to reverse their roles had taken a giant step forward.

Her pretty husband looked far less like a skirt chaser now that he would be wearing them on a regular basis. He was far more like the gentle obedient girl she wanted in her kitchen and nursery.

"He has such a refined, ladylike manner, and he acts as lovely as he looks," exclaimed Lillian.

"Yes, there's a lot of girl in him," agreed Sandra. "He's a wonderful cook and housekeeper. He's like a mother to our baby, he sews better than I do, he's so clever at arranging flowers, and he always has my dinner right on time."

"Oh, does he stay home and keep house for you?" asked Hazel excitedly, as though she hadn't heard before.

"Oh yes, he's been in dresses every day lately."

"Well then the hair won't be any problem," smiled Hazel.

Francis winced in embarrassment and lowered his pretty head as the two operators ogled him with delight.

"I have a closet full of housedresses that I never wear since I went back to work, and they fit him perfectly," Sandra added with a fond glance at her girlish mate. "It's so nice to see them put to use."

"That's just darling!" Hazel gushed. "I'll bet he looks sweet in them, too!"

The shame faced man in golden curls, feminine makeup, and high heels tried to find words to reply, but he could only blush.

"I'm sure he does, and if you're bringing in the money, the least he can do is wear dresses, keep house, and tend to the baby" Lillian replied.

Francis squirmed with hot resentment that he dared not reveal at this moment. How could Sandra discuss their private affairs so intimately with these two females he'd never met?

"It's lucky that you're so fond of women's clothing," Hazel smiled. "That fits in so well with your domestic duties, and you can doll up to your heart's content with your wife's blessing."

He wanted to protest this onslaught to his masculinity, but he caught a glimpse of his feminine face and figure in the mirror and kept a dismayed silence.

"How about me? Don't I get any thanks for helping you become such a living doll?" Sandra chided.

The beautified male blushed again as he minced over to his strong wife's arms in his high heels. Hazel and Lillian watched with approval as Sandra hugged and kissed her pretty husband and patted his shapely bottom possessively before triumphantly escorting him to the car.

NEXT...

When Carlotta opened the door to admit them, she saw a beaming Sandra, holding onto the slender arm of a pretty, though downcast creature. The fat woman immediately recognized 'her' as Francis, now in shiny gold curls and full woman's makeup with startling curves of bosom and buttocks more apparent in his wife's little vest and high-heeled shoes. The primped-up, girlish thing tried to hurry past his disliked neighbor, but she blocked his path, giggling with delight at his amazing transformation.

"I caught my husband dressing up in some of my clothes, and since he likes it so much, I decided to let him be a girl sometimes," Sandra explained with a smile.

"Yeah, all he needs right now is a dress!" Carlotta chirped. He's so pretty and shy! Why, you'd just like to eat him up. You had better not let him go past the pool room, because the boys would drag him inside and rape him."

"Excuse me, I have to go," said the red-faced Francis haughtily.

Sandra; however, restrained him by taking one of his manicured hands. "Don't be rude!" she admonished. "At least hold still a minute, and let Carlotta look at your new feminine hairdo."

Their plump, coarse neighbor circled him gleefully, making stinging comments on his girlishness, then she suddenly embraced him and closed her soft pudgy hand boldly on one of his breasts.

The startled male jerked at the repulsive contact and tried to escape the grasp of her plump arms saying, "Oh, you, ... Let me go!" He fought angrily but the fat woman was surprisingly strong, and Francis, in tight corset and heels, couldn't struggle very effectively.

With Sandra watching, Carlotta did not attempt to kiss the handsome male she'd always had "hot pants" for, and she was careful not to muss his beautiful curls. With Sandra making no attempt to help her distraught husband, she greedily drew his shapely body close to her masses of soft flesh. With her face perilously close to his, she eyed his daintily penciled brows and blue shadowed eyes, that looked so tortured and disgusted at her nearness. She longed to kiss his prettily painted mouth even though it was set in angry, abhorrent lines. "Oh, you're a blond now, and such a pretty one too! I just love blondes because they have more fun, you know."

"Let go, Carlotta. Take your vulgar hands off me." Francis exclaimed. As he tried to twist out of her embrace, he turned on one of his high heels and would have fallen if she hadn't held him.

His fat tormentor was hugging his slim waist, and she giggled, "Oh, you're wearing a nice corset, aren't you? Your wife is lucky she's got such a cute, sissy husband, and I don't blame her for fixing you up so pretty.

Francis writhed and wiggled as he felt the plump hands of his detested neighbor trace the outlines of his bra beneath his

shirt and run approvingly over his waist and hips. This time, his frantic lunge enabled him to break free, and he fled into his bedroom.

When their neighbor left, Sandra found her effeminate husband tugging in vain at his tight foundation. When she produced the key and helped him remove it, his nude body gave her a thrill.

Francis wanted to reproach her for ordering his hair tinting and permanent wave, and for embarrassing him before the operators and the detested Carlotta. However, with his overpowering feeling of femininity had come a great sense of insecurity, so he quickly slipped into his lace-lavished peach nightgown.

How could so much misfortune have befallen him, in such a few days? Until that awful moment when he'd been discovered in Lois' bed, he had at least been an equal partner with Sandra. He could do largely as he pleased and was free to enjoy his friends of both sexes. Then, he only occasionally wore women's nightwear or lingerie because he secretly loved it and thus, didn't mind consenting to Sandra's wishes in this respect.

Since that fateful day; however, the roof had fallen in. He'd been overpowered by his wife and shamefully spanked while Lois watched, taming him both spiritually and physically.

A "few weeks" at home had suddenly threatened to become a year of aproned domesticity for the handsome ladies' man. Moreover, his innocent "dress-up" games were now compulsory. With his male underclothing removed from the house, Sandra wanted him in dresses more and more. In fact, with his beautiful golden curls and girlishly smooth body, he might be more conspicuous in trousers than in skirts. These worrisome thoughts did not tend to help his self-confidence.



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Wearing such items as a brassiere were becoming less humiliating and more comforting...

As the dainty nylon gown cascaded softly down over his soft body, he felt his wife's hands lightly caress his slender figure from the rear. Sandra was in a pastel blue gown, pretty but not as frilly or sissyish as his. In her slippers, she was at least three inches taller than her glamorized blonde spouse. She knew she had been so unreasonably harsh to him, but lately he was so girlishly timid. He felt like a pretty girl waiting to be wooed.

"Oh, Francine is such a lovely girl with her pretty curls and soft baby skin," she whispered huskily in his ear.

He quivered as her hands ran caressingly across his tummy, through his silky nylon peach gown. When she raised his skirt, he longed to be touched by her, to obtain relief of his unfulfilled longings.

Sandra held his slender silken clad body, she felt it was time she asserted herself more strongly in the boudoir and made her husband use what faculties he had to assure her pleasure instead of his own. Recently Ms. Savage had told her that men, even when not fully endowed by nature, could be trained to devote their every effort to consider his partner's sexual fulfillment rather than their own gratification. If necessary to achieve this, she declared that the woman should take full charge of the marital encounter.

His face was close to her great, fragrant soft globe and then his lips touched it and at that first delicious contact, he rained a shower of fervent kisses on its warm, satiny flesh. Sandra slipped it out of the yoke of her gown and soon his mouth encountered her big, firm nipple and he kissed and sucked on it with loving ardor.

Holding him thus, dangling an inch away from her ripe tempting charms, Sandra began to discuss business matters, as some women will at the most inopportune times, saying, "I have taken over our financial concerns."

"Er...no, dear," Francis said uncomfortably. I've always handled our money, and I think I should continue to do so.

Sandra lightly stroked his tummy and gently drew his nightgown higher as she continued, "I have opened two accounts, checking and savings, at the Jefferson Bank near my office. I put a hundred in savings and the rest of my check in checking. This is the first substantial amount we have put

away this year, and we'll do even better when I finally pay off those two big bills which you should not have incurred."

Francis wriggled sensitively, either at the reproach implied in her voice or because her hand, as it caressed his tummy, occasionally brushed by accident against his excited lance.

"There is very little left in our former bank accounts, and I'll close them out next week," she added.

"But Honey, Main Bank is right next to my office. It will be handy when I...when I go back to work."

"My sweet Goldilocks is not going back to work for quite a while, so he should put that notion out of his pretty head. He is much more useful to our family at home. I think you're just eager to go back to your sweethearts, Suzette, Karen, and Alice? Would you like to be in bed with one of them now?"

"Oh Darling, I never wanted to be in bed with anyone but you. I love you, I adore you and no one else."

"You can prove that by being my good, obedient husband. I don't want to hear any more talk about going back to work. Understand?" She commanded as she brushed her big hard nipple across his face so he could kiss it.

He was dismayed at the thought of becoming a virtual housewife, but at the moment he could only pay homage to her luscious, enchanting charms. When he came up for air, he managed to say, "I haven't had a new suit for a long time. Can we save something towards one?"

"Why should we waste the money with all those nice dresses hanging in your closet? You will wear dresses all the time at home and for shopping, and we'll save your best suit for special occasions."

"I can't wear my dresses shopping!" he exclaimed.

"You can if you are careful of your feminine image. You heard Hazel say you were prettier than most women, didn't you?"

"Yes, but..."

"What's wrong, do you still want to impress pretty Lois in your trousers?" Sandra accused, knowing that would put him on the defensive.

Wincing at mention of Lois' name, Frances protested that he certainly did not. "Honey," he sighed shyly, "You know I only love you."

"That's better!"

"Can I have a little more money for household expenses? It's very hard to serve good meals on my small allowance."

"Well, no, actually your allowance is being reduced by eight dollars per week. I formerly bought food and drug items both with that money, and since I am buying the drugs and cosmetics now, you won't need as much."

"Then I'll just have to write a check when I run short like you always did. Did you bring me a signature card from the bank, so my signature will be on record?"

Sandra turned her mate's nightgown up a little higher, and his smooth, slender body quivered sensitively at her teasing, skillful caressing. In reply to his question, she murmured, "No. I'll be responsible for the check writing. You will have to get by on the household allowance I give you in cash."

"But..."

She hushed his protest by moving a huge, lovely breast over his face, and although Francis was stung to the quick at being denied check-writing privileges, he gulped down his resentment, instinctively taking her nipple between his lips again and sucking on it ardently.

She petted him with intoxicating finesse, her fingers moving in lazy circles across his ribs and tummy, occasionally touching his excited maleness teasingly but quickly moving beneath his gown up to his little breasts to tenderly massage each one, stroking his nipples until they stood up stiffly with passion.

His hips squirmed up and down, frantic with longing to appease the delicious sensations she aroused in him. He so wished that she would at least take his yearning staff in her hand and let him slide it back and forth until it could bubble forth in sweet release.

Sandra; however, had more to say. "I told you Ms. Savage says the wife should manage the family's money, especially in cases like ours where she has proved to be more competent."

Francis went on sucking but he stirred indignantly at mention of Ms. Savage. Since she fitted him with his harness

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and foundation, he had formed an acute dislike for her. To make matters worse, Sandra was always quoting the very feminist views of this bizarre woman about women's rights and marriage relationships. He felt that she was chiefly to blame for Sandra's coming on so strong of late. He hoped he would never again set eyes on this detested woman who had nothing better to do than plant her poisonous thoughts in the gullible minds of other women.

Sandra continued, "You won't write any checks for a while because I took that worry off your hands by instructing the bank to honor my checks only.

"Oh, you're driving me crazy," he gasped. "Please, dear, let's make love."

She became the aggressor, and he yielded control as she deftly worked him forward and back, drawing him ever deeper into her drooling cavern of love. She slipped her tongue in his ear, playfully nibbled on its lobe, and whispered things that made him squirm excitedly. He heard her say what a lovely girl he was, lavish praises of his pretty face, golden curls, velvety girlish skin, and shapely figure. We'll go back to Ms. Savage's and get you the silkiest lingerie and the most darling dresses, so you can forget ever going back to work."

THE END...

But stay tuned for more wonderful stories by this author.



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Francis had no idea why but he began getting pretty each night for his wife's return from a "hard day at the office."

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PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

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A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

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In a small town, everyone knows

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

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

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#44 &45

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

ONE, TWO, THREE

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS
ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

THE SLIP

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

TV CONTEST VIDEOS

MODEL SEARCH 2004

THE ART OF FEMININE ILLUSION

Take a bunch of boys, a hundred foot runway, a slew of beautiful dresses,


swimsuits and the highest heels and what do you get??? Two hours of the finest of female impersonations! **In VHS or DVD. Please Specify.**

TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



VOLUME 46
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TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



VOLUME 47
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GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ONLY DIRECT FROM SANDY THOMAS!
FEMINE PROPOSAL



Boobs, bush, and a blonde, nobody would
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only a week earlier. What was I going to do!"

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