

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION MAGAZINE

Volume 1

"CAN'T CUT IT"

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



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**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION
MAGAZINE**

VOLUME ONE

“CAN'T CUT IT!”
by Annie Warren

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"CAN'T CUT IT!"

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The less fabric in a dress,
the more it will cost!"

Can't Cut It!

by Annie Warren

Chapter 1: Appointment With a Consequence

"Mr. Hanson, all tests indicate that there is a high probability that you have a prostate gland dysfunction that, uh, may be malignant."

The doctor looked questioningly at me as he said this. The fact that he was my wife's doctor really did not make any difference, he was our family doctor. Medicine is medicine! He took off his glasses and rubbed his eyes and then, putting them back on, he looked again at the reports on his desk until he looked up again at me. I had nothing to say.

"There is always a leeway and a margin for possible error. Without surgery there will be no way of really knowing for sure. However, that may not be necessary." At this I came alive.

"Are you trying to tell me that I have cancer?"

"Hrmpf! Uh, there is that distinct probability." He looked at the report, not at me. "Therefore, I shall prescribe a treatment that should contain the malignancy, if that is what it is, until we can make a further diagnosis."

With this, he took his book of prescription blanks and wrote out several prescriptions. He handed them over to me. "We shall attack it chemically and if all goes well, we will not have to resort to surgery."

I blanched and squirmed each time he mentioned surgery.

"Very often if we use the right treatment, these growths will yield to this treatment and correct them-

selves. You really do not have that much to worry about at this stage in the game.”

I looked at the prescriptions, noting the totally illegible scrawl. This doctor seemed to be typical to the point of perfection. I always wondered if one of the college courses that doctors have to take was on how to write totally illegibly. Then there would have to be another course for pharmacists to be able to read and understand such scrawling. Nonetheless, these slips of paper spelled “cure” to me and I was willing to take the necessary steps since I had a morbid fear of surgery, the last and most drastic step when absolutely all else had failed.

He rose and stepped around his desk. “Now, Mr. Hanson, I feel I should warn you that these drugs are fairly powerful and you’ll probably suffer some side effects. But, if you fear surgery as much as you say you do and as your repeated blanching indicates to me, then you’ll just have to suffer the consequences.” He looked me directly in the eye and continued, “I would have opted for exploratory surgery.” Once more I blanched and he smiled reassuringly. “But, in your case I can see that you are against it; so... We’ll take the chemical route,... for now. I have given you enough there for a protracted treatment. If the prime symptoms worsen, then by all means come back. Now, these drugs will affect you too, but not dangerously and probably not permanently, depending on how long it takes. Your chest may swell a bit and you may suffer from impotence to some degree, but,” here he smiled again, “these are only temporary and will abate if the treatment is stopped within a short period. I shall inform my receptionist that you are in the category of short term appointments so that if the symptoms get worse, do not hesitate to call in. If you have any questions, you can call me at any time. Just don’t worry about the drug’s side effects; we are going for a cure!”

It was my turn to get up out of my chair. “Well, doctor, I shall constantly check the original symptoms and will keep you informed. These will keep it not only at bay but will cure me?” I waved the prescriptions a

bit.

"They should do just that, Mr. Hanson. I shall not make any specific appointments at this time. Carry out the tests I outlined and call me when you feel ready." He walked up to me and put his arm over my shoulder. "And don't worry yourself to death. I'll call Jean and let her know what to expect; she was quite worried, you know." He pushed me towards the door. The session was over. I was not to have surgery and I was going to get better. I just knew it was going to be all right.

On my way home I stopped at our usual druggist and picked up the prescriptions. Jean met me at the door, saying the doctor had called and that she had every confidence in him. Thus the whole thing started.

Chapter 2: The beginnings

Regular as clock work I took those pills and monitored my functions. I did experience a bit of nausea to start with but that passed on. The symptoms that had brought me to the doctor in the first place continued but seemed to abate ever so slightly as time went on. The other side effects that he alluded to, however, were more pronounced and affected my life profoundly. Jean was most understanding about the possibility of chemically induced impotence. She had never been that demanding anyway, and I was well versed in how to excite her and bring her to orgasm with or without penetration. She worried about me and my climax but I more or less sloughed that off as a necessary sacrifice. What I was not ready for was how my sex life changed, not hers in relation to me...

True to the doctor's prediction, my chest did swell, however, not generally but very specifically as my nipples grew and grew and then started protruding. As the symptoms abated ever so slightly, my chest grew and grew. I called him and reported the changed symptoms, and he was very encouraged, asking me how it felt to be getting better. When I told him about the nausea and developing chest, he said that that could be expected for the duration of the treatment but not to worry as it was the lesser of two evils. Besides, I

could always have them surgically removed. After a long pause on my side, I then thanked him and said that I would call him later to report on the further development of my illness, or should I say cure.

When I reported to Jean what the doctor had said, I omitted the comment on surgery since that would be a last step beyond which I would never go, since surgery was a last ditch stand, usable only in the case to save my life. When she asked me how well developed my mother had been, I remembered her as being quite well endowed above the norm and said so. Jean only made a clucking sound with her tongue but said no more on the subject or why she had even asked.

As time continued, so did the growth. I wondered about a diminished growth internally being almost transferred externally. I was encouraged in that the other symptoms accelerated in getting better. When I saw the doctor again, he was very encouraging and said that the dysfunction was indeed in a state of remission and was definitely getting better. He said, however, that in order for it to go to termination, I would have to continue the medication, as is. He gave only passing notice to the two lumps that were protruding some 2 cm from my formerly very flat chest. My reports that I was not impotent but that it was getting harder to get an erection where also receive the same. He accepted it as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a man to sport two breasts on his chest and wrote out

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WRITER?

ARTIST?
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SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

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more prescriptions, presumably for the same stuff.

Now 2 cm may not seem like that much since a shirt will immediately compress them markedly, but when your chest was flat to begin with, it is quite a lot. They were beginning to be obvious under a shirt. To top all of this was the fact that they were also sensitive. Jean knew this and had begun to regularly include them in our sex play. Of course, she said that hers were sensitive too, a fact that I knew before, but it did not take too much playing around to discover that what I liked she did too. Thus our whole play was heightened by this mutual responsiveness, as it were. And meanwhile, my breasts continued to grow.

It did not take all that long for the 2cm to become 4cm and somewhat later become 6cm. I began to get very self-conscious about the bulges in my shirt and began to wear shirts that had two pockets. I put things in both pockets so that it would seem like I had "full pockets" and not the flesh that was underneath them pushing them out. But with increased size they began to hang also and with this came muscle sensitivity. You can't have that much flesh hanging out in front and not know it. I began to get some twinges whenever I jarred them, say by stomping my feet heavily, and thus at my wife's suggestion I took the next step.

Chapter 3: Yet Something Else New - Time for a Hold Up.

With a smile she said that I was developing well and had now come to the point that I would have to start to dress to match my chest. I did not know what she meant until I discovered a bra on my dresser one morning. I thought that it was one of hers and ignored it until she came in and asked why I had not put it on.

"What do you mean, why I hadn't put it on? It's yours and also I am not a woman."

Coming over to me she patted my shirt. "Well, honey, you DO have the where with all to use it and besides, you'll find it a lot more comfortable. You will have support and with support will not get those twinges you have complained about."

"I wouldn't feel right about it, Jean. Isn't it one of yours?"

She went over and picked it up. "No, I bought it for you so that you will be more comfortable. And don't worry about it. I know how much of a man you are and that's all that counts to me..." She came over to me. "Just try it. I think it will help you quite a bit."

Somewhat hesitantly I pulled off my shirt and tee shirt. In a trice she had my arms through the straps and had it hooked behind. She then came around in front and adjusted the straps. "It has A-cups but will fit a bit more than allowed for. I guess I should have gotten B-cups."

Sure enough the bra was filled to capacity plus some that seemed to be pressed out the top. The feeling was strange, to be sure. I put my tee shirt back on and stepped over to the mirror. There I was with the usual lumps in front but now there was a band of white that went around my chest and two more white bands that went up over my shoulders. The shadow of the bra was all too evident.

"I can't wear this, Jean, it will show through and everybody will know that I have a bra on." I took off my teeshirt and grappled with the fasteners.

"Here, let me help you." She came behind him and unhooked the bra and removed it. "You could have worn it with a darker shirt, but I'll take it back." With that, no more was said about the bra, and I dressed again in my own clothes without it.

That night, however, after dinner, I went into our bedroom. There on my dresser was another bra. This one, however, was in a shade of tan or beige. Jean must have known where I was going for barely had I gone into the room than she was there right behind me.

"This one should fit better, Pat, and it won't show... Want to try it on?"

"Not really." I walked over to it and looked at it. "I didn't even want to try on the other one in the first place." I turned to go, but she reached up and started to unbutton my shirt. "Do you really want me to put it on?"

"I think you'll find it quite comfortable."

"Oh, all right. I'll give it a try." At that I reached up and helped her remove my shirt. I then pulled off my tee shirt. She picked up the bra and repeated the morning's exercise, but this time the bra fit better and was comfortable. I felt the band of pressure around my chest, but there was not the feeling of being compressed. My flesh also did not overflow the cups. In fact, it didn't even fill them. I put my tee shirt back on and stepped over to the mirror. Now I could just faintly see the outline of the bra. I knew that I would not have, if I had not known where to look.

She watched as I turned this way and that. "See, the nude look is just about invisible. This one should also fit a lot better. Now to show you the advantage of the bra, jump some and see how it helps you."

I must admit that I was skeptical, but when I did do some hopping and jumping up and down, I noted that I felt the shoulder straps tighten up as they took the weight of my breasts, but no matter how hard I landed, I did not feel the twinges that lesser landings had caused earlier. "I think you're right; it does seem to support me."

She just stood back watching me with that sort of a "I told you so" look on her face. I slipped my shirt back on, went over and kissed her. "Well, I guess if it helps as you say it will and if you don't mind me wearing some women's lingerie, what can I say other than thanks?"

She smiled at me with a reply of "I don't mind you wearing women's clothes at all." Somehow, I remembered the comment, but it wasn't till long after that I realized the subtle shift in clothing that I had mentioned and the type that she had expanded it to.

It wasn't till a couple of days later that I noticed there were suddenly a set of bras of several different styles now adorning my drawers. Most were beige, but one was black and two were pure snow white. I didn't say anything about them, but put them on top of my dresser only to have them reappear in my drawer. When I finally mentioned them to her, she just smiled and said that they were of a more comfortable style that

did not come in beige and that I could wear them around the house without any problem. I'm afraid I just shrugged my shoulders and left the bras be.

There was something else I noted around this time. My shirts that were in the least bit tight used to be able to compress my breasts, but, with the bra, there was no more compression. The bra did a marvelous job of supporting, but it also shaped the breasts and made them less compressible. The net effect was that I had to give up wearing some of my shirts when the buttons strained, and one even popped at the chest level. This tended to limit my wardrobe since I couldn't wear shirts with only one pocket as the opposite breast fairly pushed the material perilously out.

Chapter 4: New outerwear.

Shortly after mentioning my dwindling usable wardrobe, Jean brought me three new shirts. They were similar to my old shirts, only the cloth was much softer. I did not realize the difference until I put one on and, lo and behold! the fit was superb only the buttons were on the wrong side. Also, one of the reasons they fit so well was that there was some sort of a seam under each arm going outwards to the pockets. Jean, of course, had an explanation for all.

"Now, don't get upset, Pat. I knew that I wouldn't be able to get you a shirt that would fit your new chest size without looking too much like a tent; so, I just shopped in the women's department. The material is thus naturally softer and the seam you mention is a dart to allow for a larger chest. All of the shirts button on that side; you'll soon get used to it." She surveyed the one I had on. "It does look nice. How does it feel?"

It slowly dawned on me as she was explaining the differences, that this was no shirt; it was a woman's blouse. My first impulse was to take it off, but in reaction to her comment, yes, it did look quite nice and fit quite well. As to feel, there was a very pleasant feel to it but it was muffled by my tee shirt.

"Well, it feels fine and fits well, but it's a woman's blouse. I shouldn't be wearing it."

With some sort of logic she replied, "It fits because you are wearing a woman's bra and have the chest that fills that bra. You complained of the things you felt in your growing breasts and I got the bra to solve that problem. Now you complain about poorly fitting clothes and I've gotten you some that fit. I think they look much better than your shirts and I'm sure that no one will notice. Your best friend wouldn't notice unless you told him. People just don't notice things like that unless their attention is brought to it. I'll bet you could wear only blouses and no one would be the wiser unless you told them. Look at it this way; you weren't aware of the difference in the buttons until you put that shirt on, were you?"

"Blouse," I replied, "but what if someone does, what then?"

"You can cross that bridge when you come to it. If you want to, you can make up a story about skin sensitivities or you can even tell the truth. I wouldn't worry about it now. After all, they are comfortable and they fit and what's more, they look good on you." She came over to me and stroked my breasts through the blouse and bra exciting them and me. "And, if I, your wife, don't mind, how or why should anyone else?"

She did have a point there. As my wife, she should be the only one who should object and, if she didn't, then why worry? So I started wearing the blouses and sure enough, no one noticed or at least said anything. The blouses allowed my breasts to be more prominent but the secret seemed to hold. Furthermore, Jean and I went through my shirts and packed up all of them with one pocket or those that were too tight and put them up in the attic. It left quite a hole, but Jean soon filled it somewhat with more blouses. What I didn't notice were some of the blouses she got for me but put in her things. But that comes later.

As an erection became harder and harder to get, if you'll forgive a reverse pun, I also noted that my hips were also widening. My pants were also rapidly getting dangerously tight and my shorts with them. It wasn't until I had ripped the third pair of shorts that she

seemed to notice. I had said nothing other than curse some and she also said nothing, but a day later I was the possessor of several pair of new slacks and a new set of underwear... but what underwear! It did not take a second glance to see that there were no flies on any of them and in fact there was even a hint of lace. Again I balked.

"I can't wear those, those, uh those things, Jean. They are panties!" I said holding up a pair.

Jean looked up and smiled. "Don't they fit? I thought I had a good measure of your size." She reached for the pair I was holding and then noticed that they were still folded, hadn't been tried on. "But you haven't even tried them on to see if they fit!" She promptly spread them out and held them up to me.

"What are you trying to do to me? First it was the bra then the blouses and now panties..." I backed away even as she ascertained that the panties probably would fit me.

"What's the matter with you? You need shorts and I have given you some that will fit and feel nice too and you haven't even tried them on."

"But they're women's panties, not men's shorts. I can't wear them. What would people say?"

"And just how, pray tell, will 'people' learn? Are you in the habit of dropping your trousers in public? Whatever you have on under your pants is your business. Besides, you haven't even tried them on to see if you like them."

"But gee! Jean, women's panties?"

"Well, what's wrong with them? I wear them and find them quite comfortable. While I was shopping I saw them and knew that you needed some shorts and also knew that with your proportions, that they would fit you better than men's shorts." She paused while it sunk in. "So... Go try them on."

Under such logic and from my own wife, I did as she suggested. I went into the bedroom and took off my pants and shorts, almost tearing them in the process. I then stepped into the panties and pulled them up, not terribly rapidly for the sensation of that soft cloth was

a new sensation for me. When they were snug about my waist, I could feel the elastic and the snugness and, of course, the softness. She was quite right. They were comfortable. I then put my pants back on and felt the softness even through them. Still, they were women's panties and I did not feel that I should wear them. I returned to Jean.

"Well, honey, how are they?" she asked as she came over to me.

"I, er, uh, they feel nice, but I just can't get used to the idea that they are women's panties." I must have blushed when I said that.

"Oh Pat, don't worry about it." She came over to me and put her arms around me, feeling for the bra clasps and straps with one hand and the panties with the other. "Mmmmm, they do feel good, don't they?"

What could I say? They did feel good, but there I stood wearing not only women's panties but also a bra and a blouse. Worst of all, they felt good. What was my world coming to?

Next morning, when I was getting dressed, I thought twice and then put on the panties. Jean then presented me with a new pair of slacks. After the previous day's events I looked to see if there was a fly in front. Sure enough there was one. But again, the cloth was soft, softer than my other slacks. When I stepped into them I knew that they were women's slacks. The top portion was lined with a satiny smooth liner. When it hit the nylon smoothness of my panties, they just slithered over each other and I almost went into a state of sensual shock. How was it that I was now getting such feelings from women's clothing? A year go, before I started on the medication, I would have fought tooth and nail against wearing anything at all that was in the least effeminate and now, other than my shoes and socks, everything I had on was tailor made for women and worst of all, it fit me perfectly to the point of my liking it!

This time Jean did not have to ask if they fit or if I liked them for my reactions must have been readable a mile away. To reinforce them, she came over and

patted me on my rear, ending with her hand staying there rubbing so that the fabrics continued to glide over each other. That first sensation will be a hard one to forget, even if I wanted to.

Well, you can imagine what happened. Here I was in panties, bra, a blouse and women's slacks, going out to face the world like it was an everyday occurrence. And Jean was backing me up all the way. You may ask why I say all the way? Well, over the next few days, all of my shorts disappeared and my tight slacks with them. They were replaced by sets of panties and women's slacks. Some of them, however, I protested to Jean about buying, as they were just too, too feminine, being a glossy satin like fabric. Some of them rustled even and others were quite full, looking more like full length skirts than pants.

Those pairs I just set aside feeling that Jean had just gone overboard and bought them for herself rather than for me.

As it was, my dimensions were getting to be more like hers every day as I continued on the medication. The doctor had said something about the medicine's side effects accelerating the longer I took them or was it took it? I don't know if it was one or all of them that was doing what was being done to me. But, I do know that the earlier symptoms, while still present, were getting lesser even as my breasts continued to grow.

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Chapter 5: Beginning a New Image

Just how far Jean was going to carry the clothes came more out into the open on the following week end. When I arose, she talked me into wearing one of the white bras and a silken blouse to go with it, only without a tee shirt. I said that the bra would show through, but she would not take no for an answer. Besides, she argued, no one would see me but her and she did want me to dress up a bit. The bottom line of the dressing was to get one of the extra full trousers of the noisy, shiny fabrics and to insist that I wear them too.

Ok, if I had the bra and the blouse on, what would it hurt to wear the pants as she wanted me to? I put them on and immediately was enveloped with a new set of sensations. There was the feel of the cloth, the smooth on smooth, but that was not new. Now there was also the feeling of what seemed to be vast quantities of cloth swirling around my legs. On top of this was the sibilant sound of the cloth as it rustled with each movement that I made. I padded and rustled down to breakfast in this combination and was quite impressed with the feel and sound of the clothes.

When I saw myself in a mirror, I was very strongly impressed by the blouse with the all too evident bra underneath it, not to mention my quite prominent breasts. My hair hung straight down to my shoulders plus a bit. The only thing that marred the image from being one of utter femininity was my mustache. It had taken me over a year to grow just as much as I had and it was quite thin and stringy but was enough to stop that image from being too feminine.

I'm sure Jean must have noticed that too, but she said absolutely nothing about it; she just concentrated on the clothes. The blouse I had on had full sleeves with a set of four micro buttons closing the cuffs at the wrists. It also had an elastic band at the waist so that it hugged my figure and brought attention to how slim my waist really was. I also attributed the narrowness to the apparent wideness of my hips. I thought it was

accentuated by the fullness of the slacks too. But, a quick application of a hand demonstrated that most of the wideness was indeed me. Those pants were something else too. When I had my feet together, the fullness of the cloth made them look for all the world like I was wearing an ankle length skirt. Only at the crotch could you see that they were really pants. They weren't tight enough, however, to show anything else.

Jean was with me as I padded around the house. She was also there when I had my image examination in the full length mirror. She stood next to me and put her arm around my shoulder and with an idle finger stroked my neck just below my ear. It didn't help all that much as it was a sort of conflicting motion in view of how I was dressed, but I countered with the same for her and we smiled at each other in the mirror then turned and kissed deeply. When we broke the kiss, she was effusive in her compliments on my appearance and how I looked.

When I went into the bedroom with the purpose of putting on some shoes, she was right there again but this time with the comment that I should now complete the image. I learned what this was when she pulled out a pair of shoes with what must have been one and a half inch heels. I didn't know what she meant as I sat down on the bed to put on a pair of my own shoes. Meanwhile, she got some knee high nylons and came over to me with hose and heels, so to say, before I had acted.

"Here, dear, try these on. They'll go a lot better with your outfit."

"I can't wear your shoes, Jean, they'll never fit," I said looking at her. I should have known better. The shoes were a black shiny patent leather, unscuffed. One more look was enough to tell me that the shoes were brand new as was the hose that were still folded as they had been in the package. Both were new but not for long.

"They're not my shoes, dear." There was that smile again. "I got them for you to wear when you wear some of your nicer things like you have on now. Let me put

them on for you.”

By now I knew that to refuse would be delaying the inevitable, at best. So... Why not now? The hose did feel a bit funny. I hadn't worn any stockings of that height since I was a kid and had to wear some with the short pants that I wore (but not for long). The foot, once it was properly stockinged slid smoothly into the shoe. It was obvious that she had again taken care to get my size right as they fit superbly. There was the initial stiffness as with any new shoe, but still they were not cramped nor too tight or anything; they fit.

As she put the hose on me, the pant legs rustled rather loudly to my inexperienced ears. Once on, there was yet another new feeling of the satiny cloth against the hose. Then, when I stood, there was the feeling of the higher heels. It wasn't a bad or an awkward feeling, only a bit different. The point where I got stopped was when I stepped off of the run onto the hard wood floor. There the hard heel would resound with a sharp rapping or tapping. I don't know if I went off the rugs to hear that sound for itself or hear it instead of the rustling of the cloth as it swirled sensuously about my legs.

Then too, there was the grip of the knee high hose to remind me of their presence. All in all, it was a day full of sensations and images. Jean kept getting me in front of the full length mirror on one pretext or another. Each time I saw me from the neck down: the body of a woman with the white blouse, the whiter bra (filled to boot) underneath it, the full satiny pants looking more and more like a skirt (and feeling like one) all placed on top of those black and shiny patent leather midheel shoes. By the end of the day, the image had begun to get to me and the person I was seeing was getting to be less and less of a stranger.

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Chapter 6: Another New Image

Next morning I didn't have to ask what I was to wear... Jean had it all laid out on the bed for me when I returned from the bathroom. This time the blouse, and it was a blouse this time even more than the last, was full, bouffant and had a delicate lace trim about a scooped neck line and four pearl button cuffs. Once again the bra was white, however this time with very lacy cups that almost let my nipples show through (my aureoles did in just the bra, but the blouse covered them enough so that they did not show). The bra, however, lay just below the neckline and from its fullness (my breasts had continued to grow, remember?) there was even somewhat of a cleavage to be seen above the neckline (helped by some strategically placed padding at the base of each cup).

The pants this time were more of the soft clinging jersey that showed off every curve I had. Even the elastic of the panties could be seen clearly outlined underneath them. They were embarrassing at first since they had no fly and there was somewhat of a bulge where those kind of pants should never show a bulge. I did, however, manage to position the offending bulge between my legs and the panties were tight enough to allow it, for a while, to stay there so that the bulge was greatly lessened. After I had done it, I wondered why. Were the drugs also affecting my mind?

As was expected, Jean was effusive again with comments on how well I looked, how everything fit so well and how everything "felt so very, very good, Right?" Of course to the last one, I had to agree. I felt there was way too much on my chest showing, especially the bulges above each cup that together formed a valley that easily disappeared into the froth of lace at the low point of the scoop of the neckline. Even as I was standing in front of my mirror, well, our mirror, who should come up behind me? (If you thought it was anyone else than Jean, then you are in the wrong story) And! Lo and behold! she was wearing the same sort of clothes as I was! We had two matching outfits, probably

down to the lowest level of lingerie as even the outlines at the waist seemed to match.

What could I do? Well, I did what you probably thought I did. I reached over and kissed her, feeling the smoothness of her lipstick and tasting it too. Unknown to me, I fell into another of her traps most willingly as we turned away and went off to breakfast where I let food replace, for a large part, the feelings and sensations of what I was wearing. Of course, I only had to look at Jean to have a mirror type of image of what I looked like, well, from the neck down, for her face and hairdo were quite different from mine, of course, and she was wearing make-up and some jewelry.

Below the neck, however, only her nail polish made the difference from her being a total match for me. Even as she stood at the stove with her back to me, I could see her bra so clearly outlined beneath her blouse and knew instinctively that if I were to stand in that same position that my bra, that's MY bra, would also stand out just as evidently. As I was studying her back and her broad bottom, wondering if mine were much like hers, she turned and came over to the table. As she leaned over slightly, my eyes were drawn to her neckline to see the straps of her bra strain ever so slightly to hold her breasts. Then I realized that even this motion and this strain was easily duplicated in my own body if not as much as her breasts were much larger than mine. It hit home stronger than ever that I had a woman's body in more ways than one.

We had a light breakfast. Every time I looked at Jean I felt that in some way I was looking at myself. Now, I do love her dearly and seeing her looking like myself was very moving... or was it the other way around with me looking like her, at her desire? My medicines had done the job on my body and were continuing to alter it, but it was her work that had done my clothes. I was overwhelmed emotionally by her evident love for me. It did not occur to me at that time that I was also emotionally changing and such things were more apt to move me than before. Yes, the hor-

mones that were coursing through my veins had changed me in more ways than I could ever have imagined. More than the doctor had apparently anticipated in his advice to me.

After breakfast I went back into the bedroom with her right behind me. When I looked into the mirror I was aghast, my lips were quite red, as if I were wearing lipstick. When I looked at her, she must have read my thoughts as I noted the red was the same as her lips only much thinner. In answer to the unasked question as my hand went to my lips, she said, "Don't try to rub the rest of it off, Pat, it looks quite good on you."

"But how?..."

She smiled at me. "Well, lover, you remember that kiss just before we went to breakfast? Well, I had just put on my lipstick and hadn't blotted it. You turned out to be my blotter and a lot of it came off on you. And, Pat, it goes well with your outfit though it should be touched up a bit; you ate a lot of it off."

Sure it went with the outfit. So would earrings, a necklace, higher heels and a ring in my nose, but I would be damned if I would have said that to her. So, if this is what she wanted, I thought I'd play the game and pulled her to me. I was about to crunch her when she said, "Wait, let's try to reverse the process." As quick as a wink, well maybe a couple of winks, she had gotten her lipstick and, before I could protest, had applied it heavily to part of my lips even as I drew back.

"Come on Pat, let me finish the application. It's not going to hurt."

"But lipstick? What are you trying to do to me?"

"Hey, you've worn it up to now, and besides it's only half on."

I looked over into the mirror. There I stood with lips that had a large smear of red, a deep red like hers, on them. I thought that she was going to put it on herself; otherwise, she wouldn't have gotten that close to me with that open stick of redness.

"I'm going to go and take it off." I started for the bathroom, but she held me back.

"Now, Pat, don't be foolish. Let me finish what I

started. Besides, it's just between the two of us and there is no harm done, is there? Please?"

Forgetting for the moment how I was dressed, thinking only of her requesting something that was really not all that much, and, being touched emotionally by her plea, I relented and stood while she painted in the rest of my lips, giving them a vivid red color that matched her own.

"Now let me blot..." Her sentence was cut off as I kissed her long and deep, transferring some of my excess lipstick to her lips. We kissed several times quite passionately before coming up for air. By then the damage was done and it was too late.

"Oh Pat, you shouldn't have done that." She grinned and giggled a bit.

"Why not?" I smiled, "Can't a fellow kiss his wife and show her how much he loves her?"

"That's not what I meant. You should have let me blot the lipstick at least a bit. This morning when I kissed you I did it deliberately, knowing what and where I was doing it. But in your zeal, I'm afraid you've smeared your fresh lipstick and in a most difficult place."

"What do you mean?" Even as I said that I turned and moved over to look again in the mirror. Yes, my lipstick was smeared quite badly, and, worst of all, it had been smeared into my mustache. Half of it was now quite brightly colored with a deep red. "Ok, what do we do now?"

"Let's see if it can be creamed off." She led me to her vanity where with tissues and several different creams and lotions, she managed to lessen the quantity, but the shade of red remained ever so evidently and seemed to remain untouched. Below them my lips also remained red. Try as we did, the red in the mustache remained stubbornly bright and resistant. If anything, the quantity of hair colored increased rather than decreased.

"Why didn't you warn me?" I finally said, sitting in front of her vanity mirror, surveying my reddened lips and mustache. It was naturally an intensive red color,

darker than my hair color by several shades since it was almost blond. If it were not for the lightness of my mustache, the redness may not have been noticed that much. The attempts at cleaning it had also made the redness uniform so that almost a full half of my mustache was most decidedly of a hue to match my lips below.

“What am I going to do now? I can’t dye it, washing won’t help and I can’t cut off half of my mustache.” I looked back into the mirror. I could almost feel tears welling up in my eyes. Tears? Over such a small thing? Well, again it wasn’t all that small. I couldn’t leave the house dressed in this ultra feminine clothing for sure, but dressed even in the clothes that I did have, I couldn’t leave with half a red mustache.

“Let’s try again.”

So we tried it again. We tried other cleaners too and netted getting the skin below it quite irritated but the red in the hair did not abate that much. I couldn’t go on with these things. It could perhaps get rid of the color but then the lips would be so inflamed that the skin would be that shade of red, and so I called it quits.

“Well,” I sighed deeply, “It looks like there is only one solution... If we can’t get the color out of the hair, the hair will have to come off.”

“I’m sorry, dear. I didn’t mean for this to happen.” We went towards the bathroom together.

“That’s all right. Accidents do happen...” I said with a feeling that was not truly mine but was said more to appease her feelings. Very gingerly, with care for the partially inflamed skin, I shaved the mustache off. With it gone, the red lips looked more in place on my now hairless face.



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Chapter 7: Just One More Change?

"Now, Dear, let me show you how it's done for real," she said as she pulled out the lipstick that she had somehow brought with her. Gently she touched it to my lips.

"Haven't you done enough damage for one day?" There was an edge of anger in my voice as I spoke.

"All I want to do is make them look right and show you what we should have done." She backed off, the redness she had just applied like a gash on my lips. "And, besides, there are some oils and lanolin in the lipstick that will help your lips to recoup from the ordeal we just put them through."

"Oh, all right. What more harm can it do?"

With that she put a fresh coat of lipstick on my lips, first outlining them lightly and then filling them in with the full redness that the lipstick could afford. She then showed me how to press and rub them together to even out and spread the color and how to blot them. She repeated this again (a third time that day?) and let me blot them. I looked into the bathroom mirror, noting the redness and with the absence of my mustache, there was a new element added... Suddenly, to me, I looked like a woman. I mean to ME I did. I was aware of my body before, but there was always my masculinity as epitomized by my mustache, that separator between male and female.

Now, here was a face I knew but the lips were not as before. In the mirror I also saw the expanse of my chest and the lace and ruffles at the top of the blouse holding in a cleavage. God!! For all intents and purposes, it could have been a woman looking out of the mirror. And... If it was a woman looking out, what was it that was looking in? Jean must have sensed the disturbance in my thoughts, for she pulled me to her and gave me a long kiss. She then hugged me to her, our blouses rubbing and our breasts pushing against each other making me aware of them more than usual. But then she nuzzled me on my neck and then raised her head and nibbled my ear. That bulge that I had eliminated earlier began exerting itself again, and I

knew that, regardless of what the mirror showed, that Jean was my wife and I was her husband.

“Oh Pat, you are just too good to be true.”

“What do,” it was my turn to nuzzle and nibble, “you mean by,” more nibbling as I licked around her ear wire, “that?” If she had had her ear studs in, I would have removed them with my teeth, a favorite foreplay game of mine, but the earwires resisted most of my attempts at dental dexterity and always remained in.

“What other husband would do for me what you have done?”

Sensing an erotic morning, I started with her in tow, or was I in tow by her? Well, we both started towards the bedroom. “What do you mean by that?” I asked feigning at least some sort of an innocence.

“Well, you couldn’t help your illness, but you have taken the medicine and rallied not only to better health but also you have not been destroyed by the side effects.” She reached over and stroked one of my sensitive breasts, a move she knew would excite me. “And, furthermore, your new body excites me beyond words.”

There were a number of stops for kissing, petting, nuzzling and nibbling of various parts of the anatomy all the way to the bed. I did get a look, albeit a quick one, of myself in the full mirror after the blouse came off followed by the bra. The glimpse of myself braless with only the tight, form fitting pants that glistened back at me, the full redness of my lips and those two well formed, firm breasts almost halted the action. Thankfully, Jean was not to be put off and soon we were fast in the act of demonstrating again and again our love for each other. Well, readers, I’ll leave it to your fertile imaginations as to what went on then.

It was well into the afternoon that hunger began to make itself known again and, with reluctance, we untwined. But more caresses brought us back together. Thus, as the sun was setting, we finally did manage to rise. She went into the bathroom while I put on my panties and bra. Then I went off to the bathroom, clad like that, while she rushed through dressing and laid out a blouse, hose and shoes for me.

When I returned, I noted the blouse and hose and shoes and sat on the bed and put them on. When I looked for the pants I had worn, they were nowhere to be seen; however, over the chair were draped the full pants that I had worn the day before, or so I thought. I reached for them and stepped into them. When I got my second leg into them, I found that there were not the same. There was the similarity in cloth, color and cut, only there were no pant legs; it was like one great big leg. Even as I was about to step back out of them, Jean came in and "helped" me by buttoning them on the side instead of in front and then zipping up the short zipper. I did not have to say anything to know that these were not pants but a skirt.

"Now, isn't that more comfortable than the tight pants?"

"Well, it's just a bit tight at the waist." I stretched my foot out in front and noted that the skirt was not all that full. "It will also limit my long jumping style."

"Don't you go starting long jumps in doors, dear." She smiled and kissed me. Her hand then stole down into my blouse, underneath my bra, and tweaked one of my nipples. I made an involuntary jump.

"I thought you were hungry. You'll never get to the kitchen if you keep up those games."

She laughed and took me into the kitchen with her. I don't know if it was more to have conversation, to get help preparing the meal or to keep me from taking off the skirt. In any event, I did help her prepare the meal and talked with her while doing it. I was, however, also quite aware, as I had been the previous day, of the sibilant sounds that the cloth made as I moved to and fro. The difference between the full pants and the skirt, however, was not great but quite subtle, except that I could not take long steps. In the pants I had been unhampered, but with the skirt the length of my step was limited if I wanted to make any long steps. But this limit was relatively minor. When I mentioned the sound of the cloth, the only remark I got was, "Yes, lovely, isn't it?"

When I sat, I noted how the skirt hung differently.

But Jean seemed to keep away from my attire in our conversation. All that evening I wore the skirt and became used to the feel and the motion of it.

Monday was a holiday so I ended up wearing the skirt the next day. Jean applied the lipstick in the morning but said that I should not apply any more or there would be some left over the next day and people might notice it. I said that they'd notice anyway with the mustache gone and so, mid afternoon, after eating most of it off, I put on a fresh coat, blotted it, and then put on another coat and blotted it, something that Jean had not done in the morning's application for some reason. I don't know if it was because I wanted to or in some way to show Jean that I was still boss or to perhaps divert some of the commentary on my lost mustache. She, of course, said nothing, but, whereas lunch had devastated the color, our evening meal did not seem to put much of a dent in it. That night I removed what I could but a lot remained.

Chapter 8: To Work and Problems

Next morning my lips still had the blush of the lipstick. It appeared that perhaps I should have taken Jean's advice. Nonetheless, I dressed in a pair of black slacks (feminine cut), panties, a beige bra and a plain white blouse that looked somewhat like a business shirt. I girded myself for the comments that I would get at work over my missing mustache and managed to stick most of them out as they were in general, good natured. I was not prepared, however, for what happened on my way home. When I stopped to get some meat for the evening meal, the checker addressed me as "miss" even though there was no purse and I had my usual male style wallet. The bagger offered to carry the bag to my car. It upset me a bit since the bag was not all that big. I refused politely and went home. I told Jean about the razing at work and how it would die down eventually. I did not tell her about being mistaken as a woman in the market, however.

Two days later I was beset with a new difficulty. I was called into the manager's office. I am no Mister

Milquetoast, but I have always been nervous when confronting a boss type. Mr. Jackson, however, was a heavysset man with jowls and a smile that seemed to be etched on a face that oozed warm friendliness.

"Tell me, Patrick. How are you doing?"

I outlined my current projects and my status in all of them.

"That's admirable, Patrick, but how are you, yourself, doing?"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I've noticed that you have had excessive sick leave lately. And it is not in one lump but spread over the past year or so. Have you been under a doctor's care?"

"Yes, sir." Here it comes; I just knew it.

"Would you care to tell me what for?" He smiled and leaned forward.

"My doctor has diagnosed an, uh, malignancy, sir. I have been seeing him quite regularly. That is why there have been so many sick leave requests."

"A Cancer? Hrmpf!" He sat back, a frown flickered over his brow. "Is that all there is to it?"

Is that all there is to it? Here I felt that I had been snatched from the jaws of death, and he asked me if that was all. Just what was it that he was expecting?

"I feel, sir, that that is quite enough in itself. What more should there be?"

He leaned forward and dropped a bomb shell, "Well, uh, Patrick, would you mind taking your, uh, shirt off?"

I must have blanched at that request. "Uh, what for sir?"

"Some of the workers have noted some changes that have come over you in the last several months, Patrick. You seem to be more emotional and not as stable as the Patrick we hired long ago. Then when you're clothing style changed, a number of people noted it, enough to bring it through the line to my attention. Then they reported that you recently came to work with some make-up on? Tell me, is that or is that not a blouse you are wearing today?"

This time I didn't blanch; I blushed. "I... uh... er..."

How could I start? I suppose I had best start by admission. "Yes, sir... uh... it is, sir."

"To the casual eye, it looks like a normal shirt, especially with the tee shirt underneath it. But why are you wearing a woman's blouse?"

"It is a long story, sir, but the sum of it is that it fits me better than any of my old shirts."

"Fits you better? Stand up." I stood up. "Take those things out of your shirt pockets."

"But..."

"Don't worry, Patrick, just take them out." I did, knowing that the "pocket fill" visible to him was now myself. "Now turn around for me." I complied. "Hmmm, I think I see what you mean."

Did he? I quickly put the things back into my pockets, feeling the stimulation upon my nipples as I did so.

"Now, Patrick, I don't want to frighten you, but I must say that the comments that I mentioned before were far from friendly or complimentary. They were about your, uh, chest, among other things and that you were apparently wearing a bra. From all appearances, that IS what you are wearing under your shirt, isn't it?" I started to speak but he hushed me. "I don't mean that negatively, Patrick, but I want to run a happy shop, as the saying goes, and I'm afraid that in your present physical state of being, you are like a fly in the ointment." He hastened to add, "Now, don't get me wrong. I am not in the least way disappointed with your work. It's just that your, uh, changes could conceivably cause problems in the future. Know what I mean?"

"I have taken the liberty of making an appointment for you for this afternoon to visit a certain Dr. MacDonald down in the Medical Building. He will examine you as a part of our insurance policy coverage."

"Insurance policy?" I hadn't heard of any insurance policy that would apply to me.

"Yes, we have an insurance policy with Indemnity and Life of Chicago and New York. A clause in it states that any employee who is incapacitated by cancer can receive a kind of pension, sort of be retired early." He smiled a very warm, friendly smile. "This Doctor Mac-

Donald is their local medical representative and examiner for the company. He will ascertain whether or not you are, uh, incapacitated. I have forwarded a dossier to him indicating the nature of the, shall we say, previously noted incapacities and what they are doing to my company."

He leaned forward, "I would hate to lose you, Patrick, for you are a good man, to be sure, but I have to keep the company goals and good to the fore. I'm sure you understand that."

"Yes sir. You mean that I am to go and see this doctor this afternoon? Not do any work?"

"In light of the circumstances, I think that your best policy would be to go and see if you can get a statement from your doctor as to the nature of your case, physical problems, diagnosis, etc., etc."

"Yes sir." I'm afraid that my emotions got the best of me and I got watery eyed.

"Here, here, Patrick." He arose and came around to me. Being a much larger man than I was, he put his arm around my shoulder as if to calm my fears. "It is also for your own good, you know. If they judge for you, you may not have to work again. You could possibly just retire. I wouldn't want the cancer myself, but it would be good to retire, wouldn't it, hmm?" He squeezed my shoulders, "and with an income too."

He looked me in the eyes. "Now, it is not all that bad. I am not firing you. You are an excellent worker but in your present physical state you are causing a disturbance. Unless you can rectify it, I have no alternative but to try to put you on this plan. So, go see your doctor and then see this doctor MacDonald, right?" He released me.

I smiled up at him, I'm afraid a bit weakly, then replied. "I'll do what I can, sir." And, with some more encouragement from him and a firm hand shake, I left his office.

What to do! I went to my desk and made a phone call to my doctor and luckily talked with him for a while, outlining what was said, what I had to do and what he should do. It turned out that he knew more

about what he should do than I could ever have told him. In fact, he had said that he was expecting such a move and had most of the paperwork already prepared. He said to stop by after noon and that he would have the necessary packet of diagnoses, statements and test evaluations ready for me to pick up and take along. He said not to worry, that it would be complete and if it were not, that whomever I was to see could call him, for he'd be in all afternoon. When we finished talking, I knew that there was nothing else that I could do at work that day that would be productive. So, I got my coat and left.

I felt somewhat like a conspirator slinking out of my office. I couldn't guess who it was that had reacted so poorly to me or why. I was basically the same person as before. My body had changed some but that was my business and nobody else's. I mulled several people over in my head. I decided to walk to the doctor's office. It would give me time to think, and did I ever have a lot to think about. Try as I might, nothing wanted to gel. I was just emotionally too upset to think straight.

At one I stopped at the doctor's office and got a thick envelope from his receptionist. The doctor was busy at that time. Anyway, I didn't have anything really new to say to him... The appointment with Dr. MacDonald was at three. So, again... I walked. The envelope was sealed so I couldn't look to see what the doctor had written.

Chapter 9: A Binding Second Opinion

At three on the dot, I walked into Dr. MacDonald's office. It was in one of the high towers and had expensive written over all of the furnishings in the waiting room. The receptionist took my name and the packet of documents. I sat down and waited nervously. When my turn came, I was ushered into a large office with a large picture window overlooking the city.

Doctor MacDonald was tall, over six feet tall, so when we shook hands, he looked decidedly down on me. On his desk I could see the envelop with its contents spread out around it. He noticed my glance and then

smiled down at me. The smile was a bit incongruous with his sharp features but, nonetheless, the smile did give me a feeling of friendliness.

"Well, Mr. Hanson, I have been reviewing your file. The case history your doctor sent me is quite clear and fairly inclusive." He moved me over to a chair.

"Thank you, sir." I sat down opposite him as he sat down behind his desk and ruffled through the papers.

"Let's see, here are the test results, mmmmm, the psychological evaluation, mmmmmmm." He paused and read a bit.

"Psychological report?" How could that have gotten into there? I didn't remember any such test?

"Well, perhaps a slight misnomer." He peered at the document, leafing through several pages, "It appears that you have an intense fear of surgery. Yes, there's your explanation that you gave him." He glanced up, noticing my hands tightening on the arms of the chair. "Relax, Mr. Hanson." He scribbled a note on the document and continued without looking up, "I didn't mean to upset you. It's not an uncommon fear."

He looked up and smiled as I tried to relax. "Are you feeling all right? You look a bit pale."

"I'm all right. It's just an irrational fear I have."

He looked piercingly at me a moment and then continued, "Fine, I have here your doctor's description of the illness and his diagnosis. Would you please outline your original symptoms and what changes his treatment has brought about."

Starting at the beginning, I gave the symptoms, his diagnosis as I understood it, then the progress in the abatement of the symptoms. I omitted, however, the side effects and especially last weekend's fun and games with my wife. It turned out, however, that he was more interested in the side effects than the disease and quizzed me in depth as to the effects, the breast growth and all. He was mildly surprised by Jean's acceptance of a husband with breasts, but not overly so. After getting my full story (less the escapade in skirts and quite feminine blouses and the fact that I had lost my mustache to make-up), he picked up an-

other folder and extracted several sheets from it bearing my company's letter head and logo.

"Now, on the outside, so to say, I have a report that your presence in this advanced state of gynocomasty has had an adverse effect on your company and probably will on any place where you would seek employment under the name 'Patrick'." He studied the letters briefly as if speed reading the essentials. "Due to your mental state in terms of removal or alteration of the breasts by, uh, medical means, you are fortunate that the malignancy has reacted favorably to the medications. Before I pass any further judgment of this case, I must examine you."

At that I had to strip to the waist. It was exceedingly embarrassing as first my bra was exposed when I pulled off my blouse and secondly when I removed it and my two breasts stood at attention for him, being in a high state of arousal. To me, in front of him, a stranger even if a doctor, they looked HUGE. I also had to strip down to just a pair of panties. He said nothing about my under attire being totally feminine but was very business like, listening to breathing and heart beat, poking, prodding, thumping, even the head turn and cough bit. It was particularly embarrassing when he kneaded my breasts even after explaining that it was to look for any cancerous growths that may have arisen due to the higher estrogenic content in my blood.

Finally it was over and he returned to his desk, telling me to get dressed again, an action I readily did. I have never, ever been comfortable in a doctor's office and even less so when almost naked, to say nothing of exposing to a stranger my new breasts, widened hips, and of course my lingerie and (obvious to them) women's outer wear.

He sat at his desk making notes as I put my bra, "T" shirt, blouse and pants back on, topping it with my jacket. I sat down again while he continued to write some rather extensive notes, oblivious to my actions. Finally he finished.

"Mr. Hanson, in light of your advanced state of gynocomasty, it would appear exceedingly doubtful

that any action short of hospitalization would reduce it, especially since you still have an unknown time yet to go under the medication. You cannot cease taking it until your doctor releases you. It is entirely possible, depending on your medical history and inherited gene patterns that the growth phase is not yet over. Due to this factor and your psychological profile, I am going to make the recommendation, pending some other tests in our lab, that the company release you on their insurance plan's Early Retirement for Disability Plan." He looked up at me. "And, what is your opinion?"

"All of this is so sudden and quite a shock. I, uh, don't want to quite working, doctor."

"I can understand your point of view, Mr. Hanson, but the company has put you in a disability category and has made a request for evaluation on that basis. If you refuse to accept the early pension plan that they are offering, and, at your young age that is really mighty early, then they will have no alternative but to let you go unless you can correct your physical status and we both know what that means. They have this policy and are bound by the company rules and contract with your hiring to offer you this alternative, whether you like it or not."

"It is my opinion, Mr. Hanson, that you would be a fool not to accept as you will definitely have a problem with employment looking as feminine as you do. If your breast growth continues as I suspect it will, then there will be no hiding them and you would be open to ridicule. Hospitalization could possibly cure that problem but could raise others of a psychological nature."

He arose and stepped out from behind the desk. "I don't mean to pressure you, but by tomorrow you must have a reply. I shall inform Mr. Jackson of my decision as soon as I have the results of the tests, which should be within the hour. As a rule, the insurance company will go along with my decision backed up by my detailed report; so, there should be no problem on that account." He handed me some slips and blank forms. "Check with the receptionist as to where to go to take these tests."

I looked up, taking the papers, somewhat moist eyed. "But to stop working? All of my projects... What can I tell Jean, my wife?"

"Well, the alternative is a hospital stay and you know what that entails, or you will face unemployment."

I turned away towards the door, dejected. "Thank you, doctor..." I looked at the floor. I had just been hit by a nasty doldrum. I had to cease being a lot of who I had been. To you it may have the smacking of a boon gift, but at the time it hit me hard.

Sensing my mood, he came and put his hand on my shoulder. "Cheer up, Mr. Hanson, uh, Patrick. It is not the end of the world. It will take a bit of getting used to, but I think in the end you will fare better by such a separation from work, at least for a while. Talk it over with your wife. I'm sure she will see the advantages in it. Does she work?"

I turned back to him, "Yes, she's got a good job, and is fairly successful too." How would she take it? She would become the bread winner if I was forced to quit. I'd have a pension, but that would not match her income that was almost more than mine was anyway. On the other hand, she would be the same if I were fired. So there was not that much of a choice open to me.

"That's all I can say for you today, Mr. Hanson." My appointment was over. I thanked him and headed for the door. At the receptionist I was sent to the lab, a frightening place where they sampled my body, so to say. I almost passed out when they took some blood. But finally I was done and left as fast as I could. I had a decision to make.

Chapter 10: A Time of Decision

I couldn't go home now so I went for a long walk.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

On the one hand, I did not feel that I could just quit work, and yet, on the other hand, I realized that I did not really have any choice in the matter. Nature had given me the cancer, the medication had or was in the process of healing the disease, but in the process had given me the body of a woman (with one major exception) and, that body was now causing me to lose my job. The pension plan, while not excessively liberal, would nonetheless provide me an income.

With my fear of hospitals, I realized that, unless I were beat over the head and dragged off unconscious to a hospital, that I would have to accept the plan as offered. I was well on my way to acceptance when I got home, a bit late despite the fact that I had not really done any work, in effect, all day.

When I came in, Jean immediately sensed that something was wrong. In two shakes, she had the whole day's events out of me and on the table. Although she felt the pension was a good idea, she said that the final decision was to be mine and that she would back me in whatever way I decided to go. Is it any wonder that I love her? But the decision was still mine.

The next morning I asked Jean again how she felt about my decision. She said it would be good if I could get the pressures of a daily work load off my shoulders. It would also allow the healing process to work better, she said. I knew that I had made up my mind to take the pension plan even though it would call for some forced idleness. She smiled and said that it was well and good with her as whatever I wanted, she wanted.

I went to work and at eight went to see Mr. Jackson. True to form with many managers of larger corporations, he hadn't arrived yet. I told his secretary to tell him that I had been by and that I would be at my desk. Of course, there was no real working, not with the meeting hanging over my head. I spent the time getting my various projects in apple pie order, ready to hand over to someone else. The word must have been out as no one spoke to me, though I caught some curious looks now and then.

At 10 the call came and I went to see him and in a few words, when asked, accepted the decision of the doctor. He accepted my decision and so the rest of the day was spent turning over my projects to those who would be carrying them through to completion. I gave the excuse of "health" for quitting and it was accepted on face value. Many of the "acceptors" seemed to spend a good bit of time, however, talking more to my chest than to me. It was embarrassing having such an "open secret" having breasts that I could no longer hide. I had dumped the stuff from my pockets and there was then no subterfuge. Why hide what everybody knew about?

By four in the afternoon all of the projects had been transferred. The pension papers had also been prepared so I went again to see Mr. Jackson and signed on the various dotted lines to wrap and finalize my departure. I was summarily released from all duties for the company. Despite preparing, I nonetheless ended by crying, an action I never thought I would be capable of doing over just a job. I had my tears more or less dried and had already said all of the good-byes that I had wanted to say and so left shortly after five, a simple box of personal items from my desk under my arm.

When I got home I was exhausted without having worked, really, and in a sad state of depression. Jean, bless her heart, did her best to cheer me up, but it just wasn't to be done that night and so finally we just decided to sleep on it.

Next morning I was up early enough, but then remembered that I did not really have to be anywhere to do anything and so did not get dressed. While Jean was dressing, I made breakfast which we ate together. I told her I was doing better than the night before and not to worry. She left for work and I listened to the radio and got restless. Wandering around the house I read some then finally ended up in the bedroom.

I decided it was time to get dressed and so, taking off my robe, got a bra and panties from my dresser and put them on. Stepping over to the closet, my attention was immediately caught by the bouffant blouse and the skirt hanging next to it. On a whim I reached up and

felt the softness of the blouse and heard the rustling of the skirt when it moved. Remembering Sunday, I pulled them out and put them on. I cannot explain it, but there was a solace in them. I found the shoes and the hose and put them on. Then, to complete the image, I went to Jean's vanity, found the lipstick that she had used and, with an attempt at imitation, applied it to my lips, blotted and applied it again. I then strode over to the mirror and looked. From out of that mirror peered a woman. Well, a woman with somewhat straight hair, but nonetheless a woman.

My mind exploded in tracings of ideas that flew about painting all kinds of pictures. Through the haze of it all came the dominant image that if this creature was to continue and continue she would, then she must free herself. On this came the realization that, with the pension that I was to receive, I had in fact the freedom of my self that would be necessary. The depression that had flooded my being the day before was replaced with an elation that I was free! I had a freedom that would not constrain me. Yes, in a way I lost a chunk of reality but it was to my betterment.

I strode, well, walked as well as the skirt would allow, to the phone and dialed Jean. Luckily I caught her in.

"Hello, Jean? This is Pat."

"Pat? Is anything wrong?"

"No! Things are right, right, right. I just wanted to ask you some questions and maybe a favor."

"What do you want to know and what's the favor?"

"You know that satin skirt, the one from last Sunday?" I dared not make any reference to my wearing it as there was no telling if the conversation was being overheard.

"Yes, what about it?"

"Isn't there a slip that was supposed to go with it?" I had put two and two together and realized that most skirts had slips or half slips.

"Oh, have you been looking at it?"

"Yes, real closely." I figured I'd try to get to her the

fact that I was wearing it.

"Do you have it with you now?" I thought she got the message.

"Yes, with the accessories."

"All of them?" There was a note of incredulity in her voice.

"As a matter of fact, yes."

The tone of her voice changed markedly; I could almost hear the smile that she must have had. "Well, there is one, but it was put away. I'll put them together when I get home. If you want, I could maybe get some more accessories?" Now what did she mean by that?

"If you have time and can afford it, it would be nice. Anything special in mind?"

"I'll just surprise you when I get there, ok?" Now there was almost a chuckle in that smile. I also knew that I could get no further. I also wondered if she understood what I was wearing. There was no way of really quizzing her so I let it drop."

"What do you want for dinner?"

"You can surprise me. How's that? Tit for tat, right?"

"All right, I'll see you when you get home."

"Take care of yourself, Pat."

"You bet! See you."

"Bye."

"Bye to you too, and all my love."

The click of the line closing drew the conversation, short as it was, to an end. I suddenly realized that I had not asked the favor and then realized that I had even forgotten what the favor was to have been... But, no problem. I hung up the phone and walked into the kitchen where I brewed myself a cup of coffee. I was again restless, but this time it was different... restless to do, not restless not to do.

Chapter 11: Freedom to Act

Now, when I read, I felt free and managed to get

involved in reading a magazine, practically cover to cover. But then the time came to start dinner and I did it faithfully, taking what was needed out of the freezer, where some of it was and so forth. I was no gourmet chef, but I could fix relatively simple and wholesome meals. When Jean came in, it was still not quite ready. She came in, kissed me, complimented me on my appearance and tickled one of my breasts through the blouse and bra.

“Not before dinner!”

“How soon?”

“Dinner? In about ten minutes, ok?”

She kissed me and said that she would be back but, before leaving, had me put on an apron. The taffeta was sensitive to staining, she told me, and caution should be observed. I chuckled to myself as I finished the meal and set the table.

Over dinner she asked how my day had gone, and I asked her how hers had gone, if she had guessed what I was wearing and if she did indeed have a surprise. To this she replied, in order, that the day went as usual, yes, she had guessed from what I had said that I had replicated Sunday's attire, although she hadn't guessed about the lipstick. And yes, she had brought me a small surprise, but it would have to wait as it wasn't all that much, just a slip and things.

I was curious how a slip would feel, but knew that it would wait and so we finished the dinner with more small talk of this, that and the other. She did not go into her surprise and I did not go into my discovery I had made in the morning of the nature of my new felt freedom.

After dinner we did the dishes and then she told me to follow her into the bedroom. On the bed was a long black half slip. I went over to it and felt the softness of the cloth. It seemed to be feather soft and melted into my hand. The hem was lavished with lace that was still stiff, but that was because it was new.

“You know, Pat, if you were a bit thinner, you could probably wear almost anything in my wardrobe. Would you like that?” It was a leading question and I

knew what it was she was fishing for in asking it.

I knew how I felt but had to find out more of what she felt, so I asked her in return, "What would you like?"

"If you would like to, we could put you on a diet or get another crash thinner like a waist cincher." She smiled at me. "Really, Pat, except for your waist being a bit too wide, I'm sure you could do it, if you wanted to." She paused and when I did not say more, she added, "I guess you can see that I am for it, since I got you all of the clothes you will need, and we can get more if you want."

I couldn't hold off any longer. I walked over to her, kissed her tenderly and deeply on the lips and took her over to the bed where we sat down. "Jean, let me tell you what happened this morning. I don't know if you can understand or if it is right, but just listen."

"After you left, I was restless. I wanted to read but couldn't get my mind on it. I wandered around the house and finally decided to get dressed. I put on the bra and panties and went to the closet. There I spied the clothing that I wore last Sunday. On a whim I put them on and, in a way, Jean, they fit. I mean fit more than just by cut and such, but they fit in the sense that it felt right. Pat looked into the mirror and there was this woman, Patricia or something like that, looking out at me. I put on the lipstick and it fit too. It was then that I called you. I don't really know why or what I wanted. I guess I wanted to tell you all of this but knew that I couldn't over the phone. Now what do you think?"

"Oh Pat! I feel happy for you, for us." she smiled and kissed me quite tenderly. "I could see the change in you as the medicine corrected the tumor and at the same time altered your body. As your body changed, you changed too. You have become a more complete person. You are still the man I married and yet you are more. You have transcended all that, and I love you for it. That is why I am prepared to take you as far into my world as you wish to come." She smiled and kissed me again. "So, Pat or Patricia or whatever, do you want to come into my world? If so, say so and I'll be your loving

guide.”

Tears were in my eyes and in hers. I embraced her hard and long. “Yes, my dearest. I will go with you as far as you want to lead me.” We kissed again.

“It may be hard at times, perhaps painful,” there was concern in her eyes.

“Let’s let it be as it shall be. I am free, Jean, free to be whoever or whatever I want to be or just want me to be.”

“Don’t you have to go back to the company? Are you through there for good?”

“Mr. Jackson said that I had signed all that was necessary, and it was now just up to the company, that they now had no more strings on me, that my pension was assured. I gave away all of my projects and moved out yesterday.”

“Want to start now?”

“Why not? What do you have in mind?”

Chapter 12: A New Image

Jean stood up and pulled me up with her. “Well, there is so much to do it is hard to say where to start.” She plugged in her curling set to let it get hot then sat me down at her vanity.

“There’s a game you have played with me many times that I always wanted to play back but could not. Wait here.”

She left and then came back almost immediately with a bottle of rubbing alcohol. She opened it and poured some into the cap. Into this she put two rings and then dipped some cotton into it. She looked at me then got two hair pins and pulled my hair back away from my ears.

“This will sting a bit, but not that much or that long.”

Taking the cotton, she cleaned my earlobes and then got an eyebrow pencil and marked each one carefully, making several tries. Taking one of the rings out of the alcohol, she had me turn my head. She did something to my ear that did have a slight stinging feeling. I then turned the other way and she did the same thing with

the other earlobe. I then looked at her and she looked at me and told me to look into the mirror. There in mirror I saw my two earlobes now sporting earrings that hung freely. I felt the pain of the pressure of the ends which felt decidedly sharp for they stung even as I looked at them.

“What kind of rings are these, anyway? They hurt.” I reached up and felt them. It hurt to move them so I left them alone.

“They are called self piercing rings. Over night they can pierce the ears by a slow process. It won’t be that painful. If you don’t move them, you won’t even notice that they are there after a while.”

“It looks strange to see earrings hanging on my earlobes. I can see them poking the lobe.”

“It’s like I said, Pat, you have played the game of pulling out my earrings while in bed so many times . Now, when your ears heal, I will be able to do the same. I never thought I’d ever be given the chance for that one.”

“Yes, that would be an experience. It is one of my favorite games, too.”

As we were talking, she got out a small bottle and then quickly and deftly applied a red enamel to my nails. “You’ll have to let your nails grow out too.”

I watched as my nails slowly changed from a blah noncolor to a glistening red that shone and caught the light. She was right, I would have to let my nails grow if they were to look good at all. It’s not that they looked bad, they were just too short.

When she finished doing my nails, the rollers were hot enough, so she applied them with a will. She combed my hair and parted it. Then, taking the part that she had separated, she rolled it onto the roller. As each one was rolled and set in position, I could feel the heat of the roller as it sat near my scalp. I wondered how I’d look. As this was going on I felt the earrings each time she brushed my ears. I held up my hands and looked at my new glistening red nails. For a fleeting moment, I wondered if this was the right thing to do. Would Jean go too far and then turn away from

me? That thought was quite painful so I put it out of my mind, after considering briefly what she had already done.

"Jean?"

"Yes?"

"Be careful."

"What? How? She paused in her rolling the curlers."

"Be careful that you don't do it so well that I lose you."

She bent down and kissed me tenderly on the lips. "Now, Pat, you can stop me whenever you want; just say so. You can be sure that I shall not go any further than either you or I want, ok?"

"I can't help how these drugs changed my body, Jean." She started in again with the curlers. "It isn't my fault that I lost my job."

"Nobody is blaming you." I turned my head to look at her while I talked. "Hold on, Honey, I'm almost through." I closed my mouth and in a couple of minutes she was done. "There now, lets have coffee and talk further."

We made coffee. The feel of the curlers in my hair was strange. Every time I moved my head, I felt them swing and sway for they were heavy as well as hot. After several sways faster than usual, Jean finally went out and got a cap that held them tightly (and warmly) to my scalp. We went into the living room and sat down next to each other on the divan.

Chapter 13: Doubts Surface

She looked up at my hair. "We'll give it about 35 or so minutes and then see what it looks like." She then smiled broadly and looked into my eyes. "Now what are you worrying about? That I should suddenly fall out of love with you?"

"Like I said, those drugs have changed my body to that of a woman." My hand and eyes went down to my chest where the two breasts that I now bore held the light fabric away from my once flat chest. My hand came up and cupped one of them just as her hand also

came over and pressed my hand to my breast. She leaned over and kissed me.

“Pat, darling, you are my husband. I am your wife. According to society, not me, you are disabled from working as a man. That is not how I feel, believe me!” Her other hand came up and softly, gently caressed my other breast. “I love you no less as you are now than you were before your illness; if anything, I love you more.”

“More?” A quizzical look must have passed over my face.

She smiled. “I don’t know why or how. Maybe it’s that I can mother you. Maybe it’s a latent lesbianism. Maybe it’s that I feel that you need me, maybe, maybe, maybe... I don’t know and don’t care. I love you more now than ever. I can’t explain it. I don’t want to.” She freed her hands and put them under my jaw, cupping it, then leaned over and kissed me again, long and tenderly. I responded in kind by taking her hands, holding her to me.

“Jean,” I said, when we broke for air, “I am just afraid that you will tire of my womanliness and leave me. I will have to take this medication for some time to come and it can only cause me to become more of a woman than a man and not less.” I looked her directly in her eyes. “That’s why I’m afraid.”

“I love you, Pat, and love is not all sex. There is an understanding that goes beyond just friendship. We have lived these years together, and in the process we have grown together. Don’t you see that?”

“Oh Jean, I have felt this way yet there is room for doubt. I have been raised as a man. I think as a man and yet I am getting the body of a woman. Not only the body, but there seem to be other effects, not all of which I am aware. When I left the company, I cried. I know that a man would never have done so, yet I couldn’t help it. Then this morning when I was roaming around the house looking for I don’t know what, I discovered that I could now do as I pleased. The pleasure that I sought was found in a closet full of clothes, these clothes. A man, a real man, does not get pleasure from

wearing women's clothing and yet I did. Not just because they fit and I have the body to do them justice, but they fit in many ways that for a man shouldn't be."

"Clothes, Pat, only contain the body. What that body looks like and how it functions can be a measure of the clothes, and man can seem to match in many cases. But, in reality, the body is also a container. It contains what some people call the soul or the more scientific term is the self. If the self is happy, then what wrappings or trappings are there are merely the shell about the self and are thus inconsequential. Granted the shells interact with the self since it is not dwelling in isolation."

"All too often the self changes the wrappings to match the mores and feelings of the great wide world outside of itself, changes them to be what it expects that that world wants to see. Then there can be unhappiness. I am who I am and feel as I do because you have shared your self with me and I know that I have no need for facades with you. If what you are doing is now changing your shells, both of them or just one, then if it gives you happiness, do it. I love you, yourself, not just the mask that you hold up for the rest of the world to see."

These words made sense, lots of sense, and yet there was a doubt that entered my heart and mind. I could tell from her expression that she had more or less read this reaction for there was concern on her face. I lowered my eyes.

"All right, Pat, we won't go too fast. I want you to be happy but at the same time be free." I looked up, thinking of what I had thought that very morning, wondering where that elation had gone.

She smiled at me again, relaxing her worried look. "Well, let's take the opium of the masses and watch some TV." So we did and my mind did get off of this problem, somewhat.

Half way through the second show, she got up at a commercial. When she reappeared, she had some things, part of which I recognized. While we watched the rest of the show, she slowly undid the rollers and

with comb and bobby pins fixed my hair. Of course, there was an intersprinkling of kisses. She was actually lavishing more love on me than usual and I, for all of my self doubts, was soaking it up as my hurt ego slowly got back its strength. Of course, every time I looked into my lap, I saw those glistening red finger nails on my hands. I was reminded of my femininity, to say nothing of the skirt on which they were resting. Yet, with her fussing with my hair and kissing me and all, the time did pass and the wound closed over.

By the end of the show she was also done. I was curious to see what I looked like and so she took me into the bedroom where the full length mirror waited. One look and there was a gasp. The difference in my appearance was amazing.

“There you are, Pat, and you look quite good.”

Yes, I did look good. The curls and waves in the hair set off my face very nicely, giving it a feminine cast. I, of course, recognized the face despite the hairdo. The pinning and curling did leave part of my ears free, however, and there were the earrings. Both of the rings and the hair seemed strange, to say nothing about the general dress, all of which spelled one thing... woman. But despite that and all, I did look quite good. Even I was surprised.

“I guess you’re right, Jean.” I looked at her. “Over a time I had gotten used to blouses because they were sort of man-tailored and the same with the slacks. These clothes are different and yet not...”

“Like I said, Pat,” drawing me to her, “clothes are but a wrapping around the self. And it is yourself that I love...” We kissed and despite worries, the world went by us for these sweet instances of time. I sighed when we broke and returned to watch more TV and chat, but nothing in depth.

In my head was a struggle that was in direct opposition to the elation I had felt that morning. Was it due to the fact that Jean could also love me as a woman that I was now torn? Or was it because she seemed to have no qualms about altering the rest of my being besides my now womanly body to match that body? Was she

trying to turn my spirit also feminine? Just what was going on? Under the surface was this turmoil though less of it showed on the surface. Nonetheless, I'm sure Jean was aware of it and thus let it be. She had spoken her part and now it was up to me to sort all of the mess out for myself.

It was difficult getting to sleep that evening, but in the morning I awakened somewhat refreshed, the events of the previous evening a haze in my memory until I looked in the mirror. My hair was a mess, the lipstick was still evident and my breasts seemed, somehow, to be bigger than ever and to dominate my whole image. Again I sunk into a doldrum, but not as bad as the day before. Yet the problem still hung over me like a cloud. After Jean left for work, I called the doctor and made a quick appointment for that afternoon at one.

Chapter 14: Another Opinion

That morning I was again restless. But this time there was no solace in books or in clothes. Before leaving, Jean had checked the earrings and told me not to play with them or they would get sore. I had not seen how she put them on and could not figure how to take them out or I may have. She had pronounced my ears pierced since they had turned freely in her hands and had ceased to hurt. So then, what was the use? My ears now sported holes in their lobes. I avoided mirrors until noon when I had to get dressed.

For the appointment, I stripped the polish from my nails and put on fresh panties, a beige bra, black slacks and a white tee shirt covered by a white blouse. When I looked into the mirror, I saw the rings and the curls in my messy hair. I combed and combed but all of the curl would not come out. I even got a brush but finally gave up. The knowledge that my ears were pierced was like a shadow now. I almost called the appointment off but didn't. On top of that was the blush that the lipstick had left. It didn't want to go away. I managed to comb and brush my hair to cover my ears very effectively, but the lipstick blush did not yield. Thus attired and festooned, I left the house and went to see the doctor.

The trip there was uneventful as I went fairly directly. He was quizzical about why I had almost demanded an appointment, but I soon set him straight.

"Doctor, what am I to do? That medicine has changed my body and I'm afraid my mind. I am getting more and more womanly every day it seems. I can't go into surgery. I've lost my job and I'm afraid I might lose my wife. I think I've lost my manhood!" I had blurted that all out so fast that he did not even have a chance to reply to any one part of it so did what he could.

"What do you mean you are losing your manhood? That the medicine effects you this way is normal, but without surgery, it is the only way."

"How can I be a man with these?" I said lifting both of my breasts and feeling them shake within my bra. I then let them drop, releasing the cloth of my blouse so that they were no longer accentuated but were nonetheless still evident. I then bared my ears. "Or these?"

"My, my, have you pierced your ears?"

Before he could come and look closer I answered, "Jean did it last night when she curled my hair."

"I thought it had more curl than I remembered it. Let me look at your ears." With that he came over to me and examined each one without comment.

"I don't know what to do, Doctor. I don't feel that I should let her do such things."

"Do they hurt?"

"Well, no, but men don't get their ears pierced. I feel like I am losing some of my manhood every time I get dressed wearing my bra and panties."

"You could always go braless." He smiled, but when his weak attempt at humor seemed to fall on deaf ears he continued, "Patrick, the whole idea of being male or female is totally relative. I have male patients who are more female than you and I have female patients who are more male than you ever were. The whole concept of male and female is a cultural stigmata that society has hung on its hapless members. Oh yes, there is the sex that is needed for procreation, making babies and such, but what you are experiencing is what is called gender, the sex role in our society."

"You are what you feel. It is hard to be what you want to be. Those male patients I mentioned? They'd probably like to contract your illness just so that they could have a medical excuse for having a body like yours. Their only excuse for being feminine is their mind set. I have others who are not feminine but wish they were. They are locked into their gender role and dislike it but can't get out of it except by furtive dressings when time and chance allow. More often they do not have the chance or the courage to take the steps that they should take to gain their happiness. They would not even dare wear a blouse or women's slacks like you do for fear that they would be found out."

"They don't have to."

"You don't have to either, you know."

"But they fit."

"Of course they fit. They were made for women, and through the action of the medicines you've been taking, you have filled out in the places where women fill out. But, the women I mentioned would think that you were crazy. They wear men's suits and usually purchase men's shirts to wear under them. Or, they purchase jeans or slacks from the men's and boy's sections of the department stores. For women to do such shopping has become so common place that no one thinks much of it. It is not only the liberation of women but also the social temper of the society in which we live that has changed to allow women to wear what they please without too much comment. Like I said, Pat, they would consider you a fool and an idiot for wearing just about anything you have on right now since you don't have to."

"But these fit. If I didn't wear the bra, my breasts would bounce and hurt."

"They'd also be less prominent. It is one of the purposes of the bra industry to support your breasts. Another purpose which most wearers take for granted or seek after is to enhance what the wearer has. They can form the breast and make them less compressible, more prominent than less. Again, this is a society type push, a cultural emphasis that women hear and feel practically from the cradle."

"But men's clothes just don't fit."

"Well, like I said, Patrick," he moved again in back of his desk. You don't have to wear them. And the breasts could always be removed, but that would be a drastic move for you, wouldn't it?" He looked at me quite intently. "When I made out a report on you, I included your psychological make-up in respect to surgery. I have known you long enough and treated you often enough to know the effects that even consideration of such an action has on you, so... you have altered your life style to fit the situation that has to be fit. I thought that you had fit it quite well, all things considered."

"In what way?"

"You changed your clothes, accepted the pension, yes, I was notified of the action taken, and I thought you had accepted yourself. Jean seems to have accepted you more than you have yourself."

"What do you mean by that?" Has she really?

"She has realized that the medicine has changed you bodily into the embodiment of a woman, if you'll forgive a bit of redundancy. Thus she has taken it upon herself to accept you as you are and to make it possible for you to fit into the society that we live in. If you look like a woman to the world, then you can be one, regardless of what the actual shape of your body is or what sort of organs you do or do not have. It is called transvestism for one to wear the clothing of the gender to which they do not belong. As I said earlier, a lot of transvestites, that is what the practitioner is called, would give their I-teeth to be in your position. I thought, since you had accepted those clothes so easily up to now, that you could well be one yourself. Have you ever dressed up in women's clothes before?"

I searched my memory but found no such case. "I don't remember ever doing anything like that before. Maybe at a masquerade or Halloween or some such, but I don't remember it." And I didn't.

"Well, let's not try to analyze the problem or the solution by trying to look at your childhood or any such as that. Such things are often forgotten anyway. But,

by your actions and such, you have shown yourself to be one, though you may not have realized it. Sure the clothes fit, but you did not have to have them. Yet, you did, and with some pleasures no doubt. I think that when this activity hit you at your job, you felt threatened and that is what is really bothering you. If you object to the idea of femininity, why did you let Jean curl your hair and pierce your ears?"

"I don't know." I was thinking hard. Why had I done it? Sure the clothes fit, but they were also comfortable in other ways too. I could have gotten larger men's shorts but I didn't, for I liked the feel of these. A tight enough shirt could compress my breasts and also give enough support or even wrapping something around them could make them negligible. Yet I had the clothes that I was wearing because they fit and because they were more than comfortable, but how? The skirt and blouse were also on my mind, the ones that I had worn the day before. I remembered that they had seemed to fit in more ways than one too. Slowly what he was saying and what Jean had said began to make more sense. Jean was looking at it in a more interpersonal mode while the doctor was in the society type mode. Yet, my maleness somewhere in me was unsatisfied.

"I just don't know, but there is something that seems to be wrong."

"As your doctor I can say that the wrongness must be only in your mind. You have a fine wife who seems intent in making things for you to fit into the world with little or no effort. That you rebel from a myth of what is male and female is understandable, but the gender or sex that you want to be is up to you. If you and Jean want you to be of the female gender and you fit in, then why not? I can certify you and give you all the letters and documentation that you will ever need for any difficulty that you could conceivably come up with."

"That would be nice of you, Doctor, but am I a man or a woman? Am I masculine or feminine?" For some reason, a lot seemed to hang in my head on the opinion of this one man. Maybe it was because he was a doctor, but it was a question I had to ask and one that I had to

have an answer to. What was I then, anyway?

"I don't think you realize it but you just asked two questions?"

"They are the same question, aren't they?"

"No, they are not. You are fortunate in that I have had experience with gender dysforic people, that's people sometimes like yourself with problems in their gender identification. So, let me try it more directly."

"You are a man, sexually. This means that you can function sexually as a man with the male sex organs. Bodily, however, you appear as a woman. Thus gender wise, you will fit more readily into the role of a woman since you now look like one. Jean seems to have realized this by her actions towards you and helping you fulfill the GENDER role that you APPEAR to fit." He emphasized the two words for my benefit.

"You, however, are slower to accept it since it was not by choice. This is not at all unusual. You have accepted the changes as they came along, up to now. But losing your job was a stab to your male ego, that maleness that has been acculturated to say that a MAN works for his wife and brings home the bacon for her to cook. You can go back to the male gender if you want to fight an uphill battle, or you can go with the flow, where nature and the drugs have ordained you to be. Being a woman will not be easy, but with your body, being a man would be harder. The changes in your body will not suddenly go away when you stop the medication."

"How much longer must I take it?"

"Well, look at how long it has taken to reduce the symptoms this much. You would have to take it six months or a year beyond the disappearance."

"God, that could be for years."

"It depends on how you react, Patrick. In the mean time you will become more and more feminine. Hormones effect not only the body but the mind in the realm of emotions. You will become more emotional."

"I already have. I cried when I left work. I never thought I would do that."

"Well, that is another side effect. You know, Patrick, you are one of the more fortunate patients that I have had to treat. You have a rare wife; she must love you very much."

At that I must have blushed for I realized then just how much. "You are right. She is one in a million or a billion or a trillion."

He smiled for the first time since he had gotten serious. "And now, how do you feel? Any more questions?"

"I guess I should just accept my fate and be what I shall be."

"It is not that it is fate, Pat. If you wanted to have it any other way, you could. You just have to realize what it is that you want and then do it that way."

That made a lot of sense. I had been fighting a battle with a mythical dragon. I remembered the elation of the day before and realized what it was I did want. That dragon had made a fool of me and now I knew it.

"I think I see what you mean... Yes, I know what you mean. I have the alternatives all the way down the road and I have come to where I am willfully. Life is nothing but a series of choices. You are what you are, based on such choices. Even not to choose is a choice. Giving up is a choice. But, more importantly doing what you want is a choice that one must take when the opportunity arises."

As I said these things, I reached up to my punctuated and festooned earlobes. "I feel foolish."

"No need for that. The realization of self is often a long road that may people never get to the end of. You are more fortunate in that you have a clearer view of your feelings. Don't think you are at the ultimate realization. You have much more to go. It will help, however, if you can clear your mind and get a fresh view of who you are. I think that is what you have now."

"Thanks to you and Jean, I believe that I have. But the next few days will probably be crucial, won't they? I'm convinced in a way but not all that sure of myself."

"Well, whatever it takes." He arose, came over to me and put his hand on my shoulder. "I'm sure it will work

out for the best. Remember, if you have other questions, be sure to come and see me or give me a call. I've given you the basics, but it will take a bit of time for them to sink in."

I felt it would work out all right and that I did have a better understanding. With that I left for home.

Chapter 15: Chance Encounters

In the mean time a breeze had sprung up. It played with my hair and instantly bared my ears. I was about to panic when I realized, what if someone should see those rings? I'd be identified as a woman, right? But I didn't care. Well, I cared enough to be nervous for my clothing was almost androgynous. When several gusts hit me, I ducked into a flower shop on a rationalized excuse of getting Jean some flowers as a "Thank you" for her understanding. A youngish man, barely out of his teens, came up to me.

"Would you like some flowers, Ma'am?"

I was stopped cold but recovered quickly. "I'd like to buy some flowers for... a friend." I had barely stopped myself from saying "my wife". Was this a conforming to his concept of what he saw or what I wanted him to see? I did not know if he saw the earrings but then remembered my shape, hidden somewhat though it may be, and then there was the blush on my lips. I straightened up a bit, thrusting my breasts into even more prominence while looking around.

I selected some that I knew Jean would really like, and, when he had turned his back to wrap them, I quickly pulled out my wallet, a man's wallet, and extracted the money. I then paid him and left in higher spirits, regardless of the wind.

On the street again, the feel of the wind was no longer a threat. In fact the earrings could have dangled below my hair for all I cared. The clerk had been a measure for me. If in close encounters I came across as a woman, then on the street why should I worry? Yet, I had to take another measure, had to dare the image I now cast, and I walked into a drug store, steeling myself for the encounter.

"Yes, Miss, have you found what you were looking for?"

The clerk, this time a middle aged woman, smiled at me as I browsed a jewelry display. Why not? Do or die. I quickly scanned those bobbles. "I'm looking for a pair of earrings..." this time I left off the mythical friend. I thought of those that I had seen on Jean that I had liked, then remembered her "rationale" for piercing my ears. I looked for those that were "toothsome" and finding several picked one and examined it.

"Those have 14 carat posts."

What was a post? Oh yes, that must be the name of the rod that passes through the earlobe.

"I just had mine pierced..." No reaction, "and was looking for a simple first pair."

"These over here have hypo-allergenic posts that are designed to allow for better drainage." She showed me a display with half a dozen rings.

My tongue flicked behind my teeth as I measured in absentia, so to say, each of them against my teeth. "They are nice." Seeing the price I thought it was a bit high but I was in no state of mind to haggle. I took a pair that looked good. She took them from me and quickly pulling my hair back from my ear, held them up to my lobe.

"They'll look nice." Again there was no reaction of surprise to seeing the ring dangling from my lobe; had I not just said it was so? It still had me nervous, though not as much as in the flower store. If with only a blush of lipstick I could be taken as a woman, then when fully made up, I would BE a woman in the eyes of the world. These thoughts bounced in my mind and I paid for the rings and left. Now the playful wind did not bother me at all.

When I got home, I started dinner. I put the earrings on the dresser and the flowers in the fridge. Then, while dinner started to cook, I thought of what I could do. If Jean was for this all, then she wouldn't mind me being my "feminine best" and so I went into the bedroom to change. I quickly pulled off my slacks, shoes, and my "business" blouse, pulling on the soft

silken blouse, sheer enough to allow even the beige bra to be just barely seen. The black half slip, however, was something else. I had not tried it on after she gave it to me, but now I did and felt the softness of it as it passed over my body and came to rest at my hips. I ran my hand over it and felt the softness.

It fit, again in more ways than one. I again looked in the closet and took down the skirt I had worn. It occurred to me that there seemed to be more clothes than before, with skirts and blouses that I had not seen. Were they to be mine or were they just some of hers that I had not noticed? I let them be. The skirt, once settled on my hips needed to be lifted only a bit to show the lacy hem of the long slip. One glance and again I knew... they both fit.

In my bare feet, I padded over to the full length mirror. Yes, from out of it looked Pat, but it was more of a Patricia than a Patrick. Maybe Jean and the doctor were right. I decided to see what Jean would think. I got the shoes from the closet, discovering just how many pairs of shoes were in there. I put on my knee hose and a pair of shoes and then clacked over to her vanity. I applied lipstick and then, with the aid of some hair pins, combed my hair and pinned it so that my ears were exposed. On an impulse, I also took some of her perfume, the perfume that I liked so much, and put some behind my ears as I had seen her do so often. Passing that mirror on the way back to the kitchen, I saw that even more of Patricia was evident. It would not take too much for Patrick to disappear altogether.

Chapter 16: And the Decision is...

In the kitchen I put on an apron to protect the skirt and continued preparing dinner. It was there that Jean found me when she came home. She came up to



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me to kiss me then paused and visibly sniffed.

"I see you found my perfume. Nice, isn't it?"

My answer to that was muffled by her kiss, a long and passionate one which I returned in kind. She had taken me on face value, even if that face was a woman's or at least somewhat feminine.

"There's a surprise for you in the fridge."

"Oh? Don't tell me you've been baking." She opened the fridge and found the flowers. She unwrapped them then came over and kissed me again quite passionately. "Oh Pat, I do love you so. I just want to make sure that you know it. I think I have an idea of what you are going through and so want you to know how I feel."

I'm afraid that I could not hold back the tears that welled up in my eyes. "Oh Jean..."

She reached up and wiped away the tear that escaped down my cheek. "There, there," she smiled, "There's no need to cry, but go ahead if you want. I can also understand all too well." She smiled and I clasped her to me.

"Jean, Jean... Jean... I love you too so very much!"

In the back of my head I felt that it was she that was comforting me as I had done her so often in the past. But, again, I noted it, but it did not make all that much difference. We held each other a few eons longer and then broke, she putting the flowers in a vase and I finishing dinner. She set the table with the flowers in the center of it and we ate.

Jean talked about her day at work and of this and that. We somehow avoided what I had done, thought or whatnot. Jean, bless her heart, was letting me bring it up and was not pushing in any way. Only after we had done the dishes and she went into the bedroom did any more of my escapades of the day come out.

"Pat?" she asked as she came out, the card with the earrings in her hand. "Did you want to put these in now?" She brought them over to me.

I looked up from where I was sitting, "Now? I don't even know about the ones I'm wearing."

She sat down on the side of the chair where I sat. "I

saw these on your dresser and noticed that they were the hypo-allergenic kind that were advertised as improving draining.”

“The sales lady said something like that too, what does it all mean?”

“Well, the holes that are in your ears are a form of injury that the body tries to heal. The ring is a foreign body and so it sends cells to try and get rid of it. These posts are made so that these cells can be drained off, promoting healing.” She reached over, outlining my ear with her forefinger, ending at the lobe where the ring ran through it.

“Do you think they will do any good?”

“I hadn’t thought of it, really. I used to have some of these but have long since lost them. Nor had I thought of getting you any since I have so many earrings for pierced ears and in time we could share my whole collection. These could do your ears good, however. Want me to put them in?”

If I had them on, I could take them off. Yet, would I want to? I was no longer sure of that question. Thus I smiled up at her and nodded. “Why not, as long as it doesn’t hurt.”

“I can’t promise that they won’t hurt.” She smiled. “Remember, the holes in your ear lobes are wounds and fairly fresh ones. Sure you want to try it?”

“In that case, let’s let it go for a while then.” I knew that I was not in all that much of a hurry to hurt myself. With that she disappeared into the bedroom, taking the rings back. She came out almost immediately.

“Jean?”

“Yes.” She came over and sat down next to me.

“How do you want me to look?”

“However you want to, Pat. I can’t be happy if you aren’t.”

“What would you say if I did look more like a woman? Remember what I said earlier?”

She smiled and yet looked serious. “Pat, if you want me to teach you to pluck your eyebrows, paint your toenails and apply false eyelashes, I will... If you want

me to." Her look then softened. "I know who and what you are, Pat, no matter how you look." I must have blushed for she leaned over to me and, reaching inside my blouse, tickled my breasts, knowing how it excited me.

"Would you do those things for me?"

"When do you want me to start?" She looked at my hair. "Your hair could also stand some treatment; however, maybe we should leave that to a specialist. Want to visit my beauty parlor? I could make an appointment for us."

"We'll wait on that one until I have more confidence in my image. As for the rest, how about now?" Had I grown so bold or was it foolhardiness? Here I was asking the mate of my life for so many years to remove the last outward vestiges of maleness from me. The doctor was right. Inside I knew that I was basically a man. I had the sexual equipment of a man, albeit now somewhat dormant during the treatment with the doctor. But he had also assured me that it would see life again after treatment was done, and I knew he was right. I could don, almost like a coat, the image of femininity and yet remain through it all a man. I would be able to have the best of both worlds. Thus when she replied, I was ready for whatever decision would be made.

Chapter 17: Will the Real Me Stand Up?

Her reply came more in actions than words. All she said was "Ok, come on," and we were bound towards the bedroom. There, at her vanity, she introduced me to various kinds of make-up, showing me how to apply and where and how much. Then, with a steady hand holding a pair of tweezers, she showed me how to pluck my eyebrows, leaving very nicely arched brows, although very, very narrow. Next she showed me how to enhance them with eyebrow pencil.

The session with the eyelashes was quite comical what with 3 out of 4 attempts ending with them stuck to one or the other of my fingers. But persistence paid off and the unaccustomed weight and feel of them came

into my realm of experience.

It did not take her long to paint all of my nails, finger and toe, with me, under her tutelage, applying the second coat. We seemed to only brush on the wealth of bottles and jars and tubes that covered the top of her vanity before we called it quits. We closed it off by her leaning over and kissing my bright red lips before leading me over to the big mirror.

The image that met me was very similar to the one that had greeted me earlier in the day when I had just put on the blouse and skirt, for they were the same. But the face and the nails made so much of a difference in the appearance that the last trace of Patrick had indeed disappeared. Now the face had an even color due to the base that she had applied and there was a blush on the cheeks, something that Pat had never had. The lips were the same bright red, but now they were overshadowed by the intensity and femininity of the eyes. The false eyelashes darkened and widened them to a width that was exaggerated by the thinness and again femininity of the eyebrows. No, Pat was no where to be seen, but this was me!

"Well, Pat, how do you like the start?"

I was flabbergasted, somewhat tongue tied. "Is that, is that me?"

"Sure is!" She smiled and then kissed me tenderly on the neck where the scoop neck of my blouse left it bare. I must have jumped.

"I find it hard to believe that this is me. I talk and he talks, I move and he moves, but it just can't really be me. Not really."

"Oh, but it is." She looked into the mirror and smiled at me.

"But what do I do from here?" I looked directly into her eyes.

"Whatever your heart pleases."

"What would you suggest?"

She took me and lead me into the living room while talking. "Well, to fit your new role, you could try talking a bit higher in tone and a bit softer." I sat down

as she did. "And you could learn a few moves and mannerisms such as smoothing out your skirt when you sit. Then there's your hair. It should be curled, and you'll have to learn how to care for it. Half of the wardrobe is yours now including the shoes, so you'll have to learn how to move about in high heels." She paused long enough to let me in.

"In other words, you want me to move, act and become a woman... In every respect?"

"Well, Pat, with your fear of surgery, I know that there is one respect that you will not change, for I wouldn't want you to." I breathed easier. "I too have spoken to the doctor. Back when you first started your medications, he explained how you would come to look more and more like a woman. Many of the changes would be more or less permanent, but that you would eventually revert, at least sexually, to the man animal, if you'll excuse a somewhat feminist description... You can become what you please now that you have a body to match that of a woman. The shell that you hold about your inner-self may take many shapes, but I know the core and so do you. This way, Pat, you can dwell in my world if you want and thus know both sides of the fence."

"Jean," I hugged her to me. "I don't know what I did to deserve such a wife as you... a wife... Since you are working and I am at home, I guess I'll have to maintain the house more now... want a wife?"

"Oh, you silly goose! We have always shared the house; no need to change that now unless you want to. I shall leave it up to you. Now you have the time to do whatever your heart pleases. No need to tie it down to the house..."

Once again I had a flash of freedom. It was not as strong as earlier, but, it was freedom. I found out that day that the world could accept me on face value as a woman. In fact, with my newly reshaped eyebrows and earrings and hair, as Jean would no doubt get me to a beauty parlor for "professional" help, I would be too much of a woman to pass as a man, especially if I wore more form fitting clothing that let my true form show

in it's curvaceous glory. For now I could go out and mix again without fear of being a ridiculed man.

Yes, freedom had come to me as I would never have expected so long ago when I started on my medications. True, it was a freedom and a whole new world to explore, sense and enjoy. This time, however, I did not feel the shackles as earlier, for I had a guide, a mentor and also a body and appearance that would spell only one thing to the outside world... woman. So, come on, world, I'm ready for whatever you have to offer!


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FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING 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.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS &

BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE

MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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.

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

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