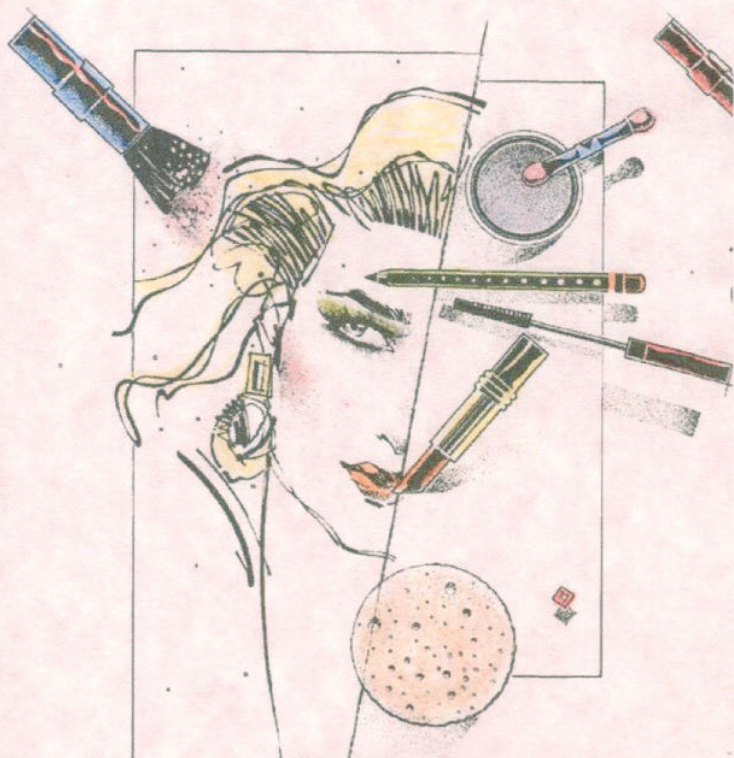


TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION

"CHARM SCHOOL"

Alex takes his wife's job in a charm school and must learn all about being a woman!



VOLUME 12

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CHARM SCHOOL

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**The characters, companies, and incidents
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QUOTE BOARD

**On finding one's self. . .
be afraid, be very afraid.**

CHARM SCHOOL

by CATHY (revised by Sandy Thomas)

(FROM TVIA #75 and #76)

Alex Babbitt inserted his key into the keyhole of the draped glass door of the "Gloria Babbitt Charm School" and entered the plush reception area which was unoccupied at the early hour of 8:30 a.m. He noticed with pleasure the reflection of himself in the large wall-to-wall mirrors which completely covered the walls of the room from floor-to-ceiling.

The reflection revealed a trim, physically slim, good looking young man dressed in a conservative business suit, unobtrusive tie, freshly laundered white shirt, and neatly polished shoes. He straightened his tie, hitched up his trousers, and proceeded to the small office in the rear of the school where he spent most of his time.

The flat gray paint on the bare walls of his office was in great contrast to the red flocked wallpaper in the reception area, as did his brown desk lamp sharply contrast to the elaborate crystal chandelier in the reception area where the new students first made contact with the school. With all the money he and Gloria had spent decorating their school, he wondered why his office had to be so dull and drab in comparison to the classrooms and reception area.

His present surroundings were vastly different from the field office he had maintained on construction jobs. Alex had been a successful builder of small commercial structures until three years ago. Then, a tight money market had brought an abrupt halt to this business activity.

At this time, his wife, Gloria, suggested that she would like to operate a charm school, as she wanted

something to occupy her time. He had agreed to finance this venture and to help out until the construction business got back to normal. Now, the construction picture was improving. He was glad, since he was getting bored with the repetition of the school routine.

Gloria Babbitt had been a successful fashion model in the Los Angeles area but had retired several years ago when she got married. She was not the kind of woman who was meant for inactivity, and the school had become her main interest, often competing with Alex for her time and attention.

Finding a location in a good suburban area outside of Los Angeles proper and designing the school layout had been a lot of fun. However, he remembered how left out he had felt when Gloria insisted on doing the decorating herself, without any advice from him. Once the school was open, he soon found that the only contribution he could make to this venture was to handle the bookkeeping, purchasing of non technical supplies, signing the students to course of instruction contracts, and handling the collection of tuition.

He had to admit that his wife was a shrewd business woman. She had a knack of getting students and of maintaining their interest through the initial and advanced courses that the school offered. She had assembled a most competent faculty and supporting staff and had made profitable arrangements with a beauty salon, dress shop, and similar establishments.

Alex rifled through his desk and prepared three contracts that new students were to sign that afternoon. He wrote checks for the month's expenses, completed the payroll, and the daily deposits. Everything was really running smoothly and took very little of his time.

He placed his feet on his desk and prepared to wait for his wife while wondering how he could keep busy for the rest of the day. Once the classes began, there was not much for him to do. He could turn on the speakers and listen to the lectures and discussions in the class-

rooms, but he had done this so often, that he could almost give the lectures himself and conduct the discussions.

His wife had set up an elaborate intercom system so she could listen to the classes in progress, give constructive criticism, as well as make certain the instructors did their jobs properly. This was one of the reasons the school had been so successful. However, use of the intercom listening device had allowed Alex to pass time quickly in the past.

His thoughts came to an end as Gloria entered his office, removed her fitted coat, kissed him lightly on the cheek, and said, "Sorry that I was not able to drive in with you this morning. There were some things I had to do. How are things going this morning?"

Alex looked at the beautiful woman who was his wife. She was a stately 5' 7" and 123 pounds with curves precisely proportioned as nature intended a woman to have. Gloria was a woman, who, with her well proportioned features and complexion, would have put the cosmetic industry out of business. Today, for a change of pace, she was wearing a mini-dress belted somewhat below the waistline and the new square-toed shoes buckled across the instep. Only another woman would have known she was wearing make-up, so natural was everything about her. Even her voice was a joy to hear.

Although only slightly taller than his wife, Alex knew they made an attractive couple.

The day passed very slowly for Alex. The student contracts were signed by three young women who appeared most ordinary to him. He knew, however, that a vast improvement would occur during their six week class schedule, and they would barely be recognizable if he were to meet them at the conclusion of their first class. It seemed an eternity before the evening classes were over, and he and Gloria were driving home to their apartment.

As they drove through an intersection, there was a resounding crash. A blue convertible ran the red light

and rammed into the passenger side of their car, forcing them into the curb and into a fire hydrant sending gushers of water high into the air.

Alex's first thoughts were for Gloria. Although severely shaken, he ran around to her side of the car. He was very much aware that his wife had not moved or spoken, and he was worried about her condition. Her door was jammed, so he reversed his direction and pulled her out of the car from the driver's side and moved her out of range of the gushing water from the hydrant.

Everything that followed was as in a dream. He remembered the ambulance ride to the hospital and the call to his family doctor. He remembered his relief when he was told that Gloria was not injured seriously. She had a concussion and would have to be hospital for several weeks, but she would be alright, although not able to work for the next few months.

After making certain that everything possible was being done to make Gloria comfortable, Dr. Rodin drove Alex to his now empty apartment, where he spent a sleepless night.

Breakfast was forgotten that first morning. Alex called the hospital and was relieved to learn that his wife was coming along fine. He was told that she was under heavy sedation and that he should wait until evening to visit her, and then only briefly.

He first noticed the stiffness in his own body while driving to the school in his wife's car, and he was grateful that nothing more serious was wrong with him.

While waiting for the others to arrive, he began planning on what could be done to keep the school operating efficiently since Gloria was the catalyst that kept things organized and made them operate efficiently. She also interviewed the new students and conducted classes in relief of the other teachers. He felt certain that the faculty would help him keep things running smoothly until his wife was able to return.

Mary Carlyle, a tall, gorgeous blonde was the first to arrive and burst into tears when informed of the events of the past evening. She had modeled with Gloria in the old days and was very close to the Babbitts. She taught classes in make-up and hair styling. She soon controlled her emotions and told Alex to go to his office, that she would tell the others what had happened. Alex agreed and asked her to let him know when the staff had all arrived so he could speak with them.

When everyone was there, they assembled in Gloria's office with its lavender wallpaper and elaborate statuary.

Alex seated himself at his wife's desk and addressed the group. "I am going to need all the help I can get. Gloria will be fine in a few months, and I would like for things to continue as before. When she returns, the school should not have suffered. I know the routines as well as she does, but of course, I can only cover your classes in an emergency. I certainly am not capable of conducting them as she would, but I will do the best I can."

This began the new routine for Alex. It was to remain the same, and yet, it was about to change very soon.

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EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

The routine called for Gloria to take all new students to the office of Ellen Humphry, who was an artist in figure control, to discuss their figure problems. From these discussions, Gloria would gain an insight into the best type of foundations, bras, girdles, etc. for their individual figures.

Millie Jones, one of the new students, was the first to arrive. Alex greeted her by saying, "Mrs. Babbitt will be unavailable today, but if you will follow me, I will introduce you to Miss Humphry who will assist you in the proper selection of undergarments to best enhance your figure. Later, Miss Cummings will assist you in wardrobe selection and accessory wear."

THE BEST OF TVIA cartoons



"For the eighth time. . .
I'm telling you. . .the second one
from the end is your son, Hank!"

Alex noticed a certain reluctance to comply with his request. He had no trouble understanding her reaction since this was not the circumstance where a new student expected to be under the guidance of a man.

Miss Jones was introduced to Miss Humphry. Although Gloria would have assisted Ellen in this student's first contact with the school, Alex had no choice but to retire to his office. Once there, he turned on the speaker in Miss Humphry's room. He was glad that he had left, as the conversation would have been impossible with him present in the room.

He could hear Miss Humphry tell Millie Jones that she had a good figure but recommended a waist cinch until proper exercise could reduce her waistline. The discussion of various bra styles was most revealing since he had not been aware that Miss Jones had been under endowed by nature, though Ellen had known at once. Different items to correct this deficiency were mentioned and several recommendations were made.

His casual interest became more intense when he heard Miss Jones say that she would purchase the suggested items from a store of her own choosing, rather than from Under Control Foundations, which paid the school a commission. This made up a substantial portion of the school's income. He had not realized how much Gloria did to arrange the sale of Under Control products.

The routine followed for the next two students, and although their figure faults were not the same, the lack of sufficient motivation to purchase from the recommended store resulted in no potential sales of Under Control products. This meant a loss of income for the school.

Although Alex knew the routines of the school almost verbatim, he could not utilize this information when he was called on to cover the classrooms. For example, when he took over Mary Carlyle's make-up class, he discussed make-up from the male point of view. As he

got into his lecture, he could see that the students were not truly interested and became somewhat diverted.

Robyn Marshall, who conducted the modeling classes, was rushed back from her lunch hour because Alex was trying to verbalize modeling technique. Though technically correct, he had the class in an uproar.

Sylvia Cummings class in Accessory and Dress Coordination was even worse. Alex made the mistake of correcting an obviously over dressed young woman, who took offense at a mere male telling her how to dress and what accessories to use. Sylvia's early return was the only thing that prevented this student from quitting.

He was brought up short in Alice Ellison's diction and voice class when one of the students insisted that it was a waste of time being told how to talk. She wanted to be shown. Alice returned just in time to rescue her class.

When the last student had left for the evening, another faculty meeting was held and an evaluation made. These meetings were always informal for this close knit group which liked each other and got along so well.

After much discussion, Mary Carlyle finally found the courage to state the obvious. "Alex, I don't think things will work out if we continue as we did today. First, we have lost the ability of getting our students to buy where we recommend without Gloria. They want a woman's advice in this area. None of us can take over this function and conduct our classes at the same time."

Alice Edison added, "I think the students resent a man in the classroom, and I honestly feel that we will have some dropouts unless we do something.

Ellen then suggested that they hire another woman instructor to take over for Mrs. Babbitt, but it was quickly voted down. They concluded that a "good" instructor would probably already be working and would not want a job for only a few months.

“Well, then, why don’t we hire somebody and train them in our routines,” suggested Robyn.

“Can’t be done,” added Mary. “None of us has the time to do the training. Even if we train someone until she became useful, where would she fit in when Gloria comes back?”

“What we need, and need desperately,” interjected Sylvia Cummings, the school’s expert on dress and accessories, “is someone familiar with our routine and course of study. The only person I know who fits that description is Alex, who unfortunately is not built right for the job, being a male.”

“Too bad you’re not a girl, Mr. Babbitt,” commented Emma Ryan, the school’s seamstress. “You do know everything about our school.”

“Well, I won’t give up,” Mary stated flatly. “We have a good thing going for all of us, and there has to be an answer. There just HAS to be!”

The meeting finally adjourned with nothing being accomplished, and Alex rushed to the hospital to visit Gloria. She was still under sedation, and he was informed that it might be a week before she would be able to talk to him. He needed desperately to discuss the new problems at the school, and he missed his wife for this reason, as well as others.

On arriving home, Alex was surprised to find Mary Carlyle waiting for him in her car at the entrance of his apartment building. Her tight short dress and long legs were not easy for any man to miss.

“Alex, can I come up with you for a few minutes? I would like to talk with you,” she inquired.

“Certainly. I could use some company this evening. I hate being alone at night,” he answered.

Once in his apartment, Mary, who had been a regular visitor, prepared a light snack for the two of them. When

they had finished eating, Alex inquired what it was that she wanted to talk about.

"Alex, the solution to our problem is very simple, although I will admit it is most unconventional. Still, it's the only way we have to go. When I explain what must be done, I am sure you will agree at least I hope you will. Emma Ryan hit the solution right on the button, but we were not aware of it at the time. We went out for coffee after you left and agreed that our problem is solved, if you are willing to cooperate."

Without waiting for his answer, she continued on. "The problem, we all agreed, is the fact that as a man, you disrupt, rather than help in the classes and activities of the school. The only possible solution is for you to become a 'woman' until Gloria comes back. You have always given our lectures back to us in jest, and you do know the course of study better than anyone, outside of your wife."

"What a great idea," commented Alex very sarcastically. "All I have to do is wave a magic wand, and I become what I am not! My beard disappears, my hair grows long, my fingernails elongate, my legs become sexy and smooth, and my voice changes pitch! And, even if this miracle were to occur, we still have a waistline, hips, bust, clothes, and"

Mary interrupted, "I say it can be done, IF you cooperate. Nothing you have mentioned cannot be taken care of very easily. You've seen some of our students and what we have done for them. We had much less to work with on some of the worse ones, and you will have to admit we did a great job in only six weeks. All of us have agreed to give you our help. Now, whether you will admit it or not, you have already picked up most of the information you will need. All that is required is a little practice on your part. What I want to know is whether you will give it a try, or whether we let the school go into bankruptcy?"

"I think it's an impossible idea," replied Alex, "and I don't think it will ever work. However, I guess a poor idea is better than none at all. I know we're all crazy, but I'm willing to give it a try. Boy! If this ever leaks out, I'll have to leave town for good!"

"Let's start right now!" commanded Mary. "All of us have agreed to take turns staying with you each evening. Tonight is my night. Just 'passable' will save your school."

From her overly large purse, Mary withdrew a waist cinch and a bra with inflated inserts. "I took these from the school supply anticipating that you would go along with our suggestion. Everything else that we need, we can borrow from Gloria's things since you are about the same size and coloring as she."

"What do you expect me to do with these things?" Alex demanded.

"Put them on, of course, but not until I assemble a few other things for you to take into the bedroom," Mary replied.

She then went to Gloria's bureau and took out a pair of fresh blue panties, matching slip, and hose and placed them on the bed along with the items from her purse. "Call me when you have these things on!" she commanded.

Alex closed the door of his bedroom, removed his shirt, trousers, and other clothing until he was completely disrobed down to the bare skin. "What am I doing?" he asked himself. However, after a moments hesitation, he wrapped the waist cinch around himself and with great difficulty hooked it into place. He then slipped into the blue panties and pulled the garters of the cinch through. After stepping into the pretty half slip which he had often admired on his wife, he called to Mary, "Come on in. I'll need your expert help with the rest of this."

Mary instructed him to slip his arms through the bra straps, placed the inflated inserts into the cups, and hooked the bra behind his back. She then showed him how to roll on his nylon hose and how to attach them to the garters of the cinch, although this was something he already knew from observation and from unfastening them on others.

She then reached into Gloria's closet and brought out a pair of slippers and a housecoat from the many Gloria had accumulated.

"Put these on and follow me into the bathroom," she ordered. Once inside, she very briefly shaped his eyebrows, applied a base of pancake make-up, eyebrow pencil, mascara, and lipstick to the surprised and reluctant Alex.

"This is only a dry run," she mused. "I just wanted to give you some confidence in yourself and a rough idea how well you will look for your first day at school tomorrow."

Alex removed the housecoat as Mary handed him a loosely belted shift that had been one of Gloria's favorites, and assisted him in getting into it.

"One more item Alex. Then, you can look at yourself, and we will evaluate this masquerade," Mary said. "Where does Gloria keep her wigs?"

"In the closet, top shelf," Alex replied, as if in a daze.

An auburn wig, falling to slightly below his shoulders, was set on his head and adjusted by Mary. "Now, you can look at yourself and tell me what you think."

Alex walked over to the full length mirror that he had been avoiding until now. With Mary looking on, he stared in amazement at the reflection of himself.

His gaze took in the slippers with the ruffled bows on each instep, up the calves of his legs, for the first time really being aware of the nylons he was wearing. His eyes hesitated at the hem of the shift where it rested just above his knees, then to his nipped in waistline, becom-

ing aware while so looking of the pull of the garters of his cinch. As his eyes rose to his bustline, he felt the pull of the bra across his chest and the slight pull of the shift on his newly acquired breasts. Beginning to realize the extent of his transformation at last, he looked at his wide oval neckline and upward to the auburn hairdo that framed his blushing, attractively made up face.

“What a change!” he exclaimed. “Much better than I thought I would look, and much faster. What do you think, Mary?”

Her reply surprised him. “That’s what we get paid for, RIGHT? Not bad, but you could never get by the way you look now. Not at all! But, I promise you by tomorrow morning, you WILL get by with a little luck.”

“What do you mean? I thought I looked fairly passable,” he inquired.

“Over all, the material that nature gave you to work with in this charade is good, but not good enough. True, your legs are shapely, and you have good facial features. But if you look very closely, you will see a bit of beard underneath your make-up and too much hair on your arms and legs for a real woman. That will be corrected before morning, but we have done enough for tonight, don’t you think?”

She then instructed him to get undressed, take a shower, but not before he had applied the hair removal cream to the hairy portions of his anatomy. He smoothed the cream on his legs, his arms, and his chest. His wait, while the cream performed its purpose, was longer than he anticipated

Once in the shower, Alex experienced the soaping of his smooth, hairless body for the first time. He also noticed how much easier it was to work up a lather in this condition. He felt odd, a nude, physical feeling. Yes, he knew what he was doing could be called, “Unmanly,” but the sensation was tantalizing.

When he had completed his shower and finished drying his body, he called Mary to hand him a pair of pajamas so he could get ready for bed. Instead, she handed him a yellow, waltz length nylon nightgown, a pair of matching panties, and one of Gloria's robes.

“Hey,” he yelled, “I don't have to wear this swishy stuff at home, do I?”

Mary responded, “We aren't making a sissy out of you...we're making a woman. Put them on!”

Not wanting to come out of the bathroom stark naked, he put on these articles and strode angrily into the bedroom, where Mary was waiting for him. She was dressed in similar garments to his but with make-up removed and hair pinned. She was obviously ready to retire for the night at his house. He had never seen her without make-up and she looked very different. “See,” she said, “None of us are naturally beautiful...it's work.”

“What has a nightgown got to do with my impersonation at school?” he inquired angrily.

“You know very well one of our first rules for our students is to think feminine at all times and to be feminine at all times. If they do, the act becomes a reality and a part of them in no time, and as such, calls for no conscious effort on their part,” Mary replied calmly, quoting the school's introductory lesson. “It will be easier for you to follow the routine of a woman twenty four hours a day, rather than to try to be two different people. The success of this deception depends on your convincing everyone that you are a woman. Thus, we must maintain the illusion at all times to prevent you from inadvertently reverting to male attitudes and characteristics.”

His question now answered, Mary retired to the guest bedroom, and Alex adjourned to his for a needed night's sleep. Once under the sheets, he could feel the nylon resting lightly on his now hairless body. For some unknown reason, he chilled at the feel of this delicate fabric. With much on his mind, he found falling asleep most difficult. His mind kept wandering back to the

initial dress earlier in the evening, and he was forced to admit to himself that he was intrigued with the sensation of wearing women's clothes.

Finding sleep difficult, he got out of bed, walked over to the dressing table, and picked up the bra inserts he had worn earlier. He slipped the shoulder straps of his nightgown over his arms and let the garment slip to his waist. Without really understanding why, he slipped on the bra, added the inserts, hooked the bra behind him, and returned the straps of his gown to the proper place. He felt different...better, and this time when he returned to bed, sleep came quickly.

Mary woke him at 6:00 a.m. She told him to shave and join her for breakfast which would only be toast and coffee since they had much to do before they would be ready to leave for the school, which opened at 10:30.

Alex slipped out of his gown and stood in his bareness, except for his panties and padded bra, in front of the mirror. "Can't shave this way," he thought, and returned to the bedroom to put on the cinch and half slip. He made an incongruous sight shaving dressed as a woman, in slightly elevated slippers. As a result, he shaved closer than usual. Once his morning ablutions had been completed, he slipped on the housecoat and joined Mary in the kitchen.

She did not seem at all surprised to see that he was wearing the bra, nor later when she found him wearing the panties, cinch, and slip without being asked to do so. "Hurry with your coffee! You will need perfect make-up this morning, as well as being completely and convincingly dressed, accessories and all. This first time around will take quite awhile!" she ordered with the demeanor of a drill sergeant.

Alex removed his housecoat and seated himself at Gloria's dressing table before the wide assortment of cosmetics that Mary had laid out. "I want you to pay attention to how I make up your face. I may not be here

tomorrow, and you might have to do it yourself," she instructed.

With a towel draped around his neck and resting in part on his newly accepted breasts, Mary began her work. First, she applied a make-up base, then outlined his brows in a dark brown shade of pencil, added just a touch of eye shadow, and then brushed matching mascara to his eyelids. She applied a light touch of powder to his entire face, forehead, and neck. Then, with the aid of a sable lipstick brush, she outlined his lips and filled them in with a lighter shade of lipstick. A light shade of rouge was added to his cheeks which appeared too pale to Mary's expert eyes.

Mary, the 'master' of miracle make-overs seemed pleased with the result, as was Alex when he saw the completed operation. Still, not completely done, Mary sprayed cologne, against Alex's protests, to his arms, neck, where cleavage should have been, and behind his knees. She informed him that he not only had to look like a woman, he had to smell like one as well.

While Alex was putting on his hose and hooking them to his garters, Mary was surveying Gloria's wardrobe to select a dress for him to wear. Finally, she chose a blue suit with flared three-quarter length sleeves and a tight skirt with Oriental slits on the sides.

She selected a long sleeved blouse with lace at the wrist and billowed out to match the shape of the jacket sleeves. The frilly lace front of the blouse from the neckline to just above the waistline delighted Alex as he slipped into it. Mary secured the buttons down the back, a maneuver he could not at this time accomplish by himself.

The blouse was much shorter than his shirts, and he wondered if it would stay put inside his skirt. He was careful not to mar his lips as he pulled the skirt over his head. He delighted as it slid down his body, finally coming to rest at his hips. He tucked in the blouse and raised the back zipper without instruction.

However, Mary did show him how to lift his skirt and pull the blouse even from underneath so it would look much neater. Alex's eyes bulged when she lifted her skirt and he saw Mary's pantyhose and rounded hips. "Hey!" she said, "You're now a woman too, remember? Around the school you'll see a lot more than this. Now you do it."

A bit embarrassed, he hiked up his skirt showing Mary all and adjusting his blouse, then lowered his skirt to its normal position. He instructed himself to remember this little trick in 'neat' dressing for the future.

Gloria had an extensive wardrobe, and there was no trouble in selecting a pair of blue, square-toed shoes of the latest style and putting them on. He was aware of the soft perception of nylon slipping into leather. He learned that he and his wife wore just about the same size shoes and was grateful that the new styles did not have very high heels.

Taking out a manicure set, Mary asked him to sit down. She quickly shaped his fingernails and covered them with a red polish. "This will have to do for now, but we will get a professional job later; maybe some acrylics. While you are waiting for your nails to dry, come with me, and I will get dressed. I just have to slip into my other dress, and I will be ready."

Alex seated himself on the chair near Mary's bed and crossed his nylon clad legs for the first time. He was very cognizant of the pleasant sensation of nylon against nylon on his legs, but he was not aware that he had smoothed his skirt beneath him in typically feminine manner before sitting.

This gesture, however, did not escape Mary. "We can't very well keep calling you Alex at school, can we?" she said. "Besides, the girls decided last night, that during this interlude, we would call you Alexis since it is so close to your own name. Is that alright with you?"

"Guess so," he replied as he watched the tall blonde first undress to panties and bra. Mary had a breathtak-

ing figure and it was hard for Alex to concentrate on being "one of the girls." She pulled out a blue, silk dress and slipped it over her head, smoothing it out so that it lay just right to her discerning eye. "Be a doll, zip me up," she asked.

During the short time that remained before they were to leave for school, Mary instructed him on how to walk, sit, and stand. However, after a few minutes of instruction and practice, she found that this was not necessary. He seemed to have a retentive memory for things he had observed during various school sessions, and he appeared to almost naturally put into use all that he had observed and heard during the past three years at the school.

Mary then set the auburn wig on his head and touched it up slightly. She had waited until the last minute as wearing it might be uncomfortable. Into the handbag that she had selected for Alex, Mary poured in items that might be needed. Alex watched in amazement as tissue, lipstick, and other feminine items filled the cramped space of his purse. His keys, and one of Gloria's brushes were the only familiar items in sight.

"Let's go Alexis!" said Mary handing him the handbag. "It's sink or swim time, but let's hope for the best!"

"I'm really scared, Mary. Do you think I will be able to get through this day?" he asked.

"I'm frightened too, but I honestly believe we will make it. You have seen so much of the school training and at times have even mimicked us to perfection. I see no reason why anyone would be suspicious with you looking the way you do," she answered.

As they walked down the hall toward the elevator, Alex could feel the restraint of his tight skirt against his legs and was aware of his restricted stride. The low heels were not at all uncomfortable, nor too difficult to walk in. He paused before the mirror near the elevator to

straighten his jacket and skirt. The tall shapely girl that gazed back at him bore only a slight resemblance to Alex. His legs appeared more shapely and in their smoothness bore no resemblance to those of the former owner. His bustline was interesting enough to cause a second glance, and the nipped- in waistline of the tight fitting jacket made his hips look much fuller than they really were. The total effect was a sheer delight to Alex.

As they approached Mary's car, she gently directed him to the passenger's side as she sensed that he was planning to open and hold the door for her. He watched Mary get into the car. Remembering the compartment lessons, he sat smoothing his skirt beneath him, and slid into the passenger's seat, swiveling his legs into the car. They were soon on their way to the most exciting day of Alex Babbitt's life.

When they arrived at the school, they found the staff waiting in Gloria's office. They were wondering if Alex had gone along with their idea. Though they knew what they might see, everyone was surprised by how well Alex looked.

Alice Ellison was the first to offer her congratulations on the quality of his transformation. She then suggested that Alex do as little as possible for the first few days, even though it meant that the others would have to give up their coffee breaks, and sometimes even lunch. "I need some time to work on Alex's voice before we turn 'her' loose," she explained.

They all agreed that Alex would sign up the new girls, two of whom were expected that day, and otherwise just visit the classes as an observer. Frances Bailey was the first new student to arrive and was greeted by Alex, who was occupying the feminine surroundings of Gloria's office. She explained what Frances could expect from the school. "Now, if you will follow me my dear, I will introduce you to Miss Humphry. She is a real darling and will show you how to show your figure off to its best advantage," Alex said, repeating some of what he had heard Gloria tell the new girls.

After introductions were made, Alex turned to leave the room, but was stopped short by Miss Bailey pleading for her to stay and give her opinion, since a certain rapport had been established. Alex couldn't think of escaping this request and acceded to the girl's wishes, since this is what he knew Gloria would have done. "I am a woman," he thought to himself over and over.

Just as if Gloria had been present instead of Alex, Miss Humphry instructed her new student. "Would you please get undressed so we can see what you are really like?"

There was no hesitation as shoes, hose and dress were removed. Soon, Miss Bailey was standing before them clad only in matching panties and bra. Except for a slight thickening at the waistline, her figure was superb.

Miss Humphry stepped back to look at her new clay, and remarked, "Until you can exercise off that waistline, I would recommend a high waist cinch and a new bra style that will be more flattering to you. I want you to try on some that we have here at the school."

At that point, Alex would have dashed from the room if he didn't think his action would create an even worse situation. Continuing the illusion, he watched without too much reluctance as Frances removed her bra and slipped into the one that Miss Humphry handed her. He noted with interest that she, as well as his wife, leaned forward to insert her ample breasts into the cups of the bra.

After Frances had tried on several of the bras and Miss Humphry had made her suggestions, she turned to Alex and asked, "Which of these do you think does the most for me?"

The words that came from Alex's mouth surprised even Alex. "The last one you tried on is adorable and really gives you a wonderful uplift. However, the first one should be much better for evening, depending on what you wear. It gives you better cleavage and will

really open the eyes of your gentlemen friends.” The young girl smile...that’s what she wanted to hear.

After a pause, Alex continued, “Frances, what I want you to do is go to the Under Control Foundation Boutique, which is just around the corner, where all of these styles and many more things you don’t find in an ordinary store can be found. Tell them that we sent you, and they will give you special attention. Their fitter is wonderful and will do things for you that you will find hard to believe. Until you are sure of yourself, why not just get a few bras for various outfits and a black and white waist cinch? Then, you can wear one without being obvious, regardless of the color of your dress.”

“What a wonderful idea!” gushed Frances, as she broke into a pleasant smile. “That is exactly what I will do after class.”

The second new student was a similar, but not identical, experience for Alex. This time, he assisted in hooking the student’s new bras as Miss Humphry was called to the phone. This time, he was much less nervous while the student was dressing and undressing. Being honest with himself, he had to admit that his new work removed the boredom from the school life he had been accustomed to.

Sylvia Cummings asked Alex to join her for lunch. In the restaurant, for the first time, he found himself in unfamiliar surroundings, but all went well. A young man had even opened the door for them as they entered. Alex found himself relaxing and enjoyed the salad, crackers, and coffee that made up their lunch.

After they had eaten, Sylvia insisted that he join her in the powder room to repair his make-up, since the school considered it unladylike to make up in public. Alex did remarkably well in retouching his lips and make-up, considering he was just a beginner. He got his knowledge from observing students practicing these maneuvers and from listening to the instructions from their expert teachers.

The remainder of the day passed quickly for Alex, who spent his time attending the various classes. In each class, some previously half-heard lesson became more meaningful, and he found himself mentally taking notes of things to do, and not to do.

Before leaving the school that evening, Alex phoned the hospital and was assured that Gloria was coming along fine, though still not conscious. He was told that no purpose would be served by his coming down to visit.

This time, Robyn drove Alex home in her car. After placing her overnight bag in the guest room, she prepared a light meal for the two of them. When they had finished, Robyn immediately began giving instructions to Alex. She taught him how to walk, sit, rise, and how to carry his body properly. Robyn would demonstrate each phase of this instruction and then would drill Alex in duplicating her most feminine gestures and movements. As with the make-up, there was a carry-over from the school, as Alex easily did the right things instinctively. Even walking with a book balanced on his head was no problem.

"Mary told me how early you had to get up this morning, so we will try to get you better organized. You need your rest, you know," commented Robyn.

She then went to Gloria's closet and selected an orange shirtmaker dress with an oval neckline for him to wear the next day. Matching shoes and a pair of orange panties and half slip were added to the pile. After pointing out the fine nuances of the various shades of hosiery to Alex, she put aside a pair for him to wear. The same bra had to be worn, however, since he and Gloria could not interchange clothes in this area. A coral necklace and matching earrings completed the ensemble.

"We will have to buy you some new bras if you are to be properly dressed. We will take care of that tomorrow, if we aren't too busy," she stated matter of factly. "We can get all your foundation garments wholesale from

Under Control Fashions, you know. Mary has told them of our problem, and they are most anxious to cooperate. They will certainly keep our secret knowing the business they stand to lose if the school folds.”

Like the night before, Alex slipped into a nightgown, but this time of Robyn's choice. It was a full-length pink nylon gown with cute puffed sleeves and which, most fortunately, was not of the transparent variety that made up much of Gloria's night wear. However, the matching robe was transparent, revealing the beautiful detail of his gown. This time, Alex did not make the mistake of removing the bra and inserts. He seemed to enjoy his new night clothes with this subterfuge intact.

Robyn had very long hair and had to curl it every night. She asked Alex if he'd help. Again, being in a frilly nighty with an enticing model was upsetting but she treated Alex just like another girl...no threat. Robyn brushed her hair then showed Alex how to curl it on big pink rollers.

Alex was the first to arise and quickly showered and shaved. Trying not to wake Robyn, he made his first attempt to apply his own make-up from the very beginning. He was pleasantly surprised at the ease and speed at which this was accomplished and how much he had been able to remember from past observation and instruction.

After putting on his panties, cinch, bra, slip, hose, and her transparent negligee from the night before, he woke Robyn. Together, they enjoyed a light breakfast of grapefruit, toast, and coffee.

After breakfast, Robyn came to his rooms to finish dressing. Alex was beginning to suspect that all this close undressing was to desensitize him to partially clad young women. Robyn watched as Alex slipped into the orange shirtmaker selected the night before. Checking his appearance in the mirror, he found it difficult to tear himself away. This time, he selected a cologne of his own choosing to wear.

Robyn helped fix a few flaws and Alex brushed out Robyn's hair. He like the companionship women had with each other.

Alex thrilled to the compliments he received at the school that morning. He sensed that the staff was sincere, and everyone was more relaxed and more confident that things would go smoothly. There were no enrollments for the morning, so Alex and Robyn decided this was a good time to visit Under Control Foundations to purchase the needed bras.

Renee Warwick, the owner, promised to keep their secret and said she would be able to be of even more help in making this transformation successful. Renee's meaning soon became noticeable. They attach to the skin by suction and a bit of adhesive. When they



"Alex had made the decision...he was going to develop into a woman."

came apparent. She had Alex disrobe to his panties and bra. "We have a new line of artificial breasts made for women who have had one or both breasts removed by surgery. They are most life-like in appearance. They attach into the skin, and with a light touch of makeup, are not properly attached, even if

you were totally nude, no one, except an expert would know they are not real. Alexis, you can even wear low cut dresses, and your cleavage will be most realistic and pleasing to every observer," Renee informed him.

Alex could see the 'salesman' in Renee...she knew just what to say.

Then, various sizes and shapes of the false breasts were attached until the right selection had been made and approved by Robyn. After his new breasts were firmly attached, several size 36 bras were tried on and selected to adorn and support these new trophies.

Renee and Robyn did not seem concerned with Alex's feelings during this fitting, and he found himself thinking that at least now, he could sleep without a bra and still have the curves he was becoming more and more fond of.

His reverie was interrupted by Renee who insisted that he put on a flesh colored item that looked like real skin but was really a hiding place for male genitals. She explained that they were mostly sold to female impersonators who had to wear the briefest of costumes. She reminded Alex that one class taught in the school was in proper beach wear. As an instructor, he might be expected to dress accordingly, even down to a bikini.

As Alex stared at the item Renee had handed him, he could not help but be amazed at the help he was getting in the fidelity of his illusion. Only after he put it on in the privacy of the dressing room did he truly appreciate how well it did the job it was created for. With his maleness hidden by what he was wearing, he saw a perfect replica of female genitals. He was amazed! With the addition of his new breasts, he could be standing nude and would not have been taken for anything other than the young woman he was portraying, so perfect was the fidelity of these items.

Renee then selected several sets of panty girdles, explaining that they had padding in the hips to create the feminine contours that nature intended for women.

With these newly acquired aids, now his own, he and Robyn returned to the school where the balance of the day was spent, as before, visiting the various classes. Alex now found himself listening to the instructors as if he were truly a student striving to improve his femininity, which in effect, he was.

That evening, Sylvia Cummings, expert in dress coordination and accessories, drove Alex home. As the others before her, she placed her bag in the guest room, but now, she ORDERED Alex to set the table for two, while she prepared dinner.

There was no problem in setting down the place mats, knives, forks, and spoons. After completing this task, Alex sat down, satisfied with himself and his accomplishment.

He was soon taken down when Sylvia came into the dining room and informed him that he had done only half of his job. "First, you have forgotten the goblets, and paper napkins are OUT! Get some linen napkins, and also get the candelabra from the mantle. Tonight, we will dine by candle light."

After this chastisement, Alex took great pains arranging the candelabra and goblets and in placing the silverware correctly on the linen napkins. The table was most attractive when he was finished. While he and Sylvia were enjoying their dinner, Sylvia commented on the table dressing and suggested that he pay more attention to this type of detail. She said this was something that, as a woman, he should be able to do well.

"Can we slip into something more comfortable before we do the dishes?" asked Alex. "These shoes are starting to make my feet ache, and my cinch is a bit too tight after dining."

No objection coming from Sylvia, they went to their rooms, disrobed down to panties and bras, and slipped into their robes. Back in the living room, they made

themselves comfortable before beginning the evening's program.

"After we have finished straightening out the dining room and kitchen," said Sylvia, "we will go through Gloria's wardrobe and set aside those things that you can use. We will then know what we have to purchase so you will have everything you need.

The next few hours, Alex tried on virtually every outfit that belonged to his wife. Each that Sylvia thought attractive on him and appropriate for him was placed in the empty closet in the guest room. They soon discovered that some colors that were great on Gloria were not for Alex. Some styles that Gloria looked wonderful in were only average or less on him. With each outfit Sylvia approved, she also selected earrings, necklaces, and pins as needed. These were marked accordingly so Alex would know which accessories to wear with each ensemble.

"As far as lingerie and underclothes are concerned, you should have no problem," Sylvia remarked. "We have bras of every color, and everything else of Gloria's fits you well enough. Just remember to have all your dainties color coordinated and to change at least once daily. There are still some things you need, and we will get them in the next few days. In the meantime, you have enough to get by."

Preparing for bed, Alex slipped into a peignoir gown set that Gloria had not yet had a chance to wear. The fact that the gown was transparent did not now deter its selection. With his new breasts and maleness concealed and camouflaged to their feminine counterpart, he not only looked the part he was playing, but for the first time, he felt this was not an act, but a real part of himself. When he said good night to Sylvia, he noticed that she could not take her eyes off what she saw. She seemed to be searching for a revealing flaw in his deception, but silently acknowledged that she could find none.

Morning came too quickly for Alex who realized how tiring the activities of the past few days had been. Nevertheless, he was able to apply his make-up more quickly and more expertly than before. He was also able to get dressed with much less effort, and in less time, than before. However, not too quickly to observe that he was adding little mannerisms that he had seen Gloria and others use.

He ran his hands over his hose, straightening and stretching them tightly, and fluffed up the hair on his wig in a typically feminine fashion. He had, without thought, lifted his skirt to pull his slip down and to make certain there were no wrinkles. As he applied the final touches by adding a pearl necklace and earrings, he could see a most becoming blush on his cheeks reflected in the mirror.

Alex adjusted his position in front of his mirror many times so that he could better see the back of his outfit and his hairdo. He was aware that these manipulations would have been totally foreign to Alex. He even changed purses to compliment his present outfit. He then knocked on Sylvia's door and informed her that he would soon be ready. And, he soon was!!!

"What a beautiful job you have done!" complimented Sylvia. "And, without any help from me. This is going to be much easier than I thought!"

Tucking their purses under their arms, both girls left for work. Their high heels made no sound on the soft carpets in the hall, but turned to a clatter as they stepped onto the sidewalk and approached the car. Alex was again aware of the restriction of his tight skirt and the stretch of his garters pulling on his hose as he walked. He was not aware, however, that he was placing one foot directly in front of the other as he walked. After watching the students practice in class, this maneuver was now natural to him as well. The slight roll of his hips and the jiggle of his new breasts, accentuated by the wearing of high heels, held his attention. He was walking just like Sylvia.

The school day went smoothly. Alex interviewed two prospective students and did the clerical detail, but this time in Gloria's office. He also gave the classroom lecture on cosmetics for Mary, who had to leave for a short while.

He was somewhat taken aback when one of the older students asked, "Miss Babbitt, we have not seen your brother for a few days. Is he alright?"

It dawned on Alex that this was a logical assumption for the students to make since he looked like Alex and because of the name. "He is fine my dear, but as you know, his wife is still in the hospital. He is spending most of his time with her."

This explanation seemed to satisfy the curious student.

That evening, Alice Ellison occupied the guest room. She instructed Alex how to pitch his voice and speak softly to make his sound more feminine. This was not as much fun as the previous evening had been.

They got some good news from Dr. Rodin, who phoned and informed them that Gloria was expected to come out of her coma in a day or two.

"You know, Alice, I can hardly wait to see Gloria and talk with her again. It has been just over a week since I was allowed to see her, and I have so much to tell her," Alex remarked.

"You really miss her, don't you, Honey?" replied Alice. "And, I don't blame you one bit! I'll tell you what. Mary finishes her last class early tomorrow, so why don't the two of you visit Gloria at the hospital?" After thinking for a moment Alice exclaimed, "My God! How do you plan to explain your new appearance to Gloria? You can't just walk in the way you are! Before you could say anything, she would be back in shock. You had better discuss this with Dr. Rodin first!"

Alex picked up the phone, and though it was late, Dr. Rodin's exchange put him through. He made arrange-

ments to have lunch with the doctor the next day to discuss the problem that he could not bring himself to discuss on the phone. Dr. Rodin committed to make a reservation for them at his favorite restaurant.

The morning routine passed slowly, or so it seemed to Alex. Eventually, lunch time arrived. Before leaving, Alex touched up his make-up, grabbed his purse and gloves, and drove to the restaurant.

The maitre d' greeted him as he entered. "Good afternoon Miss. Do you have a reservation?"

"I am to meet Dr. Rodin. I believe he has reservations. Has he arrived?"

"Dr. Rodin indeed does have reservations, but he has not as yet arrived," he answered. "He said he was dining with a Mr. Babbitt, but if he is also expecting you, the booth is large enough for three."

It suddenly dawned on Alex that Dr. Rodin could not possibly be aware of his existence and had assumed that he was to meet Alex. Alice had warned him of the difficulty in disguising his voice on the telephone.

"Yes, he is expecting me. Show me to his table, and I will wait for him there," he replied.

Alex followed the maitre d' to a far corner of the large dining room, which was dimly lit. Alex stood by while he pulled back the table so he could slide into the booth more easily. Once seated, Alex ordered a vodka gimlet on the rocks, to keep him company while he waited for the doctor.

The bartender mixed a fine one, shaking it the way it should be made, not stirred. Most bartenders follow the recipe on the bottle, and make a gimlet tart enough to pucker your bottom. But this one was mostly vodka, with just a flavoring of the lime juice.

A few minutes later, Dr. Rodin entered the room, walked toward the booth, hesitated, then approached once more. "Pardon me, Miss, I thought I had reserved

this booth for a friend and myself. Are you certain that you have the right booth?"

"Please, sit down, Dr. Rodin. I am the person you were supposed to meet. I am Alex Babbitt, and I simply must speak with you!" he responded to his inquiry. He could see the look of shock on the doctor's face as his eyes traveled from his well groomed coiffeur, to his perfectly arched brows, to his artfully applied mascara, down the perfect make-up of his face, over his well formed breasts that revealed just the right amount of cleavage, and stopped at the table top that halted his de-escalation.

As he seated himself, he quickly regained his composure and ordered a drink for himself. He then sat back to listen to his patient's husband explain the peculiar circumstances of his appearance.

Alex quickly told him the events of the past several days, the reasons for them, and the problem that he now faced in wanting to see his wife. "You see, I don't want to cause a relapse, and I would die if she did not understand my reasons. Because of the school, I **MUST** continue this deception until she is well and can return to work. Can you help me resolve this dilemma Dr. Rodin?"

"As your family doctor, my first interest is for my patient, and I must admit your appearance would be a shock to her. We must avoid such a shock at all cost. For the time being, I think it would be best for you to visit the hospital as Alex, even though it breaks a pattern that you feel is necessary for carrying out your deception to a successful conclusion. At least go as Alex for the next few days until I have a chance to talk with Gloria and explain this unusual situation to her and prepare her for what she will see."

The course of action decided upon, they ordered lunch. Alex noted with some surprise that even though the doctor was aware of his true gender, he did little things for him that he would not have done for Alex. He arose when Alex excused himself to the ladies' room, and assisted him in and out of the booth. He even walked

him to his car, assisted him into the car while noticing the expanse of nylon clad thigh when his skirt rode up, and closed the door once he was comfortable and had adjusted his skirt. Alex really didn't mind him looking at his legs, as he enjoyed these little courtesies more than he cared to admit, even to himself.

That evening, Mary drove Alex to his apartment where he very reluctantly divested himself of all his feminine accouterments. More reluctantly, he removed his deceptive artifacts and took a vigorous shower so that no trace of perfume, make-up, or cologne remained. Upon completion of his shower, he dressed in his now less familiar garments. That is, with one exception. Without thinking, he put on a pair of blue nylon panties from Gloria's drawer. His shirt and trousers were baggy, his tie felt strange, and his shoes must have weighed a ton. Finally, he joined Mary, who was waiting for him in the living room. He was back to being a man in a man's world.

"Alex, how strange you look!" she commented. "You look much better as Alexis. Just look how loose your jacket fits and how loose your shirt collar has become. Even your pants are baggy."

"Well, I have lost about eight pounds since the accident because of my long days and light diet, he replied. Let's just hope that Gloria won't notice."

His visit with his wife was most pleasant. She was still a bit groggy and talked very little. He assured her that everything at the school was fine and that he missed her terribly. A nurse had told him to make his visit brief, so he soon took his leave.

When he and Mary returned to the apartment, he could not wait to get back into his feminine anatomy and a black, full length nightgown. It was a mandarin style with slits on the side and had a matching robe trimmed in pink embroidery on the pockets and down the center. Though without make-up, he put on a short auburn wig

with an upswEEP similar to the casual style women wear in the evening.

Mary remarked, "You're getting to like being one of 'us', aren't you Alexis? And to think, only a short time ago, I was worried that you wouldn't go along with our little plan! NOW, I'm worried about how we can get you to go back to being Alex again when Gloria comes back to work."

"I would be lying if I said I wasn't enjoying the change, but I really don't believe there will be a problem changing back to Alex. I am doing my best to follow the advice you gave me that first evening. I am trying to think, act, and BE feminine at all times so that this deception will be successful."

"I think it's working," Mary said, adding, "I wonder what Gloria will say when she learns we feminized her husband."

For the next several days, Alex increasingly enjoyed the preparations prior to leaving for school, and each day he took on more of the classroom work load. Each evening, his reluctance to become Alex again for the hospital visits increased to the point that he found himself waiting until the last minute before changing. The girls no longer visited his apartment to coach Alex. He was getting all the instruction he needed at school and found that his retention of what he was being taught was excellent. Living as a woman virtually twenty four hours a day did nothing to forestall his progress either.

Alex experienced some tension, as well as some relief, when Dr. Rodin phoned him at the school one day. He said, "Alex, I want you to come to the hospital this afternoon just as you are. Gloria has been feeling much better, and I have explained your situation to her. Believe it or not, she can't wait to see you. She finds it impossible to believe that you are doing her job at the school, much less doing it well. Just the two of you will

be here tonight. I think it will be easier for both of you that way.

"Of course, I'll be there, Doctor! I can't wait either.

Alex was wearing a very daring, for him, black and white checkered minidress with a wide belt that accentuated his waist. Its hem was at least six inches above his knees when standing. Textured pantyhose and low, square toed shoes completed his outfit. With long auburn hair resting on his shoulders and long dangling earrings, he made a most attractive picture.

As he drove to the hospital, Alex could not help wondering what Gloria's reaction to all this would be. How would she react to seeing her husband dressed and acting like a woman? Would she accuse him of losing his masculinity? Would she laugh at him? Or possibly, would she find him basically the same person except for



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his appearance? Alex could hardly wait to have these and many other questions answered.

The door to Gloria's room was partially open when Alex arrived. He could see Gloria, looking well, though thinner than before, and reading a magazine. He stepped into the room, closed the door, walked over to Gloria, and kissed her gently on the cheek. After exchanging greetings with her, Alex stepped back to give Gloria a better view of his new look and waited for her reaction.

It seemed an eternity since Gloria spoke. As Dr. Rodin had done when he first met Alex, her eyes traveled from the top of the auburn hair to the hem of the minidress down the smooth nylon covered legs to the stylish shoes. Her reaction was not what Alex suspected.

Instead of words of anger, disgust, or other derogatory remarks, Gloria broke into tears saying, "You are truly a wonderful person! I had no idea you loved me enough or appreciated my school enough to put yourself in this position. No one else I know would have, or could have done what you have done, let alone done it so convincingly. Dr. Rodin told me the whole story. He said you made up into a very beautiful woman, but, I didn't expect such perfection. Your willingness to forego your masculinity for me only increases my love for you."

"The girls helped," Alex blushed, "It was really their idea."

This was followed by a quick exchange of questions and answers by both of them.

"How are you feeling, and when will you be able to come home?"

"I feel much better, really, and Dr. Rodin said I could go home in ten days to two weeks. By the way, what are you wearing underneath that mini?"

Alex blushed again. “Panties and pantyhose, of course. What else does one wear with a minidress? Are you experiencing much pain?”

“Not really. I guess I’m still doped up a bit. You know, your make-up is beautifully done. Did you do it yourself?”

“Yes. I’ve been sitting in on the classes at school, and the faculty has given me private lessons at home. I’m getting quite good at it now. How do you like your dress on me?”

“You look really super, Alexis! Do you mind if I call you Alexis?”

“Of course not, I really prefer it. It would sound strange calling me Alex, especially if a nurse came in. Do you mind my wearing your clothes? I have bought some things of my own, but not nearly enough.”

“Wear anything of mine you want, Alexis. By the way, where did you get such a lovely figure?”

“With the help of Under Control Foundations. You would be surprised how feminine I appear where you would least expect.”

Through these short questions and answers, Gloria was brought current. When this first visit finally came to an end, what seemed like minutes was over two hours.

Alex visited Gloria each day for the next two weeks. During these visits, she would give him additional instructions on improving his appearance, voice, walk, mannerisms, and gestures. While at the same time, Alex would keep Gloria up-to-date on the school’s activities.

Finally, after more than thirty days, Gloria was released from the hospital and sent home. Dr. Rodin gave instructions that she not go back to work for at least two more months. However, she could increase her activity every day as her returning strength would allow.

The first evening home, Alex set the table and prepared dinner.

"You set a beautiful table Alexis. I couldn't do any better, and the food is delicious," Gloria commented while they were eating.

"Thanks Gloria. The only thing I don't really like to do is wash the dishes, especially the pots and pans," replied Alex.

"A typical woman," was Gloria's unexpected reply.

Each day at home was a supplement to the professional instruction in femininity that Alex was getting at school and from his association with the other instructors in entirely feminine activities.

He took pride in his 'getting it right'.

Gloria had begun knitting a wool dress to keep herself occupied. Alex became interested and began one for himself, knowing full well that when it was completed he would have returned to being Alex and would not be able to wear it.

No longer did the accessories have to be labeled as to which outfit they went with. Alex was now selecting them with his own good taste and a desire to avoid sameness in his outfits. He now weighed only three pounds more than Gloria. He now wore garter belts instead of the waist cinch, and the only purpose of his panty girdle was to pad his hips. He did not have Gloria's curves. She had a good figure, even though somewhat boyish.

When Gloria had been home about a month, she surprised Alex by asking, "Would you like to go to the beauty parlor with me today? You had better say yes, because I made an appointment for BOTH of us."

"What for, Gloria? You can take my wig in, and I can do my nails at home or get a manicure at school when things slow down."

"I know that, Honey, but have you noticed how long your own hair has grown? I have noticed you having trouble tucking it underneath your wig. Sometimes your black hair shows below your auburn wig, and that is not

good. I might add that your eyes could use a bit more work as well. Besides, this will be a new experience for you, and you will be better able to understand your students and what they have to go through. You can cut your hair when I go back to school, but for now, it is long enough for an attractive short style."

"Okay, you win. Pierre Dumont and his employees know about me anyway. What have I got to lose ... except my wig?"

That day, for the first time, he had an experience that would be repeated many times in the future. Pierre, a somewhat effeminate man, insisted on plucking Alex's eyebrows personally. He assured him he would not take off too much.

Despite the feminine gestures of Pierre, Alex could not identify with him. He had heard stories about his being gay, and for the first time, he experienced fear that this was what Gloria and the others might be saying about him. He resolved to discuss this with Gloria when they returned home.

After his brows had been properly plucked, Alex was taken to the rear of the salon and told to remove his outer clothes. He was given a short white smock to wear. He no longer worried about the other women who were in the room, doing the same thing. His knowledge that his "special accessories" would keep his secret, made him secure. He was pleased when one of the women remarked on his lovely figure and complexion.

Rosemary, Pierre's assistant, picked a short hairstyle that fit his face perfectly. The style left the ears exposed and had one large curl on each side. Having his hair washed and set by someone else was quite an experience. The same can be said for having curlers set in, sitting under the dryer, chatting with the other customers, and having his new style combed out.

Before leaving, he was given instructions on how to style his hair himself between beauty parlor visits. All in all, this was a very enjoyable experience. When Rose-

mary had finished, and when he was allowed to see the finished product, Alex marveled at how nice it looked. Also, it was much more comfortable than the wigs he had been wearing up until the present.

Their manicures having been done while they were under the dryers, Gloria and Alex put on their street clothes and left for home.

They stopped at a small coffee shop for dinner along the way. For the first time, Alex understood what a woman means when she says, "I feel beautiful". The routine at the beauty parlor became a weekly must for both and was enjoyed possibly even more so by Alex.

As Gloria's condition improved, the two girls would go shopping for clothes and groceries together. All the while, they engaged in a variety of feminine topics and activities with a complete feeling of togetherness. During these excursions, Alex learned to shop for perfume, cologne, and cosmetics for himself.

About this time, Dr Rodin gave Gloria permission to do anything she had done before the accident, and she learned that Alex was still present and capable of performing those duties expected of a husband. With great relief, he learned that Gloria harbored no aversion to his performing as a husband even though his night clothes and general appearance did not seem to fit the role.

Being intimate with Gloria was a new delight for Alex. He loved the soft sensation of their matching nightgowns, the caress of their smooth silken legs, the mixing of the delicate odors of their perfume, and even the ruining of each others make-up, as they made passionate love.

Also about this interlude, Gloria suggested that since he had a very light beard, he might want to have it permanently removed. Halfway kidding she said, "You know, even though I will soon be back at school, I may have a baby some day, and you will have to cover for me again. Shaving is such a nuisance anyway, and your

beard makes it more difficult for you to be 100% feminine at all times."

Alex agreed, and the electrolysis treatments were begun.

The two months passed quickly, and as expected, Dr. Rodin gave Gloria the green light to return to work. This, of course, made her very happy but noticeably depressed Alex. Gloria noticed his depression and asked what was the matter.

"I didn't think so at first, but I am not happy about going back to my gray office and being only a figure head at school. I will be bored, unhappy, and even a bit jealous of you, the other teachers, and the students," he sadly explained.

"There must be something more," Gloria insisted. "You have done it before and didn't seem to mind. Why should it be different now? What is really bothering you?"

"All right!" he said angrily, "if you insist on my saying it. I am not happy about giving up these wonderful clothes. I have very much enjoyed being a woman among women and teaching them to be more feminine. There's something sensualistic about it. I don't want to cut my nails or my hair, nor do I want to give up the pleasure of wearing make-up and fine jewelry. I am accustomed to silky nightgowns, and I don't want to go back to pajamas. I want to continue to go shopping with you, with BOTH of us trying on lovely dresses in the dressing rooms. I don't want to have to wait outside like before. I will resent trading my perfumes and colognes for after shave lotion which I won't need in a few months when my beard is completely gone. THERE! I've said it! Are you happy now?"

Gloria was astounded by his tirade and remained silent.

After a pause, he continued. "I enjoy cooking and setting an attractive table. I am almost finished knitting

my wool dress, and frankly, I want the pleasure of wearing it. I enjoy being a woman, except for the time we spend making love in our bed. In all honesty, my darling, I have to admit to you that I have given serious thought to feminizing myself. My electrologist said that taking female hormones would cause me to grow natural breasts, develop a more realistic feminine voice, and add some roundness to my hips so those darned padded girdles wouldn't be needed!"

"Hold on, Honey, you are getting too carried away. Let's give this some serious thought and sleep on it. We can discuss it in more detail tomorrow morning," Gloria commanded.

The following morning as they were having breakfast, they admitted that they could not find a solution to this complex problem by themselves. Gloria knew that there was more to being a woman than just being called by female pronouns and wearing pretty things.

They made arrangements to seek professional help from Dr. Rodin. Because of the sensitive nature of their problem, he agreed to discuss it that evening over dinner at their place, rather than at his office.

The school day dragged for Alex as Gloria resumed her duties from before the accident. His dull gray office seemed even more so, and the only cheering note was the enrollment of five new students and several requests for interviews for future enrollment.

Since he did not have much to do, Alex left early to straighten out the apartment and to start the dinner. He outdid himself in setting the table for three. He even did the flower arrangement himself. Alex was in a daze, he knew that this was some kind of turning point in his life.

When Gloria came home shortly thereafter, she prepared the steaks while Alex made the salad. Neither of them brought up the coming discussion with Dr. Rodin.

“I’ll finish up, Honey. Why don’t you change into something fresh so at least one of us will be ready when Dr. Rodin arrives?” Gloria suggested.

Alex went into the guest room that contained his wardrobe, and selected a floor length hostess skirt and a long sleeved chiffon blouse for his costume that evening.

He slipped the peasant blouse over his head, being careful not to muss his hair or make-up. He smiled as he noticed how well his breasts were revealed for others to admire to just the proper degree. The pale pink color of the blouse contrasted well with the green skirt. Stepping into the full skirt and lifting it to his waistline, he relished the soft folds as it draped about his hips. A single strand pearl choker and matching earrings completed his ensemble. Quickly touching up his make-up and stepping into three inch pumps, he returned to the dining room and told Gloria to get herself ready.

There was a ring at the door, and since Gloria was not yet ready, Alex opened the door to greet Dr. Rodin. “Good evening, Doctor,” he greeted, extending his hand, which the Doctor took in his for a brief moment. “Gloria will be ready in a few moments. May I fix you a drink while we are waiting?”

Dr. Rodin agreed, and while Alex was mixing the drinks, he observed him most closely. He noted all of Alex’s actions and marveled that this could be a man.

Gloria joined them shortly and said that dinner would soon be served and would they like to come to the table.

There was only small talk not related to the reason for this meeting during the meal. This did not prevent the doctor from noticing the grace and feminine efficiency of Alex. How completely at ease he appeared as he poured the coffee! He was acutely aware of the strained lack of discussion between Gloria and Alex as they ate.

When the meal was concluded, the three adjourned to the living room to drink tea. Alex promptly sat in the oversized chair that had been Alex's favorite, tucked his legs under his hips, and faced the other two.

The doctor addressed himself to the two. "We have been avoiding our problem all evening, and now is the time to face it head on. We must look at this situation for what it is and try to come up with a solution that will be satisfactory to everyone concerned."

"What am I to do?" inquired Alex. "I find myself resenting returning to being Alex again for the reasons I spoke to you about on the phone. Yet, I know this situation can't continue."

"I appreciate what Alex has done for me and, as a result, has gone through these past few months. But I married a man...Alex, and I don't know what will happen if we continue this masquerade," added Gloria.

"Let's analyze what the problem really is," continued Dr. Rodin. "Alex has found that he likes women's things and would like to continue dressing as a woman, and we want to know what the ramifications are. Not only emotionally, but economically as well. We want to consider how this effects your marriage and your social arrangements with both family and friends. This is not a unique situation, although this type of problem does not often get publicized, you know. Other men have had this same desire more often than one would suspect."

"You mean that you have dealt with this situation before? What did you tell them to do?" asked Gloria.

"Yes, others have come to me with this problem, but each case is completely different. First, many of them did not have the physical characteristics that would allow them to pass as women. For that reason, I suggested that they not make the attempt. However, in Alex's case, this is not true. He gives the appearance of a most attractive, and I might add, desirable woman."

"Thank you," Alex said.

The doctor continued, "Considering the economic area of making this change permanent, I have often discouraged others from attempting to live as a woman since they could not earn a living for themselves as a woman. Again, here we don't have the same problem, but rather a situation where the livelihood is actually improved by the change of gender. As I see it, the marital aspects of this enigma can only be answered by the two of you. Several times, the spouse of a cross dresser, which is what Alex really is, objects to this deception. As a result, she then develops an aversion to her husband which precludes a satisfactory marital relationship. I would be most interested in your feelings on this Gloria."

Gloria hesitated for a moment, as she tried to come up with a completely truthful answer. She said, "I have felt no aversion to Alexis, but then I had considered it a temporary thing...sort of a lark that had been a lot of fun."

The doctor repeated the question, "How do you really feel about it as a full time relationship? Relating to your husband as a woman? Maybe forever?"

Gloria continued to ponder. Finally, she answered. "For my part, I can live with the change if that is what Alex truly wants. So far Alex is still the man I married in bed, and we have been happy in every way with each other. Perhaps even more so for these past two months than ever before. I think I could make the necessary adjustments without too much strain."

The doctor added, "Gloria, we're talking about making Alex more feminine and more like a woman. Are you sure that's okay?"

She thought for a minute, then said, "In many ways, I know I will enjoy the relationship since 'our secret' seems to add zest to it. I am more concerned with Alex's attitudes and feelings if he knew this would be a full time thing and no longer just temporary."

Dr. Rodin turned to Alex and asked, "Gloria doesn't have many objections. What are your feelings, Alex?" asked the doctor.

Alex did not hesitate. "I don't know why I feel this way. All I know is that I do. If it meant giving up Gloria, I would try to forget it, but if she is willing, I know that I can keep her happy and be more help at the school. As you said, neither our income nor our relationship has to suffer! Our friends will not object since most of them already know about me. Both Mary and Ellen have said that we could really expand our school operation if I were to remain fully active in its operation and management. All of the others have said that they no longer think of me as Alex, but rather, only as Alexis. We have no family out here; therefore, that is no problem. I think I want to try being a woman!"

This conversation continued on for several hours, and every aspect involved in making the change permanent was discussed, both pro and con. Finally, Dr. Rodin informed the two women that he would be leaving since their problem had been resolved.

"What do you mean? What have we resolved? You haven't told us what we are to do," both asked of him.

"Yes, your problem has been resolved," Dr. Rodin replied. "If you could have listened to what has been said as disinterested observers, you would realize it. Let me summarize. First, this is something that Alex wants more than anything. Secondly, Gloria, you are willing to go along with him and your feelings toward him will not change. Thirdly, there is no problem from an economic or social standpoint. We are not talking about the impossible task of making a woman of Alex, but rather making it possible for him to live as a woman. As far as I am concerned, I feel that in the best interest of all involved, you should proceed on the assumption that you will making this change *permanent*."

There was no argument from either Gloria or Alex, nor was any anticipated.

Now that all this was settled, Gloria asked the doctor, "Last night, Alex mentioned that he was considering using hormones to obtain a more feminine appearance. What are your thoughts on this?"

"If done under my supervision, I would have no objection. By proper dosage, we can possibly achieve a natural bustline, a softer voice, and curves in the right places for Alex. I believe we can accomplish this and still not destroy his sexual drive, although at times, it will certainly be less than it is now. Gloria, would you be willing to give up some of his male intimacy?"

Gloria looked at Alex who was having second thoughts about all this. He hated to hurt Gloria in any way. Gloria saw his expression and loved him for his concern but felt it would all work out this way for the better. "Let's go for it!" Gloria said, "He's going to make a wonderful woman."

Alex was feeling like he was drugged or delirious. He couldn't believe his ears. Both his wife and the doctor had agreed that he should give up his maleness. He was so distracted that he had trouble concentrating on the doctor's explanation of hormonal feminization to Gloria. He heard all the words but focused on a few: breast budding and enlargement, softening of the skin, fat redistribution, and a hormone 'cycle' that would effect him emotionally and physically. "Three weeks on and one week off," the doctor said then added, "Gloria, you'll explain to him about 'periods', won't you?. You know, breast tenderness, fluid retention, nausea, and cramps?"

Gloria smiled and joked to Alex, "I hope you know what you're in for."

Alex again looked like he was in a trance. Dr. Rodin answered, "We'll start him out slowly to get his system used to estrogens. In a week or two, you decide if this is what you both want."

Alex was feeling a little funny realizing that once feminized, he might not be able to ever be a man again.

He looked at Gloria who was thinking that it might be nice to 'share' the little ups and downs of womanhood.

The doctor dug into his black bag and pulled out a 28 tablet dispenser with little yellow and white pills. He continued, "For now, here's a prescription for a light dosage female hormone formula. Take them and see how you feel. Take the yellow pills for 21 days and the white ones for 7. Take them the same time each day, preferably after your evening supper or at bedtime. If you forget and miss a day, you should take the missed one as soon as possible and the your next one at the regular time."

"Oh, I'm sure he won't forget," Gloria teased.

They all smiled, then Dr. Rodin continued, "In a month, if you *both* decide we should continue, make an appointment at my office, and we will increase the dose to a higher feminization level. Are you ready?"

"Ready?" Alex asked, unsure what he meant.

The doctor pushed one of the yellow pills out of the dispenser and handed it to Alex.

Alex held the little yellow pill in his fingers and popped it into his mouth. "That easy," he asked?

"Not by a long shot," Dr. Rodin stated.

The doctor departed, and the two relieved 'girls' looked at each other. In Alex's hand was the beginnings of a new life. They both realized that they better start to plan for a permanent change of gender for Alex.

Alex started taking the hormones the next day and decided to speed up the process of beard removal. Despite popping his little pills, Alex really didn't feel unusual except for a little morning nausea. Nothing harmful seemed to be happening.

About a month later, Alex made an appointment to see Dr. Rodin. "I thought I might see you this week," Dr. Rodin said to Alex who was wearing a green knit dress.

"This week you should be finishing the white pills, right?"

Alex nodded and crossed his nyloned legs at the knee and admitted, "I hoped that things would happen a little faster."

"Always rushing nature," Dr. Rodin laughed. "This was your first monthly cycle, I like to make sure everything is okay. I want to examine you and do a few blood tests; if they're fine, we'll step up the schedule. How is your first 'period'?"

Alex blushed. He knew what the doctor meant. The white pills didn't contain estrogen and was the cycle equivalent of a period. "I'm a little tired, that's all," Alex admitted.

"That's normal. Once we increase your dosage there might be some other side effects. Nature takes years to increase female hormone levels to that of a normal adult female. We can do it through injections and a monthly cycle of progesterone. Are you sure you and Gloria are ready to give up your maleness?"

Alex nodded. "Look," he said, opening his purse to show the doctor it's contents. "It was Gloria's idea. She says I might as well get used to carrying them around."

The doctor took the blood sample and in a half hour sat down next to Alex and explained the procedure; the feminization of his body. After explaining all the information, Dr. Rodin asked, "Are you sure you still want to do this? Some things will never be the same."

Alex sat quietly thinking as the doctor prepared the injection. "Well?" the doctor asked again holding up the needle. "Are you ready, my dear? Just pull up your skirt."

He slipped the needle into the buttock of the thin young man daintily holding his skirt up so as to not wrinkle it. Both watched at the feminizing amber solution oozed slowly into his body.

Alex took a big breath, and with an expression of apprehension, asked, "When will I notice something happening?"

Dr. Rodin smiled, "Very soon!"

The next morning, Alex was miserably sick. He went into the bathroom and threw up. His stomach was seething, he had chills.

Gloria called Dr. Rodin. He said, "Alex's experiencing 'pregnancy' symptoms from the high female hormone levels necessary to neutralize his male hormones. He'll be a bit uncomfortable, probably having some hot flashes."

"I guess it's rather symbolic of his new status," Gloria stated.

"Yes," Dr. Rodin said, "He's going through what you went through at twelve. A female puberty."

The discomfort made Alex re-analyze what he was doing. He began having second thoughts wondering if he could continue. Gloria inspired him by saying, "Just try to get through one day at a time. Having breasts is worth it." Gradually the nausea diminished and Alex's testosterone was overpowered causing his skin to soften and his nipples to get very tender.

This breaking down of Alex's 'male' infrastructure was caused partly by the hormones and partly by the new cultural requirements. Both causing Alex's virility to wane making him more passive, and taking on a truly feminine demeanor. His sexuality was changing direction; he had to admit to himself that he had made a choice between his masculinity and his femininity. His potent male instinctual motives were becoming dormant.

It was more apparent to Gloria that Alex was emotionally changing. His former fiery initiative and drive

had diminished, he spent his free time in silky night-gowns reading fashion magazines. He was delighting in the way his body was sensuously developing luscious curves.

Gloria realized that her husband, who's former spirit always seemed determined to have nightly love and caresses was now more interested in his 'beauty sleep'. Gloria could see it developing...a feminine narcissism. Alex was enduring the pains, the fears, the elimination of all that *he* once was, in order to have a feminine life. Alex was aware that as each week went by, his potential for manliness was more destined to fail. Not just the cycles of impotence he was experiencing under the high doses of hormones, but his ability to be a 'man' in society and gain society's 'phallic respect'. Femininity as a whole had a lower status in society.

It was becoming clear that soon 'going back' might be difficult.

They knew that the neighbors would soon catch on so they planned to move to the suburbs and buy a home for more privacy. As far as others were concerned, they would become "sisters".

After some searching, a lovely home surrounded by two acres of land was acquired. Prior to moving in, they donated all of Alex's clothes to the Salvation Army and sold his few pieces of masculine furniture to a neighbor. Alex experienced a new delight shopping for furniture, carpets, drapes, and other items for their new home. House Beautiful joined the other magazines such as Glamour and Fashion that had become regular reading for Alex.

The only time Alex was adamant about a particular item for the house was when he insisted on Priscilla curtains that provided the feminine softness he wanted. The completed picture, when everything was installed, was completely feminine. Even the warm colors increased this impression of extreme femininity.

Under the supervision of Dr. Rodin, and with the help of the hormones he was prescribing, Alex continued to be demasculinized. His physique softened and whitened, his hair grew faster, and other than an occasional morning nausea, he felt fine. First, his nipples got pronounced, then he had a small jelly-like budding as they expanded. By the end of six months, they were filling the A-cups of his padded bras.

Gloria saw Alex without his bra and teased, "My husband...with tits like a girl."

Alex blushed, admitting that what she said was true. He examined his body in the mirror. His waist had diminished and his hips flared into shapely curves. And yes, he had breasts...real unmistakable breasts with large pinkish nipples. He got dressed in his favorite black dress that fit his body like a shadow. It hugged his full hips and was short enough to show a tantalizing glimpse of leg. The dress's low-cut neckline showed just the proper amount of cleavage. He took the two mounds in his hands and said, "Come on you two. Grow!" Alex was no longer just *hopeful*, his maleness *was* becoming only a memory. He liked to caress the sensitive mounds, causing currents of new emotions to flow through his body.

Before long, Alex was able to discard his padded bras and no longer had need of a padded girdle. A garter belt replaced the girdle, although he still used a waist cinch but in a much smaller size. He took pride and derived much satisfaction in the knowledge that the roundness of his bust and hips was now all his.

During this period, Alex decided to dye his hair the auburn color of his first wig. Soon afterward, he was able to wear his hair in a longer style.

The two stately, attractive women became well known in all the better dress shops and were a sheer delight to the many sales girls who served them. Their weights were now identical with each tipping the scales at 123 pounds. Yes, husband and wife, their waistlines

and hips measuring the same, 23 and 36 inches respectively. However, Alex was a 36 B while Gloria was only a 34 B in their bra sizes. Alex actually hoped that he wouldn't develop much more, he like the slim, clothes flattering B-cup but realized that nature now made such decisions for him.

Although they shared similar tastes in clothing, they still retained enough individuality so that each had favorites that the other did not share.

As business improved at the school, they added more real jewelry and furs to their wardrobes. It was a shame that they had few occasions to wear their finery. Their social outings had been limited to a few evenings out with the girls from the school, a short trip together, or for dinner and a movie by themselves.

One evening, while they were waiting for Mary to come over for dinner, she called to ask if they minded if she postponed her visit until another time.

"That's a shame. We were so looking forward to seeing you. Are you sure you can't make it? We would love to see you this evening," asked Gloria.

"Doubt it, honey. An old school friend just called. I am about to call Sylvia and Alice to join me as he brought two friends along. I hope they are free because I don't know what I can do with three men," Mary answered.

Gloria and Alex were sorely disappointed, but their gloom came to an end when the phone rang again. Mary's voice was pleading, "I need your help! Can you two girls be ready in an hour? I couldn't reach Sylvia and Alice, and I promised Fred I would have dates for his friends. Please say you won't let me down. It's only for one evening, and wouldn't it be a thrilling new experience for Alex?"

Gloria looked at Alex and asked, "What should we do?"

Alex, sensing that Gloria was anxious to get out of the house and face this new challenge, answered her silent request. "Okay, let's do it! It should be fun. Besides, what can happen in a restaurant?"

"Pick us up in an hour. We'll be ready," Gloria said into the phone. "We can keep an eye on Alexis during the evening so that no problems arise."

Alex removed his make-up and started fresh preparing for this evening. All the while, he was wishing that he had made an appointment at the beauty parlor for that day. He put on an exotic eye shadow and more exaggerated mascara than usual. He was most careful in outlining his lips and filled them in without error.

A basic black cocktail dress with an extremely low neckline and spaghetti straps was selected. Underneath, he wore bikini panties and a slightly padded strapless bra that provided the uplift the dress called for. The dress was fully lined, hence no slip was needed.

"Gloria, Darling, could you come here for a moment, and zip me up?" Alex asked. Gloria was more than happy to comply with her "sister's" request.

Alex stood before his mirror straightening his hose. He ran his hands from his ankles to his thighs, giving himself that "good" feeling that he still enjoyed even after these many, many months. As he inserted the pins of his earrings into his lobes, he was grateful that Gloria had convinced him to have his ears pierced. He viewed the completed picture in the full length mirror and was pleased with the total effect. his waistline appeared even smaller, as it did whenever he wore black, and his smooth legs were shapely.

His observation was interrupted by Gloria remarking, "How pretty you look! Let's wear our stoles tonight since it is rather cool. Besides, we don't have enough occasions for fancy dressing. Is that alright with you, Honey?"

Alex was quick to agree. However, he felt strange asking Gloria what he should talk about with men. He was fully aware that he had never been on a date as a woman before.

Gloria inspected her husband's well formed figure, that was the equal of her own before she replied. "Just be yourself and show interest in what the other person is saying. In social settings, the woman who is a good listener, rather than a great talker, is the most sought after. I think you will find the evening most interesting. I just hope we did the right thing in accepting Mary's invitation. I really did want to help her out."

Soon, their company arrived. After the introductions, the two girls draped their stoles over their shoulders, and everyone left for the big evening.

Mary drove, since Fred's car was being repaired. She and Fred got into the front seat and were joined by Gloria. Al and Jerry, Fred's friends sat on each side of Alex in the back seat, where she had been placed. Gloria was tempted to turn around to see how Alex was reacting to this, but she refrained from doing so.

In route to the restaurant, the conversation was mostly small talk. Because of the crowded confines of the car, Alex was a bit uncomfortable as Al's leg brushed against his with planned regularity, and Jerry insisted on holding his gloved hand. He had not anticipated this course of events and really did not like it. Being so close to men made his own effeminacy more self-evident.

The meal was excellent and enjoyed by all. While Gloria and Mary were dancing, Al asked Alexis how he spent his time.

"My sister and I operate a charm school and are very busy managing it. We live a quiet life, but we do have good friends and good times with them," Alex answered. For the first time, he was aware that when he said "friends"; he meant women friends and not men! "Tell me about yourself, Al," he countered. "What is San

Francisco like? I haven't been there for years. I understand the shopping is wonderful."

The conversational burden was thus removed from his pretty shoulders. For the next several minutes, Al talked about his work, his hobbies, and his experiences.

When the others returned to the table, Alex accepted Al's invitation to dance. Dancing had been a part of the school's activity, and Alex had become quite good at it. However, this would be the first time he had danced outside of a classroom situation. The dancing itself was no problem, as he had a natural rhythm and was light on his feet. He felt strangely uncomfortable though, as Al held him closely. He could feel his breasts pressing against Al's chest and his body against Al's as he held him tightly at his slim waist. The pressure of Al's cheek against his and the feel of his gloved hand resting in Al's were not reassuring. He was most grateful to return to the others when the music ended.

Gloria noticed that he was somewhat flushed.

The balance of the evening was most pleasant as the men were good company and all had a good sense of humor. Just before leaving, Mary asked if anyone would like to join her in the powder room. Noticing that Gloria was going, Alex, not wanting to be left alone with the men, quickly went along. The three women departed for the no man's land known as the "Powder Room".

The necessary duties were completed and the make-up supplemented so that each would look her best. Alex no longer felt uncomfortable in the various powder rooms, whether alone or with others.

"How are you enjoying yourself tonight, Alexis?" Mary inquired.

"Very much, except I don't think I will do this again. You two know what I mean. I feel uncomfortable dancing with a man who looks at me in a way that is normal for a man to look, and I don't want any problems," he responded.

“I know what you mean, Dear,” Gloria commented. “I have a similar problem because Jerry doesn’t know I’m married. You have to consider yourself a woman and realize that the evening will soon be over. Just act out the part, and let it go with a good night kiss at the door when we get home. I see no real harm to you, me, or this fellow.”

Alex had noticed Jerry’s attraction to his wife and didn’t like it but there was little he could do. What kind of man was he? His dress embracing his womanly curves, its low neckline straining to hold back a overflow of tits.

On the way home, Alex made certain to sit up front with Mary and Fred. It was disheartening for Alex to see his wife enjoying the male company so much.

When they arrived home, Mary and Fred waited in the car while Al and Jerry escorted the two “sisters” to the door. Jerry, who was the least extroverted of the two, kissed Gloria lightly on the lips, told her he had an enjoyable evening. “I hope we can do it again,” he said and departed.

Once Gloria was in the entry way of the house, Al grabbed Alex by the waist, drew him close to him, and kissed Alex fully and passionately on the lips. With a quick shove, Alex disengaged himself, blurted out a big sigh, and ran into the safety of the house.

“Oh, Gloria, I feel awful!” Alex cried. “For the first time, I was ashamed of myself. I hope we never do this again!”

“Now, Honey, calm down. Nothing terrible happened. You danced with a man, and he hugged and kissed you good night. Nothing unusual for a woman. It’s all over now. What harm has been done?” she consoled then added, “I enjoyed the evening, and it was good for us to be in mixed company again. I certainly wouldn’t object to doing it again, but not too often.”

"You mean you don't object to my being treated like a woman by a man? Are you now sorry that you decided to go along with my wishes in this?" Alex asked.

"If I felt that you were interested outside the company of the man, I certainly would object. But let's face it, we are living a rather secluded life. While we are both young, I think it would be nice to go out and be seen with men on certain occasions," she replied. "What harm is there if we were to occasionally date when male companions are a necessity, as long as we let it end right there. You are still my husband in everything except appearance, and don't you forget it! I love you."

As they removed their make-up before retiring, Alex was grateful for his wife's understanding. Neither of them wore a hair net, since their usual beauty appointment was the next day. Alex selected a pink, two tiered, full length gown with a lace trimmed bustline, and Gloria chose a black, transparent gown which flared out from her bust line in the popular Grecian style.

When the lights were out and they were together in their king sized bed, all doubts about the correctness of their decision of long ago dissipated. Gloria nestled her head on Alex's shoulder, was drawn close to him, and kissed long and passionately on his lips. The nylon folds of their gowns blended together, and the always pleasant sensation of breast against breast stimulated them both. All was well again with the world!

Gloria had a little trouble falling asleep that night. The events that night had made her think. They had come a long way. To Gloria, her love object, Alex, was all she could want but she was beginning to think of him as another woman. . .accepting his 'phallus-less' role to the point that it seemed natural he go out on a date with a man. She thought, "Even Alex has accepted himself in the womanly role...he allowed himself and his wife to go out with 'men'. Yes, Alex had accepted the loss of his 'phallus position' in society. Mentally he was now a woman."

Life from that moment on was all they could desire. Alex became one of the favorite teachers of the expanded school staff. He relished the compliments of the students who tried to emulate him in every way. The delicious delights of his visits to the beauty parlor, of changing hair styles and make-up, continued with no reduction in pleasure.

They would spend the evening in the quiet seclusion of their home in the typically feminine pastimes of sewing, knitting, reading, and entertaining their ever growing circle of friends, of both sexes. Yes, they had more dates with men and in fact had several that they frequently went out with. Alex endured seeing his wife clinging to the arm of another man, aware that he too had to adjust, allowing Gloria some masculine association.

The inner circle at the school who knew their secret, never mentioned it. They seemed to have forgotten the former reality ever existed.

After three years had passed, they had become accustomed to the smoothness of their lives and decided it was time to visit Dr. Rodin again. The hormone injection treatments had been completed, and office visits were infrequent. While still on a monthly cycle of hormones, Alex had developed into a stunningly beautiful woman and they had Dr. Rodin to thank. They invited the good doctor to dinner once again.

After an excellent meal, the good friends retired to the family room for a discussion. Dr. Rodin still couldn't get over the complete and total femininity of Alex, even though he had had a large part in the changes. He had seen the thin young man blossom, sacrificing all to develop a curvaceous woman's figure.

Alex's voice, feminine actions, and appearance belied the true sex he knew was below the surface. Even comparing him to Gloria, he could find no flaws.

Eventually, he asked the inevitable question. "Did we make the right decision three years ago?"

Gloria answered first. "I have never been as happy as I am now. A husband who understands me and other women as well as Alex would be impossible to find. We are closer now than ever before, and I believe it is our 'secret' that brings us so close to each other. I have doubled my wardrobe because of Alex's things. We can go shopping, to the beauty parlor, and even double date at no expense to ourselves. No other married couple can do these wonderful things!"

"What about you, Alexis? How do you feel?" inquired the concerned doctor.

Alex arose from the couch on which he had been sitting, smoothed out the folds of his skirt, drew back his shoulders to accentuate the curvature of his well formed breasts, tossed his head causing his long tresses to swirl around his face, extended a soft, well manicured hand towards Dr. Rodin, and said, "Thank you."

Though no answer had been given verbally, no answer was needed to convey his feelings.

What would you have answered had you been Alex??????

THE END

Do you have an idea for a story? I'd love to hear it!
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CYNTHIA
From TVIA
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