

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## "HUSBAND TO HOSTESS"

A husband is forced to help with his wife's  
catering business. . .as a HOSTESS!



Volume 17

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

**CONTEMPORARY  
TV FICTION**

**Volume #17**

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS**

**By D. CREASE**

**[lulu.com](http://lulu.com)**

**Published by  
SANDY THOMAS ADV.  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309**

300498

© 1994 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express prior written permission of the publisher.

Contact Sandy Thomas for information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309



**REWARD!!**

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION will pay for information leading to the arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

**THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION.** Names, characters, places and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

**Editors and Contributors:**

**SANDY THOMAS**

**ISBN: 1-893708-75-6**

**QUOTE BOARD**

**"Some cross-dressers must be afraid that their make-up is going to be stolen. . . everything they own appears to be rubbed on their faces."**

# HUSBAND TO HOSTESS

## HUSBAND TO HOSTESS

By D. Crease

The newspaper advertisement read: "Be a guest at your own PARTY! Just call PERSONAL TOUCH! We plan, cater and hostess affairs of any kind. Call 555-0901. . . TODAY!"

My wife, Sheila, and her best friend, Tammy, decided to dabble in the hospitality business. It was a cute concept, yet I had little faith in it.

"LOOKS good," I chuckled, putting the paper aside. "But Sheila, do you really think you'll make any money?"

"DEFINITELY!" she confidently countered. "My degree's in Marketing, too, you know. Tammy will plan the parties, while I'll keep the books and be the gracious hostess!"

"Okay, Ms. Smarty Pants," I belittled, unable to repress my ego. "Remember the 'C' word—capital? It takes money to make money!"

"Yes. . . I. . . we. . . ah," Sheila fumbled for words. "We're sort of counting on you. . . how about a home equity loan on our condo."

"Out of the question!" I exploded, "No second mortgage!"

"Don't you think we'll succeed, David?" she angrily challenged. My wife, the super competitor, knew EXACTLY how to play me. Whenever she dared me, I became putty in hands.

I met her in college and fell in love with her at first sight. She was the type of girl I thought I could only dream about, since I was short, skinny and not the studly kind the girls swooned over.

She had both beauty AND brains, her gently curved, petite frame stood five feet, six inches tall. Long, straight, chestnut brown hair framed her angelic face. We dated for just under two years before I proposed. Hoping for the best, but expecting the worst, I realistically believed she wouldn't except. Boy, when she did, was I ever SHOCKED!

We married just after graduation. I got a great position in sales management with Mediko Corporation's headquarters. Buying a condo, I poised myself to live the ultimate yuppie lifestyle.

Yet, while I entered the business world, Sheila delayed her professional plans to be a housewife. She was far from happy with the arrangement, but sacrificed her career to boost my fragile ego.

While I still harbored doubts about their business's potential success, I signed anyway. With my good job at Mediko, I figured we could afford the loss.

The first couple of months were rough. But by summer, Personal Touch was making a modest profit. A profit I sometimes joked about.

Then, one late Friday afternoon, just before Labor Day, it happened! "Mr. Manning," my secretary, Julie, called over the intercom. "Mr. Colfax wants to see you right away."

Richard "BIG DICK" Colfax was Mediko's managing senior vice president. While he wore his nick name as a badge of honor, the rest of the office staff knew he really was an ASS!

"What's up, Dick," I asked confidently, strutting into his spacious office. "Another distribution deal?"

"Hell NO!" he snarled. "Sales are way down this quarter. Actually, Manning, we're letting you go. You're fired!"

"Fi. . .fi. . .fired?" I stammered in disbelief.

After two years on the job, I was just another unemployment statistic! When I broke the tragic news to Sheila that evening, her strange reaction flabbergasted me!

"Where do you get off being SO nonchalant?" I angrily snapped. "We're knee high in debt. Why did I ever sign that damn home equity loan?"

"MY business is booming!" she merrily retorted. "Relax, if business continues, I can support us for a while. Hey, you can always work for me?"

"NO THANKS!" I tersely spat. "I'll find a job." At least I HOPED I would!

My worst fears were soon realized. Six weeks later, I was still unemployed. Was it my attitude? Being supported by my wife gnawed at my gut.

Then depression set in. I lost my appetite and gave up on personal grooming. Not having had a hair cut for over two months, my fast growing, dirty blonde hair was nearly shoulder length. I knew this wasn't helping my job search but I couldn't help myself.

It was early afternoon in mid-October. Having just about quit job hunting, I lit up a cigarette and slumped down on the sofa to watch my favorite inane TV show.

I was so engrossed in my "soap opera" I barely heard Sheila ask, "How would you like to make a few bucks, David?"

I knew Sheila was just trying to cheer me up, but I felt mean. "What'll I have to do?" I quipped, unconsciously flicking my man-sh ponytail. "Sell some drugs? Kill a dude?"

"Television's WARPING your mind!" she sourly spat. "I really need your help co-hosting a Halloween costume party. It'll be fun. It's in Rockton Shoals!"

"Co-host? Me?" I sneered in self-pity. "Why? You've done well without me so far."

Her temper flaring, Sheila shot back, "Stop your moping! You've become a couch potato. . . I WON'T tolerate it!"

"You think I like this," I apologized, feeling awfully guilty. "I NEED a job!"

She grinned, "It's been tough, but you've got to loosen up!"

With Sheila's encouragement, I agreed to be her co-host. "It'll be GREAT!" she gushed. "Rockton Shoals's so TRENDY!"

Sheila assured me that by the party I'd know all I needed to know about hosting. But then, we discussed my costume.

"DRAG!" I cried in outrage. "NOT IN DRAG!"

"You're TOO bourgeois, David!" she scolded. "I'll be Count Dracula and you'll be my victim, transformed into a vampiress!"

As I panicked, I stated firmly, "I said 'NO WAY.'"

Sheila baited, "Remember your fraternity turnabout party? You made QUITE the attractive young lady!"

Somehow I hoped she had forgotten. "Tha. . .that was a college prank gone overboard!" I stammered. "You and your sorority sisters forced me into that beauty parlor. I was a laughing stock!"

"Admit it!" she egged me, "you loved all the attention!"

"ENOUGH!" I begged. "That story gets me CLAMMY all over!"

"It'll be fun, David?" she challenged. "You can either be my co-hostess, or wallow in poverty all by yourself. . .I'll go back home to mother!"

"You're not serious?"

She huffed, "VERY!"

Quaking in fear, I couldn't fathom Sheila's sudden and most unreasonable demands and threats. But then, out of the blue, she barked, "Wait, David, I haven't been COMPLETELY truthful."

"HUH?" I droned, even more baffled.

"It's our client, Mary Aker," she confessed. "She's such a feminist! She demands that only women hostess her party."

"What about Tammy?" I was quick to suggest. "Why can't she co-hostess?"

"That's not her job," she snapped. "She does the money stuff, so I'm not asking Mary to do anything more! Darn it, David! I ask so little of you. . .I really need your help."

As my wife impatiently awaited my reply, I guiltily stammered, "I. . .I just have to dress up and that's it. . .Right?"

"Not entirely," she slyly retorted. "While I'm obviously female, I can masquerade as a guy. But you have to be FLAWLESSLY FEMININE!"

"DAMN!" I moaned. I despised that fraternity dance. While the other guys camped it up, Sheila got into dressing me up and insisted I be perfect. And now she wanted me to compromise my impaired masculinity, AGAIN!

"I need your help," she threatened. "Or I'll be off for mom's!" I finally capitulated, "What'll I have to do?"

You'll see," she wistfully purred, "You'll see!"

Later that evening, I was reading the paper when the front door flung open. "Hi, y'all!" a familiar southern accented voice sang. "I'm not disrupting anything, am I?"

"Come in, Tammy," my wife smiled. "You're right on time."

Tammy Jordan was my wife's business partner. Although ten years Sheila's senior, they'd been fast friends for years.

In her youth, Tammy left Alabama to become a successful fashion model. Thick auburn hair framed her classically featured face. Her lithe figure long gone, she was now "pleasingly plump."

"Make yourself at HOME, Tammy," I sarcastically snapped. It bugged me that Sheila had given her a key to our place. She couldn't have come at a worse time!

"Dave, I hear y'all helping out with the Aker party," she tittered. "I'm SO excited!"

"You told HER?" I fumed, glowering at my wife.

"Be thankful, David," Sheila scolded. "Tammy's helping to design your costume and. . ."

"Count me out of your little conspiracy!" I bellowed, marching toward the front door. "I'm leaving!"

"STAY PUT!" my wife forcefully ordered. "You promised to be a hostess!"

My face burning with shame, I reluctantly plunked down on the sofa while the two of them gabbed. But when Sheila told Tammy about the last time I was in drag, I nearly laid an egg!

"I assume you didn't wear a mustache back then," Tammy giggled. "Did you, Dave?"

"NO!" I furiously snapped. "I grew it afterwards. I had to do something to regain my masculinity!"

He must've looked simply divine!" Tammy gushed with a knowing wink. "How'd you like being kissed by a boy?"

"Tom DIDN'T kiss me!" I screeched. "Sheila, I want OUT!"

"We can't afford to hire a temp," my wife remarked to her partner, ignoring my harangue. "Do you think he'll pass, Tammy?"

"DEFINITELY!" she cheered, eyeing me like a slab of meat. "By the time we're through, he'll be SO perfect, his own mother wouldn't recognize him!"

"SHEILA!" I whined. "It's just a stupid party, for goodness sakes. You said I'd have fun!"

"FUN?" she spat, as ire burned in her eyes. "There's a lot of money riding on this party. I'M the breadwinner NOW. So, you had better shape up. . .or else. . .I'm shipping OUT!"

"Gosh, I'm HER dependent now," I shamefully realized. "Don't leave, Sheila," I begged. "My ego blinded me. I really appreciate all you do."

"Threatening you isn't fun, either, David," she sighed. "Trust me, you'll LONG remember THIS party!"

The next morning, I donned blue jeans and a tee shirt and went to the kitchen. As I poured a cup of coffee, I lit up a cigarette, anxiously wondering what was going to happen to me.

"I feel SO incomplete," I muttered, rubbing my unfamiliarly smooth upper lip. "Why did I let Sheila shave off my mustache?"

My wife, away on errands, had left me all alone. As I wallowed in self pity, the front door flew open and Tammy made her grand entrance.

"DAVE!" she gushed, beaming at my pouting face. "You're prettier than I had ever imagined!"

"Leave me be," I moaned. "As soon as this stupid party's over, I'm growing it BACK!"

"Anything you say, sugar," she patronized. Nonchalantly pouring herself a cup of coffee, she joined me at the table.

"Let's begin!" she kindly ordered. "You may be experienced, but we're striving for perfection. . .Flawless femininity!"

"Don't remind me!" I whined. Slurping the last drop from my coffee cup, I sighed, "Okay, what am I suppose to do?"

"For starters, a cultured woman NEVER slurps!" she sourly admonished. "Now, watch me!"

Bewildered, I shook my head, stammering, "I. . .I can't do THAT! It's so. . .so. . ."

"Feminine?" she sneered. "You're right. . .And you WILL!"

Tammy refilled my cup. Shivering, I took small, dainty sips, while delicately gripping the slender handle and keeping my pinky stiffly extended.

"You ought to quit smoking," she suggested, glaring at my smoldering cigarette. "But since you won't, you must learn how to do so. . .LADY LIKE, that is!"

"I feel like a sissy!" I complained, balancing a freshly lit filter king between my fingertips. "Maybe I'll quit after all."

"On second thought. . .NO!" she enthused, directing me to puff more daintily. "It seems smoking feminizes your demeanor."

"What I'd do for love. . .AND money!" I whimpered, tensely extinguishing the butt. "Where will it all end?"

"Five feet, seven inches tall," she noted aloud, moving a cloth measuring tape about my entire body. As she continued to announce my "vital statistics," I became flabbergasted.

"Thirty-six. . .twenty-six. . . thirty?" I cried. "No wonder my clothes are SO loose. Could I've lost THAT much weight?"

"Self pity does that to a person," she remarked. "But that's not all you've lost. Look at these photos of you and Sheila at the shore last summer. You sure looked much beefier."

"WOW!" I sighed. "My muscles must've atrophied too!" Ogling my smallish hands and skinny limbs, I shamefully realized my physique COULD actually pass as female!

"But there's more to being a woman than a slender figure!" she quickly added. "Your entire poise must be ladylike."

Remembering my college experience, some lessons came more easily than others. Yet, Tammy's standards were highly exacting, taking a hefty toll on my body, but more so, my mind!

By five that afternoon, I felt like I'd been through a wringer! My body ached terribly and my head whirled in confusion!

Tammy's nagging still echoed in my ears. "Mince that walk! . . . Shoulders back, chest out. . . Lock those knees. . . Overlap your steps. . . Roll that pelvis!"

Even at my lesson's end, my body acted as if it had a mind of its own. My back swayed, jutting my buttocks out, while my hips sashayed with every step I took!

"You did famously, Dave," Tammy raved, pecking my cheek. "But keep practicing. Tomorrow, I'm fixing y'all a big surprise!"

"PRACTICE!" I angrily muttered, after she'd left. "The heck with that!" Yet, while heading to the sofa, I caught my reflection in the hall way mirror. "Oh NO!" I yelped. "I'm SAUNTERING!"

Stopping abruptly, I stared at my loosely held arms and limply bent wrists. I looked like a total PANSY!

Shutting my eyes, I began to sit down. To my utter chagrin, I again found just how much Tammy's instructions had left an indelible impression on my mannerisms.

Slowly, I lowered my stiffened torso onto the sofa. Seated, I automatically crossed my ankles, squeezing my thighs tightly, all TOO femininely!

"DAMN!" I whined, tensely lighting a cigarette and balancing it between my slender fingertips. "What did I get myself into?"

But moments later, the front door opened. "DAVID!" Sheila gushed, her eyes beaming queerly. "What SEXY LEGS you've got!"

"I CAN'T help it!" I snapped. "Tammy made me sit like this all day long. I can't take this foolishness anymore!"

"I understand," she purred, feigning commiseration. "But there's no alternative and. . ."

"And NOTHING!" I spat. "It's going TOO far! I. . ."

"If it'll mean anything, I'll share a little secret with you," she enticed. Cuddling against me, she softly whispered into my ear.

"You're NUTS!" I gasped. "I turn you ON. . . Like THIS?"

"SURE DO!" she coyly giggled. "I can hardly until you're in a dress!"

"B. . .but I'm a man!" I nervously stammered. "D. . .don't you want me as one?"

"Oh, sweetheart, I do," she sweetly grinned. "But ever since that turnabout dance I've fantasized about the feminine you."

Baffled, I shook my head, panting, "Bu. . .but why haven't you told me this before?"

"I was afraid," she earnestly confessed. "I thought I'd jeopardize our relationship. But under current circumstances. . .well. . .I'm just leveraging you a bit."

"Thanks a lot!" I smirked. "I've had my share of fantasies too, you know. But, I've never made you. . ."

Clasping her hand over my mouth, Sheila hushed, "Forget it, David. I suggest you play along. . .Unless you WANT me to leave?"

"GOSH!" I silently pouted, shamefully capitulating. "Why does she want me FEMININE?"

By nine o'clock that evening, I was thoroughly exhausted! To my wife's bizarre delight, I repeatedly demonstrated my day's lessons. Swishing to the bedroom, I took a much needed shower.

While towelng myself dry, Sheila sneaked up behind me. "Surprise!" she tittered, handing me a slim, white box. "You'll wear this to bed, tonight."

"WHAAAT?" I choked, removing the lid. "A NIGHT-GOWN?"

My skin swelled with goose bumps as I gently ran my fingertips across the silky white babydolls. "I. . .I can't!" I gulped.

"Cut out the false machismo, David!" she snapped. "Or would you rather sleep ALONE?"

Cowering beneath her glower, I considered my options. But what else could I do? Without her, I'd be emotionally AND financially LOST!

"How lovely!" she thrilled, eyeing my nylon clad form. A bizarre mix of pleasure and disgust engulfed me as the sleek night-gown seductively slithered about my body.

"Look at ME!" I whined, flicking my few chest hairs poking from beneath the frilly, plunging neckline. "I'm a FREAK!"

Then, without a word, Sheila pushed me into bed, attacking me with ecstatic fervor. Panicking, I yelped. "What got into you?"

"Shut up!" she breathlessly panted, thrusting herself atop of me. "Chit chat during sex is a TURNOFF!"

Hours later, I laid awake staring at the ceiling. As I tried piecing things together, it suddenly became crystal clear. "Good LORD!" I silently wailed. "We made love the same way. . .After that damned turnabout dance!"

"SURPRISE!" Tammy announced, as she barged through the front door the following morning. "It's talking time, Dave."

"TALK?" I suspiciously asked. "What about?"

"Not what, but HOW!" she impishly winked. "Your voice's utterly TOO mannish to pass as female!"

"HUH?" I choked, clutching my neck. "M. . .my voice?"

"I'd say it's about mid-alto range," she noted. "That's okay for a GUY, but very unacceptable for a HOSTESS!"

"Oh, Dave!" Tammy sighed in frustration after hours of practice. "Let's try AGAIN!"

Despite using feminine adjectives, such as "dreamy," "delightful" and "divine," my efforts were still not enough.

"Your voice is ATROCIOUS!" she huffed, flailing arms. "Drastic measures are needed!"

"Dra. . .drastic?" I stammered. "You're not cutting my vocal cords!"

"You're TOO paranoid!" she guffawed. Then, jotting some words on a sheet of paper, she handed it to me.

"Speak these lines, Dave," she kindly ordered "Just like Scarlet O'Hara in Gone With The Wind."

As my hands quivered, she said, "Relax, sugar! It's only a modeling school technique. My old voice coach used it on a student with the ugliest Bostonian accent you ever heard!"

"What did it do?" I panted. ". . .this technique?"

"She only spoke in the softest, airiest voice you ever did hear," she smiled. "You'd swear she was a Georgia Belle!"

Fetching a cassette recorder and a blank tape, Tammy made me practice. . .and PRACTICE! By sundown I not only spoke "Southern" but I was beginning to actually sound hauntingly feminine!

Even after Tammy left, I continued my lesson. Reading the newspaper aloud into the microphone, I lost track of time.

I was so preoccupied I never heard the front door open. "Who's here?" Sheila suspiciously called from beyond the kitchen. "David? . . .Are you home?"

"Should I?" I devilishly thought. Fooling my wife was dastardly. But heck, she deserved it!

"DAVID?" I breathlessly panted, adding girlish fear to my words. "You have the wrong apartment. . .Whoever you are!"

Pausing to let my reply sink in, I swiftly barged through the kitchen door. Sheila's eye popping expression was classic!

"It's YOU!" she sighed with relief. But then her raging eyes narrowed. "There's a woman here," she fumed. "Where is SHE?"

"Another woman?" I feigned surprise, in my affected feminized voice. "Why darling, it's only little ol' me!"

"You tricked me!" she squealed with delight. "David, I actually thought you were a. . ."

"WOMAN?" I challenged, lowering my voice. "You're right, Sheila. You just proved I CAN pass as female. Can I stop, NOW?"

"Don't get ahead of yourself, David," she countered. "You're doing great, but you still got a LONG way to go!"

After another torrid night of sex in my new nightgown, I was back in the trenches. Tammy arrived the next morning carrying a canvas clothing bag. Opening it, I cried, "I WON'T wear this!"

"Of course you will, sugar," she merrily countered. "Don't be a prude, after all I KNOW what you wear to bed!"

"OH NO!" I shamefully moaned, as Tammy draped the bag over my quivering arms. "First nightgowns. . . Now. . . DRESSES?"

To avoid Sheila's wrath, I woefully obeyed. But as I slowly opened the bag, I fearfully gasped, "PANTIES TOO!"

"What's taking so long!" Tammy impatiently called. "You've been in that bedroom for over half an hour!"

"Pleezz!" I whimpered. "Don't make me wear. . ."

But then the door flung open and a fiery eyed Tammy barged in. "Why Dave," she simpered. "That creamy white camisole and matching French cut panties are truly YOU!"

"I look ridiculous!" I moaned. "The party's not for a week yet!"

"Wearing women's apparel isn't like riding a bicycle, sugar," she kindly chided. "You must get reacquainted!"

Silently, Tammy dressed me. As she donned each item about my body, I sank deeper and deeper into despair.

She combed my longish dirty blond hair back, secured it into a tight bun and then pointed me to the full length mirror. "Take a look, Dave," she tittered. "You're nearly gorgeous!"

My heart throbbed as I nervously approached. The very tightly tapered dark gray wool ankle length skirt severally restricted my walk to a dainty mince, while forcing my hips to shift and roll.

"Shoulders back and chest out!" Tammy again reminded. "And above all, THINK girlishly!"

"Dear ME!" I dryly gulped, ogling my reflection. The off white angora knit top tightly clung the length of my arms like a second skin, yet it hung peculiarly loose across my chest.

Tammy must've read my mind, remarking, "Not to worry, sugar. We'll fill those darts with a nicely padded bra."

"Stop baiting me!" I excitedly protested, thrusting my hand on my hips. But seeing how the wide black patent leather belt cinched my waist to more feminine proportions, I cringed!

"I'm such a FOOL," I moaned, glaring at my limply sagging wrists and smallish feet, encased in smoky gray nylons and black patent leather flats. "Can't I wear a shorter skirt?"

"Absolutely not!" she defiantly snapped. "The hobble skirt's designed to inhibit movement. It'll make it easier to wear pumps."

"HIGH HEELS?" I squealed. "I. . . can't! I. . . WON'T!"

"It's part of your costume, Dave," she insisted. "Besides, your feminine illusion will benefit by a well turned instep."

As I wiggled my way from the bedroom, I sadly discovered just how much my hobble skirt reinforced my lady like demeanor.

"More coffee?" Tammy smiled as I sat stiffly erect at the edge of my chair. "The caffeine will do you good." Forced to sit with my legs swung to the side, I crossed my ankles TOO delicately!

Ignoring her, I took a daintily puff off my cigarette. I usually inhaled much deeper, but that darn belt had cut my lung capacity, as it no doubt was designed to do!

All day I traipsed about the apartment while Tammy vigilantly corrected any flaw in my developing femininity. Speaking in an airy, southern accented fashion only compounded my troubles.

I was embarrassed, to say the LEAST, when Sheila arrived home. She had just walked in as Tammy was having me practice a modeling strut across the living room floor.

"David?" she anxiously panted, her eyes radiating gleefully. "You're SO feminine! . . . I love it!"

"I HATE it! I UTTERLY hate it!" I brayed, unconsciously thrusting my hand to my hips. But when Tammy began giggling over my tirade, I became horror struck.

"My voice!" I gasped several octaves lower, trying to correct myself. "I'm speaking like a GIRL!"

"INDEED!" Tammy impishly enthused. "Our boy's catching on to better than we ever imagined!"

"DEFINITELY!" Sheila hungrily laughed, licking her red glossed lips. "If I'd known, I'd have put him in skirts long ago!"

"Cut it OUT!" I shamefully begged. "I'm doing what you want, Sheila. Must you humiliate me, too?"

That night, Sheila made amends. Demanding I wear a new frilly nightgown, she was the aggressor, while I again stooped to uncharacteristic passivity. Yet she thrilled me like never before!

The next morning, I was rudely awakened from a blissfully sound sleep. "Wake up!" Tammy loudly whispered, shaking me violently.

"It's five thirty, damn IT!" I groaned. "Why are you here at this ungodly hour?"

Without replying, she unceremoniously striped the covers off my side of the bed. "Cute nightie!" she cooed. "You'd look almost perfect, if not for all that ugly chest hair."

"Be a good boy and obey, David," Sheila sleepily smiled. "I'm really counting on you."

"Come on, Dave," Tammy ordered, yanking me out of bed. There's much to do. . . BEFORE you dress."

Sheila joined Tammy and both hurriedly pushed me into the bathroom. "What the hell's going on?" I nervously squeaked.

"Relax, Dave," Tammy devilishly grinned, holding a pink porcelain jar. "We're just CLEANING you up a wee bit."

Sheila turned on the shower as Tammy stripped off my nightgown and panties. Even around my wife, my nudity unnerved me. But with Tammy present too, I really felt vulnerable!

"YIKES!" I screeched, as they lathered my body with the jar's cool white ointment. "It's SO cold. . .and it tingles!"

"Just wait. . .you'll warm up," Tammy knowingly winked.

From my neck down, they coated my entire body. But not ten minutes later, I was ready to jump out of my skin.

"SHEILA!" I nervously hollered. "This stuff BURNS!" But neither woman heeded my desperate plea.

Twenty minutes later, they finally returned. "Why the nasty look, darling?" Sheila simpered. "Can't a HE MAN like you stand a little depilatory?"

"DEPILATORY?" I yelped. But they both simply laughed, abruptly pushing me into the steamy shower.

"My HAIR!" I sadly whimpered, as clumps of what took 25 years to grow quickly vanish down the drain. "I'm RUINED!"

"Use this to wash with," Tammy ordered. "We want you to smell nice. You're getting your hair done today!"

My sheering took all the fight out of me. Lifting the sweet, floral scented soap bar, I mindlessly obeyed.

"You smell prettier than a bed of roses!" Tammy enthused, as she gently patted me dry. Still in shock, I merely stared blankly at my brightened pink, denuded form.

"Cheer up, David," Sheila soothed. "It'll grow back!"

"I look like an overgrown six year old," I moaned in self pity. "Darn you, Sheila! No one would see my body hair beneath my costume. You've gone TOO far!"

"If you don't shut up, I really go FAR," she angrily warned. "All the way back to IOWA!"

Taking the hint, I kept silent. Yet, I was determine to get back at her for this outrageous stunt. . .If I only knew how!

Wrapping a towel, turban style, about my head, Tammy coaxed me into one of Sheila's satin robes. "You'll love it, Dave," she insisted. "Especially now, with your skin SO silky smooth!"

Jolted by her comment, I attempted to flee, but she grabbed my arm before I could. Gritting my teeth, I fiercely fought the temptation to enjoy the promised sensations.

But once the creamy, gossamer sheathe encased my arms, I fell prey to its intoxicating effects. As Tammy tied the matching belt into a neat bow, my spine tingled with delight.

Suddenly, my groin began to stir. "That's so UNLADY like!" Tammy giggled, compounding my shame. "We'll need to remedy that!"

"REMEDY?" I wondered in horror. Quickly shielding my erect manhood, I prayed it wasn't already TOO late!

"Here we go," my wife laughed, holding a strange garment in her hand. "It ought to do the trick!"

"INDEED!" Tammy concurred. "It's bound to feminize his proportions as well!"

"Te. . .tell me what is it?" I nervously stammered. "Or I WON'T wear it!"

"Hear the lion roar!" Sheila sarcastically quipped. "You ought to know by now, dear husband, you DON'T have a choice!"

I could've stood up to her, but I had become a spineless worm! The constant feminine reinforcement and fear of loosing my wife made me hopelessly passive. Accepting my fate, I meekly stepped into the GIRDLE!

Puffing fragrant perfumed powder all over my body, they continued to layer me with feminine finery. The discomfort and shame made me wince, but an hour later, they finally finished.

"That damn Mary Aker!" I whined through gritted teeth. "Can't I be a flat chested vampiress?"

"Afraid not, sugar," Tammy laughed. "Flattering curves are hand in glove with flawless femininity. You'll endure the pain. . . unless you'd prefer radical cosmetic surgery?"

Sickened by her quip, my stomach twisted in knots. "There's got to be another way," I wallowed. "But what?"

"Did we do TOO good of a job?" Sheila breathlessly panted, ogling my padded form. "I mean, David's absolutely voluptuous!"

"INDEED!" Tammy tittered. "But only because he's so slender. The bra's just a 36 with a B cup, while the clincher's reducing his waist to 26 inches."

"36. . .26. . ." I shivered aloud, staring starkly at the sheer black laced undergarments. "But my HIPS! They're so. . .so. . ."

"Curvy?" Sheila impishly simpered. "Of course, dear. Your girdle's paneled with silicone gel inserts, as is your bra. Go ahead and touch them. . . They're SO realistic!"

Nary breathing, I lowered my limp, willowy arms, exploring my new proportions. "It's so soft," I nervously gulped, kneading my gel filled padded bottom. ". . . Yet so FIRM!"

"Take a walk, Dave," Tammy wistfully suggested. "It's the only way to REALLY get the FULL EFFECT!"

Balking, I froze with fright. But eyeing my wife's glower, I obeyed.

"Look! His fanny's jiggling!" Tammy cheered with delight. "I declare, he's an All American GIRL!"

Her words pierced my soul like a sharpened lance. Still worse was the fact that she was RIGHT!

"His fanny's not the only thing jiggling," Sheila added, pointing at my chest. "I guess that's why men call them KNOCKERS!"

"GOOD GAWD!" I squeaked, impulsively crossing my arms. I had nearly forgotten about the breast prostheses. Yet, all at once I sensed their all too genuine weighty softness.

"Don't be embarrassed sugar," Tammy soothed. "Display them proudly."

"Bu. . . but they bounce TOO much!" I pathetically complained, cupping my hands on the artificial orbs. "They're TOO realistic!"

"Only the BEST for my gorgeous husband," Sheila winked. "But we're not even CLOSE to being done with you, YET!"

Atop my foundations, they donned a slinky black camisole and matching French cut panties. Seeing my prostheses completely fill the camisole's darts was eerie beyond belief!

This time, I wore a stark black "hobble" skirt. Secured by a wide, black, patent leather belt, the ankle length knit sheathe forced my legs together like a second skin.

The matching turtle neck top fit loosely, but nonetheless conspicuously showing my man made bust. Ogling my feminized silhouette I fearfully shuddered, "I'm TOO womanly!"

"Just touch up his lips and then we're done," Sheila suggested. "Here, Tammy. Use my tube."

"Not LIPSTICK!" I begged.

"Don't move," Tammy scolded. "Or it'll smear all over your pretty face."

The lipstick's sickening sweetness leeches onto my tongue. "Oh lord," I pined. "What's next?"

Bracing myself, I expected them to be elated over my further feminization. But their disappointed pouts left me baffled.

"They're SO thin!" Tammy whined. "I never realized it before. . . With his mustache and all."

"Afraid so," Sheila solemnly agreed. "I should've remembered. But last time he wore a much lighter lipstick shade."

"Wha. . . what's wrong?" I nervously stammered.

"Look for yourself, sugar," Tammy replied, handing me a compact mirror. "Deep crimson's just not your color."

At the sight of my painted lips, I choked, "They're thin!"

"GROTESQUELY THIN!" Sheila emphasized, handing me a tissue. "Wipe it off, David, at least until we buy you another shade."

Under my breath, I muttered, "Take your time!"

"Let's hurry, Tammy," Sheila urged, just as I finished rubbing the color from my lips. "We mustn't be late for our appointment."

"APPOINTMENT?" I gasped. "I'm NOT leaving this apartment!"

"SHUT UP, David," she snapped, thrusting a small leather purse into my quaking hands. "We're going. . . And for your own sake, you'd better be LADY-LIKE!"

When the elevator doors open, I sighed with relief. The lobby was empty. Straddled by Sheila and Tammy, my mincing heels thunderously clicked against the polished marble floor.

"I'm getting sick," I moaned. "Take me home. . . PLEASE!"

"It's better you get used to being seen," Tammy soothed. "Your BIG DAY's just a week away!"

Securely sandwiched between my tormentors, Tammy drove to an unknown destination. Staring out the window, I silently pined, "What's to become of me?"

"You're NUTS!" I cried, as Tammy parked. "I WON'T go in there!"

"I've just about had enough of you, David," Sheila scolded. "We'll call the whole thing off. . . The party AND our marriage!"

With an inaudible whimper, I passively surrendered. Sullenly, I followed them through the revolving door. . . into "Salon Mario!"

A sickening aroma of nail polish and hair spray permeated the air. Panning over throngs of woman, my pulse rapidly quickened. No doubt they knew I was an intruder within their feminine realm.

"TAMMY!" a short, effeminate man gushed, enthusiastically flailing his arms. "Everything's ready. . . Shall we begin?"

"Certainly, Mario!" Tammy replied, kissing the man's cheek. Pushing her hand against my padded behind, she insisted, "He'll take GOOD care of you, Dave."

"But. . .but. . ." I anxiously stammered. Yet, my muddled protest were too late. Mario had taken both my hands, leading me deeper within the beauty salon.

"What a lovely creature," Mario remarked, twisting his pudgy fingers about my ponytail. "Do not fear," he clandestinely whispered. "Your secret's safe with me!"

Feeling faint, Mario's hand clap jolted me back to consciousness. "VERA!" he called. "Your new client has arrived!"

Just then, a tall, statuesque woman approached me. Wearing a long, white lab-type jacket, she was a vision of beauty, with a classic, strong featured face and long, jet black hair.

"My, my," she sighed, eyeing me astutely. "This'll be less of a challenge than I assumed. What a positively feminine picture!"

As Vera pushed my head back into a sink, I sulked, "Am I THAT girlish?"

"Don't be a cry baby, Dave!" Tammy whined, upon our return to the apartment that afternoon. "It's only for ONE night."

"THIS haircut's for ONE NIGHT?" I shrieked. "Vera gave me BANGS and a PAGEBOY hairdo! . . . And my eyebrows will NEVER be the same. Why did you let her pluck them. . . and So THIN?"

"To make you FLAWLESS, darn it!" Sheila snapped. "Your hair's beautiful. Besides, Vera promised your eyebrows would grow back."

"But what about these sculptured fingernails?" I pitifully asked. "They're SO long. . . and polished SO red! My hands don't feel like they belong to me anymore!"

"You'll get used to them," Tammy assured. "But your lips are the REAL improvement! To think, all it took was a little pale pink lipstick. I declare, Vera's a genius!"

I stared sadly into a nearby mirror, yet the image reflected wasn't my own! She had not only altered my lips, creating an illusion of pink fullness, but had transformed my entire face!

My icy blue eyes were adorned with dark, dramatic lines, richly mascaraed lashes and subtle colorful shadows. They appeared so unbelievably large and femininely alluring!

"Enough pouting, David," Sheila scolded. "It's time to start hostess training. All that beauty will go to waste if you end up spilling cocktails all over the guests."

As my wife disappeared into our bedroom, Tammy reminded me, "Speak softly as I taught you. And no matter what, always SMILE!"



*I stared sadly into a nearby mirror. . .the image reflected wasn't my own!*

Clenching my teeth, I grinned angrily. But just then, Sheila returned, carrying a shoe box.

"Slip these on, David," she ordered. "They'll prepare you for your Halloween costume."

"HEELS!" I gasped. "They're at least THREE INCHES HIGH!"

"Three and a half, to be exact," she evilly replied. "You had better get used to them, or else you'll fall flat on your face!"

Horrified, I backed away as Sheila placed the shoes squarely before me. "They don't bite, scardy cat," she quipped. "Get them on. . .We don't have all day!"

With deep trepidation I slowly squeezed my black nylon clad feet into each pump. "I. . .I'm going to fall!" I sputtered, as my ankles began buckling from the unfamiliar height.

"Steady, sugar," Tammy assured, grasping my flailing arms in support. "Just take one step at a time."

It was just like my first time on ice skates. "Lock your ankles," Sheila lovingly instructed. "Take shorter steps. . . That a boy. You're getting the hang of it!"

I wasn't proud. My achievement left me loathsomely empty. I was a MAN, damn it. I had no business wearing spiked pumps!

"Don't you just LOVE it!" Sheila gushed. He's a NATURAL!"

Blushing, I realized how quickly I had mastered a sauntering feminine strut. But it wasn't just the shoes. My hobble skirt, cinched waist and well padded fanny aided my new walk!

Handing me a serving tray filled with glasses of water, Sheila ordered, "We're not sleeping until you've got hostessing down pat!"

For hours, I traipsed about the carpeted floor. Water spots denoted points when I glimpsed into the mirror. Whenever I saw my stilted image, with jutting bosom and fanny, I woefully cringed!

"I think he's finally got it," Tammy yawned, just as dawn broke. "Congratulations, Dave. You're a full fledged hostess!"

"Gee, thanks," I wearily sighed, collapsing on the sofa quite un lady-like. "My feet are so numb. . . I think they're DEAD!"

"You'll recover," Sheila assured, stretching her arms in fatigue. "I'm exhausted. Let's get to bed!"

"Pull the covers down, darling," Sheila sweetly pleaded as she emerged from the bathroom. "I MUST see how you look!"

"N. . .no. . .D. . .don't. . ." I stammered as my wife yanked the quilt off from over me. "I look so. . ."

"GORGEOUS!" she lecherously cheered, leering at me with carnal desire. "You fill out that nightgown wonderfully!"

"Must I wear these foundations to bed?" I complained. They're SO painful. . . And I need my sleep!"

"You mean BEAUTY REST!" she wistfully corrected. "I just can't get over how realistically feminine you look. An innocent bystander would think we're a couple of lesbians!"

"Is that what YOU are?" I angrily challenged. "With the way you've been treating me, I'm beginning to wonder!"

To my utter shock she coyly cooed, "Perhaps I am." Gently caressing my prostheses, she added, "That makes YOU a lesbian, TOO!"

I felt repulsed, but my body reacted contrarily. Drawing nearer, our painted lips parted in prelude to a kiss, while my groin stirred with wanton desire.

"It's all WRONG!" I silently cried. "But why do I want MORE!"

Needless to say, we didn't sleep a wink that morning. Yet I had never felt more refreshed in my life!

Arising from bed, I sensed a peculiar lightness of being. My walk, touch and mannerisms. . . Everything about me seemed softer!

Humming to myself, I literally skipped to my wife's vanity table. Upon its cushioned bench, I lovingly brushed out my new hairdo, relishing my new found feelings.

"David?" Sheila anxiously asked, standing behind me. "Ar. . .are you okay?"

"Mmm. . .WONDERFUL!" I cooed. But no sooner had I spoke, I realized what I had said and my entire world collapsed around me.

"I'm scared, Sheila!" I panted, unable to drop my airy accented voice. "I don't know what happened, but I think I actually felt like a WOMAN!"

"Indeed," she dryly gulped, confirming my worse fears.

"Bu. . .but. . ." I stammered, until my wife tenderly cupped her hand over my mouth, silencing me.

"We'll sort it out later," she soothed. "But for now, don't fight femininity. You'll need it to survive your hostess debut."

With a tissue, Sheila gently blotted at my mascara drenched tears. Tensely pressing the palm of my manicured hand against my hairless chest, I shivered, "What'll I do now?"

During the week before the party, Sheila and Tammy kept constant vigil over me. Not allowing me a moment's rest, they honed my hostessing skills while culturing my burgeoning femininity.

Every morning, I had to fix my hair. Sheila taught me to use her steam curlers to keep my pageboy hairdo bouncy and shiny.

Tammy lent me some of her clothes and shoes to wear and bought me my very own cosmetic kit. After hours of tedious practice, I couldn't replicate Vera's artistry, but I was fairly presentable.

Acting more feminine and pretty gave me an inner peace I never had known existed. Freed from masculine responsibility, it felt like the weight of the world was finally off my burdened shoulders!

Yet in turn, something strange happen. I became more and more passive. Each passing day, I minded the clothes, makeup and hairdos less and less. In fact, I looked forward to it ALL!

"David!" Sheila urgently whispered, shaking me awake. "Get up. The party's tonight and we have SO much to do!"

Stretching my smooth, hairless arms, I daintily wiggled my slender, red tipped fingers. "Morning, darling," I softly purred. But as her words began registering, an alarm sounded in my mind.

"TONIGHT!" I gasped. "B. . .but I'm not ready. I'll NEVER pass in PUBLIC!"

"You're such a kidder!" she simpered, waving my fears away with a flick of her wrist. "Hurry. We've an appointment at Mario's."

The heady aroma of my fragrant bath couldn't calm my frazzled nerves. "I'll never pass," I pined, raising my silky smooth legs from the frothy bubbles. "I'll be discovered!"

Wearing a lacy white slip over my foundations, I worriedly sat at Sheila's vanity. Picking up a mascara wand, I tried to do my eyes, but my hand shook too much.

"Relax, darling," Sheila smiled, coming to my aid. While brushing my damp hair back into a neat ponytail, she assured, "Vera will take care of everything."

"Don't forget your purse, David," my wife reminded as we headed out the door.

"Why do you get to wear slacks?" I whined, fussing with a snag in my opaque white tights. "It's not fair."

"That tartan plaid jumper's adorable on you," she bemused. "Besides, a dress will keep you in the right frame of mind!"

But before I could reply, she grabbed my coat and pulled me out the front door.

A deathly silence shrouded the car as Sheila drove to the salon. My anxiety rising, my white, long sleeve, turtle neck knit blouse felt as if it was choking me to death!

"T. . .take off WHAT?" I sputtered, standing with Vera in a private room at the rear of the salon. "W. . .WHY?"

"You're getting the WORKS, honey," the beautician smiled, ignoring my horror. "Now be good and do as I say."

Dolefully glancing away from her intimidating glare, I became putty in her hands. "What's happened to me?" I silently moaned, unbuttoning my jumper straps. "Have I become THAT passive?"

Stripped down to my frilly panties, my near nudity sent shivers of fear up my spine. Handing my a skimpy pink nylon robe, Vera kindly ordered, "Slip this on and we'll get to work."

Pointing to a towel covered massage table, she laid me flat on my back. "Shut your eyes, honey," she soothed, "and ENJOY!"

I next sensed a warm substance spread over my legs. "Feels nice, yes?" she asked. As I blindly nodded, she said, "Wax always has a calming effect at first."

Bolting erect, I yelped, "My GAWD. . .You're WAXING my LEGS!"

"Of course," she calmly replied, staring at me as if I was insane. "It's ALL part of the WORKS, you know."

The pain was excruciating beyond description, yet I endured. And in the end I was a little less of a man than I had been before.

"It's the best method of hair removal," Vera explained. "You ought not need another waxing for quite awhile."

"I never wanted it to begin with!" I tearfully cried. But she paid me no mind. Instead, she began fiddling with some electrical contraption on a nearby counter.

"Hold still," Vera ordered, moving a corded pencil-like stick toward my face. "The probe must be centered just so."

"Probe?" I gulped. "Wha. . .what are you doing?"

"Electrolysis, honey," she impishly grinned, plunging the probe deep within a hair follicle. "There's no time to do your entire face today, but at least I can clean your upper lip a bit."

"Not my mustache!" I meekly whimpered as Vera kept jabbing away. "It'll NEVER grow back!"

"I HATE you Sheila!" I fumed, emerging from the private room. "How could you?"

"It's not the end of the world, David," she countered. "You'll be under close scrutiny tonight and your whiskers were just too darn thick!"

"But they're the ONLY ones I have," I cried, pointing at the damage. "Other than here, I don't have another hair on my face!"

"SO!" she heartlessly chided. "Now you have less to shave."

My confrontation with Sheila ended as Vera forcibly sat me in a stylist's chair. It was just as well. I was losing miserably!

Vera cleaned, filled and polished my acrylic fingernails an even darker crimson shade. While my manicure was drying, Tammy arrived at the salon carrying a large, round box.

"The costumes are GREAT!" she exclaimed. "Especially Dave's!"

"Wonderful!" Sheila enthused, clapping her hands in glee. "I can't wait to see them."

"Here, Vera," Tammy said, handing over the box. "You'll be needing this, now."

"Oh MY!" the beautician gushed, lifting the lid. "The quality's superb!"

"Nothing but the best for my darling husband," Sheila mused. "What are we waiting for? Let's try it on!"

I fearfully held my breath as Vera reached into the box. "That's MY wig?" I gulped. "It's so DARK!"

"And LONG!" Tammy added. "It's all REAL hair, Dave. I DO declare, NO ONE will even suspect you're not female!"

Vera stretched a nylon cap over my scalp and then fitted the wig. The sight of my delicate featured face framed by dark auburn tresses rocked me with terror.

"The fit's PERFECT!" Vera announced. "I'll start his makeup in a minute, but first, someone asked about earrings?"

"I did," said Sheila. "He's supposed to wear these clip on's, but with all that hair, I'm afraid they won't show through."

"So it seems," the beautician readily agreed, fingering the bejeweled clips. "Perhaps I might suggest a pair of these?"

"HOOPS! They're darling with long hair!" Tammy cheered as Vera displayed a pair of huge, round, gold earrings. "SO SEXY!"

"That's settled," Sheila insisted. "We'll take them!"

"Don't I have a say?" I whined. But in the face of my wife's glower, I meekly stammered, "Ho. . .hoop's are fine."

"Just one little problem," Vera noted. Out of earshot, she huddled with Sheila for a moment.

"Do IT!" my wife ordered. "David knows he must be flawlessly feminine."

"What's THAT?" I quivered as Vera approached, armed with a strange gun-like device. "You're not going to SHOOT me, are you?"

"Don't move a muscle," Vera ordered, pointing the barrel toward my temple. "It shan't take a second."

"POP! . . .POP!" echoed loudly on each side of my head. The noise soon cleared, but the throbbing pain in my earlobes persisted.

"You PIERCED my ears!" I gasped in horror. "How DARE you!"

"Cut the crap, David," Sheila scolded. "Lots of guys pierce their ears these days. You're making much ado about nothing!"

I silently cried, staring at the tiny gold studs adorning my ears. Nothing made sense anymore. Why, for a lousy party, was my wife having me feminized to the "NTH" degree!

Even after Vera removed the wig, I scarcely recognized myself. My arched eyebrows, nearly hairless face and studded lobes cast a quintessential FEMALE reflection in the beautician's mirror!

"Why the pout, Dave?" Tammy asked, while Sheila and Vera spoke off to the side. "Show off those pearly white teeth of your's!"

"Easy for YOU to say!" I snapped. "No one's torturing you!"

"Torture? INDEED!" Sheila bellowed, overhearing me. "You had better cop a new attitude, or you'll KNOW what torture is!"

Heeding to her threat, I grinned nervously. "That's better, sugar!" Tammy beamed. "Girls are always prettier when they SMILE!"

"How's this?" Vera asked, flicking her makeup brush one last time across my cheek. "Have I gotten the effect you wanted?"

"Have you EVER!" Sheila thrilled. "If I hadn't been here to see, I'd never have known who this striking beauty was!"

"Stop teasing!" I whined. "Turn me around and let ME see!"

Wistfully smiling, beautician warned, "Brace yourself, my dear. You may never want to be a MAN again!"

Filled with fear, I felt my chair swivel. Shutting my eyes tight, I tried delaying my date with the mirror.

"Don't be afraid," Tammy encouraged. "Look at the NEW YOU!"

My eyelids quivered as curiosity overwhelmed me. "My GAWD!" I yelped, once I fully focused. "I . . .I look so . . .so . . ."

"GORGEOUS!" Sheila cheered. In a million years NO ONE would believe you were ever a man!"

Pale shadows, brilliant black liner and thick mascara contrasted to make my eyes appear THREE times as large. Descending shades of blush hollowed out my face, creating a haunting illusion of ultra high cheek bones. But then, there was my LIPS!

Vera had transformed them more thoroughly than ever before. Combining an outliner with a rich "blood" red gloss, she made my naturally thin lips look passably full!

As my pulse rapidly raced, I tried touching my face. "Don't you DARE!" Vera squealed. "You'll ruin EVERYTHING!"

Startled, I quickly retreated. Without thinking, I daintily folded my manicured nailed hands atop my cross legged lap.

"Now's there a picture of submissive feminine beauty if I ever saw one," my wife brayed. "Gosh, I wish I had a camera!"

"You're SO mean, Sheila," I whimpered. "What goes around, comes around!"

"Perhaps, but not quite yet," she simpered. Turning toward the others, she tittered, "I'm DYING to see him in his costume!"

Before removing the makeup cape from about my shoulders, Vera sprayed a foul smelling substance all over my face. "Wha. . .what is THAT stuff?" I chocked. "I can barely breathe!"

"It's setting spray, honey," smiled the beautician. "It'll keep you beautiful for hours, without the need of a touch up. All you'll have to do is smile and be pretty!"

It felt like shellac! And once it dried, even my best efforts at rubbing wouldn't disturb my hauntingly painted face.

"Come on, sugar," Tammy chimed. With a garment bag folded over my arm, she grabbed my hand, leading toward a back room.



*Vera stretched a nylon cap over my scalp and then fitted the wig.*

"You want me to wear THIS!" I gasped at the sight of my costume. "I...I can't..."

"You WILL!" she demanded, pulling down my black knit skirt. "There's no backing out, Dave. The party's only a few hours off!"

"Would you look at THAT!" Vera cheered, as Tammy literally pushed me out of the dressing room. "He's BEAUTIFUL!"

With my arms folded protectively across my padded bust, I tearfully pouted. "Go ahead and cry, honey," she assured. "You're makeup won't run...I guarantee!"

As I blotted my eyes with a tissue, Vera sat me back in her stylist chair. Over my nylon capped scalp the beautician replaced the thick haired, beyond the shoulder length auburn wig.

"A tad more teasing," Tammy astutely suggested. Backcombing away, the beautician smilingly complied.

"Voila!" Vera cheered, lovingly clutching her rat tail comb. "Come, Dave. Let's have a look at the NEW YOU!"

Atop my four inch, pointed toe, patent leather pumps, I slowly minced toward the three way mirror at the other end of the salon. With every stuttered step my heart pounded with dreaded fear!

"This CAN'T be ME!" I squealed, tensely patting my gold hooped earlobes. While horrified, I couldn't help but stare.

My shapely, black nylon clad legs seemed endlessly long as they emerged gracefully from below the jagged cut hem of my jet black, chiffon micro-mini sheath dress.

Anxious, I twisted to and fro. But doing so only made my skirt flounce, overly accenting my corset constricted waist.

From beneath my ultra sheer bodice, my bra's intricate black lace showed clearly though. Worse still was how my gel filled prostheses jiggled with just the slightest movement!

"I love that hairdo," Tammy gushed. "A bouffant's perfect!"

"Isn't it!" Vera chimed. "I can't wait for Sheila's reaction!"

"Whe...where is Sheila?" I nervously stammered.

"Mario's working on her," Vera replied. "She'll be done any moment."

Unable to stand still, I began pacing. "Damn!" I sadly whined. "I can't walk a step without sauntering like an oversexed tramp!"

But self pity was replaced with terror when I heard my wife's voice. "David!" she urgently called. "I CAN'T wait to see you!"

In a panic, I searched but found no place to hide. As Sheila approached, all I could do was shield my face and cringe.

"There you are, darling!" she cheered. "Let me have a looky!"

My long, red fingertips quivered, as I reluctantly dropped my hands. Keeping my eyes tightly shut, I awaited my wife's reaction.

"You look good enough to bite!" Sheila purred, dropping her voice several octaves. Then next thing I knew, her arms wrapped around my lithe frame as she sank her teeth into my neck!

"What the hell..." I squeaked as my eyes bugged open. "Sheila...what's going on?"

"Just a little role playing," she tittered, backing away. "Like MY costume?"

Seeing her costume filled me with rage. In a tuxedo and tails and with her breasts taped down, she looked strangely masculine. Her gorgeous chestnut brown mane was severally slicked back and tied into a tight bun, hidden by her cape's high, stand up collar.

Overcome with jealousy, I whined, "Darn it, Sheila. Why can't I be Count Dracula?"

"Because you're TOO beautiful, David," she brayed, raising her thickened eyebrows. "If you don't believe me, LOOK at YOURSELF!"

Standing beside my wife, I towered a good five inches above her, due in part to my stiletto heels. And yet, her efforts to appear male aside, I was far and away more feminine looking!

While Sheila profusely thanked both Mario and Vera for all their help, Tammy helped me don her red fox overcoat to guard my scantily clad body from the brisk October wind.

"You are a vision of beauty," Mario smiled. Coming closer to me, he spread his arms wide.

"Th. . . thanks. . . I. . . ah. . . guess," I stammered, slowly retreating from his advance. "You're too. . . ah. . . kind."

"Anxious to get to the party, David?" Sheila devilishly asked. "The front door's way over there. . . You're walking the wrong way!"

"So I am," I nervously grinned. But it was too late. I was cornered with Mario hovering between me and the door!

"There's nothing to fear, my pet," Mario giggled in his overly effeminate voice. "I just want a itty bitty kiss, that's all."

"A WHAT!" I dryly choked. "But I'm not. . . That is. . . I'm just pretending and. . ."

"Beauty's beauty, Dave," he purred, puckering his lips.

"Don't be so coy, David," Sheila laughed. "After all, if not for Mario and Vera, you'd have never become so stunning."

With my back to the wall, Mario closed in for the kill. "I WON'T forget this, Sheila," I warned. Reeling in disgust I felt the man's wet tongue penetrate my tightly clenched lips!

I was too distraught to show any emotion, as the three women cackled like hyenas. I expected Mario to join their humiliation of me, but I was puzzled by his baffled look.

"What's with you?" I tearfully spat. "Aren't you having fun?"

Gazing vacuously at me, Mario faltered, "It's strange. . . I know you're really a man. . . Yet. . . You kiss like a. . . GIRL!"

"WHAT?" I shrieked. "You got to be kidd. . ."

"No, I'm not," the hairdresser insisted earnestly. "But don't worry, I shan't do it again. You're just not my type!"

As my mind spun in circles, Tammy grabbed my hand and led me from the salon. Nightfall shrouded the bustling city streets. Scurrying to the car, the three of us drove off.

"I can't believe you let that happen, Sheila," I angrily complained. "How about if I did that to you?"

"Probably the same thing," she whimsically countered. "Mario likes guys, not girls. Besides, I already have the best of BOTH worlds. . . YOU!"

But as I crossed my arms in a huff, my wife explained, "Don't be so upset, David. It was all my idea. . . And for your OWN good!"

"HUH?" I gasped in confusion.

"A hostess must be prepared for ANYTHING," she insisted. "Especially being groped by a drunken male guest!"

Reluctantly, I admitted she was right. Yet, the thought of it happening at the party made me sick to my stomach!

"541 Mason Street," Tammy gleefully announced. "We're here!"

"So soon?" I nervously gulped. "But I'm not ready yet!"

"You're as ready as you'll ever be," Sheila countered. "So cut the crap and lets go!"

But as Sheila and Tammy exited the car, I became frantic. "I can't!" I sputtered, flailing my arms wildly. "I just CAN'T!"

"Relax, Dave," Tammy soothed. "Stay here and have a smoke, we'll be back for you in a jiffy."

Maneuvering my long, red talons into the small opening atop the pack was definitely a chore. Lighting up, I took a long drag.

Alone with my thoughts, I pined, "What have I gotten myself into!" But gazing at my cigarette, femininely wedged between my long nailed fingertips made me feel all the worse!

Too soon, Tammy returned to fetch me. As I stepped from the car, a chilly breeze whirled up my nylon clad legs. "Hurry, Dave," she urged, tugging me along. "Sheila's waiting!"

The elevator door opened upon a dimly lit, cavernous room. One end to the other was gaily decorated for Halloween. Against the loft apartment's hard oaken floor my spiked heels rhythmically clicked with every mincing step I took.

"Why am I here?" I silently cried. "If anyone recognizes me, I'll be RUINED!"

"Is that you, David?" Sheila called from across the room. "Come help me set up."

Tammy headed to the kitchen as I donned a frilly black apron to aid my masculinely attired wife in last minute preparations.

I nearly dropped an entire tray of champagne glasses when Tammy frantically ran out, shouting, "A NAME! Sheila, Mary Aker will be here any second and Dave doesn't have a name!"

I stared dolefully as the two stepped away to conspire in secret. Their hushed giggles put me on pins and needles!

"S. . .so?" I faltered with bated breath. "Wh. . .who am I?"

"WHO?" Sheila evilly laughed, filling me with fear. "Why darling, you're DRUCILLA. Quite fitting, no?"

"No!" I cried. "How can you do this to me? It's so ugly!"

But there was no time to argue. Just then the first guests arrived. With a heavy heart, I assumed my hostess role.

While a tad clumsy at first, I soon got the hang of things. Portraying the consummate hostess, I kept the cleverly costumed guests' hands filled with hors d'oeuvres and fresh drinks.

"Oh DRUCILLA!" Sheila called from the other end of the room. "There's someone here who wants to meet you!"

Biting my painted lip, I took a deep breath before daintily mincing across the floor. Despite my sauntering gait, I remained hopelessly paranoid that I would be discovered as a fraud.

"Allow me to introduce you to our generous client, Mary Aker," my wife sweetly simpered, directing me to a woman in medieval garb. "Mary, this is my hus. . .assistant, Drucilla."

It surprised me that Mary Aker was middle aged. She seemed to cut against the Rockton Shoals' yuppie image.

"Pleased to meet you, Ms. Aker," I primly curtsied, as Tammy had so incessantly instructed me to do. "Hope y'all enjoyin' yourself this evenin'."

"That's DOCTOR Aker," she kindly corrected. "But I insist you call me Mary. . .And I'm having the time of my life. You Personal Touch hostesses are simply MARVELOUS!"

It was after three in the morning when the party finally ended. I was thoroughly exhausted! My back was killing me and my feet ached from prancing around in horribly high heels!

We were all packed up when I noticed Sheila and Mary Aker engaged in animated conversation. I was too far away to overhear, but their knowing glances in my direction worried me still!

During the drive home, Tammy loudly sighed, "I'm famished! How about stopping for a bite to eat?"

"Great idea!" Sheila chimed. "I scarcely had a single goodie at the party. What do you say, David?"

"NO WAY!" I squealed. "The party was one thing, but I'd NEVER pass in public!"

"Says YOU!" my wife countered. "You look perfect. Besides, no one doubted your femininity, so far. Come on, it'll be fun!"

As it was, I had little choice in the matter. Tammy was driving and Sheila was calling the shots. I guess out of pity for me we headed away from our neighborhood.

We ended up at a freeway truck stop, just outside of town. For that hour of the morning, the place crawled with people.

As we entered, I noticed a row of several motorcycles. "L. . .let's go elsewhere," I quivered. "There are bikers in here."

"Don't be silly," Tammy giggled. "If you don't bother them, they won't bother you."

Tammy grabbed a quiet, corner table, while Sheila dragged me to the women's rest room. "This is CRAZY!" I whimpered, as Sheila locked the outer door. "I could be arrested for public indecency!"

"That's not going to happen, DRUCILLA, unless you want it to!" she smirked. Too frightened, I didn't dare reply.

"You were fantastic tonight. . .A real natural!" she gushed, fluffing up my wig and freshening my makeup. "Your femininity's such a turn on. . .I'd do IT with you right here. . .right now!"

"Cu. . .cut it out, Sheila," I stammered. "You had your fun. Lets eat and get the heck out of here."

As my wife slipped the compact back into my purse, I silently vowed, "No more girly stuff for me. I'm going to be a MAN again!"

When we rejoined Tammy, three cups of coffee were already set upon the table. Anxiously watching the throngs of people milling about, I reached for a cigarette, but my pack was empty.

I had never felt so self-conscious in my life! Daintily folding my hands upon the table I tried to relax, but my need for nicotine was overwhelming!

"What's the matter, sugar?" Tammy whimsically asked. "Looks like y'all about to jump out of your skin!"

"I'd bet Drucilla's in desperate need of a cigarette," Sheila chided. "Never fear, my darling, I'll get you a fresh pack."

My painted lips spread into a thankful smile as Sheila headed toward the cashier. But when she returned, I wanted to kill her!

"This isn't MY brand!" I angrily whispered. "How dare you buy the ones with the FLOWERED filter tip!"

"Did I do that?" she sardonically simpered. "I thought they'd be SO pretty nestled between your elegantly manicured fingernails!"

I had neither the money nor the guts to buy myself my usual brand. Biting the bullet, I quickly removed the cellophane wrapper, removed a long, tapered cigarette and lit it up.

"Why is she doing this to me?" I shamefully wondered. "It's as though my own wife wants me to stay feminine!"

The bacon and eggs smelled wonderful and the two women wolfed their's down. Yet, I was so uptight, I barely finished a single slice of toast.

Sheila and Tammy paid the check as I minced toward the door. Then suddenly, one of the biker toughs blocked my path!

Even beneath his black leather jacket, the biker's rippling muscles bulged clearly. I knew his kind would sooner beat a sissy than look at one, as I prepared myself to be crushed like an egg!

"Stay CALM!" I silently panted. But I gasped in horror as the biker's leather clad arm crossed the door way, blocking my escape!

"What's a hot babe like you doing here?" he brayed, sticking his face into mine. "How'd you like a ride on my Harley?"

While scared to death, I had faith Sheila and Tammy would get me out of this jam. Yet when I saw them fleeing into the parking lot, giggling like school girls, I could've killed them both!

Then things got worse! Quaking in fear, my lips quivered out of control. "Don't be nervous, baby," the biker leered, pulling me into his arms. "Nick will take care of you."

“N. . .no. . .P. . .PLEASE!” I begged. But all at once he filled my mouth with a disgusting tongued kiss!

“Good GAWD!” I silently panicked. “If I don’t act now, he’ll RAPE me!”

Summoning all my strength, I thought, “Death might be a better fate.” So, as hard as I could, I kned the bastard in the groin!

His blood curdling yelp could have awakened the dead! But I got my freedom. Scampering away as fast as my pumps would carry me, I seethed, “I’m going KILL Sheila!”

“How COULD you!” I sobbed, once Sheila and I were back home in our bedroom. “Who knows what that biker could’ve done to me!”

“I give you a lot of credit, darling,” she laughed. “You handled it quite well!”

“Go to HELL!” I shrieked, kicking off my pumps and stomping to the bathroom. But when I tried tearing the wig from my head, I sadly discovered it wouldn’t come undone!

“SHEILA!” I urgently called. “It’s STUCK!”

“So it is,” she slyly simpered. Leaning against the door jam, she impishly grinned. “Perhaps it’ll NEVER come off!”

“Stop teasing!” I cried, tugging at the stark auburn tresses. “I’m through with femininity. . .I want to be ME again!”

Sadly, I stared at my painted reflection. I didn’t realize Sheila had sneaked up on me, until her arms were already embraced around my corset clenched waist.

Through the mirror, I watched her ever so gently caress my false bosom, as if it was real. “ENOUGH!” I snapped.

“I can’t help myself, darling,” she cooed. “You were so attractively docile in the clutches of that big, bad biker, I’d love you to stay this way. . .I simply adore the feminine you!”

“Are you NUTS?” I nervously panted. “It’s OVER and I’m not MHMHM. . .”

I couldn’t speak. Sheila had planted her lips squarely against mine. As her kiss lingered, my pent up rage dwindled.

“See what you do to me, darling,” she said, gasping for air. “I can hardly control myself!”

“That was such a dirty trick you and Tammy pulled,” I meekly whined. “I could’ve been really hurt!”

Sheila’s hand slid behind me, as she cuddled against my chest. “My POOR baby!” she too sweetly soothed. “I’ll make it ALL better!”

We hugged for a moment before my wife abruptly cheered, “It IS true! You DIDN’T feel it!”

“What in blazes are you talking about?” I spat in confusion.

“Remember the guy dressed as Zoro!” she impishly asked. “The one who followed you around half the night.”

"What about that creep?" I sneered. "Every time I'd look up, there he was, right at my side!"

"That's not the ONLY place he was," she giggled. "He was also pinching your FANNY!"

"NO!" I gasped. "I'd have felt that for sure!"

"Afraid not, sweetheart," she grinned. "In fact, I'm doing the same thing right NOW!"

Swinging around, I sadly realized it was true. Sheila was mercilessly squeezing both my padded cheeks!

"Don't cry, darling," she winked. "I know how you must feel."

"How could you?" I sobbed. "I'm male and I unwittingly let another man to take advantage of me. I'm SO humiliated!"

"It's been happening to woman since Adam and Eve," she solemnly countered. "It PROVES you passed. . .with FLYING COLORS!"

Pushing her away, I ran out of the bathroom and flung myself onto our bed. But my wife followed me.

"I know your shame, darling," she soothed, tenderly caressing my slender neck. Perhaps if your curves were real, it wouldn't happen the next time."

"REAL CURVES! . . .NEXT TIME!" I squealed. "NO, Sheila, the masquerade's over. . .I'm through being your pretend girl!"

"Well. . .How about ONE MORE fling. . .For old time sake," she seductively drawled. "Then you can give it up."

My sorry eyes pleaded, "no," but she adamantly warned, "The party may be over, but I still can leave you, David!"

She had me. But worse still, she knew I knew it, too!

Obediently, I followed her to the vanity. Removing my wig, she whispered, "Watching you move about SO demurely and daintily, I swear, I WET my panties!"

But I couldn't react to her outlandish remark. I was so emotionally drained, I just sat there, staring into space.

By daybreak, I was out of my "vampiress" costume. Yet, I'm ashamed to admit that I appeared even MORE feminine than before!

Once Sheila had stripped me of my makeup, wig and dress, she lovingly brushed and braided my long, matted hair. "Very pretty," she sighed with satisfaction, as she affixed a pink bow to the end.

Atop my foundations, she slipped on a pink nightie, one of many she had bought me of late. She then began applying makeup.

"I know you could well do this yourself," she babbled, blushing my cheeks. "But I want you to look JUST SO!"

"Aren't you done yet?" I sadly pouted, as she dabbed a touch of powder on my delicately upturned nose. "I want to go to bed."

"Bed? INDEED!" she gaily chimed. "Take a gander, darling!"

"OH MY!" I peeped, pressing my palms flush against my smooth cheeks. Pale pink lipstick, lighter eye shadows and blush enhanced my subtle features. "I. . .I look like. . ."

"An all American GIRL!" she gushed. "NOW, we're ready for BED!"

It was well afternoon when we finally awoke. Our love making reached even higher heights as Sheila ravished me as if I were a female lover!

Donning Sheila's silk robe, I joined her in the kitchen to share a pot of coffee. I was so blissful, I didn't mind smoking the ultra feminine cigarettes as I crossed my thighs so girlishly.

"It was fun," I bashfully confessed. "You were right, Sheila, I needed to let my hair down!"

"You've been a good sport David," she smiled. "Not many husbands would help their wives out in a jam, as you did."

Grasping my satin clad hip, Sheila cooed, "Let's not stop! How about dressing for the rest of the day?"

"Well. . .I. . .I don't. . .," I stammered. "I sort of want to be me, again. It. . .it's not a habit I want to get into!"

"Habit?" she fumed, crossing her arms. "After ALL I do to support us. That's a lame excuse!"

"B. . .but Sheila!" I whined. "I did everything I was suppose to do. . .and MORE! The party's over and I need to get a job. I surely can't do it dressed as a woman!"

"Perhaps," she countered. "But I spent the first two years of our marriage in your shadow as the loyal little wife. The least you could do is humor me for a while!"

Her tirade dumbfounded me. Yet, I feared Sheila would make good her threat to walk out. "What the heck," I compromised. "There are probably no job openings until Thanksgiving anyway!"

Sheila helped remove my foundations. Afterwards, I soaked in a sweetly scented bubble bath.

"Damn that Vera!" I fumed, rubbing my upper lip. "She did TOO good of a job. I have barely a hair to shave!"

"David!" Sheila scolded, bursting into the bathroom. "That's no way to wear a towel. Wrap it beneath your arms, not the waist!"

Embarrassed, I followed her orders. Ogling my hairless armpits, I pined, "I shouldn't be doing this!"

With my foundations in place, I put on the same black knit hobble skirt outfit I had worn the previous afternoon. Sheila noted my every move, even as I slipped on my black pumps.

"Who knows. . ." she muttered under her breath. "Perhaps a few more pounds and. . ."

"...And what?" I urgently interjected.

"Oh nothing," she coyly simpered. "Just wondering, that's all."

"About me?" I huffed, fumbling with the gold stud earrings she demanded I wear. "Come clean!"

"Don't order ME around, David Manning," she scolded. "I was only thinking about you losing a bit more weight."



*"I was asleep the minute my head hit the pillow. The pink nightgown's style could double as a slinky evening gown."*

"I'm barely 125 now!" I whined. "How much more can I lose?"

"Oh, five, maybe ten pounds," she slyly grinned. "Just enough for you to fit into MY things!"

"WHAT?" I gasped. "I . . . I CAN'T . . . I WON'T!"

"Stop fussing," she snapped. "You've already agreed to my little game. Besides, we'll save lots of money, sharing clothes."

I had to tell myself she was only joking. Yet, with all that had happened these past two weeks, I had frightful doubts!

The rest of the afternoon, I was Sheila's make believe girlfriend. We discussed books, movies, as well as women's fashion!

When darkness settled upon the city, Sheila announced, "I'm famished! Let's go to that Italian place down the street."

"N. . .no way!" I stammered. "I can't go out like this. If the neighbors see me, I'm through!"

"Hmm, you're right," she agreed to my surprise. "What would they think seeing me arm in arm with another WOMAN!"

But before I could protest, she added, "Let's go to a trendy cafe in Rockton Shoals. People there won't freak out seeing two woman madly in love!"

After our meal, we shared espresso as Sheila lovingly held my long fingernailed hand. "See, it's not SO bad," she smiled. "Mary says we could live in Rockton Shoals for practically nothing."

The evening had taken a hefty toll on my nerves and I sarcastically snapped, "Sure! Let's move in tomorrow. With our zero bank balance and two mortgages, we can afford it!"

"At least no one around here gives you a second look!" she sourly spat. "You can even STAY my girlfriend!"

Cringing, I made no reply. The notion she wanted me to keep up this feminine charade was too shameful to think!

Over the next few weeks, I was at my wife's unyielding whims. Having no job or even prospects was a living nightmare, as I was forced to continue dressing up and playing her "girlfriend!"

I had to maintain feminine comportment everyday. I walked, talked, ate and drank like a woman to the point that it was frightfully becoming my second nature!

Sheila insisted I wear my foundations at all times, except when bathing. But she also added new twists, like special body creams, a restrictive diet and a new brand of vitamin!

But the vitamins had me worried the most. When she first gave me one of those pink pills, I demanded to see the bottle.

"Feminet Multiples?" I scratched my head, reading the label.

"In my two years at Mediko, I NEVER head of them."

"It's new on the market, David," she assured. "They're safe. . . But if you don't trust me, I'll take one to prove it!"

"I. . . I believe you," I faltered. Haltingly placing the pill on my tongue, I swallowed.

"I'm sick, Sheila," I moaned the next morning. Getting back into bed, after puking my guts, I shivered beneath the covers.

"It's my fault, darling," she confessed. "I think the mayonnaise I put on your sandwich last night was dated."

Later, when she brought me my slim down breakfast of dry toast and oatmeal, another pink pill lay on the tray. "Let me skip the vitamin today," I begged. "It might not be the mayo after all."

"Nonsense," she insisted. "Besides, you need all the nutrition you can get. Now no more lip. . . Take IT!"

Reluctantly, I did and within a couple of days, I started feeling better. Then, on the Friday following the party, Sheila told me of our latest appointment.

"Why must I go back THERE?" I whined. "I HATE that salon!"

"Don't be a child, David," she impatiently replied. "Your hair's a rat's nest and your legs are so stubbly, it hurts when we cuddle up at night."

"So what!" I countered. "And who cares?"

"I DO!" she fumed. "So if you know what's good for you, you'll stop this foolishness and come along. . . I won't be late!"

Needless to say, both Vera and Mario were only TOO glad to see me again. Once I got over their ooo's and ah's, Vera took me back to her private room.

"Femininity truly becomes you, Dave," she smiled as I unbuttoned the angora blouse, borrowed from Tammy. "Have you considered making this a permanent situation?"

"NO!" I shot back. "It's my wife's stupid game. . . Which is going to end, just as soon as I find a job. . . A MAN'S job!"

"What a shame," she earnestly sighed. "You're becoming more natural each time I see you."

For the third time in as many weeks, my legs and arms were mercilessly waxed. But when I saw her holding the probe in her hand, I screamed!

"No more electrolysis!" I begged. "I barely have anything left to shave anymore!"

"Sorry, Dave," Vera simpered. "Sheila's orders. Now be a good little dear and hold still. We can't have you getting hurt."

My eyes flashed daggers when I saw my wife again. Seated in Mario's chair, getting her hair done, she smiled, "You're looking a hundred percent better, darling. Isn't he, Mario?"

"To say the least!" the hairdresser thrilled. "But why the sad face, Dave? Even I've had my beard removed."

"Yeah, but you're a fagg. . ." I started.

"No name calling, sweetheart," Sheila kindly scolded. "It's not lady like!"

Defeated once more, I bowed my head in shame as Vera lead me by the hand back to her stylist chair.

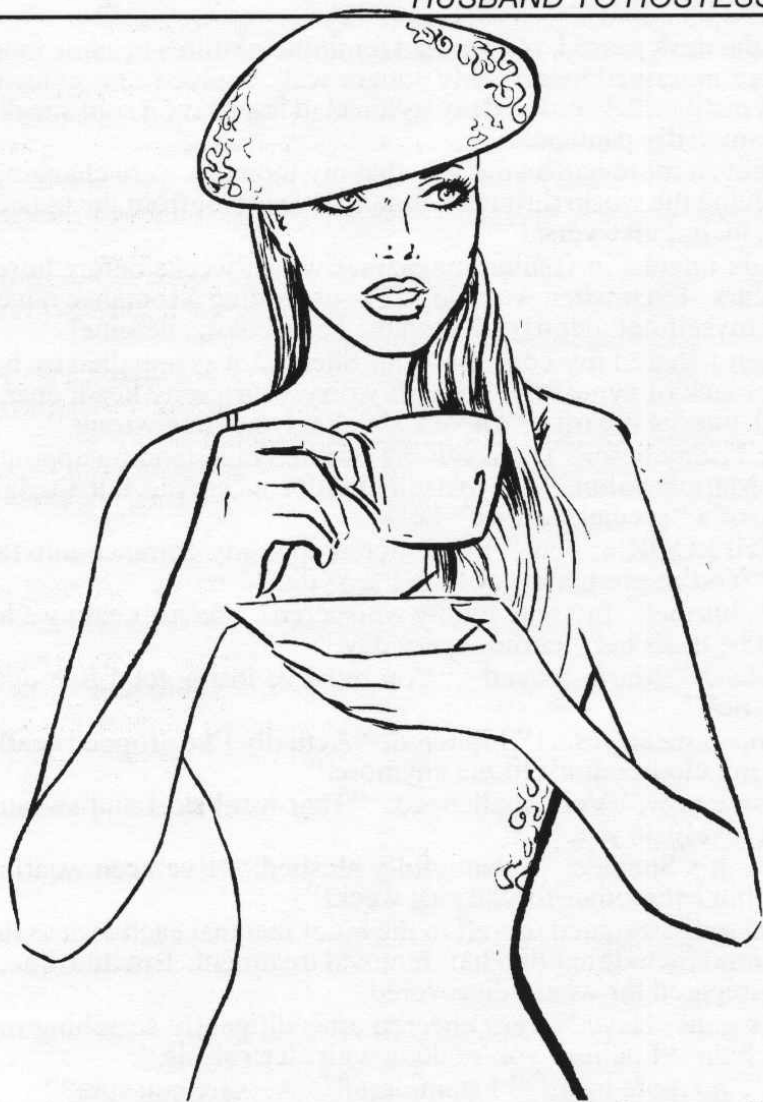
"We've the same hairdo!" my wife gaily gushed. "David, isn't this TOO CUTE?"

It wasn't in the least! We both wore updated "flip" styles, complete with long, puffy bangs. The only difference between us was that she was a brunette and I was blonde!

Our fingernails were manicured in the same "French" style. Even our lips bore identical shades of pale pink gloss!

"Let's go shopping, darling," Sheila chirped. "You're spending too much time cooped up at home and an outing will do wonders to boost your girlish confidence."

That was the LAST thing I needed. Yet, did I have a choice?



*I had to maintain feminine comportment everyday. I walked, talked, ate and drank like a woman. Would I feel like one too?*

My life continued in due course over the weeks. Without a moment's break, I lived as Sheila's girlfriend and "female" lover 24 hours a day!

While I hated my feminine charade, there was an upside. In all the years I had known Sheila, we had never spent so much quality time together.

What's more, in my new role, she treated me so differently. Ever since college we were always in competition. Leveraging for an upper hand or hiding secrets strained on our relationship.

Becoming her equal and confidant, I paid a dear price. In exchange for her openness and trust I was surrendering my masculinity!

As the days passed, my learned feminine gestures became more and more ingrained habits. My square walk evolved to a graceful glide. I instinctively crossed my nylon clad legs, save a soul sneak a peek at my frilly panties!

But even more harrowing was that my thoughts were changing! I was seeing the world through woman's eyes. Not from the outside looking in, but vice versa!

I took interest in fashion magazines which weeks before bored me to tears. Even when watching T.V. or reading a romance novel, I found myself not identifying with the hero, but the heroine!

When I shared my concerns with Sheila, I was appalled by her apparent lack of sympathy. "Don't worry your pretty head, dear," she said, putting me off. "There's absolutely nothing wrong."

The Friday before Thanksgiving, we had our standing appointment at Mario's Salon. This, in itself, didn't concern me, but Sheila's promise of a "special surprise" DID!

"Well LOOK at you!" Vera hooted upon my entrance into the salon. "You're prettier every time I see you!"

"It's his diet," my wife loudly whispered. "David's eating a lot less and he takes his vitamins every day."

"Indeed!" Mario brayed. "You must've lost a good five ugly pounds, no?"

"No. . . I mean yes. . ." I faltered. "Actually I've dropped nearly ten and my clothes don't fit me anymore."

"Come now," Vera challenged. "That wool skirt and sweater set look lovely on you."

"It. . . it's Sheila's," I shamefully blushed. "I've been wearing nothing but her clothes for the past week!"

I had sadly resigned myself to the bitter fact that each visit to the salon would include another hair removal treatment. But this time, I wasn't prepared for what I discovered.

"It's gone, Dave," Vera cheered after diligently searching my face for hair. "I believe you're done with electrolysis."

"N. . . no more beard?" I stammered. "A. . . are you sure?"

"Quite!" she assuredly replied. "In fact, your skin texture has softened and your complexion's the clearest I've ever seen it."

"Dear me!" I silently worried. "Did my diet do this?"

Once redressed, I was taken directly to the shampoo station. I had my hair washed before, but I wondered what was happening when I wasn't immediately returned to Vera's stylist chair.

"I'm back!" Vera chirped half an hour later. "Miss me?"

"Where were you?" I impatiently snapped. "I thought you forgot about me."

"NEVER!" she merrily insisted, as she rinsed the foul smelling solution off my scalp. "You're my FAVORITE client, Dave!"

For the next hour, Vera worked on my hair. Snipping here and there, rolling my long strands up in curlers, putting me beneath a torturing hot drying and combing me out before she was done.

Yet, for some inexplicable reason, she wouldn't let me watch her work, as she had done before. Weeks of living as a female had taken their toll. I had become too meek to question her motives.

"FINIS!" she announced, after teasing a final wisp.

"UNBELIEVABLE!" Sheila gushed. "David, you're GORGEOUS!"

As Mario joined them, they formed a close ring around me. "Wh... what have you done to me?" I nervously gulped.

"Take a look, Dave," Mario winked, swiveling my chair to face the mirror.

"OH NO!" I cried. "My hair... It's so BROWN!"

"Pale Auburn No. 25, to be exact," Vera triumphantly brayed. "I love how it complements his peachy complexion!"

Clutching my throat, I dryly whined, "How will I ever get a job looking like this... Men don't have hair THIS color!"

"INDEED!" Sheila too quickly agreed. "Welcome to the club, darling!"

I took one last look at my auburn tresses before I broke down. "This is awful," I sobbed out of control. "Simply AWFUL!"

It took several hours, but I finally regained enough composure to leave the salon. For some unknown reason, I just couldn't put a check on my surging emotions to stop crying.

Handing me a bottle of nude pink nail enamel, which matched my current manicure, Vera said, "Here's a little gift, honey. Hope there are no hard feelings."

"No," I sniffled, accepting her gift. "But it all seems such a waste. I'm changing my hair color back before the holidays. I can't have prospective employers seeing me like THIS!"

Sheila and the hairdressers traded knowing glances. Then Mario too assuredly said, "Anything for you, my dear... ANYTHING!"

"This was my SURPRISE?" I angrily snarled, pointing at my head as we drove home. "Thanks A LOT!"

"Part of it," my wife winked back. "The rest comes later!"

I was about to push the matter, but stopped when I felt a strange tingling sensation radiate across my chest. "What's going on?" I silently worried. "I never felt that before!"

Back at the apartment, I munched on a lunch of carrot and celery sticks as Sheila disappeared into the bedroom.

"What are you doing?" I asked, wondering in to join her. But she was nowhere to be found.

"I'm in the closet!" her muffled voice called. "I'll be out in a jiffy."

When she emerged, Sheila carried several of the evening gowns she wore for hostessing. They were all quite expensive, but because they were for work, they were a tax write off.

"Let's see. . . which one?" she pondered aloud, holding one after the other up toward me. "Hmm, I guess basic black's best."

"What's going on, Sheila?" I asked suspiciously. "You're acting quite strange."

"Just preparing for the rest of your surprise, David," she giggled. "Tomorrow evening's your encore performance!"

I adamantly refused to be a hostess again, but fighting her was just no use. Weeks of living as a full time woman had sapped my determination, making me docile beyond imagination!

The next afternoon, I joined Sheila in the bedroom, preparing for the evening. "Let's see how it looks," she kindly suggested, handing me a black evening dress.

With only a matching black lingerie set atop my foundations, I dolefully accepted the garment in my quivering hands. "Don't just stand there," Sheila snapped as I hesitated. "Put in ON!"

Blushing beet red, I turned my back. Slowly, I slipped the dress on, under my wife's watchful gaze.

"H. . . help me. Pl. . . please," I anxiously stammered. "I. . . I can't reach the z. . . zipper."

"My pleasure!" she too sweetly obliged. But after she hooked me up, a disappointing pout spread across her lips.

"What's wrong?" I worriedly asked. "It fits, doesn't it?"

"Oh, it fit's alright," she noted. "Like a glove, in fact. But I made a tactical error."

"Huh?" I grunted, as Sheila dragged me to the mirror.

"It's been weeks since I've seen you without prosthesis, dear," she remarked. I guess I started to think they were real!"

Sadly, I ogled my bra's intricate lace as it poked out beyond the bodice's plunging decollete. But then I saw a ray of hope. Without an evening gown, I couldn't be a hostess. How WRONG I was!

Returning to her closet, she raced through the racks. Minutes later, she reemerged, smiling slyly.

"I've been saving this number for a special occasion," she noted, removing a plastic cover. "I suppose that occasion's now!"

"SHEILA!" I gasped as she unveiled a designer dress. "That'll NEVER fit me! The sleeves are SO narrow and the hem's SO short!"

"Never say never, David," she philosophically scolded. "If it doesn't, we'll find something else. Meanwhile, DO as I SAY!"

I was on pins and needles as I stepped into the black velvet cocktail dress. Sheila made matters worse, remarking, "How could you say it's TOO short? Your legs look GREAT!"

My arms too easily passed through the pencil thin sleeves. Quaking, I sputtered, "B. . . but HOW? It f. . . FITS!"

"I'm not surprised," she simpered. "You've lost MORE than just weight, David. I'd say your male muscle tone's all but gone!"

Moving toward the mirror, I cringed. Silhouetted by supple black velvet, my arms appeared as mere toothpicks! "Look at me, Sheila!" I moaned. "I'm just skin and bones!"

"No you're not," she corrected. "I'd say you're PETITE!"

My mind whirled over the monumental changes. It wasn't only the way I looked in a skimpy skirt. There were strange stirrings in my chest and I hadn't a clue of their cause!

Removing Sheila's dress, I donned a satin robe and joined her in the kitchen for a bite. She tried reviewing the guest list for that evening's party with me, but I was too preoccupied in thought.

"You haven't heard a word I've said, David," she impatiently snapped. "You look as though you're a thousand miles away!"

"What's to become of us. . . Of ME?" I whined, tensely wringing my hands. I'm scared, Sheila. Things are going TOO far!"

"Stop worrying over nothing, darling," she purred, gently caressing my back. "It's been a BALL! SO just go with the flow."

"But I'm a MAN, Sheila!" I whimpered. "I'm job hunting next week and none of my suits or shirts will fit me! I shouldn't be wearing dresses and skirts. I'm SO confused!"

"Are you afraid you can't go back?" she asked. As I sadly nodded, she assured, "Oh, darling, I'd love you ANY way you are!"

"That's NOT the point!" I cried as tears ran down my softening cheeks. "I DON'T know WHAT I am anymore!"

As Sheila took me into her arms, I sobbed like a wounded child. "What am I going to do?" I pined. "What am I going to DO?"

At six o'clock on the button, Tammy came waltzing through the front door. "Y'all ready?" she sang. "Better hurry, the party starts at seven thirty, SHARP!"

"Coming!" my wife called back as she helped me with my earrings. "There we are!" she smiled. "Aren't my pearl studs GORGEOUS on you?"

From my seat at the vanity, I stared in amazement at my reflection. "I. . . I guess," I stammered, nervously fingering the pearl strand caressing my neck. "They make me look SO old!"

"Not old. . . sophisticated," she corrected, dabbing a touch of her perfume behind my ears.

As I slipped on a pair of three inch, black suede pumps, Sheila handed me a black beaded clutch purse. Checking for cigarettes, I found the flowered tip brand which was now my own!

"Wait, please," my wife snapped as I was about to light up. "We're leaving now and Tammy doesn't permit smoking in her car."

Taking the long tapered cigarette from between my lips, I reluctantly replaced it in its pack. But not before my lips left traces of my matted red lipstick banded about the tip.

"You're just STUNNING, sugar!" Tammy gushed. "You've colored your hair. . . And I declare, Sheila's new cocktail dress REALLY flatters your figure!"

"Not you TOO, Tammy," I shamefully blushed.

"Pay him no mind, Tammy," my wife simpered. "He's just having pre-party jitters. But you're right. . .He's a DOLL!"

"Now it's making sense," I tragically thought, slipping on my borrowed overcoat. "Sheila's playing dress up and I'M her BAR-BIE!"

We arrived at a very large home in one of the ritzier suburbs. Our client, a big shot corporate executive, was throwing the party to impress his clients and loyal underlings.

"How do I look," Sheila asked, smoothing imaginary wrinkles from her dress, the one she wanted ME to wear in the first place. "It's going to be a lavish affair and I want to be just right."

"Fine," I flatly sighed as I set place cards on a table. But when I pulled out the next card, everything WASN'T fine!

"What's the matter, David," Sheila whispered, save anyone overhear my real name. "You're as white as a ghost!"

"He. . .here!" I choked, handing over the card. "I'm RUINED!"

"I told you Bob Harvey would be here tonight," she impatiently reminded. "Had you listened to me in the first place, you'd. . ."

"Bob was an usher at OUR wedding!" I softly cried. "He'll see right through my disguise. I've got to get OUT of here!"

"It's too late for that," she snapped. "This party's too big for me handle alone. We'll just have to take the risk."

Glaring at my wife in shock, I angrily thought, "How could she be SO callous? WE aren't taking any risk. . .I AM!"

When the guests began arriving, I was sick with fear. Bob Harvey was a family friend. He knew my Dad and if this ever got back to him, I'd be as good as DEAD!

*Ask about our special products!  
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

SANDY THOMAS ADV.,  
P.O. Box 2309 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

The first half hour went well. Bob had yet to show up. Nonetheless, I kept a watchful eye, praying he had decided to blow the party off.

But as I returned to the pantry, I heard an old familiar voice ring, "Well, HELLO SHEILA!" I nearly peed in my panties!

"This is AWFUL, Tammy," I urgently whined. "Bob Harvey's here. He'll recognize me for SURE!

"The Bob from your wedding?" she asked as if nothing was wrong. "Bring him on back here, Dave. I'd like to say hello."

"Are you NUTS?" I quivered. "I'd just as well sign my own DEATH WARRANT!"

"Nonsense!" she laughed. "He'll never know, sugar. . . You're too PRETTY!"

Tammy literally pushed me through the pantry door to get me back to work. Sheila and Bob were still chatting as I drifted toward the opposite end of the room and out of harms way!

From the corner of my eye, I watched Bob float about. He was some "social butterfly!" For a good while I successfully kept one step ahead of him. Until, that is, he disappeared from sight.

"Where is he?" I silently panicked, searching around. "Please lord, let me find him!"

Then suddenly I felt a light tap on my shoulder. "Pardon me, Miss," a deep, raspy voice said, "But haven't we met before?"

All at once fear, shame, sorrow and terror consumed me. Forcing a smile, I turned around to meet my demise!

"I . . . I'm afraid not, s. . . sir," my airy accented voice quivered. "Perhaps you've mistaken me for someone else."

"Perhaps," he pondered aloud, narrowing his gaze. "But you're the spitting image of a . . . Oh, that's ridiculous! His wife's here and she just told me he's out of town on business."

I had just caught my breath after dodging the first bullet, when his second one came whizzing at me!

"Say, you work with Sheila," he noted. "You MUST know her husband."

"S. . . sorry, I don't," I lied. "I just started work today."

"Too bad," he sighed. "Dave's a great guy. I know he doesn't have a sister, but I swear, you two could pass for twins!"

I desperately wanted to run away, but Bob wouldn't leave me alone. Engaging me in small talk, he finally said, "How uncouth of me. . . I'm Bob Harvey and you're..?"

"Ah. . . mmm. . . Da..," I dryly gulped as he gently shook my limp hand.

"Amanda?" he smilingly quizzed. Not knowing what else to do, I nodded in agreement. "The pleasure's ALL mine!"

Eventually, Bob moved on. Yet for the rest of the evening, I'd always be seeing him eyeing me with more than subtle interest.

Since it was only a cocktail party, the guests began filtering out a little after ten. But my luck as it was, Bob stuck around to the bitter end!

As I tidied up, I overheard Bob and Sheila talking. "Amanda's a real looker!" he brayed. "Where on earth did you find her?"

"AMANDA?" my wife confusingly asked. "A LOOKER?"

"Your co-hostess. . .Amanda," he repeated. "If my eyes are working right, I'd say she's the spitting image of Dave!"

"Oh, that AMANDA!" she covered. "Frankly Bob, I can't see a resemblance at all. It's been ages since you've seen David. Trust me, Amanda's FAR lovelier!"

While Sheila and Bob laughed, I scurried back to the pantry. "See, I told you," Tammy soothed. "All's well that end's well!"

"Sure, this time," I whined, separating my long, pink polished index fingernails millimeters apart. "But I came THIS close!"

Just then the pantry door swung open. "AMANDA made QUITE the impression!" Sheila impishly grinned. "In fact, Bob asked me for your home phone number!"

"WHAT?" I softly yelped. "You didn't. . .Did you?"

"Is that what you think of your wife?" she challenged. "Frankly, I'm insulted!"

Her face twisting with confusion, Tammy asked, "Who's Amanda?"

"Tell her David," Sheila commanded. "I'd like to hear, too!"

"What a GAS!" Sheila guffawed, once I explained. "Ah. . .mmm. . .Da. . .I love it!"

"Now can we get the heck out of here," I begged shamefully. "This place gives me the creeps!"

That night, Sheila was relentless. Insisting on calling me "Amanda" she wouldn't let me sleep until we concocted a cover story for my new identity.

"Let's see," she thought aloud. "With you soft Southern drawl you should be from Mississippi. . .no Alabama. Amanda of Alabama!"

"What's the point, Sheila?" I angrily spat. "You're wasting your time. I'm getting my hair cut next week and finding a job!"

"But you already have one, darling," she insisted. "With Personal Touch!"

"Stop teasing me," I warned. "It's not fair!"

"Seriously, David," she said. "We really need your help. I've already double booked several last minute parties for next week. You can't let us down now!"

Did I have a choice? In fact, I'm ashamed to admit that Sheila didn't even threaten me. The sad truth is I had become so darn docile, I merely did what I was told!

By Wednesday night, I had hosted three parties in so many days. Kicking off my new four inch red pumps, I lit up a much needed cigarette and waited for my wife to arrive home.

"My party was a killer," Sheila complained as she came through the door. "Everyone was SO uptight. How was yours?"

"Okay, I guess," I dolefully replied. "Tammy said I'm getting better at hostessing."

"That's wonderful!" she enthused. "Then I double book some more party's for the Christmas rush!"

"NO. . .DON'T!" I choked. "Enough's enough! You promised I could go back to being a man after tonight."

"I suppose I did," she reluctantly admitted. "But at least we could have one more GIRLY fling before tomorrow. . ."

Sex was more than great. Yet whenever Sheila caressed my prosthesis, the tingling seemed to intensify. I tried ignoring it, until my groin began to strangely stir!

"What's happening?" I silently worried as ecstasy riveted my body. "It's ONLY a figment of my imagination. . .Isn't it?"

"David, WAKE UP!" Sheila thundered. "We're LATE!"

"Let me be," I purred, turning away. "I'm exhausted."

"NOW!" she insisted. "Or we'll never make it to Mother's in time for dinner!"

"OH NO!" I gasped, leaping out of bed. "It's Thanksgiving!"

Our annual trek to my mother-in-law's had arrived. Since my mom had passed away and my dead beat dad lived in California, we spent Thanksgiving in Iowa with Sheila's widowed mother.

"It's after ten now," she chattered as she dressed. "If we leave right way, we'll get there by five."

Sheila finished packing our suitcase then looked up at me. "Don't just stand there," she scolded. "GET DRESSED!"

"I've NOTHING to wear!" I whimpered, staring at my khaki pants bunched around my ankles. I've lost SO much weight, NOTHING I own fits anymore!"

"Dear me," she sighed. "This IS a problem." Pausing for a moment she said, "You'll just have to wear something of mine."

"I CAN'T," I shrieked. "Your mother will think you married a FREAK!"

"Mom's as blind as a bat," she assured. "She couldn't tell slacks from pants through her cataracts!"

Stripping off my foundations, Sheila helped me dress. Her navy blue wool slacks and white silk blouse looked passable, but I couldn't understand the need for a matching camisole and panties!

"Wear my navy flats," she ordered while smoothing my blouse. But as her hands passed over my chest, she abruptly stopped.

"Hmm," she thought aloud. "They never felt like this before."

"STOP!" I cringed as she kneaded my nipples. "It HURTS!"

"Sorry darling," she impishly grinned. But as we headed out, she said, "Remember. . .Take your vitamins!"

Six hours later, we arrived. I was about to open the car door when I gasped, "My NAILS! You were suppose to trim them before we left. . . And they're still POLISHED!"

"Forget it, David," she whined. "Mom can't see, remember? Besides, that nude pink shade is like wearing no color at all."

"But they're SO long," I whimpered. "And what about my HAIR! I CAN'T go in there!"

While Sheila brushed my shoulder length locks into a ponytail, I quickly rubbed off traces of makeup from my face. "Feel better?" she asked. "I'll do your nails later, but we've got to go in, NOW!"

As we walked toward the house, I eyed my reflection in the screen door window. "Can it be?" I wondered, patting my hips. "Even without padding, they're still curvy!"

"Happy Thanksgiving, Mom!" Sheila gushed as her mother opened the door. "It's so good to be home!"

"Same to you, dear," her mother warmly replied. "Is that you, Dave? Looks like you've clipped off your mustache."

"Yes, Mother Devlin," I answered. But as soon as I did, I painfully realized I had forgotten to drop my voice!

"You sound awful, Dave. Got yourself a cold?" she asked. "Aw, heck! Give me a kiss anyway."

Leaning toward the frail woman, I prayed she wouldn't notice my thinly arched eyebrows or pierced ears. "Using a new razor?" she asked. "Your cheeks are as smooth as a baby's bottom!"

Even as we settled down inside, I was on pins and needles. Although I desperately tried, I couldn't stop acting femininely!

My hips swayed shamefully when I walked, while my hands dangled limply at the wrist. But when I sat, I felt compelled to demurely squeeze my thighs and daintily cross my ankles!

"Look what a month and a half of womanhood has done to me," I silently pined. "I've got to stop before it's TOO late!"

Recalling my ravenous appetite from my last visit, my mother-in-law piled my dinner plate high with food. "Eat hearty, Dave," she insisted. "I've made enough for an army!"

Sheila had to suppress her laughter as she watched me eat like a bird! As I played with my food, pretending to eat, Mother Devlin said, "Sheila says you're job hunting. How's it going?"

"Fine. . . I mean FINE," I replied, almost forgetting to drop my voice. "I'm starting again MONDAY."

But then a baffled expression passed over her face. "Your fingers are sure long, Dave," she curiously remarked. "I'd bet you'd do well playing the piano."

"Good GAWD!" I silently cried as I realized how girlishly I had flashed my fingernails. "I'm going to KILL Sheila!"

After dinner, I used the excuse of a cold to turn in early. At least if I was asleep, I wouldn't trip up!

As on previous occasions, Sheila and I shared her girlhood bedroom. While her canopied bed and lacy curtains never bothered me before, they unnerved me now!

"Where are my pajamas, Sheila?" I impatiently asked after searching the entire suitcase. "Don't tell me you forgot them."

"I'm sorry, darling," she coyly simpered. "You've been wearing nighties for so long, I simply forgot."

"I CAN'T wear THAT. . .Not HERE!" I angrily whispered as she handed me a satin nightgown. "What if your mother sees me?"

Pausing in thought, Sheila then said, "I've an idea. Rummaging though her old dresser, she pulled out a blue striped garment.

"That's just as bad," I whined. "I'd rather sleep nude."

"Not in this weather!" she rebuffed. "There's absolutely nothing wrong with my old flannel nightgown. See, no frilly lace. It can pass as a man's nightshirt. Now put it on!"

The fluffy cotton nightgown felt soft in my hands. Yet the small satin bow along the neckline made it positively girlish.

Making certain the door was locked, I undressed. But as I pulled my silky camisole up, my chest reeled in pain.

She must've seen my face twist in agony, because Sheila urgently asked, "What's wrong, darling?"

"I. . .I'm not sure," I cringed. "A chilly breeze hit me and the next thing I know my chest's throbbing from the inside out!"

Coming closer, Sheila finished lifting the lingerie over my head. "Oh MY!" she gasped. "David, your NIPPLES!"

"What's happening to me?" I quivered, ogling my chest. "I've NEVER seen them so BIG. . .and so PUFFY!"

"Perhaps it's the clothes," she suggested. "Do you think?"

"You used to borrow my boxers in college and you didn't grow a penis!" I snapped. "I'm seeing a doctor first thing when we get back home!"

I had just put on Sheila's old nightgown when I saw her scouring her draws again. "Look what I found!" she giggled, holding up a girl's bra. "Maybe you should wear this too."

"Cut it out, DAMNIT!" I whined. "I'm embarrassed enough!"

"No, really," she insisted. "Your breasts are very sensitive right now. The padded cups will help relieve the pain."

"BREASTS!" I gulped. "You called them BREASTS!"

"Well, that's what they are, silly," she simpered. "Quit being so stubborn and put it on."

Once again, I was like putty in her hands. Loosing the adjustable straps, Sheila helped me with the training bra.

"I have BOOBS!" I whimpered, staring at the subtle buds rising from my flannel clad chest. "Just like a teenage girl's!"

"That's mostly padding, David," she assured. "But it's comfortable, isn't it?"

TOO comfortable in fact! It was as if her child size bra was made for me!

When I awoke the next morning, I was surprised to find Sheila wasn't in bed. "Ten after ten," I sighed, checking the clock, "Where IS she?"

Unable to fall back asleep, I went looking for her. But when I remembered how I was dressed, I quickly changed my mind.

"I don't have a **THING** to wear!" I angrily huffed after tearing apart the suitcase. "I'm going **KILL** her!"

Having stained the outfit I had worn at dinner, I looked for something else. Thank goodness Sheila packed extra slacks.

Yet as I removed the flannel nightie, its hem caught on the training bra hook. "DAMN!" I pined. "Why did I let her talk me into wearing **THIS!**"

I quickly striped off the childish brassiere, only to reel in pain. "How did this happen?" I moaned. "ME! Growing **BREASTS?**"

But street clothes didn't remedy the situation. "Even with a camisole on, they hurt," I whimpered. Conceding defeat, I put the bra back on.

Sheila's oversized sweater successfully hid my tiny chest buds. But her skin tight stirrup slacks only emphasized my burgeoning curved hips. However, I had **NO** alternatives!

"Where is it," I muttered, scouring the medicine cabinet. "There's got to be one here. . . Somewhere!"

"YES!" I cheered, finding a nail file. I was about to saw off my long, acrylic fingernails when the front door slammed.

"Oh David!" Sheila sobbed. "It's **AWFUL!**"

Startled, I dropped the file before inflicting any damage. "What is it, Sheila?" I nervously asked. "What's wrong?"

"It's Mom," she cried on my shoulder. "She's in the **HOSPITAL!**"

"A **STROKE?**" I bewilderingly asked, after Sheila explained what had happened. "Just yesterday, she was the picture of health!"

"I can't believe it either, darling," she wearily sighed, drying her reddened eyes. "Mom's in ICU and the doctors don't know the extent of damage."

"What are we going to do?" I earnestly asked.

Putting her sorrow aside, Sheila took charge. "I'm staying right **HERE!**" she adamantly declared, putting her sorrow aside. "At least until Mom fully recovers. And you **MUST** help out!"

"Anything!" I eagerly volunteered. "Name it!"

"I was hoping you'd say that," she wistfully smiled. "I really need you, David. . . as a **HOSTESS!**"

"**NO WAY!**" I rebuffed. "Not **THAT** again!"

"Desperate times require desperate measures," she countered. "We're booked solid all through December. If you don't help hostess, Personal Touch will be **RUINED!**"

"And so will I!" I anxiously replied. "Sheila, you promised I didn't have to dress up anymore. I just can't. . ."

"You WILL!" she insisted. "If we cancel out, say goodbye to our livelihood, our condo, EVERYTHING! Our entire financial future depends on YOU!"

Her words hit me like a ton of bricks! All at once I became overly conscious with the way I was dressed!

Tensely wringing my hands, I cringed at the sight of my colorful, long fingernails. "H. . .how long must I play hostess?" I finally stammered.

"I'm not sure," she answered. "I suppose it all depends on how quickly Mom recovers. But this WON'T be playing, David. You'll have to be UNQUESTIONINGLY feminine!"

"Wha. . .what do you mean?" I faltered. "Haven't I passed so far?"

"Yes, but you must do better," she insisted. "No one, and I mean NO ONE, can doubt your femininity!"

When I pressed for more explanations, all I got were vague answers, leaving me more apprehensive than before!

Sheila had me stay in the bedroom, while she disappeared into another part of the house. Curled up girlishly atop the bed, I thought about my life and how drastically different it was.

"Has wearing Sheila's clothes ACTUALLY CHANGED my body?" I anxiously wondered. "What am I be doing now that I didn't before?"

As my thoughts drifted, my hands gently smoothed over my sweater. "OUCH!" I yipped as my sculpted fingertips crossed my chest, incidentally brushing my supersensitive nipples. "I don't care what Sheila wants," I promised myself. "I'm seeing a DOCTOR!"

"Sorry, darling," Sheila smiled, stepping back into the bedroom. "But arrangements took a bit longer than expected."

"You've been gone for over TWO hours!" I impatiently huffed. "What sort of ARRANGEMENTS take so long?"

"Never you mind," she impishly grinned. "Tammy will brief you on everything you'll need to know."

Again, Sheila left me bewildered by her abstruseness. Yet, from past experience, I knew better than to NOT be concerned!

"HURRY," she urged, slipping her overcoat through my arms. "You have a long drive and it's best to leave before sundown."

As she handed me a sack lunch for the road, she said, "Tammy's meeting you at our place. I'm really counting on you, darling, and remember, do EVERYTHING you're told, UNDERSTAND?"

Nodding sheepishly, I accepted her kiss goodbye. I had barely shuffled across the door's threshold, when I abruptly stopped.

"I can't drive dressed like THIS!" I nervously cried. "What if a cop stops me?"

"Be smart, David," she advised. "It's about time you start THINKING like a woman!"

Seated behind the stirring wheel, I stared at my petite hands covered by Sheila's black kid gloves. "What AM I doing?" I sadly whimpered. "What does she mean, UNQUESTIONINGLY FEMININE?"

Sheila must've filled the tank before I left, because I drove straight through without stopping for gas. No sooner had I walked in our apartment, Tammy welcomed me with a sisterly kiss.

"I declare, Dave!" she thrilled. "You look gorgeous!"

"I feel AWFUL!" I pouted. "Why must I replace Sheila? It's just NOT fair!"

"I'm just following orders, sugar," she wistfully replied. "Which reminds me, SO are YOU! I have detailed instructions. As of tomorrow, you are AMANDA, the hostess!"

After my arduous journey, I was too tired to fight. Grabbing a low fat yogurt, I ate just half of it before falling asleep.

"Come on sugar, I'll help you dress," Tammy kindly offered, barging into my bedroom. "We can't be late for our appointment!"

As she handed me my vitamin pill, I fussed, "Do I have to? I think they're what are causing the changes."

"Changes?" she quizzed. "Whatever do you mean?"

When I lifted my babydoll nightie over my chest, Tammy gushed, "A TRAINING BRA! Why sugar, that's simply darling!"

"Says YOU!" I blushed, regretting my desperate act. "It's not just for show, either. Something's growing underneath!"

"Something?" she simpered. "Do you mean BREASTS?"

"In so many words, YEAH!" I angrily snapped. "I can't be bothered with appointments, Tammy, I MUST see a doctor, TODAY!"

"You're TOO much, Dave!" she laughed, walking into Sheila's closet. "Never fear, EVERYTHING'S under control!"

When Tammy emerged, she handed me an outfit. Reluctantly, I donned my wife's long, blue woolen skirt, a silk blouse and Tammy's black kid leather boots with two inch heels.

"How lovely!" she beamed, eying me from head to toe. "Your figure's divine, even WITHOUT foundations!"

"I. . .I'm SO curvy!" I stammered shamefully. Sheila's skirt actually flared at my widening hips. I nearly died, seeing my pert little mounds peeking from beneath the gossamer blouse!

"Your hair's a frightful mess!" she stated disgustingly, directing me to the vanity. "I'll give you a quick comb out."

Frowning, I reluctantly did as I was told. A hundred brush strokes later Tammy was finally done. While she loosely braided my shining, shoulder length tresses, I dabbed on a bit of mascara.

"Where are you going?" I nervously asked as Tammy drove the car. "Isn't Mario's salon the other way?"



*Curled up girlishly atop the bed, I thought about my life and how drastically different it was. I moaned softly.*

“Uhuh,” she nonchalantly replied. “But what made you think we’re going there?”

“W...well, you said we have an ap...appointment” I stammered.

“Indeed, we DO!” she chimed. “But NOT at Mario’s!”

Tammy pulled into the garage of a downtown professional building. “Hurry!” she urged as I lagged behind. “We’re due at ten sharp!”

“Where are we going?” I whined as we rode the elevator.

“You wanted to see a doctor, right?” she impatiently sighed.

“Well, we’re just about there.”

“I CAN’T see a DOCTOR!” I cried. “Not dressed like THIS!”

“Why, you’re LOVELY,” she grinned, tightly grasping my hand. “Besides, everything’s been arranged!”

At the fifth floor, Tammy yanked me out of the elevator. Gripped with fear, I softly muttered, “Lord, let me DIE!”

Coming to the end of the corridor, I read the stenciled letter on the glass door. “Not HER!” I gasped in fear. “She thinks I’m REALLY a WOMAN!”

"Trust me, Sheila has already set her straight," Tammy whispered, pulling me into the waiting room. "STOP worrying! Mary Aker will take GOOD care of you!"

Tammy spoke briefly with the buxom redheaded receptionist while I sat on a plush sofa. My hands quaked wildly as I flipped through a fashion magazine, trying not to look TOO nervous!

"Come in Tammy," Dr. Aker said, peeking through the inner door. "... You too, DRUCILLA!"

"What AM I doing?" I silently shuddered, following the two woman toward the doctor's inner office.

"Make yourselves at home," Mary Aker smiled as we entered. "You're quite lucky. I don't usually see patients on Saturdays."

"Luck, my foot!" I muttered as I instinctively crossed my thighs in feminine fashion. But upon realizing what I had done, I blushed shamefully, jerking both feet to the floor.

"You're even MORE attractive since we last met, Drucilla," the doctor remarked. "Or, shall I call you DAVID!"

"D. . . David's fine, ma'am" I gulped, wishing I was dead.

"Actually, we're calling him AMANDA, now," Tammy winked. "Isn't he a living DOLL!"

"INDEED!" Mary Aker gaily agreed, peering into a file folder. "Ah, let's see. . . Implants. . . Augmentation. . ."

"WHAT?" I choked. "I. . . I thought I'm here to find out why my body's changing!"

"Of course, sugar," Tammy grinned. "Mary's going to take GOOD care of you!"

Dr. Aker pointed at an examination table, saying, "Let's get a good look at you. Remove your blouse, if you please."

My hands quivered as I slowly undid the buttons. I turned several shades of red when Dr. Aker remarked, "My, that's a pretty bra. . . Yet at the party I recall you being much more DEVELOPED."

"Dave wore falsies back then," Tammy added. "But now, that's ALL him!"

"What's happening to me?" I nervously whined. "My chest and hips are growing but my waist's dwindling to nothing. I've been wearing my women's clothes for over a month and. . ."

"Hmm, that's odd," Mary Aker noted, unhooking my training bra. "Simply donning women's wear can't result in this!"

"OUCH!" I yelped as she swiftly pinched my puffy nipple, making it engorge. "I'm worried. . . Men DON'T have BREASTS!"

"It looks like gynecomastia," she said, kneading my jelly-like mounds. "And a peculiarly acute case, in fact. Tell me, have you been taking any medication lately?"

"No, I. . . I don't think so," I stammered, racking my brain. "B. . . but I take vitamins once a day. Sheila got them for me."

"Really?" she asked curiously. "Do you recall the brand?"

"Fem. . .something," I anxiously replied. "They're big and pink and. . ."

"FEMINET MULTIPLES?" she suggested. Yet when I nodded, she remarked, "David, you're TOO young to be taking those."

"HUH?" I grunted. "Too young?"

"Definitely!" she replied. "In fact, I take them. They have a high estrogen content. They're for post menopausal women!"

"ESTROGEN!" I gasped. "Female HORMONES!"

"That explains everything," the doctor noted, patting my fleshy hip. "I'd say you're filling out WONDERFULLY!"

"FILL OUT!" I cried. "But I don't want to be a. . ."

"A woman?" she asked. "That's strange. Why are you here?"

"Dave doesn't know what he's saying, Mary," Tammy swiftly interjected. "Let's go ahead with the procedures."

"PROCEDURES?" I gulped. "What's going on, Tammy?"

But once Tammy explained, I exploded, "NO WAY! I'll NEVER agree. It's all CRAZY!"

"Some men are just better suited to be feminine," the doctor stoically remarked. "Take my receptionist, Nina, for instance. I'd bet you'd never have guessed that her named used to be Norman."

"H. . .her?" I reeled. "Sh. . .she. . .used to be H. . .HIM?"

"Can you believe it?" she smiled. "Just two years ago, Norman was very much like you. She's just ONE of many examples, David. You're not the first, nor the last young man I've feminized!"

Just then, Nina, ne Norman, entered the room. As she or he handed Mary Aker a message I stared in utter awe. I couldn't get over how quintessential feminine this creature was!

"If you're in doubt, I assure you everything's reversible," the doctor noted. "So relax and don't be so rash."

"R. . .RASH?" I sputtered. "You're both NUTS!"

"Suit yourself," she prissily replied. "But if I were you, I'd talk it over with Sheila first."

"This is HER idea?" I choked. "I can't. . .I won't believe it!"

"Call her, Dave," Tammy challenged. "Do it NOW. Mary doesn't have all day."

The two women left me alone in the room. I shook so much, I needed both hands just to lift the phone.

"Oh, darling!" Sheila urgently answered, almost as if she was expecting me call. "Mom's still in intensive care. As things stand, I won't be home until after the first of the year and. . ."

"I'm at Mary Aker's office," I spat. "How COULD you?"

"You promised to help, David," she impatiently reminded. "This is the only way we can assure your unquestioned femininity."

"Help is help!" I shouted. "Not physical alteration!"

"How else will you fit in my dresses?" she snapped back. Our ENTIRE livelihood rides on you and you're concerned over a few minor changes?"

"MINOR?" I gasped. "A man with BREASTS isn't MINOR!"

"If our marriage means anything, you'll DO IT," she warned. "Or else you WON'T see me EVER again!"

I slowly laid the receiver back in the cradle. Once again, I knew I was licked.

"I can't. . .No, I WON'T!" I protested to myself. But just then, I felt a sharp stab in my buttocks and everything went black.

"How ya feel, sugar?" I barely heard Tammy ask. But the anesthetic had left me too groggy to be certain.

"Lousy!" I moaned, slowly opening my eyes. "Wh. . .where am I? What have you done to me?"

"You're in Mary's clinic," she said. "Don't you remember?"

"NO!" I snapped. "And why are my arms and legs tied down? How did I get here?"

"You left us little choice, David," Mary Aker remarked. "I was forced to anesthetizes you."

"I was drugged?" I squealed, fighting against the thick leather straps securing my limbs. "Get me OUT of here!"

"Don't move a muscle!" the doctor urgently warned. "You might loosen your stitches!"

"STITCHES!" I panted. "OH NO! What have you DONE to ME?"

"Exactly what I told you," Dr. Aker smiled. "The saline implants went in better than expected. Your developing breast tissue made a good foundation to build upon."

"It's TRUE, then," I cried. "I DO have BREASTS!"

"Lovely ROUND ones, sugar!" Tammy chimed. "Much TOO big for your teeny weeny training bras!"

"But you said all this IS reversible, didn't you doctor?" I worriedly asked.

"Of course, dear," she assured. "When you're all done playing hostess, I'll remove them, if you'd like. But in the meantime, I'm giving you a new estrogen prescription."

"MORE female hormones?" I gasped. "WHY?"

"Breasts aren't a woman's ONLY curves," she sighed. "Without hormones, I'll have to give you HIP and FANNY implants as well!"

I DEFINITELY wanted to avoid more surgery, so I backed off the issue. Staring at the plastic wheeled containers, I muttered, "They look like my wife's birth control pills."

"Similar, but FAR more potent," Dr. Aker replied. "Each wheel is a month's supply. Take one purple pill for 25 days and a white one for the last five. This will ensure a natural monthly cycle."

"But you gave me a box of 12 wheels," I nervously noted. "I'll only be a hostess for a month, not a year. Why so many?"

"Just in case," she winked. "The future is SO uncertain!"

"Isn't his pout ADORABLE?" Tammy giggled at my saddened frown. "With the right color, his lips will be LUSCIOUS!"

Suddenly, I felt a weightiness around my mouth. But with my arms tethered, I couldn't touch it, yet my lips felt as if they had been smacked by a prize fighter!

"My LIPS!" I whimpered. "What have you done to them?"

"Collagen injections," the doctor replied. "It's perfectly safe. The extra fat will eventually dissipate. Then, your lips will become thin and ugly again all by themselves."

"H. . .how long will that take," I stammered, gingerly probing their new shape with the tip of my tongue.

"Depends," she pondered aloud. "Five, perhaps six months."

"That LONG!" I wailed. My heart racing, I yelped, "What about my. . .?"

"Your what, David?" Dr. Aker laughed. "If you mean your penis, it's still intact. . .Unless you want it changed?"

I didn't reply. Closing my eyes, I turned away and sulked.

"With your curvier figure, you won't be needing panelled girdles anymore," the doctor said. "But I strongly recommend a gaff. It'll keep EVERYTHING neatly tucked away."

Dr. Aker ordered me to stay in bed for the next few days. Tammy stayed with me, playing nurse maid.

I couldn't believe how utterly alien my own body felt since my implant surgery. The tingling discomfort I experienced from my tiny nipple buds was now amplified to a throbbing pain, emanating from the two fleshy orbs, perched high atop my chest.

The specially padded, post-operative bra I wore was of little help, as was the medicated lip balm. Both my lips and breasts ached terribly!

As the days passed, the pain lessened, but my new hormone mixture made me sick to my stomach. I felt as stupid as an ass, but I took the damned pills anyway!

Yet, despite my sheepish behavior, I was livid! Blaming my predicament on Sheila, I refused to speak to her when she called. In my every waking hour, I plotted my revenge!

"Who are you?" I sadly asked the image staring back at me from within the bathroom mirror. "You can't be me!"

But it was! My new breasts jutted forth from within a softly padded "A" cup bra. I carefully hid my emotions, as the smallest of frowns caused my augmented lips to pout too sensuously!

"I LOVE your new body?" Tammy beamed, sneaking behind me. "It's about time you get out of this apartment and meet the world!"

"I. . .I'm not ready, yet," I quaked. "It. . .it's TOO SOON!"

"PSHAW!" she countered. "Our first Christmas affair's tonight. You're ready, whether you like it or not!"

Tammy unhooked my special bra, gingerly sliding it off. I sadly watched my new endowments stand at pertly attention.

"Don't you worry, sugar," she soothed. "They'll look more natural once they grow out and drop a tad."

"GROW! . . . DROP!" I shrieked. "These implants are coming out just as soon as Sheila gets home. . . And NOT a moment later!"

Tammy said nothing, but her wistful smirk made me shiver with fear. Trying to ignore her, I stepped into my bath.

The warm, frothy water felt wonderfully relaxing. Yet, I balked in pain when I tried to submerge my chest!

"I'll give you a hand," she volunteered, grabbing a sponge. Gently dribbling water atop my bosom, she enticed, "Feel nice?"

It was too awful to admit, but IT DID! While my groin stirred, I stared in awe as my feminized chest heaved in time with her tender strokes!

"This CAN'T be happening!" I silently panted, watching my pert nipples engorge before my eyes. "Why do I LIKE this?"

"Tammy, I won't wear this," I complained. "It's TOO small!"

"It'll fit," she assured. "You just have to get used to a push up demi-bra."

My eyes nearly popped out of my head once she harnessed it on. "What have you done?" I droned. "My breast are even BIGGER!"

"It's sheer illusion," she laughed. "But don't the underwires give you the cutest cleavage? The men WON'T leave you alone!"

"ARGH!" I cringed. Men! That's ALL I need!

"Adorable!" Tammy gushed as I slipped on a navy pump. "You're as cute as a college coed in Sheila's plaid skirt and sweater!"

"Don't rub it in," I whined, unconsciously smoothing over my opaque navy tights. "You picked it out!"

"So I did!" she giggled, handing me a pea coat. "Let's go. We're way behind schedule."

"Not THERE!" I whimpered as Tammy parked right in front of Mario's salon. "I'm TOO embarrassed!"

"Nonsense," she chirped. "Mario and Vera are just DYING to see the NEW YOU."

"You've told them?" I cried. ". . . About my breasts. . . lips. . ."

"EVERYTHING!" she replied. "Stop being silly and let's GO!"

"Can it be? . . . It IS!" Mario gleefully clapped. "Dave, you're utterly divine!"

"INDEED!" Vera gushed. "What a figure. . . And those LIPS! We must try the latest shades of gloss!"

Vera immediately dragged me to the back room. While she still treated me as a play toy, it was far less traumatic than before. Having the equipment to match my image made me feel more secure.

"How LOVELY!" Vera thrilled as I pulled off my sweater, exposing my pushed up bosom. "May I touch them?"



*“Who are you?” I sadly asked the image staring back at me from within the bathroom mirror. “You can’t be me!” “I LOVE your new figure!” Tammy beamed, sneaking behind me. “As good as mine!”*

"TOUCH?" I gasped. Her request caught me completely off guard. "Ah. . .sure," I stammered, not knowing her intentions. "B. . .but be careful. They're v. . .very sensitive and. . ."

". . .SO natural," she wondrously cooed, tenderly fondling my twin orbs. "What? NO incisions!"

"T. . .they're beneath my armpits," I gulped, raising my arms to display the tiny scars.

"Remarkable!" she surprisingly sighed, intensifying her caress. "I'd never have guessed."

"I should hate this," I silently panicked as Vera gently brushed my engorging nipples. "Why don't I want her to stop?"

"MMM. . .DELICIOUS!" she giggled after kissing me full on the lips. "To think they were so thin and ugly and now. . .Well. . .they're absolutely LUSCIOUS!"

"P. . .please, Vera, d. . .don't. . ." I pleaded while she seductively ran her slender fingers through my pale auburn mane. "I. . .I'm a m. . .married man!"

"Married? . . .Yes. Man? . . .Well, we'll see about that!" she quipped, releasing me. "I'm letting you off easy this time, Dave. But if you get any prettier, I can't promise I'll control myself!"

After Vera re-waxed me, she started working on my hair. "Hmm, roots already," she muttered. Taking a plastic tube, she oozed an odorous gook atop my head.

"I'll be back in a few," she said after covering my head with a vinyl shower cap. "Smoke'm if you've got 'em!"

And I did! It had been several days since I'd had a cigarette. Dr. Aker ordered me not to smoke until my lips fully healed. Now that they were, I couldn't wait to light up.

"This feels TOO weird!" I shivered, placing a flowered tipped cigarette between my enlarged lips. "I hope they don't stay THIS big for an entire SIX months!"

Yet, the cigarette relaxed me, even though I couldn't help but hold it daintily between the tips of my long nailed fingers. But after my third one, Vera smilingly returned.

"It took marvelously!" she happily chirped, washing my hair. "You're going to LOVE you're new color!"

"NEW COLOR!" I gulped. "I thought it was just a touch up."

"I changed my mind," she impishly grinned. "A body as gorgeous as your's ought to have the hair to match!"

When I tried to catch a glimpse of what she had done, Vera swiftly covered my head with a large, fluffy towel. My efforts foiled, I frowned in frustration.

"That's the prettiest pout!" the beautician cheered. "All you need is a little more color in those lips and. . ."

"And what?" I angrily whined. "I'll be even LESS a MAN?"

"Oh no," she simpered, stroking my hairless cheek. "You'll be MORE a WOMAN!"

My shame was more than I could bare. I didn't mind not seeing her work on my hair and even refused to watch her manicure my nails. Nothing mattered anymore. I just wanted to DIE!

"Ready, Dave?," she enticed, grinning. "Brace yourself!"

"Whatever. . ." I whimpered. "I couldn't care lesssss. . ."

"WOW!" Tammy gasped. "You're a knockout!"

"Wha. . .what have you done?" I cried. I. . .I'm. . ."

"BEAUTIFUL!" Mario gushed. "Hair, lips, nails, EVERYTHING!"

Slowly raising my petite hand, I gingerly patted my head. "It's SO shiny," I dryly gulped, twisting a loose wisp between my slender fingers. "It's like strands of GOLD!"

"Honey Gold Blonde Number 27 to be exact," Vera triumphantly smiled. "If this won't make heads turn, nothing will!"

"Check out those nails!" Tammy shrieked. "They're even longer than before. I love the French manicure and that matted crimson lipstick's SO sensuous!"

"Why? Why's this all necessary?" I whined. "It's as if you're doing everything possible to make me a real woman!"

"Don't be paranoid, sugar!" Tammy kindly scolded. "After all, NO ONE can question your femininity. Just imagine your embarrassment if you were read!"

"I. . .I guess so," I tensely concurred. "But darn it! If this keeps up, how will I ever become a man again?"

As the three traded mysterious glances, Tammy patronized, "Time will tell, sugar. Time WILL tell!"

I hid in the bedroom the rest of the afternoon. Ignoring Tammy, I refused to speak to Sheila when she called to wish me luck.

"What a MESS!" I moaned, ogling my near naked reflection. Smoothing my hands about my rounding hips, I pinched myself, only to cringe over how fleshy they had become.

"No wonder I fit into Sheila's clothes," I sadly muttered. "My waist shrunk to nothing and my shoulders are so darn narrow."

"GAWD, I HATE these!" I whined, cupping my pert breasts. "Hormones. . .Implants. . .If she loves me as she says, why, oh WHY is Sheila making me do THIS?"

As I moved my hands, my lengthened fingernails accidentally pricked the tips of my nipples. "OH NO!" I shivered as my gaff shrouded groin erupted. "Here it goes again!"

In a desperate effort to damper the stirring, I instinctively cupped my breasts. "MMM. . .Feels SO good!" I unconsciously purred as the pleasure intensified. "I CAN'T like this. . .Can I?"

"Dave. . .I mean AMANDA. . . Time to dress," Tammy called from beyond the door. "Be a honey and open up."

I immediately dropped my arms, but it was too late. A dark stain had already spread across my tightly belted gaff.

"Been enjoying yourself, sugar?" Tammy quipped flinging open the door. "Why wasn't I invited?"

"STOP IT!" I pouted as I involuntarily shivered in ecstasy. "I only touched my chest and. . ."

"You've got a lot to learn, sugar," she tenderly smiled. "Breasts are sexual organs just like that little man of yours. But I suppose you're finding out. . .FAST!"

As I turned beet red, Tammy removed my soiled gaff, only to replace it with a much tighter one. "This will hold you better," she said. "We can't have any accidents on the job."

Tammy handed me frilly black panties, a matching garter belt and ultra sheer, seamed black nylon stockings. Then she ordered, "Put these on and I'll fetch the lovely new bra we bought today."

The nylons drew effortlessly over my freshly waxed legs, while my fleshy fanny filled the panties' every inch. I had just snugly wrapped the garter about my shrunken waist when Tammy returned.

"SEXY!" she brayed. "I can't imagine why you'd give up your feminine beauty to be a homely little man again."

"SHUT UP!" I barked, crossing my arms to hide my bare bosom. "You just don't understand!"

"I suppose I don't," she wistfully sighed handing me the bra, provocatively adding, "Perhaps neither do YOU!"

Shunning her aid, I tried putting the bra on myself. I dipped my breast into the cups, as she had instructed, but I just couldn't reach the two tiny hooks at the back.

"Don't be a spoiled sport, sugar," Tammy scolded, taking over. The underwires pushed my smallish breast up, in and out, creating a remarkably deep valley.

"Be still," she said, approaching me with a pot of blush. As she delicately brushed along my cleavage, she giggled, "This'll make them look even BIGGER!"

"They're big enough!" I snapped, trying to move away.

"HUSH!" Tammy snapped, grabbing my shoulder. "Another month, this won't be necessary. Your bust will have grown on its own!"

It was sad, but true. I shuddered just thinking of Mary Aker's warning. My new estrogen mix would put me into a "B" cup by the first of the year!

Sitting at the vanity, I began my makeup regimen. Under Tammy's watchful eye, I applied dark, liquid liner, viscous black mascara and smokey pink shadows.

After a light coat of base and a touch of blush, I did my lips. The matted red gloss spread thick across my augmented lips. While blotting, I cringed at the image of the stranger that was me.

"What's that?" I anxiously squealed, sniffing a heady, spicy aroma. "Oh NO! You're dousing me with Sheila's perfume!"

"You'd prefer your old musky cologne?" she challenged, dabbing my cleavage. "Besides, isn't Mankiller Sheila's favorite?"

"Yes, but. . ." I tried to protest, but Tammy had disappeared into Sheila's closet. "DAMN!" I painfully sighed. "Not only am I dressing in her clothes, I've got to smell like my wife TOO!"

"I'd never believe it!" Tammy gushed. "That black sequinned cocktail dress is DEFINITELY you!"

Glaring into the mirror, my hands were limply folded just below the plunging neckline. "Isn't it TOO provocative?" I tensely asked. "I. . . I mean, it shows SO much!"

"Nonsense, sugar," she assured. "It's so exciting. All this reminds me of my first debutantes' ball!"

Perched atop four inch silk slippers, I twisted to admire my shapely legs. I didn't know if it was the perfume, dress, makeup or what. Yet I was suddenly enveloped by a strange tranquility.

"You're SO beautiful, sugar," Tammy endearingly smiled. "Even I can't believe you had ever been a man."

"Thank you, Tammy," I demurely whispered, impulsively lowering my eyes and smiling meekly. "You're too sweet."

"You're quite welcome," she grinned ear to ear. "I guess you won't be objecting to the name Amanda from here on in."

"Of course no. . ." I nearly said. Clutching my throat, I dryly choked, "What am I saying? Oh Tammy, have I changed that much?"

"More than you'd ever know," she tenderly replied. "It was only a matter of time. You're just beginning to think and react like a woman. Whatever you do, don't fight it. It's meant to BE!"

All at once I felt the room spinning. Faster and faster it turned until everything went blank.

"Amanda. . . Amanda. . . DAVE!" I faintly heard Tammy plea. "Please sugar, wake up. We'll be late for the party!"

"What happened?" I breathlessly panted, my long lashes fluttering. "You were saying something and then I blacked out."

"You gave me a real scare!" she earnestly declared. "Feeling any better?"

After a lengthy pause, I bashfully confessed, "I. . . I feel SO different. I'm SOFTER. . . LIGHTER. . ."

"I understand PERFECTLY!" she lovingly beamed. "Come on Mandy honey, let's go hostessing!"

"Some affair!" Tammy thrilled as we drove home from the party. "And you. . . Well you were GREAT!"

"Really?" I asked with uncertainty. "Everyone stared at me ALL night long. Suppose they saw through my disguise!"

"No way!" she confidently replied. "They were admiring your stunning beauty. . . Especially the women! Sugar, you had them GREEN with envy!"

"Yeah, but the men were glaring at my chest!" I countered, glancing at my low cut bodice. "I still feel clammy all over!"

"It comes with the territory," she remarked. "Even as a man, you ought to know that!"

"I don't know WHAT I am anymore," I sighed with frustration. "I discussed fashion with the women. . . But with the men, I couldn't help but flirt! Tammy, where's this all leading?"

"Keep on heading down the road of femininity and find out," she replied. "What do you have to loose?"

"LOTS!" I pouted, playing with the hem of my short skirt. "Like my IDENTITY!"

Anxiety getting the best of me, I was exhausted. Laying back against the head rest, I closed my eyes.

All of a sudden, I saw myself standing atop a billowy cloud, encircled by Sheila, Tammy, Vera and Mary Aker all smiling at me.

"He's nearly PERFECT!" Vera enthused, holding up a mirror. "To think, he was such a HOMELY guy!"

"My BREASTS. . . They're HUGE!" I gasped in the airiest of whispers, ogling my naked chest. "Are they a "B" cup already?"

"Where have you been, honey?" Mary Aker laughed. "They're a "C" plus. But by tomorrow, you'll be buying all new bras!"

Running my ultra long fingernails about my tiny waist and fully exposed, voluptuously curved hips, I began to tremble.

"I ADORE his hair!" Sheila gushed as I stared at my pale auburn tresses cascading beyond my full fanny. "It won't be long until it's down to his ankles so we can call him Repunzelle!"

"One more treatment ought to do it," the doctor thoughtfully replied. "Is the machine ready?"

"TREATMENT?" I nervously gasped. "MACHINE?"

"Don't be coy, sugar," Tammy simpered, standing beside a long, narrow booth. "You've been in the Transformat before."

"TRANSFORMAT?" I choked. "What's that?"

"How do you suppose you've gotten a body like mine?" a voice sounded from out of the blue. Turning around, I saw Mary Aker's receptionist, Nina, totally nude and smiling impishly.

"You couldn't have been a boy!" I anxiously blurted, ogling Nina's lovely "V" shaped crotch. "It's IMPOSSIBLE!"

"Upon emerging from the Transformat, you'll be EXACTLY like Nina," the doctor swiftly assured. "We're waiting, DAVID!"

"Go Dave go. . . Go Dave, GO. . ." they egged me on. I tried running away, but I was moving in slow motion.

"This way, honey," Vera grinned, leading me into the Transformat. "In a few moments we'll all be the SAME!"

"NO. . . NO. . ." I screamed as the door slammed shut. From beyond the small window, I saw the five women smiling with anticipation. Then, a loud shrilling siren filled my ears. . .

"DAMN!" Tammy yipped, as I abruptly awoke. "There's a cop on my tail. . .By the way, are you okay? You've been moaning no. . .no. . .for the last few minutes."

"I. . .I'm alright," I tensely smiled, relieved that it all had been a dream. . .no a NIGHTMARE!

Pulling to the curb, Tammy swiftly unbuttoned her coat. "He's coming!" she urgently whispered as she unbuttoned mine to expose my cleavage. "Smile and show him what you've got!"

"May I see your license and registration, ma'am," the officer stoically asked. "Do you realize you were doing 45 in a 30 zone?"

"Gracious me!" Tammy feigned surprised, pressing her palm against her chest. "I'm terribly sorry."

As I did the same, the officer began eyeing me. "Good evening, Miss," he wantonly grinned. "That's a swell dress."

"Th. . .thank you, sir," I nervously sputtered, unconsciously arching my back. "M. . .my friend didn't mean to speed, w. . .we were just. . ."

"I'm sure you ladies had good reason to hurry," he flirted. "I'm giving you a warning now, but be more careful next time."

"Thank you officer," Tammy and I sighed in unison. As he waved a too friendly goodbye, Tammy slowly pulled away.

"WEW!" Tammy loudly puffed. "That was sure a close call."

Recalling my bizarre dream, I droned, "Too close for me TOO!"

Our pace was hectic over the following days. With parties every night, often two a day, I had no break from being "Amanda." This served to increase my feminine poise and confidence, yet I found myself slowly forgetting who and what I really was!

Many times I wondered whether Sheila was fully aware of the extent to which I changed and if she'd still love me, as feminine as I had become. Yet, since we always seemed to miss each others calls, all I could do was wonder.

I anxiously awaited her return to end my servitude. But I had doubting fears as to my ability to become masculine again!

The first Friday after becoming a full time hostess, I had my standing appointment at Mario's. That morning, Vera polished my nails a very shiny pink and put my hair up into a French braid.

Instead of returning home, Tammy packed our dresses and we headed downtown. We had an office party scheduled that evening, yet I was a bit curious why we headed out so early.

"What about that number?" Tammy asked as we window shopped the boutiques. "It'd look SMASHING on you!"

"A leather mini skirt and a see through blouse!" I gasped. "I wouldn't be caught DEAD in that!"

"You're TOO conservative," she huffed. Pointing to an English Country skirted suit, she simpered, "THIS is more your speed?"



*I tried running away, but I was  
moving in slow motion.  
My smooth legs wouldn't run!*

"Well. . . Perhaps. . ."  
I found myself unconsciously admitting. But seeing her suggestive gaze, I hurriedly changed the subject. "Wow, it's lunch time," I exclaimed. "I'm famished!"

I ate just HALF a watercress sandwich and I was FULL! I wrapped the uneaten half for later and then, out of habit, I began repairing my lipstick.

"I recall when you could put away half a chicken at one sitting, sugar," Tammy chided. "But now, you've become so petite, you couldn't weigh more than 110 pounds!"

"A hundred and seven," I embarrassingly blushed, blotting my lips. "I can't help it. Eating like a bird's so natural now."

Leaving the prissy tea room, we window shopped again. The admiring glances I received from the throngs of holiday shoppers didn't bother me anymore, as I confidently maneuvered along the snowy sidewalk, with

my skirt bustling and heels clicking.

"Where are we going?" I anxiously asked as Tammy pulled me over to a side street. "The stores are the other way."

"We've an errand to do," she busily replied. Mincing in my three inch pumps, we traversed two city blocks in record time.

"The Drivers' Bureau?" I curiously asked. "Why are we going in here? The cop gave you back your license, didn't he?"

"Not for me, sugar," she grinned. "For YOU!"

"ME?" I gasped. "I have a driver's licenses. In fact, I just renewed it last. . ."

"But it belongs to DAVID MANNING!" she urgently whispered. "AMANDA needs one too!"

Before I could react, Tammy pushed me through the door and right to the counter. "Can I help you?" the clerk asked in a bored drone. But when he saw my face, his frown turned upside down!

"My friend needs a new driver's license," Tammy coquettishly grinned. "Dav. . . Ms. DAVIS lost everything in a terrible fire."

"That's just awful!" the middle aged man earnestly sighed. "I guess you don't even have a birth certificate then."

"Nothing at all," Tammy feigned commiseration. "Can you help?"

"For a lovely lady?" he winked. "I can pull a few strings!"

We hadn't been there for fifteen minute before we left. "I can't believe we did this, Tammy," I whispered. "It's SO illegal!"

"Who's going to know?" she challenged, handing me my new license. "Just look at this photo. In a million years, they'll never figure David Manning and Amanda Davis are one in the same."

Staring at my full crimson lips, spread into a toothy grin, I sadly knew she was right. Yet, the letter "F" beside the blank for sex really sent chills up my spine!

Back in the shopping district, we walked the crowded street. An hour later, we ducked into a coffee shop to warm up.

Nervously puffing a cigarette and tapping my long fingernails against the table top, I asked, "So where's our party tonight?"

"Oh, at an office in City Centre Tower," she nonchalantly replied. "Just a little old company Christmas thing, you know."

"You're kidding!" I gasped. "Mediko offices are there. Tammy, it's not. . ."

"Afraid so, sugar," she worriedly grinned. "I knew you'd be upset, so I waited to tell you until now. They were a last minute booking and they're paying big bucks!"

"I CAN'T go THERE!" I whimpered. "One slip and I'm DOOMED!"

"You're making much ado about nothing, AMANDA!" she scolded. "Bob Harvey didn't recognize you. . . And that was BEFORE your lip and boob job. Everything'll be fine!"

My heart pounded feverishly as we rode the express elevator to the 38th floor. But when the doors opened and I saw those all too familiar surroundings, I could've died!

"Come on!" Tammy impatiently ordered, prodding me out of the car. "Even if you were your old self, in a suit and tie, these uppity corporate folks would hardly remember you!"

Grabbing my hand, as if I was a lost child, Tammy lead me into the lobby. My large gold hoop earrings weighed heavy on my lobes, fueling my fearful self consciousness.

"You must be from Personal Touch," an attractive woman welcomed. "I'm Mr. Colfax's secretary. The caterers are setting up. If you need to change, the powder room's just down the hall."

"So this is what it looks like," I said to myself, entering the ladies' room. "Couches. . .Magazines. . .No wonder my secretary spent so much time in here!"

"Earth to Mandy!" Tammy chided. "Stop day dreaming and get changed. The party's due to start in half an hour!"

But when I opened the clothing bag, I cried, "I CAN'T wear this! Look at this decollete. It's TOO REVEALING!"

"Afraid you'll catch a chill?" she quipped. "We must make a good showing, sugar. Just think of all the potential clientele out there. You ought to know, after all, weren't you a marketing man?"

"She's right. . .I WAS a man!" I silently whimpered. Defeated, I reluctantly kicked off my pumps, unbuttoning my high neck blouse.

"I LOVE this look!" Tammy beamed, zipping up the back of my electric blue lame cocktail dress. "Few woman can get away with wearing this. It's a good thing your breasts haven't yet dropped!"

"Must I go braless?" I pined, eyeing my creamy pert bosom peeking suggestively beyond the plunging bodice. "I feel so NAKED!"

"It's in vogue, sugar," she giggled. "It may not meet with your conservative tastes, but in this business we're all slaves to fashion."

While I fixed some stray hairs back into my braid, Tammy redid my makeup to darker, evening shades. "Stupendous!" she thrilled. "You'll knock 'em dead!"

"Better them than me," I muttered, slipping on the matching four inch heeled slippers. "I'm scared out of my wits!"

Making my hostessing rounds, I anxiously awaited for one of my former co-workers to recognized me. But as the minutes ticked away, I realized that wasn't going to happen.

Dropping my guard, I eventually relaxed. Feigning ignorance, I had the time of my life meddling in office gossip. Believing I was an attractive woman, my old buddies opened up and told me things they'd never have if they only knew the truth!

As I returned to the kitchenette, I glowed with confidence. "Three requests for dates and one marriage proposal," I laughed to myself. "Wait until Tammy hears about this!"

But rounding the corner past the file room, I ran right into my old secretary, Julie! Just her and me and no place to hide!

"You're the hostess, aren't you?" she asked between sips of white wine. "I'm Julie Phipps, a secretary here. . .And you?"

"A. . .Amanda," I stammered. "Amanda Davis. Can I get you more wine?"

"I can sure use it," she slurred. "Can you believe? I've worked at Mediko for five lousy years and this is the FIRST Christmas party that not a single junior exec HIT on me!"

"The n. . .night's young," I politely replied. "I'm certain a nice young man will. . ."

"Are you NUTS?" she drunkenly belched. "I don't have a chance. Every guy in this damn office is going GA over YOU!"

Aghast, I urgently pressed my palm against my nearly bare chest. But as I did, Julie eyed my decollete, sneering, "Nice dress, Amanda. If I had your TITS, I could wear it too!"

My mouth gaping in shock, I watch Julie stagger away, crying, "Come and get it guys! Little Miss Hostess's right down the hall!"

"How could she be so envious?" I silently worried, scurrying back to Tammy. "Yet, is she right? Do they effect MEN that much?"

By nine o'clock, party was thinning out. To my relief fewer men were leering at me and I hadn't yet seen my nemesis, Richard Colfax!

As I was tidying up the lobby, the elevator chimed. When the door opened, I nearly had a coronary. It was BIG DICK!

"Aren't you a babe I hired from Personal Touch?" he asked, glaring at me. As I meekly nodded, he brayed, "Well, move your buns and fetch me a scotch, neat!"

Overshadowed by his imposing stature, I passively lowered my eyes, squeaking, "Yes, sir. Right away, sir."

"What's the matter, sugar?" Tammy asked, seeing me distraught. "Someone giving you a hard time?"

"D. . . Dick Colfax. . . that JERK!" I sputtered. "Now I know what it means to be sexually harassed!"

"Easy there, Mandy," she soothed. "The attention men give to pretty women isn't always positive. Welcome to the club!"

Flabbergasted, I shunned Tammy and quickly made the drink. "The club, INDEED!" I muttered. "Damn that Richard Colfax! If not for him, I wouldn't be in this wretched mess!"

"Thanks sweetie," he winked taking his drink. "AHHH..! You're not only a hot babe, but an excellent barkeep to boot!"

"How DARE he insult me," I silently raved. "If I was a man, I'd slug him right in the. . . OH GAWD! IF! What am I saying?"

"You throw one hell of a bash," he winked, patting my hip. "I know a nice quiet place where we can have a party of our own. Just you and me. . . if you KNOW what I MEAN!"

"Th. . . thank you, b. . . but no, sir," I stammered as his hand wondered about my waist. "Y. . . you see, I. . . I'm married and. . ."

"Big deal, so am I!" he laughed, slapping my fanny. "Tell me honey, what do the guys call you?"

"A. . . Amanda," I dryly gulped, trying to hide my sheer terror. "Y. . . you must be M. . . Mr. Colfax."

"Call me Dick," he boldly insisted, downing the last drop of scotch. "Fetch me another one. When you get back, I'll have a little surprise for you!"

I didn't plan on coming back. I was going to get Tammy and sneak out the back stairwell, spiked heels or no spiked heels. But when I got to the kitchenette, she wasn't there!

"Tammy. . . TAMMY!" I urgently called. Hearing some noise just beyond the door, I stepped forward.

"Where the heck have you been. . ." I started to scold, thinking it was her. "Oh, Mr. Colfax," I gasped. "You didn't have to come back here. I was just bringing your. . ."

"Forget the drink, babe," he groped. "It's you I WANT!"

I tried to pivot away from him, but my heel caught a snag in the carpet. As I fell, instead of hitting the ground, I ended up in Dick Colfax's burly arms.

"So, you like me too?" he dastardly winked, drawing me up against his barrel chest. "How about a kiss for Big Dick!"

My stomach churned with disgust as he forced his hot, liquor reeking tongue between my tightly sealed lips. "You're my type of woman, Amanda," he huffed, coming up for air. "Tight ass. . .pert tits. . . We can make some beautiful music together!"

"Not until you pay your bill, MR. COLFAX!" Tammy abruptly spat. "You owe Personal Touch a tidy sum and your liberties with my assistant AREN'T included!"

"Hey, I'm sorry, Ms. Jordan," he sheepishly smiled. "Guess I had a few too many at lunch. Please accept my apologies."

Tammy said nothing as Colfax wrote out a check. "Thank you sir," she tersely snapped. "But in the future, don't call us, we'll call you!"

As we left the building, I was still too shocked to say a word. But back in the car, I thanked Tammy for rescuing me.

"If you had been more careful in the first place, perhaps your heel wouldn't have gotten stuck in the carpet," she noted.

"How COULD you!" I gasped. "You were there all along and let him do that to me!"

"It was only a kiss, Mandy," she rebuffed. "Let this be a lesson. You're as close to being female as the real McCoy. So when I give you advise to take harassment in stride, don't be so quick to put me off. . . Okay?"

Meekly whimpering, I dabbed my mascara drenched tears. "Has it really come to this?" I silently sobbed. "Am I ALMOST a WOMAN?"

Even as we arrived home, I was still terribly upset. I was such a bundle of nerves, I could barely undress myself.

"Now, now, sugar," Tammy soothed, treating me more kindly, came to my aid. "Everything will be alright. . . You'll see."

But as she lowered my dress's bodice, all I saw were my twin prominences, heaving rhythmically. "What's happened to me, Tammy?" I whimpered, hyperventilating. "I never was SO emotional before!"

"Don't worry your pretty head," she tenderly replied, helping me on with my sleeping bra. "You're just becoming more feminine."

Only weeks before, I would've grieved over her comment. Yet now, what really troubled me was that I WASN'T troubled! "Dear, ME!" I hopelessly sighed. "Have I ACTUALLY come this FAR?"

"UH OH!" Tammy gulped, abruptly removing my bra. "We got a problem."

"PROBLEM?" I asked urgently. "Wha. . . what is it?"

"You're growing!" she softly giggled, gently cupping my bosom. "It's time we buy you a new set of bras!"

"An A plus cup?" I whined, following Tammy out of the lingerie boutique. "At this rate, I'll. . ."

"You'll be in a B in no time!" she chimed. "Isn't it wonderful!"

"That's NOT what I'm saying," I snapped. "My breasts aren't just bigger, my hips are too and my waist's SO small. Gosh, I think I fit into Sheila's clothes better than she does!"

"Me TOO!" she laughed. "Don't you LOVE it!"

"Why does she say such things?" I silently pined. My twin mounds gently jiggled within their softly padded cup as I briskly minced to the car. It scared me to admit that I agreed with her!

Christmas eve fell on a Friday, as did my appointment at Mario's salon. By now it was so routine, I actually enjoyed all of Vera's fussy primping.

"Your eyebrows are getting quite bushy, honey," she remarked while washing my hair. "Remind me to smooth them out a bit."

Later, after removing me from the hair-dryer, Vera said, "We'll take care of this now. No use waiting and mussing your hairdo."

I was a bit curious when she lead me to her private room. Yet I reasoned she just wanted to gossip in more secluded surroundings.

"Just relax, honey," Vera smiled as I laid my curler covered head down on the massage table. "It shan't take long."

Closing my eyes, I prepared myself for a painful tweezing. But hearing that familiar buzzing sound made me sit up and take notice.

"What's with the electrolysis probe?" I nervously panted, shielding my forehead. "All my facial hair's GONE!"

"Trust me," she smiled. "You'll never have to tweeze again."

I was like putty in her hands as she gently laid my back atop the table. "Don't worry," she soothed. "You'll LOVE it!"

What felt like hours were merely minutes. Vera, handing me a mirror, woefully reminded me of my bizarre dream. I quickly glanced downward to make sure my breasts hadn't grown anymore!

"What do you think?" she excitedly asked as I gazed at my reflection. "This is my present to you, honey. MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

"They're so THIN!" I gasped, ogling my freshly arched brows and how huge they made my eyes appear. "Will they grow back?"

"No. . . but why would you want that?" she earnestly asked. "Don't tell me you want to go back to being homely old DAVID!"

Her remark really hit home. Suddenly, tears filled me my eyes as I sobbed, "That's just it. I DON'T know what I want anymore!"

"Sugar, what's wrong?" Tammy urgently asked, seeing my flushed face and mascara drenched cheeks. "Are you hurt?"

"All's well," Vera assured, still embracing my quivering body. "We just had an abrupt confrontation with reality."

"I'm sorry," I bawled, drying my reddened eyes. "It's SO embarrassing!"

"You're entitled, sugar," she soothed. "Every girl needs a good cry now and then."

"It's reversible, isn't it?" I whimpered. "I mean, I can be David again, can't I?"

"Of course," Tammy assured. "What on earth are you saying?"

"I not sure," I tragically sighed. "Except that the old David's gone!"

It wasn't easy, but by late afternoon, I pulled myself together. Yet, while I managed to put the morning's episode behind me, the realization that I'd never be the same still haunted me.

Readying myself for the evening's affair, I donned Sheila's "Christmas dress." Its black velvet bodice accentuated my rounded bosom, while the short, wispy taffeta skirt fluttered elegantly about my smokey nylon clad legs.

After brushing my bouncy, shoulder length, golden auburn tresses, I was about to insert my wife's pearl studs into my pierced earlobes. Suddenly, Tammy hollered, "WAIT!"

"For what?" I impatiently replied. "Sheila always wears pearls with this outfit."

"I'm breaking tradition," she impishly grinned, handing me a small, brightly wrapped box. "MERRY CHRISTMAS, Mandy!"

"You shouldn't have," I blushed, anxiously biting my freshly glossed pink lips. "But I don't have anything for you."

"Who had time to shop?" she winked. "Open it already!"

My long, French manicured fingers trembled as I removed the colorful paper to reveal a velvet jacketed jewelry box. My pulse quickened as I slowly peeked inside.

"They're BEAUTIFUL!" I gushed. "But I can't accept this. Men aren't suppose to get such gifts!"

"Pish posh!" she kindly scolded. "Keep it because I can't return them. Now be a sweetheart and let me put them on you."

"THERE!" she sighed with satisfaction. "Diamond studs are YOU!"

Staring into the vanity mirror, I gingerly fingered my new gift. As tears clouded my eyes, I gulped, "I'm speechless."

"It's from Sheila and me," she smiled, tenderly caressing my bare shoulders. "It's our thanks for all you've sacrificed over these last few weeks."

"SACRIFICE?" I bewilderingly asked. Her words didn't register.

"Are you okay?" I barely heard Tammy ask. "Did I say something wrong?"

"No," I softly sighed in a daze. As my hands lovingly traced my velvety fitted bodice, from my prominent bust, to my tiny waist and curvaceous hips, I whispered, "Nothing's wrong at all."

By December 29th, I could see daylight! Christmas was over and Tammy reported the hospital would soon discharge Sheila's Mom.

That evening, we were hostessing a small wedding reception. As I made my face at the vanity, I thought of the future.

In light of my wife's return, I joyously anticipated regaining my masculinity. Yet, I remained plagued by serious doubts.

Even after Dr. Aker removed the implants, it'd be months, or more, until my body repaired the damage done by the estrogen. Being stuck with my womanly curves worried me sick!

Sure, my lips would thin out in time. But my feminine mannerisms were SO ingrained, I dreaded over how long it'd take me to kick my girlish habits. What could I do until then?

"OUCH!" I suddenly yelped. I was so preoccupied, I accidentally caught a fingernail in my compact, breaking it.

"Your mascara's running, sugar," Tammy noted as I wept. "It's not the end of the world, you know."

"They were just polished!" I sadly pouted. Then all at once, I stopped crying. "Why do I care?" I worriedly asked. "In a few weeks this masquerade will be over. Tammy, what's happened to me?"

"It's MORE than just a masquerade, now," she tenderly replied. "I dare say, you're more feminine than you realize."

Turning away, I stared at the vanity mirror. Long, wispy bangs hovered just above my darkly mascaraed eyelashes, while a thick, golden brown braid lovingly nestled against my sleek neck.

As my full, red glossed lips slowly parted, my pearly white teeth gleamed brightly. Despite my trance-like state, I still heard Tammy say, "Face it, sugar. You're a WOMAN now!"

"Perhaps I am," I droned, gasping for air. "Perhaps I am!"

New Year's day, Tammy and I slept in late into the afternoon. The previous night's party was a raucous affair. I had to stay on my toes, just to keep the men from pawing me to death!

Without time to do laundry, I had run out of nightgowns. With Tammy's permission, I had worn a pair of my old pajamas to bed.

"How CUTE!" she gushed as I drowsily entered the kitchen for coffee. "Are those you husband's?"

"Very funny," I whined, filling my cup. "I doubt they'll ever fit me again."

"You're SWIMMING in those flannel pj's" she quipped again. "I guess the clothes DON'T always make the man!"

Gripping the waistband so the pants wouldn't fall, I peered down at my pink polished toes. "You're almost right," I sourly replied. "But I don't feel much like a man anymore!"

It was a relief not to have any jobs that day. Bringing my cup and cigarettes to the living room, I turned on the T.V.

"Football. . . FOOTBALL!" I impatiently sighted, flicking through the channels. "Isn't there a movie or something?"

"What's the matter, sugar?" Tammy simpered. "I recall when you nearly spent your entire life watching that game."

"I suppose I did," I dryly gulped. "But that seems like a lifetime ago."

Giving up, I went to dress. Grabbing the first thing I found, I donned my grey wool hobble skirt and white silk blouse. While buckling the wide patent leather belt, I heard a knock at the door.

"Can you get it, sugar!" Tammy called from the bathroom. "I'm in the shower!"

Slipping on my three inch black patent leather pumps, I scurried to answer. "Just a second," I chimed, quickly smoothing out my skirt. "Who is it?"

"Cliff Manning," a deep, raspy voice boomed from beyond the door. "I'm here to see my son, David."

"Good GAWD!" I excitedly drawled. "It's DAD!"

But just to make sure, I peered through the peep hole. "What's Dad doing here?" I nervously wondered. "He'll KILL me!"

Just then, Tammy stepped out. "Who's there?" she asked, toweling her hair dry. "Aren't you letting them in?"

"I . . . I CAN'T!" I panted. "It's m. . . my FATHER!"

"Let me in!" Dad bellowed, again thumping on the door. "It's freezing in this damn hallway!"

"What are we going to do, Tammy?" I sputtered. "What?"

"WE aren't doing a thing," she tersely replied, marching back to the bathroom. "YOU'RE opening the door!"

My heart pounded with deathly fear. Garnering all my nerve, I placed my hand on the door knob. Turning it slowly, I held my breath, preparing for the worst.

"It's about time!" Dad huffed as he hurriedly barged into the apartment. "Who the HELL are you?"

Startled, I saw him leering at me with a perplexed glare. "I'm A. . . Amanda," I nervously stammered, wringing my long, red tipped fingers. "Amanda D. . . Davis."

"Do I know you?" he bewilderingly asked. "I don't recall. . ."

"Amanda's a dear friend of mine," Tammy answered, now standing beside me. "She's visiting from my home town and helping me house sit while Dave and Sheila are visiting her mother."

"The old Iowa battle axe, aye?" Dad sneered. "Guess I travelled two thousand miles for nothing!"

"Well, it IS New Year's, Mr. Manning," Tammy winked as my eyes widened in shock. "Can I offer you a something?"

"Now that you mention it, how's about a nip," Dad chuckled. "California living's made my blood too thin to stand this cold!"

"Make yourself at home," Tammy smiled, handing him the bourbon bottle and a glass. "I'm sure Dave would want you to stay."

"NO! Leave. . .GO AWAY!" I silently cried. "It won't take him long to figure out the truth. . .I'm DOOMED!"

Settling on the sofa, Dad poured himself a long one. "It's been a dog's year since I've seen you, Tammy," he said between gulps. "How's tricks?"

"Just dandy," she smiled. "Sheila and I are in the hostessing business. We're doing famously!"

But then Dad focused on me. "Damn, you sure look familiar," he remarked, his steely blue eyes seemed to pierce my soul. "You've got a strong resemblance to my ex-wife's family."

"Really?" I nervously grinned, desperately trying to disguise my dreadful fear. "They from. . .ah. . .Alabama?"

"NAW," he huffed as his thin lips twisted sourly. "Ohio. . .But just as well. They're a bunch of lunatics anyway!"

Bored with the conversation, Dad picked up the remote control and turned on a football game. Seizing the opportunity, I grabbed Tammy's arm, dragging her into the bedroom.

"Are you NUTS!" I excitedly whispered, softly shutting the door. "Why didn't you let him GO?"

"He's family," she matter-of-factly replied. "We must be hospitable."

"What for?" I sneered. "He's an ASSHOLE!"

Scurrying to the vanity, I instinctively reached for my cosmetics. "He walked out on Mom ten years ago," I spat while deftly mascaraing my eyes. "Besides, he nearly READ me!"

"Don't get all uppity, sugar," she knowingly smiled, handing me a tube of red high gloss lipstick. "You passed."

"For now," I sighed, smoothing sweet tasting color across my full lips. "But when that bottle's empty, we're BOTH in trouble!"

"Stop worrying!" she simpered. But all at once the lipstick tube slipped from my fingers, landing loudly atop the table.

"My goodness, what's wrong?" she worriedly asked. "You're as white as a ghost!"

"What've I done?" I trembled in fear, my palms pressed flush against my prettied face. "I'm wearing MAKEUP for my FATHER!"

"Game's over, girls!" Dad brayed from the living room. "Let's party!"

"Come on, Mandy," Tammy soothed. "I feel for you but we must be polite. Otherwise he'll be suspicious for sure!" Silently nodding my head, I grasped her hands as she slowly lead me out.

As we stepped from the bedroom, Dad was on the phone. "Damn straight, Jim," he boomed into the receiver. "I've got two HOT chicks. A gorgeous redhead for you and an auburn cutie for me!"

"He's making us a date!" I breathlessly panted into Tammy's ear. "I . . . I . . ."

"Don't fret," she winked. "I'll fix this."

"Hey girls, how's about we paint the town red!" Dad leeringly grinned. "We'll meet my pal Jim, grab a juicy steak and. . ."

"Sir, you're TOO kind!" Tammy sweetly smiled. "But I fear we can't leave. Sheila and Dave are due home any time now."

"NOW you tell me!" he huffed, anxiously checking his watch. "I've got to split. Jim's meeting me in half an hour. Guess I'll catch up with my wimpy son and his bossy wife next trip."

Handing Dad his overcoat, Tammy grinned, "So glad to see you again, Mr. Manning. It's been a pleasure as always."

"Yeah sure," he muttered. But half way through the door Dad abruptly stopped. "Almost forgot," he lecherously winked. "Next time you're in L.A. look me up. I OWE you a good time, AMANDA!"

Dad's visit dredged up many dormant emotions, leaving me a complete bundle of nerves. Tammy tried consoling me, but nothing she said mattered. I wanted my masculinity back. Yet, unlike before, I now feared it was next to impossible!

"What am I going to do, Tammy?" I whimpered, blotting my mascara drenched tears. "I'm not my father's son anymore. At best, I'm daddy's little GIRL!"

"You're TOO melodramatic," she kindly scolded. "What's wrong with being female. If you haven't noticed, you do it VERY well. . .Far better than most REAL women!"

"Stop IT!" I sobbed. But as Tammy tenderly embraced me, I wept, "The truth is, I DON'T know what I want anymore!"

Later, even after regaining my composure, I remained overly anxious. As I headed to the bedroom to fetch a cigarette from my purse, I saw the telephone and got an idea.

"Tammy, where's Sheila's phone book?" I asked, rummaging through the kitchen junk drawer. "I need to call Sheila and I forgot her mother's number."

Suddenly and like a cat, Tammy leaped from the sofa and rushed to my aid. At least that was what I thought at the time.

"I'll make the call, sugar," she insisted. "You go ahead and freshen up a bit. Sheila and I have some invoices to discuss. Give me a holler when you're ready."

Washing at the bathroom sink revived me. I patted my face dry, thinking, "Should I or shouldn't I freshen my makeup?"

"Hey, sugar!" Tammy called, interrupting my thoughts. "Sheila's ready to talk to you!"

Scurrying to the bedside phone, I kicked off my three inch pumps and curled up atop the bedspread. But as I lifted the receiver, I froze stiff.

"I haven't spoken to her in weeks," I nervously thought. "My GAWD! What do I say?"

"Hello. . .Hello. . ." Sheila called. "Is somebody there?"

"H. . .hi!" I stammered TOO sweetly and meek. "It's me, Sheila."

"DAVID?" she asked, feigning surprise. "Is this REALLY your voice? It's TOTALLY feminine. . .and SEXY!"

"Please!" I whimpered, "Don't do this to me. I'm terribly confused as it is."

Sheila backed off and we began to talk. The conversation didn't once touch upon my feelings of doubts or anxieties. And while we spoke to each other more like sisters, than husband and wife, our talk did wonders to quell my hysteria and calm frazzled nerves.

"...NO WAY!" Sheila gasped. "I'm a six petite and that skirt's always been tight on me. You must be down to a size FOUR!"

"I suppose I've lost some weight," I sighed. "I'm barely a hundred pounds. . ."

"Darling. . .darling are you still there?" she urgently asked, after I had shamefully stopped speaking. "Talk to me. . .Please!"

"I. . .I'm here," I dryly gulped. Thinking of a way to change the subject, I asked, "I nearly forgot. How's your mom doing?"

"Mom? . . .Doing?" she haphazardly replied, as if caught off guard. "She's. . .ah. . .getting better everyday. She's talking again and the doctors sat she'll be walking in no time."

"H. . .how much time?" I tensely asked. "I really miss you, sweetheart and I'm. . ."

"I know, I know, David," she interjected. "It's hard to tell. But to venture a guess, mid to late March."

"MARCH!" I cried. "Sheila, I'm dying here. I can't. . ."

"Oh. . .oh. . .Yes, Mom. . .I'm coming!" her muffled voice called out. "Sorry, darling, got to run," she hurriedly cut me off. "We'll talk again soon. . .BYE!"

"CLICK" came over the receiver and she was gone. "MARCH?" I silently pondered. I shuddered to think what I'd be like by then!

Despite my deepening uncertainty over my future, life had to go on. And likewise, so did my hostess duties with Personal Touch!

It was the first week in February. Tammy and I had just returned home from hostessing an engagement party.

"Tammy, be a dear and unhook my bra," I nonchalantly asked. Being nude in front of women no longer shamed me. After all, my body was now more female than it had ever been male!

While helping, Tammy made a startling discovery. "Look at those RED MARKS across your back!" she urgently exclaimed. "Aren't you in pain?"

"Red marks?" I quizzed. "Pain?"

Twisting me around to the mirror, I looked over my shoulder. "See!" she scolded. "It means only one thing. Larger BRAS!"

When we arrived home from the mall, I tossed my new purchases down on the bed. "I CAN'T believe it!" I huffed in frustration. "I've actually grown into a 'B' cup!"

"34 'B", sugar," Tammy gloated. "Mary Aker predicted this. At this rate, in no time you'll be a. . ."

"Don't remind me," I sadly sighed. Visions of my Mom filled my head. "Her bust was HUGE!" I nervously thought. "Even with the implants removed, I'll be stuck with a matronly bosom!"

"Earth to Mandy!" Tammy sarcastically snapped. "Get a move on, sugar. We're hostessing that cocktail party at the Buffalo Lodge tonight. Wear your new black demi-bra. It'll look smashing with Sheila's low cut, black and white mini-dress!"

Left alone to change, I stripped to my gaff and removed the new bra from the lingerie boutique bag. Positioning it below my bust line, I deftly dipped each pert breast into the satiny cups.

"How pretty!" I murmured, caressing the under wires with my long, pink fingernails, admiring how my twin orbs were lifted and squeezed to enviable feminine prominence. But suddenly, I snapped!

"Sugar, what's wrong?" Tammy worriedly exclaimed, rushing into the bedroom, half dressed herself. "Why are you crying?"

"I'll never. . ." I sobbed. "NEVER!"

"Never what, sugar," she earnestly asked as she tenderly stroked my quaking body.

"It's no use, Tammy," I tragically wept. "Just look at me. I'm DOOMED to be a woman for the rest of my LIFE!"

"There, there," she soothed. "Sooner or later you were bound to realize the truth. I'm surprised it took you so long."

"I. . . I was hoping I could go back. . . go back to being the man I used to be," I whimpered. "But when I saw how lovely my breasts look and how curvy I've become, I knew it could never be."

Tammy held me in her ample arms until all my pent up emotions drained out of me. I felt like a wrung out dish rag after I stopped crying, yet the cleansing effects did me good.

"Let me help you dress," Tammy kindly suggested. With my black, French cut panties, matching slip and smokey, seamed nylons in place, she gently draped Sheila's dress over my head.

"What a KNOCKOUT!" she cheered gleefully. "Your wife never looked so good in that number!"

"You really mean it?" I asked with excitement. Proudly eyeing my svelte form, I girlishly twisted before the mirror. "I've never felt this way before," I sang. "I'm so. . ."

"Pretty." she finished. "It's true, sugar. You are the loveliest creature I've had the pleasure to know. See, femininity isn't so bad, is it?"

Fighting not to smile, I bashfully shook my head. While just a day before I would've surely denied it, I now had to agree and the freedom felt WONDERFUL!

That evening, I had the time of my life. Swishing about the banquet hall, I had never felt freer. My mincing gate atop four inch,

black silk slippers was light while my movement were gracefully fluid in the most feminine sense.

"Having fun, sugar?" Tammy knowingly asked upon my return to the kitchen to replenish my tray. "That smile of your's will defy any answer but YES!"

"So I am," I coyly cooed, bashfully diverting my gaze. "Do all women feel this way?"

"Only the beautiful ones," she winked. As I blushed beet red, she added, "And you're the MOST beautiful girl I know!"

As I drove the car home after the party, I couldn't contain myself. I just had to tell Tammy all about my adventures.

"... You should've seen the look in her eye as I chatted with her husband," I merrily gossiped. "If looks could KILL!"

"INDEED!" Tammy laughed. "That fellow couldn't take his eyes off your cavernous cleavage. . .nor could his WIFE!"

Giggling like school girls we gabbed and gabbed. But our cheeriness abruptly ended at the sound of a blaring siren.

"Oh my GAWD!" I gasped. "It's a COP! What do I do?"

Bringing the car to a halt along a dark side street, I reached for my purse. "I'm DOOMED," I whined. "He'll see my driver's license and know I'm not what I appear to be!"

"Never fear," Tammy calmly reminded. "Remember our trip to the DMV?"

Just as she said this, I found my new driver's license. Eyeing my pretty, smiling, painted face in the corner photograph, I seemed to instinctively know EXACTLY what to do next!

"I'll handle this," Tammy kindly suggested. "Just follow my lead and. . ."

"It's okay," I impishly grinned, retouching my high gloss pink lipstick. "Everything's under control!"

Winking at Tammy, I undid my coat just enough to teasingly expose my feminine attributes. Removing bobby pins, my long, auburn mane tumbled sensuously about my creamy white shoulders.

My heart raced a mile a minute as I watched the tall uniformed figure approach through my side mirror. Yet, I was not nervous or anxious, but rather purely excited!

"Where's the fire, lady," the handsome, darkhaired officer brusquely asked. "You ran right through that stop sign and. . ."

"I am truly sorry, sir," I cutely sighed, pursing my full lips in a most seductive pout. "It'll never happen again, I promise."

"C. . .can I. . .I see your lice. . .license, please," he tensely stammered, obviously ogling my deep cleavage. As I gracefully handed it to him, I nervously gulped, "Th. . .thank you."

"Is there a problem, officer?" I cutely asked, purposely licking the corner of my lips for added emphasis. "You've been inspecting my license for the longest of time."

"N. . .no problem, Ms. Davis. . .er. . .AMANDA," he fumbled. "May I call you Amanda?"

"Sure," I coquettishly replied, reading his name plate. "Mandy's fine, Officer Madigan."

"C. . .call me Sean," he panted, staring longingly into my icy blue eyes. "I'm just giving you a warning, this time, Amanda. But be more careful. I'd hate to see someone as lovely as you hurt."

"Thank you for caring," I toothily smiled. Albeit reluctantly, he returned my license and Tammy and I headed for home.

"You little MINX!" Tammy gasped. "You twirled him around your little finger with the best of them!"

"Did I?" I coyly replied. "I guess I've been taught well."

"INDEED!" she laughed, giving me a sisterly kiss. "INDEED!"

It was the last Monday morning in February. Seated at the mirrored vanity, I stared wondrously at Vera's latest enhancements to my image.

"I can't believe it," I sighed doubtfully. "I actually let her talk me into doing THIS!"

"There GORGEOUS!" Tammy gushed, strutting into the bedroom. "You got SO many complements at the parties this weekend. Double pierced eyes are really YOU!"

"I know, but it's not just the earrings, Tammy," I whined, pointing the tips of my long, red polished fingernails at my face. "THIS stuff will NEVER come off!"

"Don't be so fatalistic," she huffed. "Indelible eyeliner and mascara isn't really permanent. Just think, your eyes don't have to be retouched for the next three months."

"But LOOK at my face," I insisted. "She put a mole at the corner of my lip and it won't wash off!"

"It's only a pinpoint, sugar," she simpered. "The most famous super models sport them. Besides, it SO exotically feminine, you've got to LOVE IT!"

"I suppose," I reluctantly grinned. "But Sheila's coming home soon. What if she wants me back the way I used to be?"

"You're getting WAY ahead of yourself, sugar," she assured. "If I know your wife, she'll. . ."

But then the phone rang and Tammy quickly chimed, "I'll get it."

As she answered the call, I gazed at my reflection. "I've come SO far," I silently sighed, subconsciously twisting a freshly affixed gold stud. "Gosh, I've even forgotten how I used to look!"

Opening the vanity's bottom right drawer, I rummaged about. Finding the year old photograph, I shut my eyes, hesitant to look.

"Sheila's SO beautiful," I marvelled as my endlessly long eyelashes slowly parted. Her figure was stunning. Clad in the skimpiest red thong bikini, her curvaceous body demanded praise.

I glanced at the tops of my own creamy white breasts, nestled amidst the pink satin my wife's low cut nightgown. "I wonder. . ." I pondered. "Would it fit me?"

"ARGH!" I reeled in disgust. "What an AWFUL thought!"



*"What a Knockout!" she cheered gleefully.  
"Your wife never looked so good in that skirt!"  
The blouse felt comfortable too!*

Regaining composure, I studied the photo. "Who IS that mustached man," I asked myself, denying my true identity. "I was beefier, wasn't I?" Eying my pencil thin limbs, voluptuous curves and sensuously full lips, I sadly knew I could never be him again.

". . .Earth to Mandy!" Tammy snapped, awaking me from my trance. "It's Sheila. She wants to speak to you."

Placing the photograph aside, I took the phone. "H. . .hi," I stammered, still shocked over my transformation. "H. . .how are you, Sheila?"

"Fine and dandy!" she merrily chirped. "I've some great news. . .I'll be home sooner than planned!"

"Oh. . .ah. . .that's wonderful," I droned, still preoccupied in thought. "I. . .I can't wait."

Apparently, Tammy told her all about my new makeup and pierced ears, saving me from the shameful task. "We'll have SO much fun," she tittered. "Especially in BED!"

My heart skipped a beat when she alluded to sex. It had been months since we had slept together and my body had gone through such radical changes.

"D. . .don't be shocked," I whimpered. "But I'm not exactly the same as you'd remember."

"BETTER, I trust!" she enthused, causing me to squirm. "Oh David, don't fret. I'll love you no matter your shape."

I wanted to respond to that remark, but she quickly added, "Oops, got to run, darling. Save some covers for ME!"

"What's the matter, sugar," Tammy asked after I hung up the phone. "Looks like you've lost your best friend."

"I don't know, Tammy," I pouted, handing her the photo. "Sheila says she can't wait to see me, not to mention having sex, but since this day at the shore I've CHANGED so much!"

"Indeed," she replied distantly. Glancing between me and the photograph, she suggested, "Maybe a little diversion's in order. You know, get your mind off your troubles."

"Like what?" I sighed. "I doubt ANYTHING will help."

"Perhaps," she seemingly agreed. But then, pointing at the picture, she cheered, "I'd bet Sheila's bikini would just about fit you now. Let's give it a try!"

"WHAT?" I gasped. "Out of the question!"

"Have it your way," she rebuffed. "But this may be your last chance. By summertime you'll probably have grown TOO BIG!"

"TAMMY!" I squealed, folding my arms across my bosom, "I CAN'T take it anymore. . ."

"Okay," she impishly grinned. "But you really need a change of pace. . .Hey, we're off tonight. How about a shopping trip!"

This suggestion was more agreeable. . .Far more than squeezing into my wife's bikini top!

Donning a blue ankle length pleated skirt and white angora sweater, I slipped on two inch heeled, knee high boots. Smoothing on matted red lipstick, I dabbed a bit of perfume and we left.

"We spent SO much!" I huffed. Bounding into the apartment in the late afternoon, my arms were laden with packages. "Our credit card bill must be through the roof!"

"Don't worry," Tammy assured. "We had a FANTASTIC season! We didn't cancel out on a single party, what's more, we made lots of extra money on last minute bookings. And we owe it all to YOU!"

"ME?" I asked in confusion. "I only did what Sheila would've normally done."

"And MORE!" she insisted. "Our business is by word of mouth. When it got out that a knock dead, gorgeous woman hostessed for Personal Touch. . .well, the rest is history!"

Twirling a long tendril of golden hair between my slender fingers, I couldn't help but blush. "TAMMY!" I whiningly simpered. "You're overly exaggerating."

"Am I?" she smilingly challenged. Marching across the room, she grabbed the appointment book. "Here, look for yourself!"

"MY GOSH!" I gulped, paging through the calendar. "It's booked solid at least every weekend this year. . .and EVERYDAY next Christmas season!"

"Told you," Tammy gloated. "And were booking more each day!"

"I don't understand," I sighed. "I'm not a real woman and. . ."

"With all her beauty, Sheila's too independently minded and self absorbed for this line of work," she cut me off to explain. "But YOU, sugar, you're quintessential hostess material!"

Insulted, I pursed my red glossed lips and glowered angrily. "How can you say that?" I snapped. "I wasn't born to hostess!"

"Perhaps not," she matter-of-factly replied. "But now you're demurely docile yet eager to please. Your curvaceous figure aside, I adore it when you get embarrassed, you've the cutest feminine blush. . ."

"I was outgoing. . .rugged. . .demanding, even!" I cried, on the verge of tears. "What happened?"

"Now, now, sugar," Tammy soothed, handing me a silken hankie. "Dry your eyes. You're getting all worked up over nothing."

"What's to become of me?" I whimpered, blotting my tear soaked cheeks. "I know it's a long shot to be the man I used to be. But sometimes. . .Gosh. . .I think I can and I just want to. . ."

"It's quite natural," she commiserated. "But you best ignore such silly notions. . .Come, let's try on some of these new outfits. I'm just DYING to see how they fit you!"

"They're ALL so lovely!" Tammy gushed as I modeled the last of my purchases. "While it's not your style, I especially ADORE the one you're wearing!"

"The white miniskirt does look good," I admitted. "As do the suntan nylons and beige kid pumps. But four inch heels are SO high and in this stretchy, coral knit top, I feel NAKED!"

"Micro-minis and fine knits will do that," she rejoined. "Even for us girls who DON'T wear gaffs!"

"TAMMY!" I whined, blushing beet red. Heading toward the bedroom, I was about to change back into my long skirt and blouse.

"Sorry, sugar," she apologized. "I meant nothing, really." Ushering me toward the living room, she said, "That outfit's so cute, why don't you wear it. . .at least until supper time."

Quite conscious of my overly exposed legs, I kept my poise and slowly minced to the sofa. Yet, with all my extra efforts, I did not miss the strange sight of Tammy incessantly checking the time.

"My, you seem anxious," I noted, gracefully crossing my thighs and lighting a cigarette. Exhaling a plume of smoke, I joshed, "Looks as if you're about to jump out of your skin!"

Then all at once, I heard a key turning in the front door lock. "Who's THAT?" I urgently whispered. "Tammy, we're being ROBBED. . ."

As the door slowly creaked opened, my full lips involuntarily quivered. I tried screaming, but only breathlessly whimpered. Shutting my eyes tight, I feared the worst!

"DAVID?" a very familiar voice asked in disbelief. Opening my eyes, I almost died. It was SHEILA!

Leaping up, I nearly toppled over atop my stiletto heels. "Sh. . .Sheila. . ." I stammered in embarrassment, futilely trying to hide my prominent bosom and shapely legs. "Y. . .you're home!"

"That I am!" she hungrily grinned. "Let me see you, darling. Tammy sent me pictures, but you're so. . .UNBELIEVABLE!"

Blushing profusely, I stood frozen stiff. Too scared to move a muscle, my arms hugged my breasts, while I pinned my legs tightly together.

As Sheila approached, I noticed that she wore a conservative, gray flannel skirted suit. It was far from the trendy garb she usually donned, yet her reasons were furthest from my mind.

Stopping within inches of me, my wife opened her arms wide. "Give me a hug, darling," she cooed. "I've missed you SO much!"

"I've missed you too, Sheila," I said, demurely glancing away. But then I angrily thought, "How am I acting? I'm no better than a simpering WIMP!"

Yet, before I knew it, I was enveloped in her loving arms. "Oh David!" she purred, rubbing her ample breasts squarely against my burgeoning bosom. "I never dreamed it could be THIS good!"

Logic and reason told me, "NO." But I had become too much an intuitive and emotional animal to resist. Pressing my augmented lips to her's, our sweet lipsticks melded, sending me into ecstasy!

So hungry was I for Sheila's love and attention, I pouted sadly when she broke off our lingering kiss. "I love you!" I declared, pleading for acceptance. "I've missed you SO!"

"And I you," she impishly winked, guiding me beside her on the sofa. Caressing my narrowed shoulders, she probed below my top's scooped neckline.

"Not THERE!" I coyly insisted as her deft fingers neared my breasts. "Tammy's here and. . ."

"Don't mind me," Tammy wistfully sang. "You two have a whole MESS of time to make up for. I'm heading on home!"

As Tammy left the apartment, Sheila grabbed for my primly crossed legs. "Not NOW!" I whined, gently slapping her hand away. "I haven't seen you in over three months. . . Tell me, how's your mother doing?"

"Mom? . . . Just fine," she too nonchalantly replied. "But I'd rather talk about you. . . Do you like having breasts. . ."

"How can you be so crass?" I scolded in disbelief. "A stroke nearly killed your mother and you treat it all so cavalierly!"

Suddenly, Sheila roared with laughter. "STROKE!" she guffawed. "My naive little church mouse. She had no stroke!"

"But you WERE in the hospital," I anxiously insisted. "I called you there from home, as soon as I returned from Iowa."

"AH YES!" she smiled. "Mom was recovering from surgery. In fact, her cataract operation was a glowing success!"

"CATARACTS!" I squealed. "You LIED!" Leaping up, I backed away from her, nervously running my gleaming red fingertips about my altered body. "I've gone through HELL. . . for NOTHING!"

"I did deceive you, David," Sheila solemnly admitted. "But believe me, it was the ONLY way."

"You mean. . ." I started to say, but abruptly halted. Gripped by fear, I couldn't move or talk.

Rising from the sofa, she slowly sauntered toward me. "Yes, darling," she softly said. "WE feminized you."

"W. . . we?" I strained to speak. "Who's we. . ."

"Tammy, Mary Aker and I," she matter-of-factly replied. "And I must say, I never imagined how MAGNIFICENT the results would be!"

"W. . . WHY?" I gasped as she approached me. Riddled with excruciating emotional pain, I whimpered. "How could you do this?"

"Because I love you," she endearingly smiled, embracing my lithe body. "Face it, David, your pomposity, arrogance and MUS-TACHE proved you were never the slightest bit secure with your masculinity. Yet, I know you'll find true happiness as a woman!"

"No you DON'T!" I angrily peeped. "People mistake me for a fashion model. At every party, at least one guy asks me for a date. I'm your HUSBAND, Sheila, and I want to be a MAN again!"

"Stop chasing windmills, darling," she pleaded in earnest. "I married you because you were pretty. But now you're GORGEOUS! And with the curves to match, you're EXACTLY how I want you!"

"PLEASE!" I bawled like a baby, my weary head nestled against her suit's padded shoulder. "Don't say things like that!"

"It's the truth," she cooed. "You've blossomed from an ugly weed into a soft, demure, delicate and docile feminine flower. It was hard watching your metamorphosis. At times, I was close enough to touch you, but dared not. Let it go, David. Accept your fate."

"How could you touch me?" I whined in misery. "While Tammy and Dr. Aker RUINED my life, you were hiding out in Iowa!"

"Not exactly," she impishly simpered. "Actually, I've been living at Tammy's house. My only regret is not being in town for your breast implant surgery. I'd have LOVED to see that!"

"You've been HERE all along!" I panted as blood drain from my head. Fainting, I gasped, "Oh my GAWD. . ."

When I awoke, I was in bed with skimpy black lace babydolls barely covering my bosom. Beside me laid Sheila, in identical lingerie. Taken aback, I stammered, "H. . .how did I get here?"

"Does it matter?" she sighed, her breath steamy hot. Staring longingly into my eyes, she drew me against her heaving chest.

"AAAYE!" I squealed in pleasure and pain as she lustfully bit my slender neck. "D. . .don't hurt me."

"Never, my darling," she seductively purred, licking my wound. "Relax. . .I going to make a WOMAN of YOU!"

Lovingly tracing the outline of my full lips with her long nailed fingertip shot waves of pleasure through my feminized body. "Isn't this much BETTER?" Sheila whispered seductively.

"I suppose," I coyly confessed, radiating with the afterglow of an ecstasy I had NEVER experienced before. Pausing, I cuddled my creamy white bosom against her's, then said, "But I don't get hard anymore. Don't you miss. . ."

"Shhh," she tenderly hushed. "Not at all, darling. Besides, I never liked the Missionary Position in the least."

Her reply sent shivers up my spine as goose bumps enveloped my curvaceous body. Breathing deep, I softly squealed in elation.

As we caressed, I silently noted, "Sheila's darker complected. Yet, except for my minute appendage, we're like two peas in a pod!"

"Whatcha thinking about?" Sheila asked, sliding gracefully atop of me, her shapely legs straddling my tiny waist. Between wet, juicy kisses, she purred, "I'm all ears."

"I guess I don't miss being inside of you, either," I replied. Taking her hand, I encouraged her to gently caress my large, rosy red areolas. "Touch me," I cooed. "Make me feel GOOOOD!"

"They're SO beautiful!" she dreamily thrilled, playing with my twin, pear-shaped orbs. "This makes all the effort worthwhile!"

"Aren't they pretty?" I boasted proudly. "They've dropped, just as Dr. Aker said they would. . .and STILL growing!"

"INDEED!" she brayed, watching my pencil eraser sized nipples engorge. "Penises aren't the ONLY things that get hard! Perhaps Mary can streamline your little man. We can really be LESBIANS!"

"W...WAIT!" I tensely faltered. "You don't mean..."

"Just kidding!" she winked, reaching for my groin. Toying gently with my lifeless skin, she swore, "I won't give up the best of both worlds... Unless, of course, you fall for someone else."

"WHO, ME?" I asked in astonishment. "Sheila, you're the ONLY woman I've ever lov..."

"I know you love me, silly," she giggled. "But I wasn't talking about another woman... I meant a MAN!"

"OH NO!" I gasped in shock. "I...I'd NEVER...!"

Silencing me, my wife lovingly planted her lips atop my gaping mouth. Wistfully smiling, she kidded, "GOTCHA again!"

Her kiss released my pent up tension. But as we playfully tussled atop the satin sheets, Sheila became strangely serious. "Don't make promises you can't keep," she said. "You NEVER know!"

Seated at the vanity, Sheila and I primped each other's hair. It was still early evening by the time our sexual exploits finally ended, yet, her prophetic warning dampened my fun.

"I adore your new color!" she gushed, neatly spinning my shoulder length, golden mane into a single, thick braid. "Men must go WILD over you!"

"Cut it OUT!" I whined, still brooding over her earlier remark. "Me and men... That's the LAST thing I want to hear!"

"They're a fact of life, darling," she philosophized. "So long as you're living as a woman, sooner or later you've got to deal with male attention and adoration."

"I've done well enough so far!" I spat. "I'd just assume keep these passing attractions at arm's length."

"Loosen up!" Sheila urged in earnest. "Male companionship will only increase and intensify your femininity... Speaking of which, we better hurry. My boss's stopping by soon and..."

"BOSS?" I asked, trying to hide my envy. "You never told me you had a job."

"What did you think?" she huffed. "I've been sitting around watching you for three whole months? I'm working as an advertising exec. Finally, my marketing degree's paying off!"

All at once, I was consumed by melancholia. "What's become of me?" I sullenly pouted, ogling my feminized reflection. "Looking like this, I'll never get a REAL job!"

"Cheer up, David," Sheila soothed, clasping a silver barrette to the tip of my braided tresses. "My boss might be able to help."

While thrilled at first, my optimism was short lived. To my unyielding chagrin, I realized that even if he hired me to a professional position, I'd have no choice but to work as a WOMAN!

"SEXY!" Sheila excitedly exclaimed once I was all dressed. "My skirt and knit top fits you like a GLOVE!"

"A SECOND SKIN'S more like it," I self-consciously balked. The skirt and top displayed my prominent bust and rounded fanny ALL TOO WELL! "Perhaps pants are more appropriate. . ."

"NONSENSE!" she countered. "Don't you DARE change!" Handing me her silver buckled, black leather belt, she ordered, "Wear this, too. It'll really show off how tiny your waist has become!"

It boggled my mind why my wife wore baggy chinos and a loose fitting blouse, while decking me out so racily. Yet, I had become so docile and meek. There was nothing I could say or do.

"Aren't you ready yet?" Sheila called from beyond the bedroom door. "He'll be here any minute!"

"COMING!" I hurriedly replied. After quickly slipping on several silver bracelets, I popped Indian-styled earrings into my double pierced lobes; a cute set of turquoise studs followed by a pair of stunning silver pendants.

"WOW!" Sheila gushed as I sauntered into the kitchen. "With that permanent eye makeup, you look just like a Cherokee princess!"

"Thanks," I blushed, bashfully pursing my matted red glossed lips. But then, as I helped ready refreshments, I pondered, "Has it now come to this? Gosh. . .I really DO like being pretty!"

As I stood in the kitchen, memories of the last several months flashed before me. But my thoughts were interrupted when the front door opened and I heard a muffled male voice ask, "I'm not too late?"

"Not at all!" Sheila gladly assured. "Come in and have a drink."

"DARLING!" she called me from the living room. "Are the margaritas ready yet?"

"SOON!" I replied, pouring lime juice into a pitcher. "Damn!" I said to myself, checking my ingredients. "I forgot tequila!"

Heading to the bar, I glanced over to see Sheila's new boss. However, his back was to me as he munched on chips and salsa.

"I want to introduce you," she whispered, grabbing my lithe arm. "Bob, I'd like you to meet. . ."

"Haven't we met before?" the tall, handsome man smiled. "Aren't you. . ."

"A. . .Amanda. . ." I sputtered, trying desperately to hide my fearful shame. "Y. . .you're Bob. . .Aren't you?"

"What a memory!" he flirted. "You got beauty AND brains! But something's different about you. . .It's your hair style, right?"

"One of MANY changes, I assure you," Sheila devilishly interjected. "Go on, darling," my wife prodded. "Finish making the drinks and we'll talk some more."

Back in the kitchen, I immediately lit a cigarette to calm my frazzled nerves. "Damn you, Sheila!" I silently fumed. "You could've told me your new boss was, of all people, BOB HARVEY!"

When I returned with the pitcher and glasses, Sheila and Bob were on the sofa, engaged in an animated conversation. "So, where's Dave?" Bob asked. "I was hoping to see him this evening."

"Oh. . .ah. . .out of town. . .another business trip," Sheila nearly faltered. "His job sure keeps him away an awful lot!"

"I know how THAT is!" Bob seemingly agreed. "How about you, Amanda? he asked, glancing up at me. "Whatcha doing these days?"

"Well. . .I. . .ah. . .help Sheila out. . .hostessing, now and then," I tensely replied. "Other than that, not much else."

"REALLY?" he said, eyeing me doubtfully. "I ran into a mutual acquaintance of ours a few weeks back. Remember Cliff Manning?"

"S. . .sure I do," I nervously gulped, no longer able to hide my emotions. "H. . .he's Sheila's father-in-law, right?"

"Uhuh," he agreed. "Cliff was really taken with you. In fact, he said there was something REALLY familiar about you, but he just couldn't put his finger on it."

"It happens to me ALL the time," Sheila



*"SEXY!" Sheila excitedly exclaimed once I was all dressed. "My skirt and top fits you like a GLOVE!"  
I no longer felt silly!*

laughingly cut in, attempting to rescue me. "Some say I'm a dead ringer for. . ."

"Okay, cut the crap!" Bob sternly demanded. "Cliff says you're Tammy's hometown girlfriend. You say you're Sheila's assistant. Who the hell are you, AMANDA!"

"UNBELIEVABLE!" Bob gasped in amazement, after hearing the bizarre tale of my transformation. "Totally UNBELIEVABLE!"

"But true," Sheila solemnly assured. "We're sorry to have deceived you, but you certainly understand why."

"Yeah. . .sure," he droned, still ogling me with wide eyed wonderment. "Gosh, in a million years, I wouldn't have guessed!"

Under the sheer intensity of his stare, I bowed my head in shame. My hands neatly folded atop my tightly crossed thighs, I watched the light reflect off my long, red polished fingernails.

"Don't be embarrassed Amand. . .I mean Dave," Bob gently said, trying to coax me to smile. "It's not the end of the world."

"I. . .I know," I tragically admitted, blushing bright crimson. "But it's still so hard to get used to. Besides, you must've lost all respect for me."

"You're wrong," he kindly disagreed. "It's a very noble thing you've done. I know of no other husband who'd make the sacrifice you did."

"Poor Bob," I sadly thought. "If he only knew the TRUE story! Then, he'd know what a weak willed, sniveling wimp I REALLY was!"

"Boy, I'm famished!" Bob abruptly cheered. Checking his watch, he said, "Hmm, only ten o'clock. . .It's not that late. What-daya say we all grab a bite to eat. . .My treat!"

"W. . .well, I don't know," I stammered. "I'm not really up for much fun. Why don't you and Sheila go out. I'll stay home. . ."

"NO WAY!" Bob insisted. "I want to walk into that restaurant with TWO foxy babes. . .Gosh, I'm sorry, Dave, I didn't mean. . ."

"That's okay," I kindly grinned. "I suppose I should start facing facts." Gracefully smoothing my hands about my tight, form fitting outfit, I sighed, "I am what I am!"

### **EPILOGUE**

Many months have passed. To say a lot has happened since is a gross understatement!

First off, I'm no longer "David Manning." Through Bob's connections, I've had a legal name change. Now all my documents, including my birth certificate, record me as "AMANDA DENISE DAVIS!"

I nearly died when I first saw them. The "X" denoting male or female was strategically placed in an equivocal position between the letters "M" and "F"!

This really began my whole new life. Any notion of returning to my former self is finally put to rest. I am, for all intents and purposes, a WOMAN!

With Sheila's encouragement, I slowly emerged from my self imposed shell. Freed from the restraints of masculine concerns, I now explore the world from the female perspective.

I've kept up my strict diet, dropping to a mere 96 pounds! But, my body continued evolving. Any and all fat has settled in my hips and bust, enhancing my figure to a shapely 34-19-33!

I'm proud of the way I dress. While not as flashy as Tammy desired, I'm far from prissily conservative. Tastefully attired, I wear clothing which enhance my blossoming feminine attributes.

Yet, finding up-to-date fashions is cumbersome. I've become smaller than Sheila and comfortably fit a four petite. But much of my clothing's specially made, since my breasts require a C+ cup!

Once, after an unsuccessful shopping trip, I complained, "Damn it all! Nothing I tried on fit me across the chest!"

"Have them removed, silly," Sheila suggested, eyeing my bust. "Implants are unnecessary. Your femininity's beyond doubt!"

All at once, I stopped dead in my tracts. Protectively crossing my arms, I shielded my bosom. "N. . .no you DON'T!" I desperately declared. "Th. . .there a part of ME!"

The truth is, I love my body and relish the blissful feminine thrills my pendulous, creamy white breasts and hypersensitive nipples give me. Actually, I think Sheila was motivated more by envy than concern for me, since now I'm much BIGGER than she is!

But petty jealousy aside, Sheila and I have never been closer. After selling our condo, we bought a loft in Rockton Shoals. Living among trend setters, we have the freedom to be ourselves.

Our home life, believe it or not, is pretty much the way it was before I was fired from Mediko, with one significant twist. . .Sheila's the corporate executive, while I'm the full time hostess!

The transition seemed so natural. In fact, the business papers have been changed, making me and Tammy PARTNERS!

While my personal wardrobe's subdued, my new gowns and dresses for work are even more sexily revealing than Sheila's ever were! Being scantily clad was unnerving at first, but I've grown to ADORE the attention my fetching frocks attract!

And, without missing a beat, I've kept my weekly appointment at Mario's. Although I've mastered feminine grooming, I love the way Vera dotes on me, making sure her masterpiece looks just so.

But there was a point in time when I nearly gave up hostessing. True to her promise, Sheila enlisted Bob Harvey's help to get me back into the corporate world.

"It's settled!" Sheila excitedly said one Thursday evening. "Tomorrow, after Mario's, you meet with the company's personnel director. Bob says just smile pretty and the job's in the bag!"

Chills shot up my spine when I heard this long sought and wonderful news. The next morning, I chatted a mile a minute as I told Vera of my upcoming interview.

"It's a good thing I've recolored your hair," she smiled. "Pale ash blonde's much more suitable for a professional woman."

Seated at her styling station, I thrilled as she gently combed my glistening mid-back length mane. But when she positioned her scissors two inches above my shoulder, I nearly died with fright.

"S. . .STOP!" I urgently yelped. "DON'T CUT THAT MUCH!"

"The short, sassy look's the rage among professional women," Vera calmly replied. "I also plan to trim back your nails to a manageable half inch from the tip."

"B. . .but that's over half their length," I whined, flashing my ultra long, creamy peach talons. "I won't be. . ."

"As FEMININE?" she intuitively asked. I needn't reply. The truth was ALL TOO apparent.

I didn't balk over losing my lovely long hair and nails. Rather, I finally realized just how I had changed. My gumption and drive were long gone. As meek and docile as I had become, I'd never last a second in the corporate world.

"Do as YOU please," Vera understandingly smiled. "There's no shame in wanting to stay a hostess."

And that's exactly what I did.

Since accepting my fate, my hostessing skills have improved ten fold. No longer concerned over being discovered, I confidently attend to my duties, glowing with an aura of femininity.

Sheila has continued to naturally dominate our relationship. As her demure, submissive spouse, I accompany her on business related functions. While she and I are unashamed, Bob insists that I'm introduced as her roommate and not the lover I really am.

You see, Bob has a certain vested interest in me, as I've become more than just his pal. Rather, I'm his "surrogate" girlfriend!

It all started when Sheila began pushing me to have more male friends. "It'll heighten you're femininity," she nagged.

I steadfastly resisted at first, but eventually gave in, on one condition. The man had to know the truth about me. This left only one alternative, Bob Harvey.

When we asked, I thought for sure he'd flatly refuse. After all, he was a man of the world and didn't need a quasi-girl to hang around with. But to my outright amazement, and chagrin, he agreed.

The details of our relationship could fill volumes! Suffice it to say, it all happened one moonlit summer night and since then, Bobby's become a most VERY SPECIAL person in my life!

It was just our third date, when Bobby took me dancing. During a slow number, he held me tight against his brawny chest. Closing my eyes, I let the music carry me away.

"It's true," I dreamily sighed, my feminine soft skin glowing from the radiating warmth of a fluttering heart. Recalling Sheila's prediction, I swooned, "One can NEVER say NEVER!"

Sheila was more than ecstatic when I shared my inner most feelings with her after this date. "I'll call Mary immediately!" she cheered. "I'm sure she'll squeeze you in for an operati. . ."

"F. . .for what?" I stammered nervously. Sheila's hand was already resting on my thigh. But when she sensuously inched it toward my groin, I yipped, "N. . .NOT THAT! What about us. . ."

"Don't fret, we'll ALWAYS be lovers," she tenderly assured. "Face it, there's not much man left down there. It could be OUR dream come true, darling. You can finally be ALL female. . ."

"Not yet," I smiled lovingly, drawing her nearer to caress my flaccid member. "Perhaps someday I'll be ready for the next step, but for now, I just assume keep the best of both worlds!

Sheila respected my decision, yet, insisted I let Mary make ONE improvement. The procedure was quick, ending my worries over collagen dissipation. My luscious lips are now PERMANENTLY full!

A year to the day has past since I first donned a feminine frock to hostess Mary Aker's Halloween party. But, as it is said, the more things change, the more they stay the same!

Today, as before, my dilemma concerns clothing, yet with a significant twist! Before, I shuddered at the notion of appearing in drag. Now, however, I simply CAN'T decide which one of my stunning outfits is the right one to wear!

Clad in my sexiest black lace demi-bra and matching French cut panties, I strolled toward our giant walk-in closet. Passing the full length mirror, I stopped to admire my petite, yet curvaceous, figure.

"You're TOO gorgeous," I coyly simpered at my reflection. Bending forward to adjust my garter belt, I smoothed over my sheer, seamed black stockings, marvelling over my femininity.

"This is IT!" I thrilled, making my choice for the evening. The black sequined cocktail dress was HOT! Its plunging back allowed the slightest bit of "fanny" cleavage to peek through.

Yet, it's decadent decollete was not to be denied. Clinging to my body like a second skin, it displayed the creamy whiteness of my breasts with breathtaking beauty!

My waist length mane of pale hair flowed like a hallow of ashen gold waves of grain. Pursing my luscious lips, I checked my frosty white lipstick, tingling with spine chilling thrills.

Atop four inch patent leather pumps, I grabbed my sequined clutch purse and minced toward the front door. The lively music filtering down from the loft above our's made me stop and think.

"Sheila's something else!" I merrily hummed. "Not any wife would fill in for her spouse on the job." But as our doorbell rang, I made a mental note to thank her first thing in the morning.

"Good evening, dear," I breathlessly cooed. "Right on time."

"Y. . .you look. . .DEVASTATING!" Bobby literally drooled. "But are you sure it's okay? . . .I mean, Sheila doesn't mind?"

"She OWES me," I winked, seductively cupping my firm, ripe bosom. "Besides, once you've hosted one of Mary Aker's parties, you've hosted them all!"

Gallantly taking my arm, Bobby led me through the door. As we neared the elevator, I heard a familiar voice call, "Have a GREAT time, Amanda! Don't do anything I WOULDN'T DO!"

"Thanks, Sheila!" I shouted back over the din of Mary's thundering stereo. It sure sounded to be a far wilder affair than it had been last year. But I had other plans!

As we left the building, a gust of wind blew up my micro-mini dress. Bobby must've seen the pure excitement splashed all over my face.

"Feels nice, huh?" he knowingly grinned. ". . .Being a girl?"

Caught off guard, I bashfully pursed my lips, blushing crimson! Replacing a long, windblown wisp of hair with my fantastically long, French manicured nails, I closed my eyes.

A glowing warmth mounted deep within me as I returned his adoring smile. "Yes, Bobby, I LOVE what I am," I dreamily sighed. ". . .Flawlessly and unquestionably feminine!"

### THE END

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

