

**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION
MAGAZINE**

"RED TOES"

A WIFE TURNS HER HUSBAND INTO A GIRL!



VOLUME 21

**A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
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"RED TOES"

by G. S.

&

SANDY THOMAS

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Due to the talk show's attention to men finding out that they were married to former males, I run this as a public service:

**TEN MORE WAYS TO TELL IF YOUR WIFE
WAS EVER A MAN.**

10. HAS NEVER FILED A SEXUAL HARASSMENT SUIT.
9. CALLS OTHER WOMEN: BABES!
8. SOMETIMES TRIES TO PUT ON PANTYHOSE AFTER PANTS.
7. THINKS SUZANNE SOMMERS IS A GREAT ACTRESS.
6. HAS LOT OF GIRLFRIENDS WITH HUSKY VOICES.
5. LOVES NYLON PANTIES.
4. HER LANGUAGE MAKE YOU BLUSH.
3. THINKS HER "HOOTERS" ARE TOO SMALL.
2. CARRIES HER PURSE LIKE A FOOTBALL.
1. TURNS HER BACK TO YOU AFTER SEX.

RED TOES

by Georgette Spelvin and Sandy Thomas

My senior year in college a few of my buddies dared me to attend a Halloween party. Actually, it wasn't the actual attendance that was the dare. It was what I wound up wearing! But, it was Halloween, after all.

It all started with a conversation we were having one day after a football game. Somebody mentioned that the cheerleaders from the opposing college looked more like the team members than some of the players did and my friend Colin made some dumb remark that even I would look cuter in a short skirt and sweater than some of those girls. We all laughed and then, Finch, one of the guys, dared me to go to the annual Halloween party as a cheerleader from Western Tech!

"I could never do that," I laughed. "Besides, where would we get a cheerleader uniform from WT??"

As it turned out, not only could Finch get a uniform, but he also said that his brother, Joey, was in Beauty School and could make anyone look gorgeous, even me. At this point I said that the joke had gone far enough, but then Finch dared me again and I was still immature enough to never turn down a dare.

A week before the party, Colin asked how preparations were going and I told him that Joey, Finch's brother was meeting with me that night. I really didn't want to do it, but I was going to show that loud mouth that I could take a dare and do it up right.

That night I went to a salon just off campus where Joey was doing his student internship. "Not bad," he said, studying my face and walking around me in a slow circle. "Let's see. You brought the uniform, didn't you?"

I produced it and he made me go into a dressing room to put it on. He said that the effect would be best if he had the colors to work with.

"Hey," I said from the dressing room, "I just thought I'd wear red lipstick and a 'fright' wig? I put the sweater and skirt on and rejoined him.

"Leave the make-up stuff to me. Just sit here and we'll go to work," he said turning the chair around for me. Joey applied some make-up and put a blonde wig on me. "You have potential," he said as turned me to the mirror and asked me what I thought.

"I think I'm pretty embarrassed," I said, which made him laugh.

"You straight boys are so role conscious. Don't worry. You look very good and if you'll come back the night of the party, I'll make you look terrific. I know how annoying that brother of mine can be. He's always been a nudge."

"I know," I said touching the blonde curls. "This feel funny. . .do I look odd?"

"Leave it to me, Ross, you'll not embarrass yourself and Finch'll be sorry he tried to embarrass you. What I want you to do for the next week is observe how the girls walk and relate to each other. It's a whole other world, you know. Just relax and have a good time, you've committed to this and I'm going to help you!"

For the next week I followed Joey's instructions and began to notice that girls really did have a totally different way of relating to each other. I made mental notes and the night of the party returned to meet with Joey.

"I'm glad to see that you took extra care with shaving tonight, Ross," Joey said as he sat me in the make-up chair. "You have nice skin, you know? This should be easy."

He had my blonde wig on a stand on the make-up counter and began by applying a base coat of make-up all over my face. He'd taken some waxy stuff and made my eyebrows almost invisible and as he worked, I could see a familiar face emerging. At first I didn't recognize the face, but as he applied mascara to my eyelashes and put the finishing touches to my lipstick, I realized that it was almost a Xerox of a photo that I had seen of my mother at the age of twenty!

Joey then put the wig on my head and sent me to the dressing room to put on the cheerleader outfit.

By this time I was beginning to get into the spirit of Halloween and did a little "rah rah rah" as I shook my pompons at him. Joey laughed and fluffed out the blonde wig and patted my behind as he sent me out the door.

"Have a good time at the party, Ross! You'd better be back by midnight, though, or you'll turn into a pumpkin!"

I arrived at the party and it was in full swing. I could see Colin and Finch and the boys at the punch bowl. They were in traditional costumes for guys. Colin came as a pirate and Finch was wearing a white coat and one of those round mirrors that doctors use to examine you at the clinic. As I surveyed the room, there was a mysterious looking figure standing by the bandstand in a long black cape and shiny black boots. He had a flat western hat and a black mask with a sort of veil concealing his mouth and chin.

As I started toward the gang, this Zorro intercepted me and took me by the arm. I didn't know who this person was, but was really beginning to feel sorry that I'd agreed to get all dressed up in a wig and make-up, even if it was to fulfill a dare.

"Care to dance with me," Zorro said in a soft whisper. And, with that, he lead me to the floor and pulled me close to him. I could see Colin and Finch and the others cracking up as I was forced to dance with my right hand held in Zorro's left and his right hand around my waist. I'd never danced backwards before and I was really embarrassed now.

"What's s cute little Western Tech cheerleader doing here?" Zorro asked. His eyes were deep green and I thought I detected a hint of mascara on the lashes. The mask was all concealing, though and I didn't have a clue as to who he was. I could feel his bottom sort of swell beneath his waist and when he pulled me close to him, I thought that I could feel a bit of a bulge in his chest!

"I'm just doing this on a bet! You know that I'm a guy, don't you?"

Zorro laughed a throaty laugh and turned me quickly to one side and then the other and did a little dip with me. This guy was pretty strong!

"Of course, I know who you are, Ross," Zorro said. "We have a couple of classes together, you know?"

The music ended and the mystery man excused himself and left me standing alone on the dance floor. The guys all came over and were hooting up a storm.

"The belle of the ball, Ross! Yes, you are," Finch laughed. I could see myself in the mirror he wore on his head and to tell the truth, even in that slight distortion, I didn't look half bad! I laughed with them for a moment and then asked, "Do you know who that guy is?"

They all looked at each other and shrugged. The party was kind of fun, but I was happy when I'd won the dare and Finch basically stopped giving me a hard time.

After the Halloween party, I'd been headed to the library to do some research for a paper in my Humanities class when I sensed this person had fallen into step with me.

It was Monique. We had been in class together all semester and, of course, I'd noticed her, but she was one of those girls who are so pretty that most guys think that they'd never have a chance with her, so don't even bother to make friends.

She was a beautiful woman. Well, a beautiful girl. She dated the 'society boys' mostly and it was a surprise when she just up and asked me to go out with her. She was tall and beautiful in a sophisticated sort of way. She was a redhead and had a temper to match. It was distracting to be around her, but exhilarating at the same time. All the guys wished that they could go out with Monique. Monique, tall and willowy, actually not all that tall. About five seven, but in her three inch heels and her hair piled on her head, almost six feet tall. Slim and beautiful. Monique.

There was something very familiar about her. Her eyes especially seemed like eyes I'd known before. The afternoon sunshine made the red highlights in her hair glisten and shine. Her perfect breasts seemed to have

a life of their own as she bounced down the pathway next to me on the way to the library.

"Getting an eyeful, Sailor?" she said suddenly.

"I beg your pardon?" I said, looking around to see if she was speaking to me.

"You're Ross, aren't you? I asked you a question. Are you getting an eyeful?"

"I'm sorry," I said. "Yes, I'm Ross. Was I staring? We're in Humanities together. How did you know my name?"

She smiled and we sat down together on a bench outside the library. Sitting down she seemed a little smaller and less intimidating somehow. She moved her face closer to mine and said, "What's a cheerleader from Western Tech doing around here?"

"Zorro? Is that you??"

Monique laughed and held her perfectly manicured hand across her face and peered through her fingers at me.

It was her! She was Zorro! She'd been the mysterious figure who'd swept me about the dance floor at the Halloween party a short time before. I burst into laughter and she did, too.

"That was you at the party?" I shouted.

"About time you recognized me," she said, laughing. "You know, women like it when they are noticed. Come on. Let's get a cup of coffee."

And, with that, I picked up my briefcase and tagged along behind her. She just smiled over her shoulder and kept a quick pace to the Book Nook, the coffee shop located in our Student Union.

We sat in the Book Nook and for reasons that were later to be discovered, Monique and I schmoozed over cups of strong, flavored coffee, all the while my feelings of insecurity melted as this gorgeous woman seemed to make it her business to put me at ease. She told me that she loved my costume at the party and thought that I made a terrific looking cheerleader. I replied that it was just on a dare and that it was not something I would ever do again. I just had to put old Finch in his place.

"You've got a date with Monique?" Colin asked. "You and Monique?"

"I sure do," I said. "Just asked her to go out and she said, Okay."

Actually, Monique had been the one to do the asking.

As time went by, we met regularly at the Book Nook discussing classes and world affairs and our social lives. I should say, her social life. She seemed to enjoy what she called 'letting her hair down' with me. It was as though I was a non-threatening friend as opposed to some of the boys she'd been dating with whom she seemed to have to "Become Monique" with. That was her term for turning on the charm. She complained that most of the guys she was seeing were very shallow and after a couple of dates wanted to own her.

"I'm not some prize," she complained. "I just want to be appreciated for who I am, is that so much to ask?"

As the close of the term neared and graduation was upon us, Monique invited me to visit her family in a neighboring town. I agreed and after meeting the family and enjoying a home cooked meal, we drove back to the university.

I stopped in front of her apartment and expected her to bail out as she had so often over the past few weeks when she leaned close to me and breathed into my ear. I was a little startled and I guess I must have jumped back a bit.

"Do I have bad breath, Ross?" she asked.

"Monique, no. I'm just a little surprised."

"I hope this is a pleasant surprise, then," she said and took my face in her hands and slowly and sensually kissed my mouth. I responded slowly at first, but before I knew it, we were making out in the front seat of my car!

Courtship can be a funny thing. All the while Monique and I had been 'just friends' to me, it seems that she had other ideas. Very different ideas altogether and after a whirlwind courtship over the summer, she and I and a small group of friends and family were at the altar!

I had to admit that when Monique had suggested that we marry, I was really shocked. She was the most beautiful woman I'd ever seen, let alone 'been with' and even though it seemed a little rushed to me, I felt deep feelings for her, and her mother did make a great pot roast!

My pal, Colin, was my best friend from grade school and stood up with us as my best man. He was an heir to a large estate left when his favorite uncle had passed away and left him stock in the family business and consequently a substantial amount of cash.

Coincidentally, he had fallen in love with Monique's sister, Veronica, who was equally beautiful and rich. The girl's father had left them a trust fund. . . enough that neither had to worry about money. Both owned their own spacious homes, right next to one another. Colin seemed concerned about Monique and me, but never really told me why.

He married Veronica and they were happy. With their money, they could live any way they wanted to. It didn't seem unreasonable that Monique and I could be happy, too.

I had been Colin's best man when he married Veronica and Monique was her maid of honor. Veronica returned the favor when Monique and I tied the knot. These two beauties were compatible in everything they did, if you can call being in direct competition compatible. As sisters they had always been in contention a little for their father's attention and even though it was friendly, they seemed to relish getting the better of each other from time to time.

Monique looked wonderful in her wedding gown. Veronica had made it for her and said that she wanted her sister to be the most beautiful bride in the world. And, Monique looked smashing. In her pale pink heels, she stood a full head taller than I was in my patent leather bridegroom uniform.

Colin whispered into my ear as she came down the aisle that he hoped I could handle this vixen. It was his style to tease me a little about my size from time to time and, after all, he had experience with Monique's sister and probably knew some things about her just because sister's are often very much alike.

Monique's gown was not a traditional one. Veronica had designed the skirt short and sassy. It stood out crisply and was well above the knee. The top was close fitting and the seed pearls and brocade emphasized her ample bosom. Her veil was pale pink, matching her shoes and it accentuated her flowing auburn hair, which shone in the afternoon sunshine. I'll never forget the vision of Monique that day.

After our vows, we stood in a receiving line and I noticed that many of the guys whom Monique had dated in college were lined up and some of them lingered as they took their turn to kiss the bride.

Later, after we had greeted all of our guests and had the traditional first dance to Dean Martin's theme song of "Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime" I couldn't find Monique. When she returned, her make-up slightly smudged, I took her aside and told her that it was our wedding day and asked what was she doing off away from the party.

She had been into the champagne a little and just laughed at me. "Some of these boys are 'old friends' Ross," she smiled. "I'm just being nice to some old friends, don't be so jealous!" With that she spun off to dance with the quarterback of the football team and waved at me as she snuggled into his hefty arms.

That night, we collapsed in the fancy Honeymoon Suite that Colin had provided for us at an expensive hotel. We had partied well into the evening and were both very tired. At least, I was tired. She was a little tipsy as she removed her short wedding dress and did a little dance for me as she reached behind her back and removed the lacy bra which held her snowy breasts. A small voice was trying to say something in my ear, but at that moment, all I could see were two ripe nipples and we fell into the heart shaped bed. I should have listened to that little voice, but it was my wedding night.

It was clear as we undressed each other in that heartshaped haven that even though I was a virgin, Monique was one who was experienced in the bedroom and she virtually turned me every which way but loose. I learned things in the first few days of our 'wedded bliss' that most men probably never learn in a life time!



I suddenly longed for the carefree days of riding my bike and going to school..

Monique was sexy. Very sexy. She dressed sexy. She walked sexy. She even talked sexy and sometimes in the company of other men, which made me very uncomfortable. We would argue about her low cut dresses and she retaliated that I'd liked her as a sexy girl before our wedding so, why not now. I really had no answer other than I wanted my wife all to myself and she seemed to be 'out there' for all to see.

Since we moved into her house, her old boyfriends continued to call and sometimes she'd come home later than she said she would. She was not much of a housewife in the traditional sense. Sometimes friends would comment that we looked like brother and sister because I'd let my hair grow out a little and it had bleached a little reddish in the sun.

The one thing I hated most was shopping with her. I really didn't like it when we would be out and she seemed to deliberately flirt with men who noticed her as we strolled the malls. She seemed to love the attention and always made a point of wearing revealing clothes and very high heels which made her stand taller than I was.

I knew I had to do something to take control of our relationship and with every effort, she just seemed to get worse. She wore more make-up, not less and her skirts seemed to inch up with every demand I made.

For reasons I have never figured out, she seemed bent on making me feel smaller and punier instead of strong and powerful. Her personal power stemmed from making me feel less so.

Even with all the troubles we had, we would kiss and make up and I knew that I loved her in spite of it all. I longed for those early days when we would talk in the Book Nook and share personal secrets. We were really friends then. We talked. I didn't feel this insane jealousy that I felt now.

"I can't help it that I like sexy clothes and men stare," she cried one night after I'd again chastised her for her wild hair and short skirt. "I love you, Ross. But, I just have to be me, don't you understand?"

Every other relationship I'd had in my life had had something go 'wrong' and I was determined that we would make this one work, or else. When Monique would continually get calls from old boyfriends, I could hardly stand it. She would explain that they were just friends now, and I felt like a totally 'Puss' for giving in and accepting what I felt was more than likely something else going on with those guys.

I tried wheedling and whining. I was demanding. I was 'reasonable'. I even cried when it became all but impossible to control her suggestive fashions and slutty make-up. She was beautiful without all of that stuff. What could I do? If I hadn't loved her so much, I would have just left. But, love her, I did.

To say that the worst was yet to come was an understatement, but it was.

I tied to take "husbandly" control of her life. I tried to put her on a clothes budget. (This was silly since she had more money than time to spend it). All this did was create more fights.

The truth was that I had no idea how to be wealthy and what to do with my time. She said, "Learn to shop!"

I came home late one afternoon and there sat Monique in the middle of the living room with a sort of blank expression on her face.

"What is it, Honey?" I asked.

She just sat and smiled and stared straight ahead of herself. I snapped my fingers before her face and she just smiled.

Finally, I sat down on the floor in front of her and took her by the shoulders. I shook her gently and her head bobbed up and down like one of those little dogs in the back of your grandmother's car.

"Ross," she smiled. "I can't live like this. You either need to relax and have some fun with our money or I can't live with you."

"Monique, money doesn't grow on trees. . ."

"We are millionaires," she interrupted matter-of-factly. "You want us to live like working people who live from paycheck to paycheck. WHY? Our JOB as wealthy people is to spend money. . .on babbles, trends, expensive trendy clothes, fads, fancy cars. . .it creates jobs and makes other people happy! We are supposed to pay too much for things. I can't live with a tightwad."

I was faced with one of my toughest decisions. Stay with beautiful Monique and spend lots of money OR leave her and go to work at an insurance company or something. . .it took a second.

"OK!" I said. She was right. I grabbed her and pulled her to her feet and we spun around the room. "OK, OK! I just need your help to give up control and enjoy life."

The next day I saw Colin and Vernoica out jogging and invited them in. They knew all about my problem living off my wife's money and my ambition to be self-made. I confessed to my compromise.

"Welcome to the ranks of the rich and spoiled," he said as we all lifted champagne glasses and clinked them together in a toast. Colin and Veronica were jubilant and even Monique was taking this in stride, I was still a little in shock. I had to admit I was rich.

"Come on, you two," said Veronica. Ross is taking us out for a celebration. Over time, Colin and Veronica had treated us to nice dinners and such, but this was one where I was to pick up the hefty tab.

We went to L'Exclusive, a very 'exclusive' joint on the west side of town. I'd never been there, but the maitre' d seemed to recognize Monique as we walked in. She smiled and I thought he might have winked at her as he seated us at the best table in the house.

The deal was that I would order for us. . .only the best, at any price. I did my best. I ordered the most

expensive items on the menu and when the bill came, it was over six hundred dollars! I normally would have a fit but this was a pittance to millionaires. I was used to pinching pennies and this new wealth was something I'd just have to get used to or lose my wife. I was willing!

The waiter brought a bottle of fine after dinner wine and told us it was 'compliments of the house' as we all relished the attention and the feeling of the rich food and drink.

After a couple of drinks, I do tend to get a little more long-winded. She just toasted me again and tossed back her wine as her sister and my pal laughed and joined her.

"Look, Ross," Colin said. "You're in another crowd now, my boy. Why not enjoy it? Here's what I want you to do. . .go buy your wife some clothes. . .expensive sexy ones. She'll love it!"

"Yes, baby," Monique said, moving close to me and putting her wet finger in my ear, "We have it and we are going to spend it having fun! Give up your inhibitions!"

I started to defend the value of money and how her father started out as poor as church mice.

She interrupted, "And he gave it all up to be RICH. Be grateful to him. The minute he got rich, he spent it and enjoyed the prosperity. He just died before he could spend it all. . ."

She was now getting a little sloppy in her speech and I knew that to argue the point now was useless and after all was said and done, she was right. I was too conservative when it came to money and even though I was angry that she didn't care about my "budget-minded" control, we did have the money. We had enough money to live high on the hog for the rest of our lives even with extravagant spending.

The next morning I awakened to see that it was almost nine o'clock. I was half way through my shower when I remembered my pledge to live like a rich person. I had no reason what so ever to get up early and rush for nothing.

Monique came into the bathroom and asked what I wanted for breakfast. I turned off the shower and asked for 'the usual' thinking that she'd pour me a bowl of corn flakes.

She tossed me a towel and suggested that we go out for breakfast and do some shopping. We found ourselves in the ritzy West Side and allowed her enthusiasm to infect me as we dined on Welsh Rarebit and mimosas. If we were going to be rich folk, then I'd just better get used to it, I thought to myself. Things looked good from this point of view. I could get used to that.

Colin and Veronica knew how to live well and seemed happy to share their experience with me. Veronica and Monique's homes, (and mine) were actually estates. They were well outside of town. Similar, they featured all of the amenities: wall to wall custom carpeting, built in bookcases and gourmet kitchen appliances. The Olympic pools was sheltered by huge Italian Spruce trees and there was a paddock area, though neither had opted for horses. At least not yet.

I purposely went wild for a while with my new fortune. We found ourselves spending more time with Colin and Veronica. Since we lived next door to Colin and Veronica, we spent many an afternoon at the bar they kept well stocked.

It took me a while to get over my personal prejudice about rich people, but as Colin pointed out, I was one of them now and I'd better get used to it. Since I didn't come from "money" I still felt a little insecure around these people who thrived on their expensive cars and fancy jewelry.

We were out almost every weekend to one home or another of some rich friends of Colin's or of Monique and Veronica's from their silver spoon background. Monique took to this scene much faster than I but I found myself feeling jealous when she'd go back to her old tricks of flirting.

This time, though, it was with the well heeled members of The Club. That's all they called it: The Club. It consisted of most of the well to do families in the area who were too exclusive to join a country club or such. They just took turns entertaining each other in their estates.

Given my blessing, after a while it seemed that Veronica and Monique spent most of their time on short shopping junkets. Monique already had two closets full of short frilly frocks, but there was always one more thing she just couldn't live without. Just one more pair of pumps to go with the new dress and on and on.

Colin was still about my only friend. Everyone else was working during the week. We were cut from the same cloth and even though he'd been lucky with his inheritance and subsequent investments, he was basically a hamburger and fries sort of fellow, as was I.

He seemed to be less enthralled with this posturing of 'the good life' but we still wound up in the bar discussing our investments and listening to the rich and sometimes famous brag about their possessions then going out to "one-up" them.

I missed the days when Monique and I would grab a cappuccino at the Book Nook at school and talk about our lives. It was much less complicated then.

One day, Colin and I had taken Monique and Veronica to an exclusive courtier shoppe on the West Side and were enjoying a drink in the little bar they provided for their rich clientele while the women indulged themselves.

The girls made a big entrance wearing matching Bob Mackie beaded gowns. Monique wore an all black gown with diamond encrusted spaghetti straps which barely held the slinky floor length creation to her ample bosom. Veronica's gown was the same cut but all white with emeralds on the straps. They looked stunning. One thing that could be said for these beautiful sisters was that they knew how to dress! Of course, it was our job to pay for all this, but with business going so well, it would have been silly to scrimp.

Before the saleswoman could say anything, Colin and I spoke almost in unison, "Sold!"

Monique came over and hugged me tightly, kissing me loudly on my cheek. "You spendthrift!" she laughed. "Of course, I deserve it!"

Veronica mirrored Monique's appreciation and then the girls stood up and smiled a sort of conspiratorial

smile. Colin and I knew that we were in for something. When these two got together, it always meant a plot.

"Okay, out with it," I said. "You two have something on your minds and it's probably going to cost us. How much this time?"

Colin laughed. He knew that what I said was true and was probably more patient with them than I was.

With that, Veronica sat on Colin's lap as Monique sat on mine. They draped themselves all over us and then, Monique was the first to speak.

"It's almost time for The Club to have its annual charity Cotillion. Veronica and I were just talking in the dressing room about how much fun it would be to just spice things up a little this year.

"Remember when we met, Ross? You were dressed as that cute little Western Tech cheerleader? I was enraptured the moment I saw you, you were so pretty and dainty."

"Hold it right there, my love," I said blushing. "If this is going where I think it's going, you can forget it right this minute." Colin looked at me with a puzzled expression and then it dawned on him what the wives seemed to have in mind. He started to just shake his head back and forth and say, "No, no, no..."

"Oh, you silly men," said Veronica, "this will be a blast! We're all bored silly with that dumb old Cotillion and all we have to do is take you two boys to the places we've been going all this time and you'll look great! I've heard what a cute blonde you were in college, Ross and I'm sure we can do something with my sweet Colin, can't we, Sweetie?"

Colin blushed and we both began to squirm a little with our two beautiful wives curling sensuously on our laps.

"Most of our friends know us too well for us to get away with anything like this, Monique. We'd never get away with it. Why don't you and Veronica dress up like men, if you want to make a splash?" I said.

"Oh, it's been done to death," said Veronica. "Women in tuxes, you see it on television ads all the time. It's just not the same. You boys, with our help, will look spectacular. It'll be a hoot!"

"Hey! We could pretend to be your cousins from out of town. . . ." volunteered Colin. What a pal he was! The most embarrassing thing I could think of doing and he was giving in without so much as a question. Was being outrageous part of being rich?

Try as I might, I couldn't come up with any real reason not to be a little outrageous. The Cotillion was boring but really didn't want to do this! But that was never a good enough reason for anything according to the way I'd been brought up. Colin pointed out that it was often the most outrageous activities that got attention in our circle of high falutin' clan.

At the parties, FUN was the operating word. One guy drove his car into another's pool and one showed up with a mariachi band that followed him around all night. Stupid stuff and this was just as stupid.

"Just put yourselves in our hands," said Monique, winking at Veronica. "You two will be so ravishing that you'll knock their eyes out and then we'll reveal that it's really you and everyone will have a great laugh. Ross, you're so cute, anyway. I know that you'll probably win 'Best in Show' or whatever they give at that thing."

"That's for a dog show, silly," I said, hugging Monique close to me.

ARE YOU A WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE
THOUGHTS TO:
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"Careful of the dress, darling," she said, squirming free and standing up again.

"Colin will be much prettier than Ross, I'm sure," Veronica said squeezing his face in her hand. "Won't you my pet?"

Colin just sighed and made fish lips and made us all laugh.

"Colin will win the 'Prettiest of Them All' and I'm willing to bet you ten thousand dollars that he does," said Veronica.

"Ten thousand! Wait a minute you two," I said. "Let's not get carried away."

Ignoring me, Monique went on, "Okay, I'll bet you that Ross is the prettier and since money isn't such a big deal for us these days, we'll give the winnings to the charity. (Winner to get the write-off) That will impress the Club! On top of that. . .let's say that the loser provides the winner with one month of domestic service, instead?"

"Only one month," sniffed Veronica. "Let's make it two! IN UNIFORM! You know how hard good domestic help is to find?"

Before we knew what had happened, the wives had bet two months of our time on their silly diversion.

"We have a couple months before the charity Cotillion," said Veronica. "Let's get together in a week and have a first look at our 'girls'. One way we can judge this contest is to say that the first 'girl' to be discovered is the loser and will have to start cooking and cleaning the following day."

"In uniform," Monique said, adding, "the winner's choice of uniform!" I pictured myself driving them around town in a chauffeur's uniform. . .how embarrassing! Colin looked worried too.

"Don't worry, Honey," Veronica said to Colin, "you'll win in a landslide. I know."

"The boys will attend the Cotillion with us and we'll make up some story about Colin and Ross being out of town. Yes. That's it. And, the one to first be read as a man will lose. Don't take it too hard, Colin," Monique said, "but when I get through with Ross, he'll be ready for the Miss America Pageant!"

Colin looked at me and I looked at him. What could we do? When the girls got their minds made up to do something, there was seldom any way to stop them. This was supposed to be fun but for WHO?

At this point, the two women were laughing and dancing around the shoppe with the stuffy saleslady looking on with a very confused look. She sensed a big sale, though, so just stood back and tallied up the cost of the Mackie gowns with the matching accessories.

During the next few days, Monique and I discussed the contest and after a day of shopping for some new things, decided that Saturday night we would have our first 'dress off' with Colin and Veronica. We had bought some new clothing, but Monique said that there were some things in her personal wardrobe that she knew would look 'darling' on me.

When we got home, Monique tossed the new things on the bed and called me into the bedroom to join her.

"This is going to be so much fun," she said. "You looked so cute as a cheerleader when I first saw you, I know that I can fashion you into the most beautiful woman in town. . .at least for a boy."

She went to her closet and began to sort through her things pulling out an assortment of styles. She settled on a red silk blouse and a matching red skirt which featured a slit up one side. She found a pair of red high heeled shoes with three inch heels and from her bureau drawer found a pair of frilly black panties, a matching black bra and red garter belt. She also pulled out a fresh package of nylons which appeared to be very sheer.

She then found some bracelets and a necklace from her large jewelry box and laid them all on the bed.

She went to the walk-in closet and returned with a beautiful auburn wig she'd bought for those times when she wasn't up for curling her own hair. It was basically exactly the same length and color as her own magnificent hair.

She sent me into the bathroom and ordered me to shower, shave closely and return quickly. I did as she commanded and when I returned to the bedroom she'd arranged the blouse and skirt and other things on the bed, complete with jewelry. I knew that discussion

about this was not going to happen and just stood and waited for her to tell me what was happening next.

She sat me down and began to dry my hair with my towel. She fussed with it and began to pin it into curls with bobby pins.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"I have to make sure that your own hair is out of the way in order for this wig to fit properly, my dear. Sit still. You are going to look wonderful. We'll be mistaken for sisters!"

"In your dreams, we'll look like sisters, Monique. Do we have to do this?"

"Well, if you want to start work as a domestic at Veronica and Colin's today, I guess we can call it off. Come on! Give me a little credit for knowing what I'm doing. Just sit still! When I get through with you, Veronica will die! And, Colin will be over here for two month's doing the dishes while we sip champagne! If I can get them to see how they'll never win, maybe we can get them to give it up right away."

All the while she was fixing my hair and then she gently placed the wig on my head. The sensation was an interesting one. The feeling of the soft hair on my bare shoulders was new and strangely exciting.

"Get that robe off, Ross, come on. Let's get see what we can do with this cute little body."

I slipped out of my robe and stood in front of her.

"Well, those hairy legs are going to have to go," she said, "and, probably we'll shave your arms as well. Good thing your chest is so smooth. Some men are so very hairy, you know."

"But, Monique," I whined, "I can't do that. When I go to the pool or wear shorts everyone will notice my legs and I'll be so embarrassed." I was resisting, but the idea was titillating to me in some obscure way.

"This is only for a couple of weeks, Ross. You'll be smoothly shaved for our visit to Colin and Veronica and the hair will grow back quickly. You'll have to keep shaved for only a month or two, but it will be important to do it every day, just to get the feeling for being a woman."

With that, she took me by the hand and led me back to the bathroom and lathered my legs and quickly

stroked the hair from each of my legs. Before I could protest, she's shaved my arms and underarms as well. "If a job's worth doing, my love, it's worth doing well," she said with a sly smile. I felt naked, but somehow fresh and clean. It was a new feeling.

She led me back into the bedroom and sat me on the bed. She handed me the black panties and as I put them on, she helped me on with the black garter belt and fastened it around my waist. We really were almost exactly the same size and these items fit very well. She handed me the stockings and explained that they would stay up with the garters on the belt. She folded her arms and watched as I rolled the stockings up my now smooth legs and helped me fasten them with the garters. The feeling was amazing.

I watched in the mirror as she fastened the black bra around my chest and pulled the flesh of my chest into the cups. She then took a pair of rolled up pantyhose and slipped it into the left cup and pulled my chest up over it. She did the same thing with the right breast and it looked as though I was now a rather well endowed woman. The hair was very realistic. We didn't scrimp when we bought things these days and had gone first cabin (almost five thousand dollars) for this hair piece. The quality was unmistakable..

I knew that complaining now was useless and allowed Monique to just do her job. My smooth legs, now clad in the sheer black stockings, were looking so much like a woman's that if I blurred my vision, I was almost confused as to what I was becoming. She handed me the red silk blouse and helped me button it up. She left the top three buttons undone, saying that a little décolleté was in vogue and she also wanted to see the look on Veronica's face when she got an eyeful of my cleavage.

She then handed me the slim skirt and helped me step into it, sliding the zipper up the back. My hips were a little wanting, but not enough to lose the shape of the skirt.

She sat me on her cushioned dresser bench and slid the three inch heels onto my feet. The fit was a little tight, but I had small feet for a man and she explained that because the toes were pointed that I'd get used to them with a little walking around. They pinched, but

again, it was not so much uncomfortable as just a new sensation.

Looking in the mirror, I realized that this was more serious than I may have thought. Here I was in red silk blouse, skirt, three inch heels, complete with feminine lingerie and smoothly shaven arms and legs.

"Sit here," Monique said, motioning me to turn towards her vanity. "We have some work to do with this pretty face."

She went to work with a light make-up foundation at first and whatever shadow of my beard remained was quickly covered up. She then flattered my eyes with a dark liner and accentuated my natural hazel color with kohl and a gray green shadow which accentuated the look dramatically. She plucked a few hairs from my eyebrows and filled in a natural looking arch with a pencil and hollowed my cheeks with a dark blusher. She finished the job with a dark lipstick which set off my auburn wig and stood back to admire her work.

"Well?"

"Well," I replied, "It's different, that's for sure."

She stood me up and fluffed my hair and turned me in front of the mirror. "Different? Is that all you have to say? You look darling, Darling. Simply, darling. Turn around again."

I turned before the mirror and had to admit that with all the make-up and hair and outfit that I looked very feminine. Thank goodness this was only for a couple months. I didn't know if I could be prettier than Colin, but I hated to disappoint Monique and so I decided to at least try.

Monique then took a simple gold necklace and placed it around my neck and handed me two matching bangles for my wrists. They slipped on easily and as we stood there, looking in the mirror at each other, it looked as though we might very well be sisters. She was, of course, much more beautiful than I, but this was beginning to be a project that might be fun. Monique had done a great job and with this expensive hair piece, it was impossible to tell that the wig was not my real hair!

Each time I caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror as I practiced walking and turning with Monique's tutelage a strange new feeling rushed through me. This was fun, but I wanted to be more secure in my masculinity. I felt the relationship with Monique changing and with her being so enthusiastic about this transformation, I just felt a little off. The things we men do to please their wives!

She had taken a purse from her closet and was dropping some basic make-up items into it and as she brought it to me, hugged me closely. She looked deep into my eyes and she resisted a little when I tried to kiss her. "We mustn't smear our make-up, dear," she cooed and gave me a peck on the cheek and wiped the red smudge away with her thumb.

Since we had moved next door to Colin and Veronica, we simply opened a gateway from one yard to the other. I managed to navigate from our yard to theirs with only a little trouble. I felt confident that my transformation would surpass Colin's with ease and knew that if I did win the wager that I wouldn't really expect them to do our domestic service for two months. Colin was more competitive, though and I was sure that if by some fluke he did win, that I'd be indentured for the full term.

"You're a knockout, Ross," smiled Veronica when she opened the back door to admit us. "Looks like you have a garter belt hidden under that cute skirt. I'll just call Juliet, I think he's almost ready."

"Juliet? You have a girl's name for Colin?" I asked.

"Of course, don't you?"

"Well, we really hadn't discussed it," I said, looking at Monique. "What do you think, dear?"

Monique smiled and winked at me. "Well, let's see. How about Blanche? That's a strong name?"

"Blanche? Oh, come on, Stella, even though I have always depended upon the kindness of strangers, we can come up with something a little sexier than that!"

Monique laughed and stroked her chin thoughtfully, "Very well, then, Blanche, how about Celeste. Is Celeste sexy enough for you?"

I blushed and nodded that Celeste was a pretty name. I looked across the room into the mirror and

silently greeted my new persona. "She" seemed to glow with the new title and smiled, "Hello, Celeste." I smiled to myself.

All of a sudden Veronica leaped to her feet and clapped her hands. "Lady and uhh. . .Lady? May I present. . .Juliet," Veronica sang and did her version of a trumpet fan fare.

"Juliet" appeared and as our eyes met, I knew that Colin was not entirely into this contest, but it was obvious that he and Veronica had devoted quite a lot of time to this transformation. Colin was a smallish man, as I was, but what he and Veronica had created in Juliet was really pretty spectacular.

He appeared at the top of the gently curving staircase in a low cut midnight blue velvet gown which came to the floor. It was slit up the side to his thigh and featured three inch pumps in matching kidskin. As he descended the stairs, it was clear that his hair, which was normally a rather undistinguished and mousy brown had been bleached to a magnificent platinum blonde. Was this a wig? Colin's hair was normally fairly long, but this hairdo was thick and magnificent and flowed over his shoulder clear down to the middle of his back!

As he reached the bottom of the stairs I could see that not only was this hair style his own, but it appeared that he had had almost all of his eyebrows plucked to a fashionable arch, his eyes accented with perfect mascara, eye liner and subtle shadowing. His once brown eyes now glowed a bright shade of blue and his eyelashes were long and feminine. His arms were shaved smooth and when he took a step forward I could see that not only had his legs been shaved smooth, but there was an anklet with a diamond on his ankle with a tiny purple butterfly tattoo just above where the diamond rested.

His seductive red lips pouted almost severely as he walked slowly past us and seated himself on the sofa next to Veronica. He pulled slightly at the slit in his velvet gown to reveal a beautiful knee and then modestly covered it again.

"Colin, is that really you?" I gasped. I knew that I looked good, but Monique had gone easy on me com-

pared to the transformation that Colin had undergone. Veronica spoke for him before he could answer.

"Yes, it's Colin all right. We've been calling Colin 'Juliet' though for the past few days and it really seems to be helping with the role, isn't it, Dear?"

Juliet shifted slightly and smiled and nodded to his wife.

"We've really had a great time," Veronica said. "Of course, when I told my hairdresser and stylist what we were up to, and the couturier, they all wanted to 'add something and play around'. We first went to the salon where I've been having my hair done for years and they were able to do Juliet's hair and add these hair extensions. Doesn't he look fabulous?"

Monique and I looked at each other and nodded dumbly. Why would Colin allow this severe of a transformation to be done to him. I noticed that his ears now appeared to hold tiny diamond studs, obviously newly pierced, with an additional tiny golden hoop in the cartilage of the left one.

I had to admit that he looked not only very pretty, but practically undetectable. If I had not known that this was my old pal, Colin, I would have sworn he was at least a runner up in a beauty contest!

"We are still working on some of the subtleties of being a girl, but he's doing very well, aren't you, Juliet?"

Colin just smiled demurely and shifted his smooth legs from one side of the couch to the other. He had not said a word since we arrived and it began to scare me a little. As we talked about him, it was almost as though he was an inanimate object instead of a beautiful woman who had been created for a silly contest.

Monique stared at Colin and then stared at her sister. "Veronica, you've always gone over board on everything and this is a perfect example. This is totally unfair, you know. You've used professionals to help you. How could you?"

"You're just jealous because my creation is so far superior to yours that you know there's no way you two can win. We both agreed that we'd do everything we could to transform our men into gorgeous women. When I asked Colin if he wanted to win, he said that he did. So, we have just gone for it. Stand up, darling,

and show these children what dedication and a little help from our friends can do.”

Colin, or rather, Juliet, stood up and with a turn lifted his long platinum hair with both hands and piled it on top of his head. I could see that his fingernails had been manicured to perfection and the polish matched perfectly his deep red lipstick. He did a little bump and then walked slowly to Veronica and embraced her. They kissed and he shook his hair back.

I got an eerie feeling. . .like watching two lesbian girls kiss.

Finally, he spoke. “Ross, you look really wonderful.” Even his voice had changed. It was low and breathy. Provocative. “I’m sure with some of the professional help we’ve gotten you can be prettier still.”

“Is it true. . .Are you having more fun?” I teased touching his hair.

“I’m still getting used to being blonde, but it is different. Veronica and I have even gone out shopping one time and no one seemed to suspect a thing.”

I was awe struck. Speechless.

Monique looked angry. “If you two can use all of these professional tricks, then so can we,” Monique said coldly.

“Wait a minute here,” I said. “This was supposed to be all in fun. Don’t be angry, Honey. Veronica and Colin have won fair and square. I concede! He wins!”

“Not on your life, Ross,” she said. “A bet’s a bet and by this time next week you will not only be gorgeous, my dear. Soon this. . . ‘Miss blondie’ here and my sister will be cleaning our pool and doing our windows!”

“You honestly think that Ross can hold a candle to Juliet?” Veronica asked. “This is the best that money can buy and even though you are certainly well off, he just don’t have the spirit, Sis! Julie, you and Ross go to upstairs while we settle this conclusively.”

I started to protest but one look from my wife sent me to the stairs with Colin moving in small steps behind me. When we reached the top of the stairs, Colin led me to a room which had recently been redecorated to a sort of very feminine boudoir. It had been an office before, but now, it featured a vanity with a large

round mirror and bottles and tubes and jars of every feminine toilette one could imagine.

There was a canopy bed in the room with a frilly pink canopy and matching comforter and dust ruffle. I sat on the bed and waited a minute before I finally asked, "What's happened to you, Colin? You look wonderful as a woman, there's no doubt that you win this thing, but you seem to have really gone over board here. What's happening?"

Colin sat daintily at the vanity and breathed a deep sigh. "Well, Ross, when Veronica started this whole thing, I really was resistant, but she and Monique are so competitive and she wanted so much to win that I finally agreed to go into this with both feet, so to speak. He stood and admired himself in the mirror. I noticed that his hips were much broader than I remembered and when he adjusted his bosom, there seemed to be more than just rolled up stockings in his bra cups.

"You like, Ross?" he asked. "Veronica has a friend who is doctor to the stars, or so she says and we went last week to visit her. She put me on a strict diet, veggies and a special tea made from a funny mushroom. She also had some sort of vitamins which she injected into my hip. Veronica injects me every morning now. It's really quite invigorating. Look as this."

With that, Colin unzipped the side of his velvet gown and pulled the skirt up to reveal his hips. They were clad in sheer panty hose and I could see that the hips were beginning to swell out dramatically from his narrowing waist. He had never been a heavy set person, rather thin, in fact, but his hips now looked very feminine.

"I've been wearing a special device to help my waist get thinner and the training bra that Veronica got for me, I've almost got cleavage!"

"That great. . .if you want tits," I shook my head. "Aren't you getting a little carried away?"

"Maybe you're right. I'm having these feelings now, too, that I've never had before. I seem to get emotional for no reason and sometimes I feel like crying, but it would really spoil my make-up," he said brushing his long blonde hair back over his soft pale shoulder.

"Colin. What's happened to you? This was supposed to be for a weekend. For a joke. Your walk and

all this female stuff is just too much. You even have a butterfly tattooed on your ankle!"

"Oh, that," Colin said, "Veronica has one too. We did it after the visit to the charm school tutor. Look!"

He got up and sauntered across the room with a smooth stride and a sexy wiggle at the hips. All very natural and lady-like.

"I learned 'comportment'. Had you ever noticed that I have a sort of undulation to my walk, Ross?"

I shook my head.

"The teacher says that I had a natural swing. . . something that's hard to teach. Real ladies walk slowly and deliberately so as to not threaten men. I'm having fun with all this, you know?"

"I can tell. You actually like this girl stuff," I moaned. What had happened to my pal, my friend?

"It's fun! You'll like it, too, Ross, once you get into it, besides Veronica is really into this. . . I just do what she suggests."

We went back down stairs and Veronica and Monique were deep in conversation. They stopped abruptly when we appeared and then, Veronica told Colin to bring us some refreshments. Obediently, he wiggled quickly to the kitchen and returned with coffee and a vegetable platter.

"Let's see how those vitamins have been working, shall we dear?" said Veronica?

Colin blushed and started to protest, but she simply raised her finger and he stood quietly in front of her.

"We're trying to get him some breasts. We've been using a combination of the vitamin shots and some corseting to get this dramatic effect with Juliet's waist and bosom," she said. "Honey, let me undo your gown. We're all family here, let's see how your cleavage is coming."

Without a word, Colin turned his back to her and she unzipped the back of his velvet gown and helped him pull it down to his waist. He wore a dark blue satin corset which laced up the back and as he stood there, it looked to me as though he had lost or somehow pulled in almost four inches in his waist!

He was about my size, with a thirty inch waist, but as he stood there in his satin bra and corset, his waist was only about twenty five or twenty six inches. Veronica then stood in front of us. The soft cleavage above the bra cup was most eye-catching. He undid the front clasp of the dark blue, push-up bra. Off came the full padded cups but it revealed an ever so slight swelling in his chest. It was like the skin had been pushed up but didn't do down after the bra was removed. He had the chest of a girl of about twelve with slightly budding breasts!

Colin blushed brightly and turned away from us as he refastened his bra, bending at the waist and pulling the flesh in each cup upward. He slipped the top of the gown back up. He girlishly brushed his hair back again and it fell naturally down the center of his back in soft waves, with one pretty lock falling down the right side of his gown over his bosom.

I think my mouth was open and Monique seemed mesmerized. she stammered, "It's evidently working. He does look sexy."

Veronica turned to Colin and asked, "Can I tell them?"

Colin blushed as she went on to tell us that when they had gone out for dinner the night before as girls. "We sort of got "picked up" by two men at the restaurant," She almost whispered, "At first, Colin had been reluctant to socialize with them, but after they bought us a couple of drinks, I allowed them to sit with us."

Colin innocently blushed as his wife told us about their adventure with gentleman suitors. "We all became very chummy and Colin even got kissed by his date as they parted company."

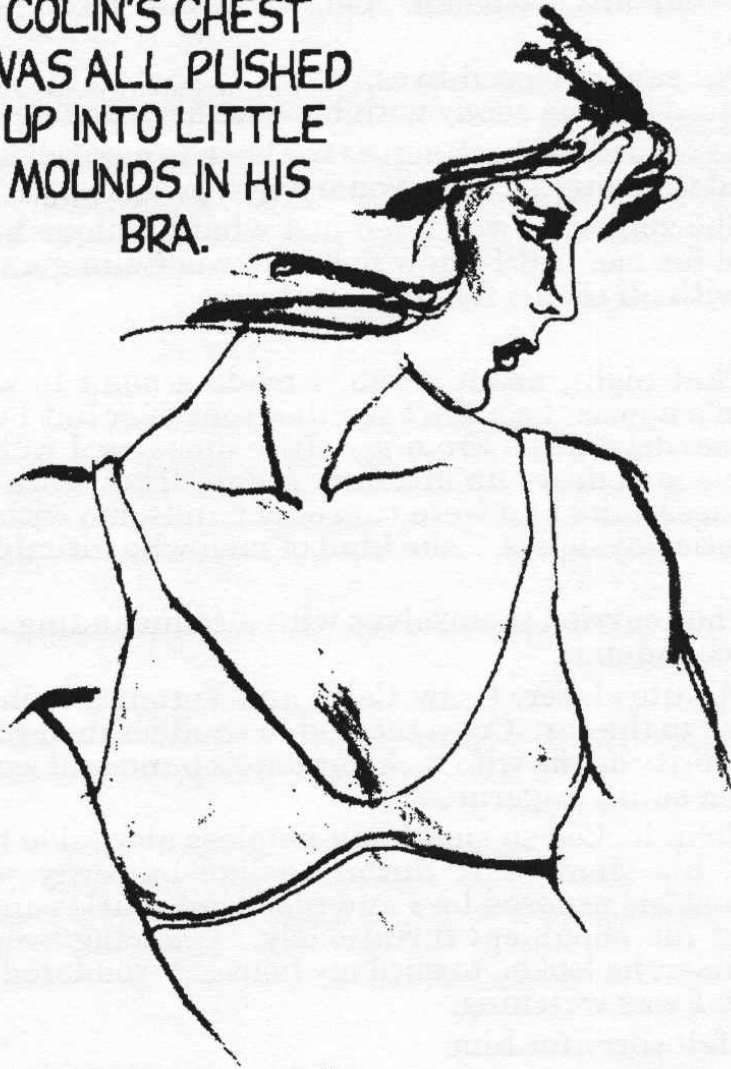
Colin blushed again and then defended, with a toss of his blonde mane, just said, "What's a poor girl to do? They spend all this money on us. . . they earned a kiss."

We all laughed and I joked, "So WHEN are you seeing these guys again?"

"They're picking us up at seven," he said with a humiliated tone to his voice.

"What!" I gasp. I looked at his face. He wasn't kidding.

COLIN'S CHEST
WAS ALL PUSHED
UP INTO LITTLE
MOUNDS IN HIS
BRA.



Colin blushing, said, "I guess we got carried away last night and agreed to go out again. Don't worry, these guys are harmless. Veronica says that I can only be a convincing girl if I actually live the part. It's mostly just to see if I can get away with it."

We chatted for a while longer; mostly about what they were going to wear that night. I asked Colin, "Aren't you afraid?"

"Scared to death!" he admitted. "Last night I had a few drinks. . .now I'm sober. I wish we could get out of this. . ."

Veronica interrupted, "You were girl enough for them last night. . .so just remember. . .they are men

and your are a woman. Oh, we better start getting ready!"

We said our good-byes. Colin looked unnerved as he faced getting ready with his wife for a double date.

As we walked back across the lawn to our own home. I said to Monique, "Can you believe those two?"

She smiled. I wondered just what Monique had in mind for me. All I knew for sure was Colin going too far with all of this feminization!

That night, about seven, I made a point to watch Colin's house. I couldn't see the front door but I could see the driveway. From my office upstairs, I watched as two men drove up in a dark sedan. They wore dark business suits and were ruggedly handsome with tall, athletic physiques. . .the kind of men who intimidated me.

They carried themselves with a commanding air of self-confidence.

Minutes later, I saw Colin and Veronica being escorted to the car. Colin seemed to shudder inwardly in inferiority as his wife took her date's hand and walked with a sunny eagerness.

Colin looked so small and helpless alongside these men, his short skirt fluttering like butterfly wings against his exposed legs and his blonde curls tumbled about his shoulders flirtatiously. Glancing over his shoulder, he looked toward my house. I wondered if he knew I was watching.

I felt sorry for him.

A few days later, Monique and I returned to Colin and Veronica's to find Colin still in full feminine apparel. He was wearing pair of denim shorts and a bikini top that barely covered his little mounds of fatty flesh.

They were obviously girl's shorts because they had a rear zipper and were extremely tight! What shocked me the most was how they emphasized his smooth front. . .there was no sign of a male bump.

Clinging to his soft round bottom, the short's smooth fitting front fascinated me. "How?" I asked staring down between his legs.

"Training!" he giggled with a precocious smile. "I'll show you later."

We had some drinks and talked about Colin and their new experiences. Veronica gushed, "He's getting so good with the make-up and his hair!"

"How was your date?" I asked, adding, "bet that was bizarre."

"Actually we had a good time," Veronica said. "One owns a stable. . . Since we've been thinking about getting horses, we might even go horseback riding with them this weekend. That's why Colin needs a 'nice fit' in pants. Show them dear."

Colin stood up and ran his hands over the snug fit across his tummy and feigned bashfulness, covering the smooth "V" merger of his thighs.

"It's still there?" I joked.

"Yeah, just not where it's supposed to be," Colin said blushing. "It's all pushed up inside. . ."

"Go show him," Veronica ordered. "In our room. . ."

Colin got up and I almost thought he reached for my hand but I just followed him. The tight shorts made him walk with a smooth stride. He had always been a little chubby in the buttocks for his thin, wiry build but the shorts flared nicely.

"Are you ready?" he asked as he zipped the zipper down the back of his shorts. Under a pair of bikini panties, Colin wore what appeared to be a tight, little resilient flesh toned elastic thong. Colin presented a lady-like appearance with not a sign of a maleness.

"GAWD," I gasp, "That must hurt?"

"It's not too bad now." he said, then I saw a gleam in his eye. "It's a GAFF. Want to try one?"

I said "NO" but I soon found myself stepping into the elastic waist band, placing my legs on either side of the strip that connected the triangular front to the waist band in back.

"Now what?" I asked.

"Don't be shy, but let me help." Colin skillfully came over and before I knew he had pressed my glands up in

to my abdomen and my member down and back between my legs. I yelled at the suddenness of my "rear-arrangement". I didn't even know they'd do that!

Colin, with a hard pull, managed to get the garment up firmly into place and to my surprise and distress this maintained the new "arrangement".

"Ahhh," I moaned, "it's too tight. Take it off!" as I looked down and saw my genitals virtually absent.

"That how it's supposed to be!" Colin said, "Wait a minute, it gets better. Pretty soon, you won't even know it's there."

"I can't do anything with this on so tightly," I whined as I viewed myself in the mirror. The elastic garment itself, with its smooth, flesh-like surface, was not obvious, its effect on my body was! My male parts were reduced to insignificance by it. . . I was flat in front and smooth between my legs.

"It's just a matter of getting used to," Colin smiled, handing me a pair of panties and a pair of shorts like his, only white. Trying to divert my attention, he said, "Let's show your wife."

The girls laughed and joked when they saw me. Monique joked, "Now you know I didn't marry you for money OR because you were BIG!"

They wouldn't let me change so I gingerly sat with them in the ungiving shorts. I squirmed from being edgy and from my tight gaff.

Colin admitted he'd been wearing gaffs during the day for almost a week now, and at Veronica's insistence had recently begun to wear one at night, too.

Veronica said, "He'll need to be used to them if we go horseback riding in tight jeans."

"HORSEBACK RIDING!" I thought, "Impossible." I couldn't imagine getting used to this feeling, especially the thought of riding a horse for a couple hours!

There was definite 'startling' twinge between my legs when I walked which was disconcerting. Although it didn't actually hurt, I couldn't imagine getting used to the sensation.

Did things just go numb after a while?

As I squirmed, I looked at my wife's, then Colin's then my own. I saw the stingy crotch of these shorts

IT'S
TOO
TIGHT!

PRETTY SOON YOU
HARDLY NOTICE
IT'S THERE!



made for girls, smoothly, and girlishly plunge down sleekly between my legs.

Hips swinging, Colin left and came back with a box. . . a box of gaffs in pastel colors. "Bet you can't wear one for twenty-four hours?" he dared.

The next time we went to visit Colin, he was wearing a white cotton blouse with three-quarter sleeves and an Easter egg blue plaid skirt with pleats. The skirt was at least six inches above his knees and with it he wore schoolgirl sandal oxfords. I had to laugh, he looked like a Catholic school girl!

He was being worked on by a pretty young woman with an electric pencil looking device.

"This is Nan," Colin said. "She's my electrologist. These heavy eyebrows have always made me look like Groucho Marx and so we're just thinning them out a little."

In fact, Colin's eyebrows were looking so much like a young woman now, I wondered how he would ever make them look like a man's?

"That looks painful," I said, cringing as Nan worked on Colin's thinning brows.

"Maybe you can do something about Ross's beard," Monique smiled. "Really, honey, even when you shave it sometimes is very scratchy and your neck breaks out, you know."

I hated shaving.

Nan agreed to come over to our house after she'd worked on Colin and before I knew it, I felt the sting of her needle go into a pore of my face. The first of many.

My once thick beard was becoming a thing of the past. Monique stood by and held my hand as Nan worked and promised that it would pay off. We could still beat Veronica and Colin, all we had to do was put our minds to it.

As Nan removed my beard, I found Monique spending time fondling my face and one time when we were going to a play, the usher asked where we 'ladies' were from. I didn't allow it to bother me too much as the contest was now an obsession for us both.

As the beard removal came to an end, I felt the needle go into my brow. "What are you doing?" I asked.

Nan said, "Just taking out a few straggly hairs." She wanted to 'neaten up' my eyebrows and after a couple of hours I sort of awakened from the strange napless napping I'd learned to do and asked to see a mirror. Nan kept telling me to wait and finally I insisted to find that she had 'neatened' my eyebrows almost to extinction!

I no longer had bushy, thick brows like a man. I had the well shaped, perfectly curved, high arched brows of a female.

I blew up at Nan but Monique agreed. . . "You'll be much prettier!"

After having my beard eradicated and with highly arched, thin brows, now, even without make-up, I looked softer, actually rather feminine.

I saw Colin out jogging and was surprised at how feminine he looked. I hoped that I didn't look as effeminate as he did.

Over the next few days, Monique and I had visited a hair stylist and I'd had my own hair extensions woven into my hair and even though we had not gone so far as to visit the doctor who had given Colin his 'vitamin' injections, we had started with corsets and



Colin was beginning to get odd looks. It was hard to tell his sex.

a special push-up bra which gave extra volume to my breast area.

The extensions had blended with my own hair perfectly and it felt very sensual to have long auburn hair (yes, they'd colored it with three different shades of red to get it just right) except for some of the extra time it took to get a perfect look.

Since it was hard for me to look normal with all that hair, we had decided to go out to dinner as two girls. With some reluctance, I knew that if I didn't make some effort to catch up with Colin that we'd lose for sure. Monique had chosen a white strapless number which showed her bosom shamelessly. The hemline was three inches above her knee and with her smart red pumps and wild red hair, she looked like a jungle animal out for the kill.

We had picked out a slightly more conservative look for me and with the scoop neck and cinched waist, I looked pretty good, even if I did say so myself. We had gotten some hot looking ankle strap spikes for me to break in and Monique gave me a fine golden anklet to set off the ensemble. A fine gold chain with a single diamond was on my throat and now it was time for her to do my hair.

I sat down at her "hair counter", as she called it and she proceeded to roll my now long and gleaming hair in fat steam heated rollers. She placed a soft cotton towel around my shoulders so as to not get hair spray on my dress and went to work.

She quickly rolled my hair up on the rollers and then spritzed them with spray. She then maneuvered her blow dryer over the curlers to speed the setting and hummed as she worked.

For perhaps the first time in our marriage, we were really doing something together. We were working for a common goal: to beat her sister and my friend in a bizarre contest. I didn't know if we would win this thing, but just the pleasure of not feeling jealous of Monique and having spent so much time together was wonderful.

"If we don't pick up a couple of cute guys looking this good, there's no hope for any of the women of the world," she laughed as she removed the curlers from my hair.

This embarrassed me, making me blush deeply.

She sang a little song to herself as she backcombed the extensions and smoothed my long locks into a modified upsweep which resembled Julia Roberts' fancy hair do in *Pretty Woman*. No way could I hold a candle to Julia, but with my hair back and little strands of my coiffure caressing me, I certainly felt like a pretty woman.

Monique insisted in driving our Mercedes as we climbed in to go to dinner. I'd always been the one to drive, but it seemed to me that if she wanted to be the one in the driver's seat, then she should be. I knew that I could drive any time I wanted to. She drove with authority, not yielding unnecessarily to anyone. We breezed into the parking lot at the restaurant with no incidents except one whistle we'd gotten from two guys in a classic Chrysler convertible on the boulevard.

The hostess seated us and said, "The wine steward will be here presently, ladies."

I smiled. We'd made it past the first test and my heart was racing, but I had to admit that as I found our reflection in the picture window across the way that these two red heads certainly did look smashing!

The wine steward was very polite and then presented us with a bottle of Lafite Rothschild from "an admirer" who waved from across the room. Monique waved a little wave at him in thanks and we settled back to enjoy the fruits of being alluring young women out on the town. As we enjoyed the wine, we noticed that in the bar there were several good looking men in business suits who were really giving us the once over. I felt very embarrassed, but Monique just told me to "relax and follow her lead" which I tried to do.

After our dinner we went to the Ladies' Room together (as women always seem to do) and Monique surveyed my face in the mirror. She then took the lipstick out of my purse and applied a new coat to my slightly faded lips.

"You have to learn how to do this yourself, Celeste. It's important to keep your make-up fresh and pretty. I think we can win this contest, if you'll just get yourself into the spirit of the competition."

"But, Monique," I whispered, "aren't we going a little too far with this thing? You've done a great job, but I liked it better when we were just a nice normal couple."

"We still are, darling," she said quietly. "It's just that that sister of mine has always gone overboard to win and this time I'm not going to let her get away with it. You can be twice the girl that Colin is and you know it! Now, let's get out there and vamp some of those drooling boys so that you'll have the feeling of what it's like to really be a girl."

I sighed and blotted my dark and pouty lips and added a bit of mascara to my lashes and gave my bosom a little boost which made Monique laugh. We really were having a good time. It had been a long time, actually, since we had been out together and not had a row about something or other. Tonight, it was different. I was still very self conscious, but she seemed so happy, that it took a lot of the edge off.

By the time we had returned to our table there were two fresh drinks waiting for us and from the bar we saw two very handsome looking men peering our way and waving. Monique smiled coyly at them and slowly motioned them our way with her finger. The blood red polish on her index finger made only the slightest motion and it seemed to draw these guys to us like a magnet.

They asked if we would like to dance. I sat low in my seat and Monique pulled on my hand and said, "Oh, Celeste, don't be so shy. Come on!"

It was not easy to dance with another man, especially as I watched my wife with the other guy moving slowly and sensually to the slow music. His hand crept down her back and rested on her buttocks much too long before she reached back and brought it back up to her waist. When my partner tried it, I quickly grabbed his hand and squeezed it hard!

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"Oh. . .you work out, don't you?" he breathed into my ear. I could feel my face get hot and was very happy when the music stopped and we were escorted back to our table.

I felt so shishy next to these virile men. I wanted to slug the one dancing with my wife but the tightness of my gaff was a reminder that I was no threat. I felt so weak, so inadequate as a man that I passively accepted the circumstances. I guess I could have hit him with my purse?

The men joined us and the one with Monique sat way too close for my comfort and it was only a minute later when I felt a hand on my knee. I grabbed the hand and squeezed it again, very, very hard. The man winced, but didn't cry out and pulled back a little. I could see in his eyes that my 'hard to get' routine only turned him on more.

When I turned my attention back to Monique and her 'date' (I was supposed to be the date and here I was gowned and made up to the 'nines' as a woman. I couldn't do anything to discourage this behavior without giving myself away.) That would have defeated the whole purpose of our going out, I guess, but I really didn't like it when Monique seemed to close her eyes and actually enjoy it when he nuzzled her neck suggestively.

I caught her eye for a moment and she smiled and blew me a kiss! This was as if to say, "just wait until I get you home. . ." and with that in mind, I relaxed a little the next time my 'date' made a little move

On me.

The 'boys' wanted to see us home, so I rode with my 'guy' and Monique let her 'date' drive our Mercedes home. We had explained that we were roommates and lived at the same address.

When we arrived, I immediately hopped out of the car and made a dash for the door. My date tagged along behind and as swiftly as I could, I peeled his hand off of my rear end, gave him a very light peck on the cheek and opened the door.

I expected to see Monique right behind me after she had pulled our car into the driveway. To my surprise, I could see that she and her man were going at it with some passion in the front seat. Of course, I couldn't say

anything and just popped in the door and said good-night to my date who seemed a little bewildered. "Goodnight. Thanks for the ride. See ya!" I said and closed the door in his face.

I went upstairs and stood in front of the mirror. I felt so odd and out of place. A man gaffed, hair curled, toes painted red---waiting for his wife to say "good-night" to her date.

I tried not to think about it but I was awash with memories of the evening. My wife and I were clothed similarly in our little dresses, lingerie, our waists cinched, breasts pointed, faces made-up and our hair perfumed.

I had made it through the night and even put up with Monique's antics with that young man. I also knew Monique was right about going out. . . I didn't feel nearly as awkward as I had a few hours ago. Maybe we did have a shot at winning the contest?

I heard the front door open and after a few minutes, and the sounds of what might have been some heavy petting, the door closed and Monique strolled up the stairs swinging her hips.

"I saw what were you doing down there!" I stated with a little bit of a 'tone' in my voice.

"Darling!" she started, "a girl can't just turn her date out into the night without a little appreciative smooch, can she? Didn't you 'thank' your date?"

"Well, it looked pretty smoochy to me out there in the car. You are MY wife, you know!"

Her eyes glistened and she said, "But wasn't that fun?" as she began to unbutton my dress. She let her fingers roam over my bosom as she peeled the tight fitting garment down the front of me. She lingered on my stomach as she then inched her fingers up to the clasp of my bra. As she undid the bra clasp, she caught my breast inserts and let them fall on the bed as she then massaged my tingling nipples and removed the gown and the rest of my lingerie carefully.

By the time she had rolled my pantyhose down and off my tired feet and stroked my cleanly shaven legs from ankle to gaffed crotch, I was almost bursting with desire.



COLIN
WAS
RIGHT!
I DID GET
USED TO
THE
GAFF.

"I wasn't sure you could pull it off around a couple guys but you did!" she cooed in my ear as she played with the straps of my gaff. "I like you like this, you know? It's really a turn on for me to see you so decked up and forced to act so demure and feminine. It's good for you!"

Her fingers slipped down my belly between my thighs, pressing against the smooth, flatness. I remembered how painful these gaffs were at first, I could hardly walk. "I said, "Let me get out of this thing."

"Leave it!" she said firmly.

I started to protest and she stopped my words with a well placed tongue. Her kiss was intriguing and different. Our lipstick, the memory of my date's kiss, and the consciousness of another man's virile taste on Monique's lips blended together hedonistically.

She allowed me to remove her dress and undies one by one. That night was one of the most sensual of our entire marriage. We fell into bed amidst all of our feminine finery flung all over the bedroom.

After our first venture out, it was easier to get dressed up and try it again. With my hair extensions, it was difficult to make me look manly, besides Monique seemed to really enjoy dolling me up. I knew that I'd be happy when this was finally all over.

I found it a little less objectionable when we would 'go casual' and do some shopping or stop off somewhere for a quick lunch as 'girlfriends'. I had been fearful of being discovered and exposed, but because we were financially comfortable and I didn't have to report to a regular job anymore, it was pretty easy to get into Monique's plan.

Sometimes, when I complained about her plucking my eyebrows or finding a stray hair on my chest, she would 'punish' me by making me redo my manicure or put my hair up in curlers for the night.

Soon, I became relaxed being 'unmanly' around my wife. I found myself selecting the most feminine lingerie and immersed in feminine routines and involvements.

Involvements? Yes, it seemed where ever two attractive females go, they get attention. We met men

and before we knew it, we had a few dates. "A double date is not a real date," she insisted. "It's just a group going out together."

I resisted at first but Monique told me that I should work at being comfortable making social contact with the man I was with. "Women like men," she coached, "That's what makes us women."

This felt very strange to me, but she was convinced that it would help me become more 'real' and I really didn't want to let her down. Besides, I could see that it excited her to play such provocative, audacious games around me, her husband.

She said once, "This is exciting. . .almost like cheating. . .only without the guilt!"

Being the female on a date is so very different. In a skimpy dress, high heels and with my hair curled, I felt uninhibited and cool next to the men in their neckties, wool suits and accountability to the male role.

With a date, I found myself relaxing, enjoying the little baubles of femininity: a dainty purse slung over my shoulder, touching up my lipstick, a show of a little nyloned thigh, eyes lingering on my bodice. All this made me feel almost intoxicated.

Even the annoying things: new high heels pinching my feet, my hair getting messed up, walking in a long tight skirt, breaking a fingernail. . .I was learned to accept it all.

Still, Monique seemed to like all this more than I did. "Don't be so stuffy," she'd coach, "loosen up! Girls just want to have fun."

So when we would go out, I'd try to be very demure but sometimes would even initiate hand holding or a little light necking. The guys, of course enjoyed our little game too. Little did they know. . .they were only the warm-up. She and I always ended up in bed TOGETHER!

It seemed like an eternity, but finally, it was time for Colin and me to have our final showdown. It was the weekend of the Cotillion. I had been femmed practically to death.

I hadn't had any male clothes on for ages. Did I miss them? I don't know. I was getting spoiled. Out shop-

ping, I found myself craving those soft, creamy dresses that skimmed gently over the arms and spotlighted breasts and thighs through provocative folds. I bought more than I'd ever need.

I had sexy stuff like the satin blue robe that would slip off my shoulder and show the slightest hint of the gold silky nightgown I grown to love.

Monique had made me buy other more sensible things like the three below-the-knee skirts, two pleated pairs of pants, two conservative dresses and a dark blazer for respectability. I felt a bit lackluster when I wore them but Monique insisted they were more appropriate for some outings.

The antagonism between Monique and Veronica had gotten so thick that for a while now we had not even seen each other. I wondered what else could happen before I would be released back into my normal way of living.



I WAS LEARNING
TO ENJOY THE
SOFT FABRICS
THAT WOMEN WEAR.

This whole thing had gotten out of hand. How far were these women willing to go to feminize their husbands?

All I knew was there were unthinkable things happening.

I had gotten very used to rising early in the morning and getting breakfast for Monique and myself. One morning I was in my office and I looked out. Parked in front of Colin's house was that dark sedan!

The evening before the showdown, Monique called me into the bathroom and announced that we had to make some final changes to make sure that my feminine appearance would surpass not only Colin's but every other girl at the party that night.

She helped me out of my play suit with the flared shorts and front tied top she'd had me in for sitting around the house and held a sheer silken peignoir with maribou trim for me to wear. She surprised me with matching maribou mules which softly caressed my feet as she helped me step into them.

I did a turn in the bathroom mirror and the peignoir whirled out from my waist. Very sexy, I thought. What does she have in mind now? I was no longer afraid of femininity, I relished it!

She sat me down at the vanity and began to play with my hair. With the time that had passed and the coloring and the extensions which now felt like a natural part of me, I didn't know what else she could do.

From beneath the sink she brought a package and put it on the counter. I looked at her quizzically in the mirror and she just smiled.

She went to work and washed my hair in the sink and then took her wide tooth comb to section my hair, letting my longish bangs separate from the rest of my hair. She then opened the package and took out a brown bottle and opened it.

"What are you up to now, Hon?" I asked.

Monique smiled and took a cotton ball putting the contents of the bottle on the cotton. She then pulled my hair through the cotton ball, wetting it thoroughly. She repeated this motion several times and then took the hair dryer and blew my forelock dry.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Well, my dear, you need a little pizzazz, I think, and this will help. You'll be the belle of this ball, or else! I'm giving you that blonde streak I've always wanted!"

"What? Peroxide on top of all this other stuff? This is too much, Monique. Too much! I'm already more girlish than I'd ever expected, please, just let's leave it?"

"Did I tell you I saw Colin at the mall?" she said going ahead with her plans. "He didn't see me but I have to tell you, I don't know how Veronica did it but he's got a confidence in his step that's very womanly."

"What do you mean?"

"I don't know exactly but she's done something to him that we missed. He had on fitted skirt that showed off his bottom and legs and a tiny purse over his shoulder. What threw me was that even across the mall, I could tell he had breasts! He had that something. . .like a girl, no, a woman that likes being a woman. I wish we'd got you some boobs. If we don't do something, he's going to win."

"Was Veronica with him?"

"No, some guy was carrying his packages."

I was in shock as Monique just reapplied the solution again and again and I watched as my dark auburn locks became a shocking white blonde before my eyes!

To come this far and lose now was disheartening.

"There, now," she cooed as she put the dryer away and fluffed my hair into a daring cascade of ringlets around my face and down my back. "You are so hot now, Celeste, I could eat you! In fact. . .," her voice lowered as she helped me rise from the vanity and helped me shrug the peignoir from my shoulders. "You really should have been a girl," she whispered. "Admit you love it?"

I didn't answer. I felt that pleasant tingling in my tummy. We fondled each other all the way to the bedroom and as we fell, laughing onto the bed, waves of passion rose from our growing heat. Once again, this strange sight and sound of two beautiful women in each other's arms was in my imagination as we caressed and loved each other well into the night.



“Even across the mall, Monique could tell Colin had breasts! He had that something. . .like a girl, no, a woman that likes being a woman.”



IF YOU would like more about Colin and ross,
write to me: SANDY THOMAS,
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As we awakened early the next morning, we tousled each other's hair and tickled each other until, finally, Monique insisted that we get out of bed and begin to prepare for the big evening. I was feeling lazy, but she teased me by groping me near my gaffed, freshly groomed bikini line. Finally, we slipped on our matching frilly dressing gowns and went downstairs for breakfast.

We returned to our 'workshop' upstairs and from noon that day until seven in the evening, Monique made sure that every detail of my appearance was as perfect as she could make it. She had a plan and was determined to carry it out!

She joined me in the shower and made sure that every hair which had anything to do with my masculinity was either plucked out or shaved off. She lathered my legs and arms as the warm water steamed around us in heavenly clouds. She carefully shaved each leg. She then did my arms as well as my chest (though it hardly needed it) and shaved under each arm. After she had completed that, she turned me around in the shower's flow to rinse and handed me the shaving cream.

"What's this for, Hon?" I asked, taking the can from her.

"Isn't there some shaving you'd like to do for me, Celeste?" she said in a low seductive tone.

It took me a second to realize what she was asking me to do. We'd discussed this intimate aspect of shaving months ago, but with all of this attention on my transformation, it had not been a topic I'd thought of in a long time. Monique smiled and popped the cap on the aerosol can.

I took my cue from her and foamed a large dollop of shaving cream into my hand and then, knelt in the steaming shower and lathered her fragrant crotch with slow and stimulating circles. She moaned a low moan as I let my fingers caress her pulsating lips. I then took the razor she had just done my legs and arms with and began to carefully remove the billowing foam and with it tender curls of dark red hair. She put her hands in my long clean hair and pulled it gently as I removed her soft patch closer and closer to her waiting lips.

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Carefully and sensuously, I stroked her warm moist curls away. Monique sighed and moaned with each succeeding stroke. Finally, I swept the final curl from her blushing crevice and stood her in the stream of the shower. I knelt down with my face close to her now smooth and naked lips. She pressed herself into my face and twisted her hips back and forth in a slow animalistic rhythm. I grasped her buttocks in both hands as she glided her hands over my hair and along my soft clean cheeks; down my smooth, freshly shaven arms, thrusting herself again and again onto my waiting lips and tongue.

She pulled me to her again and again, moaning "Celeste. . . Celeste. . . Oh, my Celestial One. . ." "I may have lost consciousness as the steam of the shower engulfed us both, she joined me in the tub and we traded deep kisses.

To anyone who might have been a fly on the wall, this must have looked like a lesbian video, but it was man and wife locked in ecstatic bliss.

Monique started the afternoon's work with a pedicure. She carefully trimmed my toenails and painted them a deep red. Even though they wouldn't show in the shoes I'd be wearing tonight. "It's what you CAN'T see that makes a woman. Every little detail helps, you know," she reminded me. She wanted me to feel the part as much as I could.

She did my fingernails and applied coat after coat nail polish after gluing long extensions on each one. This was a formal affair and not one detail could be left undone. She even added a little golden ring to my pinkie, she said, "to remind me of the curls she'd surrendered to me that morning" and we both laughed.

I had to admit that returning to my masculine way of doing things would be welcome, but this attention and closeness we had shared really had brought us more closely together as a couple.

She stated, "Tonight, you'll have to fight the guys off!"

"You too!" I smiled. I was no longer embarrassed when she talked like this. A man's attention had become a 'validation' of my ability to present a feminine facade. Men were an important ingredient of what had become an electrifying amusement for the two of us.

She then sat me down at the vanity and draped the maribou gown around my shoulders. She started with a light base coat of matte make-up which always made my complexion seem to glow. She worked quickly as we had done this many times over the past weeks and blended shadow and highlights, accentuating my cheeks and shading my eyes with dramatic dark colors. She had freshly plucked my remaining eyebrows that morning and now dramatically arched them using an auburn pencil to match my red and now platinum blonde streaked hair.

She added coats of mascara and blended everything expertly. She then unrolled my hair from the pink curlers and began to tease and pile it into a high fashion style which swept up off my neck and added a fall of wild curls which cascaded down my back, bouncing and caressing my smooth skin. She took special care framing my face with my new platinum streak and sprayed it all with a fine mist. She seemed to really enjoy this transformation and I had to admit that it was rather fun for me, too.

She fingered my earlobes and had a 'look' in her eye. We had discussed piercing my ears, because Colin had done it weeks ago, but I really didn't think I wanted holes in my ears. Her eyes pleaded with me and I shook my head again and again. Monique then stepped back from me and opened her sheer matching gown to me. In the mirror I could see the smooth valley I'd shaved clean this very morning. She fingered herself gently and asked again with her eyes if I wouldn't just consider two little piercings?

How could I resist? I closed my eyes and before I could open them and change my mind, I heard a 'pop' in my right ear and when I did open my eyes, there was a diamond stud staring back at me. She quickly popped the left ear and inserted the other stud in it. She had used some kind of an astringent which kept the lobes from bleeding at all and even though they were a little tender, my ears looked absolutely feminine. I figured that the holes were so small that they would grow closed very quickly anyway.

From the neck up I now looked beautiful. From the neck down my smooth body was encased in a frilly maribou dressing gown which would give way very

soon to the surprise gown Monique had designed for me. I took a breath and she giggled in anticipation.

We began dressing from the skin out. Monique carefully smoothed my body with fragrant lotion and helped me into the tight Lycra panty she had made to flatten my maleness tight to my body. It was always a little uncomfortable at first, but I quickly got used to it and took a deep breath as she drew the pink boned corset around my waist.

The workouts she'd had me doing had narrowed my waist a lot, but with this laced corset, she pulled me in from my normal waist size to a very slender twenty four inches. I knew there was no way that Colin would be able to match this waist. I'd worked too hard for it! The corset also pushed my chest into two small pink mounds which Monique scooped up in a matching pink underwire bra. She then inserted the breast forms which lifted my natural bosom up and over the cups, creating a cleavage that looked every bit like something you'd see on a Playboy centerfold.

"Oh, my! My husband is stacked!" she teased, adding, "I want you to think how you'd feel with real breasts. . . wouldn't that be exciting?"

"But that's impossible," I said, mesmerized by my soft, creamy cleavage and sudden envy of my wife's fullness. I was surprised that I was capable of such a girlish frame of mind. "SO unnecessary!"

"We're rich. Nothing is impossible if we want it bad enough." She then had me step into a frilly pink garter belt.

"I thought we'd just go with the pantyhose," I said.

"This is another way to help you feel extra feminine, my dear. We are going to win tonight and I'm going to snap this garter belt off you in a victory dance later, just you wait and see!"

My stockings were pure silk and caressed each of my legs luxuriously. I fastened them to the garter belt and stood before my wife waiting for the special gown she'd had made for me. She had taken me to an exclusive courtier on the west side, but didn't let me watch as the fittings were done and so this would be the first time I'd see my 'killer kourtier' as Monique called the creation.

"Close your eyes," she purred. I did so and waited.

"Just keep those baby blues shut tightly until I say to open them," she said. "No peeking!"

I shuddered with anticipation and then could feel the soft silken material slide across my smooth skin as she helped me step into what felt like an ocean of crinoline. I could feel the underskirts flounce around my legs and thighs, making a soft 'whooshing' sound. I raised my arms and felt her pull the bodice around my push up bra and had to suck in a bit as she zipped the dress up the back with one strong, swift movement.

She pushed my breasts and tugged at the material around the bodice for a moment and then directed me to step into a pair of waiting four inch heels. I lost my balance a little, but Monique steadied me and I knew that my practicing on these high heels was for a real reason. She fastened an ankle strap on each pump and I could feel the cool weight of a golden anklet as she secured it around my right ankle. She tickled my knees a little and giggled to herself in glee.

"Keep your eyes closed, honey. I'm almost done with you."

She turned me away from the vanity mirror and with her fingers indicated that I could open my eyes. I did so and before I looked down, looked into the eyes of my wife. She was my mentor, my friend and my lover.

his experience had truly brought us closer together and I could see from her look that she was pleased with herself. She surveyed me from head to toe. In my heels I stood a little taller than she, but knew that when she transformed herself into the glamour gal who would accompany me to the party that she'd be taller again.

Finally, she turned me around to the vanity mirror and bounced my curls a little as she did. Part of my cascade came over my right shoulder and when my focus clicked in I beheld an amazing sight. I knew that Monique had worked so hard to feminize me and I wanted so much to please her that I'd put my heart into the work, too.

I examined my new pierced ears and felt the cool sting of pearls that Monique now drew around my neck. The gown was a classic formal with stiff crinoline underskirts and the bodice and over skirt were of the

lightest pale pink satin. The bodice was very tight and my breasts peeked over the top flirtatiously.

"Is that me? I could GO for me!"

"It's you and better be careful. . . I could ravish you right now! You are living up to your new name: Celeste. However darling, I do take some credit for your emasculation," she smiled fussing with my billowing hair, "but you've tried very hard and you have this image as your reward. I'm very proud of you. How do you feel?"

I whirled about in front of the mirror while Monique clapped a rhythm behind me. "Feminine!" I gasp. "I feel completely feminine!"

I sat on our bed and watched Monique do her own transformation. She was a stunning woman and beautiful in every way, but when loosed on the finest couturier on the west side and given her expertise with hair and make-up, this woman was drop dead gorgeous.

She used the same basic make-up she'd used for me, but accentuated her own features a little more demurely. She explained that tonight I was the "Star" and she wanted to make sure that everyone noticed me.

The Cotillion was held at the home of one of the richest members of 'the gang', a very pretty widow, whose husband had left her with more cash than the Treasury and a house that came in more like a hotel than a residence for one.

She had always been nice to Monique and me when we'd attended gatherings there and she had been let in on the little contest that Colin and I had been entered into by our feuding wives.

The agreement was that Monique and Veronica would arrive on their own and "Celeste and Juliet" would arrive separately. We were finally cast as former sorority sisters of our wives and the reason that Colin and Ross were not there was because they had been called to Denver for an important meeting with some buffalo breeders or something.

Because we had not actually seen each other for quite some time after Monique and Veronica had gotten so upset with each other about the contest, I wasn't entirely sure what would signal the winner. The origi-



ROSS/CELESTE COLIN/JULIET

I whispered, "If I was a man, I'd pick you up and carry you into the bedroom and make mad passionate love to you all night!"

"Really?" COLIN said, his big blue eyes sparkled.

"I think I would have liked that!"

nal deal was that the first one of us to be recognized or discovered to be a male would lose, thus thrusting the other into the winner's circle.

I had practiced walking in my new heels, had been shaved and primped and preened to perfection. As I turned in front of the full length mirror in the entry hall, Monique appeared with a full length coat made of ostrich plumes which matched my gown perfectly. My three inch heels stood me just tall enough for the coat to just graze the floor.

"You are ravishing," Monique sighed as she helped me on with the coat. The limousine is coming here after picking 'Juliet' up next door. Don't you worry about a thing. You'll win hands down!"

I turned to her and held her close to me. She pulled back a little, but smiled and I could smell sensuality on her breath. I wondered if this transformation had gotten me to the place where I was smelling those subtle pheromones I'd heard only women can smell. I wanted to take her right there on the floor, but she smoothed my dress over my hips and said that if there was a wicked bulge in my dress, I'd lose before we even got to the hostess's mansion.

I took a deep breath and stood back and admired the two of us in the mirror. My tight slinky frock fit me like a glove and in her scoop neck red salsa dress, red three inch pumps she was gorgeous!

The limousine arrived and an absolutely gorgeous hunk rang the bell and ushered me to the waiting car. He opened the door and there was Colin. . . Juliet in all his glory. Even though it had been only a short time since I'd seen him, something had happened to him and even though I felt very confident I could pull this masquerade off, he was stunning.

We closed the privacy glass between the driver then served ourselves so champagne. We chatted quietly as the limousine shuttled us the distance to the Cotillion. It seems that Veronica had been so intent on his winning this "contest" that she had taken him to a plastic surgeon who was well known for his work with accident victims and had some subtle work done on his face and he blushed as he exposed his blossoming new breasts!

"She says he can take them out after tonight. I don't know what's gotten into me, Ross," Colin said.

"I understand," I said. "We got a bit carried away too. Too much fun."

"For me," Colin confessed, "It's like I'm not a man anymore. With Veronica; it's like we're just girlfriends now."

I looked sadly at my old pal. He was truly beautiful. His pale blonde hair hung sensuously over one eye like a movie star from old Hollywood and even sitting down, I could see that his waist had shrunk to a tiny twenty two or twenty three inches. His outfit was form fitting, as was mine, but his hips and blossoming new breasts were undeniably beautiful.

There was a sort of resignation in him that made me feel that even if I could win the contest, it was not the same now. Something definitely female was in him, now and I took his hand and told him that I knew he was the fairest of them all and conceded the contest to him.

"We don't have to tell the girls," I said. "We'll still hit the party and make our impressions, but you're not going back, are you?"

Colin's eyes met mine. "You know, I resisted as best I could at first, Ross. . .I mean Celeste. I really did. But, when Veronica kept at me with all of the pressure and then we went further and further with the training, trips to the doctor and working with the corsets and such. . .I guess I've found a new hobby. All I did before was sit around and drink. You understand, don't you?"

"Of course, I do, dear," I said, touching him on his ivory cheek. The touch of his skin was amazingly soft. He was beaming, his eyes sparkled and a radiant smile played on his lips.

His make-up had been done to perfection, but I could tell that Nan had removed his beard as well and with his pierced ear lobes and dainty fingers, perfectly manicured, I looked for what was so different about him. It was more than perfume and a low-cut gown.

My knees felt weak as I realized that my feminized buddy was stirring my emotions so completely. I gave him a girlish hug, which turned gently into a sisterly

kiss. I felt his bosom swollen and straining against the frail fabric of his gown and the delicious rustle of our dresses together.

The kiss was like two girls. The champagne flushed my cheeks and I noticed that he looked prettier than ever. We were sitting quite close. I couldn't help notice how his pouty lips and voluptuous cleavage made him appear so young and innocent. One of my hands dropped casually from his waist cross his fleshy hips.

I whispered, "I must say you feel so soft and pretty. . . I know you are going to drive the young men crazy!"

Colin swooned shyly. His arms went around my waist and he kiss me gently, careful not to mess up out lipstick.

"Oh, dear," he said, "That was so nice!" Colin pressed himself up against me with a shiver. "Isn't it exciting that we've been emasculated to the point where we can be like girls with one another?"

It was true, I felt enjoyment but the feminine training had eliminated any male response. . . I was feeling feminine feelings for this most feminine and alluring creature.

What with the gaff and all, I couldn't respond as a man even if I wanted to! Had I actually forgotten how? My sensuality had fled from between my legs and resided in my chests and hips. . . really all over. Just seeing my smooth, girlish legs in nylons and high heels caused little waves of pleasure.

I felt him snuggle up in my arms, our feminized soft bodies pressing together.

I whispered, "If I was a man, I'd pick you up and carry you into the bedroom and make mad passionate love to you all night!"

"Really?" he said, his big blue eyes sparkled. "I think I would have liked that! I think I like being docile and passive."

"Me too," I laughed, "I guess we couldn't both be on the bottom."

Don and I became very close that night. He chatted about his intimate new discoveries---like having breasts and the adventure of being neutered by hormones. Don admitted, "I like being feminized. I feel like a load was taken off my shoulders."

"My load was felt much lower," I joked.

Colin and I started to primp in the limo's pull-down mirrors. He was innocent by nature. He was both as playful as a teenybopper and modestly provocative as a debutante.

Seeing his wispy bangs fall across his forehead, and his blonde hair which by the end of the evening would swing about his exquisite shoulders, I had to comment, "My, you are becoming quite the turn-on!"

His lashes swept across his cheeks, blushing at my observation. Bashfully, he whispered, "I know. It feels nice. I feel prettier, sexier and more complete living as a woman."

I knew that our relationship was going to be different from now on.

"Are you going back?" he asked.

I said, "I'll probably be back in my jeans and soft cotton shirts in the morning."

"And never wear a dress again?" Colin asked.

I couldn't answer that. My wife and I found a new enjoyment in our little hobby. I knew I'd be "moonlighting" as a woman. Then the thought hit me! I'd seen the "domestic" uniforms Monique had picked out for Veronica and Colin. Not one had a pair of pants! I knew that Veronica couldn't be so insidious, could she?

I didn't matter. Colin's road was going to be very different now. He was soft and womanly and it seemed to me that not only would he be accepted as "Juliet" at the Cotillion tonight, but that he and Veronica would be probably addressing the world as 'girlfriends' instead of husband and wife.

The limousine pulled into the circle drive and we could see the girls greeting guests at the door. I turned to Colin and kissed him gently on the cheek leaving a big red kiss. He had tears in his eyes and I dried them with my lace hanky. He smiled a melancholy smile and opened his compact to fix his cheek.

Monique and Veronica waited on the steps for us and as we made our entrance from the long white limousine. . .they greeted us like long lost girlfriends. As a line of strange men stared and appraised our assets.

Yes, ASSETS had a whole new meaning to me. . .in more than one way! I knew that both of our lives had changed permanently.

THE END for now.

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DEAR EDITOR!

Boyfriend's Little Hobby

DEAR SANDY:

I am a 26-yearold woman who has been going out with "Allen" (age 25) for about a year. Ours is a loving and intimate relationship and we recently even discussed marriage.

Several days ago while lunching with a friend, I happened to notice a very attractive woman walk in. She met another lovely woman at a nearby table, and soon they were having a spirited conversation. I couldn't take my eyes off this woman because I had the feeling I knew her from somewhere.

I suddenly realized that this beautiful woman, expensively groomed in a silk dress, well-coiffed with perfect makeup, was my boyfriend Allen!

I couldn't believe my eyes. When he got up and headed for the ladies' room. I waited a minute, then followed him. He was in the stall and for a minute I thought I had to be wrong. From under the door, I could see the feminine image squatting; heels, nylons and panties around smoothly shaven legs.

Leaving the stall, I saw his face stiffen and a blush-like shadow ran over his face, I knew for sure it was Allen. I demanded to know what was going on.

Allen was extremely upset by the confrontation. He finally composed himself and explained that he has been a cross-dresser since childhood. He said it was a "quirk" he viewed as a hobby and enjoyed enormously. He claimed he had intended to tell me about it in time and made it clear that he was strictly heterosexual. He also said he hoped it wouldn't affect our relationship.

"So who's the other woman?" I questioned.

"She's teaching me to do this better," he said shyly.

"Better," I exclaimed. I wasn't sure how I'd recognized him at all. From the top of his perfectly styled hairdo to his voluptuous figure to his painted toes perched in high heeled sandals, he appeared all woman.

"So that's the deal with the legs?" I grunted. He had told me he rode racing bicycles and shaved his legs for speed! Was I stupid? I asked, "How much better do you want to be?"

"I still have a lot to learn," he said as he went on to explain. I was struck by our images in the ladies' room mirror. Our postures were similar: each of us carrying a small purse, wearing a stylish outfit, high heels and a bra! The existence of his marked by the way his bosom strained at the bodice of his dress.

I am still seeing Allen and have even gone to dinner with "HER" a few times. My feelings for him haven't changed, but I can't help wondering if I should continue to date him and HER. I admit we had fun but going out with my boyfriend who is trying to master femininity is spooky. I don't know what the future holds for us. Please give me some advice. . .

BOYFRIEND DIS-DRESSED.

DEAR DIS-DRESSED:

Most crossdressers are straight and get their kicks from donning women's apparel.

A few, like Allen, want to learn more about women and experience social interaction as a woman. It's up to you to decide whether or not Allen's "hobby" is tolerable.

Some women find this fun and go lingerie shopping, out to dinner, share clothes and help with their mate's feminine adventures.

This makes for a intimate, loving relationship that is very different from a "normal" male-female relationship which has few everyday interests in in common. He understands a woman's aggravations: the bad hair day, no time to get ready, a run stocking, nothing to wear, that time of the month, and men who gawk. Get involved in his hobby. . .he'll love you for it! S.T.

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FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #44 &45

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

PRETTY FOREVER #73

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

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

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

ONE, TWO, THREE

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

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

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

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

“DOMESTIC BLISS “ONE, TWO, THREE

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

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1 LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2 BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3

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