

CONTEMPORARY

TV FICTION

"THE FRILL OF IT ALL!"

JACK'S GIRLFRIEND THINKS OF
MANY WAYS TO GET HIM INTO A DRESS!



Volume 38

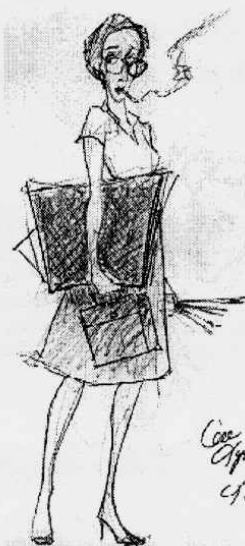
Published By
SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION MAGAZINE

VOLUME 38

"THE FRILL OF IT ALL!"

by Sandy Thomas
Illustrations by GABI



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

THE FRILL OF IT ALL!

By SANDY THOMAS
WITH SOME CONCEPTS FROM
TRANSVESTIA FICTION
ILLUSTRATIONS BY GABI

Everyone changes during their freshman year in college. I was no different. My folks had died a short time before in an accident but fortunately, my parents had left more than enough insurance money for me to live on and complete my education.

At first, I lived in the dorm. Being on my own for the first time in my life, I was open to a lot of things I normally wouldn't have even considered.

The dorm was crowded so I found an apartment WITH A GIRL! She was unlike any girl I'd ever meet. Beautiful, confident and with the best sense of humor. Sharing an apartment with Margaret was wonderful and before we realized it, we were in love. "Shacking up" was not something that my parents would have approved of and I was sure her's wouldn't either.

It didn't matter. We were now making our own decisions! I moved out of my little bedroom and into hers. We began "playing house". We kept separate phone lines so her parents wouldn't catch me answering her phone. We were just kids out in the world enjoying the new freedom.

We tried smoking which neither of us liked and Margaret convinced me to grow my hair out---into that scraggly "emancipated" look that most of the guys had.

I had Margaret trim the bottom to prevent it from getting really shaggy. It was quite long and one length from the top to bottom which I wore brushed straight back. We were having the time of our life.

On the whole, Margaret and I got along with each other except that sometimes her practical jokes got on my nerves. It was hard to complain. I guess that was what I really loved about her. . .she could make the

worst of times a laugh.

Like when I was forced to be in the "Freshman Follies". Worse yet, I was given one of the girl's parts. . . actually most of the freshmen guys were given girl parts. When I told Margaret the news, she started to tease me about it. "Why Jack, I think that is just terrific," she said, putting one hand on her hip and making exaggeratedly feminine gestures with the other. "I've always wanted to have a sister and now I'll have one. . . a little sister named Jacqueline. What fun!"

"Cut it out, Margaret," I said, well aware that my face was turning crimson with embarrassment. "The only reason I told you is that I need your help. I'm playing a couple parts---a ballerina, showgirl and a waitress. The stupid director suggested that you give me a hand in getting what I need for the role. Did you ever date a senior named 'Eddie'. He seemed to know you?"

"Eddie?" she smiled. "It was nothing. Now let's get back to the problem of getting you ready. Turning you into a ballerina, eh?" she replied with enthusiasm. "That's an assignment I'll accept with the greatest of pleasure. I can think of nothing I'd rather do than change you into a pretty Miss."

Her family owned a chain of retail department stores or something. Margaret was planning to join the family business when she graduated. She had a wonderful fashion sense and a bit of a clothes horse. There wasn't a week that went by that a package didn't arrive from her mother with something new.

Looking me over, she said, "I bet my clothes would fit you just fine with the appropriate padding. What size shoe do you wear?"

"7B," I replied.

"Wonderful. You'll even be able to wear my old ballet shoes. And as the saying goes: 'There's no time like the present to start!' Come into the bedroom and we'll pick you out a dress."

"Are you sure you and this 'Eddie' haven't talked? He really seemed intent to embarrass me."

She teased, "He just knew you'd be a knock out, but

just remember----don't flirt with my old boyfriends, dearie, or you'll be in trouble."

I blushed but had no choice. "Truce," I said. "Margaret, please stop kidding me. Enough is enough. I have to do this."

"Okay," she said. "I'll stop kidding you if you'll promise to cooperate with me. I intended to do a good job at making you presentable over the next weeks. I want to be really proud of you in the follies. Is that a deal?"

I agreed to her deal and followed her into our bedroom. In no time, she had selected various things from her closet and bureau, sheer nylons, lacy white panties, a white bra, a frilly slip, shirtwaist dress with a floral pattern on it, and yellow pumps with medium heels.

I was mortified but I put all those items on with her assistance. Standing back to look at me, she commented, "I'm going to have to buy you a waist cincher or you'll split my dresses. Now sit on the bed while I make you up."

"Oh, gee, honey. You don't have to do that tonight," I said feeling thoroughly humiliated.

"Don't argue with me 'Jackie.' Remember the deal? Let's make this fun for me too."

"And putting make-up on me is fun to you?"

"It would be for any woman. You know, 'what's good for the goose, is good for the gander!'" Maybe you'll appreciate how long it takes women to get ready now."

Quickly and expertly, she applied the cosmetics to my face. After she was satisfied, she took a long blond wig from the shelf in her closet. She brushed it out a bit and installed it on my head. Then, she stood back to inspect her handiwork.

"Eddie was right! I can hardly believe it," she said. "You're really quite girlish. Look at yourself in the mirror."

I wobbled over to the full length mirror on the back of the door on my unaccustomed heels. I was amazed too! A lovely girl. . . a very pretty girl was looking back at me. In my time, I had dated a lot of girls who were

much LESS attractive.

"I'm gorgeous!"

"I wouldn't go that far---yet! BUT! By the time the Follies come around, you'll be able to fool anyone. Are you GAME?"

I blinked my dark eyelashes provocatively at myself. "Sure. What do we do?"

"You just need practice. On nights and weekends, we're going to dress you as a girl so that the feel of the clothing becomes natural to you."

"Not every night!" I moaned making a kissy face in the mirror. "How about on Saturdays?"

"Won't be enough. We're going to teach you how to walk and sit in a proper fashion like a little lady...that takes time! And we'll rehearse your lines until you're letter perfect."

"Aren't we going overboard on this?" I protested, turning my head back and forth making my blonde wig flutter.

The next evening, Margaret came home with an armful of packages and announced, "I charged some things to your credit card."

"WHAT!"

"Wait until you see what you bought!" She opened the packages one by one. One revealed a waist cincher, a set of false eyelashes, and a set of false finger nails. There was even realistic looking breast inserts for my bra. In one package were several pairs of pantyhose which she told me I would have to rinse out at night.

I did my best to resist Margaret's enthusiasm but we were actually having fun. What I thought would be the most embarrassing event of my life was becoming something to look forward to.

"You really think they will think I'm a girl?" I asked.

"Take a look," she said, holding up a mirror. She was always able to make me forget myself and focus on what was at hand.

As the days went by, a routine developed. Imme-

diately after I got home, I would shower, don the outfit of girl's clothes which Margaret had laid out on the bed for me. I was learning to apply my own make up, put on my wig, and do my homework and housework so that later in the evening I was ready to rehearse my role.

Almost every evening, Margaret took Polaroid pictures of me. She had read someplace that actors frequently did that so that they could study their gestures and stance. It didn't make much sense to me because we never used the pictures in that way. I didn't argue, it made her happy.

The Saturday before the Freshman Follies, we rehearsed all day until I knew the part inside out and upside down. I was dressed in Margaret's white blouse, black jumper, and black high heels that were to be my costume in the Third Act.

"Let's call it a day," Margaret said. "You've got it down pat. You'll be a smash. Let's celebrate by going out for dinner and a movie."

"That sounds super," I replied. "I'll go change."

"Change? Why bother. You look fine the way you are. I'll bet you a week's 'dish duty' no one has the slightest suspicion you're anything other than what you appear to be . . . an extremely cute girl."

"OUTSIDE?" I stammered. "LIKE THIS? No way! What if someone saw me?"

"Everyone will see you in the Follies. . .besides I'm not cooking. . .how about we just go by a fast food place. Have some guts?"

With great hesitation, I finally agreed to go to a "drive through".

Margaret drove right past the local drive through. "Hey, you missed the turn."

"No. I said go we'd go BY a drive in. . .we are going to a nice place." I complained until she parked and put her keys in her purse. At that point I knew there was no more arguing.

It felt funny to walk down the street and know that the clickety-clack of high heels was coming from my shoes. And the wind! To feel the breeze play with my skirt against my slim legs in their sheer nylons was

distracting. I was acutely conscious of the purse which Margaret insisted that I carry. I was sure I looked like an awkward fool, but no one gave a second glance.

At the restaurant, the captain and the waiter held our chairs for us and took our order without any sign they had observed anything out of the ordinary.

Afterwards, Margaret announced we were going to a movie. . . I was glad to get to the movie theater where the darkness gave me a sense of security. "You are doing fine, just remember to keep your knees together."

After the show was over, Margaret said, "Now let's go to the malt shop for a soda before we go home."

"Are you crazy?" I asked her. "That's where your crowd hangs out. Someone may recognize me."

"What if they do?" she retorted. "It's the Freshman Follies' fault you are dressed like this. Besides, anyone we see are friends of mine. They are not going to call a cop. I want to show you off!"

Sure enough, Betty and Susan, two of Margaret's closet friends were there and beckoned us over to sit with them.

I started to run but Margaret whispered, "Don't worry. Susan and Betty are both psychology majors. They can keep a secret."

"Hi, Margaret. Who's your friend?" Betty inquired.

"Oh, this is Jacqueline, my cousin. She's visiting me for a few days. We just went to the movies at the Bijou. Have you seen it. A real girl's movie! I'd never get my boyfriend to see it. It made my skin get all tingly. You loved it too, didn't you Jacqueline?" Margaret asked, turning to me with a malicious little smile on her face.

I nodded as I nearly choked on my soda. Throughout all of this girlish gush, Susan kept studying me with a puzzled look on her face. She was very bright---she was finishing her master's degree in Psychology in record time. Finally, she squinted at me and asked, "I'm sure I know you from somewhere Jacqueline. Now where could it be from?"

"I'm sure you must be mistaken," I replied trying

to make my voice sound as girlish as possible. Thank goodness my voice hadn't changed too much yet. "I've never visited Margaret before."

It took Susan fifteen minutes more, but finally her face abruptly lit up in triumph as she leaned over to whisper in Margaret's ear.

"Am I right?" I heard her ask. When Margaret nodded she leaned over and whispered to Betty whose eyes opened wide as saucers and who started at me in astonishment. Then, all three girls started whispering until I was beet red and felt tears of humiliation welling in my eyes. I felt so stupid. Every-time one of them giggled I thought that I would die. How could I have let Margaret talk me into this?

Susan reached out and put her hand on mine and whispered, "Jack. We aren't laughing at you, we are laughing with you. You make an absolute doll. Margaret explained the situation to us. We're all going to come and see you in the Follies! If you can come this close to fooling us---I bet half the people in the audience will think you're a real girl." As she was speaking, her eyes suddenly went past me to the door. "Oh no. Look. There's Joe Bradley coming this way. Hi, Joe," she greeted.

Looking up at a guy I knew at school was too much. This whole thing was getting out of hand, but there was nothing I could do about it but sit and keep my knees together.

"Hi, girls," Joe said as he strolled over to our table and checked me out. "Wow. Who's the new girl in the pack?"

They all giggled but Margaret introduced me as her cousin from out of town. To my dismay, Joe directed most of his conversation towards me---ultimately to the point of asking me out for a date. I thought the girls were going to give me away. They were acting so brainlessly and giggling every time Joe said something to me. I guess they were acting like GIRLS! I pompously turned Joe down.

That's when Margaret kicked my shin under the table and I went on in a somewhat sweeter fashion to explain that I couldn't accept because I would be

returning home tomorrow.

After he left, they all went nuts. "If he only knew what he asked out!" Susan roared. "I guess 'chasing ANYTHING in a skirt' is an understatement when it comes to Joe's dating preferences!"

At last, Margaret said it was time to go and we went back to our apartment. Once inside, she announced, "Well, you made quite a hit tonight."

"I almost died. I was mortified. If I'd been caught. . . ."

"Why? Betty and Susan adore you dressed like this and Joe Bradley was almost drooling. Do you realize how believable of a young lady you make?"

"I guess not," I replied, "but maybe too believable for my liking. I'll be awfully glad when those darned Follies are over. Remind me to never be a freshman again."

SHOWTIME. . .

Finally, the night of the Freshman Follies came and went. If I do say so myself, I really stole the show. It was all for charity and everyone took what was suppose to be a roast of the Freshmen class in a jovial atmosphere. An article about the play in the next issue of our college newspaper reads in part as follows:

" . . . But if there were a prize for the best performance it would unquestionably go to Jack Foster who play the role of Showgirl and Ballerina. He looked just as pert and pretty in his dresses as any girl in the audience and his impersonation was so letter perfect that most of us completely forgot we were watching a boy. Congratulations, Jack. You're a good sport to have put so much effort into making the event a success."

Needless to say that Betty, Susan, and Margaret were ecstatic about it all. Margaret let it be known to anyone who would listen that she had been my coach and I was wearing her clothes.

After the people who had come backstage to offer their congratulations to the cast had left, I started to go to the dressing room to change. Margaret stopped me. "Oh please, Jackie, don't change. At least, let me

keep my little sister one more evening. My car is just outside and Susan has invited us over to her house. Her Mom is anxious to see what a good job I've done on you. Please do it."

Margaret was almost in tears and since I supposed that it wouldn't really do any harm, I agreed. Susan's mother was bowled over when she saw me. "Why, Margaret, I'm astounded. It seemed such a pity for anyone this lovely to be a boy. It really does." Susan went to get us cokes, Betty put on the record player, and we gabbed about the events of the evening until it was time to go home.

Susan said, "Jack, I have to thank you. I didn't have the slightest idea what to do my Master's thesis on. Now I know! Gender-blending! The department head, "Dr. Richards will love it!"

Later, before going to bed, I hung all Margaret's clothes I'd been wearing back in her side of the closet. They had migrated to my side over the last weeks. "I'm glad that is over with," I thought. "That's the end of my career in skirts,"

Margaret looked at me undress and laughed. I took into account her propensity for practical jokes and said, "Don't even think about one of your tricks."

During the next two or three months, Margaret, Susan, and Betty ganged up on me---pleading with me to bring back Jackie for an evening, but I flatly refused.

I shuddered to think how I'd feel about getting caught wearing dresses. The Follies had been a legitimate excuse. There was no excuse now.

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: **SANDY THOMAS**

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

THE VISIT...

Margaret was returning from picking up the morning mail. In her arms she clasped the bulk of it, but she was tearing open one particular envelope with animation. With a worried expression on her face she read the contents.

"Oh, no, Jack. Our worst fear! My parents are coming!"

"Really? That's great! I been wanting to meet them."

"But they'll find out about you...and me...and our love nest!"

Margaret really had a reason to worry. Her parents had agreed to let her live off campus at a far away college IF she met certain rules---living with me was "against the rules."

We had been dating through two years of college now and had set up housekeeping together in our lovely apartment. We even planned to marry as soon as we had completed our college, but I knew INTENT wouldn't be enough to satisfy her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson were from the Midwest. With their strict mid-west attitudes, they would be very upset with Margaret if they discovered we were even dating regularly. The thought of us living together would probably give them both "heart attacks". We were sure they would drag Margaret right up to the campus dorms or worse---back to the Midwest.

Margaret said what I was thinking. "You're just going to have to get out of here for a while. I hate to throw you out of our home, but..." She looked at the letter again.

"I understand. That's probably the best thing," I agreed, "They should be gone by the weekend, and everything will go back to normal."

"Oh, no! They're staying for a week," she said in a panic, "and...THEY WANT TO MEET MY ROOMMATE---Jackie!"

"What roommate?" I asked in an equally panicky tone, "What did you tell them about me?"

"Well, everything---sort of," she explained, "I mean, they would never have let me live alone in the city, so

I told them that I was living with a room-mate named 'Jackie.' I told them about everything we do. . .I just didn't mention you were a guy."

"You'd better come up with a 'Jackie' then. You don't want to disappoint the folks. You told them everything?"

"Not everything silly," she said. "Remember when we were freshmen and you did the Follies? I mentioned 'Jackie' and sent them a picture of US backstage. I thought it was funny. Since then I have been telling them what my roommate and I have been doing."

"Well, let's get my things out of here," I urged, "Then you can think about the rest of the situation."

It took us both the best part of an hour to get all my clothes and accessories collected and haul them down to the storage room in the basement of the building. After we were done, there wasn't a single male article to be found.

The place was just exactly right for a couple of college girls; very NOW, but just a bit feminine. Margaret had gotten out her flowered bedspread and lace curtains. She evenly divided her wardrobe between the two bedrooms, so as to give the impression that there were indeed two girls living there. This left her with only one problem, where to come up with the other young lady?

I was ready to leave. I didn't think I could be of much more help. I said, "Well, I'll see you next week. I'm going to take a room at the 'Y' until Mommy and Daddy skip out. Call me if you need help."

"Jack, please help me with my problem. Any ideas before you go?"

I asked, with a very puzzled tone, "Which problem? Your parents, or your roommate?"

"My roommate---who can I get to be Jackie?"

"One of your girlfriends?" Still confused, I tried to help, "It sounds simple, why don't you just call a friend of yours and ask her to move in with you for a week? That should satisfy your folks."

"That's that problem. They've meet all my girlfriends. . .I really don't know anyone who they don't

know!"

"Say Jackie is out of town. How much time do we have?"

"Till tomorrow morning," she said fighting back tears, "I can't think of anyone. Jackie wouldn't be 'gone' with mid-terms coming up." She started weeping. I tried to hold her and comfort her, but it looked as if we were at a real impasse.

We sat for a while, both silently trying to come up with a solution, but my mind was a blank.

She had an idea. Suddenly she looked up, and said, "I think I have something that just might work---but it will take a lot of cooperation from you. Do you really love me as much as you claim?"

Getting puzzled again, I answered, "Yes, of course! Why?"

"I know that this is a terrible thing to ask. . ."

Trying to make some sense I interrupted, "Oh, I know. We'll just tell your parents that I'm your roommate and I look the way I do because I have a gender identity problem."

"Well, sort of. . .only you won't look like you have a problem. Could you bring 'Jackie' back for me? For us?"

Not puzzled anymore, just shocked, I stated, "If you think that I'm going to put on a dress again and flit around here in front of your parents, you're crazy."

"Jack, please. It could work you know. It's my only hope. After all, if they find out that I've been lying, they would take me right out of here. They've seen your picture!"

"I'd need practice," I moaned. "I'd be terrible with no practice."

She interrupted, "Look, your hair's gotten so long. You'd be better than ever!"

"NO!"

She started crying in earnest. She was convinced that this desperate request was the only plausible way to pull this off by tomorrow.

I had to make a decision. I had told her I loved her more than anything in the world. Now, when the chips were down, would I back out?

I looked at the tender face, tears streaming down, the soft lovely hair that I had caressed so many times. I knew I would do anything for her. . .okay, even if it meant that I would have to surrender my masculinity for a week. Most students took the week off to prepare mid-term papers anyway. No one would miss me.

"Alright, Margaret, I'll try. I don't know whether it will work, but I'll try anything you want. I guess I just became Jackie."

Drying her tears she said, "Oh Jack. . .oops. . .Jackie, we'll make it work. Oh, I love you so much. To think that you'd even be a girl for me." She mischievously added, "My dad will love you. I bet you'll be better than ever."

"Sure," was the only comment I could make.

Excitedly she headed for the closet, "Okay, young lady. We have a lot of things to do if you're going to meet my parents tomorrow."

THE TRANSITION

The transition, while swift, was also through. We discussed what had to be done so that I would look genuine. This was up close and not on stage. We realized I would have to be completely flawless in appearance to convince them. This would mean sacrificing my stringy hair, eyebrows, leg hair and all else to look real.

We discarded the idea of the Follies' blonde wig, since her parents expected a demure, shy, country girl and not one with big city ideas. I would have to assume a feminine psyche; answer to my new name, identity, and assume the mannerisms of the shy, docile, and modest "Jackie" of Margaret's phone calls and letters.

I realized that somehow her joke was ON me this time. Physical changes were to come first. We figured that I would more likely think like a girl, if I looked like one. I took off the rest of my clothing, and while Margaret was putting them in the storage room with the rest of my things, I took a bath.

With a sigh of regret and "How did I get into this situation?" going through my head, she showed me

how to shave my body and legs until not a single masculine hair remained.

Stepping out of the bathroom, after applying feminine deodorant, I realized that not a single stitch of masculine attire was in the apartment for me to run to. I was on the road to being Jackie again.

I stepped into a pair of pink panties that Margaret had left me. When she returned, she gave me a long line girdle with a six inch waist cinch. I think we were both surprised at how the girdle molded my body into female curves. Nylons and a padded bra, and a tape job for cleavage followed. Then I put on a lacy slip and a housecoat.

Margaret took me back into the bathroom and seated me in front of the vanity mirror. Putting a towel around me, she began the most dramatic part of the transformation. She had been a beauty operator's assistant for three summers before college.

Under her deft hands, my shapeless locks got an official girls hair cut---complete with bangs and back parting. A set followed, using pin curls and rollers. When the operation was over and the rollers were removed, I had a girl's hair do; fluffy, femininely curled, tendrils by my ears, and puffy bangs to the edge of the eyebrows.

Looking carefully at my face she grimaced and reached into her make-up bag. Approaching with tweezers in hand, Margaret asked, "Do you mind? They need shaped."

I shook my head. I was in her hands. She began plucking hairs out of eyebrows until a towel was filled with the long hairs. Fearing I'd have none left, I complained, "Isn't that enough?"

"I'm shaping them and just trying to get them even." Margaret declared, "This will 'open' up your eyes making them more feminine."

When she was finished, I was afraid to look. When I did, I gasped, "You ruined them!"

With a great deal of ouches and yelps from me, she had succeeded in plucking my thick eyebrows to a graceful arched curves.

My hands went to my face to see if it was really me

in the mirror. My pencil-thin eyebrows sat high above my astonished eyes. They were so girlish and expressive. . . just right for 'Jackie'!

Luckily, I have a very light beard, or I think that would have been plucked too. Then she applied light makeup, explaining the procedure, reminding me for my future use. We used light shadow and a pale pink lipstick with a sheer base. Much lighter than we did for the Follies.

About this time, I started getting the feeling of the whole thing again. It's much easier to think of yourself as a girl, when you see a fluffy feminine head peeking back at you in the mirror. Once the initial shock of the transformation wore off, I was quite pleased with my appearance. "Even I think I'm cute!" I said.

"Being too cocky will get you caught! But you are cute."

Margaret had continued to call me Jackie all through the transition and I was trying to respond to that name only. I think that if she had called me Jack, I would have looked at the girl in the mirror and wondered who she was talking to. The clothes reminded me of how I was to act. There was no forgetting the cool deliciousness of the lace on the hem of my slip, as it rubbed against my sensitive nylon clad legs.

"Jackie, you ready now. I think that I'll leave you to develop the rest of your personality and appearance. Why don't you go into your bedroom, and get dressed as you see fit. I'll start some dinner?"

I went in the bedroom, gliding nyloned feet over the carpet, and checked through the wardrobe that she had provided for me. I was aware of her wardrobe from the Follies and tried to remember what I looked good in.

It seemed quite natural, although amazing, that I put on a dress and high heels as if I had been doing it my whole life. IT WAS LIKE RIDING A BIKE! If there is anything like reincarnation, I must have been a girl, because I had no trouble assuming I was one now.

I put on a high collared white blouse, with puffy

full sleeves, a blue plaid skirt, black pumps with one inch heels, small earrings, and a bracelet. Just before going out to show Margaret, I put some perfume behind my ears, wrists, and into my curly, girl's hairdo.

CHARM LESSONS

It started with a quick refresher of charm lessons. Then she shoved me out the door for window shopping and stopping for a soda. She wanted me to quickly get used to people looking at me. At the last minute, she panicked and ran down to change the names on the mailbox. I disconnected my phone and we went off to bed for a night in curlers and matching nighties. Tomorrow gave way to "P-Day".

Her parents were to arrive at eleven so we were up and preparing by eight. We kept finding more "things" out of place. A football tape in the VCR. Too much beer in the frig. Men's deodorant in the bathroom. I put on my underthings and pulled the rollers out of my hair. Then Margaret brushed it into attractive style. As an accent, she added a white satin ribbon to the brown curls.

I put on a conservative blue tailored dress with white collar and cuffs and a pair of red pumps. Part of the training the night before had been in makeup, so I did my own, applying it sparingly, but with a luscious pink to my cheeks and lips. With the nervousness of two schoolgirls we waited for her parents arrival.

They appeared right on time, like the plague.

Actually, I was sure they were very nice people but they resembled judges at a trial for my murder at the moment.

After Margaret answered the door, She greeted them warmly and led them into the living room where I was standing demurely. I was trying to disappear into the carpet, and cursing this whole idea. To make matters worse, when they came in the living room, they seemed to be startled and gawked at me.

As they looked at me, it must have been just a few seconds, but my whole life passed in front of me. All

I could think of was that I looked like a joke. I knew that any minute her parents were going to ask what the guy in the dress was doing in the middle of the living room.

The tension broke as Mrs. Johnson said, "You must be Jackie. Margaret's told us so much about you. My, you're even lovelier than that picture. The blonde was too much for a sweet girl like you!"

She came over for the final moment of truth and put her arms around me to kiss my smooth cheek. If ever I would be "read", it would be now!

Nothing happened! I responded in my softest voice and told them how glad that I was to finally meet them. Everything worked out after all.

Actually, once we get used to each other, it was almost funny. Mr. Johnson, although a stuffy mid-westerner, had a real eye for the ladies. Although it was quite embarrassing, he just about stepped all over himself trying to be nice to me.

What was most funny was the sleeping arrangements. They took Margaret's room. They felt so bad that she'd have to sleep with me in such a tiny bed. I didn't mind at all!

We spent a pleasant week, with him chaperoning us to dinner and shows. Margaret and I dressed to the hilt in cocktail dresses. He took us to lunch, where I wore a blue wool suit and a flowered silk overblouse. We made a trip to the zoo in sweaters and skirts.

I have to admit to this day that her father is the fastest man at opening a door for a lady that I have ever seen. In a way I was quite sorry that they had to leave. I was enjoying my new self so much that I kind of hated to go back to plain old Jack.

Two days before they left, they gave me a present to say "Thank You" for letting them stay with me.

This box was from their store. I quickly unwrapped the box and opened it. "Just what you need!" said Margaret who was obviously in on the selection.

I held up a frilly flowered dress with a slim, knee-length skirt. Very conservative. Neatly folded with the dress was an antique lace bra and panty set and a couple of pairs of sheer pantihose.

"Isn't it lovely Jackie?" Margaret exclaimed. "Put them on and show my mother!"

When her parents were leaving, Margaret's father said that he had an announcement to make. He offered me a job as a sales girl in their store for the entire summer. Immediately Margaret one spoke up and insisted that I accept his offer. I knew I couldn't possibly do that so turned him down saying that I had other plans. I couldn't imagine dressing as a girl for the entire summer.

Her father said, "If you change your mind, let us know! You can stay with us. We have a very nice house but you'll have to room with Margaret again. At least there's a big bed in her room."

A summer job as a girl! HA! I planned to spend the summer together but not like this! I pictured us traveling around the country in a convertible VW not worrying about my skirt lengths with her parents.

They finally left and once again, I removed my dress and said, "That's the last time I wear a dress!"

Margaret smiled.

SURPRISE. . .

It wasn't until late the following month that Margaret dropped the bomb. She looked up from her breakfast one morning and said to me, "Jack, what are you doing a week from Saturday night?"

"I don't know. We usually go to a movie on Saturdays," I responded. "Why?"

"Well, I'm afraid something has come up."

I saw that look in her eye. A look that meant trouble for me.

She said, "Mom and Dad. . ."

". . .are coming back?" I gasp.

"No. . .but they called and asked that as a favor to them, you do something."

"Something?"

"They've arranged a date for you with someone who is going to be visiting town for the weekend and who is very anxious to go out with you."

"Out with me?" I asked as it began to sink in. Me

or...?"

"OR!" Margaret said. "Mom and dad really liked you and I suppose they thought they were doing you a favor---Jackie?"

"A date? As Jackie? That would mean with a guy? No way."

"It would be rude not to go."

"Think again, honey." I was in shock. I was totally puzzled. Why would Margaret agree for me to go out on this blind date with a guy?

"I'll call Susan, maybe she has an idea."

"Yeah! Make her go!"

Margaret's friend Susan came over and they went into our bedroom where I could hear them giggling up a storm.

A while later they came into the living room---all grins. They were all bubbling over with glee, communicating to each other with knowing glances and little smirks. For want of something to break the ice, I said to Susan, "So, you are going out on the blind date?"

"Can't! He's expecting Jackie," she replied with a look of total innocence on her face which started Margaret chuckling.

"Jackie, he only wants to take you out."

"Tell him I'm engaged."

"Too late," they both said in unison. "It's already set."

I'm sure that my mouth gaped open. I was absolutely speechless.

"I'd better explain," Margaret went on. "This guy is just out of college and is studying law. His father plays golf with my father. His name is Ted Rogers."

"So? What's that got to do with me?"

Margaret blushed slightly. "Remember all the pictures my dad took when they were here? He gave a picture of you to Ted's father and suggested that he write to you."

"So? I never got a letter."

They both looked a little guilty before Margaret admitted, "Ted wrote to Jacqueline care of Susan. Since then a lively correspondence has developed." She added, "Susan and I have been ghost writing your

letters for 'Jackie' and sending Ted pictures from time to time to keep his interest in you going. It was all a little joke."

"On me! There was no reason to do this!"

Susan said, "Actually, there was. It was part of my thesis. I wanted to see if this guy could tell from the picture your gender. I did a paper on it."

Margaret said, "I'm so sorry but this guy is coming to town for a one day visit a week from Saturday and naturally he wants to take you out on a date. I guess he really likes you. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he asks you to go steady. . ."

"Steady? Oh, is that all?"

"That's the whole story."

I was choking with rage. "Girls, you must be crazy. I have no intention of going through with this wacky thing. As for you, Margaret, I'd like to wring your neck."

"Oh, come on, Jackie. Don't be a prude. It's only one date. Take his ring if he offers it to you and then we'll mail it back to him later. What's the harm?"

"You girls are nuts. . ."

Margaret got serious. "If you go through with this harmless little joke, I swear I'll tell my parents we are getting married! You've wanted me to commit for months."

Reluctantly, I admitted to myself that Margaret was always as good as her word and I wanted her to commit to me. It looked as though I didn't have much choice except to go through with this ridiculous masquerade. And as Margaret had pointed out, it was only for one evening. Assuming I could avoid detection, it wouldn't really hurt anyone.

"Okay, Margaret, I'll do it on the provision that you give me your promise you'll never try to get me in dress again. Will you promise?"

"Yes, Jackie, dear. I promise." she said as she crossed her legs sexily.

Training Again. . .

And so the routine of me returning home from school each night to transform myself into a girl began



My training began again. I not only had to walk in heels. . . I had to learn to dance!

again. This time, however, Margaret had some new courses to my training schedule.

First, she insisted that I learn to dance as a girl just in case Ted took me dancing. She and Susan spent hours talking girl talk in front of me so that I could sound like a natural young lady.

Susan took notes on my every flaw and what they did to make me more feminine. She was putting all this into her Master's thesis.

I wouldn't have any memorized lines or script to help me as I had in the Follies so they clued me in on how a girl feels when she is out with a boy.

"How are you going to thank Ted?" Margaret asked.

"Don't worry, I'll thank him. I do have manners you know." I replied somewhat provoked.

"I don't think you quite understand what I mean. . .he'll want and deserve a nice goodnight kiss."

"No way!?" I exclaimed, realizing then what the real purpose of freshly applied lipstick was. "I can't kiss a boy!"

"Sure you can. . .girls do that kind of stuff, you know? Just close your eyes and relax. Imagine that you're kissing me. It will be over in a moment and all will be well. If you don't give him at least a small kiss, he'll think you're real stuck up."

I moaned.

Finally, that dreadful Saturday arrived. We were in our bedroom putting on the finishing touches to my make-up.

Thankfully, she and Susan had not overlooked any imperfections! What I saw in my mirror was an innocent, young lady dressed in a breathtaking, little evening dress that showed off better than average curves. My smoothly shaven legs were encased in dainty, thin nylons running gracefully up my legs.

On my feet, I wore Margaret's three-inch heels that showed my pink enameled toenails peeking through their open toes. My dress was a "nice girl" dress; it's fitted long skirt ended conservatively at my ankles.

Margaret checked out my face and hair. My blushing cheeks glowed bashfully under the subtle cosmet-



What I saw in my mirror was an innocent, young lady dressed in a breathtaking, little black evening dress that showed off better than average curves.

ics. My curled eyelashes fluttered and pink lipstick highlighted my outlined lips.

"Maybe you'll want to stay a girl after tonight," Margaret kidded. From the wispy bangs over my forehead to the slightly teased hair at the crown of my head, I looked like a debutante but felt like a lamb being lead to slaughter.

I wore a gold necklace with a little heart, screw-on heart earrings and Margaret's special gold, dinner watch.

"Oh Jackie! I'm so excited for you! I wish I could go and watch!" she exclaimed as she stroked my shoulder. "Walk around so I can check you out."

I did a unhurried stroll across the room; aware of the way my hips felt as they moved.

When the doorbell rang. Margaret looked me over one last time and whispered, "You are so pretty! She ran out the door. I was to wait a befitting time before making my way out to meet my "date." Her voice drifted through the partly open door.

"Good evening. You must be Ted Rogers. I'm Margaret, Jackie's roommate. She's almost ready. She'll be out in a minute."

My heart started to pound. Mentally, I reviewed everything Ted had said about himself in his letters and my "responses". Some of the letter had been pretty solicitous. I put a dab of perfume behind each ear as Margaret had instructed before she walked out. With a significant amount of apprehension and a bit of trembling, I strolled out into the living room in my three inch heels.

I had to admit that Ted was really handsome. I knew that I'd be the envy of lots of girls that evening. I was awfully glad that I hadn't forced Margaret to go in my place. He would be tough competition for any guy. Then I quickly reminded myself that if I were going to pull this deception off I had better start thinking like a girl.

Ted was rising to his feet and took my beautifully manicured hand in his. "Well, hi, Jackie," he said. "You're even more gorgeous than I'd expected. Your pictures don't do you justice." I blushed furiously at

his compliment and noted Margaret in the background smiling broadly. Then Ted said, "If you're ready, shall we go?"

Ready or not, we were off. Once my heart slowed to a gallop, it was kind of a pleasant evening. Ted was so attentive and entertaining that it was easy to force myself into a girlish demeanor. He was so masculine in his manner, I fell right into a passive bearing.

After the first few minutes when Ted accepted me completely for what I purported to be, I relaxed and decided to make the best of the few hours we would be together. We had an excellent candlelight dinner at a romantic, little Italian restaurant. Several times, Ted reached across to touch my hand but he was most courteous and solicitous---even holding my chair for me. . .helping me off with my coat. . .standing when I excused myself to powder my nose.

After dinner, I had half planned to get a "headache" and make him take me home but he suggested we go dancing, I thought about all those dance lessons going to waste and agreed. How strange it felt to be held in the arms of a good-looking young man as he behaved towards me as a female. It was completely different from my lessons where Margaret and Susan had taken the male lead.

Ted whispered in my ear, "Jackie, you dance like a feather. I can never get over how you gals can be so graceful on high heels."

"Well, it does take a little practice," I told him honestly.

And later, on the way home, as Margaret predicted, Ted offered me his class ring and asked me to go steady. I said that I would and he kissed me on the cheek. When he dropped me off at the door of our apartment, I knew the time had come. I felt myself moving closer to Ted, I felt my heartbeat pick up, my eyes closing, then his lips touching mine.

I did as Margaret had suggested, pretended that I was kissing her. But I had never kissed a guy before. . .the kiss seemed to last a very long time. With my eyes closed I pictured myself kissing my beautiful Margaret.

My arms went around his neck and the kiss got more ardent. It continued until I felt his short hair and the spell was broken abruptly.

I opened my eyes and saw that the 'girl' I was kissing was Ted!

"I have to go," I said breathlessly.

"Please write soon, Jackie," he said as we parted. "I shall be thinking of you every minute even when we're not together because you are my girl now."

When Ted had gone and I put my key in the lock, the door opened to reveal Margaret and Susan right behind it. They had watched everything.

"Why Jackie," Margaret said in mock surprise. "Your lipstick is all smeared. How did that happen? And whatever is that heavy gold ring on the third finger of you left hand. It looks a little big for you. Perhaps we should put some tape on it to make it small enough for a pretty little finger like yours. And what a KISS!"

"I was just imagining that I was kissing you Margaret. . .not Ted. . .that's what you said to do," I groaned.

"Pretty long kiss!" Susan said.

"How should I know 'how long' a kiss is supposed to be? I've never been on a date before with a guy!"

"I'm just joking," Susan said, "You did just fine."

"Okay, girls," I retorted. "Go ahead and kid me. As an actor, I was brilliant and it was kind of fun. In a week, one of you is going to write Ted in my name and tell him I'm too young to be tied down so I'm returning his ring. In the meantime, I just might point out that he's a lot more handsome than most of the boys you girls ever dated----so don't get too smart."

And that is the bizarre story of how I was going steady with two people at once. . .one a girl. . .and one a boy.

SUMMER VACATION

Margaret's parents insisted that she come home for the summer to work in their department store. She encouraged me to come with her. "We know you can pass as a girl. . .Why not be one for the summer and pick up a few dollars too?"



Before my summer, Margaret made me go to a beauty shop and get the works!

"I probably could pass," I confessed, fingering my now even longer hair.

"You can do it and I'll bet that we will have a lot of fun doing it, too. Besides, Dad will pay you more than you'd ever make as a boy."

By the time we arrived at her parents, I was ready to face the world as a girl.

Not having any choice but to be alone for the summer, I found myself as "Jackie" again. . . with a sales girl job.

Before we left for her parents, Margaret made me go to a beauty shop and get the works! Nails, perm and color. Even I was amazed at my image!

For my first day at work, Margaret suggested a conservative skirt and blouse and low heeled pumps. "We are going to be on our feet all day. Once you get used to it we'll want to wear higher heels."

With my plucked eyebrows, made-up face, curled hair, I went off to work. Margaret said, "I'm so proud of you. By the end of the summer, I can't wait to see how feminine you get."

After a few final words of encouragement and a covert kiss, we entered the store to begin our summer jobs.

Our jobs would be to fill in on vacationing salesgirls and would work in various departments throughout the store. I quickly found out that I liked working in the women's department most. Selling men jockey shorts made me feel weird.

What surprised Margaret and even me, was how easily I fit in as a "salesgirl". I was excited about the creative aspect of the job and by the second week, I was discussing fashion and dress styles with Margaret. I had a eye for what looked good. . . guess I knew what men wanted their women to look like. Small wonder.

There were a lot of subtle adjustments in my life at home. I was used to Margaret doing most of the woman's work and I did the guys stuff. I fumbled at first when Margaret told me to iron my own dress. "But Margaret, I don't know how. . . besides you do the ironing."

"No more! Ironing is part of what we girls do," Margaret stated, "And it would look odd to my parents if I did your ironing."

That night when her parents were away Margaret taught me how to iron and a few other girl chores.

Each day I was learning more about what a woman's life was like. One day while I was fixing a skirt's split seam Margaret suggested I shorten the skirt.

"Gee, Jackie. . .you have great legs, why not show off a bit more?" Margaret said. "I'll show you how."

The next day I proudly wore my re-fashioned slim mini-skirt to work. Margaret was amazed at the speed with which I absorbed the supposedly alien knowledge of what to wear with what.

"Oh, that skirt is perfect for you now! I'm jealous!" raved Margaret about the way my legs looked. "Maybe we should shorten all our other skirts? I began to experiment with different accessories. Higher high heels, dark textured stockings, and sumptuous jewelry.

The money was good and the fashions irresistible. With our deep employee discount, it seemed almost free. It was hard to believe but I actually bought myself a few new dresses and outfits.

"This skirt would be perfect for school," Margaret said to me one day.

"You should get it! It's already 30% off and with our employee 50%. . ."

"I was thinking about for you," Margaret replied. I was sure she noticed me flinch when she said those words.

"Uh....what do you mean?"

"Well, I didn't mean to class but for on weekends. . .you know when my parents come visit," Margaret continued, "With all these new clothes, it would be a shame not to get some wear out of them."

"You want me to dress like this when we get back home?"

"I'd miss my girl-friend," she smiled, then added just as a joke, "Besides, if you don't, you won't have anything to wear!"

My cheeks reddened. It was true. I hadn't bought a single boy item. I was suddenly mortified.

"I have to stop this when we get home," I cried. "I think I'm losing control of my masculinity."

"Oh, Jackie dear. . .relax. You don't know how often I've day-dreamed about having you stay like this. I love you this way. . ." Margaret was looking at me romantically. There was no teasing here and I could see she was serious.

"My new things are beautiful. . .I'd hate to throw them away," I finally confessed, then asked, "You really like me prancing around in dresses and all sissified up?"

"Of course silly. Can't you tell?" Margaret exclaimed as she tearfully hugged me; being careful not to get my lipstick on her blouse.

As I thought about "getting the wear out" of all my sets of ultra-feminine lingerie and short skirts, Margaret opened her purse and handed me a cardboard packet of pills similar to her birth control pills only larger.

Seeing her grin, I asked in a near whisper, "Are these are for me?"

"They're all yours, my darling." replied Margaret.

I looked at her with a puzzled expression.

"They're female hormones. Susan sent them. She thinks they will make this summer a bit easier on you."

I was still a man underneath all my feminine manners and clothes---Margaret knew I continually endured unsatisfied male urges when I worked too closely with women trying on clothes. Looking around at the breasts, hips and smooth calves thrust into nylon and lace made me feel very un-ladylike.

There seemed to be no way out of my dilemma. Margaret and I had sex almost every night but wearing my own panties, slips, skirts and dresses only made my desires stronger!

"But I love your body. . .as a man."

"I know," she said. "Seriously, they won't do much except keep you calm. . .and if you like the feeling," she joked, "I thought you would like to start growing

breasts of your own, rather than have to 'borrow' mine. Try them for a while?"

I hesitated. . . what should I say? I shouldn't want to be feminized. . . I should be insulted, but I wasn't.

Margaret had a hopeful look in her eyes. I couldn't lie. "You want me to grow breasts?" I asked.

"Why not? Are you afraid? Look at mine!" Margaret pulled down her bra and showed me her full round globular bosom. My fingers went involuntary to fondle them. They were so soft and warm.

I gasped, "To have real breasts! That would certainly be something!"

"Growing breasts would take a long time but I'm sure you'd love them." she softly added.

I asked, "When do I start taking them?"

"Now of course, silly!" Margaret exclaimed. "I'll get you a glass of water."

I took the little purple pill and without ceremony, popped it into my mouth.

"Now you're hooked!" said the smiling Margaret, "Here, open this other present from me." She handed me another gaily wrapped package.

In it were several new brassieres in pastel colors and a six month supply of pills. I noticed the cups were much bigger than I was used to. I squirmed at her gift's intention. . . I couldn't imagine my own creamy bulbs of flesh pressed tightly against the cups. I couldn't happen!

She went on to say, she wanted me to "dress up" at home as often as I wanted. She smiled, "You can wear pants to school but be Jackie the rest of the time."

A month ago I would have rejected the idea outright. Now I was confused and admitted I'd miss being her girlfriend too. "Oh, honey!" I softly moaned. "Isn't this going too far?"

"Leave it to me. . . it's still a month till school starts and you will be changing every day."

"How long before I see the effects?" I asked.

Margaret only laughed.

The next morning, I was woefully sick. My stomach felt like it was on fire. My skin tingled and my

vision was blurry. Margaret brought me some crackers and it gradually went away.

A few days later my clothes felt different, as if my skin was more sensitive.

I said I wouldn't take anymore pills, but I did. By the end of a week I was feeling better in the mornings. Giddily I took the purple pills every day for 21 days then seven days off.

Knowing what they were doing, I felt dizzy and hysterical. I wanted to say Stop! But each day, Margaret and I took our pills together. She took her birth control pills and I my "boobie" pills, as she called them.

I was still stunned and dazed at what I was doing.

Susan came to visit us for a week and she went on and on about my girlish appearance. She said, "Margaret says you are being softened up a little by the pills."

Margaret interrupted, "He was having awkward male impulses. . ."

Susan smiling at me, joked, "It must be horrible to not be in control! We girls are always in control."

They giggled at me and I blushed. "Hey!" Susan added, "I'm just jealous of your relationship. The men I date, are only interested in getting into my panties. . .AND not in the way YOU can!"

Margaret agreed, "Jackie understands me better than any man before! He appreciates finding a skirt that fits and sheds tears over a run nylon. He's always there for me now. . .like a girlfriend! I can tell him anything."

Susan shook her head. "I'd love a guy who noticed a new hair cut or new outfit. They never notice weight loss but always see my monthly bloat!"

"He had his own bloat now," Margaret said smartly. "And he never leaves the toilet seat up anymore!" Susan sat in open-mouthed astonishment as Margaret told her of our summer adventures as girlfriends. From that day on, Susan talked about things and even men in front of me as if I had never been one.

Yet I still got excited with Margaret, even after a month of female hormones. Especially in the morn-

ing, I looked strangely at my maleness pressing outward from my nightgown.

She'd look at me and joke, "That's very un-ladylike! I'll be glad when it goes away!"

In the second month, the female hormones found less resistance and my breasts grew very tender. My skin got softer and rounder especially about my hips.

The hormones had relieved me of some of my male ego. Even Margaret began to respond to me in a more girl to girl manner.

I began to see how different women are from men. Women find comfort sharing their experiences as women with each other. Some would call it gossip or being "catty" but hearing Susan and Margaret tell intimate stories made me feel more feminine. I would listen to them chatter and realize how women support each other spiritually and emotionally.

Was it the female hormones that was peeling back the layers of my protective psyche? I began to understand what being a "girlfriend" meant. We exposed our darkest secrets and fears and I loved Margaret more than I ever could imagine.

I was losing my "get it done" attitude and accepted "emotion" as a virtue. It was more than just changing my focus about the size of my maleness to the size of my breasts. By the end of summer my passions were changing.

Besides all the new daily activities such as make-up, hair and clothes, we played. . .like girls. We danced to records, watched silly romance movies, took innumerable pictures of one another, and gossiped about co-workers endlessly. I was becoming a narcissistic little beast!

At first, when Margaret would "virile" rate the guys at work, I blushed, but pretty soon I was rating them too. I tried not to think about what a sissy like me would rate.

I had never seen the crazy immature side of Margaret----and it was contagious! I guess with living at home again, she was re-living her teen years. To be daring, we did crazy things. We would sneak out of her house and ride around in the car in our babydoll

nightgowns. . .giggling endlessly. Even getting close to another car with a guy in it would throw us into spasms of giggles. We'd fall all over ourselves once we got home safe. . .usually making passionate love.

The illogical things we did were inconceivably silly but maybe the most fun I'd ever had in my life---in or out of a dress. Our motto! "Resist temptation but never mischief."

I was realizing where Margaret's sense of humor came from. While mostly "sugar and spice", I now realized that women had a naughty side. A unknown and exciting aspect of life---and she was teaching me all about it.

When we'd put on our short skirts, tight sweaters, and high heels, she'd giggle, "Are we going to be naughty girls tonight?"

It was an attitude about going out---not anything that was actually done. With Margaret's assistance, my inherent male attitudes were changing to those of a young woman.

BACK AT SCHOOL. . .

After summer, I don't know why I thought I could just "switch back."

The first day of school, I headed for the shower as Margaret said she was getting my clothes back from storage.

I headed to the bathroom and shampooed and conditioned my hair as was now my routine. Long hair sure took more attention than short hair. I towelled off, wrapped a large bath towel around myself (without thinking I wrapped it as a woman would, that is, under the armpits like a short dress), another smaller towel turban-style around my head. Returning to my bedroom, I found my 'male clothes' laid out on the bed!

Strange. . .they were not my regular clothes as I anticipated but jeans all the same. I checked the tag and they were 10's. My size in girl's jeans!

Margaret said, "I don't think your old jeans will fit you now. These will! Just wear the sweater out." On the bed was a bright blue sweater with a v-neck.

Beside the sweater and jeans were bikini panties, pantihose and white tennis shoes! There was no bra.

"Margaret! I can't wear these!" I cried with a sweeping gesture of my hand toward the soft cashmere sweater. "These are girl's clothes?!?"

"Why not? You always wore jeans and sweaters before. You'll look fantastic in these. Just try them on."

It had been so long since I'd had on male clothes, I didn't want to argue. These were male compared to what I'd been wearing.

I brushed my hair all back tightly and caught it into a pony-tail secured with a covered elastic. I felt the luxurious tickle as my bouncy ponytail brushed the nape of my bare neck.

My familiar smooth face and arched eyebrows grimaced back from the mirror. I put on the clothes. The pants fit tightly over my shapely hips and snugly about the waist. The traces of red lipstick still remaining were not helping any but that wasn't the biggest problem. The slight bounce of pert nipples against the front of the sweater was most eye-catching. I had no time to cut my nails or remove my nail polish and this added to my oddball appearance.

"Look at yourself, Jackie?" Margaret cried unaware that she had used my feminine name. "You still look like a girl!"

I was aware of my appearance and I was not pleased by what I saw! I moaned, "Those hormones! They did this to me!"

"Hiding those nipples are the primary challenge," Margaret said surveying my image. "They're small but so PERT! Look at the way you're standing. That's from months of being a girl. I think we'd have a better chance of making me a man."

"What do I do?" I said pressing the palms of my hands over the little swellings jutting outward from my sweater.

"I don't know but I do know that men's pants aren't going to fit over those shapely hips of yours?"

"I have to stop taking those pills! Look at me!"

"I love looking at you," she said, her dark eyebrows

arched mischievously. Her mouth trembled with the need to smile. "You could stop taking the pills OR take MORE!"

Margaret silently and dexterously took my hair out of the pony-tail and finger styled it into sexy waves. She pulled up one side and hooked it up high on my head with a blue barrette letting it spill over the opposite side in sexy curls.

I couldn't help but stare at my image in the mirror---girl's hands, my long hair curled sexily about my girlish face, and the beginnings of a nice set of sensitive breasts pressing outward from my soft sweater. It struck me. . .if I continued to take the pills, this is how I would look everyday. Just like the summer. A unthinkable flutter of guilt went through me as I pondered my future.

"It's your choice," she said fluffing out my hair again and then getting me a black bra out of her drawer.

"You want me to be a girl?" I stammered.

"I want to be LIKE a girl," she stated. "I know that I love the closeness we share and I frankly don't want ole' macho Jack back. If you decide to stay Jackie, I'll marry you right away!"

She and I had been talking about marriage for months now but Margaret had been non-committal to a date. I worried it might be because of the way I was dressing. I asked, "So what's the hurry suddenly?"

She laughed. "I want to marry you while there's still a chance a Justice-of-the-Peace will believe you're a guy!"

I knew I'd never find another girl to marry me now!

Later when Susan came over we broke the news to her. "We're getting married!" Margaret shouted, then added, "AND Jackie is here to stay!"

Susan ran up and gave her a hug and said, "You are a lucky girl. . .I guess you are both lucky girls!"

I blushed at the realization of what I had agreed to, as two pairs of lush feminine eyes fixed on me. Susan came up and hugged me girlishly too.

"Ah, my dear Jackie. Your waist is so delightfully

slim," Susan sang out. "And those hips! Maybe I should start taking hormones too! Come closer, dear, Let me check your figure." Susan ran her hand over my waist and hips. I shuddered at her touch.

"So wonderfully rounded. So like a girl's figure," sighed Susan. She held me away at arms length and checked out my bosom. "Don't tell me all THAT is his too?"

Flushing a deep red, Margaret came to my rescue. "Some of it is! She came over and planted a hot dewy kiss on my lips, her fingers coming up and tweaking my nipples causing me an unexpected, but delicious, thrill.

I recognized that our relationship had changed a lot. For one, my two small but sensitive breasts jutting out from my chest were like a red flag with a bull. Margaret couldn't keep her hands off them.

I also felt differently in many ways. If I moved quickly, I could feel a strange new motion on my chest---an itch that couldn't be itched. I could feel the extra weight of hips and my skin was so sensitive, I got chills from my hair brushing against my back and shoulders.

Susan watched Margaret "feeling me up" and asked, "Can I see them?"

"That's up to Jackie," she said, then turning to me, added, "Go ahead, it's not like she hasn't seen boobs before."

I shyly pulled off my sweater and turned my back to Susan. I blushed, feeling a strange sensation as I undressed in front of another woman.

I reached around and unhooked the straps of my padded brassiere. My small breasts twitched and moved slightly with each arm movement---a delightful new sensation. My nipples became erect from the slight jiggle and a warm sensation spread down my back.

"OH MY!" Susan exclaimed, seeing my narrow waist and shapely hips and femininely shaped nipples with bloated areolas sitting on small round pads of soft flesh.

"They aren't even a full 'A' cup," I bashfully offered.

Susan's fingers tenuously examined the small mounds on my chest. Silently she felt them, never having felt boobs on a man before. The feeling of her hands was wonderfully soothing and my new nipples tightened erect against her palms.

"Oh my," she said again, "I want a boyfriend with tits!"

"They are hard to find," Margaret joked. "And this one's taken!"

"Wonder how big will they get?" Susan asked as she held a breast in each hand. I was becoming aroused. The sensations were wonderful. . .like that itch being itched. A glowing warmth spread over my body.

Margaret answered, "We don't know but I guess we are going to find out. Jackie has agreed to become as much of a woman as I can make of him. Isn't that right, dear?"

I nodded, the glow of my flushed skin making me now breathe funny.

"Margaret! This is really exciting," Susan said. "It's like you are getting a wife! He's perfect!"

"He's got a good start but I want him to be flawless," Margaret said, looking me over.

"Is there anything I can do?" Susan asked. I used to work at a lingerie store that specialized in figure control. . .What are you doing about down below?"

"He's doing pretty good but could use your ideas. . .show Susan your panties dear."

"Margaret!?" I complained.

"Don't be shy," she said, "Susan might be able to help you get a more attractive, shapely female body."

I reluctantly lowered my jeans and showed Susan my lower torso in pantihose and panties. From the exposure to Susan's fingers, there was more than the slightest bulge showing. Not conspicuous maleness but more than what you'd expect in panties. I blushed as both girls examined the pantied lump between my legs.

"That's not going to do," Susan exclaimed as she moved her hand slowly over my crotch. Her fingers explored further and located the expected swelling. "See! Feel this! This will never do."

Margaret probed with her long fingernails and squeezed the protrusion. "You're right. A woman should never have this there. I was hoping that the hormones would do the trick but. . ."

"You'll just have to cut it off!" Susan exclaimed.

"HEY!" I yelled.

"Just kidding," she smiled. "But I can help you. . .let me do some research. You can't run around like this and feel like a girl!"

A few days later, Susan showed up to take Margaret "shopping" for me. "We'll fix you up," Susan said as they left. "Don't say up! We'll be late."

They didn't come home until after midnight. It took several trips from the car to bring in packages and bags.

"So? What kind of store stays open till midnight?" I asked when Margaret finally climbed into bed with me.

"Oh honey," she said snuggling up to me, our nylon gowns intermingling. "We found an expert. An impersonator who works in a nightclub as a woman. It's better we don't tell you everything. . .just know that you will be the sweetest little girl when we are done with you!"

I felt a very strange, yet wonderful excitement. Her confidence caused me some apprehension but in bed when her fingers started exploring my new body and breasts, I melted.

Sensations raced through me as Margaret massaged my nipples and talked about Susan feminizing me. "She such a friend and is so excited about turning you into a girl. It's too bad we can't find a man like you for her."

"I think they broke the mold with me," I said.

I could feel the tension increase throughout my whole body. Waves of pleasure began to wash over me as she and I rubbed our breasts, hips and bodies together.

NEW TOYS. . .

Susan came over before breakfast the next morn-

ing. Over coffee, she asked Margaret, "Did you tell him?"

"No," Margaret said turning to me. "Susan going to fit you with a 'sex cache'. No more embarrassing bulges for you!"

"Aw honey," I complained, "It doesn't show under a skirt."

Before I knew it, I was stark naked in front of two giggling girls trying to read the instruction booklet that came with a most threatening looking little garment.

"I don't know," Margaret said, reading the disclaimer.

"Shall I give it a try?" Susan asked as she read the instructions aloud. "Pull the "cache sex" up to the thighs. . . position maleness as shown. . ."

She gently took my shriveled maleness and tenderly pressed them upward into my body cavity.

"Yikes!" I said feeling the pressure. With a girl on each side, each grabbed a side of the garment and swiftly pulled the compact garment up over my hips.

My head, startled by the "suddenness" of the ungiving garment, felt like it would burst. There was a burning between my legs and I couldn't get any air into my lungs. I fell to the floor gasping and trying to pull the garment down but it was too tight.

"Oh my," Susan said, pulling my hands away from the garment. "We forgot to use the desensitizing cream!"

Almost as quickly as the pain hit me, it went away. As I laid on the floor, Margaret said, "But it sure works! Look honey!"

It was only a few seconds worth of pain but I was in shock. "Look!" they both said!

I surveyed the flesh colored garment as Susan announced, "Our new little woman! He needs to learn how to put these on himself. This was obviously a very good idea!"

The pain had subsided or at least numbed. It was amazing. Nothing, not even the slightest projection. The folds of the garment between my thighs even gave the impression of the rumple of womanness.

The girl's fingers were at my genitalia. Their fingers slid over the void and Margaret gasped, "It's so. . .so lady-like! Let's see how it works under pressure!"

Margaret's hands were running over my quivering boobs, her lips kissing their way down over my belly and then to each sensitive nipple. . .all the while checking the conspicuous trench between my legs. Her breath was like fire on my breasts. Yet her fingers between my thighs found nothing but the feel of lips.

Susan observed, "Look at those red ripe nipples! He's excited but NOTHING below!"

I shifted my hips from one side to the other, trying to relieve the pressure that was making me groan and buck.

Margaret slid one of her hands under my fleshy bottom, then gave me a couple good whacks. She moved them to my erect breasts, so her fingers could pull and play with my nipples.

"Oh my!" I whispered, as I thought I was going to die from the ecstasy of the pressure.

Margaret continued until I could stand it no more and I felt my juices flood up inside of me. I continued to shudder with pleasure as I pulled her up to me and kissed her passionately.

"What was that all about?" I gasped trying to catch my breath.

"You first 'inny'. . . a feminine orgasm!" Susan answered.

I could feel loads of hot juice began to draining out. My sequestered maleness kept contracting as the pressure went away. My juices made my thighs glisten. Margaret helped me get to a bathroom so I could clean up between my legs. My nipples were still very hard and my face beet red from embarrassment.

I walked slowly to the bathroom, feeling a wide variety of new sensations. Not only was my body still suffering from the effects of the "sex cache" but a sudden jiggle of my boobs reminded where I was headed with all this.

My lubricated hips swayed as my long hair tickled my back with every step. Margaret started a hot shower for me but told me to keep the reliable and

waterproof garment on.

After I got in the shower, there was that new sensation of the warm water hitting my now very touchy breasts. That strange feeling not only felt wonderful, but it also aroused me again.

I looked down at my wet breasts. I knew that they were not really that big, but when I touched them, the large nipples immediately became erect, causing a warm feeling to began circulating through my crotch. My hands immediately dropped to my crotch and checked for any sign of male arousal. There was nothing but there was still a wonderful feeling!

Alone in the shower I was aroused by the sensations as I let the water play over my long hair and nipples. I could not keep my fingers from pulling on my nipples and rubbing the hollow between my legs. . .to the point that I experienced another overwhelming "inny" climax.

Cleaning up as best I could, I dried myself, and then realized Margaret was waiting to help me brush the hair and get dressed.

I began looking through the feminine clothes that Margaret had waiting for me. The first thing she handed me was a bra. It was a padded 34B, which felt wonderfully soothing over my irritated, flush nipples.

As I changed into a dress, I looked at myself in the mirror. It was the same I'd seen for months now but there was something different in my dark eyes. "Could they really turn me into a woman?" I asked myself. There was no mistaking---I was headed that way.

Later we all went to dinner. Susan laid out her plans for me and got Margaret's blessing. She smiled as she said, "We must teach you the basics. Your body is going through a young girl's puberty. We want the mental and social part to be enjoyable too. Did you ever have any gay experiences?"

"Never," I defended.

"He's been kissed," Margaret added. "Remember Ted?"

I blushed as Susan said, "Too bad there wasn't

more. It would make it easier for you to adapt to being a woman in society."

"I'm not having any SEX with men!" I announced firmly. "NEVER!"

"That's fine," Susan stated. "Giving a satisfactory blow job is NOT a requirement of womanhood. . .or there wouldn't be many women. But you will need a basic training course on how to have sex with a man."

"How will you do that?"

"A little role playing," Susan announced then turned to Margaret, "You two have such a nice girl-girl thing going. I help and you can take over later."

With Margaret's blessing, Susan took charge of teaching me how to be a woman. The goal was to have me accept a woman's role in society. She said quietly but firmly, "Now that you are getting a woman's body, you can't be terrified of having sex with a man."

I rebelled again but this time Margaret added, "Women are taught early to be respond to men. They grow into the experience and it shapes almost everything we women do. . .every woman is under a different level of men's control. For you to forget your past male life, you must understand what women feel. You are getting a beautiful and feminine body---and will be much in demand by men socially."

"I'll just refuse to go out with men."

"You won't be able to all the time. Believe me, when the time comes, you will not refuse."

I had no choice but to do as she directed.

As Susan worked with me, I began to understand. She started with video tapes of girls playing hopscotch in short skirts and taught me a few girl games I never learned such as jacks. Then on to educational tapes of female reproductive cycles and even several actual birth tapes! At first I had to look away but Susan said, "Watch that. . .a man did that to her and it's part of being a woman!"

I became very aware of my monthly cycle and the levels of different female hormones flowing through my veins. Having a monthly mood cycle was another undeniable sign of where I was headed. While I didn't

have menstruation, I was under the same mysterious force that turns women into unstable cry babies.

Having a cycle was actually pretty cool because it was a elusive source of feelings, elations and carnal sensations---even with the inconvenience of wearing what women wear five or six days a month.

Growing from a regular guy into a woman is a impressive thing. As a man, it was like living in California with no seasons. Under the cycle of hormones, my body was constantly maturing, evolving, preparing for the next stage of life. Many seasons every month! Life was in color, not black and white! I was hooked.

I stopped fighting it and cherished what was going on in my miraculous new body in any given 28 days? Let me give you an idea of what I went through.

My cycle's "day one" was when I ran out of pills on the little cardboard container. For whatever reason, Day One of a woman's cycle is counted as the first day they see that telltale spot of blood. For me it was when I ran out of estrogen and progesterone pills on day 28. When I run out of pills after being pumped up, my body is ready for a rest.

The progesterone makes me feel bloated. Free of hormones, I suddenly feel tired and sometimes cramps. For seven days I am off female hormones and I can feel my maleness trying to fight back.

It's fight back is short lived. On day seven, I start taking estrogen pills again. On that day my body's estrogen level is at its lowest and the day I most feel like I did before.

From day seven to day twenty eight, the estrogen level builds again to suppress male function. The estrogen effects my brain and would be stimulating an egg and getting it ready for ovulation. . .if I were female.

It effects all the parts of my body, as estrogen levels grow my breasts get puffy and ripe. If I were a woman and got pregnant, my body would be setting up the fertilized egg with the sustenance it needs to grow into a baby.

By day Day 13-14, my body is chemically ready for

Ovulation!! Estrogen levels are raging and my body just rarin' to go. I get a little twinge or cramp in my lower back and I feel warm. My body temperature rises half a degree or a degree and stays up until day 28.

It's such an whimsical sensation to know that hormonally I could get pregnant days 12-17.

On day 18, I start taking progesterone pills for ten days. It prepares a woman's body for pregnancy. . .but for me all it really does is make me retain fluid and builds up the protein, sugar and blood necessary to nourish a fertilized female body.

Progesterone is the biggest ingredient in PMS, and I generally feel a little crabby. With both progesterone and estrogen levels still increasing with each day, I feel soreness in my breasts, bloating and food cravings.

Susan told me that the last ten days of my cycle, with the high progesterone and estrogen levels, was the most feminizing time of my cycle. My testosterone producers were being "beat up" by the combination---coming back with less vigor each month.

I usually have a little PMS the last few days. How does PMS feel? Take a hotdog and put it in the microwave for twenty minutes on high! I hate the bloated feeling and feel like dish-water until I run out of pills. . .then I'm back to Day One.

Pretty nifty cycle? Well, my body was being transformed dramatically by it. There wasn't much change from day to day, but by the end of a year, my life and body were very different from the way they were when I was testosterone driven.

More than just the development of feminine contours, bigger hips and breasts, there was the unfamiliar sensation as my brain was stimulated by the female hormones. While impossible, the cycles were preparing my body for baby-making functions. Hearing a baby cry during the last of my cycle made me goofy.

Cycle by cycle, my breasts, stimulated by the estrogen, flourished, with the nipples and surrounding areolas getting darker and growing a little bigger then

retreat a bit on the days with out pills. My hips, thighs and derriere filled out and I put on some pounds around my bottom.

While my hips and breasts were was getting bigger, something else was getting smaller. As the potent female hormones levels kicked in each month, IT would become dormant. At first it was just the last few days of the cycle before I ran out of pills each month. Margaret said, "It's no biggie. Just part of the natural feminization process."

But as cycles went by, my virility had a uphill fight recovering---IT became sluggish earlier and got back it's life later each "off" cycle. But my body quickly began to take on a more womanly look. Each month brought more breast and nipple development until Margaret announced, "Your nipples are as big as mine!" I broke down and cried.

Never underestimate the power of hormone surges over emotions. Hormones amplify the intensity of emotions. I could rocket from ecstatic to bummed in record time.

What was even more surprising was the way my butt filled in. I had hardly noticed it but wrestling it into a tight little skirt one day got my attention. And I noticed men looking at it. Around men, if I shifted in my seat or leaned on one hip, men would check my bottom out.

In a three way mirror, I finally saw what had happened to my boyish hips. It now curved down and out from my slender waist.

Susan had therapy sessions with me several times a week. During my "dead" time of the month, she would show me dirty movies to see how I reacted.

At first I still identified with the men but after about six months, something changed. She was showing me this video of two virile men "giving it" to a young girl.

Unaware of what was happening, I felt a sexual warmth flow through my body as I watched. My breasts were tingling and I almost swooned as I felt a warm, intense wet sensation inside me.

Susan was watching me and exclaimed, "You are identifying with the girl, aren't you?"

I blushed when I realized what I was doing. She was very aware that I had been a normal man. Now she wanted to know what it was like now. Did I enjoy sex fantasies more as a woman? I had to tell her that I didn't know because I'd forgot what the pleasures of being a man were like. We both laughed.

She said, "I asked Margaret if she could try something with you. . .a little play acting."

"There isn't much play acting we haven't done," I said.

"When it happens. . .just go along with her, okay?"

ALWAYS A BRIDE. . .

Our wedding was not what I expected. We went to Vegas and got married at one of the "drive through" chapels. We never even got out of the car and the "preacher" in the window barely looked at us.

That night we checked into the VEGAN casino as two girls. Little did the clerk know that we were on our honeymoon. We did however get one of the deluxe suites with two bathrooms and a sitting room.

We went to dinner and men stared at our tits as we walked by in our low-cut dresses. I knew their eyes were comparing my jiggling boobs and rear to my wife's. We had champagne and celebrated our wedding.

I headed to the bathroom to prepare for my first sex as a husband and Margaret headed for the other. I was mid-cycle just before the progesterone dominated. I had great hopes of being able to perform as a husband even though I planned to wear the most sexy little white nightgown. I guess that meant that I was a virgin?

The bathroom had multiple shower stalls. I grabbed the soap, and adjusted the spray so it was like needles pounding down on me, hot and sharp. I stepped right into the middle of it and closed my eyes and just savored the feel of the water slicing over my flesh. The hot water pounding against my body felt

good and it would have been easy to just stay in, enjoying the sheer, sensual pleasure of it.

I worked some shampoo into a thick lather in my thick hair, then stepped back into the spray and let the water pound the soap out. Grabbing a big bar of soap from the soap dish, I worked it into a thick lather all over my skin and savored the slick firmness of my own body. I tried to grab my nipples, but the soap made my fingers slip off them, and I did it over and over again, simply because it felt so good. Suddenly the curtain was pulled back. Margaret said, "You get ready and get into bed. I have a big surprise for you sweetie."

"I was hoping to have a BIG surprise for you," I said confidently.

Margaret asked me, "Are your nipples sore?"

I blushed---I knew what she was talking about. When my nipples got sensitive during the month, I was numb down below. My swollen nipples felt ready to burst. It depressed me as she left. I knew I wouldn't be much of a stud tonight.

In our matching nighties, we held each other girlishly. I was excited---just not where most grooms are on their wedding night. "Sorry," I whispered in her ear.

We laid there for a few more minutes looking out on the brightly lighted strip. "You are so beautiful," she whispered in a very husky, sultry voice as she changed position so that she was laying on the pillow beside me.

"The hormones have made you passive enough to not try to fight it." She whispered, "I wish that I was a man, so I could put my thing in you. Part of my desire for you, is because you used to have me, but now you have this beautiful woman's body. I want to help you learn how to enjoy it."

With her eyes half-closed, her fingers caressed my body, returning frequently to focus on my tender nipples. In the dim light from a candle, I could see her smile as she slightly pushed out her own chest, wanting me to play with her at the same time. I kissed her



In Vegas, the guys were checking me out.

deeply on the mouth as I massaged her breasts.

Her young, firm tits begged for attention, standing out with both nipples puckered and firm. I took one in my mouth to gently squeeze and suck, as I concentrated my attention on the nipple. Margaret held the breast in her hand, steering it to where she wanted my tongue the most.

I reached between her legs, probing my fingers to find that she was excited. She spread her legs further and further apart to allow my hand access. She was drenched. Mentally I wanted her as much as she wanted me but it was near the middle of my cycle; my body inundated with emasculating female hormones.

"Please try," she pleaded. "I need you."

Spreading herself to my searching hand, I maneuvered my cache sex off as we kissed each other with growing passion. Our mouths opened wide while our hands feverishly massaged each other's mounds. I sucked on her tongue as it glided far into the back of my mouth. Then we reversed tongues and I pumped her mouth with my tongue.

I was so hot with desire for her that I trembled as a very musky smell became stronger. She found my nipples with her hands---cupping and squeezing my breasts, while her fingertips tweaked my nipples. I could feel them swell as she played with them.

Her hand then went between my thighs, fumbling to find my puny, mushy maleness; so conquered over the months by female hormones.

She put her arms around me and pulled me on top of her, with our legs wrapped together. I tried in vain to get it to the right spot but it would barely reach and had no rigidity. "Sorry honey," I said. "It's that time of the month."

Still holding on, she rolled over, so she was on top of me. She ran her fingers through my hair, holding my head in place as she sucked my mouth---searching for my tongue. Our pelvises rubbed together, and I could feel her belly and crotch rub against my own.

"Can't expect a beautiful girl like you to be on top anyway!" she giggled. Margaret's vigor as she took control was startling and incredibly arousing. She

shifted slightly, so that her own damp mound pressed against my pelvic bone. Pushing my legs apart, she softly humped me so that my pulpy maleness rubbed against her. I moaned as I felt the undulating motion of her hips against me.

She kept spreading my legs farther and farther to allow more pressure.

I trembled in rhythm with each breath. I writhed and wrapped my legs around her hips, so she could press harder against my maleness, pounding and pressing it so hard, it was having a delirious effect on me. Her hips developed a circular, rolling movement that squashed and pressed my maleness up inside of me.

Her hip movements increased abruptly and I moved my hips in a classic "take me" motion. A lion-like growl came from Margaret as cried out and madly humped my bottom. Her hands held me down as she moved hard against me----so hard I was afraid there might be injury. My insides rolled and a shot of the most delicious heat tore through me.

Margaret pulverized me as we were both rewarded by a series of strong contractions as Margaret bucked out of control while pulling at my nipples. She and I spasmed over and over.

After that night, the guilt I had about my maleness and it's poor performance under the effect of the hormones, was gone. Margaret admitted that sex was better like this and I had to agree.

Good thing too. My maleness because of the hormones and cache sex now rested, curled up and tucked away between my thighs. Smaller than I'd ever seen, the whole package seemed to be hibernating, sleeping dreamily. The slippery tiny marbles were pulled up into my groin where someday I could even find them.

My discouraged maleness had essentially drawn itself up into wrinkled, vacant skin. The hormones were finding no resistance now.

My big surprise came when we got home after our honeymoon. Susan had been over and she brought champagne and a few "things" that she said were for

the "newlyweds."

THE BIG SURPRISE. . .

I was in bed waiting for Margaret to finish getting ready for bed.

As I sat up to see my wife coming out of the bathroom, my eyes widened. Something was different and it took a second. I stared at her chest and slicked back hair.

She grinned as I noticed something pressing outward from the front of her robe. "What the. . ." I started to say.

"Susan gave it to us as a wedding gift. . .but it's mostly for YOU!"

She eased out of her robe so that she was standing naked. My nipples got hard and pointy even though we hadn't even touched.

"What do you think," she asked? "It's double ended. . ."

"I know what it is," I interrupted. "The question is what's it for?"

She was standing there, just looking at me. She decided to take control of the situation and said, "I would like you to suck on it."

I stammered, "Why would I want to do that?"

"Let me see if I can find a reason for you to do that." she said as she caressed my breasts and put my hand over the bulge.

I tried to move away, but she aggressively made the reproduction spring towards me and it appeared to throb right in my face.

"I'll choke."

"No you won't---It's only about six inches long and very average. Kiss it!" I knew this was Susan's idea to scare me. Okay, I thought, "I'll play their game. I wrapped my hand around the realistic looking shaft and squeezed on it. Margaret groaned softly. It felt so real; filled with some kind of fluid. Like a teeter-totter, if I squeezed this end the other expanded and got more rigid and vice-versa. She could make it throb by squeezing her thighs together.

I said, "I haven't the slightest idea what to do."

"You have to play with me." Margaret reached down putting her hands on my boobs, squeezing carefully, sending a sensation right through my body. I had learned how pleasurable it was to have breasts.

"Do what the girls in the videos do to their men," she breathed heavily.

I squeaked in a high pitched voice, "OH MY!" I put her shaft into my mouth, tasted the head then locked my lips around the shaft and moving it in a bit. Margaret massaged my breasts and nipples. I was getting very turned on.

"Do you like that?" she asked, pulling her hips back for a moment to allow me to answer.

"I don't know," I replied truthfully before it was in me again.

"Girls all have to go through a learning curve," she said as I choked when she squeezed her thighs together making it grow an inch. "See how much you can swallow," Margaret commanded. "I know you can do it."

Her voice indicated that she was clearly in control and from her authoritative tone, I could tell that she liked telling me what to do. She ordered, "Relax your lips and let me do the work." I froze for a moment, then realized that she knew what she was talking about. She'd done this for me before and knew what I was facing.

"That's a girl!" she moaned as I nibbled on the shaft.

Before I knew it, she re-positioned me on my back and I feared what was next.

"Just do what I say and you'll be fine. Trust me."

The notion of what she was suggesting was outrageous but something made me follow her plan.

She put some lotion on my hand and made me caress the image of something I didn't even want to touch. Margaret gave me a dirty look.

I decided that I had two choices. I could jump up and run or follow her plan and hopefully it would be over quickly.

Once I made my decision, everything became so much easier. Without any further hesitation, I started working in the lotion, as if I had been used to lubri-

cating male scepters all of my life.

I knew from the position on my back what she had in mind for me. Pressing her thighs together made the shaft stick straight up. Putting a generous dollop of lotion on my hand, I decided to do myself too.

She whispered, "Now young lady, we aren't going to hurry anything. Just relax, we have all night.

Following her instructions, my legs parted. "Honey. . ." I whimpered.

"Shhh! This will be good for you." We were staring into each other in the eyes and I saw her determination. She firmly placed my fingers on her weapon. It was so stiff, it was almost bouncing off her belly in rhythm with her breathing.

I really looked at it. While I had a limited knowledge of what guys look like when "angry", it wasn't huge, thank gawd. But if it had been any bigger---I would have run away in fright.

I quickly discovered that the orbs looked as hard and tight as the shaft, which surprised me. I gripped it lightly and felt a little sizzle of excitement run through me.

"Careful!" she said, "They are full!"

My breasts started tingling followed by that now familiar warm, wet sensation between my legs again.

My female parts were definitely responding to this male part. Over the last few months I had become more passive and she had become more aggressive. Intercourse was now at her determination. She whispered in a most seductive voice, "You are so lovely."

She eased me down on the bed, fluffing a pillow under my hips like I used to do for her. She stretched out on me, pressing her body against mine as we kissed.

Our kisses were long, deep and passionate; probing each other's mouths with our hungry tongues. As we kissed, her knowing fingers moved sensually over my body. Her touch was exciting every nerve fiber in my body.

She eased my thighs apart and pressed her projection against my bottom as we continued to kiss. Her hands continued to squeeze, fondle and massage my

breasts as she told me how much I was going to like this.

Sarcastically, I mumbled, "Right!" She was about to do to me----what I'd done to her countless times! I was feeling inflamed with desire. . .a desire deep inside me.

On my back, she was squeezing my nipples between her fingers, gently tugging as she pulled the nipples upwards. I moaned loudly, twisting away, but Margaret kept a firm grip on my engorged buds with her fingernails pinching them repeatedly, causing my whole body to shudder.

Then she sucked my very aroused nipple deep into her warm, wet mouth. My erect nipple just melted into her mouth as she lapped, licked and sucked at my girlish mounds. I moaned loudly as I pressed my breast against her nursing lips.

As Margaret continued to tease my nipples with her lips, I spread my legs as she slid her free hand along my belly and positioned her plaything.

Her hands went back to my breasts, milking at my hard nipples until I WAS in the mood. I hooked my legs over Margaret's shoulders and I knew what I had to do.

Pressing me back on the bed, I pleaded, "Wait for me to get ready!"

I wanted to re-coat her "friend" with the lotion again. She gloated as she pressed her thighs together making it jump and grow. "It's fine. . .did you see how much bigger mine is than your's ever was!" It was true. She was going to give me more than I ever gave her. I hadn't the slightest idea what to do. Just feeling IT caused my hips to react as if they had a life of their own. I assumed a submissive position.

I tensed up, tightening my legs around Margaret's hips. I counted to ten, knowing that Margaret would seize the opportunity. I spread my legs more-her weight pinning me down on my back. I didn't have muscles in my arms anymore, so I couldn't escape and I didn't want to. . .

I closed my eyes and felt my pelvis make little movements toward the threat.

I put my hands on her hips to check her downward pulsating movements. I felt the tension and then it slipped inside me. My inner muscles grabbed and shuddered as I clenched my teeth.

As soon as it was in place, she hunched her hips up and began pushing it into me. MY mind whirled as it went in slowly, very slowly, inch by inch.

Every inch of my body tingled as she intensify the pressure. When I didn't think it was going to go in any more, she just put her hands over the hard mounds of my bottom and pressed down, ramming that stiff, throbbing thing up me. As it found it's way deep into me, I dug my fingernails into her back.

I abruptly had a whole new respect for men. I had never had such an intense deep sexual stimulation. It didn't feel good but I didn't want it to stop. Feeling her slide into me for the first time was a wonderful feeling, but not as wonderful as when she started to slowly hump me---filling a void that I didn't know existed.

I was afraid I was passing out. All I knew was the wonderful pleasure ripping through my little body. I felt IT swell inside me. The combination of the prolonged arousal along with her hips jerking, driving her tool further into me was driving me mad! I couldn't think as there was no escape from her pumping hips. I swooned by reflex as both of us were moaning as she kept pressing deeper, more than I'd suspected was possible.

When I could handle no more, she finally stopped, pressing against me as hard as she could and pressing her thighs together firmly to bring forth a flood of juice from the orbs. I groaned as I felt the simulation flood my belly with warm liquid.

I lay sprawled, Margaret's dead weight on me for a few minutes. Still impaled, my hips slowly, languidly revolved until it slipped out. She finally climbed off and laid beside me. My body was still tingling with chills and new thrills. At that moment, I would have taken on a football team. I liked it!

Margaret sat up slowly, exhausted and looked at me. I whispered in bewilderment, "I never imagined

I could like that!"

As a married couple, Margaret and I began a new level of intimacy and mating.

The person that I once was, no longer existed. I was now a woman. Margaret had taught me to let the natural female desires of my body guide me. I would not go back to being a man again.

THE END

If you liked this story, write to me: Sandy Thomas
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

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

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

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

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

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.