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Dress or Consequences

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“Dress or Consequences”

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QUOTE BOARD

Girls will be girls, and so will a lot of
middle-aged men...

Dress or Consequences

By Kristi Love and Alice Trail

Chapter 1 – The Setup

“Welcome to ‘Dress or Consequences’, the show that makes women of its men,” Merv Dresser, the Master of Ceremonies greeted the studio and television audiences. “We are down to our six semi finalists, and tonight, votes from our studio audience, call in, and online will select our two finalists. Come out, gentlemen ... two who are future ladies!”

As the men lined up across the stage, only a couple of contestants were smiling. Except for the younger ones, none actually thought they looked feminine enough to be selected as a finalist. Still two would be chosen and would dress as women for the next six months.

Merv looked the group of apprehensive faces and said, “I will reveal the tally of the votes in ascending order and save the two finalists for last. When your name is called, you may exit the stage.” After a pregnant pause, he announced, “Number 6, Charles who entered to quiet his nagging wife, who wanted a shot at the million dollar prize.

Charles, a handsome 24 year old, smiled for the first time, clasped his hands over his head in triumph, and happily left the stage. As the remaining five looked at him in envy, Merv announced, “Number 5, Patrick, who was forced to enter the competition to avoid being cut-out of his mother-in-law’s will.”

Relief covered Patrick’s worried expression was replaced by anxiety as he wondered, “What will *that bitch* come up with to humiliate me since I don’t have to dress as a chick?”

“Number 4, Joe. He had a chance for promotion at work if he could convincingly pass as a woman to fulfill the affirmative action policy where he works. Too bad we couldn’t help, Noel, but the voter’s word is law.”

“All right!” Merv exclaimed, “We are down to the last three contestants for the \$1 million prize. The winner has to

convince our audience that he has made the most progress towards appearing and acting as a woman at the end of each month. Our audience believes these three have the best chance to win. Sadly, only two will be chosen to compete."

Merv continued, "Number 3, Noel, who thought this was an easy way to make a quick buck and be set for life. Sorry Noel."

That brings us to our finalists for the million dollar prize, number 2, Dale, who entered with the encouragement of his loving wife to have a fun adventure, and number 1, Sam who was goaded into joining by his insistent wife!"

Sam and Dale were shocked that they were named the two finalists. Neither one had felt he had a chance when they enrolled in the competition. After all, both were fine specimens of macho all American manhood.

As the show broke for a commercial and everyone exited the stage, Sam moaned to his smiling wife, "I told you I didn't want to compete in this damn contest! I only agreed because of your nagging and your brother, Randy's bullying. I don't look anything like a woman and the audience should have seen that. I'll look ridiculous in a dress! There's not enough lipstick in the world to make me pass as a woman!"

"Hundreds of guys signed up for this contest and you were selected as the number one candidate, the one with the best chance to win the million dollars," his wife, Sue, reasoned. "The voters thought you had the necessary qualities to win. Your smaller build should be in your favor over that older larger guy. You're in, so stop bitching and strut your stuff!"

"I'm nervous as a cat," Dale whispered to his wife, Emily. "I'm ten years older than that other guy, six inches taller, and thirty pounds heavier, giving him a tremendous advantage."

"Don't worry, sweetheart," she whispered. "Let's just take this one step at a time. We'll work together, have a fun adventure, and hope for the best."

"Okay, but I probably won't make it past the first challenge," Dale reluctantly agreed.



"Here are our two contestants," Merv gushed to the television audience. "Sam and his wife, Sue, and Dale and his wife, Emily. Let's give them a warm round of applause and wish them well over the next six months as they compete for the one million dollar prize!"

After the commercial, Merv rushed on-stage gushing, "On our show, straight men compete to determine who can become the most feminine over a six month period. Let's meet contestant number one, Sam, and his lovely wife, Sue."

Sue tugged on Sam's arm to force him onto the stage. He was beet red as he hesitantly followed her lead stammering, "I...I don't think this is a good idea."

Sam was slightly built, 5' 7", with wavy dark hair and a mustache. He was normally outgoing and a bit feisty, but he was intimidated by his aggressive, opinionated wife. Sue was a California blonde, 5' 5", nicely proportioned, very ambitious, obsessed with living the good life with nice clothes and a role in society. She thought she married all that with Sam, but life had its twists, and they were perpetually short of cash.

"Why did you tryout for this contest, Sam?" Merv asked.

"Well..." Sam began, but Sue interrupted.

"We want the money!" she blatantly stated. "I deserve the good life, and this is the only way Sam can ever provide it."

"Uh, yes, I see..." Merv coughed. "Our number two contestant is Dale, and his wife, Emily."

As Dale hesitantly followed his wife onto the stage, he pondered, 'Why did I agree to this craziness?' He was dishwater blonde, 5'11" and 200 lbs., well proportioned for his 35 years and reserved to the point of being shy.

Emily, on the other hand, wore a bright smile and had a spring in her step. She was a petite brunette, 5' 6", in her early thirties, and had a bubbly personality that enraptured everyone who came in contact with her.

"Tell us a little about yourself," Merv held a microphone out to Dale.

"Uh, we're just a normal couple," he stammered.

"Don't be nervous," Merv offered a toothy smile. "Our audience is anxious to learn why you volunteered for our show."

“Uh...” Dale shyly stammered.

“Let me try, dear,” his wife confidently stepped forward. “My husband is shy, especially when encountering new situations,” she explained. “He agreed to compete in hopes of winning the prize and providing us with a better life.”

“That’s great!” Merv gushed. “Remember this is winner take all! The loser goes home with nothing but the satisfaction of having competed well.”

“We understand, but Dale is determined to do his best to win,” Emily hugged her husband’s arm. “I love him and will do everything in my power to help him achieve our goal.”

“Ladies and gentlemen, our final two contestants and their lovely wives,” Merv announced. “Let’s give them a warm sendoff as they prepare for the contest.”

Both Sam and Dale were shivering in their shoes, wondering how they got lassoed into this crazy contest.

Merv said, “The program covers reasonable expenses for wardrobes, makeup, hairstyles, cosmetics, beauty treatments, and related expenses. During the six months of the contest, the wives can help to make their husbands look like, move, and pass as women. You will appear on the show once each month to describe your activities and preparations to portray a woman and enhance the believability of your impersonation. At the end of each show, you will be scored by the panel, the audience in our studio, and the home viewers.”

“Any legal means to give yourselves an advantage over your competition can be used. On the other hand, you will forfeit the contest if our panel rules that you have not given your best effort. Each couple will be given \$10,000 per month for necessities so work won’t interrupt your training. Four weeks from tonight, you will return here with you men wearing your feminine best. Let the contest begin.”

Chapter 2 – Learning the Ropes

When Sam and Sue arrived at home after the show, Sam was in a horrible mood. “Why did I let you talk me into

competing for that damn competition?" he scowled while pouring a stiff drink, tossing it down, and slamming the glass on the bar. "There's no way I can win, so what's the use in trying?"

"What?" Sue asked. "You don't think you can look more like a woman than that older guy or are you afraid you'll like wearing dresses?" When Sam remained silent, she pushed the envelope a bit farther. "Wear a pair of my panties and a nightgown to bed and find out!"

"I'll do no such thing!" he declared angrily.

"You have to start dressing as a female sometime," she reasoned. "Why not start now?"

"Tomorrow will be soon enough!" he adamantly replied while pouring yet another drink. "I'll start then."

"See that you do, or I'll see that you do!" Sue hissed while heading up the stairs toward their bedroom. The next morning, Sue woke alone in their bed. She found Sam on the sofa where he passed out the night before. After making coffee, she put a cup under his nose and said, "Wake up and smell the coffee."

He groggily sat up in, sipped the coffee, and asked, "What time is it?"

"When you finish your coffee, it will be time for you to take a bath, shave your legs, underarms, and mustache, and get started in your quest to become a beautiful woman, at least more believable than that Dale character."

"Don't start that," he sighed. "It's too early, and I'm too hung over. Besides, I'm not shaving my mustache."

"Oh yes, you are!" Sue asserted with authority she didn't feel. "What kind of woman would you look like with that silly patch of hair on your lip?"

'I'll show that bitch!' he thought as he slipped into a tub of hot water. 'I probably can't get out of shaving my legs and armpits for that stupid demeaning contest, but I'll be damned if I'll shave my moustache.'

When Sam returned to the bedroom, Sue looked him over and said, "Your legs have definite possibilities, but that silly mustache has to go! Get back in there and shave it off!"

"Go to hell!" Sam spat.

Not giving in by a long shot, Sue advised, "For now, massage this lotion into your legs and underarms to prevent them from chafing, then put on these woman's clothes. We'll discuss your mustache later." Knowing he had little choice, Sam applied the lotion as instructed and reluctantly put on the panties, slip, and three inch heels.

He was thoroughly embarrassed when Sue entered the bedroom with her brother, Randy. "What do we have here, a sissy in his wife's silky underwear?" Randy chided the blushing Sam.

"You know I have to wear this feminine crap because of that damn contest you and Sue insisted I enter!" Sam spat.

"Sue said you refused to shave your mustache. You can't look like a woman with that fuzz on your lip. What in the world are you thinking?"

"My mustache is my pride and joy!" Sam declared with a blush as he looked down at his silky slip. "I'm not shaving it off. I don't care what you say!"

"Come on, Sam," Sue pleaded. "You know you won't look very feminine for the show with a mustache."

Randy joined in by scolding, "You agreed to join the initial screening for the contest because you thought your mustache made you too masculine and you wouldn't be selected. Then, you could brag about your masculinity when you were eliminated. That didn't happen, and you were chosen first among hundreds of applicants. Now, swish your buns in there and shave off that macho mustache. A sissy like you in panties and a slip doesn't deserve to wear one."

"I'm not a sissy, and I'm not shaving my mustache!" Sam adamantly declared.

Randy was not only bigger than Sam, he owned a chain of fitness centers where he kept in shape by working out. Being stronger, he grabbed his brother in law, pulled him across his lap, flipped his slip to his waist, whisked off his belt, and spanked Sam on his panties until he was not only agreeing to shave off his mustache. When Randy didn't stop, he tearfully pleaded for permission to shave off the offending hair.

True to his word, he rushed to the bathroom, the lacy hem of his slip swirling merrily about his now smooth thighs, as soon as Randy released him.

Sue had never seen her macho husband cry, but now, he was blubbering like a baby. She sighed in disbelief as she watched him standing before the mirror in his slip and heels with tears streaming down his cheeks while he shaved off his cherished mustache. She wasn't sure if he was crying for the loss of his macho symbol, pain from his recent spanking, or embarrassment from wearing her panties and slip.

When Sam returned from the bathroom, Randy was waiting with a heavy wooden ruler. He handed it to Sam and told him to give it to Sue and ask her to spank him for being a disobedient sissy. Only when Randy reached for his belt did Sam rush over in his heels, hand Sue the ruler, and utter the embarrassing words.

He always thought of himself as a man's man, so he almost chocked on his words when referring to himself as a sissy, even though, he was wearing a silky nylon slip, panties, and high heels. When his wife released him after a dozen or so hard swats on his panties with the sturdy ruler, he slid off her lap, and collapsed on the floor in a heap of tears.

Randy told him to do everything Sue said including submitting to spankings if she deemed them necessary. "That other spanking will seem like love taps if I have to come back," he warned before leaving.

His warning worked because Sue had a very attentive and obedient pupil afterward as she drilled him in feminine comportment, makeup application, hairstyling, and clothes coordination. She spanked him several times to keep him

focused and to assert her newfound authority. To her surprise, not once did he hesitate to bring her the ruler, raise his skirt and slip to his waist, and lie across her lap for his punishment when she ordered him to do so.

When Dale and Emily awoke the morning after the show, they made passionate love while discussing their upcoming task. They knew what had to be done if they were to win and they made a pact to work together in the pursuit of the prize.

From the beginning, Dale was embarrassed at the prospect of having to wear dresses, skirts, makeup, and especially silky feminine underwear.

Realizing his concerns, Emily promised to teach him the feminine arts and never to tease or humiliate him.

Holding him tightly, she whispered in his ear, "We'll practice in private, discuss the pros and cons every step of the way, and decide how to approach the contest to give us the best chance to win."

"Okay, but I don't have a chance against that younger guy," Dale lamented.

Sue was amazed at the changes in Sam's attitude over the next few days. He was cooperative in wearing whatever dress or skirt she provided including bras, panties, slips, and camisoles. Beyond that, he was an attentive student of feminine gestures and mannerisms she constantly drilled into him. Deciding to turn up the heat to see where it would lead, she said, "You need to learn to care for your hair, so I made an appointment for you at my hairdresser to have your hair done in a feminine style."

Sam had gone along with Sue's intense training, but he wasn't happy with his fate. When she told him of his hair appointment his anger got the best of him. Putting his high heel down, he declared, "That's carrying things too far! It's

bad enough that you make me wear silky underwear, dresses, and high heels full time and practice sitting, walking, and standing in them. No way will I go along with you styling my hair like a woman!"

Sue understood his argument and she was amazed that he had held his temper as long as he had, but she knew she had to maintain control if she was to win the million dollar prize. Still not comfortable with her role as the dominant in their marriage, she summed her courage and snapped, "Maybe you'll feel differently after a sound spanking! Bring me the ruler and get across my knees with your skirt raised!"

"N ... no, please!" he pleaded. "Don't spank me again. I'll go with you to get a feminine hairdo!"

"You'll do more than that if you want to avoid a spanking after that rude tantrum!" Sue continued to push her agenda as she began to enjoy dominating her former macho husband. "You'll ask to have your ears pierced at the salon or submit to a spanking now. What's it to be?" When he was hesitant to reply, she declared, "I can call Randy if you like."

Completely cowed by his wife's emerging assertiveness and her threat to call her brother to discipline him, Sam swallowed his rapidly dwindling masculine pride. He sighed in a barely audible tone the phrase she insisted he use after being reprimanded by her, "I'm sorry for my unladylike outburst. With your permission, I'll ask to have my ears pierced while I'm at the salon."

Knowing he had just agreed to a permanent mark of femininity that couldn't be erased after the contest, he sobbed inwardly, "Now, I'll have to wear earrings every day, and the holes will still be there after the challenge!"

"My purpose is to win the million dollars no matter how much humiliation you have to endure," Sue informed him. "You know my goal, and you should have taken it into consideration before trying to defy me!"

"Yes Sue," he sighed while blushing and looking down into his skirted lap. Most of his former assertiveness seemed to have vanished along with his once proud mustache.

The couples waited in the wings while Merv Dresser addressed the audience, "Ladies and Gentlemen, welcome to 'Dress or Consequences', the show that makes women of its men. Our contestants have taken a six month leave of absence from their jobs to allow them to concentrate on this challenge. They have put a lot of effort into their feminine appearance and demeanor since our last show, but don't expect them to look or behave like real women after only one month of preparation. Remember, these are normal heterosexual men who have never worn feminine apparel. They are merely trying to win a contest with the help of their loving wives. That said let's meet Couple #2, Dale and Emily. Please come out!"

A few awkward moments passed when Dale failed to walk on stage. "Go ahead, honey," Emily urged, "I'm with you."

"I'm not so sure, dear," Dale's gasped, "I look and feel ridiculous!"

"Come on," Emily soothed "You aren't a bathing beauty, but you make a respectable looking starter woman, and we have to do this in order to continue in the challenge."

Dale knew she was trying to calm his nerves, and he appreciated it. Gathering his courage and giving his wife a squeeze, he stepped onto the stage for the first time wearing a dress and heels. He had trouble with his high heels, and it showed as he stumbled before the cameras and clapping audience. He heard a gasp from the audience, but couldn't tell if it was from his look or his awkward gait.

He knew he didn't look like a real woman because of his height and build. No matter how much makeup he wore, how his hair was styled, or how thin his eyebrows were plucked, he still looked like a man in a dress. His narrow hips and thick waist left little doubt that a man stood before the

audience in a translucent silk blouse that outlined his black bra and a knee length pleated gray skirt, and with short femininely styled blonde hair. His instinct was to cut and run, but Emily came to his side, took his arm, and whispered assurances.

With a toothy smile, the Merv announced, "Couple #1, Sam and Sue, please come out!"

Sam wished he could walk away from this shameful contest, but he knew he had no choice but to continue. If he tried to quit, Sue would tell Randy he was being a disobedient sissy, and he would find himself across the brute's lap with his skirt and slip at his waist and his panties on fire. The past month under Sue's tutelage, and across her lap, had been pure hell for him. Despite her nagging and prodding, he was confident that he could never be credible as a woman.

He had occasional doubts about his manhood because of losing his prized mustache, but appearing on national television in a dress, heels, and makeup was asking too much! With that in mind, his greatest desire was to run away, but he stopped in his tracks when he heard Sue growl, "We haven't gone through this just to forfeit a chance to win all that money. Get out there, *now!*"

Sam minced onto the stage on his three inch heels with short steps and his hips swaying slightly like he had practiced for hours. He was conscious of his skirt and slip caressing his nylon clad thighs, and he was careful not to stumble like Dale.

Sam wore a black and white striped dress with a short tan jacket. His short brunette hair was styled in waves that crowned his head, but it wasn't long enough to look very feminine. Shorter in height than Dale, Sam looked more convincing as a woman, but nobody would ever mistake either of them for the real thing. His face retained its craggy masculine features beneath his makeup. But even with the loss of his prized mustache, he would never pass for a woman.

"I see both of our contestants made it through the first month and arrived onstage in their feminine finery," Merv

announced. "Let's escort the wives to special seating area so our contestants can demonstrate their new feminine talents. Afterward, they can join you while we discuss your adventures."

When the wives were escorted away, the men were alone. Both were blushing brightly beneath their makeup. Merv smiled as he continued, "Let's start with contestant #1. Sam, please walk before our panel of judges and show them why you should be allowed to continue the contest."

Sam knew this was his way out of an awful situation. All he had to do was make a bad impression and he would be '*invited off the island*', so to speak. That was not an option; however, because Sue anticipated that tactic and read him the riot act. After that, he knew she would make his life a living hell if he blew it now.

Taking a deep breath, he sighed and started his parade before the judges. He swayed his hips like Sue had taught him, and walked quite confidently across the stage on his three inch pumps. He stopped before the judges, forced a smile, and twirled to make his skirt swirl out from his nylon clad thighs before returning to center stage. The judges remained silent and scribbled notes in their pads

"Now for contestant #2, Dale," Merv announced.



Sam and Dale felt like fools parading before their wives, and the studio and television audiences while wearing dresses. But neither man had a graceful way to end his embarrassment, so each did as requested.

Dale knew he wasn't nearly as convincing as a woman as Sam. He accepted that he didn't have a chance of winning. He was sure his height and build would disqualify him at some point, but having gone this far, he wanted to win the prize for his loving wife. Glancing over and seeing her encouraging smile gave him the support and confidence he needed to boost his spirits as he started across the stage.

He wasn't as confident in his heels as Sam. He nearly turned an ankle during his approach to the judges, but he recovered gracefully enough. He stood for a few seconds, tried to make an elegant turn, and returned to center stage. "Whew, that's over," he thought. "At least I didn't make a complete fool of myself."

"Okay, let's learn a bit about our contestant's efforts to look feminine to prepare for this evening," Merv announced. "For this part of the show, let's invite the wives to rejoin their husbands on stage." Once everyone was comfortably seated, Merv continued. "Let's start with Sam. Please tell us a few of your experiences."

"Uh...ever since the morning after the last show, Sue has insisted that I wear silky underwear to make me feel feminine. I've worn nothing but dresses and skirts. I never realized there was such a wide variety! Men wear pants, shirts, jockeys or boxers, socks and shoes. Women have dresses of every imaginable style and skirts of every conceivable length. In addition to all that, there's their underwear, and that's a story in itself!"

The women in the audience giggled and snickered. Merv asked them to quiet down, and Sam continued, "Right off, Sue insisted that I shave off my mustache, saying I would never look like much of a woman until I did. I loved that mustache. I felt as though I was losing my best friend as I stood before the mirror in my panties, slip, and heels and shaved it off. My masculinity seemed to wash down the drain with the stubble, so maybe I have a chance to win after all."

“Sue pulled together some dresses, skirts, blouses, and under things for me to wear. Luckily I didn’t have to accompany her to the store to buy my starter outfits. She made it quite clear that I would have to do so when we bought future clothes per the rules of the contest.”

Sue couldn’t hold back any longer, and she sneered, “It wasn’t that difficult to find clothes for him because he’s so short and petite for a man.”

“Uh, yes,” Merv stated while watching Sam blush. “What was the worst part from your perspective, Sam?”

Not wanting to reveal the pain and humiliation of his spankings, Sam sighed, “Sue insisted that I go to her hairdresser for this feminine hairstyle. I didn’t think my hair was long enough for a feminine set, but as you see, those women can perform miracles with hair of any length. Since then, I’ve been learning to take care of my hair and put it up in rollers. I assure you, trying to sleep with curlers in your hair is very uncomfortable.”

“When the beautician finished with Sam’s hair, we decided to have his ears pierced to give him a feminine flair,” Sue injected while holding up the side of her husband’s tresses so the camera could zoom in and show the hoop earrings that dangled from his ears.

“I see,” Merv said. “What did you wear to the hairdresser?”

Sam blushed brightly. “Sue chose a straight red miniskirt, a gold satin camisole that should have been worn as underwear, and red three inch pumps. I also wore bright red lipstick and nail polish.”

“Sounds like a concerted effort to look feminine,” Merv smiled. “Did anyone recognize you as a man in your feminine finery?”

“They didn’t have to guess. Sue introduced me as her husband and said I wanted a feminine hairstyle. She even insisted that I asked to have my ears pierced.”

"Sounds like an exciting adventure. What else happened during the past four weeks?"

"I dieted, read women's magazines, tried on all types of women's clothes, learned to apply makeup, and practiced walking in heels until I was about to drop."

"You think you had it tough?" Sue injected, "I worked like a farm hand. Believe me, it wasn't easy teaching you to dress, apply your makeup, style your hair, and walk properly in a tight skirt and heels!"

"I see," Merv nodded in her direction. "So, Sam, tell us in greater detail about some of the trials you endured learning to pass as a woman during the past month."

Sam spent the next twenty minutes giving an account of what it was like for a man to wear silky panties, bras, slips, nightgowns, and camisoles. He then told about the trauma involved in putting on his first dress, trying to attach his first bra behind his back, and shaving his legs and armpits.

"Thanks, Sam," Merv stated, "Now let's talk with your opponent. Dale, tell us about your trials and tribulations this past month. I'm sure you had some difficult times, especially considering your height and bulk."

"Yes," Dale agreed. "It hasn't been easy, but thankfully I had the full support of my loving wife. Emily made my ordeal much easier to endure." Dale smiled warmly to Emily who was sitting beside him. She smiled in return and allowed him to continue.

"It's not easy to fit a 5'10" masculine frame in a feminine dress. The two just aren't compatible. Nonetheless, I tried with Emily's constant support. I started dieting, and was able to drop 7 pounds. Except for my height, my greatest challenge is my face. I will have difficulty to ever be a convincing looking woman with my masculine features. Still, Emily assures me that I will be able to pass with liberal use of creams and lotions, and the proper application of makeup. I trust her and believe she knows what she is saying."

"Do you have anything to add, Emily?" Merv asked.

"No, Dale is telling his story fine. He worked very hard during the past month and I feel he has made marvelous progress. Still, we both know he has a long way to go, but we have five more months to get there."

"Thank you, Emily," Merv said, "Continue, Dale."

"I had problems learning to apply makeup. I couldn't get the knack of it, especially around my eyes. I always ended up looking like a clown."

Again, the audience tried to contain their laughter. "You don't look clownish tonight," Merv stated.

"That's because Emily gave me guidance and ideas for highlighting my better features while subduing my blemishes. We experimented with all types and shades before we agreed upon a combination that seemed to work best for me. It wasn't easy, and it took time, but in the end, I think it was worth the effort. Then there are those damn heels. Why women wear them is beyond me. No telling how many times I twisted my ankles trying to master those shoes. I don't know why I would wear such shoes with my height, but Emily assured me that wearing them is necessary to be competitive in this contest."

"Yes," Merv injected. "I doubt if you would pass the judge's review if you hadn't worn heels tonight. You will be graded not only on how you pass in women's clothes, but how you choose your ensembles. If you had taken the easy way out by wearing jeans and shirts, a unisex option, you would have been disqualified."

"Another thing that really bothered me is trying to speak at a higher pitch," Dale admitted. "It's difficult for a man with a low voice to pitch it to alto or higher."

Merv stated, "Remember, you will be judged not only on how well you wear feminine clothes, but on how well you pass as women. A voice in a higher pitch feminine is essential and could be the first thing to give you away."

Sue listened to Dale's voice and mentally kicked herself for not getting Sam to work on his voice. She determined to

put it at the top of her *'must do'* list. The Internet should have some products that would help Sam attain a feminine pitch to his voice. After all, the rules allowed the use of any legal means possible to affect their charade. Surely a spray or gargle that would create a feminine voice would fall within those rules. Best of all, the show will pay for it!

Dale finished, "I don't know if I can pull it off, but I'm trying."

"Okay," Merv stated. "The judges have viewed our contestants in feminine dress for the first time. They will decide whether either or both of you continue. Judges, what is your decision?"

"Both men have worked diligently on their feminine images," the spokesman proclaimed. "Dale worked to raise the pitch of his voice and Sam went out in public wearing a skirt to have his hair styled and his ears pierced. Both contestants can move on to the next phase of the challenge."

Dale gasped at their pronouncement. He didn't think he had a chance to survive this review, but he was still in the hunt. Emily gave him a hug, a kiss of congratulations, and said she never doubted that he would pass the review.

Sam was anything but relieved. He had hoped the judges would give him the excuse to bow out of this contest without Sue setting Randy on him. Now he had to continue with this humiliating contest. Worse of all, Sue would ratchet up her insistence that he learn to look, dress, and move like a woman with the threat of a painful and embarrassing spankings as incentive. Now that he passed this first hurdle, she would do everything in her power to assure that they would win the contest.

"Okay, contestants, you've passed the judges' review. You leave the studio still in the race for the million dollar prize. Sam remains in the lead at #1, so your work is cut out for you, Dale. Your challenge for the coming month is to go out in public in feminine guise at least once each week. Remember,

you are not to mention your participation in this contest as an excuse for the way you are dressed. You will describe your adventures and reveal how many times you were read as men when you return next month. Good luck!"

Chapter 3 – Take no Prisoners

"Although you are ahead in points, you need lots of training before you will be able to realistically portray a woman," Sue observed while watching Sam sitting at her vanity in his bra, panties, and half slip applying his makeup. "Your masculinity was clearly visible last night when you walked across the stage in your skirt and heels."

"I did better in my heels than Dale," Sam countered as he applied mascara to create long full lashes, a technique he had been slow to learn. "At least, I didn't stumble and nearly fall."

"His clumsy gait drew my attention to your awkward stride. You can bet Emily will be working to make sure he improves before the next show. That means you must work extra hard at your femininity to maintain your lead. I have just the plan to assure that you do."

Sam carefully pulled a slinky red and blue print polyester housedress over his head and adjusted it over his slip. His dress had a straight skirt that fell to two inches above his knees and restricted his stride. Not wanting to know the answer, he asked, "What plan?"

As her feminized husband slipped on red three inch pumps, Sue said, "Instead of practicing this or that in a hodgepodge fashion like last month, we will set aside times to rehearse a full range of feminine behaviors."

Sam knew her plan would impose increasing femininity on him and force him to dress accordingly. With Randy ready to enforce her decrees, he was helpless to stop her, but he couldn't resist trying. "But Sue," he said, "I'm ahead of Dale on points. I'm also younger and smaller. Why do I have to work so hard at becoming more feminine?"

"No matter," Sue asserted. "Emily will be working hard to correct Dale's shortcomings. If you aren't completely

dedicated to winning, you won't be ahead after the next show. I noticed that your five o'clock shadow shows through your makeup and detracts from your feminine image. To prevent that in the future, especially when you're on television, we'll have your beard removed by laser electrolysis."

"B...but that would be permanent," he stammered. "If I did that, I wouldn't be able to grow a beard or re-grow my mustache after the contest. Couldn't I just shave real close a couple of times a day?"

"My inclination is to say 'no', but if you agree to give your best efforts to your feminine lessons, I'll allow you to keep your cherished mustache for the time being, if you agree to keep it closely shaved and use extra concealer. Your beard has to give you a smooth realistic feminine glow."

Being permitted to keep his prized mustache, Sam didn't push farther. He decided the sacrifice of his beard was a small price for a chance to win a million dollars. Besides, he could re-grow his mustache after the contest and be spared the drudge of shaving every morning. The situation regarding his mustache resolved for the time being, Sam decided to carry out her orders to the best of his ability. She could change her mind and his mustache would be history along with his beard. He was helpless to stop her.

As Sam reluctantly accepted Sue's feminization program, she drilled him daily in makeup application, hair care, walking, sitting, standing in heels, and in feminine gestures and mannerisms. He used the recorder to practice raising the pitch of his voice. When he was less than enthusiastic in his lessons, he found himself across her lap with his skirt and slip at his waist for a severe spanking on his silky nylon panties.

Randy provided an aerobics video designed to eliminate muscular edges from arms and legs and Sam was sore from intense hour long sessions each day. Sue took him to the salon three times each week for two hour laser electrolysis treatments to permanently remove his beard. His only consolation being that, true to her word, she allowed him to keep his prized mustache.

Sue was happy at the progress Sam made with his feminine image. His complexion improved with the absence of his beard, his hair and makeup skills improved daily, his posture was natural, and he was becoming comfortable in dresses and skirts of all lengths and heels of varying heights. She was concerned about his mustache and constantly warned him to shave really close or that little swatch of hair would be history too.

Sam was devastated that his wife would enlist her brother in forcing him to become feminine. He wanted to quit the contest, but Sue was obsessed with winning so much money. She would tolerate no thoughts of quitting, nor hesitate to apply the dreaded *instrument of correction* to his panties if he dared mention the subject.

The morning after the show as Dale was sitting at Emily's vanity in his panties, bra, and slip practicing his makeup techniques, a sinking feeling came over him. "I don't have a chance to win this contest," he whispered to Emily. "Sam is eight years younger than me and his smaller frame more resembles that of a woman."

"Don't worry," she assured her distraught husband while patting the back of his hand for assurance. In doing so, she took notice of his long oval polished nails as his hands rested in the lap of his slip. Let's do this together like we planned from the start, have as much fun as possible, and let the chips fall where they may."

"Ladies and gentlemen welcome to *Dress or Consequences*, the show that makes women of its men," Merv Dresser announced with flourish and fanfare. "We are at the end of the second month of Dale and Sam's continuing effort to win the one million dollar prize by becoming the most convincing woman. They will be judged on a number of factors, not the least of which is how convincing they become in their impersonation. One indicator of their success is the number of times they are recognized by strangers as men in dresses

while out in public. Dale, did you get out of the house at least twice this past month as it states in the rules?"

Dale's cheeks reddened at the memory of his first venture outside dressed as a woman. "Yes, but my first time wasn't my finest hour," he confessed. A general tittering from the audience made Dale blush.

"Hey!" Merv exclaimed. "Your voice is higher and softer than last month. You have been working hard to raise the pitch. Tell us what happened on your first outing as a woman."

"I was really scared to appear in public wearing women's clothes, but since I'd be disqualified if I refused, I finally gave it a try. My stomach was full of butterflies as I tentatively stepped out of the house and looked both ways to make sure no one was looking. As I walked out to the car, a young boy suddenly appeared on a bicycle. My knees nearly caved in as he looked my way, but he was gone as quickly as he appeared. I don't think he recognized me as a man in a dress because he continued on without a second look. I figured I dodged a bullet and quickly opened the car door and slid into the passenger's seat. Emily giggled at my reaction, but only said, 'Be sure to straighten your skirt so it won't wrinkle.' I did as she suggested, then folded down the visor mirror to check one more time as to whether my makeup was okay or if I looked like a clown."

"Emily drove to a pharmacy across town where we weren't known and suggested that both of us go in and buy some *essentials*. Now that I was wearing women's clothes on a full time basis for half a year, she needed to familiarize me with her preferred cosmetics, colors, and brands. I didn't want to leave the relative safety of the car, but Emily reminded me of the contest rules. I had to interact with strangers and gage their reaction to my *look* in women's clothes. She said there would only be a few people inside, and if they *read* me, no harm, no foul, since we would never see them again."

"I tentatively stepped out of the car, brushed my skirt into place, and waited for Emily to come around and accompany

me inside. My knees were shaking, and I just knew I would be ridiculed by everyone inside. She took my arm, and we went in together. 'Where is your Revlon display?' she asked the counter girl who immediately recognized me as a guy. She cleared her throat and said, 'Excuse me a second?' Her eyes darted between us and then hastily crossed the store to consult with an older woman while furtively glancing our way. The older woman didn't hesitate. With a smile on her lips, she came over and asked if she could be of assistance."

"Emily confidently replied that we were looking for makeup for her husband. I don't mind telling you, I nearly fainted dead away when she referred to me as her husband. 'I understand,' the lady replied, never missing a beat. 'Lots of men come here for their feminine cosmetics. Follow me, please.'"

"On the way to the makeup counter, Emily whispered, 'Sorry dear, but she already knew you were a man. I wanted to clear the air upfront so we could get the help you need and be able to speak freely. I'd never give you away if you weren't recognizable.' I gave her a smile, knowing she was trying to help. Still, I was scared out of my panties at having to discuss makeup with a woman who knew I was a man in a dress."

"The woman was more than helpful. She asked questions, and we discussed my facial features and the colors and shades that would best flatter my complexion, including my beard and how best to hide it. In the end, Emily and I left with exactly the products I needed, we had made a friend, and we promised to return to restock as my needs changed."

"That's great, Dale," Merv stated. "You got your feet wet without panicking."

"No small thanks to my lovely wife," Dale confessed.

"That's what your wife is supposed to do," Merv stated. "Now let's hear from Sam."

Blushing brightly, Sam envied Dale for the loving support he was receiving from Emily instead of the harsh; *take no prisoners* approach Sue was using with him. "Since I already

had been to her hairdresser, Sue dropped me off for a wash and set," Sam began.

"All right!" Merv raved. "Sam has been taking voice lessons as well! You sound great, but more on that later. Go ahead and tell us about your adventure."

Looking very nervous, Sam said, "Sue and I agreed that I should have my beard removed by laser electrolysis, so I called for an appointment. When the hairdresser finished, I went in for my first treatment. The technician had never seen me before, but she immediately recognized me as a man. After all, how many women have dark beards and want them zapped? It really hurt, and after a two hour session, my face felt like I had been stung by a million bees."

"Why did you start laser electrolysis?" Merv questioned.

"It was Sue's idea," he hedged to avoid admitting his wife's forceful intimidation. "She felt constant shaving would chafe my skin and ruin the glow we were trying to create. We agreed that I would keep my mustache in case I want to grow it back after the contest. Even so, Sue insists that I shave really close and use plenty of concealer before I apply my makeup. I went back to the salon several times a week until my beard was gone for good."

The more Sam talked, the more Merv became astonished at the tone of his voice as he spoke in a convincing feminine alto. "Wow, your voice sounds great. How did you develop such a feminine trill?"

"It wasn't easy, believe me!" Sam nervously adjusted his silk skirt over his nylon clad thighs. "My throat was really sore from practicing raising the pitch of my voice. Sue got a gargle from the drugstore that cured my throat. I practiced raising my voice while wearing headphones for hours. Gradually, I began to speak in the soft high pitch you hear."

Merv asked, "What did you wear on your latest venture outside dressed as a woman?"

"I...I wore a yellow sundress with tiny straps tied in bows at my shoulders that allowed my bra straps to show, yellow

sandals with three inch heels and open toes that showed my polished toenails. My jewelry was hoop earrings, a gold necklace, and a matching bracelet." he responded nervously.

"Did Sue accompany you?" Merv asked.

"Not to the hairdresser, but she met me afterward. We went shopping for new feminine clothes for me. Sue said I needn't worry because I looked too girlish for the clerks to *read* me as a man. Of course, the sales lady knew right away that I was a man in a dress. Despite her assurance, there was no way I could fool them after dressing as a woman for only a few months!"

"What happened?" Merv asked.

"I nearly lost my lunch when the clerk told me not to worry because I wasn't the first man she has helped who got off wearing dresses. I told her that I wasn't one of those weird guys that got his kicks from wearing woman's clothes, but she merely shrugged and asked how she could help me. I deferred to Sue. We really put a dent in the money we got from the show by buying every piece of feminine clothing imaginable."

"We know all about that, Sam. In fact, we have a video of your visit to this boutique," Merv said with a sly smile. Let's have a look at it, shall we?"

Both contestants and their wives emitted a collective gasp. "Yes," Merv answered their questioning looks. "You can expect that we will use hidden cameras to record selected ventures outside the home. Not all, mind you, just from time to time. You will never know when you are on camera, so be on your best behavior at all times and obey the rules of the contest. I am happy to announce that both of you were truthful with your accounts of your adventures dressed as women. This is also a way for our audience to follow your transitions into lovely women, so let's have a look."

The video started with Sam exiting his car in his yellow sundress, heels, and his hair in tight feminine curls. The hidden camera followed him and Sue into the boutique and throughout his embarrassing shopping experience. His

account, selecting panties, bras, slips, nightgowns in his size, and trying on dresses, skirts, blouses, and modeling them for Sue and the sales lady, was pretty well the way it played out on the video. It ended with Sam making several trips to the car in his dress and heels to load their many purchases.

Another video showed Dale's venture into the world of feminine makeup very much as he described it. Both contestants and their wives were astonished by how much the show knew of their daily adventures and made them realize that they would have to be totally truthful in all their accounts in the future.

Sam and Dale blushed at how thoroughly the details of their ventures into femininity were being revealed. Meanwhile, their wives evaluated their competition and vowed to work extra hard to win the contest. This competition was becoming fierce!

After their walk before the judges, the spokesperson decreed, "Both contestants have made significant progress toward passing as women during the past month, but they still have a ways to go to win this competition. A hint for each of them, Dale allowed his knees to part several times during the show, showing that he needs practice sitting in skirts. Sam kept fiddling with his silk skirt, pulling it over his thighs. He should learn that light fabrics have a mind of their own and seek a certain position regardless of how often it is adjusted. That said, they are both authorized to move on to the next challenge."

"Great!" Merv boomed. "You are now halfway through the challenge. During the next month, your assignment is to make four public outings and limit the times you are *read*. Be aware that you may be filmed without your knowledge, so keep on your toes. As for the tally, Sam has pulled farther ahead, so Dale, your work is cut out for you. Good luck and we'll see you in four weeks."

Chapter 4 – Competition becomes Fierce

"Wow!" Dale exclaimed when he saw Sam sitting in the anteroom off stage before the show. "You look totally feminine

and that short skirt really shows off your attractive legs. How did you get them smooth and sexy?"

"Aerobics and diet," Sam replied in a soft trill. "Hours of aerobics to smooth out my muscles and develop a soft feminine appearance. I'm on a strict diet to lose the pounds needed to look like a woman. I felt like such a sissy exercising in my pink leotard, white tights, pink sneakers, leg warmers, and headband. The worst thing was the short white skirt with tiny pleats Sue made me wear to remind me to move with the grace and poise of a woman. You wouldn't believe what a pain those pleats are to iron. Sue insists that my clothes and makeup be perfect! Thank goodness for the vitamins she got me to keep up my strength."

"Wow!" Dale gasped. "You wear a leotard, tights and a skirt to exercise? I can sure understand why you need vitamins after all that! I wear my old sweats with a bra and panties underneath for aerobics. I've lost some weight, but not nearly as much as you and I have lots more to lose."

"Sue wouldn't hear of me wearing any of my old clothes," Sam sighed while looking down into his skirted lap. "Since she had my mustache permanently removed with laser electrolysis, I can't stand up to her any more, if I ever could since this damn contest started."

"You should have seen him beg to be allowed to keep his silly mustache," Sue chuckled. "He tried every trick in the book from crying like a little girl, to stamping his high heel and shouting refusals to have the procedure, to saying I couldn't make him have it done. I ended his tantrum by calling my brother, Randy. He's a lot bigger and stronger than Sam and he's backing me all the way in our quest to win the million dollar prize."

"Please, don't tell them about that," Sam sniffed.

"If you cry and ruin your makeup before the show, I'll give you something to cry about!" Sue snapped while fingering the thick ruler protruding from her purse. When Sam lowered his eyes in defeat, she continued with her humiliating story.

"This is a hoot!" Sue enthused. "Randy took one look at Sam and ordered him to take off his dress and hang it over a chair to avoid wrinkles because it took over an hour for him to properly iron his dress after the last time he was spanked. Sam tried to stall by saying he was wearing a skirt and camisole, not a dress, but Randy countered saying he had interrupted a busy day to come over and discipline his sissy butt and that he didn't care if it was a royal robe."

"That's when Sam fully realized the gravity of his situation. He thought he could appeal to Randy's macho attitude about his ridiculous mustache, but he now knew differently. With a sad expression, he obediently loosened his skirt and peeled the satin cami over his head. Clad in his bra, half slip, nylons, and heels, he was crying and begging for mercy as he hesitantly raised his slip and arranged himself across Randy's lap as instructed."

"Randy must have been really upset about having his day interrupted because he really laid that belt on Sam's panties. When he finally pushed him off his lap, he was a blubbing heap on the carpet. He promised to have his mustache removed, wear anything I said, and do everything possible to win the contest. Not stopping there, Randy told him to ask me for permission to have his mustache permanently removed."

"Sam's makeup was a streaked mess. He was shaking like a leaf and blubbing incoherently as he stumbled over to me in his bra half slip and heels. I played *good cop*. I took him into my arms, kissed away some of his tears, and told him things would be better when he learned to be obedient."

"He took the bait and asked, no pleaded with me to let him have his mustache removed by laser electrolysis as he no longer needed that macho symbol. Seeing his sincere expression, I kissed him on the lips, said I would think about it while he replaced his ruined makeup, and playfully slapped him on his nylon clad buttocks. When he returned, his makeup was immaculate, and he was still wearing his bra and half slip. While he dressed in his satin camisole and skirt, I said he could have his mustache zapped if he would have his

brows permanently thinned and arched as well in a feminine manner and that he make an appointment then and there.”

“You should have seen the rebellion that flashed in his eyes and how it quickly turned to panic when Randy began unbuckling his belt. You could just see the images of another spanking across Randy’s lap flashing through his mind as he anxiously dialed the salon. The technician’s calendar was full, so he pleaded with her to work him in as soon as possible because he just *had* to get rid of his *awful* mustache and have his brows shaped.”

“She took pity on him, said she would work late just for him, and told him to be there at seven o’clock that evening. He was the picture of dejection as he minced into the salon in his heels with his short skirt swaying seductively about his thighs and his eyes silently pleading to be spared this permanent assault on his masculinity. He always thought he had a baby face, and he grew that stupid mustache to give him a ruddy appearance. When he returned, the possibility of re-growing that silly mustache or to have bushy brows was forever gone. He’s been putty in my hands ever since.”

“I’ve never tried to make Dale do anything against his will,” Emily said. “Sometimes I have to convince him to try certain things, but the final decision is his. We are in this together as a loving couple trying to win a prize that will vastly improve our financial situation. Win or lose, I’ll understand if he wants to wear something soft and silky from time to time when this is over.”

“Your hair is longer, Dale,” Sue cheerfully noted. “Are you wearing a wig?” She hoped he was wearing a wig because it was grounds for disqualification.

“No,” Dale replied with a blush while adjusting his skirt over his nylon clad thighs. “I have hair extensions, but I may as well quit. Sam looks so feminine even with short hair.”

“Oh no, no quitting! Emily declared. “We agreed that you would stick it out to the end no matter what. Besides, there’s only two more months to go.”

Just before the show began, Sue tugged Sam's lace edged nylon half slip down until it would show with the slightest provocation. When he asked why, she said, "Dale's slip is showing through his translucent blouse. This way, yours will show when you sit during the show. We're fighting fire with fire, so to speak."

"Let's meet our competitors, Sam and Dale and their lovely wives, Sue and Emily." Merv announced as the show began. The curtain parted and the audience let out a collective gasp at viewing how feminine the two appeared. The men were seated on a sofa with their wives standing behind them.

Sam was delicately balanced on the front edge of the sofa wearing a short ivory skirt that displayed most of his smooth, shapely nylon clad thighs. His skirt was slightly hiked up to expose the hem of his silky lace edged slip as Sue had planned. He wore a red on white blouse that showed a hint of cleavage and was sleeveless to expose the soft smooth skin of his arms and shoulders.

His hair was slightly longer than before and femininely curled. His face was smooth with blush, mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow, and dark red lipstick. He looked drop dead gorgeous compared to the previous month, with his right leg delicately draped over his left knee and folded about his left calf to display his very feminine appearing thighs. His nylons shimmered under the stage lights as he nervously bobbed his right high heel. Knowing he looked very much like a woman in his present clothes and makeup, he found smiling difficult.

Sue tried to affect a smile for the cameras while remaining firm with Sam. She had worked hard over the past month in an effort to perfect his feminine appearance, chose his clothes for the evening, and supervised every little detail of his *look*.



Both men were extremely embarrassed as they delicately sat on the edge of the sofa to best display their legs as their wives had instructed. Both showed improvement in their impersonation over earlier shows, but Sam was certainly the most feminine looking of the two.

She coached him for hours on how to sit like a lady and to position his hands to display his long polished nails to advantage. His nervousness caused her to scowl every so often, and she would punch him on the shoulder as a reminder to correct a perceived flaw. Her constant harping only made Sam more nervous and aware of his dilemma.

Dale also looked astonishingly feminine compared to the previous month considering his height and build. He wore a stylish tight-fitting knee length skirt that favorably displayed his legs, which were femininely held together. His long sleeve silk blouse exposed a hint of lacy slip and bra and enhanced by frills and ruffles around the collar and down the front in an extremely feminine manner.

He had extensions woven in his hair to give it a longer look. It was tastefully styled to flatter his masculine face which was perfectly within the rules. The most noticeable changes were in his face as he and his wife were able to hide his masculine features and highlight his femininity to make him look like a rather attractive woman. His skin appeared softer and his lips fuller and more sumptuous.

Emily rested her hand gently on his shoulder to offer encouragement whenever she felt the need. Because of her support, Dale actually displayed a warm smile, unlike his prettier, more sullen, competitor.

"My, my," Merv cooed after the initial audience reaction quieted down. "I see major improvements on all fronts." Looking at the smiling judges, he continued, "It appears my opinion is shared by the audience and our panel of judges. Each contestant will walk to the judge's table displaying his best comportment, and then we'll discuss the developments of the past month. Let's start with Dale."

Dale rose delicately to his feet, standing confidently on his three inch heels. His efforts were much improved over the previous month, and he showed little difficulty managing the slender spikes. He delicately smoothed his skirt before walking to the judge's table with small steps, placing one foot in front of the other. Comfortable in his skirt, he glided to the

indicated location, swaying his hips slightly with each step. It was an effective performance. He stood before the judges for a moment, smiled, and returned to the sofa. Emily gave him an affectionate smile as he took his seat.

“Okay, now if you will, Sam.”

Taking a deep breath, Sam smoothly rose from his seat and slinked to the judge’s station like he had been a runway model all his life. His skirt fluttered about his thighs 4” above his knees with each sway of his hips. He held his hands perfectly at his sides with slightly limp wrists. After pausing before the judges, he twirled on his heels and smoothly glided back to his seat. A smile never crossed his ruby red lips.

“Okay, let’s hear from our contestants on how they fared this past month. It’s obvious that both candidates put forth a lot of effort to improve their images as women. Let’s start with Dale. What caused your dramatic improvement?”

“If we were to continue, I needed to do something about my masculine features,” Dale admitted. His voice was still on the heavy side. It was significantly improved to remove the deep male resonances, but he still needed practice for his voice to be passably feminine. “I can’t do anything about my height, but she felt we could improve my skin, and I could learn to apply makeup to accentuate my feminine features and downplay my masculinity. She suggested that I use certain lotions and crèmes to soften my skin.”

“The lotions and crèmes are products we women use daily to moisturize and soften our skin,” Emily injected.

“Of course,” Merv stated. “Using products and procedures genetic women use to improve their appearance is well within the contest rules. Go for it!”

“I never cared much for shopping, but I found that I enjoy shopping for my feminine clothes with Emily,” Dale admitted with a slight blush. “She tells me about different styles, skirt lengths, fabrics, and which ensembles will look good on a woman my age and why. During these outings together, I’ve

learned when and where to wear certain clothes. For instance, there are housedresses, day dresses, casual skirts with stylish sweaters and blouses, business suits, sexy after five dresses, and of course, long elegant evening gowns.”

“You enjoy shopping and learning all those things about women’s clothes, styles, and fabrics?” Merv asked curiously.

“Yes,” Dale replied. “I’ve dressed as a woman for the past five months, and somewhere along the way, I developed an interest in feminine clothes. I got accustomed to carrying a purse. When we shop for dresses, Emily insists that I feel the texture and check the labels for fabric blends, and I do these things even if she isn’t with me.”

“How do you feel about wearing women’s underwear after having to wear it full time for the past five months?” Merv asked to the delight of the audience.

“Silky items like panties, slips, camisoles, and nightgowns are nice,” Dale admitted with a blush. “Wearing nylon stockings isn’t all that bad and they make my legs look really feminine. I don’t even mind wearing garter belts to support them. On the other hand, tight foundation garments, like panty girdles, waist cinchers, bra straps about my chest and the heavy inserts that cause the straps to dig into my shoulders are very uncomfortable and a pain to wear.”

“Women have known that for centuries!” Emily declared with a devious smile. “Maybe now, you’ll be sympathetic toward our plight when the contest is over.”

“I sure will,” Dale admitted with a sigh.

Changing the subject, Merv asked, “Are you still being recognized as a man in a dress on your outings?”

“When I first started going out in dresses and skirts, I was read as a man by virtually everyone I met,” Dale admitted. “Since working really hard to raise the timbre of my voice and sitting for hours to have my hair extensions attached, I’m hardly ever read. If I am, most people appear unsure, and they go away without making derisive comments.”

"Have you had your beard been removed by laser electrolysis like Sam's?" Merv queried.

"I had laser electrolysis to remove my heavy stubble. Neither Emily nor I want me to lose my entire beard," Dale stated. "We lighten some heavy areas to add femininity to my facial features."

"Okay, Sam," Merv beamed, turning his focus. "Dale had only his heavy areas lightened. Have you had any additional laser electrolysis?"

Looking down into his skirted lap to avoid eye contact, Sam blushed as he admitted, "My mustache was removed, and I had my brows thinned and shaped."

"You had your cherished mustache permanently removed?" Merv asked. "You can no longer grow a beard or a mustache after the contest ends and your brows have been permanently arched in a feminine style?"

"Yes, we had an intense discussion on those issues before the procedure was done!" Sue injected. "He argued that he might want to grow a mustache after the contest. I contended that silly brush was a small price to pay for a chance to win a million dollars. He cried real tears when he accepted that my point was completely logical and sound. Now, he doesn't have to wear that awful pancake makeup above his lip."

Sam's bright blush and his inability to look up from his skirted lap confirmed Sue's claim. He had obviously surrendered to intimidation from his wife. All he could do was cross his nylon clad legs the opposite way and adjust his flirty skirt across his thighs in a distinctly feminine manner.

"What about your legs and arms?" Merv asked. "They appear to be smoother and more feminine than before."

"I do aerobics and special exercises at the gym several times a week to round my body into feminine contours," Sam admitted. "Sue is a strict taskmistress where my preparation for the contest is concerned. She usually gets her way."

"How do you manage your apparent cleavage?"

"My pectoral muscles were getting flabby, so Sue helped secure them in a push up bra," Sam blushed. "Then, she used makeup to create an enhanced image of cleavage. I really don't have much to offer on that score."

"Your voice has become so natural like a woman," Merv observed. "I must say that it is remarkable! How did you acquire such a feminine voice?"

Sam sighed. "Practice on the recorder and the gargle I use several times daily for the past month. Sue makes me practice some aspect of my feminine training every minute of every day! I swear, I never get a moment to rest or relax. With the strict diet she has me on, if it wasn't for the vitamins I take to keep up my energy, I would collapse from exertion."

"By the way you look, sound, and move, her methods are paying dividends," Merv replied. "Of course, if you are close to exhaustion, you can always take a break."

"Are you kidding?" Sam gasped. "If Sue sees me doing anything half way, I'm across her lap with my skirt at my waist in a flash. She really brandishes that thick ruler and my panties are soon on fire. I have trouble sitting for the next several days, so I try really hard to avoid such punishments!" That slipped out before Sam could stop himself, and he blushed beet red from his admission.

"Sounds like you're a strict taskmistress, Sue," Merv chuckled.

"I like to think that I'm focused on the task at hand, but I guess I get carried away at times," Sue admitted. "In truth, I'm on edge from the lack of sex and I'm venting my frustrations on whoever is handy."

"I know this is none of my business, but I have to ask," Merv stated. "Are you saying that you and Sam no longer engage in sexual intercourse in the marital bed?"

"We haven't had sex since his mustache was zapped," Sue sighed in resignation. "He used to swagger confidently about demanding sex. I almost had to fight him off several times a day. Now, on the rare times I can entice him into bed, it's no

good. I guess what they say is true: a hard man is good to find. That's what I need, not some soft sissy wearing French perfume and a nightgown silkier than mine. I've begun to think that macho growth was the reason for his virility and that I was wrong to have it removed."

"How do you feel about that, Sam?"

"I miss my mustache terribly. It is disconcerting that I'll never be able to grow another one," he admitted while adjusting his short skirt over his nylon clad thighs and cautiously glancing at Sue as though he didn't want to say anything to upset her. "No doubt it gave me confidence, but I don't know if it was the reason for my former virility."

"Let's recap." Merv injected. "Sue drives Sam with a purpose to become more naturally feminine and spanks him on his panties if he isn't relentless in his task, and the couple's sex life is in the crapper. Is that about right?"

"Yes," Sam admitted looking down with a bright blush.

"Okay, what's your verdict, judges? Have our contestants become sufficiently feminine in the last four months to continue in the contest for another month or will you disqualify one of them and declare a winner?"

While the judges conferred, Dale had a strong intuition that the contest was over and all his efforts to look and act like a woman had been for naught. Sam, on the other hand, feared he would be disqualified because Sue spanked him when he wasn't totally obedient. Imagine their surprise when the spokesman said, "In our opinion, both contestants have made sufficient progress to effect the guise of a woman within the contest rules to continue. Sam is still leading and by a wide margin."

"All right, contestants!" Merv declared. "Your challenge for the next month is to increase your feminine appearance and skills as much as possible. Dale, your work is cut out. Good luck to both of you and we'll see you in a month!"

Chapter 5 – A War of Attrition!

“I may as well give up,” Dale sighed despondently on the way home after the show. “According to the judges, Sam is all but assured of winning. I’ve willingly worn dresses and become a total sissy for nothing.”

“You’re not a sissy,” Emily assured her husband. “You heard Sue say Sam can no longer perform in bed. If anything, our sex life is more intense and more satisfying than before you started wearing dresses.”

“Maybe so, but I sure feel like a sissy!” he declared. “For the past four months, I’ve worn nothing but bras, panties, slips, dresses, skirts, nylons, high heels, and makeup. To make matters worse, since women wear pants most of the time, I manage my skirts better than most of them!”

“That doesn’t make you a sissy. Consider the reason you’ve been dressing as a woman,” she countered. “A million dollars is a lot of money.”

“You saw Sam...how feminine he appears in those short dresses he wears and how naturally he walks in heels! They all but said his lead is insurmountable. So what if his wife spanks him? Why can’t you face the facts and admit that this contest is over?”

“It’s not over till it’s over!”

“You must want a sissy in your bed!”

“That’s where you’re definitely not a sissy! If anyone is a sissy in this contest, it’s Sam. Even if he wins the million dollars, everyone knows he can’t perform.”

“He is intimidated by his wife. He’s afraid to make a false move when she’s around. The spankings she talks about have to be real. He was the cock of the walk, strutting around with that mustache when this contest started, but that drastically changed over the last four months. I’ve seen fear in his eyes when she’s watching.”

“Aren’t you glad we decided to do this together?”

"I'm not glad I agreed to dress as a woman for six months, but since I did, I'm glad you're such an understanding helper," Dale admitted. "I couldn't take it if you were a bitch slave driver like Sue."

"Okay, enough talk about being a sissy and quitting the contest. Like we said in the beginning, 'Win or lose, we're in this together.' If you want to dress, look, act, and feel like a woman, we'll do what every women does when she feels depressed. We'll go shopping with the show's money and buy you some pretty and expensive clothes. All is not gloom and doom for the fair sex."

At the thought of going shopping for feminine clothes he could wear after the contest ended, win or lose, a slight smile crossed Dale's lips. "Yes," he beamed as his smile broadened. "That sounds like fun. Let's go shopping!"

As Sue drove home, Sam kicked off his heels and relaxed for the first time that evening. Fiddling with his short skirt, he sighed, "At last, we can finally let up on my feminine training." He spoke in his natural sounding feminine voice.

"What do you mean let up?" Sue snapped. "You have a long way to go before you make a credible woman."

"The judges said I had an almost insurmountable lead over Dale," Sam gasped. "Given his age and size, I should be a cinch to win. With that kind of lead, I can coast to that million dollar prize and we'll be on easy street! The worst thing is that I won't be able to grow my mustache back. I hate that, but I guess I can live without it for a million bucks. The best part is that I won't have to drill to become more feminine fifteen hours a day."

"Oh no, you don't!" Sue declared in a tone filled with anger and frustration from lack of sexual intercourse. "You didn't get that lead by sitting back on your panties, and you won't keep it that way either. If I see you slacking on your feminine lessons, you'll find yourself across my lap with your skirt at your waist in a flash! Got that, sissy boy?"

Sam wanted to argue, but Sue's harsh rebuke made him pause. The loss of his precious mustache and the many painful spankings across her lap had robbed him of his aggressiveness, making him putty in her hands. "Okay, if you think that's our best course of action," he sighed.

Dale and Emily were wandering through the mall looking at the feminine clothes displayed in the passing windows. "What you need is a confidence booster," Emily declared. "Let's go into Victoria's Secret and buy you the most decadent frilly lingerie possible."

"Oh, Emily, I can't shop there. That is the most feminine place on earth. It's almost a given that a man would never set foot inside that store."

"Exactly, Dale, and that's why we should go there."

"Surely all the women there will be able to tell that I'm a man wearing women's clothes. I'll be laughed out of the mall, if not arrested," Dale quivered on his white high heel pumps.

"Don't be silly," Emily laughed. "Look in this window. Do you see a man and woman or two women in the reflection?"

"Well...two women, although one is somewhat taller than the other," Dale observed.

"And that's just what everyone else sees," Emily stated. "Lots of women are plus sized, and you certainly look much prettier than most of them."

Somewhat encouraged, but still hesitant, Dale agreed to follow his wife into Victoria Secret's to shop for unmentionables. He looked quite chic in his black knee high dress and stylish white jacket. His blond hair framed his nicely made-up face to present the image of a stylishly dressed larger woman.

Together they entered this forbidden realm and Emily led him to a counter displaying silky nighties next to another counter showing lovely slips, Dale's favorite feminine clothes.



“Examine the texture of each garment. Notice how silky and soft they feel,” Emily encouraged. “Wouldn’t they feel heavenly next to your skin?”

Dale did as she suggested, and felt a growing desire to buy and wear these silky, frilly lovely clothes.

Dale nervously glanced around to see if any of the women in the store recognized him as a man wearing makeup and women's clothes.

To his relief, everyone was busy with their own business and gave him and his wife little mind. 'Maybe Emily was right,' he sighed, 'maybe I do look like a women or these women don't care as long as they make a sale.'

The two of them spent the next hour wandering amongst the displays of soft, luxurious feminine finery, occasionally buying Dale a particularly feminine piece. When they left, Dale's confidence was soaring, and for the first time, he believed he had a slight chance to win the contest.

"I'm glad that sissy is good for something!" Sue spat as she and Randy watched Sam scurry away in his tight miniskirt, lace embellished serving apron, and stilt heels after serving their drinks. I swear, if he wasn't a decent maid, he would be totally useless."

"Maybe so, but he looks more like a sexy woman every day," Randy mused. "His boobs are really growing. The way they look in those push up bras and low cut tops you make him wear, *wow!* His ass and legs are to kill for in a tight miniskirt and high heels. He really looks like a sexy woman since you got him those hair extensions. I could give him a whirl even though I know what's hidden in his silky panties."

"That's it!" Sue exclaimed. "That's what's missing. He needs to live as a woman with a man to make him appear to be more of a woman. I should have thought of this before! Take him home with you!"

"What the hell are you ranting about?" Randy asked, totally missing his sister's point.

"Don't you see?" she gushed excitedly. "Make him cook, clean, wash, iron, and whatever else you want him to do. Just make sure his clothes are perfect and that he looks and acts like a woman at all times.



“Now you be a good little ‘wife’ for my brother,” Sue taunted as Randy led Sam to his car. “Learn your girlie lessons well, so we will win the prize money.” Sam was thoroughly humiliated, but unable to stop as Randy urged him forward with a strong hand to his back.

After a few weeks, he should be so feminine he couldn't lose that million dollar prize. I can't believe I married such a sissy wimp!"

After a pause, Randy saw through his sister's ruse and accused, "Oh, no you don't! You just want to get him off your hands long enough for you to get laid."

"Maybe so, but look at the advantages for you. You get a housekeeper, a cook, a maid...or whatever else you want. You said he looked hot in a tight miniskirt, low cut blouse, high heels, and his makeup just so, didn't you? As your guest, so to speak, you could dictate his manner of dress to suit any whim or desire you might have. If he didn't have an outfit you want to see him wear, take him shopping. Have him model whatever you desire and charge it to the show."

"That sounds interesting. I never would have guessed that Sam could look like such a hot sexy woman. Before this sissy contest, he strutted around all confident and macho, but you broke his spirit when you had his mustache removed. He's as gentle as a kitten now."

"He was confident and macho and constantly looking to lure me into bed, even after he started wearing dresses, skirts, and silky lingerie," Sue sighed with a faraway look in her eyes. "I still can't believe how that little patch of hair made him so assertive, confident, and horny. Oh well, what's gone is gone. Back to my proposal, give it a try. Take him until the next show in two weeks. If it doesn't work out, I'll take him back. That'll give me time to find a hard stud to screw my brains out before I lose my mind."

"After a long moment to consider, Randy said, "Okay, but if it doesn't work out..."

"I promise, I promise! I'll take him back, no questions. I'll even take him to his daily salon treatments and supervise his feminine training while you work. All I ask is evenings and nights off to see to my *needs* with a real man. Who knows, you might even end up on *top* in this deal, if you know what I mean," she ended with a devious chuckle."

As the two couples sat in the anteroom awaiting the beginning of the show ending month five of the 'Dress or Consequences' challenge, one thing was glaringly different. Sam looked and moved like a beautiful woman!

"Wow, you look great," Dale gasped at seeing his opponent. He had all but given up on winning the contest after the previous month, and now, he was severely tempted to walk out before the show. "What did you do to look so much like a woman?"

Sam looked down and blushed, so Sue replied, "He got hair extensions and had his hair set in an attractive feminine style. He has been working hard to refine his feminine mannerisms, gestures, and makeup."

"His hard work is really paying dividends," Emily declared while thinking that her husband's chances of winning were fading fast. "Dale and I have been working on his femininity, but we haven't made nearly as much progress."

"Having my hair extensions attached was boring," Dale admitted. "How did you deal with that, Sam?"

Sam shifted nervously and adjusted his short skirt over his nylon clad thighs before answering, "I read women's magazines that had articles on hair and makeup styles, the latest fashion trends, and an advice column on how to seduce men. Sue said she would quiz me, so I had to learn as much as possible to avoid having another spanking on my panties. Concentrating on the articles made the time go faster."

"Your panties," Emily mused. "You speak of panties as though wearing them is right and proper for you. Do you like wearing panties?"

"No, but Sue has insisted on me wearing panties since day one," Sam blush. "She says I will more quickly feel like a woman and get into my role if I wear panties, bras, slips, camisoles, teddies, dresses, skirts, nylons, heels, and makeup full time. I have no choice."

"Not very assertive on your part," Emily observed. "Dale and I always discuss his feminine training. If my suggestions are too embarrassing, we discuss the merits of the issue. I never resort to force or intimidation to get him to look or behave a certain way. I love him too much. Like you, he has worn silky nylon panties and other feminine lingerie and outer wear full time since the beginning of the contest. Perhaps you should exhibit some of the macho bravado you showed previously."

"I can't," Sam sighed in shame. "You don't understand. Sue would..."

"Look at him!" Emily spoke to Sue in disgust. "Listen to him! When this challenge began, Sam was epitome of masculinity. He confidently strutted with arrogance and no doubts about his masculinity. Now, he's afraid to make a move on his own for fear of you warming his panties with that ruler you keep in your purse. He's the one making the sacrifice! Give him a break!"

"He's making the sacrifice?" Sue scoffed. "Since I made him have that ridiculous mustache removed, he's become a total wimp! He's so easy to manipulate that I got bored this month, not to mention *horny*. To solve both problems and to give him a perspective on the role of women, I sent him to live with my brother, Randy, two weeks ago. Now I have a real man in my bed and Sam is learning to be a real woman by living with Randy...as his wife, or whatever Randy wants."

"Sam agreed to that?" Dale gasped.

"I didn't hear one word of objection from him," Sue gloated while patting Sam on his nylon clad knee. "Still, the pleading look in his eyes spoke volumes as he hesitantly walked from our home at Randy's side. I'm afraid he made a spectacle of himself when he tried to climb up into Randy's monster truck in his tight skirt and heels. I didn't see his panties, but any neighbors watching got an eye full of his lace edged slip and bare skin above the tops of his nylons."

"How could you humiliate your husband so?" Emily gasped. "He put his masculinity on hold for six months to win

a million dollars and this is the way you treat him? You punish him if he doesn't spend every minute of every day learning to portray a woman, then you send him to live with your brother as his *wife* to perfect the image you demand!"

"You have to understand my plight," Sue explained. "I hadn't had sex in months and I was horny as a herd of bulls and about as ornery. I had to have relief! If that meant Sam had to cook and clean for Randy while looking his feminine best, that's tough."

"Cooking, cleaning, primping, and dressing nicely are only one aspect of married life," Emily observed. "What else does Randy expect from his *wife*?"

"He took me shopping and made me buy sexy lingerie," Sam blushed. "I had to try on and model red panties, matching push up bras with slight padding in the cups, waist cinch garter belt, a short nightie, red tinted nylons, a mid-thigh length see-through negligee, and bedroom slippers with four inch heels. When he was satisfied with my *look*, he bought me white and black sets in different designs but just as risqué. I feel like a whore whenever he makes me wear them, and that's almost every evening."

"I can attest to the way he looks, and he acts that way too," Sue chuckled. "I dropped by one evening, and Sam was wearing his bridal white ensemble. Randy was watching a ballgame while Sam gave him a lap dance. When I left, he was curled up on Randy's lap like a kitten with his hand inside my brother's pants. I don't know what happened after that, but I can guess." Sam's bright blush attested that his wife's words and insinuations were true.

Emily thought, 'As a result of that bitch's training, Sam is more beautiful and poised than most women. Dale may not stand a chance in this contest, but we can't quit now.'

"Are you ready to concede the million dollar prize to us?" Sue asked seeing doubt in Emily's eyes.

"No," Emily replied. "I just feel sorry that Dale has to wear dresses and practice being a woman for another month."

Sam could portray a beautiful self-assured woman without your being so cruel, you know.”

“Welcome to ‘Dress or Consequences’, the show that makes women of its men,” Merv Dresser greeted the audience. “We are at the end of our fifth month with only one month to go. Without further ado, let’s meet our contestants and their wives. First, let’s welcome Sam and his beautiful wife, Sue!”

Sam walked on the stage like a model, confidently placing one foot in front of the other, his hips swaying seductively with each step. Because of his strenuous training at the hands of Sue, and of late Randy, he looked like a stylish fashion model in a chic red silk cocktail dress with a flirty skirt that fell no lower than mid thigh, smoky nylon stockings, and red pumps with and four inch stiletto heels. His collar length hair was styled with large loose curls, and his perfectly applied makeup consisted of long mascara laden lashes, blue eyeshadow, dark eyeliner, blush high on his cheeks, and dark red lipstick that matched his long oval nails.

“Now for our number two contestant, Dale, and his loving wife, Emily, come on out!” Merv announced.

Dale’s overall appearance and feminine grace was much more polished and natural than the month before, showing the results of hours of practice. Still, he was nowhere nearly as feminine as Sam. His smile and the affection he shared with his wife were all that kept him in the competition.

Dale, looking very much the mid thirties cultured woman, was wearing a chic pinstripe business suit with a tight fitting top of the knee length skirt. His gold satin camisole gave him a very feminine flair, and he walked with poise and self confidence on his three inch heels. His blonde hair was nicely styled to compliment his chiseled facial features and perfectly blend with his makeup, bronze lipstick and matching nail polish. A double strand of pearls, pearl button earrings and a fashionable woman’s watch completed his *look*.

"With one month to go, I can see that both of our lovely contestants are working hard to win the million dollar prize," Merv said among cheers and catcalls from the audience.

Both men were slightly disturbed when the applause abated. They wondered what it was about their appearance that caused such a spirited reception. Each contestant confidently glided on his heels as he walked over to Merv. The applause resumed louder with a few wolf whistles thrown in for good measure. This was disturbing because neither man knew to whom the whistles were directed or if they were offered as compliments or as derisions.

"Wow, you two have found a lot of admirers amongst the studio audience," Merv Dresser chuckled.

Sam blushed at the inference, "I'm not sure whether those were whistles of admiration or scorn." A collective gasp arose from Merv and the audience. Sue's lips had a crooked smirk as Sam stammered, "What? What did I say?"

"Are there any other positives or negatives?"

"My chest is swollen, and it itches something terrible from wearing a bra all the time," Sam sighed. "Sue got lotion that stopped the itching, but the swelling is still there. I had hair extensions. I'm not used to having long hair and having to put it in curlers and sleep with them in every night. Also, wearing a bra, silky panties, slippers, dresses, skirts, high heels, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish has become routine."

"Sam's breasts are sore, he hates putting his hair in curlers and sleeping with them, and he's grown accustomed to wearing dresses and makeup. How about you, Dale? Is there anything that you want to share with us?"

"From the beginning, Emily and I have worked as a team," Dale assured. "She is very patient, encourages me to learn, and never gets angry. If it wasn't for her love, I could never have endured the rigors of this contest."

"If I may be so bold to ask, how is your sex life?"

"I'll answer that," Emily bubbled. "Our sex life couldn't be better. Working closely together on this project brought us closer together, not driven us apart. We are more in love than ever. Dale wears his silky nightgowns to bed in compliance with the contest rules, but he's all man where it counts."

Turning to Dale, Merv said, "You are making marvelous progress in improving your appearance and demeanor as a woman. Your face is soft and clear. Have you had complete laser electrolysis?"

"No," Dale answered in an alto voice. While not as fully feminine as Sam's voice, it was certainly a very passable feminine voice appropriate for a 30-something woman. "We removed the heavy scruff to make my stubble easier to conceal. Luckily my skin has responded nicely to my thinner beard and Emily's lotions."

"What lotions are you using, Emily?" Merv inquired.

"Just normal skin softeners and wrinkle removers available at high end boutiques," she replied. "Real women apply these lotions morning and night to make ourselves attractive, and now, so does Dale."

"Very good," Merv observed. "Representatives of 'Dress or Consequences' followed the two of you into the boutique where you purchased Dale's cosmetics. I am happy to report that everything he is using is well within the contest rules. I see Dale is dressed as a very fashionable working woman."

"We felt it best if he wear clothes appropriate for a successful woman his age to give him confidence in his role," Emily stated. "Personally, I think women in their thirties can be as chic, elegant, and beautiful as our younger and more modish counterparts."

"Okay, it is time for our contestants to parade before our panel," Merv announced. "This time our judges will question each man on issues regarding his feminine training and feelings about wearing dresses, soft silky lingerie, high heels, makeup, shaving their legs, and so on. Sam, as our leading contender, you are first!"

As Sam walked confidently over to the judge's stand atop his stiletto heels, he looked totally and undoubtedly feminine. His light silk skirt swirled merrily about his nylon clad thighs, and his hips swayed seductively with each step. His outward appearance, movements, gestures, and body language shouted *female*, causing the audience to gasp in awe at his acquired femininity. His inner anxiety was apparent by his nervous glances at Sue when he spoke. It was obvious that he wanted to avoid upsetting her at all costs.

Chapter 6 – The Winner is...

Everyone was nervous as the contestants waited for the start of the final show. This was the night when one couple would be declared winner of one million dollars and the other go home with nothing but memories. Both contestants had sacrificed to be competitive, but Sam, the person who sacrificed the most, seemed calm. He even had a slight smile on his ruby red lips instead of his perpetual frown.

Sue, who was the instigator of the drastic changes Sam had incurred during the past six months, seemed nervous. Instead of her confident swagger and sneer, she seemed genuinely concerned, like she had lost control.

Dale and Emily seemed almost calm, as if resigned to losing the contest after giving it everything they had. Emily sat close to Dale and held his hands to help him through this last appearance.

Who could blame them for being resigned to losing? Sam was drop dead gorgeous in his shimmering little black dress that exposed what looked like mature breasts and displayed killer legs perched on matching black four inch heels. His long raven hair flowed over his shoulders to rest lightly on his almost delicate appearing shoulders. His makeup was perfect with his thin brows, dark eyeliner, mascara, and blue eyeshadow highlighting large doe-like eyes, giving them a definite feminine *look*.

"You look lovely, Sam," Dale complimented.

"Thank you," Sam answered in his high lilting voice.

"Sam, you seem almost happy," Emily noted. "Did Sue let up on her training this past month?"

"I haven't seen hide or hair of Sam this past month," Sue snapped. "We agreed that he would continue living with my brother to tune his impersonation. I took him to Randy's the day after the last show, and tonight is the first time I've seen him since. Every time I visited, he was out doing something, and when I called, Randy would tell me that they were just leaving for a concert or such."

"Sam, you must be glad this is almost over so you can return to being a man again," Dale observed

"It will be nice to finish this competition," Sam smiled.

Just then the show started and they prepared themselves for entering the stage. Sam delicately smoothed his short cocktail dress and adjusted some curls about his ears, while Dale smoothed out his elegant floor length gown so it flowed about his high heels.

"Ladies and Gentlemen welcome to the final show of the year of 'Dress or Consequences,'" Merv announced. "Tonight's show has been expanded by one hour so we can bring you some special surprises. Later, we will crown the winner of the competition between Sam and Dale and present the million dollar check! For now though, let's give a warm welcome to our contestants and see what they've been up to this month."

Sam and Sue walked on stage closely followed by Dale and Emily. A hush came over the audience as the two couples took their places next to Merv. "Ladies and Gentlemen, let's hear it for Sam and Dale and their lovely wives," Merv continued.

The audience erupted in a thunderous applause as the two men rose from the sofa. Sam gave the audience a slight curtsey while Dale made a nice dip too. Wolf whistles erupted from various parts of the audience as the two men stood like models for everyone to see. Sam posed with one curvaceous leg extended like a model while Dale stood somewhat like a stone statue, still uncomfortable appearing before a national audience while dressed as a woman.

"Wow!" Merv finally interrupted. "The audience is amazed, as are we all, at the changes in the two of you. Neither of you resemble in the slightest the men that first graced our stage six months ago."

"Thank you," Sam cooed in his light soprano with a smile that unsettled Merv. This was followed by a similar 'thank you' from Dale in his very passable alto.

After settling back onto the sofa, Merv started the conversation by saying, "We have reached the final show. One of you will leave with a million dollars while the other will receive nothing. Let's talk with Dale and Emily first. Dale, how do you feel?"

"I feel nervous, Merv," Dale smiled as Emily held his hand. "It's been a difficult road. There were times when I was sure I'd be voted off the show because of my size, but with Emily's help, I am able to be here tonight."

"You sure have made the most of what you had to work with, Dale," Merv said. "And you, Sam, how do you feel?"

"I feel...fine, more like a woman than ever," Sam cooed in a soft feminine voice with a far-off look in his eyes."

"Well you look absolutely gorgeous! Nobody could ever detect you as a man. Are you counting the money you hope to win tonight?" Merv asked.

"Money? Oh, that would be nice, but it's not the most important thing in my life right now," Sam smiled.

"Not the most important?" Sue interrupted. "There's nothing more important than money! Just think of all the things I can buy and places I can go with a million dollars?"

"You two seem to be of different opinions. Didn't you spend the last month deciding how you will spend the money?" Merv asked.

"We haven't seen each other in a month," Sue spat gruffly.

"Not seen each other? What have you been doing to prepare for tonight?" Merv was aghast.

"I've had the most marvelous time," Sam smiled. "Every day was an adventure."

"Last month, you said that Randy was treating you like a maid, having you dress in slutty clothes, and generally treating you like trash. What changed, Sam?" Merv asked.

"Everything," Sam sighed. "Please call me Samantha."

"*Samantha?*" both Sue and Merv voiced simultaneously.

"Yes, that's the name Randy uses. I feel like Samantha," Sam smiled.

"Randy?" Sue gasped. "What does he have to do with anything? He's just a tool to prepare you for this contest."

"He has everything to do with it, Sue!" Sam growled, showing backbone towards his wife for the first time in six months. "For the first time since I started wearing dresses, I don't feel threatened or intimidated every minute of every day. Instead, I feel loved, cared for, and appreciated."

"He doesn't spank you?" Sue queried in a disbelieving tone. "You have become this happy June Cleaver housewife without direction and correction? I know my brother, and I know you! Who do you think you're kidding?"

"Oh, he spansks me, but in a loving way," Sam admitted with a blush. "He explains the things I should know and the way I should act without threats or coercion. I don't feel as though I'm walking on egg shells every minute of every day."

"Well, it must be working because you sure seem different, Sam...er...Samantha," Merv said while Sue looked on in disbelief. "Whatever happened this past month changed you from Mr. Grumpy in a dress to Miss Sunshine. You are smiling, something you haven't done since the start of the contest."

"Randy treated me like a lady," Sam sighed.

"What about acting like a maid, wearing slutty clothes, spankings when you disobeyed?" Sue asked.

Looking at his wife, Sam said, "Those were Sue's ideas to keep me under control. When she dropped me off four weeks ago, Randy suggested another approach more to his liking, one where I was treated with respect. He wined and dined me and treated me as a lady. He allowed me to choose the clothes I want to wear. In return, I slipped into doing the tasks normally performed by a wife. Before long, we were almost like husband and wife."

"Everything a wife would do?" Merv gasped.

"Well, almost everything," Sam smiled.

"Including being intimate with each other?"

"A lady doesn't tell," Sam sighed, "But yes, Randy and I have been intimate in our way. After all, a woman should show appreciation to her man when he treats her special."

Sue almost lost her cookies at this confession. "What! Just wait until I see that brother of mine!"

"Why wait, Sue?" Sam smiled. "Randy, will you please join me on stage?"

Randy walked confidently to where Sam sat, leaned over and gave him a peck on the cheek, and took a seat beside him. Sue nearly had a heart attack when Sam returned Randy's kiss. She had to move to make room for Randy on the couch, and now Sam was sandwiched between her on his right and Randy on his left.

Merv and the audience were completely taken back at this turn of events. Merv's eyes were as large as saucers and the audience was in an uproar. Dale and Emily were temporarily forgotten in the hubbub, but they too were completely flabbergasted.

Sue stared daggers at Randy as Merv prepared to enter the next part of the evening. How dare Randy intrude on this her night of triumph? She had done all the work, made all the sacrifices. She decided then and there that she wasn't going to share a penny of her winnings with her two-timing brother or her wimpy husband!

"All right!" Merv exclaimed. "Sam, Dale, and their wives will retire backstage to calm their nerves while our judges retire and make their decision. In the meantime, we have a special treat. Remember the four who were eliminated from our six semi-finalists? Two of them are here to tell us what happened to them over the past six months. Ladies and Gentlemen, it is my pleasure to present Patrick and Joe."

While the audience looked on in awe, a lovely teenage girl and a beautiful woman in her mid-twenties traipsed onto the stage. "Whoops, I must be mistaken," Merv stated, tongue in cheek. "I called for Patrick and Joe."

"My name used to be Patrick, but it's been legally changed to Patricia Anne. I also answer to Patti or Patsy," the blonde teenager answered in a high pitched trill.

"I was Joe, but now I'm Josie," the brunette replied in a soft feminine lilt.

As a gasp rose from the audience, Merv asked, "Are you two of the men eliminated from our semifinal competition six months ago?"

"I am for sure," Pat sighed in a girlish chime. His golden hair was in a cute ponytail held high by a white ribbon that flowed down his back. Looking like a teen queen, he wore a cute Kelly green polyester mini-dress with a high neckline, a wide see-through lace midriff and a skirt that swayed seductively about his smooth attractive nylon clad thighs with his every movement.

He walked confidently in silver pumps with slender three inch heels, giving him a self assured teen image. His complexion was peaches and cream with just enough makeup, eyeliner, mascara, gray eyeshadow, and lipstick to give him a fresh, radiant teen glow.

"What happened?" Merv asked. "You were free to go about your life as a man in trousers. How did you end up as a teeny bopper in dresses and skirts?"

"My former mother-in-law," Pat sighed, "refused to let me off the hook just because I was eliminated from the competition for this show. Instead, the opposite occurred. She said I had to prove that I was *worthy* to be in her will. I told her it wasn't my fault that I wasn't selected to compete, but she rejected that notion. She insisted that I prove myself by wearing a few feminine items from time to time. What you see is the result." Pat swept his soft feminine hand over his girlish outfit, pulling his flirty skirt to the side for emphasis.

"You said *former* mother-in-law," Merv observed. "Does that mean you are no longer married?"

"Yes," Pat sighed softly with a bright blush. "She made Kimberly and I get divorced, and I have to call her Mom."

"What kinds of feminine things did she want you to wear?"

"She wanted me to throw out my boxer and jockey briefs and wear panties exclusively." Pat admitted while continuing to blush. "When I reluctantly gave in, she goaded me into shaving my entire body and wearing nylon stockings, silky camisoles, and short half slips under my shirts and pants."

"That sounds like a direct assault on your masculinity," Merv declared. "How did you deal with that?"

"Mom has a substantial estate, and I guess I let dollar signs get in my eyes. As she explained it, if I had been chosen to compete on this show, I would have had to dress completely as a girl every day, not just wear a few silky under things."

"What did your wife think of you shaving your legs and wearing women's underwear?"

"She was against it from the start. When Mom said I should get a manicure and wear bright polish on my nails, Kimberly really got angry and stormed off to confront her mother. After a serious talk; however, they agreed that we should move in with her Mom to save money. When we moved in, her Mom was adamant that Kimberly sleep alone in her old room. When I objected, she said while we lived under her roof, we would abide by her rules. She would banish me from

her will if she caught me sneaking into Kimberley's room. Even though we were married, sex was out!"

"While helping me unpack in my room, Mom was pleased with the panties, slips, half slips, camisoles, and nylons I had purchased with Kimberly's help, but she flew off the handle when she saw two pairs of cotton jockey briefs I had squirreled away to wear in secret. While I thought of the irony of a man having to sneak around to wear men's underwear, she angrily ripped the jockeys to shreds. She ordered me to wear panties exclusively, and she expected total obedience if I was to have a place in her will. I only blushed in submission."

"The next day, Mom said I was to quit my job and stay home with her while she determined if I was worthy of a place in her will. I was reluctant at first, but that will had become too much of an issue in my mind for me to refuse. I was at her mercy, and within a week, she had me dressed as a teenage girl from the skin out. I've worn nothing but girl's teen styles since."

"We watched this show together every month, and she insisted that I practice the things and go through the same training as Sam and Dale. For instance, she made me practice softening and raising the pitch of my voice, had my beard removed by laser electrolysis and extensions attached to my hair. I had to practice walking, sitting, and standing in skirts and walking in heels in a tight skirt with a book on my head for hours. That was in addition to a very strict starvation diet."

Mom, who also had Kimberly under her thumb by then, made us get divorced and started treating each other as sisters. Her attorneys handled the matters and kept it hush-hush. Not long afterward, Mom started encouraging Kimberly to start dating, Warren, her boss and former fiancé. In my girlish circumstance, I was helpless to object for fear of being cut out of the will. As Mom reduced my apparent age, all I could do was become Kimberly's sixteen year old sister."

"I'll be her maiden of honor when she marries Warren next month. I'll wear this dreamy long pink silk gown. Kimberly says she feels like a young girl whose parents have arranged her marriage, but she is helpless to defy Mom. You see, Mom wanted her to marry Warren instead of me, and now, she's getting her wish. Of course, I'm now in her will."

"What's next for you?" Merv inquired. "I mean, what do you plan to do now that you're a teenage girl?"

"I attend St Catherine's School for Girls as a high school junior as is befitting my apparent age."

"What about boys?" Merv asked tongue in cheek.

Misunderstanding Merv's question, Patrick replied, "I know of three boys who attend St. Catherine's. I'm told there are several others. They wear uniforms with mid-thigh length pleated skirts, satin blouses, and girl's shoes with ugly and uncomfortable two inch blocked heels like me and the *other* girls. The boys also wear bras, panties, slips, light makeup lipstick, nail polish, and their ears must be pierced. Their legs have to be shaved, but the school doesn't allow us to wear nylons or higher heels except on special occasions."

"What do these boys think about attending a girl's school and having to wear skirts?"

"One of the boys is called Pricilla. Not only does he love wearing dresses and skirts, his greatest desire is to have sexual reassignment surgery and become a real girl. Another, Debbie, was raised as a girl from birth, his mother's scheme to keep him out of the military. He's never worn anything but dresses and skirts and wouldn't know how to act as a boy in pants if his life depended on it."

"The third, Sissi, hates every minute he's in a dress or skirt. He even detests having to write his girlish name, but the teachers insist it be written on every page in a neat feminine script. He ran away several times to escape his life in skirts, but his sister, who is his guardian, has him closely watched, and they always bring him back to her."

"She has his room decorated in pink and white, his bed has a lace canopy, his windows are adorned with matching curtains, and he sleeps between pink satin sheets. His closet contains many dresses and skirts, and his drawers are filled with bras, silky panties, slips, camisoles, nylons, and nighties. Knowing there is no escape from his strong-willed sister and her diabolical plan to turn him into a girl, he feels helpless and exploited. I sure know that feeling!"

"I was referring to boys in a different context, but your answer was more in accord with the theme of our show," Merv declared with a smile. "Thank you for your candor. Now Joe, you sure look different from the last time you were here. What happened during the past six months to give you such a hot feminine appearance?"

Joe was now a gorgeous brunette with his long hair layered in a cute feminine style that curled about his ears and onto his shoulders. He was wearing a fire engine red mini-dress featuring a tight low cut bodice revealing substantial cleavage and a form fitting mid-thigh length skirt. The entire dress was covered by a sheer red overlay that moved seductively and gave the illusion that something that should be hidden was being revealed.

His attractive legs were encased in sheer nylons, and he walked easily and naturally in red satin four inch pumps. He was wearing intense evening makeup, dark eyeliner, heavy mascara on long false lashes, deep blue eyeshadow, densely applied dark red lipstick, and matching nail polish. Elaborate ruby pendants hung from his pierced ears with ruby studs filling the other two holes. Most noticeable was a ruby pendant dangling from a gold chain that drew observing eyes to his stylishly exposed cleavage...as if his protruding mounds required a catalyst to attract attention!

"I was an up and coming young executive when my boss, Frank, approached me with a very interesting proposal," Joe admitted in a soft lilting voice. "At least, I thought it was intriguing at the time. The company was scheduled for an in-depth audit in three months and needed a female department

head to meet diversity standards in order to qualify for large lucrative contracts with the government."

"He said my appearance on this show gave him an idea. If I would agree to dress a woman until the audit, he would make me head of operations and give me a substantial salary increase. He would provide the clothes and support needed to help me succeed, and afterward, I could go back to dressing as a guy. Seeing dollar signs and unprecedented career advancement, I took him up on his offer. Since then, I've been known as Josephine, Josie to my friends."

"True to his word, Frank helped me in more ways than I could have imagined, and when the auditors arrived, I was completely passable as a woman. When we aced the audit and he got a lucrative contract, he reneged on his promise. Instead of a raise and a promotion, he demoted me to his administrative assistant, cut my pay forty percent, and said I would have to continue dressing as a female. When I protested, he said I could take his offer or leave with a no re-hire clause. I could never find another job without a positive recommendation, so I had no choice but to accept his terms."

"In my new position, I'm just a glorified secretary. Besides typing his letters, I fetch his coffee, run errands like pick up his laundry, and do menial office chores like filing, answering the phone, and making his appointments. He said he would help me in my new position, and before I knew it, he had the company doctor give me C-cup breast implants and charged the fee to employee education. I was learning alright, learning to be a lowly feminine secretary. I'm now his beckon call girl in short sexy skirts, low cut tops, and stilt heels."

"Still, he is aware that I know more about the day-to-day operations than he does. To make up for his lack of knowledge, he puts important calls on the speaker and has me mince about his office in my short skirt and heels with a book on my head to help my feminine poise. When he has to make a difficult decision, he mutes the speaker and asks my advice. So you see, I'm really running the company, but he's getting the credit and making the big bucks."

"Wow and double wow!" Merv gasped.

"That's not the worst of it," Josie admitted. "With me out of the management picture, the headhunters brought in Everett, or Ev, a young hotshot executive wannabe. Ev raised production and sales in his division, causing Frank to set him up like he did me."

"While going over a report with Ev one day, I noticed that he was wearing coral nail polish that matched his reddish hair and complexion. I didn't say anything, but I watched him closer in the days that followed. Gradually, he began wearing liquid foundation, blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, and lipstick that matched his nails. He also wore women's pants with a back or side zipper and no fly in front."

"One day, when he walked away from his desk, I saw he was wearing two inch pumps with open toes. Through the sheer fabric of his nylons, I could see that his toenails were polished to match his fingers. The day he wore his first skirt to work, he received a demotion and salary cut like I did. To make matters worse, he was told to answer to the name Eve and was assigned to be the secretary of Brent, the young punk 'yes man' Frank put in my old position as head of operations. He played college football until he flunked out. During his playing days, he passed betting tips to Frank, and now, he was being rewarded for his efforts."

"With Eve and me trying to get by on secretarial wages, we got a small two bedroom, one bath apartment together. We have to schedule our bathroom time carefully, especially in the mornings and apply our makeup in our rooms. As you might imagine that required adjustments, but out of necessity, we find a way to manage."

"Our apartment is a far cry from a typical dude's pad, because panties, bras, slips, camisoles, teddies, nighties, and nylons that we hand wash are hanging around to dry. No one sees them but the two of us unless the guys come over unexpectedly."

"The guys?"

"Frank and Brent pop in sometimes without calling. When that happens, Eve and I scurry about picking everything up, getting it out of sight, making sure we are dressed properly, and our hair and makeup are presentable. We don't want to risk a spanking for not looking our feminine best," Josie ended with fear and dread crossing his pretty features.

"They spank you?" Merv gasped in disbelief.

"Yes," Josie admitted with a blush. "We were watching this show together. I was sitting on Frank's lap with my skirt high on my thighs and Eve was on Brent's when Sam admitted that Sue spanked him to keep him focused on his feminine lessons. Hearing that, they exchanged glances and decided what was good for Sam was good for us. Without hesitation, they flipped us over and gave us a sound spanking on our panties with open palms then and there."

"Now, they spank us whenever they think we aren't projecting a proper feminine image, sometimes even in the office! Can you imagine how we feel standing in the corner with our skirts at our waist after a severe spanking while they go about their business on the phone and computer? I fear they'll put us on display before some bureaucrat or army general. It hasn't happened yet, but we fear it's just a matter of time. Just so you know, I'll be severely punished in some painful and embarrassing manner if I don't do and say everything perfectly here tonight like I was told."

"Wow!" Merv exclaimed in disbelief. "Where are Frank and Brent now?"

"They're in the audience there...on the third row with Eve. They escorted us here tonight."

All right!" Merv exclaimed. "Frank, Brent, and Eve, come up here with Josie and take a bow."

When the trio stood up, Frank and Brent were wearing jackets and ties with neat closely cropped hair in the popular image of the all-American boy. Frank was six feet tall with a chiseled face and athletic build. Brent, the former football player, was six foot six with broad shoulders and narrow hips.

The collective mouths of the audience dropped open when they saw Eve! He was wearing a form-fitting black leather micro miniskirt that was so short as to barely be within the range of decency and a black satin cami top that modishly bared his bra straps and several inches of midriff to reveal a jeweled navel ring. His long attractive legs were clad in smoky nylons and were further enhanced by black knee boots with five inch stiletto heels.

His flaming red hair was curled, layered and falling onto and caressing his freckled shoulders. Bronze shades of foundation, gloss enhanced lipstick and nail polish, and green eyeshadow complimented his facial coloring. Elaborate hoop earrings and an intricate necklace gave him a hot glamorous *look*. He had to hold onto Brent's arm to keep from losing his balance in his stilt heels as they negotiated the steps up to the stage amid wolf whistles, catcalls, and flashing cameras.

Frank greeted Josie, with an affectionate kiss, and said, "You're beautiful, babe. I know you were nervous about coming here tonight, but except for a few slip-ups, you did great."

Merv observed Josie with what appeared to be a happy smile as Frank held him close with his arm about his waist. Eve, the once bold, aggressive, confident rising young executive, was standing close to Brent holding onto his huge arm with both of his for support and security like a docile, subservient, and dependent female in his revealing, yet stylish, ensemble. "What's next for this group?" Merv asked.

"Overall, I guess things are working out as well as could be expected under the circumstances," Josie sighed. "Eve is getting his breast implants next week and will be in the hospital a few days. Since Brent insisted on him being a D-Cup, we won't be getting our bras mixed up when they are hanging around our tiny apartment to dry. On a personal note, I don't wish to be disrespectful, but all things considered, I wish I had never heard of this damn show!"

Hearing that, Frank removed his arm from Josie's waist and swatted him hard on his posterior with his open palm.

Glaring into Josie's eyes, he snarled, "That smart mouth just earned you an attitude adjustment session across my lap with your skirt at your waist, young lady! In the meantime, do what you do best...smile and look gorgeous." As an expression of fear, worry, and dread crossed Josie's pretty feminine features, he forced an uncertain smile onto his full red lips.

"Ladies, thank you for sharing your experiences of the past six months with us and allowing our audience see that they couldn't have gone wrong had they selected you," Merv declared as Patricia, Josie, and the others exited the stage. "On the other hand, you didn't go wrong by choosing our two finalists! Now for the moment you've been awaiting. Our contestants will take one last walk before the judges who will shortly announce the winner. The first to take his final walk is Sam. Come on out!"

Sam gracefully entered the stage and slinked to the judge's table, carefully placing one high heel in front of the other while seductively swaying his hips. His walk was a lesson in feminine grace and beauty. He smiled at the judges for the first time in the contest, batted his long lashes, twirled to make his short cocktail dress float up slightly to expose the lacy hem of his slip, and repeated his walk back to Merv. A uniform sound of awe rose from the audience as his performance was elegant, feminine, and sexy.

"Wow!" Merv coughed. "Okay, Dale, it's your turn."

Dale knew in his heart of hearts that he could never match Sam's routine. However, with determination to finish this competition by doing his very best, he walked over to the judges as elegantly and gracefully as he could manage. His walk was pleasingly feminine, but it wasn't nearly as sexy as Sam's. He had a slight sway to his hips and properly placed each foot in front of the other. His long form fitting gown didn't allow him to display his legs like Sam had but neither did he allow it to interfere with his feminine gait. He smiled at the judges as he had done in the past, twirled, and strode back to Merv and Sam.

"Nicely done, Dale," Merv complimented. "Now, while the judges review their final tally and confer with one another, you will each reflect on your experiences during the past six months. Dale, what is the most important lesson you have learned during this competition?"

Dale stood silently for a few seconds before saying, "I've learned that Emily and I can accomplish anything working together. At the beginning of this contest, I didn't think I could get past month one, but together we were able to perform the necessary feats required to stay competitive in spite of my physical disadvantages. Win or lose, I will remember this lesson, and I will have my loving wife by my side to love and support me in the future no matter what."

The audience erupted in applause of support for Dale's heartfelt answer. "Well spoken, Dale," Merv said as the applause subsided. "Now, Sam, it's your turn to answer the same question."

Sam took a few seconds to decide on an answer. Obviously he couldn't say the same things as Dale because everyone knew it wasn't true. He never had the loving support of Sue. How could he answer? Finally he said, "My experiences were completely different from Dale's. These six months have been hell on earth for me as I tried to meet Sue's expectations and requirements. I was happy being a man and never had a desire to look, dress, or act in a feminine manner. Despite myself, as the months passed, I knew I was becoming more and more feminine. The mirror doesn't lie. What I didn't expect to happen was that I would become feminine in mind as well as body. No matter how hard I tried to resist, my feelings and emotions became feminine."

"I was completely humiliated when I had to move in with Randy. Then this past month, he started treating me as his wife. I loved being wined and dined as a lady! I relished being treated like a princess. I loved being his wife. To my complete surprise, I realized I had found my soul mate. My name is now Samantha. Sue would not take my last name when we married, but I would gladly take Randy's if asked."

"The lesson I learned is that even during times of great distress, you should not lose heart because you may find a treasure just around the next corner that will turn your whole life around," Sam gestured for Randy to join him on stage. Randy readily complied, taking Sam's hand in his and giving him a kiss on his cheek.

Sue nearly fainted! Her mouth was wide open, she was gasping for air, and her face was beet red at the humiliation being heaped upon her. Merv was wide-eyed and at a loss for words. The audience erupted in a collective gasp, and then sporadic clapping turned into a standing ovation of approval.

"It's time to announce our winner," Merv announced. "After six long, grueling months, it's time to see which couple will win the million dollars, Dale and Emily or Sam and...uh...Sue...or is it Samantha and Randy?"

"It's Sam and Sue!" Sue growled while Randy reassuringly held one arm around Sam's waist and his delicate feminine hand in his other calloused masculine hand. Raging on the outside, Sue was secretly plotting to grab all the money for herself when she divorced Sam. She hadn't told him that she had found someone that satisfied her more than he ever did. She was just waiting until the contest was over, so she had a rightful claim on the prize money.

Tension hung heavy in the air as the chief judge handed an envelope to Merv. "Each couple will please stand on either side of me?" Merv asked. Dale and Emily took a position to Merv's right side while Sam and Sue took a similar position to his left. Randy stood directly behind Sam and held him about his waist. To Sue's complete irritation, Sam leaned back into her brother's arms.

Merv opened the envelope and read the judge's decision. "Well, if this isn't a surprise," he gasped. "The winner of the 'Dress or Consequences' one million dollars is...Dale!"

A huge gasp rose from the audience at the announcement only slightly louder than the gasp from Dale and Emily...and

Sue! Emily immediately gave her husband a hug and Dale gave her a deep kiss not caring that their lipsticks were intermingling and smeared! "See, honey, I told you we could win if we worked together," Emily gushed.

"What!" Sue cried. "That can't be right! Sam is much more feminine than that...that clown in a dress!"

Emily turned on her like a cat after a bird. "What did you say, bitch?" she growled. "My husband is NOT a clown! He is a man who has successfully learned to pass as a woman in the real world, but first and foremost, he is a MAN! So keep your big mouth shut, dearie, or I'll put my fist through it!"

Sue, visibly shaken by Emily's attack, stepped back a few feet from Merv and the contestants, leaving Sam standing beside Randy who was holding his hand for support.

Merv continued, "The judge's decision is final. In the words of the panel of judges, the decision was difficult considering how feminine Sam has become. They say that Sam has certainly become the more feminine of the two, but the loving support and cooperation between Dale and Emily swayed the decision in their favor. This contest is not merely a contest about which contestant can become the most feminine, but more important, it is a contest on how the couple work together to achieve their goals."

Sam didn't seem particularly upset by the outcome. He held his hand out to Dale and they shared a feminine embrace. Sam congratulated Dale for winning fair and square, and Dale thanked Sam for his generous statement. Dale's hand seemed huge compared to Sam's, even though they were both men.

Merv turned to Sam, "There can be only one winner. I'm sorry! Obviously you have put so much of yourself into this contest. It's unbelievable how feminine you have become in six short months."

"It's okay," Sam cooed in his completely feminine voice. "This contest gave me something more valuable than money. I found Randy, and that is more than enough for me. As far as



"The winner is...Dale!" Merv announced much to the astonishment of the audience and the dismay of Sue. Samantha and Randy stood behind as the winning couple received their prize, a calm contented look on Samantha's face. She had won the most important prize in the end.

I'm concerned, the better couple won. Anyway, Randy is rich, so money isn't an issue." Sam smiled and gave Randy a deep tongue probing kiss.

"I take it that you aren't returning to being a man, Samantha," Merv said.

"Gawd no!" Samantha cooed. "Randy and I are leaving on a three week vacation next week, than I'm settling into our home to live the rest of my life as the woman I've become."

Turning to Dale and Emily, Merv asked, "How about you, Dale, are you returning to dressing as a man?"

"I am a man, Merv, and Emily wants a man around the house, not just in bed. Yes, I plan on dressing as a man."

"He has tons of the most feminine clothes," Emily said, "and I hope that they will be well used in the future. I can think of lots of ways that we can celebrate winning this contest as two women or as man and wife!"

"Thanks dear," Dale kissed her on her cheek. "I'm sure that can be arranged."

Sue was completely forgotten and she slinked off-stage with a withering frown on her face. Whatever became of her is not known by this storyteller.

Samantha and Randy stepped back to allow the winners to bask in the glory of a well deserved win. They held one another close, knowing they had won as well.

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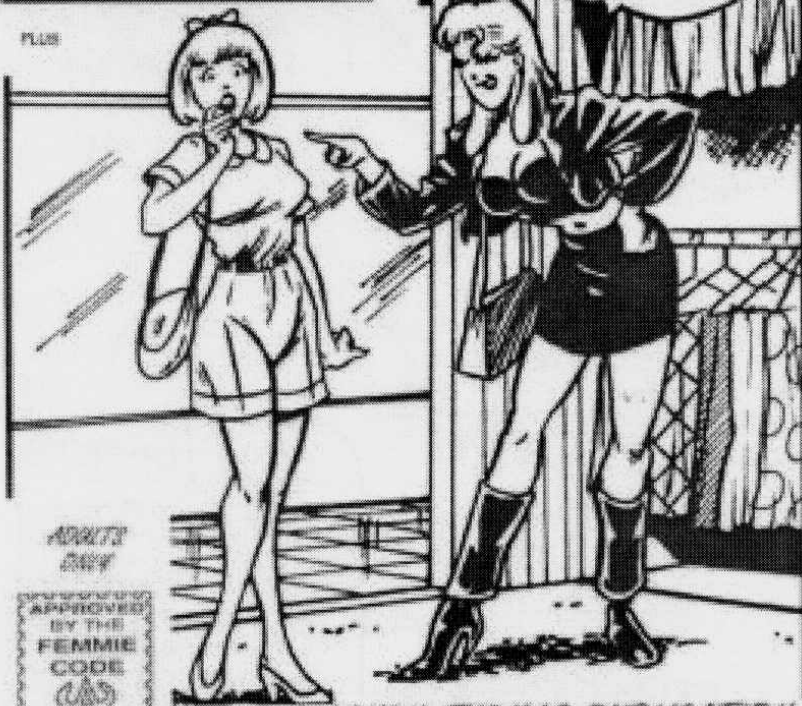


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