

GIRLFRIENDS

TV FICTION

"DRESSING DOWN!"



CORY HAD A BEAUTIFUL WIFE,
GREAT JOB, AND MONEY...
SO WHY WAS EVERYTHING
SO MIXED UP?

VOLUME NINE

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TV FICTION

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DRESSING DOWN!

By YDNAS

Illustrations by Gabi

Published by
SANDY THOMAS ADV.
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DRESSING DOWN!

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QUOTE BOARD

Life should not be a journey to the grave with the intention of arriving safely in an attractive and well-preserved body, but rather to skid in sideways, martini in one hand - strawberries in the other, body thoroughly used up, totally worn out and screaming WOO HOO - What a Ride!

DRESSING DOWN!

By YDNAS

Cory had moved into Janet's luxury apartment right after they were married. It overlooked most of San Francisco and was large, airy, and light. Janet had decorated it after college in an oasis of pale pinks highlighted with white. The rest was done in pastel yellow, green, and blue flower prints and other fresh bright colors.

Janet's father was rich--very rich. The walls were covered in fine wallpapers; the long, tied-back draperies were lacy with matching valances. It was fancy and feminine but undeniably classy. There were antique glass lamps, fresh flowers in crystal vases on antique tables and silk cushions scattered on the velvet sofa.

It was a cheerful, happy apartment in the best part of town. Obviously, this was a better place to live than most newlyweds but Janet's father owned the building...actually his family trust owned it.

Janet's father didn't like Cory. He wasn't the man that they hoped she would marry. Was he after the family fortune? No, he was just not of her family's social and economic class. Their hope...maybe it wouldn't last.

But Janet's demeanor was less tranquil as she paced back and forth waiting for her husband to come home from work. "Damn, where is he? It's late!" She paced to look at the grandmother clock next to the fireplace then sat down and flipped through a fashion magazine then threw it across the room. She was unaccustomed to such flagrant displays of emotion. She was usually un-

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der control of all situations.

She closed her eyes, attempting to calm herself in readiness for Cory's arrival. She waited and waited until she heard him at the door. It made her jump.

"I was worried," she said running to him.

"I'm sorry darling," he said taking off his coat. "It was a very busy night. Several big parties just wouldn't leave. I tried to call but there was always someone on the phone."

"I just missed you!" she interrupted. "Let me fix you something."

"Nothing for me," Cory said, "I'm bushed."

"How about a glass of warm milk?"

Cory sat down on the couch and kicked off his shoes, flexing his toes. He yelled to Janet, "Guess what? A magazine wants to put me on their cover."

"Oh? What magazine?"

"LIKE A WOMAN."

"I thought you didn't want to do those kind of magazines?" Janet asked as she served him the milk.

"I didn't but it's very classy. It would help my career."

Janet was a little hostile, "We don't need the money...I wish you'd stay home with me..."

As usual the moment Cory began to undress, Janet's eyes were riveted on him getting undressed. She found herself staring in astonishment as she thought, "He looks so real." Most female impersonators were caricatures of women. Not Cory. He was almost too feminine to be believed as an impersonator."

Only Janet's inbred good manners prevented her from displaying her inner thoughts. Cory walked with an easy swinging grace across to the closet. He was twenty-eight but looked more like twenty-one. His street clothes, the ones he wore home from the club were

classy and sophisticated. More like a female lawyer than a "queen." But that was the idea. Fewer problems that way. He had on a black wool crepe skirt and silk blouse with dolman sleeves. He undressed and hung the outfit up with care.

Janet was already in bed as she watched her husband. The tranquility of the late hour and security of being home was like a tranquilizer to Cory. The intensity of the stage lights and the heat of the stage wired him--particularly so on a busy night. He struggled out of a full slip and put it in the laundry hamper.

Seating himself at the dressing table, Cory removed the tiresome wig. As he did, he experienced a lovely sense of freedom. He unpinned his own long hair and shook it loose. He had let his own hair grow and it was now long enough for the street but not for a "glam" look on stage. They wanted a more sensational guise at work. He ran a silver-backed brush through his hair several times until it gleamed then he tied it back with a white cotton bandana so he could cream off the heavy stage makeup. Then into the bathroom to wash his face, clean his teeth, gargle, put lotion on dry spots...his nightly ritual. Janet hated this waiting for him.

It was Cory who broke the silence. "Would you help me with my eyebrows tomorrow?" he asked softly.

Janet's gaze was open and friendly as she watched her husband pluck a few eyebrow hairs. "Sure," she said, "but I think you should go back to that electrologist on Union. She really opened up your eyes."

Janet was aware of her own startling beauty and wasn't threatened by Cory's. Her lack of jealousy was one of Janet's best characteristics. I guess when one grew up with everything, one was not jealous of what anyone else has, including looks.

She said to Cory, "You look lovely. Why don't you

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put on your baby doll night gown?"

"I'm pretty tired," Cory said, knowing what his wife meant.

Janet grinned. It was her most sexy and teasing smile. "Com' on, I know it's late but I've been waiting for you. It's Sunday tomorrow. We can sleep late."

Cory nodded in agreement and put on the white baby doll nightgown. The gown had two layers of sheer nylon. The under layer was scalloped in front so it doesn't show below the top layer. The top layer was ruffled at the hem and caught in the front with two large peach satin ribbon bows. There were ruffles around the neck and arms.

Cory made no comment as he climbed into the big four-poster bed. Janet stretched out her hand and pulled Cory towards her and she found herself looking into the most extraordinary face she had ever seen. Her husband was lovely, breathtakingly so. His eyes, light blue, were a unique shade of turquoise; and his highly arched eyebrows gave his eyes that feminine, deeply socketed appearance—large and fringed with long, silky black lashes.

"I love you," she whispered her hands running over the silky nylon of his nightgown.

"I love you, too."

Up close and without makeup, his face looked even more girlish and young. His oval face was perfectly balanced: a smooth brow, a small straight nose, high cheekbones above hollow cheeks, and a rounded chin. His long, rich, dark chestnut hair was parted in the center and cascaded in glossy waves well below his ears in a long bob. Yes, it was like making love to another woman but Janet didn't mind.

She loved kissing his fine white skin and full mouth

even when painted with the brightest of red lipstick. It seemed all the more fun.

Kissing him very tenderly, she murmured to Cory, "My sweet, sweet baby. You are all mine, aren't you?"

"Oh yes, darling, I am," he replied as Janet's kisses became more passionate and pressing.



"I'm pretty tired," Cory said, knowing what his wife wanted.

SUNDAY...

The next morning Cory said, "Sorry I was so tired last night." He felt his cheeks grow red as he remembered their attempt at lovemaking. I feel so self-consciousness lately."

"I loved everything you did," Janet laughed. "That nightgown brings out the 'lady' in you."

He blushed. "I was so tired..."

"Shhh!" she said, "I love it when my pretty girl makes love to me. By the way, it's my turn to pick where we're going for dinner, right?"

Each Sunday, it was the other's turn to figure out a fancy place for dinner. Since Cory worked at the club six days a week, it was their only evening together.

"Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise," she giggled.

"If you want, I'll put on a shirt and tie."

"A dress is perfectly fine and THAT dress looks divine on you," Janet said, as they both got ready to go to the ritual Sunday brunch with Janet's family at the Hopkins.

Smiling, Cory turned to look at himself again in the full-length mirror. He had only been wearing a dress on Sundays for about a month now. It was his day off from the club and that HAD meant giving his wife a husband for a day. But about a month ago, after being called "Miss" even when he was wearing boy clothes, Janet said, "I don't know if it's the hair or eyebrows or what but even I am seeing you as more of a girl than a boy."

That depressed Cory for about a week. He kept saying to Janet, "You deserve a husband. If you want, I'll quit the club."

"But the club makes you so happy." Slowly and with deliberation, Janet reviewed their options, carefully weighing and analyzing all that had happened. Janet did not want anything to disrupt or threaten her orderly

and contented life...even if her husband had to wear a dress all the time. She enjoyed their life, even the evenings home alone where she could read and take care of herself. No, Cory could simply wear a dress all the time. Her father could just be embarrassed—she didn't care. This was her life, not his.

A sigh of deep confusion escaped Cory's lips when she told him that he looked "bad" as a man. They were once so very close....more like a husband and wife. Since they were married, Cory had succeeded in achieving his goal as a female impersonator but was losing his confidence as a man and as a husband.

Janet and Cory both wore dresses suitable for a fancy Sunday brunch at a five star hotel. Both dresses were conservative but with close-fitting bodices and low scooped-out necklines but long sleeves. Both looked elegant and both expected to be called "miss". But deep inside, when it came to the way Janet's father looked at him, he'd rather be called "sir" and wear horribly dull male clothes.

At brunch, Janet was smiling when the waiter called her husband "Miss" in front of her father. He barely flinched anymore but that eye twitch was getting worse.

Janet's father was an innovator in business and did things his way. In some ways he was a great man, able, self-dependent, self-educated (though he had been to Yale) and clear-headed; he had no moral illusions about business. Some called him ruthless...but that was business. He could be brilliantly sophisticated and hopelessly naive with a sentimental heart. He was conservative in his tastes yet sometimes entertained San Francisco's most flagrant outcasts.

Perhaps that is where Janet got her independence?

She loved thinking about that first brunch when she introduced her family to Cory. Her mother, father and

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older brothers and their wives all thought he was just another of the endless stream of Janet's suitors...each one obviously picked to "shock father." Cory was not her first engagement. She was engaged to a professional basketball player for a few months. There was the Asian from Hong Kong who spoke no English. And others...many others.

Actually her family had liked the soft-spoken young man with long hair. Several reasons. One, for sure it couldn't last. Two, he was educated. Three, it had no chance of lasting.

Then came the engagement. Her father hired a private investigator—just to make sure his sweet daughter wouldn't be hurt (and to have dirt on his future son-in-law). The dirt was shocking all right. Pictures of his future son-in-law all dressed up in a gown and blonde wig doing Marilyn. More shocking, Janet was in the front row, encouraging him!

By now, everyone was used to seeing Cory in a dress. Perhaps it was less embarrassing.

While Janet's father had many reservations, her mother could see that she was happy. After a few shopping trips, she began to see the rewards in having a son-in-law who knew where to find a great pair of high heels!

Now over Brunch, the men sat and talked about the family business, the women, including Cory, sat and talked of clothes, fashion and home decorations.

The first family function where the men ignored Cory and sent him to sit with the women, almost made him cry.

Janet's mother came over and comforted him. She said softly, "You are more like one of us now. Let the men have their silly cigars and tough talk."

Cory moaned.

“Honey,” she said, “Our circle of women REALLY make all the important decisions. We just let the ones wearing pants think they run things.”



Even dressed as a man, Janet's parents didn't approve of Cory. He wasn't son-in-law material!

One part of Cory hated being sent into the kitchen with the women while the men sat around like kings and either watched sports or talked about the family business. Cory knew he had taken on more than the dress of a woman. His body was more like the women now and his emotions were controlled by the moon's 28 day cycle.”

“I wish I could be a man again,” Cory moaned on the way home from Janet's parents. “Maybe your father would give me some respect?”

“He might have...before you had breasts, my dear,”

she laughed. "Two things. Going without a top at the beach and getting respect from my father are OUT for you. Look at my mother and me...he's from the world where those without breasts rule. Or think they do."

Cory moaned. Hiding his womanly contours was no longer an option.

Janet said, "Cory, Honey. The women of our family have offered you a place with us. Even my mother considers you a part of our family's circle of women. Just don't show any shock at what we talk about...women talk about sex and men a lot too."

"Aren't they all married?"

Janet laughed. "Oh, we'll talk about bras, tampons, and hairstyles but you are going to hear about 'hot' guys. I think my mother has a crush on a tennis instructor at the club."

"She's not 'doing it'?" Cory gasped.

"Heaven's no," she giggled. "But all women get crushes on men. Men that make our nipples turn into tight little knots." Janet was blunt. "Look, with breasts, you can't hide all your feelings!"

Cory blushed. He sometimes tried to deny and not express his femininity freely. He did enjoy the feel of hands on his breasts that weren't his own.

Janet stated, "Just because you weren't raised as a young girl with other women...doesn't mean you don't now share the same feelings."

Cory remembered their wedding. It had been so embarrassing. Many of Janet's family members gave him feminine gifts. "I think they are just making fun of me," Cory stated.

"No honey," Janet said softly. "They just knew you'd get more use out of a garter belt and hose set than a cordless drill. My family is very practical minded. They hate wasting money."

They were right...



“They just knew you’d get more use out of a garter belt and hose set than a cordless drill. My family is very practical minded,” Janet stated.

SKIRT WEARIND DAYS...

Cory remembered that day well. His days of skirt watching were over and skirt wearing began for real.

Janet could be so forceful, like her father. One day, when he came home from work at the club, all his male clothes were simply gone.

He started to make a scene. "You need to ask me!" Cory started to rave.

"Why?" she answered. "Look at you." Cory was particularly gorgeous that night - all in red, and that was definitely his best color. He was wearing an open, short-waisted jacket (the kind that is actually too small to close, a bolero jacket) with a tight three-quarter sleeve. He had on a silky white, high-necked blouse that fit tightly. He was also wearing black high-heeled pumps, nude nylons, and likely the shortest skirt that could still be called conservative. It came down several inches above his knee.

"I might have to be a man sometimes. And your family?"

"You look better this way," Janet said. "We all think you look better this way."

He moaned and walked into the bathroom. She watched his bottom and hips. The skirt was so tight that he could only walk in very short steps, which exaggerated the sway of his girlish backside.

"So how was your night?" Janet asked

"Tonight was a big bachelor party. You know, big shots all being macho and above us little sissies on stage."

"I bet you converted a few of them tonight." Janet giggled.

Cory laughed, "Yeah, two of them left me their business cards."

The next morning, he was shocked again at seeing no male clothes in his closet. "You didn't save me anything?" he asked.

"NOTHING!" Janet giggled. "It was mother's idea. When I told her that some of the other boys dressed as girls all the time, she suggested that might really help you too."

Cory moaned. "So what about Sunday Brunch?"

"You'll wear a dress like the rest of us. Even my father thought it was a good idea..."

"Oh sure. Your father thinks it's a good idea I start wearing dresses?"

"So much so that mother is coming over and we are all going shopping!"

Within a month, Cory had gotten used to wearing dresses all the time. It was actually quite appropriate and liberating not hiding his girlish behavior. It seemed to make work even easier.

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Cory's days of skirt watching were over and skirt-wearing days began for real.

DRESSING UP....OR WAS IT DOWN?

Seeing that Cory was now wearing dresses full time, his doctor increased his estrogen and added an anti-testosterone. He had many of the boys at the club as patients and loved helping them evolve.

"Strike while the iron is hot," he'd say. His method of feminization meant putting maximum female hormones into the body and reducing male hormones to female levels. He felt the quicker that was done, the more effective the process.

He had seen many feminine boys come and go. Some wanted to take it slow...ease into being girls. Try it out.

This doctor felt differently. If the boy was slight, feminine and looked good in a dress, this doctor thought the first step should be drastic and decisive...chemical castration. The whole gender change process is so time-consuming, and the only way to economize is by doing things as efficiently as possible. Putting female hormones into the body while the male hormone is still present causes much of the female hormones to be wasted and is certainly not economical or efficient. High levels of "hormones at war" are not healthy. He felt that getting rid of the male hormones must be done at some point anyway to make the boys truly feel like girls. He'd say, "Can you imagine how crazy a pretty young girl would be with testosterone flowing? If they want to be a girl...It's my job to make them feel like a girl, quick!"

He wanted the boys to make a firm and irreversible decision or why start?

Cory had seen the doctor in action...

BACKSTAGE AT THE CLUB...

Back in the dressing room, each boy had a little table with bright lights and a place to hang their dresses.

Between acts, Cory would wear a short, black silk dressing gown with an oriental floral design and a pair of black lace bikini panties.

When the show is on, backstage was no place to be modest. Everyone was in a different stage. One could tell that a few of the boys were still shy showing their breasts or lack of them. As professionals, every boy by now was an expert in tucking and wearing panties. That was where everyone looked first! Every boy's panties were totally smooth and fitting properly. Some looked better in panties than others.

Several times a week, they would have an open auditions where hopefuls could try out for the show.

Cory remembered his audition years ago. It seemed like a long time ago but it wasn't. His mother, rest her soul, was there to help him with his dress. It was a tight sequined dress that was impossible to zip up the back. Cory felt light-headed and weak in his nyloned legs. "Oh mom!" he moaned, "I don't have a chance of getting a job here. Look at these guys!"

"Are you kidding?" she whispered, "You are as much girl as any one here. You just have to get the right attitude. Did you take your hormone pill today?"

Cory nodded. He was already feeling soreness in his nipples. They were swelling out there and the new sensations could be irritating. Their shape was now noticeable beneath pull-over t-shirts and they sometimes jiggled flippantly with sudden movements.

He looked over at one of the boys in the show who had taken off his robe and was slipping into his first outfit. Devin was perfect!

In only panties, he gracefully stepped into his dress

with a built in bra. His skin was soft and smooth like a baby's and pure white. His breasts were firm, white and round, more than a full handful each. They moved and bobbed gently as he struggled into the dress which accented his hips making them even more shapely than they really were.

Devin saw Cory staring and he smiled. "Kid, I'll get you set up with my doctor..."

His mother zipped up the dress and the top was so tight that it creates a nice cleavage. Cory slips into some stiletto heels, gaining a few inches instantly then sighs and turns towards the mirror then out on the stage.

Cory got the job. Cocktail waitressing at first with an occasional showcase on stage. That was how everyone started! Cory's mother began helping him organize a "stage wardrobe" and rehearse show numbers.

MEETING JANET....

Cory liked being a cocktail waitress almost as much as being on stage. He usually got propositioned at least a few times a day by men who were in town for a night or two and wanted something *different*.

In some ways, Janet fell in love with Cory the moment she saw him. It was a slow Sunday night and raining. She was there with her latest "love" but it was on its last lap. It must have been destiny. Cory noticed Janet too. He noticed her black leather raincoat. He could tell it was expensive. She smiled at him in a way that had an arousing affect and he returned the smile.

Janet was caught off guard by the contact and felt her heart skip a beat or two as she took in the boy's beauty. "You are very pretty," she said to Cory.

"Thank you," he said, "I try!"

Cory's face belonged to a woman. He had big eyes, high cheekbones, a nose that was perfectly shaped for

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such a lovely face. His hair was light brown with blondish highlights streaking through it, stylishly cut, and hung to his shoulders. He was in the cocktail uniform, a white blouse, and a black pleated skirt that displayed a great deal of upper thigh, black sheer pantyhose, and black stiletto-heeled shoes.

Janet judged him to be about her height, and not weighing much more. She looked for some maleness. She noticed he had long slender fingers with stylish nails that were painted pink.

Cory realized that Janet was staring and said, "Do you need anything else?"

"I'm sorry," Janet said. "It's just that you look exactly like a woman."

"Thank you again," Cory giggled.

Later when her boyfriend was in the bathroom, she called Cory over and asked, "Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"Yes, I do," Cory laughed. "When I take these heels off each night, I LOVE the first sight of my toes!"

Janet laughed, she understood. That night when her boyfriend made love to her, all she could think about was Cory. The next morning, she dumped the guy.

The next week, Janet was back in the club. After most everyone had left, she got Cory alone and asked, "Do you like women?"

"So much that I dress like one!" Cory had stock answers for every line.

Janet thought for a second. How does a woman pick up a guy who's dressed like a woman?

"I saw the perfect dress for you!" Janet said, surprising even herself. "Do you know where the Agua Restaurant is? Let's meet there for lunch and go shopping for dresses?"

"As a boy or girl?" Cory asked.

"Girl, silly. You can't very well try on dresses as a guy, can you? So, are we on for shopping?"

As they say, the rest is history. Cory moved into Janet's apartment a month later, and they were married several months after that. Cory wore a tuxedo for the ceremony but on their wedding night, Janet insisted that they wear matching white nightgowns to set the structure for how their marriage would be.

The next day, one saw two elegant women leave the wedding hotel for the airport. Both were wearing tailor-designed, yet sexy, two-piece business outfits. Cory's had a dark navy blue skirt that flared out from the hips and stopped about two inches above his knees. Janet was the same only in gray.

Janet wanted to play the part of professional businesswomen going on a vacation trip. She watched the movement of her husband's hips as he climbed into the limousine and felt herself becoming aroused. That was what one wanted from a honeymoon in Maui! Two wonderful weeks swimming in the ocean, showing off better than average figures in designer swimsuits. As the two gals danced the night away, who would have guessed they were on their honeymoon.

LIFE AS TWO GIRLS...

"It was easier when I dressed as a guy," Cory moaned. Even though they both wore diamond wedding rings, the two attractive women drew male attention.

"Get used to it, honey," Janet would say.

A typical night went like this:

"Would you girls care to join us? My buddy and I are from out of town and don't know anyone..."

Cory declined with the utmost grace, choosing his words with care, not wanting to offend the man. Invitations from men were not rare and were something to be

expected when they went out to dinner together. "It's sweet of you to invite us," Cory said. "Unfortunately, we are married."

That was true.

The man smiled but left with saying, "We could just be friends, that's all," he said lightly. "Maybe you could join us for dessert."

Both Cory and Janet knew that meant that they would pay the dinner check. When they had accepted these kinds of invitations in the past, it wasn't for the money, it was sport.

Cory adjusted his short skirt over his knees and crossed his legs. His tone had been coolly dismissive and the man left. Janet flashed a look at him and appeared to be angry for some reason, although he could not imagine why. "What?" he asked in a low voice.

"It's my night. I picked the place and I get to turn the guys down."

"I'm sorry."

"Or not," she smiled.

Sometimes they accepted and had male company for the evening. Cory didn't mind and it made Janet happy. She liked seeing men pawing at Cory.

On those nights, it was with a great sense of relief as Cory came home and closed the door firmly behind them. Cory exhaled deeply and rested against the closed door for a moment. Quiet. So unlike the crowded nightclub they had just left. At home everything made sense. There it was just Cory and Janet, it made sense. Somehow it was society and other people that caused confusion.

On some of those nights, intense feelings of guilt washed over Cory's face, swamping his bright eyes. Janet recognized it immediately, knew at once what it meant. She moved over to him and whispered, "I love you."

Cory opened his mouth to speak, but Janet unexpectedly kissed him deeply, silencing him. She knew what he was thinking. It was a combination of jealousy and confusion. She held him close and said, "My darling, it's fun dancing with those men but you are the love of my life."

She pressed her body against his and found his mouth again. Their lipstick melted together as she ran her hands down his backside. Not unlike the men that evening had done to them both.

Cory was drained. After an evening of being treated and responding like a woman, he felt as though every ounce of his male virility had trickled out of him. He loved Janet but seeing her dancing and being held by other men made him feel incapable of satisfying her with the physical enthusiasm and vigor she deserved.

Janet knew Cory well. After a night out like this one, where he was exposed to other men, she knew not to expect mannish virility. She took his hand and lead him into the bedroom. She said, "That dress is so pretty on you. Next time we go out, I want to wear it!"

Despite Cory's mental exhaustion, Janet was always able to create a wonderful sense of peace. Their union was rooted in a place that didn't require him to be masculine. There was no pressure to perform. They both always ended up in a place that was completely fulfilling emotionally as well as physically.

Janet whispered, "Your nightgown is in the bathroom."

Janet was quickly in bed anxiously waiting for Cory again. She dimmed the light but she could see Cory preparing for bed quite clearly. He was so prissy about his complexion and hair. He was addicted to the lotions and the care of his long hair, as if he was afraid that missing a night might bring unwanted male features.



**Cory and Janet shared a love of feminine
nightgowns...**

Cory slipped the pure nylon-and-lace nightie over his head as Janet contemplated their evening. The two men they met had bolstered her arousal. Cory walked across the room to the dressing table and leaned forward to examine his face in the mirror. Janet stared at the little panties stretched over Cory's ample bottom as he brushed out his hair again.

Her eyes rested on him reflectively. What was it about him that made him so different from other men and affected her so strongly? There was the obvious but there was more. It was some indefinable thing that she could not quite grasp.

"MISSY! COME TO BED!" she finally yelled.

Cory looked surprised as he turned to see the adoration and arousal on her face. It was not only the way she was looking at him, but the use of "Missy" and the particular way she had said it that now struck a chord in his mind. It made him relax and smile. He walked over, seductively swinging his hips.

They lay embracing each other, drifting with their body's sensations. At one moment Cory shivered slightly, and Janet pulled him closer. She said, "Thank you for a wonderful evening."

"Thank you," he said, "It's funny. I find it exciting when you call me "miss" when we make love."

"I can tell," Janet interjected, recalling how his mood changed when she called him, "my girl" and "little lady."

"I'm not sure I like being called your 'booby boy,'" he chuckled softly.

"Sorry!" She rarely ever called him anything that would point out his sissy status but it sounded nice when they were making love.

"Just don't call me that around anyone."

"I don't think anyone would mistake you for a boy. None of those men last night had a clue...Not by a long shot," she laughed.

"I'm just trying to fit in," he asserted, settling back against a pillow. "Are you sure you wouldn't rather have a real husband?"

"You mean a husband that DOESN'T look good in a tight sweater?" She brushed her lips across his bare shoulder. "You are all the man I need."

He asked with a serious tone, "I *was* the first, wasn't I? The only man in your life, I mean."

This question did not really startle Janet. Finally she whispered, "I guess I was pretty sheltered by Daddy. Heck, you've probably had more men than me." She pressed her fingertips to his mouth. "What matters is that I love you and you love me."

TELLING JANET'S FATHER...

The hardest day in their early relationship had been the day they told Janet's father.

"Daddy," Janet said quickly, "I need to tell you about Cory. He's not just a waiter at a nightclub...he's a female impersonator." Cory stood behind her. She continued without hesitation, seeing her father's expression of bewildered disbelief. He knew from the private investigator's report but spying on a daughter was worse than killing a boyfriend.

"Daddy, it's getting pretty hard to hide his qualities. He's going to start traveling to work as a girl. I know you have spies in my apartment building..."

He tried to look shocked but now it was going to be embarrassing. He did have people watching out for Janet and now they would all know. "What `qualities?'"

"Show him," Janet demanded of Cory.

With that Cory opened his oversized shirt and showed her father his bra and the unmistakable soft cones of flesh in soft lacy cups.

His father gasped and stared at them, his hand over his mouth. He said, "Gawd, what are you doing? Those

aren't real, right?" Janet's father could not believe his eyes or ears.

It was obvious the small cups on the bra were full. It's cups pressed outward showing quite tiny mounds of flesh. His nipples were quite hard and pressing through the soft fabric of the brassiere.

Her father looked like he was in shock. Janet couldn't stop now. "Daddy, maybe you never noticed. Cory isn't much of a man...but he makes one heck of a woman."

Her father was still confused. He stammered, "What's this craziness? I've seen this kind of stuff on Springer," her father moaned. "Do you really think he can just come and go all dressed up like a girl?"

"You'll find out," Janet smiled. "Cory is wearing a dress to dinner tonight. Mom's been dying to see him gussied up."

That night when Cory walked into the living room, her father stood up. "Oh my gawd," he said, tears welling up in his eyes.

Cory walked into the room knowing he looked perfect. He had just applied red lipstick to his full, sensuous lips. He was dressed in sheer black pantyhose, a black leather skirt, white blouse with a white-laced pushup bra (not that he really needed one), and black leather stiletto-heeled shoes. His hair hung about his shoulders in a neat but sensual way.

"Isn't he pretty?" Janet said, brushing back a strand of his long hair.

Her father just stared and stammered, "He looks like a woman..."

"That's the idea, Daddy. It hasn't been easy hiding this from you...but I really love him!"



“Daddy, it’s getting pretty hard to hide his qualities.”

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It was obvious that her father was trying to understand. "Guys must ask you two out?"

"Yes, all the time!" Janet giggled. Cory sat down, crossed his smooth legs and blushed. He played with the hem of his simple leather skirt. Her father's eyes went to his white long-sleeved silk blouse and the cleavage. What could he do...his daughter was no longer a little girl! She was a beautiful young lady...and so was her boyfriend!

CORY AT WORK...

Cory loved his job. It was creative and interesting.

The night club felt like it should be dark and smoky but it wasn't smoky from cigarette smoke. It was from the show's special effects as beautiful women strutted their stuff to the beat. You would expect, like a strip club, that men would be drooling. But mostly it was groups of women frantically waving dollar bills at the stage.

Most people are taken aback on their first visit. The women prancing around on the spacious stage are MEN much to the glee of the women and couples in the audience! Men who's glamour takes center stage. As female impersonators, they pay tribute to female movie, rock and pop icons.

Even those who get the stage side seats see something most eyes have trouble believing: shapely, elegant figures complete with flawless makeup, sculptured nails, some with breast implants or growing their own.

And even though most of the boys lip synched, the shows were mesmerizing, complete with choreography, lighting and smoke effects. It was cheesy, but it's what everyone expected at a drag club.

And the boys? Most could easily make natural-born women feel inadequate. The screaming from the audience could be deafening. The sound system could use a

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tuning up, but it's the boys...you can smell their expensive perfumes float off the stage.

Cory felt more at home there than at his in-laws five star restaurant gatherings. He liked seeing the people. They were happy to be there. No pretenses allowed. Your reputation was finished the minute you walked in the door.

Yet it was always full. For some reason, many bridal showers found the place fascinating. Tables full of women celebrating their friend's last day single can be found among the crowd. Also, couples -- straight and gay; a tourist attraction.

A year ago, some idiot had sued the club. Claimed "mental distress" after not being able to tell the boys from the girls. It made the news and filled the club! The owner laughed and made all the boys wear a little tag that said, "I'm a BOY!"

That made the news again. Great press and of course, the suit was thrown out of court.

Back stage, Cory had his own little makeup area where absolute order reigned supreme. Everything was in its given place. His costumes hung side by side on a metal clothes rack. There were nearly a hundred different costumes...many that Janet had helped him pick out. His collections of high heels were lined up neatly under the dresses. On a shelf above the lighted mirror, many wigs reposed on their wig stands and on the dressing table theatrical makeup and creams and lotions and powders were arranged with precision.

Around Cory's table, there was an excess of clutter in the room. Many of the boys were not very neat.



The owner laughed and made all the boys in the cast wear a little tags that said, "I'm a BOY!"



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Cory's makeup table reflected his way of life and Janet's. Both were personally fastidious. Neither could live with anyone's "mess". Their drawers at home were laden with neatly folded piles of beautiful underwear. Cory changed his panties at least three times a day during his working week. One set was donned in the morning and was replaced by another before he left for work and these were discarded for a third, fresh pair to wear after his performances. On some days he changed his panties four times, much to amazement of Janet who usually only changed her lingerie twice a day.

Cory took care of both their lingerie. They only bought the best and had a staggering selection of sexy lingerie that was as pristine as the day they left the store.

Cory was not the typical show boy in any way. Every pair of shoes he owned boasted shoe trees. His drawers had sweet, flowery scent bags and his wigs were kept on the proper stands. His many handbags were stuffed with tissue paper; his sweaters were folded into plastic bags; and almost every garment in his wardrobe, from day dresses to evening gowns, hung in a dust-proof bag.

Janet liked the way they lived. They were equally immaculate about themselves. Cory changed perfumes almost as often as his underwear. It was as if he was afraid that his own natural male body odors might possibly give him away.

After the show that evening while he dressed to go home, Cory scrutinized his performances. The two performances had bolstered his energy. He could watch the audience and see if he was "entertaining" them. They knew he was a male but lately he could see something new in their eyes--confusion. They couldn't believe he was male. Cory liked that.

Still preoccupied with his performance, Cory brushed out his hair and carefully stuck two combs at each side, pulling it away from his face. He filled in his lips with lipstick. With a cursory glance at himself, he rose and went to the wardrobe. He slipped on fresh black lingerie, a simple black dress, and stepped into the black suede pumps before picking up his black suede handbag. "I look like a widow," he thought before heading out into the club for a nightcap.

The shows were over at midnight but often he was stopped on the way out by men or couples that wanted to talk. Cory liked the shy guys who usually started out stammering, "Miss? Can I talk to you?" It was part of the job. Cory would strike a pose of sparkling gaiety and order a "special" champagne.

Sometimes the couples wanted a threesome, or to talk about the husbands "interests" in female impersonation. The men usually wanted an up close look to see why they were still attracted to this feminine creature. As it got late, most of these "straight" men were willing to overlook Cory's little flaw.

As Cory headed towards the bar, he heard a man say, "I thought that was you?"

Cory stopped and looked at the man. He gasped as he realized it was one of the two men who they had "teased" Sunday night. This was the man who'd danced and fancied him.

The man spoke, "WOW! You STILL look absolutely ravishing! Join me?"

Cory was scared. "I'm sorry," he said.

"Hey, it's okay," the man said. "I'm more intrigued than mad. My buddy might be mad though...I think he's still having wet dreams about the person you were with."

"I told you that we were married and not to bother with us..."

"Is the woman my buddy was dancing with...like you?"

"No. She's my wife."

"Wife?" his eyes lit up. "It was dark and I don't remember her well...but I think she was very pretty!"

"And all mine!" Cory said, giving him a irritated smile. It seemed like every man that found out about Cory, immediately thought they had a chance at Janet.

The man smiled, "Can I buy you another drink? After all, I did pick up your tab the other night..."

"I don't know."

"Sorry, I don't mean anything. I'm just surprised by all this. You are a man right?"

Cory nodded.

"It's just that I only see you as a woman. Remember? I'm John."

Surprisingly, Cory accepted and they talked for almost an hour. He was a nice man and seemed so interested in Cory's life. Cory found himself chatting about his life. "I just find it easier to live as a woman," he admitted.

"As well you should," John agreed. "Can I give you a ride home? It's raining."

"I'll take a cab."

"You won't find a cab on a night like tonight."

John was right. On some rainy nights, Cory would have to wait for the manager to get off at two.

John helped Cory on with his black raincoat and once outside, took hold of Cory's arm, hurrying him down the narrow alley to his car.

Janet watched her husband get ready for bed. "So you let a stranger drive you home? That isn't like you."

"It was raining." Cory was completing his nightly routine with a spray of perfume.

"Did he say anything about me?"

"He didn't remember you," he laughed, "But thought you might be a guy too."

"Oh, yeah?" Janet smiled.

Cory nodded.

The next morning they drank coffee as they got ready. Cory said, "I think I want to try being a man again..."

"Why?" Janet asked. "You look fine."

"I feel like I'm losing my identity."

"Just when your hair has gotten to a completely feminine length. I thought you hated the wigs?"

Cory picked up a silver-backed brush and ran it through his hair several times. She was right. It was finally at that unmistakably feminine length.

He moaned, "The biggest problem with being a female impersonator is that my world is topsy-turvy. Our social life as a couple is always being broken up by men who think we are girls out on the prowl."

"So?" Janet laughed, "We always tell them we are married."

"They think to men..."

"So?" Janet smiled, "We never pay a check."

"But it's an imposition on you."

"I don't mind. I like it when we go out together as girls. I like to see men lusting over you and know that I'm the one who's going to end up in your bed."

Cory walked over to the mirror and ran his fingers through his hair. It had grown so fast. It rippled long and full, past his shoulders and about his face in a mass of curls. He took two rhinestone combs and pulled his hair back at the sides. It was a delicate and girlish expression of his mind-set. He took plain pearl studs and slipped them into his ears before he slipped on his diamond wedding ring...the one that matched Janet's. Sometimes they got them mixed up in the cleaner.

Over the next few weeks, John became a regular at the nightclub. After Cory's performances, he often sat with him. John was always watching Cory with an almost obsessive attentiveness. His penetrating scrutiny and probing questions flattered Cory.

John seemed to be a sweet man; kind, considerate, and very chivalrous. Some of the men that came to the club treated the performers like freaks. John talked to Cory like a person, not a thing to be ogled and laughed at.

Cory wouldn't admit it but John produced in him a feeling of femininity. John made him laugh. So it wasn't surprising when Cory saw John in the audience, that he spent a few extra minutes getting ready to leave for home.

Cory found himself thinking about John as he picked up the brush and ran it over his flowing hair. There was no denying he found him interesting but he was unsure about why John was hanging around.

It was not that rare when men hung around the club. Many men were fascinated by boys who could be girls. They were mesmerized by boys who knew how to style their hair, walk in high heels and wore lipstick.

Cory picked up a length of red satin ribbon which he tied around his head, fastening it in a girlish style. He sprayed himself lightly with perfume. Under his dressing robe, Cory changed into a fresh pair of panties before choosing a conservative, navy silk shift and matching high-heeled pumps.

Like all the outfits he wore home from the club, the dress was understated and simple. Its heart shaped neckline beautifully emphasized his slender shoulders and twig like neck.

Cory turned from side to side, looking at himself appraisingly from all angles. Cory could look like the kind of girl a man wanted to take home to mom. It was all in

the details...John would notice.

Cory changed his personal items into an evening purse that matched his pumps and added a tube of his current shade of lipstick.

ANOTHER NIGHT...

"You look very lovely," John said as Cory approached his table. A bottle of Champagne was waiting.

"Thank you," Cory said, feeling a blush flooding his cheeks.

John stood up and held Cory's chair. His hands, tanned and large brushed across Cory's shoulders as he sat down.

"How was the show?"

John laughed, "The same. I mostly come here to see you. If I could only find a woman like you."

Cory said, "I think they broke the pattern with me."

"You like being a woman don't you?"

"I'm very good at it. I didn't make much of a man."

"When did you start dressing like this?"

"My mother liked to play dress up with me. By high school, I was pretty good with makeup and hair. My father didn't like it but he traveled a lot."

John leaned close. "Your father should have kept you under lock and key, kid." This was said jokingly, but then he realized, that he was not far off the mark. John's eyes swept over the feminine creature sitting next to him. Any man would find Cory attractive. His dress emphasized a curvy figure and drew attention to his long, shapely legs. He tried to picture Cory as a teenager; a skinny, awkward boy learning about being a girl from his mother.

He finally asked the question...the question all men asked. "Have you ever been with a man?"

Cory knew it was coming--it always came. He knew what to say. Innocently, he answered, "I'm with one

now...unless you have a secret too?"

"You know what I mean," John said. Cory's coy way made him want to know even more. Cory looked like a woman. He looked like a woman who liked being a woman. A woman who would enjoy being made love to and who would respond to a man. Men think they can read this in a woman's walk. Cory's walk was loose, rhythmic and female.

Cory didn't feel it proper for a lady to talk about such things, but it didn't stop John from asking. Over the next few months he must have asked many times in different ways.

Cory would answer, "Look, you seem like a nice fellow and I enjoy taking to you. But I'm happily married to a wonderful wife... So why are you here?"

John would interrupt, "Look, I just want to be your friend. Do you have any male friends?"

That was just another way of asking. Cory answered, "I have a lot of friends who work here in the show. Maybe you'd like me to introduce you to Devin? He used to be my roommate...he's the cute one in the chorus..."

"No thanks. I've never had a friend like you and I'm fascinated. If I wasn't here, I guess I'd be home watching re-runs."

"So I'm more fun than re-runs?" Cory cocked his head.

Actually, Cory liked it when about twice a week, he'd look out into the audience and see John at the bar. For one, it meant a ride home.

At home, Janet yelled at him again. "How could you! How could you get into the car with THAT stranger again!"

"We're just friends."

Janet spat, "Excuse me! He's a man and you...you

are prey! Give him half a chance and ...”

“And what?” Cory smiled.

Janet sighed. “Oh gawd, I’m sorry. It must be these fertility hormones the doctor has me on. They must make me not trust any man.”

“Look, darling, it’s okay. I won’t take a ride from him anymore.”

“Look at me! I’m jealous of a man!” Janet laughed.

“I just haven’t been much of a husband lately...” Cory stared down at his dress.

“Being feminine is not a crime,” Janet said kindly, loving him more than ever. She tried to lighten the tone. “Let’s face it. Now that you are in dresses full time, I don’t see you becoming MORE of a husband. I anticipate you will become more of a woman.”

Cory moaned. He loved Janet and wanted what he thought she would want if he were her. His thoughts were confused. “I haven’t been feeling very sexy as a man. What if I become impotent?” Cory stuttered over that hated word. “What with being gaffed and all...”

There was a long silence before Janet said, “You mean impotent like a man, right?” Janet took hold of Cory’s hand. It trembled in hers. She stroked it and said in a warm and reassuring voice, “I love you. I love my girl. I don’t care about that little THING! I’m on your side, you know.”

Both were aware that the feminizing influence of the estrogen and being gaffed could create impotency and emasculation in some impersonators. For the ones not married to women, that was generally not a problem.

In fact, it had been Janet who encouraged Cory to be professionally “gaffed” on his last birthday.

A year ago, Janet pulled Cory into a little shop on Post Street to, in her words, “Try something.”

Cory had worn gaffs before but these were different. These were fitted to the wearer and some were designed

to be worn all the time. The fitting took time and had its uncomfortable moments but Cory realized he was taking an exciting step. There were three different models. The most expensive and the only one recommended for full time use was the "Bashfully Yours" gaff.

It had a nylon lace panel in front that shaped the tummy as well as its main job of flattening and smoothing the crotch area. More than a garment, it was a system. It had a little open-able area in the crotch for convenience and three adjustable positions straps for tightening as the wearer adapted to the garment.

The fitter called it a "full support" gaff. It came with some creams that could be used during the "adjustment" time for discomfort and other follow-up lotions. A "full support gaff" was constructed with the intention of putting "IT" out of sight. The gaffs would shrink about 5% as they are washed to create a sensuous 'second skin' sensation.

The gaff had a warning printed on the tag. It warned of some permanent effects on a boy's maleness but Janet was overjoyed to see the gaff's effect. Cory could be so feminine when dressed as a young woman but this took care of the final most minuscule detail.

Cory remembered Janet buying him a new wardrobe of panties in whites and pale pastel tints. Panties now fit smoothly over his bottom...the way panties were supposed to fit. That afternoon Cory found himself moving slowly around the room, his gait had changed. He turned to Janet and asked, "What do you think? Notice anything different?"

At that time Cory was still dressing as a man and was wearing a flannel shirt and blue jeans. The latter were designer tailored and fit him like a second skin. Janet's eyes went to the jeans and the way the zipper seam smoothly disappeared between his legs. "Is it uncomfortable?" she asked.

"Not with the special anesthetizing cream. Do you really think I should wear a gaff all the time?"

"Try it for a day and see what you think. But if you are going to be a boy, you can't wear such tight jeans..."

A day turned into a week. A week turned into a month. And now it was a year later and Cory didn't wear male clothes anymore...and he was never without the gaff. Every time he mentioned the "husbandly" atrophy, Janet would chide, "All guys ever think about is size...I thought you were beyond that?"

Cory felt spellbound by it all. The highs were highs but sometimes he felt something slipping away.

A NEW LOVE...

Janet knew she had to do something. Cory was sinking deeper into depression and jealousy. On their anniversary night, she handed him a box. "I hope it makes you feel better," she said.

His long thick hair was pulled up into a high ponytail held firmly in place by a blue-velvet hair ribbon. The ponytail fell well below his shoulders in soft curls.

Cory opened the box. A bright flush of red covered his high cheekbones, and his luminous eyes widened.

It was a...well, a male member. An exact replica of a "big guy."

Cory was speechless. Janet said, "If you are so worried about pleasing me. You can strap this on and..."

Cory didn't want to touch it. He was so embarrassed that his wife would think he needed such a thing. His blood raced and his heart thundered in his chest.

"It's for fun," Janet added, suddenly seeing that her idea was not a great one.

"I don't need that!" Cory stated. "I'll show you!"

He took her by the hand and led her into the bedroom. Janet stripped quickly and climbed into bed but

Cory undressed carefully. He didn't want to wrinkle his dress. After a bit, Cory was standing by the bed in his panties and bra. He shyly asked, "Should I put on my baby doll?"

After a few more minutes, Cory came back and climbed into bed. He was wearing his lacy baby doll pajamas and their matching panties. Janet's hands welcomed him and began to roam about his body. She kissed him sensuously and slid her hand down over Cory's stomach until her fingers found the soft nylon between his smooth thighs. Slowly, with infinite tenderness and the finesse that only a woman has, she whispered, "I thought you were going to take off your gaff?"

"I did," Cory moaned. "Sometimes it just stays up now."

Janet's fingers searched for the core of his masculinity but felt only the velvet petals of excess skin. "Everything is up inside?"

He nodded and was quivering and moaning gently under her loving hands. Janet handed Cory the present and said, "Let's try this." She was aroused to a point of agitation, and was overwrought--she did not want to stop.

Cory stood up and prissily tried to figure out how the thing worked. There were straps and something that went between the wearers legs. Cory could not figure out how it was worn and didn't like to touch the "working" end.

"Let me show you how it goes on." She took the rod, and quickly had it strapped on. Having "one" was exciting in a way she had not imagined possible even in her wildest fantasies. Cory laid back on the bed in awe of his wife's dexterity.

"OH," Janet joked, "So you are going to play coy?"

She pounced on the bed and mounted Cory. Suddenly she wanted his body in a way that had been im-

possible before now. The joking had ended. Cory gasped, "What are you doing?"

Janet was trembling slightly and didn't say anything. She was focused and determined. Cory was scared. Yet he did not want her to stop. It was time Cory learned how to give and not just take intimately. "OH MY!" Cory gasped as he was caught on the brink of the most rapturous feeling he had ever known.

"Just relax and enjoy," Janet whispered. Tremors rippled along his thighs as he shifted his body, moving slightly on the bed. His legs were suddenly up in the air around Janet's shoulders. She had taken him with such swiftness he hadn't had time to resist. He felt the impact on his soul.

The height of his excitement dimmed the pain as his wife took him with increasing force. Janet knew this was the only way to lessen the pain--to reach the limits quickly and back off a bit.

Gradually Cory caught his breath and relaxed as the sharp flaring pain receded and he felt a marvelous warmth spreading through his body.

Janet loved what she was hearing from her husband. She looked into his eyes and saw love. As she began to thrust deeper and deeper, she realized that she had taken complete possession of Cory.

Janet felt his body arching up to meet her rhythm. His arms tightened on the small of her back so he could feel as the possessed became the possessor. "I love you!" he squealed.

Cory's body ached, and he was slightly bruised—both mentally and physically. But it was a delirious, euphoric feeling that pervaded his whole being. He thought he was going to burst with happiness. He had found a new fulfillment.



Cory's body ached, and he was slightly bruised—both mentally and physically.

The next morning, Cory brought Janet breakfast in bed. He was dressed in a loose flowing gown of pearl-gray chiffon, the fabric shot through with silver threads. It was cut low at the front in a V neckline, and had long wide sleeves. He was wearing his baby doll nightgown underneath.

His hair was pulled up away from his face with ribbons.

"You look lovely this morning!" Janet exclaimed as she was served.

"I have you to thank for that, darling," he said shyly. She took a sip of coffee and asked, "How do you feel?" "Like I lost my virginity," Cory giggled.

Janet looked at her husband. In his baby doll nightgown he looked exquisitely dainty and fragile. The nightgown had narrow shoulder straps, with a wide frill that fell from the gathered bodice. The full skirt barely made it over his rear. Cory's hair was getting so long. It tumbled around his face in a mass of waves and curls. He wore little diamond stud earrings.

That night, John showed up at the nightclub. He looked Cory up and down and whistled, "Oh my, you look good. You always look lovely, but tonight you surpass yourself. What's different?"

Cory took little sips of his champagne, preoccupied with his new status...not a virgin. "I have to hurry home tonight," Cory smiled as he adjusted his short skirt, picked up his navy evening bag that exactly matched his high-heeled pumps and hurried home.

Cory moved with lightness and speed as he hurried to his bride waiting in bed. He was a picture of loveliness and grace, the white baby doll nightgown floating around him like a delicate, hazy mist. His face shimmered with unrestrained anticipation.

Janet was waiting for him. He saw the tenting of the sheet. "Positively indecent." This was said jokingly, but then he realized that he was not far off the mark.

His eyes swept over the attention-grabbing bump. Cory found himself appraising it objectively; viewing it as a woman might. It made him catch his breath. There was a new sensuality veiled in his dazzling eyes. He looked like a woman who had been well and truly loved

and who was learning how to love in return.

The next morning as they fixed breakfast, Janet joked, "You were home early last night...and so not tired? I think I understand 'phallus energy' now."

Cory blushed. "What do you mean?"

"I felt so studly, so powerful," she laughed. "I love having you squirming beneath me. Now if I could only squirt semen in you and knock you up, we could do this all month!"

"We want YOU pregnant not me!"

No one could tell that all the sperm in the world couldn't get one of the two "ladies" pregnant. They were dressed identically, each with a proper set of motherly breasts.

"I really think you'd make a better mother than me," remarked Janet.

"But your boobs are bigger." The only major difference between the two was that Janet's bottom was perhaps a little more generous especially in the hips and her derriere was also slightly more rounded but both looked capable of giving birth.

They had been trying to have a baby. The doctor had shown them how to find her day of ovulation, as timed by cycle length, temperature chart, and a kit that tested for a surge in luteninising hormone. The doctor said, "And on that day you just need a shot of virile sperm." Yet it had been several months and nothing.

"Maybe we should go back to the doctor," Cory suggested. "I know your parents want a grandchild!"

Sheepishly, Janet said, "Last time he was concerned that I might not be able to be inseminated by us doing the traditional calisthenics. And he wants a sperm sample from you. He's afraid that the hormones might have already made you too much of a girl."

When their procreation plan started, the doctor moved Cory's estrogen cycle two weeks from Janet's. For the first time their estrogen cycles weren't parallel.

He had wanted to have Cory stop all estrogen but some estrogen actually helped sperm count in men. Of course, Cory had been on it for years and Janet didn't want him to stop..

After months of failing to inseminate, they discovered Cory's meager reservoir was not enough to satisfy Janet's thirsty uteri.

Never, ever in his sometimes degrading life had Cory felt like such a loser. They had never used any kind of birth control except for his being gaffed for the last year. Now there was a problem.

Cory's sperm was alive -- a sperm analysis verified that -- but his emasculating had rendered his microscopic maleness to be slow and delicate. They just wanted to sit around and wait for the egg to come to them.

Perhaps his sperm had whipping tails that were too short or puny to paddle up the path. Perhaps their heads weren't pointy enough to pummel past the crust of the ovum.

Their doctor was a friend of the family and fully aware of Cory and his lifestyle. It was San Francisco, right? He advised Cory, "The goal of those female hormone cycles has been to put your male hormones to sleep. From the looks of you, they have done an impressive job! About as good as possible until you have the source removed."

"I'm not having the source removed!" Cory defended.

"Oh," the doctor stammered, "I thought I'd heard that...well, many of the boys at your club had their source removed. Besides, the estrogen was doing that to you anyway, just slower."

A NEW HOPE WITH EACH DAY...

It had been many, many months. Janet would wake up with a belief that this is the day. She would get up and run towards the bathroom and get the testing box out. She was hoping for a pink plus. Each month disappointment covered her face when she looked at the color, red, a red negative symbol.

That is why on a cloudy day, Janet found herself in the sterile institutional gray walled office of her OB/GYN.

It wasn't warm or sensual as the artificial insemination procedure took place. So normal. So commonplace. Like it was as if most women who wanted a baby had a baby this way.

"Legs up," the doctor said, adding, "Scoot down a bit."

Everyone was smiling but her husband was not in the building. Cory wasn't even in the area. And he wasn't being injected into her womb. His wouldn't work. They had tried that....

It was uncomfortable lying there. And when the doctor and nurse were called to some kind of emergency, Janet laid there in quiet desperation. She allowed the essence of some stranger to permeate her soul. She and her husband wanted a baby and this was okay with him. She wished he was there.

She lay, looking at the ceiling, bored, embarrassed and confused. The doctor and nurse were gone for a long time. They hadn't told her when to get up.

Then she saw it. It was her file lying on the table next to the window. She wanted to see it. She knew it was probably just that infertility crap. Tests. Negative tests.

But suddenly her file looked interesting....

Janet reached out to see if she could touch the file. It was slightly out of her reach. She scooted down in the

stirrups a bit and tried again. Suddenly the door opened and the nurse stuck her head in and said, "Sorry! We'll be right with you."

Janet's heart was pounding. She thought she could feel the little guys swimming about in her belly, each looking to begin a new life....

Janet was watching the file over the table. She had promised herself not to care too much about the donor of the sperm. The medical offices had assured her that the donor is physically and mentally fit and the medical office only picks the athletic type.

Curiosity was building in her soul and she was obliged to move towards the file. She looked around, there was no one there. She picked up the file and thought that there would be a name, address or any clue, which she can pursue to find more about the father of her baby. Her heart was beating like a drum and tiny drops of sweat were crawling down her forehead. With shaking hands she opened the file and suddenly the nurse came in the door.

"Sorry, the doctor will be back in just a few more minutes." the nurse stated.

Janet replied with a shivering voice, "It's okay." The words got stuck in her mouth and she didn't know what to say.

The nurse gave little attention to the file in her hand and left. Now Janet had no fear and she opened the file and began looking for the information. After searching ambitiously, she found what had never expected. It was a number. The donor information was just a number and the information is stored somewhere else and Janet had no clue how to get it. She closed the file and placed it back where it was, adjusting it twice while waiting for the doctor to arrive and give her the okay to go.

As she drove home, she felt a twinge in her belly. She'd been warned that she may have some cramping but it served to remind her that she'd been inseminated. A new life could be beginning as she drove—or not.

She remembered when she was in college and had unprotected sex. Those days of worry about being pregnant. Of being aware of every little change in her breasts and waiting to start her period so she could relax and swear “never again.”

Janet had always been good with numbers. She remembered every phone number she'd ever had. And she remembered the donor number. #3298398.

“Mr. 3298398!” She said aloud, as her hand went and gently rubbed her belly. “Was it good for you?” and she felt that the baby inside is saying “yes mommy, it was good”.

When she got in her car, the first thing she did was to write down the number. She wrote, “Mr. 3298398, the father of my unborn baby”.

Cory had been at a rehearsal at the club. He asked Janet “How did it go?”

She replied, “Every thing went well. Who knows? I might be pregnant.”

He hugged her with passion and she stopped him by saying with a smile, “Not so tight! You might hurt the baby!” Cory did let her go with a smile. Cory has done everything in his control to make her happy. When Janet suggested the idea of artificial insemination with a donor sperm he was at first reluctant. But when he realized that the only way to make her happy was a baby, he gave her the permission she needed.

He also tried to convince her to adopt a baby, but she refused to do that. She wanted to have the feeling of developing the baby in her belly and wanted to experience the birth process. Now she'd done what she wanted.

Janet was happy with the process, but her curiosity was rising about the identity of Mr. 3298398. What was he like? Was he handsome? Was he soft spoken or highly educated?

She couldn't get the idea out of her mind.

"What are you thinking about honey?" asked Cory, who saw that she was far away. She was lying in their bed quietly thinking about Mr. 3298398.

She replied, "Nothing, just thinking of names for my baby."

"OUR baby" Cory replied, "it's our baby and we will be the best parents."

"Yes, we will be" Janet replied back and then turned her back to Cory and said, "I'm tired. Good night, honey."

The next day, they went to lunch at a fancy restaurant on Nob Hill. They tried to do this once a week. Both were wearing conservative dresses. Cory wore a soft pink, St. John knit dress with a hint of blue trim and a hem that was just above his knees, showing off just the right amount of his long thin legs.

Janet wore a knit suit with a wide leather belt that accented her narrow waist. She laughed, "I better show off my waist while I can." With a smile she knew that Mr. 3298398 eyes would pop if he could see her. She couldn't help but think about what she hoped was happening in her belly.

As they walked to their favorite table near the bar, a handsome, athletic man of about forty stared at them. Janet thought, "Could he be Mr. 3298398?" She smiled at him before she realized that this stranger was thinking she likes him and is available. Her face flushed red and she felt the blood run up to her ears.

She glanced back and saw the man still looking as they walked away. He eyes were on Cory who was try-

ing to walk without letting his hips swing, a task made more difficult because of his very high-heeled pumps. She knew the man was staring at her husband's bottom sway and she laughed to herself.

After they were seated, the man kept on staring at them, and it made her uncomfortable. Not because a man was looking at them...men always did that. It was more. What was happening in her belly was like she'd had a one night stand with a stranger...a faceless stranger. She knew it was biological but she was aroused by the thought. This was the first time since meeting Cory that she thought about other men. This was not due to any physical attraction, but the feeling for the mysterious father of her unborn child.

She saw the man getting up and she looked away when he appeared to approach them. She looked down then up again towards the guy, but he was nowhere to be found.

She looked out the window and saw him give the Valet some money for his Mercedes. Cory was blabbing on about trying a new hair style as she stared at the man. He would have been a good father for her child. Maybe he was the one? The odds were against it. Why would she possibly think that that man was 3298398? What was the chance of him being the father of her child? Maybe a zillion to one.

"Hello? Are you here?" Cory asked, waving his long pink nails in front of Janet's face.

"Sorry, I was sidetracked."

They chatted for a while and Janet refrained from telling him what was going on in her mind. That was rare since she usually told Cory everything!

After a nice lunch, Janet came home thinking that she was thinking too much of this and she promised herself not to obsess anymore.

In two weeks, Janet went back to the doctor's office and he did a simple blood test. "Am I pregnant?" she asked. "I feel pregnant."

"Sorry," the doctor said softly. "IUI's are a hit and miss procedure."

Thinking of giving birth to her first child was making her daydream while driving back home. But it was odd. She couldn't put a face on her baby dreams. She knew it wouldn't be Cory's face. She knew it was half her but the feeling of seeing the father of her child was again revived.

She turned the car around and went back to the clinic. The receptionist was surprised by her coming back and thought she might have forgotten something. Janet came to the receptionist and asked politely. "I'm scheduled for another IUI in two weeks. How can I find out about the father of my child?"

The receptionist smiled and said, "Remember what you signed? Sorry but that information is confidential and we cannot give that out."

Janet looked around and said, "How about if I pay you \$500."

The receptionist said, "Sorry Janet, I cant."

"\$5,000.00?" Janet was not ready to give up yet. She insisted that no one would know about it and she promised to keep it a secret. The receptionist kept on denying her request until she offered her ten thousand dollars in cash.

"Let me call you," the receptionist whispered. "I can't take any money but I'll call you tomorrow evening around 8pm. I understand what you are feeling."

Janet didn't know what that meant but knew not to keep offering her more money. Sometimes money was not the answer.

That night when she went to bed, she was feeling little twinges and a warm feeling in her belly. That night she started her period.

When the receptionist called the next night, Janet told her the news.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "My sister went through IUI's and she became obsessed with the father of her baby too. She ended up getting a divorce from her husband and never found out who the baby's father was. Now she's raising a wonderful little boy but she and he will never know anything about the father. It's sad."

"Can you tell me about 3298398?" Janet asked.

"How do you know that number?"

"I looked in the file."

"You shouldn't have done that."

"Why? I wanted to know."

The receptionist stated, "Look. I suggest you forget this IUI stuff. Your problem is with your husband's fertility, right?"

"Yeah."

"So you know your fertile days, right?"

"Yeah?"

"So find a man you find attractive and make him the father of your child. You are attractive enough to have any guy you want and IT works better than IUI's."

"It's not that simple!" Janet moaned.

"Why not?"

"I'm married. What do I tell my husband?"

"What he already knows--you are carrying someone else's baby. The only difference is that you will know who the father of your baby is."

"You make it sound so simple."

"You simply go to a motel instead of the doctor's office."

Janet hung up and thought about the idea. It was

crazy but then she thought of that man at the restaurant. She had been attracted to him. She wondered if she could have gotten him into bed that afternoon. She didn't care if he was single, married, or anything. It wasn't about love or even sex. It was about being fertile and being inseminated...and putting a face on her baby.

On the day of her next insemination, Janet purposely made her appointment for late in the day. Cory had wanted to go with her but always had a rehearsal then.

"It was the only time the doctor had," she had told Cory. She was going to lunch and was checking herself out in the mirror. She was wearing one of Cory's dresses, a conservative soft blue shift with a skirt that just touched her knees but showed off her long, smooth nylon legs.

She thought about the doctor's office and what would happen again at four. She was wearing stockings, a white garter belt and lingerie that she had given to Cory to wear on an anniversary.

"I'm just going to lunch," she said out loud but she had to smile. Would that guy be there again? She knew that guy's eyes would pop when he saw that outfit.

"Are you meeting anyone?" the hostess asked when she walked into the restaurant.

"No," she smiled. "I'm by myself today. Just doing some shopping and wanted a salad."

"Where do you want to sit?"

Janet blushed when she choked out, "Someplace close to the bar."

She felt funny. She knew what she was thinking and she was aroused by the idea. "I'm just having a salad," she said to herself, trying to calm down a bit.

It was early and the bar wasn't busy. But it would

be in a few minutes when the businessmen began arriving. She felt so vulnerable sitting there alone. Every man at the bar could see her and check out her legs. She felt faint and tingly all over from the attention.

Suddenly from behind her she heard, "You look wonderful in that dress."

She turned to see a man. Not the man from several weeks ago but better! More handsome and manly. Her face flushed red and she felt the blood run to her cheeks.

"Thank you," she smiled, but couldn't stop herself from saying, "I'm waiting for my girlfriend."

"Sorry," he says. "I won't bother you."

Janet's heart was beating so hard, she felt it might burst through her chest.

"I'm Janet." The man looked nice, in a familiar way.

He talked but she couldn't hear. Seeing such a handsome man, Janet was starting to feel a little guilty about her little fantasy plan. She thinks to herself, "I'll never go through with this anyway."

"Can I sit until your girlfriend gets here?" he smiled. Instead of waiting for an answer, he just sat down next to her. "White wine?"

Janet was sitting there in shock, but nodded okay.

After some small talk, the man asked, "So what are you doing today, shopping?"

Before she could stop herself, she said, "Trying to get pregnant." She tells this complete stranger the entire story of her husband (leaving out one detail) and their efforts to get pregnant. "I have a doctor's appointment at four to do it again."

"Sounds pretty sterile to me."

"Doesn't work well either," she said, looking into his dark blue eyes.

"There's got to be a better way," he said. "Not knowing anything about the father of my baby would bother me."

"How old is your father," Janet asked.

"81. My mother is 79. Both in good health."

"Good genes are important," Janet stated.

"Looks like your girlfriend is late," he said softly.

"She's not coming."

"Does your doctor have you on a lot of fertility drugs?"

"Just clomid," Janet laughed nervously. "It's my husband's problem. You must think I'm really weird."

"No, I think you are very pretty." He reaches across the table and takes Janet's hand in his strong fingers.

"Let's go somewhere no one knows us. I'll meet you at the Best Western down the street. Just look offended and walk out. I'll get the bill.

Janet gets up on very shaky legs and walks out without looking back.

By the time she reaches the Best Western, she's having a hard time catching her breath. She wanted to cry, yell and run away but she couldn't. This was not how she assumed making a baby would be. This wasn't love, but it was better than never knowing her baby's father. She had timed this very carefully; making sure that she was ovulating, her hormone levels were just right.

When she saw him drive up, she suddenly didn't want him to do this to her. But it was too late. She groaned in despair. "Oh no, how can I live with this?" she gasps.

Janet watches him walk into the office to get a room. She wonders how many times he's done this. Is it safe? She starts to cry, barely able to see him approach her car through her tears.

"Are you okay?" the man asked. "We don't have to do this. You can easily make your doctor's appointment."

The next hour was a blur. It was like she turned off

her mind and went with her hormones. Her passage offered no resistance to him. For an endless time, she gasped for air before this stranger pumped his seed into her womb.

Before she knew it, she was heading towards home, her dress stained, sperm running down her legs. At home she went to the bathroom and took a shower but was careful not to lose any seeds in her womb. The deed was done. "Focus," she kept saying to herself. "You want a baby and you want to have seen the father. You may be getting what you want...."

Before Cory came home, Janet tried to keep herself occupied. She ran the vacuum and cleaned out some drawers. Just like another normal "artificial insemination" day, right! Nothing to talk about...just wait for the results.

Her only fear was how she would face Cory. She had never cheated in her whole life and this was her first time and probably the last. She calmed herself before he came home and when he did, she greeted him as usual.

"How did it go?" Cory asked when he walked in the door.

"Same thing, I hope it works this time?"

"I hope so too honey," Cory replied and went to the bathroom to change into a comfortable housedress. She was doing a good job keeping herself calm and Cory didn't suspect anything. But her preparation to face Cory has stopped her from her normal routine.

Suddenly she heard Cory yell, "There's a message on the machine!"

She gasped. The blinking message light was a clicking bomb...she had not cancelled her doctor's appointment!

Cory had pressed the button for listening. The machine ran the message "Hi, this is Dr. Schonfeld's office for Janet. Janet, you missed the appointment at 4pm

and we were wondering if you are ok and want to schedule a new appointment. Please call us at 415-555-1212 to reschedule, thanks."

Janet turned pale when she heard the message. She went into the room where Cory was standing next to the machine. Words got stuck in her mouth and she was feeling dizzy. She couldn't think of any thing that could get her out of this situation.

"I thought..." Cory sat down. He was not sure what was happening. Janet started crying and wasn't saying anything. "What's happening honey?" he repeated as she kept on crying and shaking her head.

"I didn't go to the Doctor's office, instead I slept with a stranger to have our baby."

Cory pulled back with a shock. An angry Cory took over the relaxed and calm person that he'd always been.

"What were you thinking?" he yelled angrily. "How could you? I thought you loved me!"

"I do!" After a long silence, she said, "A child. A child you couldn't give me. One that I wanted more than anything in the world. Just a child, my child."

Cory roared, "I sent you to that doctor...you should have waited for the results."

"It's more than that. I want to know the identity of my baby's father, I wanted to put a face on it, so I did it" Janet said calmly. She was getting calmer as the conversation continued. This made sense to her.

"I don't know what to say, I don't know...." and he walked out of the room.

RUN CORY RUN....

Cory came home at two a.m., drunk. He usually didn't drink much but he scowled when he saw her waiting at the door.

"I was worried," she said.

"Sure. I'm sleeping in the guest room," he spat.

"Maybe you'll want to have someone over?"

"I love you, Cory," Janet cried.

"I have to think about all this," Cory said before stumbling into the guest room.

Janet went to bed. She cried for Cory. She didn't want to hurt him. She wondered to herself, "Would I take it all back if I could?" She wondered if she could get rid of the man's essence but realized that she didn't want to. Her belly felt warm, she knew something was happening and she didn't want it to stop.

Cory wouldn't talk to her for the next few days. He called from the club and told her he'd be staying at Devin's apartment.

That was okay with Janet. She just couldn't bring herself to have sex with Cory. As the days went on, there was no question. It was impossible to ignore the queasy feeling in her belly or the tingle she felt in her breasts. This time she was REALLY pregnant!

Three days later, Cory called, "I'm off tonight. We need to talk."

"That would be wonderful," she answered.

Janet had planned a romantic dinner, flowers set, wine chilled and ready to serve. She had to try to make this work.

Cory didn't smile when he saw the table set. "So let's talk."

Janet sat down and spoke--her words were true. "Cory, I'm so sorry to have hurt you. I just needed to know the father of OUR baby."

"What does he do?"

"I don't know," Janet answered.

"What's his name?"

"I don't know...his parents are in their eighties!"

"What nationality is he?"

Janet shook her head.

"Do you have his phone number?"

"No."

Cory shook his head, "You really put a lot of thought into this, didn't you?"

"It wasn't about love, sex or religion. It was about a face."

"A face," Cory said, "A face I have to look at too. The face of the man my wife was unfaithful with."

"I didn't plan this, it just happened."

"Do you think you are pregnant?"

Janet nodded. "I'll know in a few days."

Cory was quiet. He finally said, "Then I'll let you know what I'm going to do in a few days too. I'm going to bed."

"In your nightie?" she winked.

"I can't..."

"Hon, please," she almost begged. "I can't take this. You know that I love you more than anything in the world." Tears came out of her eyes and she started crying.

Cory stopped and would have hugged her as he used to, but now it was different. He kept the distance.

"Please talk to me. Maybe we can talk this out. Maybe there's something I can do to make you understand my need to know the genetic father."

Cory said, "I'm trying to understand. For the last three days I have tried to make sense of all this. Am I the father or what?"

"Oh honey," Janet sighed. "This has to be tough on you. Here you are trying to be a man and my husband. After we were married, we should have just cut THAT thing off! I love being with you as a woman." She smiled but Cory didn't smile back.

IT TOOK...

The next day, Janet went to the doctor for a blood test. She was pleased to learn, "IT TOOK!"

"I'm pregnant?" she asked.

"That was the idea, right?" the doctor laughed.

Thinking of giving birth to her first child was making her daydream while driving back home. But it was odd. She now could put a face on her baby dreams. She knew it couldn't be Cory's face and was happy she had seen the father of her child.

A few days later, Cory came home earlier than he had been coming.

"You look good," Janet said. Cory was wearing a pink suede mini-skirt, black stockings, black pumps, and a black top that was showing a lot of cleavage. "Pretty trashy for day wear, eh?"

He didn't smile. "I want to meet him. Like you, I want to see the face of the man whose child I'm going to raise."

"I don't know who he is or where he lives."

"You know where he eats. We could go to the same place where you met him. Where's the restaurant?"

"NO! I don't want to see him again. I can't."

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Cory slept in the guestroom again that night. When he woke up, Janet was sitting on the end of the bed, with tears in her eyes. He had no idea how long she'd been sitting there staring at him.

"I'll do anything," Janet cried. "Do you really think meeting him would help?"

"I don't know," Cory said, "I just know that the status quo won't. I suppose I could live with us raising a stranger's child but I need to know where I fit in."

Janet told Cory what she knew. Mostly that he lunches at that restaurant.

"That's a good reason to sleep with a guy," Cory spat. "Let's go to lunch there today."

"What are you going to say if he's there?"

"I don't know. I'll be good."

Janet got ready around 11am. She didn't know what to wear for the potential meeting. She had such nice things and so little time left in tight, fitted clothes. She thought, "I don't want to appear too sexy since Cory will be watching every move."

She looked pretty with light makeup, pale pink lipstick. She wore a conservative but trendy mini skirt that always made her feel sexy.

To her surprise, Cory was wearing a blue fitted skirt and blouse. He looked so pretty, the only thing Janet could say was "WOW! You look wonderful."

"I just wanted to look like a professional."

"You are a professional," she replied with a smile.

They looked like two married women out for lunch before shopping. Little was said on the way to the restaurant.

"Table for two?" the hostess asked.

Cory interrupted the hostess and said. "No, we will just sit at the bar." It was early and there weren't many people there yet.

Once he got Janet seated at the bar, Cory moved two

bar stools away from Janet and said, "Just pretend that you don't know me."

Janet was puzzled with Cory's instructions and said, "What are you trying to do."

"Nothing, I want him to approach you. Having someone with you might scare him away."

Janet's heart was racing. What if the man came over and gave her a big hug. What if he kissed her deeply like when they parted at the motel.

"I don't like this," she said to Cory.

"Once he says hello, introduce me to him."

Janet sat, sipping on a tall white wine. It was gone and refilled before the lunch crowd appeared. Cory was nursing a Coke and sat staring straight ahead trying not to make eye contact with any of the men.

Janet waited, thinking about her afternoon with the man. They were both watching the door. Cory was thinking about the man: his looks, job, net worth, and how he'd be a threat to him. Janet was thinking how to handle this situation. She has to greet and introduce him in a way that Cory would not get threatened. He's the love of her life.

Her heart was racing and she was sweating. Cory on the other hand was calm and just waiting for the guy to come in. The clock was ticking very slowly and it seemed like they had been there for the whole day, but it was only 20 minutes.

Janet calmly sat at the bar sipping her wine...at least that's what a bystander would think. Inside she was full of fear. She would occasionally glance at Cory and over at the door.

"Maybe he won't show?" she thought. Although she knew little about him she did know he was a creature of habit when it came to lunch. He would walk in at one, plus or minus five minutes.

It was 12:45 and she knew she could relax for about

ten minutes. She whispered to Cory, “Looks like he’s not coming today.”

“We’ll wait,” Cory said unemotionally.

Janet thought about how she would hold her arms when John saw her. Maybe he could read her body language and not show any passion. Her face reddened, remembering their last minutes together. She had tried to blot it out of her memory. That last embrace, the kisses, the way they made love several times. Yes, she had to call it that, love.

She would cross her arms over her breasts when he walked in. The man would understand. Her heart raced. At the motel when she was about to change her mind, he knew just what to say. Once in the motel room, he knew just what NOT to say. He matter-of-factly took her quickly and with passion. Just the way she wanted it...the first time.

It had been quick and to the point, .almost clinical. Once it was over, she allowed herself to look at the man. He was tall, strikingly handsome with rugged features, nothing like Cory. She ran her manicured fingers over his chest and neck. She couldn’t help herself. She wanted to remember every element of her baby’s father. He lay very still, it was like he knew what she was thinking.

“That tickles,” he finally said. Her fingers continued exploring. She wanted to touch and remember everything, every dimple, mole, blemish and hairline.

Yes, the second time was soft and sensual. There was no rush, no obstacle—once or twice, what difference did it make. But the second time, Janet had to admit; John had touched her core. They had kissed.

Janet wished she had known which time had created her baby. It might make some things easier.

Janet looked over at Cory. He was so loyal, trustworthy and very pretty. He was the kind of man she

wanted for the father of her baby. He would always be there for their child...if they could get through this day. She had to make Cory forget. She had to forget....

It was the very moment when the man walked through the door. If Cory had been looking he might have seen her jump and cross her arms over her bosom. She looked away.

But John was not alone. He was with another tall man, one she would guess was a lawyer or stockbroker. There were a lot of those in the financial district.

Janet held her breath for a moment and tried to not look but did. Their eyes did not meet. She expected him to see her and come over and kiss her. But he didn't. In fact, he was staring at Cory. His eyes were fixed on his trim girlish figure and long legs.

Instead of taking a seat at the bar, he moved quickly to the hostess who sat them in the main restaurant. He was not paying any attention to her. "What happened? is he married and didn't want to expose our relationship to this new person?" Janet thought. OR "it was a one night stand and he wants nothing to do with me"

A sense of rejection intimidated her mind and she felt her heart just sink.

She looked into the wine glass. Suddenly her thoughts were shattered by Cory talking to someone. She turned and saw him in an embrace with HER man!

She glared at them and then the man saw her. He looked confused. Cory untangled himself from the man's arms and said with a deep red face, "Honey, this is John...the man at the club I've been telling you about."

"Oh yeah?" Janet tilted her head. "John eh? I've heard a lot about you...but maybe I haven't heard it ALL?"

A jolt of jealousy, like an electric shock ran through Janet and she was red with anger. John's hand rested on Cory's shoulder then suddenly pulled away.

She stood up and moved over next to them...she looked John right in the eyes and asked, "Have you two been..." She didn't need to finish the question.

He shrugged and grimaced before Janet quickly dragged Cory out of restaurant. John didn't need to answer...feathers were stuck in his teeth.

On their way home, Cory and Janet were both arguing about the situation. "SO?" Janet asked, "What's going on between you two?"

Cory moaned, "Nothing now. After you and that guy had sex, I was so depressed. There was John at the club buying me drinks and telling me I was pretty." Cory was both embarrassed and mad at John.

"Details MISSY!" Janet demanded. It felt nice to be back in control!

There really wasn't much to tell, only a lot to confess. John had offered a tipsy Cory a ride home. In the car, Cory found himself in John's lap. His bra came off almost immediately and John buried his face in Cory's sensitive breasts. Cory moaned, "He made me feel like a woman...I wanted escape...to be a woman. Before I knew it, I was holding a handful of John. Please forgive me? We were both just experimenting."

"So is that it?"

Cory moaned, "We went back to his place and he made love to me...for three days... I walked out and knew I could only love you!"

"Oh my," Janet said wistfully. "Three days? I only had three hours with John!"

"WHAT?" Cory gasped.



Cory found himself in John's lap. His bra came off almost immediately and John buried his face in Cory's sensitive tits. Cory moaned, "He made me feel like a woman...!"

EPILOGUE

A NIGHT OUT....

"RED TOES" was a young, affluent club for working singles. It was a wild place with rock music and dancing. Perfect place for two hot girls to have fun.

Their one year old baby was back home with the nanny. They had decided to raise the baby as a girl...good thing it was! The baby looked like Janet and even a bit like Cory.

Janet was finally at the point where her best clothes fit again. They had spent a lot of time getting ready for the club. Janet knew that Cory might chicken out. Both wore lots of make-up and Janet curled and teased Cory's hair into a wild almost whoreish look with makeup to match and perfume, lots of perfume.

They had to stand in line for a minute until the doorman saw them and pushed them to the front of the line. There was no cover charge for the girls while the guys had to pay \$35.00. Cory whispered to Janet, "Being a chick sure has it's benefits!"

Janet nodded then reached in her red leather purse and took out a lipstick. She adjusted the bodice of her dress and noticed the men watching. Her breasts were still huge since she was nursing. They were staring. The awareness was so strong, it almost felt like a physical touch.

Janet smiled at one of the men and he turned away in shyness. She still had it.

Once inside, the place was crowded and dark. Janet took Cory's hand and they snaked their way into the club. The guys outnumbered the girls 3 to 1. Men gawked as the two walked by in their tight clothes and 3 inch heels."

Janet yelled, "I can't believe I'm doing this. I'm a mom!"

"And still HOT!" Cory giggled.

"And so are you...who's picking tonight?"

Cory was wearing a mint green silk dress with a white collar, low cut and tight. The skirt fit tightly over his fanny, calling attention to his walk. They were by far two of the prettiest young ladies in the club.

Suddenly men surrounded them. It was like a locust attack. Cory began to get tense as they complimented him on his dress and make-up. It was crowded and guys seemed to pass by just for the chance to brush by.

Cory disappeared on the arm of some tall guy heading for the dance floor.

A guy approach Janet. "Hi I'm Gus," said this tall handsome gentleman to Janet. "Can you dance?"

The man looked familiar. Gus was a good dancer and when the fast music turned to a slow dance Gus wrapped his arms around Janet and one hand swooped down the fabric of her dress.

Suddenly it made sense. "I've seen you at my father's office...are you his choice to be the father of my next baby?" Gus ran off quickly.

Back at their table, Cory looked at the men in the room and whispered in Janet's ear, "When we get home, why don't we call John sometime and invite him over for dinner?"

"I think my father already has..."

THE END...



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Mike was pissed, Cindy was amused. Ye was angry, and I was terrified! And this is just the start of my weekend as another sex's girl!

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Good, they had made me into a woman! How could I ever return to being Shirley now? My manhood wasn't much before, but now...!


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learned as a boy
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taught him how
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When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules:

"We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis?

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

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

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

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

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

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

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

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
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This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.
I BECAME MY TEACHER
A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5**

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WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM
A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

THE SLIP
A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP
A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

**NON-FICTION BOOKS
THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.**

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A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

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Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



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"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



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