

GIRLFRIENDS

TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

FEMININE PROPOSAL I

The First Proposal



Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become her girlfriend!
GIRLFRIENDS -- VOLUME TWO

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
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GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

Feminine Proposal

Book #1

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“Feminine Proposal”

Book #1

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QUOTE BOARD

“What's wrong with being called a bitch?”

Feminine Proposal

Book #1

By Brenda Ann R.

Chapter 1

Cindy and I were married on a shoestring, hoping that my job would pull us through until she got her college degree so our combined income would put us on 'easy street'. As many foolish newlyweds do, we extended ourselves by leasing a wonderful house in the Denver hills.

Soon after that I was laid off from work, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't find another job. I took some temp work, but that hardly kept food on the table, let alone make the lease payments.

The lease had a clause that stated we would be evicted if we were ever over 60 days in arrears and all monies paid would be forfeited. Our lease payment was due in 10 days.

One day, I returned from a fruitless day of job hunting to find Cindy waiting for me. "Stan, our payment is due in less than three weeks. How are we going to pay it?"

I'd been lying to Cindy about the size of my temp job paychecks. She thought that we were up-to-date on all our bills. Sometimes I just left the house all day and wandered around town. Cindy assumed that I was at work.

"How did you find out, Cindy?"

"Not that it matters, Stan, but I got a call from Vic Toredon today about the missing payments. What's going on?"

"I just...just haven't been able to find a real job and the temp jobs have even dried up. I didn't want you to worry."

Cindy raised my chin with her hand. "Quit trying to spare me bad news, Stan. I can drop out of school and get enough work to make our house payment." Her voice carried a mixture of anger and sympathy.

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“No, no, you stay in school. I’ll work it out.”

“Stan, be reasonable. You know I will do anything to keep this wonderful house...anything.”

“Well, me too, Cindy. I will do whatever it takes to keep this house.”

She smiled, but reminded me that we only had 3 weeks to be in compliance with our 60-day grace on the payments. “I’ll do something. Who is Vic Toredo?”

“You don’t know who Vic Toredo is?” she asked. I just shook my head. “He owns the loan on our home and he can take it away to. He is also the son in ‘Toredo and Son’ dealership.

“Wow, a wealthy man, I would guess.”

“A multimillionaire is more accurate,” Cindy stated. “I’ll call him. He’s a person, not a corporation, so maybe he will work with us.”

“Why not,” I shrugged. I was out of ideas and money.

“I’ll put on my best woeful voice,” she chirped.

Cindy returned in less than 5 minutes. “He said that he would meet with us at the dealership right now.” I wasn’t enthusiastic about the meeting, but agreed to go.

We parked our 15-year-old rusty car in the customer lot of the Toredo dealership. Several salesmen approached us, hoping we would be their big sale for the day. The sales pitch stopped and the royal treatment began when I said Vic Toredo was expecting us. Vic Toredo must indeed be a powerful man.

An attractive receptionist ushered us into Toredo’s office. Vic stood and warmly welcomed us. He was a man in his late twenties, reasonably tall, athletic, tanned, and distinguished with his black mustache and hair. I could have bought five suits on the money he spent on the suit he was wearing.

“Tell me your story,” he requested after we were seated.

Cindy did most of the talking, which gave me time to observe him as he took in Cindy's beauty. Obvious her looks and figure intrigued him, for his eyes covered every inch of her body.

"Let me get this straight," he said in his business voice. "You're ten days from losing your house and neither of you is working. Have you tried credit somewhere?"

"Without a job?" I asked.

"Ah, good point. How about friends or relatives who can float you a loan?" Toledo placed his hands together and leaned his elbows on the desk.

"We've exhausted those already," I stated.

"Wow, what a pity," he said sympathetically. "That's a beautiful home on top of a hill, and forested too. You'll never find another house like it." My heart sank. We were through; the house was gone.

"Still, Mr. Knight, if I paid off one of your past due payments, could you possibly get the other payments together in a month and 10 days?"

I knew that I could. "Wow, yes...yes sir. I know that I can do that. How can I ever thank you? You mean that you would make that payment for us?"

"Yes, however, there is a condition, something that both of you will have to agree to."

"Well, sure, anything," we both eagerly agreed.

"Very well, I'll come right to the point. Mr. Knight, I find your wife very attractive. I will make your May payment if you allow me to take her on a date this coming Friday. I'll pay her \$1150 to accompany me on a date. Yes, it's an expensive date!" he self-confidently laughed.

Cindy and I looked at each other, shocked, unable to utter a sound. Date my wife? Let another man take her on a date, hold her, and do whatever else to her?

“Ah, I see you are surprised. I told you that I always come directly to the point. You go home and think about it. Call me by this time tomorrow and let me know one way or the other.”

Neither Cindy nor I spoke until we exited his office. I finally uttered, “We’ll let you know by tomorrow.” Cindy shot me a dirty look.

“Fine, Mr. Knight. I’ll give you an extra fifty bucks so you can go out with the guys on Friday. That way, you won’t have to think about what Cindy and I are doing.” I jerked around to give him a piece of my mind, but the door was closed.

Cindy was cool towards me as we drove home. “What’s the matter, Cindy?”

“The matter? What’s the matter? Just when are you two gentlemen going to tell me what I, the little wife, must do?”

“Huh?”

“Are you going to loan me to Vic Toredó? Must I be his Friday night date, his whore? Well, I must be a pretty damn good lay for him to spend \$1200 on me. Obviously you must be thinking about pimping me out or you would have told him ‘NO my wife isn’t going out with you for any amount of money!’ But you didn’t. ‘We’ll call you back tomorrow, Mr. Toredó,’” Cindy mimicked my last statement to Toredó.

“He didn’t say anything about having sex,” I defended.

“Nor did he say anything holding hands, kissing, or fondling. Do you think that he plans to just sit next to me?”

“Well...well...” I stammered. “I...I guess I didn’t think about that. I imagined him sitting across the dinner table from you or maybe just dancing...”

“And even that would be OK with you?”

“No, no,” I blushed, “not even that would be OK.”

Cindy’s demeanor softened. “I didn’t think so.” I put my arm around her.

On the way home, we bought some bread sticks, cheese, and a huge bottle of cheap wine. We sat on our huge porch and looked over the foothills between Denver and us. It was around 5 AM when we finished our wine. We had been watching 4 or 5 white tail deer foraging on our front lawn.

“Let them have it,” a drunken Cindy murmured.

“Yeah, let them have it!” I returned. We loved the deer and the rest of the wildlife. Soon this would all be gone and we would be living in some apartment in the asphalt jungle of Denver.

Chapter 2

We both awoke around 10 AM with the sun beating down on us. We were still on the porch. There was no hurry to rise as I had no job to go to and Cindy was going to leave school. That was too bad as she was just starting her semester finals. An entire semester’s work would be lost.

“Stan, what time is it?”

“Uh...just a little after 10 AM. Why?”

“I can do it. I can make it if I hurry,” she shouted as she darted inside.

“Make what?” I shouted after her.

“My finals. I’m not going to let a semester’s work slip away because I’m feeling sorry for myself. I’m going to take my finals and I’m going to ace them.”

“Great! That’s really great, Cindy.”

“Oh, and Stan, call Vic Toredó and tell him that our date is on for Friday.”

“What? You *want* to go out with Toredó?”

“No, but it will save our house for another month. It’s not like I don’t know him.”

“You know him?”

“He tried to date me in high school.”

“Did you go out with him?”

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“Just once. It was an OK date. He had a high school crush on me, but I was seeing someone else and didn’t go with him again.”

“But I didn’t date you while we were in high school, Cindy.”

“You weren’t the ‘someone else’, Stan.”

“Oh...”

“Ask Vic for details and what I should wear.” Now it was ‘Vic’.

“Yeah, right,” I thought. I was setting my wife up for a date with another man and I had to ask him what he wanted her to wear. How accommodating can a husband be?

I heard the shower running and further discussion was over for the moment. It was only minutes later, when Cindy, dressed in Jeans and one of my shirts, flew out the front door.

“Hey, that’s my shirt you’re wearing...”

“You’re right! I’ll let you wear one of my blouses later.”

“Are you sure you want to go out with Toledo?”

“The deer will miss us if I don’t. Call Vic and set up our date.” She kissed me good-bye and was gone.

An hour later, I finally got the nerve to call Toledo. His secretary connected us. “Uh...Mr. Toledo, my wife...Cindy will go out with you on Friday night.”

“Wonderful. I’m looking forward to it. She’s a beautiful woman.”

“I know, I know. Oh, and she wants to know what to wear.”

“An evening gown. Something low cut and sexy.”

“I’ll tell her.”

“Oh, will you be there when I pick her up, Stan?”

“Well, yeah, probably. Why do you ask?”

“I just want to make sure that you’re cool about seeing your wife leaving with me. Not all guys are so accommodating.”

“You’ve done this before?”

Vic laughed, “Only a couple of times, and only when I find a woman that I’m truly attracted to.”

“She’s married...to me, you know...”

“Yes, I’m only going to borrow your bride for an evening. Can you live with that, Stan?”

I was angry, seething, but in a bind to keep the house. “Y...yes I can...”

“Good! I’ll see you both on Friday night around 8:30.”

“When will you have her back, Mr. Toredo?”

“Ah, no conditions, Stan, no conditions. When the evening is over.” I hung up without responding. I didn’t feel good about the situation.

Cindy arrived home early in the afternoon. She had aced her finals. I was going to tell her to forget the date thing, but she was so bubbly, so I didn’t.

“Did you get hold of Vic?”

“Yes...he’ll pick you up at 8:30.”

“Did he tell you where he was taking me?”

“No.”

“How will I know what to wear?”

“Something low-cut and sexy...an evening gown.”

“An evening gown? Oh, we must be going somewhere nice.”

“It sounds like you’re looking forward to this.”

“Well, it may be some really nice place. He could take me to a biker bar...or some place really crummy.”

“I know...”

“Something low cut and sexy. I don’t have such a gown...” She was thinking hard. “I have an idea,” she chirped. Soon she was on the phone talking to a friend. I heard her say, “You do? Oh, that sounds wonderful. I’ll be right over,” and she was gone.

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She returned some three hours later carrying a gown in a dress bag, a shoebox, and sacks of who knows what. "Stan, I'm so excited. This is such a sexy gown. I can't wait to wear it."

"I won't be with you when you do."

"Yes, you will. You'll be here when I get ready, won't you?"

"Do you want me to?"

"Of course. You'll just die when you see me in this dress."

"If you say so..." I hoped that it wasn't sexy at all. My hope wasn't fulfilled.

Friday arrived all too soon. Tonight my wife was going out with another man, a very wealthy man. Cindy started getting ready for her date around six. She gaily sang and hummed as she took her perfumed bath. I watched as she lined her eyes, fluffed her eyelashes with mascara, applied blue eyeshadow, and then glossed over her sleek red lips. I returned to the living room thinking that I'd seen it all. I hadn't!

An hour and a half later, my butterfly emerged from her cocoon. She called out, "Do you think that I'm sexy, sweetheart?"

I turned around and nearly knocked over a lamp. She had never looked so beautiful, so...so sexy. She stood radiant in her black floor length evening gown. The dress was very low cut to show off her magnificent cleavage.

When she walked, I discovered that there was a thigh high slit on the left side of her dress showing off her shapely silken covered legs in dark nylon. Sexy? Oh, damn!



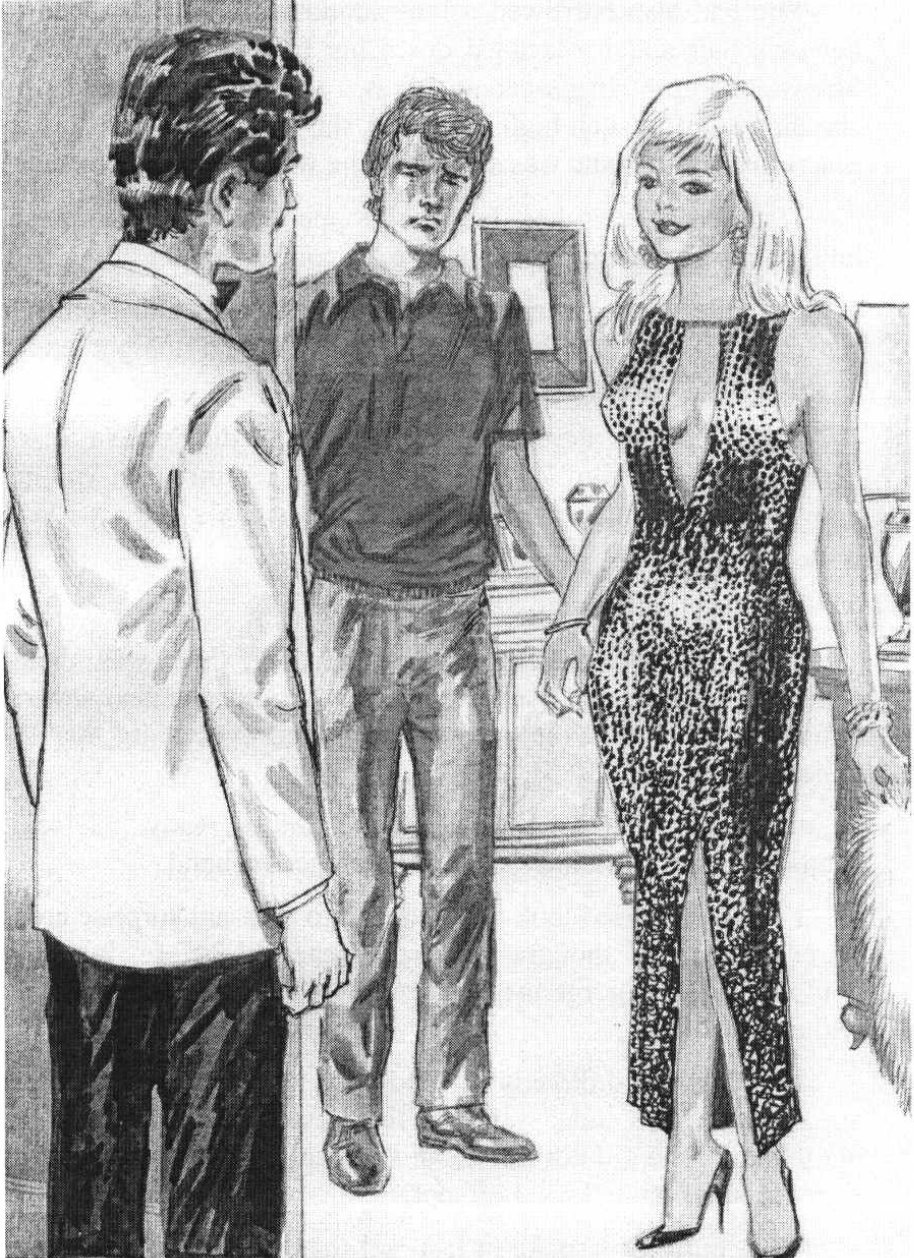
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Cindy, my wife, made her entrance to greet her date for the night. Vic looked so dashing in his tuxedo. How could I compete with his money?

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She had also borrowed a long blonde fall, now attached to her own hair and it cascaded down her back to near her waist. She walked on 4" black patent spikes. I couldn't understand why she didn't fall in such high heels, but she was a picture of grace. She was beautiful, she was sexy, and she was another man's date!

I started to kiss her, but she stopped me. "It's too fresh, honey. I don't want to smear it." No, of course not.

I smelled her perfume from behind her ears and from her sensual breasts. She belonged to another man tonight and I couldn't even kiss her.

I was ready to leave, to go anywhere so I didn't have to see her with Toledo. "I'm leaving, Cindy. I'll see you when you get home whenever that..." I was too late. My wife's date was here to pick her up.

"Let him in, will you, Stan?"

I grimaced, but when I opened the door, there was Victor Toledo, Cindy's date. This man had my wife for the next several hours. He wore an expensive sports jacket, everything that I'd expect from Toledo.

"Uh...hi, Mr. Toledo. Cindy's almost ready," I said, sounding more like Cindy's mother than her husband.

I saw a surprised look that changed to pleasant surprise cross Toledo's face. "I thought you were beautiful before, but now you're absolutely gorgeous," he stammered as he pushed past me without a word.

Toledo walked directly to Cindy and immediately placed his arms around her slender waist. He then kissed her full on the lips, but this time she did not fret about smearing her lipstick. She was enjoying this lasting kiss. I did not!

"Uh...hum..." I spoke at last and that broke the spell of the kiss. "See you later, Cindy," I held the door wide open urging them to leave. I could hardly stand it as they walked to the door. Cindy's partially bared breasts and the curves of her legs, clear up to her thigh eluded sexiness.

"Bye, honey. I'm not sure when I'll be home," Cindy offered as Toredo led her out the door. Toredo said nothing to me as he and Cindy climbed into the back seat of the waiting limo. This would be a very long night, waiting for Cindy to come home.

I shouldn't have looked in her small purse. I know I shouldn't have done that, but then I wouldn't have found the two condoms if I hadn't. I wanted to confront her about the condoms, but how do I tell her that I was snooping in her purse, spying on her? I couldn't, so I didn't. I did remove the condoms though.

The family of deer fled as the crunch of car tires came up our unpaved road. The sun was just starting to rise. I watched as Toredo parked his T-bird in our driveway, and then went around to open Cindy's door. She looked up at the house, and I know that she didn't see me sitting in the shadows of the porch.

Cindy let Toredo's arms encircle her and he pulled her close. She didn't resist. They kissed long and passionately, and finally they broke it off. I could only hear parts of their conversations. Things like... 'I had a wonderful time, Vic,' and he saying, 'Maybe we can do it again'. I couldn't hear Cindy's reply.

Toredo said something to her and I saw Cindy look toward the house again, then I plainly heard her say, "Oh, I'm sure that he's asleep. Why?"

Toredo didn't respond as I watched as he passionately kissed down her neck to her bare shoulders. Finally, he was kissing the tops of her bared breasts. She didn't stop him until he attempted to pull the bodice of her dress down. Only then did she stop him.

"No, Vic, not..." and I couldn't hear the rest of her response. They kissed again and she walked dreamily towards our house.

I slipped inside the house just ahead of Cindy. I pretended to be asleep on the couch. How much would she tell me? "Oh, hi, honey, why aren't you in bed?"

"I fell asleep watching TV," I answered, and then I noticed that the TV wasn't on.

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Cindy sat on the couch, placing my head on her lap. I could see her luscious breasts, and wondered if Toredo had touched them, tasted them, and fondled them. "Did you have a good time?"

"Actually, yes. We went to the 'Olde Forte' for dinner, and then to the Silver City nightclub for the show and dancing."

"Then where?"

"Then...then Vic brought me home. Why? Are you jealous?"

"Yes! Did you and he make love?"

Cindy quickly got angry. "What do you think?"

"I don't know. That's why I'm asking."

She was pissed. "Let's be frank, Stan. Did you take the condoms from my purse?"

"Did you need them?" I countered.

"As a matter of fact, yes," Cindy stood up, dropping my head on the couch. "Yes, they would have been handy. Now, if I turn up pregnant in the next month or so, you'll have to wonder if it's Vic's baby or yours. Actually, you'll know that it's Vic's baby since you and I have always used protection." She turned on her heels and stormed into the bedroom, locking the door after her. I spent the rest of the evening on the couch.

It wasn't until late the next morning that Cindy spoke to me. Then she asked, "Stan, do you recall asking me to carry 'protection' in my purse just in case you and I decided to get amorous? Those were for me...and for...you, stupid! They've been in my purse ever since we got married."

"Whew, what a relief."

"Is it? I guess that you'll just have to worry for a few months to find out if I had sex with Vic. I'm not going to tell you, so don't ask. You'll just have to worry if I start putting on a little weight. Am I getting fat or do I have a baby inside me, maybe Vic's baby?"

"Uh...do we have the house for another month?"

"Yes, would you like me to try for a year?"

It wasn't until the three days later that Cindy let me off the hook. "I won't be getting pregnant, Stan. Vic and I did not have sex. You deserved to be worried these last couple of days because you didn't trust me. I hope you're sorry."

I was!

Chapter 3

A few weeks later, Cindy brought a computer-generated letter into the living room. "Listen to this, Stan. Toredos has made us another proposal."

"What? Another date with you for a month's payment?"

"More! Listen!" Cindy began to read to me the proposal that I was sure she had already read a time or two. The contract read,

"This proposal is for you and your spouse, provided that both agree to all details, and that you actually perform each condition of the contract. Failure to perform any condition means forfeiture of your house. If you complete every stipulation of the contract, I will,

- 1. Pay the total purchase price of your house, and***
- 2. Give you any vehicle on my lot that you want***

"Wow, how many dates will you have to go on with him to pull this deal off?" I was already thinking, 'yes, anything' in my mind, but I didn't say so out loud. Cindy said nothing, but continued reading the contract.

"The conditions of the contract are as follows:

- 1. Spouse must spend an entire weekend with me from 6 PM Friday night to 10 AM Monday morning.***
- 2. Spouse must be agreeable, pleasant, fun, and enthusiastic with me at all times for the entire weekend.***

Plans for the weekend are listed below. Every condition must be agreed to and performed.

- 1. I will pick spouse up promptly at 6 PM Friday. Spouse will provide own clothing, but it must be something fun, perhaps a***

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- mini or micro skirt or dress that is ultra feminine. I will provide all clothing after that.
2. Spouse must wear whatever I decide, go wherever I decide, and do whatever I decide. Nothing illegal will be asked.
 3. Friday and Saturday nights may be spent alone in your own bedroom. Nobody will disturb you.
 4. Sunday evening, you will do your makeup sexily, wear lingerie of my choice, and retire to your bedroom. I may or may not choose to spend some or all of the night with you. If I decide to spend time with you, you must convince me that you want to make love. You must perform any and all acts, yes sexual acts too, that I choose. Decide that you will say 'yes' before you agree to start the weekend. I may require you to do it, so bring the protection of your choice.
 5. Monday 10 AM, if you have fulfilled all conditions of the contract, the house and vehicle are yours. Failure to do so will forfeit your home and the vehicle.

"You have one week to make up your minds. If you agree, my weekend with your spouse begins the following Friday, twelve days from now. I will supply a detailed agenda upon acceptance of this offer. If you disagree, I require all back and current payments in 14 days or you forfeit your house."

Victor Toledo III

I immediately thought Christmas had come early. Visions of driving a new 2002 truck with all the bells and whistles ran through my head. "What you are thinking?" Cindy asked.

"Of the new truck we will get. You can pick out the color if you want," I sighed.

A cold icy scowl on Cindy's face brought me back to reality. "So that's it? You've decided?"

"Well...well..." I knew I was in deep trouble, deeper than the last time.

"You barely heard what I just read and you're ready to deal? A deal where I'm Vic's prize and you get a new truck, although, you're scarcely big enough to drive such a vehicle. What's in it for me, Stan?"

“Well, it could be our truck, honey...and our house...”

“What if I wanted a T-bird convertible in yellow or pink? Would you still be so excited by the deal?”

“Uh...I’m not sure. Why would you want a...”

“Stan, that’s not the point! Don’t you have a problem with me being Vic’s girlfriend, living with him, romancing with him, sleeping with him? What about him having all those semi nude and nude photos of me? Aren’t you concerned?” Having vented her outrage, she stomped out of the house, adding on her way out, “Would you be willing to be Vic’s toy for the weekend?”

“I sure would! I would do it for me and for you...apparently more than you are willing to do for me,” I shouted after her.

I mumbled that I would do it if the owner of our house was a woman and she demanded such things of me. I would do it for Cindy. I could live with it if he scored with Cindy a time or two. She should be able to also. I loved Cindy deeply and I wouldn’t enjoy her being with another man, but damn, that deal sure would set us up financially.

It would take a lot of convincing for me to get Cindy to cooperate. On a whim, I jumped into our little car and drove to Toredos’s dealership. I looked at several trucks. I asked Toredos if I could select any truck I chose. He looked at me through amused eyes. “Not a problem,” he said, and walked away.

I arrived home about two hours later. “Where have you been?” Cindy asked.

“Just driving.”

“Thinking about Vic’s proposal?”

“Uh...yeah, a little, I guess.”

“Well, you must be telepathic because Vic just called and said you could have the truck you were looking at. You must be seriously thinking about Vic’s proposal.”

She had me. “Look, Cindy, I don’t like his proposal, but we would be set up financially. We would have our house. If we don’t agree to the contract, we lose the house in two weeks.”

“And you won’t get your precious little truck either,” she acidly added.

“Well, no...I mean we could look at other vehicles as well, and pick out one that we both like.”

“So you have made up your mind that we should accept the deal? You don’t mind if I have sex with another man. Some men get off on their wives making love to ‘real’ men. Are you one of those, Stan?”

“No, of course not. I’m a real man too.”

“Not compared with Vic, you aren’t. Maybe I should agree to this deal after all. I not only get a house and car, and...Vic’s cute, ruggedly handsome, and quite athletic. It might be fun.”

“He didn’t say that he was going to sleep with you. Maybe he won’t. Maybe all you have to do is be his date for the weekend. It’s only for...uh...64 hours, then we are set.”

“What about the nude photos of me?”

“It’s not a big deal. You’re pretty and you have a sensational body. I’d be okay if you posed for Playboy.”

“You would, huh?” she asked dryly. “It sounds to me that you are totally okay with me being Vic’s woman in every way.”

“Just for the weekend, Cindy. Those 64 hours will really set us up. It’s something that I can live with and you should be able too. You come home, take a hot shower, and wash the memories of Vic away. It’s one weekend, one lousy weekend. You can do it, Cindy.”

“I probably can if I had to,” Cindy sighed.

“You do have to, Cindy. Just this one time.”

“Are you sure that you would do all these things if it were you and not me that had to perform them?”

“Yes, yes, Cindy, I would do those very things, but that’s not the case. Yes, I would do everything that I’m asking you to do if it led to us getting our own home and having a decent vehicle to drive.”

“Well, Stan, I’m very happy to hear you agree to do those things so that we can have this financial security. Let me show you something.”

She handed me an envelope from Toredó. It was addressed to Cindy Knight. She showed me the contract that she read to me. It started out, “Dear, Cindy, I have a proposal for you...”

“What are you trying to point out? You already read it to me.”

“You don’t understand, do you, Stan?” I shook my head no. “The letter is written to me, addressed to me. That makes you the ‘spouse’. Everything that he expects of the ‘spouse’ is intended for you, sweetheart. You are in the two piece bikini, you in the nude, you in a gown going to the theater, and you in Vic’s bed!” Cindy smiled triumphantly.

“That can’t be, Cindy! You’re misreading the contract.”

“Am I?” she handed me the contract. It was addressed to Cindy all right. It also read ‘spouse’, Stan Knight. She was right.

“Here, honey, sign the contract. I already have.”

“Cindy, that’s crazy. I’m not signing any such thing.”

“You just stated that you would do those things if it were you...and baby, it is you. So sign the *damn* contract! You haven’t been a woman long enough to have the privilege of changing your mind.”

“Quit joking, Cindy. I’m not going to do it. I’m not going to dress up as a girl and spend the weekend with Toredó.”

“Yes you are, darling. You’re going to dress in the very clothes that you were okay with me wearing. This is going to be so much fun, plus I get a house and a new car of ‘my choice’. Now sign IT!!” It was a demand. “You thought it okay for me to do these things. Now I think that it’s okay for you to do the same things. After all, it’s only for 64 hours, and he may choose not to have sex with you.”

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"Sex? What is it with this guy? He wants me to dress up as a girl, date him, get romantic, and even have a sexual relationship with him? What is he? Gay?"

"I wouldn't say 'gay', considering how he came onto me. Bi maybe, but you'll know that before me, you little tease. I know that you will be just darling as a girl."

"Stop it, Cindy. I'm not going to dress as a woman. I'm not going to spend a weekend amusing Vic Toredó."

"Yes you are, Stan! You are going to do it for us, for our financial future, just as you were willing to have me do it for us!"

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. "You don't really want me to do this. I mean, what wife would be okay with her husband becoming a woman and dating another man?"

"Me, this wife, is okay with it. I insist that you do it! It's not too much to expect you to put up with a little color on your lips and wearing women's clothing. After all, it's only 64 hours!"

"But what if he expects that sexual thing?"

"I'll buy you a large bottle of mouthwash, and then you can take a long hot shower and wash Vic right out of your life."

I looked in her eyes. "I can't do that! I can't do something like that!"

"If you don't do it, we will lose the house, the new vehicle, and maybe you will lose me!"

"What? What did you just say?"

"Stan, if you refuse to do it, I may not stay with you. You are obviously not committed to our marriage enough to make this small sacrifice. This is the same sacrifice that you asked me to make, remember?"

"Well, yeah, I remember, but you...you're already a woman. It would be natural for you to date a man. I mean I don't even look like a woman. I couldn't be made up to look like one either," I insisted.

“In four days I can have you so dolled up and feminine that you’ll forget that you were a man. I bet you’ll actually enjoy being a woman. You’re so delicate as a man that you’ll be darling wearing skirts and lipstick and all those delightful feminine things. It won’t be hard at all to change you. I remember your mom once said that you should have been a girl. Now you’re going to get your chance to be one. I could send her some pictures of you as a girl, the ones that Vic said he would have taken by a professional?” I didn’t answer. “Not the nude ones, of course, but maybe some of the semi nude photos...or you in a beautiful gown perhaps. She could see what her Stan would look like if he had been born a girl.”

“Cut it out, Cindy. There will be no pictures of me dressed as a girl because I won’t do it. I can’t do it!”

“I’ll give you one day to change your mind, Stan. If you don’t, then I’ll start packing for our move out. I’ll pack our things separately because we won’t be going the same way.”

She was serious. My options were to refuse and do nothing, therefore, losing our house, the new vehicle, and probably Cindy, or I could put up with a little polish on my nails and paint my lips red. I could wear a dress or skirt, maybe high heels, and a drop of perfume. If I would do that I could save my house, car, and most of all, my marriage.

Just before going to sleep the following night, I rolled over and kissed a non-responsive Cindy. “You’ll have to pick a name for me.”

“Huh...”

“You can’t call me Stan if I’m going to be a girl for 4 days.”

“You’ll do it? You’re really going to do it!” Cindy squealed as she threw her arms around me. It was the most passion that I had received in weeks, all because I was willing to pretend to be a girl for a few days. Her love was not something I was willing to give up.

“Lisa! Lisa is your new name starting now!” she gushed.

“Lisa?” I smiled. “If that’s who I have to be for a few days in order to save our marriage, then that’s who I’ll be.”

“Oh, honey, I love you so much. Would you like to wear my black slip nightgown right now?”

“I...I guess...if you want me to...”

“I do!” Cindy wouldn’t have to buy me any new clothes. I was about to find that I could wear hers.

Chapter 4

It felt really strange waking up the next morning feeling a soft silky nightgown caressing my naked body. The love making last night while wearing the gown was fantastic. I signed the contract before breakfast.

“I’ll get you some coffee, Lisa,” Cindy cooed. I knew this was going to be a *long* week or so.

I staggered sleepily back to the bedroom and removed the nightgown. I may have to sleep in women’s nightwear for three nights, but I didn’t have to be so attired now. I slipped on my jeans and a Grateful Dead T-shirt and headed for the kitchen.

“Lisa, where is your nightgown? We are having breakfast together in our nightwear.”

I smiled, “Hey, knock off the Lisa stuff for now. I don’t have to be Lisa for another five days. The same goes with the clothes. No ribbons and lace for me until then.”

“You might want to rethink that, Stan.”

“Why would I want to start dressing in drag before Friday?”

“When you start your female assignment, you might want to have some feminine skills. You are going to several public places and will be seen by many people. Would you prefer that they see Lisa, a girl, or a man wearing Lisa’s clothes?”

“I would rather be mistaken as a girl. I hadn’t thought about it much, Cindy. No one is going to believe that I’m a real girl. They will take me to be some drag queen, a guy who digs

dressing as a chick. I just hope that nobody discovers who the guy in the female clothes is or calls the police.”

“Stan, slow down. First, no one will call the police because cross-dressing is not illegal. Second, no one will call the cops because no one will suspect anything. They will accept that Lisa is a woman out on a date with her boyfriend.”

“Ouch, that hurt. I almost accepted that I had to get all dolled up during these four days, but being accepted as a woman and having a man for a date...? Could I really do that?”

“Stan, Stan, pay attention. I don’t want to hurt your masculine feelings, but you’ll be perfect in the role. You and I are the same size. At 5’7”, I’m a half-inch taller than you and we have almost the same build. Your facial features are fair, almost feminine. A little makeup, a new hairdo or a wig, and some girly clothes, and you will easily pass as a woman. Even your voice is soft enough to be feminine. How many times on the phone has someone referred to you as ‘Miss’ or thought that they were talking to me? Oh, you will easily pass as a girl. Maybe it will be hard for you to impersonate a macho male after you complete your days in dresses,” she girlishly giggled.

“Really funny, Cindy. What will you do for a husband if I start to like being a girl and don’t want to change back?”

“I would just trade my husband in for a new girlfriend. That might be fun.”

“You may be right. I’d rather be mistaken as a girl than as a guy dressed as a girl. I guess we should start now,” I folded my arms.

“We can start with your posture right now. Instead of folding your arms like some macho guy, place your hands palm in on your hips.” I did as she directed. “Now you’re showing your defiance as a woman would. That’s a start. Let’s have breakfast.” I slumped down at the table, legs wide apart and comfortable.

“Lisa, sit gently on the chair like this. Now swing your legs around. No...no, keep your legs together. Cross your legs at the ankles and keep your knees together.” I did as instructed.

"Yes, perfect. It will be much easier to remember when you are actually wearing a skirt or a dress."

"I can hardly wait," I chirped.

"It'll be fun, honey. Think of it as a science project where you were turned into a woman by some machine. Now that you are woman, have fun being feminine while you can. You might not get this chance again."

"I'd be shattered if I missed a chance like this again," I quipped.

We finished breakfast only after I learned how to hold my cup and how to delicately reach for things that I would have just grabbed before, all the while keeping my legs together.

"Here," Cindy passed me her lipstick, "Put it on."

"Well...well...Why? How?"

"I want to make the point that you have much to learn about being a woman and only a few days to learn, so try to be a good student and focus on 'I want to be a girl', rather than 'I have to be a girl'. It will be much easier on both of us."

"All right, all right, I'll quit resisting. From now on, I'll look forward to becoming a woman and being as feminine as I can." I didn't mean it, but I said it and I would at least pretend that I was enjoying myself.

"Good," Cindy responded, "Now be a good wife and help me clear the table." I did as she asked.

"All right, honey, if you hope to pull this off, you need to start your transformation into womanhood now and be totally serious about it. OK?"

"Okay," I halfheartedly responded.

"Fine! From now until next Monday morning at 10 AM, you are no longer a man. You are, and will remain, a woman. You aren't my husband; you're my girlfriend. I will call you Lisa and refer to you as 'she' and 'her'. I'm not your wife; I'm your best girlfriend. Understand?"

"Yeah, but it won't be easy sleeping beside you and not being able to touch you."

"That's because you're not a man any longer. You're a woman just like me, so you should be dreaming about sexy men." Yeah, right. Reluctantly I agreed to Cindy's terms and totally surrendered my masculinity, agreeing to be a girl completely for the next several days.

"All right, Lisa, let's make you beautiful." She examined me like a scientist looking through a microscope. She had me strip naked while she planned for my transformation. I wondered how I would like living as and being a girl for the few days. Wearing a skirt would not be a costume; it would be my every day clothing.

Finally, she spoke, "It won't take much, but I am going to cover your body with a depilatory. It will remove all your hair." She dabbed a foul smelling lotion on my arms, legs, chest, and around my pubic area. She let it set for 15 minutes, and then had me shower. It worked; my body was as smooth as hers.

"Good! That was easy," Cindy declared, "Now let's hide your little soldier so it won't affect your feminine appearance."

"Little?" I questioned.

"Compared to other men, yes, but now that is an asset to your feminization." Cindy had me tuck my 'little soldier' between my legs, and then she slipped black lace bikini panties up my legs. There was no bulge; I was as flat as a woman. She gave me some medical tape to make sure that the 'soldier' remained secured.

Next was a bra, black lace also; she called it a wonder bra. She taught me how to hook it, turn it around, and slide it up my chest. "Look," she pointed at the full-length mirror, "You've got boobs." The bra had pushed my chest together so much that I appeared to have cleavage. Standing in bra and panties, my body looked like that of a young teenage girl, definitely feminine.

"What else can you do to make me look more like a woman?"

“Oh, lots of things. I’m glad that you’re enjoying this.” I wasn’t enjoying it, but I wasn’t going to tell her that.

“Slip these on,” she held up a pair of sheer nude pantyhose. I would have ripped them if Cindy hadn’t showed me how to roll them up my legs. My legs looked shapely, like those of a woman.

“Wait till you put those legs into high heels. Those shoes will really make your legs sexy. You will be very teasing to the guys when you pop those sexy legs out from under a miniskirt.”

I recalled how I loved the sight of shapely legs on a girl wearing a short skirt. I never dreamed that it would be me wearing the pantyhose and heels and teasing the guys while exposing my thighs underneath a really short skirt.

“Let’s get on with it, Cinderella. Close your eyes.” I did so and I felt a woman’s wig being placed on my head.

I opened my eyes and saw a young woman with long auburn hair cascading past her shoulders and bangs covering her forehead. “What do you think?”

I was stunned. I was the woman in the mirror. There was not a single hint of my being a man. Cindy was right; it was very easy to change me into a woman. Maybe I wasn’t so ultra masculine after all.

Cindy smiled at me, “You like it, don’t you?”

I did! If I had to be a girl, I wanted to be a pretty girl, and it was plain that I soon would be one.

She removed the wig so that she could do my makeup without messing it up. “I want you to watch, Lisa. I will tell you what to do, and then I will show you what to do. I’m only going to do half of your face. You will then do the other half to match what I’ve done. Remember that several times this weekend Vic expects you to do your own makeup. He probably expects you to screw it up and look like a clown. You know that he wants to humiliate you,” Cindy explained.

I thought, ‘Forcing me to dress as a girl accomplished that.’

“He won’t succeed because by the time I’m finished teaching you, you will be able to do it as well as I. He’ll think that you’ve been doing makeup since you were a little boy,” she continued.

“Just what I want Vic to think, I’m sure,” I said under my breath.

Cindy started with powder. It was easy for me to match that skill when I did my half of my face followed by a little blush. I was amazed at how it gave me a high cheekbone effect.

“Now for pretty sexy eyes. This will be harder for you to duplicate, but if you’re going to be a girl, it’s something that you have to master,” she explained.

She was right! It took me several attempts to get the eyeshadow smooth and the eyeliner just right. I wanted to look like a sexy woman, not a hooker. Finally, I got the hang of it, and my eyes looked pretty. Applying mascara was not all that hard.

“Are you sure that you haven’t done this before, Lisa? You’re taking to it much to easily,” Cindy giggled.

“I’m sure!” I lightly barked, but I was getting interested in how the finished Lisa would look.

Cindy uncapped a gold colored tube to expose a red waxy looking substance, lipstick. “This separates the men from the women,” Cindy smiled, “You’ll soon be what you want to be, a woman.” She handed me the tube. “Put it on yourself. Putting on or touching up lipstick is something women do several times a day. You might as well become proficient at it starting now.”

My hand shook as I took the gold tube. I looked into the mirror as Cindy taught me and I touched the red color to my lower lip. It left a red imprint on my lip. I, a man, was applying lipstick to my lips. As my lips changed from natural color to red, I liked what I saw. What was I feeling? I liked the smell of the lipstick. I was delighted with my red lips. A lot!

Cindy handed me a handkerchief. The red lip imprint on the tissue came from my own lips. Why did this excite me? The only

other time that I had lipstick on my lips was when it came from a girl's lips.

All of a sudden, I was brought back to reality. Now it would be me putting a lipstick stain on a glass. Now it would be me transferring my lipstick to a man's lips. "I won't have to kiss him, will I?" I asked.

"I don't know," Cindy replied. "The contract stipulates that you must be pleasant and cooperative at all times. You must let him to kiss you if he wants to." After a pause, she continued, "Lisa, this weekend will be much easier if you believe that you're a woman, not a man in women's clothes. You must convince yourself that you really are Lisa. Enjoy being pretty and fair. Love being a woman. It's okay to let yourself be a woman."

"Well, at least through the weekend," I cautioned.

"And maybe longer. I'm beginning to enjoy my husband's feminine side. We may end up permanently living as two girlfriends if I come to like it any more."

"Quit kidding, Cindy," I admonished.

"I was only half kidding, kitten. You are adorable as a girl. We could double date big virile men and compare our romantic adventures. It would be fun hearing about the wild things my feminized husband did for 'her' date," Cindy giggled. "Admit it, Lisa, you're having just a tiny bit of fun being a girl, aren't you?"

"I...I...uh...no, no, I'm not..."

"Yes you are, but you can't admit it. You don't have to be masculine for the next few days. You're not my husband now. You've become my best girlfriend, and I'm enjoying every minute." She was too. Why would a wife want her husband made up, dressed up, and acting like a girl?

The wig was placed over my head again. Cindy gently adjusted it, and then turned my chair toward the mirror. I gasped out loud! That couldn't be me! The woman reflected back at me was really pretty, the kind of woman that I would have asked out. This couldn't be me, yet it was!

I looked like an Irish lass with my green eyes and auburn hair that reached my shoulders. Attired in bra and panties, I looked like a woman waiting for her man. I looked like a woman desiring to be in bed with a man. Whew, what a scary thought!

“You like yourself as a girl, don’t you?” Cindy smiled. “I can tell that you do.”

I didn’t answer her, but was I thinking! This girl, Lisa, me, could attract all kinds of male interest. As a girl, I could be incredibly popular, but then I’d have to do girl things with the guys. Phooey! Why couldn’t I have been so wildly interesting to the girls as my male self? Was I too feminine for a guy? I didn’t think so. Yes, I was slender and not very tall, and my figure was actually girlish. I was really lucky to find Cindy.

“If you can tear yourself from the mirror long enough, let’s get you into some pretty clothes.”

I, Stan, would not wear pretty clothes, but I, Lisa, would! I wondered how delightful it would feel to wear one of those short little skirts? Could I possibly walk in high heels? It wouldn’t be long before I found out.

Cindy slid a black lacy camisole over my head and onto my shoulders. Then she had me step into a very short, lacy black half-slip. I hoped that she wouldn’t pick a long dress or skirt for me to wear. She didn’t!

First I put on her long sleeve sheer blouse. I loved the look it created on my smooth arms and shoulders and the sexy look over the camisole. I then stepped into her miniskirt. I was the girl in the black skirt. I was disappointed when she had me slip on a pair of black patent skimmers with 1” heels. I had hoped for high heels, and I told her so.

She laughed, “You’re not ready for heels yet. Let’s concentrate on you getting used to wearing skirts first.”

She stood back and looked at the completed Lisa. “You’re prettier than I thought you would be. I used to worry about losing my husband to another woman. Now I have to worry about losing

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him to another man! You might consider staying as a woman, honey.”

“Knock it off, Cindy,” I moaned. “In a few days, this will all be over and I will return to being Stan, your husband.”

Cindy turned the mirror toward me. “Then look at what you’ll be giving up.”

I saw exactly what she was talking about. A really cute girl with a nice feminine figure and great legs would be gone forever. Hey, I liked what I saw and it could be fun to be ‘her’ for a few days. Then I would return to being Stan for the rest of my life, a male, which is what I really am.

“I can make the transition back,” I told her. “When I think of cute, sexy, pretty and feminine, I think of girls, not being one.”

“Okay, whatever,” Cindy responded. “Let’s do your nails.” I’d forgotten about painted nails. I always admired them on women, now I would admire my own painted nails, red to match my lipstick.

Cindy began painting long nails that she attached over my own nails. I admired the long shaped nails, painted a pretty gloss red. “Now you do your right hand the same way I did your left,” she instructed.

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*I gazed at my image in the mirror as I touched up my lipstick.
Why did I like the way I looked?*

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Sure, give me my weak hand to paint the nails on my right hand. I was sloppy; taking four different tries to get it right, but the completed job was worth it. My hands were soft with long slender fingers and gloss red nails. My hands were truly feminine. If I had to be a girl, I wanted to be completely feminine, and I was.

I looked hard at myself in the mirror. The complete Lisa stared back at me, and I liked what I saw. Before I realized it, I mouthed, "Wow! Let's go to town and pick up some guys." I couldn't believe I'd really said that!

She looked questioningly at me. "Would you really like to?" She was serious.

"No...no, no, of course not! I don't want to be with guys! How would you feel if you saw me dressed this way being hit on by some guy?"

"Turned on..."

"What? Turned on?"

"Uh huh, yeah, I think I would like you as some guy's girl. I don't know why, but you being a girl with a guy turns me on."

"You're perverted, Cindy," I quipped. "You like me being pretty and all as a fantasy, but you wouldn't like it if I had to be some guy's doll in real life."

She didn't answer, but she was thinking about it. "For the weekend, you will really be Vic's girl. You'll have to do everything he expects of you as a girl."

"Everything?"

"Everything!!"

I practiced how to be a female for the next 3 hours. My walk was shortened, I smoothed my skirt when I sat, and I sat ladylike with my legs crossed. Nothing showed from beneath my miniskirt when I sat down and when I dipped to pick up things from the floor. I learned to pick up change and keys from the table with my new longer nails. After 7 hours, I could project my every action as a woman would. Lisa was born!

Chapter 5

"Well, Lisa, it's time for you to and meet your public," Cindy challenged.

"Go out? Dress like this?"

"Yes, of course," she giggled, "It will be easier to learn to be a girl in public with me then it will be if your first public appearance as a girl is with Vic. I'll train you, but he will try to humiliate you, hoping to expose you as a guy impersonating a woman. I want you to believe that you are a woman when you go out in public. Isn't that what you want too?"

"Well, yes, yes, I want people to think that I'm a woman." I couldn't believe what I had just said, but it beat the alternative.

"Here's your purse, Lisa." She handed me a medium black leather purse. "Carry it over your shoulder, not like a football," she smiled.

It was easy to roam in the house dressed as a girl with only Cindy to see me. But going outside? Out in the public dressed as a woman? Now that was something else, and I told her so.

"Don't worry, no one will recognize you. Everyone will see a woman, and nothing else. We'll just drive around so you can get used to being outside as Lisa. We won't stop anywhere until you build up your confidence. Okay?"

"Okay, I guess, but I don't feel good about this."

"You will love the chance at being a girl. Now, let's go."

I placed the purse over my shoulder as she directed me. I felt funny to have no pockets. As we stepped onto the porch, a light wind caused my skirt to billow. "Hold your skirt down, Lisa."

It was only then that I realized that my black skirt was up around my waist. I leaned forward to hold my skirt down and let my purse slide off my shoulder, dumping the contents.

Cindy laughed, "You'll soon get used to all the girl things we women have to do." She helped retrieve my purse and

scattered contents, including my lipstick, compact, tissues, and perfume.

I had my skirt under control by the time we reached our car. "You going to drive?" Cindy questioned.

"Sure, why not?" I responded.

"Suit yourself," she handed me the keys.

I was keenly aware of my painted nails as I unlocked the driver's door. I was even more aware of my feminine state as I gently sat behind the wheel and then gracefully swung my legs inside. I showed a lot of shapely leg, clear to mid thigh.

Cindy, attired in jeans, noticed. "Oh, yes, the boys will definitely like that, Lisa."

I was soon driving down the road from our house to the two-lane blacktop that snaked through the Colorado foothills into Denver. I was driving our car while dressed in Cindy's miniskirt and wearing her makeup. 'I've got to be crazy,' I thought.

"Lisa, I've got to redo your key ring." She thought that a ring with a small knife and twelve keys was not very feminine.

At the first stop, she would change my ring to only house and car keys on a plastic covered ballerina key ring. Yes, I certainly was going to be a girl by the time Cindy was through with me.

We were cruising down the road when I saw a sheriff's patrol car behind me, and I instinctually slowed down. I sure didn't want to be stopped by a cop. I slowed down even more, hoping that he would pass me. He didn't!

Cindy noticed me slowing down. "What are you doing, Lisa?"

"Cop behind me and I don't want to be stopped." I no sooner said that than the blue and red overhead light came on. "Oh, my Gawd, what am I going to tell him?"

Cindy looked worried, "I knew I should have driven."



"B...but I haven't been drinking, officer," Stan whispered.

"Then you won't mind walking the white line, ma'am," the handsome policeman suggested.

“What’ll I do?”

I stopped and a 6’ tall deputy walked towards my door. “You have a choice. It’s not illegal to cross-dress. Just be nice to him.”

My window was already down when the deputy arrived. “Good afternoon, ladies,” he said pleasantly.

“Uh...hello, officer. Is something wrong?”

“I’m not sure. You were driving 15 mph under the speed limit and weaving a little. Have you been drinking?”

“No...not a drop.”

“Let me smell your breath.” He bent down and placed his face next to mine. I could smell his after-shave and knew he could smell my perfume. “Nope, don’t smell a thing. Please step from the car for a couple of quick roadside tests.”

I was terrified! He led me off the road and onto the shoulder in the safety in front of my car. The wind kept whipping up my skirt and I tried to delicately hold it down.

What a contrast in two men. One, a county deputy, at 6’ and probably 200 lb., the other 5’6” tall, 125 lb., and pretending to be a girl. Him in boots and a sheriff’s uniform, I in a skirt, blouse, with shapely legs clad in nylons, and wearing patent leather skimmers. We were both anatomically males, but that was the only similarity. He was all man; I was a sissy girl.

“Okay, stand with your feet together and close your eyes.” I did as instructed, and I didn’t sway. I passed the first test. “Okay, uh...uh...what’s your name?”

I froze. What should I answer? Stan? “Uh...I’m Lisa,” I shrilly answered.

He had a warm smile. “Okay, Lisa, walk heel to toe without staggering.” This drill was easy. My only distraction was a pickup truck filled with teenage boys doing wolf whistles, cat calls, and crying, ‘Baby, O Baby!’

“Don’t mind them. They have good taste, but bad manners.” It was meant as a compliment, as if being taken for a cute girl is a

compliment for a boy. “Well, you’ve passed all the tests. You just drive terribly slow, Lisa. Pick it up to the speed limit, Okay?”

“Okay,” I whispered.

“Lisa, this is off the record and probably totally inappropriate, but I notice that you’re not wearing a wedding ring. Are you single?”

What a strange question, I thought, “Yes...I’m single.”

“If you don’t have a steady boyfriend, would you like to have coffee with me?”

I blushed. “That’s very flattering, officer, but I’m seeing someone.” I’d just been hit on. Cool!

“I could have guessed. Let me help you back to your car.” He gently placed his hand behind my right elbow and guided me through the close traffic and opened my car door for me.

I entered my car in a very feminine manner, although unintentionally, I exposed a lot of thigh because of my miniskirt. I was feeling pretty good about fooling this cop when he burst my bubble. “Just for my log sheet, I need to write down information from your license and registration.”

My heart leaped into my throat, making it impossible to speak. I looked at Cindy. She couldn’t help me out of this situation. I handed the officer the vehicle registration and he made notes in his log. “And your license...”

I took out Stan’s driver’s license and handed it to him. I was scared to death and waited for his reaction. Cindy mouthed to me, “Remember that cross-dressing isn’t illegal in Colorado.”

“Gotta go, motorcycle wreck with injuries.” He didn’t even look at my license.

‘Whew,’ I thought. When he left, Cindy and I quickly changed places. We came upon the accident two miles down the road. Our officer was directing traffic and he stopped us to allow the opposite traffic to proceed. He spotted me sitting on the passenger’s side. “Hey, Lisa, you let your equally pretty friend drive, huh?”

I smiled my prettiest smile with my ruby colored lips and pure white teeth. "Yes, I was too nervous to go on."

"Didn't mean to make you nervous. Lisa, my name is Mike McCord. If you don't mind, I'll give you a call later."

"That would be nice," I smiled. By now it was our turn to move and Mike motioned for us to proceed.

"Why did you encourage him? He thinks that you really are a girl!" Cindy questioned.

"I know, but that's no problem. He never saw my license. He doesn't know who I really am."

"Lisa, think a little. He has the license plate number of our car. He gets a listing and bingo, he knows how to get hold of Lisa. He's going to call. You better think about what you're going to tell him when he does."

How stupid of me! Then I thought that it was too bad that I'm not really a girl. After all, he's cute and all man. I shook my head to chase those thoughts away.

"What's the matter?" Cindy asked.

"Nothing really. I was just thinking of how I turned him on as a chick."

"Did you like the thought?"

"No...no, of course not." I knew now that I was completely believable as a girl.

Cindy and I grocery shopped and checked our post office box. She selected a couple of pair of clip-on earrings and an inexpensive woman's watch for me. She had me wear the watch and a set of earrings home.

We would have gotten home just fine and without problems had Cindy not filled up the car and I had to pay for it using one of my 'Stan' credit cards. The pimply-faced high school kid looked at the card, and then at me. "You're Stan Knight?"

"Yes," I blushed. Now he knew.

"Funny name for a girl," he shrugged his shoulders and handed the card back to me.

Chapter 6

I had to fight the wind and my skirt again as I walked up the grassy knoll to our house. Cindy, in her jeans and my old shirt, had no such problem. A farmer driving his tractor in the field across the road took it all in. "Men! They can be so disgusting."

Cindy waved at the farmer. She had a smile on her face. "My, but you really turn men on, don't you? They all want you."

I plopped down in my big easy chair; I was really tired. "No, no, no, that will never do," Cindy corrected. "Get up and sit down femininely. If you don't act as a woman at all times until this is over, you'll make a fool of yourself in public. You'll expose yourself as a guy in girl's clothes."

"Uh...you're right, of course." I sat back down in a soft feminine manner.

It was then that I heard our phone recorder beeping. "Would you play the message, honey," I sighed. One message was for Cindy from the University, the next was for me...for Lisa.

"Hi, Lisa. This is Mike...Mike McCord. I couldn't find a driver's license listing for a Lisa Knight. I could look into the matter more thoroughly, or I could be swayed not to if you will have coffee with me. Okay, it's a bribe. You are very attractive and I want to know you better. Call me at 912-0012. If you don't call, I'll have to check into why you are driving without a license. Just kidding...maybe."

I looked at Cindy horrified. She thought that it was unbelievably funny. "Wow! Maybe Vic Toredon won't be the first man in your feminine life," she broke into laughter.

"It's not funny, Cindy. What am I going to do?"

"I suggest that you call Mike if you don't want to go to jail for driving without a license."

"I can't do that. I can't date a guy!"

40- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION FEMININE PROPOSAL I

Cindy wasn't through giggling, "Then tell him that you already have a boyfriend."

"I already told him that. It doesn't seem to bother him."

Cindy shrugged, "I don't know what else to suggest, Lisa, although you wouldn't have all these guys coming on to you if you were more modest."

"You're the one that dressed me. I'm wearing your clothes, for cat sake."

"Yeah! The same thing happens to me when I wear that outfit."

"You set me up!"

"You're the one who wanted to drive."

"What about the gas station?"

"You're so cute in your sexy little outfit. That poor boy was so flustered that he never considered that 'Stan Knight' was a guy dressed as a girl. He only thought 'how could parents have given a girl a boy's name?'" Cindy was rolling with laughter again.

"I just won't return his call. He'll give up on Lisa Knight."

"Don't count on it," Cindy concluded.

We had supper, and then cleaned up the kitchen. "Let's do something fun, Lisa." I waited for her to continue. "Let's change into our sexy nightwear and sit on the porch."

"Sexy nightwear? Like what?"

"Oh...like that sky blue babydoll nightie for me and that wispy red babydoll for you."

"I don't have a problem wearing baby dolls. I'm getting used to dressing in girl's clothes, but those outfits are see-through. They are as sexy as hell. Our porch faces a road, and people can see us."

"Yes, won't it be exciting?"

It was near dusk, so I decided to go along with her crazy idea. It took skillful maneuvering on Cindy's part to help me conceal my 'little man', but she succeeded. With the help of

invisible tape, I appeared to have small, but definite breasts beneath the sheer fire-red nightie. Cindy was total dynamite displaying her figure in her light blue nightie. Her bikini panties barely covered what they were designed for.

I stepped onto the porch in my bare feet. There was still too much daylight. I would be totally exposed to people driving by. Cindy handed me a bottle of nail polish the same color as colored my fingernails before I went out. Suddenly I heard the screen door close and lock behind me. I was locked outside wearing a sheer babydoll nightie and nothing else.

“Cindy, let me in. This isn’t funny,” I yelled. I heard her laughing inside. “You’re supposed to be out here with me.”

“Too early. People might see me. I’ll come out when it’s dark.”

“Cindy!” I started pounding on the door. “Let me in.”

“Your knocking will draw attention, she said behind the locked door.

I saw a car approaching maybe a couple of miles away. “Cindy, let me in. Someone’s coming.”

“Paint your toenails first.”

“What?”

“I’ll let you back in when you’ve painted your toenails,” she said.

I quickly uncapped the bottle and began to change the color of my toenails to a pretty coral. The car was getting closer. “Okay, I’m done. Let me in.”

“Stand in front of the window. I want to see if you did a good job.”

“Cindy, I don’t have time. The car is almost here. Let me in.”

I ran to the window and displayed my painted nails to her. “Okay, good job. Come in.”

I went to the door. It was locked. “Cindy!”

42- *GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION FEMININE PROPOSAL I*

"I'm coming! I'm coming!" I could see the car again. It was a sheriff patrol car. Could he see me?

The door finally opened and I quickly stepped inside. The cruiser passed by our front door. Had he seen me? Anyway, he kept going. Meanwhile, Cindy had made the mistake of stepping outside when she opened the door for me. I quickly closed the door and locked it. "Now, how do you like it?"

"Stan...Lisa, come on. Let me in. I'm sorry that I tricked you." I looked out the window and saw the polish on the table. "Paint your toenails first. Your toenails and your fingernails." She wasn't wearing any polish.

"Stan, please..."

"Your nails, sweetie. You had better hurry." She was pissed, but she complied.

She was painting her nails and she never heard the farmer approach in the field on her blind side. It wasn't the farmer's blind side though, and he had a clear view of all her feminine beauty. "Wave to the farmer, Cindy," I cooed.

"Ah..." she screeched. "Let me in."

"You have two nails left to paint, sweetie," I laughed.

"Stan...Stan, he can see me. Let me in." She turned her back to him.

"Two more nails, honey." She glared at me and I knew I'd better let her in.

"You let that farmer see me nearly naked," she growled.

"You let deputy dawg see me," I responded. It was a draw.

A little later, Cindy asked, "Lisa, was it exciting being locked out and dressed as an almost naked girl?"

"I guess so," I admitted.

"And you?"

"It was really a turn-on being outside in the buff, but it would have been more exciting if it had been 'your' deputy rather than that old farmer."

"Really?" I asked.

"Yes, really! Mike is a real turn-on, a real woman's man."

"Maybe I can call him back and tell him that I'm not interested, but you are." What a great solution, I'd get rid of Mike by... What am I thinking? Give him my wife?

"Do you want to do it again?" she asked.

"What?"

"Go outside dressed like this?"

I giggled like a girl. "All right, but you go first."

She and I stepped onto the porch in the evening last light, although we could still be seen from the street in front of the house. I closed the door behind me. It was exciting to be wearing the babydoll nightie and able to be seen from the road.

A couple of vehicles went by, but they didn't look our way. Being an exhibitionist with your wife as a couple of girls was really fun.

A short time later, we spotted a vehicle coming from the opposite direction. We decided not to take a chance. It could be the sheriff returning. "Let's go, Lisa."

"Good idea."

"Well?"

"Unlock the door."

"I don't have the key."

"Neither do I." The car was getting closer. In about 20 seconds, the occupants would be able to see the two young women clad only in flimsy babydoll nighties on the porch.

Cindy considered running to the back of the house, but that would be over sharp stones and pine needles in our bare feet. Someone was about to see Cindy and myself in very erotic and revealing outfits. She had loved the idea of being a tease and semi exhibitionist outside, but with a safe escape route. She definitely didn't want the driver of the approaching car to see her *ala natural*. We could see a sheriff's vehicle rounding the last corner before passing our house. There was less than 5 seconds left.

44- GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION FEMININE PROPOSAL I
Chapter 7

It was the morning sun that awoke me about 5:30. I saw Cindy peacefully sleeping with the covers thrown back to reveal her slender body still wearing the baby blue nightie. I was still in the red one.

I hoped she was over being 'mad' from last night. She saw no humor that the door wasn't really locked. I let her in with 3 – 4 seconds left before being spotted. I laughed as she pounded my arm. She was all right by bedtime, however, amore' was not on the menu.

Soon the sun was beating through the bedroom window awakening Cindy. "Ready for breakfast?" I whispered.

"I guess," she growled.

After eating breakfast, Cindy and I sat on our bed repairing our nails and discussing our upcoming day. . I was beginning my second day as a female. Was I glamorous? Hardly! Neither of us wore makeup, and I was starting to understand what women had to do to become 'presentable' in the morning.

"Are you still mad?" I grinned.

"Yes!" she said without conviction.



ARE YOU
A
WRITER?

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

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

SEND THOSE
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BEACH, CA
92624-0309



I wondered where this was all leading as I sat next to my wife wearing her clothes as we performed our beauty rituals. If I looked and acted like this after only one day, how would I act after a week?

“Well bear in mind that I am now and will be for the next few days living as a woman. That should count for something.”

“Yes, it’s a privilege for you to be one of us,” she giggled. “No, honey, it’s very sweet of you to consent to being a girl for a few days. Next week, this house will really be our because of your willingness to paint your lips and nails and wear dresses.”

“There’s a lot more to it than that,” I countered. “I not only have to give up my manhood, but I’m being forced to become the girlfriend to another man.”

“I know, honey, but it only for 64 hours. That’s what you told me, remember?”

“Yeah, I know, but...”

“No buts, let’s accentuate the positive. Let’s get you looking like, acting like, and maybe being a woman. Not many men ever get a chance to actually live as a woman.”

“This is an opportunity?”

“Yes it is. Honestly, wasn’t it kind of fun being Lisa yesterday? Didn’t you have just a little fun wearing that skirt and blouse? Wasn’t it a thrill to wear lipstick and eyeshadow, and being able to paint your nails a pretty color? Wasn’t it exciting to know that all the guys actually thought you were a girl, even to the point of being asked out by a man?”

“Well, maybe a little, except for being asked out by a man,” I admitted.

“That just means that your impersonation is perfect. But, apart from that, wasn’t wearing makeup and my clothes fun?”

“No, not really,” I lied.

“I think that you did like it. You just won’t admit it.”

“Cindy, how did you like it? How did you feel about your husband pretending to be a girl all day?”

“I liked it! It might be something fun to do in the future. Think of the possibilities? We could vacation as two girls, go on

cruises, get sexy on a beach in California, and let surfers take us out to dinner and dancing," she gushed.

"Earth to Cindy," I interrupted, "Forget it. Lisa is gone forever after the 64 hours is over."

"Maybe, maybe not, we'll see. Now, honey, it's time to get ready for another day as Lisa."

I nodded, "Let's get to it. Being a girl with you was kind of fun," I confessed, "The scary part is going into public with everyone thinking that I really am a girl."

"Let's see how much you remember from yesterday," she started. "Go ahead and make yourself beautiful."

"Me? By myself?"

"That's the way most girls do it," she laughed.

I sighed. What did we do yesterday, I wondered? Oh, powder, concealer, and blush first. I ran the creamy tube over my face and began to blend it with an applicator. "Good, good, no to much, take some off with a tissue," Cindy instructed.

I did so, and then worked with the blush. "No, honey, you're not a hooker, just a little color here and here. That's right," she commented.

The mascara was easy, the eyeshadow a little shaky, but not bad. The eyeliner was tough. It took me several tries to get it right. Now for the lipstick!

"Lipstick is what makes a woman sexy, Lisa," Cindy explained. "Men get off on watching women apply it. Pretend that I'm a guy and look me in the eye as you apply it. First apply it to your lower lip. No, keep your eyes on mine. Ah, that's it. Now the upper lip."

I applied it like I felt a sexy siren would do it. "Oh, cool! Applying your lipstick like that in front of your man will be a real turn-on for him. Now apply a little lip-gloss. Nice, sexy! Definitely kissable! You've got it, Lisa."

48- *GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION FEMININE PROPOSAL I*

“Wow, how thrilling,” I thought. “Now I can put on lipstick as good as a girl. What an accomplishment for a 24 year old man!”

Cindy had me remove all my nail polish and shape them with a cuticle stick. I easily re-painted them with a different color red to match my lips. I liked the girl reflected back from my mirror. I even blew her a kiss.

Cindy smiled at my girlish gesture. She liked that I was getting into the spirit of really being Lisa. “Lisa, I want you to try several outfits this morning, so you can experience the wide variety of clothes available to you now that you are a girl. Then we’ll get you dressed for the day.”

She picked out a sheer lacy white, long sleeve blouse. “Do you remember when you bought this for me?” I did because I liked the ultra feminine sheer material and the delicate lace. Now I would be wearing it.

I slipped on a pair of white French panties with lace on each leg opening. The material felt so satiny as I drew it up my legs and over my hips. I wrapped a matching pushup bra about my chest, giving me small, but feminine cleavage.

Cindy laid a pair of silky natural pantyhose out for me. I slipped them on, remembering quite well how to roll them up my legs. I tried on half a dozen outfits, modeling them before the full-length mirror, and being critiqued by Cindy. She pointed out the benefits and pitfalls associated with each outfit, along with the proper settings when each should be worn.

I didn’t mean to, but I must have looked disappointed when Cindy finished up my lessons by giving me a pair of slacks to wear.

“You don’t like these slacks? They go quite well with the blouse.” I was looking forward to wearing a skirt again, but I couldn’t say so. “Oh, I know, you would rather wear a skirt or a dress.”

“No...no, I’d much prefer slacks or jeans,” I lied.



I modeled everything from nighties to frilly dresses as Cindy critiqued my image and told me when each was appropriate. Each outfit seemed to immerse me deeper and deeper into femininity.

50- *GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION FEMININE PROPOSAL I*

"I'll get you into a dress or skirt before we go anywhere," Cindy said, apparently ignoring my denial. My face lit up slightly confirming her suspicions.

"Wear the slacks for now. You will find the combination of blouse, slacks and high heels quite stunning, and quite feminine, sweetheart."

"High heels?"

"Yes, according to your weekend schedule, you'll have to wear high heels a couple of times, at least."

"But can I walk in them?"

"Of course. All women can, and for now, you are a woman."

I sat on the couch and Cindy gently attempted to place a shoe on my right foot. "Well, Cinderella, we finally found something of mine that you can't wear. We'll have to buy you your own. Actually, if you're going to be a girl from time to time, we should get you your own clothes, so that you won't have to always borrow mine."

She slipped her skimmers on me, "I could get you some darling gifts for Christmas and your birthday."

"Just so I can open them when we are alone."

Cindy smiled, "Of course!" I didn't realize, but I had just agreed to wear girl's clothes in the future. "Do you like wearing my panties?"

"No!"

"Yes you do, I can tell. Take off all your makeup," she instructed. "You don't have much time to practice your skills before the weekend. Sit with your knees together. Just because you're wearing slacks doesn't mean that you don't have to act like a lady."

I had just finished replacing my makeup for the third time when the doorbell rang. I intended to sprint to the bedroom, but Cindy had other ideas. "Answer it, Lisa. No one will know who you are."

"No..."

"I insist! You have no choice!"

I hesitated as my soft feminine hand grasped the doorknob. I gently opened the door to find the UPS man on the porch holding a manila envelope. "Package for Ms Lisa Knight. Can you sign for it? Ms Knight?"

"I...yes, I can sign for it. I'm Lisa." For the first time, I signed a semi legal document as 'Lisa'. Who knows me as Lisa, I wondered as I examined the envelope? There was only a post office box number, and Hollywood, California listed on the outside return address, along with the initials S.P.O.T.M.

"Who is it?" Cindy asked.

"UPS man."

"What do you have?"

"I don't know, but its return address is S.P.O.T.M.," I answered.

"Is it addressed to you?"

"Kinda, I guess. It's for Lisa. Only who...?" By now I had the envelope open and retrieved a soft item wrapped in tissue. A pair of panties!

"Wow, talk about sexy. It was pale orange with delicate lace around high cut legs. A greeting card said, 'Sensual panty of the month, a yearlong gift to you,' from Vic Toredó. 'Lisa, I want you to always remember our first weekend, how delicate and feminine you were, and how much of a man you made me feel like.'

I flushed deep red and Cindy read it further. "He thinks that you'll back out, that you won't even try to do it. Send him a scented 'thank you note'. That will tell him that his tactics don't scare you."

"Cindy, how do you think this 'gift' makes me feel? I was sent a gift of panties from a man. I will continue receiving them for an entire year. That will bring back memories and allow him to gloat about what a macho guy he is, and how I had to be a girl for him. How humiliating!"

52- *GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION FEMININE PROPOSAL I*

“Only if you let it be humiliating. Take off your slacks and put on your panty. It is quite nice,” Cindy mused. “I wish I had a pair that nice.”

I followed her suggestion to see if it would work. The cool satin material felt very nice against my legs. But I am a man! I should hate them...but I didn't. Was Vic hoping that I would love being a girl so much over this one weekend that I would want to become one? Then Cindy would be free...to be his! If she divorced me and married Vic, would she want me to be her maid of honor?

“Honey, put your slacks back on. You can't run around in just your underwear all day.” I blushed and did as she suggested.

She placed a feminine ‘thank you’ card on the table. “Do it! Tell him how much you like his gift. He might just get scared and back out if he thinks that you are looking forward to this weekend as his girlfriend.”

“You think so?”

“Maybe. Now write what I tell you.” I wrote verbatim what she dictated to me. I wasn't certain that this was such a good idea when I read it over.

“Dear Vic,

Thank you for the pretty and feminine gift. I am wearing the panties right now, and I am thinking of you.

Love, Lisa.”

“I don't know, Cindy. Signing ‘Love’ makes me sound like I like the panties and that I have a thing for him when I'm wearing them.”

“Oh...” Cindy giggled, “He'll either think that you're a hot chick and look forward to being alone with you or he'll be so scared that he will never want to see you again.”

“I really hope it's the latter,” I moaned.

Cindy giggled again, and then she gave the card a light spray of perfume. “We'll mail it later today. We've either increased his

desire for you or totally terrified him.” I shivered when I pictured ‘his desire to have me’. Would that lead to his desire to ‘take me’?

Cindy made lunch as I removed my and nail polish. “Leave your panties and pantyhose on, but get dressed in your boy clothes. That way you can be seen in public, but you will remember your girl self.”

“Why am I becoming a man all of a sudden in my feminine training?” I questioned.

“Don’t dawdle. We meet your father in an hour to pick up that load of lumber.”

“Oh, that’s right!” Dad had torn out his deck and was giving us the redwood so we could redo our own deck. It wouldn’t do for me to show up at his house as Lisa, would it?

An hour later, Cindy, Dad, and I loaded yards of redwood into the rear hatch of our wagon. We visited for a while, and if Dad noticed the feminine arch of my fingernails, he didn’t say anything. Did he notice the couple of times I crossed my legs as a girl would? Twice Cindy caught my eye and I straightened out ‘guy’ style.

While we were driving home, Cindy noticed a sign, ‘50% off, today only, men’s, women’s, and children’s shoes’. “Let’s stop. The sale is over in half hour,” she suggested.

“For what? I don’t need shoes. Do you?”

“Women always need shoes, silly, and you need heels. At half off, we’ll stop.”

“B...but, I can’t...” I stopped. I figured that she would merely pick out a pair a little larger than her own and we would take them home. How wrong I was.

A young man greeted us. “Hi, I want to pick up some high heels for a friend of mine,” Cindy said.

“Of course, and what is the size?”

54- *GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION FEMININE PROPOSAL I*

"Well, I really don't know, but my husband wears the same shoe size as she does. Maybe you can discretely slip them on his feet to make sure they fit."

The salesman smiled, "Sure, we can do that. We'll try size 7." Cindy pointed out the styles and colors she was interested in.

"You want me to try on women's high heels here in the store?" I gasped.

"No big deal. I'm sure that other husbands have done it." I sighed at the ceiling.

"Here we are, sir," the salesman returned. He set down 6 shoeboxes. "First slide your shoes off and then you can put these ankle length nylons on so the shoe will slide on and off naturally." Only then did I remember that I was still wearing pantyhose.

"Oh, I already put some on in anticipation of this," I lied. The clerk raised his eyebrows slightly, but recovered quickly.

"Of course, sir."

As I attempted to slide my foot into the 4" black patent stiletto heels, both he and I saw my coral red toenails. What else had I forgotten that I was wearing? Or rather, what else had Cindy forgotten that I was wearing?

The young man, a professional, said nothing. "And the other foot, sir." This time he expected painted nails.

"They are fine, they fit fine," I muttered.

"Honey, you have to walk in them to know how they really feel. You might...uh...she might be standing in them for hours dancing and stuff." I gave Cindy a 'shut your mouth' glare.

"Yes, you're...uh...yes, she's right. You should at least walk around our store, sir."

I groaned inward, but stood up and took some very short test steps, and then walked almost normally around the department. My being male, wearing women's high heel shoes, and obviously hose was not lost on a pair of high school girls and their mother.

"They are for his twin sister. This way, we'll know that they fit," Cindy told the woman. The sales clerk flinched just a tad. Cindy had told him that they were for her girlfriend.

"You did pretty well for a man," one of the girls commented.

I blushed, "Uh...thank you." Cindy gave other instructions to our clerk, and soon I was trying on another pair of heels. The last pair was below the knee white boots.

I overheard the two girls as they were walking out of the store. "My brother would never come to a store to try on shoes for me." The giggles continued, "Yeah, I know, and for sure, he wouldn't wear pantyhose. I bet those shoes are really for him." More giggles. "Let's watch and see if they go to the dress department."

Cindy paid for our purchases and the sales clerk acted as if nothing was out of the ordinary. He was certainly bound for management some day. On the way home, I accused Cindy of purposely setting me up. She denied it, but I still thought otherwise.

Chapter 8

After we got home and got the lumber unloaded, Cindy had me redo my makeup once again, and then don my wig, one of her bras, a blouse, and then she had me slip on a pair of 3" white pumps. "Now, look in the mirror," she directed. "See how women in jeans and heels can be sexy. You don't always need to wear a skirt or dress to be provocative." She was right. Looking back at me was a sensual woman, a woman that I would have asked out. Now I was she.

The telephone jolted me from my thoughts. "Hello?"

"Hi...uh...is this Lisa?" It was Mike. He had such a deep, masculine voice that I sort of wished that I were a woman.

"Yes, Mike, this is Lisa," I answered softly.

"Oh, good. I finally caught you at home. It seems like you're never there. Do you have a minute?"

"Uh huh."

"I told my Sgt. how I met you and what a doll you are. I told him how I listed your license plate and called you. He instructed me to call and apologize, so that's what I'm doing. Will you accept my apology, Lisa?"

This 6' man was apologizing to me and sounding so sincere. I thought for a second, then answered, "Mike, there's no need to apologize. I'm actually flattered that you would do all that work just to find and call me."

"Oh good! Actually, your house is in my patrol district. I drove by a couple of times last night." My heart stopped. It was Mike in the patrol car! Did he see us on the deck last night?

He continued, "I considered stopping to say hello, but that would have really been out of line."

"Did you think we were home?"

"Someone was. They had just shut the door as I rounded the curve. You aren't upset that I'm calling you home, are you?"

"No..."

"Then if you don't mind, I may call you again."

"All right, if you want."

"Maybe I should check. Are you married, Lisa? Have kids?" Not only was I being mistaken for a woman, but also he thought that I might be married with children. All quite a feat for a man!

"No, Mike, I'm not married, and I certainly don't have children."

"A boyfriend?"

"Well, I'm dating."

"But not engaged?"

"No..." How can a simple 'no' sound girlish? I don't know how, but I did it.

"Maybe we can meet for coffee or something...sometime?" he suggested.

"Oh, I don't know," I nervously responded.

"That wasn't a definite no, so I won't give up. Say, was that Cindy with you the other day?"

"Yes."

"Who is Cindy to you?"

I feigned a coughing spell and covered the phone. "Who are we to each other?" I asked her.

She thought about it for a second. "We are sisters...no, sister's in law. Stan is my husband and he's your brother."

"Sorry, I had a tickle in my throat," I returned to Mike. "Cindy is married to my brother, Stan."

"Oh...and you all live there together?"

"Uh...I'm just staying with them temporarily." I hoped that I was keeping my story straight.

"All right, I'll call you again, Lisa," he signed off.

"Okay," I answered softly, "Bye." The receiver went dead.

"You had better be careful, Lisa. Mike has a thing for you."

"Nonsense."

"You haven't been a girl long enough to recognize a man's interest. I have, and he's definitely interested in you as a woman. If you like the idea of being his woman, his girlfriend, then keep encouraging him when he calls."

"I didn't really encourage him."

"You didn't say no either, so expect him to keep pursuing you."

"Uh...nothing will come of it."

"All right, I've warned you. Let's do something fun this evening."

"Okay, such as...?"

"A girl's night out."

"Whatever that means, okay. Do I go dressed like this?"

"Well, you can't go as a guy..."

"I wasn't thinking of that. I was..."

“Oh, I get it. You want out of the slacks and into a dress or skirt.” I nodded. “You’re such a girl, Lisa. I knew that I could easily feminize your body, but I didn’t know that I could feminize your mind too. Next it will be men, then becoming a wife, and having a country home with a white picket fence and a station wagon.”

“You left out kids...”

“Well, that too. If you actually have kids, you will become a very wealthy woman.” We both laughed. “Actually, honey, I’m pleased at how well you are taking to being a girl. It will make this weekend so much easier.”

I just nodded. I was constantly trying to avoid thinking about the upcoming weekend. Being a girl with Cindy was kind of fun, even flirting a little with Mike was a kick, but being a woman for Vic for a weekend, that was humiliating. Although Cindy insisted that I do it, and that we would make thousands of dollars by my becoming a girl for a weekend, what must she think of me dating a man? Of me agreeing to play the role of a girl at all?

“Try this on,” she handed me a tan miniskirt and a halter-top. There was hardly any material to either garment.

I stripped to my bra and panties and then slipped the top over my shoulders and about my chest. It covered enough to hide my falsies, but barely. I slid the skirt up my thighs and about my waist. She gave me a chain belt to wrap about my waist.

After I slipped my feet into a pair of 3” heels, she finished by slipping my arms into one of my male long sleeve shirts. “Don’t tuck it in. Keep the front open and let the shirt drape from your shoulders.”

I was about to protest, but she took me to a mirror. The shirt on me now looked nothing like it did when I was a guy. It now eluded femininity. “Note how some male clothing can be quite alluring when worn with a halter-top, skirt, and heels, Lisa.” All I could do was nod in agreement.

"You look so cute, Lisa," she was pleased. That answered my question about what she thought of me playing a girl's role. She obviously liked me wearing a bra, panties, and skirt.

"Do your makeup again, sweetheart," she suggested. "Use a light evening look." I actually knew what she meant and took to the task immediately. It wasn't long before I finished the job, adding a touch of gloss to my rose colored lips.

"Nice work, Lisa," Cindy complimented. "I haven't a single suggestion. Are you ready to go?"

She looked really nice in her red dress set off with a strand of pearls. "Yes," I answered.

"Where's your purse?"

"Purse? Do I need one?"

"Have you ever seen a woman without a purse?"

I thought hard. "I guess not."

She handed me a white clutch purse. "What are you going to put in it?"

I fumbled around the makeup table and finally selected a lipstick, perfume, mascara, 2 keys, a compact, and tissues. To these Cindy added two packages of condoms. "You never know when you might get lucky," she winked. I winced at the implication.

I let Cindy do the driving. I was not anxious to meet any additional cops. On the drive into Denver, I contemplated just how easy I had taken to playing the role of a girl. It didn't seem that strange to go to town wearing a skirt for a girl's night out as one of the girls. In fact, I was actually looking forward to it, even though I didn't know what was going to happen. I finally decided that it was just a hoot playing the role for a short time, nothing to worry about.

Our old car didn't have air conditioning and the late afternoon sun heated the interior. I hiked up my skirt to just below my panty line; actually just a tad higher than that so perhaps a bit of panty was showing. Cindy had drawn her skirt up to, but not nearly as high.

"You're inviting trouble," she cautioned.

"How? Why? Who can see me?"

About ten minutes later, we were on I70 to Denver when my question was answered. The angry barrage of a honking horn accompanied by wolf whistles, followed by 'Hey baby, show me more' came from three guys in an off road truck. The truck sat so high that the guys could look down into our car. I immediately lowered my skirt, much to the disappointment of the young studs.

"Told ya," Cindy smiled.

"You're just jealous that they weren't whistling at you."

"I can slow down so they can get beside us again if you want. Besides, what makes you think they weren't whistling at me?"

"No, no, that's okay. Let's get to Denver. Attention from three rednecks in a pickup truck is not something I want." Cindy laughed at my discomfort.

Our girl's night out included browsing through a neighborhood street fair. At one point, a young Spanish woman handed me a business card and brochure featuring custom made wedding gowns. "For your special day, *Senorita*," she said gaily. "Come in and look around." A wedding boutique inside a tent?

"Why do you think that I'm not married?" I asked. She pointed to my bare ring finger.

"Oh, yes, you're right. I'm not married." She smiled and Cindy and I browsed through the racks of dresses. The selection was small, but the gowns were gorgeous.

"Would you like to try one on? Perhaps this one?" The woman held up a gorgeous dress with layer upon layer of white lace and a train at least 8' long.

"Go ahead," Cindy encouraged me. "Who knows when either Mike or Vic will pop the question?"

"Two men are seeking you for a wife? You're a lucky woman," the girl gushed.

"I don't want to..." but no one was listening.

I hadn't wanted to, but now I stood wearing the gorgeous gown buoyed out by enormous hoop crinolines. The girl, Maria, attached the bridal veil to my hair. How many guys in the world spend their Wednesday afternoon in a park wearing a bridal gown? Only one, me!

Several passersby stopped to look at the bride to be. The guys were mostly disinterested and wanted to be on their way. The girls were intrigued, thinking of their own day.

Maria handed Cindy a catalogue for me to take home called 'Bridal Lingerie for the Wedding Night'. She turned to me, "For you to wear, *Senorita*, but it is really for the pleasure of the senior." Several young Hispanic girls giggled at that.

I breathed a little easier when I was in my own clothes. It had been a breathtaking experience being attired in such a gorgeous gown. "If I ever find a man that wants to marry me, *Senorita*, I will come to you for my gown," I told her.

"There will be many men who will want to marry you, *Senorita*. It will be difficult for you to choose which man you will want for your husband. I hope that he appreciates what a special woman you are."

I thanked her and we returned to the park and the rest of the street fair. "She doesn't know just how special of a woman you really are," Cindy teased.

"Very, very special," I lightly returned. "Many, many men will want to be your husband." We both laughed.

We looked at crafts and dolls, fashions and jewelry. Jewelry? "Lisa, look at these darling earrings." They were gold with a black inlay and red center.

"They are cute," I agreed. I could say things like that now that I was a girl.

"Shall I wrap them up for you?" the thin hippy girl asked.

"No, they are for pierced ears. But they are very pretty."

"Only \$15.50 today and I will pierce your ears for free."

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"No, I don't think so," I started to move away.

"Why not, Lisa?" Cindy asked, "You're 24 years old. It's time that you had your ears pierced like other young women."

The girl added, "It'll only take ten minutes." She took her piercing gun out from behind the counter.

I looked Cindy directly in her eyes and took her to the side. "Cindy, the makeup, perfume, and girl's clothes will come off and I can be Stan again. The piercing will stay forever."

"No it won't," she giggled, "The holes will close in a couple of weeks, but why would you want them to close? A lot of guys wear earrings. You can wear studs when you return to being a guy, and all kinds of darling earrings when you want to be a girl."

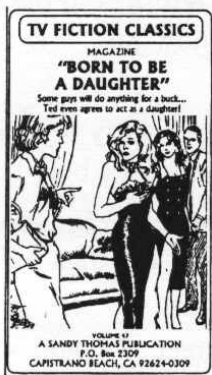
"When I want to be a girl? After this weekend?"

"Yes, I think that you like being a girl. I think that you'll want to be Lisa again, even when you don't have to. I love Lisa and don't want her to go away after this weekend. Do you?"

I looked at the ground. "Not entirely," I admitted.

"Good, then she won't. We both like Lisa." I nodded, totally blushing.

Cindy nodded to the woman. "Go ahead, she's ready."



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*Pierced ears! I was so becoming submerged in my femininity.
How will I ever return to being Stan after this weekend?*

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I barely felt the needle, but was very conscious of wearing earrings, pierced earrings. It was a noticeable commitment to femininity on my part. I was extremely happy there wasn't a breast implant booth in the park.

We had dinner at a coffee shop and then took in a chick flick, a romantic comedy about a girl who meets a guy on the Internet. "Pretend that you're the girl in the movie," Cindy suggested. "Everything that happens to her will happen to you."

I agreed and after the movie, we both thought it was a cute flick. "How did you like being the girl, Kristine, in the bedroom scene with Robert?" Cindy asked.

I kidded back, "I loved it. He's such a marvelous lover and so passionate. He was gentle, but firm when he pressed his lips against mine. I had the most sensational orgasm when he entered me."

Cindy looked surprised. "They didn't have sex."

"In my romantic feminine mind, they did," I responded saucily.

Cindy burst out in laughter. "I need to get you either a man or a cold shower." In the end, it was the cold shower.

Once or twice during the night, I woke from dreams where I was a real woman and having a bedroom scene with deputy McCord. Those dreams pretty well scared me.

Chapter 9

Cindy got up as the sun rose. "Come on, sleepy head," she urged. "We have a lot of work to do today."

"Work? The only work I'm doing today is on my suntan," I sleepily responded.

"You can wear your bikini if you wish. That's part of what we need to do today."

"Huh?"

"We need to get you ready for your weekend activities. We need to make sure that you have everything you'll need and know

how to wear them.” Cindy held up Vic’s contract. “Let’s address each of these conditions, sweetheart.”

“Okay,” I sighed, “but not without coffee first.”

“The pot is on the table.” Cindy went back to reading the contract. “The one thing that is real important, honey, is that you be agreeable and pleasant for the entire weekend. You’ll have to enjoy, or at least make him think that you are enjoying every single thing that you do for Vic. Every single demand, Lisa.”

We both knew exactly which demand she was referring to. I know I knew. “I’ll do it, Cindy.”

“And you must smile while you’re doing it and after you’re done, or we lose.”

“I know, Cindy, let’s move on.”

“OK, okay, I’ll start getting your outfits together. I’ll put each outfit together in a plastic bag and mark it for you, so you’ll know what to wear each time.”

“Okay.”

“Why don’t you put on your light daytime makeup, then get dressed. I’ll assemble your outfits while you pack your bags for your long weekend.”

I chose a plain white blouse and black shorts that zipped up the back. I wore no nylons as my tanned legs eliminated their need. My pink painted toenails looked cute peeking out of the open toed sandals.

I started to feel nervous as I was applying my makeup. These last three days had been fun fantasy role-playing with Cindy, but tomorrow evening, Cindy would no longer be able to help me. I would be with a man who would be treating me as if I were a woman. I would have to be his woman in all ways, and enjoying it. I, a man three days ago, would be changing gender completely starting tomorrow night.

Cindy broke into my thoughts. “What about this darling mini outfit for tomorrow night, honey?” She held a flame red miniskirt.

"That would be micro-mini," I said nervously.

"Perfect, that's what he wants, and you have the legs to pull it off." The skirt had a matching red blazer jacket. "This blouse will be cute with it," Cindy added.

I barely got a glimpse of the flimsy white blouse before she put it back on the hanger. "Now, which pumps?" Cindy questioned.

"The red ones, of course," I injected.

"You're so right. Slip them on and wear them around the house this morning to get used to them. You will wear them for several hours tomorrow night," Cindy suggested as if it were quite natural for a husband to spend an evening wearing spike heels.

I was forced to put on pantyhose to wear the shoes. While I was at it, I changed into a pair of red shorts that looked like I was wearing a skirt. Cindy called them skorts.

"You do like your skirts, don't you?" Cindy chuckled as I returned from the bedroom.

"They're skorts, and they match my heels," I returned.

"Oh, now you're matching clothes just like a woman. I really don't think that you'll have all that much trouble performing your female role this weekend, Lisa. You used too much eyeliner for daytime," she corrected me.

Cindy fussed and packed and rearranged my suitcases several times. She had already packed a makeup case and labeled the many cosmetics 'daytime', 'night time', 'outside', 'sultry', and certainly not least 'seductive for the night'. 'He'll love it,' she penciled on a note and placed it in the 'seductive' plastic bag.

She packed several packets of pantyhose and other hose and nylons. I had bras in several shades and styles, but all were pushup. There was not a single pair of plain panties amongst the many pairs of delicate lacy panties in the packets. All were appropriate for a girl who wanted to be seen in her underwear.

Cindy carefully packed babydoll nighties, teddies, and short nightgowns, all flimsy, all edged in lace with ribbons and ruffles. There was one beautiful white see-through peignoir. It looked like something from the 'Bride's Lingerie' book that we had gotten from the street fair.

"That's exactly what it is, Lisa," Cindy responded when I mentioned the bridal thing. "You don't remember removing it from my body on our wedding night?"

I recalled how sexy the lingerie looked on my bride. Would another man get turned on because I was daintily attired in this same sexy, soft gown? I was to be the sexual object in a filmy gown, the virgin about to 'give up' her 'virginity'.

I turned my attention back to Cindy's packing for the ball game. She held up a hot pink spandex tank top. She declared, packing a pair of very short white shorts that had slits up both sides, "These will turn some male heads, Lisa."

"That's great, honey," I responded a little sarcastically. It was a bit ironic that my wife was picking sexy female clothes for me to wear so that I could turn on other guys, as if I really was a girl.

"They're just going to gawk for a while," Cindy responded. "Have a little fun while you're living as a member of the opposite sex, okay?"

"I guess, but you know that guys don't turn me on."

"You'll love it. Being a tease as a girl is a kick. You're one of us now, you little cutie," Cindy pinched my cheek. "When you think of the opposite sex, it should be men."

Lunch, if you can call it that, consisted of a small salad and a small fruit cup. Even my eating habits had become feminine. The cleanup from lunch took less than five minutes, and then it was on to the rest of day.

"What's next, hon.," I asked.

"I have a project, but I'm not sure how to do it. How do I get your body to look more feminine while you're wearing a bikini?"

“Beats me.”

Cindy tossed me a bikini. It looked like it was right out of the 4th of July. It was satin with red and white stripes and white stars on a blue background. It was very attractive, and very, very tiny.

“I can’t go to the beach wearing that! I’ll be almost naked, even with it on.”

“That’s the way guys like us, and now you’re a girl, so that’s the way guys will want you. Now you’ll know how it feels to actually wear one, so strip.”

“As long as there’s no men who can see me,” I kidded, as I slipped out of my clothes to stand naked. She knelt in front of me as she contemplated how to make my male bulge go away and how to increase my bust line.

“While you’re down there, would you be interested in taking care of my male urges?” I suggested.

She blushed a little, and then smiled, “Yes, I can do that if you want.”

“I want...” I breathed, scarcely believing my good fortune.

Cindy lowered her head towards my manhood. “Oh, Gawd was she good! She licked and sucked, then touched my shaft with her delicate fingers. Soon my manhood was engulfed in her warm, moist mouth. Her tongue teased it, and then I felt her warm red lips slide up and down my shaft. It was heaven, and it was over all to soon, as I could not hold back. It was wonderful and I had to sit down to catch my breath.

“Two minutes and fifty-nine seconds,” Cindy cooed.

“What?”

“That’s how long it took to bring you to climax from the time I took you in my mouth.”

“Wow, not long at all.”

"If you paid attention to how I just did you, that's all the time you need to take care of Vic. If you strive to please him, it will be over in less than 3 minutes, honey.

"W...what?"

"Sunday night, Monday morning, remember? Vic has a right to take you sexually as his girl. You didn't forget that, did you?" I lowered my eyes. Cindy, my wife, had just given me a lesson on how I should perform orally on another man. How humiliating!

"Can you do it, Lisa?"

I didn't look up. "I guess that I'll have to, won't I?"

"Yes, and you may even enjoy it." I couldn't look at her. She actually thought that I might like going down on another man, and she seemed okay with it.

"Let's move on," Cindy suddenly broke the silence. "We've got to work on your figure so you can wear that sexy bikini." I was glad to move onto another subject, even if was to feminize me further.

Cindy again knelt down before me, and I suddenly spotted my reflection. What a sight I made. My body was tanned and completely smooth, and my waist was slender with only a hint of flared hips. My skillfully taped breasts gave a girlish appearance. I had already donned the bikini top, and I looked pretty damn sexy. My face and hair (wig) were most assuredly that of a woman. Pink painted nails said 'female', but there still was my 'little soldier' standing at attention again.

"Oh no, don't even think that," Cindy quipped as she encircled my manhood with her right hand. "I will take care of this little problem." With that, she tucked my maleness between my legs and taped it back using flesh colored elastic.

I started to look. "Wait until I'm finished. It'll only take a few minutes." She returned with a pan of warm water, a straight razor, and some shaving cream. "You'll be ever so much more feminine if I just cut these pieces off," she devilishly grinned.

"Cindy, if I'm going to be emasculated, maybe we should do it in a hospital." I was joking, but nervous too.

"Hey, I'm almost a nurse. I need the practice."

"I don't think so." I felt warm lather on my groin area.

"Now, don't move if you don't want to become a soprano." I totally froze as she moved the razor about my family jewels.

"Wow, this could make the change permanent," she quipped. I didn't breath.

Five minutes later, Cindy finished. "Take a look, darling. I think you will like what I have created." She stepped back so I could seem myself in the mirror.

I gasped! I looked like a naked woman. My little man was gone, and I had a perfectly shaped, perfectly trimmed bush in the shape of a 'V'. I stepped into the bikini bottom, and she pulled it over my hips. Only a woman stood before the mirror. Cindy had changed me into a woman for all practical purposes.

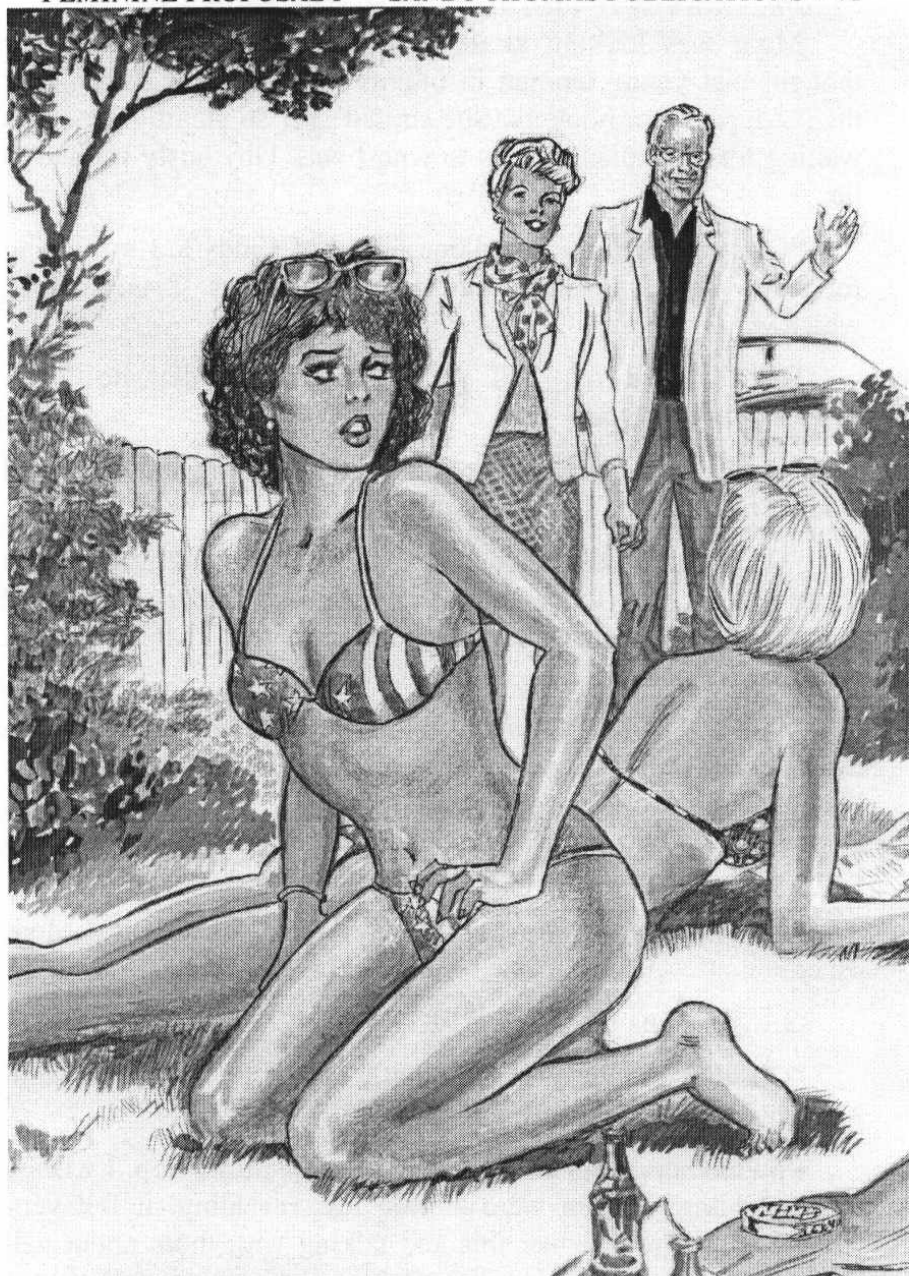
"Let's go outside and get some sun, Lisa. You've certainly earned a break." She rubbed suntan oil all over my body, teasing my most sensual areas. "Okay, now out we go."

I picked up a large beach towel and a 'boom box' on my way outside. Soon I was peacefully dozing on a blanket with Cindy on another blanket next to me. I didn't even hear a car pull into the driveway. Two shadows blocking the sun woke us up.

"Mom, D..." I started, but caught myself in mid-sentence. Luckily they didn't hear what I said. "Oh, hi," was the only thing that I could think of saying. What was I supposed to say? 'Mom, dad, I've become a girl?'

My dad, smiling and taking in the babes in the bikinis, spoke first. "Hi, Cindy, we just stopped in to see you. Is Stan around?"

"Oh, hi, Mr. and Mrs. Knight, what a surprise to see you." Cindy gave me a terrified glance. "No...he...he is on a camping trip with one of his buddies, Mike, a deputy sheriff."



“Mom...d...” I whispered as my parents greeted us.

“Who is your cute friend?” Mom asked Cindy.

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Mom was looking at us in a disapproving manner. She thought that young women in bikinis were just one step higher than strippers...or hookers. She smiled ever so slightly. She was waiting for an explanation as to who I was. Obviously we had to lie.

“Oh...hi, I’m Lisa, a college friend of Cindy’s. I’m visiting for a few days.” I almost introduced myself as ‘Lisa Knight’, which would have really confused them.

Dad reached out and gently shook my delicate hand. “Pleased to meet you.”

“Cindy, when are you going to start calling us Mom and Dad...or at least William and Shirley?” Mom said.

“Oh...sure. It just takes a while. Uh...Mom and Dad...” she shot me a worried look. “Lisa and I go back a few years. Why don’t we all go inside and I’ll make some tea?” Mom and dad followed her, and I had no choice but to follow.

Mom and dad sat together on the couch. I slid gracefully into Stan’s chair; only I sat properly as Lisa should. I couldn’t believe that I was sitting in my living room, all dolled up as a woman, wearing a bikini, and conversing with my own parents, who believed that I was my wife’s girlfriend.

“That’s a pretty color polish, dear. What shade is it?” Mom asked.

“S...scarlet paintbrush by IMG,” I answered.

“Oh, that’s the same brand that Cindy uses,” Mom relaxed. Mom didn’t like the way I was dressed, but she liked Lisa.

I pulled nervously at the spaghetti straps of my top. I wished that my bikini bottom were a little less revealing. It felt very strange to be dressed like this and talking with mom about nail color. That’s not something that mothers and sons often do.

Cindy reappeared with a tray of ice tea and a fruit and cheese snack plate. “Tell me about yourself, Lisa. Are you married? Do you have a family?” Mom asked.

Before I could answer, Cindy replied, thinking that she was being clever, "She's not married, but I think that she's got her eye on a certain deputy sheriff that patrols our area." I couldn't believe what she had just said.

"That wouldn't be that Mike that Stan's running around with, would it?" Dad asked.

Cindy nearly dropped her tea. I nodded for her to go on. It was too late now. "Why...why yes, yes it is. I didn't know that you knew about Mike."

"Did Stan introduce you to him, Lisa?" Mom asked.

"Uh...no, not yet," I stammered.

"What kind of a matchmaker is our son?" dad wanted to know. "We'll just wait here until they get home and I will introduce you myself. He'll be a lucky guy to get a date with you, Lisa." I blushed, realizing that Dad unknowingly wanted to set his son up with another man.

"I think they plan on being gone all day," Cindy came to my rescue. "They are hiking."

"When they get back, Cindy, tell your husband that your lovely friend wants to be introduced to this deputy."

"Okay, dad, I will," Cindy squeaked.

"Is this Mike a real man's man, Cindy?" Mom asked.

"Oh yes, he's 6' tall, all muscle, and handsome."

"Well, good. We wouldn't want Lisa being fixed up with some effeminate sissy type of guy. It sounds like Mike is the kind of guy you want, Lisa. You being all womanly, pretty, and delicate, you're a real man's dream, honey," Dad said.

"Thank you," I whispered. How nice that my father thought that I was all womanly and delicate, although I looked a little different now than when Dad and I used to play catch.

I absentmindedly stoked my smooth thigh with my hand, then I was afraid that it might look like I was flirting, but with whom, certainly not my father. Still, Mom knew me only as Lisa. No one pursued it, so maybe I didn't look like I was flirting.

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The four of us visited for nearly two hours. I excused myself to slip on a pair of shorts and one of my old work shirts. Both mom and I felt better that way. "Stan's got a shirt just like that," Mom noticed when I returned to the living room.

"I...I borrowed it from him, Mrs. Knight," I said.

"Call me, Shirley," she smiled.

"All right, Shirley. You're actually much too young and pretty to put a stuffy Mrs. before your name," I agreed.

"Why, thank you, Lisa, but actually I'm old enough to be your mother. I'm 45ish."

"No way!" Mom was pleased that this pretty young girl thought that she was attractive. It was a feeling between us like...like a female thing that only girls and women understand.

"We had better get going, honey," Dad finally said.

I couldn't believe that I had completely fooled my folks for two hours. They were not the least suspicious that this sexy girl was really their son.

Then it happened, a potential disaster. Dad was waving good-bye to us as he backed out onto the road...right in front of the sheriff's car, which had to brake sharply to avoid hitting them.

The overhead red lights went on. Dad was going to get his wish, his chance to meet Deputy Mike McCord, his chance to introduce Mike to his daughter-in-law's friend, Lisa. But Mike already knew Lisa as Cindy's sister-in-law, Stan's sister. But Stan doesn't have a sister. Besides, Stan and Mike were supposed to be hiking together.

I knew it was over...everything. That chick, gentlemen, is your son, and not quite the girl that you thought. All this rushed through my mind as I waited for Mike's 6' frame to swing from the car.

"That's pretty careless backing up, mister," the female deputy's voice called out. It wasn't Mike. She checked dad's

license, and gave him a warning, and soon both were on their way.

I was completely traumatized by the past two hours. My heart was in my throat, and my legs visibly shook as I watched their car turn the last bend. I turned to Cindy, "I can't do this! What was I ever thinking? No house or car is worth the humiliation of my parents recognizing me while I'm dressed like this!"

"You did fine, Lisa," Cindy smiled, "They didn't recognize you, even in that skimpy bathing suit."

"I don't care, Cindy!" I nearly shouted. "I cannot go through with this! What was I ever thinking to agree to this weekend?"

"We have an agreement, Lisa..." Cindy started.

"Well, I'm breaking it as of now!" I shouted as I ran to our bedroom, frantically trying to loosen the catch on my bikini top.

I locked the bedroom door and frantically washed off my makeup. Cindy tried to enter the bedroom, and when she found it locked, she shouted through the door, "We have to talk, Stan! Let me in!"

"Leave me alone!" I returned, as I slipped a pair of jockey shorts up my legs. After dressing in a pair of Levis, a t-shirt, and my sneakers, I combed my hair in a masculine style, grabbed my wallet and keys, and exited the room.

Cindy stood just outside the door. "Where are you going, Stan?" she questioned, seeing me dressed again as her husband.

"Out! I'm looking for a job to pay our bills the old fashioned way, by working!" I growled, recognizing that she was as instrumental as anyone in getting me into dresses. "I'm a man, and I'll stay one, thank you!"

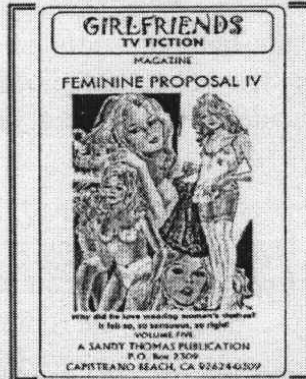
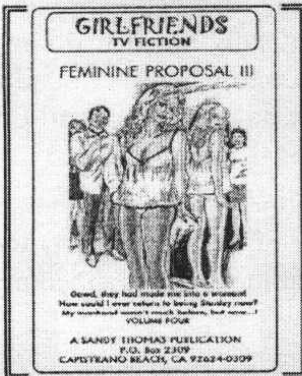
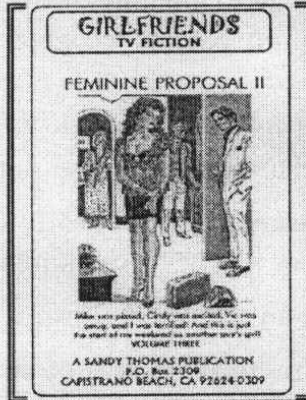
"Stan, we have to talk," she shouted after me. "We have a contract..."

"Talk? Contract? A cop stopped me while I was in a dress. I could have gone to jail! My parents just saw me dressed as a woman...in a bikini of all things. I could have been humiliated

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beyond reason if they had recognized me. Yet all you can think of is Vic's contract? I'm out of here!" I was out the door and down the road before she could respond.

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FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

fancy French braiding, or perhaps 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.

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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
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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.

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

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

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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.

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BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

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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.

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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

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