

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV



Why did he love wearing women's clothes?
It felt so, so sensuous, so right!
VOLUME FIVE

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
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FEMININE PROPOSAL #4 SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS - 1

GIRLFRIENDS
TV FICTION

VOLUME 5

Feminine Proposal
Book 4

By Brenda

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Reward!

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‘LOVE EDITING’

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QUOTE BOARD

“MEN who wear a black dress lead very colorful lives.”

Feminine Proposal

Book 4

By Brenda R

Chapter 25

I broke eye contact with him and prepared to give up my feminine virginity. I swallowed hard and wrapped my soft hands around his hairy legs. I inched closer to his erection and ran my hand up the inside of his thigh. Vic gasped. He was enjoying this.

I quickly followed with my other hand, softly stroking the inside of his thigh. He shuddered, the tip of his engorged penis a mere inch from my lips.

I leaned forward and quickly kissed its head. As I withdrew, I observed lipstick from my lips on his manhood. The scenario fascinated me. I had almost performed the most intimate of sexual act on this man, taking his manhood in my mouth time and time again until he climaxed, leaving hot male juices to swallow. I was not ready for that. Vic was though as he tried to push his maleness past my hands and between my lips.

I glanced up at him. "Don't hurry it, sweetheart. It's so much more pleasurable if we take our time." Actually, I was stalling. Vic backed off, but he was not pleased.

"Get on with it, Lisa," he whispered. I didn't want to, but I knew that I had to keep moving.

I encircled his pulsating manhood with both of my hands and began stroking and sliding my delicate woman's hands the entire length of his shaft. I thought Vic was much larger than the average man, but I had never seen another man from this position before.

I rubbed his penis slowly and softly at first, and then moved more and more quickly. Vic's manhood stood at full

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staff. A drop or two of thick creamy liquid appeared at the eye of the head.

I closed my lips before his penis could enter my mouth. He cursed softly when he was unable to penetrate. He took his manhood into his own hand and firmly pushed it against my lips. I felt the sticky substance smeared along my lips, the salty taste upon my lips now.

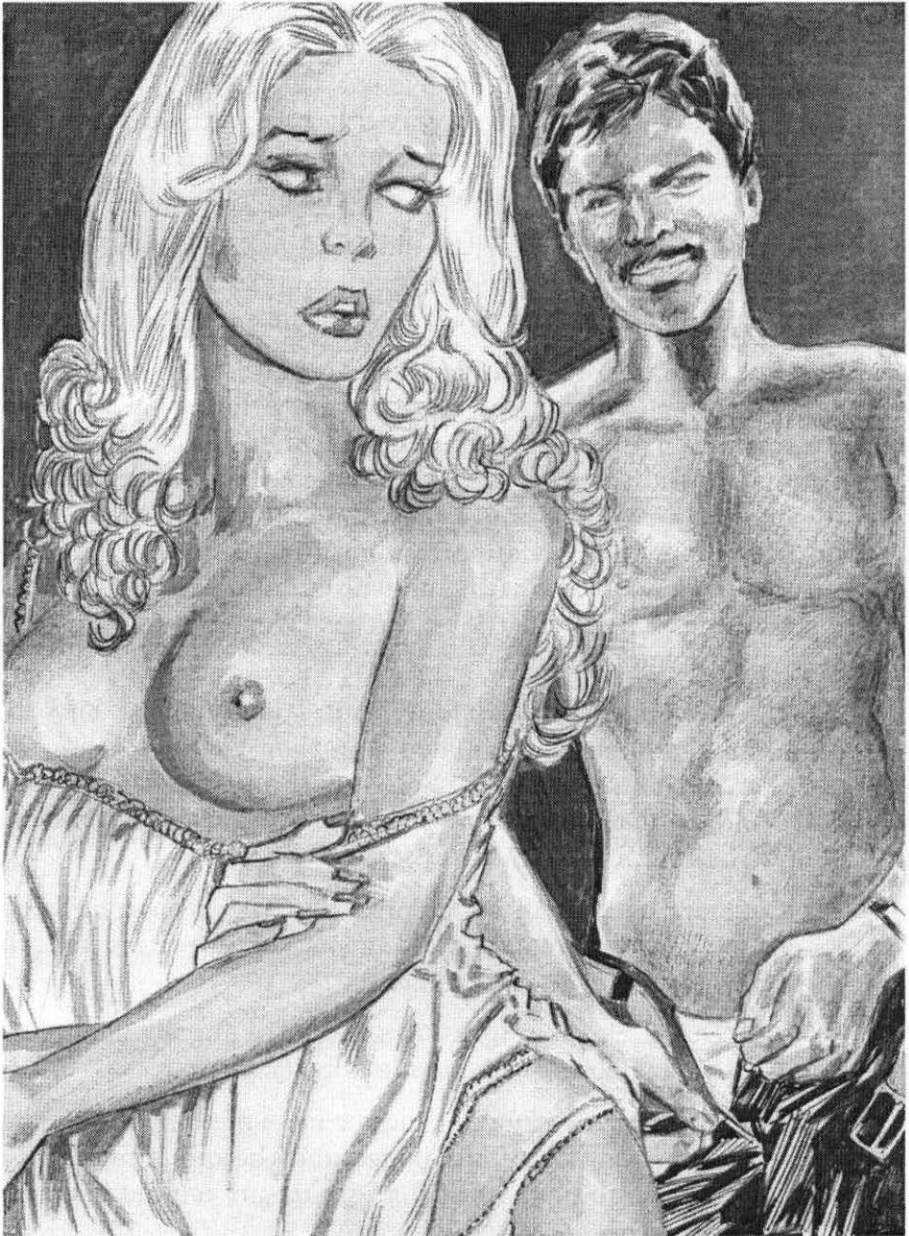
“Open your mouth, Lisa. Take me like the woman you are. Show Cindy that you’re woman enough to take all of my manhood in your mouth. Remember that you were okay with her doing this. She’s going to expect you to do it now that you’re the girl.” He was desperate. He was about to climax, and his penis was not yet in my mouth.

His hot sticky substance ran off my lips and down my chin. I closed my eyes. All I had to do was open my mouth and accept his seed. It would all be over in a minute. I can do it! If I do it, the house will be ours.

I touched the tip of my tongue to my still closed lips. Just open your lips. Look how far you have already come. Let him fill your mouth with his maleness. You love everything else about being a girl. Accept this last pleasure. You can passively surrender to him, and let him have you. Be a woman! You will love it if only you let it happen. I’m Lisa. I’m not a man. Accept the pleasures a man can give a woman. I’m a woman. I’m a woman!

“All right, Vic, make me a woman now,” I opened my glossy red lips. I was ready to accept my transition from a man to being Lisa for real. I hoped that I would enjoy my life as a girl.

I again closed my eyes. My soft red lips and warm moist mouth were ready in feminine surrender to accept my male conqueror. I was to be his. I was prepared to accept my total loss of masculinity.



"NO, Vic, I won't do it! You are demeaning to me and to all women. Not even if I lose my house and the car!" I shouted

"How about losing Cindy?" Vic asked with a smirk.

I opened my mouth, but he didn't penetrate me just yet. He ordered me to look at him as he deflowered me. I shuddered and looked up into his eyes as he sneered, "Lisa, you're number 73. You're just like every other woman, on your knees or your back because I, Vic, control you! I own you. No woman dares to say no to me, not even an 'almost woman' like you!"

I snapped my head to the side and his dick struck me on my cheek. He was shocked! I jumped up from my knees and got into his face. He had never had a woman do that before.

"You are wrong, Vic! You are so very, very wrong! You don't have enough money and power to force me to accept your sexual demands. You have demeaned too many women. You have used them as nothing but sexual objects. Some gave themselves to you because they thought you loved them or they loved you. Some were afraid not to yield to your demands because you are powerful and threatening. Some probably just wanted to keep their jobs, but every one of them deserves better than you."

"I'm a woman in spirit only, but I love what I have become. I'm so much more as a woman than you are as a pitiful member of the human race. You're nothing, Vic! Do you hear me? You are nothing! I'm pleased to be the woman who ends your streak, number whatever!"

I turned, opened the door, and demanded that he leave. He growled, and threatened, "You just lost your house...and the cars!"

"You can stick them up your ass, Vic!" I angrily shouted as I slammed the door after he made a hasty retreat.

Vic's attempt to sexually conquer me was over. Vic's prizes would be repossession of our house and the quick retrieval of the cars. My winnings? I still had intact my female virginity! Vic was unsuccessful at seducing me.

Cindy wouldn't pick me up for another hour. Obviously she wasn't aware that we were now homeless. I wondered how she would react when she learned that I didn't fulfill the contract. I was sure that she would be furious. Maybe Vic will

take her away from me. I tried to call Cindy, but the phone was constantly busy. It was probably unplugged, remembering that she had gone home with Steve, a real man.

I took an inventory of my babydoll covered, feminized body. What competition would I be against either Vic or Steve? I rubbed my soft feminine hands over my smooth shapely legs. Was it appropriate for me to be the object of competition between men instead of trying to be one?

I was slightly startled as my doorknob turned slowly and the door opened. "Vicky?" You usually knock."

"Sorry, ma'am...Lisa. I just wanted to talk with you. Mr. Toredo said that I wasn't to see you again. None of the staff is to help you take your things to your car."

I raised an eyebrow in question and she threw her arms around me tightly. "I'm so glad that you didn't let him seduce you, that you turned him down, and that you are still a virgin! Save yourself for a really wonderful man, not a rich slob like him."

I lightly laughed, "I'm glad that my still being a virgin makes you so happy, but how did you know?"

"I went into his private study to clean up, and on the large TV screen was Vic and you in your most intimate moments. I knew I shouldn't stay, but I couldn't leave. Vic had no idea that I was watching the two of you. You are aware that he was filming your sexual encounter?"

"Ahhh! The whirring sound," I interrupted. "No, I didn't, but go on..."

"I saw you beg him to make love to you," Vicky blushed. "I saw you go down on your knees. I realized that you really didn't like him, but you were letting him do you anyway. I thought that you wanted to find out what it is like letting a man make love to you."

"I had better get changed, Vicky. I don't intend to go home wearing this babydoll nightie." I checked the closet and dresser drawers, finding only women's clothes. I couldn't

change back to being Stan until I got home, not that I was in a hurry to become a man again, but it was inevitable.

Vicky said, "Vic has a secret compartment containing video tapes of all his sexual conquests. Each has a name and date."

"Probably the date he scored," I guessed as I pulled on tight fitting yellow shorts. I had already donned a matching chiffon top, leaving my slender belly bare.

"I'm sure," Vicky continued. "There are 72 labeled boxes. Yours, of course, is labeled 'Lisa, #73, 7-10-02'. There is another box lying on his desk that reads, 'Cindy, #74', but with no date."

'Ahhh,' I thought. He hasn't seduced her yet, but he is planning too. "Also, Lisa, there is a box labeled 'Vicky, #53, 6-9-00'."

"You?" I questioned.

"Yes," she looked at the floor. "I was in this country illegally. Vic offered employment and a place to stay. That meant that I could stay legally. In return, I had to agree to be his maid for at least two years, and..."

"You had to sleep with him."

"Yes. I hated it! I don't like the man, but I couldn't go back home, so I did it. I became #53, although I had no idea that I was just another sexual conquest being filmed. I thought he really cared for me, although it was one-sided. He dumped me as a girlfriend immediately after the seduction. I became his servant only." I took Vicky into my arms as she sobbed softly. "I'm so ashamed, Lisa."

"Don't be. Vic forced you. It's time that you left here...like today."

"I've no place to go. I'm still not legal."

We sat on the bed. "I'll think of something," I said, although I had no solution. I was going to be homeless in three days. "I just wished that Cindy would arrive so we could leave."

"It'll be a while before she can see Mr. Toredo," Vicky sobbed.

"Why?"

"A young woman, a good-looking blonde, is with him in his private study right now. He said that he didn't want to be disturbed by anyone. Her car is in the driveway. She arrived in that beat-up old car."

"That's my car!" I exclaimed with alarm. "That blonde with Vic is Cindy. I don't want her with him. Show me where the study is."

"Follow me."

We literally ran through a series of hallways, and quickly arrived at a thick solid oak door. Vicky indicated for me to be quiet. Let's surprise him, and see what is going on."

I quietly tried the door handle and found it locked. "Now what!" I cried.

"Don't be such a girl! I memorized the combination," Vicky quietly opened a decorative wood piece and punched four numbers into a combination lock. "The room is pretty dark. Be quiet, and we can sneak in undetected."

Cindy was sitting quietly on a large overstuffed chair completely engrossed in the scenes on the 50" TV screen. Vic was standing next to her, still wearing his silk robe.

I gasped quietly as I saw the action on the screen. It was Vic and I. Cindy had already seen me wearing my red ruffled babydoll nightie begging Vic to make love to me. She had seen me being a woman, fondling Vic, and placing my lipstick coated lips to his manhood. I was on my knees, and had just looked up into Vic's eyes. She probably expected that in the next instance, she would see her husband giving another man a blowjob.

I glanced at Cindy's facial expression. She was very interested and seemingly okay with what she saw. She appeared to be excited as I opened my painted lips and prepared to accept the inevitable. That's when Vic stopped the film.

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Vic announced, "Unfortunately, Lisa wasn't woman enough to consummate the sexual act, and that, Cindy, is why I repossessed the T-bird, and you had to drive your old beater to pick Stanley up. He couldn't do what he expected you to do. Not much of a husband, is he?"

"We've lost our house?" Cindy questioned softly.

"I'm afraid so, unless you come up with the money in the next three days."

"You know that we can't," Cindy sadly said.

"I'll tell you what, Cindy," Vic smoothly suggested. "Sleep with me, here, right now, and I'll give you a two month extension."

Cindy stood straight up. She was in her 'angry' mode. "My husband played the role of a woman to save our home by satisfying your sexual demands, but when it came time to do it, he had too much pride to be your whore, and I'll not be your whore either!"

"You'll lose your home. Just an hour of your time, and you'll leave here in the T-bird," Vic was almost begging.

"I'd rather live in an outhouse than sleep with you," Cindy hissed.

It was time to make my entrance. "And me too, Cindy." Vic and Cindy turned in surprise. "I couldn't be his prostitute either. Sorry about the house."

She sadly smiled, "It's okay."

"How did you two get in here?" Vic was livid.

"The door wasn't locked," I lied.

Vic gave me a once over. He made one last stand. "How quaint when a pretty delicate creature all dolled up in yellow, with pretty painted toenails, and matching lipstick and fingernails tries to be a warrior when she can only be a princess. How do you intend to hurt me, sweetheart? My goodness," he mimicked, "I'm alone with three girls and I'm afraid."

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Cindy moved into my arms. "I'll take 'her' over you any day," she spat.

'Her?' I thought. It was time for this scene to end, so I spat, "Give me my film, Vic...and Vicky's film too. It's #53."

"Why would I do that?"

"To avoid me going to the press and exposing you. How would the community react when they learn that you use and abuse women? Can you picture the lawsuits? The loss of your dealership?"

Vic was foaming at the mouth as he handed over the two videocassettes. "The one in your desk drawer too," Vicky demanded.

"It's blank. There's nothing on it."

Vicky held out her hand, and Vic slapped the box into her hand. Vicky gave the box to Cindy. It read, 'Cindy, #74, and a date of 7-10-02'.

"You were that sure of yourself?" Cindy demanded. Vic's face turned blood red, and he didn't respond. "Destroy all the other films and send me proof that they have been destroyed or you'll see both of us on talk shows throughout the country."

Barely controlling himself, Vic agreed. He spat at us, as we left, "I don't want to see the two of you on my property again. Vicky, you're fired!"

"You can't fire me," Vicky spat back. "I quit!"

We three decided that there was nothing that we needed from our rooms, and we hurried outside through the staff quarters. "Three days! You have three days to be out!" Vic belted down the corridors.

We were surprised to find my old wagon loaded with Vicky's things, and all the clothes and makeup from my room, including the extremely expensive silver dress. Howard smiled as he kissed Vicky goodbye and wished her well. "I'm not sure that the world is ready for three chicks like the three of you," he kindly laughed. "I'm glad that you are out of here,

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Vicky. Have a great life, girls," he called as we drove briskly down the long drive.

"Oh, my gosh!" Vicky exclaimed as she looked back. "Howard's pickup is loaded with his stuff too."

"Vic loses again," I noted.

"Yes," Vicky responded dreamily.

Cindy, sitting behind the steering wheel, glanced at me reclining in the broken passenger seat. "You'll want to get a lot more tan if you are going to wear yellow. Yellow goes so well with a deep tan."

I smiled, "Maybe, but my days of being a girl are all but over."

"Um, I'm not too sure that is true. I like you as a chick, and I think that maybe you like yourself as a girl too."

"Maybe..."

"And maybe it's not my place to say, but I have known you as a girl for only a few days, and you're so delightful that I cannot picture you as a man," Vicky added.

"Thanks, Vicky...I think."

The drive to our mountain home took nearly an hour. I put the time to use, explaining Vicky's plight to Cindy. Cindy was in deep thought throughout my explanation. Next I explained how Cindy and I got into this situation with Vic. "That's so hard to believe," Vicky finally stated.

"What? Our strange contract with Vic?" I asked.

"No! I would expect that of Vic," she said. "I can't believe that you've only been a girl for a week. You are so natural. It's like you've been a girl all your life."

"My thoughts exactly," Cindy piped in.

"Is that a compliment?" I asked. "You two think I make such a believable girl, but I'm really a guy."

"Yes," came two simultaneous replies. Cindy eyed me out of the corner of her eyes.

"What?"

"You still have last night's makeup on. I taught you better than that."

"I didn't exactly go to bed after I kicked Vic out."

"Right, but you're still wearing evening makeup in the day time."

"Do you want me to redo it when we get home?"

"Most girls would."

"I guess that I will be like most girls then."

Finally, Vicky told Cindy about my defense of womanhood. "It's on the tape. You can watch it yourself."

"I will," Cindy answered sweetly. "You really have become one of us, haven't you?"

I blushed, "One of us?"

"A woman! You know what I'm talking about."

"Well, I guess so for right now," I replied.

"Right now may go on for quite some time."

"You wouldn't mind?"

"I'd love it! I was thinking of a way to convince you to stay in skirts for a while longer. I don't think I'll have trouble convincing you to stay as Lisa for the summer."

"All summer as a girl?" Why was I so excited at the prospect? "Oh, maybe," I dryly replied.

Cindy pulled into our driveway, probably for one of the last times. Three women tripped up the front steps, engaged in girlish banter. Inside, the dusty old car stood three empty lemonade cups, each with a clear straw topped with lipstick smudges. Obviously there had not been a man in the car, not a real man!

Chapter 26

Cindy mixed a pitcher of ice tea while Vicky and I prepared sesame chicken salad. Our lunch was fairly quiet, each of us deep in our own thoughts. I wondered where we could move to on such short notice. Cindy's parent's place or her sister's was a possibility, maybe my parent's place or my brother's? Of course all of them would take us in, but it would sting to not make it on our own.

Obviously my charade as Lisa had to end. Neither of our families would understand a husband and wife being girlfriends. It was fun while it lasted. I wondered if I would ever become Lisa again, probably not.

Cindy, however, was not thinking about us. "Vicky, make a list of your education and job skills. I'll call some classmates from college and see what we can do."

"That's a great idea," I agreed. "Cindy graduated from a prestigious Ivy league school. Many of her friends have great positions." I then removed myself from the conversation to lie on the patio.

I replaced my yellow blouse with a yellow tube top, so I could work on that tan Cindy suggested. I closely examined myself in our bedroom full-length mirror. All I saw was 'woman' from my flowing blonde hair down to my painted toenails. All woman!

I pulled my top down to expose cleavage, as if my silicone breasts could tan. They just looked so damn sexy that way. I did take the time to replace my night makeup with a light pink lipstick, a little blush, and just a touch of eyeshadow. Now I was ready to relax in the sun.

I looked in on the girls as I made my way to the deck. Cindy was talking in earnest with Vicky, and several handwritten pages were spread about on the table in front of her. I obviously wasn't needed.



“Why did I love wearing women’s clothes so much? It felt so, so sensuous, so right. I was a woman. All woman!” I thought as I changed from my nightclothes and makeup to more subdued daytime shades.

As an afterthought, I picked up a bottle of nail polish remover, and a bottle of pink nail polish. I was relaxing in the mid-afternoon sun where I fell asleep within minutes in the lawn chair. "Lisa, Lisa," Cindy woke me. She handed me the cell phone. "Put on your best girl voice. It's Mike," she smiled.

I shook my head to clear the cobwebs. "Mike?" I softly and girlishly asked in the phone.

"You bet. How was your weekend in Denver?"

"Not so good. I'm glad it's over."

"I wouldn't want to wish bad things for you, but I hope Vic Toredito had a lousy weekend."

"I can assure you that he did."

"That's good! Are you going to see him again? Is there room in your life for me?"

"You sound a bit jealous," I teased. "There is always room in my life for you."

I suddenly realized that Cindy was taking in my conversation. "Hang on a minute, Mike." I looked at Cindy questioningly. I wouldn't listen in on a conversation between her and her boyfriend.

Cindy indicated for me to cover the mouthpiece. "You better make plans to see him tonight or tomorrow. We don't know where we will be three days from now, or whether you can remain as Lisa." Having delivered her message, she left me to my private conversation.

She was absolutely right! "I'm sorry, I'm back."

"Good! I really missed you, Lisa."

"I missed you too...I mean that I thought about you a lot over the weekend. Can you come over later today?"

"I'm on duty till 3 AM, but you are in my patrol area. I can pop by for a few minutes if that is be okay."

"I would like that very much. I have something very important to tell you."

"You're getting married?"

"No!" I laughed.

"You're pregnant!"

"Uh...yes I am." There was a long awkward pause. "No, silly, I'm just teasing you."

"Whew, that's a relief. I wouldn't care if you were pregnant if it were my baby, but nobody else's."

"You want me to have your baby?" I teased.

"Uh...well, maybe..."

"We're getting way ahead of ourselves," I giggled lightly.

"Okay, then I hope that it's nothing serious." I pictured Mike frowning.

"We may have to move," I said.

"I'm an hour away. We'll talk about it when I arrive."

"Okay," I softly whispered and hung up.

A feeling of depression swept over me. Strange that it was because of Vic that I became a woman, and while a woman, I met Mike. Now, because of Vic, I had to stop being a woman and say goodbye to Mike.

I quickly converted my red nail polish to pink. I was greeted by happy girlish banter when I stepping into the living room. "I have several good leads for Vicky," Cindy said brightly.

"I'm excited, Lisa," Vicky began, and then stopped as both noted my sadness.

"I'm happy for you, Vicky. You deserve good things."

"Thank you, Miss Lisa, but I read sadness on your face." Cindy was looking for a response as well.

"I guess that I'm sad about leaving Lisa so quickly. I can't live at our relatives as a girl," I whispered.

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"Maybe at my sister's," Cindy brightly added. "She's pretty open-minded."

"Perhaps..." I thought of how Cindy's call to her sister might go. 'Hi, Sis, guess what? We were kicked out of our house. Can we stay with you for a while? Oh good. Thank you. By the way, Stan has become a woman. Oh good, I knew that you would understand. Bye.'

"We may come up with other options. If worse comes to worse, you will return to being Stan again. Eventually, we will get another place and maybe we can go on a vacation as two women. Maybe Vic will change his mind?" The three of us broke up in laughter at her last statement. "That's my girl," Cindy hugged me, "Enjoy your time with Mike tonight."

"All right," I felt somewhat better.

"Lisa, you may want to be all the woman you can tonight. There are questions about being a woman that you haven't answered yet. If you get a chance, you might want to explore them. Then we'll both have a better idea about our futures. You know what I'm talking about?" Cindy smiled.

"I believe so, but he's on duty, and he can't..."

"Oh yes he can...and you really can too. Do you recall the two of us in the back seat at Lookout Mountain? Only this time you are the girl," Cindy flirtatiously teased.

"Me, as a girl, in the back seat of a car?"

"Uh huh! Vicky and I may have to go shopping this evening for an hour or so." It was hard to believe that my wife was setting me up for a romantic encounter, as a woman with a man.

I blushed, "We'll see how it goes."

Nearly two hours later, the dust covered Karl County sheriff's car pulled into our driveway. Dusk was setting, and a tinge of excitement race through me as Mike's 6' 2" frame emerged from the cruiser. His hands covered his eyes against the setting sun. "Howdy, ma'am," he drawled. "I'm looking for Lisa and Cindy. Are they in?"

"You don't know me, deputy?" I teasingly answered.

Mike stood for a second with his mouth hanging open. "Lisa? Lisa, is that you?" He smiled and covered the distance between us in seconds. He exclaimed, "It is you. I don't believe it!"

He smothered me with his ham size arms, then stepped back to take a really good look. He was beaming. "I love your new look." He turned me around. "Blonde, beautiful, and waist length hair. How did you do it?"

"Professional stylist. You really like it?"

"I do, I do! But how did you get it so long?"

"It's a fall. Real human hair woven into my own, now blonde hair." I pulled my hair around to show him how it was woven. "My own hair is still only shoulder length."

"Wow!" The rest of his words were drowned out as he gently placed his lips against mine. I placed my arms around his shoulders and neck and he stood straight up, lifting me off the ground. This I liked, no loved! I could enjoy romance as a woman. I, like a real woman, must have feelings for the man. It's not automatic with every man. He must be special. Mike was special!

"Uh umm," a feminine throat cleared from behind us.

"Oh, hi, Cindy," Mike returned me to the ground.

"This is our friend, Vicky. She is staying with us for a day or so," Cindy introduced.

"Definitely a pleasure to meet you, Mike," Vicky extended her hand.

"Uh, Galway or County Cork?" Mike asked.

"Dublin," Vicky smiled

"At least I got the country right."

"That you did," Vicky held out a glass of ice tea, which Mike gratefully accepted and immediately downed.

"Goodness, maybe I should have given you the pitcher instead." We all laughed as Vicky refilled his glass.

"Sorry, I must appear a pig."

"No, no, just a hard working, overheated man," I cooed, making sure that Vicky knew who Mike belonged to. I gave her a girlish catty look, which she playfully recognized.

"Cindy and I have to go to town to get some..." her mind went blank.

"Milk," Cindy completed Vicky's sentence. "St...Lisa, some wonderful news. You can explain what it means to Mike after we leave."

"Okay?" I gave her a puzzled look.

"I got hold of Janet. She was at our wedding...I mean at Stan and my wedding. Lisa was my Maid of Honor."

"Isn't she big at some company?" I asked.

She's President and CEO of 'Studio Nights'. She matches models with stylists, makeup artists, fashion designers, and sponsors the most talked of fashion shows."

"Models? Wow, sounds like someone I should meet," Mike blurted. I placed a sharp elbow in his ribs. "But then, I'm already surrounded by three beautiful women."

"Good recovery," I added.

"Janet is looking for a model liaison, and she's offered it to Vicky," Cindy added. "Vicky starts tomorrow. Janet is picking her up in the morning. Vicky can stay at her mansion until she can save enough to get her own place."

Vicky threw her arms around Cindy and I. "If it hadn't been for the two of you, I would still be Vic's indentured servant." I noted Mike's frown when he heard Vic's name. I shushed him with a finger to my mouth.

"Also, Janet's brother is an attorney. He does INS cases. He says Vicky will have no problem staying in the country. He will represent her pro bono."

"We'll celebrate when you get back," I called after the departing girls.

"It'll be a while, at least an hour and a half," Cindy called back, way too obvious.

My hand felt small and delicately feminine as Mike's large, meaty hands engulfed it. We waved goodbye to the departing girls with our free hands, and then we were alone, a man and a woman standing on the patio.

I felt so much like a woman as Mike took my delicate frame into his powerful arms, a feeling I was beginning to love. I pressed my body firmly against his, and then looked up to receive his lips against mine. It was almost as if we had been boyfriend – girlfriend for years, and were now reuniting after several months separation.

A tinge of girlish shiver flowed through my body as I let him have his way with me. After a kiss of two minutes, we broke our intense hug. "That was terrific," Mike beamed.

"It was, wasn't it?" I softly replied.

"But you have bad news?" Mike questioned.

I nodded, "Yes," and I felt my long hair flow against my back. It was so incredibly easy for me to feel like a girl. "We are being evicted," I bluntly stated.

"Kicked out? Why?"

"We are two months behind in our payments...I mean Stan and Cindy are. I'm kind of with them." Mike arched his eyebrows. "Cindy can't work because she has only two months left to finish her Master's degree or she will lose the whole year. Stan, with his Master's degree in Political Science, is searching for a new job across the states after being laid off."

"Political Science?" Mike snorted, not believing that anyone would need somebody with that schooling.

"I will help for sure. I don't think that I will have trouble finding a job, however, there is no way we can come up with the \$2500.00 needed to pay the last two payments in the next three days."

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"Three days?"

"Yes, they will get the eviction notice tomorrow, which gives them three days to pay up or vacate the premises."

"Where will you go?"

"We're not sure, some relative; maybe Cindy's sister."

"Where do they live?"

"Throughout the country."

"I won't get to see you again?" Mike placed his warm hand on my thigh.

"Maybe not," I sadly stated. Mike placed his other arm around my shoulders.

"This is bad news! Who is the landlord?"

"Vic Toredó," I shuddered at the name.

"Figures!" Mike's mind was drifting. I had delivered the bad news, now maybe there would be time for some romance as my feminine mind dismissed today's woes.

I pushed Mike's hand down my thigh. He took my cue and started stroking me. I liked that a lot! The girls gave us an hour and a half alone, but Mike had only 30 minutes for lunch. I wanted to make the most of the 20 minutes left.

I brushed a wet kiss on the side of his cheek. He smiled and pressed his lips firmly against mine. I remembered what Cindy had said before leaving, "...This might be your only chance to go all the way. Maybe there are some things that you should learn about your femininity, like if you would have sex with a man as a girl, and if so, would you like it?"

I noted that I only had 17 minutes left before Mike had to leave. I boldly plunged my tongue deep into his mouth. He was pleasantly surprised, and gave me what I desired, his tongue down my throat. I fantasized that it was his manhood and not his tongue. I lightly touched his crotch, stopping just short of stroking his manhood. Only then did I realize that Mike was fondling my silicone breasts.

When he saw me watching him stroking my breasts, he abruptly stopped. "Sorry. I realize this is too soon to exercise my testosterone, but you are so desirable. I'm afraid that you may be gone before we can see each other again."

I smiled and replaced his hands on my breasts. He was aware of my hand resting on his lap near his manhood. He smiled, "I think your estrogen is kicking in too." I moved my hand atop his maleness and firmly squeezed. He was completely surprised. "Oh, Lisa, ah, don't do that or I won't let you stop." He was breathing hard. I squeezed the bulge through his uniform pants again. We only had 12 minutes left, but time was not a problem.

Mike moved his fingers beneath my shorts, touching the lace of my panties. He desperately wanted to carry me into the house, throw me onto the bed, and make love to me. The problem was that I didn't have a vagina! My only other choice was to beg 'monthly problems', and then possibly go down on him. I wanted desperately to prove to myself that I could perform sexually as a woman and bring him to a fantastic ecstasy. I had the power and ability to do it because I was a woman.

I lightly squeezed his manhood with every intention of going to my knees to give him the best that my warm moist mouth had to offer, however, I decided that I was far more interested in having a romantic long-term relationship with this man. I cared for Mike and about what he thought of me. I had to quit acting like a slut or that's how he would think of me.

I removed my hand from his crotch and turned his head towards me so that we were looking directly into each other's eyes. "Sorry," I whispered, "Too much, too soon. Yes, you do sexually arouse me, but our relationship wouldn't be special if I allowed it to happen this soon."

He withdrew his hand from beneath my shorts. "You are right, but when the time is right, I'm going to give you all my love, and you will orgasm like the Fourth of July."

"I believe that," I smiled. "I look forward to that day, and I will do things to make you equally happy."

"Would tonight be too soon?" Mike raised his hands defensively. "Just kidding."

"You are 20 minutes late," I advised him.

He glanced at his watch and murmured that time passes too fast. He called the dispatcher and found he had two calls waiting. We had a quick goodbye kiss, and then he sprinted to his car. He tripped his red overhead lights on as a goodbye to me.

Dozens of thoughts crowded my mind as I watched his car disappear down the dusty road. Would I ever see him again? Where would I be living in the next few days? Would Lisa be gone forever? If she stayed, was it possible to love Cindy while pretending to be a woman myself? Was it possible live as a woman indefinitely and still remain a man? And finally, might I become a woman for real? This last thought sent a shiver up my spine... "For real"?

Chapter 27

It seemed like hours before the girls returned home. "Hi," Cindy chirped, "Did we give you enough time?"

"About an hour too much. Mike had calls waiting."

"Did anything exciting happen?" Vicky questioned.

"Romantic or sexual?"

"Yes!" both simultaneously answered.

"Isn't that private between Mike and I?"

"Lisa!" Cindy answered dismayed, "You've chosen to be a girl. We girls share everything with each other."

"Well, nothing happened, not much anyway."

Both girls expressed their disappointment. "Did you tell him about us leaving?"

"Yeah, and he was bummed about it, but there isn't much that any of us can do to change it."

"Are you going to see him again?"

"He may stop by before we leave."

"Then you will have to remain as Lisa until then, and change back to Stan later, somewhere on the road."

"You're right. I'm not particularly happy about becoming a man again so soon, but I can't be Lisa at Mom and Dad's place...or at my brother's."

"My sister might be okay with it."

I looked at Cindy with interest, "You think she might accept her brother-in-law wearing a dress?"

"Maybe, but at the least, she would keep it to herself."

"Let's think about it. Maybe you would be happier having your husband back."

"That would be okay too, but right now, I love having you as my girlfriend. I'm not ready for you to change back to being a guy. I like you as a girl, honey. That makes me a little kinky?"

"Not as kinky as me, a guy who loves being the girl that you like so much." We embraced, still in love with each other, just a little different than normal couples.

Vicky had retired to the guest bedroom, and it was time for Cindy and I to retire too. I carefully removed my makeup, as did she. I kept the fall in, and was surprised at how feminine my blonde natural hair looked.

A noise at the front door woke me at 6 AM. "Probably a deer," I groaned before I heard a car door slam and a car descend our driveway. "Who?" I groggily went to the door.

I didn't put on my robe as I stepped out onto the porch where I found a note tacked to the screen door. "To Stanley and Cindy Knight..." the eviction notice began.

I dropped the note on the kitchen table only to find Vicky up and packed. "Eviction notice!" I groaned.

"I'm surprised that Vic didn't deliver it at midnight," she growled.

"I'll make some coffee. Want some?" I asked.

"That would be nice," she smiled.

I was deep into coffee making when Cindy wandered into the kitchen. "We've been evicted," I growled. "The notice is on the table."

"I guessed. We should start planning."

"After coffee..." I suggested.

"I'll finish it," Cindy smiled, "Do something with your hair. You look dreadful."

I proceeded to the bathroom. She was right. I looked horrible. What should I do? I started playing with Cindy's brushes and combs, and soon had perfected a cute shag. I decided against makeup. I needed that coffee.

I stumbled into the living room, still wearing my flirty chemise. Cindy had three cups of coffee on a tray and was about to call Vicky from the porch when the front door opened and Vicky strolled in followed by a stylish dressed woman in a gray pantsuit.

"Cindy, Lisa, here is your friend, Janet. She has to catch a plane, so she came early to pick me up. Wasn't that sweet of her?"

Cindy and Janet ran into each other's arms, and they hugged like long lost friends. "Where is Stan? At work?" Janet asked.

I flinched at hearing my male name. I sure wasn't going to present myself as Stan while looking and dressed like this. Cindy stopped laughing and inadvertently looked in my direction. Janet followed the direction of her glance. "I'm sorry, I didn't see you standing there. Cindy and I go back to college. I'm Janet Hearth and you are?"

Think...think...think. Who am I? Why am I here? My mind was a total blank. Cindy came to my rescue and promptly gave me up. "Janet, don't you recognize my husband, Stan?" I could have died right there!

"Stan?" Janet smiled. "Nah, not really! Who are you really?"

I cast my eyes to the carpet. "It's me, Janet. We didn't expect you this early or I wouldn't be dressed like this."

Confusion flittered in Janet's eyes, but she recovered quickly. "You'd be wearing a sundress or a pair of slacks with a pretty blouse. You wouldn't be wearing your nightdress. I asked Vicky to tell you of my early arrival."

All eyes turned to Vicky. "Oops," she guiltily gulped.

"Vicky, you have to do better than this if you are going to work for me," Janet castigated.

"Yes, ma'am, I will," Vicky sincerely responded.

The damage was done. What possible explanation could I give Janet? I sat down, gently tucking the lacy edge of my too short chemise beneath me. I immediately crossed my legs in a ladylike manner. None of this was lost on Janet. I decided against a bullshit story, as I knew that she would see right through it. "I'm embarrassed to tell you this, Janet, but..." She waited with a pleasant smile. I didn't have a clue what to tell her, so I threw the ball back into Cindy's court. "You tell her, honey."

I caught her off guard, but she hesitated only briefly, and then simply said, "Stan likes to dress as a girl."

My heart skipped a beat and Janet looked at me, so I continued, "That's a bit of an exaggeration. I only said that I would like to see how I looked dressed as a girl."

"How long have you been dressing as a girl, Stanley?" Janet asked.

"The last couple of...well about 10 days," I answered.

"Do you like being a girl?"

I was totally embarrassed. "Yes," I softly whispered.

"You make a very pretty woman, uh..."

"...Lisa, and thank you."

"Lisa," Janet finished. "I like you much better as a woman than I ever did as a man."

"I'm not sure that is a compliment, Janet."

"It is, believe me. You never were a manly man, but you could be a most womanly woman."

"Really?" I was pleased, and then quickly tried to hide the pleasure of her remark, but it was too late.

"He likes being a girl," Cindy stated, making her point.

"I see," Janet said, "Why be in a hurry to change back, or for that matter, why change back at all?"

"Maybe Cindy would like her husband back!" I huffed.

"No problem," Janet offered. "I can find her a husband. I can find you one too if you want." I must have looked baffled because she laughed, "Cindy, isn't this a little unusual for a husband?"

"Yes," Cindy smiled openly, "but honestly, Janet, I enjoy Stan playing the woman's role and pretending to be girlfriends. We've done everything that girlfriends do."

"Everything?"

"Sure, like shopping, dinner, picnics, trying on clothes, doing each other's hair, makeup..."

"Double dating?"

"Yes..." Cindy stopped short. She had revealed more than she meant to. "Well, sort of. This was just a little experiment for fun. Stan is about to return to being Stan."

"I want to hear about the dating. Since we are all girls, there are no secrets about romance," Janet said lightly.

"See honey, it's just as Vicky and I told you. No secrets between girls when it comes to romance," Cindy said.

The girls started laughing, and then Janet whispered to Vicky, who smiled, nodded, and went out the front door. "In all seriousness, Lisa," Janet continued, "You have model qualities. If you agreed to be a woman for a while longer, I can get you a two-day gig as a face model. You would be paid handsomely, and your name would become known in the business. I'd introduce you through my name."

Cindy and I sat back, totally surprised. "You are offering my husband a job as a female model?" Cindy gasped.

"Not quite. Photo shoots for 'Radiant Romance Cosmetics'. He could be a wonderful model if he really wanted too, but you can't be a girl sometimes and a boy at other times. Let me know if you decide to be a woman for all times. I can use you."

"Okay," I stammered. 'For all times', there was that thought again, only voiced by someone else.

Vicky returned carrying a festive wrapped package that matched the package that Janet carried when she arrived. She also had a second foil wrapped box. Janet handed Cindy one of the festive boxes. "Open it. It's a special present for my best girlfriend."

Vicky and I watched as Cindy removed the wrapping to reveal a large vinyl covered box. Cindy's eyes lit up as she opened the cover to discover an artist's pallet of beautiful colored cosmetics. "It's my own line," Janet proudly announced. "Most professional makeup artists use it."

"It's beautiful," Cindy gushed. Vicky and I agreed.

"This one is for you, Lisa," Janet happily said. "Isn't it wonderful that as a woman you can enjoy such things?"

I blushed and nodded. "Yes it is. Thank you, Janet."

"I'm glad that you like your gifts. It's so hard to buy for a man, and now here at least, I don't have to buy for a man any longer."

Janet unwrapped the small foil box. "Have a seat, Lisa. I want to try something on you. Do you have a sweater or blouse in orange?"

We both shook our heads no. "Okay, black will have to do. Cindy, get Lisa one of your black sweaters." It was easy to tell that Janet owned her own company. Cindy complied and returned momentarily with a soft wool black sweater. I slipped it over my chemise and settled back on the sofa. "Sit up!" I snapped to it.

Janet lined a Q-tip with a deep orange from a small jar. "Close your eyes." I did so, and felt the crème being applied to my lids. "Keep your eyes closed." I felt the stroke of an eyebrow pencil. "Okay, open." I read the expressions on both Cindy and Vicky's faces. They liked what they saw. "This is for you, Lisa," Janet handed me a slender lipstick tube.

"It's 'Burnt Orange' from 'Radiant Romance'. Ads will be out in 6 - 8 weeks and the shoot is yours if you are still in skirts. I feel that you will be. Let me know."

Janet seemed surprised as I expertly removed the cap and applied the creamy color to my lips. "Press your lips together and blot!" She extended a tissue. With only two strokes, the deep orange took on a shiny gloss.

"Beautiful! Exotic! Wow!" came from Cindy and Vicky. After checking myself in the hand mirror, I added 'Erotic'.

"Well, girls, Vicky and I have to leave. You gave me a big surprise, but I like the changes," Janet rose to leave.

Janet, Cindy, and I smiled at each other. "When I get back to Denver, let the 4 of us have a girl's night out. Lisa, still be a girl when I return, okay?" With that, in a swirl of kisses and hugs, Janet and Vicky left.

"You made quite an impression on her," Cindy noted.

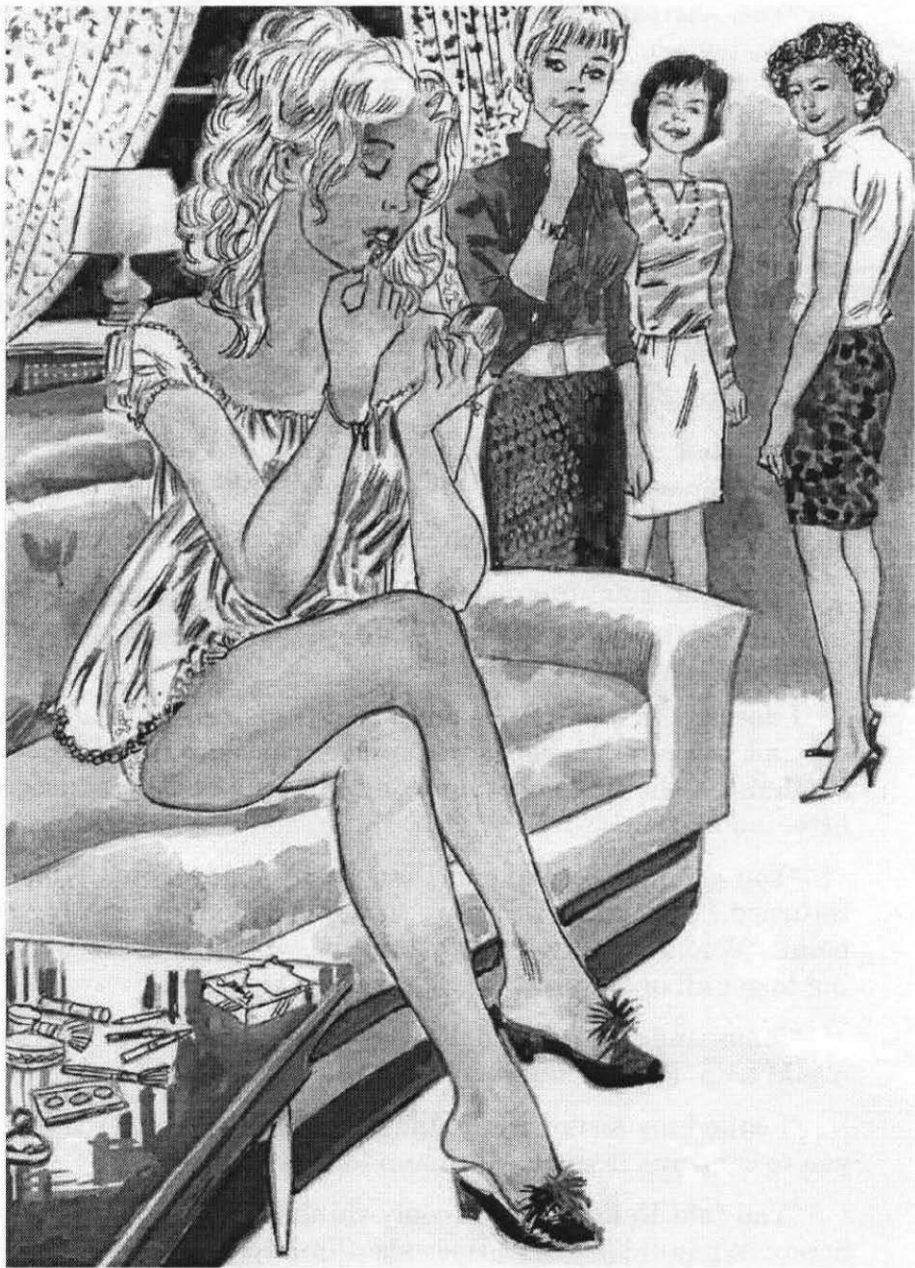
"She handled my gender change well."

"She always thought that you were effeminate."

"What?"

"Just kidding, just kidding!"

"She offered me a job as a model. I must be doing something right in my new gender."



The girls watched in amazement as I sat primly on the sofa and expertly applied my lipstick. "Where did he learn to do that so quickly," Janet exclaimed. "He had the best teacher," Cindy chimed, "His wife!"

"Yes, she can help you because she is a wheel in that industry, but she said that you would have to be a woman for real. I think that means the 'big operation'."

"I didn't hear her say that. That's a bit much to ask just to get a job," I said teasingly.

"Not really," Cindy responded lightly, "How many cosmetics companies would sign a man to promote lipstick and eye shadow? You better change before we have more visitors and you are still in your nightie."

Chapter 28

I started rummaging through her clothes. "Stay out of my stuff," she playfully yelled through the door.

"How would I look wearing Stan's clothes?"

"Terrible! You are much too girlish to wear his clothes, but you better treat my clothes with respect." How many men can share clothing with his wife?

I decided on a pair of beige Bermuda shorts with matching top and white tennis shoes with pink stripes around the sides. I enhanced the makeup that Janet had applied by adding a little foundation.

"You wear more makeup than I do," Cindy noted when I returned. "What are we going to do?" she came right to the point. "Who are we going to ask to live with? How are we going to get all of our stuff to wherever we are going?"

"Mom and Dad would be the most logical. My brother would help. Both he and dad have trucks," I offered.

"I called my sister, Kelli, and told her about you. We want you to continue living as a woman for a while."

"You told Kelli? We were only thinking about that option, honey. What did she say? Does she think that I'm a pervert?"

"No, I explained why you dressed as a girl."

"She's okay with it?" I asked.

"Yes, and she wants to meet you, but we can't live there with her boyfriend on the scene."

"Then it looks like its Mom and Dad," I moaned. Cindy nodded. "I'll call them later this afternoon so they can come with their trucks." I looked dejectedly at Cindy. "I guess it's time to become Stan again. They would not be happy if they knew their son was also a girl named Lisa."

"I don't know," Cindy tried to smile. "Your dad was pretty attracted to you in that stars and stripes bikini."

"But he thought that I was a woman. He never dreamed that I was his son."

"True! We should start packing. We'll move over the next two days. Are you ready to become Stan again?"

"I guess..."

"You'll have to completely remove your makeup, file down your nails, remove the polish, and then bind down those 34C breasts. You can wear a bulky sweatshirt."

"Okay, but in this heat?"

"We'll have to cut your girlish locks and dye your hair to its natural color before you will look like Stan again."

"I guess so," I sighed, "Let's do it." I took off my nail polish. How boring they immediately became.

Cindy draped a towel about my shoulders and stood behind me, scissors in hand. "Are you ready?" she asked, and then she stopped as the scissors neared my long blond mane. "Lisa, what are we doing? You can pack boxes as a girl. We don't have to do this until just before we go to bed tonight...or even first thing tomorrow."

I breathed a sigh of relief. "You're right. It'll be worth it for just a few more hours as Lisa."

Cindy smiled, "Let me redo your nails. Be all the girl you can be," she hummed to the Marine tune.

She carefully painted a soft pink color onto my nails. "How are you going to say goodbye to Mike?" she asked.

"I don't know. I'm not sure."

"You had better think of a plan. If he should show up tomorrow, he will meet Stan for the first time, and Lisa whom he came to see will be gone forever."

"Maybe you can tell him that Lisa received a job offer with the airlines, but she had to report immediately. Tell him that she flew out to...uh...Dallas late last night."

"I can tell him that, and that she cares for him and that she will write..."

"Okay, that's your plan. If he shows up today, you can spend time with him as Lisa. Maybe this will all work out for the best after all."

"How do you mean?"

"Now you can say goodbye to Mike as a girl, and he will always remember you as a woman."

"Yeah..." I didn't understand.

"What if we didn't have to move? How much longer would you want to stay as Lisa? How would you get a job as a woman? Most importantly, how long do you think that you can remain as Mike's girlfriend? What if it got serious? When and how would you mention to him that you are a man?"

"Yeah! I see your point. It's really been fun being a girl. I like dating Mike, but you are right, he doesn't know. He thinks that I was born a girl and that I am really a woman. That would be tough to explain. I guess that there is a bright side to this forced move."

Chapter 29

It was late morning when I spotted Mike's Jeep crawling up our driveway. I was really glad that I had remained as Lisa. We had spent the morning packing boxes. "Hi, big boy!" I happily greeted him.

"Hi yourself, Princess. What's with all the boxes?"

"We were evicted like I told you. We're getting ready to move," I matter-of-factly answered.

Mike literally ran the last few steps up the porch, a broad grin framing his face. "Why are packing when you don't have to move?" Saying that, he handed me a check for \$3000 made out to Lisa Knight.

"W...what is this?" I stammered. "Why...?"

"Two house payments plus extra that you could use."

"That is sweet of you, Mike, but I couldn't possibly..."

He pressed a finger over my lips. "It's a loan, not a gift. You can pay me back in small payments."

I was stunned, not knowing what to say. "This is so sweet, Mike, but you barely know me. I don't have a job, so how can I repay you, let alone make house payments?"

"That's the other part," he smiled even brighter. "Lisa, repeat... 'Car 54, where are you?'"

"What?" I tried to understand where he was leading.

"Repeat what I just said," he insisted.

"Okay. Uh... 'Car 54...where...uh...are you?'"

"Terrible! Put some authority behind your question. You are dispatching a police car to a dangerous situation. Try again."

"Okay! Car 54 where the hell are you? There is a situation at 33rd and Main, weapons involved!"

"Great! I knew you had it in you," Mike happily hugged me. "You have an interview today at 1400 to become Karl County Sheriff's newest dispatcher. It starts at \$3000 a month."

"1400?" Things were moving much to quickly for me.

"2 PM in military talk," Mike laughed. "You will have to learn that. What do you think? You don't have to move, you've got a job, and I'll still have you."

"You do..." I leaned into Mike's hug with a mixture of happiness and fear.

Mike was thrilled to have kept Lisa, the woman that he had such an overpowering crush on, and I was ecstatic that I could remain with Mike...and remain as Lisa. Now if I were only a woman.

Cindy appeared on the porch. "What's all the celebration about?" I told her and showed her the check. "Wow, Mike, I don't know what to say. Stan and I will pay you back, of course, but how can we ever thank you?"

"By letting me continue to date your cute sister-in-law," he immediately raised his arms in surrender. "Just kidding! There are no stipulations attached to the loan. I hope that Lisa will go with me because she wants to."

"You know that I do," I softly said, embracing him as far as my arms could encircle him.

Mike gently broke our embrace. "I'll be back in an hour to take you to your interview. You want the job?"

"I'd love a job like that. It sounds exciting," I gasped.

"It's not always exciting. An hour enough time?"

I had never prepared for a job interview as a woman before, so I had to think about it. "An hour is fine."

"Good! Wear some kind of pants outfit. Save the cute little dresses for me. Agnes doesn't believe they have a place for 'Barbie Dolls' in law enforcement."

"Is Agnes going to be my boss?"

"Yeah, so come off as an aggressive woman, okay? Not sweet, not dainty."

"Got it! Strong feminist. Will that do?"

"You've got it."

"Mike, is it possible to make this check out to Stan instead of myself? I haven't opened an account yet, and it is his house."

Mike looked a little perplexed. "Yeah, I guess I can do that. How will he get it in time to pay Toredo?"

"I'll put it in our joint account and pay Vic myself," Cindy smiled. Mike gave Cindy the check and took off

Cindy and I stood looking at one another, not believing what had just happened, then we screamed with girlish joy. Our dream house was still ours. How exciting! And I finally had a job, after being out of work for over three months. But I would have to be a woman...FULL TIME!

"I'm okay with that," Cindy said when I mentioned it.

"Me too!" I excitedly exclaimed. I wished that I could do 'all' things just like a woman. What a major lifestyle change. Changing my gender, living, working, playing, and even dating as a girl. Could I possibly do this?

"We'll revisit your being Lisa in three months to see how we both feel about it," Cindy suggested.

"Yes, that's fine with me, Cindy," I gushed.

"Okay, then our roles are as sisters-in-law, as girls, as girlfriends. As of this moment, you are no longer my husband. You are not even a man! That's the way it has to be to make this work! Agreed?" Cindy forcefully stated.

"Uh...yes, I'm fine with that, Cindy," I agreed, wondering what it entailed, "does that mean that you intend to date other men?"

"We'll talk later. You have a job interview to get ready for."

I quickly, but efficiently applied foundation and blush. I thought about Agnes and how mannish she must be. I wondered if she wore makeup. I glanced at Cindy. She's the exact opposite, womanly, so feminine, and so very sexy in her short shorts and bustier as she unpacked our boxes. Cindy would never be without a date if the guys thought that she was available. Hell, Steve knew that she was married, and that hadn't stopped him from taking her out.

I remembered them leaving the theater two nights ago, arms around each other. I applied a light beige lipstick and decided against lip liner and eyeliner. I didn't particularly like it, but Mike had made it clear that no 'girlie' makeup was wanted. Had Cindy and Steve slept together?

"Cindy..." I called out.

"Yes?" she pleasantly replied.

I glanced at our marital bed. "I'm sorry, but I've just got to know if you and Steve...uh...the other night... Did you and he come to the house?"

"Yes, he brought me home, of course," her answer was quizzical. "Why? Oh, I see where you are going with this. You want to know if he and I slept together."

"Well, yes... He is better looking and much stronger than I...and a cop and all. If you did, was he better than me?" I blurted out.

My question surprised Cindy. "I'd expect that you were jealous if you were a man, but since you are an almost woman, I think that the idea of another man making love to me, of making me squeal under the covers might excite you. Would you enjoy me being with Steve?"

"No, of course not!" I rejoined, but the idea of her naked while Steve sat on the edge of the bed in only his shorts did excite me. I pictured him laying on top of her, between her creamy thighs, their clothes lying on the floor.

"Hey!" Cindy's voice interrupted my thoughts. "You do!" she said with excitement. "I can read it in your eyes!" She was taunting me and I did nothing to stop her.

"That's not true!" I finally blurted out. "I don't want you sleeping with other men!"

"Why would you care? You are no longer a man, and I crave a man, a man's man at that! You are a girl, a woman like me!"

I blushed deeply, but somehow was pleased that she was making me her equal, both of us being women. "No, Lisa, girl-

friend, I haven't slept with Steve or any other man for that matter, but now that you have chosen to be a woman, don't count on it not happening!"

I glanced at the makeup on the counter, makeup that I would soon be applying to my face. "I understand, Cindy."

"Good! I'm glad we've got that straight. I haven't given you grief about you and your boyfriends, have I?"

"No..." I whispered, blushing deeper than I ever had.

She read my pained and hurt expression and softened her tone. "I absolutely love that you've chosen to remain a woman. I'm quite happy that you find men attractive."

"Really?"

"Yes, really! I had no idea that I would love you as a girl until that first time I painted your nails and applied glossy lipstick and pink blush on you. I made you wear my little miniskirt and frilly blouse. I was so aroused and excited at making you into such a cute girl. I knew then that I wanted you to stay as a girl for a long time. I like you as a girl. I don't know why, I just do!"

"I'm glad you do. I must be weird too because I enjoy being a girl. Why do you mention my boyfriends?" I asked really embarrassed now.

Cindy smiled pleasantly, "You picked some real hunks, all so much bigger and stronger than you. I love seeing you in the girl's role, and now that I know you enjoy being a girl, I can't wait to see you romantically involved with some guy, a man who will romance you, and then take you to bed and make you squeal as he makes you a woman. I know that you will love it."

"Stop it! Stop it, Cindy," I pleaded. I was deep crimson all over. "You're talking to me as if I was your closest girlfriend about to get laid for the very first time."

"Yes..." she smiled.

"We're really husband and wife."

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"No, we aren't!" she emphatically stated, "We're two single women and our relationship and conversations will always be as women. Our next conversation about making love will be about feminine techniques, you and I, woman to woman. Didn't we agree to this not ten minutes ago?"

She was right, but I hadn't absorbed the implications. The clothes and makeup that I wore now were no longer a costume, but clothes appropriate to my female gender. I was no longer playing a role as before with Vic. I am now a woman, and Cindy is my best and closest girlfriend. That's the way it now is!

"I believe I've got it," I agreed.

"Good! It took long enough," she smiled.

There was a knock on the door. "That can't be Mike already?" I asked in alarm.

Cindy peeked outside. "It is. Hurry and I'll stall him."

I completed my makeup and checked my jumper. I was respectable, but boring. Mike rose as I presented myself. He seemed a little disappointed. "Well?" I questioned, "You said to tone down my makeup and clothes."

He forced a smile, "You look fine," but he didn't mean it. "You can be my pretty butterfly after your interview."

I waited until we hit the dusty road before questioning him about Agnes. Was she someone that I would be able to work for? This was my first time ever applying for a job as a woman, and I wondered if I could pull it off. "Are you excited about your interview?"

"Yes, and a little afraid too."

"Why?"

"Tell me about Agnes."

"She's a large woman, mostly muscle, as she lifts weights every night. Word has it that she was a drill instructor in the Marines."

"Really?" I asked not believing.

"Yeah, ask to see her Marine Corps tattoo if you want to score some big points." I decided that I wouldn't do that at this initial interview. "And try not to stare at her mustache. If she is wearing a sleeveless shirt, don't be shocked at the hair under her armpits. She'll be wearing slacks, so you won't see her hairy legs." I had this mental picture of Agnes, a woman who was mostly male, and I, a male, who is mostly female. Mike sure didn't set me at ease.

The sheriff's department was very modern, not particularly warm or friendly, but then how do you make a county jail warm and friendly? Mike left me alone in front of a door marked 'Communications Supervisor'. "Good luck. I'll see you afterward," he winked and disappeared.

I timidly knocked on the door and received no answer. I decided on a 'man' knock and proceeded to do so. "Come in, it's not locked," came a soft, pleasant feminine voice. How could a woman as large and tough as Agnes have such a sweet voice? I cleared my throat and opened the door. A new stage of my female life was about to begin.

Chapter 30

I cautiously opened the door, expecting to see a woman in a Marine uniform sitting behind a fortress of a desk. Instead I saw an attractive woman in her mid-thirties, attired in dark brown form fitting, wide flare leg pants, and a soft tan wool sweater with a stylish charm belt.

"I'm here to see Agnes, the dispatcher supervisor," I announced.

"Agnes? You're here about a job?" the woman asked.

"Yes..." I was confused.

"You won't forget to ask about her Marine tattoos, will you?" she smiled.

"Uh, no, I was told to do that..."

"By deputy Mike 'In Big Trouble' McCord?" she smiled, reacting to my confusion. "Hi, I'm Angie. There is no Agnes and certainly no tattoo." She extended her small hand in a

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friendly grasp. "Do you normally wear more colorful makeup and more interesting clothes?" I nodded. "Mike is a great guy, but he has to stop doing this to me."

"There is no Agnes?"

"No," Angie smiled, "disappointed?"

"Relieved. I almost backed out when Mike described her."

Forty minutes later, she finished describing the job and benefits. I assured her that I really did want the job. "Good, you'll work out very well." She handed me a stack of paperwork and asked that I complete it.

I used Stan's social security number and date of birth. I felt strange writing "Lisa Ann Knight" and checking "F" for female. For marital status, I falsely wrote "single". So I wouldn't forget any "lies", I used Stan's credit for education, except that I left out the Master's degree, opting for only a Bachelor's degree in Art Appreciation. I listed Cindy, my wife, as my sister-in-law and my emergency contact. I only hoped that my application would not be closely checked and simply filed away.

Once I finished, Angie introduced me to deputy Kristen Brown, who was to show me around the facilities. One of the last areas visited were the jail cells. "It's a good thing you wore slacks," Kristen commented. "Some of these guys have been here for eighteen months or more. They would give anything to spend a few minutes with a woman."

The wolf whistles, catcalls, and obscene suggestions started. Kristen barked an order for them to stop, and the inmates backed off a bit. "I could write them up for sexual harassment of the staff, but they haven't been this close to a real woman like you for a long time." If she only knew!

Kristen dropped me off at Angie's office. "Good luck," she shook my hand like a man.

Angie had good news. "Welcome aboard, Lisa," she announced. Obviously they hadn't done the background check. "You now work for the sheriff."

"Thank you! I got the job...really?"

"You train for a week on each shift. You start the day shift tomorrow at 7 AM. Now see if you can find deputy dawg to give you a ride home. Tell him that I lost the paperwork for his next raise and it'll take a year to find it.

"I will," I promised. What a fun place to work. Of course, I'll keep the job only as long as I'm willing to remain a woman. I pictured myself with gray hair in a tight bun, wearing a granny dress and a shawl. Could I be a woman that long?

Mike was in the visitor's lobby talking with some other deputies. Remaining a woman to keep a job was pretty inconsequential compared with remaining a woman for Mike or Cindy. Mike turned towards me as the other deputies acknowledged my presence. "Did you get the job?"

"Yes, thank you very much. Agnes said that she would see that you are promoted to custodian on the graveyard shift."

The other deputies roared. "She can compete with you and your jokes," a balding sergeant said.

"Gotta go," Mike hurriedly announced. "I've got to take care of Orville's newest chick...employee." He wrapped his arm around my shoulders and led me to his jeep.

"I should shoot you. Agnes indeed, and me looking like an 80 year old spinster," I mocked.

Mike looked like a hurt schoolboy. "But you do love me anyway, huh?" he teased.

Love? "Yes, well kinda, I guess," I returned.

He kissed me firmly on my lips. "I'm happy you got the job," he seriously stated. "Shall we stay here and neck or go somewhere else...and neck?"

"Somewhere else. I don't want a deputy checking out a suspicious couple in the sheriff's parking lot," I said.

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"Me neither," he responded. He made sure my seatbelt was latched and seized the opportunity to cop a feel. I feigned indignity. "Is this workplace sexual harassment?"

"We're not at work," he smiled.

"In that case, I won't report the incident, but you should know that I will grade it," I laughed.

"You know that you can stay at my place tonight?" he seriously suggested.

I looked into his eyes. "You know I would like to, Mike, I really would..."

"But..." he questioned.

"Our evening would be romantic, which would be nice, however, you would expect me to sleep with you and you know that I can't..."

"I know, I know," he warmly replied. "You give yourself to a man on your wedding night. I respect that, but it doesn't mean that I won't keep trying."

"You had better not quit trying. I'd wonder what was wrong with you...or me," I giggled.

"There's nothing wrong with either of us. We both have normal male - female desires. It's just that you have morals too." If he only knew how wrong he really was.

The rest of the trip back to my home was pleasant. I tried to drag Mike into a conversation about the Hollywood scene, fashions at the Academy's, and who was cheating on whom. I knew he didn't have a clue. He was all man and wouldn't know a thing about such girly things. I, on the other hand, knew a lot about such girly trivia.

I loved being a girl. How could this be possible after only a few weeks in skirts? I closed my eyes to daydream, and when I opened them, I batted my lashes and looked fondly at my man, all man, and such a man. It was easy for me to think as a woman. How? It just was.

Chapter 31

We pulled into my driveway and invited Mike inside as he hoped that I would. The house had the unmistakable smell of Cindy's pot roast. "Oh, it smells like a good night to join us for dinner."

"Thanks, but Cindy's not expecting company," he shyly said.

"She'll be thrilled. Come on," I girlishly pulled oh his muscular arm. "Cindy, Cindy, I'm home and I brought a guest for dinner."

Cindy popped her head from the kitchen. "Oh, it's you, Mike. I thought it might be."

"Who else?" I asked.

"I never know with you. It could be any one of a bunch of guys."

"Is that right?" Mike quizzed. Cindy shook her head and smiled to show that she was lying.

"I got the job!" I gushed.

"Did you?" she threw her arms around me as girlfriends do. "Wonderful, wonderful! When do you start?"

"Tomorrow morning..." I started when I realized there were three settings at the table. "How did you know Mike was coming to dinner?"

"She didn't," a strong masculine voice answered. "I think the extra plate is for me."

Mike's eyes opened wide, and I turned to the voice. "Hello, Lisa...Mike..."

Mike frowned his acknowledgement of Steve's presence. "You're having dinner with another man's wife?" he asked.

An awkward silence permeated the room. Mike was standing up for me as Stan, Cindy's husband, and here I was as Lisa, pretending to be Cindy's sister-in-law, when in fact, I am her husband...while playing the part of Mike's girlfriend.

"It's okay, Mike," Cindy coolly answered Mike. "Stan knows that I have a male friend named Steve, and he is okay with it."

Mike started to say more, but I squeezed his hand hard indicating that he should drop it. He did, and lightened up. "I'm sorry. What you do, Cindy, or you Steve, is none of my business. Am I still welcome to stay for dinner?"

Cindy smiled warmly. "Of course, Mike." Steve just nodded, not very happy with Mike's presence. If they only knew that Cindy's husband was right there, but certainly in no position to claim Cindy as his wife. I stood next to Mike smelling of 'Silver Moments', wearing tastefully applied makeup, and feminine clothing. If this were the moment to compete for Cindy's affection, I certainly couldn't compete against this manly man.

Cindy added another plate and we sat for an excellent meal. "Lisa, I heard from Stan this afternoon," she smiled casually. "He got a job."

"Oh..." I questioned cautiously. "Doing what?"

"He accepted a 3 month senator's internship in Washington D.C. He won't be home till fall." Obviously she had planned well in getting Stan out of the way for the entire summer. "It will be just us two girls for the summer."

Steve started to say something, but I felt Cindy kick him underneath the table, and he closed his mouth. "Well, I hope it pays well," I somberly stated.

"Lisa, it's an internship. It doesn't pay much, but it's good experience for new job opportunities when he returns home in September...that is if he decides to return. Who knows, he may not want to return home as plain old Stan. He may choose something different in his life...something totally different from the Stan you grew up with...maybe something exciting and glamorous." She gave me a devious smile, and I picked up on her use of 'exciting' and 'glamorous'.



Mike was steaming at seeing Steve courting a married woman. I couldn't tell him that he was dating Cindy's husband and I was standing next to him looking more feminine than my wife.

The rest of the meal went well, but a little awkwardness ensued when neither guy wanted to be the first to leave. It was as if each wanted to spend some time alone with his girl. Finally, Steve made a move. "Well, Cindy thanks for a great dinner. I better get some sleep, so I can be ready for my house closing escrow tomorrow."

"You buy a new house, Steve?" Mike asked.

"Yeah, my old one is sold, and my new one is still two weeks from being habitable. I hope I can stall off the buyer until then."

"Good luck," Mike responded, "or you'll be sleeping in the jail."

"I'll walk you to your car," Cindy softly said, and they walked into the warm night air with Steve's arm around Cindy's waist.

That wasn't lost on Mike...or on me either. Here my wife was walking outside with another man, his arm about her waist...and here I was with a man myself, a man who was taking me in his arms. Mike pulled me close to him. "I'll pick you up tomorrow."

I fluttered my eyelashes as a flirtatious young woman does. Mike warmly pressed his lips against mine...not too long, not too hard, but definitely romantic. I melted in his arms just as a real woman would. I was acting like and feeling like a woman. I was the feminine companion to a handsome young cop, and enjoying being such.

Cindy returned as we finished our kiss. She smiled at us. I shivered a little as I realized that she was okay with me making out with a man...with me living as a woman...with me working as a woman all summer. Worse yet, I was looking forward to it.

Mike left after one last kiss. We women cleared the dinner table and did the dishes, and then prepared for the night. We each removed our makeup, showered, and choosing our nightwear. Cindy picked out a black chemise, while I selected a ruffled buttercup yellow babydoll.

I felt amorous and cuddled up close to Cindy. Her response was nonexistent. "Come on, sweetheart," I cooed. I pressed my lips to hers, and her reaction was lukewarm...more like a girl-to-girl casual kiss, not a husband and wife kiss. "What's the matter, Cindy?"

"Nothing..." she whispered.

"Yes there is. What is it?"

"Uh...well, Lisa..." she began.

"I'm not Lisa, I'm Stan, your husband."

"No, no you aren't! You aren't a man at all...anymore. You're a girl, and you love being a girl, Lisa."

I lifted myself onto my elbows. "It was your idea for me to become a woman."

"I know it was. It's just that I can't think of you as my husband right now. I think of you as my girlfriend...and that's our agreement, remember?"

I sighed. "Yes, I remember. You really expect me to be a woman the entire summer with no marital rights? No being Stan in bed?"

"Well...yes I do. Maybe both of us need to explore life...in our new roles...particularly you! You revel in being a woman. You might even love a man...you becoming his wife."

"You think that I might not want to become a man again...not be your husband?"

She lowered her eyes, "You're enjoying your femininity. You're enjoying Mike too. You need to know for sure if..."

"Cindy, don't be ridiculous. I'm playing a role, and yeah, it is kind of fun, but I'm going to return to being a man...all man again, maybe sooner than you think!"

"Perhaps," she said doubtfully, "but you have your job as a woman for the summer. How would you get out of that?" She was right! There was no way for getting out of my feminine role anytime soon. I would have to work this job for sometime and I would have to do it as a woman.

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Cindy pulled me into her and kissed me softly...then passionately. "Hey, we're two girls," I reminded her.

"I know," she cooed. "Let's have lesbian sex. I'll be the man," she teased.

I rolled onto my back, and she pulled down my yellow ruffled panties and I took care of her lacy black chemise. I don't know who took which gender role, but we both ended up satisfied...and exhausted, although it took me longer than usual. I kind of liked that Cindy purred, "Maybe I should try a real woman."

The alarm woke me at 5:30. I had a job to go to, and I had to do it as a woman. That added an hour to my morning preparations, but I loved every minute, just because I could become female.

I wore a short black pencil skirt, silk blouse with a ruffle at the sleeves, black hose, and red heels to add a touch of excitement. My makeup and nail polish was that of the 'young' woman that I had become.

Mike was early, and we were off for the workday. The day just flew by. I spent the morning learning police and FBI teletypes. By noon, I could clear a person for wanted, or check a car to see if it was stolen. On two occasions, I had to walk through a corridor of cells. A shapely young woman in a short black skirt was going through the unit was not lost on the prisoners. I was afraid the first time, and just annoyed the second time. I was completely safe, but it was just infuriating how these men treated women overall. When I became a man again, I was going to speak out against men's disgusting behavior towards women. "When I became a man again?" I thought. Of course I was going to become a man again. How stupid was it that I ever considered changing my gender. I was having fun pretending to be a girl, but I would never become a woman for real. On the other hand, I was much more outgoing and much, much more popular as a woman. As a guy, I was pretty blah, pocket protector and all.

Chapter 31

During the week, I was able to get to Denver for some clothes shopping. Cindy wanted her own clothes back. "Put them in the closet in the guest room," Cindy directed when I arrived home.

"Why?"

"Well, duh, why do you think?" she said. "We're two sisters-in-law living together. Do you think we would have separate rooms or would we sleep together? Remember, I allegedly have a husband."

She made sense, so I hung the couple of dresses, skirts, and blouses in the spare bedroom; my bedroom as far as the outside world was concerned. Cindy and Stan's clothes remained in the master bedroom.

While I was unpacking my new purchases, I realized that the former gender-neutral bedroom was now very femininely appointed. There were lace doilies on the dresser and nightstand, cosmetics on a low dresser, some cute stuffed animals on the bed, and...oh...the comforter on the bed was ruffled like a little girl's spread.

I pulled out a dresser drawer. It was filled with panties and bras. Another drawer contained tanks, cardigans, and swimwear. I took another look in the closet and realized that every dress, skirt, blouse, top, slacks, shoes that I had borrowed from Cindy were in this bedroom. This wasn't a spare bedroom any longer. This was a girl's bedroom. This was Lisa's bedroom, my bedroom.

I stepped into the living room, my solid heel skimmer pounding a girlish tempo on the wooden floor. "Are you trying to be cute? You've turned this into 'my' girlie' bedroom...almost a little girl's room."

"It's a darling room..." Cindy stared as I stepped into our master bedroom. She followed, not saying anything.

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I looked around, and then declared with a hint of apology, "I guess everything is okay." It looked like Stan and Cindy's bedroom.

I opened our large walk-in closet and found Cindy's clothes in imperfect order, but most of Stan's clothes were missing. I looked at Cindy for answers. "Have you thrown me out?" I asked.

"No, no, of course not. I already explained why I moved your girl clothes to the other room. It's for appearance. Sister's-in-law don't share bedrooms...and we are girls, right?"

I was a bit frustrated. "Right, we're girls," I agreed. "What about Stan's clothes? Almost all of his...my old clothes are gone."

"Oh, that. You are living as a girl for the summer, and wouldn't need any of Stan's clothes, right?"

"Er...right..."

"Well I boxed them all up and put them in our crawl space in the basement. By tomorrow they'll all be there, and voila, we have a house that two girls live in. Cool, huh?"

"I...I guess..." It did make sense. There was no man living here.

Cindy smiled. "Are you okay now?" I nodded. "Good, because I have to finish getting ready." She was freshly showered and her hair was blow dried, ready to be styled. She slipped off her cotton blouse and Capri's.

"Getting ready for what?" I asked.

"Didn't I tell you? Steve's off tonight, and he asked me out to the Comedy Club dinner show in Golden," she chirped.

"You're going on a date?"

"Yes," she gave me a look as if to say, 'do you have a problem with that?'

I answered her look, "I'm not used to seeing you go out with other men, is all."



“Must I remind you that we are girlfriends now? What would our men think if they found us, two grown women, sharing the same bed?” Cindy explained. “Now help me pack Stan’s old clothes. Neither of us have further use for them.”

"There is no 'other men', sweetheart," she reminded me. "You and I are both single women, remember?"

"Yes, but..."

"No buts. You go out with men too," she stepped out of her cotton underwear, and changed into a pair of sheer black bikini panties that matched her French cut plunging bra. She sensually rolled sheer black pantyhose up her shapely legs. She stroked the curves of her calves and thighs as if a man was doing it to her. "Are you going to stand there and watch me get ready for my date? You might pick up some pointers for when you are the one getting ready for your man," she teased.

"I know how to get ready for a date as a woman," I replied much too quickly.

"That you do," she agreed. "Not many husbands can say that. You've had several men lusting after you, but I have many more years as a woman. I bet that I can teach you a lot about romance as a woman."

I blushed. "Yes, I'm sure you can." She had applied berry lip liner and was now filling in her lips with brown.

"A little perfume where you want him to notice you," she dabbed the perfume dropper between her breasts, in the swell of her neck, and behind her ears. She smiled seductively at me. She had combed her hair into a cute shag style, and now she was painting her lips with gloss. Why did women look so sexy when they applied lipstick?

A knock at the door interrupted our talk. "That must be Steve. Can you let him in, honey?" she asked. I started from the bedroom. "Oh, and would you shut the door to my bedroom. Remember, honey, if it comes up, your bedroom is down the hall." I nodded.

Steve stood in the early evening sun looking like a legend in his western suit and pointed cowboy boots. "Hi, Lisa," he smiled almost seductively.

"Hi, Steve. Cindy's not ready yet."

"You women never are," he smiled as he plunked himself down on the sofa, legs spread apart comfortably. I sat softly, with my knees together. I was somewhat fetching in my black jumpsuit and sheer white shirred blouse.

"Lisa, would you help me? Hi, Steve." Cindy was mostly hidden behind her bedroom door. She was stunningly beautiful in a sheer black Georgette dress with a plunging neckline revealing ample cleavage. Her hemline was about 3" above her knees, buoyed out by a bouffant petticoat. She wore pointed black 3" heels.

"Would you do this necklace for me?" she asked. Stan could not have handled the delicate clasp, but Lisa had no problem doing it.

She strolled into the living room to greet her rugged cowboy, and she extended her hand. He took it and gently pulled her into his body where they warmly brushed their lips together and their arms circled one another. I decided that they had been together intimately like this before.

Cindy picked up her purse and she and Steve dreamily walked hand in hand out onto the porch. I watched as my wife left with her handsome boyfriend. She turned and blew me a kiss. "Goodnight, Lisa."

"Good night, Cindy," then I felt catty. "What should I tell Stan if he calls?"

"Tell him that I hope he is enjoying Washington, and that I'm out with a handsome man."

Steve was shocked, "You would tell Stan that you are on a date with a guy?"

Cindy smiled at Steve and looked into his eyes. "Sure, you wouldn't want me to lie to him, would you?" she giggled. Then she assured him that 'I wouldn't tell Stan that she was on a date, and that I would keep her secret safe.'

Yes, Cindy was cheating. Little did Steve know that the chick in the sexy black jumpsuit was 'the other man' in this

lover's triangle? Would he have been terrified knowing that he might have to fight a girl?

I spent the evening pampering myself. I lounged a full half-hour in a warm scented bubble bath. Being a woman can be so pleasant sometimes. I finished my bath assuring that my smooth body stayed free of unsightly hair.

Mike called, and we talked for the longest time. I couldn't believe how easy I found it to respond to Mike as a woman. I had learned how to girlishly laugh, and then pretend to be femininely embarrassed as Mike cracked a joke about a wings sanitary product.

He asked me about old boyfriends, and I feigned a little jealousy about other women he was seeing. He told me about another officer that was gay. I thought to myself, "Mike, guess what? You are dating a man yourself. You just don't know it."

I started thinking about myself. Was I gay? No, I'm a woman with a man. That makes me heterosexual. Someday I'd have to confront the physical fact that my genitals were the same as my boyfriend.

Finally, we signed off. "Goodnight, sweetheart," he told me in his strong, caring, masculine voice.

"Goodnight, honey," I responded in my soft feminine voice.

Chapter 32

I was tired, but wouldn't go to bed. To be honest, I was waiting up for my wife to come home from her date. I wondered how many other husbands couldn't sleep tonight because they were waiting for their wives to come home after spending the evening with another man. I doubted that any of those other husbands would be killing time the same as I. I was removing my old polish and replacing it with glossy red-orange.

I started for the master bedroom, when I remembered that I had my own bedroom. I rummaged through the lingerie drawer. "Hmmm, a cotton shortie gown? No, Terry clothe? Flannel? Then it hit me.

I checked my makeup in the mirror. Not too much. I applied a little blush, a touch of sultry eye shadow, and a bit of clear gloss to my lips. I decided that I was a pouty sexy vixen, a woman ready to go to bed with her lover.

I selected a sheer black babydoll nightie with a plunging neckline. It had a tiny red ribbon bow on each panty leg. I slipped it on and checked out my woman's body, which was somewhat visible through the black film. How sexy that filmy material added to a feminine body.

I fluffed up my hair, added a touch of perfume, and I was ready...for Cindy's man. How exciting this will be! Hitting on y wife's boyfriend. I was excited.

I sat on my bed and absentmindedly stroked my smooth thighs as I planned my strategy. It was only a few minutes later when I heard Steve and Cindy's voices. I would wait a while and then...stumble out, pretending that I didn't know they were home, and I would give Steve a good look at my nearly nude body. He would know for sure that I was 'all woman'.

I decided that it was time, and after checking my sexy body one last time, I opened the door and pretended to sleepily stumble into the living room. I feigned a yawn to announce my arrival.

I delighted knowing that my wife's lover was about to see me nearly naked, a really ravishing woman. I had a 'surprised' look ready on my face. I fluttered my eyelashes, rounded the corner, and stepped into the living room.

The soft pile of the carpet tickled my bare feet. I noticed the thin ankle chain adorning my ankle and blushed at my nearly naked female body underneath my black, revealing babydoll. I felt totally like a sassy female with a delicate chain necklace about my neck. I loved my light, sexy makeup and long oval red nails.

I hesitated only briefly, and then stepped completely into the living room. Now it was too late to back out. I was in the

living room totally exposed. I could not turn back and pretend that it never happened.

Steve's eyes went wide as saucers as he spotted me. Cindy had to turn to see me, and when she did, her expression also became wide-eyed as she gasped, "Oh, my Gawd..."

I had made my entrance too late...much too late. Obviously they had been home longer than I thought, and they had their own surprise for me. Cindy was on her knees on the living room carpet floor. The top of her previously low-cut Georgette dress was down to her waist revealing her lovely naked pear shaped breasts. Steve had to remove his hands from her hard nipples.

He fell back against the back of the couch as he grabbed for his slacks and shorts. He began to pull his boxers up his muscular legs, but Cindy had not released her grip on his rigid manhood yet. Traces of mauve lipstick coated his male-ness, the same color that coated her lips.

What can you say when you appear as a sexy chick in lingerie, and you almost find your wife with her boyfriend in her mouth? "Oh, oh my gosh! I'm so sorry..." and I turned to run to my bedroom.

"Lisa wait! Don't run away!" Cindy called. I turned back towards the passionate love scene. Steve had his pants on, and Cindy had pulled the top of her dress up, but it still revealed so much cleavage. "It is we who should apologize to you. After all, we could have gone into my bedroom. Our passion was so hot that we collapsed right here on the floor."

I didn't need or want to hear about Cindy and Steve's passion, my discomfort seemed to bring Cindy excitement. She crawled onto the couch next to Steve. "Come over here, join us," Cindy patted the couch on Steve's other side. Her request certainly surprised me and made Steve a little uncomfortable, as he swallowed hard. Cindy smiled at him, "You don't mind sitting between two sexy girls do you?"

"Uh...no, it's every man's dream..." he responded.



I stood transfixed in the doorway. Cindy, my wife, was giving Steve the blowjob of his life! I wanted to show him my feminine body, but I could never compete with her...on her knees.

"And you, Lisa," Cindy spoke to me, "You have no problem showing my boyfriend your fantastic body, do you?" I had already taken my place next to Steve.

"It...it wasn't my intention..."

"No? Well now it doesn't matter about intention, because Steve can see pretty much all of your nakedness except for the tiny bit of black film. Steve, doesn't she have a beautiful body?"

Steve was deeply embarrassed. "Shit, Cindy, she is Mike's girl. I shouldn't be looking..."

"But you already have, haven't you, sweetheart?" I was pure red with embarrassment.

"Yes..."

"And..."

"She has a dynamite body, just like you." Cindy smiled.

"I'd better leave," I insisted.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't dream of having you leave just yet. You don't want her to leave, do you, Steve?"

"No..." What else could he say?

"Lisa and I talk about our men all the time," Cindy said, "It's kind of exciting that for the first time we have one of our lovers squeezed in between us. Steve is quite a hunk, isn't he, Lisa?"

"Yes..." I whispered.

"Come on, Lisa, tell me what you think of my man. You did see him naked, didn't you?"

I blushed crimson red. "Yes, Cindy, but I didn't mean too." I jumped as I felt Steve's rough hand on my thigh. I realized that it was Cindy who had put it there. She pushed his hand down my thigh and let it go. Steve didn't stop. He moved his hand to my inner thigh and stroked so softly.

I flushed as I had a feminine reaction to the caresses of my wife's lover. Cindy was enjoying my reaction, and Steve

felt that he had Cindy's okay to proceed further because he leaned over me and I felt his other hand go beneath my baby-doll, slide up my slender stomach, and caress my breasts. Though fake, they would feel real to Steve.

His touch stirred up my feminine libido. Cindy was delighted watching her boyfriend feel me up. I took a deep breath. Gawd I loved being a woman!

Steve pinned me against the back of the couch. He roughly pressed his lips against mine. He would soon invade my mouth with his tongue, and I opened my mouth wide to allow its entrance deep inside. I pressed my lips tightly around his tongue and sucked like I never had before. Between his stroking me, and my sucking his tongue, his erection grew to at least twice its size when we started.

Cindy smiled and circled his body with her arms. Her delicate hands went underneath his slacks and shorts and groped the enormous prize hidden inside. Steve groaned with delight, and arched his back so that Cindy could unbuckle his belt, unzip his pants, and then both of us pulled and tugged his pants and shorts until they fell to his knees. Steve, not believing his great luck being stripped naked by two girls, kicked his clothes completely off. He was nude!

I was breathing hard. I looked at Cindy, and wasn't sure what she was thinking, but I knew this erotic interlude wasn't going to end anytime soon. I am a successfully guy pretending to be a naked woman in front of my wife and her boyfriend. Was I about to let a man take me? I was sure that she wanted him to take me as she watched. This went way beyond bizarre.

Steve was totally consumed by lust for the two women sitting on each side. He turned his desires to Cindy, lowering the top of her dress one more time. His mouth covered her breasts in hot kisses as I watched this man sexually assault my wife.

Cindy stood in front of me, facing away from me. I slowly lowered the zipper at the back of her dress and held her dress and bouffant petticoat while she stepped out of it. "Thank

you," she purred as the dress slipped to the carpet. She was naked from the waist up, and looked so desirable.

Steve hooked his index fingers in her bikini panties and silky black hose, but she was a tease. She danced away, smiling. "It's Lisa's turn to take something off. After all, she is completely dressed," she cooed. Steve looked at me, totally agreeing. "Help her, Steve."

I sat as a girl while my wife suggested that her boyfriend undress me. What was wrong with me? I liked what was happening to me. I was about to be done as a girl, by my wife's boyfriend as she watched, and I liked it. Could I ever be a man again? Being a woman is too enjoyable!

Cool air surrounded my topless body as Steve lightly removed my top. I decided to move things along, so I slipped off my filmy bikini babydoll bottoms. I was proud of my golden triangle and my totally female body.

Cindy removed her hose and stood only wearing her panties. "Join us, Cindy," I encouraged her.

She walked close to me and whispered, "Do it for me, if you want me nude." I did...and I did.

She is such a beautiful woman and I wanted to make love to her, and I wanted her Adonis to take me. I would have to choose, as I couldn't do both. To remain a woman, I would have to be one tonight. Of course, I wouldn't be able to let Steve have vaginal intercourse with me, I having no vagina.

Cindy kissed me warmly and womanly on the lips, much to Steve's delight. My hands went to her breasts and hers to mine. She ran her hands to my 'V', and I did the same to her. She moaned softly as I inserted my finger inside her warm and moist cavity. Oh, how I wanted her, but I couldn't expose myself.

"You have to let Steve do you," she whispered in my ear.

"I can't. You know that I can't do that!"

"Yes you can, you really can, and she turned me around into the arms of the sexually excited man. His shaft pressed

hard against my golden triangle. I knew how he wanted to penetrate me. I couldn't let him find out why he couldn't enter me. I knew what I had to do. "I'm sorry, honey, but it's that time of the month."

Steve looked disappointed, but he still had hope. I kissed him hard on the mouth and led him and Cindy into Cindy's bedroom. The three of us crawled in between the clean, cool sheets, Steve in between us. He spent equal time feeling both of us, and in turn, being groped himself.

I decided that it was time to give Steve a wonderful oral sexual delight. I wasn't sure that I could go through with it though. How many husbands would give another man a blow-job while pretending to be a girl, and while lying in bed with his own naked wife?

"Go on," Cindy encouraged me. She took over the French kissing as I slid down to Steve's waist. I felt a tube of lipstick being placed in my hand. "See if you can pass the mauve lipstick to his manhood," she challenged.

I smiled and looked up at Steve and Cindy. Steve had Cindy wrapped in his arms and both of them were watching me down below. I looked both of them in their eyes as I applied the 'diamond gloss' red lipstick. Cindy had wanted to watch me suck off a man, and now she was getting her chance.

I took Steve's pulsating manhood in my delicate fingers, feeling the sticky precum. I tested it with my tongue, and decided that I could stand the taste of man. I licked the shaft several times and caressed his balls with my hand.

"Lisa, don't make me wait any longer," Steve begged.

I looked him directly in his eyes as I took his manhood deeper and deeper in my mouth. Cindy was enjoying watching me take her man in my mouth. "You look great like that, Lisa," she smiled. A flash surprised me, and then I saw the mini camera in her hand.

I removed my lips from Steve's manhood. "You'll need more than doubles," I said. We all laughed, and then I re-

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turned to Steve's manhood, at first sucking slowly, and then quicker and quicker.

"I can't hold back much longer, Lisa," Steve groaned.

I nodded. I had decided to swallow, and I was ready for his eruption. "Don't hold back," I smiled.

"No, no, that's not what I mean. I want to cum inside of you."

Of course, I couldn't let that happen. "I'll take care of you. You'll enjoy it, Steve," I cooed.

"No, I want to be inside of you, Lisa," he gasped.

I looked at Cindy in panic. "It's all right, Lisa. Let him do it. I think he wants to give you a baby too."

"Too? What do you mean, Cindy?" I gasped.

"He presented me with a baby on the night of the Phantom. I'm five weeks along. Wouldn't it be fun if we both had babies a few weeks apart?" Was Cindy crazy? How could she let another man get her pregnant? Worse yet, she was giving me up!

Steve gathered me up in his strong arms and brought me to the top of the bed. He rolled me over on my back, my long blonde hair spread out sexily over the pillows. "Cindy said that you are a virgin. I'll be gentle," he whispered in my ear.

"No, no, it's not that..." my protests were smothered by his kisses. I wanted to say 'no' to him, but I quit resisting. I was so turned on that I wished he would make love to me...I wished that he could make love to me.

He gently rolled on top of me. My legs were spread wide, and the sensation of him lowering his body inside my smooth thighs was sensational! Cindy took my hand in hers. "You're going to love it, Lisa, I promise," she whispered in my ear woman to woman.



Steve was ravishing me while Cindy, totally naked, made a 'manage en toi'. Electricity ran through me at their touch. Was this how it felt to be made love to as a woman?

"Yeah, right!" I thought. He is about to find that I'm not a woman for real. I realized that my nipples were hard. I felt wonderful sensations as he sucked my fake nipples. How could that be? It must be psychological, I decided.

Steve ground his loin into mine. I was so turned on that I began moaning as a woman would. Cindy smiled as she watched my face screwed in a girlish ecstasy. If only I really could. I turned my head from side to side on the pillows, moaning in feminine rapture.

I jumped as I felt the first few inches of Steve's manhood enter me. "Oh, my Gawd, it's so good! Don't stop! Don't stop! Oh, Steve, give me more!" I was a woman out of control, and in total ecstasy as he put his entire rod deep 'inside of me'. Yes, he was deep inside of me! He moved slowly at first, then quicker and quicker. I was being made love to as a woman. It was wonderful!

"Oh, Steve! Oh, Steve, don't stop!" I shuddered as I had my first orgasm as a woman. It was only seconds later that Steve shuddered and I felt pulsating spasms of sperm being deposited in my vagina.

"My vagina?" I asked Cindy as I looked over at her. She firmly held my hand now.

"Yes, honey, you were never meant to be a man, so I had a little procedure performed when you thought you had a hernia," she explained.

"I'm a woman for real? I have a vagina?"

There were tears in Cindy's eyes. "Yes, it's what we both wanted. You just couldn't admit it. Yes, you have a vagina and a labia."

"But what about Mike? I'm in love with him."

"He probably wouldn't understand. Steve did."

I looked at Steve who nodded. "Believe me, Lisa, you are all woman. I saw photos of you as Stan. It's good that you decided to become a girl."

"But I can't become pregnant! That's not possible..."

Cindy again took my hand. "New procedure, honey. Not only is it possible for you to become pregnant, but you are. Steve's sperm was triple loaded. Your eggs are vastly improved. Pregnancy is assured."

"My eggs?"

"It's what we women have," Cindy smiled.

"But...but..."

"You won't believe the magazines, TV stations, journalists that have contracts to do your story. You had better have a prenuptial agreement before you marry, as you are a very wealthy woman! Actually, all three of us will be. Oh, will you be my maid of Honor? Steve and I want to get married!"

BLAM...SLAM!

Damn, someone really slammed the front door when they came in. I rolled over and looked at the clock in my room. It was almost 3:00 AM.

What? I jumped out of bed...in my own bedroom. I was soaked in sweat as I started to recall the most erotic dream I had ever had. Just to be sure, I checked in my black filmy panties. Only a golden triangle appeared. I pulled and pulled...nothing. A new sweat broke out. Finally, the glue gave way. I didn't have a vagina!

I made quick repairs. Then, I thought, "Well, why not?" I decided to walk into the living room in my see-through baby-doll and let Steve and Cindy have a look.

I felt like a devil as I walked on the soft carpet, my red polish standing out on my toes. I still smelled of my perfume, and I loved my ankle chain. I rounded the corner quickly, and now it was too late.

Steve's eyes were wide as saucers as he spotted me. Cindy's eyes became wide as she turned around. She was on her knees in front of Steve. She hurried to pull the top of her dress up. I noticed a little black camera lying on the couch.

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"What's up?" I asked.

"Just in case, I want to take some erotic photos," Cindy smiled.

"Have you?" I asked.

"Yes," she then added one more...of me in my babydoll. "I have others you will be interested in."

"Really?" I asked nervously.

"Uh huh...and is this yours?" she asked as she handed me the cap and tube of my 'red diamond' gloss lipstick. I found it on my bed, and on the floor of my bedroom."

"Really?" I was really nervous. "Well, I'd better return to bed."

"Lisa, wait! You don't have to run away. It's we who should apologize. After all, we could have gone to my bedroom." She had crawled up on the couch. She patted the empty seat on the other side of Steve for me to join them.

"No thanks!!" I ran for my bedroom and slammed and locked the door.

I heard Cindy asking Steve, "What was she asking about her and I being pregnant?" Did I hear Steve mumble something about 'Phantom of the Opera'?

I returned to my bedroom and crashed, but there wasn't any chance of sleep, not with 'that' dream running over and over through my mind. My Gawd, I actually got a preview of what it is like to be a woman...to have a vagina...and to have a man inside of me! Could I really do it? Could I tell Cindy and my parents and siblings that they no longer had a husband, a son, or a brother?

I pictured myself saying, "Mom and Dad, you now have a daughter and a son, not two sons", or "brother, you no longer have a brother. You have a sweet loving sister now", or "Cindy, let's have a girl's night out. Maybe we can score with

some really hot guys!" Of course, Cindy and I were already doing that.

Steve's voice interrupted my thoughts, "Goodnight, Cindy. I really loved tonight."

"Me too," Cindy returned, "You're more man than I have had for a long time."

"Really? What about Stan?"

"Well, he's not all that much of a he-man," she giggled.

"Why? Is he effeminate? Is he gay?" Steve probed.

"I don't think he's gay," Cindy continued, "but there are times when I think he should have been born a girl."

Steve sounded interested, perhaps sensing that he had found a weakness in his opponent...me...the husband. "Why do you say that, Cindy? Wasn't he all man when you married him?"

"Yes..." she confirmed.

"Then why do you think he should have been born a girl?" Steve pressed.

"He looks so good in makeup and he has really great legs," Cindy giggled. Now they really had my attention. Was Cindy going to tell Steve about me?

"Makeup?" Steve gasped.

"Halloween last year. He went as a woman wearing a beautiful evening gown. His makeup was as beautiful as any woman's," Cindy continued. Steve was absorbing every word. "It was his idea."

"Really..."

"Uh huh. He did his own makeup and picked out his own gown. He was as pretty as a runway model."

"Wow!" Steve gasped. "Are you okay with that, Cindy? I mean your husband wanting to be a woman?"

"I didn't say that he wanted to be a girl, Steve. I said that he dressed as one for Halloween...one year," she explained, and continued, "Probably a million men have gone out as women for Halloween. It didn't really mean anything, I guess..." Cindy was finally covering for me, but she had opened the door in Steve's mind.

I heard the unmistakable sounds of an embrace and two people kissing...and of deep breathing, then the door opening and closing.

A few seconds later, my door slowly opened, "Are you going to join me?"

"Of course," I responded, slipping from between the covers. I was so aware of my own femininity as I joined this beautiful woman in her bed...not ours, hers.

"I heard you talking with Steve," I said.

"I meant for you to..." she responded.

"I thought you were going to tell him about me being Lisa."

"I thought about it," Cindy smiled devilishly.

"Why?"

"To teach you a lesson in what women will do to each other if one thinks that the other is after her man. We will do anything to eliminate the competition."

I was puzzled. "You think I have a thing for Steve?"

"Oh, yeah, you came out into the living room wearing sheer lingerie? You were all but naked."

"Well...yes..."

"What a way to turn on a guy."

"I...I didn't think..."

"Oh, I think you did. You meant to turn him on," Cindy said with a hint of jealousy. She then kissed me warmly on the lips and snuggled into my arms. "If you do that again, I'll

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tell him that the evening gown was silver and that it wasn't on Halloween, but merely two weeks ago when you wore it..."

"You wouldn't..."

"I would! Try hitting on Steve again and you'll find out. Let's get some sleep." She would do it to.

As I drifted off to sleep with Cindy in my arms, I wondered if orgasms as a woman were as good as having this beautiful woman in my arms. I couldn't have both. Soon I'd have to decide to have a babe...or be a babe!

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The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother's new boy.

Pat Goes Coed #5

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

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 his 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 and 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 crossdressing 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 going 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 Curly #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 having girlfriend, and the supportive room-mate. 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 Girmakers #52

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

Always a Bridesmaid #53

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

Ladies Day & Ladies Night #54 & 55

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

Mother's New Daughter #56

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

That's No Girl! & That's No Lady #57 & 58

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

Becoming Girlfriends & Becoming Ladies #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings! A Treatise 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...Dam! Birth Of A Lady #67

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

Walks Like A Girl & Walks Like A Girl Too #68 & 69

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

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Can't Cut It #1

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

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

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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.

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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

Redoes #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? Top Many Skirts

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!

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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!

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

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

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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 girls 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,

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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.

TRANVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMINE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

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

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

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

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

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

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

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:

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

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

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

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

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

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

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

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

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

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

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES

**I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC
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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.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
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Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

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

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

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC

UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.

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

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

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Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtsies, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

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A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

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

THE SLIP

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

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

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

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

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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Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



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