

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## "GIRLIES"

*One husband becomes a mother;  
one a daughter!*



Volume #16

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
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GIRLIES

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**SANDY THOMAS**

**QUOTE BOARD**

**"Never look at your fantasies with bifocals. . .  
you'll see the small print."**

# GIRLIES

By SANDY THOMAS AND FRIENDS

## PREFACE

The story you are about to read covers a period of only a few months in my life. It was a very brief period of time that is now over four years in the past. The events that occurred then, concerned three other people with whom I remain intimately involved. The details are as fresh in my mind as if they had happened only yesterday!

I will try to relate, not only my own intimate feelings and emotions, but also the feelings and reactions of these other three persons during that same period. All four of us have collaborated to present you, the reader, as realistic a picture as possible of how two men and their wives made complete and drastic changes in their way of living, their appearances, and even their personalities.

Why were these changes made and what were they? Well the desire of the men and of their wives to undertake change is a fundamental part of a happy relationship. What is NORMAL? Only what the twosome feels is right for them and doesn't hurt anyone else. Success IS being well adjusted members of the society and keeping the love and respect of a spouse!

## THE BEGINNING

It is hard to say who really instigated the events and details of what happened. Perhaps the reader can decide.

But now it is time to disclose how it all happened and to chronicle the events of the past years.

## INTRODUCTION

Like most stories, this one had its beginning at the time that I, Carl Bailey, and my friend, Don Moore were born. The only fact that is significant was that we were born males. I won't dwell on that point except to say that our childhood was normal in both

cases. In fact, neither of us ever knew of the phenomenon of men dressing like women until a few transsexuals made headlines when Don and I were both college seniors.

We now recall that we joked about it at the time, then the subject was forgotten, at least by me.

There were several events that did take place about the same time, however, which was to affect our lives to a considerable extent. . . although we certainly didn't know it then.

Since we were both graduating, with degrees in educational fields the following June, we made up our minds to try and locate teaching positions in the same school in California. We were successful in being hired to teach at a newly built high school in a small suburb just west of Los Angeles.

Barely there a week, Don broke his nose during a football game at the park and was rushed to a local hospital. There his nose was reset by a cute blond doctor named Judy Carter. She was almost eight years older than Don but the two immediately were attracted to each other and soon they were in love. Our first year in California turned out to be a honeymoon for Don and Judy. As for me, I had bachelor quarters for myself in an adjoining building.

During that first year, I spent a great deal of time with them especially after I met a girl named Patti Hemingway. I met Patti at a neighborhood get acquainted dance to which Don and Judy had invited me. Patti and Judy hit it off almost from the time they were introduced. I proceeded to fall for Patti in the few weeks that followed with the consequence that we were married with Don as my best man and Judy as Patti's Maid-of-Honor.

Don and I continued our new teaching jobs. Don was a teacher of history and government, I taught economics and social studies. We both liked the school, our work and each other. So it was natural that we remained friends. Our wives had turned out to be almost inseparable and during the first year of our marriage the four of us were together frequently.

Judy regularly spent long hours in the hospital, finishing up her residence in Plastic Surgery. It was well worth it though, because her future earnings potential was great.

Prior to the beginning of the second school year, Don and Judy, decided to buy a home in a trendy California housing tract quite some distance from school but close to Judy's hospital. When they moved, we saw them less often, although we remained good friends.

Their happiness in their home prompted Patti and I to begin looking, too. We soon decided on a lovely older home which needed some repair and decorating. It was near the school and near to Patti's job as a secretary which she insisted on returning to in order to enable us to make more rapid progress financially. Judy, who was made a partner in a medical group was beginning to make a great deal of money.

Now our background is nearly complete. We continued to be friends. However, we did not get together as frequently as before our homes were purchased. Don and I saw one another almost daily at school and the girls insisted on a joint dinner either at our place or at Don and Judy's on at least two to three month intervals.

This situation continued for years until well. . .read our story for yourself as it now really begins.

The series of events with which we are concerned, and which will lead up to the circumstances described in our preface, began on a rather cold, rainy evening in February. It was a Valentines Day costume dance for the faculty at our high school. The dance had become an annual event in the four years of the schools existence.

Although both Don and I had attended this same costume party each of the three prior years it was the first time that either of us had attended the party dressed up! This night there was a twist of fate for which we'll never recover!

Don arrived wearing one of Judy's prettiest dance dresses and, as fate decreed, met me, at the door to the school auditorium. The festive party was already underway as we confronted each other at the door. Despite the fact that we were masked we knew one another at once. We stared, in utter amazement, at each other and at our wives who, for a reason we didn't quite understand at the time seemed a bit more calm about the entire affair.

Following our initial apprehension we stepped to the side of the doorway, ignoring the glances of the other people who entered. We proceeded to take inventory of each other. We did so by quiet inspection while Judy and Patti were each displaying their costumes to the others.

Since our masks were only half masks we could see each other quite well. We were **both** completely made up as women even to wearing almost identical blonde wigs, each carefully curled. We both wore hose, high heels and our lacy lingerie slips showed clearly under our sheer dresses.

Our nails were polished in gleaming red. We both carried purses, we both had coats tossed about our shoulders "girlishly". We both wore hats with little puffs of organza and veiling appropriately notched to the pretty sheer dresses in which we were gowned.

Don's dress was a submissively yellow voile, embroidered in white, and I wore a dark blue chiffon cocktail dress, borrowed from Patti's wardrobe for the occasion. We were mutually too astounded to speak but we instantly recognized that we each looked surprisingly pretty.

Don had arrived on Judy's arm. Judy was dressed as a river boat gambler. Her outfit was complete with a brocade vest and wide-brimmed Stetson hat, and with a black mustache and goatee glued to her face.

I was accompanied by Patti, who clung to my hand. She was wearing a "little girl" outfit with a short, full skirt and petticoat, anklets and patent leather little girl's strap shoes. Patti carried a doll and chattered to me, her "Mommy."

As we made our entrance, both of us made a big joke of each others feminine attire and sought a table together so we "girls" as Judy and Patti immediately called us, could "gossip" freely during the evening. It almost appeared like they were maneuvering us at the time.

Don and I didn't warm up to one another at first. Each of us was trying to convince the other that the whole idea of coming dressed as a girl was a wild and random decision of our wives. Certainly nothing we wanted to do.

However, as the evening wore on a few drinks began to put everyone in a mellow mood. Don and I were suddenly alone at the table. Our wives had excused themselves and left the table. Judy was table hopping with friends and Patti was dancing with a teacher, who had come dressed in a velvet little boy suit. School photographers took pictures of these two "Children" on the dance floor.

Don looked at me, then moistened his prettily made-up lips and said, "I don't know exactly why I wore this costume but the dress and, you know, the things that go with it don't feel too bad? What do you think?"

My first impulse was to laugh and pass the question off as a joke. But my eyes locked with Don's and I saw that he was serious and bore a certain hopeful expression. I didn't answer for a moment.

I whispered, "Well, Don. I'll be honest with you. This is the second time that I have gone to a costume party with Patti dressed like this as her 'Mommy' and frankly I've begun to believe that there are many things worse than dressing up in a pretty feminine costume. Oh, I wouldn't say I like it, exactly but I don't really feel uncomfortable like I used to."

"I noticed you handle the shoes well," Don stated.

"I've even learned to wear these spike heels." I daintily extended my fashionably clad foot for Don's inspection and my casual movement displayed a flash of fluffy petticoat beneath the hem of my dress. That flash of lingerie plus the fact that there was an unseen current of understanding beginning between us inspired Don to continue.

Don rose and moved casually, but now femininely, to a chair closer to my ear before he replied. His voice quivered as he whispered. "Now, don't misunderstand me, Carl, but sometimes I like to wear woman's clothes. Judy has encouraged me to dress up as a girl whenever we go to a costume party together! Crazy eh, but I've learned to enjoy it. I guess it really is a little crazy to like to wear dresses?"

My heart was pounding as I looked at the fashionable and almost pretty figure that Don presented.

"You know, Don. I think we are being evasive about something that means a great deal to each of us and perhaps could mean even more if we share it. I started dressing as a lark but now I'd dress up like this without her instigation."

Now it was Don's turn to try to calm the thumps of his pulse. He couldn't answer quickly enough, however. "Oh yes, me too!" He stopped speaking but suddenly the two of us were smiling at each other and all our tension, fears and doubts were gone!

Long time friends that we were, we really began to talk about ourselves and our wives. All our feelings came out in a flood of relieved emotions and suddenly discarded inhibitions.

"Patti calls me 'Carly'," I admitted.

"Judy calls me 'Donna,' even feminizing my name!"

We learned that dressed as we were now, we no longer wanted to refer to ourselves as Don and Carl but much preferred our girl names Donna and Carly!

More importantly, we found out that Judy and Patti each really wanted us to act as women when we were out dressed like we were. We also found in a further flood of confidence that

each of us had items of women's clothes at home which we wore occasionally.

We could hardly wait for our wives to come back to the table so we could reveal the good news about each other. All four of us, our wives included, had been individually hoping without really believing it would ever happen. That we would find other friends to share our "little playtimes". Here were two couples who had been friends for so long already.

Don put his hand on my arm. "You know, Carly. . . what a sweet feminine name for you. . . I feel that we 'four girls' are going to have some fabulous times together in the future!"

I nodded excitedly, "Won't it be fun, all four of us to get together for dinner or for dancing? Just think of the chatter that will go on about clothes and makeup and oh, just girl talk!"

Don said, "I'm learning to sew and also to cook. Do you, Carly?"

"I'd like to learn." I realized how uninhibited and free I suddenly felt.

Don replied, "I think it's just wonderful. . . to just talk about anything feminine with you. The more I do it, the more I love it. It's funny. The more feminine interests I have, the more Judy loves me. I get pretty swishy sometimes, prissy too!"

I laughed gaily. I was enthralled. "Oh, me too! I like to just be ultra feminine and when I am, Patti thinks it's great. You'll swoon when you see my lingerie wardrobe, it's simply fabulous! Patti pretends that she doesn't own one piece of lingerie. She insisted that they all be mine, then she pretends she's 'borrowing' it from me, her girlfriend. Gee, funny old world, isn't it?"

Don sighed. "And I love every funny detail of it too. I never dreamt this would happen to me!"

"Wouldn't it have been just tragic if we hadn't discovered one another? Just think, on Monday, we would have kidded one another about being dressed up as girls tonight and it would have all ended there. Now this is only the beginning." I was getting so excited that Don had to motion me to quiet down.

"Look, dear," Don whispered, "Why can't you and Patti come over to our house tomorrow and we can get all dressed up and chatter our little female heads off where no one but Judy and Patti can hear us."

"I can answer for Patti as well as for me," I replied. "We'll be there early." I crossed my legs again and the white fluff of lingerie caught his eyes.

"I love that slip you're wearing," he whispered. "Is it new?"

I looked around carefully. The area in which we sat was nearly deserted, because the buffet dinner was now being served. "Patti bought it and the dress especially for me for tonight," I explained. "This petticoat matches the 'Little girl' slip she is wearing. She calls it our 'mother and daughter' outfit. Isn't that cute?"

"I think it's charming," replied Don. "Do you ever dress completely as mother and daughter at home?"

"Oh, yes," I laughed. "That's Patti's pet game. We have several perfectly matching mother and daughter dresses. Her mother died when she was young. . . Patti adores playing that she's a little girl and frankly, I kind of like playing her 'mother'. It makes me feel especially feminine when she calls me 'Mother' or 'mommy' like she does!"

"Gee, that does sound like fun," said Don. "Maybe, if we do get together tomorrow, we can play mother and daughter. Judy likes to call me her 'little girl' too. The girls could play dolls together and the 'mommies' could sit, sew and talk woman-talk about their problems as mothers. Does that sound like fun? Or is it just crazy?"

"Honey, everything to do with being a female sounds like fun to me," I replied. "I wonder where my 'little girl' is?" I rose to look around and unconsciously fluffed out, then smoothed down my skirt.

"Carly, that's just a dream of a dress and it fits you wonderfully," whispered Don, playing to my role. "You know, full skirts are very becoming on a young mother. They flatter your very pretty legs."

"Keep talking, darling," I whispered to Don, "It's all music to my ears but you do make a lovely girl yourself. I'm just dying to see you walking about at home in a short skirt so I can see your legs and how you look in high heels. Don't you adore wearing heels, though?"

"I love it! It makes me feel so feminine to walk in heels and to feel a skirt fluttering around my knees. You know Carly, when Judy first put me in a dress I felt ridiculous! Thank goodness she had sense enough to insist on me wearing these clothes more than just once."

"I'm hooked too," I breathed. "If I always had to wear men's clothes I think I'd just die."

“Carly, don’t you think it be nice to wear these dresses and things for oh, say at least a month or two to not even have men’s clothes near us? Have you ever wished that?”

“You sound so much like me,” I laughed. “In fact, your idea has been my dream and Patti’s too for a long time. Why, she’d give anything if we could afford to live as a ‘mother and daughter’. She has a baby face but could be more a ponytailed teenager than a little girl. She can pass as a 15 year old quite easily, you know. You’d have to see her to believe it!”

“Carly Bailey,” cried Don. “You’ve just given me a wonderful idea. Now listen to me and don’t say it can’t be done. First of all, you look very pretty and most passable as a woman. How about me? How do I look?”

“Why, you look younger and more like a girl than most girls,” I replied.

“O.K. So listen to this idea and don’t you dare stop me until I’ve finished!” Don’s eyes were sparkling with delight as he revealed his plan.

“School will be out in early June and neither of us have planned what we’ll do during vacation. I know, because ‘the boys’ were discussing it just the other day. Remember?”

I liked the way he referred to our male roles as if they were other people entirely and I nodded as he went on excitedly.

“Now, here is the good part,” he continued breathlessly. “My father owns a real nice summer home on a big lake up north. For several years he has wanted Judy and me to use it for the summer but we’ve never made the trip. It’s really a splendid place. He’s taken excellent care of it and it’s FREE! It’s furnished beautifully and is very secluded. There’s quite a nice resort area all around it for entertainment. Now, here’s the plan! How would you, Mrs. Carly Bailey and your 15 year old daughter Patti, like to spend an entire summer with your close friend Dr. Judy Moore and Donna?”

I gasped at the thought as he went on, “Oh, Carly, think hard; we can do it! And we’d have all the fun of driving the country together, too! Just think, all summer in nothing but your dresses and makeup. . .being a delicious and utterly feminine mother! Why, we wouldn’t even take a single stitch of men’s clothes along! Isn’t it just a divine plan? Can you do it?”

It was my turn now to shush him because he was almost wriggling in his excitement. “It’s just what you said; divine! I can’t see any reason on earth why it wouldn’t work. And I’m

sure Patti would be in heaven at the thought of it, too. How about Judy? Do you think that she would go along with it?"

"Oh, Judy will be wild about it cause she's tried to think of a 'great vacation' like that for us to do together for three whole years! And now, if we include you and Patti, it makes it all the more exciting! Oh, think of it. Patti and I will make the most darling teenagers and you and Judy will be as adorably feminine or as 'motherly' as any circumstances demand!"

I was in deep thought as Don rambled on. "Just think, you could each wear a wedding ring and talk to Judy about your 'husbands back home'! You'd both be able to either spoil or discipline your daughters. . .Patti and I would love being told what to do as long as we could pretend our 'mothers' were dictating. Everyday, all summer long we'll be getting up in our nighties and robes, putting on bras, and dresses every single morning."

"Every minute?" I exclaimed. "For months?"

Don laughed, "Yeah! We'll even be wearing pretty feminine bathing suits, rubber caps and swimming in the lake or take sun baths." I about swooned as he added, "Ah, just think. We'll have 'bra' marks when we tan just like the girls!"

He actually giggled at that last thought. Of course, I had been hanging on to every word he said and my excitement was at least as great as his.

"You are an absolute darling," I whispered to Don. "But you'd better simmer down. Here come our 'real' girls!"

Patti came skipping up to the table in make believe little girl fashion. Her skirts bounced prettily. I loved her very much. Sometimes I really felt like 'mothering' her but I couldn't do it in public like I did at home.

She glanced from one of us to the other, slipping her hand into mine and squeezing my fingers. Judy came up with her mustache off but her goatee was bobbing up and down as she chattered to the three of us. "Hi, girls! What have you two girls been up to while we were gone?" She winked at Patti.

Don glanced at me. "Oh, we've had quite a girl to girl chat," he said.

Judy reached up and removed her goatee and then pecked Don on the cheek. "I'll bet you have at that," she laughed. She patted Don on the bottom. "How's your girdle feel honey?" She was in high spirits.

“Oh, Judy,” Don slapped at Judy in a most feminine way and I was conscious and pleased to note that Patti was watching. She was gripping my fingers very tightly as she listened to the repartee and realized its possible significance.

“Let’s all sit down a minute before we go to the buffet to eat,” I suggested. I smoothed my skirt under me and crossed my legs in as feminine a way as I could as I sat down. Patti was wide eyed and now Judy had noticed my intentionally feminine gestures and actions. They were both obviously puzzled.

“Look, girls,” I said. “Don and I have had quite a chat and right after we started talking we found out something about each other. . . about Donna and Carly!”

Judy and Patti jumped up together. Patti was the first to speak. “You mean he’s like you?” She cried out to me. I smiled at her and nodded. “Oh, that’s wonderful!” she cried. “You have found a girlfriend! Judy, don’t you realize what has happened?”

She was bubbling over but Judy wasn’t. She was kissing Don tenderly and gently and one hand stroked the padded figure of her “girl” husband. Then she turned to me and threw her arms around me.

“Oh, Carl. . . er, Carly!” She turned to Don. “Honey, let’s get out of here before someone notices us too much. We can go home and talk!” She bestowed a glance of true devotion on me because we had so suddenly become a feminine “foursome”!

“Let’s go to our place,” I suggested. “It’s much closer and I think Donna would like to get into a little girl’s dress also. Judy, would you like a ‘daughter’ for the evening?”

Judy flashed a responsive smile at me and then turned to Don in mock severity, “You, Donna Moore, have been telling tales about me already! That’s the way it is,” she said to Patti. “Let a young girl gab and she’ll tell everything she knows!” Then she smiled at me, “Yes, Carly, I’d love to see my daughter in some of your daughter’s sweet dresses!”

Patti had moved to my side and had her arms around my waist and was squeezing me with a series of loving little hugs. I liked the fact that her embrace made me conscious of some details of my feminine attire. I especially liked the fact that her arms encircled my waist at a spot between my bra and girdle. A spot where the silky sheer nylon organdy of my dress felt so cool and pleasant against my otherwise bare skin.

She tantalized me by rubbing the fabric against my skin until I was all goose-pimplly with excitement. I held her head briefly

against the softness of my padded breast because I knew that she liked to be made aware of the feminine contours that the soft padding I wore in my bra and girdle gave my body. Patti loved me as a man but was at the same time, maybe was even more in love with my feminine, nurturing role.

She glanced at Judy and said, "Judy, I just think that we are two of the luckiest women in the world. Our boys are not only content and happy to be girls like we want them to be but they also are as pretty and genuinely feminine and adorable as they are. They are both so pretty!"

Both Don and I beamed and each of us dipped in a mock curtsy at the compliment. But now all we wanted to do was get out and go home.

"We'll see you at our house in ten minutes," I told them. "Park your car in the driveway and come on in by the den entrance. You know the way."

Patti skipped at my side, her little skirts bouncing up and down as we continued to play our mother and daughter role to the amusement of everyone who watched our early exit. Judy, her goatee back in place, led Don by her arm right behind us.

I removed my mask as we left the building and walked toward the car. Patti, who enjoyed her little girl role so much, ran ahead just as a child would have done. I could see as she skipped along, that she was having as much fun with her short full skirts and bare legs as I was in my high heels, with my billowy skirted dress fluttering about my nylon sheathed knees.

The click of my spikes on the hard cement was music to my ears. I was a woman. I knew that nothing could equal the heavenly feeling of being completely dressed and made-up as a female. Nothing!

I drove home slowly, savoring the feel of being a women driver as my high heels maneuvered the brake and accelerator pedals. Patti, her legs folded under her in typical little girl fashion took advantage of the privacy of our car to snuggle up to me and chatter to her "Mommy" about the fun she had had dancing with that "little boy" at the party.

I listened to her excited voice and giggly chatter. I knew that she was enjoying playing a role so different from her mature self. Her conversation made me feel womanly and motherly as it so often did. I guess we both were having fun in what, to many, would appear to be such a peculiar way. To us, it was beautiful and so terribly satisfying!

We had just driven up to our home when Judy and Don pulled in the drive behind us. Patti immediately took Don upstairs to “get you out of those terrible clothes and into a proper little dress like mine.” I took Judy by the hand and said, “Let’s go up to my room, honey, and you can change from that ‘costume’ into one of my pretty cocktailish things.”

Judy spent the first fifteen minutes just “ohing” and “ahing” over the contents of my wardrobe and dresser drawers before she stripped to her panties, girdle and bra after saying, “I guess it’s okay. . .you are just another one of the girls.”

I helped her into one of my pretty nylon slips and a little beige silk sheath dress that she chose from my closet. As we suspected, we quickly found that we both wore the same size clothes, even down to our shoes. She also picked a pair of brown suede pumps from my shoe rack and donned a matched set of earrings and bracelet in a pretty topaz and pearl combination that complimented her dress very beautifully.

We both admired ourselves in the full length mirror on the closet door and while I raised my skirts and adjusted my girdle garters to my hose, she touched up her makeup. We talked calmly and quietly, me lapsing quite fully into a practiced but natural feminine voice.

As I fluffed my skirts down again after adjusting my hose and turned to go, extending my hand to Judy, she suddenly hugged me and pressed her cheek to mine in a feminine display of affection. I hugged her back and she whispered, “Isn’t it nice to be a woman?” I smiled.

We clicked our high heels down the stairs to the living room to find Patti and Don already there. Don had donned one of Patti’s prettiest “8 year old” dresses and had fluffed out his hair. Of course he had been helped by Patti to do a makeup change to match his now childish and utterly adorable appearance. Our two “daughters” were wide-eyed and childish. Don hugged a doll!

I’ll admit my own heart jumped at the sight but Don just couldn’t contain himself. He ran to Judy, who rose to meet him, and there was a tender scene of love between the new “mother” and new “daughter”. They whispered endearingly to each other, completely oblivious to Patti’s and my presence.

I heard Don say, “This feels so nice. I hope I grow up to be a beautiful woman just like you, Mommy.”

“You will dear,” Judy said brushing back the pigtails Patti had added for effect.

I had gone to Patti's side and she had risen to hug me around the waist as she rested her head against my bosom once again. She looked up at me. "Oh, Mommy, isn't it sweet for me to have a playmate and you to have a 'real' woman friend. I'm so happy I could just cry!"

I leaned down to kiss her on the forehead. "So could I." I had to turn away and quickly take my tiny lace hankie to dab at the genuine tears of happiness that had suddenly welled in my eyes. I realized then that I was expressing feminine emotions. It didn't make the tears stop but it did satisfy me to be so naturally and fully feminine. I had long since discovered that the more fully I gave in to my feminine self, the happier I was. . .and right now I was very happy!

As soon as everyone's emotions were calm and our eyes were dry, I clapped my hands to get everyone's attention. "Look girls," I said to Don and Patti, "Why don't you each get your dollies and sit down here on the floor and play. There are some things Judy and I want to tell you."

They rushed to do as I asked with each child flashing a pretty view of ruffly petticoats and panties as they stooped to pick up their dolls. They settled themselves helter skelter with a chorus of girlish giggles at their mommie's feet.

Judy had been 'briefed' by Don on the way over and she and I had worked out some details while she changed. We seated ourselves on the sofa and prepared to tell them of our plans for the summer. A stranger, looking in on the scene, would have observed nothing more than two handsome women talking to two cute little girls. The intentionally mirrored wall that we all faced confirmed this in an exciting way to each of us.

Don and Patti had settled themselves quietly. Each one of them gave their hand to their "Mommy" to hold. Thus we began our discussion about the vacation plans that Don and I had talked about earlier.

There was much excitement and many interruptions as Judy and I alternately unfolded suggestions for our prospective summer. The girls, of course, could hardly contain themselves. Nor could they remain quiet enough to listen until Judy and I exercised our options as the "mothers" of the two giggly and wriggly little girls that our spouses had chosen to be for the evening.

We each took a "daughter" by the hand and marched them firmly to two widely separated chairs. There they were made to sit in prim and lady-like little poses with their hands folded in

their laps, "Until you are told you can move!" We jointly warned them.

They squirmed a bit and cast an occasional sad glance at each other in complete make-believe torture. They very much enjoyed playing at being "disciplined" little girls as Judy and I also enjoyed our assumed "mother" roles. Judy and I drank coffee and then, to our daughters discomfort, proceeded to fully discuss our summer plans, while they were forced to sit quietly and just listen.

Only after several minutes when Patti plaintively asked me "Mommy, I'm sorry. May I please come over next to you?" I relented. Of course, we were each engulfed almost instantly in a froth of little dresses as our "girls" literally flung themselves into our arms. After much kissing and excitement we settled ourselves again with each "mother" cuddling her little girl to her side as additional ideas were excitedly discussed.

We talked for at least two more hours and made very detailed plans. Of course, we recognized that Don and I would have to provide ourselves with complete female identification to include a driver's license for me and probably high school identification for the two girls who were to be fifteen. And of course, Don and I would bear our feminine names and descriptions.

We planned to obtain these, as well as credit cards and other feminine identification I would need prior to the start of our vacation. To society, Don and I would have to be "female" in every way. Don, would also have to be fifteen!

We also discussed, in detail, the extent of our own individual wardrobes and the wardrobes which our summer "teenagers" would wear. We all agreed that neither Don nor I would take anything resembling trousers so, for us, capris, pedal pushers and the like were out.

There was final agreement on our sportswear. We all loved tennis so Don and I would each buy a tennis dress with a flirty short skirt and lace trimmed panties. We would need play dresses in pretty, flowery summer colors and at least two bathing suits each. We did plan to swim every day.

Judy and Patti agreed to do all the shopping and necessary alterations. That meant that Don and I would be busy each weekend with fittings. We would secure our identification and other credentials during expeditions which we would take for just such purposes. We had a lot to do during the four month period until our vacation would actually begin. We planned to leave at the end of the first week in June.

Patti, at my request, skipped into the den to bring in paper on which we recorded a schedule that we would maintain. We also made a complete list of all the things we could need prior to departure. These were not only clothes and personal identification material but picnic and sporting equipment, cameras, car repairs, etc. for the trip.

The resulting list was impressively long and guaranteed that we would have very busy times in the coming weeks. . .the goal being an utterly feminine experience for the summer.

While working out our plans we decided that Don and Judy would spend all ensuing weekends at our home. They lived far away from us and there would be a lot of time wasted in running back and forth. Because ours was an older and much larger house than the fairly new tract home in which Don and Judy lived, we all agreed our home would be best.

They planned to be at our place Friday afternoon through Monday morning. In fact, they could transfer clothes and other necessities the very next day.

In this way Don and I could get used to our new girlish portrayals as rapidly as possible. At the same time, we could all enjoy working together on weekends until the school work began again for Carl and Don on Monday.

Our wives, as you will see, worked as hard and as intently as we did in completely feminizing us, their husbands.

The large grounds surrounding our house afforded the privacy that would be needed for Don and I to leave the house in our feminine attire as our plans and schedule would require. Everyone agreed with the idea of Don and Judy living with Patti and me on weekends.

We had all been so excited and intent in making our plans that I received quite a shock when I looked at my watch and discovered it was almost three o'clock. Everyone was amazed at how rapidly the evening had passed since our meeting at the school dance eight hours earlier.

"Look girls," I said to Don and Judy, "It's too late for you to go home tonight so why not stay with us. I'll give you a robe and nightie," I said to Judy, "and Patti can provide Donna with one of her little nighties and robes."

They nodded in agreement, so I continued. "As a matter of fact, why don't we go up and change into our nighties now and then Judy and I can make some more coffee. Then, if we feel like it we can talk the rest of the night about the many things I'm sure we haven't discussed yet."

Patti jumped up and seized Don by the hand. "Come on, honey," she cried. "You're simply going to love the little babydoll nightie I have for you to wear. It's my favorite!"

They ran hand in hand up the steps together for all the world to see like the two excited children they appeared to be. Judy and I were pleased with their roles as much as with our own as we also ascended the stairs all the while continuing to chat.

I selected a lovely nylon robe loaded with lace and a matching sheer negligee for Judy. I thought the pale green shade would be beautiful with her blonde hair, and she agreed.

For myself, I laid out my favorite black nylon gown on the bed. It had a lace bodice lined with satin and was frankly, very sexy. It made me feel ever so feminine when I wore it. I chose a pale blue satin robe to wear with it, which had an ultra-full sweeping skirt.

Judy couldn't resist picking up her gown and holding it before her as she admired it in the mirror. We could hear laughter and giggling from across the hall where Don and Patti were changing. I told Judy, "Come on doll, let's change and get on with that coffee."

She turned with sparkling eyes and a cute little smile and before I knew it had planted a warm and feminine kiss on my cheek. "Oh, Carly," she whispered, "You've become such a wonderful sweet woman. . .It's going to be so delightful to teach you all the little things about womanhood!"

I smiled and nodded. "I guess Don and I are happier right now than either of us ever dared hope we could be. And just think of our three full months as women this summer. It's something that I won't be able to measure in terms of mere happiness. I guess it'll be just pure ecstasy," I sighed. My latter statement was in anticipation of being a woman, with womanly responsibilities for an entire summer.

"Let's change," I cried, and I whirled her around and quickly unzipped her long back zipper. She stepped out of her dress and then helped me out of mine. We hurriedly removed our slippers, girdles, high heels and stockings.

Clad only in panties and bra, we each looked at the other. For a man, I wasn't much. I was 5'6" tall with no masculine muscles and I had smooth, white and hair-free skin. With the padding I wore in my bras plus the hip padding worn in my girdle, I presented a completely feminine appearance.

There was no suggestion of male parts under my skintight and smooth fitting panties. I was sufficiently full breasted and

full hipped to be a mother. Patti, like Judy had helped me in perfecting my figure through padding. . . good enough to pass for female at even close scrutiny.

Judy delighted at finding my feminine "cleavage" which had been attained by drawing the chest flesh together with tape. I explained to Judy that Patti had insisted that I do this "training" as she called it. The illusion was very nearly perfect as my mounded flesh descended into the confines of each of my carefully chosen and fitted lace bras!

Judy was busy removing her earrings and bracelet when she remarked, "Honey, you look like the woman you're so anxious to be. I love seeing you boys try so hard. . . don't you just love every detail of it?"

She added, "You and Don are both very fortunate to be small enough and shapely enough to pass as girls. . . having smooth and fair skin helps immensely."

She laughed again. Judy had a very light and musical voice and a delightful laugh which added to her charm. My own voice was more throaty, more sexy. . . equally becoming to my chosen female role.

"There's one other thing, too, honey," she said. "You are both blondes and your beards are so light and fine. There won't be any problem at all under makeup."

I knew that I could shave closely enough early in the day and never have to worry if I wasn't not out of my makeup until late the same night. This was most important to us in regard to what we had planned for the summer.

With a laugh, Judy deliberately ran her hands over her bust, waist and hips in a caressingly feminine and sexy gesture. I looked at her in a puzzled way. She laughed again and before I could say anything she grasped my hand and turned us both to the mirror.

"Look at how feminine you are compared to me!" Our scantily clad reflections gave no hint of my true sex. There was no doubt it once again, as I admired, first my and then Judy's reflection. It filled me with an indescribable satisfaction and excitement that she too could see me as a pretty girl!

Judy was almost twitching in pleasure as we heard more giggles coming from across the hall. Patti was showing Don the pleasures of being a young girl. I had to wonder what three months of being a teenaged girl would do to Patti. . . and Don?

I was almost sad for a minute. The almost tragic thing about all of this is that Don and I could have gone on forever and never have suspected the other of having these same feelings.

Judy sensed my feelings and was quiet and serious. "You know, Carly, I'll bet there are just jillions of male crossdressers who work and socialize together, and I bet those men never see each other's feminine selves. All the while they are literally aching for company. Maybe we could think of a way for men like you to reveal themselves in some terribly clever way. Let's concentrate on it, Huh? Just think of all the fun that a 'recognition system' would provide for all the bashful couples like we have been up until now!"

(ANY IDEAS??? Write to me. SANDY THOMAS, P.O. Box 2309, Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309)

I smiled and nodded my agreement to her suggestion. We turned from the mirror. Judy, in a quick change from her serious mood, slapped me once playfully across my nylon clad bottom. "Come on girlie," she cried. "Let's see what trouble our daughters are into!"

We each carefully smoothed our chosen nightgowns over our feminine curves and then donned our lovely robes. I went to my shoe rack and obtained two pair of high heeled slippers into which each of us wriggled our feet. My painted toe-nails added another tiny touch of reality to my role.

Watching Judy, I followed her lead and rummaged in my purse for lipstick to touch up my lips. Simultaneously, we both selected a perfume bottle from the dresser to dab on our earlobes, throats and wrists. Our polished nails gleamed in the light as we performed these totally feminine rituals, including the fluffing and arranging of our blonde waves to assure that our most becoming feminine selves would be once again descending the stairs.

Judy was a beautiful, intelligent woman and I so wanted to be like her. With her encouragement and subtle training, I would learn a lot.

At that precise instant, I wasn't playing a girl's role. I felt as fully and as completely feminine as any real woman could.

We turned from our mirror to find our girls seated on the floor at the bedroom door. A picture of pride, love and amusement, they had entered so quietly that Judy and I had not heard even them.

When we saw them, they broke into laughter. Patti jumped up. In her ruffled flannel baby doll nightie with its cute little

matching panties, she minced toward me. Her hands and hips provided a deliberate burlesque of an ultra-prissy female going through the motions of fluffing her hair and donning her lipstick. All the things Judy and I had just done.

Both Judy and I laughed too but it was only for a moment because Patti was followed instantly by Don with the same prissy, feminine sway to his hips. Patti had been teaching Don some "moves".

I was only conscious of Patti's smothering kisses and her almost fiercely proud whisper into my ear as she hugged and caressed me. "Oh, my," she whispered. "You are going to become so utterly feminine by the end of summer!" She pressed her curves against mine and transported me to a near ecstasy of pleasure. I was sure that Judy and Don, who were whispering tenderly to each other felt the same way!

Don broke away from Judy's embrace to dance and whirl about for our inspection. He wore a sheer nylon baby-doll outfit provided by Patti. It was a lovely shade of yellowish gold and had its own matching shortie coat of multi-layered sheer nylon with huge puffed sleeves. The coat was appliqued with tiny butterflies that also flitted across his bodice and were repeated on the tiny matching panties that peeped out beneath the hem of his ultra short, girlish outfit.

He whirled his way up to Judy. "Isn't my nightie ever so cute, Mommy?" He became once again a wide-eyed child portraying a role which he obviously loved nearly as much as Patti did. I wondered idly for a brief moment, if Judy would relish the "Mother" role as much as I did. I decided that she must because our summer plans called for her to also be a "mother".

I'll talk to her about this to be certain, I thought to myself. This vacation must be as nearly perfect as possible for all of us.

We all went happily back down the stairs. Judy and I went into the kitchen, happily proud of the comfort and yet ever so feminine feel of our evening attire. Our skirts swirled prettily together as we busied ourselves in preparing coffee and making tiny and appropriately ladylike sandwiches from the refrigerator leftovers.

Don and Patti had stopped in the living room and upon hearing a chorus of giggly laughter, I peeked in. I motioned to Judy to join me. Patti was teaching Don to play "jacks".

For all the world, like two little girls, they were seated opposite one another, legs spread wide, bouncing the ball and

scooping excitedly at the tiny bits of metal—all the while laughing happily and gaily.

I tugged at Judy's sleeve and pulled her back into the kitchen. "I think it's cute to have our spouses be little girls, don't you?" I whispered.

"Oh yes, Carly," she breathed. "It's so exciting. I can't imagine why Don and I haven't done this before. Why, it makes me feel so good and happy to have him call me 'Mother' like he does. Why, Carly, I could just take him and cuddle him and make him my little girl forever!" She winked and added, "but I know that he'll grow up into a fine young lady!"

I was relieved of my prior worry. "There's no reason why he can't be your little girl this summer," I said. "Parenting Patti makes me feel real warm and, well, as much like a mother as I could feel. Patti loves it. Playing like a little girl not only is a relaxing and a pleasant role for her but she feels comfortable and more close to me as my 'daughter' than when she's acting as my wife. It's a totally different relationship."

Judy nodded. "Since it obviously pleases all of us, we should do everything we can to make our roles realistic in every way. After all, there's nothing to be ashamed of. Psychologically, it might be good for Don to grow 'into' his femininity!"

She pulled the plug on the coffee pot and began to pour the coffee. "Just pour two cups, doll," I told her.

I couldn't suppress a feminine giggle and added, "It's just that our little ones are going to drink milk! After all, they are far too young for coffee!" I smiled mischievously as I poured two glasses of milk and placed them on the tray with our coffee and the sandwiches.

We swished out of the kitchen and into the living room again. "Isn't it fun to do things just like women do? I whispered to Don. He wrinkled his nose in pleased agreement as he played with Patti in his girlish attire.

Patti and Don jumped up from their game which now appeared to be "Old Maid" judging from the cards they had spread between them on the floor.

"Oh, Mother," Patti pouted, as she spied the milk.

"Honestly, do I have to have milk with my sandwich?" Don asked Judy. They looked at the milk with the distaste a real child might exhibit.

“Yes,” I said in mock severity, “you both do. You know very well that young girls like you have no business drinking coffee!”

Don glanced at Judy who replied with a look as stern as mine. “Oh, fiddle!” said Patti as she picked up the milk. I knew she was secretly enjoying our little game and I suspected that Don, since it was a new game, was even more entranced by these unexpected surprises of being completely “adolescent” in every way.

We began to eat and, as hungry as we were, I noted that both Don and I did not wolf down the food but nibbled daintily and slowly as two women would have done.

I arose and went into the kitchen and returned with the coffee pot, savoring with every step the soft whisper and delightful swirling of my voluminous satin skirted robe and lace edged gown about my ankles.

Patti read my thoughts. “You’re just so pretty, Mother,” she murmured to me. My heart leaped at the compliment. “And I’ll bet that robe feels just dreamy, doesn’t it?” Patti added the latter because she knew it would make me even more happily conscious of my lovely attire.

It really takes so very little to provide real happiness, I thought. It’s too bad more people don’t realize this!

Still, I smiled to myself. I folded my hands in a woman-like manner in my satiny lap and leaned back happily against the sofa cushions. I realized I how tired I was but it was a most satisfying and happy kind of tiredness. I closed my eyes in utter content.

“Carly,” Judy spoke softly to me. “Look, it’s very late. Why don’t we stack the dishes in the sink and go to bed. Tomorrow morning we can all pile into the station wagon and go over to our place where we can load up our things. Then when we return we’ll send Don and Carl away until Monday morning. We’ll have two days for we girls to talk and put the finishing touches on all our plans.”

“Sounds like a good idea to me,” I replied sleepily. “Patti, you and Donna clear the coffee table, pick up your games and we’ll all go to bed. Hurry up, now.”

Our “little girls,” their ultrashort skirts swirling prettily about them, gave Judy and I exciting glimpses of their tiny ruffy panties as they hurried obediently about. Don, in his shortie nightie had a new sassy walk like Patti’s.

I looked at the lipstick clinging to the coffee cups. "Just a little thing like that lipstick smear makes me conscious of being a woman and gives me a thrill, Judy."

She nodded in agreement.

"Yes," I sighed. "The lipstick and the nail polish on the fingers that hold it just automatically hold my cup differently—like a girl would, I mean. There are literally hundreds of satisfying little things like this. I'll bet most real girls don't give them a second thought."

Judy smiled and said, "I just wonder how you'll feel when all of this is commonplace and something you have to do every-day."

"I don't know, but I'm excited at the prospect. Now let's go to bed," I urged her.

I extended my hand to help her up from the sofa where she had curled her feet beneath her in a feminine way. Don and Patti came out of the kitchen as we rose.

"We washed and put away the dishes, Mother, Patti smiled at me. I bent to kiss her on the cheek. She hugged me around the neck.

"Thank you, sweetheart," I replied. "You and Donna are very good little girls, I must say." We all proceeded, each mother hand in hand with her 'daughter,' to the stairs and up to bed.

"Mother," Patti said as we reached the top. "Donna wants to sleep with me. . .she wants to be in my 'little girl' room and go to sleep cuddling her doll. Please, Mother, it will make her so happy. Can't you and Mrs. Moore sleep together in your room?"

"Well," I laughed "That's going to be entirely up to Donna's Mommy." I glanced at Judy but she was already smiling in consent to her feminized husband's request. With squeals of joy Patti and Don rushed to their room. Judy and I looked at one another half amused, but not wholly unhappy about the entire matter.

"Well, Mrs. Moore," I addressed Judy, "I guess you can either sleep with me or I'll turn down the guest bed for you. Whatever you'd like to do."

Judy reached for my hand and squeezed it tightly. "Carly, honey, I see nothing improper with two perfectly proper ladies, especially mothers like us, to sleep in the same bed!"

I didn't even have to reply and we turned, to our girl's room to tuck them in and bestow motherly kisses on our "daughters."

They were absolutely beautiful with their hair flowing across their pillows in their contrived little girl hairdos. Each had a big doll clutched to her side in a loving embrace. No real mother could have loved a daughter more than I loved Patti at that moment.

Judy and I turned out the light. Patti's little bunny shaped night light glowed softly from the night table as we closed the door to the soft giggles of our very precious "daughters."

Judy went into the bathroom where I could hear her brushing her teeth. I turned down the bed and then removed my robe and laid it carefully across the chaise beside the bed. I paused before the mirror to fluff my hair in place and, of course, admire my feminine appearance.

From the bedroom I could see through the slightly opened door. Judy's gown was drifting down around her as she adjusted it. I rapped softly and then opened the door to select my toothbrush and begin to scrub my teeth. Judy, at the other basin, dried her hands and from a convenient bottle, applied skin lotion to her hands, arms and elbows. "It'll be work to be a woman right down to the little details like this," she murmured as she smoothed the lotion carefully into her hands.

I nodded as I rinsed out my mouth.

She smiled and added, "As soon as I finish here, honey, we'll put up each others hair before we go to bed. Do you have any pretty little frilly caps that we can wear over our heads? We must go to bed in pin-curls if our hair is to look pretty tomorrow!"

She saw me grimace.

"Oh, Carly," she cried. "I do that at home because Don likes me to. I didn't know if you had an extra net or would want to. But let's. It's so much fun!" she was smiling happily as she went out to the bedroom.

Moments later with my panties and gown adjusted after following my answer to nature, I had followed her lead in washing my hands and applying the scented lotion to myself.

As I raised my arm to rub lotion into my elbows, I was as pleased at my smoothly shaven underarms as any girl would have been. I took such delight in being completely fastidious in my feminine toilet. The slightest trace of hair on my underarms or legs sent me flying to the bath to use a razor.

I emerged from the bath to find Judy applying perfume to herself again. "I love to sleep in perfume, don't you?"

I opened a drawer to remove a box of hair clips and rollers. I also found two nylon boudoir caps. One was white for Judy, and the other was a sheer black net for myself.

"I'll do you first, Judy. Just sit here," I motioned to the chair before the mirrored vanity. Skillfully, I rolled up her hair selecting the appropriate clip or soft foam roller for the area on which I worked. Judy watched me quietly until I had finished. I slipped the pretty cap over her pin-curls and rollers.

"Carly," she sighed, "I just love going to bed in a pretty nightgown, all perfumed and with my hair in curlers. I feel just perfectly feminine all over. Why, I wake up sometimes in the middle of the night and feel my curlers or maybe the softness of my breasts, and just lie there and say a little happy prayer of thanks for the privilege of being a female."

She turned her head up to me. "Do you feel like that, too?"

I kissed her lightly on the forehead. "Constantly, honey. I love being so emasculated that a beautiful woman like you only thinks of me as a woman."

We traded places and she, more skilled than I, rapidly had my curls encased in rollers and clips. Her handiwork was covered with the black nylon netting. My blonde hair peeped out in delightful wisps in contrast to the black of the net.

"Doesn't it feel good, honey?" she asked.

"Delightful", I murmured softly as I tilted my head back against her tummy in a gesture of thanks.

She leaned to kiss my shoulder just above the lace of my gown. "That's in return for your kiss," she smiled. "Do you think it's wrong for us to peck one another like that, Carly?" She was suddenly very serious.

"Why, Judy Moore," I cried as I turned to her. "Of course not! We're girls aren't we?" She nodded in agreement. "Well, then, as girls we can certainly do just everything girls do to display emotion and particularly affection. We can, and will in the future, hold hands, squeeze each others hand, hug one another and kiss as often as our emotions and affections dictate." And so saying I emphasized my point by putting my arm about her waist and kissing her again on the cheek.

She was radiantly happy. "Oh, Carly, I feel like we're well, almost twin sisters—we're so much alike. We feel the same about so many things. I just hope you like me as much as I do you!"

I looked at her. "Judy, dear, we have a whole new life of love and affection ahead of us. I'm so happy about it that I know every single day will be more wonderful than the one before! Just to answer your question, doll, I love you, too, every bit as much as any girl could possibly love another. Do you understand?"

She grasped and squeezed my hand very hard in both of hers in a gesture of understanding.

"Now, into bed with you," I told her. "Just as soon as I dab on some perfume, I'll be with you."

She crawled carefully beneath the sheets and in a mere moment I was beside her. I smiled and reached for the light beside the bed. "All set? I asked.

She smiled happily. "You know that we're going to bed with our makeup on don't you, honey? she asked softly.

"Of course, silly," I replied. "I always do. I just object to getting up in the middle of the night and seeing myself without makeup. I'm just a fright that way so I figure, and Patti agrees with me, that my beauty is more important than a little makeup on the pillow."

"Don and I do the same thing," whispered Judy as I turned out the light.

We lay side by side for a long while, each of us remarking occasionally about some event from this evening. I moved slightly in bed and each time felt a surge of pleasure at my feminized body, at the tug of the curlers in my hair and the fragrance of my perfume or that of Judy's.

Just before I drifted off to sleep, Judy's hand crept over my own and we exchanged squeezes in token of our happiness and mutual affection.

Judy whispered in the darkness. "I'm going to help make you into all the woman you want to be. Is that exciting to you, sweetie?"

"Of course, honey. Why do you ask?"

"Well, you are already so feminine. . . what if you became so feminine you could NEVER be a man again? Even if you wanted to."

She squeezed my hand extra hard and I sensed that she too was choking back equally happy tears. I was completely content and fairly glowing because I felt such genuine and truly feminine warmth towards her—I knew that she felt the same about me.

I fell asleep wondering how many ways we could find to enhance our newly discovered friendship and also increase the real love that our feminine selves so obviously needed.

We were awakened the next morning by squeals and shrieks of laughter from the Don and Patti's room across the hall. Realizing that our hands were still clasped together, we consequently squeezed out a good morning greeting to each other, and threw back our covers and ran across the hall without waiting to don our robes or slippers.

We found Don and Patti fully dressed in two pretty little crisp cotton frocks. Each dress was propped almost straight out by one of Patti's most bouffant and lacy petticoats.

They looked as pretty as two fresh flowers and utterly as youthful, with their freshly brushed shoulder length hair and newly scrubbed faces. Their costumes really made them look like children. Their laughter subsided by the time we reached the door.

"What on earth are you two children doing?" I asked as I opened the door. Patti came skipping up to me, crushing her full skirt against me as she squeezed me around the waist.

"Oh, Mother, she giggled, "Donna and I were just talking about next summer when we'll be dressing and acting like fifteen year olds with you. She and Don burst into another fit of girlish giggling.

"And what about it, Patti?" I asked. "Now stop your silly giggling and tell your mother." I glanced at Don and found him nestling in the curve of Judy's arm and stifling his laughter against his mother's breast. Judy stroked her feminized husband's head and smiled quietly.

Patti composed herself again. "Well, Mother, as fifteen year old girls, and three months to spend in a resort area. . .we figured there would be boys there about our age." She giggled again.

"So?" I said. "You're probably right. What is so very funny about that?"

She looked at me as if I was crazy. "Oh, Mother" she sighed, "Don't you see? Donna and I won't be able to avoid them. After all, we can't be tied to our mother's apron strings at that age! Boys will probably ask us for dates and well. . .can we go on dates? Fifteen year old girls do date, you know!"

The impact of her words struck me and I almost forgot to be "motherly" in favor of letting my male ego come through. I

caught myself in time although I was sure Patti had sensed my momentary confusion.

Don was blushing and was waiting for my answer. I took a deep breath and a moment to think.

"Well," I said smiling at Patti. "Sooner or later we mothers have to reconcile ourselves to the fact that little girls grow up and begin to notice boys. Next summer, if you and Donna meet nice boys, AND if Judy I approve of them. . .after we've met them, then I see nothing wrong with you and Donna perhaps going to a movie or out for other teenage fun with these boys. Of course, we would expect you to be home early. I'd say about 10:30 for such young girls wouldn't you, Judy?"

Donna and Patti stared from one to the other of us with blushing faces. Judy picked up the conversation quite smoothly.

"Yes, I'd say 10:30 P.M. is plenty late for two fifteen year old girls. Unless they want to have the boys come to our place where we can chaperon them."

I smiled and added, "I think any first date should be at our place so we can approve their young male friends."

Judy turned to me and said, "As a matter of fact, I've been thinking that we may have our own troubles. . .with men, I mean! After all, we are hardly the two worst looking females I've ever seen!" She turned to a mirror and then gasped "Oh, I'm a fright this morning. Let me get to my lipstick and comb!"

But Don clung to Judy's arm. "Oh, Mother, I think you look just precious!" he hugged Judy about the waist. "And you and Mrs. Bailey look so cute in your curlers and nighties. I think that all of us will probably have 'boy' trouble this summer cause all four of us are very attractive. As mothers, you two are absolute darlings and I'm sure there will be men who will have an interest in you and not cause you're our mothers either! So you two had better worry about that!"

Now Patti picked up Don's lead. "Yes, Donna, I think you're right," she said seriously. "If our mothers are asked for dates by some terribly nice men, I think they should accept, don't you?"

I broke in quickly before Judy could reply "Now listen, you little imps, you're probably quite right about dates for all of us. But beginning June 8th we're going to be two pretty mothers with two lovely young daughters and it will be that way all summer and not one of us is going to change it in the slightest degree! So we'll handle the 'boy' and 'date' problem as it comes along. . .with all the other problems that four women will likely encounter during those 90 days. If Judy and I are asked for dates and we

like the men, I guess we'll do what women our age would do, we'll go. The same for you girls and any boys you meet. Now, isn't this the sensible way to look at it?"

I glanced around and found we all agreed. "OK," I said. "Judy and I think it's funny today. . .but when it happens, as it may, we'll be prepared to handle it now that we've thought about it." I paused. "Anyway, we all love one another far too dearly to have any doubts or misgivings about anyone from the outside don't we, darlings?"

There was noisy and confused agreement and chatter as the girls followed us back to our bedroom. Judy and I slipped our feet into our slippers and donned our robes as Patti and Don lay across our bed on their tummies and watched us.

We each visited the bathroom in turn and also spent some time in arranging our hair more becomingly under the nets. We retained the rollers and pin curls in place, freshened our makeup and put on lipstick then turned to our daughters for their approval of our womanly appearances.

Don spoke up, "Oh, you two are just the very prettiest and most adorable things ever! Patti and I whispered to each other as you were both putting on your lipstick that we wouldn't trade you two for anything! And, darlings," he continued, "We love you as mothers, as sisters, as girl friends even as dumb old men, so there!"

Patti bounced out of bed and spoke to me. "But I especially love you when you're primping. You obviously enjoy being feminine now! I want you to be just like a woman," she added.

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**I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD.**

Don was at Judy's side as Patti was at mine. Their embrace told both of us more than their words could possibly have conveyed. Together we all went down to breakfast each of us enjoying not only our own role but also all our joint roles as mothers and daughters.

"Patti, why don't you and Donna go out on the patio and play jump rope while Judy and I cook breakfast," I suggested. Knowing that Judy would be puzzled I explained, "Our private patio is enclosed by the house, a high fence and an eight foot hedge so no one can see in. Just don't make too much noise, girls," I called after the flying skirts.

"We won't, mother," Patti yelled back.

"The nearest neighbor on the patio side is over a quarter of a mile away," I told Judy.

"I'm not worried, Carly," she smiled, "I'm just too happy for worry this morning. I suppose I'm having as much fun being Donna's mother as they are having out there skipping rope."

We could see them through the breakfast room window as they jumped rope in unison. Their skirts bobbed up and down exposing their bare legs and affording enticing and enchanting glimpses of pretty white lace trimmed panties and petticoats. Don had very easily fallen into the freedom of a young girl's animation.

I opened a drawer and selected two ruffly organdy aprons, one of which I gave to Judy then I tied the other about my own waist. We enjoyed ourselves hugely for a half hour chatting gaily as two women would as we went happily about our women's work of cooking breakfast.

"Carly," Judy remarked as we were setting the table, "I wouldn't trade you men for all the macho guys in the world. In your gown, robe and that adorable apron, I love seeing a man submerging himself into a thoroughly feminine world. I feel pleasantly surrounded by other females. With my robe, gown and my hair in curlers I feel so close to you all!"

I patted her hand. "For your information, Mrs. Moore," I teased. "I'm quite a happy 'gal' myself! Now, why don't you call the girls to breakfast and I'll pour the coffee."

Much to their disgust which was really partly put on, I buttoned each of them into a pretty pinafore before they could begin eating. I knew that they liked to play the little girl part to

the hilt. They looked every inch the part of two darling little girls. Judy and I were again quite proud to be their mothers.

Our breakfast was leisurely but quite excitingly feminine for all of us. We were all "play acting" and yet we were privileged to live our roles and to savor every thrilling moment.

When we finished our breakfast, Judy and I arose to go out to the patio to enjoy our second coffee in the now pleasantly warm, sweet smelling morning air. I started to remove her apron as we left the kitchen but she caught my hand. "Please, Carly, I feel so 'domestic', I'd like to wear it awhile longer," she smiled. I smiled back and left my own in place.

We seated ourselves, carefully arranging our full-skirted robes about us and began to talk quietly. As I looked at her, and she at me, it was hard for me to realize that I was not a woman like her. We were so comfortably adjusted and happy to be housewives/mothers having their morning coffee. Even as the thought of my maleness crossed my mind, the morning breeze caused my gown to billow about my ankles in a thrilling reminder of how unlike a man I really was.

I tucked a breeze tossed wisp of hair under my hair net and fondled, for a moment, my pin curls and the hair rollers that were just one more "tiny reminder" of my new life role.

"Carly," Judy said softly and aroused me from my reverie. "You remember last night when we were talking about loving one another?" I nodded. "Well," she continued. "Just before I dropped off to sleep I remember thinking that neither of us should feel even the tiniest bit guilty about feeling love for the other. It's a natural part of feminine makeup."

I reached over and patted her knee. "Doll, let's just love one another and exhibit our love in whatever way happens to enter our little feminine minds." She smiled her agreement and our hands met and clasped tightly for a moment in a wonderfully satisfying and completely spontaneous display of our emotions as two women.

We sat quietly for several more minutes before Patti and Don came skipping out the door. Patti had gone into her "toy closet" in search of something new. Patti carried a huge coloring book and crayons and Don had selected a book of paper dolls. They each flitted over to peck us on the cheek and then seated themselves, astraddle a patio bench and began to play at playing. They exchanged confidential whispers and giggles as Judy and I watched them fondly.

All of us were completely content. Judy leaned over to whisper in my ear. "Carly, I have to almost pinch myself from time to time to believe that right now I honestly feel motherly toward Don. Maybe it's insane but to me he is a little girl right now. And I feel so warm and comfy that it's just natural for me to regard him as my little girl and in turn think of myself as an honest to goodness mother!"

I smiled at her. She was so very sweet and really did look soft and appealingly feminine.

I glanced at my tiny watch. "Goodness," I exclaimed as I jumped to my feet. "It's after ten o'clock and we have to get to your house and get clothes. You and I had better see if we can find 'Don and Carl' to do the heavy work.

We girls made faces at the thought but we all gathered up our things, left the patio and returned to our rooms to assume our real though "second best" identities, as Don poutingly put it.

Within a half hour, Don and I had lovingly and carefully put aside our nighties and robes, and washed our lingerie and hose from the night before and after showering and shaving, Don and I returned to the living room.

We had passed the door to the girls room and had noted that they were partially dressed and putting on makeup while they chatted quietly together.

Don drank coffee as we sprawled into a chair to wait. We noted that our actions, walk, and talk were quite different and decidedly masculine as opposed to our previous feminine appearance.

Don remarked about it and I agreed that there was no conscious effort to be either masculine or feminine it just happened. Oh sure, it was a concession to "social rules" that made us forego feminine actions when we were our male selves. But even more pronounced was the fact, as we both agreed, to act like a girl when dressed as a man was an affront to our own sensibilities.

To us, Donna and Carly were, not only real, but entirely separate personalities from Don and Carl. To have Don act like Donna or, even worse, for Donna to display Don's masculine voice and mannerism was nearly the same as sacrilege. We talked about this phenomenon very casually and objectively as we waited.

Don, sat a bit nervously. He spoke. "Carl, remember last night when the girl's were kidding Carly and Donna about 'having dates' this summer?" I nodded. "And you said that there

probably would be such occasions and that the girls could take them in stride?"

I nodded again.

"Well, Carl, I have a question for you. Wouldn't it be unreasonable for two young ladies and two teenaged daughters to want to wear pretty clothes and be attractive without also wanting to have the opposite sex around? I don't mean in a sexual sense, but Patti says we'll probably become so feminine that dating a man would feel natural? Dating would be kind of like frosting on the cake maybe. Could we ever become that feminine??" He was serious.

"So, it was Patti's idea to bring up boys?" I asked.

Don blushed but I, too, thought very seriously about what it would feel like to be that feminized. My heart raced at the thought of saying goodnight to my wife as I left on the arm of a handsome suitor.

How odd it might feel. Odd also would be seeing my wife or Don flirting with young boys and maybe going out to movies or a dance. As females, all that would be natural if not expected of each of us.

Just at that time we were joined by the girls. Both Judy and Patti were beautiful and quite charming and lovable and utterly feminine. They wore nearly identical, pretty sheer wool dresses. Judy had borrowed Patti's clothing and high spiked heels.

Both Don and I arose. Neither of us could wait to clasp his wife in a passionate embrace. Patti broke away from me first slapping at my roving hands in mock rebuke.

"Well," she cried. "I see, Judy, that our men are not at all confused about their sex this morning, honey!"

Judy was already peeping into a compact and fishing for her lipstick. "Uhunh," she said with emphasis! She wiped Don's lips with a bit of tissue and prepared to redo her own mouth. Patti, by now, was doing the same.

I briefed them on our conversation from a few minutes before about how far all this should go.

"The four of us should talk." I said. "We all must be in accord on the focus of our little experiment for the summer."

They all seated themselves.

"Well," I began, "It's a matter of communication and understanding that has brought us to this point of understanding. If we do this thing intelligently, I know we will achieve happiness on the part of the ones we love."

I continued talking to our wives, "Now, to the subject at hand. Don and I must literally become totally feminine to fulfill our dreams of the summer. The question is how far will these roles go? Will those roles even include normal relationships with men? Also, Don and I would most likely have to see you both relating to other males in a natural and appropriate way. Jealousy might crop up. If we do this, Don and I must express ourselves as women would under those circumstances."

I turned to Don, "Can you accept your wife going out to dinner with a handsome man and still maintain your role as a teenaged girl? Do you see what I'm trying to say?"

There was a momentary babble of conversation among them which all added up to understanding of what I'd asked.

Patti said, "Honestly, Carl, I don't really see how you and Don could expect to develop your feminine roles all summer long if you just ran away to hide every time a man came into view! Judy and I talked about it just this morning, and we both agreed that we want you two to be as fully feminine as we are."

Judy added, "We both agreed that there would be occasions during the summer when it would be almost necessary to accept a male's invitation to dinner or something of the kind. We want you to respond to such an invitation as any normal but 'nice' female would."

"But I love only you," I said blushing at the thought.

Patti smiled and said, "We know it would give both of you an unparalleled thrill to not only be women with us but to be feminine in the social relationships a woman experiences in being courted by men."

She continued, "We know you're not inclined that way but you'll be thrilled in the very true sense that a girl is thrilled by having a charming man for a dinner and dancing partner; maybe even for a ride in a convertible with the top down in the moonlight."

My heart was pounding as Patti said, "You'll feel just as we felt on some of our dates with you! Just remember, when it happens, that Judy and I will be waiting at home for an all girl chat where we can hear all the absolutely lurid details and help you relive every moment of your 'date' until the wee hours of the morning after!"

She turned to Judy. "Did I express your thoughts as well as mine, honey?"

"Perfectly," replied Judy seriously, adding, "Of course they will have to hear the intriguing particulars of our suitor's conquests. Is that okay with you two?"

Don and I were dumbfounded but at the same time perfectly enthralled at the word picture our wives had painted. I sensed that we were both thinking how perfectly delightful and completely unforgettable such an experience would be. We grinned at each other in our mutual delight.

"While we are on this subject and in this mood," I announced, "I'd like to say how pleased, proud and lucky we both are to have wives as pretty and yet as fully understanding as you two. We love you very dearly!"

Both girls squeezed our hands in demonstration of the love we all felt so strongly at that very moment. Patti asked me, "Wouldn't having a handsome date be exciting?"

"You know, I'll love being feminine all summer whether or not there are any men involved. . .but a DATE would be heavenly! I know after a few weeks trying desperately to look good in girl's clothes and all those little feminine things, I'll probably die the first time a man even talks to me. . .and if he'd ask me out!" I blushed at the thought of telling Patti this fantasy.

Patti laughed at my discomfort. "Don't be embarrassed. You and Don will just feel like any woman proud of their appearance. It won't take long to love wearing a bra and feeling its tightness around you. Months of seeing that your breasts are cradled properly and up lifted proudly in their lacy nylon cups. Men will notice that!"

Don said, "No real woman could enjoy her real breasts anymore than I do my artificial ones. The same thing is true with my hips. They are merely padded within an ultra-tight pantie girdle to give me the hip fullness that a woman of my build should have. But when I wiggled into my girdle—as pretty a one as money can buy. Fastening my bra, then luxuriating the feel of a slip slithering in soft folds down over my body."

Judy said, "After a short time, your bust and hips will feel completely real—and you'll love it. Everyday you'll smooth your slips so lovingly over the roundness of your breast or over the pretty swelling out of your hips and bottom."

We all smiled in complete approval of their descriptions but I asked Patti, "I'm just not sure that we should associate at all with men or boys in your case."

She smiled and said, "Think about it. Picture yourself completely dressed waiting for a handsome man to pick you up and

go to dinner. Girdle, hose, spike heel pumps, bra, slip, a clinging silk or knit dress that reveals every line of your figure, perfect makeup, eye liner, shadow, mascara, and a lovely pink complexion, and luscious red lipstick. Your hair perfectly coiled in the latest fashion. You'll be wearing earrings, a woman's watch, a pretty glittery pin on your dress. Your purse would be soft leather to match your shoes and contain all the things a woman's bag should contain: lacy hankie, Kleenex, bobby pins, spare hose, your woman's pink leather billfold and matching key case, pretty gold compact, a bottle of perfume and lipstick. You're ready to go out and I know you'll be excited about it!"

I about swooned at her description and she saw it. Don was mesmerized too. She continued, "As the time gets close for your suitor to arrive, you'll pick up your purse. Your long oval nails would be polished and on your fingers would be two very real looking diamond rings. Then you'd inspect yourself in the full length mirror! I assure you such check ups are critical inspections. But you'll be satisfied with your appearance because you will now be comfortable as a woman. . . comfortable enough to accept a date with a man!"

"That's all very exciting but being dated by a man?" I moaned.

"Of course," Patti smiled, "No woman could be more proud of the reflection in the mirror. Being with a man will emphasize how much of a woman you've become. A man in his drab male suit will accent the delightful feel of the tug of your girdle, the sleekness of your hose. Just imagine hearing your high heels click on the floor as you walk next to your date?" Again I nodded understandingly.

I thought then answered, "You know that is exciting to think about but. . .but we then really men too? And your husbands? You girls understand we also possess a very feminine side to our personalities and the excitement we feel because you want us to be feminine. Can we husbands and lovers, sisters and girl friends, and even mothers or daughters?"

Judy said, "Carl. I'm beginning to understand you and Don even more. And I want you both to know that Patti and I talked and whatever Carly and Donna want to do to make themselves more feminine, that's what we want you to do—just as long as we can share in the happiness it brings to you. We want to be part of your lives male or female—it doesn't matter as long as you are happy."

She turned to address Patti. "Patti. I didn't tell you this but Don and I have talked about an idea only half seriously; maybe we all can discuss it. The idea is that some day Don would become Donna and then we would live together as women. . .not for a little while . . . forever I guess! Oh I know it's very daring," she went on hastily. "but we are really serious talking about a new start. I just adore feminizing Don. Of course, I'd continue to work since I'm making so much money. Don could learn to type, take shorthand and become a secretary! Anyway, maybe you and Carl would like to think about it too. We could use this summer as a trial period for both Donna and Carly. If we all are as happy as we hope, we could go on from there. What do you say?"

My heart was in my throat while Judy spoke. I couldn't believe my ears. It was a fantasy that I had not ever discussed it with Patti.

Patti looked at me. I'm sure she was reading my mind almost instantaneously. She clutched my hand and squeezed it. My head was buzzing with enchantment at the concept of being a female forever. I had never seriously given it thought.

"Judy, I think that's a divine idea," Patti said, "I feel the same about Carly as you do about Donna. If Carl wants too, we can have the three months this summer as a trial period. If we're all happy and then at the end of August, the boys will never have to return to school or be men again!"

She looked at me. I guess I was a little dazed with happiness. "What about it doll?" she asked me.

"Oh, Patti!" I hugged her so tight and kissed her so passionately she mooned at the very intensity of the love we both felt so very strongly.

As a consequence of Judy's suggestion, we spent the next full hour just sitting there discussing the entire idea. Don and I were so thrilled that we let the girls do most of the talking. I began to realize how fully they each enjoyed being with Donna and Carly in preference to Don and me.

I had to almost pinch myself to see that I wasn't dreaming!

We determined very rapidly that the cost of such a drastic move wouldn't be minor. I didn't have reserves of any substantial amount so it would mean that I would have to be ready to go to work at a new female job soon after the summer was over. Judy would need to continue to work and vowed to help in all ways through the transition. The economic questions appeared to present no real obstacle.

What we had to do was to be entirely free when we departed for our summer vacation in June! Don and Carl must have everything they owned completely liquidated. Then all they would need to do on August 10, our target date, would be to notify the school that they would not be returning for the fall term. Don and Carl would disappear finally and completely!

Among us, we owned three automobiles and two houses which would have to be sold within four months. We could keep Don and Judy's new convertible as the most appropriate car for the four women who would exist after June 1.

One week prior to our planned departure for Maine we would pool our entire resources. Don and I would even sell all of our clothes except the bare minimum male wardrobe which we would require for our last week at school.

Since Donna and Carly were almost identical in size to Patti and Judy. And we could, therefore all easily wear each others clothes. There would be many personal items which could be used by anyone of us four girls, the feminine wardrobe situation was really no problem.

It would actually represent a collective saving to the four of us. That entire idea was thrilling to Don and me. We not only would not have male clothing to remind us of our real sex, but we would all share in every sense, as four women would!

It was Judy who remarked with a laugh. "You do know that you boys are entering into an arrangement that has one undesirable feature, don't you?"

Both Don and I looked puzzled. She continued, "Well, you're giving up your roles as 'mother and daughter' as we have planned it to just become plain old girl friends to Patti and me." She was teasing about it.

I shot back at her quickly. "Yes that's right. And you will miss your being a mother to your 'little girl' too!"

"Oh, no we won't," interjected Patti quickly. "I was looking forward to being a teenager for the summer. There will be plenty of time when Don can be your 'girlfriend' in the future. I say we stick with the plan for the summer. . .it's his last chance to be a young girl before he's a woman all the time!"

"You may be right at that, honey," I said somewhat seriously. "I know I don't want to be a teenager again. I just don't know whether I could learn to skip and hop around like a real little girl as you and Don do."

It was Don's turn. "Well, I could," he said firmly, "As a matter of fact I'd like to. The idea of wearing a pretty, little girl's dress always seemed enticing to me but when I wore Patti's last night it gave me a special little thrill."

"Well, Carl," Patti cried. "It looks like you're out voted this time. Judy, we'll have to get my sewing machine going on some little teenager dresses and undies for my new little playmate. I can hardly wait to get started so Don can play with me."

"O.K." I said. "Knowing you two, I'll admit right now that I'm licked. So let's figure I'm going to be a mother for the summer. Don, are you sure you don't want to be a more mature woman for the summer?"

Patti spoke for him. "There's plenty for him to experience. Sexy swimsuits, short skirts, flippy hairdos and of course, boys!"

Don blushed as Patti smiled, "I guess I'll have to teach him to be boy crazy. Just you wait and see!" She hugged me tightly and kissed me on the lobe of my ear in a quick gesture of devotion. I hugged her close to me in fierce possession of her love.

We proceeded now with new detailed plans. Not much had really changed from before except that Donna and Carly would now have to solidly establish their feminine identities under new names.

We discussed and discarded several ideas before Don decided that the name Donna Miller appealed to him. Patti and I planned that I would be Miss Carly Marie Bailey, the name of a very favorite half sister of Patti's who had died recently and whom Patti had admired greatly.

We both decided to list our homes for sale that very afternoon and figured that if one sold quickly we would all share the other. . .if both sold, we would rent an apartment for the remaining time until our departure.

The girls couldn't bear to part with certain cherished items of furniture. we agreed that they could pool enough furniture for one small two bedroom house or apartment and sell the remainder.

The matter of disappearing as we said it would not be complicated because of few friends or family aside from Don's father who was very old. Since Don and Judy had been such an intimate part of the lives of each of us almost since our arrival in California there had been no tendency for us to indulge in other close friendships. People are too prone to just drop in on you. So

friendships had been held to a minimum and again there was no problem.

Our decision did mean that we would have to spend all of our time together. So Don and Judy agreed to move in with us that same day. Both Don and I agreed that a secretary's work would appeal to us and that Donna and Carly would begin immediately to study shorthand, improve their typing, then learn office procedures from Patti since she was a secretary and a natural instructor.

She really laughed at our eagerness to become "hand maidens to some macho manic depressive excuse for an executive." She did agree, however, that, as secretaries, we could pretty well choose our jobs and not have to worry about our first employment when it becomes necessary in September.

Patti, who also had been a successful fashion coordinator in a large local department store, until she had resigned a few years earlier, decided that she would try to go back to a similar job due to its higher 'pay.

Only one other problem called for a really serious discussion and naturally it was Judy who brought it up. This was our hair, that is, Don and Carl's hair.

It would have to grow out! As Judy quickly figured, it would be long enough for styling by summer and full styling by September. . .but we wouldn't be able to have it cut again.

Since we both had curly' hair and wore it much longer than average, it would easily reach the necessary length that Judy wanted by June. We would just try to comb it during the next four months to make ourselves acceptable to the public and to school authorities.

We tried to think of everything. Judy said for us not to worry too much as she could trim our hair and train it back so no one would notice

I finally broke in with the clinching statement. "Look," I said firmly. "We're staking a hell of a lot on this entire venture. I am not going to worry about haircuts. I going to let it grow and that's that!" Don nodded his head in an enthusiastic way.

I continued, "If someone does say something I'll just fix in my mind the image of 'Miss Carly Marie Bailey' as she will look on her very first job interview next fall. I see in my mind a pretty, feminine hair-do which will be all mine!"

"That goes for me, too," Don said quietly.

I asked, "Do any of you have any feeling that requires more expression now?"

Don thought a moment then his face broke into a smile. "The only feeling I have," he said slowly, "A terrible urgent desire to get started!"

"That sums it up for me too," I said to our wives. "But there's one more thing, it's just this and I'm really serious, girls." They waited solemnly for me to go on.

"As I said. . . I want you girls to remember one thing. If we go through with this, I'm afraid you girls will be deprived of husbands to escort you to a nice restaurant, to the theater, to ever so many functions. If Don and Carl disappear, you'll never have them again except as female friends."

"I like female friends," Judy said.

I added, "Some day you might want Don and Carl back again. . . maybe by then they won't be able to be men. It's you girls who have to decide firmly whether you really can be happy forever without the men you married. Think about it real hard before you answer."

The quiet was almost oppressive when I finished talking. Both my heart and Don's were in our throats. Judy and Patti just looked at first one another, then at each of us. Don put his hand on my shoulder and I could feel his fingers dig tensely into my flesh. Patti whispered something into Judy's ear—Judy whispered back.

Then they gave Don and me the full effect of those darling, angelic smiles, with impish overtones. Patti entwined her fingers with mine. "Carl, honey. Relax, both of you. . . we love you and prefer the two divine and pretty little feminine bits of fluff called Don and Carly! And we will forget that those two stupid boys ever existed, except at nights in our beds when we each can be the sex that nature intended. We want to have the fun of feminizing you, we'll admit, but we won't really be giving you up. . . not really!"

Judy broke in, "We may miss you as escorts, but we're going to be having just too much fun in working overtime to make Carl and my Don into the prettiest, daintiest, swishiest, most adorably feminine girls in the world! So how do you like that?"

Both Don and I knew that all the important questions were answered. The sealing of our bargains in the arms of our wives was a most gratifying experience.

"Sweetheart," Patti murmured. "Want to hear my fantasy?"

"Sure, what is it, honey," I asked tenderly. She stepped back from me and shook a pretty oval finger under my nose in pretended severity.

"Some day soon. Carl Bailey." she cried, "I'm going to catch you all made up. . . maybe waiting for a handsome date who fascinated by your femininity. After you spent hours getting every hair in place, lipstick on perfectly—do you know what I'm going to do?"

I grinned at her. "No, pretty pet," I teased.

"Well," She shot back. "I'm going to make lusty, passionate love to you, then go sit on the bed and laugh while you rush to redo your hair, lipstick and makeup!"

I grinned at her and said, "I'd love that!" I pulled her close to me feeling her dress and lingerie underneath. . . my heart raced at the idea that I would soon be dressing like her 24 hours a day.

Patti and I followed Judy and Don to their place. We chatted, both gaily and seriously about our new summer itinerary. We both admitted that the four months until June seemed awfully long but with all we had to do it would pass very quickly.

Patti would teach me many little tricks about being a girl—she wanted to help me perfect. She toyed with my longish hair at the back and remarked that she could hardly wait to see it longer, saying, "Having your own hair will make you feel more feminine but you're going to find it's a lot of work, EVERYDAY!"

We both agreed since Don and I were natural blonds, that our new and very own feminine coiffures should be very attractive. We discussed highlighting that would make our blonde hair unmistakably feminine.

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Patti teased that it wouldn't be long before both of us emerged from a beauty shop with conspicuous feminine hairstyles and the obligation to keep them pretty.

Just the idea of just going to a beauty shop thrilled me. She suggested to me that after a trip or two, the novelty would wear off and then that session under a dryer would be a bore.

My reply was that as long as I could be in a completely feminine environment of a beauty shop, surrounded by other women, I doubted if any part of it could become boring.

She laughed and told me I held every promise of becoming the most self satisfied 'female person' who ever lived.

We arrived at Don and Judy's place. The moving really didn't take long because it consisted principally of their clothing and a very few personal items. One large and rather heavy box that Don carried over aroused my curiosity.

"What's that thing?" I inquired.

He grinned. "Well? You know Judy. That gadget is her electrolysis machine. Don and Carl should be beardless and quite femininely free of superfluous facial hair by next September!"

"WOW!" I gasp. "But isn't that permanent?"

Judy interrupted, "Very. . .but you won't be needing even your light beard after summer. The only shaving you'll be doing is your legs like a woman!"

Don laughed, "Oh Judy, how was a guy like me lucky enough to find a girl like you?"

"You didn't find me, baby. I found you," Judy teased. "It wasn't like I was looking for a beautiful boy whom I could turn into an ever so cute girl but I found just the perfect person."

Don blushed and said, "I'll always be grateful for your opening the door to femininity for me, Judy. I have a feeling that there are many men who would go through that same door if only they had the guts to be honest with their wives. I guess they are afraid of being left."

Patti laughed. "No danger of that here," she responded. "Judy and I are proud of our feminine little husbands. We're dedicated to working overtime from now until summer starts to put you boys through our private 'girl's finishing school'. By September and 'three months of femininity,' you're going to look back at the man you are today—actually, you'll hardly remember ever being a man! Remember what I say and we'll see if I'm right!"

"Sounds ultra-delicious just to hear you say it even though I can still barely believe it."

"You will," she promised, "And in September you'll be so poised and alluring that you won't even be nervous when you go out to get that first job!"

"That," I laughed, "I'll have to see. I'm beginning to have butterflies about this whole thing! It seems like everyone has made up their minds about September but me. I thought this was a wait and see?"

Patti was serious now. "You just listen to me," she cried, "I don't want you building up any fears like that! I've told you. You and Don are going to know more about being a female than 95 out of any hundred real girls! By the end of summer, you two are literally going to 'feel' female. So I want a positive attitude out of you from now on!"

"Yes, dear," I replied, asking, "You mean I should behave like I'm going to spend the rest of my life in dresses?"

"Why not?" she continued. "You have everything going in your favor. Lovely features, smooth clear skin, no bony knees or collar bones, and no Adams apple. In makeup and dresses you're just undebatably feminine. At a dainty 5' 6" and 133 pounds, small hands and feet, no bulging muscles, you're just perfect 'girl material' and you know it!"

"It still sounds enjoyable. It's just hard to believe," I grinned at her.

"And the really nice part is you have a friend going through the same thing—Don is just like you. He's even smaller isn't he?" she asked. "He'll make the perfect teenager girlfriend for me!"

Don was shorter, weighed less and was very small boned. . .even his hands were tiny. I wondered if that was why we were friends to begin with?

"A wardrobe problem just isn't going to exist," said Patti. "Judy and I agreed that we would pool everything at first. We will always just from each other. As soon as possible you and Don will begin to build up your own wardrobes. You will develop your individual personalities as girls and you'll each have preferences as to colors, shoe styles and everything. When you go to work you'll spend many of your lunch hours shopping. Girls do that, you know."

I nodded happily as she continued, "When you see a dress or shoes or anything you just can't do without, you're going to buy

it. You'll soon learn what looks good on you and what doesn't. Don will be doing the same thing at the same time only for teen clothes. You will be expected to shop your little feminine heads off."

I smiled as she concluded.

"What are you smiling about, doll?" she inquired.

"Oh, honey, I'm just light-headed with the things I will be doing soon," I sighed. "But I was really thinking about doing a couple of little things that would give me a big thrill!"

"What things?" she asked softly.

"Well, first of all I'm dying to go shopping for high heels. Just to try on a half dozen or more pairs and admire each one in the mirror then feel the slick new soles slipping on the store carpet when I walk toward a shop mirror." Patti smiled at my excited description.

She added, "The real thrill will be to have a male shoe clerk helping slide the shoes on and off over your nylons with painted toe nails gleaming through your hose. Maybe even allowing your lacy slip to peek out from under the hem of your skirt! That tiny bit of lingerie showing evidence to him that you're really enjoying being a girl. Do you like that?"

I was speechless!

"Baby," she said quietly, "What's your other 'little' wish?"

"Oh, that's even better," I cried. "Only I'll have to save it until I've been in an office long enough to get to know the other girls fairly well and become friends with them."

"If you're the boss's secretary, that friend part won't be easy," Patti shot back, knowingly. "I'll have to teach Carly you how to be catty so you won't be such a babe in the woods around other girls!"

She hugged herself in delight at the thought of indoctrinating Carly with such a thoroughly feminine trait. "Go on, honey," she nodded.

"Well, assume I meet one or more girl friends at the office. I'll just be dying to buy something really frilly and personal, say a matching slip and panties, or a daring low-cut bra in sexy black lace. I'd love to show it to them and hear them exclaim over the femininity it represents," I finished almost apologetically.

"Oh, darling," cried Patti, "It's the little things like that, that make you so truly feminine! You were meant to be a gal!"

When we had delivered the last item to Judy and Don's new home, the girls took over.

"We'll straighten up everything," Patti said, "You two go and get Don and Carly all prettied up for dinner. Wear cocktailish things dears because we are all going to have some drinks and a cold buffet." She glanced at her watch. "Meet you down stairs in an hour. Now hurry, dolls."

We hurried, but when we began dressing we both slowed down. Neither of us wanted to hurry past a single element of the delicious task of making ourselves into girls.

We helped each other tape our cleavage again. I had a wicked little black taffeta, sheath dress with a low cut square neckline that demanded cleavage.

I gave Don my only other cocktailish dress; a pretty white jersey top with long sleeves with its totally feminine fluttering chiffon skirt over a satin underskirt. It, too, was cut very low in the front as its V-shaped neckline dipped well below the swelling flesh of Don's cleavage. He was just plump enough through the chest to present a lovely and thoroughly convincing bosom above the neckline of the dress.

Clad only in pantie girdle and lacy white panties Don stood waiting for me to provide him with a bra. Instead, I removed from a chest near the bath room door, two pair of flesh colored soft rubber falsies made complete to include necessary under arm fullness by a surgical house which sold the replacements for women who had suffered a breast removal. They were so very life-like even to the dark areas about and around their pronounced but not too prominent nipples.

Don clapped his hands girlishly in glee when he saw them. Then he looked puzzled as I began to coat the black side of each with a white lotion like substance. He had only a moment to worry as I quickly motioned him to stand near me. I told him that the lotion was a rapid drying nonirritating cement. His eyes gleamed in delight as I carefully applied each one to his chest, pressing down the tapered edges until they blended smoothly with his flesh and covered the tape we just applied.

I stepped back and nodded in satisfaction. From ten feet away, they were barely detectable as falsies since they blended into his skin so beautifully.

Don was entranced as I applied the second pair to my own chest with his help. He stood before the mirror and cupped his hands beneath his new breasts in a loving and sensitive caress.

“Oh, Carly, they’re divine!” he murmured, not taking his eyes off his mirrored reflection. He continued to finger his newly rounded bust, I was stimulated just seeing another male so sincerely excited about having a womanly bosom.

“I have something else you’ll like, doll,” I told him. “Take off your panties and pantie girdle.” He hesitated and I knew he didn’t want his delight to show. “In the bathroom,” I smiled at him. “Then put on what I hand to you.”

Don’s gasp from the bathroom told me that my surprise had pleased him. I hastily donned a garment similar to the one I had given to him a moment before.

“Come on out, honey,” I cried, then chuckled as he emerged slowly and shyly, holding his discarded panties in front of him as he tried to cover his now apparent nakedness.

“Like?” I asked teasingly, as he stood before the mirror and slowly lowered the panties from their protecting position.

He could only gasp again before turning and throwing his arms about me in a completely feminine embrace. I could feel his tears against my shoulders. He clutched me and actually sobbed in happiness!

“Oh, Carly,” he sniffed finally. “How did you ever do it?”

I explained it to him as he moved to the mirror and caressed his new body in a wondering, exotic and loving way. The “it” he referred to was a rubber pantie girdle with built-in feminine hip fullness of. It’s nude color, blended into his surrounding flesh both above and below its restraining grasps. It was specially reinforced through the crotch to completely restrain and eliminate any suggestion of male contours.

What made Don so happy was the final artistic touch. They were a nearly exact reproduction of the feminine parts and hair distribution that now looked as though they grew where our concealed organs had so recently been in evidence.

Don’s delight was unbounded. He wanted me to don a robe then go to Judy’s room and display himself to Judy. I told him “no”. I said, “Save your secret until Judy discovers it herself. He agreed but shivered in the excitement of his new body all through the rest of our dressing ritual.

I picked up his panties and tossed them to him. “Cover your nakedness, doll,” I told him.

He drew them on slowly and then practically purred with new delight when he discovered that the fullness of the patch of blond hair showed prettily through the lacy nylon of his panties.



*ANN BLACKWOOD  
AUTHORESS OF "HIS FIRST DRESS"  
CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION #15*

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“My, my, someone is certainly a Narcissist!” I teased as he continued to dawdle before the mirror. He flashed a shy smile at me and picked up the wispy sheer nylon bra I had laid out for him.

I smiled to myself as I fastened my own bra and again heard him emit an expressive sigh of pleasure as he saw the darkness of her nipples showing plainly through his sheer bra. He turned to me.

“Carly,” he cried. “You’re making me feel like a wanton woman! And you’re a darling for doing it!”

He was again staring in the mirror and moved next to him. “Will we ever get used to this?” I asked.

“I don’t see how,” he teased. “Can you imagine being like this for months and maybe years?”

We laughed happily, and in unison, sang, “Yeah!”

I won’t bore you with the details of how our wives indoctrinated us. . .I’ll leave that for another book. All I can say is that it wasn’t easy. Don and I found out that giving up our ‘husband’ role was not simple.

It was decided that Don would most likely have the most difficult time adjusting and perfecting his new role as a teenaged girl. Judy arranged for some minor plastic surgery and collagen injections that gave him the high cheek bones and pouted lips of a teenager. Not only could Don not pass for a man but after this, he couldn’t even pass for a grown up. Patti had her lips done too which made her already young appearance even younger.

Me? The girls talked me into breast implants. It was easy. . .one day I was flat chested, the next, a near “C” cup. Like Don, I had some lipo-suction about the waist giving us both narrow waists.

I think Don was jealous of my chest but what fifteen year old has full womanly breasts? Judy said, “He’s growing his own!” Yes, he was put on female hormones—by summer he had debuted a small, sensitive teenybopper’s bosom which he was considerably proud.

I was still admiring the stranger in the mirror when it was time we left for the lake. Suddenly I was a mother to a fifteen year old, (my wife) and Don was the teenaged daughter of Judy.

Judy and I sat in the front seat of the car, Patti and Don in back. I was wearing a simple summer dress with a narrow skirt

that felt heavenly as it caressed across my thighs and legs. The dress was a little tight at the waist and daringly low, exposing the tops of my full breasts and some cleavage. Judy had said the normally, this dress showed off a little too much bosom but today was special. . .

The new 3 1/2 inch high heels were a bit tight, too, but the kidskin was soft and pliant, and it didn't bother me. Took me a few minutes to get used to the higher heels. I had to walk just a bit slower, and I had to adjust my balance, back arched slightly. This made my breasts even more prominent; swelling out in abundance. What if I sneezed? I was almost afraid they'd pop out of my new low cut dress. Could I actually go around showing this much bosom?

Don was dressed in a red, tight knit tank dress. . .hardly the thing I would chose for a fifteen year-old girl, but who was I to preach. Judy just said to him, "Do you think you might pull the hem down a few inches?"

"This is as low as it goes," Don said with pink cheeks. He pulled down at the skirt again then adjusted the shoulder strap of his bra, smoothing down the snug bodice.

The little dress was a girlish garment and his figure looked nice in it. . .little of the Don I knew before remained. His adolescent budding breasts strained proudly against the low-cut neckline, his distended nipples distinctly, but modestly, defined.

I did feel older, wiser and more experienced. I reminded myself that I must continue to be a mother image for Don and Patti.

Half joking, I said to Don, "I think we should get you some padded bras to go with those knit dresses."

He puffed up like a little girl would and with his arms folded across his bosom and a pouted expression on his face, said, "They're growing. . .just a little slow."

We both laughed but I had to wonder when or if I'd ever wear male clothes again.

The summer was not entirely the fantasyland I had dreamed about. We had some problems. Early on, Judy and I realized that controlling two boy crazy, teenaged girls wasn't going to create the tranquil vacation I had hoped. There were a lot of college aged boys at the lake and they 'zeroed' in on Don and Patti. . .to their delight!

For me, seeing my wife flitting about in her little bikini was disheartening at first. Judy helped by reminding me that it was all in fun. Don seemed to be having the time of his life and looked delightful in a bikini. . .the hormones had rounded his bottom voluptuously.

Seeing the confidence Don had gained from the male attention, Judy confided, "I don't see how we can prevent them from dating. . .it's a stage girls that age go through." She and I argued but it was true, as Patti's "mother," I had to let her go.

We had actually decided that both girls would turn sixteen over the summer and we had a sweet sixteen party for them. Being that one year older gave them even MORE freedom.

At first I felt so strange when two young men made dates with Patti and Don. After first "approving" the boys, I had mixed emotions watching Don and Patti giggling and preparing all day for the moment when the guy's eyes would "fall out"; their short tight dresses barely covering any leg at all.

The boys seemed so nice but they were tall, virile young college men; not really boys. Just their presence made me feel silly in my little house dress and high heels. They called me "Mrs. Bailey" and "Ma'am." I called to Patti as she was walking out the door, "Honey, be careful on those high heels! You're not used to wearing such high ones." She turned and gave me a dirty look. It was so odd, an older woman pretending to be a young teenaged girl who is trying to look older. It was confusing!

I felt empty and tears came to my eyes after they left. Seeing my mood, Judy said, "Doesn't seeing Patti date make you feel feminine?"

"No," I said honestly, "I'm not sure what I feel."

"Think about it," Judy said softly, "You are so feminine now that Patti can date boys. As for me, seeing Don so happy and exceedingly emasculated is exciting."

I had to admit that I too enjoyed seeing Don experience girlhood. His tight dress's hem showed sexily when he walked. His face, with his red lipstick, blue eye-shadow, and dark mascara, was framed by his recently permed blonde tresses giving him an innocent, youthful appearance. Everything displayed that Don was enjoying his feminization from just the right perfume, hoop earrings, and his flirtatious manner around the boys. Seeing him pick up his small purse, fluff his blond hair and walk out with a young man almost made me swoon.

However, seeing my wife doing this was different and Judy could tell it bothered me. "Let's spy on them when they come home," she said with a mischievous tone.

"We shouldn't," I said. . .but we did.

From the loft over looking the large mirrored living room, we could see the driveway and we made sure the porch lights were on. Judy and I waited up in our nightgowns. When we heard the car drive up, we ran like little girls up to peek out the second story window where we could see them but they couldn't see us.

They sat in the car for what seemed like the longest time. We guessed that their date's were unsure whether they should kiss their lovely companions or not.

Judy whispered, "I can't wait to see Don get kissed by a boy. . .he needs that for his confidence."

My ample bosom rising and falling, I reached up and adjusted the strap on my pink frilly nightgown, smoothing out the bodice. My motherly bosom alertly stood out from my chest. "Oh, my," I gasped, "This IS exciting!"

"I told you!" Judy smiled. "Look, Patti is unhooking her hair!"

Sensing their date's confusion, Patti let her long hair flow about her shoulders, then moved over toward her date and kissed him on the cheek, leaving a red stain. Don followed Patti's lead and soon they were both being kissed fully on the mouth.

I gasped and whispered, "There went your 'husband'!"

Judy smiled, and put her hand on my smooth thigh as we watched. Her arm went around my shoulder while her fingers played with the bodice of my nightgown. Witnessing Don's first kiss, my breasts swelled, nipples tightened, straining against the nylon bodice of my gown. Judy's wandering fingers caressed my breasts gently, fingers stroking, squeezing and then she cupped her palm under my left breast lifted it affectionately saying, "Someday soon that'll be you!"

I got chills from her words. I wouldn't. I couldn't! Yet, I watched and was fascinated seeing my buddy in this most feminine position—reacting as young girl.

We giggled and were thrilled for Don. How delightfully feminine he must feel in the arms of a handsome young man who adores his girlish "innocent" behavior.

I was thrilled for me too. Seeing my wife, so romantic in her youthful, believing portrayal, kissing another male made me feel so unmanly. No man would stand for that. . .but that was so

exciting to me. I was so feminine now that I would tolerate my wife kissing other men.

There were no secrets. Patti and Don couldn't wait to tell us every detail of their provocative evening. The atmosphere was giddy as they went on and on about their suitors and how amorous their young men were. I was a bit shocked when Don admitted to me with pink cheeks, "I was repulsed when I was first kissed but seeing Patti respond the way she did made me want to be like her."

Judy smiled and said to Don, "It's going to take a while but you'll learn to kiss like a girl."

Hearing about my wife's delight at being kissed, my instincts called on me to rip off my feminine garments and defend my wife like a man, but those instincts had been feminized and emasculated. Having two mature mounds nestled in the full cups of my brassiere reminded me continually of my new role. Like mother's, Judy and I listened, fascinated, only offering advice when asked.

"Can Donna and I have a slumber party in my room," Patti asked Judy and I.

"It's late but why not," Judy winked at me.

Until the early hours, their bedroom rang with laughter. Donna and Patti's high pitched giggles and squeals of delight brought occasional scoldings from Judy and I to, "Keep it down in there!" It was all in good nature.

The next day, in the privacy of our bedroom, Patti showed me how she was kissed. . .taking the man's part. Our love and passion, while curtailed, remained strong! I admitted to her that I had watched and that excited her even more. She whispered, "I want you to worry about me like my mother would, not my husband."

Our love making had changed and was now a unique experience. It had been decided by Patti that "once a week" was enough to alleviate tension and not spark my male spirit too much. Besides my soft, jelly-like bosom, my long hair and fingernails just didn't seem suited for making love in the "old" way. Patti suggested that I go on female hormones like Don so that "arousal" was less of a problem and to calm me down.

At first I rejected the idea thinking it would take something away from our relationship but I soon found making affectionate love as women was just as enjoyable for both of us.

Patti and Don went out once or twice a week. Judy and I always watched for their arrival and thrilled doubly over the experiences of our spouses.

Don and Patti continued to date but remained in firm control of their vanity. However, the pace of their petting rose from the level of passionate kisses, to allowing a caress of their firm breasts and some fondling of their thighs a bit above the knee.

Don was so happy he was on hormones, confiding in me, "The first time I felt my erect nipples pressing against a man's flat chest, I about fainted. I can't wait until they grow!"

Unlike my developed bosom, his teen-like breasts were budding, tender, sensitive and each day getting more pronounced. His small gel-like mounds of bloated flesh became part of his narcissism. . .he loved the boys to watch them jiggle when he walked.

Don in his little summer dresses gave him a carefree girlish demeanor that was exceptionally feminine; more so that even other girls his age.

As for me, I loved my existence as a woman and a mother. Judy and I had long talks while our girls played and sunbathed. We shared something special. I loved Judy as much as any woman can love another woman.

We shopped together, went to the beauty parlor, and even double dated; a most eye-opening experience. As women, the relationship we developed with men was very different from our "daughters" dating. Thank goodness Judy was there for those first very awkward involvements. She counseled, "As a woman you need to be comfortable with men."

During these early experiences of being kissed and caressed, there were feelings—sometimes a longing to be a husband and a man again. I got over them.

By the close of summer I noticed that Don went out often with one young man, David. Judy and I often tried to gauge Don's feelings for him. Don was pleasant when they went out, yet seemed impervious to the fellow's charms hardly even kissing him goodnight. Don did wriggle his plump little buttocks a bit more when around David.

Patti was still out when we heard a car drive up. It was early and Judy and I were typically not home. The car was David's. To our surprise they didn't even kiss goodnight but David escorted

Don to the door and inside. There was no exit from the loft except through the living room so when Don call, "MOM! CARLY? ANYONE HOME?" We froze in our dark little hiding spot.

"They aren't home yet," Don said softly but nervously.

"Let's sit down and talk," he said with a sweet tone, asking, "Do you not like me?"

Don held himself stiffly in the seat, clutching his handbag. A protest rose on his lips, remained unspoken as his mouth went dry.

Suddenly Judy and I looked knowingly at each other. . . Don was unnerved of being alone with him because he like David!

A knowing smile slid onto Judy's face as we watched below in silence.

"Can I kiss you?" David asked then lifted Don's face and pulled Don to him roughly.

David's lips crushed down on Don's, hard and insistent. Don tried to push him away, but he was too strong. David tightened his hold on Don, tremors rippling along his arms.

I looked at Judy, wondering if we should intervene. She shook her head.

Don's sensitive bosom was pressed against David's expansive chest. I swore I could hear Don's heart banging like a sledgehammer.

I worried about them seeing us but they were too busy. David's mouth parted Don's lips gently and found Don's tongue with his. Don ceased struggling as a swooning faintness enveloped him.

Surprisingly, we saw Don yielding to David, actually clinging to him and returning his kisses.

Don's handbag fell to the floor with a thump. David's hands slid down Don's back and onto his rounded buttocks. He pressed Don's slender body back on to the couch so that he was over Don.

David shifted his position slightly we could see that Don felt the hardness of David's rising passion through the thin silk and satin of his dress.

My legs almost gave way as David pushed Don's head back against his wide shoulder and covered Don's breast with one hand, his fingers rubbing against it and playing with the nipple with increasing urgency. All I could think was, "How totally feminine and girlish Don must feel."

Don was overwhelmed by David, helpless in his arms.

David's fervent kisses ceased abruptly, and he looked down into Don's eyes. Don gazed back at him dizzily, seeing the wild desire leaping from David's clear blue eyes.

The hormones had done their work and Don was surrendering to physical and emotional pressures driving him beyond reason. We could see new tremors flutter through Don, his lips opened and a cry was caught in his throat.

David was kissing Don again, ravaging his mouth almost savagely, and it was obvious now that Don did not want him to stop. Desire engulfed Don as new feminine feelings surfaced, obliterating his fears, both rational and irrational.

Don's defenses crumbled like a sand castle as he willingly surrendered to David's masculinity. I watched as my friend's feminine sensuality, so newly unsubmerged took hold completely.

David moved away an inch, but he did not remove his hands from Don's shoulders. David's mouth curved up in a small challenging smile as he leaned forward pressing Don against the sofa.

"Now tell me you don't love me?" he whispered softly in Don's ear. "Now tell me you don't want me?"

David peered deeply into Don's flushed face and perceived the confusion in his eyes

Don caught his breath, stunned at the sight of David's handsome torso and the sheer physical size and beauty of him. Don



*"Don looked so young and innocent in his cute little dress but he was learning what women KNOW!"*

smoothed his fingers over David's enormous shoulders and down his sunburned back, and felt his muscles rippling under the touch.

"There hasn't been a day I haven't thought about you," Don admitted. "But I can't. . . I'm too young and it's my time. . ." Don said softly, tears starting to flow.

David pressed Don back onto the couch, stretching himself on top of Don, encircling him with his arms, kissing Don's face, throat, and shoulders. Don gasped with delight, and that unbridled excitement only served to inflame David more than ever.

David reached down and with a smoothly quick move, pulled down his pants. Don felt David's fingers gripping his shoulders and stiffened as David reached down the front of Don's dress and reached his breasts. Don sighed and quivered under David, their arms entwining, Don's hands sliding voluptuously down his back.

Don's deepest emotions were explicit on his face. David's manhood at full flood, thrusting softly against Don's belly and silk dress.

After laying gentle kisses on Don's exposed breast, David commences gently but firmly rubbing against Don's tummy, increasing his strokes, till he thrust causing Don to moan.

Again David moves against Don until the friction caused by the luxurious rich fabric of Don's short dress causes such delicious sensations that he is no longer master of himself.

David lunged with frenzy, the crisis of pleasure approaches; he feels it coming, unable to stop himself. Don sensed the coming explosion and came to his senses, trying gently to push David away.

Too late—he spends. The ecstasy! David's exclamations of "Ohhh" and "Ahh", the deep drawn sighs, the short jerks of his backside, the quick motions of his rump, proclaim that the fiend of pleasure had seized him.

He was spurting onto Don's dress and panties the precious fluid which a man gives to a female. Don realized he had undergone another trial to which being a woman is liable. Male lust.

David had squirted over Don's dress, belly and thighs a flood of sperm. It was everywhere, most plentiful effusion of male nectar.

"Look what you did?" Don squealed, "You've ruined my dress!"



JUDY

CARL

DON

PATTI

*"Looking at this picture, no one would believe that it was of two husband and wife couples. With their wives' help they have been feminized and emasculated to their hearts desire. Now living as women, they have found new lives."*



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David looked embarrassed as Don sat up and surveyed the damage. David quickly left as Don ran to the bathroom to clean up.

I looked at Judy who was smiling. She whispered, "Men can be such pigs."

By September, we never asked the question, "what shall we do?" Patti was right, our girlish experiences (and hormones) had reshaped our personalities. I couldn't imagine being breastless and being addressed as "sir" again.

Don decided to 'grow' into womanhood. . . finishing high school again, he started college as a coed and will graduate next year with a degree. . . this time in fashion design.

Patti also went back to college to learn fashion design. She and Don have a closeness that I will never understand. . . I guess they are going through a second childhood together and most likely share little intimate "teenybopper" secrets—things she could never tell her mother.

For the past four years, the change has proceeded without even minor difficulty. To the world, we are four women as we originally planned to be. Don and I have completely established our feminine identities. I'm employed by a top advertising executive as his secretary. My dream come true!

Each weekday, I'm surrounded by powerful men in their dark wool business suits while I wear tasteful but frilly dresses.

The four of us occupy a lovely penthouse apartment in one of the swankiest sections of our city. Our apartment is totally feminine without being "fussy" and is very often the scene of fashionable parties. Like any conventional women, we four girls are dated by men of our individual choice. Some of them are more than casually interested in the four of us.

Our wives are as proud of their 'creations' as we men are of our own personal feminization. We all feel what we are now doing is right and proper for us. We have not one regret among the four of us at having so radically changed our 'husband and wife' existence for 'women with woman' one.

There is no one desire among any of us to return to our former lives! The unique happiness we now share together is so much preferred over our prior years of "normal" (social standards and custom) marriage.

**THE END**

**This story could have a sequel. . .if you are interested, write to me.**

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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 an

elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

What every mother wants: 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.

**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 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!

**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.

**AUNTIE'S HELPER #92**

Cass goes to live with his Aunt and her daughters. It takes a while before he fits in.

**BOY WILL BE GIRL #93**

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! 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 young man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

### **DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72**

A game show where the winner is the boy who's most like a girl!

### **PRETTY FOREVER #73**

Judd hoped he could return to college as a boy. Then his best friend, Ted came to visit and things became complicated. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

## **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

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

### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

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

### **TV VACATION #3**

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

### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

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

### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

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

### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

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

## **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

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

### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

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

### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

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

### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

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

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

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

### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

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

### **CHRIS TO 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.

#### **FEMININE FORTE #16**

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

#### **PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

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

#### **THE MAKEOVER #18**

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

#### **BOYS TO BABES #19**

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

#### **THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

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

#### **THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

#### **I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

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

#### **FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

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

#### **RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

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

#### **MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

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

#### **TITILLIATING TV TALES**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

#### **HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

#### **HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

This series has been the most expensive

to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

#### **AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

#### **UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

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

#### **PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

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

#### **A WILLING WOMAN**

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

#### **GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

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

#### **THE STORE BRIDE**

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

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK I**

#### **PRETTIER IN PINK II**

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

#### **MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

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

#### **WHAT SISSIES WANT**

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

#### **WHAT GIRLS WANT**

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

#### **HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17**

Hiding in plain view. How...maybe a simple change of gender?

## **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.

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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: ONE, TWO, THREE**

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

### **MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

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

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

### **I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

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

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The continuing saga of Tebby.

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

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