

TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION

**HE...
crossed
the
line!**



A modernized version
of a Classic TV TALE



**ALL NEW:
INCLUDES
TEST OF A TV**



www.sthomas.com

**SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

HE CROSSED THE LINE

SANDY THOMAS

TRANSVESTIA FICTION MAGAZINE
Volume 6

Copyright © 2013 Sandy Thomas Advertising

www.sthomas.com

All rights reserved.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form
without the express prior written permission
of the publisher.

Contact Sandy Thomas for information.
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA
sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

The characters, companies, and incidents
in this book are entirely the products of the
author's imagination and have no relation
to any person or event in real life.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION MAGAZINE
Volume 6

© 1965, 1991, 2013 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

QUOTE BOARD

“The person in a relationship that doesn't need sex,
controls all the sex.”

HE CROSSED THE LINE

ILLUSTRATIONS

from

THE TEST OF A TV

©1965, 1991, 2013 SANDY THOMAS

Robert sat staring into his hands. He had been looking all day for an apartment for himself and his wife, only to find them the ones close to school too expensive or simply not available. Linda and Robert had come to California to enroll in the MBA graduate program at UCLA. They had been married just after graduating from a small college in Florida and were thrilled when they both were accepted at UCLA.

That was two months ago. Last week they arrived in Los Angeles, just weeks before the beginning of classes to try to find an apartment near the campus. But housing in California, and especially near the University, is at a premium. They could afford to spend a reasonable amount per month, but the cheapest apartment was almost double their budget. To make matters worse, even those were few and far between.

They could probably find an apartment in the San Fernando Valley but that would require an additional 30 to 40 minute drive in traffic and the monstrous parking fees. If that wasn't bad enough, they only had one car and their class schedules would most likely be much

different. This would require one to constantly get to school hours before their class and the other to wait hours for a ride home.

Coming from Florida, they had no idea housing was at such a premium. Most single student shared apartments sometimes splitting two bedroom apartments among five students. This ran the prices through the roof. Married student housing was just not available.

Yesterday, they had decided to split up to cover more territory. Robert answered every ad he had circled and came up with a perfect zero. He hoped Linda had done better.

He was deep in thought when he suddenly heard a voice, “No good, huh?”

“What,” he turned to look into the lovely face of his bride. “No...no luck. I’m beginning to think this is a pipe dream. Maybe we should go back to Florida where we can still find a decent place to live.”

“Oh no you don’t! I’ve waited too long for this chance. And besides, I like it out here. Hey, how about a hello kiss? We haven’t been married that long, you know.”



Robert looked into his wife's warm eyes, and the shadow lifted a little. He brought his lips to hers and kissed her tenderly.

"Well, that's more like it. Nothing can ever be that bad," she said.

"Did you have any luck?" he quizzed her.

"Well, not really, although I did find a small apartment if it had been just for me."

"What do you mean?" Robert asked.

"I checked at the Tropical Apartments on Lilac Road, just a few short blocks from the campus and close to everything. The rent was what we can afford, and the

apartments were out of this world. I don't know how he rents them out for that price."

"Gee, that sounds great! Why didn't you grab it?"

"There's just one catch, lover boy," Linda said, snuggling close to him. "Mr. Juan, the owner, only rents to girls. Too many pretty coeds around so no men are allowed at any time."

"Oh that's great! Well, at least you could have a nice place to stay while I sleep at the YMCA," Robert moaned.

"Don't be funny," she laughed.

"Was that it? Nothing else?"

"No, everything was too much for us to handle. I'm just sick and tired of looking. I wish I knew what to do. But, let's not talk about it on an empty stomach, Robert Ryan. How about taking your wife out to eat?"

"Yes Ma'am! That's the best offer I've had all day," he said jumping to his feet.

"Thanks a lot," she mockingly mused, and they laughingly strode to the street arm in arm.

CHAPTER 2

All during dinner, Robert noticed that Linda was quieter than usual. He knew she was engaged in some deep thinking, and, sooner or later, a plan would be forthcoming. Later in the hotel room, as they were relaxing on the couch, she suddenly sat up and said, "Yes, it would work!"

"What would work?" Robert asked puzzled.

"I have a plan whereby we can stay here, go to school, and have a nice apartment."

"Oh boy!" he exclaimed. "But now I'm getting worried. What have you been cooking up in that pretty head of yours? On second thought, don't tell me. I

might not like it. Or worse still, I may like it. I don't know which would be worse."

"Don't be silly!" Linda cut in. "Let's look at the facts. You want to stay in California, don't you?"

"Yes."

"And, you want to attend graduate school at UCLA?" she persisted.

"Sure, but..."

"And we can't find another apartment at a price we can afford to pay," she continued.

"Get to the point," he said, becoming irritated.

"Well...I found a wonderful place."

"Yes, but it's only for girls," Robert protested.

"So, suppose you were a girl, then we could rent that apartment as roommates and live there together."

"But I'm not a girl," Robert added with a bit of frustration. "I never was and never will be."

"Oh, I don't know about that last part," she said.

"What do you mean...oh no!" he said, sitting up like a shot. "Just what are you proposing for me, a change of sex?"

"Nothing that drastic silly, but you are small boned for a man. And, you are very attractive, almost pretty," Linda said thoughtfully.

"Well," he blushed, "You never told me that before. I'm not sure if that's a compliment."

"Of course it is, you goose. But think! We are strangers in California, and all of our applications were handled by mail. I don't remember anything about what sex you are being on the application, and you know, your actual first name is really 'Robert A'. Remember, you used it on all of the official forms."

"Yes, but...." he protested.

“And, remember you got mad when your acceptance came back addressed to Miss Roberta Ryan,” she continued.

“Sure,” he replied. “Lots of my mail comes in that way. That’s why I always tell everybody my name is Bob.”

“Well, don’t you see? The school already thinks you are a girl. Why not take advantage of it?”

“That’s the silliest thing I’ve ever heard,” Robert said. “I don’t know the first thing about being a girl. It just wouldn’t work, so forget about it.”





“Forget about it? I will not! This is our only chance to get a place close to school, Robert Ryan, and you know it. Now don’t be so stubborn. The least you can do is give it a try. Just like those guys in ‘Bosom Buddies’. There’s a back entrance so after we move in and see the landlords schedule, you can probably go back to being Robert some of the time. Please. All I ask, just give it a try,” she said with tears welling in her eyes.

“Okay, okay. Turn off the water works. You know I can’t stand your crying. I’ve always said I would try anything once. But, when this doesn’t work, you must admit it and move on. Do you understand?” he stated as gruffly as possible.

“If you will promise to give it your best effort?” she cooed, slipping into his arms and kissing him passionately.

What could he say? What could he do? With her in his arms like this, he would promise her the moon and his offer to give it a try was in good faith. It was outlandish to even suggest that he dress like a woman but he was genuinely and sincerely interested in the apartment.

Still, he was agreeing to try to abide by Linda’s suggestion that he break all standards of male behavior. “What if the landlord found out that I am a man?”

“We’ll cross that bridge if we get there,” Linda teased. “I willing to back you up to the hilt if there are problems. Let’s face it, you are not overly manly. We’ll just dress you like other coeds and let everyone decide your sex...maybe a nice dress or blouse-and-skirt combination?”

“Would I have to dress in all girl’s clothes, from the skin out?”

“Of course, silly,” she said. “Just like me. Lingerie, dress, makeup, and accessories, such as a purse and jewelry.”

“High heels and nylons? I thought you hated high heels?”

Linda laughed, “I hate high heels and you will have to be careful not to twist an ankle...but finding stylish shoes without a heel is nearly impossible.”

Robert said, “I think I put on my mother’s high heels as a kid. It was sort of fun.”

Linda touched her fingers and fluffed out her hair, “And now you’ll get to walk around in high heels like a big girl.”



CHAPTER 3

The next day, Linda went shopping after telling Robert to bathe and shave his entire body. He knew that he must go along now even if he didn't believe her scheme would work.

Just as he was finishing, he heard Linda come back. As he entered the bedroom, he was amazed to see all the boxes she was carrying.

“What did you do, buy out the town?” he asked.

“Nope, but I did get some essentials for your new role. Now, I will be your fairy Godmother and transform you into a beautiful princess.”

“Okay, Mrs. Godmother, lift your magic wand,” he said, with resignation in his voice.

“Being a girl is going to require some sacrifice,” Linda said holding up a small elastic garment. “First, I want you to put on this special G-string supporter. It will eliminate the signs of your masculinity,” she said, handing him the small garment.

“Thanks a lot,” he said sarcastically adding, “I can’t imagine what my maleness will be like after wearing this for a while. He struggled into the tight garment that gave him a smooth front. He was not so sure of this venture now.

Then, one by one, she pulled wispy feminine articles from the boxes. There were foam rubber pads to cover his hips, a pair of nylon panties, an all in one to nip his waist, and a padded bra to create the illusion of a feminine bosom.

Linda handed Robert the pink nylon panties of a bloomer style. The loose pleats flowing from the gathered elasticized waist flowed down through a dark pink lacy elastic ribbon circling each leg. The dainty ribbon pulled the nylon fabric snug, creating a ruffle look. Inside the label read, “Ladies Day panties.” Dutifully, he put on the garment, his face turning a rosy pink, almost matching the color of his panties.

Robert turned to Linda and said, “This is crazy. No way this will work.”

Linda just smiled and handed him the matching pink bra saying, “Just try it...you’ll see.”

Robert just knew this wasn’t going to work. Linda helped him into the bra creating a most unnatural

feeling. Linda added some simple foam rubber pads to fill out the cups. “If this works out,” Linda said, “We may want to have you fitted for ‘JUST LIKES’ which are perfect replicas of real breasts.”

“Oh sure,” Robert said, “That’s what I really need, tits.”

The hip padding wasn’t necessary. Robert had somewhat heavy thighs and hips to begin with.

He rolled nylon stockings over his smooth hairless legs and stepped into his first pair of three inch pumps. As his pretty lace slip slithered down and caressed his body, he began to feel strange electric sensations unlike any he had ever experienced.

After Linda pulled his dress over his head and zipped it up the back, she ordered Robert to sit before her so she could work on his face. She pulled out her large bag of cosmetics.

Robert said, “I don’t have to wear that stuff, do I?”

“Of course, silly,” Martha said, “All girls wear make up. If this works, you will have to learn to so this yourself.” She flawlessly put on foundation, powder, eye shadow, mascara, lipstick, and rouge.

Robert sat quietly feeling, tasting and smelling the emasculating make-up being applied. Linda giggled, making comments about how pretty he would be, or what nice features he had. Robert sat smelling the aroma of the powder and foundation. He could imagine wearing the cherry sweet taste of his lipstick all day, every day.

As Linda added the final coat of mascara to Robert’s curled eye lashes, she said, “I think this is going to work!”

Then she reached into the last box and pulled out a lovely blonde wig.

“Wow!” he gasped. “That looks real.”

“It is real hair! But it’s going to make you look terrific” With that, she placed it on his head and adjusted it into the proper position. “You’ll have to learn to do these things for yourself, darling. But, don’t worry. We have two full weeks to teach you all the feminine tricks of the trade.”

“Wait a minute,” Robert said. “I haven’t seen myself yet. I probably look horrendous?” With that, he moved to the full length mirror on the closet door. “I don’t believe it. I just don’t believe it.” He stared at the lovely blonde beauty who was imitating his every move from the mirror. His long dark eye lashes fluttering against his cheeks, he said, “That can’t be me. It just can’t be me. I’m.....I’m Roberta!”

“Beautiful!” Linda interjected. “You are very slight in build. I just knew you’d look feminine.”

“I don’t believe it,” was all that Robert could say. He turned this way and that. He made faces at himself and acted in a very coquettish manner. “I could go for myself. You know, this might just work.”

“Just a minute, charmer!” Linda said. “There’s a lot more to being a girl than looking like one in a mirror. That will take work. Will you really try to be a girl?”

“I think so,” he said. “I can’t imagine being like this for very long, but sure. It might be interesting.....Yes, let’s start the lessons right away.”

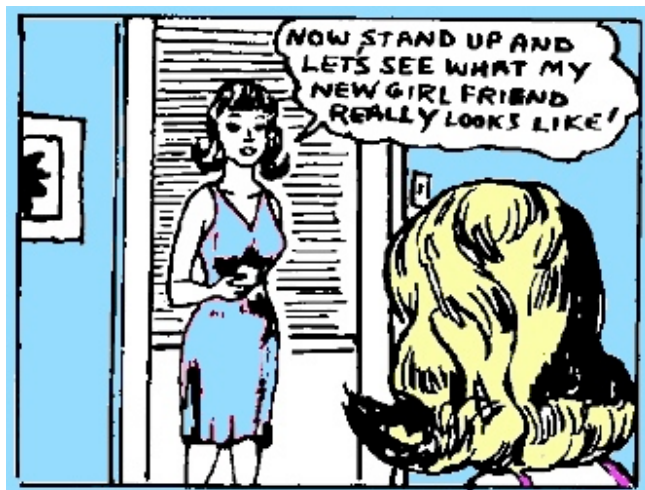
CHAPTER 4

During the following week, Roberta, a girl-like person began to emerge. He was taught to walk, talk, sit, and act like a female. Linda told him to forget his former male identity and “accept” this new feminine one. Robert made many mistakes at first but with Linda’s help, he gradually developed feminine behaviors.

After that first week, Linda announced that they would move into the YWCA for the last week so that Robert could learn to feel more at ease around other girls. He was afraid at first, but soon gave in to his wife's wishes, as was becoming his habit.









Linda did all of the talking at the registration desk and secured a comfortable room for the two. The clerk took little notice of the quiet blonde, except to feel a pang of jealousy.

Once in the room, Robert exclaimed, "There's no bathroom in here!"

"Of course not, silly. There's a community bath down the hall." Linda replied.

"But...but," Robert stammered. "What if I'm in there and a girl comes in?"

"So what? Remember, you're a girl too!"

"Yes, I'll just have to keep telling myself that all the time until it becomes habit," Robert said.

Linda added, "Darling, if you're going to live and dress like a girl, you will always have to use the girl's facilities. So, you might just as well get used to them right away."

"I guess you're right," Robert said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "Being a girl is a lot tougher than being a boy."

"You are perfect, Darling," Linda said. "Keep up your confidence. I could be very jealous of you. I dare say you are glamorous, so be on the lookout for wolves. They'll sure be on the lookout for you!"

"Oh, that's just great!" Robert said looking up. "Now you do have me worried. Up until now, I never gave the male situation a thought. I was just worried about women recognizing me. Now, I have to worry about wolves."

"You'll learn how to handle them," she smiled slyly, laughing to herself a little that her husband was beginning to see life as a woman sees it. He would be a better man for it.

While lying on the bed that evening, Robert contemplated what would come. He also tried to analyze his own feelings and emotions about this visual “change of sex”. He suddenly realized that he must have some latent feminine feelings to accept and enjoy this change so easily. He knew that no red blooded male would ever allow their wife to dress them up like this. But he delighted in the new feelings.

And, enjoying it he was. He just loved the feeling of constriction that came with a girdle, the smooth silky feeling of sheer nylons, the thrill of a silk slip caressing his newly formed curves, and the mental joy that comes with knowing how alluring you look in a tight sheath dress.

Yes, his feminine being must have been submerged all this time, for all it had taken was a slight nudge from Linda and it had blossomed forth in all it’s glory.

Robert Ryan no longer existed. “He” was gone both mentally and physically (at least as far as he was concerned).

Sometimes Robert even forgot and felt like a real true woman in every respect of the word, with one exception. He still loved his wife Linda. This would never change, no matter what. Linda was the only true love that Robert had ever known, and now feminized, that love was growing greater. What a paradox this was. Yet, it seemed both normal and right, and they both were more fulfilled than ever before.

Robert and Linda decided that they would do everything in their power to help Robert portray femininity to the world as best he could.

CHAPTER 5

The next week passed rapidly for Robert and Linda. They went to ladies apparel stores and bought many

beautiful and exciting clothes for Robert. She particularly liked lingerie and thoroughly enjoyed shopping for intimate apparel. They ate out, walked the streets, went to movies, and did all those little things that girls enjoy so much.

Much to the embarrassment of Robert, Linda talked him into being fitted for “Just Likes” at a corset shop. Robert complained, “But they will know I’m a boy.”

Linda said, “I talked to the woman who runs the shop and you are not the first male they have fitted. I made us a private appointment.”

BUT, THE BIG QUESTION IN MY MIND
IS ...
DO YOU ACCEPT ME AS A GIRL !





**OF COURSE! I LOVE
YOU FOR YOURSELF,
SO WE'RE DIFFERENT
SO WHAT! WE'LL
LIVE AS WE WISH!**



The store 'Martha's Corset and Foundation Shop' was at closing when they arrived. Linda asked for Martha, the owner. Martha was an older woman, quite business like and professional. There were several college aged clerks finishing up the day and Robert saw them study him. He wondered if they knew.

Linda handled all the details, telling Martha that she wanted Robert to have all the sensations of real breasts. Robert blushed as Martha asked Linda, "How developed shall we make him? I suggest a 'B' cup or perhaps you want him more developed?"

"I think a 'B' cup would be fine," Linda said, "a 'C' would be fuller than me."

Martha took them into the back fitting room and told Robert to remove his blouse and bra. Red faced he complied and was soon standing bare-chested as Martha took measurements with a tape then went to get several different kinds of weighted silken covered breast forms.

The 'Just Likes' were by far the most realistic; perfect replicas of real breasts, gel filled and secured to the chest with a semi-permanent adhesive. They were also the most expensive but Robert asked Martha, "Are they uncomfortable?"

"Dear, having breasts is not always comfortable," Martha mocked, "Ask your wife."

Linda nodded as Martha explained, "Most of our business is mastectomy replacements. You will have all the sensations of having real breasts: heaviness, bounce, jiggle and of course you will need the support of a brassiere at all times. We attach them with adhesive, feather the edges and with make-up they look close to perfect."

Robert faltered at the thought of needing a brassiere but Linda added, "You'll get used to it. They aren't that bad."

Martha sensing Robert's resistance and a potential lost sale, said to Linda, "Your husband is very feminine but he needs proper weight up front to move and walk properly. By semi-permanent attachment he won't forget he's now a girl. I will throw in a couple of proper fitting brassieres and a girdle panty that I know you will

like. Also ‘JUST LIKES’ are guaranteed, we will exchange them if your figure changes or...” she added looking at Robert, “You might love having breasts so much that you want them bigger.”

Linda made the decision for Robert... “We’ll take them.”

Martha prepared Robert’s chest and installed them with adhesive. She told him that he would have to return to the shop monthly for removal, skin aeration, cleaning and re-application. “Don’t worry,” Martha added, “My staff is very professional. You are not the only male client we have.”

Robert already dreaded the thought of having a young female clerk adjusting his bosom. Robert knew about business enough to realize that the clerk’s job was to sell the client additional support garments. The fitting room was filled with many entities whose purpose was to control a girl’s figure: brassieres, corselettes, slimmers, girdles, waist cinchers, garter belts. All of which were meant to be worn solely by females.

When Martha was finished, Robert’s mouth dropped. With the make-up he looked just like a topless female. He could feel the weight which seemed to make his shoulder slump forward.

Martha said, “Your back may feel a little sore for few days until you get used to the weight. We’ll fit you with several well fitting basic brassieres.” She laid out three cotton brassieres with full cups and wide straps then helped him into one. “We suggest that for support, you wear these for a couple days, then you can wear any kind you want. What are you using for below?”

“Below?”

“Darling, below.” Martha jeered, “You can’t go around as a girl with out controlling the ‘bulge’. What are you wearing now?”

Robert looked at Linda with a “Save me!” look.

“He wears tight spandex panties or sometimes a girdle,” Linda confessed.

“No...No,” Martha said with authority. “Honey, he must be restrained well. Think about it. He must be ‘flat’ to develop the proper feminine walk and posture. Also to fit in some of the new tight styles of clothing.”

Martha pulled out a special supporter of flesh colored latex that was shaped like the lower regions of a female. “This!” Martha giggled, “will completely eliminate any unnecessary bulges. We call it the ‘Snake Charmer’.”

“That doesn’t look comfortable,” Robert commented.

“Being a woman isn’t always silks and satins,” Martha warned, “Look around. Being pretty and feminine isn’t always comfortable for even those born women. Right Linda?”

Linda nodded her agreement. It was almost like they were ganging up on Robert. Linda said, “Maybe she’s right. Try it on and see if you can handle it.”

Robert was in terror at what was happening. Along with his new enhanced bust line he was about to end up with the V-shaped flatness of a female. The stretchable garment was cleverly made in a breathable latex which dipped slightly in the front to flatten that normally un-flat area of the torso.

Being a professional, Martha went about showing Robert how to wear the garment and how to position his maleness for the best control. She said, “Most boys find this comfortable after a few days. It has to be firm enough to keep everything tucked in yet not too tight. This just slides right over the area...then no bumps.”

It had a sliding-triangle front that was easy to slip on. Robert was surprised that the compression and

sculpting wasn't too uncomfortable but he couldn't imagine wearing it all day.

"We aren't quite finished yet," Martha said taking the sides and pulling them quickly and firmly to hooks on the side. It took Robert's breath away causing him to take several gasps for air.

Martha with a slight smile of defiance said, "There, now you are presentable. Let me see you walk over there."

Robert couldn't speak but took a couple tenuous steps in noticeable torment. "Just give it some time," Martha said. "Walk back and forth for it to set properly."

But Linda had to admit that Martha was right, Robert's posture had abruptly changed and appeared more feminine. His knees pressed tightly together and a gracefulness appeared in his walk.

"WOW," Linda blurted out, "that's amazing. What else can we do?"

Robert interrupted, "Linda, I don't think I can wear this for very long. It is too..."

"You'll get used to it," Martha butted in. "The boys I've fitted all complained and then came back for the 'SNAKE CHARMER II', the advanced model. Give it about a month and you'll be back too. With some training, you'll be perfect in every way even under a pair of frilly panties."

"He looks so real down there," Linda said.

"It feels totally genuine too," Martha said. "Will he be dating any men?"

"Gawd NO!" Robert blurted out.

Martha smiled at Linda, "Well, with just some practice and commitment, he could...."

Linda said, "Right now, we are just trying to get him comfortable in a dress."

“And I’m not real comfortable,” Robert sighed and slightly wiggled his hips. “This is definitely a strange sensation.”

“It works just like when your arm falls asleep. Putting pressure on THAT part of your body for a prolonged period of time actually cuts off communication from its nerves to your brain. The initial pressure sensations will go away. When you take the Snake Charmer off, you may have a tingling sensation that will go away quickly.”

“How often should he wear it?” Linda asked.

Martha smiled, “Right after they put it on, most boys are highly uncomfortable for a couple of weeks. As uncomfortable as it is at first, as a girl, he’ll be thankful. It does take a little getting used to but he is in the right size and model.”

She turned to Robert, “Just keep it tight and your stomach muscles relaxed. Let the garment just hold and support you. How often are you going to be dressed as a woman?”

“If we get the apartment we want, I guess everyday?”

“Well, then these are going to be a part of your daily routine. You will find over a few days to a few weeks you will become very comfortable and love the positive effect it will have on your figure, your posture, and surprisingly you will find you have a dramatic increase in feminine confidence.”

“Feminine confidence?” Linda asked.

“Honey, he’s going to feel more like a female. After awhile it will almost feel like he’s in a gaff even when it’s off. I recommended you buy at least four so that they don’t stretch out of shape.”

The idea that Robert agreed was probably was a sign that his gaff was already cutting off blood flow to

his brain. He said, "It's actually a nice feeling, it's so snug and flat?"

Martha said, "I think that's the secret. You can actually forget you have one. In fact, you might wonder how you ever lived with ONE!"

While Robert dressed, Linda and Martha talked in the front part of the store.

They left with a great many packages and a good deal poorer. Robert minced out of the store a much different person than he went in. Getting a cheap apartment was even more important now.

Toward the end of the next week, they went to the Tropical Apartments. Robert had never seen them, and Linda wanted Mr. Juan to meet her "roommate".

"Hello Miss Ryan." The man answering the door was about 35, small and, not bad looking, but he had the most piercing eyes Robert had ever seen. "Who's your friend?" he said after admitting them to his apartment.

"Mr. Juan, this is my sister, Roberta," Linda said gesturing to her husband. "If we take the apartment, we would be roommates. Would that be okay with you?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank, I have always rented to single girls. But, two would be twice as many beautiful girls. And," turning to Robert, "you are pretty... very pretty. Yes, I will rent to you both. The rent is paid per month in advance, and I pay all utilities."

"That seems very reasonable," Robert said.

"Yes, it is, but I only rent to young girls. They are very conscientious people. They always keep their rooms tidy and neat, and everyone is happy. Remember too, no men are allowed in the building, except myself of course.

Robert was sure that he didn't like this Mr. Juan and was about to tell Linda to forget the whole thing, when he saw the beautiful apartment.

Everything was pink and satin. The bedrooms looked like a Queen's. There was even a little bright sunny study area. Outside the grounds were beautifully kept with flowers everywhere. There was even a large swimming pool at the back of the apartments. All this for so little, couldn't be real. But, it was! They would be foolish indeed to turn all this down. So he consented against his better judgment.

Right after Linda gave him the first and last months rent, Mr. Juan added, "I'm closing off that back access to the apartment. I'm sure you two girls will feel safer that way."

Robert looked at Linda with his lips unpleasantly twisted. Linda ignored him and without flinching said, "That will be fine."

During the last night at the Y, Robert made a mental note to be on his guard against Mr. Juan at all times. Not only for himself but for Linda as well! Robert had seen men like him and had not liked them before he became a member of the fair sex.

As they were readying for bed, Robert asked Linda if she was happy now that all the plans were working out so well. Linda snuggled in his arms and sighed that she had never been happier. "In fact," she said, "I wish you could have a more feminine figure and not have to shave every day as you must do now."

"Me too. And my 'SNAKE CHARMER', it's so tight," Robert said. He had begun to feel comfortable with the words "my bra" or "my panties."

Linda smiled, "The training is obviously working. Your panties look so pretty now."

Yes, Robert had been “panty and bra trained” and admitted, “I like knowing we are wearing the same panties. I guess a little discomfort is necessary?”

“I had an idea you might say that,” Linda said sitting up. “I got in touch with a doctor that Martha, the corsetiere told me about. I called and explained our situation. You have an appointment for an exam. If all well, he’ll give you a prescription for female hormones to make you more comfortable and feminine.”

“Physically?”

“Yes dear,” Linda said, “These shots, plus some pills, are supposed to give you a feminine bust, the proper curves, and a nice feminine glow. The only drawback is that they will curb your male instincts to a degree, but not completely.”

“Instincts?”

“Actually your male sex drive,” Linda confessed. “Doesn’t seeing your own breasts and sexy lingerie cause you some tension?”

“I don’t know. Wouldn’t that penalize you?” Robert quizzed.

“Not really. Calming you down a little would be just fine with me. I want you to be happy, and I want us to remain as close and in love as we are right now. I think it would be better, in a way, if we curbed your male sex drive somewhat. It would leave both of us more time and energy for our studies, and you know how much time post graduate work takes.”

Robert asked, “So how CALM will female hormones make me?”

“Sex is a distraction to you and me. Haven’t you noticed how much more time it takes for you to get ready? Shaving your legs, plucking your eyebrows, manicures and pedicures, shopping for the perfect dress, putting together outfit, doing your makeup, blow-drying

your hair, dealing with guys? All that and complex business studies? How much time do you spend thinking about sex?"

"I don't know," Robert said, joking, "72 percent? Maybe 73 percent if we are both wearing short skirts?"

"Is it worth it? I think we could cut back on one really big distraction? And feminizing you would be exciting, tantalizing, and even a little naughty...all while we pursue our career goals. We have new priorities and if you ask me, your male sex drive just doesn't make the list."

"It would be nice to not be so distracted?"

Linda said, "I think this is the only real solution to end any anxieties about getting discovered."

"Oh, Linda," Robert asked. "Are you sure you would still love me if I had the shape of a woman and less of a sex drive?"

"Of course, silly. I know you'll love having breasts and a girlish figure. It'll be wonderful. The doctor made the appointment right after my next period."

"Why, your period," Robert asked?

"You will get a shot and are to take the pills for 25 days and then five days off. This creates a natural up and down rhythm of female hormone levels. You will be on the same cycle as me." Linda then joked, "We'll have our PMS at the same time."

"That's one of the reasons I fell in love with you," Robert said. "You're so unselfish and understanding! I'm the luckiest guy...whoops...girl in the world to have you."

"I am the lucky one," she murmured close to Robert as their ruby lips touched. "I must have some latent lesbianism in me because I love you as much the way you look now, as I ever did before. Maybe more."

“Oh, that’s wonderful,” Robert sighed. “I feel the same way. In fact, I feel closer to you now than ever before but I never dreamed we’d have periods together. I love you so much.”

CHAPTER 6

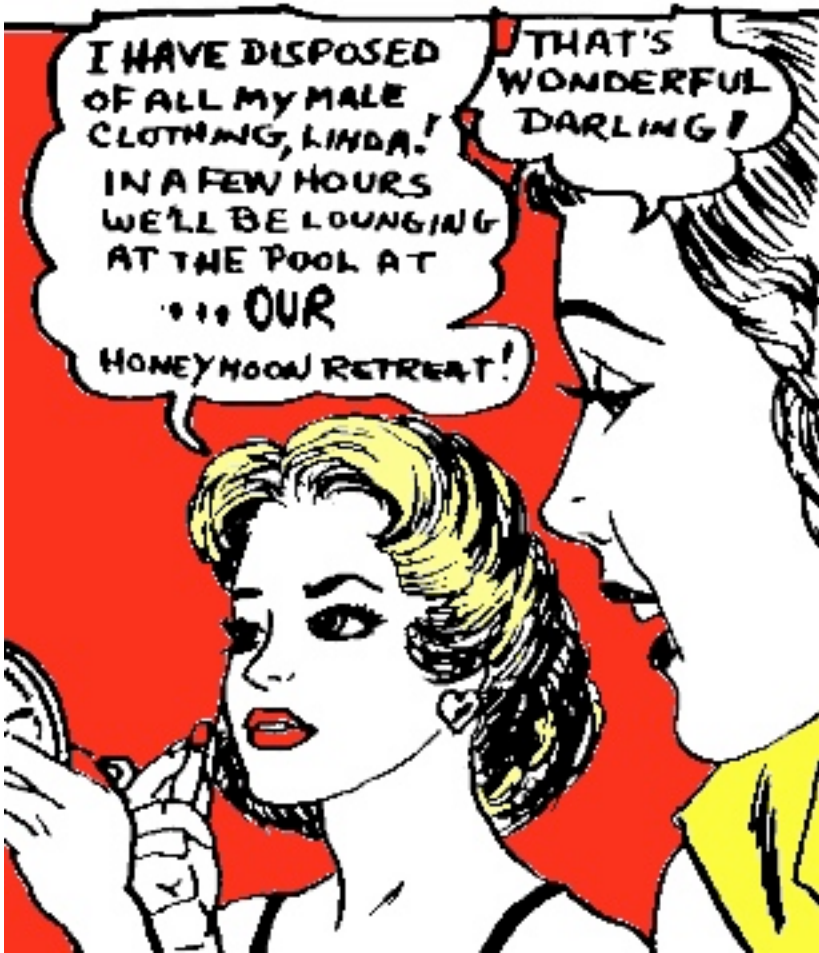
For the next few weeks, life moved very quickly for Robert and Linda. They registered, received their class assignments, and slipped into the college coed routine.

Robert really loved his new life, and it seemed funny to imagine himself as he was before coming to California. He and Linda had all their classes together making everything more enjoyable.

AND SO... ROBERT
DONNED MEN'S CLOTHES FOR THE
LAST TIME...



LATER AT THE APARTMENT



Shortly after they moved into the apartment, Mr. Juan left to transact some business in San Francisco and would be gone a month. This pleased Robert as he still had a strong dislike for him even though he dearly loved the apartment. In the bathroom, one whole wall was a mirror. It must have been nine feet wide and was as high as the ceiling. It made one feel luxurious to stand before it.

Robert was now as feminine in his actions as any female.

Just before Robert's appointment with the doctor, Linda and he had another long discussion about what emasculation meant to their relationship. "I won't expect you to perform as a husband," Linda stated.

"Sounds like I won't be able to?"

"You get to quit your night job," Linda joked, adding, "Some good quality time under estrogen will help you to be more like a real girl. You'll be more at ease in skirts and dresses."

"You know, honey, I have almost forgot what it feels like to wear pants."

"Do you miss them?"

"No. But this is a big step...like a step off a cliff." Robert chuckled, "At some point, I guess I'll have no choice in the matter."

"Yeah, like being born a woman," Linda teased. "If you are estrogen long enough, you'll be spending the rest of your life as a woman. But for now, let's just think about getting you going. Female hormones will give you confidence in being like a woman. And boobs are awesome. Just like your 'Just Likes' except they'd be REAL and never come off."

"Oh, how exciting!" Robert gasped. "Are you sure you won't miss me being a little *bit* male?"

"Absolutely not," answered Linda. "I'm excited for you...for us! You never really protested when I suggested we put you in dresses so I think you'll love being female bodied. And I won't have to take birth control pills!"

"I'm a little scared."

"I'm with you on this," she said.

Robert was amazed at what they were considering, knowing it wasn't all about an apartment now. He bit

down on his lower lip and took a breath. “Just tell me to stop and I will.”

“We are both going to like it so don’t fight it,” she whispered.

Robert felt so helpless and trapped yet he wanted to give up all control. It was an unnerving perception. As feminized as he’d become, he still thought at some point he’d wake up and be a man again. THAT was obviously the near term plan!

“I can’t imagine not being able to perform at all as a husband or male? Is that fair to you? You married a man.”

“Honey, look at you? You make such an attractive lady. I don’t think I could look at you as a man anymore?”

Robert was dressed in black patent leather, high heeled pumps, a tight dress and blushing at the compliment. “If we do this, I really won’t be much of a man.”

It was again decided that Robert would go to the doctor and go on a “sufficient” cycle of female hormones to “experience the glow.”

Robert’s heart pounded with trepidation as the couple went to the doctor where they planned for Robert to get his first estrogen injection and start him on his first monthly cycle.

The doctor advised the two how female hormone cycles work. He said, “My goal is your goal and that differs from patient to patient. As we feminize you, there will times when you determine how far you want to go. But I recommend that at first, we give you enough to make male function disappear. “Is that okay with the two of you?”

The two nodded. They knew that a fast, safe and more natural feminization would eliminate male function, at least until Robert felt and even smelled feminine. The hormones would work from the inside and work its way to the surface.

At least the beginning, husbandly function would have to be sacrificed for the sake of beauty.

“I think eventually we can give you the best of both worlds,” the doctor said. “But first we need to give you a softer, more feminine skin, shapely natural breast development and larger nipples. You will also have significant facial feminization, particularly around the cheekbones and eyes.”

“Oh my,” Robert giggled, “I’m ready for a little shot.”

The doctor smiled and said, “Safety does not come from using weaker hormones, but by effective feminization and stabilization into female levels.”

As the doctor injected Robert, he said, “It will take some time to develop. If you two are in a hurry, Robert could have plastic surgery to increase the size of his bust.”

Linda said, “I think the ‘Just Likes’ are just fine for now. How soon before he notices something different?”

The doctor laughed, “Real soon.”

As they left the office, Robert sighed, “Oh, I can't believe it...I can't believe I really let that happen?” For the moment it was over, but estrogen was flowing with each tap of his pulse. Looking down at Linda's pretty face, his eyes got teary and a little glazed.

For the inexperienced, it was the seed beginnings of estrogen emotions. His lips were trembling as he asked, “Did we do the right thing?”

“Are you okay?”

“Uh-huh,” he mumbled. “I love you...more than ever.” He felt his excitement rising and whispered softly, “Could we go home and make love?”

“Of course darling.” Linda was whispering so sensually, so provocatively. “I loved seeing you get that injection. In a strange way, watching it go in and seeing you holding up your skirt like a female was very very exciting.”

“For me too,” he said, whispering in his soft ‘little girl’ voice. As if to enhance the scary feeling, he asked, “How long do you think it will be?”

“Before you have breasts?”

“No, before we can’t do it like man and wife.”

“It will be all right... By the time that happens, you won’t miss it.”





IN FACT, THIS WILL PROBABLY
ENRICH OUR RELATIONS... AS IT
WILL REMOVE MOST OF YOUR
ANXIETY'S, WITH A FEMININE BUST
AND FIGURE AND NO BEARD PROBLEM
YOU'LL HAVE NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



LINDA CALLED A DOCTOR SHE KNEW!



The next few months were trying for Robert. Sometimes emotion, sometimes happy, sometimes full of energy, sometimes lethargic. He was on an emotional roller-coaster all due to the cycle of estrogen.

It was only a couple weeks when Robert walked out of the shower seeing his wife at the mirror. His long dark eyelashes fluttered nervously, a pinkish blush spreading over his entire body. "I think they are working?" he mumbled.

"Mmmm, I... I think so," she smiled as she looked over his body. Nothing big had happened, just an

impression that his body was not as nature intended. Of course they'd been expecting it...well maybe looking every day for it. Robert's nipples stood out in little knots on his smooth soft skin. They were so sore; a sign he was about to move into uncharted waters.

"They are going to be nice," Linda said.

It was not all bad. His skin on his shoulders, underarm, and the top of his breasts became extremely soft!

His breasts continued to be sore in the morning and his nipples became very sensitive. The daily tucking became less bothersome as his maleness changed, becoming very supple, fallow and flaccid.

As everyday passed, Robert felt more and more like a real female. With the help of the female hormone injections and pills, his body was gradually rounded and transformed into a vision of loveliness. Robert was surprised at how quickly the potent mixture of female hormones influenced his attitude and desires.

Just a short time after his next injection, his morning 'male condition' disappeared for a few days. They learned there would be a cycle of high estrogen and during that time of month, nothing male worked. After the next monthly injection, it was two weeks.

Robert still had desire. "Honey, I'm getting my shot next week. If you want to...to try," he whispered one Sunday morning.

Still in bed, they were both in nightgowns and the window for marital relations was closing. Both cycles had to be considered since Linda had gone off the pill.

Linda said, "I think I'm out of my fertile cycle... today and for... well, probably for about the next couple days before I start.... It's okay if you can't."

Whew! Those were moving words. Robert was nervously shifting about in his nightgown. His face flushed with a crimson hue and he whispered, "I really want to...." The adrenaline rushed through his body but was it enough to pushing the blood from his brain down to his groin. Gone was the male cockiness, he whispered, "My breasts aren't that sore so I think now is a good time to try."

Robert was feeling the full significance of his inability to perform his male duty with a mostly flaccid maleness. He drew a nervous breath as each "failure" was an apprehensive step into womanhood.

Linda was so accepting and loved seeing her husband's haunting beauty as a new vulnerability took over his aura.

She reached out for him, drawing her the sweet smelling husband close. The fragrance of a female emanated from the elevated warmth of his skin. Her fingers found the mound of his panties; the little flat mound still being trained but tight and pressing slightly against crotch of his panties.

She whispered, "You are so pretty."

It was going to work....

As time went on, Robert was less interested in marital intercourse with Linda. They discussed his lack of male impulse and Linda encouraged him, "It's good that your thoughts are becoming feminine. We both seem to be more focused in school and at home when studying."

Robert noticed that he and his wife seemed to agree on nearly everything. Both were contented and in very good moods as the difficult course studies went well.

At times, a movie or television show would remind Robert of a normal husband's "responsibility" and Linda

would clown, “Trust me, I don’t miss sleeping in the wet spot.”

Linda began to teasing him more about his budding figure, “I wish I’d saved some of my training bras for you. It looks like you are going to need a real bra soon! And you better not grow bigger breasts than mine!”

Every day, after his bath, he would stand before the mirror in the bath and look at how his body was changing and developing. He would exercise, massage and knead its growing parts to make them more firm and feminine.

Besides the monthly injections, Robert went to Martha’s shop and was refitted with ‘JUST LIKES’. The first month he was extremely embarrassed going back to Martha’s corset shop.

The young clerks handled him professionally, servicing his “Just Likes” with only a bit of light pressure to buy new foundation garments.

Linda had told Martha about Robert’s feminizing hormones. She said, “Oh, that means that each month he will need a less enhancement on top and will be able to handle some of the finer panties. Make sure he wears his special support.”

Robert continued to wear the special supporter of flesh colored latex that formed the contours of his lower regions and completely eliminated any unnecessary bulges. He never took this off except to answer the demands of nature. He bathed with it on and slept with it on until soon, it was as though it were his own skin.

Although he still had to shave his legs once a week, as do most females, he had electrolysis done on his face and arms. They were now smooth and hairless.

Robert's hair grew rapidly from the hormone treatments, and soon, he stopped wearing his wig altogether. It was a turning point.

With nearly everything "natural," Linda convinced Robert to bump up his estrogen dose. He had nothing to really lose at that point. Linda also suggested he take his medium mouse brown hair and do something sexy...blonde! But there were so many shades of blonde.

"What kind of woman do you want people to see?" Linda asked him.

"Oh gawd," Robert gasped, "I guess innocent but sexy? Maybe a California, summery blonde?"

"Oh how fun! We'll get you bikinis and snug sweaters."

The day he went to the beauty parlor to have his hair bleached blonde and set was one of the most thrilling moments of his life.

Linda made the salon appointment, promising Robert that he would love being a "California Blonde." Robert didn't know whether to be thrilled or terrified by the degree to which he was becoming feminized. Not thinking about sex had given him a lot of time to work on his looks.

The evening before Linda insisted that Robert put his hair in curlers for the night even though he would be going straight to the beauty salon in the morning to have his hair done. Linda told him that she just wanted to immerse him in the 'feelings' that a girl experiences, like sleeping in curlers.

FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS
THE NEWLYWEDS HONEYMOONED
IN JOYOUS CONTENTMENT!

LINDA... I
BEAT YOU
AGAIN

I GIVE UP!
YOU'RE
TOO GOOD
FOR ME!





The next morning, Robert climbed out of bed and pulled off his frilly nightgown. He carefully put on a protective, plastic bonnet over his curler covered hair, and stepped into the warm, steamy shower. He ran a lady's shaver over his legs and underarms ensuring their silky smoothness. After drying off, applied feminine bath powder and a touch of perfume.

Linda was also going to the salon so each took time picking out a cute dress to wear. A year ago, mornings off were spent making love. He would wake up and see Linda in her little cotton nightie. His hands would roam over her hips, snuggle up, stiffening against her. How much time had he spent trying to roll his wife onto her back? And the dozens and dozens, hundreds of times he had her and now picking out the right dress seemed more important.

He dared the question. "Don't you miss IT?"

"You mean...mornings in bed making love? I suppose. But I love this just as much. The excitement lasts all day and not for a minute. Darling, are you changing your mind?"

Robert didn't know what to say. "No, I'm just curious and we did it quite a lot...every day. Now nothing like that."

Linda said, "Once you get all your curves, we'll probably be able to do it again."

"I'll be a lot smaller," he somehow dared to add.

"Well, just different."

"Teeny," Robert said feeling his face flush.

"Yeah, I guess...." she whispered, "but it's exciting to see you becoming so completely feminine."

Robert selected a very short, very tight, black knit dress and four inch heels. It made his legs, now perched

on impossibly high heels look so long! Underneath the dress, he wore the minimal underwear, that is, a lacy pair of black panties, matching bra and ultra sheer pantyhose.

“I feel almost naked in this dress,” Robert remarked as he twisted around to see in the mirror how the dress clung to his bottom.

“I bet you do,” Linda chuckled. “You better watch out for the boys. I’ve seen them gawking at your legs and they won’t be able to resist you as a blonde.”

“Oh great!” Robert replied in sarcasm.

Linda dressed in a tight sexy little “nothing dress” that enhanced her firm ample breasts. Robert began to worry that they might get too much attention from the males when they were out.

The beauty parlor was very trendy, very modern. Even champagne was served while you wait. There were four stylists, three were sexy looking California girls wearing short skirts and high heels. The fourth was the owner, a young man in his thirties named Jimmy who did all the “stars.”

As it turned out, one cute blonde who introduced herself as Jennifer led Robert to her work area. Soon Robert was tilted back as the hair coloring process began. It took a long time as she brushed on a goo and covered each section with a foil. Finally, Robert’s hair was shampooed, conditioned and prepared for a cut and style.

Robert was amazed at how light his hair now looked. Even though it was wet, and hence darker that it would be dry, he could tell it was a bright shiny, almost white blonde!!

Robert nodded, almost spellbound to the stylists suggestions about the color and a final style. In a trace, Robert heard only something about trimming the bangs

and setting it for body and wave. Jennifer went on to section and pin his hair up.

A manicurist came over and was soon at work filing and painting his nail a dark pink. Robert just sat staring in the mirror, his face not giving away the fact that his heart was pounding with excitement. Soon he was sitting under a dryer, next to Linda. Both had their hair set in large pink rollers. They watched as a young girl with waist length hair was shampooed and slowly combed out before being set on huge, three inch diameter rollers.

Linda whispered to Robert, "I hope someday your hair is that long."

That for some reason embarrassed Robert. Probably because it would take years to grow hair that long and Robert knew that after years like this he would no longer be much of a man.

After drying, Robert's hair was combed out and his now sexy blonde curls sprayed into place. In a trance, Robert and Linda thanked the stylists and paid the hefty salon fees.

Outside, Linda stood back and looked at her husband. "Wow!" She whispered, "My husband's going to turn a lot of heads!" She took his hand and said, "Com' on Blondie. Let's go buy you a new sexy dress."

As time went by, Robert was amazed at how fast he developed. When the "Just Likes" were removed for refitting he got to see how much he developed. Each month he was fitted with a smaller set of "Just Likes" with less padding.

It wasn't long before he went to Martha's and had the small 'JUST LIKES' removed. That night, Robert stood before the mirror and looked at himself. There was nothing artificial anymore. His figure was a trim

36-24-37, and he looked beautiful in a size twelve dress. His 5' 8" height was statuesque, and his skin was flawless.

As he was admiring himself, Linda came in. "My, aren't we becoming a real narcissist these days?"

"I will admit," Robert said, "that I do love my new looks and new body. I guess, in a way, I am in love with my new self. But, aren't most girls to some extent?"

"Yes, I guess you're right. Especially the breathtaking ones like you," Linda agreed.

Robert blushed. "Thank you, Darling," Robert whispered, giving her a soft but loving kiss. "I'm glad you like me. After all, I am your creation."

"Yes, and I think you're ready for the next step," Linda continued.

"What next step?" Robert asked curiously.

"Well," Linda said slowly, "don't you think that we need more social activities on the weekends? All study and no play will make us dull girls."

"But, we've been going to the movies and eating out on the weekends," Robert pointed out.

"Yes, but we need some excitement, something out of the ordinary, some socializing. We need to dance, to enjoy ourselves, to let our hair down once in a while. It takes the pressure of studying and grades off for a short time."

"How can we dance? Two girls look funny dancing together," Robert said. He had notice that he lately had lost his drive to get out and seemed contented to read and do girl things around the house.

"Don't be silly!" Linda said impatiently. "We need to get out, really out. Have friends!" Linda could tell he just wasn't catching on. "I want us to go out with some men," Linda blurted out. "Haven't you noticed that good

looking Jack? He is always looking at you and finding some excuse to talk, but you turn him away.”

“Wait a minute!” Robert erupted. “You want me to go out on a date with a guy? You can’t be serious! After all....”

“I don’t want you to go out all alone. We need to meet some new friends and you can’t very well go out with a girl and we don’t really look like a couple. If we double date and stick together, we can dance and have an evening out at no cost to us. We’ll meet some people, besides, we can’t afford to spend too much on luxuries, but boys can. They expect to pay. Don’t you understand? Be nice, but not too nice,” Linda explained.

“But...but,” Robert stammered. “Can I get away with it?”

“Can you get away with it?!” she exclaimed with a laugh. “Just look at you! Half the men in our class can’t keep their minds on their studies because of you. And you have the nerve to ask, can I get away with it?”

Robert had noticed this and was confused by this new turn of events. He was pleased that he looked attractive, but at odds as to what it meant. He asked, “What if the guys gets fresh with us?”

“Listen Sweetheart, men are not hard to figure. We won’t go out with any undesirable fellows. We’re talking about intelligent men, not bowery bums. The average man will go as far as the girl will allow him. But...wait a minute! You should know that! Here I am telling YOU about men!” She laughed out loud with the thought.

“I guess you’re right,” Robert commented. “We have both been getting on edge lately. I guess its that time of our monthly cycle. How would arrange it?”

“I already have,” she smiled. “John Shelton is Jack’s roommate, and he is very interested in me. I told him we didn’t date separately, so he asked me for a

double date setting you up with Jack. I already accepted for both of us. All I have to do is call and confirm the date.”

“Oh. What did he say to that?”

“He said that was fine, and when should they pick us up. I said, if you were agreeable, Saturday night at eight.”

“That’s tomorrow night!” Robert exclaimed.

“Well, the sooner we mingle, the easier it will be for you.”

“Okay, but I’m scared to death,” Robert said, although he was looking forward to getting out of the house. Robert was a bit concerned about Linda going out on a date with another man. After all, Linda was married but somehow the traditional rules didn’t seem to apply.

CHAPTER 7

Saturday was a busy day for them both. They ate lunch out and had their hair appointments in the afternoon. For some reason, it seemed to take a long time that afternoon. It could have been because the reality of what was happening was on Robert’s mind. The contrast between what Robert was and what he had become was so clear. He was a husband yet there he sat, sitting in a tight dress having his hair colored, curled and set to look as girlish as possible for his male date.

He felt embarrassed today during the long agonizing, (normally pleasurable) period of enhancing feminization. Almost a suffering as he watched Jennifer’s delicate hands, combing, separating and winding his long hair onto rollers. As the delicate hands fastened those feminizing curlers securely to his head in neatly arraigned rows which could only result in a totally unmanly hair style.

Robert looked at Linda. His wife was getting equally prettied for her male date. It became increasingly unmistakable what the systematic estrogen erosion had done to his masculinity. He wanted to jump up and run out but he didn't. He just sat there listening to girl talk while the curlers dried giving his hair a good set.

While Robert's hair dried, he sat in trepidation as he watched his wife enjoying being glamorized. Feeling the unmistakable heaviness of the 28 curlers and over 80 bobby pins in his hair. He felt helpless to stop the ever present feminizing tug of each curler and the strands of his long hair which was tightly wound. Many of the bobby pins were poking and jabbing at his scalp.

Robert felt an emotional surge of estrogen and tears starting to well up in his eyes. He still loved his wife as a man too...at least between his ears.

The thought of her being dated caused him to shiver with nervous excitement in the pit of his belly. He could feel a crease of his stomach muscles spasming, his maleness deadened in his delicate panties.

Why would he sit there in such discomfort being made attractive for a male date.

He remembered before when a wet comb-back would 'do the trick' and he was on his way. He was so different now.

When dry, Robert sat in his skirts, lingerie and nylons as Jennifer removed the rollers and made small talk about Robert's big date. As Robert stared at his now curler-less coils of unquestionably un-masculine hair, Jennifer chatted about her 'big' boyfriend and how he made her feel.

This most intimate girl-talk embarrassed Robert as Jennifer prepared his hair for a very feminine hair style.

Jennifer said, "I'll make you irresistible." Robert watched as she prepared the brushes, combs, barrettes and a curling iron, tools of feminization. Robert felt most embarrassed as feminine hands began to fuss with his curls; combing, brushing, teasing as his pretty girlish hairstyle is arranged.





He saw his wife Linda watching as Jennifer's graceful hands picked up a curling iron and went to work making an already feminine hairdo even more deliciously ornate.

Linda smiled as Jennifer took the curling iron and clamped, wound and held for unbearable lengths of shameful time each delicate lock forming lovely, dainty, sissy curls that only a girl would like. Jennifer added a

little ribbon bow in back since it was a special occasion. Linda's was equally as sumptuous, her hair falling around her face in long, soft girlish curls.

Both had their nails painted. It wasn't until the ride home that Robert told Linda of his concern. "I think we should call off our date," Robert said.

"Why? You look wonderful. Your hair is very pretty."

"I feel funny, sort of sick to my stomach. I can't go out with a man, also I'm afraid I'll lose you to another man," Robert confessed.

"Just butterflies, girlish pre-date butterflies," Linda smiled and added, "I love you...just relax and feel girlish."

"Okay," Robert mumbled. "I'm kinda stressed, but I'm okay."

"Maybe you should take an extra estrogen pill?"

Robert felt the excitement rising again and shivers running up his arm.

Linda added, "Honey, it was so exciting getting our hair done together for our dates." She was talking so sensually, so tauntingly. Watching you... seeing you with your hair up in rollers...you have become so female."

Robert blushed, "Well, in a strange way, it was very, very exciting." His voice was struggling with a twitch of jealousy, "I just love you so much and...."

"Shhh!" Linda said, "You'll make us both cry and be puffy for your dates. After the date we can curl up in each other's arms and cry ourselves to sleep...if necessary."

**LOOK FEMININE!! I'LL SAY...
IN FACT I'M A
LITTLE JEALOUS!**





THE DATE

Only one sour note had been struck that day. Mr. Juan, the owner of the apartment, had returned from his trip. He occupied the next apartment, and his beady eyes looked at Robert and Linda as they walked by. His voice was smiling as he said hello, but his eyes slowly

undressed them. Robert felt terribly uncomfortable around him, but he would not let him ruin the evening.

Robert took his bath first, careful not to ruin his hairdo as he shaved his legs smooth. Relaxing in the luxurious warmth of the perfumed bath water made him forget about the coming evening. Being a woman was sometimes just so wonderful! Life felt better. Robert loved every sensuous minute of it. He was trying not to think about being a girl with a date or his wife being wooed by a virile male with high testosterone levels, strong jawline, maybe and five o'clock shadow.

Robert knew about female hormones now. He knew that a woman's taste in men could change after she stops taking the pill. He knew that Linda loved him but he'd been floating on a ladylike hormone cloud to understand the attraction of a roughed man.

While he was thrilled with being "feminized and emasculated," he had no desire to sleep with a man. Yet there he was, perfumed, shaved and nearly naked. He was preparing for a male date, thinking feminine thoughts, and preparing for a night of demonstrating what had become natural feminine behaviors while in feminine clothing.

Linda had said this was an opportunity to embrace his new femininity and explore it socially. The thought made him groan. He knew that many of the changes in his body and mind were now permanent. He would probably have to sit to pee, even if he went back to a male mode of dressing. And he owned no male underwear.

After powdering and another squirt of perfume, Robert again felt the fear of the looming encounter. With his shaved legs, painted nails and long blonde curled hair he suddenly felt like such a sissy. He had been taught to walk, sit, stand and even gesture like a

girl. It was still early. He walked into their bedroom and saw Linda in bra and panties preparing to iron her dress. He had ironed a few non-existent wrinkles out of his dress earlier.

He felt a faint but familiar throb. Seeing his wife in panties and bra had, in the past, ended up with his hot virile seed filling her every nook.

He said, "You are one sexy little lady."

Linda's eyes gleamed, "And so are you!"

Robert asked his wife, "Maybe you should start taking birth control pills again?"

She laughed, "Why would that matter to you? Think my date might get lucky? Seriously did YOU take your pill, girlfriend?"

Robert whispered, "Want to try?"

Before suffocating his masculinity with the supporter, make-up, lingerie, a dress, nylons and high heels, Robert walked up behind Linda and gave her a sweet hug. Linda turned around and knew the 'look' and lead Robert over to the bed, whispering, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I think so," Robert whispered. Robert put his arms around Linda. Their breasts and bellies touching. Robert reached around and unhooked Linda's bra top allowing her full breasts to escape their binding. Robert's rosy nipples called to Linda, they seemed larger more swollen than before. Linda fondled his breasts, even gently taking them in her mouth.

Robert began to squirm but didn't feel his maleness respond like the old days. No, his maleness remained flaccid and ineffectual between his legs. It was like his maleness was afraid to come out of it's hiding place. His mind was on the coming evening and he couldn't get comfortable.

Robert slipped Linda's bikini panty bottoms off anyway as Linda felt for his maleness. She pulled gently on it but it quickly deflated back into its hiding place between Robert's soft smooth thighs.

Robert's nipples shriveled up at the stimulation, but his maleness remained small and soft. Robert looked in the large wall mirror. Their bodies looked the same...both with soft pliant bodies, full feminine hips and rounded breasts. Yes, bodies that could excite men to passion.

Their bodies blended together as their breasts and smoothly shaven legs touched. Linda said, "You know you lose your potency during the high estrogen cycle of the month. And that's all month now."

They figured out that it was about twelve days after their last "period." Linda asked, "Are your breasts a little sore?"

Robert nodded.

"That's it," Linda determined, then joked, "We're both ovulating. Actually we are both just at our high estrogen level."

The doctor had told them to be aware of the effects of Robert's hormone levels. Right after his monthly shot he felt sexy and energetic. The slow releasing hormones build up slowly to the middle of the month and then taper off. Many times the slightest thing set Robert into a crying state. Since Linda and he were on the same cycle, they did things together, such as watching tear-jerker movies and staying home towards the end of their cycles.

Linda comforted, "Being impotent just means that everything is working right...you have to give up something to blossom correctly."

Robert wasn't going to give up. He rolled Linda on her back and positioned himself. After several awkward thrusts and their stomachs slapping, he slipped out.

Another try ended with the same result.

"This isn't going to work...wrong time of your month. You're too soft," Linda said. "You roll over."

She got Robert to roll over on his back, and spread his legs, Linda slipped her legs between his and spread his wider. She reached down and put his maleness between her legs, then she closed her legs. She was on top, legs closed between Robert's. She then started to wiggle her body on his. She rubbed her breasts against his and kissed his neck.

Robert squirmed and threw his arms around Linda's shoulders. "Easy sweetheart," Linda warned, "You'll mess up our hairdos."

Linda continued to lay on Robert with her full weight. She continued to move gently but firmly as she whispered loving praise to him. She whispered little things: "You're so pretty...even without make-up." and "Your figure is luscious." and "The boys are going to love you."

It wasn't long before Robert felt a flowing flush shake his body. Robert felt good but strangely different. Linda quickly looked at the clock and brusquely said, "It's getting late...be a doll and finish ironing my dress. You are much better at ironing."

While Linda bathed, Robert slipped on a robe and dutifully went over and began to iron Linda's dress and slip. Robert's lack of stunning performance only added to the shameful realization that he wasn't much of a man anymore.

Robert took Linda's white brocade sheath and put it on the ironing board. Linda had taught him how to iron and even do a little sewing both of which she said

he'd mastered easily. He began to glide the only warm iron gently around the dress's exquisite ribbons and lace. He spent extra time on the sweet ruffles and the walking pleat on the skirt.

Robert looked up in the large mirrored wall and saw himself standing, legs together like a proper lady. His posture was so girlish, his wrists loose, held limply like a girl while ironing his wife's dress. A dress that she would be wearing to impress another man.

Robert slowly dressed. He usually enjoyed this but had second thoughts as the expectations of the "date" became reality. As he pulled the tight panty girdle over his full hips, he thought of the wonders and sacrifice the female hormone treatments had necessitated. He didn't want to go on a date with a man but felt powerless to stop.

Then he rolled the dainty, wispy stockings into a doughnut shape and held up his pink toed foot. As he drew the sheer, silky black stocking slowly up his leg, sensing the way the soft material caressed and hugged his leg. Again he thought of his wife with a real man. John would not be wearing nylons...nylons are designed to be worn by ladies. Like ladies, they were delicate and fragile. No rough and tough male would ever allow himself to be put in something so feminizing.

Despite his self-censure he placed his pink toes into the other stocking and slowly pulled it up, being extremely careful not to run it with his long nails. He stood up and stretched the stocking, hooking it to the garters at the bottom of his girdle. He pulled the garters tight, making sure there weren't any wrinkles or bagging around the knees.

Robert went to the closet to get his patent leather party slippers with the three-inch heels. Each step he

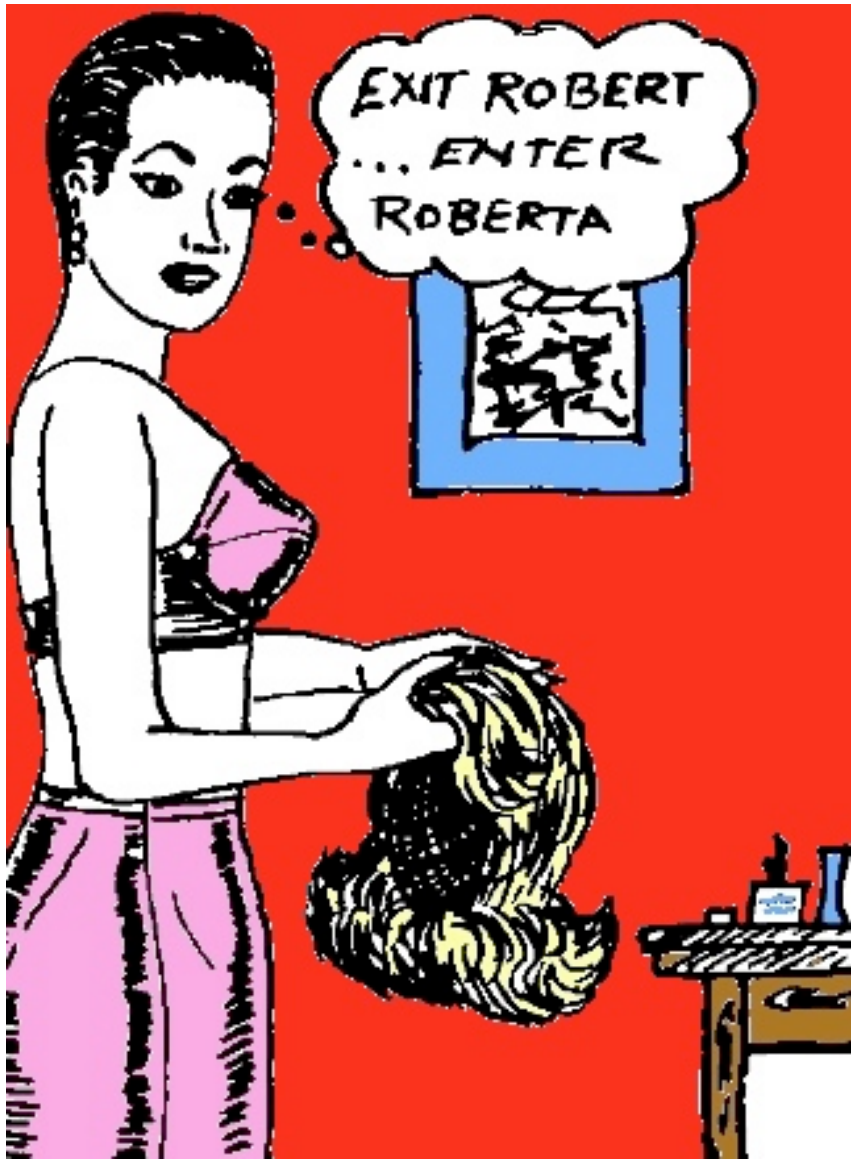
took he could feel the garters of his girdle straining and pressing against his thighs. All night he would feel the delicate stockings being pulled tightly around his legs.

He stood before the full length mirror, he couldn't help but be thrilled by the shapely feminine figure that was his. He would need a black strapless bra for the evening dress he would wear. Fitting the bra snugly into place, he admired the more than ample cleavage he now possessed. A half slip in nylon tricot with lace trimmed ruffles at the hem, and he was ready for his dress.

He had to admit that he was not much of a man anymore. What kind of a man would like wearing dresses and having curves like a woman.

MEANWHILE AT THEIR APARTMENT







When he had purchased this gown, he did not believe he would ever wear it in public. It was a beautiful black rayon velvet sheath with a sheer chiffon over jacket. The neckline plunged daringly in front and dipped delightfully in the back, while two thin spaghetti straps accented his shoulders. He slipped into it, and Linda zipped him up when she returned from her bath.

“Darling, do you think this is too daring?” Robert asked.

“For some women, maybe yes. But with your face and figure, I don’t think so. It does wonders for you. I would say wear it, but don’t get too friendly with Jack.”

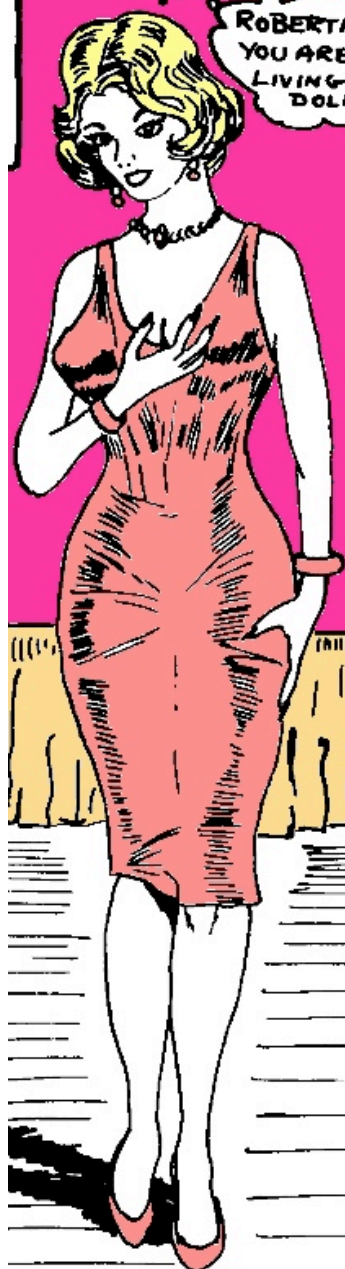
“Don’t worry about that!” Robert said. “Your dress is hanging over there?”

“Thank you dear for ironing it,” Linda said as she inspect it. “You did a wonderful job with the ruffles.” She slipped the dress on and asked, “What do you think? It’s designed a lot like your gown, and shows off my figure.”

Robert tried to be positive, “I’m glad you’re wearing that one. It’s my favorite too! On you, of course,” he hastily added. Robert remembered when she used to wear a sexy dress when they dated and the reactions it produced. He wondered if it would produce the same response with her date John?

WOW... I HAVE
REALLY OUTDONE
MYSELF THIS
TIME

ROBERTA
YOU ARE A
LIVING
DOLL!





IT WAS SUCH A WARM NIGHT!





The two spent the next hour making up and putting on their accessories. Linda laughed out loud once, being struck by the reality that she and her husband were so intent on getting ready for dates.

She asked him, "This is fun getting ready, right?"

Robert nodded, "Is it exciting for you...I mean to go out with a man again? I know he likes you."

Linda felt her face flush. There was nowhere to go. She just admitted it. "Oh darling, it is exciting for me and you. Don't be jealous.... Call it satisfying a feminine need to be admired by men. You can understand that, right?"

Robert was becoming more uncomfortable, realizing that Linda seemed so energized by the thought of going

out with a real man. A tall, trim man with a beard, short hair and bulky muscles.

Robert felt his fleshiness, his curves and his natural tendency now to be wobbly, especially in high heels. Fat cells had gathered in his breasts, hips, and thighs, which only displayed to the world that he was fertile as a female. “They are men,” he moaned lightly.

“C’mon, where’s your sense of adventure?” Linda teased. “If we had boyfriends, we’d save lots of money and have fun going out.”

She melted him down with her naughty little girl smile. “Okay, I’ll make a deal with you. If you have a bad time, we’ll never do it again?”

At precisely eight o’clock, the bell rang, and in walked the John and Jack.



After small talk and some laughs, the group proceeded to a popular night spot. Robert was so jittery he started to sweat but he couldn't help getting goose pimples from the cool night but relaxed when all went smoothly.

The guys were very nice and treated them like ladies. When Jack asked him to dance, he almost swooned. Everyone was getting along so well, he thought, "This isn't that bad!"

Slightly after midnight, the girls went to powder their noses. While preening in the mirror, Linda asked, "So honey, do you like being 'taken out'?"

"It's nice," Robert confided. "I can understand why girls like it." He checked his lips again and gently brush his fingers down the silky softness of his hair.

"We'll do it again?" she asked in hopeful voice.

Robert sighed nervously, "I guess it makes sense. I just don't want to lose you." He tensed, his fingers adjusting the hemline of his dress over his smooth shapely thighs. He felt a slight twinge again. "Gawd, I wish we were home in bed NOW?"

Linda smiled, "It'll pass."

Robert felt a strange ripple of excitement, a little tickle at the gusset of his panties. It was nothing to worry about, a squeezing of his thighs, along with a subtle wiggle of hips made it fade without even wetting the snug crotch.

"Need a pad, honey?" Linda asked.

Robert shook his head.



COME ON YOU TWO...
TIMES A-
WASTING!





IF YOU BOYS WILL EXCUSE US
FOR A FEW MINUTES WE MUST
POWDER OUR NOSES!





By this time, the drinks were affecting both, and they were near euphoria. Linda did caution Robert on not letting his guard down, but it was to no avail. Robert was sitting on top of the world.

It was two A.M. as they pulled into lover's leap, overlooking beautiful Los Angeles. Many cars were already there with the couples cuddled close together in lover's embrace.

Robert and Jack were in the back seat of the almost new sedan. Jack had been affectionate since about one. Robert had allowed his mild flirtatious advances, assuming that it was the way a girl reacted. Tired from the evening, Robert sat with his head resting back on the seat, with his eyes closed. In a second, he felt Jack's lips on his, and as would most girls, he returned Jack's kiss.

Robert peeked up at Linda and John in the front seat and saw that they were in a similar embrace. For a moment, he was fascinated. He had never seen another man kiss his wife before; at least like that. He saw Linda glance back at him. She had never seen him kiss a man before either.

Like himself, his wife had never looked more feminine and attractive. Linda's exquisite dress revealed just the right amount of leg. Her impeccable hair and make up indicated that she had 'tried' for her date.

"How strange," Robert thought. He realized that he had attempted to look femininely desirable for Jack. Now, it all seemed so logical that the natural outcome of the evening would be 'kissing and some touching'. If he had thought it out, he would not have gone.

Time seemed to stop; slow motion. Thoughts flew as the seconds ticked. Robert saw John tasting his wife's painted lips. He assumed that his lipstick covered lips also tasted to Jack like a girl's.

Robert relaxed accepting his fate; Jack's forceful lips firmly planted on his. Robert knew what Jack was sensing: his girlish lips, his womanly perfumed fragrance, his delicate ladylike dress, his smooth soft feminine shape, his wispy curled blonde coiffure; it all seemed so undeniably proper.

Jack whispered, "You're perfect."

But soon, he realized that Jack was making more serious advances toward him. The gentle touches were turning to impassioned fondling. His brain flashed a warning signal, but he felt powerless to stop him. He wanted to scream, “STOP! STOP!” but he could not bring himself to free his lips from Jack’s. His hands felt weighted, and he could not move; like controlled by the inertia of a union or maybe estrogen?

His brain was becoming flushed; his mind panicky. Jack’s hands were moving with expert care, and in a few moments, they would be dangerously close to discovering Robert’s secret. In a moment, his panic gave way to complete surrender, even though the consequences were horrifying to him. Closer and closer, just a moment more and....

“Stop, stop it! Jack, what do you think you are doing?” It was Linda, leaning over the front seat, staring coldly at Jack.

“Mind your own business, Linda. Roberta can stop me any time she wants.” Turning to a terror stricken Robert, Jack continued, “But, you don’t want me to stop, do you?”



Coming to his senses and being completely exhausted from fear, Robert gushed, “Yes, I do! Please take me home. Take me home, right away!”

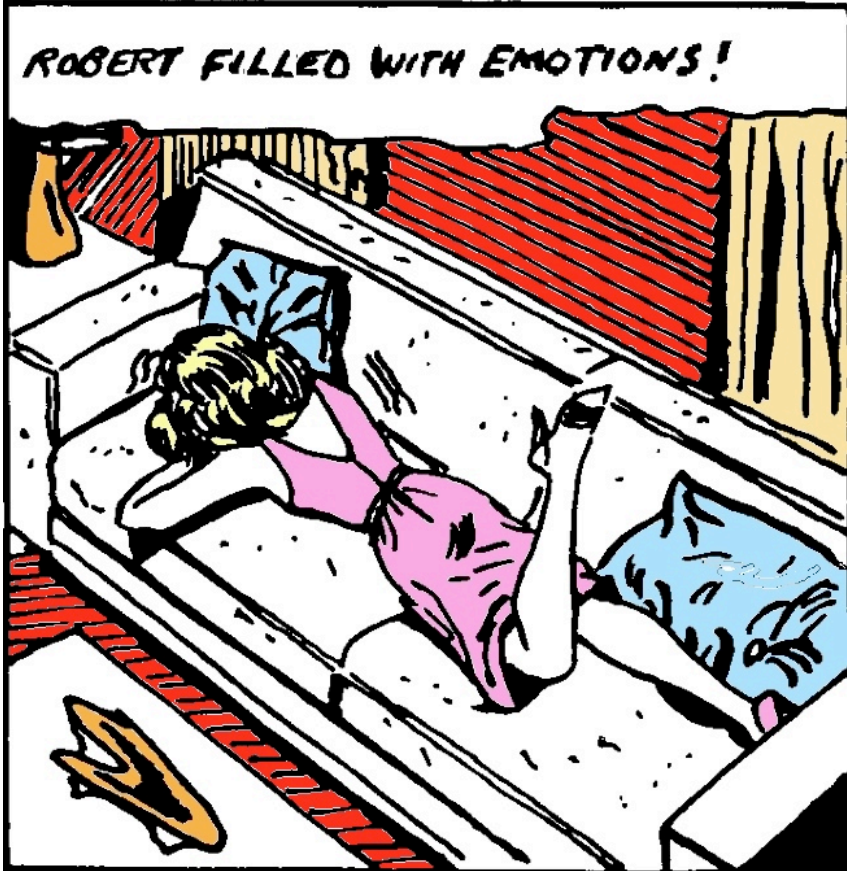
“I’m sorry Roberta; really I am,” Jack kept saying all the way home. “Why did you let me go so far if you didn’t want me to? Please forgive me.”

But, Robert could say no more. In half an hour, they were at the door saying a terse goodnight.

Robert ran to the living room and threw himself sobbing onto the sofa. As he lay there hating himself,

Linda came in and sat down beside him. “Don’t cry, darling,” she said sympathetically, “It’s okay and could have been worse.”

“That’s what I’m crying about,” Robert said through his tears. “This is all wrong. I should never have gone out with Jack. How could I have let it go that far? There must be something wrong with me....I’m so mixed up” He started sobbing all over again.



“Listen to me, Robert; you have become a woman in some ways. Because of the female hormone treatments, it makes sense that you’ll sometimes experience the

feelings and emotions of a woman. It's natural for you to want to feel attractive."

"But, I'm really a male, and I love you. I like women, not men," Robert sobbed.

"I understand, darling. I think the best thing for us to do is to avoid these situations until you feel more confident. Our love is very strong, and we do not want to ever change that." With that, Linda took Robert in her arms and kissed him with loving affection.



Robert looked up and said, "But, I'm becoming so feminine. I don't know if I could never adjust to a man's world again. Maybe we should look into changing me completely by an operation."

"Do you really want that?" Linda asked.

"No, not really, because I would hate to lose you. Oh, what should I do?" she wailed.

“Just trust me,” Linda said. “Everything will be all right. Maybe we should look into the ‘SNAKE CHARMER II?’ Now go to sleep, you’ll feel better in the morning.”

CHAPTER 8

When Robert awoke the next morning, Linda had already gone to school. Since he had no classes until afternoon, Robert just threw a sheer blue hostess gown over his matching negligee and prepared some breakfast for himself.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang. “Who could that be this early in the morning?” he thought as he opened the door.

“Good morning MISS RYAN. It is ‘MISS’, isn’t it?” There, with his piercing eyes, stood Mr. Juan, with a slight leer on his face. “May I come in?”

He edged his way into the apartment. Robert was stunned. Those eyes and that face made him feel nude. He clutched his sheer robe around him and tried to close the door.

“I’m...I...I’m cooking breakfast just now. Could you please come back another time? The eggs are burning,” he managed to say. By this time, he had gotten into the doorway, and with brute strength, closed the door behind him.

What did he mean,” he thought, “it is MISS, isn’t it?”

“You’ll have to speak fast, Mr. Juan,” Robert said. “I must finish my breakfast before it gets cold.”

“On the contrary, MISS Ryan, I want you to come and see what I have to show you in my apartment.”

“I can’t do that,” he said, becoming a little hysterical. “I can’t go into a strange man’s apartment in my housecoat.”

“That’s right. It wouldn’t look good for a girl to be caught in a man’s apartment. But, that shouldn’t affect us, now should it?”

“What do you mean?”

“I think you know! What is wrong with two persons of the same sex being in a room together, even if one of them is an eccentric.”

“My Gawd, he knows!” his brain screamed. “But, how could he know? It’s impossible! He must be fishing, trying to rattle me. He has a suspicion and expects me to crack. Well, he won’t get anything from me.”

“You must be insane,” he finally managed to shout. “What kind of crazy thoughts are going through that twisted brain of yours? Now you get out of here immediately, or I’ll scream for the police.”

He just stood there with his eyes fixed on Robert and pulled a photograph out of his shirt pocket. A small amount of saliva had formed at the corners of his mouth, and he still had that fixed grin on his face. “Look at this,” he said, handing her the photo, “then scream your head off.”

It was too much! He must be having a nightmare. How could it be? Where would he have gotten a photograph of him like that? This was too horrible to be a dream. The photograph was too real to be anything but the truth.

It was a photograph of Robert in the bathroom, drying off after a bath, WITHOUT THE RUBBER BREASTS AND SPECIAL PANTIE GIRDLE ON, but how?

The mirror! That must be it. The full length mirror on the bathroom wall must be a one way glass. “You took this through the glass! You monster!” Robert screamed.

“Now, MISS Ryan,” he said producing a revolver, “Will you accompany me to my apartment? I wish to show you more.”

Robert was on the edge of fainting. His knees were like jelly. The world was spinning as he was prodded to the apartment next door.

Inside was a Satan’s den. Pictures, of women in various stages of undress, lined the walls. All of them had to have been taken through the fake mirror that separated the two apartment’s baths. This man was a fiend of the lowest order.

“I have the catch of the year,” he gloated, as he motioned for Robert to sit in front of the television screen. “As you can see, I have photographed many, many women in all sorts of poses, but this is the prize. I have sold my photos and videos for good profits, but never have I had a video like this for my customers. See for yourself!”

Juan turned on the VCR, and the TV screen flickered something about “Juan’s Amateur Video Productions.” Suddenly on the screen was Robert in his apartment. At times, he and Linda were both shown. Many of the shots showed him preening before the mirror, looking at his new body as the hormones took effect. This fiend hadn’t missed a trick. He was very adept at both photography and video editing.

Robert sat paralyzed from the horror of this. It had to be a nightmare.

The production was that of a young man. The lad at first emulating a female then slowly becoming more feminine as the video progressed. Many of the early scenes with Linda were normal husband and wife love scenes, but on the screen in this situation, they became something dirty and terribly abnormal. The later scenes were of a feminized male discovering new ways to ‘love’

his wife. There was even a scene of them leaving with male dates and a screen title flashed, "How far will our little girlish boy go??? Watch for the next release."

Robert became suddenly sick and wretched violently. He couldn't stand it any longer, and despite Juan's shouting ran out of the room and blindly headed up the stairs.

Juan followed in hot pursuit, and soon, Robert was on the roof of the six story apartment building with nowhere to go. And.....suddenly, Juan was there too!

"Don't come any closer," he yelled hysterically. "I'll jump!"

"HAA! Sure. Why you do that? A young tender thing like you? No way! You'll submit just like all the others."

"But, I can't! Have you forgotten? I'm not really a girl, so stay away!" he screamed.

"I don't care about that. You're so pretty, so girlish. You and your sweet little tits do something to me. I must touch you, I must." He moaned as he advanced toward Robert.

He edged closer and closer. The saliva was dripping from his mouth now. In fact, he appeared to be frothing at the mouth.

Robert was on the edge of the roof and behind him was a three foot brass guard rail. Robert tried to climb that when Mr. Juan sprang at him with such force that he almost went over the rail. The force of the thrust jarred the gun from his hand, and it flew over the side and down six stories to the street below.

Suddenly, the struggle was on. This pawing, insane monster had Robert pinned. His mind was in a whirl. Robert couldn't push him off. His insane strength was breaking his back. Robert began to see

stars, and suddenly, everything was whirling around until darkness started descending.

Then, without warning, he felt a thud, and he let go, turned, and a body blow lifted Mr. Juan over the rampart and down the six stories to the street. With no scream in his ear and his senses returning, he saw Linda with a three foot piece of plumbers pipe in her hand. She was sobbing and shaking with fear.

“Linda,” he gasped, “How did you get here?”

“I...I came back early. The instructor got sick and dismissed the class, so I thought I would come back and have breakfast with you here at the apartment,” she said sinking to the floor crying. “When I entered the floor, I saw you run crazily up the stairs from Mr. Juan’s apartment with him right behind you. By the time I got here, he was all over you choking you. So, I picked up this pipe and hit him again.... and again” She collapsed, sobbing.

“Wait here,” Robert screamed. “I must get that video before the police get here and search his apartment.”

Robert rushed back to Mr. Juan’s apartment. By this time, the police sirens could be heard arriving on the scene below. All of the girls must have been at class because none of the doors of the other apartments were open. Quickly, he ripped the video out of the VCR and picked up the file of photographs marked “MISS RYAN or MR. RYAN?”. He then ran next door to their apartment and hid them in the closet.

In a few minutes, he was back on the roof, and not a minute too soon. By the time he sat down and was comforting Linda, the police came through the roof door like ants.

With the story told, the overwhelming evidence found in Mr. Juan’s apartment, and the testimony of

former tenants, the District Attorney ruled the death of Mr. Juan to be justifiable homicide, and the case was closed.

CHAPTER 9

It had been a terrifying experience. Linda said, “That’s why women hate men! There is always someone watching and there are some with cameras. You are one of the hunted now.”

Robert knew what a short skirt and very high heels would do to men. A tight sweater showing off full breasts and there were car accidents. But as a proud owner of spectacular, sensitive soft flesh, he knew they couldn’t be hidden. They had to be caressed, shaped and held out into cones with bras. It was just a part of being like a female. If men had a problem, they just had to get over it...or die like Mr. Juan.

A few months later, both girls graduated with MBA’s with top honors. That night over a celebration dinner they discussed their future. It had been discussed at the beginning and determined that ‘Roberta’ would only be around until they graduated. They hadn’t broached the subject since.

Linda brought it up, saying, “I guess you could try to become Robert again now.”

“I guess so...” Robert said a bit gloomy. “I’ll probably make more money as a man.”

THE NIGHT BEFORE HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WENT VERY, VERY SLOW!

I HOPE I REMEMBER HOW TO TYPE AND TAKE SHORTHAND... IT'S A GOOD THING I TOOK THEM IN HIGH SCHOOL!

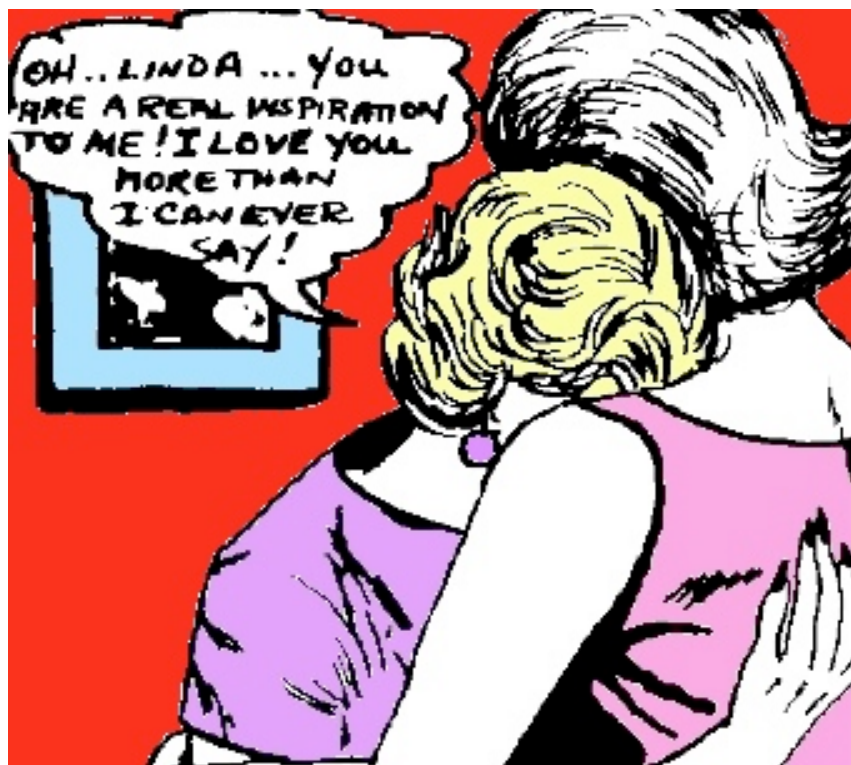


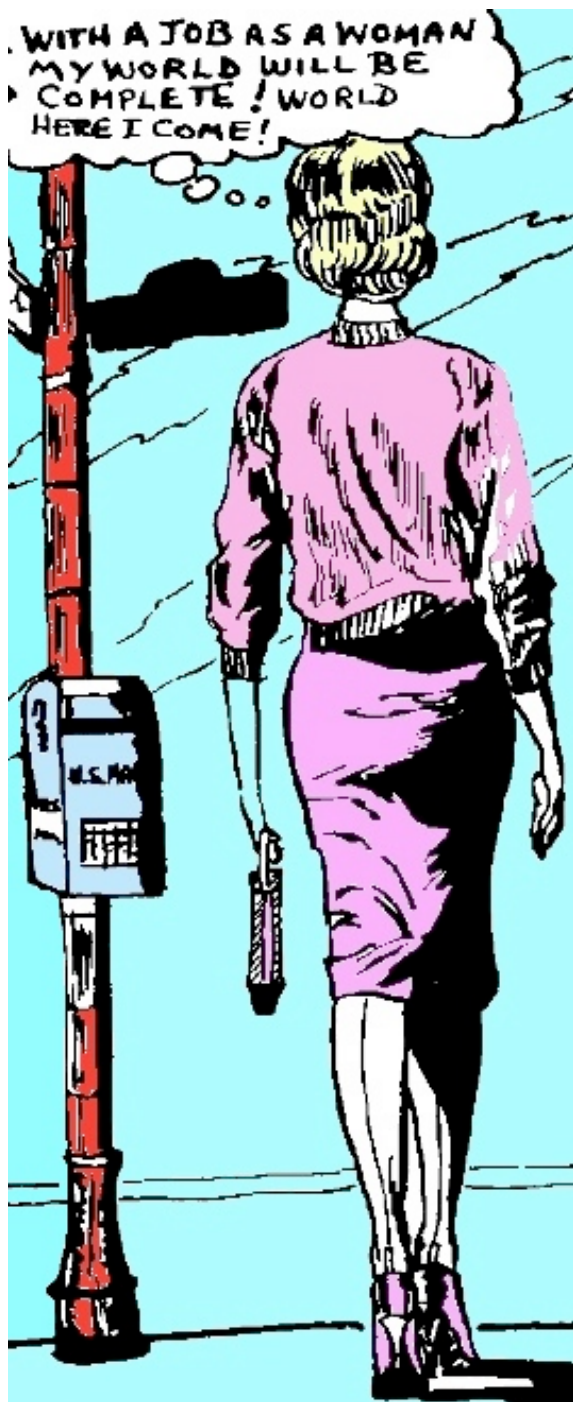
AT BREAKFAST ... NEXT MORNING!

I'M NERVOUS AS
A CAT... I'M SO
SCARED!

HAVE CONFIDENCE...
YOU'LL DO GREAT!







Right then they were interrupted by the waiter. “Ladies,” he said, “The two gentlemen at the bar would like to buy you a drink.” Then he winked and whispered, “I think you can get dinner out of them too.”

“Yeah, you’d make more money,” Linda whispered to Robert, “but we’d have to spend more on entertainment!”

Robert looked over at the men in their business suits and short cropped hair. “Did I look that drab as a man?” he asked Linda.

“And you had to deal with a male sex drive. Don’t you feel better without that? Look at those guys drooling at us...”

Being like a female was so much more comfortable. Robert could be turned on, and totally relaxed. Only outward sign, a tightness in his bra but that also happened if the room was a little bit of cold. With nipples, it took some stimulation before they start begging for more...and that was what a good brassiere was all about.

Linda asked, “So what do you think? Want to try to be a man again?”

“Gawd, do you think I even could?”

“Not sure why you’d want to try?” Linda laughed, “Feminizing you has been a huge turn-on for me. For you, it’s been a good thing for a number of reasons. You’ve made it...”

Robert sighed and got a little weepy. He’d been a husband with a flat chest and male sex drive. The hormones that had first just created little growing fleshy bits had now given him actual breasts.

Linda comforted him, “You’ve made it, honey. You are basically a woman now. There are other things we could have done, if we wanted to do really girly things...”

“Like what?” Robert asked.

Linda smiled, “Like a little operation or maybe a big one? I’d love to see you in a wedding dress but I love you the way you are.”

Robert felt emotional. Wearing a dress meant one was female and wearing a pretty dress meant that one liked being female. It was so closely related to the concept of motherhood and domesticity. He had been proudly wearing the uniform and was reluctant to take it off...ever.

In other words, there was a whole lot more to slipping on one seemingly innocuous garment; a dress. His delicate pink tipped fingers blotted little tiny tears at the corners of his made up eyes. Shivering waves of excitement flowed down through body and disappeared between his panties, under his tight skirt causing a squirmy little wiggle.

He took the hem of his skirt’s fabric between his fingers and tugged it down gently over his smooth knees and looked over at the men watching his every move. Where had his male sex drive gone?

Sure there was estrogen flowing but there was also the maintenance and upkeep of all things necessary to be considered conventionally beautiful as a woman.

Makeup on, makeup off, waxes, plucking, nail manicures, leg shaving, anti-aging treatments, hair, wardrobe, earrings, and the ups and downs of a monthly cycle. It was exhausting just keeping it all together. Who had time to think of sex every six minutes when you had all that to take care of?

It wasn’t the end of the world but a chipped nail could take a half an hour. A short skirt required constant attention. A face had to be kept fresh throughout to day and there was keeping everything necessary in your purse: blotting tissues, miniature

hairspray, bobby pins, nail file, mints, lipsticks and a comb. Even keeping track of one's purse took time.

All of those things were a part of his earliest memories—watching in fascination as his mother set her hair or got dressed up to go out. He remembered the dense, aroma of perfume, hair spray and even lipstick. Now it was the focus of his life.

As a woman, Robert would have no time for a male sex drive (even if he went off female hormones.) Whether he liked it or not, his femininity standards were set by his wife Linda. At times, keeping up to her beauty benchmarks seemed impossible but just took “me” time in front of a mirror.

“Do you think I should cut my hair and be a boy again?” Robert asked. “We could have more fun before bedtime?”

“NO!” Linda said flatly. “I like our bedtime...seated in front of the mirror, combing and caring for each other's hair. My hair has never looked better and is growing out nicely. Yours too.”

The next day, Robert called several places that were looking for employees with MBA's. To his surprise, they were most interested and he soon heard why. Most of the entry position jobs were for ‘administrative assistant’ positions...glamorized (but high paid) secretaries.

LATER ... AT THE OFFICE OF HER PROSPECTIVE EMPLOYER



Epilogue:

Today Linda and Robert continue to live as sisters and are the primary stockholders of a multi-national corporation.

For the first two years, Robert loved working as a secretary and being 'one of the girls'. The hustle and bustle of a busy office and a demanding boss was challenging but he began to see that women just were not given the opportunities of the men. He seriously thought of changing back but Linda wouldn't hear of it. They were having too much fun as pretty and single young females.

It started it with just the two going to dinner together to start the evening, but there were always men there to pick up the check.

Dating became a normal part of the week. As you'd expect, as Robert became more comfortable as a female, men took more liberties. First just touching and he wouldn't let them get too far. Then when safe, some necking and fondling took place. Linda winked, "It's what we pretty women have to put up with.... We can let them inside our blouses but never up our skirts."

They developed some rules to make sure neither of them was threatened by anything that could hurt their love for each other. Mouth kissing was okay, as was petting over and even under tops. Undressing obviously wasn't allowed.

Robert would proudly let a guy unbutton his blouse and even unsnap his bra, admitting the sensations were nice. "Do you think I went too far?" he'd ask Linda after a date.

She'd respond, "No, that was okay. You could even have let him kiss you there...but only on a third or fourth date."

But it was a strange and exciting experience to make small talk about manly men who were taking them out on dates. Occasionally Robert felt some jealousy seeing Linda dressed in one of her “date” outfits, and see her kiss hello her date on the lips. But that happened to him also when their dates picked them up at their house. Just two pretty and popular young women going out on dates.

It was terribly emasculating to know his wife was kissing and being petted, usually in the darkened corners of a nightclub, or in a guy’s car.

It was agreed they’d never go on no more than five dates with the same dark-and-handsome hunky guy. They both liked that because it felt like a boyfriend...and just dangerous enough to make it really exciting.

After working for the large corporations another year, they quit and started a franchise operation that caught on and now has hundreds of mall locations all over the U.S. and abroad.

Martha’s Corset Shops are now known as MARTHA’S MYSTERY LINGERIE. I’m sure you have received a mail order catalog from them in the past.

Robert is irreversibly feminine now. The years of having a monthly cycle of female hormones has lulled his maleness to sleep. He and Linda both do the things active females do: shop, beauty appointments, and date.

Once in a great while, they watch a video of themselves taken years before. As they watch the voyeuristic video, they are filled with a feeling of great sorrow and revulsion at the depraved mind of Mr. Juan.

Linda likes to show Robert the video as a little reminder of how far he had come. She’d giggle and tease, “You were such a horn-dog.” Linda seemed so pleased to not have to with a man’s husbandly libido.

Watching his old manner was a reminder that he was now totally emasculated. He only wore ladies' clothes in public for everyone to see—and there was no way he could deny or hide his female ways.

Robert wasn't even embarrassed as Linda teased him about his former virility. It was meant as a compliment even though it occasionally still could bring up a tear of shame (during a certain time of the month.) He had learned to accept that he was more than a sissy, as though it was always his destiny. He put on the most feminine of clothing in order present himself sexually as female. That meant like most attractive females, he had to deliberately try to entice and be attractive to men.

That's what a pretty female does...she uses her charms and anyone who looked as good as Robert in a lace brassiere and frail, thin panties was expected to be absolutely incapable of male vigor and virility.

In fact, for all intents and some purposes, Robert was as female as Linda. Both could get a bit chubby about the hips and required an occasional watchful diet to keep their figures trim.

They sometimes talked about Robert's total emasculation but knew that would mostly just change him physically since psychologically he'd already assumed an absolute female role.

Linda would tease, "You think teasing boys is fun, maybe you'd like to try being married to one?"

Robert giggled, "I'm much more interested in the wedding dress than any man."

"Most women are," Linda laughed. "Hey, I have an idea for our anniversary...San Francisco."

Thus a trip was planned to search for the most fabulous wedding dress ever...for Robert.

Oddly nervous, Robert walked into the bridal shop and stopped at the sight of the luxurious fabrics and dresses. “Oh gawd,” he whispered to Linda. “What do I say?”

“You say ‘I want the perfect wedding dress.’ That’s what everyone who walks in here says.”

They had been talking about it for weeks and Linda loved the idea of buying Robert the perfect wedding dress. It was symbolic to buy him a made to fit, one-in-a-lifetime, couture gown that fit his Cinderella personality. But it was Robert who was about to be fitted into high-end silks and lace with sequins and glass beads. The perfect dress would show off his every curve.

The dresses seemed to each glow and say “take me.”

“This is a waste of money,” Robert whispered.

“Maybe not,” Linda laughed. “You are a one-of-a-kind woman and deserve a once-in-a-lifetime dress.”

After introductions, the prettiest lace and satin dresses were brought forth by the saleswomen and held out before Robert.

The satin material swished, taffeta cracked and the women cackled about the “big day.” They were all dresses fit for a fairy princess. Robert couldn't help but to be a little nervous, along with VERY excited!

He had only heard stories of Linda’s dress fitting. Stories of champagne, laughter, tears from the magical mix of estrogen and gorgeous dresses. Now he was about to standing up on the bridal stage in a fitting room. His pupils dilated and my heart began to race. He was probably the shop’s only person to try on dresses that had been purposely bloated with an extra shot of estrogen.

He felt ridiculously feminine wearing bridal undergarments, especially the bra, garter belt, stockings

and the white satin high heels one would wear at a wedding.

Linda had told him, “Your lingerie will influence the shape of your body under a wedding dress and the way the bust line is measured.”

Always for a couple days after his estrogen injection, his nipples were sore. While not terrible, they were very sensitive and the lace push up bra was uncomfortable...but necessary.

Linda just smiled as the patient staff at the bridal store took measurements and pumped Robert for detailed information about his wedding, honeymoon and fiancée. This was all about giving Robert the most feminine of female experiences...choosing a dress that fit properly, flattered his figure and made him feel like a beautiful female bride.

One lady helped Robert pour into a first dress, which had a built in corset with highlighted boning and a fitted skirt. When he looked into the three way mirror he about fainted. The shape of his bottom caused his blood to try and find a place to go and there was no room for that! He thought, “As a man, I would have married that!”

As he tried on different styles, he admitted to himself that a wedding dress was like vanilla ice cream...addictive, beautifully white and made your tummy feel good inside. And Robert would likely only wear the dress to lounge around the house or do laundry. But just having it made him feel beautiful and have girlie dreams.

Linda knew...that was the idea as they narrowed down his dress choices to a few styles. Before he took off each dress, he was shown how to walk in that style dress, and how to bustle the dress. He was also shown

sashes, veils and the dress matching collection of hair clips and jewelry.

Once when everyone was out getting the next dress, Robert whispered to Linda, "I almost wish some man would ask me to marry him?"

She laughed, "The dress is the good part. Then they just want to spend the rest of their lives on top of you...at least when you aren't cooking or doing dishes. Then you get pregnant and fat...you, not pregnant."

They giggled but the experience would make Robert look at men differently. Men were the traditional way a woman got a wedding dress.

When the altered wedding dress arrived from San Francisco, Linda helped Robert get gussied up. Once fitted, she said to him, "You simply cannot and will not go back to being a guy. You look like a female, dress like a female, move like a female and now are beginning to think like a female."

What had first started for economic reasons was now a lifestyle. Even Robert could hardly believe how totally emasculated he'd become and now could only be better off living in the female role.

So a very unusual love story comes to a happy ending....

THE END

...

AND SO A VERY UNUSUAL LOVE STORY...
COMES TO A VERY HAPPY — **END!**



THE END

Write to Sandy Thomas if you'd like to hear more:

SANDY THOMAS
P.O. Box 2309,
Capistrano Beach, CA
92624-0309

www.sthomas.com



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

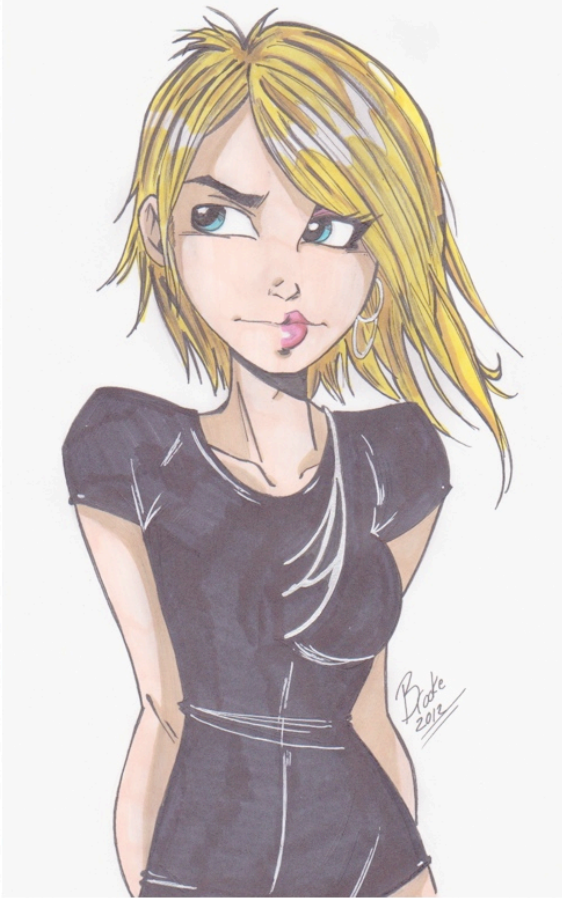


SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!	
..... HIS WIFE'S WIFE #20 NEW.....	10.00
..... LINGERIE & LIPSTICK II #19 NEW.....	10.00
..... LINGERIE & LIPSTICK I #18 NEW.....	10.00
..... HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17 NEW.....	10.00
..... WHAT GIRLS WANT.....	10.00
..... WHAT GIRLS WANT.....	10.00
..... MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL.....	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK I.....	10.00
..... PRETTIER IN PINK II.....	10.00
..... THE STORE BRIDE.....	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS II.....	10.00
..... GIRLS' THINGS I.....	10.00
..... A WILLING WOMAN.....	10.00
..... PRACTICALLY A GIRL.....	10.00
..... UNDER HIS SKIRTS.....	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2.....	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1.....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3.....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO SISTER #2.....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO Sissy #1.....	10.00
GIRLFRIEND TV FICTION	
..... SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW.....	10.00
..... HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10.....	10.00
..... DRESSING DOWN #9.....	10.00
..... A PAITY GIRL #8.....	10.00
..... LUCK BE A LADY #7.....	10.00
..... FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)	
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5.....	10.00
..... ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY! #1.....	10.00
TV Fiction Series	
..... HE'S HER BRIDESMAID II #98B.....	10.00
..... HE'S HER BRIDESMAID I #98A.....	10.00
..... YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES I #97.....	10.00
..... YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES II #96.....	10.00
..... HE'S THEIR SISTER II #95 NEW.....	10.00
..... HE'S THEIR SISTER I #94 NEW.....	10.00
..... BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW.....	10.00
..... AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW.....	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY #91.....	10.00
..... A PROPER LADY I #90.....	10.00
..... GIRLHOOD #89 NEW.....	10.00
..... SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW.....	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1B.....	10.00
..... FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A.....	10.00
..... GIRLISH #64.....	10.00
..... PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86.....	10.00
..... GIRLS GETAWAY #84.....	10.00
..... PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83.....	10.00
..... MISS UNDERSTOOD #82.....	10.00
..... SISSIES TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81.....	20.00
..... GOING AS GIRLS #79.....	10.00
..... CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & #78.....	20.00
..... JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76.....	20.00
..... A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74.....	10.00
..... AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72 & 73.....	20.00
..... TOTES IN THE HOSE #71.....	10.00
..... MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70.....	10.00
..... WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69.....	20.00
..... BIRTH OF A LADY #67.....	10.00
..... JUST RESTRAINED LIKE MOM #65&66.....	20.00
..... HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64.....	10.00
..... FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63.....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62.....	10.00
..... A DRESS FOR DANNY #61.....	10.00
..... BECOMING LADIES/GP #59 & #60.....	20.00
..... THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58.....	20.00
..... MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56.....	10.00
..... LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55.....	20.00
..... ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53.....	10.00
..... THE GIRLMAKERS #52.....	10.00
..... SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50&51.....	20.00
..... DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49.....	20.00
..... BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46&47.....	20.00
..... DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books!.....	20.00
..... MORE THAN A WOMAN #43.....	10.00
..... COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS.....	20.00
..... LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41.....	10.00
..... GIRL BY CHOICE #40.....	10.00
..... WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39.....	10.00
..... BLONDE & BLONDER #38.....	10.00
..... CAMPING IN CURLS #37.....	10.00
..... SLINDROR SWIN #36.....	10.00
..... DAUGHTERS ONLY #35.....	10.00
..... HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34.....	10.00
..... FEMININE APPEAL #33.....	10.00
..... PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32.....	10.00
..... MY SON, THE BRIDE #30 & #31.....	20.00
..... LIKE A DAUGHTER #29.....	10.00
..... HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28.....	10.00
..... WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books!.....	20.00
..... ONE OF THE GIRLS #25.....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24.....	10.00
..... PAUL, GIRL MODEL #23.....	10.00
..... MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22.....	10.00
..... WOMAN'S WORK #21.....	10.00
..... THAT A GIRL #20.....	10.00
..... TIT FOR TAT #19.....	10.00
..... NEAR MISS #18.....	10.00
..... GOING A BROAD #17.....	10.00
..... DRESSED TO DANCE #16.....	10.00
..... FLIGHT OF FANCY #15.....	10.00
..... MAID UP #14.....	10.00
..... ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13.....	10.00
..... ALL DOLLED UP #12.....	10.00
GO TO www.sthomas.com for complete list.	

Contemporary TV Fiction:	
..... Sissy TO STEWARDESS #77 NEW.....	10.00
..... A FEMININE TOUCH II #76 NEW.....	10.00
..... A FEMININE TOUCH I #75 NEW.....	10.00
..... GIRLIE BOY, I AM #74 NEW.....	10.00
..... PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW.....	10.00
..... DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW.....	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW.....	10.00
..... LAVENDAR & LACE I #70.....	10.00
..... DRESS UP DAY #69.....	10.00
..... Sissy'S HISSY FIT #68.....	10.00
..... PURSE STRINGS #67.....	10.00
..... BIKINI BOUND #66.....	10.00
..... DISCOVERING DRESSES #65.....	10.00
..... MY BETTER HALF #64.....	10.00
..... LEARNING CURVES #63.....	10.00
..... THEY'RE (A) GIRLS) NOW! #61&62.....	20.00
..... DRESSES & TRESSES #60.....	10.00
..... MAKEUP MATERIAL #59.....	10.00
..... HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58.....	10.00
..... BECOMING EMMA #57.....	10.00
..... PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56.....	10.00
..... FEMININE BUDDY #55.....	10.00
..... GIRLIE GIRL #54.....	10.00
..... SITTING PRETTY (TOO) #52 & #53.....	20.00
..... CHICKS RULE #51.....	10.00
..... DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD #49-50.....	20.00
..... SON TO SISTER #48.....	10.00
..... MISTAKEN FOR GIRL #46 & 47.....	20.00
..... TAKING HER PLACE #45.....	10.00
..... FEMININE DESIRES #44.....	10.00
..... SISTERS FOREVER #43.....	10.00
..... JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42.....	10.00
..... HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41.....	10.00
..... METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks).....	20.00
..... FRILL UP IT ALL #38.....	10.00
..... WINDOW DRESSING #37.....	10.00
..... HORMONES FOR LIFE #36.....	10.00
..... A SUMMER GIRL #35.....	10.00
..... TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34.....	10.00
..... JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33.....	10.00
..... JOINING THE GIRLS #32.....	10.00
..... CLEAVAGE #31.....	10.00
..... CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30.....	10.00
..... FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS' #29.....	10.00
..... A LIVING DOLL #28.....	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27.....	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26.....	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED Sissy #25.....	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24.....	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23.....	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22.....	10.00
..... REDTOTS #21.....	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20.....	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19.....	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18.....	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17.....	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16.....	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15.....	10.00
TRAINING TV Fiction Series:	
..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25.....	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24.....	10.00
..... FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23.....	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21.....	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19.....	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18.....	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17.....	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTE #16.....	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14.....	10.00
EMPATHY TV FICTION	
..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1.....	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2.....	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3.....	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4.....	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5.....	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6.....	10.00
..... BABY FACED BRIDEGROOM I NEW.....	10.00
SISSY'S SKIRTS	
..... HE'S SO SKIRT NEW.....	10.00
..... THE SLIP.....	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP.....	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS.....	10.00
TOTAL ORDER.....	
STATE TAX @ 7.75% (CA. Residents only).....	
USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max).....	
(OVERSEAS \$13.00 flat rate--up to 10 books).....	
TOTAL ENCLOSED.....	
SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO: SANDY THOMAS ADV.	
P. O. BOX 2309, CARISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA	
VISA or MC.....	exp /.....
NAME.....	
ADDRESS.....	
CITY..... ST..... ZIP.....	
..... I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 11-11	

TRANSVESTIA TV FICTION



Volume Seven
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA
<http://www.sthomas.com>
email: sandythomasbooks@gmail.com