

TRANSVESTIA

TV FICTION

HIS & HERS

equals THEIRS!



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HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS

Rewritten by Sandy Thomas

Stephen Morris was boiling mad! Not a clean shirt in the house, and he was already late for his appointment! His marriage to Joan as almost a perfect one only marred by her constant forgetfulness in sending out and picking up their cleaning and laundry, and most of all by her constant borrowing of his clothes and personal belongings without consulting with him first!

Joan and Stephen were the same height and weight, 5'9" and 130 lbs. But most unfortunately for him, she wore the same size in just about everything including shoes. At first, it was cute when Joan began to wear his shirts with the shirrtails tied up in midriff fashion. It became a problem when she extended her borrowing to his slacks, sport shirts, sweaters, shoes, robe and almost everything else in his limited wardrobe.

When he had first complained to Joan about her continuous confiscations of his things, she had pouted a little and then had promised that she would not borrow in the future without his express permission. This promise had held for less than 24 hours. "After all," she had told him, "you could borrow my things and I wouldn't object so why should you make an issue over some silly clothes. I wouldn't!"

After two years of wedded bliss, Stephen's firm had sent him to Los Angeles since they wanted inspection reports on the properties they were acquiring in that area, from one of their representatives. In addition, they wanted him to gather accurate information about their present clients and possible new ones. For Stephen, it was a wonderful opportunity to work from his home, be his own boss, and set his own hours.

Joan, who had been a most efficient secretary, decided that she only wanted to work part time, and had taken a position with the Corey Girl Service, a concern that provided temporary help for business firms. She enjoyed the variety of jobs, the different concerns who needed her, the meeting of new people, and the opportunity to stay home several days during the month.

“What a perfect marriage this would be if only she would let my clothes alone,” he thought. “I’m going to have to do something drastic to put an end to this nonsense!”

Stephen dressed minus his shirt and tie, grabbed a tie, and rushed out of the house from which his wife had departed earlier. Luckily he found a men’s furnishing store open and bought a shirt, but at a much higher price than he would normally have paid. He put it on and drove off to inspect a parcel of land on the outskirts of the city.

All during the day, he kept thinking of ways to get Joan to conform to his wishes and was still diverted with this thinking when he returned home after completing his work. He had to do something, and soon, or he would become a nervous wreck and he certainly did not want to fight Joan about it since he had tried this technique before and it had proven useless. He took off his shirt and tie and hung them in the closet. Thinking that he would probably have to wear them again the next day since Joan would probably forget to pick up the laundry that he would have been happy to do if he only knew which laundry.

He was about to put on a sport shirt when he noticed a colorful blouse of Joan’s alongside it in the closet. He became even more upset when he noticed several other freshly laundered and ironed blouses nearby in contrast to the solitary shirt which he had just bought that morning. “Bet she wouldn’t like it if I were to borrow her blouse, especially if she wanted to wear it that day,” he thought.

“That’s it!” He concluded to himself, “I’ll just slip into her blouse this evening. When she gets in, she will really explode and maybe agree not to borrow from me if I will leave HER things alone.” The more he thought about it, the better he liked this idea. There would be no arguments and Joan would be the one to bring up the subject of borrowing clothes.

He removed his undershirt and quickly slipped into the long-sleeved pink nylon blouse and buttoned it down the front. He tucked the blouse into his trousers and then occupied himself in anticipation of Joan’s return.

She did not fail to notice that Stephen was wearing her blouse when she came home that evening, and being above average in intelligence, she easily

guessed what he was doing. “Well, I’ll fool him,” she thought. “I just won’t say a word about it and when he realizes that he can’t get any satisfaction by his shenanigans, he will forget it!”

“How did things go today, honey?” She asked apparently oblivious to his attire. “I had a real easy day myself, only had to answer the phones.”

Somewhat disappointed by her lack of comment on the blouse he was wearing and sensing what she was doing, he decided to go along with her lack of observation. He determined that there would be no comment from him unless she noticed first.

Conversation was forced as they sat down to eat their dinner. Each was determined that the other would be the first to say something about the wearing of the blouse. That evening, Joan borrowed one of Stephen’s pajama tops before crawling into bed. If she expected him to say something, she was in error. But, she did succeed in keeping him awake most of the night fuming over her lack of comment.

He was still angry when he came home from work the next day and vowed that he would make Joan take notice. It was somewhat of a surprise to Joan on entering her apartment, to find that Stephen was not only wearing one of her nicer blouses. In addition, he had put on a pair of her capris and thongs. It was with some small effort on her part that she pretended not to notice, and the evening proceeded as if he had been dressed conventionally. Two could play at this game, she decided.

After dinner, Joan went out to do the grocery shopping, and “borrowed” one of Stephen’s knit sport shirts to wear with her capris. She continued to wear it after returning home. She could see that she had made a dent in Stephen’s armor when she took it off. Preparing to retire for the night, both were aware that the knit had been stretched by her ample breasts and that Stephen would not be able to wear it again until it was laundered and returned to its former shape.

Joan was the first in bed that night, and although it was warmer than the day before, she wore another of Stephen’s pajama tops. When Stephen joined her, the lights were already out, and it was a good thing for Joan that he could not see her face. For as his knees brushed up against her, she

became aware that he was wearing one of her nightgowns! Still, neither said a word about this change of nightly costume, and more surprisingly, they had a most perfect night of marital bliss.

The next morning, Stephen had already finished breakfast and was preparing to leave, when Joan joined him, wearing his bathrobe, which she had done often before, to avoid soiling her nicer things. But this morning, it was to force her husband to make some remark that would open the subject of clothes borrowing. This he would not do, and he left for work more angry than the preceding day!

That evening, Stephen decided to make another strong effort to get Joan to say something about his wearing her clothes. Thinking that capris and blouses were not sufficiently different from his clothes, he decided to carry his efforts a step further.

Being the same size as Joan, he had no problem finding one of her new bras and in padding it with paper to fill it out. He slipped on a chartreuse blouse with short sleeves and a wide oval neckline, very much aware of the projection from his chest, enjoying the way it felt and looked. His wife would surely notice his new contours, even if she did not notice his, or rather her, clothes. A short, deep green, flared skirt and a pair of Joan's mid-heeled shoes completed his outfit and he sat down in welcome anticipation of the blowup he felt would come when she first saw him, when she came home. He was disappointed! For when Joan walked in, she made no comment whatsoever on his dress, and acted as if it was just another normal evening with nothing unusual. But, it was not the same for Stephen, who was feeling somewhat different walking at a different elevation than normal and of misjudging clearances because of his newly acquired bosom. Unaccustomed movements were called for because of this, and the short, tight skirt he was wearing. He did not find these different sensations displeasing and might have enjoyed them even more, if he were not anticipating the barrage that he was expecting from Joan that she determined would not come.

"Would you like to go with me to pay the rent at the Manager's office?" She inquired, knowing full well that Stephen would not leave the apartment as he was. When she returned a short while later, she gave no sign of her

rising anger.

When they were ready to retire for the evening, she handed Stephen one of her nightgowns and robe, and mid-heeled mules. She was anticipating an outburst on his part, but doing it in a matter of fact sort of way. She received no satisfaction, since Stephen accepted the items and wore them as if it was the thing to do.

Joan had already departed when Stephen awoke, as her job that day was in an outlying area, and she had to leave early. Stephen enjoyed his breakfast in the night clothes he had worn the night before, relishing the weightlessness of these garments as he enjoyed his coffee and paper. He could not help but think of how most pleasant was the feel of the nylon to his body. He could not help but think of how wonderful the past night had been, so much better than before, and wondered if it would be possible that the freedom of movement that his wife's clothes allowed contributed to making their evening such a blissful one.

He was still wearing the gown while he shaved and planned his day's work simultaneously. His rather peaceful mood was shattered when he discovered that there was not one clean undershirt or shorts for him to wear that day. He could not help but be suspicious that this might be part of his wife's campaign to force him to break first. He had committed himself to the battle and he was not going to be defeated so easily. "Well, I'll just liberate her panties for today," he thought and went to her drawer.

It was full of various pastel and bright colors of lace and nylon. He started to change his mind, but then reached out for the most ornate pair, knowing that they were probably Joan's favorite. He actually liked the way they felt as he slipped them up his legs and over his hips. The feel of the elastic band was softly soothing to his waistline as it gently hugged it. He had always liked vivid colors and the bright red nylon panties he was wearing pleased this part of his personality. A part that he normally did not indulge.

While inspecting the properties scheduled for the day, he could not help but think of ways to force Joan to give in and acknowledge his unusual dress, and above all to promise to let his things alone-in return for the same by him. He decided to carry things a step further that evening and really

surprise his wife!

Once home, he quickly undressed and slipped into Joan's skirt and shoes. He unwrapped the package he had bought that afternoon which contained inflatable inserts for his bra and that he felt might make Joan notice, since the appearance was more natural. He inflated them to the proper size and placed them in the cups of his bra and then hooked it in the back with no difficulty at all.

He then put on a multi-colored blouse with $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves and added a three inch wide belt that cinched his waistline, making it look smaller than it really was. He was pleased with what he saw in the mirror and decided that he would add a pair of Joan's sheerest hose to complete the outfit. He was somewhat surprised at the delightful feeling he felt when he rolled the hose up his legs and the feel of the elastic tops as they hugged his thighs, holding the hose in place.

Dressed as he was now, in his wife's blouse, skirt, hose, bra, and shoes, he proceeded to set the table for dinner, enjoying the swish of the short skirt that barely hid the top of his hose, and relishing the appearance he made as he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror from time to time.

When Joan came home that evening, Stephen, who had been sitting on the couch enjoying television, arose to meet her as she came through the door.

He had enjoyed the feel of nylon hose on his crossed legs and the control he had to exercise to keep his skirt long enough to hide the red panties beneath, which peeked out when he would bend over or make other movements. Joan took in his appearance, missing nothing, but gave no indication that she noticed anything unusual. As before, she conducted herself as if nothing unusual were taking place. She did tease him with occasional remarks that she felt might force him to acknowledge the way he was dressed and what he was trying to do.

"I saw a lovely mini dress that I wanted to buy today. It had cute short sleeves and a low neckline that shows quite a bit of me and it was in a beautiful print," she teased, "but perhaps I shouldn't talk about MY clothes since you wouldn't be interested in woman talk, would you?"

Stephen did not show that he was aware of what she was attempting. He made small talk as if nothing were different than it had been some days ago. It made no impression on him when he found a fresh nightgown and robe on his bed as he prepared for sleep. He was darned if Joan was going to get him to complain about this, not until she took notice first.

Neither said anything at breakfast the next morning, as they ate this meal dressed in identical garments. They talked about their work and other things, but not the clothes that Stephen was wearing. Stephen only had phone calls to make this Friday morning and Joan left after finishing breakfast and getting dressed for her day's work.

It was a lazy day for Stephen and his mind kept wandering back to their "Problem" and of ways to resolve it once and for all. Today was a good day to give it a try since he had nothing but time and he soon conceived a plan of action and proceeded to put it into effect.

Perhaps the skirt and blouse were not obvious enough. He went to the closet and selected a new beige mini dress that Joan had not yet worn. It was a very short 'A' line dress which belted under the bustline and had just the suggestion of a sleeve and the cutest jeweled pin above the right breast. Knowing that hose would be ludicrous because the dress was so short, he selected a brand new pair of pantyhose with abbreviated sides so that no hint of panty portion showed no matter how a woman would sit or move. A beige bra with his recently purchased inserts was placed on the bed alongside these items.

"This would be an impossible game plan," he thought, "if Joan and I weren't the same size in everything! But then thought, "Then again, we wouldn't have had this problem in the first place!" He decided to go for the 'kill'. He would borrow 'everything', that would break down her pride.

Next, he selected an orange and gold choker to fill the void of the square necked mini dress, and then matching earrings that would dangle most nicely, he thought. Then to the closet to bring forth his wife's favorite shoulder length blond wig that she wore when she did not have time to have her hair done, he placed it on the bed near the three thin gold bracelets he had added as an afterthought.

The preliminary work done, he disrobed and in the security of his washroom, he proceeded to shave every vestige of hair from his body from the neck to the ankles. What a spooky experience it was lathering in the shower under hairless arms, chest, and up and down his smoothly shaven legs. After drying himself, he donned a hot pink, hip length terry coat and proceeded to rummage through his wife's cosmetic drawer. "Yes," he said to himself, "Everything of hers."

Going on recall, and priding himself on being observant, he selected pancake makeup, rouge, lipstick, eyebrow pencil, lash extender, comb, and a variety of brushes, and placed them on the sink near his razor. It was nearly 2 p.m. And Joan was not expected before five. He decided to wait until the very last minute before he shaved and put on this unfamiliar assortment of cosmetics, so that his appearance would be so realistic that she would virtually be forced to say something.

It was not long before he had removed the terry-coat and was slipping his newly shaven legs into the pantyhose. It was an unfamiliar action, slipping both feet into the hose and rolling the pantyhose alternately up each leg, finally encompassing his hips, and arranging them so that there were no wrinkles. As he straightened up to put on his bra and inserts, he could feel the stretch of nylon across the lower portion of his body, and a tingling sensation ensued as he tightened and hooked the bra firmly to his smoothly shaven chest. He slipped into a pair of Joan's dressy shoes, put on one of her housecoats and amused himself watching TV for an hour or so.

At 4 p.m. He shaved much closer than usual, his busted appearance giving an unusual reflection from the mirror and proceeded rather clumsily to apply the assortment of makeup he had previously selected. How smooth the sponge glided across his face as he applied the pancake!

He used the eyebrow pencil with more zeal than skill, but was not satisfied until he had plucked out a few straggly hairs to give his brows a more uniform appearance. He slowly outlined the upper lid of his eyes, extending the line somewhat beyond the corner.

He then brushed color on the upper lid before applying lash extender to the lower lids. How much larger his eyes appeared! Next, he outlined his

lips with a sable-tipped brush as he had seen Joan do many times, and then filled the space with lipstick. After applying rouge lightly to his cheeks, he was not satisfied until he had gone over the rouged area and the rest of his face with pressed powder of the same shade as the pancake makeup.

It was with some surprise that he discovered how fast time had flown and that it was after 5, and that Joan would soon be home. He stepped into the mini dress and raised it up over his body enjoying the feel as he gently urged it over the bust. With some difficulty he finally managed to zip up the back of the dress and hook it. Then with unaccustomed clumsiness, he attached the long earrings to each ear and fastened the choker around his neck. Removing his watch, he slipped on the three gold bracelets to replace it, picked up the long wig, and walked over to the mirror to see how he looked, and to see how to arrange his wig.

Although he had seen his face while making up, he was stunned by the total picture he saw reflected from the full length mirror. The shoes and pantyhose made his feet appear smaller and his legs most shapely and feminine.

His eyes traveled up his legs almost to the hips where the mini dress began, and to the bustline above the belt that completed the totality of femininity of his body. The face was that of a stranger, a feminine someone else, and the slight toss of the earrings as he turned his head was delightful. The change was astounding and he felt like this new feminine being was really himself.

It was not until he had put on the wig and arranged the hair over his shoulders that he began to have doubts about his plan. What he was seeing in the mirror was a most attractive counterpart of his wife, with nothing of Stephen visible.

The trim figure was MOST pleasing to him and as he observed himself more closely. He could feel the pantyhose hug his legs and hips more closely, could feel his artificial breasts rising with his increased emotion as if they were actually a part of his body. Looking at the beautifully made up face, he felt elation that he could not understand. He tossed his head slightly to one side allowing the hair to ring his face more properly then sat down as

if in a daze.

“What a calamity,” he thought, “What if I get to like THIS and Joan doesn’t give in and doesn’t say anything.” Then he calmed himself thinking, “She MUST give in when she sees me tonight. I certainly would, if I were in her place.” He vowed that she will be the loser in their ‘contest’ of wills!

His attitude firmed up, he went into the kitchen to get a much-needed drink and it was at this point that Joan came home.

“Stephen, I’m home. Are you there?” She asked, not seeing him.

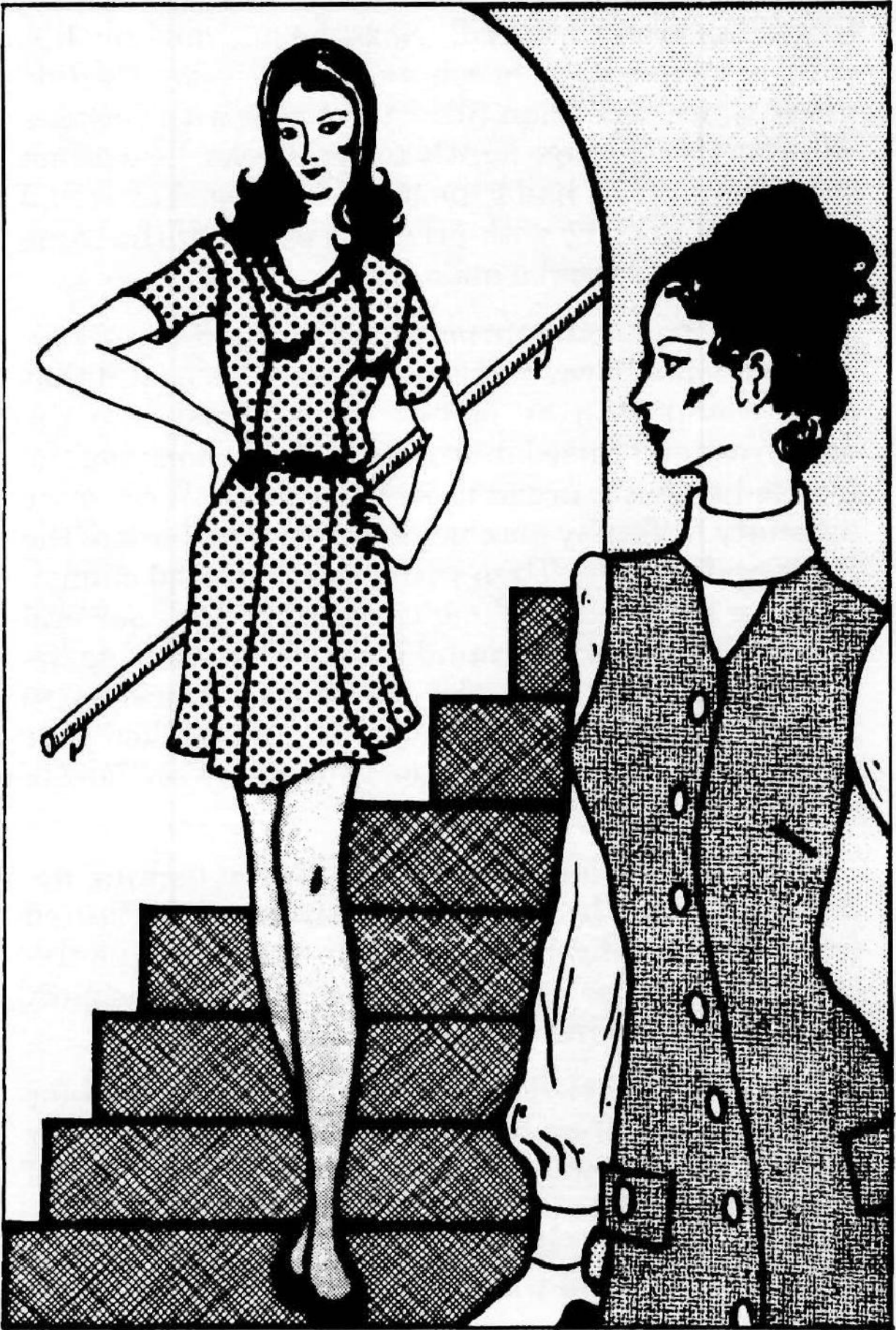
“Be with you in a minute. Just getting myself a drink,” he replied.

When Stephen walked into the living room, there was a slight silence and for the first time Joan looked startled. Still, she quickly regained her composure and asked about the day’s happenings as if nothing was unusual. Yet, all the while, she was taking in the appearance of this stranger. “He looks so authentic,” she thought, “Yes, he looks very good as a woman. I am surprised that he could make himself so natural. However, if he expects me to say something about his appearance, he is in for a rude shock. I’ll just wait for him to say something first!”

Joan asked, trying not to show any bewilderment in her voice, “STEPHANIE, will you help me set the table while I get our dinner ready?”

“Certainly dear,” Stephanie replied while thinking, “if she thinks that she will get a rise out of me by calling me a feminine name, she has another trick coming!”

During the meal that followed, they talked about their work, about the vacation they were planning, about their families, about everything EXCEPT what they were both thinking about. Stephanie could observe that Joan was examining her very closely for flaws that she could not easily find. Joan was unable to prevent herself from thinking that despite the excellent appearance that Stephanie made, how much she could help in improving her feminine appearance. She did not show her amusement as Stephanie smoothed the very brief dress when she sat down and the strange expression on Stephanie’s face as she viewed the long expanse of leg when they sat down on the couch with their legs curled under them.



She was also amused when Stephanie excused herself to freshen her makeup and how little real awkwardness there was when she moved about the room. Later during the evening when Stephanie excused herself again but this time to answer nature's call, she could not help thinking of how awkward this first would be for her.

Despite the humor of the situation, Joan was not starting to get angry with herself. "He is carrying this too far," she thought, "I'll think of something to conclude this mess."

When they were ready to retire for the evening, Joan remarked, "Stephanie, you should remove your makeup before you go to bed, or you will ruin your lovely complexion." Stephanie complied with this suggestion and although Joan did not lay out a gown and robe as she had done the night before, Stephanie obtained them for herself. Despite the anger and unhappiness that had been present that evening, a most romantic evening passed too quickly and Stephen was definitely present.

Stephen had now committed himself to an unalterable course of action and the next morning, being Saturday, he not only borrowed her panties, capris, bra, sweater, and shoes but also put on makeup as he had the night before and the wig.

"You'll need a DIFFERENT bra for your sweater, Stephanie honey," was the only remark that Joan made about his appearance. At the same time, she could not resist touching up the wig to make it appear neater.

Although they were not going out for the evening, Joan anticipated that they would spend their usual weekend at home. They had made it a practice to dress for dinner since they were first married on Saturday, and to serve it by candlelight as it was most romantic. Joan expected Stephen to honor this custom and to make his appearance instead of Stephanie, at least for this evening. In anticipation of the temporary halt in their conflict, Joan anticipated dressing in her most feminine fashion and as a result was more tolerant of Stephanie's dress and actions during the remainder of the day.

This, however, did not help the situation. Stephen was most disappointed that nothing was said by Joan and he felt somewhat jealous in addition to his disappointment when he Joan was taking to appear especially nice that

evening. He resolved that he would take the same pains for Stephanie and when Joan saw that he meant business, she would bring up the subject that both had been avoiding and they could get back to normal again.

When Joan sat down and applied nail polish to her fingers, Stephanie did the same. When she did the same to her toenails, Stephanie did likewise. When Joan applied her makeup, Stephanie did also. The duplication of efforts continued without any comment until both were ready to dress.

There was only the slightest bit of hostility when Joan picked out a dress to wear. Stephen said, "AHHH, I had hoped to wear that tonight."

Joan forced a smile and said, "Why dear, I think it will look very nice on you. I'll just wear the chiffon."

It was not a pleasant sensation for Joan, who had dressed in her best chiffon gown, with sheerest hose and her highest heeled shoes, wearing her best pearl necklace and earrings to sit down by candlelight and observe Stephanie, who obviously was wearing her waist cincher under her new black sheath basic dress, who also apparently was wearing her only pair of sheer black pantyhose underneath, since she could see no outline of pantie through the fitted sheath.

Stephanie had added insult to injury by adding glitter to her hair and of almost walking correctly in her high heels. Joan's favorite dangling rhinestone earrings and necklace did not detract from his appearance. Joan would have been happier if the makeup had not been so artfully applied and if the figure had been less attractive. She could not avoid looking at the bustline and found it hard to believe that there was really nothing to it.

Joan seethed and said little during the meal. "At least he could have forgotten our conflict for this one evening," she thought. "This is going too far, and I must do something to bring this business to a head." And finally she thought she had it.

They sometimes went out for a while Saturday evenings and knowing that Stephen would not go out dressed as he was, she inquired after dinner, "Stephanie, would you come to the drugstore with me to buy some things? I'll meet you in the garage when you are ready," and without waiting for his reply, she put on her stole and left the apartment to give him time to change

clothes, or so she thought.

This was the moment of truth. If Stephanie returned to his normal dress, Joan would have won, since it would be acknowledging that something unusual had been going on. Besides, it would give Joan a method of putting a stop on his campaign.

It was some minutes later that Joan was surprised to see Stephanie, not Stephen, approach the car, wearing her beaded black sweater, white gloves just over the wrist, and clutching an evening bag in his gloved hand. Not to be outdone she commanded, "Get in," and they were on their way to the store.

Stephanie waited in the car, despite Joan's entreaties to come in the store with her and felt certain that Joan would explode when she returned to the car, but Stephanie was to be disappointed.

"I could use a drink, Stephanie, couldn't you?" Joan asked.

"Yes, I sure could," Stephanie replied in anticipation of getting home and relaxing over a scotch and soda after this most trying day.

Joan was not in the mood to be on the losers portion of this battle and surprised Stephanie by pulling in the driveway of the Hungry Horse Grill and Bar before Stephanie was aware what was happening. In no time at all, the attendant had opened the passenger door and Stephanie found herself swiveling around in the seat to exit from the car in as graceful a manner as possible and was joined by Joan who grabbed her firmly by the elbow and led her into the dimly lit bar.

To the hostess who met them at the door, they appeared to be two attractive women out for the evening. They declined the check their wraps indicating they only wanted an after dinner drink, and were seated at one of the little tables directly behind the bar.

Somewhat nervous, Stephanie duplicated Joan's movements as she placed her purse on the small round table and removed her gloves. After giving their drink order to the cocktail waitress, Stephanie fumbled in her small evening bag and removed her cigarettes and lighter. She quickly lit up, hoping to hide her uneasiness caused by her scheming spouse. He was not

unaware of the red impress on the filter of his cigarette as he placed it in the ashtray.

Stephanie was a scotch and soda drinker, but did not feel it was appropriate to order his favorite drink in his present condition, and ordered a King Alphonse, which he thought was more appropriate to the present circumstances. If he thought all he would have to do was sip his drink until they were ready to leave, he was to find out otherwise.

“Stephanie, just look at that lovely dress that woman is wearing! Isn’t it stunning?” She asked knowing that any response would be most limited.

Stephanie kept his eyes on his drink and on the smoke rising from his now lipstick red tipped cigarette and nodded his agreement.

Joan sensing uneasiness, continued, “Isn’t that hairstyle on that small blond to your right most outlandish! It does absolutely nothing for her. It would make a very nice style for you though dear,” she continued in her attempt to make him more uncomfortable.

“I must find a new hairdresser, or beauty parlor. My operator does not seem able to do anything for me. Who does your hair, darling?” she continued.

The forced one-sided conversation continued, but ended when two men left the bar and approached their table.

“My name is Hal Devlon and this is George Alperton. We noticed that you two ladies were alone, and wondered if you would like to join us for a few drinks and some dancing at Casey’s. It’s not too far from here and the band is very good.”

Stephanie could feel his face reddening and was more embarrassed when Joan replied, “Let me talk it over with my GIRL friend and we will let you know. Come STEPHANIE, let’s go to the powder room and freshen up while we talk over this delightful invitation, shall we?”

Stephanie was happy to pick up his purse, arise from the table, and follow Joan to the forbidden territory of the powder room. He was slowed down by the tight dress, which forced him to take delightfully short steps and by the high heels that he was wearing.

Joan enjoyed his embarrassment. There was something titillating about being so in control of her husband. Where was his rough and tough maleness now? He had always made the decisions and Joan now realized how submissive she had been to his wishes. But not now.

There was no longer a male zone for Stephen to cling to. The one who wore the pants no longer ruled! Joan liked that.

Stephen had a look of horror on his face as they entered the powder room, which was filled with women fixing their hair, rearranging makeup, straightening hose and freshening their perfumes.

The outer vestibule was thick with the sweet scent of perfume. Joan sat down at the vanity and began redoing her makeup, which did not really need it, while Stephen stood awkwardly behind her not knowing what to do, but only for a moment.

Joan looked at him and said, “Would you like to borrow my lipstick, dear?”

Stephen wanted to run or give up on the spot. The shock of what was happening was suddenly most humiliating. Frozen at how easily Joan had abruptly won their little war. . .or could he surprise her.

He took a deep breath and the bewilderment weakened. Stephen decided to turn this to his advantage. “Okay,” he thought, “this is just what she wants.. .me to grovel.” He sat down alongside Joan and duplicated her cosmetic maneuvers and then excused himself. He went behind the closed doors of the business section of the powder room to take a minute to think. He knew she could see under the stall door. His high heels, nylons and lacy panties as he sat to do his business.

It was a successful maneuver as Joan stewed as she waited for him to return. Eventually he did and they returned to their table having not discussed the ‘offer’.

“Stephanie, dear, shall we accept the invitation and have a little MALE companionship tonight?” she asked as they neared their table.

“That would be entirely up to you, darling,” was Stephen’s cool reply.

Joan winced and knew what she had to do. She did not accept the offer of

an evening's entertainment, using the excuse of a busy day ahead. Stephen realized he had made her back down. It was a shallow but pleasing victory.

"Sorry about that. Perhaps we can do it another time," was Hal's obviously disappointed reply. A short while later, they saw him talking to two other women at the bar.

Stephen smiled as Joan paid the bar bill leaving a much smaller tip than he would have left. He would have paid, but the one item that Stephen had forgotten to put in his purse – his wallet.

Neither said much while they were driving back to their apartment. Joan was bitter at not having obtained the response she had anticipated that evening, and Stephen equally angry because of what she had attempted to do to force him to concede.

As a jab to Stephen, Joan said, "Now I wish we had gone dancing with those men."

"Me too," announced Stephen defiantly, in order not to be victimized by her power.

"Next time we are GOING!" Joan announced.

After removing their makeup and getting into their nightgowns preparing for bed, neither had spoken until Joan, noticing the flat chest of her bed partner suggested, "Why don't you wear a sleep bra tonight? You certainly need something in the cups and you would look so much better."

If she had expected an argument, she did not get it. Stephanie removed the sleep bra from the bureau drawer, slipped the inserts into the cups, and climbed into bed alongside Joan.

Despite the feud, they were still in love. The night progressed as if they were still on their honeymoon. For a brief while, all was forgiven.

There was to be no day off in this silent battle. Stephen did not put on his favorite blue denims and told T-shirt that Sunday morning. The saying, "STRIKE WHILE THE IRON IS HOT," was on his mind. Instead of his clothes, he slipped into panties, bra, and one of Joan's freshly laundered housedresses. After applying Joan's makeup with as much skill as he could muster, he located a shorter styled wig of his wife's and arranged it on his

head. It was in this condition that Joan found him when she awoke a short while later.

“Well, if he thinks that I’m going to complain about his borrowing my things, he will have to think again!” She thought angrily. “When I get through with him, he won’t know who he really is!”

Joan dressed in similar fashion and so arrayed they had breakfast. Unlike other times, Stephanie helped in clearing the table and doing the dishes, as it seemed the natural thing to do. Afterwards, he excused himself and went to his desk to clear up the paper work that had accumulated during the week. It was fascinating doing his work in these new clothes that were less confining than his own and the time passed quickly. Joan used his working period to catch up on the household chores that she could not do during the week.

She did not let up in her attempts to make him uncomfortable. She would constantly make declarations that she hoped would get him angry enough to give up this mad game he was indulging in.

Such as, “Honey, I have to buy some new panties tomorrow. Should I get a brief style like this one, or should I get some with flared legs like this other pair,” she asked holding each pair against his waist so that he could see the garments better.

Or “Should we buy some textured pantyhose, or should we buy the panty briefs which show less when WE sit down in our short skirts?” She continued.

Or “Would you mind slipping into this skirt for me honey, I would like to shorten the hem and as we are the same size, I can measure it better on you.”

Stephen wasn’t about to be put off so easily. When he complied with each request she added add some backhanded compliment such as, “The skirt is lovely on you, but it is still my favorite. Would you turn completely around so that I can see if the hem is even?”

Or she’d tease, “Stephanie, your makeup is put on beautifully, but we must go shopping soon and get you your own cosmetics that would be more

suitable to your complexion.”

This type of banter continued through most of the day with Stephanie never ignoring the questions or statements and making some suitable reply, not wanting to give Joan any satisfaction.

After dinner Joan asked, “Would you mind if we went to the drugstore again tonight? There are some things we need and I will not have a chance to shop tomorrow.” Later, Stephanie found herself at the scented cosmetic counter of the pharmacy.

A half hour later, Stephanie had acquired a complete makeup outfit just suited for her with the expert assistance of Joan, but in the process had also had been the recipient of samples of various colognes and perfumes on her arms, neck and ears. She had not been able to protest these applications because of fear that her voice would give her away.

Riding home Joan teased, “That last cologne you sampled sure has a heavenly scent and should really bring out the tiger in your men friends. I’m glad we bought it for you and your new cosmetics will simply look elegant on you! Hope you don’t mind if I borrow them occasionally?”

He didn’t answer. To be honest, Stephen was delighted with the scent of his cologne and somehow it did make him feel more feminine than he thought he was capable of feeling. However, he did not reveal these feelings to Joan.

What had been intended only as a means of getting a reaction from Joan was now developing into a routine for Stephanie. Once home, Stephanie undressed, removed makeup and put on some skin lotion, put on her sleep bra and nightgown and slipped into her house slippers with the cute pink puff across the instep. Joan having occupied herself similarly, joined Stephanie on the couch and they watched television for a short while.

When it was time to retire, Stephanie informed Joan that she was going to take a shower and would then join her in bed, but to not wait up for her. Sensing an opportunity not to be overlooked, Joan commanded, “Oh, Honey, take your shower in the morning. I like the way you smell and you would only have to put on fresh cologne when you got out of the shower anyway. Unless, of course, you object to that lovely feminine scent you now

have on?”

“You know, you’re right. I can take my shower in the morning,” he replied. “Joan, isn’t it wonderful how a sleep bra and inserts make an improvement in an unendowed young lady like myself?” He teased back.

Joan was furious, but forced herself not to show it. She would put an end to this tomorrow, one way or another. Instead of continuing with the subject, she suggested that she get them a drink before retiring, which she did which seemed to relax both of them.

Sleep was difficult for Joan and her mind kept trying to find a solution that would force Stephen to be the first to give in. Finally, after what seemed an eternity, she decided on taking the drastic action she had been contemplating for the last two days.

Secure in the knowledge that the sleeping pill she had slipped into Stephen’s drink would allow her to move about undisturbed, she woke up much earlier than usual and putting her plan into effect, she emptied all the clothes from Stephen’s drawers into large laundry bags. She even included his personal jewelry and watch. With some difficulty she carried them to the garage and put them in the trunk of her car.

Next, she cleaned out the closets of every vestige of Stephen’s wardrobe including both his robe and shoes and likewise placed them in the trunk of the car, being grateful as she carried them to the garage that he had such a limited wardrobe.

Finally, she cleaned out his personal items from the washroom, but did leave him his razor and other shaving gear. Finally, she removed the keys to her car from his keychain and substituted one of her more colorful wallets and coin purse for his wallet, replacing the contents that she had removed from them in the transfer. Through all this activity, Stephen slept most soundly and Joan was able to leave for work before he awoke.

“This should do it,” she thought. “He has three inspections to make and he will be furious when he finds he can’t leave the house and then we can get back to normal. He wouldn’t DARE go out in daylight in my things. Of course not! Even if he does, when he sees what I bring him tonight, he should be willing to give in. The money might be wasted, but I am not going

to give him any breathing space!”

Sometime later, Stephen awoke and groggily stumbled into the bathroom where he divested himself of his gown and sleep bra and took his shower, being faintly aware that he had to get rid of the scent of cologne. Still sleepy, he grabbed the hostess robe that was hanging on the door where his bathrobe usually would be and put it on, thrilling to the image it created in the mirror, and slipped back into his mules and somewhat mechanically shaved as he always did, although in somewhat different attire.

He was angry, and not mildly so, when he went to his underwear drawer and found it empty, still groggy, he thought, “Damn it, she forgot to take out the laundry again, I’ll just borrow a pair of her panties. Wonder if I would have dared borrow these if we hadn’t gotten into our undeclared war?”

He slipped the panties over his hips, enjoying the slight tautness of the item and went to the closet to get his trousers and it was then that it became obvious as to what his wife was doing. The closet was bare. He opened his other dresser drawers and they were empty! He rushed through the house searching for his clothes, becoming more and more angry as he discovered not a single stitch of his own clothing.

He thought, “I WON’T let her get away with this! I swear it! She thinks that I will stew here till she gets home and will demand to know what happened to my things!”

He was fuming, “She’s dead wrong!” He wondered if he’d have the guts to go to work wearing her clothes? He thought, “It might be interesting to see if I could get away with it. I don’t have to see anyone, but I will be among people, but I did get away with it at the drugstore and bar. But I really have no choice, either I do or she wins.”

His decision made to attempt this womanly excursion, he carefully proceeded to get ready for the soiree. Painstakingly, he slipped on his bra and inserts and dabbed some cologne on his neck, behind his ears, between the cups of his bra and on his knees, the scent adding to his zest for this adventure ahead. He would have to make himself as femininely attractive as possible, truly a female, so that there would be no fear of discovery and the resultant embarrassment.



Taking a waist cincher from her drawer, he slipped the garters through the legs of the panty brief he was wearing and rolled on a pair of Joan's sheerest hose and attached them firmly to the garters. He could feel them pull as he straightened up and hesitated at the feel of these garments on his smooth body. What an ordeal it would be to spend a whole day wearing these unaccustomed clothes! He stepped into a half slip and once in place over his hips, he ran his hands down enjoying the feel of the nylon against nylon.

There was an additional apprehension as he ran his hands alternately up each leg smoothing out his hose as he had seen Joan do often. With his undergarments in place, he reviewed the picture in the mirror and couldn't believe he was actually doing this.

He was amazed as always as he slid his nylon covered feet into the mules he was wearing and proceeded to apply the new makeup which Joan had bought for him the night before and that he had intended to have her return later, but which now could not be clone. With painstaking care, he applied foundation, eye makeup, lipstick and rouge and the completed product pleased him. He saw only "Stephanie" in the mirror. A sense of accomplishment overcame him.

"Why am I enjoying this so much?" He thought. "I shouldn't be so ecstatic over some clothes and cosmetics. Maybe it's just that I'm not being bullied by Joan's stunts."

He selected a white tailored blouse, which he felt would be least conspicuous, and after putting it on, he slipped the slim blue skirt over his outstretched arms and let it slither to rest at his hips. Tucking the blouse firmly into skirt and zipping the skirt up the back, entirely opposite to the direction he normally used, he then slid the skirt up to his thighs and reaching firmly for the blouse hem, pulled it taut as he had observed his wife do so often. He then brushed the skirt back till it came to rest somewhat above his nylon clad knees.

Adding a blue and white ceramic necklace and earrings to complete his outfit, he also borrowed his wife's extra watch when he discovered that his was missing. He decided that the blonde shoulder length wig he had worn

previously was all that he needed to be 100% authentic and he went to the mirror to properly arrange it.

Once the hairpiece was in place, the reflection from the mirror was not exactly what he expected. A lovely, attractive slim waisted, slender blonde girl with impeccable complexion and with shapely and eye-catching legs and trim ankles looked back at him. He looked much younger than his 25 years and he gazed in sheer delight at the picture he made.

It was the non-visual revelation that was most disturbing to Stephen. He was ENJOYING the new look. He was relishing the feel of his feminine undergarments and the nylon hose attractively encased in mid-heeled shoes. It was heavenly, being aware of the makeup on his face and the light brush of his hair resting on his shoulders.

The two attractive mounds of femininity protruding from his chest were a joy and the silken smoothness of his bare arms were a delight. The accent the slim skirt created for his hips were pleasurable, giving them the appearance of more curves than were really there. The slim watch on his slender wrist and the movement of his earrings as he turned this way and that added zest to his feelings.

“Hold on boy,” he thought. “Better not get to like this too much. After all, this is only a temporary thing and will end once Joan gives in and admits defeat!”

But on the other hand, he liked looking at the girl in the mirror. How great it felt to feel the pull of his skirt as he walked with short steps. The necessity of getting on to work forced him to stop this introspection.

Grabbing a large shoulder strap purse from the closet, he filled it with makeup, keys, cigarettes and money, even putting the change in the coin purse that seemed so small. He then put on the box jacket of the tailored suit and was soon on his way to the outskirts of the city for his first inspection.

Surprisingly, the day was uneventful. No one seemed to look at him any differently than they would have at any other attractive female. He had lunch at a small restaurant and had to give his own order and did so unnoticed. He felt truly secure and safe from detection when he went to the

Powder Room to freshen his makeup and other necessary activities, and was unchallenged.

He even took a few extra minutes to window shop in a close by shopping center, looking at the huge array of feminine apparel in the store windows and only calling a halt to this activity when he found himself thinking, "I wonder how that blue dress would look on me? What a gorgeous color on that slip and bra! Would love to have that to wear on special occasions. What a divine pair of shoes to go with this suit!" This was more than he had bargained for and he couldn't prevent these thoughts from recurring no matter how hard he tried!

He luxuriated smoothing his skirt beneath his hips as he sat down in the car with his pad on his skirted lap and wrote up his reported of the day's activities. It was here, in the close confines of his car, that he was most aware of the scent of his perfume that Joan had had the foresight to buy the night before. It was here, that he enjoyed the reflection of his face complete with blonde hair in the rear view mirror. It was like there was someone else in the car but It, which he found occasion to check although the car was parked.

It was later than usual when he returned home to find Joan waiting and somewhat worried and impatient. At first, she could not figure out how he had been able to get out and do his work. When she discovered the washroom a mess with remnants of makeup in the wash basin, which he had neglected to clean up, and the disarray of her clothes and the missing items, it was all too apparent to her as to what had happened.

She had never dreamed that he would have the nerve to spend an ENTIRE day in HER clothes. At least he had used his own makeup and perfume. Looking at the open perfume bottle, she told herself that she must tell Stephanie to be sure and close it when through so that it would not lose its strength. "What am I thinking?" She thought, "I am supposed to be angry and not amused!"

Joan had set the dinner table and prepared dinner while she had waited. It would be interesting to see what Stephanie looked like after a full day in the outer world. She hoped that the experience would cure him and that he

would be ready to compromise. At this point, she would be willing to do so, but he would have to make the first move.

She was pleased for preparing herself for the eventuality that Stephen would possibly leave the house dressed in her clothes. The two items that she had purchased at her place of employment would cure him, even if forcing him to leave the house dressed as a girl had not. She was determined that when Stephen walked in the apartment that she would appear oblivious to his dress, unless he made some remark about it.

Now that Stephanie was home, Joan was amazed how well she looked and how much more of Stephanie had entered the room than of Stephen. Apparently walking all day in high heels and tight skirt had improved her posture and gracefulness. She had not been prepared for the almost total picture of femininity that joined her and asked how her day had gone.

“Just fine, STEPHANIE, darling,” she replied. “I worked for a new company today and it was different, I will admit. But dear, I did buy you two items they handle and I hope you don’t mind my spending the money on you. They are things you can use and I know you will just adore. You can try them on after dinner. Meanwhile, why don’t you get into something more comfortable than that suit?”

Stephanie slipped into a shift, after carefully hanging up her borrowed clothes, and put on a pair of one inch heel casual shoes. Dinner conversation was not unusual, and Stephanie told of the inspections she had made that day and of the fine lunch she had enjoyed.

Although his conversation was normal, he could not help wondering what she had bought for him, and wondered what part it played in her plot to get him to give in. While helping Joan with the dishes, he admired her shapely legs as she leaned over the counter, and could not help thinking that his legs were equally attractive. Before they settled down for the evening, Joan insisted that he try on the things that she had bought for Stephanie, as she wanted to see how they looked on her.

“What are they?” He asked

“Why don’t you open the packages and see. You don’t have to keep them if you don’t like them and YOU can return them yourself and exchange

them for something else, she answered.

Two packages, not too large, bearing the name of the Artists Theatrical Agency on the labels were resting on the dresser where Joan had set them. "Might as well open them and find out what she has for me," he thought, "otherwise she might get a rise out of me!"

He blushed as he opened the first package, which contained two false breasts of flesh-colored material, which he could see, and soon felt, had the appearance of the real thing. The instruction sheet that accompanied them informed him that they were fastened to the chest by suction and when makeup was applied around the edges, could not be detected as false. Even the red nipples on each were most realistic.

The second package contained what first appeared to be flesh-colored tights, or shorts, and on closer inspection were something entirely different. He should be angry about these gifts from Joan, but instead felt himself breathing at a faster pace with a growing impatience to try on these interesting gifts.

Closing the bedroom door, since he could feel Joan's eyes observing him as he had opened her presents, he stripped down completely. He struggled into the tights that were very, very tight and drew them up over his hips, noticing how thin the flesh-colored material was and how the edges blended perfectly with his skin. He had some difficulty in positioning his genitals in the only position the garment allowed, but which once in place, created the illusion of female genitals properly positioned.

Next, he attached the falsies, pressing them against his chest so that the proper suction would hold them in place. They were almost a perfect match of his wife's! Standing a short distance from the mirror, giving the impression of being totally nude, he looked every INCH a woman and the blond wig resting on his bare, smooth shoulders added to his delight in the illusion.

"Joan does not think I will show myself to her this way," he thought. "I should do so, or the ballgame is lost! Still I better put something over my NUDE body!"

He slipped into a sheer blouse and deliberately avoided putting on a bra

that he knew would get to Joan, and relished the sexy reflection the mirror revealed to his anxious eyes. Next, a sheer panty brief rode up over each leg, meeting no obstruction till it rested gently on his waist. A very short flared skirt and shoes completed his dressing and he opened the door to rejoin the impatient Joan.

He walked as gracefully as he could, feeling all woman in every way. Joan looked at him, and without apparent notice of the shapely breasts, revealed by the transparent blouse, inquired, "Did you like your new presents, Stephanie? The top is delightful and gives you the appearance that every well rounded girl should have. Would you lift your skirt so that I can see what my other gift does for you?"

Stephanie lifted the short skirt and then for some unknown reason twirled around several times, the short skirt billowing out revealing to the startled Joan, no vestige of masculinity, and some impression that this was all female was imparted to Joan. Then Stephanie sat on the floor with her legs close together and tucked under her hips waiting for Joan to say something.

"Why don't you put on a bra and change your blouse and help me with the grocery shopping? You don't mind going with me, do you?" She inquired, all the while thinking, "damn, this isn't turning out as I expected. What an attractive girl Stephen could be if I gave him some expert help, though I certainly don't intend to do so."

Stephanie did not refuse her invitation as she had hoped and perhaps because of his newly acquired endowments, removed her blouse, and in apparent bareness slipped a bra over her shoulders and leaning forward as she had seen Joan do, inserted her breasts in the cups while Joan observed with amazement. Sweetly she asked Joan to hook the bra in the back which she did and became more furious when Stephanie selected a blouse that buttoned down the back and Joan again had to help.

It was a new experience for Stephanie doing grocery shopping, pushing the shopping cart, loading it with food and sundries, going up to the check stand and paying for her purchases, and observing other women, less neatly dressed and makeup less perfect than hers as they performed similar

functions. It was a sheer delight moving about the store with her revealing short skirt and watching both men and women take a second look at her obvious attractiveness.

As Joan was driving back to their apartment, Stephanie kept thinking, “I do enjoy dressing and even acting like a girl. I might as well enjoy it while I can since it must come to an end and it is such a thrill that I don’t care how long it takes for Joan to give in and ask that we change things back to what they were and to stop her borrowing. If she thinks that I will ask where my clothes are when we get home, she should forget it. I think I will wear a mini dress tomorrow and I know just the one that I want. The pink one with the belt halfway down the hips. I should look adorable in the fitted top now that Joan’s presents are mine.”

Joan, noting how pleased Stephanie seemed with her new found personality became even more determined to win out. “I have other plans and when I put them in force, we will see how long it is before he comes crying to me asking forgiveness and to get back to his own clothes,” she thought. “From here on out, I will REALLY treat him as a woman – maybe not always – not at night – but after a few days of my program he should be ready to call it quits and ends this ridiculous affair.”

Stephanie selected a transparent gown that evening relishing the sheer delight that her new breasts caused her to experience. It was with great difficulty that Joan could look at the utter femininity of her spouse through the transparent garment and not say anything.

For the next several weeks, Joan continued to treat Stephanie as a woman with a few exceptions at night. Stephanie continued to make her inspections wearing Joan’s clothes until finally in desperation over her dwindling wardrobe, Joan bought new lingerie, hose, dresses, capris and almost doubled her wardrobe and placed them in Stephanie’s drawers and closet, but never saying a word to her. Stephanie in turn, never acknowledged that anything unusual was taking place.

Stephanies’ delight continued unabated during this period and this fact was not lost on Joan. There were times when Joan’s remarks, softly sarcastic, were made to Stephanie rather than Stephen.

“Watch me as I seat myself.”

“This is the way I remove my gloves.”

“Walk with you feet firmly together and smaller steps, dear.”

“This is the correct way to apply your false eyelashes.”

“Let me explain again, the difference between the makeup WE wear in the evening and during the daylight hours.”

“You are wearing the wrong bra for your lowcut blouse – your straps show!”

“You are getting to be quite a good cook, but you need help in planning meals.”

“YOU can read this fashion magazine when I am finished and NOT before!”

“Do you need any help in selecting your accessories?”

“What dress are you wearing tonight?”

“When you rinse your undies, do it like I am doing.”

“Let me pluck you eyebrows a little more, you need more curvature.”

Ad infinitum.

The multitude of remarks did not seem to disturb Stephanie. Actually she was learning and was most eager to learn more of this newly opened life. She tried to hide the great pleasure and delight she was getting from being treated as a woman and this was not lost on Joan who became more dismayed as Stephanie seemed at times to completely forget about her alter ego, Stephen.

Every passing day found Stephanie more feminine in actions, dress, interests, conversation, posture and habits. Now, when she had to interview clients in addition to her inspections, she did so with no fear whatsoever of disclosure. She was able to get more information faster and more accurately since the clients often felt that they were dealing with an uninformed woman. Joan found herself in the awkward position of alternately hating Stephen and enjoying molding Stephanie to be her counterpart in every possible way.

One evening when they had been dining out, both dressed in chiffon dresses with full skirts and wearing their best jewelry and highest heels, the two men that had asked them to go dancing came up again. Hal said, "Remember us? You did say next time."

Stephen actually asked two men to join them and allowed them to buy dinner.

Joan became more upset than usual when Stephanie indulged in mild flirtation with Hal and seemed to enjoy it! She too could play that game.

They all were dancing as couples. In anger, Joan allowed George to hold her close and danced inappropriately intimate during a slow dance. She knew that Stephen would be jealous seeing her breasts pressed against another man's chest.

But to Joan's surprise, Stephen looked surprised at first, then hurt. He seemed to go limp in Hal's arms, allowing himself to be held tightly in a dance embrace.

Seeing Stephen in girlishly entanglement with a male was too much . . . all obviously done to 'get to' Joan and make her give up.

What had started as a game, was creating some intense feelings. Anger, anguish, and trepidation. On one side it all seemed like 'fun', so why was she feeling so alone and resentful, almost competitive? Yes, competitive with her husband.

The evening ended innocently with the men getting good night kisses and Joan's promise of future 'encounters'. Stephen wasn't about to let Joan get to him. He commented, "Nice evening, I loved the music. Next time I want to wear your yellow chiffon evening dress."

"That's okay with me!" said Joan then added, "George is a wonderful dancer."

She made up her mind, knowing that she would have to do something else to end this problem.

As it happened, she had been doing some work for Dr. Rogers while his receptionist was on a vacation or when his nurse was out ill. One day Dr. Rogers had given a hormone prescription to a young woman who was

developing mannish characteristics including abnormal growth of facial hair, that she felt that she had found the means of bringing the feud to a close in her favor.

Joan managed to obtain large quantities of the hormone prescribed from the doctor's samples furnished by pharmaceutical houses and from the pharmacy in the medical building, who had assumed she was purchasing the hormone supply for the doctor. Some inquisitive questions to the doctors and other nurses in the building had given her a pretty fair idea of the dosage she would have to give Stephen to obtain the desired results without serious injury to him.

She could imagine the consternation that would be Stephen as he became aware of the changes that the hormones would bring and not knowing why. He would assume that the clothes he was wearing and cosmetics were the cause and would halt his attempts at femininity. Wouldn't 'Stephanie' be surprised when she told him what she had done to get him to give in and give up the battle!

Stephen was so enamored of his new found feminine activity and dress that he did not give it a second thought when Joan told him about the new vitamin pills that Dr. Rogers had suggested they both take several times a day.

He was delighted with the very feminine pill box which Joan gave him to carry the vitamins in, in his purse so that he would not forget to take them when he was out working. Stephen never even asked why the pink vitamins were to be taken for 21 days and the white ones for seven. A 28 day cycle of vitamins.

Joan seemed more relaxed with Stephen over the next several weeks knowing that soon enough he would come to her for forgiveness. Especially when he noticed that he did not have to shave as often, that his hips were becoming more rounded, that his complexion was improved and that he soon would be having problems in attaching his suction type breasts to his chest, because of real mounds that would be developing. She could afford to be pleasant and wait.

Because of the more relaxed mood, Joan was more helpful than ever to

Stephen. They would go everywhere together and spent more and more time away from the apartment.

They would swim in the ocean and both enjoyed showing off better than average figures, they would go horseback riding, to fashion shows, plays, movies, bowling, restaurants and Stephanie enjoyed dressing differently for each occasion.

One evening after they had taken their vitamin pills and were watching television, Joan asked Stephanie, "Why don't you let me see what I can do with your hair. It is almost long enough so that you don't have to wear a wig and you do have pretty hair of your own."

"But darling, you don't even set your own hair, so how in the world can you do mine? Why don't you make a beauty parlor appointment for me instead?" Stephanie teased.

"That is a wonderful idea. I'll make appointments for tomorrow," was Joan's reply.

Stephanie dressed in a colorful wraparound skirt and a short sleeved blouse for this new experience. How wonderfully relaxing and how feminine she felt having her hair washed by someone else. Having it set with the curlers giving her an unusual appearance.

She was pleased that she could discuss styling based on reading the fashion and hairstyle magazines she had become accustomed to reading these past few months. She enjoyed having her now very long nails manicured while waiting under the dryer and of talking woman talk with the manicurist and the other women nearby. Everything seemed most natural and in order.

Joan who was a very interested observer in this first for Stephanie thought, "Let him enjoy himself for a little while longer. I already see some changes from the hormones that he had not become aware of yet."

Over the next few months Stephanie discovered that she did not need a waist cincher as often as she had before and how much snugger her panties and pantyhose fitted her around her hips and thighs. She would occasionally wonder how she developed that sultry contralto voice, but did not want to

get too inquisitive.

The fact that she did not shave her beard but every few days was wonderful and why ask questions about it. She also did not have to shave her legs quite as often and their silky smoothness still delighted her. She did seem bothered that she had difficulty in attaching her artificial breasts and wondered if they had stretched out and if she should ask Joan to buy her another pair.

Since Joan and Stephanie had been doing things together, they were also about the same in their tastes for clothes and other interests. Although Stephanie's weight had not changed, her proportion had and this she attributed to the clothes she had become accustomed to.

Although the changes were not obvious to Stephanie they certainly were to Joan. She was getting desperate and had almost decided that if Stephanie did not say something soon, she would have to.

Joan's softly sarcastic remarks ended and conversations and discussions seemed naturally to revolve around Stephanie rather than Stephen. Such as:

“Shall we buy some shorty nightgowns for the summer?”

or “Stephanie, shall we out by ourselves? Or try to double date tonight.”

or “Stephanie, wear the short dress. It makes you look sexy.”

Stephen had been less demanding of Joan since taking his “vitamin” pills, but this evening was an exception. The flesh-colored tights had been removed and he joined Joan in bed where she had gone a few minutes before. The night was most silent and Stephanie put her arms around Joan's slim waist and drew her closer while Joan reciprocated with like action.

The familiar feel of nylon gowns against each other as their legs entwined was most pleasant to both as it had been for some time now. As they clung with their breasts touching, Stephen and Joan became aware at the same instant that he had not replaced his suction breasts, yet there was a definite feel of soft curved mounds pressing against each other. They pulled back from each other and lay silently alongside one another without a word being said.

After what appeared to be an eternity, Stephanie reached out his hand

and caressed his wife's breast and then placed it on his own. They were REAL and he was stunned. Joan, sensing something that she had been expecting, duplicated his gestures and knew for sure that her hopes and fears had been realized.

She was shocked. She had not wanted it to go this far and yet it had. Reaching over and turning on the lamp she said, "Stephanie, we MUST talk. I'm sorry about the way I have been acting and about borrowing your things. I promise, never, but never to do it again. This has gone too far. I'll bring your clothes up from the trunk of my car where I have had them since we started this silly feud and I will get them for you the very first thing in the morning," she continued. "I'm glad it's over now but I must admit that I did enjoy both our activities in your transformation into a woman. We were able to share a part of living that usually a husband and wife cannot," she concluded.

Stephanie should have been pleased that Stephen was the victor and that Joan had at last given in and conceded, but he was actually unhappy over this turn of events. "You're right Joan and I also must admit that I've enjoyed most every minute of these past several months and yet I knew that it would have to end. Bring up my things tomorrow. I'm glad it is Saturday so that we can have plenty of time to change things back to normal."

The war had ended and the now happy, and yet unhappy couple fell asleep cuddled in each others arms mutually caressing charms that only one should have possessed and all was well with the world.

Joan could smell bacon frying and hear Stephanie hustling about the kitchen as she awoke. He did look very nice in gown and robe with his hair piled on his head preparing breakfast. "No breakfast for you this morning," Joan took charge, "not until you have something else to wear. I'm going to the car right now and bring you some of your own clothes."

When she finally returned she looked directly at Stephanie's smooth face and upswept hairdo and said to her, "It's been so long since I breakfasted with Stephen that I can hardly wait to see you dressed properly again. Please take these things into your bedroom and change as quickly as you can. I will iron your clothes later."

While Joan was waiting for Stephanie to become re-transformed back into the old Stephen, she could not help thinking of how she would miss her but she knew it couldn't go on. Or could it have continued indefinitely? Anyway, it was finished now. What disappointment was in store for Joan and in fairness equally to Stephanie!

The being that entered the room and walked toward Joan was certainly not Stephen. The walk was mincing and quite graceful, actually feline despite the heavy shoes and trousers. The pants fit too loosely around the waistline and were much too tight around his femininely shaped hips. His upswept light brown hair and creamy complexion with slight traces of makeup still remaining were not in order. The slight bounce of breasts against the masculine shirt front was most disconcerting and conspicuous. He had no time to remove his nail enamel and this added to his bizarre appearance.

“Have you looked at yourself Stephanie?” she cried unaware that she had used the feminine name that even he had become accustomed to. “You look weird in men's clothes! If I let you go out like that, you are sure to be arrested for something. What can we do? This will take much longer than I had imagined. I see we have problems that I didn't anticipate! Why did you let this go so far!”

“Me? So far! It was you that wouldn't give in!”

Joan knew that Stephen was aware of his whimsical appearance in male clothes. He had made his entrance nevertheless to please his wife and to make her happy. He was not pleased by what he saw! Whatever it meant, he had to admit he preferred being Stephanie to Stephen.

Joan was in shock too. She had to talk this out with Stephen, but not until she ordered him to get dressed again in a house dress or something else appropriate. Joan requested, “Please be sure and put on a bra since your bouncing breasts will only divert our thinking about our problem.”

Although suspicious, Stephanie was still shocked when Joan told her about the hormones she had been taking thinking that they were vitamin pills. Both had to laugh when he told her that he had been taking more than the required amount since he felt his masculine desires lessening, which of

course compounded the problem.

He did make the admission which was not entirely surprising that he preferred his work as Miss Stephanie Morris instead of Mr. Stephen Morris. He told her of his hidden desire and wish that he could have continued as Stephanie forever and that Joan would never give in.

He expressed fear about the drastic moves that would be necessary to bring Stephen back with possible amputation of his breasts and the dread of getting a short hair cut once again. Joan was emphatic that she would allow neither action.

“Stephanie, since you don’t mind, and I know I don’t mind, I think that you had better forget about Stephen. Let’s face it darling, you must earn a living and you would appear most unusual with your contralto voice and with a ‘double-breasted’ and I do mean double-breasted shirt.”

“Really?” Stephen said running his hands over his conspicuous chest.

“Really. Besides, where would you get trousers to fit those shapely hips? You certainly couldn’t take me to the ocean or join me at the beauty parlor or shopping without tongues wagging, could you?”

“Wow.” Stephen said. It was all happening so fast. “You mean you don’t mind putting up with me as Stephanie permanently.”

“I like the new you and I love your help around the house!”

He smiled and said, “I do enjoy helping you with the housework and with cooking. Since I have learned to do the ironing – it would be a wasted talent.”

“And we don’t fight about who wears each others clothes now!” Joan stated.

“Besides, what would we do with all the lovely things you bought for me and that I bought for myself. They would be out of style before you could wear them out. In a sense, we would both be cutting our wardrobes in half! That would be foolish, wouldn’t it?”

The discussion ran late into the evening. Stephen’s clothes were replaced in the trunk of the car in preparation for a donation to a worthy charity.



They decided to move into a new and larger apartment since they needed more closet space for their growing wardrobes. It was decided that Stephanie was to become a permanent member of their family.

They would both take classes in makeup, dress, dancing, etc. to allow Stephanie to more quickly catch up on her wasted years. They would double date only when a man's company was mandatory.

It wasn't long before Stephen was completely an attractive woman to the eyes of others. His hair was long, down around his shoulders, it's natural light brown on a whim was bleached to a golden blonde. His hands were smooth, his nails long, gleaming painted ovals.

Stephen's long legs were now accustomed to high heels and nylons. He had the art of make-up down to perfection, and the feminine walk and mannerisms were now completely natural to him. In most respects he was now a woman. In all but one! He had a man's great love for a woman, Joan.

If the wall had eyes, at bedtime, one would see a gorgeous, shapely blonde girl, her nightgown around her, embracing an equally attractive chestnut haired girl. Their nightgowns in awry and coiffures mussed from passion.

The two had collected a very complete feminine wardrobe which they both shared. A new world had opened up for Stephanie and would continue to expand. "How lucky I was," she thought, "to marry a woman who was my size and who liked to borrow my clothes!"

THE END

IF YOU LIKED THIS STORY, WRITE TO ME:

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