

# GIRLFRIENDS

## TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

# HOSTESS

## WITH THE MOSTESS



What would a wife make a guy do for success?  
If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he's it!

VOLUME TEN

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

**GIRLFRIENDS**  
**TV FICTION**

Volume 10

**“HOSTESS WITH THE  
MOSTESS”**

*By MOT DRAW*

**Illustrations by GORDON**

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**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA**

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# “HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS”



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## QUOTE BOARD

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**“Take out the fortune before you eat the cookie.”**

# “HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS”

By Mot Draw

My wife, Donna and I took turns watching through a crack in our curtains. By the time the moving truck left, we'd only caught little peeks of our new neighbors. They had nice cars but it was the people we wanted to size up.

There was a slim, willowy man with a small, up-turned nose and thick, dark hair under a baseball cap. His wife was a striking woman wearing a pair of blue jeans that looked brand new and a bright, flowery blouse.

We were glad we had new neighbors. The old ones had left their empty garbage cans sitting at the edge of the street until the grass grew under them. They never watered and the lawn died.

“I bet they got a good deal,” I said, peeking again.

Then I noticed the license plates. “They are from California! Wonder what they did wrong? Who'd want to move to this little dying town?”

I saw the wife, in her mid twenties now dressed in a pink t-shirt and neat blue denim skirt. I couldn't see her face very well, but could tell she was quite attractive.

“We should take them over a house warming gift...do we still have that bottle of La Grande Dame Champagne?”

We gave them a couple hours to get settled and walked over with the gift.

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The wife opened the door to our "Welcome new neighbor!" I handed her the bottle.

"Thank you! Come on in," she said. "The place is sort of a mess...I'm Holly."

Two things I noticed right away. The place was spotless and like they'd lived there for years with a full time maid. The second thing was a wonderful aroma coming from the kitchen.

"How did you ever..." my wife stammered. There wasn't even a packing box in sight.

"My husband is very organized," Holly said. "Dallas is in the kitchen...have you folks had dinner?"

Dallas was wearing jeans and a white "button on the collar" shirt like a chef with some sort of company emblem embroidered on the breast.

Dallas was Asian-American...third generation. He was quiet but his wife was talkative enough for both of them. When Holly offered dinner again, I couldn't refuse. The smell of the cooking was mesmerizing and after the first bite, I gasp, "WOW! This is the best food I've ever eaten! Dallas, you should open a restaurant!"

Holly said, "We came here for a change. We have an option on the old Elks club on 265. I have a job with a doctor and Dallas is going to cook somewhere. When we have the money, we'll remodel the place...and..."

Dallas had cooked the best dinner I'd ever had. After dinner he handed us fortune cookies that he told us to open later.

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After dinner, he showed us the plans and budget. He said, "In a few months we'll have the money we need and get started."

"I have some extra money," I heard myself say. "Want a partner?"

My wife looked at me in dismay. "Honey?" she said, "We just met our neighbors..."

Dallas was organized. To my surprise, he handed me a prospectus...a business plan for a partner.

"Your money (he pointed to a figure), thirty percent ownership, I run the show," he said. "Pay back, one year. Look this over. I'll talk to you at noon tomorrow."

On the way home I opened my fortune cookie.

**FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:**

**IF YOU LOOK IN FORTUNE COOKIE, YOU ARE A PATHETIC FOOL WHO SEEKS ADVICE FROM BAKERY PRODUCTS...**

I couldn't help but be impressed with Dallas. Organized, straight forward, unemotional, business-like way, and had a beautiful, striking wife. Holly gazed at me with piercing, dark blue eyes. I could tell there were no negotiations with either one of them. It was just business.

My wife Donna was angry when we got home. "We don't want to give your father's inheritance money to strangers."

But we did...

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As construction began, I dropped by daily at the restaurant to help out and saw Dallas wearing tight, white denim jeans. I'd seen some guys wearing white jeans in Miami but never in our little town. Only women wore white jeans in the summer. I didn't know how to tell him, so I said, "You look nice...you don't see white jeans for sale around these parts."

He blushed, "I told my wife but she likes me wearing them...she bought me about ten pair in L.A. Do you ever wear white pants?"

"When I was a child," I said, adding, "My wife wears them sometimes. I hoped he got the idea but he didn't."

A week or two later, I saw Dallas in his white pants. I noticed when he bent over, they didn't have a front opening. . .the zipper was on the side. The slacks had a tight narrow waist but stovepipe legs and no pockets.

I wanted to say something but I didn't. I didn't think any of the plumbers would notice because he had on a long blue sweater with a V neckline that looked too small for him.

BUT...the place was looking great and surprisingly, he was having no problems with the tough health inspectors. Leave well enough alone, I said to myself.

He must have had a lot of white pants because he wore them all the time. It was obvious that his wife did too because she also wore white pants. And they both wore the same kind of t-shirts and sweaters. They were very taut with 1/4 sleeves that barely made it over his shoulders. Some of his open neck sweaters had patterns across the front and some had open necks that could almost be worn off the shoulder.



**Dallas must have had a lot of white pants because he wore them all the time. It was obvious that his wife did too because she also wore white pants.**

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Then it dawned on me, I'd seen his wife wearing the same outfit a few weeks before.

"I couldn't hold back, I asked, "Is that your wife's sweater?"

He turned red. "Money has been really tight, we've been sharing..."

The next day, he was wearing a soft navy sweater. The bottom of the sweater had a ribbed design and was fitted so it hit right around his waistline. It barely made it over the top of the pants, which were made from a stretchy fine woven fabric. They had a wide soft fabric waistband and a sort of hidden rear zipper closure with no pockets.

I said, "You know, I have a bunch of old clothes that are too small for me...or maybe I could give you an advance?"

"That's okay," he said with a martyr tone. "Once I get our restaurant up and running, I'll be able to buy a whole new wardrobe." With that he went back to work.

It was hard to criticize someone who was working so hard and being so focused on making my investment work. Heck, he hadn't even taken time out for a haircut in months!

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**BOY IN TIGHT PANTIES...NOT FEEL  
COCKY ALL DAY.**

Over the next month, I got used to seeing Dallas in his wife's clothes. I even noticed his fingernails were getting longer. One of the workers said something to me but I gave him a dirty look and said, "That sissy is putting you to work."

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No one mentioned it again after that. Jobs were not easy to find around our little dying town.

Besides, I was so used to seeing him in white pants I hardly noticed anymore...that is until I happened to see his bottom encased in a thin pair of white pants. Don't get me wrong...I could make out a clear outline of obvious panties through his tight white pants.

Now I'm not a leech or anything but I had to stare. What guy or his wife would let him go out of the house exposing such a sissy thing? I mean it was one thing to wear a few of your wife's things when money was tight but panties?

His panties were a bikini style. When he bent over to pick a file from the bottom drawer, I could see the waistband and saw that they were at least cotton. I could see a little white tag hanging from the waistband. In block letters, I read "JOCKEY." Just below in a script that appeared much softer -- it says "For Her."

He was wearing panties but in a male style "for her." Confusing eh? He and I went about our business but I found myself asking for things from that lower file again and again.

The panties looked like they fit him well. The leg elastic fit under the lower part of his bottom as if the panties were tailor-made for him. They seemed to accent the roundness of his fleshy bottom and hips. I noticed some jiggling within the panties when he walked; sort of like a girl's bottom moves. I thought to myself, "That is why guys don't wear girl's underwear!"

Now, with his long hair pulled back in a ponytail, the fitted sweater and those panty lines in the

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white pants, I suddenly saw him looking more like a girl than a boy. I guess I was staring at his figure?

He saw my expression and smiled at me, but turned and casually crossed his legs; one over the top like a woman. He chatted about the "just in time" food delivery system he'd set up in the computer...

Later I talked to my wife, Donna about Dallas. She laughed and scolded, "How dare you look down at his panties like that! I bet you couldn't keep your eyes off his panties and jumped at every chance to see them, didn't you? Typical man!"

I blushed and she said, "So what? The restaurant is on schedule and underwear is just underwear, right?" She turned around and pulled down her pants a bit to show her panties. She continued: "Little boys like you have too much interest in seeing panties. Maybe you'd like to see my panties too?"

Next thing I know we are in bed making love.

**FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:**

**PANTIES NOT BEST THING ON EARTH  
BUT NEXT TO BEST THING ON EARTH.**

We still had months to go on the restaurant but since it was my money, I wanted to be involved and spent a lot of time with Dallas. Dallas himself appeared to be so used to wearing his wife's clothes that he seemed unaware of how girlish they looked.

One day I came in and I caught him coming out of the "ladies" room. He blushed a little when he saw me stare. He muttered something like, "The workers pee all over the men's room..."

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On a warm day Dallas wore white shorts with big legs that almost looked like culottes. In fact, the prissy white shorts zipped up the back and the little red t-shirt had sleeves that barely made it over his slender shoulders.

Although Dallas was mostly in the office, I was surprised that with all the construction he was able to stay so clean and perfectly groomed.

His long hair was always neatly brushed, shiny and healthy looking. Donna said that he and his wife both went to her hairstylist. I never noticed before but from the back it looked like my wife's hairdo. I also noticed how his fingers check the smooth curls and occasionally flipped at the long smooth locks.

I wanted to say something but everything was going so well. What he wore was none of my business, right? But it seemed incredible that money could be so tight that Dallas couldn't afford his own clothes.

When I dropped by the club one Monday, I heard a new delivery man call Dallas "Miss" when he had to sign for something. Dallas just signed and smiled.

I wanted to laugh but knew this was not a joke for Dallas. He would be thoroughly embarrassed. Seeing me, he blushed under my scrutiny.

As we worked out the zillion problems with the building dept, his wife Holly came in to help out. Often, they were both dressed in identical white shorts with narrow waists, short flaring legs that zipped up the back, and had no pockets.

The little t-shirts they wore barely made it to their waists and had cute little sleeves. Except for breasts, they looked more like girlfriends than husband and wife.

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Then one day, I noticed that Dallas' t-shirt even had two big pleated pockets that made the front protrude out like a girl's breasts.

That wasn't all. I guess I'd never noticed before but Dallas' legs also had no hair on them. They were smooth and slim like his wife and because of short shorts there was a lot of bare, smooth leg showing. He wore his usual sandals.

I asked again if he needed an advance on money. "I think we are okay until the opening," he said, leaning over to check the building plans. "You better save your money too. We might need more money to decorate the bar the way I want. It wasn't in the plan but look at my projection of the after hours income."

I was about tapped out. I just said, "no problem." I was distracted. His shorts were tight about his bottom and I couldn't help but notice his panty lines again. His panties were beige but I could tell they were nylon and silky. I asked again, "Are you sure you don't need an advance...maybe get some new clothes...or underwear?"

He turned around and moaned, "I told Holly everyone would notice but she likes me dressed like this. She says it suits me."

"You have to just say no."

He sighed, "I really don't mind most of the stuff. It's soft and feels nice. Most of it's really comfortable but Holly doesn't want me stretching out her panties."

That's when I noticed there was no bulge where there should be one.

"Panties do that? Does it hurt much," I asked.

"It's not the panties," he replied. "It's what is under it...there's a strap in front that fastens in the back to make my front flat and everything fits smoother."

"You need an advance and get some of your own clothes...THAT must be really distressing?"

Dallas nodded but said, "I'm used to it now...and I don't want a problem with my wife. Do I look silly?"

His face looked sad like he was going to cry. "No," I lied. "But some people are going to think you're a girl?"

"I know," he whimpered. "I just go with it when that happens."

The next day, Dallas showed up in white short shorts. They were now very short and very tight and zipped up the side. There was nothing but long, well-curved, smooth legs that stretched down into trim ankles and feet encased in strappy sandals. He was wearing a brief t-top with the puffy pockets over his nipples.

Donna dropped by and saw him. "I think those shorts fit him nicely," my wife stated. "It's obvious he's not a worker, right? And he's better dressed than you!" She pointed to my dirty jeans and torn shirt.

I made sure that the contractors and workers said nothing to cause grief to Dallas. "One word from anyone and they are fired!" I warned. But I couldn't stop them from looking.

About Holly. As nice as Dallas was, Holly was a "buster" and emotional. I guess they all had been chewed out by her before and felt sorry for him in many ways.

I decided I had to do something. I didn't ask this time...I put some hundred dollar bills in his organizer. His organizer was more like a boxy purse in a chocolate brown. It had a gold tone clasp and chunky gold chain instead of a handle.

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When I opened it, I was surprised that it was fully lined in brown satin with gold edging. There was also a mirror on the inside.

Nothing much happened then for a while except what always happens in any project, we were going over budget. My money was not enough and we were going to need a bank loan to finish the club right.

We had no business bank in our county so we had to go to the city. I set up a meet with the banker and told Dallas to "dress up nice" and "maybe get a haircut".

When I pulled up in front of the bank, I saw their car. Dallas opened the car door and got out. I gasped. Dallas was in a suit...one exactly like his wife's.

Standing there, he brushed off invisible wrinkles from the neat women's business suit he was wearing and patted upward at his girlish hairstyle.

His eyebrows were tweezed just like a girl's into thin little arches, and he was wearing modest, but immaculately applied make up.

Seeing my panicked expression, Holly said, "Take it easy, this is going to work out better."

Dallas had on a nice, gray women's suit, with a short, one button jacket and tailored slacks. "Are you kidding!" I said with exasperation. "We don't have time for him to change!"

"The banker is a man right?" Holly wife asked, like I was stupid. "Calm down and take a good look at Dallas...he's the image of a professional woman. We found a couple extra hundred dollars and we got his hair done professionally. His makeup is maybe better than mine."

He was wearing a lacy white blouse and was now sporting a nice womanly figure on top. I looked closely at Dallas and saw what appeared to be a rather normal but nice looking Asian woman.

"I just feel uncomfortable..."

"Oh, don't worry. Dallas will surprise you."

"He always has," I moaned.

As we headed into the bank and their conference room, I noticed Dallas' walk in high heels. His walk was sexy.

I was conservatively dressed in a blue suit, white shirt and tie. We were introduced to the banker. I was rather tongue-tied, worried I would use the wrong pronoun.

To my surprised, Dallas and his wife took over the meeting. "Pleased to meet you ladies," the banker said to them. "I didn't know that the majority owners were female." He whispered, "I can't say it but THAT makes a big difference in the SBA loan backing. From what I see, I'm sure I'll be able to find you bridge financing."

Dallas in a high girlish voice went over the plans and budget. His nails were modestly long, with a definite feminine shape, and he was wearing a light pink pearl nail polish.

"I'll really enjoy working closely with you," he said to Dallas. The banker was flirting! But Dallas kept it business-like.

When we were at our cars, Dallas' wife said with a coy grin, "Apparently your banker likes Dallas a bit. Aren't you proud of how well your partner did today?"

"If we get the loan, I suppose so," I replied, a bit embarrassed by the whole situation.

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She turned to her husband and teased, "I think he's all eyes for you, Miss Dallas. He is kind of cute, don't you think?"

Dallas blushed. It was obvious to me and anyone watching, that Dallas had been in high heels before. He didn't walk like a little boy who's slipped on his mother's shoes for the first time. He walked in his three-inch heels with nice, feminine steps and skillfully carried a small black clutch purse and the girlish briefcase containing the budget.

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**A TIGHT DRESS IS LIKE A BARBED FENCE. IT PROTECTS THE PREMISES WITHOUT RESTRICTING THE VIEW.**

As I drove home, I was in shock. I told Donna... "You were right. Never give money to strangers...and they are strange!"

But by the end of the day, the banker called and said, "We have tons of SBA money for women business owners!" We had the swing loan.

I told Donna and we grabbed a bottle of champagne and walked next door to give them the news. Dallas' wife answered the door to our smiling faces. "Guess what!" I beamed.

"We know! The banker called Dallas first," she smiled. "Come in."

Some "celebration" it was for poor Dallas. We walked into their kitchen and there stood Dallas...still completely decked out as a girl. Seeing us, his face became a blazing cherry. He was still wearing the blouse with its cute white lace collar with cuffed white short sleeves. He had changed out of the suit slacks and into a fitted, knee length skirt. He wore stockings

and three-inch high-heeled pumps. His makeup and hair was still perfect.

"We have the loan," I stammered.

"I know," he grumbled. "That banker wants to take me to lunch to sign the papers..."

Holly said, "We were trying on some outfits. Does he look good enough to go to lunch in the city?"

"You look nice," I heard myself say.

"What am I going to do?" Dallas moaned.

"Are you kidding," his wife said with exasperation. "We busted our fannies to make you into an acceptable young woman for that meeting and now we will have the money to do the club up right... You can't have it both ways, GIRL!"

"We could go to another bank," I mused, "but we have this money nearly in the bank."

Dallas said, "Okay but you are going with me. I don't want to be alone with that wolf."

I asked Holly, "Did you know about the woman owned SBA money?"

She laughed, "How do you think we were going to get the money if you hadn't stumbled into our lives?"

"You two are amazing. I would never play chess with you two for money! I laughed and we opened the champagne.

At home Donna and I talked. She was amazed at Dallas' appearance and the nice fit of his skirt....

"He really is very feminine. I think he looks better as a woman, don't you?"

"He looks nice either way," I stammered.

"That Holly is a really smart woman," Donna stated. "Maybe she's right... Why struggle as a plain

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ole skinny, little guy when one can be such an attractive woman?"

Dallas suddenly didn't have much choice until we secured the swing loan to finish the place. I went in early and talked to the workers and contractors.

I just said it... "Dallas is going to be a girl for awhile," I explained the SBA "minority" loan and such. They all liked working on the project but none of them really understood why Dallas was dressed as a girl.

One worker said, "Isn't being Asian minority enough?"

"I guess not," I said shaking my head.

Dallas was late that morning. He showed up wearing an elegant but pretty "go to business lunch" outfit...a dark beige linen two-piece knee-length suit, dark hose, and an expensive looking pair of 3-inch sling back heels. He looked gorgeous with his porcelain skin, glossy black hair about his shoulders, and pouty, deep red lips.

But it was his legs that really got my attention. Completely girlish in his skirt, with sheer hose that was a very high quality.

I noticed that he had garter bumps on his thin skirt! Was he wearing stockings and garters! How old fashioned!

I tried to not say anything and focus on the building and his upcoming lunch meeting about the loan.

"Are you sure you want to do this?" I asked.

"We need the money."

**BACK TO WORK...**

He was embarrassed to death facing the workers but it only caused him a few bad moments because as soon as he started working, he forgot all about the fact that he was wearing a dress.

That's what caused me to worry about him. His voice was high and he seemed completely comfortable in his girlish clothes. He did go into the ladies room many times that morning which was good. I didn't want him to forget what he was wearing...the banker was going to be taking us to lunch.

As noon approached, I asked Dallas, "Are you ready?"

"I think so," he said checking his lips in a little mirror from his purse. "He better not try anything."

Dallas had high cheekbones, a narrow jaw line and a mouth with full pouting lips that were covered with a pink tinted lip-gloss. His big brown eyes were adorable, and made even prettier by his long lashes that had been enhanced with a perfect application of black mascara.

I asked, "So where are we going for lunch?"

"I told him Downtown. No one knows us there."

**LUNCH WITH THE BANKER...**

Walking next to Dallas, the sensation of nylon was overshadowing. Holly had trained him well. I had learned that "Gawd is in the details," from Dallas. I was learning from Holly that "the devil is also in the details!"

She had overlooked nothing. And to top it off, like the most beautiful women, Dallas made it look easy and selfless. Over lunch, he never touched his hair or makeup. He sat primly in his conservative

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skirt, showing just enough thigh to keep the banker's attention.

I had a few drinks over lunch. My mouth was feeling very dry! Dallas didn't drink but the banker did. I wished I could read the fantasies that went through his mind. I could tell that he was one of those men that are in awe of Asian women.

"I see no problem. You'll have 20% of the money wired into your account tomorrow morning," the banker said. "The rest after a site inspection. I want to be involved in your project. Maybe we could have lunch like this a couple times a month...just to keep me informed? You might need an additional line of credit after you open."

Dallas smiled, "Sure, no problem. It would be a pleasure...." Dallas winked at me.

Dallas and I signed the papers. The banker had opened his bank's checkbook for Dallas. As we left, he said, "I'm down in your part of the woods a few times a month. Can I drop by?"

Dallas nodded.

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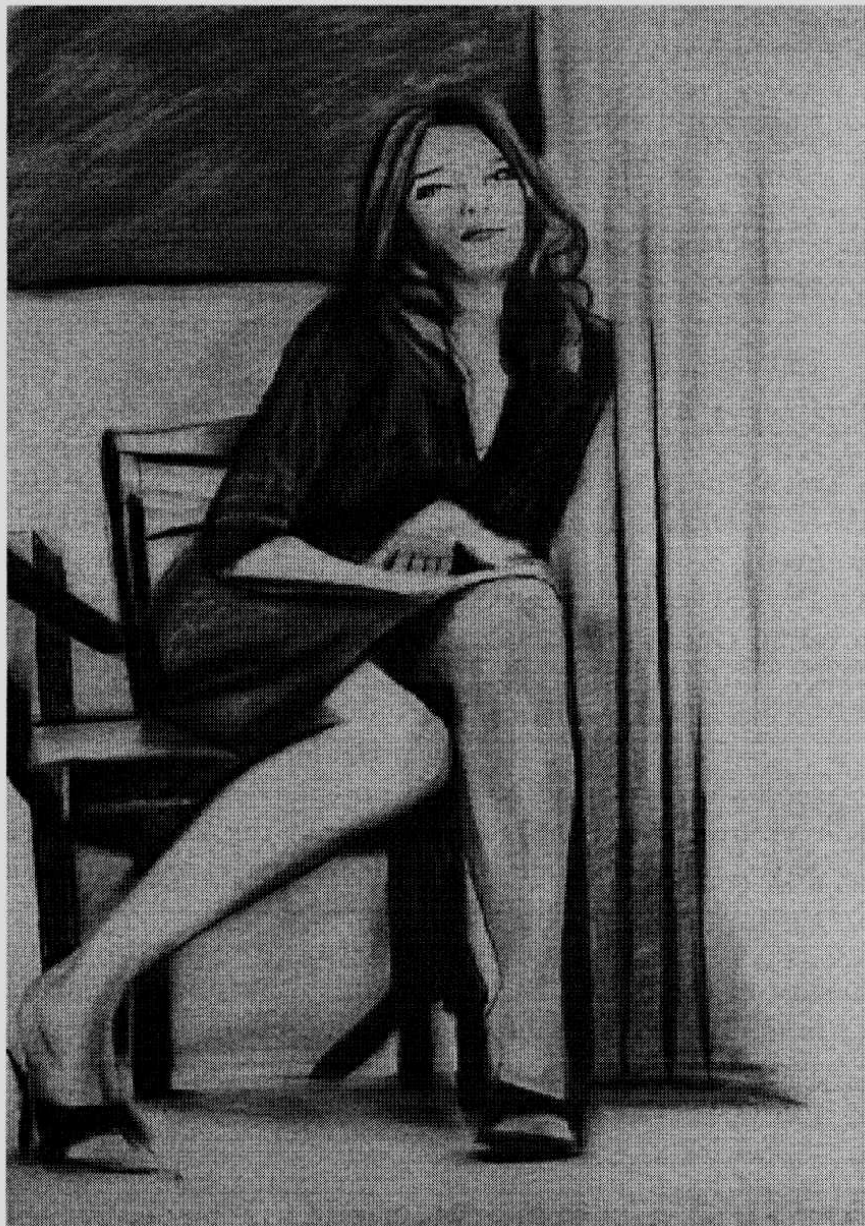
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Dallas looked very business like, his skirt a conservative length but the overall impression was that of a "woman" who got what she wanted!

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**LADIES, WHEN YOU'RE CLIMBING THE  
LADDER OF SUCCESS, DON'T LET BOYS  
LOOK UP YOUR DRESS!**

**THE DEAL IS SEALED...**

In our car, I laughed, "What a flirt!"

Dallas moaned, "He's going to drop by...do you know what that means?"

In my euphoria, I wasn't sure.

"I'm going to have to look like a girl if he shows up at the door."

"Once we get the money, we'll tell him to call first..."

He asked softly. "Is it worth the risk? I need to order things and if he cuts off funding..."

**BANKER'S FIRST VISIT...**

We sent the crew away to a long, early lunch and the banker showed up right on time. We walked our restaurant and Dallas showed him the plans and his dreams. Every time, Dallas would turn, the banker's stare went from ceiling to Dallas' bottom.

I have to admit he looked even better than the day in the bank or the first lunch. He was wearing pumps, tan hose and a dark blue business suit with skirt and jacket. The jacket buttoned fairly high. He wore one small pearl necklace. There was just a little cream colored satin and lace covering what cleavage would have been visible. It was a touch of sexuality added to an otherwise proper business look.

His shiny hair flowed loosely to his shoulders. He could easily have passed for the daughter of a millionaire or a woman lawyer.

My earlier apprehension about being seen with him was gone. He was the kind of girl, guys want to be seen with.

At lunch we chatted. He offered up a line of credit and had us sign a few more papers. The money was ours but the banker was going to have to sign off on each stage of construction. That meant he'd be dropping by often.

After he left, I reached out and held both his hands. I leaned forward and whispered, "You did great. And you look great! No, you look gorgeous."

"Well thank you, I guess," he said.

"You know what this means? The banker dropping by and all?"

He looked down, "This is so embarrassing. I'm not in the mood for having to suck up to that banker. We are paying him back first thing!"

"We'll deal with that," I said. I really didn't know how to ask, "How long before we open?"

"Maybe a couple months. We don't want to rush."

"The workers and I understand..."

"Understand?"

"You are going to be a woman until we pay him back, right?" I gave him an awkward hug. It felt like a huge weight off my shoulders. "All we have to do now is pay off the swing loan and you can forget all this girl stuff..."

### **WORK CONTINUES....**

So everything was the same but very different. The restaurant was coming along on schedule. Dallas' sense of style and taste was amazing! Design was completely done in elegance and smooth lines in

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creams and soft colors. Warm lightening added to it, making it elegant and refined. I was impressed; as was everyone who saw it.

As for Dallas, I told him that if dressing as a woman ever became too much, to let me know...maybe he could just disappear behind the scenes. But he didn't complain. Each day he came looking more girlish than the day before.

His hair was now below his shoulders and it seemed to have a natural wave in it. He no longer walked like a boy either. I guess high heels will do that to a guy. I never saw him without heels.

I made sure that the workers never remarked on his new dress or mannerisms but by the end they all had great respect for him...or MISS DALLAS as they had begun to call him.

### **DONE....**

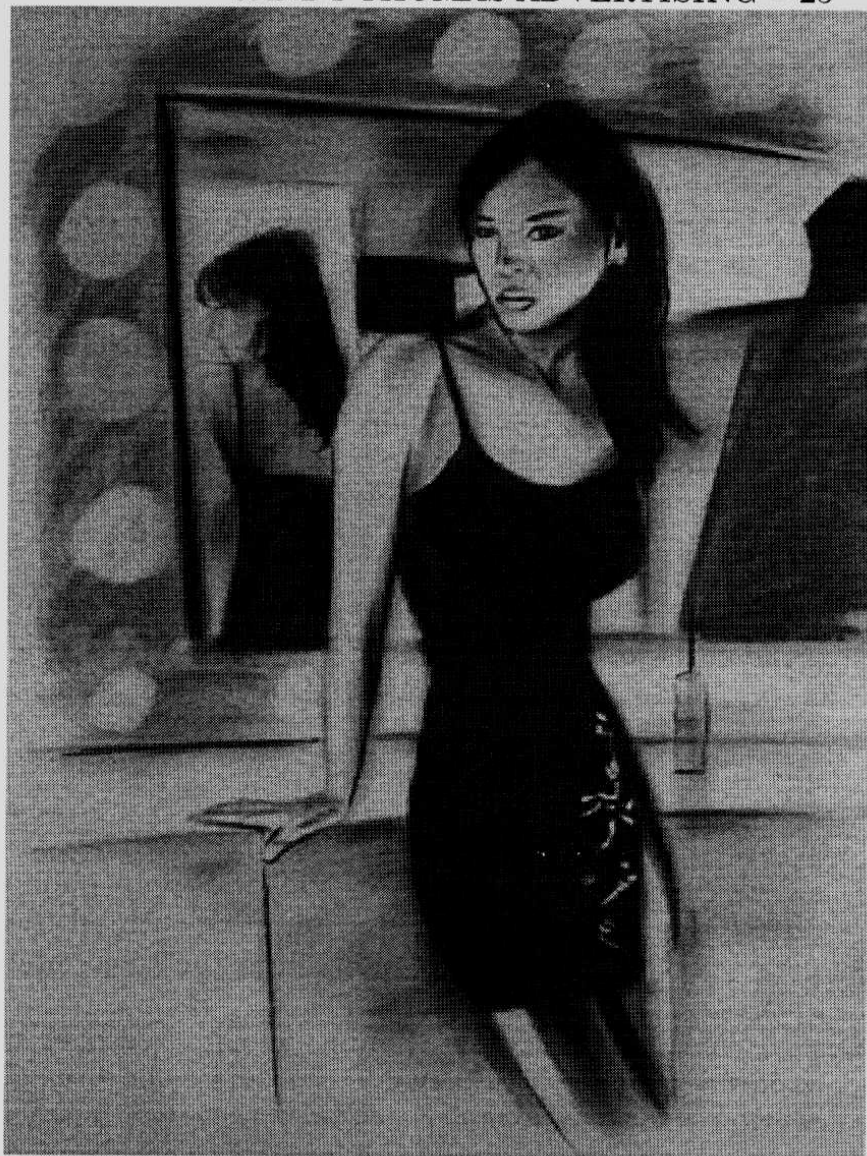
Like all restaurants, we had an opening party for the suppliers, workers and their families. It's a chance to get the bugs out of the system.

The pre-opening party was a great success and Dallas played the perfect hostess.

Again I noticed how he seemed to forget about his dress; like it was the normal thing for a guy to wear a dress and flit around like a Diva.

My wife said that Dallas' dress must have cost a fortune because there wasn't much to it! A couple straps and a high slit up the front. The material was a velvety silk with a Asian design up the slit calling attention to his smooth long legs.

When Donna asked where it came from, Holly said it was one of Dallas' "relatives".



Dallas walked over to a mirror and looked  
into his own eyes...

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**Sandy Thomas**

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## 26 -- HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

I came up to Dallas and said, "Amazing! What a place...what a hostess!"

He smiled. He was no longer embarrassed when people called him "Miss" or referred to him in a feminine manner.

In fact, when the party was over I saw Dallas kiss some of the guests goodbye "Hollywood" like. I sure did NOT see him kiss any of the construction crew that way, though he blushed fiercely as he shook hands with them.

It was quite an emotional night for all. The construction workers had never been driven so hard or accomplished so much. Everyone had worked over their heads and as a result, now had other clients waiting.

Every contractor came up to me and said, "This is the best work I've ever done. Thank you for letting me work on it. I know there will be a chain of these... so remember me!"

"Just remember to forget..." I said.

### **THE PUBLIC GRAND OPENING...**

A few weeks later, we had the real public GRAND OPENING; we wanted to make sure all the bugs were out of all the systems and the cooks and waitresses knew the menu.

We had a black tie opening and invited over a hundred people. These were the "make or break" crowd: reviewers, hotel concierge and other biggies who would send us business. The place never looked better to serve champagne and a "tasty" nine-course dinner.

I was shocked when I saw Dallas and his wife arrive. He was wearing high strapless heels, a another black lace, low cut almost backless black eve-

ning dress that flowed down to his ankles but was split on the side way above the knee.

His hair and make-up were immaculate and his skin looked as smooth as a babies... with a touch of perfume, Dallas was by far the most stunning person at the opening.

The restaurant seemed to go from nothing to overflowing in minutes. I noticed a number of celebrities including a famous film star and a famous writer.

Everyone was paying a lot of attention to Dallas and I could tell he was flattered. He should be; the restaurant was his creation.

He flitted about the room like a bee in spring and on those really high, high heels, that was a challenge. When he came over to me, he smiled and said, "We did it!" He gave me a girlish hug.

That's when I noticed the near backless dress and the way his dress momentarily clung to his erect nipples. Dallas was braless but not breastless!

I couldn't help but look. Dallas pulled his shoulders back, which thrust his breasts forward.

At first I was confused. I looked at Dallas again. His long hair was swept back on one side to show off an ear, pierced by a huge dangling sea shell earring.

"Are you okay?" I asked. "We have to pay off that banker soon! That dress is fitting you too well?"

Dallas leaned forward slightly, placing his left hand on my shoulder and his dress slipping off one soft shoulder and exposed softness...a cleavage.

"How did..."

Dallas whispered, "It was Holly's idea." He laughed. His laugh got lower, almost like when he used to dress as a boy. "Since I was wearing dresses, she thought I should take estrogen too! This is the first time I've gone braless. Do I look bad?"

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Soberly, I studied Dallas. He seemed so happy and he had a right to be. He glowed, his dress stretched taut over his fleshy feminine curves.

Why hadn't I noticed? "Estrogen?" I gasped, "Doesn't that effect everything?"

"I'm surprised you hadn't noticed me being moody," he blurted out. "I'm used to them now...just a royal pain in the bottom to get. I mean the hormone shots."

I looked over and saw his wife talking to a tall, handsome man in a tux. Actually, she appeared to be flirting with the man and whispering something in his ear.

I thought, "Oh well. What Dallas needed now was a bra, not a wife."

Dallas nuzzled my cheek softly and he smelled of a light, fresh perfume. "Thank you for being there for me...."

His perfume gave me a pang of the remembered late nights making all this happen. This was the best day of my life too. He was close and our lips brushed together...a cousin-like kiss but it suddenly embarrassed me.

### **THE REVIEW...**

We all read the food reviewer's words...

"A true celebration of diversity – without a doubt, the ultimate dining experience."

"Hip Cal-Asian cuisine served in a décor with pastel shoji screen walls...a sensuous delight!

"Restaurateur Dallas is amazing. For one, how can her food begin to compete with this California beauty who is everywhere at once? Dallas was dressed in an off-the-shoulder, black tight mini-dress but seemed to be everywhere. She breezed over to our

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table and served us smoked duck and jack cheese bread topped with a sun-dried cherry crème fraiche.

“What a woman! She joked, patting the top of her long silken hair. “The service will get better when these new heels get broken in...”

“From the sensuous interior featuring two satin pink walls to the boudoir feel to it’s bar, that slowly change from pink to blue to gold.

It went on to talk about the food saying “Dallas crafts dishes that would inspire envy in the big city chefs!”

This reviewer loved the bar tables and chairs filling one side of the room and dining tables on another. Curved leather-like booths line one wall in the bar.

At each table, red and white napkins and flaming-red chopsticks are folded together in origami-style sculptures to form centerpieces.

The colorful light walls cast a sexy glow over the entire room. Another wall is accented with lime green paint and massive stalks of bamboo set at dramatic angles. In back of the center bar is a small dance floor and the entrance to the bar’s nightclub, which features a different theme each night.

Our restaurant was off and running! The word had spread and we had reservations for a month.

Dallas had to spend a lot of time at the restaurant but was a good manager. Many times, his evenings were spent just entertaining. While it looked like he was goofing off, the next day each section manager got a page of corrections and instructions and sometimes heads would roll out the door.

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By the end of the second month, we paid off the swing loan and began to discuss opening other restaurants. The banker began to nearly beg us to borrow more money.

I said to Dallas, "You can change back now."

"Everyone knows me as a girl," he said seriously. "Whenever I tell my wife I want to go back to being a man, she gives me a hormone shot." With that he rubbed his hip.

"Why is she doing THAT?" I asked. "It's crazy."

He looked embarrassed. "I guess I complained about wearing tight panties or something. Next thing I know, she's pumping me up with female hormones..."

"Doesn't that ruin, you know, marital relations?"

"Not at first," he blushed.

I could not hide the surprise on my face. "Can't you say no?"

His face showed sadness. "I think the shots make me more docile...she likes me this way and I can't say no to her."

I didn't know what to say but stammered, "Do you want me to talk to her?"

"Maybe?" he muttered, "maybe you could ask her to cut back the level of female hormones. Tell her I'm being bitchy with the employees or something?"

"Maybe I or YOU could tell her to cut them out completely?" I asked sarcastically.

"You just don't understand!" he spat and turned and walked away, my eyes glued on his girlish, rounded fanny in the tight skirt he was wearing. He was wearing a chic two-piece dress and pumps with a pointy toe and stiletto heel. It was a stunning look.

He was right...

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**NEVER TAKE A PILL THAT HAS MORE  
SIDE EFFECTS THAN YOU HAVE SYMPTOMS.**

From then on, I noticed Dallas' moods. His moods were like a real girl, like my wife. Sometimes he looked "puffy" and his clothes looked tight.

Donna said that the estrogen was stimulating the physical changes, such as the breast development I'd seen at the opening. I learned that, simply put, the estrogen would trick Dallas' body into thinking he was starting puberty...except this time, he'd feel like an adolescent girl!

"It's crazy!" I groaned.

"What do you care," she said. "Dallas has made us all a bunch of money...so what if you have to put up with some emotions?"

About once a month, I could tell when Dallas' wife shot him up with estrogen. Like my wife's menstrual period, the cycle happened every month.

It took a while to sort out all the changes going on, but I quickly caught on that when my wife finished her cycle, Holly was about to pump Dallas full of girl juice.

For about 3 days after that, I tried to stay away from Dallas. Cramps, pimples and other physical and emotional changes were common.

Dallas was sometimes depressed and easily irritated during the few days before the big shot. He'd get angry more quickly than normal even cry over stupid stuff. I see him craving and more interested in certain foods...that became a part of some wonderful "daily specials."

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Donna said, "Look...what's happening to Dallas is their business. Besides, I think it's fun. When we go shopping at the mall, guys are always trying to pick us up."

My wife has always had a mischievous spirit. Guess that is what attracted me to her. I accepted it and in fact, sometimes encouraged it. She is very attractive and at that age where every guy from 25 to 75 thinks she's perfect for him.

"So how does Dallas handle attention from men?" I asked.

"He's a bit shy," she said, "But his wife is trying to bring him out of his shell."

"Why would his wife want him out of THAT shell?"

"Because it's fun," Donna smiled. "Let's face it, Dallas is more like a girl now than a husband..."

"She's done this to him!" I stated.

"I'm guessing that she has not been comfortable with Dallas as a man."

"Then why did she marry him?"

Donna said, "Even before all this, Dallas was rather small and effeminate. Even if I loved Dallas, I'd probably still need a real manly man now and then."

"So how does Dallas dressing and acting like a woman help?"

"So now when they are out, they are girls. His wife can meet men and not be doing it behind her husband's back."

"That's crazy!"

"Haven't you noticed that her wedding ring looks more like a cocktail ring? I can tell that she likes flirting with strangers."

"So do you...what woman doesn't," I said, "but you aren't making me wear a dress."

"Maybe Dallas wasn't man enough?" she said shyly, then put her hand on her hip and said, "You are all the man I need!"

I shook my head. "I wish I had a buck for every guy who hit on you when I'm not around."

She giggled, "I'd better enjoy it now before I lose my figure. Did I tell you? We girls are going shopping and then out to dinner at the club tonight. Why don't you meet us there after the stores close..."

In a marriage, you learn things about your spouse. Some things you don't want to know. My wife and I have been married for about nine years. I learned early on that she liked attention. She'd come home from work and laugh, "A guy at the market hit on this ole' married woman today...made my day!"

That night when we made love, I told her a story about that stranger and their first date. It got us both very hot.

Now my wife is very conservative looking and to find a hot button like this "stranger dating" had been a kick. I've also noticed after that, she started taking more care with her hair and makeup, even dressing in hot new outfits.

So I sort of understood Dallas' wife wanting male attention but feminizing him still didn't make sense.

I loved watching my wife prepare for shopping or going out with the girls (and Dallas). I simply find it exciting to see her all flustered, trying to get her hair just right, trying on different outfits and the primping, makeup and picking out the right shoes.

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I couldn't imagine having to do all that myself like Dallas. When Dallas and his wife showed up at our door, it was as close to having a heart attack as I'd ever felt. He was by far the most feminine of the three. I walked them to the car and watched him modestly sit and tug at his short skirt (which had hiked up several inches above his knees).

"Have fun girls! But not too much!" I heard myself say. Dallas turned his head away from me in a pert, girlish gesture that was in contrast to what was actually happening...a man going out with his wife.

After they left I had an odd feeling in my gut. The three of them were dressed to the hilt, more like they had dates than just shopping. I knew that gals liked "playing high school" and trying to get guys attention. But Donna and I were married and committed. We had a wonderful and normal marriage...not like Dallas'.

I arrived at the club late, due to a boxing match that went overtime. I walked into the bar and saw the three of them sitting in one of the big red leather booths in the corner. To my surprise, they were with three guys in business suits and sitting boy/girl like dates.

I started to go over but went to the bar instead. From where I was sitting, I could see them but they'd have to turn a bit to see me.

On the table was an empty and a full bottle of La Grande Dame champagne. It had been slow in the bar after nine on weekdays and that sale alone would make the bar's night.

I wasn't hungry and couldn't help but be intrigued by the booth in the corner. My partner, Dal-

las, was sitting very close but shyly to the best looking of the three men.

Was feminine modesty just another talent learned from his wife? Was this a tool in the plan of his effeminization?

Holly, his wife was also sitting very close to "her date."

My cell phone suddenly rang and it was my wife. "Are you coming over?" she asked. I looked over and she was looking right at me.

"Maybe when that bottle of La Grande is gone...unless the men want to buy another?"

"Seriously?" she asked.

"Seriously," I said. "You gals have fun and keep the champagne coming. I'll meet you when we close at midnight or when your boyfriend leaves...without YOU!"

Later, Donna came over and I joked, "Who were the hunks?"

Donna rolled her eyes and joked, "Friends of Holly's. They all swarmed Dallas; can't he give the rest of us girls a chance?"

**FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:**

**BEST WAY TO MAKE WIFE'S PANTIES WET EVERY DAY, IS TO DO THE LAUNDRY.**

Donna was hot that night.

The next morning over coffee I asked her about Holly feminizing Dallas.

"He doesn't complain..." she said, adding. "Any more."

"It's those hormones!"

“Estrogen will do that. It makes a girl like being a girl and it’s probably doing the same with Dallas. It’s like he’s going through puberty like I did at thirteen.”

I strongly suspected that the hormones had made Dallas impotent anyway. There he was last night sitting with his wife and their “hunks”. His little maleness was soft and entirely hidden away in panties, useless for anything other than sitting on the toilet like a girl.

“How could Holly do that to her husband? She was flirting with a man.”

Donna said, “I don’t think she’s forcing him. I remember my puberty and getting breasts. I dreamed of boys when sleeping, but more so when awake. I was endlessly staring out windows and dreaming of boys; and outfits and clothes that would make them look at me.”

“A real man wouldn't give up his sexuality so easily,” I said.

Donna laughed, “Let me give you a few hormone shots and see what you think then.” Her slim hands wandered over my flat chest and said, “Maybe just a small “A” cup for you?”

The next day in the office, I teased Dallas about the men. “So when are you going out with the champagne man again...We need to stock up on the good bottles!”

Dallas blushed, “Probably next week. Holly thinks we need to get out more often socially...you know for the restaurant.”

“From what I saw, Holly wants a boyfriend...”

“Donna was there too,” he said softly. “And you seemed to enjoy watching.”

"She was just having fun," I stammered.

"So was Holly," Dallas said. "I was too. It doesn't mean our exclusive marital bond is broken."

I looked at Dallas. His skin was silky-smooth and his breasts, now so round that they stirred as he walked, his tight skirts clinging to full hips and soft tummy. The estrogen had obviously tainted his judgment so there was no use to debate how a husband should act.

With Dallas' hormone-altered brain it would have been silly to expect he could even see his wife's betrayal. Even if I could get through, Holly would just shoot him up again with "girl" fruit juice.

Where was the male jealousy and mistrust? I would never allow Donna to date socially. What if she got caught up in a romantic moment with some big macho guy?

Then it dawned on me that Dallas was in no competition with big macho guys. I'd seen him run out to get the newspaper in a loose robe, his little nightie flitting about and his hair up in curlers.

Donna said that Holly didn't even let Dallas wear his favorite clothes at home...(tee shirts and white jeans) because she thought they were unladylike for him now.

I shook my head. She was relentless, never giving Dallas' masculinity a chance to bounce back. He even went to the ladies room with his wife and did what she did inside. Now she was teaching him to flirt with guys like a girl.

Suddenly the idea of them double dating was frighteningly exciting. I guess those Playboy spreads of two girls had finally gotten to me.

When I told Donna, she said she already knew about them double dating. "Maybe it's a good idea for Dallas to have a boyfriend."

I'd seen him getting hit on by nearly every guy that came into the place.

She said, "A woman enjoys showing off her clothes and figure...it makes us feel attractive and doesn't have to lead to sex."

I was "old school". I felt that if one lets a spouse out of the "marriage cage" for even a minute, they will meet someone richer, bigger, younger, etc. "They are crazy!" I said.

Donna laughed, "You know Dallas' feminization has been good for business. What do you think him changing back suddenly would do to it?"

I'd thought about that. What if someone saw through all the cosmetics and girlie clothes and saw Dallas for what he was -- an effeminate male dressed as a girl? I moaned, "Does he really need a boyfriend?"

"It's just a nice front. So what if they double date socially," then she giggled, "maybe some guy might even get to second base after a few dates...but no real sex! Holly is not on the pill...then again, Dallas is!"

As Holly and Dallas became "social", everything seemed to revolve about shopping trips for clothes. After all, a "young woman" in Dallas' social position needs lots of pretty things.

Since we all had money, the three "women" spent a lot of time in the designer boutiques. Donna brought home a lot of sexy outfits and the latest lingerie. She began wearing pushup brassieres. She laughed, "I decided if they can make Dallas feel as

feminine as possible...imagine how they make me feel!"

I would often meet the gals at the club after a shopping trip. That was where Dallas and Holly met their dates.

After being introduced to their handsome, manly dates, I was in shock. On the way home, I asked Donna, "Why would a woman do that to Dallas?"

She laughed, "It's an age old problem for us girls. The conflicting desire to get in the sack with Mr. Tall Dark and Handsome or be with Mr. Nice Guy. The latest research says that it's "that time of month".

"What's that mean?"

"During our mid cycle ovulation, it seems we prefer more masculine male faces. Apparently, it's our body's sneaky way of ensuring that we replicate using the "best" available "strong, healthy" genes..."

"So Holly should have married a football player."

"The problem is that as the hormone cycle progresses, we women are drawn to more feminine faces - apparently indicating kindness and cooperation...'Mr. Nice Guy' types...Dallas. Most women choose less-masculine men to settle down with."

"Like me?" I asked.

After shopping the three would sometimes have a late dinner at the club. Since Dallas had a corner booth reserved, they never failed to attract the wolves at the bar. After a while, I guess I was used to seeing the three with men.

That night, it was tall, slightly graying men who wore dark suits that looked very expensive and were buying the "expensive" stuff. You know, the expense

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account kind of men. I took a seat at the bar, nursed a drink and watched.

The first time I saw Donna really flirting, I nearly got up and slugged the guy. I didn't. I just sat mesmerized, watching the booth. The man sitting next to Donna was getting a little too friendly and kept putting his hand on her shoulder. Every time he did this, she would remove it and smile.

I whispered to the waitress, "No more drinks for that guy."

She smiled, "Donna already gave me the signal."

Then I noticed that Donna's short skirt has risen somewhat and her nyloned thighs were exposed. I watched the man take his hand and put it on her thigh and slide upward.

He managed to raise the skirt but Donna slapped his hand and looked to see if I was watching.

I was insanely jealous and was as excited as Donna when we got home together.

We were closed on Mondays so Dallas and I often spent the day in the office together doing paper work and ordering.

Dallas was never late but that next Monday he was. He came in about two hours late and it seemed that he was still a little tipsy or hung over from the night before.

"BIG date last night?" I teased.

"You have no idea," he moaned and rolled his eyes.

He was a bit careless in his sitting position when he finally sat at his desk. He was wearing a light beige linen suit with a very short skirt that tended to ride up as he sat.

He looked over at me and exhaled to make obvious his seeming exhaustion. He crossed his legs girlishly and the movement caused his skirt to slide up his nude colored nylons.

I commented softly, "Donna has the same problem with those short skirts...they have a mind of their own."

"Skirts were definitely designed by men! For men," he laughed. "I suddenly wish I had three hands."

I looked at him. "I don't mean to pry but we are partners and I really appreciate all the work and sacrifice you have put into our business...I even understand how hard it would be to switch back into a boy now. But why does Holly insist you need boyfriends?" I asked incredulously.

"Lots of things don't make sense. Like why does a woman need 50 pairs of high heels or a dozen purses? Why twenty lipsticks; all red? There's mascara, face foundation, perfume, monthly cycles, hair-styles...it's very complex. Holly says I'm like a woman now, so I need to try to think like one."

"And double dating with your wife is making you think more like a woman?"

"Men are a woman's accessory like a designer purse or special lipstick. Yes, it makes me feel feminine."

Dallas rose and sauntered over to the file cabinet, his skirted bottom swishing back and forth girlishly. His stride in heels was entirely that of a girl. All clues to his being a boy were not present. He flirtatiously looked over his shoulder at me and shook his hair. His skirt was tight across his bottom and I could see panty lines and a lot of smooth, nyloned leg.

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I wanted to say, "Just looking in a mirror would do that!" but I didn't. Yes, we had financial success but it had come at a price.

It appeared that Dallas was going to continue living as a girl. Even when the original workers came back to fix something, they seemed to have forgotten he was a boy.

Sometimes I forgot too like opening doors for him. I guess he expected it because he would sweetly thank me.

**FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:**

### **IF LOVE IS BLIND, THEN WHY IS LINGERIE SO POPULAR?**

Dallas suddenly wanted to redecorate the bar. I resisted but he insisted. Suddenly the bar/nightclub was dark, mysterious and cozy, with a wall of water, a lighted glass floor, plush couches and vaguely Moorish architectural details. It was very sensual.

When we put a small band in the lounge, Dallas and I danced often to get others to dance. One slow dance, I unconsciously caught my fingers caressing his bra strap.

"Careful, dear," he teased. "Not on our first date!"

I was so embarrassed. I felt like I was dancing with a woman! Dallas' bosom was soft and his breasts swelled like those of any woman. In a low cut, tight top, I could tell nipples and breasts were enlarged and needed the support of a bra.

At this point, Holly gave up all pretences in hiding the emasculation of her husband. The estrogen injections were now weekly to ensure that the female hormones would have their maximum effect. She didn't want any chance of Dallas feeling like anything

but a woman. The hormones had both a physical and psychological effect.

Both Donna and I were in awe with how totally like a girl Holly had encouraged him to become. Though he had been shy at first, Dallas no longer minded his wife talking about his feminization. Donna and I assumed that the hormones had made Dallas impotent so there was little use defending his maleness with us.

His chemically altered mind made him want what women want...dresses, nice nails, etc. Donna said, "What's wrong with that?"

"I don't know," I said, "but most men wouldn't give up their masculinity so easily or so totally."

### **BUSINESS IS GOOD...**

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**Really good thong bikini...set you back one hundred dollars a crack!**

We suddenly had a lot of money...actually Dallas had a lot more than me! (I should have negotiated a better percentage)

We both remodeled our homes. Of course, Dallas' was done with great style. The old ranch home on the huge lot became a modern, white two-story building divided into four wings.

We added a second story to our house too. My bedroom suite was on the second floor, with a view over Dallas' garden with a neatly trimmed lawn and sparkling swimming pool. It had a row of tall trees, whose huge limbs waved gently in the winds.



Dallas was wearing a tiny bikini—one of those with fluttery ties on the side. He was lying face down and the bikini looked smaller than it was. His skin was still pale, without a trace of a tan.

The first time I dropped over on a hot day, I was surprised to find Dallas and his wife out by the pool. Dallas was wearing a tiny bikini—one of those with fluttery ties on the side. He was lying face down and the bikini looked smaller than it was. His skin was still pale, without a trace of a tan.

He glanced up for a second when he heard me and laughed, "Where is your suit? This swimming pool is sort of 30% yours too!"

I pulled up one of their teak deck chairs near the swimming pool and his wife went to get me a drink as we chatted about a problem waitress at work. I tried to keep my eyes above his neck...at least when he was watching. At one point, he got up and dangled his smooth legs in the water.

"Boy, it's hot," he said, with a high-pitched, sugary kind of tone. Then in his little white bikini, he poised and then dove into the swimming pool.

The estrogen had really done its work on Dallas. His skin was smooth, with curves in all the right places, a taut belly with no sign he was ever a guy.

His breasts were small but stood up for themselves. There wasn't much to his white bikini bottoms or top.

**FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:**

**Most of us can keep a secret. It's the people we tell it to who can't.**

One day the phone rang and when I answered, I heard a sweet soft voice on the other end say, "Hello, my name is Chris Gettey. I'm the son of Tony, the plumber. You know, the guy who did your pipes?"

"Yes, he did a great job," I said. "What can I do for you?"

"My dad said I should see you about a job."

I sort of cringed. We had made sure we cleaned house and no one working there knew about Dallas. It would be tough to fire someone who could ruin your business.

"We don't have any positions right now," I said.

"I saw an ad in the paper," he said softly. "I'd really like a chance to interview. My father thinks I'd do really well in the restaurant business."

"Don't you want to work with your father?"

"No," he said shyly. "You see, I prefer to dress like a girl. I was wondering if it would be OK to come in for an interview?"

"Dallas does the hiring."

"But you could set it up, right?"

I didn't want to encourage him but he sounded so sincere. What would he do and who would he tell if I brushed him off... "come by on Monday about eleven," I told him.

Chris sounded like a good kid and I was really curious to see what he looked like. I hoped nothing like his father!

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**Boy who eats photograph of his Mom is soon spitting image of his mother.**

I told Dallas and he agreed that we couldn't have anyone who "KNEW" working there.

When Chris walked in, I was impressed. He was an absolutely adorable boy who just turned twenty-one. He was slender, and his thick, shoulder length blondish hair was cut with girlish bangs, and was tied back in a ponytail with a blue velvet scrunchie.

His eyebrows were tweezed just like a girl's into thin little arches. It was sort of hard to tell what sex he was. He was wearing a white, oversized t-top, and

obviously girl's designer jeans that fit high on his slender waist and really showed off a roundish behind.

"I've been away in college," he told Dallas and me. He kept staring at Dallas... "I want to be just like you!" he gushed, adding, "I want to run restaurants. I graduated with a degree in travel industry management."

His ears had little gold studs and he was wearing a gold necklace.

Dallas looked at me and said to Chris, "We don't have anything for your qualifications right now. That ad you saw was for dishwashers. What position did you have in mind?"

He blushed, "I put myself through college as a waitress....in a coffee shop."

"You've been working as a girl?" Dallas asked.

Chris nodded. "My father says I have to dress like this until I get a job." His fingers went up to check his hair. His nails were modestly long, with a definite feminine shape, and he was wearing a light pink pearl nail polish.

Dallas chatted about the long hours his father had spent getting the club ready.

Chris really was pretty and quite girlish looking. I could tell that Dallas liked him, who wouldn't. Dallas asked, "What's your father think of all this?"

"He hopes I will turn out like you."

"Flattery will get you everywhere," Dallas joked, then stated, "Seriously, I would expect you to always dress as a girl. Is that okay with you?"

"I told my father I should have worn a dress today," Chris stated. "I spent my senior year as a girl. My girlfriend is joining me here in a month or two once I get settled with a job."

Dallas asked, "Your girlfriend doesn't mind you wearing dresses?"

"That's why we fell in love. She's the one who fixed me up with my first waitress job."

I was impressed by the honesty of this darling feminine boy. He went on, "Even as a girl, I'm not really attracted to boys. I like being around girls and doing what they do... that's probably why I became a waitress."

"I understand," Dallas muttered. "Wait here, I want to see how the uniform looks on you." He went into the locker room to get a uniform.

Chris said to me, "Miss Dallas is beautiful, isn't she?"

I agreed and looked at the boy, whose aura was that of a pretty feminine girl. Even in jeans, I found him irresistibly attractive. He smiled sweetly at me. His face had a rather feminine shape for a boy. He had high cheekbones, a narrow jaw line and a smallish mouth, with full pouting lips that I realized was covered with a pink tinted lip-gloss. Nothing like his plumber father!

He sat with his legs crossed over his knees like a girl. I was chatting about plumbing when Dallas came back with the uniforms and said. "Chris? Try these on for size."

His big brown eyes sparkled and he looked at me. I turned my back to a file cabinet...but the office had a zillion mirrors.

Chris said, turning his back to me, "I love these dresses!" He slipped out of his t-shirt and jeans. He was in only panties and I saw that he had fleshy hips.

"You have a very nice figure. Are you on female hormones?" Dallas asked

"Yes ma'am. A few months now."

Once in the uniform, Chris was dazzling in the aqua, Asian inspired waitress' uniform. He made his way over to a mirror with a hip-swinging walk that could have been accompanied by a burlesque show drum beat.

I raised an eyebrow and looked at Dallas.

"Just kidding," Chris giggled with a sassy tone in his voice. "I never walk like that!"

I laughed and turned back to Chris. "Yeah, THAT was way too much sugar!"

He removed the scrunchie from his hair and shook it out into a full girlish hairdo. His thick ash brown hair really was quite lovely with full bangs and let free was a cascade of soft curls, flowing down to his shoulders.

Chris smiled sweetly and said, "Here are tonight's specials...starters include the Love Apple, a sliced tomato smeared with goat cheese and finished with basil oil."

Chris recited from memory with a grin. "The entrées are a filet mignon which comes drizzled in black-coffee sauce, while our signature seared-raw tuna is served with opulent truffle-foie gras sauce. Save room for the molten chocolate cake with white-ginger center..."

"Those are tomorrow's specials," I gasped. "How did you know?"

Dallas smiled, "I wrote them on the board right before Chris arrived. We have some waitresses who still have to write it down and look at the list before taking an order. Impressive. Let me show you around."

Chris smiled sweetly. I gave him an encouraging smile as they walked out. I loved the way he walked

in the short-skirted uniform. He definitely had the demeanor of a girl. He walked with his head up and his shoulders back. His arms were bent at the elbows, with his hands hanging loosely at the wrists. I even detected a cute little feminine wiggle at his bottom as he walked.

It was clear that he was not the slightest bit embarrassed at being seen totally in our feminine waitress uniform. Although he was a boy, there was a confidence and a pleasure he took in his femininity, that I found quite fascinating. He and Dallas had a lot in common.

I wondered how many attractive females in the world were really males? Obviously more than I'd ever imagined!

That night Chris' father called and was nearly in tears. "Thank you so much for giving him a chance. Your next drain clean out is on me! Chris is very special."

"He's a very bright kid," I added.

"We almost lost him. It's tough on a boy who likes to look and acts like a girl. His mother and I were supportive but his girlfriend was the one who convinced him that his girlish personality and interests truly suits him."

"I think Dallas told him that he'd have to dress as a girl around town. Are you really okay with that?"

"I agree with Miss Dallas. He can't be switching back and forth. My truck is going to Goodwill with his boy things and his mother took him shopping to fill in his wardrobe. From now on, Chris will be living his life completely as a girl and my daughter; Christine!"

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**WHAT'S A GIRL LIKE YOU, DOING IN A NICE PLACE LIKE THIS?**

The next afternoon, Chris came to the restaurant early for orientation and to fill out employment forms.

I was very impressed at how soft and feminine he appeared. He girlishly gave my hand a gentle little handshake and smiled at me sweetly. I noticed his nails were delightfully manicured and the application of his nail polish was just the right "Dallas approved" color.

I could tell he was very excited and full of anticipation. Chris was wearing a pink blouse with puffy sleeves; a blue jean mini skirt and a pair of 3-inch open toed, wedge sandals...just what the other young waitresses would be wearing to come to the restaurant.

"Thank you," he said, "You have made me AND my family very happy."

"Really? Even your father?" I caught myself saying as I handed him the employment forms.

He blushed as he picked up his large white shoulder bag and opened it looking for a pen. "My father told me he never wants to see me in boy clothes again. He sent my mother out and we bought a lot of new dresses, skirts and lingerie. When I tried them on for him, he said, "That's what you need."

I engaged him in conversation about his life as he filled out the forms. He seemed to be quite comfortable with it. He answered all my questions about him and he freely used feminine gestures to accentuate his answers. His complete lack of any masculine responsiveness was remarkable. I found myself more

and more impressed with his honest answers as the exchange went on.

He told me in detail about how his girlfriend had got him the waitress job and taught him to pluck his eyebrows, shave his legs and put on make up. He laughed, "Once I had the waitress job, we were so busy that I barely had time to think...until some truck driver would pinch my bottom!"

"You make a very attractive woman," I said. "The guys here are going to want to do more than pinch your bottom."

He quickly lowered his eyes and blushed, and gave me a coy little "Thank you." I knew then that he was not only pretty and extremely girl like, but that he enjoyed the attention too.

"I'm looking forward to meeting your girlfriend," I said.

"I miss her. She's really wonderful...but a bit bossy sometimes." He handed me his forms. I noticed that he used the name "Christine" on the forms.

"We'll use Christine on your name tag, right?"

I suddenly felt sorry for this boy. In a few hours he'd be one of the waitresses, no doubt being scolded by the kitchen's cranky manager to move faster in the three-inch heels. He'll be moving about in his tight waitress uniform, taking orders, serving dishes, and balancing drinks.

Chris seemed so happy. He took his uniforms and I assigned him a locker with the other girls. How could Chris be so happy about being a girl and a waitress? I was sure his life was full of harassment and degradation. Now here was Chris, ecstatic at having a job where some unknown man would try to pat his nyloned bottom or snap his bra strap.

All I knew that if somehow I was transformed into a female waitress, I know that man's face would be mighty swollen by the time I was done with him. Chris seemed to go by that ole proverb: "Man who pulls on woman's bra-strap, may get bust in mouth."

When I saw Chris later, he was preparing his station. He sauntered toward the kitchen giving me a sweet backwards glance as he went. He was wearing his uniform. Who knew that a piece of teal cotton blend uniform could be so erotic? Staring at him as he walked away, my eyes rested on the round firmness of his bottom as his girlish hips swayed back and forth beneath the short skirt of the uniform.

Both Dallas and I closely watched Chris work. He was a pro. He greeted the customers with a warm and pleasant greeting. I didn't care if he was a boy, on his first night, he was already our best waitress. His demeanor was so completely femininely subservient, that it only seemed right for him to be dressed and groomed as a girl. There's nothing worse than a waitress with an "I'm better than you" attitude.

When Chris had a free second he helped refill coffee for the other waitresses. Dallas was very pleased that Chris fit right into the female environment of the club so comfortably. He had been in the restaurant for less than a shift, and he was already being accepted as one of the girls. In fact, this totally feminine boy being treated just like a girl in front of all of the other girls seemed quite natural.

If his father wanted a daughter, he could be very proud!

As he left that night, Chris again thanked me profusely for giving him the job. "I love working

here!" he gushed as he put a big, unruly wad of tip money in his purse.

I asked, "Where are you going, Chris?" He told me that he was going home now.

I smiled and said, "No you are not, young lady. We have a tradition of a 'pau' drink in the bar for the new waitresses. A celebration for making it through your first night! Some don't."

At first he seemed very concerned about not being dressed right for the trendy nightclub and he was sweaty from the busy night. "My hair is a mess!"

"You look beautiful!" I gave him my arm and guided him to the dark bar to meet Dallas and a couple managers.

These "pau drinks" were only for the keepers. It was a comfortable way to make them feel wanted and casually give them advice on their weak areas.

"I love this girl!" the kitchen manager announced. "I don't know where you found her but find more!"

The bar manager said, "If you get tired of slinging the hash, I have a cocktail waitress position open."

The managers were fighting over Chris...this submissive little boy in the pretty girl clothes. He was as sweet and feminine and passive as any girl. He smiled and said, "I'll do anything Miss Dallas tells me to do. I just love working here."



## REWARD!!

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FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**When man says something is silly and stupid, it's probably something a woman can beat him at.**

To my surprise, Chris' father called me the next morning. "I'm just calling to see how Christine did last night."

"Just fine," I commented.

"I guess that's good," he said. "We just want to make sure he's settled and this isn't just a phase he's going through trying to impress that girlfriend."

"I don't think it's a phase," I said. "I thought you threw away all his boy things?"

"I took them to my work shop," he said sadly. I could hear the concern in his voice. "He's taking female hormones, you know?"

"I know," I said, hearing his father still have some hope of regaining a son. I could tell he needed to talk.

"He's already got small breasts. If they don't grow big enough, his girlfriend wants him to get implants. Do you think he needs implants?"

"I think he looks quite attractive now," I said without thinking. I could tell Chris' father had never contemplated him going this far into the realm of femininity.

"I do too," he sighed with resignation. "I suppose I will have to get used to them...it's that girlfriend. She trained him to be like this. She treats him like a girl and not a boy. I don't know what they do in bed!"

That was more than I wanted to speculate about but Chris' father rambled on, "With all those female hormones, he couldn't please a woman if he wanted

to! I've heard them talk. She encourages him, by telling him what a fine little woman he's becoming."

"I have to go," I said. I'd seen how all the training and the female hormones had taken their effect on Dallas. There was no question; both Dallas and Chris had learned to enjoy being feminine and achieving fulfillment as females.

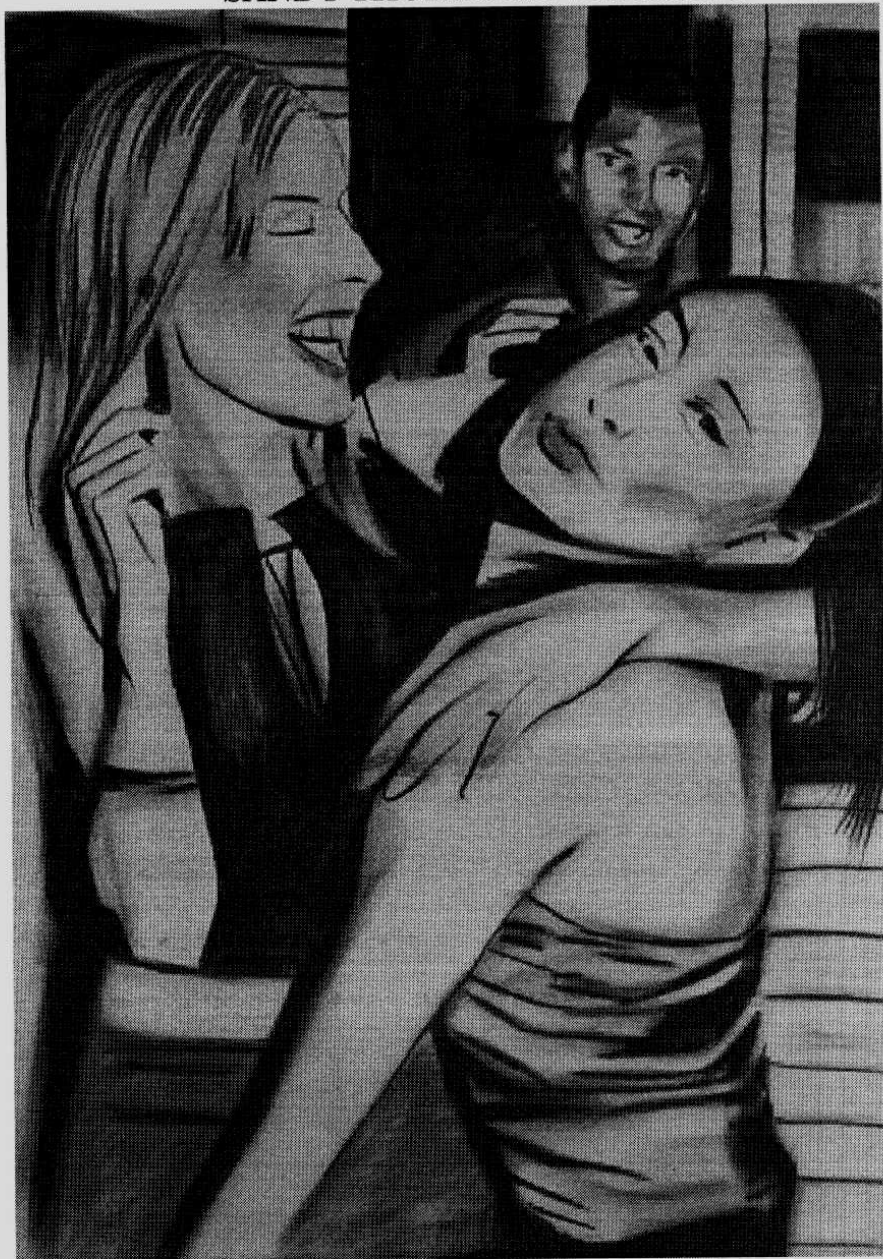
It had to hurt Chris' father to see how utterly female his son was becoming. All the notions of male accomplishment were being completely trained out his mind. I could see that Chris thought of himself more as a girl, than a boy.

Chris fell right into place as our best employee. He happily did whatever Dallas told him to do, and he respectfully took orders from all of the crew managers.

I heard his father took him to Victoria's Secret, to get him fitted with some pretty bra and panty ensembles! When he came to work he gushed to me about how wonderful it was shopping with his father.

Chris giggled proudly, "My dad called me 'his little Barbie'. Look at the outfit he bought me? Everything I have on!"

He was wearing a pretty sundress...one of several his father had bought. It was a lovely white sundress, with pink piping around the neckline and the hem of its full skirt. He was wearing nylons and an adorable pair of high heeled, white sandals. He had long stiletto earrings and a heart necklace around his neck.



**Chris and Dallas flirting around after a shift in the Nightclub. Suddenly the bar business was booming! Donna started working a shift and hanging out with the "girls." GIRLS JUST WANT TO HAVE FUN, right?**

"Your father bought you that dress and what's underneath?"

He nodded, and a touch of pink blushed his cheeks. "I think he's finally realized that I'll never be his son again. I just wish he liked my girlfriend..." I could see the apprehension build in his eyes. "She'll be here soon. I haven't seen her for a couple months..."

I could tell by the look in his eyes and the way that his eyes lit up, that he really loved her. He whispered, "My figure has changed a lot in the last two months. I hope she likes the way I look?" He looked at me as if seeking my approval.

I gave it to him by smiling and saying, "You look lovely but it's late. You'd better go change into your uniform."

He signaled his resignation by adjusting his demure little bangs, ending just above his girlishly plucked eyebrows. He giggled, "Yes sir!" He turned and the thin fabric of his dress hugged his fleshy bottom. He did a little dance in front of a mirrored wall, letting his short skirt flare out as he swirled around, grinning all the while. He was such a happy boy!

FORTUNE COOKIE SAY:

**Everything is okay in the end.**

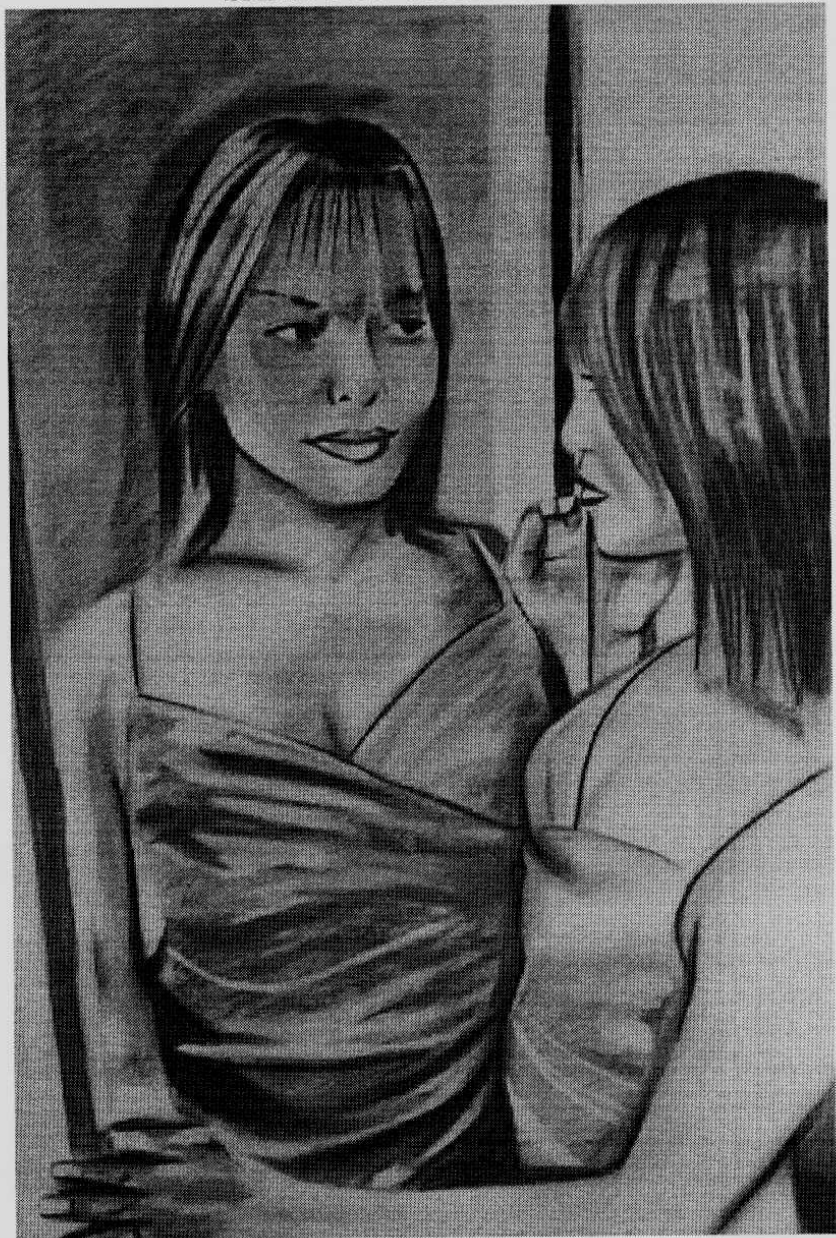
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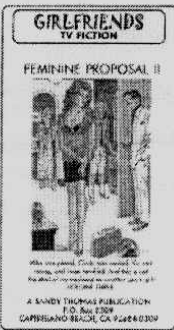
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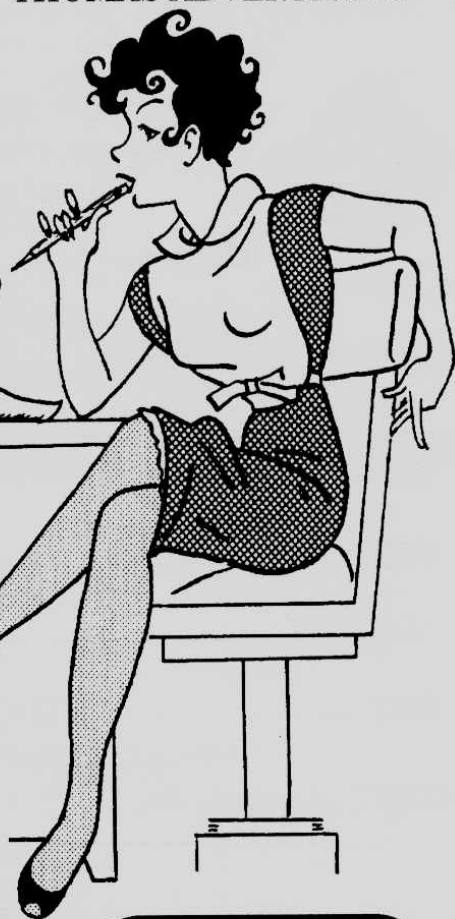
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64 -- HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

## IN THE PINK



THAT'S MY FATHER... HE TAUGHT ME  
EVERYTHING I KNOW ABOUT BEING A WOMAN.



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

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

### SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

### NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

### ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

### ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

### MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

### FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

### DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

### GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

### NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

**TIT FOR TAT #19**

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

**THAT'A GIRL #20**

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

**WOMAN'S WORK #21**

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

**MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

**PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

**HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

**ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

**WOMAN-HOOD #26**

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

**HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

**MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**COED CREATED #42**

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED**

**#44 &45**

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

**THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58**

That's actually their son and father! This

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

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

**WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69**

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74**

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76**

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

**CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78**

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

**GIRLISH #87**

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

**GIRLHOOD #89**

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

## CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

**GIRLIES #16**

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

**DOUBLE ISSUE****MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

**DOUBLE ISSUE****REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . .

**DOUBLE ISSUE****FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

**CLEAVAGE #31**

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

**METAMORPHOSIS & META'**

**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

**FEMININE DESIRES #44\**

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

**MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47**

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

**SON TO SISTER #48**

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

**A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50**

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

**SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

### **BECOMING EMMA #57**

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

### **HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62**

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

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

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

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

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

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

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

#### **TV VACATION #3**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

### **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### **CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7**

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

#### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

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

#### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

#### **FASHION MODELS #10**

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

#### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

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

#### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

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

#### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

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

#### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

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

#### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

**FEMININE FORTE #16**

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

**PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

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

**THE MAKEOVER #18**

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

**BOYS TO BABES #19**

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

**THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

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

**THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

**I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

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

**FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

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

**RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

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

**MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

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

**TITILLIATING TV TALES**

**HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

**HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

**HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

**AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND**

**AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

**UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

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