

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND"

AFTER HELPING HER TO HEM A DRESS, A
WIFE DECIDES TO FEMINIZE HER HUSBAND!



Volume 41

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MAGAZINE
VOLUME 41

“HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND”

by Rachel Ann Cooper and Sandy Thomas

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“HOW TO IMPRESS A WOMAN: Compliment her,
kiss her, stroke her, comfort her, protect her,
spend money on her, wine and dine her, buy her
expensive gifts, listen to her, stand by her, go to
the ends of the earth for her.”

“HOW TO IMPRESS A MAN: Show up naked.”

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND

by Rachel Ann Cooper and Sandy Thomas

**“Why are men like food processors?
Women need one, but they’re
never quite sure why.”**

A year ain’t much time but it sure can make a difference—it did in the lives of Janet and Jerold Peterson. Still newlyweds, they had been high school sweethearts before they went their separate ways to college. They had known each other since childhood and now were re-united in matrimony.

They had set up playing “house” like all young couples. Jerry began working as a computer programmer after leaving college. Janet worked in the office of a large flower store. They really didn’t know their neighbors, which was probably just as well.

“Hi, honey, I’m home,” (an old cliché) were the first words out of Jerry’s mouth as he crossed the threshold of their little house. They had only been married a few months and Jerry really looked forward to coming home to his high school sweetheart, Janet.

She replied, “Hi, honey. We have some time before dinner and I was just working on a new dress for my new part-time job. Let me show you.”

Jerry said, matter-of-factly, “Oh, that’s nice. But why is it inside out?”

Jan replied, “Well that’s just the way you do it when you are in the fitting stages. The problem is, that when I put it on, I can’t tell if I have the hemline straight or not and I don’t have a hem gauge. I wonder. Could you help me with this?”

“What do you mean, help you? I don’t sew.”

“No silly, I just need to see how it hangs when it’s on.”

“Are you asking me to be a dummy and put on that dress?”

She smiled with an angelic grin. “PLEASE?”

Jerry blushed as she begged, “I really need your help. It will only be for a few minutes while I get the hem straight. Can’t you help me that long?”

“What if contagious?” Jerry joked. “Or what if one of your friends come by?”

Jan replied, “What friends? It’s only for a few minutes, Jerry. I can’t afford to go out and buy a mannequin. Until we can, I could certainly use your help with my sewing. I need clothes. You want me to look pretty, don’t you? Here, you can just take off your pants and shirt, put your arms straight up and let me slide it down on you very carefully so you don’t pull anything apart.”

“Okay,” said Jerry grumbling something about not being too keen on being used as a dressmaker’s dummy.

“Alright”, said Jan, “just step in here and ease it on up over your shoulders. I’ll zip it up in the back.”

“Do you have to zip me in here. I feel like I’m trapped in the twilight zone.”

“You are, but it’s just temporary. Now, let me adjust this waistline a bit. Actually, you’d need a waist cincher to get down to my 26 inches. Never mind. I’ll just measure it for now.”

“ I thought you were just doing the hem,” he said.

“I was just going to, but an opportunity like this is too good to pass up. I can adjust the whole dress much faster with you in it. Now hold still before I stick you with a pin.”

“OK,” she said. “That will do it for now. Same time next week?” she added teasingly. Jerry grumbled a little and went back to the couch after getting out of the dress.

Sure enough, the following week she asked him to do it for her again and again. This was the third time and since he knew he was saving them \$145.00—he grinned and bore it like a man. This session was going to be a little different though.

“Aren’t I too large for you to do this”, he replied.

“Not really,” she said. “Remember, I’m the one who does most of our shopping. Except that you are 5’7” and I’m 5’6” tall, we are pretty much the same size. Your torso is a little longer and my legs are a little longer. It all sort of equals out.”

Jerry said, “Really?”

Jan replied, “Haven’t you noticed that when I’m wearing high heels, I’m a smidgen taller than you? Besides, I picked up this little garment so I could really get the waist right on you.”

“I’m not wearing that! That’s a waist cincher with garters!

“So? Off with the clothes and lets see if we can get it hooked up the front. Please?”

He did as he was asked, discovering that it pushed his chest up and pulled his waist in as it pushed the skin towards his hips. “So how much was this cincher” he asked?

“Just \$16 on sale. That’s a lot better than \$145, right?”

“Yeah, but it would probably feel a lot better over a full slip rather than right against my skin.”

“Oh, we can fix that. Here, put one on first. You are right, of course.”

“Isn’t this a little snug in the waist?”

“It’s supposed to be that way. It’s supposed to cling to the body and give you shape. You could stand to lose a few pounds.”

“I’ve been going to the gym!”

“Those boxer shorts look stupid with the slip. Would you like to feel what it’s like from the skin out?”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean pair of those luscious satin panties you like to see on me. I just know you’ll like them. Here, take off those ugly briefs and put these on. Trust me. There’s nothing like them.”

“WOW!” Jerry said after he slipped them on. “They feel wonderful and so silky. Some of the guys at the gym wear bikini style underwear but they are nothing like these.”

“I know. I’ve noticed.”

“How do you know what guys at the gym are wearing?” asked Jerry?

“You aren’t the only one who checks out tushes. Sometimes the outline shows through just like with a girl’s panties in tight jeans. A girl can look, can’t she?”

“Yeah, guess I can’t deny you that, all right. These are nice. I’m beginning to see what you gals like about this stuff. I didn’t know they felt this good or I might have bought some for myself.”

“Well, honey, you can use any of mine any time you like. Don’t be bashful!”

“Are you kidding? I don’t know if I’m quite that liberated. I’m not ready to start wearing silky girl’s underwear.”

“Why not? It’s trendy. You know, all the gender bending stuff. But that’s all I need you for now. You can take off my stuff.”

“OK. Now what?”

“Go relax while I slave on this dress, of course.”

“NOT AGAIN”

Three days later, Jan asked Jerry if he would get into the “fixings” again as she was near completing the dress. He conceded, this time complete with waist cincher. She even had him put on hose to hold the garters down. “Your legs look very nice in hose, Jerry. It kind of turns me on seeing them on you. Would you consider wearing them sometime for me when we make love?”

“Heck, why not. I’m standing in hose and a dress already with my waist cinched and pushed up boobs and hips I didn’t even know I had. Why not?” he added a bit sarcastically.

“Now let me mark the hem and pin it. A ruler and chalk work a lot faster with a mannequin. Quit fidgeting!”

“Alright, just hurry up, will you. This is making me a little nervous. The curtains are open,” he taunted, “and I don’t even have my hair properly styled or my makeup on.”

“Keep it up,” she said in a stern but kidding way. “Stop worrying. No one would dare say anything even if they did see you this way. You are just helping your wife. And by the way, this hemline isn’t going to work. You are standing flat-footed. I’m hemming this dress to be worn with 3" high heels. I can’t tell exactly where the hem should be. Oh dear, how am I ever going to get this right?” she mused

Jerry asked, “Would it help if I stood on my tip toes?”

“Maybe but this will take a good five minutes. I can’t have you bouncing up and down like a yo-yo. It would be much more

comfortable for you if you just wore a pair of my heels while I'm doing this."

"That's asking too much! Me, in high heels and dressed from head to toe like a girl? What would the guys at the office say?"

"The guys aren't here, Jerry."

"And if they WERE here, they'd probably be hitting on you for a date," she quipped.

"We don't have the same sized feet. Do we?" he asked in a rather small voice?

"Only one way to find out. Try these on and we'll just see," she said holding one out for his foot.

"I'll be darned," he said as it slipped on easily. "Must be the silky nylons? And what's with the ankle strap and the four-inch heels all of a sudden?"

"Well, They do look very sexy with this dress", she replied with a giggle. "Now just put your tiny feet a little bit apart and stand quietly."

"I beg your pardon," he exclaimed. "Tiny feet?"

Jan replied, "Well, you are wearing a size 7 1/2 and that's only a 6 1/2 in a men's shoe. I think that's fairly petite for a man."

"I thought you only wore a seven Jan."

"I do," she replied. "Since these are higher, I figured a little more toe room might be appreciated."

"Gee, these feel really high. I'll bet you really have to take small steps in them." "Pretty small, but they just ooze sex appeal, don't you think?"

"I feel so tall," Jerry stated introspectively. "I'd always wished I was taller. I hate it when you are taller than me."

"Too bad men don't wear high heels," Jan joked.

"You know, Jan. This lingerie really feels pretty nice against my skin," he stated out loud.

Janet had a few pins in her mouth and didn't reply right away. "The whole package would feel even nicer without all that leg hair, sweetheart. That's one of the reasons I keep my legs nice and smooth. You like my legs, don't you?"

"You know you have great legs, Janet. They are one of your best features. Are you fishing for a compliment?"

“No, honey, but I think your legs are nice too. You never did things like football in high school and got all those bulging muscles. I don’t think big, bulging muscles are pretty on a man or a woman. I bet your legs are as good as mine.”

“Naw! Yours are the best!”

“Seriously, Jerry. Your knees are smooth—your calves are just the right size and you have small ankles too,” she said, seeming to be engrossed in thought.

“Good legs or not, at least you haven’t gotten me into a bra yet,” he laughed.

“That’s true,” she said, suddenly checking the wrinkled bodice of the dress. “Why didn’t I think of that! The bodice of that dress won’t fit me very well with out fitting it too!”

“No way!”

“Oh please! I’m done with the hem for now but I think I need to take a tuck in that bodice. That’s where your bosom goes,” she said.

“No, sweetie, that is where YOUR bosom goes. I don’t have a bosom,” Jerry exclaimed.

“Everybody has a bosom, Jerry. Yours just isn’t as well developed like mine, that’s all.”

“I won’t be needing my milk glands,” Jerry informed her.

“Of course not. Too bad men never get the motherhood feelings about nursing a baby. Then they’d appreciate what having a nice bosom is all about. I have to fit that bodice.”

“I thought we weren’t going to do the bra thing tonight.”

“This is moving along so well, I don’t want to quit. Just go with the flow. Work with me here.”

Jerry nodded as he let her unzip him. “Humor me, Jerry. I know we weren’t going to do the bra tonight, but it will speed things along. We’ll fill up the cups with socks or something and give you nice cleavage. The bodice of a dress is just as important as the hemline. This one has buttons down the front and has to fit just right.”

“You’ll need a bunch of socks,” Jerry ribbed. Jan was nearly a C cup! “Put it on me and let’s get this OVER!”

“Oh, you poor dear! You need to relax after a hard day in a dress and high heels. I’ll make it worth your while, I promise. Don’t you feel relaxed, honey?” she purred.

"Absolutely," he said, getting just a bit more aroused than usual. Was it the silk, the pumps or the promise?

"Jerry, did you know your chest wall is the same size as mine, a 34?"

"No, I didn't, but I do now! I guess I won't have any trouble buying blouses for you," he remarked.

"Or dresses either, or sweaters, bras or jackets," she said. "We both seem to be a size 10 and wear a size 7 or 7 1/2 shoe. Anything that fits you will fit me so I can borrow your boy stuff when I need to do dirty things."

"I need to get to the gym and work on my shoulders," Jerry said. "I really don't want to share my clothes with my wife.

"Isn't it comforting to know exactly what size your wife is so you can buy her pretty things," she asked demurely, batting her eyelashes at him?

"OK, we're basically the same size except for my height. You know I like to buy you pretty things and see you happy, don't you?"

"Yes, dear, I know. I just love having silk and lace next to my body and feel my hose hugging my legs in my pretty pumps. I love being a pretty girl."

"And wearing sexy lingerie and getting all that male attention."

"I know it may sound like stereotypical female thinking, but I do it for myself not for men. After all, nobody but us knows what is under the dress, right? Something you'll never find out unless you shave your pretty legs and wear my lingerie to work."

Jerry looked at her like she was nuts. "I'm not wearing hose to work and I am not shaving my legs just so hose feels good. . .so forget it. What would the guys at the gym say?" he queried then stated, "Quit griping, Jan. You're beautiful and that's that price of beauty, isn't it? You have to keep yourself soft and feminine and curved like a lady."

She growled at him, "So a woman is supposed to be soft and pampered and cater to men?"

"I didn't mean exactly that," he snickered.

"Well being pretty isn't all it's cracked up to be. You should try it sometime."

"I think I'm trying it NOW," he said. "Are you through pinning yet?"

"Just a couple more minutes honey. Are you as uncomfortable as you were," she asked?

"Actually, no," he replied, rolling his hips and putting a limp wrist out in a pretenses pose. "I can't believe I said that. Here I stand in just about everything feminine I could have ever imagined and it feels OK."

"Quit moving around, dearie," she mumbled with a mouth full of pins.

"I'm lucky I'm standing at all," Jerry replied. "These four inch heels! How can anyone ever walk in them!"

"A woman learns to move her hips a little differently-and not the fruity way you're standing. Want to try it," she asked. "Or are you chicken to try something different?"

"Not right now, thank you," he laughed nervously. "And no, I am NOT chicken. Maybe another time."

"OK, I'm done. I'll unzip you and you can get out of your dress and shoes."

"Oh, now it's MY dress and shoes?"

"Just a figure of speech, honey. It's still my dress but I'd let you borrow it. . .but you probably couldn't walk in heels anyway."

"AGAIN..."

It was a few days later and Jerry got home early which had become their pattern. Jerry relaxed and read the paper and watched the news until Jan drug herself home. Jan came in from work and flopped down beside Jerry.

"You look beat, Jan. Would you like me to fix dinner tonight?"

"Oh, that would be great," she said, giving him a big kiss. "Maybe YOU should have been the wife!"

"I don't mind the cooking. You relax."

"Great!" she said, "After dinner I want to finish that dress I started last week."

During the fitting:

“What to do now?” Jerry asked.

“I want to see how I will really look in the finished product,” she said. “How about letting me doll you up a bit?”

“How is that going to help?”

“You will be ALMOST look like at me. I’ll go put out some stuff on the bed and you can get into it. Okay?”

“I don’t know about this Janet. I’ll do it as long as you never bring it up again!”

“I won’t question your manhood when it’s over,” she said as she laid out the finished dress and more: a half slip, pushup bra, pantyhose, an ankle bracelet, a pair of black patent, 3" T strap heels with a buckle at the ankle, a pearl necklace with matching bracelet and clip earrings. Her shoulder length wig was a little shorter than Jerry’s own hair.

“OK, honey, you can get dressed now,” she sang.

When Jerry came in the room, he was a little stunned. “You mean I have to wear all that just so you can see how you’ll look in this new dress?” he stammered. “I don’t like the idea of looking silly in front of my wife.”

“Honey, I am not trying to make you look silly. We are just having fun!” she purred. “How can you expect me to get a good picture if you don’t look something like I would? Now we begin with the bra.”

“Hey, this thing has push up pads.”

“Right now, you need padding. Just put it on and stop yammering,” she said ignoring his complaints and became a little insistent.

“All right, all right, I’m doing it!” Jerry put on the bra and let her lift up on his chest. Jerry couldn’t believe the result. “It looked like I really have breasts!”

She showed him how to put on the hose, rolling it up and pointing his toes. Then came the cincher, full slip and the dress. Then came the necklace and earrings. She commented, “With your complexion, you are going to look totally washed out with that hair color. Let me add a little color to your face.”

“Makeup?” he whined.

“It washes off, honey. I do it every day and you don’t see me complaining, do you? It’s really easy once you learn how

and it doesn't take that long with just a little practice. Besides, just look at it like you were going on camera as a TV anchorman. All the men wear makeup for the camera."

"Don't you mean AnchorWOMAN?" Jerry asked, adding, "I'm not going on camera?"

"Maybe not, dear. Just let me do a few touches here before you put on your wig."

"It's YOUR wig, Jan."

"You're right dear. Now, a little foundation to hide those freckles. There, that's good. Now, let's bring up the lashes and the brows with a little dark brown," Jan said. "Now some blush and a medium pink on the lips. I think that will look nice on you...me I mean."

"I'm beginning to feel like I'm YOU getting ready for one of our dates. Oh honey," he said with a raised voice, "I'm running late!"

"Don't get smart with me, Jerry. If I had a girlfriend my size, I wouldn't bother you. Hold still while I line and then fill your lips in. I've always been a little jealous of those full lips."

"Hey, this is really creamy and it tastes good too—better than Chapstik!"

"And much more expensive," she said. "NO, don't look in the mirror. Not yet, anyway," replied Janet. "Now the wig. Hey, I'm beginning to look pretty good."

"Thanks!"

"Jerry. Now, sit on the bed and let me fit you up in your pretty heels."

"Hey, Jan. They're yours, remember? But I've always thought dressy high-heeled shoes looked sexy and pretty on a girl's foot."

"And now the shoes on the other foot in more ways than one!"

"However, I don't remember you having a pair like these T strap 3" patents. When did you get them?" he asked.

"Oh, I got them to wear with this dress a couple days ago then the idea hit me," she said. "Let me buckle these straps. How do they fit?"

"Like they were made for me," he said. "Even kind of comfortable. Imagine that!"



"This hemline isn't going to work. You are standing flat-footed. I'm hemming this dress to be worn with 3" high heels. I can't tell exactly where the hem should be. Oh dear, how am I ever going to get this right?" Jan mused

"Now you can look in the mirror. And just a friendly warning, honey—I think you may be in for a little surprise."

"OH, FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE! WHO IS THAT STARING BACK AT ME?"

"She's, attractive! Cute, even," Jan said in a questioning voice, "beautiful!"

"WOW!" he said staring into the mirror.

"I've noticed you checking out the pretty girls," Jan said smugly. "If you saw a girl that looked like the one you see in the mirror, wouldn't you be checking her out?"

"I guess so?" he moaned.

"Stand up and let me take a look at me in that dress. Yes, I think that will do nicely for the office. Now, walk away from me so I can see how I 'check out' from behind," she said. "Walk from the hips, Jerry, the hips!" she said again for emphasis.

Jerry walked about the room, as Jan stated, "I hope you don't mind other men looking at me."

"I don't mind, Jan, as long as they don't look at me the same way."

"If you look this good, Jan, how can they help themselves?"

"How do I...I mean, how do you really look in your new dress, honey?"

"I think I look great in it and I think you look very foxy, if you don't mind my saying it. Do you mind my saying that?"

"Jan, I don't know HOW I feel. I mean, just look at me. How can that attractive girl be ME? How can I be standing here in front of my wife looking more like her girlfriend than her husband and not begin to wonder where my head is going?"

Before he could utter another word, she said, "Here, let me take a Polaroid of you so you can see what I will look like in my new dress."

"Did you plan on taking this picture, Jan," Jerry asked?

"Jerry, all I wanted to do was make a pretty dress and then I got hit with some inspiration. This is fun, isn't it? Just look at the beautiful result!"

"I feel odd," he groaned.

"Put your left foot forward with your hips at a slight angle, one hand on a hip and give a big, lovely smile. Oh, come on, a

NATURAL smile, like you are really enjoying being YOUR-SELF!

She snapped Polaroid pictures and said, "Let's see if you can master the walk?"

"I don't know, Jan. This seems to be getting a bit serious."

"Nonsense, Jerry. I can't put something in your head that isn't already there! You know I can't make you do anything you don't want to do. But your helping as my mannequin did give me a fun idea. I saw the beautiful girl I see before me inside of you. I just wanted to see it bursting out. If I'm wrong, you can take everything off right now."

"You thought I might like looking like this?" Jerry asked.

"Who wouldn't like looking so pretty. Tell me you hate it?"

"I don't hate it but. . ."

"Let me teach you how to walk in the heels better." Jan then instructed him on keeping his balance, controlling his walk and how not to clump along but be flowing and graceful and not bounce. Not bouncing seemed to be important. "Really graceful walking takes a lot of practice," she stated. Jerry pranced about the family room on the tile floor where each step of his heels clicked and wouldn't get caught in the carpet.

She said, "You are still bouncing a little too much. Carry a cup of coffee on a saucer and see if you can walk without spilling it—let your hips sway and roll them a bit."

"Boy, now that does smooth out my walk. It's more of a glide!"

"And not so 'affected,'" Jan smiled. "Keep practicing. Let's see if we can teach you to walk like a lady."

Jerry didn't remember how long he practiced or how many times he spilled coffee, but finally, Jan was satisfied that he had the basics down pretty good.

"OK, sweetheart, the lesson's over for today."

"I'm more than a little nervous about this. What if someone came in right now and saw me like this?"

"Honey, I'd just give you a name and introduce you. They would never be the wiser, believe me. You look great. Come look at your picture."

"WOW. I...mean ...you look incredible in this dress."

“Thank you, honey. I thought you’d like it on me...uh... you...well, whichever one of us wants to wear it.”

“You know Jan, I’ve never done anything like this before but I have to admit, it does feel really neat looking like a girl.”

“I’m not surprised that you enjoy it. I do,” she said looking at his picture. “Look at this picture, Jerry, and tell me you don’t see a pretty young woman staring back at you. Maybe there is more girl in you than we think!”

“We’ll never know how much.”

“Would you like to find out... We’ve always shared all our thoughts and feelings just like girlfriends. Boys just don’t DO that with girls. But we’ve always been so darned comfortable with each other. There’s something here for both of us.”

“Holy cow! It’s amazing, Jan, it is hard to believe that I never caught on to these feelings and did something about them before.”

“I guess you were too uptight about being labeled a sissy,” Jan said.

“I can’t believe I feel comfortable like this. I actually enjoy walking in heels. I feel sexy and tall!”

Jan laughed, “A case of gender envy, eh?”

“I guess I am a little jealous of women and the power they hold over men. I’d hate to be branded a sissy though.”

“Well, you certainly look like a woman. What could you do to not feel like a sissy?”

“I don’t know,” Jerry said. “The padded bra is a bit of a turn off. It makes me feel so phony and like I said, I know there is a lot more to being a girl than just pretty clothes and a padded bra.”

“Well, honey,” Jan stated, “If you wish, we can work on those feelings. We can just call the padded bra a ‘training bra’ until you understand yourself a little better. I really don’t want you to feel like a sissy.”

“I feel trapped now.”

“I wasn’t trying to trap you but when I first got you into a dress, you seemed so natural. I see now that once you got a feel for being a girl, you’d want more. There’s a lot of things we can do to make you feel more feminine. We could even arrange for you to fill out a bra, if you like?”

“NO?” Jerry gasped.

“Seriously, if you really enjoy being a girl, you can just consider my closet to be YOUR closet for the time being.” She was cautious. “I think you should try wearing my things about the house for a while,” she said, “so you can see what it’s like. If you don’t like it, stop.”

“We hardly go anywhere anyway,” Jerry thought out loud. “Maybe I could try dressing as a girl, around the house. . .if you don’t mind.”

“I don’t mind! In fact, I’d love to see you develop your feminine side.”

The idea had caught Jerry’s imagination and he was only half listening to Jan as he contemplated the possibilities. The more they talked about it, the more intrigued he was to try it.

Jan was being so careful not to pressure him into what she billed as “their little adventure.” She said, “I don’t want you just ‘playing’ at being a girl. That would make you feel like some effeminate sissy.”

“Janet, I know what your mean,” Jerry uttered. “I don’t want to feel like when the guys at school teased me about being small like a girl. They’d call me ‘fruit’ and ‘queerbait’ and ‘sissy’ . . .”

“Maybe they were mentally putting you in makeup and a dress,” Jan stated. “In the male world your small features, high cheekbones and a straight little nose aren’t much of an asset. But I think we should accent your femininity and see where we can take it.”

“Yeah,” Jerry said, “And who can tease me at home?”

“Of course, you’ll have to make your apologies to the fellas at the gym if you’d like to pursue filling a bra. Is that going to be a problem?”

“Oh my! Not if I can look as good as this,” he said whimsically.

“When you look like this, we should call you something else.”

Jerry suggested, “How about ‘Jerri’ spelled JerrI?”

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Jan shook her head. "That's too close to your real name. We need a name that makes you feel different. . .like Sally, or Diane or maybe Nancy?"

"Nancy Jane was my Grandmother's name," Jerry said.

"You look like a Nancy and it's a very girlish name," Jan said. "You've never met a man named Nancy before, have you?"

Jerry blushed as Jan went on, "It will be our little inside joke. I'm going to call you Nancy all the time. If I make a mistake, I want you to correct me. Okay?"

"You want to call me 'Nancy?' I feel so naughty," he said. "You may have created a monster, Jan. I mean, I REALLY do find all this exciting."

"All right Nancy, dear. Now that we've settled that, when would you like to go on a little shopping spree and get your OWN pretty things so my clothes can stay nice and crisp for ME? Of course, we can share anything and everything darling, just like always."

"I'm not ready for a shopping spree yet, honey," Jerry said. "Besides, we need to get a couple more paychecks under our belts before we go on a shopping spree."

"PART-TIME GIRLFRIEND"

And so, Jerry began his transformation from full time husband to part time girl friend and homemaker. That night, Jan said, "Here Nancy, I think you should be wearing nightgowns not pajamas. Like I said, my closet is now your closet."

Jerry's hands trembling with excitement as he put it on. She had chosen a baby blue nightgown for his first night as a girl. His hair was fairly long so Jan pulled it back and put a white ribbon in it.

When she was done fussing over him, she pulled him to a mirror and exclaimed, "You make a pretty convincing girl already and we've just started! How do you feel 'NANCY?'"

"Like a Nancy should," Jerry murmured, as he turned red as a beet thinking about all the names those bullies had called him. Jerry was beginning to how enormous the task of feeling "feminine" and not "effeminate" was going to be. Millions of tiny details were going to have to become second nature and unquestioned.

As time went on, life settled back into a routine. Jerry was enjoying sleeping in a slinky gown, but most of life was moving on stressfully as it always had: work, eat, sleep, bowling, church—little time for any dressing up.

Jerry came home from his job as a computer programmer one Friday just plain frazzled. The job was going OK, but he had a tough program to write and needed some quality kick back time.

Jan saw it and suggested, "Why not turn Nancy loose tonight."

"Good idea! GREAT idea!"

Jerry went upstairs and with Jan's help, went about getting pretty. She showed him how to shaved everywhere a girl would shave—even that light tuft of hair running up the middle of his tummy. Jan said, "Who will know?"

"Well, there are the guys at the gym," Jerry worried.

"Just wear exercise sweats," Jan suggested. "Just tell them you don't have time to shower there anymore. That way you can even wear panties and even nylons all the time."

Jerry nodded as Jan went on, "You are making excuses, Jerry. Let Nancy assert herself or you'll never learn. Don't you want to know what it feels like to have those silky nylons next to your skin all day?"

After Jerry was denuded of his masculine hair, he mounted an invasion on Jan's closet. "Are you sure you don't mind," he asked before digging into her lingerie drawers.

"Help yourself to my goodies," Jan giggled. He opened the drawer and didn't know where to start. Looking at Jerry's disoriented expression, Jan said, "We'll start with the bra, panties, hose, slip and the waist cincher." With that she proceeded to put Nancy back together. They decided on an A line skirt and a blouse, a pair of skimmer flats. Simple, feminine and appropriate for a casual evening at home. The A line added a nice flair to his hips.

"You are right," he said, running his hands over his hips. "These hose do feel wonderfully silky on my smooth shaven legs."

"See? Now you can wear hose to work and enjoy a special freedom from the pretense of masculinity. Only you will know

about the sweet little panties and nylons. You can have the perks of being a woman without being female."

After the clothing, they worked on Jerry's hair and makeup. "I'm beginning to love the taste of lipstick."

"Well, I don't think you can wear THAT shade to work but I'll pick you up some gloss. It will taste like lipstick but not show."

"You think I should wear lipstick to work?" Jerry asked.

"Who will know? Except you!" Jan explained. "We can even come up with a luscious but not overpowering perfume. . . probably one endorsed by a woman tennis player." With that she put a few dabs of her perfume on Jerry's neck and wrists. He had always loved that smell on her and I liked wearing it even more!

Standing Jerry before the mirror, Jan noticed that he was a little excited, if you know what I mean.

"Sorry," he said red-faced, "I can't believe how this is effecting me. Maybe I need tighter panties to keep it in check."

Jan saw his discomfort and said, "It's okay. It's all-new to you. After a while, you'll stop letting the lingerie get to you and just learn to feel like a Nancy. Maybe you should be Nancy more often? What do you think?"

Jerry admitted he was really getting to appreciate relaxing this way but WAS concerned about Jan being deprived of a "man" around the house.

"Men around the house are over rated!" she admitted, "Besides, I'm enjoying helping you become Nancy. Remember, you are always in control and we can stop this any time we want, right?"

"Of course we can," Jerry answered. "I just don't want to irritate you."

"The only way you'll irritate me is if you don't try to be feminine when you're cross-dressed."

"You want me to use feminine mannerisms too? I thought I was?"

"I don't want you being swishy and move about like some effeminate man. I want you to be womanly. That will take time. You'll need to change your body language and use your hands a little differently.

Jerry said, "OK, that sounds reasonable. Can you teach me after dinner?"

After dinner, Jan sat Jerry down and began to help him develop more feminine gestures. She began with, "Use your hands as though they have wet nail polish on them." She put some wet, red nail polish on them with no drier top coat. "Let's see if you can go the evening without smudging them."

Jan spent the evening telling and showing her husband how to use his hands and walk in a skirt. "Raise your voice," she ordered. "Speaking in a more feminine cadence, using less of that phony sounding falsetto."

They carried on what could reasonably be considered 'girl talk' until it was 11PM. Jerry was a high tenor in the choir, so the voice part was not a big deal—just a matter of practice using less of the volume and controlling the timbre.

When it was time for bed. Janet pulled out one of her sexier nightgowns for Jerry to wear.

"Too bad my padded bra straps show," Jerry said as he climbed into bed.

Jan snuggled up and whispered, "Don't worry, we'll start working on that problem."

In her nearly matching white, waltz length gown, Jan ran her hands over the lace around the bodice of his gown. "It feels so slinky," he moaned, "What else have I been missing all these years?"

"You'll find out. We are just beginning to let your femme side breathe." After playtime, they went to sleep to awaken to the alarm and another day of toil.

It was an odd sight as Jerry scrubbed his face, removed his nail polish, put on his male clothes and went off to work.

When he got to work, one of the girls said, "Jerry, you smell delicious today." He thanked her and then remembered it was Janet's perfume. Feeling his smooth nyloned legs, he excitedly went about his work.

When Jerry got home, there was a note from his wife. It said:

Dear Nancy,

I'll be a little late. Please get pretty and do your nails. Sorry I left the house in a hurry. Could you pick it up a bit?"

Love,

Jan

"FEELING LIKE IT!"

Jerry wasn't sure he felt like "it" but went through the new little ritual of preparation. Presto, there he was again—relaxed and refreshed after a bubble bath. This time, however, it only took him half the time to do his nails. "I'm getting good!" he said to himself.

When Janet got home, she found her husband vacuuming while wearing a burgundy dress and black pumps. Jan gave Jerry a wifely greeting of a hug and a kiss and said, "You are doing much better with your hands. Let me see your nails."

Jerry held his painted fingers out delicately with his wrist held limply. He admitted, "I'm really enjoying myself. In fact, if there are any other things that I can do to stimulate my feminine side, I'd like to try them."

Jerry was never one to do things halfway, throwing himself into whatever project piqued his interest.

"That is one of the things I've always loved about you," she said. "That go for it attitude. Are you sure you want to go for it?"

Jerry nodded.

"Alright then, young lady. You have a lot to learn!" she said, "I need to teach you how to take care of yourself like a woman takes care of herself. Millions of little things—like pushing back your cuticles and conditioning to encouraging your hair to grow even longer. It's already long but you have to take care of it like a woman would."

She also suggested that Jerry get his other ear pierced so he could wear her pretty earrings and not those chunky clip-on styles. "Men do get their ears pierced," she added, "Mr. T has his pierced. No big deal."

"But his wife doesn't call him NANCY!" Jerry cracked.

There were a million little things for Jerry to learn. He could handle those but a bigger thing came up when they got into discussing his padded bra. "I want you to wear it all the time at home so you get used to having a bosom," Jan recommended, "but it won't ever really help you feel right. It'll never feel or bounce right."

The way it was, if Jerry pushed himself up just right with the cincher, he actually could create a bit of cleavage. "Yeah, too bad," he said looking down at his chest.

"Honey", she said, "maybe we can make an adjustment there as well. But you have to understand that in order to feel more authentic, we are going to have to mess with your hormones."

"What do you mean?"

"I'm talking about filling up that bra on your own."

"What about using silicone breast forms, they could work?"

"I don't think they are going to do what you really want. I know for a fact that whatever you do is mostly reversible, so we don't really have to worry about that either."

"What do you mean, mostly?"

"Oh, I don't think it is anything to worry about," she said, "just some residual side effects. Do you think you might want to try some girl hormones?" she asked?

"I'll have to give that one some serious thought. Girl hormones?" he gasped.

She smiled. "No big deal. You take them and they will make your body think it's female. After a while, you'd develop a curvey figure like any girl."

"WOW!" I said. "What else will they do?"

"We'll just have to see," she said. "I'll see my doctor and describe a classic case of hormone imbalance to her. She will give me hormones that you can take. We'll start you off slowly and see how you feel, OK? Wouldn't you love to have a figure like me?"

Taking a long look at his wife's stunningly beautiful contours made him gasp. They were a stunning example of what female hormones could do.

She had a figure that totaled out to thirty-six around her chest, a very tiny twenty-four waist and her buttocks were thirty five inches when measured at the fullest part of her sexy bottom.

"I could never have a figure with full boobs like you!" Jerry stated.

"Maybe!" she laughed. With that she moved her shoulders sexily making her breasts jiggle like jelly. "I wasn't always like this!"

Jerry remembered her as a kid. Her figure had started to change when she was fourteen. Before that she'd always been skinny as a bean pole. "Yes," Jerry thought to himself. "Female hormones had turned his wife from a skinny girl-kid into a full woman over just a few years."

"But, before we start this program, I want you to go to a sperm bank and become a dedicated donor, OK?"

"Sure," Jerry said breathlessly. "But why?"

"Just in case," she added, "and maybe it's time I spoke with Barbara, my electrologist friend. You want to be perfect Nancy, and removing your light beard would certainly help. Besides, sometimes that chin of yours scratches me. I know you've been plucking it and that can't be a lot of fun. I'll make an appointment."

All this was happening so fast. Jerry was so elevated by the excitement that he barely had time to think. He reasoned, "A man isn't 'required' to have a beard, is he? And look how much time I could save over the rest of my life by not shaving every day!"

It sounded like a good plan and Janet made appointments right away. This was all about becoming a really convincing cross dresser, right?

Jerry was very nervous when he met Barbara. She was very cordial and explained that while most of her clients were women, everything was handled very discreetly. She said she did have a few male clients as well and knew how to handle a beard. "Most of them come in to get rid of ingrown hairs," she smiled. "But with all the hormone imbalances, I keep pretty busy."

Jerry was surprised to find out Janet had told her what was going on and had showed her Nancy's picture in Janet's new dress and my own pretty new T strap heels.

"I think it's wonderful and very trendy," She told him. "Honey, anybody that looks as good as you in a dress surely

belongs in it. I'm going to take care of your beard and body hair just as quickly as we can."

"Thanks," Jerry stammered.

"Should I call you Nancy or Jerry?"

"Nancy, I guess," he said shyly.

"Well, NANCY. Don't you worry, I won't tell a soul. We'll have you all fixed up in no time."

Jerry was bewildered. It was a good thing he was already laying back in the treatment chair. Barbara proved to be as good as her word. She had him come in three times a week, telling him not to shave. After only six weeks, his cheeks were clean and smooth just like a woman's. With his light beard she was doing his whole face at every session and had moved on to his chest.

One afternoon, Barbara said, "While we are at it, let me get rid of those few hairs on your hands and contour those eyebrows once and for all. Your brows are a bit scraggly for a woman."

"I'm still a man too, you know," Jerry enlightened.

"I'm guessing not for long. . .Nancy. Your wife said I should thin your eyebrows and arch them a bit. Arching your eyebrows is a noticeable step that won't just grow back. I'll do a little each session so it's not too noticeable."

Spending so much time with Barbara was not only good for his complexion, it allowed him to get another female's perspective on life. "I wish my husband was more feminine," she said. "We have so little in common. Just once I wished he'd get excited about a new dress like you!"

Jerry was learning about what makes a "women." He was learning that it was more that wearing panties beneath a short skirt.

Jerry had always thought of women as rather weak, helpless and needing a man to "take care of them." Why else were they unable to open doors or put on their own coats?

Barbara commented, "I see your becoming more feminine and vain about your appearance. Is it for you or to get noticed?"

Jerry thought and answered, "At first it was for the male in me! I was voyeuristically, exciting myself. But that's changed.

I want to look nice as a woman. I shave my legs and feel so free of masculinity—I feel so young—almost childlike!”

“I love being a woman,” Barbara said. “You will too! You have so many exciting experiences ahead.” During the many hours, they talked about mostly girl things. About new perfumes, elaborate hairdos, cultivating long, painted fingernails, finding clothes with charming baubles, bangles and beads, even painting their toenails, and what it was like to wear open-toed shoes to show them off.

“I have so much to learn,” Jerry would say with a flush to his cheeks. “Jan’s taught me how to use make-up. Don’t you just love wearing lipstick?”

He was ending his sentences now with raised intonations and little-girl-question-words like, “OK?” or “All right?”

On the phone, Jerry’s gender was ambiguous. Phone solicitors at dinner would call, “Miss, I have an exciting offer for you. What is your name?”

“Mrs. Nancy Jane,” he’d say knowing that was what he looked like in his frilly, lacy apron. Jan worked late several nights a week and usually brought him home a gift or two. Jerry cooed over the stuffed animals and useless knickknacks and went ga-ga over flowers and candy?

It was then that Jan brought home a little box. “It’s time,” she said, opening up the box to show her husband two little gold stud earrings. “When do you want to get your piercing done?” Jan asked. “Tomorrow is Saturday. We’re both off work and they are having a two for one special at the piercing booth in the mall. How about it?”

“I’m game,” Jerry said.

“MORE HOLES”

And the next day found them at the mall getting a second set of holes for Janet and another one for Jerry along with neat little studs and instructions on keeping them from getting infected. Jan bought him a pair of medium sized 14K hoops for when his ear lobes healed.

Saturday night and Sunday went pretty much like Friday except for our going to church. There were a couple of stares but we ignored them. I was in my best Jerry suit and Janet was dressed to the nines I my favorite dress.

Bowling was uneventful. Monday morning came and as I sat down to my desk, one of my buddies from work noticed the new jewelry. He pointed to his own earring and gave me a thumbs up. No one else said a word.

"BETTER LIVING THROUGH CHEMISTRY"

Jan was able to get in to see her doctor on her lunch hour and when she came home to greet the "new cook" in his paisley skirt and white blouse, she had the hormones with her.

"You look nice," she commented. "I'm glad you like your new clothes. You look so sweet and feminine."

"Do you really think so?" Jerry asked.

"Yes, dear," Jan smiled. "But do you know what? Tomorrow you are going to start feeling even more like a girl! Look what I have for you!"

She opened a small white pharmacy bag and pulled out a package of pills mounted on cardboard in a circle.

"Are those. . .?"

"These are a new drug called Horm-normin. They are designed to totally provide all the female hormones that a young woman needs. They are sort of like a multi-vitamin—they contain estrogen, progesterone, and a myriad of other compounds that women need. Each pill has a different mix to match what a woman needs during that part of her monthly cycle. SO don't mix them up. See the little numbers on each pill?"

"Will they make me sick?"

"Maybe but for you they will be rather strong—so we should start off slowly—the minimum dosage."

They decided on one a day for the first three-week cycle. Neither of them knew exactly what to expect and it would take a little while to find out.

With that, Jerry popped pill number one into his mouth. For two weeks nothing happened. After pill number ten, Jerry started getting a little queasy in the morning.

"Jan explained, "The progestrone is cutting in. See how the pills are different colors during the month?"

"What are the seven pink pills at the end of the month?" Jerry asked.

"That's for your PERIOD, my dear!"

Jerry blushed a deep red. "I'm NOT wearing one of those things!"

"That won't be necessary," Jan laughed. Taking the hormones made no real difference at first—except that they seemed to take the edge off Jerry's nervousness about dressing up. That may have been psychosomatic.

After his first monthly cycle, Jan said, "You are handling these very well. Let's move the dosage up to two a day?"

After two weeks at that level, Jerry was getting a little sore around his nipples and he asked Jan not to squeeze him there anymore. "Anywhere else is OK, though!" he requested.

"Sore eh?" she laughed and said, "Let me see for myself." She started pulling his sweater off and saw his little training bra underneath. She reached behind him and unclasped the bra and pulled it off. "OH MY!" she chuckled pointing at her husband's chest. Jerry didn't have breasts but there on her husband's chest were two stunningly pink and bloated nipples. They were a dark rose-color, pressing out about an inch from his boyishly flat chest.

She couldn't stop her fingers from touching them. "Well, that answers that question! Those hormones ARE working!"

She helped him back into the training bra—it fit as if it were made for him. But it had been made for a young girl. It was a beautiful white garment with just a touch of lace over the cups.

"That's a girl!" she said, shaking her head and helping him back into the fitted sweater. "My oh, my! I never thought you go this far. We'll have to get you another couple more training bras and maybe some nighties with built in bras."

Jerry just looked at his wife and smiled shyly. His eyes glazed over as he saw two small but pointy nipples pressing out his sweater. He wanted to stop but couldn't!

Jerry was enjoying wearing pretty nighties, sexy lingerie and loved how they caressed his sensitive smooth skin. "What a delicious feeling," he said almost every night. "Why didn't you tell me about nylon before?"

Like she'd been holding out on him!

As months went by, Jerry's chest began getting REALLY sensitive and sore. If he brushed his breasts too firmly, he got a funny feeling in his groin. By no means were they "breasts" compared to most womens' but they were darker pink and seemed to be growing and his nipples were getting harder and more responsive.

Each month the decision was easy. "One more month!" Jerry agreed. "Other than my breasts feeling tender, I feel great!" Could they be connected? Did he just say 'my breasts?'

His nails and hair were growing like weeds in spring and wearing a skirt around the house was making his mannerisms a little odd at work. How many men brush the back of their pants when they sit down?

Of course, Jan had been schooling him constantly and her efforts were paying dividends. He no longer lumbered about the house like an ape. His movements were delicate and refined. He perfected the art of the 'hair toss' to get his long hair out of his eyes while not in a pony tail. There was also a change in attitude or perhaps aptitude. Once he was not wearing a wig anymore and his confidence rose and hair care was essential. He discovered the magic of electric rollers and with a little teasing, he just loved the look and feel of his own hair rather than a wig.

Jerry's nipples broadened outward, then his breasts started swelling—continuing to blossom with complete disregard that Jerry was male.

It was an exciting day when Jan bought him a few more little training bras—still mostly for fun. He really didn't need it but it made his nipples less likely to be bumped. Within a month they were too tight.

"Look at me," Jerry said to his wife. She felt him through his T-shirt and noticed how fleshy the area had become. Feeling his chest, first on one side then the other, it took her a minute to realize that she was actually holding a soft mound of flesh.

"I think I'm getting breasts!" Jerry moaned.

She pulled his shirt over his head and examined the flesh that had filled her hands. "They aren't really breasts. . .yet!" she said. "Your nipples have grown more in diameter and their peaks are raised on fleshy mounds now. Let me see the rest of you."

Jerry stripped and Jan could notice other slight changes. His bottom had become just a bit wider and rounder-actually fleshy and slightly pear-shaped.

Jan bought him some bras with real cups in an "AA" size. In two months they were too tight! Both had to admit that Jerry's tits were growing and the growth didn't appear to be relenting. New brassieres were in order again.

When Jan opened the packages of new bras and casting her eyes over her husband's panty clad body, Jan decided that it was time for a little talk.

"We have to talk," she said holding one of the bras up to her husband's feminized chest. "Those hormones have really worked. Look at you! You have the start of a stunningly beautiful girl's figure."

Jerry blushed at her suggestion that he now NEEDED a brassiere.

The new bras fit him nicely and he had to admit, the support was comfortable. More than that, Jan noticed Jerry reach under his breasts to adjust his bra, his fingers lift his chest to fix the cup fabric beneath them. His chest jiggled slightly as he straightened his straps into place. It was such a feminine motion and done without a premeditated thought. Catching her stare, Jerry realized what he'd done. Jan said, "And you aren't even trying anymore! See it's working!"

Jerry's embarrassment was unprecedented. Holding up one of the very delicate brassieres, he was dazed by how large the cups were when empty but here he was. . . easily filling the lacy cups. Although he had been wearing bras for some time now, these new ones were so sexy and womanly that it added to his excitement.

Jerry stared at his wife's figure like he'd never seen it before. The bra he was wearing was the same brand as his wife's full underwired cup model. Not womanly like hers, but Jerry's small, perky breasts filled the bra cups meant for a fourteen year old girl.

Jerry thrilled at the sensation of his sensitive flesh nestled in the same fashionable (but smaller) bra cups that his wife's breasts filled.

"Let's go out to a dinner and a movie to celebrate your graduation! You got an A! An A cup!"

They both laughed but Jerry asked, "What should I wear?"

"Let's see if we can find you something that will cover up that figure of yours. . .but not too much."

She slid the hangers in her closet to find an oversized sweater top. She picked a silky jersey top with a button down front that matched a dress she was going to wear. "I want to see if you can wear women's clothes and still look like a man.

She decided Jerry should wear hose, letting his long slim legs feel the smoothness under his tight jeans. Jeans that did nothing to hide the curvaceous cheeks of his flesh bottom. Slipping the top over his head then buttoning the top. Even with all the loose fabric, the new brassieres left a hint of his soft but subtle tits showing. The fabric stretched tightly over his rounded bottom and made his figure appear even more girlish.

"What movie do you want to see," Jerry asked as his wife gave him some low sandals. "I'll go to anything as long as it's dark!"

Jan got dressed in one of her sexiest outfits. "That doesn't look like what a wife wears out when she's going to a dark movie?" Jerry commented, feeling a bit plain.

Jan twirled to show off her dress—the soft fabric swirled around her slim legs. Her full bust strained against the bodice of her dress, jiggling even with the support from her brassiere.

"Jealous?" She giggled as she turned to her husband. "Seriously, we have to talk. Do you realize that if you keep taking those hormones much longer, it will be YOU to who HAS to wear a dress."

Jerry nodded and admired her dress. He almost wished he could wear it tonight. He went up to her and patted her curved bottom and admitted, "I guess we've gone too far already. Should I stop taking those pills."

"STOP? Why?" she gasped as she grabbed his hand. "I find you very exciting! I can't wait until we can go out in dresses then come home and compare our tits!"

The theater was dark and they took seats in the back row.

The movie was about a young couple madly in love. Jan watched with interest as the male ran his hands over the breasts of one young girl. She slipped her hand over to her husband and slipped her hand up under his loose sweater—pressing his soft

flesh in his new brassieres. Like the man on the screen, she found his erect nipple and pinched it gently.

Jerry moaned as he squirmed slightly in the seat and leaned over closer to Jan's arm.

"I'll give you an hour to stop that," he purred as the sexual tension on screen was getting hotter.

"Oh my," Jan gasped. "Seeing her getting 'get it' by that hunk really turns me on."

Jerry caressed his thigh, running his hand over the warm fullness of his soft hips. His fingers sensed the silky band of his new silky nylon panties. His eyes remained on the screen while his wife's fingers teased at his erect nipples.

Jerry felt a new kind of sexual thrill by the sudden awareness that he was identifying with the woman on the screen.

He was wearing a brassiere and sexy panties like the woman turning on the virile man on screen.

"CONTENTED"

Jerry continued taking the hormones and became more 'contented' for want of a better word. Little things about his comportment were changing. Like the presentation of his hands and their French manicure even the way he kept his feet together as he bend over to pick up something off the floor or getting up from a chair with his knees together. And his walk! Oh, heavens, his walk. Jerry's body changes were generating new mannerisms. He had adapted to reaching behind his back to get the catch on his bra, unfastening it and watching his pert titties spill from the wispy silk covering. His breasts were not the only change. His panties clung to his fleshy, flared hips and accented his smooth slim legs. The tightness of his panties made him wiggle when he walked, his curvaceous bottom undulating under the smooth material.

Jan seeing him getting dressed commented, "Dear, it's about time I taught you how to handle that delightful figure. Your figure is like mine when I was fifteen and the boys began to take notice. But there are rules!"

Jerry blushed at the thought that any guy might "notice" his figure.

"You could catch a man with that bottom. Here is rule one," his wife stated. "It's okay to let the world know you have legs. If you cross your legs, do it slowly, let everyone see them. Some



Jerry's gait had changed from wearing high heels at home. His steps were small and delicate—his hips swung gently even when he wasn't trying..

girls keep pulling their skirt down all the time as if they are ashamed of their legs.”

Jerry shook his head in confusion as his wife went on, “Your new figure is something to be proud of. Let’s face it. . .you have tits and a delectable girlish bottom. Use it! If you bend down—keep your back straight and push your tush out like a pin-up picture. Once we get you into a dress full time your figure will be like waving a red flag in front of a bull!”

This talk embarrassed Jerry. “I don’t want men looking at me,” he moaned.

“It’s a bit late for that. It comes with the hormones,” Jan laughed. “Once you get some confidence, you’ll be fine. If a man stares at you, look him right back in his eyes.”

Jerry put on his dress and the discussion remained sensual. He sat down, his legs folded, his skirt pulled up to show his rounded knees and smooth thighs. He bent forward from the waist to pick up his high heels and felt his breasts

quiver outward slightly in their bra cups. "What have I done?" he moaned softly to himself.

That night Jerry tried to make love to Jan as a man but she stopped him. "Hey? What are you doing? There's no men in this bed," she whispered sweetly. She pushed him back began to kiss and caress Jerry's nipples. She massaged his breasts as he did the same for her.

He felt his wife becoming "receptive" and most surprisingly felt his own "receptiveness" growing. Electricity drifted through their bodies. When his fingers found her moist femininity, her fingers found his counterpart.

He was first startled as her fingers began to probe but she whispered, "Just relax—we girls like this."

Jan would not let him try to mount her. She just laughed at him and whispered in his ear, "Your pleasure must come from deep inside now..."

Jerry continued to practice his speech patterns and intonations. His voice was becoming increasingly female with sweet ups and downs, you know! Sing-song, I think they call it, but that is the way girls talk, using a wider range but with less volume. And this was all while dressed as Jerry as well as Nancy.

When some kids made a comment about the "funny guy," Jerry moaned, "I may as well put a sign on my back saying, 'My name is really Nancy!'"

"You have to get through this stage," Jan said.

If this was just beginning, where could it go? One problem cropped up at work. A customer was turned over to Jerry for technical support and they didn't know whether they were talking to a guy or a girl.

Jerry could tell by the way they spoke to him and would get an occasional, "Thank you, Miss Peterson or is it Mrs.?"

"Mrs." Jerry said softly so no one else could hear. "Good grief," he thought. "I was trying to be masculine! Is my feminine gender now so burned in that I can't pass as a man? What must my co-workers think?"

"But they haven't said anything about it," Jan said.

Jerry agreed, "Nobody has teased me about any of this. I just hope they don't call back for Mrs. Peterson."

As embarrassing as all the stares and confusion at work was becoming, a wave of femininity washed over Jerry. He felt more ladylike and dainty than he would have thought possible. He enjoyed the feel of his silky hair on his shoulders and the feel of panties under his pants. His breasts jiggled slightly even though they were bound to his chest.

His gait had changed from wearing high heels at home. His steps were small and delicate—his hips swung gently even when he wasn't trying. Jerry knew that he should restrain his hip movement but couldn't completely. It was just how he walked now!

At work, it was becoming more embarrassing. When a call would come in and the customer insisted that they'd spoken to Miss Peterson, Jerry would say, "That's probably for me." And take the call.

Jan had been a good teacher and Jerry a good student but both could see that separating his two lives was going to be an impossible challenge. One that Jerry had lost his will to continue. He was even having difficulty calling up a mannish voice as the days went by.

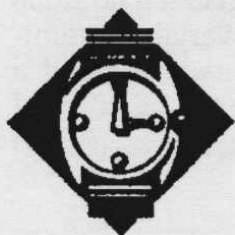
"ALL WORK AND NO PLAY"

On one particular day, Jerry's boss, Mr. Stevens, called him into his office. He said, "Jerry, you know your work has always been first rate, but I'm a little concerned about your appearance lately. Have you been sick? You look so frail?"

"No," Jerry said, knowing what his boss was referring to.

"Maybe it's the long hair and those earrings? I try to be trendy and fashionable but you aren't into drugs, are you?"

"No way," Jerry insisted. "I just like the freedom with the new styles."



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Mr. Stevens said, "Heck Jerry, it's not the 80s anymore. I know that young people have a lot more freedom to be different. As long as it doesn't get out of hand or affect your job performance, who am I to comment?"

"Thanks," Jerry gasped with relief. "Oh, it won't affect my job performance."

"Heck," Mr. Stevens went on, "I wish I'd been born later. Who knows, maybe I'd have an earring like my son."

What a load off his mind. Jerry was really surprised he said nothing about his mannerisms or voice.

When he got home, He told Jan about Mr. Stevens. She seemed pleased that the conversation had not taken a turn for the worse and said, "That's good that they understand fashion. . .it's time to up your hormones a bit and we needed to get you into some clothes that fit better like we had discussed. We can buy a few things and maybe it would be fun for you to learn to sew?"

The next Saturday, Janet and Jerry went shopping. They bought a couple cute patterns and some lovely cloth. At least that's what Jerry called them, "Cute and lovely?" Feminine expressions were taking over his conversations and Jan hoped that he was only doing it in front of girls. She knew the girls at work were comfortable with Jerry and even let him into some of their girl talk conversations. He wasn't much of a threat now. Of course, Jerry had no idea what they were saying behind his back, but as long as they didn't say it to his face, Jan didn't care.

"It's time for you," she told him. "I feel that you have come far enough that you almost couldn't give yourself away. Next weekend we are going shopping and I don't see any reason for you to hide anymore. I want to in a dress."

"WOW!" Jerry exclaimed. "You think I can pass?"

"I don't think so, I know so!" she stated. Jan had left no stone unturned when it came to Jerry's exposure to everything feminine, including feminine hygiene. They had even marked a calendar with a week for his period. Why did he need that? Just for conversation and I guess a sense of belonging! Yes, he was ready.



Jan followed her husband through the mall. She was so proud of him. From his confident wiggle to the slight movement at his bosom—Jerry was an example of what femininity was all about...

FIRST TIME OUT SHOPPING. . .

It was one thing to get dressed up around the house but Jerry was both thrilled and apprehensive at the notion of getting out of the house. Looking in the mirror and recognizing that the public would be judging him was disorienting.

He was used to his reflection as a woman—and the shapely figure was all his but could he do it?

Jan joined him at the mirror. She suggested he wear something simple—a knit top that showed off his ample breasts and a fitted tan skirt that accentuated his narrow waist and full, womanly hips.

A heavy gold necklace matched his gold hoop earrings.

After artfully applying his make-up to emphasize his best features, he looked himself over. He couldn't take his eyes off the image in the mirror. But today was different. Others would be seeing him too. He asked Jan, "How do I look?"

"ALL girl!" she giggled, "Welcome to the fair sex. I hope you like being a woman."

Jerry replied, "Being pretty feels wonderful. Do you think my skirt is too tight?"

"Not for you dear. Here's your chance to show off your figure."

Jerry put on some heels, enjoying the added height. His smooth, nyloned legs appeared longer and very sexy with heels. The soft fabric of his skirt felt nice on his hose. He liked the way the skirt clung to his hips as he walked.

"Let's go!" Jan announced.

They went directly one of the large department stores. It was very busy with shoppers. As soon as they were in the mall, Jerry's provocative walk started getting attention.

Jerry was worried by the way people were looking at him. "Relax," Jan said, "Those are the looks an extremely sexy woman gets."

"What are we going to do?"

"You are going to buy yourself a dress and then we are going to go to the make-up section and have a full makeover."

Jerry's sexy walk kicked in even more as he realized that in a skirt, it was fitting.

A compelling sense of femininity was stronger than ever. Jerry felt so ladylike and delicate! Suddenly he could not bear the thought of wearing a pair of male clothes again. He delighted in the pure femininity of buying his own new dresses ranging from flirty dresses to short, sexy skirts. "These are all yours," his wife said. The dresses and skirts Jerry had worn up to this point were really Jan's and he desperately felt the need to call a few dresses his own.

"Let's go get made up!" Jan announced. "How about a sexy new look."

At the make-up counter, a saleslady proceeded to do a make-over on Jerry applying a new shade of blush, a dark eyeliner, and bright eye shadow. She lined his lips before adding a bright red lipstick.

Showing Jerry how to apply each new item, Jerry stared in the little mirror seeing his features being emphasized from beautiful to gorgeous! His eyes looked bigger with long, dark feminine lashes beneath his highly arched eyebrows.

The saleslady said, "I've made you up for a special occasion. Do you have a boyfriend?"

"No," he said dreamily still checking his face.

Jan laughed, "Well, we'll will have to get you one."

Wetting his moist red lips, he gasped, "I love it!" Jerry ended up buying almost all the makeup the saleslady used.

A deep sense of feminine submissiveness overcame Jerry. The idea of going to work again as a man was so distasteful but necessary.

A new stage in Jerry's life began. He had been freed from the bondage of his home and could go out with his wife to dinner and shopping but still was on guard with his work and family.

He focused on becoming the perfect girlfriend for his wife. When she worked late, he cooked dinner and cleaned up. . . more like a wife than a girlfriend.

She would find him waiting at the door with a glass of wine, all refreshed in one of his new casual dresses. His favorite was a blue dress, with little white polka dots. It had a scoop neck and

short full skirt that barely covered his knees. Navy three-inch heels topped off his sassy outfit. He was a vision of sweet femininity as he went to the kitchen and tied a frilly, white apron about his waist and served dinner.

"I love this!" Jan said as she relaxed and watched Jerry wash and dry the dishes. "This is like a dream come true," she added. "I should have turned you into a girl years ago!"

"I wish you had," Jerry said sweetly. "I find myself getting lost in my feminine role as I do housework. I forget I was ever a man!"

It would be hard to top the joy that Jerry was experiencing with his new freedom as a woman.

"A LONG WAY TO GO"

But Jerry still had a long way to go. Almost every night, Jan would drag herself home from work only to her husband with his little purse in hand, begging her to go out shopping. "I've been cooped up in male clothes all day, besides, I need some new shoes!"

"I'm tired," she moaned. "I guess I've created a monster! And that skirt—it's too short to try on shoes. Did you know that some shoe salesmen routinely look up our skirts?"

Seeing her husband so sweetly dressed in a little dress, his hair curled and face made up perfectly, she consented, thinking to herself, "He'll get tired of wiggling his tush in front of complete strangers."

But he didn't seem to tire. He wore his skirts short and let them ride up flirtatiously. Jan had to smile when she watched Jerry selecting and proudly walking about in his new high-heeled pumps. What a rush! And what a wiggle!

Each night they came home with armloads of lacy underthings, hose, shoes and other girlish items.

Jan made sure that Jerry never missed a day's pills and both were surprised by the speed of his development. The "AA" bras were suddenly too tight and Nancy could do some justice to an A cup now. His areolas and nipples were pretty authentic looking.

When Jan brought him home some lightly padded "B" bras, Jerry about died. "They have to be too big! That's a four inch

difference from zero to B. You are only a 'C' and you've had 23 years to work on it!"

However, she pointed out, "You are in 'compelled' puberty. It's all in the genes. . .what's your mother? A 'D' cup?"

"Grandma was a large breasted woman, too," he remembered then gasped, "What if I really 'blossomed' like my mom?"

Jan didn't seem concerned. "Let's see, your mother's a 'D' and she's only 44 years old. I'd say you have a good chance of being stacked!"

"How am I going to deal with having an actual 'bosom'? I see men ogling you all the time. I don't know if I could stand that!"

"Well how are you going to hide it?" she asked.

Jerry felt depressed. He wasn't even sure what was driving him to even WANT a real bosom? He knew what he was doing and was hooked on the new sensations. He had no real inclination to stop. He loved the feminine creature he saw each night in the mirror. But to be like his mother!?!?

Speaking of mom, it seemed time for another visit.

"HIDING IT ALL"

Jerry had to bind his chest when at work and anywhere else that Jerry went. As they suspected, the gym eventually had to go. Jan was helping him stay in shape with workout tapes that she had. The routine seemed to be working.

Of course, the new routine wasn't to build muscles. . .it was a routine designed give a GIRL a more shapely figure. Jerry was a couple months down the road before he actually looked at the tape and noticed how it had changed him. The exercises were designed to firm up the butt and bosom and slim the waist. Doing all those "girl" exercises were working! He'd started with a 31 inch waist and now it was only a 27. He didn't need the waist cincher anymore.

One night when they were at couples bowling, one of Jerry's college buddies took him aside and said, "Jerry, I hope you don't take this the wrong way, but when you are bowling, you look more like my wife from behind. I mean, you've gotten a little

wide in the jeans, pal. Maybe you ought to get back in the gym again.”

Blushing, Jerry mentioned something about no time, too much work and getting fat.

“You don’t look fat,” the buddy said. “You have a grade school waistline and look almost sickly everywhere but your butt. And what’s with all that hair? I hardly recognize you.”

Jerry said, “Don’t worry. It’s just all this darn time I spend sitting on my duff. Been computer programming for three years and I guess I’m just spreading to fit the chair.”

“Well, you look like you are going to split those jeans, pal,” he said then let it go.

After they got home, though, Jerry told Jan about the comment and she laughed, “Honey,” she said, “I know what you’re going through. I remember when I was getting my figure and the boys started to notice. That’s just one of the hazards of taking your hormones like a good girl.”

“What am I going to do? He’s right, my pants don’t fit right anymore.”

“Don’t worry about it. You’re getting a cute tush and a nice waist. You will learn to flaunt it! If you had worn a short skirt like me, those would have been admiring glances!”

“What if I split my pants?” Jerry moaned. “They’d see my panties.”

“Maybe it would be a good idea if you wore jeans that really fit you instead of those baggy ones,” she offered.

“Honey, I’m down to 130 pounds but my tush is bigger then ever!” he said placing his hands on his hips, thrusting out his breasts, so he could see his bottom in the mirror. “A ten fits me just right but I can’t show up in girl’s jeans just because they fit.”

“They’d make your butt look cute.”

“I’m not ready for that kind of attention.”

“Well you better get ready. Can’t you see how feminine you’ve become. You can’t hide it forever.”

“My body has changed but NOT my mind,” Jerry defended.

“Oh yeah?” she said raising her eyebrows. “Haven’t you noticed that our ‘pace’ in the bedroom has slacked off a bit?”

"What's that mean?"

"Well, honey, it means you can't have it both ways. The deficiency in your masculine hormone levels have allowed the estrogen to develop your feminine side. . .but you can't do that without a few adaptations to your amorous desires."

"But that doesn't mean I want guys looking at my butt!"

"You could have done all of this without ever touching a female hormone by using padding and breast forms. But you and I both wanted you to experience a more genuine femininity. Don't you like the feelings you get inside?"

Jerry nodded.

"Clothing and deportment couldn't do that alone for you. You wanted more. You wanted to have the right weight and bounce in your bosom when you walk. You didn't want to put your bosom away in a drawer until next time you put on a dress."

"I was afraid I'd look silly with padding all over. . ."

"Well, your certainly don't have to worry about that now! Even when you are out on the street dressed as a man, I'm sure there's some who think you're really a girl."

"Have we gone too far?"

"You can quit at any time and probably keep some of your figure. If you are worried about me—don't! I still enjoy our lovemaking. Be happy! I love you."

Jerry began to cry. "But look at me. If I continue, I'm going to become EXACTLY like a girl. I won't have any choice! I will be for all intents a woman!"

"Nancy has become a real person for you and you seemed to have needed that in your life. I recognized that and I just want you to be happy, that's all. I don't have a problem with it. Why should you?"

"But it will be like living with a woman, not your husband!"

"I love you as a woman too! You're not just dressing up in my clothes anymore. You are above and beyond that. At first you got all charged up over the sexy clothing and lingerie. It was titillating for you at first but the clothing was only a means of expressing your developing feminine psyche. . .and then the female hormones have sparked a whole new personality. One that is still emerging."

"But what about your needs?"

“Let’s just see how you continue to grow and change. Besides, if you start having real problems, there is an ‘appliance’ of sorts that we can get down at that adult book store downtown. . .if you are that concerned about my pleasure. Actually, I find feminizing you very exciting.”

Jerry gasped and almost swooned. “Oh my! And I love you feminizing me! That’s a bad combination for the future of my masculinity!”

“I think that if you continue on your hormone therapy, we will find that you were meant to be a girl. You will not only have the body of a girl but also the mind of a girl. Whatever you decide, I will support your decision to change completely.”

“How did we get started talking changing my sex? Is that what I am? Is that what I’m becoming?”

“Let’s not put a ‘tag’ on anything. But ask yourself. When you look in the mirror, do you want bigger breasts or a bigger you-know-what?”

“They sure do seem to be diametrical. As my chest has blossomed, my you-know-what has shrunk.”

“We can handle that. Remember, if you stop taking the hormones, the effects will mostly subside as long as you still produce androgens.” “Androgens? Oh, you mean as long as I have testicles.” That was somehow reassuring to Jerry, although he wasn’t really convinced he could change his mind at anytime.

Jerry’s Mom and Dad lived on a large family the next town over. Jerry had disappointed his father. He was more interested in computers than combine harvesters. Since they moved out last year, they really hadn’t seen that much of one another although they talked on the phone fairly often.

There was always the hope that he’d come back and “work the farm.”

The last time he called, his mother asked, “Jerry, is that you? You sound a little strange.”

“Yes, Mom. I’ve had a chest cold.” Some chest cold! he thought! “I have to watch my voice. Jan insisted that he keep his voice girlishly high at home. His mother was actually talking with her son in a dress and didn’t know it. Her son in a blue chiffon dress, unpadded B cup bra, black pumps with his hair all up in curls.

"Is Jan taking good care of my son?" his mother asked.

"Oh, she's taken care of your son, all right," Jerry said, then laughed.

It was time for a visit! I wanted to see them before any more changes took place and their son was, for whatever reason, unavailable to them.

He made plans for their visit then hung up to discuss with Jan the plans.

"If I had a daughter as sexy as you, I'd want to see her!" Jan joked.

"This is serious," he said, worried about his feminization. "Would his mother and father notice?"

Jan had been so tough on him lately. She had decided to feminize him far more than they originally planned. More than just dressing him in fine lingerie and little dresses. More than teaching him how to walk in high heels, she had taught him to think and react like a woman.

The possibilities were growing with each step in Jerry's emasculation. Both realized that each new phase was thrilling and neither wanted to stop.

"They might not notice," Jan consoled her feminized husband, adding, "Like when your father 'never' notices my figure."

"Really?" Jerry's face lit up with hope then realized that she was making fun of him. His father a "ladies man." He had "radar" and never missed scouting out a pretty girl.

"Your father will drool over anything in a skirt," Jan wisecracked. "Bet if he saw you. . .he'd even want to DO you! You're pretty, young and have a cute figure! Before we were married, your father was always looking at me like he'd like to get into my panties."

"Honey!?! Did he really do that?" Jerry groaned.

"No, but that's how he looked at me. Now his son is really in them!"



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“Honey, this is serious! What’s he going to say if he notices my figure? I’ve ruined myself!”

“Listen to me,” she said seriously. “We’ve put a lot of sweat into getting you that figure. A figure that any beautiful young lady would be proud of_ now quit putting yourself down!”

“It’s been so long since I’ve had to be a man at home. I won’t know what to do!”

“Listen to me. You just be yourself.”

“WHAT DO I WEAR?”

The two were busily planning what Jerry would wear for dinner when the phone rang. It was Jerry’s parents. They were going to be early!

After Jerry hung up, the two looked in his closet and Jan helped him pick out something to hide his figure.

Jan said, “Remember. Don’t wear a bra. Your mother will hug you and feel the straps. Here, try this tight nylon T-shirt.”

Once in the T-shirt, it was still easy to see Jerry’s erect, full nipples pushing out against the cloth. Next came an oversized shirt and a sweater to cover a most fitted pair of jeans.

“I’m so excited. Just imagine your father finding out about his ‘new daughter!’” Jan giggled.

“You are joking, right?”

Jan laughed and headed towards the kitchen with Jerry following. “Okay, I won’t give you away! But wouldn’t it be nice to have your parents accept you as their daughter? That’s what you need to bolster your confidence.”

Jan looked ravishing. She wore a black sheath dress cut tight at the waist and hips, which terminated above her knees.

Her bosom swayed tantalizingly under the fuller cut of the square cut opening at the top. Her black ultra high spike heel shoes trimmed and proportioned her slim legs. Her hair fell softly to her shoulders. The skirt hem so small that she had to wiggle when she walked, her curvaceous bottom undulating under the smooth material. It had Jerry’s father’s eyes popping.

During cocktails, Jan sat by Jerry’s father; her warm curved thigh pressed lightly against his leg, radiating sensuous heat.

Jan could help notice the front of Jerry’s sweater swelling outward but his parents probably didn’t. No one looks at a man’s

bosom. Jerry was most helpful and was the perfect host. Subconsciously he went gracefully about his normal kitchen chores. Jan saw his father look at him with amazement. He'd never been much of a "helper."

"Sure could use your help on the farm," he said. "I'm getting pretty old for the hard work..."

Before the guilt could cut in, Jerry went to the kitchen to get dinner ready. Jan and his mother followed to offer help.

Other than the chores, Jerry played it absolutely straight and was putting on his most macho behavior. . .what he could remember of it. His father didn't notice a thing. He quickly had his head buried in the newspaper then the television.

At dinner, Jerry's mother commented to her son, "My, I didn't even know you could cook. This is delicious! Jan certainly has you trained well!"

This made Jerry blush as he ate dinner. Jan watched him carefully as he delicately cut his food, holding the knife and fork lightly, gesturing with his fingers, and keeping his legs together and elbows in. When he lifted his glass, his pinky finger automatically extended sweetly. He was even chewing his food differently.

Jan's unrelenting insistence that he always be as feminine and ladylike as possible had desecrated his male instincts.

His mother was a typical mother. She didn't miss a lick. And even though nothing was said about anything except his hair length and the earring (he only wore one), she KNEW something was very different. She could FEEL it.

Jan saw it in her eyes and knew they were piercing Jerry to the soul. His mother was pretty sensitive to others and had a way of drawing people out and making them tell her their troubles. Jan and she had always been pretty close and had good communication.

They all had a pleasant visit though and left about 2 hours later.

"Something is wrong with Jerry," she said to his father.

"What could be wrong? He's got the hottest little wife. . ."

“Something is just not right with Jerry. I can’t put my finger on it yet.”

“Well, when you figure it out, we’ll deal with it. Until then, don’t worry. We taught him to take care of himself, he’s got a good job. . .Janet didn’t say anything, did she?”

“Well, no. But something is in the wind,” she replied.

“A NORMAL ROUTINE”

As the months went by, there was a normal routine at home and work. Jerry’s emasculation continued with vigor. Jan was determined to deprive Jerry of his manhood and any male sensations.

By now, Jerry was taking a zillion milligrams of Horm-normin a day. His body was flourishing under the effects of the female hormones. . .at least most of his body was. One little part was atrophied and shrinking.

His hair was now three inches below his shoulders and he had learned to style and curl it. It was growing faster than ever and he wore it in a pony tail to work. He began to realize how funny he must appear at work with his figure, hair and earrings.

Well, actually, there were many more changes. Jerry’s skin had taken on a finer texture. His nails grew long and strong thanks to Jan’s excellent manicures.

Most obvious was Jerry’s fat redistribution. Jerry didn’t bother with boy jeans anymore. It was a hopeless cause. They just looked ridiculous. His tush now filled out size 10 women’s jeans to capacity. His waist, never large, was now down to a svelte 26 inches.

My boy jeans were so loose that they bunched up at the waist. Besides, he could barely get them over his wide fleshy hips. . .so they threw them away.

“I’m taking you shopping for some new pants!” Jan stated as she bagged his old pants. “You’ll especially like it because we are going to buy you a supply of woman’s pants that will fit and show off your figure.”

“Oh yes!” he said, “Will they fit like your pants do?” Jerry had developed a little round belly below his trim waist.

“You bet they will, darling. Pants with a small waist and full hips. . .pants that will show off that girlish bottom you’ve



developed! Once you are in skirts full time, you love having such a full bottom.”

“I’m starting to look horrid as a man.”

Jan said, “I think it’s time we start thinking about you changing. I think your figure is as womanly as mine!”

And despite the aerobic exercise, Jerry had lost muscle mass and definition. His strength was significantly less than it was. In fact he wasn’t any stronger than his wife. He couldn’t lift things that were too heavy for her and needed help carrying things that never phased him before.

“We’ll hire guys to do any heavy lifting,” she said re-assuring him that he looked wonderful and that she was proud of what he’d become. Who could ask for more support than that?

Even at work, Jerry’s femininity was oozing out of the cracks in his male disguise. They added some padding to Jerry’s waistline and sometimes he wore a girdle to hold in his hips.

Any androgens that his body was supposed to still be producing had obviously been diminished? They probably went on strike when they heard about the

*Yes, Jerry was no longer a
bird dog,”*

*His once virile masculinity had
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by estrogen.*

*Jan was thrilled when she saw him
have to squat.*

third Horm-normin a day. Both did not have much faith in getting much testosterone out of Jerry's jelly bean sized hormone factories. Small jelly beans, at that!

"That's good," Jan commented. "Less to hide!"

Jerry was worried. "Could I turn around now?" he asked himself.

He was no longer sure he even wanted to if he could.

"Your boy days are pretty much history now," she said matter-of-factly. "The female hormones aren't finding much resistance now. We'll see some real changes now."

Of course, by this time Jerry's 'B' cup bras suddenly shrunk or so he thought.

"I didn't wash your bras in hot water," Jan laughed. "Darned if I don't think you're following in your mother's foot steps. . .or should I say, 'bra cups'!"

Once again, Jan brought home a new set of brassieres for her husband. Jerry liked those 'no poke' under wire bras. . .in a 'C' cup. It really shaped and supported him but it was next to impossible to hide them. Jan was sure that there was "talk" about Jerry at work. His large nipples showed even under the binding and loose clothing.

At work, Jerry shied away from the men and went to the single stall handicap bathroom on the third floor. Since his lingerie had no "fly", this meant there was no more standing at the urinal with the guys in the men's room. They weren't having much to do with him anyway, leaving him to fraternize with the 'office girls.'

It excited Jan when she realized that her husband had begun to squat to pee. I wasn't even because she suggested it_ he simply couldn't get it out the fly anymore. He HAD to use the stalls!

Yes, Jerry was no longer a "bird dog," if you get my meaning. His once virile masculinity had atrophied from being underfed with testosterone and thunderstruck by estrogen.

Jerry WAS most troubled at first. "I can't even take 'care' of my wife," he cried.

"If you are worried, we'll go down and get something for you to 'wear' for my pleasure. It's really not necessary. I love making it with my new girlfriend!"

It was most embarrassing for Jerry to "shop" for a "pleasure unit" for his wife. As they demurely shopped around the adult bookstore, Jerry whispered, "Why are they all so different and so big!"

"Variety is the spice of life. Some are big," Jan whispered, pointing at one, "but most of these are just average."

"I was never that big!"

"I know," she said, picking up one of the smaller ones. "But that's of no concern now. See anything that turns you on?"

Jerry blushed when he saw that spark of mischief in Jan's eyes. She giggled, "Oh, com' on! We'll get a little one for starters."

During the last months, Jan and Jerry had discussed how he should make his debut to the world but hadn't come to any firm plan. "I'm not ready yet," Jerry would cry.

"Look at yourself!" Jan would say. "Do you look anything like a man anymore? No, of course you don't!" she answered. "You are already too feminine to be a man. . .we have to make plans."

"Are you sure I'm ready?" Jerry bawled, "Sometimes I feel so stupid in a dress."

"I'm positive!" Jan would encourage. "You have to start wearing girl clothes full time. I'm taking about frilly, feminine and dainty clothes that a boy would never wear. The kind of clothes that say, 'I am a female and proud of it!'"

Jan knew this was a critical time for Jerry. Once the decision was made, Jerry would not have a choice anymore. It was only right that he'd show some signs of fighting back and defend his fleeting masculinity. Time was on the side of the estrogen.

It had the upper hand now and was in control. Besides there was so little masculinity left to defend.

"MORE HIDING"

Poor Jerry was spending more and more time each day trying to hide his figure. Each time his boss called him into the office, he assumed he'd be fired or asked what was going on. After all, there he was, a full-figured, shapely size 10 hiding under a man's suit coat which he never took off.

Who did he think he was kidding? Surely Mr. Stevens had noticed or someone had told him. The hair, earrings, nails, voice, vocabulary, mannerisms, torso and demeanor all yelled, "FEMALE!" He looked about as convincing as "Lucy" trying to fool "Ricky" by wearing a moustache! He looked just like a male impersonator in a drag show.

Maybe Jerry was waiting for the PUSH. He said to Jan, "Well, if the worst happens, maybe he'll at least give me a good recommendation."

"I think you should just march in and tell them you are a girl now. You've had no customer contact—just the people in the office. They most likely already know! They don't hire stupid people."

Of course, Jerry's dream was to stay and be accepted as a woman. After all, he was the same person, same education and experience. "They can't take that away just because I'm a girl now, can they?" he'd say.

"I don't know," Jan admitted. "We'll just see what happens. One way or the other, it's time we decided on a date for your change over." He had come too far to turn back now.

While Easter celebrates a resurrection, it also celebrates a rebirth. After a short discussion, Jan stated, "So that's it! On Easter Day you become a woman full time!"

In anticipation of the change, Janet actually MADE Jerry go out and get another driver's license. He had to take the written, the oral and the driving test. It was a good thing he wore high heels that day. He was so nervous he made mistakes . . .but the DMV inspector was watching his legs more than the road.

It was now more important that Jerry had a female license since he only wore male clothes to work and back now. Jan made him go to the beauty parlor and have his hair done up just so for the picture and it turned out rather nice. Jan said, "It certainly doesn't look like the Jerry I married! Thank heaven!"

As Easter got closer, Jerry was more concerned. "WHAT HAVE I DONE?" he kept asking himself. He was worried about how being a woman was going to affect his marriage and job?

When he stood in front of their full-length mirror, it was a female that stared back—even when he was naked. He couldn't

hide it or deny it. He couldn't hide his wispy waistline. With or without makeup, his feminine features dominated. Almost all traces of masculinity were gone. In blue jeans or Sunday's finest dress, it no longer mattered. He had become so feminine, so undeniably female—with one minor, shrinking exception.

He asked himself, "Don't other people see this? Are they blind or do they just not care? Or, are they too polite to bring it up? Look at my big blue doe eyes, my high cheekbones, clear complexion, and always well manicured nails."

He asked himself over and over, "Did I always look like this or am I just being paranoid? I just don't know anymore."

Sometimes he would wake up crying with Jan's arm around him. He was so confused. Where was he going? He sob, "I don't know how you can put up with me. I'm your husband!"

Jan stoked his head and smiled, "On paper anyway. But we have become more like sisters. Rather intimate sisters, but sisters. I love you to pieces!"

Still sobbing, Jerry said, "But my manhood has shrunk to the size of a six-year-old. Don't you miss a man making love to you?"

"So what if you make love to me like a lesbian and not like a husband? I get more thrilled seeing you excited over a new satin blouse or a new bikini than some boring 'roll in the hay.'"

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Just relax and enjoy what most girls go through at puberty. NOBODY could look at your body now and think you should be anything else but a female."

"A NEW CHILD"

Jerry's parents hadn't seen him since that dinner visit. "What is my parents going to do when I showed up on their doorstep like this," Jerry moaned to Jan.

"I love my parents and I figure this is really going to upset them, but sooner or later, they have to find out they now have a daughter!"

Jan nodded, "Yeah, there's was no point in pretending to be Jerry in the shape you're in. You'd look like an effeminate fool."

Jerry had to admit that he didn't WANT to face life as a man any longer. Jan suggested, "On Easter, put on your feminine best and we'll go see them after church. Everyone dresses up on Easter!"

And, while Easter celebrates a resurrection, it also celebrates a rebirth. Jerry was about to celebrate his rebirth with his parents. He was scared to death.

Jan fixed his hair with a Hairdini braid down the middle and he wore the large gold hoops she had given him. It was a clean, sophisticated look. Jan said, "You look lovely and not a day over 19." He needed that confidence boost but began to cry, barely getting himself under control before he ruined his make-up.

They attended Easter services. People around town had seen Jan's companion many times, but didn't know who she was—just another attractive woman. They left after service and drove over to Jerry's parent's house. His mother was just fixing lunch. As we drove up, Mom waved through the open window then had an expression on her face like, "Who's that girl was driving the car." She came out the back door as they stopped the car.

Seeing the confusion on Jerry's mother face, Jan said quickly and straightforwardly, "This is your daughter, Mom. Her name is now Nancy." A simple but declarative statement.

Jerry's mother stopped dead and stared at her son who had just gotten out of the car. He froze in his tracks, standing there in full view of his mother. Jerry's purse slung over his shoulder, keys in hand, poised properly in his Easter Sunday dress and high heels. He wanted to run.

It seemed like she was never going to open her mouth again. And then she spoke, "Is this a joke?"

"No mom," Jerry stammered.

"He's a girl now," Jan stated.

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"Oh my," she gasped. "I don't know what to say. You had a very large weight on your shoulders all this time, didn't you, honey? Come in let's get your father in on this. We both knew something was going on with you."

Saying hello to his father was one of the hardest things he'd ever done. His father was speechless while Jerry's mother went on about how beautiful he was. "Say something dear," she ordered her husband. "Tell your daughter she's pretty."

Over some lunch, they had a chance to get re-acquainted with their new found daughter. Jerry's father finally admitted, "You really do look like a girl. How often do you plan on dressing like this?"

Jerry's mother interrupted him. "Haven't you been listening? He's going to be a girl from now on. How do you think he'd hide those curves you've been checking out?"

The three feminine clad 'ladies' began to laugh at him. "Hey!" he said, "How am I to know about these things. In my era, the men stayed men and the women stayed women." His eyes went over his son's feminized figure and he shook his head. "This is going to take some getting used to."

"Thank you, dad," Jerry said with tears in his eyes. "I know this has to be a shock to you."

"You know I love you, kid. What else can I say?" he said with his eyes watering a bit. "I have to come to the realization that your happiness and well-being is more important right now than mine. I guess all my questions will be answered as time goes on."

They had a terrific visit that day with no more pretenses about anything. Jerry's mom even pulled out a few pieces of her mother's jewelry and gave them to her son.

They were all delighted that the conflict that had obviously kept them apart lately was resolved.

When Jerry served his father desert—a strawberry-rhubarb pie. It all began to make sense. "You made this?" he asked.

Jerry nodded, "I knew it was your favorite, right?"

"My, you already know the way to a man's heart, don't you?"

"I should! I spent an awful long time as one!"



Taking a walk with his father through the farm fields was wonderful. A few of the farm hands asked, "WHO WAS THE CHICK?" Jerry's father shook his head and said, "My son!! Want me to set you up?"

When they all said their final good-byes, everyone was relieved. Jerry said in tears, "I may not have my masculinity anymore but at least I still have a family."

Later, Jerry and his father took a long walk through the North Forty.

Two days later, they went out to a movie at the mall. After buying tickets, Jan noticed a couple of big, handsome brutes in the lobby. She poked Jerry and said, "Nancy, see those two hunks over there. Aren't they cute?"

"Over there?"

"Yes," Jan giggled. "Just wanted to see if you were noticing the men who were noticing YOU."

Jerry blushed three shades of pink because he realized he had reacted to seeing cute guys like his wife. "Oh, my!" he moaned. "My new hormone mix must be running amuck. Quick, Jan, walk into the theater before they talk to us. . .they look like they are headed in our direction!"

"CAUGHT!"

And, as luck would have it, just at this time, Jan had another appointment to see her gynecologist for a checkup. She asked Jan how the hormones were doing. (Jerry had been on them over seven months) Jan said, "Fine. I feel great."

"Well," said Dr. Simms knowingly. "It's very odd that I don't see any evidence of your taking them? Not a sign... You AREN'T taking them, ARE you?"

Jan could not look her in the eye. "No", she said.

"But I see the hormone refill orders. Who IS taking them?"

Jan was totally embarrassed and speechless. She wanted to run out the door.

"I want you to be honest with me or I will be forced to file a report with the state..."

Janet stammered, "Have you SEEN my husband?"

"He's taking the hormones?"

She nodded.

"Why didn't you just come out and tell me? It would have been much safer!"



Jill was so proud of Jerry. Around men he was becoming quite the flirt. His body language was that of a woman who liked men.



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"It was just a whim at first...you know, to bring out his softer side?"

"I've had a few male patients and studied under a leading doctor in gender identity problems. I know what causes it and I have compassion. You should have trusted me."

"We were afraid."

"I'm your doctor. You can tell me anything and it goes no further." She was obviously a little upset with Janet.

"What do we do now that you've caught us? Are you going to report me for dispensing medicine without a license?"

"On the contrary. I'm here to help you both, not report you. But from now on—100% honesty!"

"I'm sorry, it just happened," Jan told her. "At first, we were just fooling around with cross-dressing but then I realized that the thrill wasn't just in the dressing Jerry up but in him BEING feminine!"

"If this is what Jerry and you want, I can help. Does he want to be a woman now?"

"It's all happened so fast but I know all this is a part of him now," Jan told her. "I don't know how far we can go or should go."

"Well, there are some really skilled surgeons in the gender field these days," the doctor said. "They can produce a near perfect woman in every respect." Then she added, "I know a doctor in gender research. From what I've seen and now heard, Jerry isn't much of a push. I need to examine him as soon as possible." Well, Jan was floored. Such understanding from a doctor!

They talked about Jerry for over an hour. Janet explained how it all got started with the dress making project and what the status of Jerry's body and mind were in. She told the doctor that Jerry was worried over what all this meant to their marriage and that he sometimes cried in his sleep.

The doctor said, "That is natural enough. He's being influenced by the hormonal struggle going on in his body. It's taken high levels of estrogen to fight against the testosterone. He shouldn't be taking such high doses. I need to examine him right away. I'll set up an appointment this afternoon."

When Jerry came in, the doctor was shocked by his figure and breast development. "You have a more shapely figure than most of the real women that come in here! We'll want to get a baseline mammogram and do some blood work to make sure you haven't hurt any organs. You really don't need to be taking so much estrogen now."

"You think I should continue?"

"Let me ask some personal questions of the two of you. Are you having any male/female sex anymore?"

"No," Jan answered. "Mostly like girl/girl. It's more exciting for both of us."

Turning to Jerry, she checked his maleness, "Do you have much feeling down here anymore."

"Most of my sensuality has moved to my breasts and nipples," then he shyly admitted, "and my bottom."

Jan told her about their 'pleasure unit.' "He's so submissive in bed. What do you recommend?"

"We have to end the chemical conflict," the doctor recommended. "It's a simple office procedure for eliminating the conflict." She said it would only take a few minutes and Jerry's body wouldn't have to fight the androgens anymore. "Simple and complete," she said, "and it wouldn't hurt for very long. We do it with a local pain reliever. I could do it tomorrow morning?"

Jerry was in tears on the way home from the doctors. "I hate all this!" he sobbed. "I hate all this gender stuff!"

Jan smiled and patted Jerry on his shoulder. "That's just the way life is darling. But the conflict is over for you now. From now on if it's for girls, it's for you. Instead of fighting with your masculinity inside, you'll be fighting the boys off outside! All you have to worry about now is looking pretty."

Right about then, that was sounding pretty good to Jerry. His psyche was really in turmoil. "You really think I should do this?"

"Not many men would even consider it," Jan said, "but I think it will make you feel more feminine. . .and what can be wrong with that!"

The next morning, Jerry walked into the doctor's office. Jan held his hand as they prepared him for the procedure. They put his legs up into stirrups and he felt the nurse preparing the area a cold liquid.

When the doctor came in. Jerry asked, "Have you done many of these?"

"More than you'd think," she smiled. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

Jan squeezed Jerry's hand and he nodded.

"All right, dear," the doctor said, "it's time to remove a couple of your options."

Not quite sure what was expected of him, Jerry just laid there. The doctor decided that the height was wrong and raised Jerry's hips up.

"Ah, that's better," the doctor announced as she prepared a syringe. "Now this may sting a minute. . ."

Jerry suddenly tensed as he felt the needle press it into first one side and then the other. "It's okay, honey. That's the worst part," the doctor said. "You won't feel anything now but some pulling. The rest should be easy and rather exciting for you. Try to relax your buttock, it will be much more comfortable that way."

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Relaxing as a doctor prepared to cut on his most private area was not easy—but Jerry tried. The doctor made marks with a pen and slowly prepared to make a cut.

Jerry's legs were spread wide and he now understood why women disliked pelvic exams. Jerry closed his eyes as the operating light came on. The doctor swabbed more antiseptic solution on his genital area and injected the area again. This time he felt nothing.

Jan was standing next to him as the doctor went about taping Jerry's maleness up out of the way. "Okay we are ready. Jerry's heart began to pound—the heart monitor was reflecting his anxiety.

"Relax dear. It will all be over in a minute." With that the doctor made a cut and tied off several arteries. "Scissors," the doctor ordered.

"Here it comes, dear," Jan whispered and tightened the grip on Jerry's hand.

He felt a pulling sensation in his belly and heard the scissors go "clip." There was the dull thud of something dropping into a metal pan between his legs.

"How are you doing?" the doctor asked matter-of-factly.

The same procedure was begun on the other side. Jan was smiling at her husband as his emasculation was completed and the skin flaps neatly sutured denying him any more testosterone. Ever.

"There! How do you feel?" the doctor asked again.

"It...it doesn't hurt now," Jerry told him in reply. "Are they..."

"Right here in the pan," the doctor said holding up a metal tray.

"Oh...oh...JAN!" Jerry panted. "They're gone! It feels so...nice. I don't have to worry about them anymore...like a real girl!"

Jan smiled. "Yes darling. And in a little while, you are going to walk out of here with little between your legs to hinder you from feeling like a woman."

Jerry felt strong emotions gushing through his insides. He had never felt so feminine. Jan knew that was very good.

Two hours later, Jerry was still mostly in shock when they sat him up and managed to get him dressed. Jan carried his panties and high heels plus some anti-pain pills and he went home to sleep it off. . .

“NO WAY OUT”

The next day he was allowed to remove the bandage. Seeing the outcome made him cry. “Oh my, what have I done!” he cried. Then he became intrigued, and finally, thrilled!

Within days because of the lack of testosterone production, Jerry’s breasts got sensitive again. “I think they are getting bigger,” Jan gasped. “You are going to be bigger than me!” She got him some new bras that fit better and shaped him nicely.

His scrotal skin felt tight for a week or so as the sutures healed. Without THEM, walking, sitting, even simple movements were different, more fluid.

In the month following his “emasculatation”, Jerry felt more self-confident. When a man looked at Jerry’s gently wiggling hips, he was no longer uncertain of his femininity—in fact—he no longer had a choice!

At Jerry’s next check up the doctor asked where he and Jan planned to go from here.

Jan told the doctor that she had become resigned to the fact that Jerry’s feminine side had already taken over the masculine and she just wanted him to be happy and feel complete.

“We are more than husband and wife now,” she said, “We are best friends and lovers. I love his feminine attributes. . .it’s made us much closer.”

“And you?” the doctor asked.

“I don’t know what has come over me. I’m so emotional and I’m so, well, almost female. I feel like I’m on the brink of waking up a real woman! I almost can’t remember being a man. I’m still worried that Jan will want more. . .something only a man can give her—like a family.”

“Honey” she said, “your happiness is all that ever mattered to me.”

“Jan, I don’t deserve you. Look what I’ve become. Look what we’ve done to your husband and I’m still changing!”

“For the better,” Jan smiled. “I know you are still changing and I’m all for it.”

“But there’s new sensations . . .”

She laughed, “Oh, you mean like how you reacted to those guys we met at the movie. The way you look, you are bound to like the way men treat you.”

“But I don’t want to be intrigued by MEN!”

“Girls are attracted to men. It’s just normal. I love you but I still like to get men’s attention. You are beginning to understand that now. It’s just another side of life we can share!”

“What about children? I know you want children and that I just love little kids.”

“Yes, dear. That is the nurturing, motherly side of you finally being allowed to come to the surface,” Jan smiled, “Don’t worry about kids, Nancy. Remember when I sent you to the sperm bank. Those are babies in the bank. We can have them any time we want. And who knows, the way science is progressing, maybe you can carry one to term yourself someday!”

“You seem to have my life all planned,” Jerry said.

“Are you complaining?” Jan laughed.

“No,” he said. “I’m just realizing that it takes a lot more inner strength to be a woman than a man. I’m in your hands,” he said with tears welling up in his eyes.

“PLANS”

As their plans began to take more form, the two began to put away a little more money. They laid out a budget and discussed their future and the costs of the clinic.

Everything was wonderful but one thing. Jerry’s job and money. It seemed silly now to continue playing the ridiculous back and forth game for the sake of keeping a job as a man. Jerry had the skills to go out and get another one...maybe even one that paid more.

“I hate to give up my three years of seniority there. I don’t want to give it up without even trying to preserve it,” he said. “That probably means putting on your prettiest face just like we did with your Mom and Dad.”

"They had a lot more to lose than Mr. Stevens," Jerry said. "My boss, Mr. Stevens doesn't LOVE me!"

"But does he love your work?" Jan asked. "I think that if you just go in and introduce yourself, he may keep you on. Have you ever seen him kick a pretty girl out of his office before?"

"No, I just don't want to be the first."

"You won't be—if you can prove to him you are a woman now. You are VERY cute—just wear a suit and plain pumps and a minimum of jewelry like you were going in for a job interview."

"I never went to a job interview as a girl before."

"Might as well start there. One way or the other, you are going to be interviewing in skirts."

That next Monday, Jerry was up and dressed in my best suit and mid-heeled pumps. Jan had done his hair in a conservative braid—just the way it was the day he visited his parents.



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“Wish me luck, Jan,” he said as he whizzed out the door. He got there ten minutes early. Nobody recognized him and he sat in the waiting room until Mr. Stevens arrived.

Jerry wore a fitted blue suit with a fitted skirt that clung to his curves courageously. He carried a thin, burgundy attaché case in one hand and a small purse in the other.

He had given the receptionist his name as “Nancy” with his wife’s maiden name. She announced him to Mr. Stevens. As he was cordially ushered into his boss’s office, Mr. Stevens stood up and asked, “Now, what can I do for you, young lady.”

“I’m looking for a job as a programmer,” he stated as he adjusted his skirt while sitting down.

“I can have you fill out an application,” Mr. Stevens smiled as he checked out the shapely girl in front of him. Her hair flowed gracefully down her back in a conservative but stylish braid. Her complexion was flawless, her skin unblemished. Her eyebrows were delicate and highly arched, framing her beautiful deep blue eyes. Her full, pouty lips were glossed with a deep red lipstick.

Mr. Stevens felt comfortable with this woman. Her posture was relaxed and confident with nice curves in all the right places. Her silky smooth legs completed the portrait of femininity, ending in a pair of high heeled pumps.

Mr. Stevens reluctantly stated, “But right now we have no vacancies.”

“What about that empty seat out there?” Jerry pointed a manicured red nail out the glass office window towards his empty desk.

“Oh, that’s Jerry’s desk. He’s usually never late...a great programmer.”

“I want his job...” Jerry said rather aggressively.

That got Mr. Steven’s attention. He liked strong, willful women. “Oh yeah? What makes you think you are as good as Jerry?”

“I am Jerry.”

Jerry got the same incredulous stare exhibited by his mother and father. “Jerry? Is that you?” He got up from behind his desk and looked him over from head to toe—again!. “Now it all makes sense,” he said as though relieved. “You looked familiar but...Are you are going through a sex change—is that it?”

"Well, sort of sir...a least a gender change."

"I see," he grimaced. "Is this your way of asking if you can keep your old job?"

"Yes sir."

"What do you want me to call you?"

"Nancy."

"You expect that after working side by side for three years, you can waltz right in here in a dress and expect us all to call you Nancy?"

"Yes, sir."

"And I suspect you'd want to wear short skirts like the other girls here, right?"

Jerry nodded.

"At least you are honest. Well, if you think for one minute that I am going to endorse this situation, you are absolutely right!" he said with a big grin on his face. Then he said, "We all knew something was different with you. Now the mystery is over. Now get to work NANCY!"

"What about them?" Jerry said pointing to the room of employees.

Without a word, Mr. Stevens picked up the public address system and matter-of-factly announced. "Can I have your attention. From now on Jerry will be called NANCY!"

Hanging up the microphone, he laughed, "I'm not about to let my best programmer go over a little thing like how he or she wants to dress—as long as it's consistent. I don't want to see you in pants for a while and I hope this isn't some kind of a whim."

"No, but I still have some therapy, counseling and an operation to get through."

Mr. Stevens took a large book off the shelf behind his desk. "Let me see what our policy says about...what's it called? Gender dysphoria?"

Jerry nodded.

"Hmmm. Yes, here it is...gender dysphoria. Our company has covered it for almost ten years. Never had a case but looks like you are in luck. It's completely covered!"

"Thank you so much, Mr. Stevens. I won't disappoint you."

"Now get out there and get to work."

“Yes, SIR. Thank you sir.”

“OH? Nancy?” he whispered. “You have nice legs. Wear short skirts, okay? It’ll help the others get used to the new you.”

Now Jerry could not only look and dress like any other woman—he had to!

“NEVER ENDING”

After a year, Jerry had almost forgot how to react as a man. He had favorable reviews at work and the short skirts made him not only more eye-catching but his fine work more obvious. He was promoted and given a big raise.

Since insurance was paying for it, Jerry had the best care. At times it seemed that the doctors and Jan wanted him to be more of a woman than even he did.

He was given a healthy dose of Horm-normin by syringe in the rump each week. “We want you to be a healthy young lady,” the doctor would say.

Jan agreed, “I can’t see that you being male has anything to offer either one of us anymore.”

“How did I end up like this, Jan? I’m 95% girl physically and 99% between my ears! I find myself looking at men and sizing them up. For heaven’s sake, I can’t believe I actually admitted that to my wife.”

“We’ve never had secrets—just like best girl friends. It all just makes us closer!”

THE END

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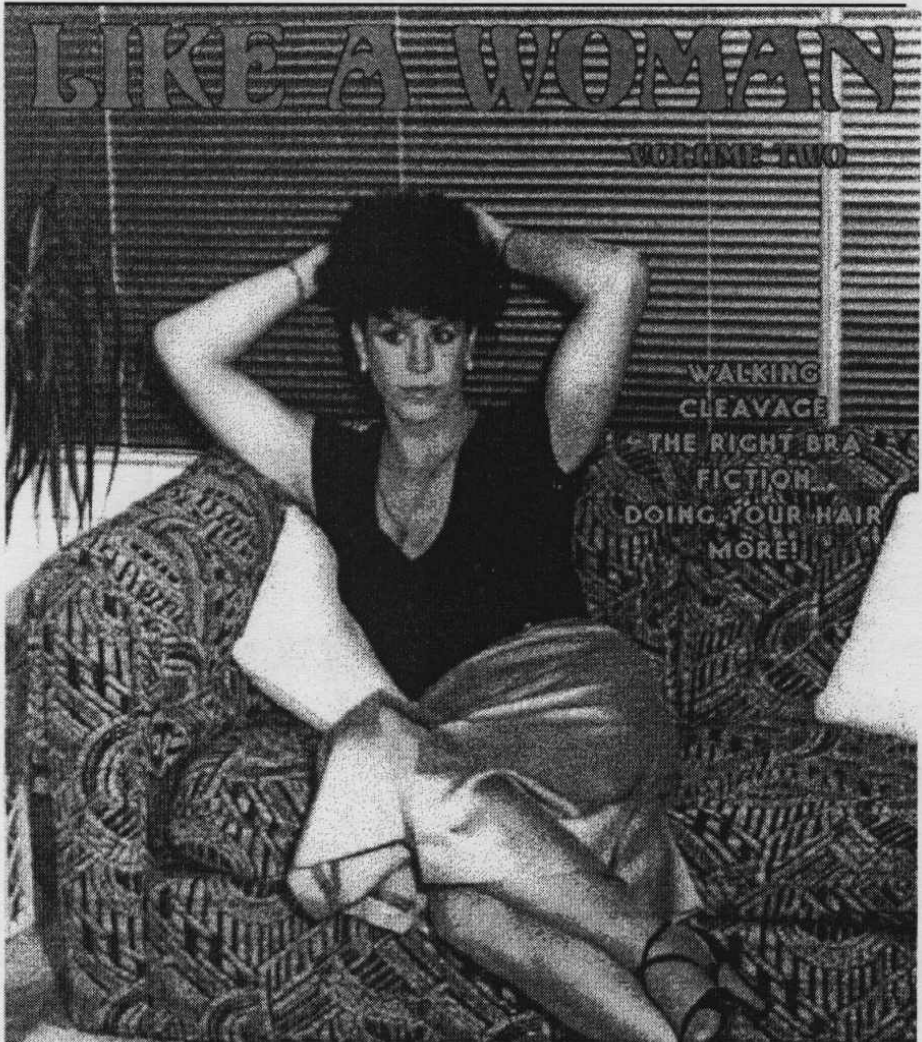
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IN THE
PINK



It was only Ken's third time being out with his wife while crossdressed. It was such clean, innocent fun... little did he know—his wife had accepted a weekend double date offer from the men he'd been teasing....