

TV FICTION CLASSICS

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE

Gene is encouraged to help his wife with the housework. He becomes the housewife!



VOLUME 24

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Husband To Housewife
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RUTH

ROBIN

QUOTE BOARD

Lingerie is but carving!
It makes a man drool but
he only gets to watch the eating.

Husband To Housewife

**Based on a story From Transvestia # 16 & 17,
Copyright 1962, 1992**

**By Ruth,
Re-written by Sandy Thomas (1992)**

CHAPTER I

For more than three years, I have been a housewife. Known to all as my sister is really my wife. She agrees that the story of my change from husband to housewife should now be told, but for obvious reasons, the names of all who appear in this account have been changed to preserve the privacy of those concerned.

About five years ago, I married my employer, Mary. She was the owner and active manager of a large prosperous department store in which I had been employed in the accounting department.

She had inherited the business and much other valuable property from her uncle, the founder of the business, when she was only twenty-two years of age, and during the six years before our marriage, had built it into one of the largest and most profitable businesses of its kind in our state, and the value of all of the other property which she had inherited had increased rapidly, so that when we were married, she was already a very wealthy woman.

I was impressed with Mary from the first time I met her. She was decisive, secure and intellect. From the beginning, I realized that she didn't need me like other 'dependent' women.

My position in the accounting department of the store necessarily brought us together a great deal, and being single and only one year her senior, we spent much time both during and after business hours together, so no one was greatly surprised when we were married after six years of a close and happy friendship.

At the time of our marriage, I was 29 years of age, approximately five feet six inches in height, and weighed about 145 pounds, with light brown hair and a light complexion. My name was Eugene, but I had been called 'Gene' for so long that scarcely ever was I called anything else.

Mary was a little over a year younger, about an inch and a half shorter, and weighed between 125 and 130 pounds, with a 'peaches and cream' complexion, and a lovely figure. Her name was Marian, but she was better known, especially to her close friends as 'Mary'.

She has naturally blonde hair that hangs in waves over her shoulders. She had a wonderful figure but it is usually covered up by 'business suits' befitting her role as executive.

Since our marriage, I have lost about five pounds, and of course, my appearance has changed greatly for the reasons soon to be told. My wife, now known as my sister 'Mary' has changed little except to grow more lovely.

Our honeymoon lasted for a month, and included a visit to several famous summer resorts. We both enjoyed every moment of it, resolving to return on some vacation in the future.



“A picture taken of me in front of Mary’s store right after our honeymoon..”

One evening, after we came home, we were sitting on the porch of our house having cocktails. It had been a hectic week for us both, when Marian brought up the subject.

“Gene”, she whispered, “will you do something for me if I ask you to?”

“Of course”, I replied in a similar conspiratorial whisper, “what is it?”

“I need your help around the house. I hate to ask but the house-keeping is just too much for me and I hate to bring in a maid. . .you know, we’d lose all our privacy. We need to share the chores,” she said.

“I’ll try?,” I laughed, “I don’t know much about taking care of a house so you’ll have to tell me what it is you want done.”

“That’s why I love you. You’re so open,” Mary smiled. “Okay, I’ll continue to cook but you take care of the table setting and the dishes. Okay?” She continued, “Saturday mornings we’ll dust and vacuum; I’ll do the laundry but I’d like you to learn to iron,” Mary asked?

“Iron? Okay I guess.”

She went on dividing up the household chores. Since we had a gardener for the outside, it was only fair, I helped on the inside.

The next Saturday, she pulled me out of bed and we quickly did our chores. I wore my old tattered robe and was embarrassed when Mary tied a white apron around my waist when doing the dishes. It did prevent my robe from getting wet.

Over the next few weeks, she taught me the basics of house cleaning. I found the apron an essential safeguard, its pockets were handy. I wore it almost all mornings and when I did the dinner dishes.

CHAPTER 2

One night after dinner, Mary commented again about how cute I looked in the apron. I always flushed red at what I thought was her 'little joke'. But she asked, "Would you try something for me?"

"What?"

"Well," she replied hesitantly, "On a whim, I bought you some pretty night gowns, and I want you to wear them instead of your pajamas. Is that terrible of me?" she concluded.

"I don't see anything so terrible about that," I replied, "unless it might be the way I will look in them. If you want me to wear them, I certainly will try."

It was a strange request but this wasn't the first time we played marital 'games' at home.

"I think you will look alright in them," she smiled. "I expect you may even come to like wearing them. . .they're easier to get into and OUT of." She winked at me, adding, "Of course, if you don't, you can go back to your old pajamas."



“This is Mary. How could I resist doing whatever she wanted?”

After cocktails and dinner we went up to our room, and Mary brought out the nighties she had bought for me. All of them were nylon, and simply dripping with ribbons and lace: one was white, another pink, another blue, still another lilac, and one a light green, which she explained was not ‘green’ but ‘melon’.

“So many? I thought you meant two or three?”

“Aren’t they lovely?” she asked, “Try them on and let’s see how they fit.” I tried them on, one after the other, and each was a wonderful fit; sensuously flowing about my body as I moved. By the time we had tried on all of them we decided it was time to retire anyway. I kept on the lilac nightie, and wore it that night.

At first I was self-conscious of my unmanly attire, feeling insecure and very odd. I knew I wasn't the story book Price Charming and these 'forbidden' clothes brought out all my 'manly' insecurities.

Being surrounded by the dainty material and the intermingling of our nighties was very luxurious and actually sexy sparking a impassioned union.

The next morning when we awoke, her first question was: "Darling, how did you like your pretty nightie?"

"I'm astonished, it's actually okay," I replied, "I had no idea it would feel so lovely and luxurious; I am afraid I am going to like them much better than my pajamas. Are you serious about me wearing them?"

"Sure. I felt that if you would try wearing them you would love them," she replied smilingly, "It's odd but I somehow knew you'd like them much better than your old pajamas."

"Where did you ever get the idea?" I asked.

"Oh, seeing you in the apron. . . I just thought it up all by my own little self," she replied, "I knew how lovely they were, and I could not see why you should not enjoy them too."

Before we were on the way down to cook breakfast she asked, "Then you won't mind doing your chores while wearing your pretty night gowns instead of pajamas, will you?"

"Darling, why not," I replied, "if you prefer me in a nighty, I certainly will wear it."

That day Mary moved all of my men's pajamas to a box in the closet and neatly place the night-gown in their old position. Since that time I have

worn night gowns without the slightest desire to return to my former style of pajamas. I was embarrassed at first when I catch her looking at me. Once I realized that she wasn't 'laughing' at me for my unmanly attire, I was contented doing my chores in nighty and apron.

This was my introduction to the delight of dainty, lovely feminine things, and I shall always remember it as a delightful and lovely experience. At the time I had no idea what I was getting 'into'.

CHAPTER 3

A few days later, Mary bought me a couple of house coats, and a pair of mules to wear with my night gowns. "Your boudoir outfit should be complete," she explained, "While doing your housework, you need something to slip over your gown. Also you can't go about barefooted, and men's shoes wouldn't be suitable. You might as well get used to the mules."

"Darling," I replied, "Are you sure?; it is easy to get used to such lovely things."

"That, my dear, is a risk I am entirely willing to take," she replied, "I want you to get used to and to enjoy wearing your lovely things. I guess I feel less guilty about asking you to do woman's work when you're dressed like this."

The following month were both swamped with work in the store. We both resisted but we had to hire a maid. Her name was Janet. She kept the house, and had our meals ready when we came home from the office, but on Saturdays, it was our custom to remain home, and give Janet that day off.

I usually awoke first, and, on Saturday mornings, it became my custom to arise, and get breakfast and then call Mary.

After breakfast I usually cleared off the dishes, washed them, and then straightened up the house. We usually went out in the afternoon, and for dinner on Saturday nights.

One morning, I awoke, and forgot that it was Saturday. Mary reminded me that Janet was not there to fix our breakfast, so I got up and put on my house coat over my night gown and went down to fix breakfast. I had staid learning to cook and was getting good at simple dishes.

I continued to wear that most comfortable outfit while we ate breakfast, and for the rest of the morning. After that, I always wore my night gown, with my house coat over it on weekends while we were eating breakfast and while I was cleaning up the house.

Mary always wore her night gown and house coat as a lounging costume in the evening when we came from the office, and one evening she asked me why I did not try slipping into mine in the evening too.

"Well, for one thing," I explained, "Our maid, Janet is here."

"That does not matter," she replied, "if you want to put on your gown, and your house coat and mules in the evening, you certainly can do so, regardless of Janet."

"Maybe after she leaves," I said shyly.

I did adopt the custom, and began to change each evening into my gown, house coat and mules. That is, as soon as Janet was out of the house. Of

course, I kept them on every weekend until we went out in the afternoon or evening.

One Saturday morning while I was running the sweeper, Mary called me into the bedroom. She had a brassiere in her hands.

“Darling,” she said, “let’s try this on you. We’ll see if it doesn’t make your outfit a little more attractive, and make you feel a little more feminine.”

“Feminine?” I gasp, a little red in the face. “I don’t want to be feminine.”

“Look at yourself, dear,” she laughed, “It’s a little late for that. Now come here, let’s *just* complete the outfit.”

She put the brassiere on me, with a pair of foam rubber “falsies” and I had to admit that it did improve the way the gown hung. I blushed at my curved profile.

“A little makeup would help too,” she announced.

“Hey, what are you trying to do to me?” I asked.

“Just a little fun.” she giggled. “You might as well look ‘right’ for house work.” Before I realized what was going on, she had applied foundation cream, powder, rouge, eyebrow pencil, and lipstick, and my appearance had been markedly changed. She and I giggled at the result and it wasn’t entirely unpleasant.

After that, Mary insisted that a bra and ‘falsies’ become part of my house work uniform. The dressing up was fun and made the drudgery of cleaning easier. After two or three weeks I began to put on my own makeup.

“I like you much better with your bra, and your makeup,” she announced. “It makes you look real

sweet. Tell the truth now, don't you like it too?" she asked.

"Darling, I must admit that I do like it," I replied, "it has a curious effect on me. I really do feel more comfortable doing the housework in my night gown and house coat."

I continued to wear my lounging costume while I did my house work on Saturdays and Sundays for several months, until one Saturday morning while I was clearing off the breakfast table, I spilled a cup of coffee on my lovely white quilted house coat. Even the apron didn't save it.

"I just knew that was going to happen!" Mary declared, "You should have a uniform to wear while you are doing your house work," she announced.

"A uniform?" I asked, "What kind of a uniform?"

"One that's made for working and is easy to clean. Why, one like Janet wears, of course!" she replied.

"Do you mean a dress? a maid's dress?" I asked.

"Certainly, silly. Why shouldn't you wear a actual dress?" she demanded, "You have been wearing 'sort of' a dress for the past several months," she continued, "Your night gown and house coat is practically as much a dress as anything you could wear, now isn't it?"

I had to admit that she was right, and she said that she was going down to the store and get me an outfit so I would not ruin any more of my lovely things. About the middle of the afternoon she returned, loaded down with packages.

"I had to get you a complete outfit," she explained, "I realized you would have to have a good foundation garment, some slips and panties, and suitable shoes to go with your uniforms and while

I was at it I bought you half a dozen uniforms so you will have something to change into.”

“Isn’t this going a bit far,” I asked?

“Not far enough,” she giggled.

We went into the bedroom, and of course, I had to try on my new things, and before I knew it, I had on a corselette, which gave me a intriguing ‘pulled in’ feeling. I slipped ungracefully into a pair of sheer nylons, a pair of black patent pumps with three in heels, a pair of lovely pink lace-trimmed panties, and a beautiful pink slip also dripping with lace. Then came a beautiful pink nylon maid’s uniform, complete with apron and cap to match.

She had me apply my makeup, and I must confess that I felt less manly than I had ever felt before.

“How do you like the feel of your new outfit?” Mary asked.

“Impossible!” I cried, “I had no idea a complete outfit would feel so different from a night gown and house coat!”

“I’m glad you like it,” she replied, “I think you look much better. Your night gowns and house coats and mules cannot stand the wear and tear of house work. I really think you look wonderful. I’m so glad you like your uniforms. I had in mind that I might bring you a few pretty dresses to wear around the house. What do you think of that idea?”

“Dresses?” I blushed.

“Yes, dear,” Mary said, “I want to but you an authentic woman’s dress. Aren’t you curious to know what it might feel like?”

“My dear, if dresses are as comfortable as my uniforms, but I don’t see how,” I replied, “but it

seems like such a waste of money---I am really beginning to accumulate a feminine wardrobe.”

“Darling,” she replied, “I will buy all of the pretty feminine things you are willing to wear, so don’t worry about accumulating a wardrobe. We really don’t spend much on ourselves---and it’s fun for us to play dress-up. Right?”

I blushed at the comment---all the feminine things I ‘wanted’. I wore my uniform the rest of the afternoon until it was time to go out to dinner, and the next morning being Sunday, I put on my uniform when I got up. When breakfast was ready I called Mary.

“Darling, you look wonderful!” she exclaimed, “that uniform really does things for you!”

I again wore my uniform all day, and did not take it off till bed time. We stayed home all day. I fixed lunch and supper, then straightened up the house. After all the work was done, we just sat around and rested---enjoying my lovely uniform. This routine went on for several weeks, with me wearing first one uniform and then another.

Mary only made comments intended to help me look proper such as, “Sit with your knees together, dear.” or “Honey, your slip is showing.”

CHAPTER 4

About a month later, without having said anything about it, Mary brought home two new dresses for me. One was a beautiful white sharkskin sheath with a spray of bright colorful flowers embroidered on the left shoulder like a corsage. The other was a lovely aqua shirtwaist dress with a very full skirt, and a beautiful bouffant petticoat of white nylon to wear with it.



“Mary had bought me a dress---actually two!”

“Do you like them?” she asked.

“Do I have to choose between them?” I implored.
“They’re both pretty!” I finally declared.

I tried them both on, but not until I had finished all of my housework. I tried on the sheath first, and then the shirtwaist dress.

“Which do you like best?” I demanded, standing before her in the blue shirtwaist dress.

“I don’t know”

“Well, I like them both,” she replied, “you can keep both of them,” she assured me. “Keep the one you have on now for the rest of the day,” she suggested.

I was delighted, and only too glad to do so. It seemed to both of us that my black patent leather pumps were perfect with both dresses.

Needless to say that from that time on I always changed from my uniform into one or the other of my two lovely dresses just as soon as I finished my housework on Saturday, and again on Sunday.

I much preferred to stay at home on weekend, so I could wear one or the other of my two beautiful dresses. After a few weeks I could see that Mary wanted to go out to dinner in the evening, so again we began to go out on Saturday night.

Many have asked me---how could I possible allow my wife to see me in such an unmanly situation? Well, Mary never gave me the slightest impression that she was judging me. On the contrary, it was fun and enhanced the ‘closeness’ us. It was our ‘little’ secret.’

One evening Mary said: “Darling, Penny has invited us over to her house for cocktails and dinner this Saturday, would you like to go?”

Penny was Mary’s younger sister who lived on the other side of town. She had been a high-fashion model before her brief marriage, and had been left a widow with a little girl about 2-1/2 and a little boy about a year old.

The next Saturday afternoon after I had finished the house work, and was about to change from my uniform to go over to Penny’s house, Mary

came into the bedroom where I was changing my clothes.

“Why don’t you wear your lovely sheath tonight?” she asked, “You would like to, now wouldn’t you?”

“No way,” I replied, “I’d be embarrassed to death. Penny would laugh me out of her house.”

“No, she will say you look wonderful in it,” Mary assured me; “She helped me pick it out.”

“Did she know you were buying it for me?” I exclaimed.

“Of course, Silly!” she replied, “and she knows you wear it around the house. I don’t have anything to hide from her, besides she is anxious to see how you look in it.”

Reluctantly, I put on my sheath, did my nails, put on makeup, and even earrings. Mary told me that I should try to look as down to ‘convincing’ as possible, tying a scarf turban around my head.

“Convincing!” I exhaled. So far I had never tried to ‘act’ like a female---I had just worn my unusual comfortable clothes.

With one of Mary’s light top-coats, and a scarf over my hair, we started out on the long trip across town to Penny’s house. We arrived safely and without incident. Penny welcomed us, and particularly welcomed me.

“Why, Gene, how lovely and sweet you look!” she exclaimed. “He could go anywhere with a little practice.”

I flushed at the comment, having second thoughts about all this.

They both gabbed about my outfit and the fit. “Penny dear,” Mary said, “that did it!”

“Did what?” asked Penny with a puzzled look.

“Settled in my mind, at least, that Gene simply must have a nice feminine name to go with his beautiful dresses,” Mary replied, “Gene simply is not appropriate.”

Penny agreed, and over cocktails they discussed various names, but could agree on none that ‘fit’ my image, even Jennie, Jean and the other obvious ones. I was very quiet, letting them have their fun at my expense.

Finally Mary decided that none of those discussed would be any more suitable and feminine than ‘Nancy’.

Penny wrangled for ‘Betty’ but finally agreed, and I was christened ‘Nancy’, which was to be called whenever I was in feminine attire.

After a lovely evening, we returned home, with Penny’s promise to visit us soon. We agreed that it had been a wonderful Saturday night party.

The next morning, as usual, I arose first, and in one of my uniforms. Trying to be pleasing, I fixed breakfast and served it on a tray to Mary in bed.

“How sweet,” she said. I straightened up the house then did the dishes. Don’t think it was all silk and satin. I had jobs to do. Scrub the kitchen tiles, laundry, hand washing the ‘delicates’ in the bathroom and dusting. I had been taking more and more of the chores; Mary worked so hard during the week---she deserved her rest and I didn’t mind.

Since we had been out late the night before, Mary did not get up to stay up, until after lunch. I fixed a light lunch, and I changed into my blue shirtwaist dress for the rest of the day.

Mary had shown me how to use her sewing machine to mend a hem. At her insistence, I learned to sew. From the simple running stitch to zigzag to buttonholes to scallops; I learned them all. At first, it was simple tops, then a dress and more. I was very proud when Mary wore a dress I had made to work.

I discovered my long delicately formed fingers were very good at mending and sewing on buttons. I found sewing to be a delightful hobby. Stitch by stitch, point by point, I created some scrumptious dresses and a few skirts for both Mary and me.

I didn't have to sew. In the months that followed, Mary brought me home many new dresses; indeed, hardly a week passed without her bringing some lovely addition to my feminine wardrobe. I soon also had a complete selection of shoes and high heels to match my lovely delightful outfits. It seemed that I was spending more and more time in them.

On one of Penny's visits she had pointed out my need for a wig or hair piece. So Mary and I made a flying trip to New York to purchase one. We had a nice suite at one of New York's wonderful hotels, and we invited the wig maker to come to our suite. We told her it was under the pretense of a turn-about party but she didn't seem to care why we wanted it.

I wore one of my most stunning outfits, a beautiful navy blue suit, and black patent leather pumps. I tried on several wigs, but we finally selected one of the same color as my natural hair, and we promised to return in a few weeks for a final fitting and style.

We did so, and we again had a lovely time together. We both agreed that we would have had

a more enjoyable time had we been able to go out together as 'sisters'. After all we had the same last name.

Back at home we showed Penny our purchase. She felt it looked natural and attractive. Mary discussed the fact that I had not had sufficient confidence to venture out of our hotel suite even with the perfect wig we had purchased.

"What Gene needs is some training in feminine manners and deportment," Penny observed, "he must learn how to stand, walk, sit and arise; in general, how to conduct himself as a lady."

Mary agreed, but I could not see how that training could be obtained. Penny, who had gone through a very strenuous course before she became a model, assured us that it would take several weeks training and she could give me the training if we thought it desirable.

I resisted, saying that it just wasn't necessary---after all this was just for fun. Why did I need to go through all that trouble to go out in public.

"Wouldn't you like to take your things on our vacation?" Mary asked. "You wouldn't have to change out of them and you'd get to see what the 'other side' is like."

We discussed it some more but I didn't think I could get away with it.

CHAPTER 5

Several months later, the subject came up again, when Mary expressed regret again that we could not go on our vacation together as sisters.

"I'll tell you what I will do," Penny proposed to Mary, "you and Gene move over to my house for a month or two before your vacation commences. Let

Gene stay here and I will train him day and night. By the time you are ready to leave on your vacation, Gene will be trained. Then if you want to go as 'sisters', you'll be able to."

"That sounds like a titillating idea," Mary commented "Gene, what do you think?"

"Every day? I don't see how we can do it," I replied, "I have to go to the office every day."

"You can take a leave of absence from the store," Mary suggested, "if you would be willing to undergo the training Penny suggests."

"Oh my," I gasp out loud, "Do you really want me to do this?"

"Yes, darling," Mary nodded, "I think it would be intriguing to vacation as women."

If you really want me to do it, I will," I finally agreed, unsure why I did. I did not really expect then to agree.

"If Penny is willing, I say let's do it," Mary decided quickly, "then if you work hard and learn everything---we can go on our vacation as sisters. Anyway I don't see how it can help but be a nice experience for you."

"Learning to be a girl? a nice experience?" I questioned.

"Yes," Penny pointed out to Mary, "Gene might become so effeminate in his manner of walking and his general actions that it would be glaringly apparent in men's clothes. You should take that into consideration."

"I really doubt that," Mary replied.

As a result of this conversation, it was agreed that Mary and I would move over to Penny's home. Penny would let her children's maid go visit her

family for a couple of months. While she was gone, Mary and I would live in the house. I would be the children's maid, and be subject to Penny's instruction at all times. I would be wearing nothing but feminine attire.

Penny and Mary decided for me. I couldn't believe that they didn't seem to care what my feelings were or whether I really wanted to dress as a girl for our vacation. As plans progressed, I became more concerned about the sanity of what we were planning. What if someone at work saw me? What would all this training do to me? It all seemed so unnecessary.

About a month later, with a lot of reservation, Mary and I moved over to Penny's house. Unceremoniously I was installed in the children's room, in place of Annie, the children's nurse maid, who left to visit her family.

It was then that I realized the significance of what they planned. Penny was to ready me for living as a woman. If she was successful, I would be able to walk around anywhere---the world would see me as a female. I began to see how far they planned on taking me. The momentous nature of their objective; I would: walk, talk, act, and maybe even think like a woman.

For instance, my new role of children's nurse maid. A woman's pursuit. I took care of Penny's two children, and wore my uniform dresses every day. They called me "Nana", short for nanny. Believe me, two young children who depend upon you for their every need is no picnic. I must have changed a dozen times a day when the 'messed' up my uniform. In the afternoons during the children's naps was my only time alone.



*"I was a man doing a woman's job.
Surprisingly, I found it more rewarding
than anything I'd ever done."*

Penny began at once on a rigorous course of training me in posture, walk, arising from a chair, seating myself, and a hundred other details. She was putting me through the same course of training she had received as a model several years before.

No gesture was too small for her attention: putting on one's gloves, hat, or coat was practiced again and again, until it began to seem pointless to me. Penny went over and over everything detail, time after time again until my movements were perfect. She seemed to enjoy training me---molding my every attribute into the framework and function of a woman.

"I suppose it does seem frivolous," she agreed one evening, "but really, it is necessary that each of your movements be done as a lady does them. A man can do each and all of these things without training, but, he will look like a man doing it too," she concluded, "and what you must do, is to perform everyday tasks in a effortless and feminine way."

While working, I was to address her as 'Madame', while standing straight and tall; in my short uniform with the fitted skirt that molded to my hips.

To my embarrassment, Penny brought in a voice coach who trained my vocal cords for a higher range, adding a feminine inflection to my speech. Before long, I could naturally raise my tone for expression; using adjectives such as: dainty, adorable, charming, delightful, and delectable.

About a month after my training had begun Mary commented to me about my progress. "I can see definite signs of improvement. You sure don't

look like a man in a dress anymore,” she said. “I barely recognize my husband of a month ago.”

“I definitely agree,” Penny replied, “I think that Nancy is making wonderful progress. Do you think he’s ready?”

“What do you think,” Mary asked.

“You can’t go on hiding him forever---such a miracle of grace and charm. During the last month before your vacation, I think he should go out in public alone, and on occasions with you. He should become accustomed to appearing in public so it will not come as a shock when you go on your vacation. You’re still planing on going on your vacation as sisters, aren’t you?” she inquired.

Inspecting me more closely, Mary replied, “Certainly, it would be a terrible waste of time and effort if we did not.”

With trepidation, the next week I began to drive the car down town to pick Mary up in the evening. Then began to go shopping at the supermarkets. At first my body tensed at the slightest glimpse from anyone. Each adventure out in my silky dresses was more daunting than the last. My heart pounded at the most commonplace encounters: the gas station, the meat counter, any knock on the door.

Back safe at Penny’s house, I would brighten back up like the anxiety never happened---becoming unaware again of the smooth nylon brushing my thighs and legs.

At Penny’s insistence, I even took the children out for a walks around the block. Many times I was mistaken for their mother---I stopped trying to explain and accepted the interpretation. After all,

I appeared to be a 'woman' with children. I had to make up stories about my 'husband'. Women are so nosy with one another.

Penny enrolled me in a modern dance class. Unapologetically, Penny simply told the instructor that she was feminizing her sister's husband. Like the vocal coach, nothing seemed unusual. They were only interested in their compensation for helping.

I was put through exhausting exercises designed to limber and add grace. I found this harsh discipline surprisingly easy, it was like sports in college.

My dance instructor, a wonderfully feminine lady, was impressed with my ability to get involved with the music while projecting myself as unself-consciously as a woman. My arms and neck were slender and delicate. The exercises were intended to keep them that way.

After class the instructor made me spend 30-40 minutes in a hot dry sauna. She would 'pose' me in a feminine position and 'turn on the heat.' It was very draining but I found out later it was making sure that the jazzercise and dance wouldn't amplify any muscle.

Sometimes I'd meet Mary down town, and we'd go to dinner at a Chinese restaurant and cocktail bar which had long been one of our favorites. Mary commented on how well I had learned my new role when she saw me pull my narrow skirt up slightly, displaying a little more thigh. My fortune cookie said, "THROUGH YOUR EFFORTS, YOU WILL FIND YOURSELF!" Mary and I both laughed.

I was gaining confidence and I even walked through Mary's store one evening.



*"My figure and posture
were changing."*

The stages of my feminization were proceeding on schedule. As the time for our departure on our vacation drew near, we started preparing. Mary and I went to town and selected several outfits for each of us. I bought a wonderful traveling outfit consisting of a pink sharkskin sheath with a jacket to match, the entire ensemble looking exactly like a pink suit.

To go with it, I bought shoes (pumps with 3 inch heels), gloves, purse and hat all an almost perfect match for the sheath and jacket.

We had both decided that I looked much better in a dress than in a skirt and blouse. We were getting the appearance of a beautiful suit but it looked and felt better on me than a skirt and blouse.

I also bought a beautiful white formal with a striking red sash, and silver pumps to go with it, and half a dozen other outfits suitable for every day wear at a resort. Finally, we both bought ourselves a lovely supply of new lingerie, nighties, and hose.

Finally, the day came. We were all ready to go, and our reservations were on an early morning plane so that we would be flying almost all day. We would arrive at our destination during the late afternoon.

When the great day came, it was a flurry of activity. I almost missed the routine of taking care of the children but was looking forward to getting away.

“My black skirt----did you pack it. . .and my white high heels?” Mary asked in a rush.

“Yes, MADAME,” I said properly. I had packed for us; making sure all was nicely ironed and neatly packed.

“You can call me Mary,” she smiled, adding, “But don’t call me lover, honey, or sweetcakes. . .we’re sister’s now. I will be calling you Nancy.”

CHAPTER 6

Penny took us to the airport with our luggage. I had two large suitcases, and so did Mary. I wore my lovely white blazer, and blue traveling dress, and Mary wore her lovely sky-blue suit with blouse, shoes, gloves, hat and purse to match.

On the plane, I watched the stewardess go about her duties. I wondered if she was wearing a white bra and panties. . .like me. She was very sexy in the way she served the meals; leaning over delectably in her tight fitted skirt and high heeled pumps.

For just a moment, I was Gene again; an man. My own face and figure were suddenly foreign to me; distorted by my months of feminization. I was like exiled outside of my body, outside of my mas-



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"I knew I wasn't as pretty as Mary. I just hoped that I looked feminine enough."

culinity. I was flying at 350 miles an hour away from my male clothes and spirit.

Mary must have know what I was thinking. . .she patted my hand and whispered, "That skirt would look nice on you too."

We arrived at our destination during the afternoon. When we arrive at our hotel we both took a short nap, and then started out to explore our surroundings.

I again wore my traveling outfit, and Mary wore a pale blue outfit---that being her favorite color. We went down stairs and looked the hotel and grounds over.

It felt so strange being on vacation with my wife but expected to function as a woman. She was so attractive that sometimes I felt like the 'ugly sister'.

We then sat on the porch together where

we met two ladies about our same age who invited us to join them for cocktails and dinner later. About 5:30 P.M. we returned to our room and changed into our cocktail dresses and went to meet our new found friends, and had a lovely time with them.

We quickly made a number of friends, and the month passed almost before we realized it. I had never in all my life had such a lovely and wonderful time. Mary said many times that she was enjoying our vacation more than she had ever expected.

It took me a while to relax and get into the swing of things. There were a lot of conventions at the hotel so there were business men roaming about and Mary got her share of attention. I got jealous but there was little I could do except try to look as good as she did.

“Do you love me as much as your ‘sister’ as you thought you would?” I asked one evening while we were getting ready to go out for the evening.

“Darling,” she replied, “I love you more than ever, and I love you *especially* as my sister. You have made me very, very happy. I am afraid I am really going to be sorry when you change back into your other self when we return home.”

That really gave me something to think about, but we did not discuss it further at that time. On several occasions however, Mary made it plain to me that as she was concerned, she didn’t mind if I remained in feminine attire indefinitely.

“You’re kidding?” I asked.

But she never did make any definite statement or express herself definitely about the future.

At last the time came for us to return home, and we wired Penny the time of our arrival, and she

met us at the airport, taking us to her home for dinner.

“I can hardly wait to hear how you and Nancy got along,” Penny said. “Did you enjoy your vacation as girls?”

“We had a lovely time,” Mary replied. “Thanks to your training, Nancy was a perfect lady, and the sweetest sister. I think we both had a much better time than we would have had otherwise.”

Mary went on to tell Penny all the details of our trip; who we met, what we did. Mary proudly even told Penny about the gentlemen that took us out to dinner. I flushed at the narration even though it was all very innocent.

Penny looked at me with a twinkle and taunted, “Maybe I did too good of job if he’s got boyfriends.”

“Gene was a perfect lady,” Mary defended then giggled at the travesty of her statement. I resisted going when the well-mannered businessmen asked Mary and I out to dinner. She insisted, saying that one aspect of forming a woman’s identity involved developing skills in relating with the opposite sex. Men were now my ‘opposite sex’.

“And how did you like being Mary’s sister?” Penny asked me, “Did you ever regret it?”

“Except when we double-dated, I must confess that I loved every minute of it,” I replied, “and I think we are both really going to regret the necessity of my changing back now that our vacation is over and we have to go back to work.”

Penny did not reply, but gave Mary a funny look.

After dinner we sat in the living room sipping our liqueurs. I had changed into my prettiest informal cocktail dress. Mary had on her red satin

sheath which was her "Temptress" dress and the one she wore on our vacation to special dinners. It certainly could not be denied that she was a most alluring in it. Penny again opened the subject of the future.

"What is to become of Nancy now?" she inquired of no one in particular.

"I have thought about it," Mary replied, "but I don't know what to do. If it could be arranged, I wouldn't mind if he continued on as 'Nancy' for a while. However, I don't see how we could arrange it very well."

"What do you say, Nancy?" Penny asked.

"Its been fun," I replied, "but I am not at all sure that I could go back to work as Nancy. I am quite accustomed to my new role, but could I carry it off day after day in the close association which would be required in an office? I don't know."

"Well, I don't know what you both will do, but I know exactly what I would do," Penny announced.

"What?" Mary and I asked in unison.

"Just this," said Penny, "does Nancy absolutely have to go back to the store to work?"

"I don't know what else I could do," I replied, "of course, I could get a position elsewhere. Maybe even open my own office as an accountant but my certificate as an accountant is in my masculine name, and I doubt that I could get it changed into my feminine name. I couldn't work as an accountant without having a certificate."

"Oh, I wouldn't want Gene to work anywhere else," Mary said, adding "and we really don't need the money."

“Well, if I were you, I would let Gene become the housewife,” Penny declared, “it would be much better than him going back to work at the store.”

“Do you mean that I should stay home all day and keep house?” I asked.

“Why not?” Penny demanded. “Since Mary actually runs the store, wouldn’t it be better and more practical for you to take care of the housekeeping?”

“Penny is right about that,” Mary replied, “and it would be nicer to have someone to keep house for us rather than both of us going to an office every day. After all,” she continued, “the work you did in the office is being taken care of nicely now. It really isn’t essential that you go back to the office.”

“Why don’t you try it for a while?” Penny asked, “You can always change back later if you don’t like it.”

“Do I have to decide now?” I asked.

“Certainly not,” Mary replied, “let’s think about it, but for my part I think it is a wonderful idea.”

Nothing more was said about it until we got home. I felt sure in my own mind that if Mary wanted me too, I’d try being the housewife. I brought the matter up myself.

“Darling, if you want me to take over the housekeeping, I will do it,” I announced.

“My dear,” she replied, “I’m so glad you feel that way, and I really do want you to do it. Let’s try it for a while. We can always change back if we don’t like it.”

“Frankly, I don’t see how housekeeping can take up a person’s full time,” I protested, “and what are we going to do with Janet, who will be back to work on Monday morning?”

“Darling, don’t worry about Janet,” she replied, “I think you are entitled to a maid to help with the housework. She’s better than anyone else we could get. I’ll take care of telling her, so don’t worry about Janet,” she added. “As for housekeeping not being a full time job, I promise you that you’ll find that your new life as a woman will take up all of your time. In fact,” she said, “I will prepare a daily schedule for you tomorrow, so that on Monday morning you’ll be ready to begin your new career.”

CHAPTER 7

The next morning being Sunday, I arose first as usual, and put on one of my maid’s uniforms. After fixing breakfast, I called Mary. During breakfast Mary worked out a daily schedule for me to follow beginning the next day.

According to the schedule, I was expected to arise every morning at 7:00, and fix breakfast. I took that duty over from Janet, who was to draw Mary’s morning bath, and straighten up the bedroom. She’d take care of our clothes, seeing that all were put away in our closets and made ready to go to the laundry.

After breakfast, while Janet was washing the breakfast dishes, and straightening up the kitchen, I was to make out my grocery list, and generally inspect Janet’s work. That being finished, I was to change into a street dress, and go first to the beauty parlor. There I was to have a daily early (9:00 A.M.) beauty and electrolysis appointment until my feminization had been completed.

Next, I was expected to go shopping for groceries and other household needs, which would occupy my time until noon at least.

From 12:00 noon until 2:00 P.M. I was free, either to return home for lunch, or to meet Mary down town. After that I was to return home and plan the menu for the following day.

I was to continue my feminine exercises which Penny had begun so effectively, and take a nap for at least an hour. Then I was to supervise the preparation of the evening meal. Then I'd drive down and pick Mary up at the store, or freshen myself up for her return home if she took her car.

"This is not a schedule which must be kept every day," Mary assured me, "except your appointments at the beauty parlor; those you must keep every day. The rest of the day you can change things around to suit I am certain you'll not find time heavy on your hands."

The next morning I was already up and dressed in my uniform when Janet arrived for work.

"Good morning, Miss Nancy," she greeted me, "Miss Mary explained the new arrangements on the telephone yesterday," she announced. "I think it's wonderful."

Mary came out to the breakfast a little later, and we ate, and my first day as a housewife began. Janet stared at me for a while but soon enjoyed the help I gave her.

After breakfast, I made out the shopping list with a few suggestions from Janet. I changed into a blue day dress, and putting on a light coat, I started out on my daily duties.

I arrived at the beauty parlor promptly at 9:00, and found that Marie was to be my operator. First, she took off my hair piece, and combed out my hair, which by that time had grown long enough to take a permanent, and trimmed it into a 'pixie' cut. She

also showed me how to put it up in tight little curls all over my head.

“You might as well get used to it now,” she explained, “it looks nice and really looks better than your hair piece. I would suggest that you not wear your hair piece unless an occasion arises when it seems more desirable to do so. For your daily, ‘wifely’ activities, I think your new hair-do is most appropriate,” she explained, adding, “It will grow out in no time.”

She then gave me an electrolysis treatment, and a manicure, and I was ready to continue on my round of daily womanly activities.

“Electrolysis three times a week, followed by facial, will eventually eliminate the necessity for shaving, but how long it will require is unknown,” she explained, “and you must be very careful when shaving because it will make your skin very tender.”

My next stop was at a supermarket. I chose one where we had not traded before, and only a few minutes were required for my day’s shopping. I left my pink ensemble and Mary’s blue suit at the dry-cleaners then went home. Janet was just about ready to serve lunch. I looked the house over, and discussed dinner with Janet after lunch then took a nap for about an hour.

When I got up from my nap I took a quick bath, and dressed for the afternoon. I put on a lovely informal dress. After I finished putting on fresh makeup, I went out to the kitchen, put on an apron and helped Janet prepare dinner. I had definitely decided to become an expert at cooking as soon as possible, so that I could, if I wanted to, keep house all by myself. I made the salad, the iced tea, and



“Marie trimmed my hair into a ‘pixie’ cut that was feminine. With the right make-up, I was cute!”

set the table while Janet fixed the main part of the dinner.

About 5:00 o’clock, Mary called:

“Nancy dear,” she said, “I’m bringing Dr. Welsh home with me for dinner, so be a good girl. Set an extra plate, and have cocktails ready by 5:30, won’t you?”

“Certainly, darling,” I replied, “everything will be ready when you arrive. Why is Dr. Welsh coming to dinner?”

“Oh it’s a surprise. . .and darling,” she continued, “I want you to look your prettiest tonight.”

“I will,” I promised, “so hurry home.”

Dr. Arlene Welsh was Mary's physician, but I had never been introduced to her. I was confused but when I hung up the phone, I hurriedly went in and put on my prettiest sheath dress in honor of the occasion. I then got everything ready to make the cocktails, rearranging the table, and setting another place for our guest.

Just as I completed these last minute arrangements and took a quick look at my makeup, Mary arrived, and I ran to the door to greet her.

"Darling!" Mary exclaimed, as I opened the door, "How lovely you look! This is Dr. Welsh," she continued, "I'm sure you have heard me speak of her."

"Yes," I replied, "Dr. Welsh. Its nice to meet you at last, doctor. Mary has spoken of you many times and I almost feel like I know you. Please come in, and make yourself at home, I will join you in a moment."

I slipped on one of my lacy aprons, and went out to serve cocktails aware of Dr. Welsh's observation.

I served with the proper stance which made my full skirt and apron flare out and show off my shapely stockinged legs perched so daintily on white high heeled pumps. The dress I was wearing loosely draped my body in a style that looked very youthful. I had ruby-colored nail polish on my nails and matching lipstick.

"How has your first day as a housewife been?" Mary inquired, "have you managed to keep busy?"

"Busy! It has been a lovely, and exciting day," I replied, "and everything has gone exactly as it should."

After a couple of cocktails, and a little light conversation, we had dinner. Janet served our

meal to perfection. After dinner, Dr. Welsh announced that she must go, as she had a house call on her way home.

“Nancy dear,” Mary said getting right to the point, “Dr. Welsh is going to start you on female hormone therapy to feminize your body.”

Dr. Welsh asked Mary how feminine she wanted me to become, saying, “As we discussed, a light dose will diminish body hair and change skin texture,” the doctor then added, “or we can give him injections and later pills which will chemically change his body to that of a female. What do you think, Mary?”

Without even asking me, Mary announced, “I think he should totally feminized.”

“TOTALLY FEMINIZED?” I thought. I wondered what that meant.

With no further discussion, we went into the bedroom, and Dr. Welsh prepared to give me an injection of female sex hormones in my right hind-quarters. I lowered my panties and hose enough for the doctor to have a clear shot at the naked skin of my buttock.

Before I knew it, Dr. Welsh, thrust the needle deep into my fanny. I felt a moment of alarm at the sharp sting.

“Does that hurt,” she asked?

“No,” I said breathlessly, “Go on. Get it over with.”

The doctor squeezed the hypodermic injector, pushing the amber fluid into my derriere. I felt a minimal twinge of pain, but it was insignificant compared to the shock of involuntary mayhem that raged in my mind. A chilling sensation shot up my

spine causing a chill, then a hot flash. I flushed as my body was flowing with emasculating hormones.

I had a rush of regret. . . my feelings had become far more complex over the last several months. Mary's opinion of me meant as much as my own--- maybe more. This little game had grown in intensity from Mary's whim to whimsy to preoccupation and now to obsession---an obsession at making me flawless.

"Next time we will give you the injection in your left derriere, and alternate," she explained. "Injections are better than pills, so for a while we will continue the injections, so please come to the office about 4:45 every Tuesday and Thursday," she concluded.

Dr. Welsh took out a chart of how she planned to regulate my hormones. It said:

PHASEBODILY FUNCTIONRESPONSE

DAYS 1-4POST-MENSTRUAL: Estrogen level builds reaching first peak. You will feel energetic and well.

DAYS 5-8PRE-OVULATION: Estrogen fall slightly.

DAYS 9-12OVULATION: Estrogen levels low. Sense of smell keen and body sensual.

DAYS 13-16POST-OVULATION: Estrogen and Progesterone levels rising again. You will be tired and sleep more.

DAYS 17-20EARLY PREMENSTRUAL: Estrogen and Progesterone levels reach second peak. You will feel some anxiety. You may have many dreams and nightmares.

DAYS 21-24PREMENSTRUAL: Estrogen and Progesterone levels fall sharply. Fingernails and toenail will grow faster. Some swelling in ankles, fingers and breasts from water retention. May gain several pounds due to bloating. Some complain of sore nipples, en-

gorged breasts and backaches. You may get depressed, irritated, and tired.

DAYS 25-28 MENSTRUAL: Estrogen low then beginning to rise, Progesterone levels low. Experience some cramping, discomfort around the lower pelvis and upper thighs. If severe, try a hot water bottle or heating pad. Make sure you have necessary items in your purse.

“Gee,” I sighed, “Looks complicated.”

“It is,” Dr. Welsh said, “it takes time, but we’ll have you settled into a regular cycle in a few months. You’ll then get used to the cycle and adjust for the ups and downs.”

“Is this really necessity?” I asked.

“Women go through hundreds of these cycles in their life,” Dr. Welsh said, “They’re important. As we turn you from husband to housewife, you must adjust to the new rhythm of your life and changing body. You must formulate a body image that is compatible with your new role. Your body shape should keep pace with your new image to be convincing.”

“WOW,” I groaned, “I’m going to change that much?”

Mary laughed, “Just wait! You have no idea.”

After Dr. Welsh had departed, Mary and I went back out to the front porch until Janet had the kitchen work done, and everything put away.

“You understand that the injections are to aid in your feminization, don’t you?” Mary asked.

“Yes,” I replied, “My beard won’t grow out as fast, right? but when will the effects become noticeable?” I asked.

“That is difficult to say, but most likely you’ll notice something soon,” Mary replied. “Dr. Welsh said you really should have an operation in order to get the best and earliest results.”

“Operation? What did you tell her about that?” I wailed, as my heart pounded.

“I told her we were not ready for anything like that just yet, and I did not know for sure, when we would be, or even ever,” she replied softly. “The potent feminizing hormones will have some of the same effects. . .they’ll soften you both mentally and physically.”

“Physically?”

“I’m afraid,” Mary admitted, “that in developing a feminine figure with hormones, you’ll lose your male reproductive sensations. Not right away but in several weeks.”

“Not. . .?”

“Yes,” Mary admitted but playfully added, “We really will be like ‘sisters’. Won’t that be fun?”

“But honey,” I sighed rubbing my hand over my buttocks. “Won’t you miss. . .”

Mary interrupted, “It’s a small price to pay. Seeing your feminine figure blossom will be so exciting we’ll hardly languish over the loss of your virility. Dr. Welsh says that impotency is important to your feminine progression. Once you accept the lifeless organ, you’ll become sweeter, more gentle and nurturing; all the qualities we expect of a woman.”

For the next few nights, we made love as husband and wife. It was more tender and caressing than ever. Mary stroked my tiny pink nipples, whispering of the unconceivable---having my own high, full bosom. She squeezed longingly at the pert

little nipples. They puckered easily now, made tight and hard from the slightest touch.

I couldn't imagine not being able to perform.

CHAPTER 8

I quickly settled into the daily routine of a housewife, and to my surprise, I found that I really did enjoy it. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, I went to the beauty parlor for my electrolysis, and every Tuesday and Thursday to Dr. Welsh for hormone therapy. I soon realized that the combined effects of both were becoming quite noticeable.

Unable to resist, my fingertips enjoyed stroking the beginning swell of my breasts. The feel of the silken skin beneath my fingers created unusual sensations and some guilt for so willingly giving up my maleness.

It was then I had my first dream as a woman. It was strange. I was shopping in a department store for a small round jeweled pin to give to Mary. The one I want to buy is flat but all they have is large 'puffy' ones. "Dear," the sales lady says, "You'll want one of these now."

I look in a mirror and I'm wearing one of Mary's dresses, my hair is long and ornately piled on my head. Before I can stop the clerk, she pins a big, round, 14K gold pin covered with red diamonds on my chest. "It's too big," I say. I look out the store window and there's several men with swords. . .then I woke up.

After that, I started having more dreams where I was a woman. I dreamed I went back to work wearing a pink business type suit with a tight below the knee skirt, nude nylons and black high heeled pumps. My hair was curled and my face

made-up nicely with a pink lipstick. But everyone still called me Gene and gawked at me. Finally one secretary came up and confided to me, "Gene, your suit looks every nice and the style brings out your features but 'pink' is the wrong color for a business suit." The secretary takes a black knit dress out of a bag and hands it to me to put on. I put slip it on in front of her and she says, "That's better!" I wake up.



"I slept more under the affects of the hormones.

AT Dr. Welsh's suggestion, Mary went out and bought me a wardrobe of my own corsets and girdles. Mary looked for styles that were dainty and delicate but had double stretch satin panels to firm my front and crotch.

She bought several made by a little known company called, 'UNDER CONTROL'. Each of the shapers had a unique criss-cross crotch 'powernet' that simply allowed 'no give' in that area.

When I first struggled into one, I didn't think I could wear it for very long. After some experimentation, I figured out how I could push my maleness up and back, allowing the girdle to reliably flatten them into the 'ideal' feminine profile. I removed the tag, one of which said, "Under Control, model 237, 'JUST LIKE HERS'".

Girdles are such feminine garments. I was astonished to see my image in the latex former; the shining satin panel passing smoothly between my soft tapering thighs, creating a valley. We compared 'Mary's' to 'mine' and discovered 'no difference'---even to the touch.

My eyes went over the entire effect in detail. Seeing my figure in the feminine former with accented hips emphasized by the tight waistband that gave me such neat and lovely curves. I possessed no bustline to speak yet but I sensed the glamour of effective figure training. I found this feminizing of my body keenly thrilling even though I was experiencing some aches and pains. I knew I would just have to get used to this unusual confinement.

I was speechless as Mary explored the unaccustomed void with her fingers. My face was cranberry red as I was also subjected to Mary's fussing until she was convinced 'it' was 'flawless'. It was her belief that if I was going to live dress as a woman, I should be lady-like in every way possible.

At Mary's insistence, from that day, I wore the girdles---hardly ever taking them off. The front satin panels flattened my tummy giving me a trim, splendid figure and a new sassy prance to my walk.

I had relied on being able to remove my confining girdles at night but Mary was absolutely furious with me. "Figure training isn't just a daytime endeavor," she insisted. She knew how cramped and restricted the girdles were---she had quit wearing them years ago; but then she had a wonderful figure.

After the first few days, I quit complaining. At the end of a month, I had become remarkably

accustomed to the tightness of my girdles; them becoming less and less bothersome every day.

When I left the shower, I couldn't help noticing how weak and shriveled my genitals had become. Could such a dainty garment have such a formidable and devastating effect on my maleness? Could the rigorous implementation of a girdle and the hormones harness my supple maleness---overpowering it?

It was almost like these girdles were designed to put a curve on here and take a bulge off there. Like the wearer were merely a chunk of putty.

It was long before I was beginning to be conspicuous that the girdles were progressively altering my maleness. My waist had reduced several inches while only shaping my hips. It was obvious that the male genitalia, generally speaking, is just a soft boneless mass and it could be given an outward appearance simply by squeezing it into a mold.

Under the hormones, my skin texture was marvelous---malleable and clear; my nipples pointed outward at the slightest caress. I wondered how long it would take before I couldn't appear with my chest exposed at the beach.

Under the torrent of female hormones, my maleness responded predictably. I shook my head. "Up boy," I'd coax but soon realized the futility.

"Easy there," Mary whispered at my abortive tries at making love in the old way, "It's too soft, honey."

Instead of getting all worked 'UP' in the old way, I felt different inside: all soft and buttery. The maleness of my personality was fighting the femi-

nine sensations that were rushing through me. I wasn't ready to give up that part of my maleness yet.

In an effort to clear up my confused, mish-mash of emotions, Mary emphatically decided that my days of mounting her were over. I felt panic and disgust with myself for letting this all go this far. I felt neutered but Mary insisted I continue with the hormones. She said, "It just isn't a very ladylike thing for you to be doing anyway."

This ultimatum was like my real initiation into womanhood.

We gave up the 'old' and found new ways to love each other. I fell in love with Mary all over again. I felt dependent and began to look for glimmers of approval in Mary's eyes, like a puppy watching his master's hand. I lived for her words of praise or a warm expression. I guessed these were a characteristic of feminine insecurity but I was powerless to change.

I worked harder to keep the house spotless, and wonderful meals on the table. My mood became ridiculously buoyant when Mary gave me compliments. On the other side of the coin, I became depressed during the five days a month when I was off the hormones.

My manner also changed. I'd catch myself acting like a little girl: I'd stomp my foot, pout, put my hands on my hips and flinch at the most trivial things.

I once stuck out my lower lip and called the butcher a 'hairy brute' for not having my pork chops ready on time. He didn't get mad, he was used to working with women and their moods. The next time when he had them ready, I pinched his cheek and said, "My hero!" His big smile said it all.

I found that my relationship with men changed. Instead of telling them what I wanted done, I found myself in a childlike way trusting them.

When my old car had a radiator problem. I went to the garage and simply said, "It makes a funny sound." I found that most men break their necks to cater to the whims of femininity by showing how masterful they are.

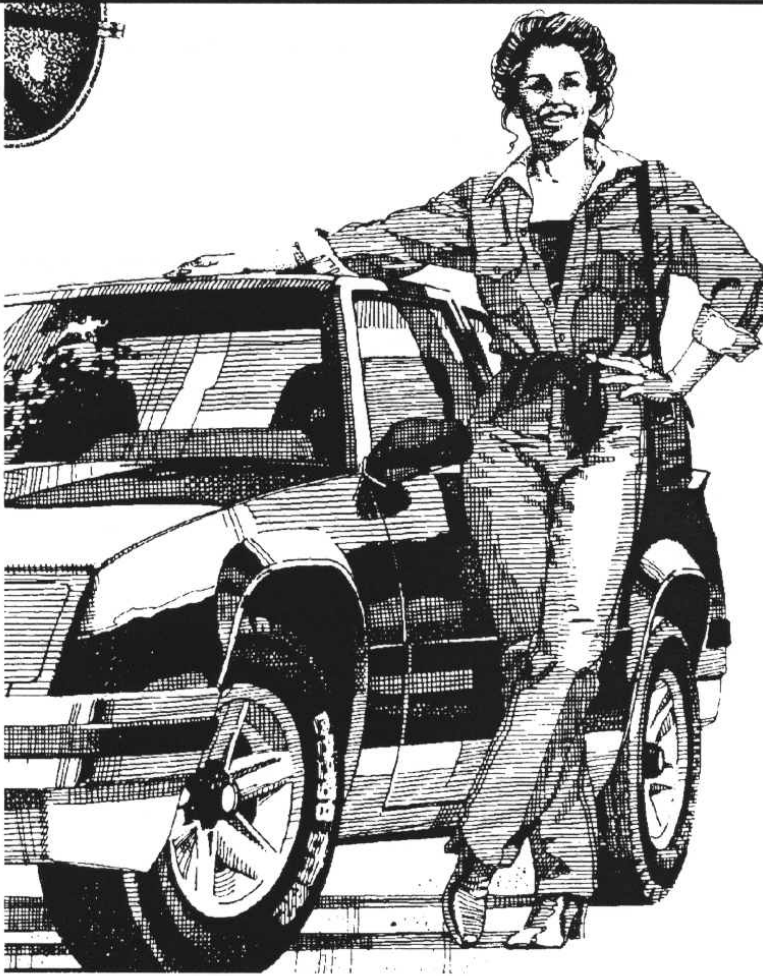
Early on, Mary called her attorney and applied for a name change---I became legally Nancy. The attorney handled all the paper work and in a few weeks, all my identification was in my feminine name. the sex still said, "M" but very few people ever look at that if the person in front of them is wearing a dress. Mary said that I would have to have a little operation to change that---neither of us were ready for that yet.

I was over joyed when Mary bought me a nice new car, which was registered in my new name. She also opened a bank account for me and a charge account in my name at the store.

CHAPTER 9

About six months after I had become a housewife, a man from the Salvation Army came to the house soliciting clothing, and at first I told him I had nothing to give. I suddenly thought of all my masculine wearing apparel which had been moved to a storage closet, and I hurriedly called him back, and gave him every stitch of it.

When I saw his truck pulling away, and realized that every article of masculine apparel I possessed was in it, I really felt that I had burned my bridges



“This is me with my new car. I like the way Mary takes care of me. Yes, I do wear pants now—like other women.”

behind me, and had unconsciously made a decision as to my future.

When I told Mary what I had done she was very pleased. “Darling,” she explained, “I am glad you made that decision for yourself, indeed, I hoped that we would both come to the conclusion that you are not to go back to you old life. I thoroughly approve.”

She came over and kissed me, caressing the front of my thin blouse. She rubbed the tiny peaks that rose beneath the silky fabric until they grew firmly extended. I had quickly grown addicted to this sensation of my budding breasts knotting in her fingertips. "These are becoming the prettiest breasts I've ever seen," Mary whispered while nuzzling my creamy bosom. Her slender arm reached behind me to unhook my brassiere.

In bed, the sensation of our equally feminine lips pressed together caused me such sweet torment. The feel of her dainty hands cupping and fondling my breasts---it was all so unbelievably erotic. Our soft cheeks together, our breasts and nipples brushing together collectively caused explosions of emotion. Our bodies lay pressed together. I felt the flatness between Mary's legs caress my own.

"Oh, Mary," I gasp. "I was thinking of how it used to be.

Her slender arms squeeze me toward her. "It's all right," came Mary's mellow voice, "That stage of you is gone now. . .don't be ashamed of your femininity. Let yourself go."

My life was becoming so different. I would see Mary off to work each morning in my pristine white morning gown, adorned with flounces of lace and pink silk rosettes. I liked not having to leave the house to work. I sometimes wondered what the guys at the office would say if they saw me now.

Surrounded by femininity made me cherish the common joys of life---something I'd miss as a man. I genuinely felt the joy of a summer day, a colorful sunset, flowers in spring, a new dress, a new hair style, a admiring glance from a stranger.

As the weeks passed, I had less apprehension about the effects of the hormone injections. The shedding of virility gave me a childlike changefulness. I had moods: sweetness, the look of innocent, vivacious flirting, a little mischief, and the freedom of emotion.

CHAPTER 10

A little over three years have passed since I became a housewife, and neither Mary nor I have ever regretted the change. We were always close to each other, but today, our relations are much, much closer than ever before, and certainly more satisfactory in every way. I have a beautiful wardrobe, a wonderful mink coat and appropriate jewelry to wear on every possible occasion.

Occasionally, I walk to my closet and run my hand over it's contents. It's jammed full of my dresses, my blouses, my skirts, and my high heels. My drawers are equally filled with lingerie: my brassieres---each with their own special purpose and a matching, pastel variety of panties.

My appearance, of course, has changed very greatly. I have lost some weight due to dieting under the direction of Dr. Welsh, so that now, Mary and I are approximately the same weight, about 130 pounds. My long hair now spills about my shoulders and I'm quite proud of my ability to style it.

The contour of my face has softened, and all facial hair has disappeared, thanks to the combination of the electrolysis treatments and the hormone therapy, which still goes on. We have added the use of pills with the injections to give me a natural female cycle. My shape now would never allow for male clothes. I now have a tiny waist that



*“My figure has changed,
to ‘wifely’ proportions”*

swells downward to my high, rounded bottom---a curvaceous womanly shape. It's remarkable how the fat deposits accumulated on my hips, buttock and thighs giving me the physique for carrying and delivering a child. That of course is impossible but I have the figure for it.

Yes, there were misgivings and minor discomforts in my metamorphose, but after the initial hormonal modification, I felt wonderful, blooming

and alive as I'd never felt before. No longer with the responsibilities of a man, but surrounded by the mysterious impassioned world of a woman.

My life now belonged to a woman: frothy underthings scented with flowery sachets, pretty dresses, high heels, pastel make-up, and a house and spouse to nurture.

My brows have been plucked and shaped in to a thin line, and my ears have been pierced so that I may wear the larger earrings which both of us prefer.

What made me do this? I'm not sure. As I move around the house in my feminine clothes, tending to my domestic work, tenderly caring for my spouse, I provide an strong nurturing image---not unlike my mother. Even as a child, I admired the way she functioned in her role as wife and mother. She was contented and happy, a positive picture of femininity.

On the other hand, my father, was frustrated in his masculine role of provider and protector. He worked very hard at the telephone company only to be retired early. He was not a cheerful individual.

Mary's mother and father were very much the same as mine and we have discussed how this may have affected joint decision to eliminate the traditional 'husband' role from our marriage.

Frequently when I'm up to my neck in housework, I go to the mirror and see my mother's radiant image. I always had her features, but now I had her figure, her function and even her role in life. I like that thought, it makes me smile. So what's wrong with that?

The day finally came when I was able to accept that I wasn't a man anymore. I was able to walk in

a short skirt without showing any embarrassment. I enjoyed having my smooth legs show like any other woman. I was now considered myself very feminine and liked to dress accordingly. I liked wispy little lacy things and was proud of my voluptuous figure and like to show it off. After all, I had to go through a lot to get it.

Living as sisters had a few inconveniences. We set up our second bedroom as my bedroom for appearances. Mary's business required some entertaining so appearances were important. At first it was difficult to be around Mary without showing any affection. To our guests, I was just Mary's sister, another woman.

I was a little jealous when Mary entertained male clients at our house. Since it was a business function, I would serve the food in my uniform but was not included in the conversation. I enjoyed entertaining at our home so I didn't mind too much.

Shortly after I became a housewife, Mary and I began to take lessons in ballroom dancing. Mary of course, did not really need lessons, but she went along to keep me company. We both realized that I would need instruction in dancing if we ever wanted to go out much. It would enable me to practice the essential feminine graces and mannerisms, and we hoped to form new friends and relationships.

It has worked out wonderfully for both of us, and now we usually are invited out to dances at least twice or three times every month. Mary, of course is out many evenings with clients and suppliers. I really don't mind, I like our house and enjoy being there.

The only blemish on an otherwise ideal marriage is that recently, I have had an increasing urge

to have children. Mary says it's my hormones but I feel a nurturing urge that was never there before. It also may be that most of the other wives I associate with have children.

Mary hates the thought of being pregnant but said she'd do it for me as long as I took over after the birth. Dr. Welsh says that won't be a problem.

We haven't worked out the 'father' problem. I could go off my hormone cycle and could try to impregnate Mary. I really don't feel like I could or



"This is me just before I went 'blonde'.

I have given up a lot but I love being a 'wife' to a lovely lady. Housekeeping, laundry, and cooking are my life now and I wouldn't change for anything.

well, children would be nice---as long as I'm the mother."

would want to break my feminization evolution. The few traces of masculinity left have become atrophied and I'd hate to activate them again.

Mary suggested artificial insemination but she hated the idea of an 'unknown father'. "I'd at least like to know what I'm getting into or should I say, what's getting into me," she replied cheekily.

Penny jokingly said, "You two should just find some nice 'already married' man and seduce him. That way, Nancy would be part of the 'process'."

"Love 'em and leave 'em," Mary laughed then wisecracked to me, "John, that handsome sports-wear salesman from New York is always talking about you. He's got beautiful children. . . I bet we could seduce him!"

Penny added snickering, "Then you could kill him like Black Widow spiders?"

"Naw," Mary said, "I'd just cancel his line of clothes at my store. It's cleaner."

Mary teased me and giggled at the possibility of the Penny's insemination scheme working. It was ironic, I the 'husband' was trying to figure out some way for my wife to be inseminated. All I needed was the spermatozoon, and a 'vehicle for delivery' then I could become a 'mother'. I, of course needed Mary's approval of the vehicle.

As we all talked, I felt a little shame and realized that this was a turning point for me. My discovery that there was a need for a far superior male to realize *my* feminine aspirations. My former desire for maleness had been replaced by my desire for a baby. I would be playing the part of my mother and the baby was me. I could encounter what my mother did with me and experience the joys of a family.

Yes, the furtherance of my femininity was much more important than some genital deficiency. I was coming to terms with my femininity. It wasn't just a case of 'failed masculinity' but a development from inside---a appreciation of higher things: passivity, nurturing, beauty, love, and sensations.

EPILOGUE

Through Dr. Welsh, we became acquainted with several other couples in which the 'husband' is undergoing feminization. They visit us, and we visit at their home frequently, exchanging experiences.

One couple, Alice and Aleen are in college and appear to just be any two young college girls who are living together. No one would ever guess that Aleen is the 'husband'. Dr. Welsh has had him on female hormones for five years with amazing results. His figure was as good and maybe even better than his wives'.

Aleen's high full breasts, curving hips and feminine manner would make it impossible for him to ever be a man again. Equipped with delicate charms: his blonde hair was fresh and natural, like streamers fluttering in soft waves to his shoulders. His long smooth legs have made him the object of many a young man's desire. It was clear at a glance that he watched his diet and worked hard to keep his figure trim.

Alice is very proud of Aleen and his acquired femininity. His movements are graceful, his skin as smooth and fine as silk. Aleen enjoyed dressing in provocative outfits, his perfectly formed cleavage usually peeked out from his low-cut tops or halters. He was like a flower, fresh and intoxicat-

ing. Even in the tightest short, shorts, there was no sense of maleness.

Aleen gets a lot of 'college boy' attention, to which he uses his mocking smile that says, "Do you see something you like?" With his slim fingers, he'd furl his blonde hair, square his shoulders and walk away briskly with a switch of his hips.

Alice and Aleen try to lead the normal lives of college coeds. They go to dances, parties and other school activities but date only when male escorts are necessary. Aleen gives the appearance of the quintessence of the supple female animal. His posture has the careless innocence of a school girl causing hope in the lusty young men that they might 'make out'. Both Alice and Aleen enjoy the admiration, but they prefer not to lead on the suitors. They preferred staying to themselves most of the time.

Seeing how happy they both were had a powerful effect on Mary and me.

It is possible that many other couples have changed their lives for the better as we and our two friends, Alice and Aleen. Dr. Welsh has many patients and we hope to make their acquaintance, and extend to them, a sincere invitation to call upon us for any information and advice which we may be able to give.

Mary has set up a trust fund for me, and in my name, which will always provide me with a liberal income in the event anything should happen to her. Both of us are very happy in our new relationship.

I have blossomed from a drab young man into a contented young woman. My femininity seemed to grown from a tiny seed hidden in a remote part of my personality. A seed that had laid dormant in fertile soil until that night.



EDITORS NOTE:

*"This is an actual picture of Gene/Nancy.
He is soon to become a mother---
yes, Mary is pregnant!"*

I often wonder what might have happened if Mary had not bought me those lovely night gowns after our honeymoon, but one thing is certain: my flowering was my destiny. We are both glad it was, and that since we became 'sisters' both of our lives have been sweeter, happier, and more contented in every way.

We would never change back now, even if we could.

The End.

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO HEAR MORE ABOUT
GENE AND MARY?**

WRITE TO ME:

SANDY THOMAS

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PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps an

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

What every mother wants: a daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis.

What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses

and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #44 &45

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

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

AUNTIE'S HELPER #92

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

BOY WILL BE GIRL #93

What should a mother do when her son just doesn't fit in...neither his clothes nor his gender!! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a

punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

DRESS OR CONSEQUENCES #72

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

PRETTY FOREVER #73

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife,

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

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive

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

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

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #17

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

#1 NORM:

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are

controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, 'Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE

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

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

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