

TITILLATING TV TALES

MAGAZINE

"HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS"

THE GUYS FIND OUT THERE'S MORE TO
FEMININITY THAN DRESSES AND HEELS!

VOLUME THREE

ILLUSTRATED



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

TITILATING TV TALES

VOLUME 3

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS

Book 3

By Kristi Love, Puyal, and Alice Trail

Illustrations by

Puyal

sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

www.sthomas.com

Sandy Thomas Advertising

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

© 1999 SANDY THOMAS
ADVERTISING

“Husband to Seductress”

Book 3

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be
Reproduced in any form
Without the express prior written
Permission of the publisher

Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 02624-0309

sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

www.sthomas.com



REWARD!!

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

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

“Don't accept rides from strange men, and remember that all men are strange.”

Robin Morgan

Husband to Seductress

Book 3

By Kristi Love, Puyal & Alice Trail

Chapter 13

I spent two hours with the hotel beautician and hair stylist to insure that my hair and makeup were flawless. This was my first time in intimate contact with others as a woman and I wanted to minimize the possibility of someone detecting me as a man.

I heard my four-inch heels click on the granite patio and felt the silkiness of my nylon stockings as Helen and I entered the ballroom. It was lavishly appointed and nearly filled to capacity.

We weren't at the dance two minutes before Roger Miller approached Helen and asked her to dance. The eagerness with which she accepted his invitation worried me, as it had been quite some time since I was able to satisfy her as a man. Did she miss the intimacy? Was she looking for masculine attention elsewhere? Was I now just another woman in her eyes, no longer her husband?

She left me alone among strangers to fend for myself. I couldn't dance with a woman while dressed as one myself and I didn't want to dance with another man. I was at a dance without the possibility of dancing. My loneliness overwhelmed me and I went outside on the patio to collect my senses.

I glanced back into the ballroom and saw Helen float by in Roger's arms. He was holding her close and she was laughing at something he said.

I was about to leave when a very masculine voice behind me said, "Hi, my name is Warren. May I have this dance?"



My wife was dancing extremely close to another man and the way I was dressed I couldn't do a thing to stop her!

Startled, I looked to where the voice came from and saw one of the handsomest men I'd ever seen. He looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place the face. "Oh, hello," I stammered.

"You looked so sad and all alone out here, so I thought I'd try my luck," he smiled warmly, "Are you with someone?"

"Uh, yes...actually no," I stammered, "I'm...I'm Eve Foster, Helen Grant's sister."

"Ah yes," he smiled even broader, "she said she was bringing her sister and niece to the convention. I am most pleased to make your acquaintance."



I was startled when a very handsome man asked me to dance. Obviously he didn't recognize me as a man in a dress.

“Uh...Thank you,” I continued to trip over my words, “You work with her?”

“Yes, I guess you could say that,” he laughed, “but you didn’t answer my question. May I have this dance?”

“I...I’m really not a very good dancer,” I fumbled, “I’m afraid I’d embarrass you.”

“Oh, you’re just being modest,” he took my much smaller hand in his.

I was in a fog as I responded to his prompting by rising and following him into the ballroom. My stomach turned cartwheels as I noticed my thin, long fingers with brightly polished nails firmly encased in his strong hand.

I felt as though I was having an out-of-body experience as his arms encircled me and gently led me across the floor. “This can’t be happening,” I thought as my skirt swirled about my smooth nylon covered thighs.

We danced near Helen, but she was firmly encased in Roger’s arms. They were so enthralled in conversation that they didn’t see us whirl by. I blushed bright red and lowered my eyes from embarrassment at the thought of being on the dance floor wearing an evening gown, and like my wife wrapped in another man’s arms.

I must not have been too bad or Warren was being kind. He didn’t complain and I didn’t trip, not even once! We danced a couple of numbers before the band took a break. “Would you like to go for a walk and get some air?” Warren asked. “You seem so...so preoccupied...so sad.”

I wasn’t sure about the walk, but I did enjoy his company. He was warm and amusing, and I craved attention from another person, even if that person was another guy. Besides, a walk would ensure that I didn’t end up back on the dance floor again. “Yes, I’d like that,” I whispered, not wanting to sound too anxious.

Warren took my hand and led me towards the beach. I felt weird and out of place walking next to another man as he held my hand and treated me like a lady. How else should he treat me? I was wearing a seductive evening gown cut so low to display so much cleavage and a high side slit that put my slender thighs on display. After all, I’m wearing four-inch heels, evening makeup, and my long tresses are coiffed in an attractive feminine style!

I heard the clickity-clack of my heels on the hard stone as we crossed the patio and started towards the beach. I wasn’t sure

about being alone with this stranger, but despite my trepidation, I didn't want to leave his company. At least, not just yet!



We walked along the beach hand in hand. Was it wrong that I craved the attention of this handsome man?

Soon we were alone on the beach with the waves lapping against the shore only yards away. I guess I should have removed my heels, but I didn't want to ruin my nylons. As we walked together, Warren carried on a delightful conversation.

I became a little uneasy as the conversation turned towards me. I was ill prepared to tell another man my life story, so in self-defense, I made up a life as I answered his questions. I prayed I wouldn't get mixed up and embarrass myself. That's the problem with lies, but what the hell, I would never see Warren again after this weekend.

As we wandered further from the ballroom, the beach became deserted except for Warren and I. I didn't notice this until I felt him wrap his arm around my shoulders and draw me closer. I was a little chilly in my thin, clinging dress, so I responded by moving closer to him.



I felt a chill race up my spine as Warren's lips descended to mine. This couldn't be happening to me, yet it was!

Warren gently turned me to face him, then slowly lowered his lips to touch mine. A man was kissing me! This couldn't be happening! I am a guy and guys don't kiss other guys! The trouble was that Warren didn't know I was a man. He only saw the woman walking beside him.

I gently pushed him away, but he was much stronger and my feeble struggles only enticed him to continue. I knew this was wrong and I had to end it quickly, but every time I tried to speak, he covered my lips with his. Soft moans were all that came from my mouth.

What really scared me was that I enjoyed his kisses. A current of warmth flowed through me as he drew me closer. Was I so lonely that attention from another person, even intimacy from another man, was welcome?

Warren released my lips and whispered sweet intimacies into my ear, “You’re so lovely, Eve. I love the smell of your perfume, the curve of your breasts, the soft curl of your hair down your back.”

“Oh, Warren, we hardly know each other. You don’t know anything about me,” I moaned as he gently slipped my dress straps from my shoulder. “We shouldn’t...”

He lowered my gown from my breasts and let it drop to my hips. I tried to bring it back up, but his strength was so much greater than mine was. He encircled my head with his other arm and drew my lips to his once again. As his lips descended onto mine, I knew I had to end it now or it could lead to my *unveiling*.

His lips gently touched mine then pressed ever harder, drawing me to him. His tongue gently pressed against my lips and I was startled when I parted my lips to let him in.

As his tongue urgently intruded into my mouth, I felt all resistance melt away and returned his kisses as strongly as he gave them to me. I wanted his kisses, I craved his attention, his gentle touches, and his urgent probing.



I felt him gently lower the top of my dress to reveal my lacy bra. I had to stop him, but I was drowning in his kisses.



Without my noticing, he reached behind my back and expertly unfastened my bra. He separated from me and my bra fell harmlessly to the sandy beach, leaving my heaving breasts exposed to the cool night air.

“Oh, Warren,” I moaned as he released my lips, “We shouldn’t be doing this...”

“You are so gorgeous, so soft and supple...” he crooned, as he lowered his lips to my rosy hard nipples. They had grown to the size of half dollars from my constant diet of female hormones. Now they expanded to silver dollar size from the combination of the cool night air and Warren’s passionate attention.

My dress was about my hips, then even lower as he gently lowered me to the sand. I had to stop this, but I didn’t know how...or even if I wanted to.

Warren removed his shirt and unfastened his belt. As he laid to my side, he showered my lips and breasts with kisses. He nibbled at my ears and ran his tongue over my sensitive nipples, all while whispering how lovely I was and how much I turned him on.

One hand held me tightly while the other touched my breasts, ran down my stomach, touched me behind my knees, then gently slid beneath my dress towards that most intimate of areas.



Warren gently, so smoothly, seduced me.

I swooned from the warm loving sensations washing over and through me. It had been so long since someone had touched me like this and whispered sweet nothings into my ears. I wanted it to last forever!

Suddenly I realized where his hand was going and what it would find! I had to stop him *now!!!* I panicked and roughly broke loose of his controlling hold on me. “No, Warren,” I cried, “I...I can’t do that!”

“I thought you were enjoying this, I thought you wanted me,” he stammered, confused by my sudden change of manner.



“No, Warren,” I panicked, “We must stop NOW!”

“Oh, I was, I am, I do...” I stammered, trying desperately to bring my dress over my hips to cover my panties and what was hidden beneath. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I fastened my bra over my breasts. My distended nipples were visible proof of how much his attention affected me.



This liason was forbidden, yet it was so difficult to end.

“I would never do anything to you against your will,” he drew me into him. “I don’t understand your sudden change of mind, but...”

“I...I’m sorry, Warren,” I moaned, holding him tight, “I shouldn’t have allowed it to go this far. It’s just that you...”

“You don’t have to explain,” he whispered, “Obviously I really upset you. I’m sorry if I did anything wrong.”

“Oh, it wasn’t you...” I trailed off, not knowing how to explain my panic without giving away my secret.

He helped me gather my clothes and brush the sand from my body, dress, and hair. An awkward silence hovered over us as we walked back to the ballroom. Like a true gentleman, he waited outside the lady’s room while I repaired my makeup.

I was deeply embarrassed as I thanked him for a wonderful evening and assured him that my strange actions were not a result of anything he did or said. I looked about for Helen, and not seeing her, I excused myself and quickly returned to my room.

Tears streamed down my cheeks and silent sobs flowed from my throat as I quickly made my way up the elevator and let myself into the suite. I hoped against hope that Andy and Helen were asleep and wouldn’t see me like this.

I silently went to my room, thankful that Andy was not waiting up for me. I peeked into his room and saw him fast asleep. Helen had not returned from the dance, so I turned on the light to undress and remove my makeup. My wrinkled gown joined my heels, nylons, panties, bra, and garter belt in a pile at the foot of the bed.

I slipped into my favorite long silky nightgown and into bed. I had barely gotten comfortable when I heard the front door open and Helen silently slip into the room. Thankfully, she thought I was asleep because she didn’t try to talk to me. She seemed to be in a good mood though, as she gently sighed and giggled merrily.

What would I tell her? How could I explain what I had allowed to happen? Maybe I wouldn’t...shouldn’t tell her. After all, I would never see Warren again. Finally, I decided to keep this night between Warren and myself. I was married to a lovely woman, yet my last thoughts before falling asleep were of another man, his gentle touch, and his soft seductive words!



What would I say to Helen? How could I tell her about what happened to me this evening?

Chapter 14

Andy spent most of the first days in the suite or walking the grounds while fully dressed and wearing sunglasses. Afraid of being discovered as a boy in girl's clothes, he deliberately avoided kids his age.

The next morning, Helen laid the law down to him saying, "Candi, dear, this is our last day at this enchanting resort, so I want you to wear your lovely bikini and mingle with other kids

your age. Lovely young girls shouldn't hide themselves away like a recluse. Get out and allow others to see what a lovely niece I've inherited."

Andy wanted to protest, but like me, he had learned not to argue with Helen, so he reluctantly sauntered into his room. When he returned, I saw that his brightly patterned pink bra barely hid his blossoming breasts, but the skimpy panties showed no hint of the shrinking maleness they covered. Like me, the patch he wore effectively hid all signs of his manhood. Most of the time, wearing them deeply embarrassed us, but at times like this, we were thankful for them.

After brushing his hair, he arranged it into two extremely girlish angel wings. He used minimum makeup since it was only mid-morning. I marveled at his smooth clear complexion and angel face. It was as if he never had the start of a beard.

I agreed to follow him to the swimming pool in case somebody discovered him and made a scene. I slipped into my bikini and bra top and grabbed a large beach towel, my sunglasses, and a book.

Helen had to attend convention meetings, so she wished us 'bon voyage' with a wave of her hand. "Toddle do, girls," she giggled, "Don't do anything I wouldn't!"

Andy and I were very self-conscious as we took the elevator to the ground floor where the huge hotel swimming pool was located. A few people were lounging about, but none of them gave us more than cursory glances. I did notice one man stare at me, but he merely smiled and went about his business.

Both Andy and I were extremely apprehensive about being seen in our bikinis and exposing our blossoming femininity to the world. I was sure some little kid would spot us, point an accusing finger, and shout, "Look at those guys wearing girl's bikinis!"

Fortunately, nobody paid us any undue attention as we settled into chairs beside the large, lavish pool. Picking up my book, I asked Andy to buy us a soda at the concession stand.



Andy responded, apparently a little flustered by the attention he was receiving from this boy. He motioned towards me to indicate my presence.

He looked nervously about, but seeing no one staring at him, he hesitantly did as I asked. As he strolled away, I was amazed at the wiggle he had subconsciously added to his gait. The swing transmitted to his breasts and they swayed in concert with each step.

As he rounded the end of the pool, I noticed a nice looking boy giving him that *look*. It didn't take great insight to understand that this boy found my son's feminine guise extremely attractive!

While Andy waited for his order, the boy approached him. "Hi, my name is Doug. What's yours?" he asked.

Seeing no smooth way out of talking with this boy, Andy responded, "Hi, I'm Candi."

"It's great to see someone my age at the pool," the boy enthused. "Can I get you a drink?"

"I've already ordered for my fa...mother and myself,"



“Hi!” the boy gushed, “There haven’t been any gorgeous girls like you here before!”

Doug glanced in my direction, then continued, “I see where you get your gorgeous features. How come I haven’t seen you around here before?”

“Oh, I’ve been around,” Andy teased.

“Oh no you haven’t! I would have noticed anyone as great looking as you.”

Andy blushed a lovely crimson at the boy’s compliments, but obviously didn’t take offense at his approach. Once he realized that Doug saw him only as a girl and not as a boy in a girl’s bikini, Andy relaxed and entered into the conversation. Retrieving our drinks, Andy slowly circled the pool with the boy close by his side. Obviously relishing the attention, he relaxed and enjoyed his new friend.

I sat on the lounge chair reading my book while the two frolicked about. Doug enticed Andy into the pool, but Andy was reluctant to swim while wearing such a skimpy swimsuit. As he splashed about in the shallow end, I was amazed by his high-pitched squeals when the two splashed water at each other.

When they left the pool, I noticed how Doug eyed Andy's swaying breasts as they laughed and ran about the pool deck. My son's laughing giggles and friendly squeals attested to how much he was enjoying the attention.

Later in the afternoon, Andy came to me while Doug was getting us another drink. "Uh...Mom," he shyly started, "Doug asked me to a movie tonight. Do you think I should go?"

It still felt weird when he referred to me as *Mom* and he was using it more often as our feminine personas became more a reality. "I...I don't see why not if you keep everything in its place," I stammered, taken aback that my son would want to go to a movie as another boy's date. "Don't stay out late though."

"I won't," he giggled, as he ran to Doug to announce the good news.

"I'll make sure she is back early, Mrs. Foster," Doug politely stated, "Candi said that you were leaving tomorrow."

"Yes, thank you, Doug," I smiled at the lovely couple, "It's Miss Foster. I...I'm no longer married."

"Be sure to change clothes before going," I instructed as they walked away hand in hand. Andy gave me a strange look over his shoulder as they walked away. I guess my statement caught him off guard. What I meant was that I wasn't a 'Mrs.' married to a *man*, but I couldn't be that precise.

The next morning, Andy sat with me at the kitchen table and told me of his exploits the prior evening. He looked so girlish in his pale blue babydoll nightie, and with his hair still in angel wings.

"I can't remember what the movie was about because Doug held me so tightly...and we whispered little jokes and things to each other," he blushed. "I couldn't help myself. I liked snuggling in his arms and I felt warm and protected when he held me close."



Doug's arms felt so nice as they held me tight. Is that wrong?

“We held hands as he walked me back to the hotel. Out on the verandah overlooking the ocean, I was about to leave when he took me in his arms and kissed me. His boldness surprised me, but I found it strangely romantic.”

“I tried to resist, to push him away, but despite myself, my resistance lasted only for a second. Before I could stop myself, I floated into his arms and passionately returned his kiss. I was flushed and breathing hard when we finally parted, like when I used to kiss girls. Oh, Mom, what is happening to me? I allowed **Doug** to kiss me! More than that, I kissed him back! Is that wrong? Am I *weird*?”

“Wrong? Weird? No, I don't think so, honey,” I soothed, “You have been living and dressing as a girl and taking powerful female hormones for a few months now. Believe me, I know how hard it is to retain your masculinity under the constant onslaught of all this...this femininity! Anyway, we are going home today, so you probably won't ever see him again.”



“Doug swept me into his arms and kissed me under the moonlight. It was sooo romantic.”

“Oh, didn’t I tell you?” Andy giggled, “Doug lives in our town and his father works for the same company as Aunt Helen! He’s even here at the convention!”

I was taken aback by Andy’s revelation. What if this Doug learns where we live and decides to court my son? How could we discourage him? From the look in Andy’s eyes, he had obviously enjoyed himself with Doug and definitely wanted to do it again!

Chapter 15

During the drive home, Helen was deep in thought and didn’t say much about her activities at the convention. Andy, on the other hand, chatted on and on about Doug. He bubbled about how much fun he had at the pool and on his first date as a girl. His only regret was that he waited until the last day to mingle.

Finally, in a moment of self-doubt, he sighed, “Oh Aunt Helen, was I wrong to let Doug kiss me...or to return his kiss?”

Snapping out of her reverie, Helen purred, “No, darling, you were just trying out your new sexuality. All young people do that and your actions only serve to prove that you’re no different.

“Oh thank you, Aunt Helen! I thought...”

“It does mean, however, that you have accepted your femininity. Now you must decide what kind of girl you will be.”

“W...what do you mean?”

“Well, you could become a wholesome girl next door, a prim and proper lady, a fun loving social butterfly, a domestic homebody, a party animal, a slut, or a combination of them all. Which do you think you prefer?”

“I...I don’t know,” he sighed, “I never thought... What do you think?”

“Most girls and women are a shrewd combination of those and many other qualities. The trick is to know when to be which.”

“Will you teach me?” he asked enthusiastically.

“Of course, darling. In the meantime, freshen your makeup and read one of your teen magazines. You can learn a lot about how teenage girls confront the difficult situations they face daily. You know, neat things like how to react around boys, when to back off, and when to move closer. Also, there are lots of tips on clothes, makeup, and hairstyles.” No sooner were the words out of Helen’s mouth than Andy grabbed his purse and removed his compact, hairbrush, and lipstick.

While my son fervently toiled with his makeup, the car became quiet and Helen went back to her thoughts. I didn’t mind her silence, as I too had a lot to consider. I would not, could not, tell my wife about Warren! If I don’t understand my reaction to his advances, how could I explain it to her?

At home, we returned to our routines. I continued to practice my femininity under Helen’s scrutiny, but Andy was another matter. He literally *threw* himself into the task of becoming “every boy’s girl”, as Helen described it. At times, he would brush his hair into a pristine style with a satin band and wear a linen knee length dress with a lacy pinafore style bodice. In this guise, he would assume a prim attitude, sit with his knees modestly together, his skirt properly adjusted over his nylon covered thighs, and his hands folded neatly in his lap.

Other times, he would wear a ridiculously short miniskirt, a revealing blouse, garish makeup, and four-inch heels. His demeanor would become coarse, his language foul, and his manner disrespectful. He even sat with his knees apart and his *assets* in full view! I never knew from one minute to the next what type girl he would try to emulate next!

During this time, Helen threw herself into her work with a vengeance. Except when she was explaining some aspect of femininity to me or teaching Andy how to become a multifaceted girl, she seemed moody and distant. There were even times when she wouldn’t come home for a couple of days, claiming she had

to work ungodly hours. Instead of making the drive home, she slept at a nearby motel, which made sense, sort of...I guess.

A couple of weeks after returning home, Andy received a telephone call from Doug. "Oh Mom!" he cried after hanging up, "Doug wants to take me to a dance Saturday night. Can I go? Please!"

What could I say? Obviously this young boy infatuated Andy, so I agreed if he would promise to be home by midnight. "Oh, thank you, Mom," he cried as he gave me a kiss on the cheek and ran to his room.

When Helen got home, Andy rushed up to her and gushed, "Guess what, Aunt Helen! Doug is taking me to a dance!" He was jumping about excitedly and his short skirt swirled enticingly about his nylon covered thighs.

"That sounds great, sweetheart, but have you considered the problems?"

"Problems? What problems?"

"What will you wear? How will you style your hair? Are you sure you know how to apply and maintain evening makeup? Have you considered things like jewelry, accessories, or shoes? Can you dance as a girl?"

"Oh, Aunt Helen...I didn't think...I didn't know..."

"That's okay, sweetie," Helen cooed, "This is merely a challenge. We will rise to the occasion with the help of your mother."

"My help?" I stammered, "I don't know anything about teen dresses, makeup, hairstyles, or jewelry!"

"Of course you don't, but as a man, you were quite an accomplished ballroom dancer. Go put on slacks and a pair of flats while Candi and I do some planning."

In my room, I quickly removed my skirt, blouse, and slip. Looking in my full-length mirror at my image in my bra, panties,

garter belt, nylons, and heels, I mused, “Helen wants me to be a man and teach my son to dance as a girl, but how can I be a man looking like *this*? Oh well, here goes.” I sighed in resignation as I kicked off my heels and stepped into my slacks. After replacing my blouse, I was astonished at how snug my slacks had become about my hips as I struggled to fasten the clasp and raise the side zipper.

When I returned, Helen and Andy were chattering like magpies about every feminine topic in the book. “Good, you’re back,” Helen declared with an amused expression at seeing my discomfort in my tight pants. “I’ll put on something slow and we can start with Candi’s dance lessons.”

As the soft music began, Andy and I approached each other, and to my surprise, we both raised our left hands in the accepted manner to receive a feminine dance partner.

“No, no, no!” Helen scolded upon seeing Andy’s faux pas, “Candi, you must remember that a lady offers her right hand to her gentleman partner and places her left hand on his shoulder. This sort of blunder will betray your secret, so you must be ever on guard. Now, let’s try again.”

“I...I’m sorry, Aunt Helen.”

“That’s okay, we’re here to learn. Now, move close to your partner so you can feel his body and follow his every move.”

“But Aunt Helen, this is my Da...my *Mom!*”

“If that’s a problem, close your eyes and pretend you’re dancing with Doug, but do it. Concentrate on your lessons. Forget about leading and learn to follow.”

After half an hour or so, Andy was floating about the floor in my arms and following my lead as well as most women I had danced with. “Okay,” Helen injected, “Let’s speed up the music and add a few turns. Candi, don’t try to move too fast through the turns. Just follow your partner’s lead and stay in step with the music.”

Easier said than done! Andy had trouble making the turns in his heels and he stumbled several times. One time, he tripped and fell to the floor. When I bent over to help him up, I received a shock when the seam of my tight pants split down the back from my waist to my crotch! Totally embarrassed, I ran from the room with my silky nylon panties in full view of my wife and feminized son, both of whom were laughing hysterically.

Not wanting to risk another pair of slacks, I opted for a full knee-length skirt that offered considerably more freedom of movement than the slacks I had worn previously. When Andy said he couldn't dance with a man in a skirt, Helen said, "If you can imagine that your mother is a man in slacks, you can pretend she's a man in a skirt. Now let's try again."

After practicing intently for another hour, Andy was getting more graceful, but he still needed lots more work, especially with the turns. "Okay, ladies," Helen decided, "Time for bed. This is Wednesday, so you have two full days to practice your dance technique. Candi, during your breaks, try on all your nice dresses and try to select just the perfect one. Saturday will be set aside for your hair, nails, and makeup. I'll call Gina, the girl who styled your hair last time for an appointment."

"But Aunt Helen, she knows I'm...I'm..."

"Don't worry. She said she would keep your secret if you let her be your personal beautician, didn't she? Also, if you need anything like clothes, accessories, jewelry, or makeup, we can pick them up after your beauty appointment."

"But, Aunt Helen..."

"No more complaints unless you want to cancel your date!" Helen declared emphatically. That did it. Full of mixed emotions, Andy lowered his head and gloomily headed for his room.

Although I felt strange teaching my son to dance as a girl while we both wore skirts, we worked diligently for the next two days. First, I had to break his habit of leading and teach him to

follow. As he repeated the routine time and again, it gradually became natural.

In the beginning, he was hesitant and unsure of his steps, but he soon caught on and began having fun. As he pirouetted merrily, his ponytail would swing out and his full skirt would swirl up and away to reveal the tops of his nylons, and sometimes, the lacy hem of his silky panties.

When I cautioned him not to be too brazen, he would blush brightly and giggle, “Oh Mom...”

For his date, Andy wore a lovely, white rayon dress that was decorated with black flowers. The scoop neckline showed a hint of cleavage, but its most important feature, as far as he was concerned, was the full, mid-thigh length skirt that swirled out saucily when he twirled through the lively dance steps.

His hair was styled with soft curled bangs across his forehead. The sides flowed attractively over his ears, while the back fell saucily down onto his shoulders. For accessories, he wore gold hoop earrings and a gold chain necklace with a small pendant at his neck.

“I hope I can make those tricky turns in these four inch spikes without stumbling all over the place,” he sighed while preening before his mirror.

“Just relax and you’ll be fine,” Helen assured him.

“Don’t relaxed so much that you forget about your full skirt,” I cautioned. “If you aren’t careful, it will swirl up and expose your panties.”

“Oh, Eve, don’t be such a prude!” Helen admonished.

“That’s right, Mom!” Andy agreed, “Doug saw me in my bikini at the pool, so what’s the big deal about him getting a glimpse of my panties when I twirl on the dance floor? Anyway, I read in one of my teen magazines that a discreet flash of nylon

and lace is a shrewd way to keep your date smitten with your charms.”

“That’s right,” Helen agreed with a chuckle, “Females have used that little trick to keep men sexually aroused for centuries. The poor dears never catch on!”

“You mean, it makes them horny!” Andy giggled.

“That doesn’t mean you have to make a spectacle of yourself!” I scoffed. “Not long ago, you were ashamed if anyone knew you wore panties. Now, you want the whole world in on your secret! I swear, I don’t understand your attitude, young lady!” I called my son a young lady! What was happening to me?

When Doug arrived to pick Andy up, he gasped, “Wow, Candi, you’re even prettier than I remembered.”

“Oh, thank you, Doug. You say the nicest things, and I just love it.”



Despite his initial reluctance to wear dresses, Andy was becoming a lovely, socially active, teenage girl.

Helen was at work the next morning when Andy came down to breakfast. Apparently unashamed, he wore his silky babydoll nightie and a transparent nylon negligee that did little to hide his pert feminine breasts. He was on pins and needles as he related the events of the previous evening.

“Doug took me to the teen dance club and introduced me to lots of other kids our age. They accepted me as a girl...*Doug's* girl, and nobody ridiculed me for being a guy in a dress.”

“How did the dancing go?”

“Oh Mom, it was wonderful! Doug is a great dancer. He did some different steps than you taught me, but I felt his body and easily followed his lead. Even though the steps were different, I didn't stumble even once in my heels!”

I looked at my son as he gushed away, while wrapping a long strand of hair in his fingers. “Are you sure this is what you want?” I queried. “Remember how you laughed at me and called me a sissy when you first saw me wearing skirts? Don't you remember swearing that you would never dress as a girl when Helen first suggested that you adopt the same disguise?”

“Yes, but then I didn't know how stimulating soft sensuous clothes would feel against my skin,” he bubbled as he hugged himself through his silky nightie, making his breasts appear large and full. “I couldn't imagine how aroused I would become when he stuck his tongue in my ear or gave me a long, lingering, wet kiss. Oh Mom, I never had this much fun as a guy! I want to wear dresses and skirts and be a girl forever!”

My son had disappeared and this lovely girl had taken his place! The sparkle in her eyes and the flush of her cheeks were testament that she would never be masculine again. I had lost a son and gained a daughter, only they were the same person!

Chapter 16

Since Helen took over my sports car, I was left her Neon to drive. I used it to shop for groceries and run errands, but having only a male driver's license, I was afraid of being pulled over by the police. The trip to San Diego taught me that I passed quite well in public, so the first thing I did after returning home was to apply for a driver's license as a woman. To my surprise, it was

ridiculously easy to acquire. Nobody questioned my identity, and soon, I had a license in the name of Eve Marie Foster, *Female!*

While applying my feminine makeup, I looked deeply at the woman in my mirror and saw little, if any, masculinity! Would I, could I ever be a man again? My breasts had matured to full C-cup, so they would be slow to disappear. My eyebrows probably would never return to their former fullness, and my beard was history. My hair hung long and luxuriously about my shoulders, my face had a peaches and cream complexion, and my brows and lashes were shaped and coated into attractive feminine attributes.



I examined myself in my mirror and saw an attractive woman. Why not let the world see the woman I had become.

The real problem was that as I looked deeply into the reflection of my eyes, I only saw a female. A shiver raced up my back

as I realized that physically returning to masculinity might be a moot point. Something basic, something psychological had changed inside of me. Although I would never see him again, had Warren opened a door to my femininity...or rather closed a door to my masculinity? I needed to talk with Helen about what was happening to me. Surely she could straighten me out, as she controlled every other aspect of my transformation.

One day, Helen called to say that she was not returning home because of work. I was feeling bored, so I decided to surprise her by dressing to the hilt and meeting her for dinner. My plan was to surprise her and take her to a nearby restaurant before she had to return to work. “After all,” I reasoned, “She *has* to eat!

I took special care with my hair and makeup so no one at her office would equate me with the file clerk they laid off six months before. After a long luxurious bath, I sat before my vanity mirror and examined myself for flaws or signs of my former male self. I gazed at the feminine creature that reflected back at me and wondered how I had let myself become so feminine.

I took my time dressing for my surprise meeting. I selected my favorite outfit, a skirt and blouse combination that Helen had complimented me on many times. The blouse was a cream silk with a plunging neckline that exposed substantial cleavage without being too risqué. With the low-cut blouse, I had to wear a demi-cup bra, but the silky blouse felt so sensuous against my skin. My skirt was a lovely patterned creation that hugged my hips and stopped well above my knees to provide an unhindered view of my shapely nylon encased thighs enhanced to provocative femininity by my stilt heel pumps. A matching jacket set off the outfit, giving it a sophisticated air.

I applied my makeup carefully, watching how each stroke enhanced and refined my feminine image. Mascara made my lashes appear long, full, and separate, while eyeliner highlighted my eyes and gave them a large and soulful countenance. Two shades of eyeshadow finished my eyes and gave them a mystifying presence. Dark crimson lipstick gave my lips a luscious fullness and a

“come hither and kiss me” sparkle. For accessories, I added earrings, a necklace, a bracelet, a watch, and two rings.

After adding an alluring perfume, I grabbed my favorite purse and made sure it contained all the *essentials*. Almost as an after thought, I arranged a few curls about my ears and I was ready to surprise Helen.



Despite my initial aversions about dressing and presenting myself as a woman, I felt pride at the attractive person who gazed back at me from the mirror. I felt a bit uneasy as I drove along the open highway in my provocative ensemble, even with my new driver's license in my purse.

I valet parked my car a block from where Helen worked. I still felt self-conscious about the stares and lewd comments I occasionally received from lustful men. I brushed my skirt to remove wrinkles and strolled toward the building where she works.

A slight breeze felt nice as it blew my skirt about my legs. My heels made a staccato clicking as I strode along the

sidewalk. I looked about to see if anyone was staring, but all I saw was the occasional look of an admiring man.

I was almost at Helen’s building when I heard someone shout, “Eve! Eve, wait up!”

I looked back and my heart jumped into my throat. Warren from the convention was waving for me to wait up. A flood of thoughts raced through my mind as he ran to catch up with me. What was he doing here? Had he followed me? What did he want?



I should have dashed into the nearest entrance, done anything to avoid him, but I didn't. I turned towards him and submissively waited. “Eve! I’ve been desperate to see you again since that fabulous night on the beach,” he breathlessly proclaimed. “I’ve thought of little else but you since that night.”

“What...what are you doing here, Warren?” I asked.

“I work here,” he simply stated, “I thought you knew that I was attending the convention when we met.”

“Oh, of course, how stupid of me!” The idea that he might work in the same building as Helen hadn’t occurred to me.

I looked at his handsome face, and the same warm tingling feelings I felt on the beach returned. His clear, sharp eyes, strong chin, and deep voice warmed my soul. My heart started to pound.

Did I find this man sexually attractive? Surely that time on the beach was a one-time affair triggered by loneliness. If that were true, why was my face flushed and why was my heart racing so?

“I can’t talk now, I’m meeting my wi...er...my *sister*,” I stammered as I turned and walked away.



Eve, let me call you,” Warren called after me as I turned to walk away

Chasing after me, Warren called out, “Can I call you sometime? Maybe we could talk over dinner.”

“Talk?” I suddenly became interested.

“I promise that’s all we’ll do,” he pledged. “I respect you too much to try anything again. Call me.” He handed me a business card with his telephone number on it.

“Okay,” I agreed in an effort to leave, “Call me sometime.” I definitely had to tell Helen about Warren and get her advice on how to handle him.

Feeling relieved at getting away without serious damage being done, I resumed my walk toward Helen's office. My encounter with Warren had delayed my arrival and I almost missed her. She was making her way out of the building, but to my surprise, she and Roger were walking side by side, arm in arm, and she was snuggling into him!

“EEEEEE...” I squealed upon seeing their intimate actions. Now I knew why Helen had to work late so often and why she didn't come home some nights. Since I had become impotent, was she starved for intimacy with a *real man*?

Attracted by my scream, Helen looked my way and saw me. Her face changed from loving admiration for Roger to a startled ashen fright. She knew her unfaithful interludes had been exposed and her secret was out!



Their embrace revealed a lot more than just friendship between Helen and Roger

Roger saw the reason for Helen's panic. Taking her in his arms, he quickly whisked her away. I suppose he didn't want to create a scene on the street in front of their business office.

Tears gushed from my eyes! Too much was happening too quickly. Warren wanted me as a woman, Helen was being unfaithful, and I was trapped in the guise of a woman. More than that, my son had a boyfriend and wanted to live as a girl. More than that, the whole scenario was my own damn fault! My world was collapsing around me. I had to run! I had to hide! But where could I go?

I was overwrought with anger, shame, and dismay at seeing my wife passionately lavishing her affections on another man, even if I *was* wearing a dress, soft lingerie, makeup, heels, and carrying a purse. Tears filled my eyes as I made my way back to the car and drove away. How could I have allowed myself to become so feminine and impotent that my wife had to seek intimacy in the arms of another man, a *real* man? Had it really been months since I last performed my masculine duty in bed?

No one was home when I arrived and the house felt like an empty shell. I collapsed on the sofa thinking of all the events of the past months as I changed from virile husband to...to what? A feminine *sister* to my own wife! What would I, what could I say when she came home?

I really didn't want to think about it. My head hurt from shock. Andy...uh...Candi was still on a date with his boyfriend, Doug, and I didn't want him to see me in this state. Furthermore, I didn't want him to know what I had seen or what had happened to my marriage. In agony, I locked myself in my bedroom and took a soothing bath. Afterward, I slipped into a long silky nightgown and cried myself to sleep.

Chapter 17

I didn't hear Candi come home, although I heard him puttering around the kitchen the next morning. With blearily eyes, I got out of bed and prepared to join him. I slipped into my negligee for modesty, applied my makeup, and brushed my hair. Upon arriving in the kitchen, I found my cheery faced son preparing to take his daily hormone supplement.

Not surprisingly, he was dressed totally as a girl in a chic flower print sundress and moderate heels. His hair and makeup were femininely perfect and his smooth, nylon encased legs were very attractive. “Hi, Mom,” he greeted happily as he washed the pills down with a glass of orange juice.

I didn’t want to burden him with my problems, so I put on a happy face and asked why he was dressed so nicely this early in the morning. “Oh, didn’t I tell you? Doug is picking me up in a few minutes. A bunch of us kids are taking his father’s yacht to the island for the day. I probably won’t be home until after dark. It is okay for me to go, isn’t it?”

“Oh, of course. Doug seems like a nice boy, but shouldn’t you eat something before you go?”

“Oh no, Mom!” he smiled, “I have to be careful of my weight. You know what they say. If a girl doesn’t watch her figure, neither will the boys!”

“Okay, but be careful. Boys have only one thing on their minds where cute girls are concerned.”

“I know, mother,” he giggled, “I used to be a boy, remember? Anyway, we’ll be with a bunch of other kids, so he won’t get too frisky.”

After Andy left, I went to my room and changed into soft silky lingerie and one of my favorite dresses. Deep in thought about Helen and Roger, I sat at my vanity and stared into the mirror. As if in a trance, I applied my makeup, sprayed myself with a pleasant perfume, attached attractive pendants to my pierced ears, fastened a stylish necklace around my neck, and stepped into three-inch pumps. I knew Helen wouldn’t be home until later in the day, if at all. Still, we had to have a confrontation sooner or later and I wanted to look nice.



I knew that I would think more clearly if I took a walk. In my absentminded state of mind, I didn't consider that high heels weren't the most ideal walking shoes, which became abundantly clear after only a few blocks, so I slowed to a more leisurely pace.

I don't know how far I walked before I thought of Warren's card in my purse. He had offered a sympathetic ear and a shoulder to lean on. "He seemed so understanding, why don't I give him a call?" I pondered.

I fished through my lipstick, powder, mirror, compact, brush, comb, and tissues, things I never carried as a man, looking for Warren's card in my purse. Finally finding it in a side pocket, I located a public telephone and dialed his number. I could only hope his offer was still valid after my rude manners yesterday.

After I identified myself, his secretary connected me without hesitation. "Hello, Warren?" I stammered, "This...this is Eve."

"Yes, I know!" he exclaimed in a jovial tone, "My secretary has explicit instructions to put your calls through without delay, no matter how busy I am. It's wonderful to hear from you. I was worried. You seemed really distraught when I ran into you yesterday."

The sound of his strong, masculine voice cheered me up immediately. "I know," I sighed, "I...I was overcome with personal problems."

“How are you now?” concern dripped from his voice.

“I...I’m okay, I guess, but...but I really could use a sympathetic shoulder to lean on. Could you...would you meet me for a talk? You did offer...”

“Where are you?” he interrupted.

“I don’t know. I’ve been walking and thinking for quite awhile. Let’s see, I’m in front of the Tower building.”

“I’ll pick you up and we can go for a drink and have that talk.”

“Okay...”

“Great! I’ll meet you at the northwest corner of Fifth and Main in half an hour. That’s just over a block from your present location. I’ll be driving a gold Jaguar, so keep an eye out.”

My heart was beating a mile a minute as I slowly strolled to the designated meeting place. I hoped Warren wouldn’t become overly amorous. I needed a sympathetic ear, not an evening beating off his roving hands.

I passed some construction workers while walking to the corner. As rough and rugged men are prone to do, they gave out with appreciative wolf whistles and



catcalls. “Wow! Baby, where have you been all my life?” “Hey, gorgeous, want a man tonight?”



Strangely, I felt pride in my feminine appearance, unlike the time I was deeply embarrassed at similar attention only a few months ago when I first ventured forth in a dress. Had I changed so much in such a short time? Had I become so feminine that I liked to receive masculine admiration?

Some of the construction workers became bold when they saw me waiting at the corner. Did they think I was deliberately lingering about to entice them?

I was thankful when Warren’s car pulled up to the curb. Warren heard the men whistling when my skirt rode up to expose my nylon covered thighs as I climbed into his car. I tried to keep my short skirt in the respectable range, but needless to say, I lost that battle!

“Don’t take them serious,” Warren grinned while taking an appreciative look at my exposed limbs. “Men always make fools of themselves over gorgeous women. I’m no exception, especially where you’re concerned.”

I blushed at his reference to me as a gorgeous woman, then I thanked him for picking me up. “I...I need someone to talk with...and I...I...” I stammered.

“No excuses are needed, Eve,” Warren soothed, “I want to get to know

you better. How can I do that better than listening to you? I was really worried when you left so suddenly yesterday.”



A slight breeze whispered about my legs as I saw Warren’s car round the corner. Thankfully he showed up quickly as I was beginning to worry about those horny construction workers.

“I...I’m sorry,” I whispered, “but Helen, my si...sister, really upset me yesterday.”

As he pulled in front of an exclusive bar, he said, “Yeah, I gathered that. I saw you crying after Helen and Roger walked away. I wondered what happened. Wait here, I’ll bribe the waitress to seat us in a secluded area to assure privacy while we continue our conversation.”

I was really impressed with the way Warren handled himself in the restaurant. He did as he said he would, conducting himself in the strong, authoritative manner of one accustomed to handling authority and getting what he wants.

Once we were comfortably seated, he ordered drinks before saying, "Okay, what is upsetting you so much, Eve? Am I the source of your pain? You seem to fall into violent crying spells whenever I'm near. Your reaction to my advances on the beach and the way you abruptly ran off yesterday suggests that I'm the problem. Still, I don't know what I've done or why you called me to pick you up if that is so."

"Oh...no, Warren..." I cried, "It's not you at all! At least nothing you've done..." I lowered my eyes, not wanting to see the tears starting to form.

I really didn't know what I wanted when I called him. All I knew was that I needed a sympathetic ear and he was always kind and caring with me. Now that we were seated, I was at a loss at what to say. Surely I couldn't tell him my story, yet that was the center of my problems...and the reason I brush away his advances.

Warren waited patiently while I downed a couple of drinks. Finally, he asked, "Well...if it's not me, what has you so upset?"

"T...this is really difficult to talk about, Warren," I stammered, shyly avoiding eye contact. "I never wanted to...to deceive you. I hope you won't...won't hate me..."

Warren took my small, soft, manicured hands in his large masculine hands and assured, "Oh, Eve, I could never hate you, so please tell me what is troubling you. I promise to help in any way possible."

When I didn't respond, he tactfully inquired, "Is it Helen? I saw you get hysterical when you saw Roger's public display of affection toward her. Look, I'm a big boy and I can take bad news. I know you are sisters, but are the two of you having a...a thing?"

“Oh no, Warren!” I cried. “It’s nothing like...like *that!*”

“Why don’t you tell me then?” he whispered as he took my chin in his hand and lifted my face to look directly into his eyes. “Who knows, maybe I can help.”

“Nobody can help!” I cried as tears filled my eyes.

Taking the handkerchief out of his pocket and handing it to me in gentlemanly fashion, he soothed, “You said you needed to talk, and you must have trusted me or you wouldn’t have called. So, tell me. What could possibly make a beautiful lady so distraught?”

“I...I...I’m not really Helen’s sister,” I whimpered.

“How could that possibly be such a big deal?”

“I...I’m her...her husband!” I whispered in words that were barely audible.

Warren’s face turned from surprise to shock and back again. “Helen’s *husband*? You’re kidding, right?”

“No matter how much I look like a woman, I’m really a man,” I whispered, large tears rolling down my cheeks. “That’s why I ran away from you on the beach. I just couldn’t let you find out the awful truth about me. I know I deceived you, but believe me, that was never my intention.”

Warren gasped as he released my hands and fell back in his seat. “A...a *man*? How can that be?” he gasped.

“Drinks are over, right!” I sighed as I picked up my purse and endeavored to leave before he lost his cool and started calling me names...or *worse*.

“Come back, Eve! You can’t drop a bomb like that and just walk away!” I heard Warren say. “Sit down and tell me how this incredible ruse came about.” Thankfully, his voice never rose above a whisper, so my secret was not being broadcast all over the bar.

I sighed as I returned my purse and resumed my seat. "It's a long story and even now, I can't believe it most of the time without looking in the mirror," I stuttered as tears filled my eyes and threatened to ruin my makeup.

"You're still married...to Helen?" his eyes were as wide as saucers as he handed me a handkerchief and studied every detail of my face and body while I gently blotted my tears.

"Y...yes..." I whispered, "Although we haven't acted as husband and wife for months now."

"Are...are you one of those...transsexuals?" he muttered, "You know, a woman in a man's body who wants to be a woman?"

"No, I've never considered myself to be anything but a man. I was happy being a man and never thought of myself as anything else...that is until I became like *this!*" I replied while sweeping my brightly colored fingers over my body for emphasis.

"Then how...how did you get to look so...so drop dead *gorgeous?*" he queried while trying to comprehend that the woman sitting across from him was, in reality, a guy like himself.

"It's a long story," I whispered in a barely audible voice.

"For Gawd's sake, tell me!" he exclaimed while motioning to the waitress to bring another round of drinks. "After that build-up, wild horses couldn't drag me away! Start from the beginning and don't leave out a single detail!"

I spent the better part of two hours explaining the events that led to my feminization, our meeting at the convention, and seeing Helen in the arms of Roger the day before. A deep frown crossed his face as I ended with our meeting outside his office building.

During my diatribe, Warren spoke only to ask for clarification every so often. When I finished, he sat thinking for a long moment before reflecting, "Let me see if I understand. Helen pressured you to find a job, but you weren't really interested in finding employment. Then, when you lost all that money, she sug-

gested that you dress as a woman to hide from the mobsters. When they came close to discovering your identity, she encouraged you to take hormones to enhance your feminine disguise. To prevent them from finding you through your son, she suggested that he wear dresses as well. Now, after you developed into a beautiful woman and Andy became a teenage bombshell, she shows up with a handsome lover.”

“That’s pretty much it,” I admitted with a blush. “Helen has been great throughout this ordeal. I don’t know what I would have done without her. I just wish she hadn’t...”

“I see. Well, where do you go from here?”

“After spending the past months just trying to survive the present, I hadn’t thought about the future. The idea of what I would do when my masquerade ended hadn’t crossed my mind. I guess I’d always thought I’d take off my feminine finery, step into pants, and resume my role as a man, Helen’s husband, and Andy’s father.”

“The past few days, however, exposed several flaws in that scenario. Candi had taken Andy’s place, as she no longer wishes for him to exist. As for me, Helen had traded me in for a more virile man who can satisfy her needs. At best, when I return to being a man, I will be divorced and have a lovely daughter to support. Also, there was the problem with Sid that started this charade.”

“I...I don’t know,” I whispered, “Obviously, I have to confront Helen about her relationship with Roger and the awful turmoil that will surely come from that. I have to resolve my problems with Sid, and I can’t leave Andy...I mean, Candi, stranded. I don’t know what to do or which way to turn.”

Suddenly the burden of the changes in my life weighed so heavily on my shoulders that I broke into tears. Unable to hold back longer, my body shook with sobs. As if I were a real woman, Warren moved to my side of the table, took me in his

arms, and whispered in my ear, “Go ahead and cry, Eve, darling. Nobody can see or hear you in this booth.”

Through my tears and pain, I felt warm and secure in his arms. His arm felt good about my waist and I leaned my head on his shoulders as I tried to control my sudden outburst of emotion. I leaned into him for a couple of minutes before I finally composed myself.

Warren paid the bill, then led me to his car, which had already been brought to the front of the restaurant. I sat in silence as he drove me home.

“I have to think about the things you told me,” he declared as we approached my home. “Don’t confront Helen until you hear from me again. If she shows up, say you are disappointed with her behavior, but you don’t feel like discussing it tonight. After that, just go to bed and get some rest. Your nerves must be completely frazzled. Trust me to work on your problem for a day or so and I’ll get back to you.”

I agreed to follow his advice as he pulled up in front of my house. “Don’t worry, Eve. Things have a way of working out,” he took my hands. Before I could react, he drew me to him and planted a soft, soulful kiss on my lips.

I wanted to draw away, but didn’t! This couldn’t be happening! I am a guy... a heterosexual guy like him, a married man, no less. Yet, I couldn’t deny the warm feelings flooding through me at his touch, at the touch of his lips on mine. The tender kiss seemed to last forever. I closed my eyes and absorbed the healing feelings of warmth and tenderness I received from him. Finally our lips parted and I exited his car with a final touch of his lips to mine.

As I walked to the door, I looked over my shoulder at Warren sitting in his car watching me. Did he call me ‘darling’ in the restaurant? I tried to remember.

Chapter 18

I heard voices from the living room and was about to sneak up to my room when I recognized Candi squealing with delight. My curiosity got the better of me and I went to investigate.



Candi held Doug's hand as they spoke to Helen and Roger. Her eyes sparkled as she lovingly gazed at Doug.

To my horror, Helen was sitting on the sofa holding hands with Roger. Candi stood beside Doug, holding his hand. No one noticed my presence as Helen smiled brightly and said, "I'm so happy for you, Candi."

Suddenly, Candi noticed my presence and she cried, "Mother! Are you okay?" Everyone turned toward me at her remark.

Helen started to say something, but I interrupted, “Yes...yes, I’m fine. I’m tired, so I’m going to bed.” I turned on my heels and exited the room.

Roger and Helen looked at each other, but they chose to keep quiet with the youngsters in the room. I wearily went to my room and removed my clothes. A few minutes later, Candi knocked at my door and asked to enter. I really didn’t want company, but I reluctantly let her in.



I didn’t want to talk, but Candi was insistent. Why was my once proud son so smitten by his femininity?

“Mom, are you okay?” Candi asked with concern written all over her face. “Aunt Helen told me about you seeing her and Roger yesterday. I was completely shaken because I knew it would devastate you.”

“You seem to have recovered quite well,” I offered off-hand, referring to the giggling display that I’d walked in on.

Candi was shaken by my remark. “Oh, mother, don’t think like that! Everything is not as it appears! You know that I’ve never liked Helen and my opinion of her hasn’t changed, even though she gave me a lot of helpful dressing and makeup hints. Now, I feel her actions toward you justify my low opinion.”

“Then why the friendly display downstairs?” I dabbed a hankie at my dripping eyes.

“I have something wonderful to tell you!” she gushed. “I hoped to tell you first, but you weren’t home. Roger and Helen just happened to be in the living room when Doug and I came home to find you.”

“Yes?” I urged her to continue.

“We were so excited that we couldn’t keep it from them. After all, Roger is Doug’s father! You came in as Doug was telling them that I agreed to be his girlfriend!”

“Roger and Doug are father and son?” I gasped.

“Yeah!” she gushed, “Small world, isn’t it? When Doug told them about us, I think it caught them off guard because neither of them even knew we were dating each other.”

“Us?” I questioned, “What us...?”

“Doug and I,” Candi giggled like a schoolgirl, “He asked me to go steady with him and I agreed. I wanted you to be the first to know, but...”

“Steady?” I gasped, “Are you sure? You are a boy too, remember?”

Candi wrapped her arms about her body, and cooed, “Oh yes Mom, I’m sure! You simply must forget about me being your son. I’m a girl now, and your daughter. I’ll never be a boy again! I love Doug and I want to spend as much time with him as possi-

ble. I want to experience all the things girls' experience. I want time to learn if Doug is really the guy for me. Going steady allows me all those things!"

"I...I'm happy for you, I guess," I stammered, unsure of the things she was proposing. I did know, however, that I wanted my child to be happy and she seemed so deeply happy at that moment. "After all, I *am* responsible for you becoming a girl."

"Don't beat yourself up over the past," Candi sighed as she gave me an affectionate hug. Anyway, you've changed too, even if you aren't willing to admit it yet. Don't feel so bad about Helen, she never was any good for you. I knew it from the beginning, but I could never convince you. You need someone who really loves you...for *you*, not for what you represent or what you can provide. How about the man you met at the convention? Your eyes sparkled when you told me about him."

A deep blush raced down my face when she mentioned Warren. I had told Candi about our meeting at the dance, but I never got into the details. Obviously, I transmitted much more than I intended. "Warren?" I stammered, "I...I...he's a guy."

"Of course, he's a guy," Candi giggled, "And you are a woman...now!"

"I...this is a disguise," I stammered, "I'm really a..."

"Oh, don't do that guy stuff with me!" Candi rebuffed, "I see what I see and I know what I know. You are no longer a man. You're a woman and my mother in more than just name and dress. Admit it! You feel like a woman now and you found this Warren very attractive, didn't you?"

"I...I..." I couldn't answer.

"Well you can continue kidding yourself about being a guy and being attracted to women, but I know differently. I have to go now, but let's continue this conversation later. I don't want to leave Doug in Helen's devious grasp for too long. Who knows what absurdity she might feed his innocent mind? Why, I

wouldn't put it past her to trick him into wearing dresses so she could turn us into girlfriends!"

"You don't blame her for what happened to us, do you?"

"Don't I? Anyway, I have to go. See you, Mom!"

"The mob was after me. Helen only helped with our disguises."

"On the surface, that appears to be true, but I'll bet she was behind our transformations into females...somehow!"

We kissed before she left. I didn't know whether her visit cheered me up or not, but it did leave me with lots of food for thought. I was grateful that she still thought of me as her parent...even though it was as her mother.



Wearing only a sexy nightgown, Helen led Roger into her bedroom and the bed I shared with her a few months earlier.

I slipped into my favorite babydoll nightie, and waited until I heard the front door close. I figured Doug and Candi had left and surely Roger was gone too. In accordance with Warren's instructions, I didn't want a confrontation with Helen, so I decided to slip downstairs for a glass of milk. I barely opened my bedroom door when I heard footsteps down the hall. Peeking through a crack in the door, I saw Helen wearing a slinky nightgown, leading Roger into her bedroom! Obviously, they had more on their minds than conversation.

Depression suddenly overcame me. My wife was taking her lover to bed in the same bed we had shared only months before. Even worse, she was doing it knowing full well that I was in the house. Had she no shame?



I was so miserable! My wife was in the next room making love with another man because I had become too feminine to perform this masculine act!

After that scene, I lost all thought of refreshments. All I wanted to do was die! I was so...so depressed that I lay on my bed and let rivers of tears stream down my cheeks. I tossed and turned most of the night, but I finally fell asleep and slept late into the morning.

Candi looked in on me and lightly brushed my hair when she found me still in bed. She obviously knew that Roger had spent the night. When she saw my tear streaked face, she deduced that I also knew of Helen's indiscretions.

She whispered in my ear, "I'm sorry, mom, but Helen's such a slut! She is not worthy of you. They have gone, so you can get up now. I don't know how, but I'm sure everything will work out all right, even though it looks pretty dark at the moment."

She stayed a few minutes longer before saying that she was leaving. She and some girlfriends were going shopping, but she would check in on me later.

After she left, I took a soothing bath, letting my cares soak away. I knew my marriage was toast, but I didn't have a clue about what to do or where I would go from here. Obviously, I couldn't stay here with Helen bringing her lover home in front of my face. After all, I did have *some* pride left!

I was about to get dressed when I received a phone call from Warren. When he asked how I fared the night, I couldn't help blurting out the whole mess from Candi's assertions to Helen taking Roger into her bedroom! When everything was out in the open, I said I didn't want to burden him with my problems, but I appreciated his understanding and comforting shoulder.

"I hope to provide more than a comfortable shoulder for you to lean onto in the future," he firmly stated, "How about meeting me for lunch?"

"Today?" I gasped.

"Yes, it's very important! I have a private dining alcove in the executive dining room. Meet me there at say 12.30?"

“Uh...I guess so,” I stammered, my heart suddenly racing at the thought of seeing him again.

“Good! See you there,” he signed off.

I looked at the clock and realized I only had an hour and a half to get ready and down to his office. I looked at my face, at my soulful eyes from all the crying, and knew it would take a yeoman’s task with makeup to make myself look presentable. Although no one would know what I wore beneath my dress, I wanted to look and feel sexy for Warren. With that in mind, I put on my sexiest panties and a push up bra that emphasized my breasts to their full potential.

I skimmed through the many dresses in my closet before deciding on one of my favorites, an off the shoulder silk dress with a flaring skirt that swung just above my dimpled knees. My three and a-half-inch sling pumps that matched the chosen dress made my legs appear long and sexy.

After sweeping my hands over my skirt to straighten out any wrinkles, I sat at my vanity to apply my makeup. I paid particular attention to hiding any traces of the haggard look resulting from my crying bouts of the past two days. I was determined to enjoy this afternoon and I would start out by looking as ravishing as possible!

I arrived where Warren worked ten minutes early. The receptionist apparently knew I was coming because she gave me a friendly smile and directed me to the elevator that would take me to the penthouse where Warren’s office was located. “Boy, Warren must be important around here for his office to be in such a prestige location,” I thought as the elevator ascended to the top floor.

When I made my exit, a very attractive young woman wearing a business suit with a mid-thigh length skirt met me. She was obviously aware of my visit as she smiled brightly and asked, “Hello, Miss Foster. Mr. Davidson has some unfinished business

to conclude before lunch. He will join you shortly. May I get you a drink while you wait?"

"N...no, thank you," I said, finally learning Warren's last name.

"Have a seat, Miss," she directed me to some plush couches in the foyer just out of sight of the elevator.

I thumbed through some magazines on the table while waiting for Warren to finish his business. I heard the elevator arrive a couple of times, but nobody entered the area where I sat. I did overhear the conversation of a group of secretaries who were awaiting the elevator.

"Did you see that refined society lady paying the boss a visit?" one asked.

"No, but I heard she is one elegant broad," another replied.

"It's about time," a third injected, "I don't think he's had a date since his wife died two years ago."

"I don't think he's even looked at another woman till now."

"You ought to know, you've hit on him often enough!"

"Maybe so, but every dame in this place has come on to him at one time or another, married and single."

"It figures that it would take a classy babe like her to catch his eye!"

"What's going on?" I asked myself. "Those women think I'm an elegant socialite and Warren is the top dog around here! What have I gotten myself into?"

A few minutes after the secretaries boarded the elevator Warren arrived and greeted me with a very warm hug and a kiss on the cheek. "God, but you're lovely, Eve!" he whispered in my ear so his secretary couldn't hear.

I blushed at his intimate greeting and thanked him by brushing my lips across his cheek. Only afterward did I question why I'd done such a thing! "How...how can you say that after you know about me?"

"Because it's the truth," Warren replied as he led me down the hall to a secluded dining room. "This is my private alcove where I conduct business luncheons, so we won't be overheard."

We talked as an uniformed waitress served us sandwiches, salad, and drinks. I told him about what had transpired since our meeting the previous night. I concluded with, "My son...er...daughter, Candi, has fallen in love with Roger's son. I don't want to do anything that would hurt her...or him either. He seems like a really nice boy."

As we finished the lunch, Warren became grave and said, "After lunch, we are to attend a meeting to resolve some unfinished business. I don't want to tell you too much in advance, but everything will soon become evident."

"W...what do you mean?" I gasped, suddenly feeling empty. I thought he invited me to lunch because he wanted to see me. Now I learned that even he has ulterior motives.

Warren assumed a serious expression and said, "You have to be strong for the next hour or so, Eve. I am your friend, so trust me and allow me to prove it."

"I...I'll try," I gasped. His grim manner took my appetite away, so I merely sipped on my drink. "What is your position here?" I asked sweeping my hand about the room.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I own this business. Helen and Roger work for me...as did you at one time." I was taken back at this news. I didn't understand why I was here and what he wanted from me.

Warren led me to his office through a side door and had me sit in a comfortable chair beside his desk. "Ready?" he asked.

When I nodded, he pushed a button on the intercom and said, “Okay, send them in.”

My breath rushed from my lungs and I nervously adjusted my skirt when I saw Roger and Helen enter through the doorway. Their initial expressions showed they were not worried about being called into the boss’ office. That changed quickly when they saw me sitting next to Warren.

“**Ahhhh!!**” Helen gasped upon seeing me.

“What...what’s going on here?” Roger demanded as he tried to put on a brave face, even though he too was obviously deeply shaken by my presence.

“Have a seat,” Warren smoothly stated, “We need to clear up a few items. Oh, I know all about Eve and her special circumstances. In fact, she and I are...old friends. She told me everything about how and why she is whom she appears to be.”

Helen’s eyes became as large as fried eggs, her face turned white as ash, and she nearly fainted in her seat. Roger looked confused and stammered something about not knowing what was going on! I was so stunned at this sudden turn of events that I didn’t utter a word. Still, my worried expression had to reveal that I too was surprised.

“Sure you do, Roger,” Warren smoothly stated, “This meeting is about a conspiracy hatched by you and Helen. I have done some investigating into your activities over the past year. Do you mind telling me why my Chief Financial Officer is on such good terms with the mob?”

Warren’s face showed that he was deadly serious. He was a man who demanded answers and would *not* take ‘No’ for an answer. “Helen, why did you conspire with Roger to change your husband into...”

“B...but why are you interested in...?” Helen weakly asked, sweeping her hand towards me. “I mean...what makes you think we had anything to do with her transformation?”

“That’s an interesting story by itself, but just be aware that I do know Eve and that I am very concerned with the events that led to her strange...ah...*circumstance*.”

“But Warren!” Roger blurted out, “This is not what it appears. Let me explain...”

“Yes, do explain,” Warren grimly stated, “but be aware that security is investigating your business dealings and any involvement with the mob. If they find anything out of line, you will be prosecuted! Both of you!” he looked directly at Helen.

I sat wide-eyed, my mouth hanging open at Warren’s accusations. Could Warren be right? I squirmed about in my chair and tried to adjust my flimsy silk skirt to cover the dark tops of my nylons. Did Helen and Roger orchestrate my transition into femininity? Could my wife have been a perpetrator instead of a loving helpmate?

Helen and Roger looked at each other for a long moment before nodding and turning to face Warren. “Okay,” Roger sighed, “We may as well come clean.”

Helen started out. “While working together, Roger and I became *very* good friends. Even though I was married, we started with dinner and quickly became lovers. We managed to spend a lot of time together on the excuse of taking overnight business trips.”

“We agreed to a deeper commitment and my lawyer was preparing divorce papers when Dan lost his job. About this time, I learned that I would have to give him half of everything I had saved.” She refused to look at me as she spoke.

“I take it that you had accumulated a nice little nest egg,” Warren interrupted.

“Quarter mill...million, mostly from investments,” she answered.

“You...you could have paid Sid off many times over!” I gasped.

“I got really angry when Dan refused to look for another job. Since I was the only one working, I was afraid the judge would award him a large portion of my income too. The thought of him getting part of my money for doing nothing enraged me, so I tried to shame him into finding work.”

“Shame him?” Warren asked, “How?”

“Getting him to do housework,” Helen said. “Instead, he sneaked off to play cards with his buddies. He lost all his pocket money and Roger got the idea to involve Sid and his hoods in a scam. He got them to set Dan up to pretend to lose a substantial sum to them.”

“Pre...pretend?” I gasped, unable to believe what I was hearing, “You mean I was duped?”

“In a word yes...at least initially,” Helen confirmed. “After that, I got Sid’s men to hound you for the money to get you to hide from them. It worked to an extent, but I wasn’t satisfied. Mother suggested that I convince you to assume the disguise of a woman to help you hide from Sid’s men. I couldn’t believe how easily you fell for it! Whenever you grew complacent, I would get Sid’s men to come around or send some young punks to peek through the window. They would laugh uproariously whenever they saw you in your pretty dresses, frilly aprons, and makeup.”

“You mean they were laughing at me?” I gulped in embarrassment, “I thought they were telling jokes!”

“You were the joke!” Roger sneered.

“Enough of that!” Warren growled, “You are in enough trouble already. Don’t make me really angry.”

“A little added pressure from the mob and your obstinate son was off to Mother’s and a one-way trip into dresses. You sealed your fate when you agreed to take hormones. Then you saw us kissing outside the office and here we are...”

“You said Dan’s loses were pretend...initially,” Warren probed.

“Yeah,” Roger sighed, “but you can’t trust those bastards. They supported our setup until we were in too deep to back out. Yesterday, they threatened to expose our scheme if we didn’t pay them Dan’s ‘loses’.

“No honor amongst thieves, eh, Roger?” Warren grinned, “So how much is owed?”

“Over...over \$100K with accrued interest,” Helen whispered.

“\$100 thousand dollars!” I cried, “I’ll never be able to get that amount of money!”

“I don’t think you owe it, Eve,” Warren soothed, “I think the mob is expecting it from our little conspirators. Right?” he questioned Helen and Roger.

“Yeah,” Roger confirmed, “but we don’t have to pay them a red cent since you already know of our scheme.”

“Do you really think those guys are going to let you off that easy?” Warren smiled. “They’ve invested a lot of time into making your scheme work. I doubt if they are going to forgive and forget!” Helen and Roger blanched at the thought of what Sid’s roughnecks could do to them. “I suggest you pay them...quickly,” Warren finished up.

“How?” Helen’s voice quivered.

“From that little nest egg you were so protective of,” Warren suggested. “Don’t spend the remainder though. I’m sure Eve deserves the rest as a divorce settlement for what you two bastards did to her.” Warren was getting really angry now.

“B...but that’s all I’ve got. I’ll be...be broke!” Helen cried.

“Better than being broke *and* out of a job!” Warren growled, “which is exactly what you will be if you don’t give it to her as a parting gesture!”

“We...we still have our jobs?” Roger gasped.

“Yes...thanks to your son,” Warren stated. “Eve said that your son and her son...er...daughter are in love. She doesn’t want anything to taint their budding relationship. But your jobs depend on the outcome of my criminal investigation. I won’t have people working for me in positions of responsibility with ties to the mob. Be forewarned that I’ll be watching you. If you give me just one excuse, I’ll have your jobs. What you did to Eve is unforgivable!”

Looking at me, silently sitting next to their boss, Helen asked, “How...how...?”

“How come I know Eve?” Warren smiled. “Actually, you introduced us.”

“Me? I...I...” Helen puzzled.

“You took her to the convention and left her alone at the dance...” Warren took my hand and gave it a squeeze. “I couldn’t allow such a flower to sit all by herself, now could I?”

As Helen and Roger stood to leave, Warren asked Roger how he knew Sid? “He and I went to school together. He went his way and I went mine, but we kept in touch.”

“Still brothers under the skin though,” Warren finished. “By the way, be forewarned that Eve is under my protection. Don’t do anything to harm or embarrass her. You know that I can be very resourceful if provoked.” They both nodded, acknowledging the truthfulness of Warren’s warning.

The meeting finally concluded, everybody exhausted from the revelations shared around the table. Roger and Helen sorrowfully exited first, their heads between their tails, just happy to still have jobs and not be hauled off to jail in handcuffs. They knew Warren was deadly serious about keeping them under a microscope until they had proven they could be trusted again.

Chapter 19

After the room was empty save he and I, he took my hands and asked, “What are you going to do now?”

“About Helen...and Roger?” I sadly sighed. Warren quietly nodded. “Obviously it’s over between her and I,” I whispered, my gut still churning at the revelations exposed by this ‘luncheon’. “But I guess I knew that sometime ago, although I wasn’t willing to face it.”

“Of course I will offer you whatever legal and moral support you may need,” Warren squeezed my hands. “I doubt if Helen wants a court battle anymore than you do. She has a lot more to lose than you do,” he finished.

“I doubt that,” I slightly smiled, sweeping a hand over my body. “I would be traumatized by pictorial “exposures” in the local and national newspapers. I can just visualize full page blaring headlines saying, “WIFE TRANSFORMS HUSBAND INTO WOMAN!!! All the gory details inside!”

“I will never allow that to happen,” Warren assured me. After watching his performance this afternoon, I was sure he was right. He was a powerful man used to having his way.

“I appreciate that...” I sighed, starting to stand to leave.

“What about you? I mean in the immediate here and now?” Warren pressed, taking my hands again.

“I...I don’t really know,” I moaned, “Obviously, I cannot and won’t return home with Helen and Roger living there. I have to think of Candi. She can’t live in the same house with Helen and Roger without me being there. I don’t want her to live in the same house as Doug either. That’s too much temptation for a young girl like her.”

“Yeah, I bet that’s true. I’m sure Helen and Roger are headed there right now. I doubt that they returned to work after this luncheon!” Warren actually had a sly grin at his reference to the

slaughter he had wrought. “Why don’t you stay with me this evening? I have a nice home in the hills away from everyone.”

“I...I appreciate all you have done for me today, Warren, but I don’t think...” I started to decline his generous offer.

“I won’t lie by saying that nothing will happen between us,” Warren pressed. “You know how I feel about you. But I can promise that nothing will happen that you don’t want to happen. Besides, I’m better company than an oppressive hotel room.”

I thought over his offer as we walked side by side to the door. He seems like a great guy! I remembered that he didn’t press his advantage on the beach, and I did need company. The last thing I wanted was the loneliness of four strange walls after the today’s revelations. I’d go mad lying in a strange bed alone while knowing that Helen was sharing my bed again with Roger.

Finally, I agreed to his generous offer. “I’ll take the rest of the day off too,” Warren stated, “I’ll have my car brought up and we can leave immediately. That way, you won’t have to sit around the office for the rest of the day.”

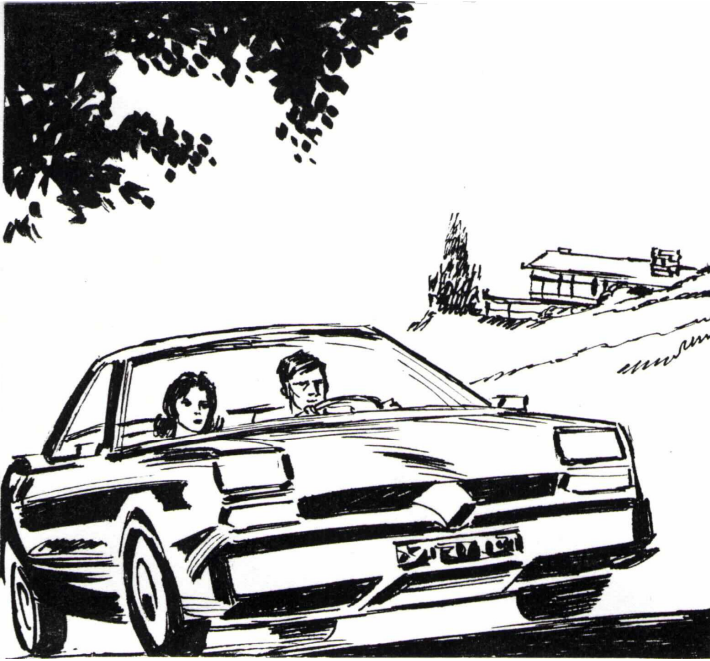
He spoke briefly to his secretary, then escorted me to his private parking center where his car was waiting for us. “I guess it’s nice to have so many people at your beckon call,” I observed as he helped me into the front seat.

“It’s one of the perks that goes with owning your own company,” he laughed, “Believe me, days like today guarantee that I earn every perk I enjoy.”

He drove out of the city, into the foothills. The city stretched below us as we neared his house. I was slowly coming down from the trauma of the afternoon encounter and was relaxing under the hypnotic spell of Warren’s pleasant company.

It was getting dark as we approached his house. I was duly impressed at how large and luxurious it was, but then he was the owner of a rather large, successful company.

He escorted me into his ‘mansion’ and showed me around. He showed me a pleasant bedroom that he said I could stay in as long as I wanted. It really was a lovely place.



The city lights flickered behind us as we approached Warren’s luxurious home.

We went into his den, where he started the fireplace and poured us drinks. I loved the dry white wine he handed me. I felt my worries melt away as we sat next to each other talking and sipping our drinks.

“You know how I feel about you, Eve,” Warren whispered in my ear.

The wine must have started playing with my senses because my warning antenna didn’t spring to attention. I felt so warm, relaxed, and comfortable that I sighed at his soft words, looked into his eyes, and cooed, “I...I find you...you most appealing too, Warren.”

“Appealing...like you find me attractive?” he pressed, gently holding my chin in his strong, masculine hand.

“Y...yes, I...I think so,” I seemed to be lost in his eyes, “I...I know I shouldn’t, after all, I’m really a married ma...”

“You may be married, darling,” Warren cut me off, “but you certainly are not a man!”

“But underneath this powder and paint, and this dress, I’m still...” I weakly argued, as his lips slowly crept towards mine.

“Beneath all that, you may still be legally a male, but your body, your emotions, your actions, and I bet in your mind, you are all woman!” he whispered as his lips touched mine.

“Warren, I...” I tried to stop where this was leading, but I knew I couldn’t, I wouldn’t. I knew this could happen when he asked me to go home with him earlier in the day and I came willingly. Maybe he asked at a time when I was vulnerable, but I could have said No! I could say ‘NO!’ now, but I wouldn’t!

I emerged myself in the soulful kiss he gave me. It wasn’t forceful, it wasn’t anxious, it was deep and...and loving. I needed someone to love me right then, someone who was gentle, someone who cared for me. Warren had been there when I needed someone at the beach, at dinner, and this afternoon when confronting Helen. He had proven that he was serious, and strangely, I found his company comforting, even desirable. Was I falling in love with him?

He broke the kiss after the longest time and held me tight. He whispered sweet nothings in my ear as he gently lowered the top of my dress. My radar suddenly became active and alert!

I’m an adult. I knew what he was doing, what he wanted, and I was sure that if I said ‘stop and desist’, he would have done so, but I didn’t! I liked the little shivers that raced up my back as his hands gently touched my skin. I swooned at the whispers of love he gave me. I knew that I might regret where I was going under the harsh morning light, but I would face that when it happens...if it happens.



Warren slowly, gently started to lower the top of my dress as he whispered sweet nothings in my ear.

Right now, here, with Warren, I wanted his gentle caresses, his honey tongue whispering loving phrases, and his kisses. Helen's infidelity had erased any guilt I may have had about being unfaithful to her. We were divorced in spirit, if not in fact.

We rose from the sofa and he led me willingly to his bedroom. I would not sleep along this evening, like I did last evening!

Warren slowly and methodically unfastened and unzipped the supports to my dress and it slithered silently to the floor. I stepped out of my heels and the dress. As I removed my bra and nylons, he rapidly removed his clothes and stood before me waiting for me to finish my tasks.

“Warren, I’ve never...” I gasped when I saw his manhood standing straight and erect in all its glory.

My nipples stood hard and erect from my fully developed, well-shaped breasts. They announced my excitement far better than any protest I could generate. Obviously both of us wanted and craved this interlude, this sexy encounter!

“Shhh,” he whispered as he gently enfolded me in his arms. “I’ve never done this with a girl like you either, so we will explore this new experience together. Okay?”

I couldn’t deny my attraction for this strong, assertive man. He is everything I wasn’t. He is a successful take-charge type of guy used to getting his way. Yet he is gentle, caring, and oh, so sexy! Oh! Did I think that?

“Y...yes...” I moaned as he gently nibbled my ear, then kissed my neck. Shivers ran up and down my body as he caressed and kneaded my breasts while licking my neck and kissing my eyes.

Oh, Warren...” I gasped as he deeply kissed me and gently lowered my panties. This was my ultimate exposure. My manhood was still hidden beneath the device Helen made me wear, not that there would be much to see. It had shrunk to a fraction of its original size and I never was near the size that Warren so proudly displayed.

His fingers gently felt between my legs and he broke our kiss in surprise at not finding there that which he expected. “I...I wear this...this...” I shyly explained, as he glanced where he thought he would find the last visible proof of my manhood. “It is hidden beneath...” I couldn’t finish, embarrassed at the subject.

“Let’s keep it that way, okay?” he asked. I knew he would allow me to remove the device if I wanted, but my remaining manhood was no longer a source of pleasure and exposing it possibly would...could throw damp water on the moment.



Warren had completely enthralled me, seduced me, as he gently lowered my panties.

“I agree, darling,” I giggled at the surprised expression still crossing his face, “I don’t need it as long as you pay attention to my breasts...and love me.”

He lowered me onto his bed and continued to lavish kisses, gentle touches, and caresses over my entire body. My emotions caught fire and I began to ravage him. I know where men’s sensitive spots are and used that knowledge to full advantage as I kept him at full arousal.

We rolled about the bed, sometimes he was on top, sometimes I occupied that position, and sometimes we were off the bed completely, rolling on the floor. All my pent-up frustrations, my loneliness, my animal desires surfaced as I willingly, wantonly pleased Warren to make him my lover.

He, in turn, did the same for me. I never, ever felt so turned-on, so loved, so wanting to love, and so filled with animal lust as I felt for Warren at this moment. An earthquake wouldn’t have phased either of us.

Without any qualms, I kissed and stroked and sucked his manhood. I knew where and how to keep it at attention and I did my duty well.

We were reaching a climax when he gently laid me back on a pillow and spread my legs. My breasts were quivering like jelly as he positioned himself between my legs. I looked into his eyes with a little anticipation and a lot of being scared. Never in my wildest dreams had I ever envisioned myself in this position, having done to me what was about to be done!

“I’ll be as gentle as I can, Eve,” Warren lovingly whispered.

“I know, darling,” I reassured him.

He felt for my entrance with his fingers. Finding it, he gently applied lubricant until it was well coated. Caressing my breasts, whispering his love for me, he gently began my penetration.



I screamed and swooned in ecstasy as Warren came in me. Warren had taken me as his woman! I loved it and I didn't want it to end!

After he was finished, after I had come to exhaustion, and after we had cleaned ourselves, we lay in his bed cuddling with each other. He kissed my lips, my eyes, my chin, and whispered, "Thank you, Eve. That was the best sex I've ever had! I've never had a partner so willing...so able to please me."

"Oh, Warren, I want to...need to tell you that this evening will never be forgotten. Although painful at first, the ecstasy, the loving, the passion I felt this evening will always live with me. Even now, with your seed still within me, I feel a closeness I've never had with another person."

We continued to caress and pleasure each other as we slowly drifted off to sleep. "I love you, Eve," I heard Warren whisper as I was nodding to sleep.

I was filled with emotion and desire for this man. "I...I love you too..." I returned. Where did that come from?

“I want you to marry me!” he said, barely loud enough to be heard. “Candi can live with us. I’d be a good father to her.”

Did I hear him right? Did he just propose marriage to me? Surely not! After all, I’m a married man! Well, sort of. Yet, I was sure I heard correctly.

Did I want to marry him? Could I marry another man? I certainly didn’t feel like a man! Right now, I felt like a woman, a well and lovingly used woman.

How would being Warren’s wife effect Helen and her career? It would be a rather strange twist in fate to be the boss’ wife, knowing that Helen had to obey my every whim if she wanted to keep her precious job.

One thing was certain. I wouldn’t be playing poker with the boys again anytime soon!!

The End...or is it?



Night crept over the house as I contemplated marriage to Warren. Could I...would I be a better wife than I was a husband?

ARE YOU A WRITER?

ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
FANTASY?
I'D LOVE TO SEE
THOSE AND
MAYBE EXPAND
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE
THOUGHTS TO:
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO
BEACH, CA
92624-0309

*Ask about our special products!
Let me know which stories you like the most!*

SANDY THOMAS ADV.,

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

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!

EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

WE ACCEPT



CREDIT CARD NUMBER

Expiration Date

Signature

sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

www.sthomas.com

SANDY THOMAS: ORDER FORM

TELEVISION TV FICTION SERIES!

- HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT #13 NEW..... 10.00
- WHAT GIRLS WANT 10.00
- WHAT SISSIES WANT 10.00
- MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL 10.00
- PRETTIER IN PINK I 10.00
- PRETTIER IN PINK II 10.00
- THE STORE BRIDE 10.00
- GIRLS' THINGS II 10.00
- GIRLS' THINGS I 10.00
- A WILLING WOMAN 10.00
- PRACTICALLY A GIRL 10.00
- UNDER HIS SKIRTS 10.00
- AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #2 10.00
- AUNTIE'S REVENGE #1 10.00
- HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3 10.00
- HUSBAND TO SISTER #2 10.00
- HUSBAND TO SISSY #1 10.00

GIRLFRIEND TV FICTION

- SISTERS IN SECRET #11 NEW..... 10.00
- HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS #10..... 10.00
- DRESSING DOWN #9 10.00
- A PARTY GIRL #8..... 10.00
- LUCK BE A LADY #7 10.00
- FEMININE PROPOSAL (circle part #)
- #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 10.00
- ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY! #1 10.00

TV Fiction Classics:

- YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES II #97 10.00
- YEAR AMONG THE SISSIES I #96 10.00
- HE'S THEIR SISTER II #95 NEW..... 10.00
- HE'S THEIR SISTER I #94 NEW..... 10.00
- BOY WILL BE GIRL #93 NEW..... 10.00
- AUNTIE'S HELPER #92 NEW..... 10.00
- A PROPER LADY II #91 10.00
- A PROPER LADY #90 10.00
- GIRLHOOD #89 NEW..... 10.00
- SWISHFUL THINKING #88 NEW..... 10.00
- FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1B..... 10.00
- FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1A..... 10.00
- GIRLISH #87 10.00
- PINK SLIPS I & II #85 & 86 20.00
- GIRLS' GETAWAY #84..... 10.00
- PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83..... 10.00
- MISS UNDERSTOOD #82 10.00
- GOING TO SISTERS I & II #80 & 81 20.00
- GOING AS GIRLS #79 10.00
- CALL HER "MISS" #77 & #78 20.00
- JESSE INTO JESSICA I & II #75&76 20.00
- A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74 10.00
- AUNTIE GETS TOUGH! #72 & 73 20.00
- TOES IN THE HOSE #71 10.00
- MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70 10.00
- WALKS LIKE A GIRL I & II #68 & 69 20.00
- BIRTH OF A LADY #67 10.00
- JUST TRAINED LIKE MOM #65&66..... 20.00
- HE'S A GOOD GIRL #64 10.00
- FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63 10.00
- HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62 10.00
- A DRESS FOR DANNY #61 10.00
- BECOMING LADIES' MEN #59 & #60 20.00
- THAT'S NO LADY #57 & GIRL #58 20.00
- MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56 10.00
- LADIES DAY #54 & NIGHT #55 20.00
- ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53 10.00
- THE GIRLMAKERS #52 10.00
- SUDDENLY DAUGHTER/SIS #50&51..... 20.00
- DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD #48 & #49 20.00
- BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUG #46&47 20.00
- DRESSING UP #44 & #45 2 books! 20.00
- MORE THAN A WOMAN #43 10.00
- COED CREATED #42 2 BOOKS 20.00
- LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41 10.00
- GIRL BY CHOICE #40 10.00
- WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39 10.00
- BLONDE & BLONDER #38 10.00
- CAMPING IN CURLS #37 10.00
- SLINK OR SWIM #36 10.00
- DAUGHTERS ONLY #35 10.00
- HAIR TODAY, GOWN #34 10.00
- FEMININE APPEAL #33 10.00
- PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32 10.00
- MY SON, THE DEB/BRIDE #30 & #31..... 20.00
- LIKE A DAUGHTER #29 10.00
- HOLIDAY IN HEELS #28 10.00
- WOMANHOOD #26 & #27 2 books! 20.00
- ONE OF THE GIRLS #25 10.00
- HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24 10.00
- PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23 10.00
- MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22 10.00
- WOMAN'S WORK #21 10.00
- THAT A GIRL #20 10.00
- TIT FOR TAT #19 10.00
- NEAR MISS #18 10.00
- GOING A BROAD #17 10.00
- DRESSED TO DANCE #16 10.00
- FLIGHT OF FANCY #15 10.00
- MAID UP #14 10.00
- ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13 10.00
- ALL DOLLED UP #12 10.00

GO TO: www.STHOMAS.com for complete list.

Contemporary TV Fiction:

- GIRLIE BOY, I AM #74 NEW..... 10.00
- PRETTY FOREVER #73 NEW..... 10.00
- DRESS or CONSEQUENCES #72 NEW..... 10.00
- LAVENDAR & LACE II #71 NEW..... 10.00
- LAVENDAR & LACE I #70 10.00
- DRESS UP DAY #69 10.00
- SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68 10.00
- PURSE STRINGS #67 10.00
- BIKINI BOUND #66 10.00
- DISCOVERING DRESSES #65 10.00
- MY BETTER HALF #64 10.00
- LEARNING CURVES #63 10.00
- THEY'RE (A) GIRLS! NOW! #61&62..... 20.00
- DRESSES & TRESSES #60 10.00
- MAKEUP MATERIAL #59 10.00
- HIS SISTER'S DRESS #58 10.00
- BECOMING EMMA #57 10.00
- PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56 10.00
- FEMININE BUDDY #55 10.00
- GIRLIE GIRL #54 10.00
- SITTING PRETTY (TOO)! #52 & #53 20.00
- CHICKS RULE #51 10.00
- DIFFERENT KIND BRIDE/MOD#49+50..... 20.00
- SON TO SISTER #48 10.00
- MISTAKEN for GIRL #46 & 47 20.00
- TAKING HER PLACE #45 10.00
- FEMININE DESIRES #44 10.00
- SISTERS FOREVER #43 10.00
- JUST ANOTHER GIRL! #42 10.00
- HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41 10.00
- METAMORPHOSIS #39 & #40 (2bks)..... 20.00
- FRILL OF IT ALL #38 10.00
- WINDOW DRESSING #37 10.00
- HORMONES FOR LIFE #36 10.00
- A SUMMER GIRL #35 10.00
- TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34 10.00
- JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33 10.00
- JOINING THE GIRLS #32 10.00
- CLEAVAGE #31 10.00
- CASE of the MISSING PANTIES #30 10.00
- FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29 10.00
- A LIVING DOLL #28 10.00
- GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27 10.00
- DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26 10.00
- THE PAMPERED SISSY #25 10.00
- JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24 10.00
- FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23 10.00
- TOD MANY SKIRTS #22 10.00
- REDTOES #21 10.00
- I DRESS, THEREFORE #20 10.00
- HEAD OVER HEELS #19 10.00
- MY BOSOM BUDDY #18 10.00
- HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17 10.00
- GIRLIES #16 10.00
- HIS FIRST DRESS #15 10.00

TRANSVESTITE Fiction Series:

- MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25 10.00
- RED, WHITE AND PINK #24 10.00
- FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23 10.00
- TURNABOUT PARTY #21 10.00
- BOYS TO BABES #19 10.00
- THE MAKEOVER #18 10.00
- PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17 10.00
- FEMININE FORTE #16 10.00
- MANNQUIN #15 10.00
- BIRTH OF BARBARA #14 10.00

EMPATHY TV FICTION

- QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1 10.00
- TV TRAINING CAMP #2 10.00
- TV VACATION #3 10.00
- BOY: HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4 10.00
- BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5 10.00
- DRESS UNIFORM #6 10.00
- BABY FACED BRIDEGROOM NEW..... 10.00

SHIPPY SERVICE:

- HE'S SO SKIRT NEW 10.00
- THE SLIP 10.00
- THE SECRETARIAL SLIP 10.00
- CANDY - BOY WAITRESS 10.00

TOTAL ORDER

STATE TAX @ 7.25% (CA. residents only)

USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max)


(OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate--up to 10 books)

TOTAL ENCLOSED

SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
SANDY THOMAS ADV.
 P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA

VISA or MC..... exp. /

NAME.....
 ADDRESS.....
 CITY..... ST..... ZIP.....
 www.I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD B-10



"Sit still and quit
fidgeting like a boy!"

HOW MOTHER TAUGHT ME...

Part Two

"If your father
could only see
you now..."

"Keep your top up
even though you have
nothing to hide."

"Keep your
bottom covered
because you do."

"Don't smile at
the boys unless
you want
company..."

"Fix your
lipstick."

"Don't
stare at the
girls...."

