

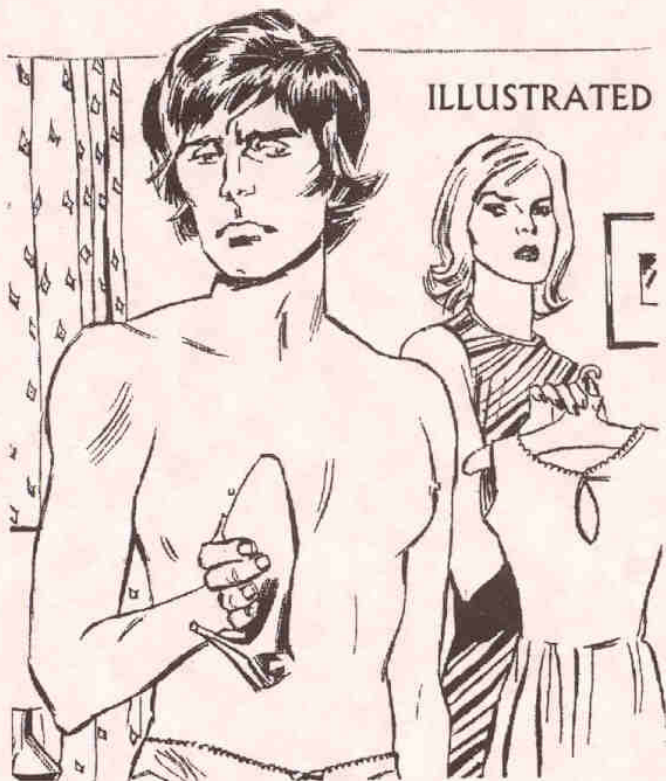
# TITILLATING TV TALES

MAGAZINE

## **"HUSBAND TO SISSY"**

ALONG WITH HIS PANTS, A  
YOUNG MAN LOSES HIS MASCULINITY!

VOLUME ONE



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION  
P.O. Box 2309  
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HUSBAND TO SISSY

SANDY THOMAS ADV. - 1

# TITILLATING TV TALES

VOLUME 1

## HUSBAND TO SISSY Book 1

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# “Husband to Sissy”

## Book 1

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### QUOTE BOARD

“CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN...  
OR NOT.”

# *Husband to Sissy*

## *Book 1*

*By Alice Trail, Puyal, & Kristi Love*

### *Chapter 1*

I never wanted to set the world on fire, run in the fast lane, or make a million dollars before I turned 35. What I really enjoy is to kick back with the guys, play a few hands of poker, down a few brews, and tell tall tales about our sexual exploits. Don't blame me if I actually live every guy's dream!



I married Helen on the rebound, her rebound. I was a bookkeeper at the business where she is an Associate on the corporate fast track. My Mediterranean, finely chiseled good looks and easy going personality contrasted well and did not pose a threat to her Nordic blonde, type-A personality.

When we first dated, she didn't know that I have a son. Andy is a chip off the old block, at least he is in my handsome, laid back aspects, although he hadn't yet learned to appreciate the finer things of manhood, like beer, women, poker, and more beer.

When she did learn about him, she figured that at 14, he wouldn't be high maintenance or become a burden on her career. Besides, Andy and I provide the stable family that corporate bigwigs look for in emerging stars.

With Andy spending most of the time at military school, our first year of marriage was like heaven. She continued to rise up

the corporate ladder and I did what I do best, lay back and spend time with the guys.

My problems began when I was laid off from work because “anyone can key data into a computer”. I was so totally devastated at being replaced by a minimum wage flunky that I didn’t make much of an effort to find another job. Instead, I spent my time doing what I do best...drink beer, play cards, and carouse with my buddies.

I was learning to live with this setback, but Helen didn’t understand my reaction. These are the conditions that bring type-A personalities into conflict with laid back, easygoing people like me. No matter that we had money or that I was happy, she was pissed that I wasn’t out pounding the pavement every day looking for a new job.

She resented that she was the sole wage earner in the household. She was quite vocal with her opinions. “Where is your sense of responsibility?” “Where is your manhood?” “How can you stand to let me carry the financial burden?” were but a few of the snipes she constantly hurled at me.

Unfortunately, as often happens under stressful conditions, my performance in bed tapered off in direct relation with her vindictive hounding, which just turned into another reason to belittle me. I responded by spending even more time with my buddies. Who needs a nagging wife on your case all the time?

My problems really began when Helen and I had a nasty quarrel. She arrived home from the office after a particularly long day to find the house a shambles. I had gotten out of bed late after spending a night with the boys and had lain around all day nursing a nagging headache. Sure I knew the dishes needed washing and the floors needed cleaning, but that was ‘woman’s work’. Besides, I wasn’t in the mood.

Helen hit the ceiling when she saw me lying nearly naked in front of the TV with a two-day stubble on my face and a beer in

my hand. “Can’t you do anything around here, Dan?” she screamed.

“W...what are you screaming about?” I asked foggily from my day long stupor.

“Look at this house!” she screamed, “Not only were you out till an ungodly hour last night, but you probably lost a fortune! On top of that, you make no effort to look for a job. The least you can do is pick up a few things around the house.”

“I have this killer head...” I started with my usual list of excuses.

“I don’t want to hear it anymore!” she fumed, “If you can’t help with the household income, then you had better start helping around the house. Remember, it isn’t my son in that expensive military school.” She didn’t mention that sending him there was her idea because “it will teach him discipline”.



*Hanging out with the guys took my mind off of being unemployed and it isolated me from Helen’s constant nagging*

I knew to pay attention when Helen started to smolder and her voice became low, slow, and menacing, but I wasn't in the mood! Instead, I grumbled under my breath, threw on some clothes, and left. I hadn't planned on playing cards that evening, but her bitchy attitude struck a sensitive chord. I just couldn't bring myself to hang around and listen to her bitching all night.

I stayed out really late figuring Helen would be in bed by the time I returned. She should be easier to handle after both of us had a full night's sleep.

I lost a bundle, drank too much, and luckily, a cop didn't stop me as I drove home. I quietly parked the car and carefully unlocked the front door, taking care not to awaken Helen.



I slipped through the door, carefully removed my shoes, and was about to climb the stairs to our bedroom when I heard her dreaded voice from the living room. “There will be some changes around here in the future or you and your worthless son can pack your bags and leave!”



I turned to face her and was taken back by the dark scowl clouding her face and the low, slow, menacing sound of her words. “You had better shape up and start doing your share around here! Otherwise, I'll kick you out of here and have that worthless son of yours thrown out of his plush school so fast it'll make your head spin. When you wind up on the street

without a dime, I'll supply the shopping carts and tell you where to find a dry place to sleep. I'm tired of supporting you two deadbeats, so don't expect anything else from me."

"But Helen..." I stammered, not thinking right with my alcohol clouded mind, "You wouldn't..."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" she threatened. "I'll have an attorney draw up a partition for divorce, and when the judge hears about your deadbeat ways, you won't get a dime from the settlement!"



***"Shape up or you and your worthless son are out on your ears!" she scowled.***

By her tone, I knew she wasn't making an idle threat. She was probably right about the judge too! Her ruthless big city lawyer would eat up anyone I could afford. I would be penniless and on the street with Andy. He had always looked up to me, but what would he think of me if I let him down that way?

I had been like the grasshopper in the fable 'The Grasshopper and the Ant'. I'd played during the good times and had nothing to fall back on when things went bad!

“What will it be?” Helen demanded. “Will you do your share around here or do you prefer the streets?”

“What do you want of me?” I quietly asked, dreading the answer.

“Two things only,” she menacingly smiled, “Stop carousing with those no good buddies of yours, and since you don’t have a job, start taking care of this house. That means, you will take care of everything to do with keeping house, such as cleaning, washing, ironing, cooking meals, and so forth. Do I make myself clear?”

“Is that all?” I was shocked at this sudden turn of events.

“Yes, but if you break either of these rules, it’s out on the street with you.”

“Can I think about it?” I tried to delay having to make a decision until the morning when I would have a much clearer head.

“You have 15 minutes to agree or get out!” she declared in finality.

Completely dejected, I sought a quiet corner and contemplated my position. If I declined her ultimatum, both Andy and I would be in the poor house, but if I accepted, what would I become? A housewife! At least, her way guaranteed a roof over my head and schooling for Andy. Maybe a little housework now and then wouldn’t kill me, as long as she continued to foot the bills.

If not for Andy, I would have laughed in her face. I just couldn’t face my son after the humiliation of being ejected from school and me with no job and no place to live. Finally, I swallowed my pride and accepted her damnable terms. At least Andy could remain in school, and I would have a home and food until I could figure a way out of my dilemma.



*“What could I do? Where could I go?” I thought long and hard about Helen’s ultimatum. I just couldn’t let Andy down!*

When Helen returned, I shrugged, “You win,” and slowly went upstairs to get some sleep. Maybe I would think clearer in the morning.

## ***Chapter 2***

The next morning, Helen roused me bright and early. As usual, she was off to work. I hadn’t gotten up this early in months. “What do you want?” I groggily growled.

“I left you a list of chores to do. You will need all day to get through them. I’m sure you don’t know what hardware you need or where to find them. I’ll show you before I leave,” she sounded almost pleasant.

I crawled out of bed, washed the sleep from my eyes, threw on some clothes, and met her in the kitchen. “You can start by ironing my clothes for work tomorrow, but be careful not to burn the fabric.”

I started ironing while she finished dressing. After she left, I would set my own agenda, and ironing wasn’t on my list! When

she was gone, I stopped the silly ironing and started searching the house for money, jewelry, anything that could be pawned. If I could get enough cash, I would be gone before she returned that evening.



***“Be careful not to burn the fabric,” she testily instructed, “I want to wear that dress to an important meeting tomorrow.”***

Unfortunately, she was very thorough about removing anything a pawn dealer might find interesting. After an hour or so of futile searching, I returned to my assigned tasks. At least finishing them would get the witch off of my back!

The next day, she handed me an apron before leaving for work. “I noticed that your clothes got really dirty yesterday. I don’t want to buy new clothes because you don’t know how to work without making yourself into a mess, so wear this apron,” she snidely remarked.

I scowled at her demeaning remark, but took the apron from her, slipped it over my head, and awkwardly tied the strings in the back.



“I expect you to get a lot more done now that you know where everything is and how to use it. Sometimes I think you don’t apply yourself. No wonder you got laid off!” she snidely remarked as she left for the day.

She was becoming demanding and bossy, and she was speaking to me like a servant! This could quickly become demeaning, and I wasn’t sure how long I could endure such treatment.

I followed her instructions, but I thought often of chucking it all and leaving. I’d talk with Andy and he would tell me how happy he was and how great he was doing in school. I just didn’t have it in me to tell him how bad things were at home, so I’d suck up my pride and continue with my chores.

About two weeks after I started doing the housework, I received a call from Sid, one of my poker playing, drinking buddies. “We haven’t seen you in weeks,” he laughed, “What’s wrong. Wife got you pussy whipped?”

I wasn’t about to admit to him how close his guess really was, so I lied, “Oh, I’ve been taking care of personal problems.”

“Well, in case the little woman will let you out, we have a high stakes game going this afternoon. Interested?”



Gawd was I ever interested. I had to get out of the house in the worst way. I hadn't had a good laugh or a cold beer in over two weeks, and I'd kill for the chance to win enough money to break free of Helen's grip.

Thinking, that Helen wouldn't be home for hours and I could play and get back in plenty of time before she gets home, I declared, "Damn right, I'm interested!"

When he told me the stakes, I said I was low on cash and I asked if he would stake me a loan. "Sure," he laughed, "You've always covered your losses."

Even though I knew Sid was a rough customer who charged ten-percent interest per week, I dropped everything and left. If Lady Luck were with me, I would soon be far away from this stifling situation!



*"I feel lucky today," I laughed as they dealt the first hand. I held up the first beer I'd had in what seemed like an eternity.*

Lady Luck was with me for a while. I won a few early hands and my confidence soared. Before long though, I started losing,

at first small pots, then larger ones. I had to borrow more money to cover my losses, and before I knew it, I was in the hole for a lot of money.

Suddenly I looked at my watch and noticed how late it was. Where had the time gone? I had to leave!



Sid wasn't happy to see me beg off, especially as I owed him big money. I promised to pay him the next day, even though I didn't have a clue how I would do it. To make matters worse, he was not the type of guy you Welsh on, as he was known to break arms or worse to collect.

I raced home as fast as my car would go. I'm sure I broke more than a few laws in the process. I screeched into the driveway and sighed when Helen's car wasn't there. Maybe she had to work late and I beat her home. I flew into the house, removing my jacket on the way. I didn't have much time and I still had a lot of chores to finish. I dropped my jacket and started for the kitchen when I saw her sitting on the living room couch. She was not happy!

"Ah...honey, I can explain," I stammered. Explaining my absence was going to be a hard sell. "I had to step out for a few minutes to go to the store."

"Really, Dan! What kind of fool do you take me for?" she sneered. "You received a call from Sid just now. He said you were there all afternoon and that you owed him a bundle! He also said you promised to pay him tomorrow. Since you don't have a job, where will you get the money?"



*Helen sat on the sofa with her arms folded, determination written all over her face. “Oh, oh,” I thought, “I’m in for it now!”*

Knowing my goose was cooked, I stammered, “I was there only a couple of hours. I was going crazy being cooped up in the house for two straight weeks. I guess I lost track of the time. I lost a few hands, and I started betting more to try to get even, but I kept losing.”

“How much did you lose?” When I told her, she exploded, “My God, Dan! We don’t have that kind of money! Where do you propose to get it?”

“I thought I could raid our savings, but I’ll pay it back, I promise.”

“I hate to disappoint you, lover, but we don’t have anywhere near that much! You lost your job, and with Andy in that expensive school, we’ve nearly wiped out our savings. Why do you think I’ve been hounding you to find work? Now our plight is even worse with your gambling losses!”

“Oh no! If I don’t pay Sid tomorrow, he’ll sic Louie the Mauler on me. I’d be lucky to escape with a broken leg! What can we do?”

“I suppose we could take Andy out of school, but...”

“Please don’t do that, not this late in the semester. It’ll set him back a full year.”

“I was about to say even that wouldn’t raise nearly enough to pay your debt. With only one of us working, the bank won’t lend us that much either. I suppose your only chance is to leave town and hide until you can raise the money or until the heat blows over.”

“But honey,” I stammered, “I don’t have anywhere to go, and with no money...”

“Then, your only choice is to stay here...”

“You don’t understand! I’m doomed if I stay here!”

“Not if they don’t recognize you. I have an idea and if you go along with it, we can create a cunning disguise that will completely fool those goons! They won’t think to look for you in plain sight, so if your disguise is clever and convincing, we could hide you right here in the house.”

“Are you out of your mind? What kind of disguise could possibly fool those thugs so that they wouldn’t recognize me?”

“You could wear some of my things and I could fix you up to look like a woman.”

“Are you out of your mind? I’d rather die than dress as a woman!”

“Suit yourself as those seem to be the your only choices.”

After a moment of hesitation to consider her proposal, I stammered, “Since you put it that way, I guess I could try, you know, to see how I would look, but you have to help me.”

“If you want my help, you’ll have to make a solemn promise to stop gambling and help out around the house without complaint. Otherwise, I swear that you’re on your own! I’ve had it up to here with your lazy, macho attitude.”

“Okay, okay, I promise not to gamble again if you’ll help me hide from those guys. They may not kill me, but I would hurt for a long time if they caught me.” There I had done it. I had groveled and begged Helen to help me look like a *woman* of all things!

“I’ll help, but in the morning, remember the part about you doing the housework!”

### ***Chapter 3***

“The first thing we must do is remove that unsightly hair from your legs,” Helen stated as she waved her electric razor in the air for emphasis after my shower.

“Shave my legs? Are you crazy?” I gasped, “How is that going to protect me from being recognized?”

“No self respecting woman has hair on her legs. Besides, your ‘buddies’ would never recognize your smooth legs if they only saw them without seeing your face. They would never believe that ‘Stud Dan’ would ever shave his legs.”

“But how would they ever see my legs?” I gasped, “I always wear long pants.”

“Women don’t wear long pants to do their housework, especially not in this weather. Think about it! They wear shorts or a loose fitting housedress.”

“I’m not wearing a dress!”

“Shorts it is! Now, let’s get that hair off of your legs.”



*I passively allowed Helen to shave my legs.*

Sighing at my inability to come up with a logical argument to the contrary, I meekly stood by and allowed her to remove all the hair from my legs. She also had me remove my T-shirt and shorts so she could shave the few spots of body hair she could find. I was never a hairy man, so she didn't find much that needed removing for my new feminine guise.

"Now as to your duties," she smiled as she put her razor aside, "You will continue taking care of the house. The only changes will be in your clothes. I've laid out a few things on the bed, but I suppose you'll have to wear your tennis shoes until I get something more apropos."

Slightly confused, I picked up the clothes she expected me to wear. I held a T-shirt and shorts. Now, I don't have a problem with a shirt and shorts because they are among my favorite casual outfits. But not *this* T-shirt, a purple nylon creation, and certainly not *these* ridiculous shorts! They were high cut and had a

bright pattern. Hell, they didn't even have a front zipper, so I would have to slide them down over my hips to take a leak!

I held the offending garments before me and gasped, "Helen, you can't be serious! No self-respecting man would be caught dead wearing this silky feminine stuff!"

"Dead is the way I expect we'll find you if you don't wear them," she replied nonchalantly. "You're sure to be recognized if you look like your old self or a man in drag. Go ahead and suit yourself, I am only trying to help."

"Helen, wait! I'll wear them. It's just that the idea of wearing women's clothes is just so ridiculous, so embarrassing."

"Wear these too," she said while holding up a pair of lavender nylon panties.

"Why those?" I inquired with a blush.

"Put the shorts on over your boxers and I'll show you." When I had on the silky shorts, she instructed, "Stand with your back to the mirror and look back." I complied with her request and saw at least a couple of inches of my boxers protruding below the hem of my short shorts.

"See what I mean?" she proclaimed, "Even those dumb goons would get suspicious if they saw masculine boxers dangling from beneath those pretty feminine shorts. Be realistic! It's either these clothes or you get caught, so hurry and get dressed. I have to get to work, and you have a lot of housework to do."

Totally defeated, I slowly took the panties from her hand, stepped into them, pulled them over my smooth hairless thighs, and adjusted them at my hips. Tears of humiliation formed in my eyes as I put on the feminine shorts and T-shirt. I never felt more ridiculous than when I descended the stairs to the living room.

Helen was putting on her jacket as she prepared to leave for work. Looking me over, she finally nodded, then said, "I think you could fool a casual observer if you wear this apron and a scarf to hide your short hair while you do your housework."

It was a new apron with the store smell still in it. Unlike my previous apron, this one was decidedly feminine with pink flowers around the fringe. She pulled out a white scarf and wrapped it over my head, carefully tucking strands of loose hair underneath.

“Don’t worry about those bad gambling buddies of yours, dear,” she cooed, “I’ll spread the word that you left town last night. I’ll be as convincing as possible, but be sure to maintain your feminine demeanor in case one of them sneaks up for a peek through the window.”



She had a point. I would have to maintain my feminine disguise at all times. If Sid didn’t come looking for me himself, he was sure to send Louie the Mauler and his thugs to check out the situation.

Waving her hand as she left, Helen cooed, “Toddle do, Dan, darling. Have fun with the housework. Don’t worry too much, you look convincing enough to fool anyone at a distance.”

The day seemed to last forever, as my every nerve was on edge with fear that Sid or his hoods would find me. The fact that I was wearing feminine shorts, T-shirt, and panties only added to my nervousness. I jumped at every sound and looked for a place to hide until I realized it was only the wind or passing traffic. I peeped from behind the curtains now and then, but I didn’t see any of Sid’s guys around. I did; however, see a couple of teenage boys scurrying away from the house a couple of times.

As for my housework, I was busy, busy as *hell!* I never knew there was so much to keeping a house, as there seemed to be an endless number of tasks on the list Helen left me.

I would rather have died than be seen in these clothes, so I was unable to leave the house and look for a way to raise the money to pay Sid. Also, the longer I didn't pay him, the higher the debt and the greater reason for me to hide. Although not ideal, hiding inside my own house was as good as any place, especially if I could carry off this embarrassing and shameful feminine disguise. At best it was a 'Catch 22'. I was damned if I did and damned if I didn't!



*The phone rang often, but I was afraid to answer it since I was supposed to be out of town. All I could do was continue to clean the house wearing my sissy feminine clothes.*

As she promised, Helen told everyone I was gone, but even at that, Sid and a few of my friends called. I was afraid to pick up the receiver, so they left messages. I don't know if Sid believed her, but at last, the calls tapered off. This was typical of my life,

as I didn't see the light of day for the next month except for looking out the window.

I was afraid to venture outside, even in my feminine disguise, so Helen brought home everything I needed to keep the house and prepare the meals. I wanted very badly to call Andy at school, but since calls can be monitored, she warned me not to do so. I knew she was right about Sid finding me through my son. I was truly miserable.

I couldn't wait until he got out of school in another month. He never liked Helen and he tried desperately to break us up before we got married. Since he still had this attitude about Helen, I was certain he would agree to leave town with me. Then, I could find job and save enough money to pay off Sid and return him to school.



After several weeks, my hair was hanging in my eyes and down my neck. It was difficult to control and had become quite an unmanageable mess.

When I complained to Helen about it, she smiled and said, "I think I can help, honey. Take off your blouse and put this cape about your shoulders. I think your hair is long enough to hold a short feminine style that will help with your disguise."

I didn't want even a slightly feminine hairstyle, but I knew she was right, especially considering my current manner of dress. Also,

I really didn't have any options until Andy got home, so I did as she instructed.

She didn't seem to remove much hair as she snipped here and cut there. I noticed that she combed some hair over my forehead and trimmed it even. It wasn't long before she announced herself finished. I didn't have a chance to look in the mirror while she cut, but I couldn't conceive of her finishing so quickly.

I started to remove the cape when she said, "Hold on a minute. I want to do something about those fingernails."

"I don't want my nails polished!" I protested.

"Look!" she declared, "I've noticed snags in some of my nylons and lingerie. I'll bet there are some in you panties as well! After looking at your hands, I'm sure your ragged fingernails caused the damage. Your nails are in dire need of a little filing and a coat of polish. Since you're doing so many dishes, you should also consider using hand cream and wearing gloves to protect your hands."

My nails were a bit rough looking, but I didn't think my hands looked all that bad. They seemed thinner and less muscular than before, but I figured that was due to my spending so much time indoors doing domestic chores. Before, I had only done outdoor chores.

She sat me at her vanity and told me to relax since it would take some time. I leaned back in the chair and crossed my legs. A smile came to her lips when she saw my clean-shaven legs femininely draped across each other. It was the only way to cross my legs and keep my modesty while wearing only the short cape. After all, I was only wearing soft nylon panties beneath!

"You really have nice attractive legs for a man. I see you've learned how to maintain your modesty," she observed as she feminized my hands.



***“Cross your legs and rest your hand on your knee for support, sweetheart,” Helen suggested as she started on my nails.***

I blushed at her observation because I too had seen my legs in their shaven glory as I puttered around the house in my shorts. I was surprised and embarrassed at how curvaceous they were.

As she worked on my fingers, I coughed and cleared my throat. “Are you coming down with something?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” I sighed, “My throat constantly itches and I have this dull pain in my chest like I’ve contacted something, but I don’t feel feverish or anything.”

“Where is the pain in your chest?”

“That’s kind of funny too,” I puzzled, “It seems to be localized behind my nipples. They have gotten quite large and very sensitive to the point that they become irritated just by brushing my shirt over them.”

“Hmmm,” she seemed to be thinking, “I have just the blouse for you. It will help relieve the irritation of your nipples until this passes.”

“Blouse? I don’t want to wear a blouse,” I gasped. “It’s bad enough that I have to wear those sissy looking shirts and shorts.”

“Now, Dan,” Helen cooed, “The soft nylon blouse will feel nice against your sensitive skin. Besides, you have to maintain a feminine disguise, don’t you?” I nodded with a blush.

“Have you lost weight?” she inquired further, “Your face appears thinner and your skin softer, to the point of being almost translucent.”

“Yeah, and my strength isn’t what it used to be either. Even the garbage pail is heavy to lift. I think they are all symptoms of this ‘flu’, since they all started about the same time.”

“Well, I wouldn’t worry too much about it. I’m sure it’s only a passing thing.” She finished my fingernails by coating them with a clear ‘protective finish’ as she called it, to protect my nails from the harsh detergents I used for washing dishes and house-cleaning. “Let me get you that blouse,” she stated before I could replace the cape with my T-shirt.

## ***Chapter 4***

My nipples seemed to get more sensitive with each passing day and my complaints about them increased accordingly. In an effort to help, Helen suggested that I wear some of her soft blouses instead of my feminine T-shirts to ease the discomfort.

Her suggestion was logical and it worked, so I didn’t argue too much. In the beginning, I hated even the thought of putting my arms through the sleeves of the silky blouses, but my mascu-

line pride took a back seat when I found out how nice the soft fabric felt against my sensitive skin. To my surprise, Helen had an abundance of these soft nylon blouses in a multitude of colors and prints, and she encouraged me to wear them as often as I wanted.

At first, I was self-conscious about puttering about the house in such obviously feminine garments, but I gave in with the thought, “Why not? I’m trying to disguise myself as a woman, and I’ve been wearing feminine panties for over a month. So, what’s the big deal about my blouses?”

In an effort to forget how I was dressed and to pass the time, I busied myself with my housework. During that time; however, I became increasingly suspicious that I was being watched. One day, I saw a large man walk across the edge of the yard near the sidewalk, but I didn’t see him near the house. I watched as he approached another man who was standing near a large black car. They talked for a moment before bursting into uncontrollable laughter.

“Must have been some joke,” I thought as I watched them get into the car and speed away.

Another time, I observed two teenage boys run across the lawn and join a man at the corner. They also burst into laughter before the man drove away.

Helen became very concerned when I mentioned this to her. “Those boys or someone else may be watching you. I think you should enhance your feminine image to give yourself a better chance of deceiving them. I’ll pick up a few things and we can work on a few subtle improvements.”

The next day, she brought home a pair of low heel sandals. They were obviously women’s shoes, but they fit well enough. With a shrug, I discarded my tennis shoes and wore them without arguing since Helen felt it best. I protested; however, when she gave me a couple of her short skirts and the appropriate slippers to wear under them.

“I can’t wear a skirt and certainly not a *slip!*” I protested, not believing my wife would suggest such a thing. “I am a man and your husband!” Hadn’t I proved that often enough in bed?

“Why are you’re carrying on so? All women wear skirts from time to time and slips under them. I strongly suggest you get with the program if you want to fool anyone with your disguise!”

Once again, her logic was faultless, so I swallowed my pride and reluctantly put on the clothes she provided. Even I had to admit that my feminine appearance was enhanced beyond belief with my silky blouse and a short skirt!

“Now that you are wearing a skirt, you must learn to sit, stand, and bend like a woman,” Helen declared.

“What do you mean?”

Tossing a coin on the floor, she sighed, “Turn your back to the mirror, pick it up, and look behind yourself. That seems to be the only to make a point with you.”

Having no idea what she was talking about, I followed her instructions, but when I looked back into the mirror, her meaning hit me like a ton of bricks! My short skirt had ridden up to my waist to expose several inches of my lace edged slip and nearly all of my panties.

Ignoring my bewildered expression, Helen said, “You should keep your knees together when you sit for the same reason. Anyone peeking through the window to see if Danny is still around would get very suspicious if he saw a *woman* brazenly exposing *her* undies like that.”

I’m sorry, Helen. It’s just that...” I was embarrassed at my stupidity.

“I know this is hard on you, darling, but I do want you to stay alive. You just have to do certain things to deceive those viscous hoods,” she purred as she took me into her arms for a comforting embrace.

She was right, so what could I say or do except follow her instructions? After she left, I went about my housework, very conscious of the feel of my silky blouse and my short skirt swaying about my hips. Thankfully, the skirt was very short, making it look like shorts with baggy legs, that is, as long as my *slip* didn't show! After that fateful day, I spent most days in one of her, or should I say *my*, short skirts.

My hair continued to grow and was now tickling my neck. Always intent on enhancing my feminine image to save my ass, Helen styled it with bangs across my forehead and curled the sides about my ears. Having great fun experimenting with my hair, she tried new styles and *looks* with each cutting. I was frustrated with her little games, but she would get angry and make me feel ungrateful for her efforts if I tried changing it to look more masculine.

She kept reminding me that I brought this all on myself as I became increasingly concerned about my rapidly flourishing feminine appearance. Despite my concern, Helen seemed to go out of her way to concoct new and innovative ways of making me look more and more feminine. It was like a game with her, so I couldn't mount much protest for fear of appearing ungrateful.

Andy was due home from school within a week, and that was another reason for my concern. Unable to bear the thought of him seeing me in my sissy feminine attire, I was determined to change into pants and brush my hair into some semblance of a masculine style before he arrived. With that in mind, I chose a knit shirt and a pair of slacks to wear the day he was to arrive and I packed my other masculine things for our trip out of town.

To my relief, Helen generously came up with a few bucks for Andy and me to live on until I could find work. At that point, my only problem was to remain unseen by Sid and his goons until we could get away.

My carefully conceived plans; however, were interrupted without warning. Two days before Andy was scheduled to ar-

rive, he burst into the kitchen where I was washing the dinner dishes, and yelled, “Surprise, I’m home!”



I was in shock! My son had caught me wearing embarrassing feminine clothes. I had nowhere to run or hide!

“Dad...?” he gasped when he saw me, “Is that you?”

“Uh...uh...Andy!” I stammered in an effort to find my voice. “You aren’t due home for two more days! Why...”

“I finished my exams early, so they let me go home. I phoned to tell you, but no one answered. I rode the bus and caught a cab from the station. The big question is why are you dressed like that? Are you a sissy who likes to run around in women’s clothes?”

“I can explain...” I stammered.

“You look pretty good! I almost didn’t recognize you! Your hair is styled like a woman, your legs are shaved, and hell, your slip is even showing! What else are you wearing under that sexy skirt? Soft silky panties?” he asked as he burst into laughter.

Never was I so embarrassed or at such a loss for words! What could be more humiliating than being caught by your son while dressed in woman's clothes? With a bright blush, I managed to stammer, "I...we have to talk. There's a logical explanation for all of this. Come into the living room and I'll tell you the whole story."

"I'm all ears! I can't wait to hear you explain why you are doing housework while wearing a woman's dress!" Andy snickered with obvious amusement.

I was trapped! Andy had seen me in feminine clothes! Now, I had to tell him about my humiliating ordeal of the past months. Also, I had to make it sound credible without appearing to be a sissy wimp. That was the hard part because I *was* wearing a skirt and my lace edged nylon slip *was* showing! I needed Helen's help to pull that off.

I was literally shaking all over as I wiped my hands of the sudsy water. I was so overcome with embarrassment that my mind was near the point of shutting down. Filled with panic, I followed my amused son into the living room.

When he couldn't see, I reached to the waist of my skirt and hiked up the elastic waistband of my half-slip. I could only hope that 'out sight' would be 'out of mind'.

"Why hello, Andy!" Helen greeted my smiling son, "Welcome home for the summer."

Andy's jovial demeanor changed to one of disdain at seeing her, and he spat, "You bitch! This is all your doing! Since Dad doesn't have a job, you're shaming him by making him wear your clothes and do the housework! Right?"

His observations were closer to the truth than I cared to admit, especially about the housework. Although he hadn't mentioned them, he had also assumed correctly about my panties.

In an effort to calm him and alleviate his suspicions, I stammered, "No son, this is my fault, so don't blame it on your step-

mother. She has been wonderful about helping me through this awful mess.”

“Your fault? Are you saying you like wearing dresses and cleaning house?” he snarled in a disbelieving tone.

As he observed me sitting with my knees together and my manicured fingers nervously pushing my short skirt as far down as it would go, he declared, “You must because you not only dress like a woman, you sit like one too!”

“Please let me explain!”

“Explain, *explain!* Who’s stopping you?”

“Well, I lost a lot of money to these gangsters. They were out to kill me, so I got Helen to help me create this disguise to keep them from finding me.”

“I knew that bitch had a hand in this!”

“Just a minute, you ungrateful wimp!” Helen cut in angrily. “Despite our family finances being stretched to the limit, your father made a tremendous sacrifice to keep you in that fancy school long enough for you to finish the current term.”

“What kind of sacrifice?”

“Look at him! We could only manage your tuition if we cut our expenses to the bone and maintained only one residence. To do that, he disguised himself as a woman to hide from those awful hoodlums he owed money.”

“Are you saying he did all *this* for little old me?” Andy asked as his devilish grin returned. “Well, doesn’t he look cute?”

“He did all that and more for you. He planned to leave town with you and hide while he raised the money to pay his debt. Despite our dire financial straits, he insisted that we set aside some money to tide the two of you over until he could get on his feet.”

“Get on his high heels, you mean!” Andy roared in laughter. “Looking like that, what kind of jobs would he qualify for? A

secretary? A waitress, maybe? Or maybe even a maid? How much money could he save in those stellar professions?"

At that, Helen threw her hands up in disgust and spat, "He's your son! Talk some sense into him! I'll fix us a drink."

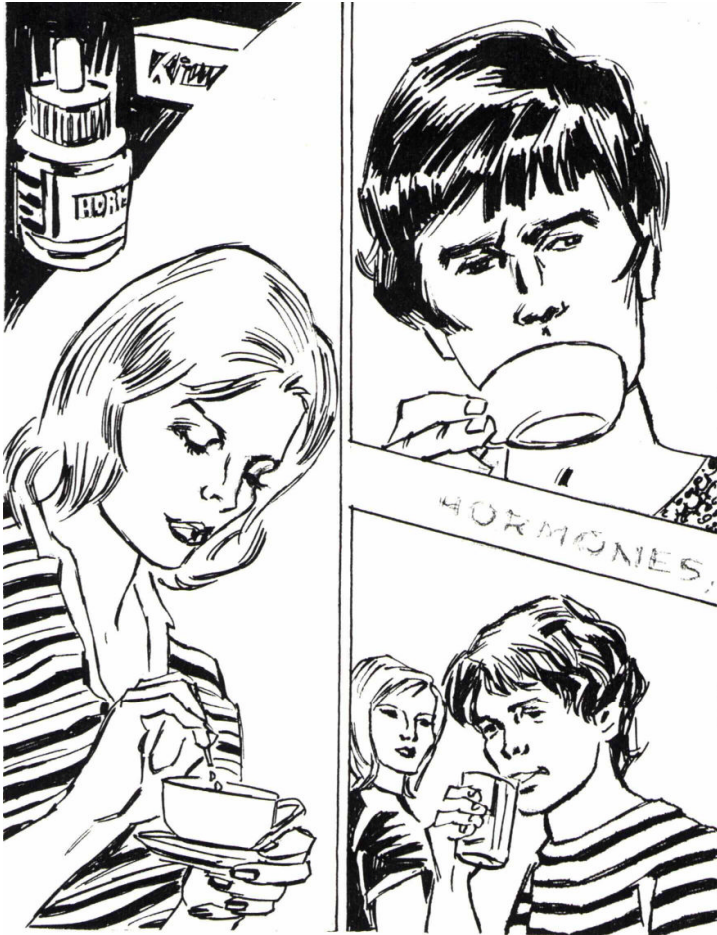
I nervously adjusted my skirt across my smooth thighs and tried to get Andy to understand why I was dressed as a woman. Despite my efforts, I learned how hard it is for a father to influence his son if the primary intent of the son is to look for lacy frills under his father's skirt. With that handicap staring me full in the face, I made little headway with Andy while Helen was in the kitchen.

I made the two of us a cup of tea, but I thought you would rather have a glass of orange juice," Helen said to Andy when she returned. While we drank, she looked at our dismal expressions and calmly stated, "I'm sure things will look rosier in the morning. Let's sleep on our problem and discuss it further over breakfast."

"Yeah!" Andy chided as he finished his juice. "After a good night's sleep in your sexy little nightie, I'm sure everything will look *rosier!*"

"How did Andy know about me sleeping in a nightie?" I asked Helen with a bright blush as I undressed and slipped into my long pink nylon nightgown. In reality, I had worn it since Helen warned me that Sid might have men secretly inspect our laundry for men's clothes, underwear, or pajamas to see if I might be hiding in the house. "He isn't trying to understand my troubles. He'll blow my cover if his attitude continues."

Don't worry," Helen soothed. "I'll try to come up with a plan that will convince him to cooperate."



*“I’m sure this nice tea and orange juice will take the edge off a difficult day,” Helen smiled. Neither Andy nor I knew of the ‘special something’ she stirred into our drinks.*

Despite Helen’s assurance, I was on pins and needles as I dressed the next morning. From the beginning, I was hesitant to wear women’s clothes, but now, it was worse, much worse! This time, I was appearing dressed as a woman before my *son*! As strange as it might seem, that made me more meticulous about my clothes.

Not wanting Andy to see lace below the hem of my skirt, as he had the day before, I selected a full, mid-thigh length, black nylon slip several inches shorter than my straight black skirt. To

prevent the straps from showing, I chose a black linen blouse with a scoop neckline. After slipping my feet into black skimmers with slightly raised heels, I put on my usual frilly apron to protect my clothes, and then made my way downstairs.

“Good morning, darling,” Helen purred as she swept into the kitchen where I was cooking breakfast. “I called Andy and he’ll be down shortly.” Taking me in her arms, she gave me an affectionate kiss and, as had become her habit, she lowered her hand to my skirt and caressed my buttocks. I never knew if she was playing a sex game or making sure I was wearing a slip and panties as she had *suggested*.

“My you look nice,” she smiled, as she stepped back and looked me over, “What’s the occasion?”

“I want to have a long talk with Andy. I don’t want Louie the Mauler peeping through the window and getting suspicious until I can come to an agreement with my son.”

“Good idea,” she said as she poured our coffee and a glass of orange juice for Andy.

I didn’t think anything about her stirring my coffee, but why was she stirring Andy’s juice? It was fresh from the container!

Before I could ask, Andy walking into the room and diverted my attention. Upon seeing me in my feminine ensemble, he guffawed, “Face it, Dad, you’re a sissy! I never would have believed it, but look at you, all prim and proper in your pretty dress and heels! I thought you would be in pants for my sake, but *no!* You’re dressed up fancier than you were yesterday!”

“Please, son, I tried to explain...”

“Yeah, I know! You’re afraid to wear pants and be a man. Tell me, Helen, did he really lose money to a bunch of thugs or does he just like to wear pretty dresses and soft undies?” Andy sneered. A smile played across his lips, but his eyes showed only contempt. “Whatever, it is, it’s working because he sure looks and acts like a sissy!” he spat without waiting for a response.

“You’ll feel differently when the two of you get out on your own,” Helen assured him as she came to my rescue.

“Go with him, my ass! I’m not going anywhere with that sissy! Look at the way he’s dressed!”

“He’ll change once he gets away from here and those awful men,” Helen assured my distraught son.

“Change into what, a fairy, a butterfly?”

“This is going nowhere,” Helen concluded as she tossed her fork onto her plate, rose from the table, and left the room in disgust.

Andy and I ate in a tense silence except when he asked for seconds on orange juice. When he finished, he left the room without a word of thanks or appreciation.

“The dishes can wait!” I fumed inwardly as I followed him into the den where Helen was shuffling through some papers.

“How can you live with such a sissy?” Andy scoffed while indicating my skirt clad form.

“Have a seat, both of you!” Helen declared while ignoring his comment. “I think I have a solution to our dilemma, but first let me spell out the problem. First, Dan lost his job, and then he lost money to the mob. He decided to hide here and save money so he could escape with you, Andy. To do so, he disguised himself as a woman. Andy, however, finds his appearance offensive and refuses to go away with him. Isn’t that just about it?” Her narration was an over simplification, but along with Andy, I nodded agreement.

“Okay,” Helen continued. “As long as the mob is looking for you, Dan, Andy’s safety is at risk because those hoods won’t hesitate to kidnap him to get to you. Therefore, I called my mother and explained our situation. She readily agreed to take Andy for the summer, but in her current financial circumstance, we have to pay for his keep.”



*“I don’t care what you say! I’m not going anywhere with that sissy!”*

“I don’t want to live with *her!*” Andy loudly declared. “Hell, I’ve only met her a couple of times!”

“Since you refuse to go with your father, your choices are simple. Live with my mother or face the mob. Make up your mind!”

“Where will we get the money to pay her?” I gasped at the thought of Andy falling into the hands of Sid and Louie.

“We have no choice,” Helen sighed, “To guarantee Andy’s safety, we must use your escape fund. It’s the only *extra* money we have. Of course, that means you’ll have to continue living here. Oh look! Mother is already here, so hurry and get your things together.”

“I didn’t unpack last night,” Andy sulked as he headed toward his room. “I’ll get my stuff.”

“You can’t let your mother see me dressed like this!” I shrieked in panic as I held my skirt out for emphasis.

“Don’t be silly!” Helen admonished, “It was her idea to disguise you as a woman to hide you under the noses of those villains. Her plan has worked very well so far, so why shouldn’t she see how you turned out? She might have some suggestions to make you more convincing in case those thugs come closer.”

“Helen, please!!!” I begged.

“Okay, but I don’t understand why you have to be such a ninny,” she rebuked. “I’ll go out and greet her. Send Andy out when he returns. Mom doesn’t like to wait.”

When Andy returned with his bags, I said, “Goodbye, son. I’m sorry you don’t approve of my disguise, but maybe things will be better when you return. You had better go now because your grandmother is waiting.”

“Yeah, Dad, but see if you can’t find a pair of pants by then,” he agreed as he looked over my feminine ensemble. At that, he hustled out the door and down the walkway to the car.

I was in a state of shock. I had suffered the greatest of indignities the past few months to keep my son in school. All my suffering had been for him, yet he laughed at my skirts and refused to go away with me. Instead, he chose to live with someone he barely knew, and the few words he managed to utter were filled with contempt.

When Helen came back inside, she looked over my feminized form and said, “You were right when you thought you were being observed. Mother and I saw footprints outside the window when she looked in to observe your disguise.”

“You let her see me like...like *this*?” I gasped.

“Why not? I told you your disguise was her idea. Anyway, I wanted her opinion of its authenticity.”

“What did she think?” I choked on the question and dreaded the answer.

“She thinks we should make you look more feminine since you are being watched.”

“What *now*?” I exhaled in a gesture of resignation.

## **Chapter 5**

“I know you’re depressed because of Andy’s attitude about your disguise, but don’t worry,” Helen replied without answering my question, “Mother will take good care of him while you work through your *problem*.”

“**PROBLEM!**” I gagged on more effuse. “This is all your fault!”

“My fault? *My* fault?” she snapped in an ice-cold voice. “*You* were the one who lost our money, and it’s *you* the mob expects to pay up. It’s *you* who refused to get a job and hold up your end of our marriage. Don’t give me that *my fault* shit. I’m taking a chance by keeping you here and helping you hide from those hoods. Beyond that, I work and support both you and your arrogant son! One would think I would receive more respect and appreciation for my efforts!”

“I’m sorry,” I sighed, “I guess I’m just upset over losing Andy. I didn’t mean to take my frustrations out on you.”

“Apology accepted,” she replied in an overly sweet voice, “Now, let’s go upstairs and see what we can do to improve your image.”

The very thought of increasing my feminine image made me extremely nervous, but I didn’t want to risk upsetting Helen again. Swallowing my pride, I obediently removed my skirt and blouse.



***“I can’t believe you are bitching about wearing a dress!” Helen admonished. “It’s your life that’s in danger, not mine.”***

When she turned around with a pink dress in her hand, she looked me over and frowned, “You’ll have to change your undies. Black will show through this dress. I suggest you try white or pink.”

“I’m not wearing a dress!” I gasped, “I *can’t!*”

“Oh, come on!” she insisted. “You’ll look very nice in this dress. It’s about time I got some cooperation from you. Anyway, a dress is almost the same as a skirt and blouse, so get busy!”

I desperately wanted to firmly refuse to wear the hateful dress, but I was afraid she would stop helping me. Hesitantly, I exchanged my black undies for pink and pulled the dress over my head.

“On the other hand, these will give you a bit of trouble until you become accustomed to them,” she added while holding up a pair of high heeled pumps.

“Thanks a lot!

“Wait, you need pantyhose with that dress and those heels. Try these.”

I took the stockings and sat on the bed. Following Helen’s instructions, I managed to roll them up my legs without snagging the delicate material. As she looked on, I stepped into the 3-inch heels.

“Actually, you should be happy that mother took Andy for the summer.”

“Happy? Why?”

“You heard his reaction to your clothes. How long would it take for him to say something to one of his friends? In no time, word about your feminine costume would be all over the neighborhood. Not only that, if he were to see you like this every day for the entire summer, his jeering would have driven a wedge into your relationship that might never heal.”

“I wasn’t planning on wearing these sissy clothes much longer. They aren’t permanent, you know.”

“Oh? What will you do about Sid and your rather substantial gambling debt?”

“I’ll think of some way to get back into pants,” I sighed as I stood and smoothed the skirt of my unaccustomed dress about my legs.

Helen looked at me for the longest time before answering. “I wouldn’t be so sure that you’re out of the woods yet. Those type of people have long memories when it comes to money and you owe them a considerable sum.”

“I’ll never be able to pay them as long as I’m secluded in this house.”

“Chin up, sweetheart. We’ll think of something. In the meantime, let’s have a look at you.”

The dress fit remarkably well, but it was just a housedress, nothing fancy. In fact, it was plainer than the blouses I was wearing and it was longer than my skirts. On the other hand, unlike my skirts, this dress would never be mistaken for a baggy pair of shorts. It was a dress and no amount of camouflage could hide that fact, especially with my three-inch *heels*! I teetered on them for a few steps, but I soon got the feel for them.

Helen accompanied me to the kitchen to make sure I negotiated them okay. “Try not to dwell on Andy,” she counseled, “Maybe your nice clothes won’t bother him after he’s had all summer at mother’s place to think about your predicament.” I could only hope!

Early that afternoon, I was deeply engrossed in thought on ways to extract myself from my oppressive silken prison, and I didn’t see a burly man approach the kitchen porch. I usually keep the curtains closed, but this time I was lax because of the morning events.



The doorbell brought me out of my reverie and I jumped back to alertness. Looking up, I saw Louie the Mauler staring at me through the window. Panic raced up and down my spine! What could I do?



***“Oh, my Gawd, it’s Louie the Mauler!” I panicked. “What if he recognizes me in this dress??!!”***

“Groceries, ma’am,” he called through the door.

Groceries? I hadn’t ordered any groceries!

I couldn’t pretend I wasn’t home because he was looking straight at me. Apparently he saw my dress and not my face because he thought I was a woman, probably my wife, or maybe the maid. I knew he would recognize me instantly if he actually saw my face. I also knew that I didn’t look like a woman, even if I ***was*** wearing a dress and heels.

“I didn’t order any groceries,” I squeaked through the door, hoping my voice didn’t give me away by sounding too falsetto.

“A Mrs. Morgan ordered them,” he replied, “Is that you?”

Helen would never order groceries and have them delivered while she wasn’t home. Even if she did, Louie the Mauler wouldn’t be delivering them. This was a setup! The guys were still looking for me! Thinking fast, I stammered, “N...no, I’m her sister.”

“Can I leave them with you?”

What was I to do? Louie wouldn’t be put off. I had to accept the groceries and somehow convince him that I was Helen’s sister. “Uh...y...yes, I guess so,” I gasped, “I’ll take them.”

Louie either collected the money or the man, as he was never sent on friendly missions! Filled with panic, I expected him to barge into the house and pound me into oblivion. When I was properly subdued, he would take me to Sid where I would be exposed in my dress, heels, and pink nylon undies. After that, I would be humiliated before all my friends to make an example of people who didn’t pay. Better that he kill me right here!

I was flabbergasted when he didn’t force entry. I guess it was darker inside than out, so he couldn’t get a clear view of my face. Taking advantage of my fortunate circumstance, I took the bag and used it to block his view of my face. I saw him looking at my fingernails, and for the first time, I was thankful that Helen insisted that I keep them filed and polished.

“Say, have you seen Dan lately?” Louie asked as I started to close the door. “He and I used to hang around a lot, but I haven’t seen him lately.”

“Uh, no!” I gasped, “He left six or eight weeks ago and we haven’t seen or heard from him since. I’m staying with my...my sister to keep her company while he’s away.”



***I was lucky! Louie the Mauler didn't recognize me. He thought I was Helen's sister!***

“Yeah? Would you call me if you hear from him,” Louie handed me a phone number. “I really need to see him because I owe him some money.”

“Uh...okay, I'll do that,” I whispered as I took his card and closed the door.

That was a close call! Louie wasn't known for his gentle hand. I nearly fainted as I placed the groceries on the kitchen table and realized that the threat was real. Until now, I assumed Sid was on my trail, but I hadn't actually known. Now I knew for sure!

I sat down to gather my thoughts. This was a close call, and they would be back. What was I to do? Maybe next time, Louie wouldn't be so accommodating. What if he forced his way into

the house? What if I actually ran away? How would I live? Where would I stay?



*“What can I do, Helen? Sid is getting suspicious!”*

I spent the rest of the day worrying. I was damned if I stayed and damned if I left! I couldn't find a solution. I was comforted only by the thought that Helen would be home soon. Maybe she could find a way out of my quandary.

## ***Chapter 6***

When she arrived, I immediately launched into a detailed description of the affair with Louie. She silently listened, then gave me that ‘I told you the mob hadn't forgotten you’ look.

“I did order some groceries,” she pondered. “I told the store to leave the groceries on the steps and I'd pick them up when I got home. The mob must have intercepted the delivery boy and used the delivery as a ploy to inspect the house.”

“What can I do?” I cried, “Louie will surely come back. He’s like a bulldog when he gets on the trail.”

“Since we have no money, you obviously can’t leave. Neither can you continue looking the way you do,” Helen studiously examined me as I wrung my hands in my lap. “On the other hand...”

“On the other hand what?” I whimpered.

“Well, you did convince that Louie fellow that you were my sister...” she smiled.

“He didn’t get a good look at me,” I whined, “I won’t be so lucky the next time. I wouldn’t be here talking with you if he had seen more than this stupid dress!”

“That *stupid dress* probably saved your ass today!”

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” I submissively agreed.

“So, why don’t we build upon your success?” she grinned.

“I don’t understand?”

“Enhance your looks so you can pass as my sister, even if Louie gets a clear look at you,” she continued her train of thought.

“Enhance? How?” I didn’t grasp where she was going.

“Things like your hair, face, deportment, and carriage. You know, the things that men look at to determine a person’s gender.” She seemed genuinely excited at the idea.

“You want me to wear *makeup...lipstick*?” I gasped, not realizing that was the logical next step beyond wearing dresses, skirts, and heels to appear as a woman.

“Yes! It’s the perfect solution! When I’m through with you, even your son won’t recognize you! “Come on, Dan, look at this realistically. It’s your only choice. Really.”

“Only choice, my ass!” I asserted, “I can always sneak out of the house. Surely we have enough money for me to survive at least a few days.”

“I’m afraid not.”

“But...”

“Oh, come on! It will be fun to see how feminine I can make you appear.”

“You’re enjoying this, aren’t you?” I grumbled, knowing she was probably right about making me appear more feminine. How else could I hide from the mob?

“I guess I am having a bit of fun,” she giggled, “But, this is serious. I bet that if you leave this house dressed as a man, you won’t get two blocks. I don’t think Louie believes you left town, otherwise, why would he be looking for you here?”

Seeing no other option, I reluctantly sighed, “I guess I’ll have to go along with your idea for the moment until I can think of a better plan. When do we start?”

“No time like the present! I’ll show you the basics of makeup and hairstyling and you can practice starting tomorrow. Shave really close while I get some things together for your new *look*.”

While I was shaving, I noticed that my beard, although still substantial, was softer and less bristly. I hoped Helen was joking about making me look so much like a woman that Andy wouldn’t recognize me.

She was waiting beside her vanity with a bright smile on her face when I returned. “Time to create a sister, dear,” she giggled.

I grumbled something under my breath, but apparently she didn’t hear me or didn’t want to. She took my arm and steered me to her vanity stool to begin my transformation in earnest!

I had grave doubts that she would be able to make me look anything like a woman, after all, I am a man and her husband.

But, I reluctantly followed her lead. I was ready for her to begin after I adjusted my skirt over my smooth nylon covered thighs.



*“Let’s start with your eyes,” Helen produced a wand and applied mascara to make my eyes look large, expressive, and feminine.*

“We’ll start with your face,” she decided after giving me a close scrutiny. “I think the eyes.”

I sat absolutely still as she began applying eyeliner to my eyes. I wasn’t used to someone working so close to my eyes. After applying dark lines to the top and bottom of each eye, she smoothed eyeshadow onto my lids.

“Hmm, even though it is evening now, I think we should use light subtle daytime shades. I wouldn’t want my sister to look garish if someone should visit.”

“Visit? Who will visit?” I started to panic. “Do you know something I don’t?”

“Oh, calm down, dear,” she soothed, “I was only talking metaphorically. Anyway, we both know Louie might return. But don’t worry, when I’m done, you’ll be able to greet anybody without fear of being mistaken for a man.”

“Mistaken? I am a man!”

“Not for long, at least where appearance is concerned!”

“What...?”

“Oh, don’t worry,” she soothed, “I was just thinking about my next step with your eyes. I think mascara for those lovely lashes will make your eyes look large and totally innocent.”

After coating my eyelashes, she stood back, examined my face, and concluded, “Something just isn’t right. Oh, I know! It’s those bushy brows. No woman would be caught dead with brows like those. I’ll take these tweezers and start plucking them.”

“What if you pull out too many?”

“Don’t worry about that! There are lots of extra ones. If I take out too many, we can pencil them in. It’s simple.”

“Pluck my eyebrows? Can’t we just leave them alone?”

“No!” she abruptly stated. “Now, let me get to work! “No self-respecting woman allows her brows to look like yours. If you want to fool those thugs like you say, we have to get to it!”

Firm bushy eyebrows, more than anything else on a man’s face other than whiskers defines him as being masculine, yet most men take them for granted. I guess we just assume they will always be there, but suddenly, mine were disappearing. A shiver ran down my back as I considered how far a simple game of cards was changing my life and my very *nature*.



*I couldn't believe that I was sitting at Helen's vanity while wearing a dress, slip, panties, and heels and allowing her to pluck my brows to make me look even more feminine!*

She spent nearly half hour on just one brow before she was satisfied. Then, she told me to do the same with the other. I didn't understand how removing a few hairs could take so long or hurt so much!

Finally satisfied with my efforts on my other brow, Helen started on my face. "My, Danny, your skin is so smooth and translucent. Are you sure you aren't really a woman in disguise?" she taunted me.

I didn't need Helen to remind me about my complexion. I knew how clear and smooth my whole body now felt. That was one of the many things depressing me. I didn't have a good explanation for it, any more than I knew why my chest hurt and my nipples were so sensitive. A lot of strange things had happened since I was forced indoors because of that gambling fiasco.

“I’m sure that I’m a guy, Helen,” I murmured, “Haven’t I proven it in bed?”



*“Hold still so I don’t smear your lipstick,” Helen cautioned, as she applied the feminizing color to my lips.*

“Not lately! But whatever the cause, your baby soft skin is making my job easy. I’ll only need a little powder to give you that soft, clear complexion women strive to achieve.”

Finished with powdering my face, she produced a lipstick from her counter top. “Wait a minute,” I cried. “Not lipstick! I don’t need that!”

“Of course you do,” Helen countered while removing the cap from the brass tube. As the dark cherry lip color was revealed, she explained, “No fashionable woman would be caught without

proper lip color. Before I could protest further, she brought the slippery stick to my lips and started to apply it.

I was embarrassed as hell as she finished her hateful task. How could she be so cavalier about making me look so totally feminine? I *am* her husband, damn it!



*“Your hair has become so long and sexy since you’ve let it grow,” Helen complimented.*

As she replaced the shiny cylinder on her vanity, she instructed, “Rub your lips together to smooth out your lipstick to provide a uniform texture, then blot them on this tissue.”



*“That can’t be me!” I gasped as I examined my face in the mirror. “Even without my dress, I look like a woman!”*

I did as she instructed, and then she thoughtfully examined my face. Finally when she decided it was acceptable, she moved to my hair. “I love how full and wavy your hair has become since it has grown out,” she complimented as she took a pair of scissors and a comb and started snipping here and combing there.

While Helen worked on my hair, I took surreptitious looks in the vanity mirror. I couldn’t see too well, but what I did see

scared me. She was waving and curling my hair, forming feminine bangs over my forehead, effecting curls about my ears, and giving my hair fullness it had never had before. I noticed those changes whenever I could get past my makeup-enhanced face.

Finally Helen declared me done and allowed me to observe myself full view in the mirror. I turned in the chair and nearly fainted. That couldn't possibly be me reflected by the mirror!

"That can't be me!" I gasped, as I grasped my chest with both hands. My heart was beating like it would leave my body. "What did you do to my eyes? They look so large!"

"Au contraire, my dear," Helen giggled, "but it is you. Didn't I say you would be able to pass as my sister?"

"But I'm a man, your husband," I gulped as I stared at my feminine image.

"You were my husband!" she corrected. "Now, you must become my sister in everything you do if you want to hide from those nasty mob guys."

"I don't know which is worse: the problem or the solution," I moaned.

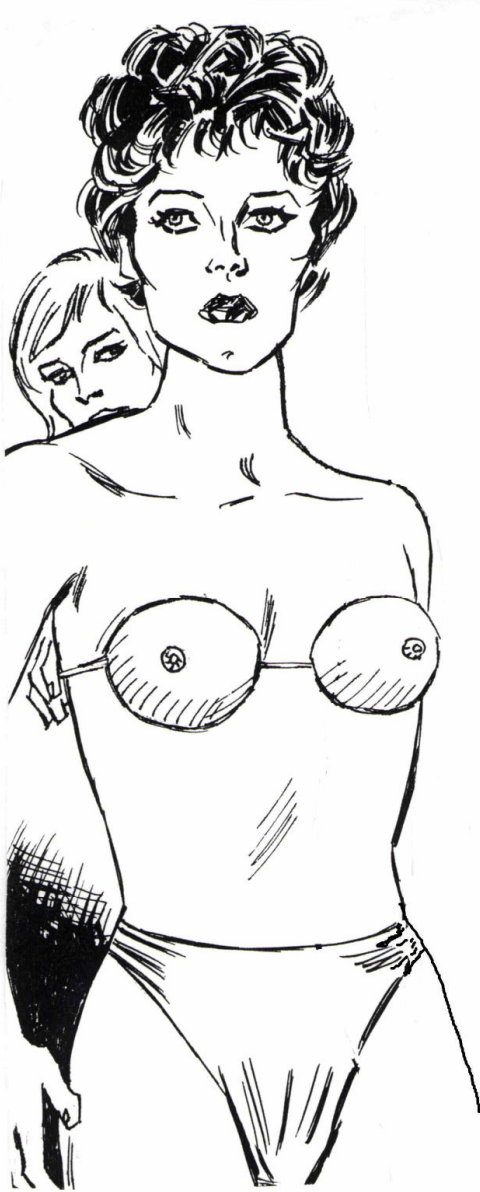
"Let's get you dressed," Helen smoothly suggested, "You may feel differently once you are properly dressed."

Following her instructions, I gingerly stepped into a tight fitting garment she offered. I winced in discomfort as the thing constricted my manhood tightly between my legs. She called the torturous garment a 'gaff'. Helen attached a set of falsies about my chest while I was still trying to get comfortable in the gaff.

"We'll get you a better set of breasts once we know your true size," she grinned.

I could have died right there and then as I felt the weight of the obviously feminine mounds on my chest. I allowed her to wrap a frilly silky smooth, lace embellished, pink bra over the

offending prosthesis. I didn't know which was more humiliating, the bra or the prosthesis.

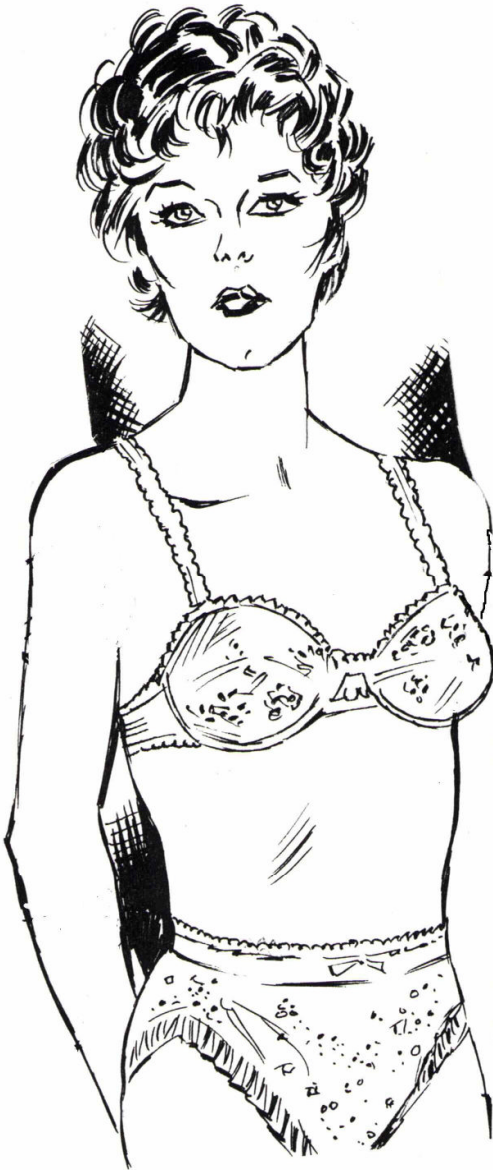


In a trance-like state, I stepped into pink nylon panties that matched my bra. As I slid the silky garment up my legs, I couldn't help but be aware of its soft smooth feel.

The bra effectively hid the breast prosthesis while the panties hid my confining gaff. As I stood before the full-length mirror, I had to admire Helen's ingenuity. Even I had to admit that I made a rather striking woman, although my facial features were a little sharp and on the masculine side. On the other hand, I realized that I just might be able to pull this off as long as no one saw me up close.

"Let's finish getting you dressed," Helen suggested as she pulled me away from the mirror. "I see you've been keeping your legs smoothly shaven as I suggested. Start by pulling

these pantyhose up your legs."



I blushed crimson at her observation, but I silently drew the silky nylons up my legs and adjusted them at my waist. Luckily, I did it without snagging the delicate fabric.

Without waiting for instructions, I pulled a soft pink nylon slip that matched my panties and bra over my head. The dress that Helen offered was a simple design, easily secured with cloth buttons up the front.

It had a plunging neckline that exposed a hint of my lacy bra. As had become my habit of late, I smoothed the dress about my hips and legs to remove any wrinkles.

“Try these shoes, dear,” Helen cooed, “I think you’ll like what you see in the mirror.”

“I doubt that!” I moaned. How could she think I would like how I looked in woman’s clothes?

I stepped before the mirror and let out a gasp. I *did* look like a woman, albeit, a slightly masculine one. Despite wearing the falsies in my bra, my build was not very curvy, but the overall effect was feminine. My loss of weight over the past months definitely helped present a feminine profile.

“Very nice!” Helen whistled, “Since you are my sister, the new feminine you needs a feminine name.”

“A feminine name? Are you crazy?”

“Remember, you have to do everything possible to separate the new you from Dan Morgan. With that in mind, I think your new name should be completely different from your male name so people won’t equate the two.”

“How about ‘Eve’? Yes, that’s a nice name. What do you think?”

“I...I...I don’t know...” my mind wouldn’t function.

“Then ‘Eve’ it is!” she proclaimed with finality, “Eve Foster!”

“Foster?” I gasped, “My name is *Morgan!*”

“Not any more!” she corrected, “As my sister, you can’t use your real last name. It is too easy to check if you used my maiden last name, so I selected new last name. We can say it is from a prior marriage.”

“But...” I couldn’t think straight. Things were happening too rapidly.

“Let’s hear no more!” she demanded, “For the duration of this deception, you are Eve Foster. Get used to it!”

“But this charade is only for a little while! I don’t need a new name. I won’t be interfacing with anyone outside this house.”

“Don’t be silly!” Helen laughed, “Now that Dan Morgan has officially left this house, you can go anywhere. In fact, you can take some of the burden off me.”



*“That can’t be me!” I gasped as I looked at my feminine image in the bedroom mirror.*

“Like?”

“You could do the shopping, for starters.”

“Shopping for what? I can’t, I won’t go out in public wearing woman’s clothes. I would be a laughing stock and the mob would surely recognize me!”

“Groceries for one,” Helen firmly answered, “Nobody will recognize you, believe me!”

*(Continued in Book 2)*

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**IN THE PINK**

Phillip was jumpy. Was it his sister's clothes or what? He knew it wasn't the mouse...it was his mouse!

Perhaps this wasn't the best Halloween costume idea...

