

TV FICTION CLASSICS

# JUST LIKE A WOMAN

An Investigative reporter is feminized at  
the Chrissy Transformation Institute!



In search of a big story, a reporter goes  
underground at a clinic where they  
turn boys to girls!

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**“JUST LIKE A WOMAN”**

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### QUOTE BOARD

"When dressed up. . .he looked just like one of  
Charley's Angels. . .Bosley!"

# JUST LIKE A WOMAN

The Chrissy Institute

*Editors Note: These notes and information were smuggled out of Chrissy Institute of Beverly Hills. As far as I know, no trainee at the institute has ever exposed Chrissy's training methodology. This information was smuggled out by Robin Genes, a reporter that we sent undercover to investigate the institute. Shortly after, he disappeared leaving only these notes behind.*

## **Introduction: About the Chrissy Institute.**

Little known, Chrissy has operated quietly and secretly in a secluded mansion in Beverly Hills since 1962. It was started by Mia, a young widow of a very wealthy man who died of a heart attack at age 30 because of stress and over work at the family business. After her loss, the widow hired the best experts in the world to study male stress and it's effects. After several years of study, it was discovered that a great many men will die young of stress because of an innate feminine personality. The clinical name is FMS - Feminine Male Stress. Mia's husband had this personality trait.

Mia hired a staff of experts and found several young men who had all signs of FMS. They were offered a chance to escape the stress and be guinea pigs for Mia's treatment. They entered the institute and were thoroughly feminized. Over the years, they perfected the feminizing technology and their reputation grew among a small elite psychological community. No publicity has ever been released at Mia's request. Since she was the benefactor of millions of dollars a year to many researchers, the silence has been kept.

Who goes to Chrissy? The famous and rich, and others referred. Sometimes, it's people hiding from others. The CIA has used Chrissy to train special agents and to hide informants. The CIA and the Chrissy Institute worked closely together on the ill fated "Castro mission". The one where they developed

a shoe shine product for Castro's shoes that contained a powerful female hormone. This would have caused Castro to develop breasts and because of the Latin macho society, he would have lost his power base.

Others are simply tired of their wealth and fame. One famous overweight Rock and Roll singer, had FMS and had developed a drug problem. His death was faked and he is now happily living as a blonde country singer in Nashville, working under the name of D. P. (He only changed his first letter) Rumors of his living have been in the news lately.

We have secretly took pictures of some of the students described in this article. I've included some of them with my notes about the subjects.

## **UNDERCOVER,**

### **By Robin Genes**

When the publisher called me into her office, I was excited. I'd only been out of school a year and when the boss assigned a story, that meant something big. The publisher was a gorgeous lady in her early thirties that inherited the newspaper when her father died. What a dish. She was a breath taking blonde and dressed conservative-sexy. She was wearing a "Hepburn" style ivory suit, with a tight skirt that had a walking back slit and back zipper. I notice details, that's why I'm going to make a great reporter.

Anyway, back to the story; I'd heard from other reporters that you were never to question her assignments or your career as a reporter was over. She served me coffee and told me my assignment...I almost choked. I was to try enrolling at the Chrissy Institute. When I heard what that meant, I thought she was crazy. She explained that an inside story might be the scoop of the year. I was the only reporter that had the right attributes for the assignment. I was young, thin and had delicate features.

I was told to see my editor for the details and a briefing. We had many meetings to discuss the strategy of getting me in and what I might find. I had to make them believe that I wanted to be a dame!

The problem was, no one knew where Chrissy was. We had one lead---Phil. I went to a local beauty salon and made an appointment with Phil, a chic Beverly Hills hairdresser. Rumor was that he had connections with the Institute. I was to confess to Phil that I wanted a girl's haircut. That I liked it better long and curled. Phil hopefully would then tell me about Chrissy.

Phil was cool. I expected him to immediately tell me about Chrissy. He showed no surprise at my request and matter-of-factly cut and permed my hair. My editor had told me this might happen and that I was to continue going to Phil until he told me about the Institute. For months I continued to go to the Salon and my hair was beginning to look girlish. Some of the guys at work were beginning to tease me.

More months went by and either Phil was very cautious or he didn't know anything. I had to make my move or this assignment was dead-ended. One night, I followed Phil to a bar called the Queen's Polo Lounge. Early the next night, I went to the bar with hopes that Phil would again show up. He did.

When he saw me, he coolly said hello, and went to meet a group of beautiful women at the end of the bar. I don't mean just attractive, I mean gorgeous, tall striking women, dressed to kill. One was a little androgynous. I saw Phil point me out and they all laughed. He must have told them my secret. This assignment was getting to be real embarrassing.

To my surprise, Phil motioned for me to join them.

He introduced me to the group. The last woman was Mia. A break. Could the rumors be true??

While we made small talk, Mia kept looking me over. Intensely, like she was looking for something. The institute never came up. I even tried to get her talking by asking what she did for a living. She said smugly, "I'm an artist." The others just laughed, and I

let it drop. It was interesting to be surrounded by such beautiful women. Mia's perfume almost made my eyes water.

Shortly after, I asked Phil to lighten my hair. I hoped that would bring him out. He again didn't say a word but before I left he handed me a perfumed card. On it was only a phone number. The perfume was Mia's.

It was spooky to call the number; it rang 20 times before Mia picked it up, saying, "Hello Robin. Phil said you needed some help. Why don't you come up and we'll talk about it." She gave me the address.

I drove to Mia's in my old 1965 Austin Healey 3000. I had owned it from high school. Dad went "halfies" on it. Mom hated it. She was sure that I'd kill myself showing off to the other guys. Somethings in life are like dinosaurs, you know you should get rid of them, but just can't. When it was running, it felt good to roar around with the top down. I loved it's engines deep rumble; like the heart of a lion only through a loud-speaker. It needed a valve job and lots of work, but I loved this car.

The estate had an imposing entrance. Tall walls and trees screened it from view, in fact, there wasn't even a street number posted. Just a gate, with a closed circuit TV monitor. I was a little anxious. What if this was more than just a beauty school for boys and something more sinister?

It was like they were waiting; the gate just opened. I drove in and the large gate locked behind me. My heart pounded as I tried to remember my cover story. Let's see, I work at Equity Home Securities as an Analyst. Yeah, that's it. I'm from Spokane, and have been here 3 months. Yeah. I hoped that the newspaper had my rear covered. These people were sure to check.

This was my first venture into a real mansion. I parked in the circular driveway, and was greeted by a pert maid in a short skirted uniform. She said, "Bon Jour, Robin. I am Renee, and I will take you to Mia."

"Merci," I said a little nervously at Renee's use of my

first name.

The mansion was huge. According to the tax records, 23,347 square feet to be exact. (I do my homework.) I tried to get the building plans but for some reason they were lost. At least that's what that babe at the building department said. The entry was bigger than my apartment and floored in marble. I thought, this is what you call "Big Bucks".

Mia was out on the patio, waiting for me was my favorite drink, an O.F.I. special. I always had to tell the bartenders how to make it. Yet, there it was. Perfectly made. I questionably looked at Mia. She smiled, "That is what you were drinking when we met, wasn't it?"

She then stopped smiling and said, "Do you know why you're here?" I shook my head.

"Phil told me about your interest and I think I can help you be happier."

I had been working on my blush and on cue, turned crimson. I tried to look surprised and said, "What do you mean?"

"Cut the crap," she said. "I know all about your feminine side. I've seen hundreds with it. I can help you."

She went on to explain about FMS and it's signs. She said, "You have them all. A perfect candidate. All those girls I was with at the bar were boys we've feminized."

"No," I shyly looked down and tried to blush again. She was buying it. She went to a wall and pushed a button. A life-size TV screen appeared and a videotape started to explain her institute. Mia was the narrator.

*"The purpose of the Chrissy Institute is to help you learn everything about becoming feminine. This is not for the casual cross-dresser. This Institute is about a total changeover. In the beginning, some of the professionals laughed and said that femininity couldn't be learned.*

*They were wrong. We can change the gender signals that you send out and the way you feel about your self and your body."*

Nick was introduced. He looked like any young boy about 22 years old. He was in jeans, a T-shirt and sneakers.

*Mia's video continued, "This was Nick a year ago. Nick was sent to us by the juvenile authorities. He has FMS.*

He looked shy and nervous.

*Many of our training techniques may cause you to develop such a feminine image that many of the ingredients of maleness may be permanently lost. We don't advocate operations... We believe that the happiest position is to remain male and thoroughly groom your personality and behavior into that of a female's. By following our training and exercises, your maleness will be overcome by feminine mannerisms and behavior. Our goal is to make our trainees so feminine that they can live and work without any fear of humiliation."*

*Mia continued, "This is Nicki today."*

A shapely young girl walked on camera. You couldn't tell it was Nick. He appeared contented in his silk afternoon dress and heels.

*Mia asked how he felt now. Nicki said, "I want to thank you for not only making me look like and act like a girl, but also want to be one. Chrissy Institute has feminized my mind, my feelings, my nature and made me delighted to be a girl as far as was physically possible."*

Mia stopped the tape and said, "What do you think?"

I tried to not laugh, this had to be the biggest con since the Ponsi schemes. Yet she was so straight forward about it. No hinting around---right to the point. My newspaper shrink had warned, "You can't appear too eager." I tried blushing again, and said, "Gee, I don't know. It must be very expensive. I couldn't ever afford this place."

Mia smiled and said, "You will be treated to luxury-spa type treatments. This is expensive, but my late husband who worked himself to death, set up a fund, a scholarship for those who are needy. I think you would be a perfect candidate."

I was close but everything said, "Proceed with caution." Mia didn't get here by being stupid. There must have been hundreds of reporters who have tried to get a story about this place. And I was close.

She handed me a brochure on the Institute. It said:  
**Desensitizing you to your transformation.**

*What will happen to your personality?*

*Bringing out the lady in you- Why be a man's equal when you can be a woman's equal. Being a woman is not inferior or superior; just very different.*

*Feeling Frightened- There are several reasons for the mental confusion and fear or insecurity. One is a lack of commitment, another is fear of the unknown. Over 50% of the world live in femininity. Believe it or not, few people will be hostile after your conversion.*

*Mental Barriers- After you've started to show signs of feminization, you'll most likely question your decision. Indecisiveness is a feminine quality and is a sign of increasing feminine personality development. When your masculinity is stripped away, you'll experience a feeling of nakedness and vulnerability. You'll feel weak and exposed as your muscles soften. As your figure slims and hips widen you'll find your balance different and you'll walk effortlessly with a sway.*

*The Chrissy Institute, concentrates on methods of complete feminization. Your mind will change also your body and comportment. This is not an overnight process. Your personality must be ready to accept the pleasures and pains of feminine development. Practice is required until it becomes natural. Therefore, no one is allowed to leave after orientation.*

*At the institute many special preparations are used. Some will unsettle you at first such as being estrogenized. All the methods have one objective; the developing and insemination of female instincts and inhibiting your male ones.*

*At the Institute, you will be expected to do your best to make yourself into a perfect girl, carrying out all you are told to do by the various experts.*

*Becoming non-male...most of your treatment will revolve around becoming non-male. Your rough skin*

*will become soft, angles will become curves and your stride will become a swing. You will learn more about men then you knew as one. This is because we will be looking at your maleness and systematically eliminating it. By becoming non-male you will become an attractive female.*

*Example: A wife tells of her husband's transformation:*

*I never think of him as my husband. For me he's now my sister. Of course, I still remember him as my husband - and how difficult our life was together. After his business failure, he had to rely on my inheritance. I told him that some major changes had to be made. He was reluctant at first. I told him of my plans to send him to the institute. The feminizing process began. I must admit I liked the idea of my husband being transformed into a girl. I have done all I can to see that he becomes as girlish and feminine as possible. I know he's much happier today. I feel many boys would be happier in the role of girls, given the opportunity to change. I mean to change gender not sex. There are many young men that have soft features and figures that with their wife's help could easily take the female role. Hormones and minor surgery can do wonders to such boys. It's important to encourage the boys early to take the feminine role. This allows "playing girl" to become natural and a part of their personality. It is important that they learn to love being a girl and feel beautiful, not as effeminate men, but as females. My husband thanked me for his transformation. He now works as a secretary and loves his work.*

*Exercises during your transformation. As your body becomes feminized slowly, your new actions will become natural. It's important to practice and do the exercises. With a little patience, you'll soon forget all your male mannerisms.*

The small print said:

(Note to professionals: In counseling these boys, remember that you are taking them through the normal development stages that women experience. Their psyche must learn to exclude male traits from themselves

psychically. They will develop jealousy of this and other male symbols, thus preparing themselves to accept completely their feminine roles.

To become feminine, a man must accept the loss of his phallus status. In these subjects, acceptance of this phallus-less role along with a narcissistic affirmation, will make a decisive step towards their future femininity.

Along with this loss comes other emotions. One is envy of the strong and virile men with their intact, vigorous phallus status. Another is fear of possible physical harm by these dominant men and it's repercussion. Therefore, these subjects in their make-up, require help to neutralize anxiety and enable them to accept the dangers inherent with their new role.)

After I finished reading the brochure, I folded it and went to put it in my pocket. Mia said, "No... No. That must stay here." I handed it back to her, disappointed at losing a little evidence. She asked, "What do you think?"

I didn't want to be too eager so I said, "Can I call you tomorrow?"

"Sorry, if you accept, you start right now. We'll make any calls for you to explain your absence. Don't worry about your job, we'll find you a new one later. You'll be here for at least six months. Depends on your progress. We will not allow anyone out before they are perfect in mind and body. Take a look."

We walked over to a picture window which looked over the Olympic sized pool surrounded by waterfalls and ponds. The house was built on a knoll and had a view of the city. Around the pool were a several shapely girls in bikinis. I started to say, "WOW!" Then it struck me. These were boys-students of Mia's. Could I change that much? No way. I would just stay long enough to get a story and escape over the wall. I figured two weeks "max."

I told Mia with a much practiced grateful look, "I don't know how to thank you." I took another look out the window. This could have been the Playboy Mansion and these boys Playmates. The grounds even looked like The Playboy mansion which was around

here somewhere. I couldn't remember...was it next door?

Mia asked Renee to show me to my room. It was decorated in pink and white, pink walls with floor to ceiling white lace draperies. There were fresh flowers on the desk and next to the bed. This was like a five star hotel, maybe better; I was staying for free.

Renee explained to me the daily routine. Up by seven, I would find a video outside the door that would explain that day's program. (That was good; more proof.) I looked out the window. They had moved my Healey. I was worried about it. After this story, I'd fix it up. Maybe soup up the engine. It could be a real muscle car.

Renee told me to take a bath while she prepared my room. This was luxury. I sat in the tub, surrounded by bubbles and a rose fragrance. I had always thought a bubble bath was for sissies. I reflected on the coming events. I must somehow keep these notes of my feelings but they might not like that. A diary, that's it, it's even a girlish thing to do.

I was going to have to pretend to like being a sissy. I'd always hated weak men. I was tough! I thought about my life. My parents named me Robin, which is given to girls as well as boys. I always resented it. On top of that, my features, complexion and figure wasn't muscular like the other boys. I got into a lot of fights at school. I guess that's why I studied English and became a reporter.

I shaved my legs as instructed. I never had much body hair and I knew it would grow back. I was surprised by the sleek and slick feeling. I made a mental note to include feelings in my article.

Renee was smiling when I came out of the bathroom, scantily dressed only in a pink frilly robe. I had to keep reminding myself; They think I like this. Renee held up a dainty garment with lace edging. Could it be? They were??...girl's panties?

I felt like running. I hadn't thought about the details of this assignment. Actually wearing girl's underwear and clothes? Could I make myself do it and

make them believe that I "liked it?" I found myself stepping into "the panties" or as Renee corrected, "my panties." I had no trouble blushing this time as Renee watched. I asked for privacy but Renee just said, "Look, don't worry, I used to be like you."

No! Renee couldn't be a boy. I had examined every inch of this delightful young lady. What a dish. Long hair up in a bun, full hips and rear. The uniform he wore was so tight that every curve showed. Were the other boys here like Renee?

I asked Renee when I'd get to meet some of the others. She said, "Not for a while. You will only meet them once you are a bit further along. . . some boys want to quit before then."

She took a brassiere from a drawer then slipped it over my arms---tightening it in back.

"The cups are a little empty?" I said.

She laughed and said, "Don't worry dear, you'll soon be filling out a tight sweater in no time. The doctor will see you tomorrow."

I knew I couldn't leave too quickly and find out much of the story. I clenched my teeth. The next two hours were a blur; a flurry of make-up and clothes. I was shocked back to consciousness by the sight of an attractive young girl looking back at me from the mirror. She was me!

"Comfortable now?" Renee asked.

Later when I was alone, I looked through the room. The magazines were all women's such as Seventeen, Women's Day, Vogue, etc. There were video tapes but they were women's shows such as Kate and Ally, specials by Madonna, Dolly Parton, etc. The books, the same: The Women's Room, Looking Good, etc. I grabbed a magazine and read myself to sleep. This was sure dull. You know, girl stuff: hair styles, latest skirt lengths, make-up hints.

The next morning, I woke to music, canned music coming from a wall speaker. It was an "elevator music" version of "I enjoy being a girl." I wondered how long it had been on? It felt funny but not unpleasant to be

sleeping in a nightgown. I hated the way it's straps cut into my shoulders. Renee came into the room and handed me a video that explained a part of that day's schedule.

It was on:

**Skin Care, Cosmetic Application and Hair Beautification.**

*Electrolysis- It is painful but necessary. Giving up your beard permanently removes a major masculine trait and routine. The beard and shaving. It also removes the dark shadow from your face, softening and making your appearance more youthful. Many find that with the removal of their beards, people easily start referring to them as "Miss" or "Ma'am." Most men at first like not having the chore of shaving. But a new daily routine will take it's place...putting on makeup. You will be expected to wear makeup almost every place you go for the rest of your feminine life. You will soon feel naked without it.*

*Make-up and application training--- It is usually a shock the first time a boy is made-up. He is used to looking in the mirror and seeing a boy. It is after being made-up that he finds his sister or a female staring back. Contemporary makeup didn't exist until the late 19th century and then only for the stage. Women didn't wear it until after World War I. The boys must be taught how to wear makeup and develop a "look". They must be taught what it means to wear too much rouge or too red of lipstick. To feel naughty because they put a blue luminous powder on their eyelids. To blush when a man says they're attractive.*

*Rouge is applied to give you a blush. This blush is like the natural glow of a woman during sexual excitement.*

*Leg care--- we expect you to shave your legs and other body hair daily.*

*Hair care--- color and hair style- What type of hair-style should you wear? We suggest that the boys let their hair grow at least 4 months before coming to our Institute. Your hair is a strong part of your new non-male-ness. You will learn to curl and blow dry your hair. We think the most attractive styles are shoulder length, full*

*flowing ones that shift in the wind. We also suggest that most of our students become blondes at least for a while. A few boys have trouble with the attention they receive as blondes but blonde is considered the most feminine hair color. Blondes are assumed by people as more fun to be around. Your life will get brighter along with your hair.*

I removed my peignoir and Renee helped me into lingerie and a basic shift dress and heels. I felt so awkward and strange. How could they think any guy would like this. It was too late to turn back now.

Before I knew what was happening, they were bleaching my hair a golden blonde. Large pink curlers were rolled into my hair. I was told they would create long flowing curls.

After a time under the dryer, they removed the curlers and brushed out the results. My face was surrounded by a mass of blonde curls and waves. All was fixed with hair spray. Renee acclaimed, you'll get a lot of compliments on your hair. I also have curly soft hair. After becoming a blonde, people always were asking about it, like what type of shampoo I use, etc. Men like to touch it."

I can't explain the pain that day. Four hours of electrolysis with two operators and make-up lessons. They applied long, oval shaped acrylic nails to my hands and polished them a bright red. My toes were not spared. They weren't fooling around here. Any other reporter would have headed for the hills. Not me, I'm tenacious. Two weeks for the story of the year; I can tough it out.

Just before dinner in my room, the doctor arrived to examine me. Dr. Holt was a handsome man about 40 and six foot three. I wanted to ask for his credentials, but felt this was out of place. He examined me and said, "Yes, Mia was right, you are a perfect candidate. Your body has a lot of feminine characteristics. I blushed, this man was the ultimate in masculinity. Any girl would love him, he looked like Tom Selleck. Here I was naked, except for panties, and he was pointing out my

wide hips and short thin stature. I'd show him...my article would expose this sham.

He reached into his bag and pulled out a prepared hypodermic. I felt like a vice cop. I had to get their confidence or I might as well run for it. I asked with normal interest, "What's that for?"

He laughed then said, "Just to calm down a few of your male hormones." The needle was positioned at my buttock and I looked at the ceiling. I'd always hated shots.

I felt a shooting pain as the needle penetrated, then the strangest sensation as it's cool contents entered my hip. A queasy feeling ran through me. It felt strange, but not entirely unpleasant.

I pulled up my panties and my hand went up to straighten a stray blonde curl. They were sure moving fast. I asked Dr. Holt when I'd notice anything. He just laughed and said, "You boys are always in such a hurry."

The next morning at ten to seven, my stomach was churning and I went to the toilet and threw up. I still hadn't been able to turn off that god awful canned music. I didn't like it when Helen Reddy did "I am woman" and I hated waking up to it. Renee said my nausea was natural and turned the video on:

### **Visual poise**

*Your movements will become willingly graceful and feminine. As your figure slims and hips widen you'll find your balance different and you'll walk effortlessly with a sway.*

*Walking--- Learning to walk like a lady. First you will be taught and then expected to never take a clumsy step again. You will start with medium high heels and within hours will be walking like a female. In a short time you'll have that pretty, swiny, free-striding roll of your hips perfected. Your walk will be proud and sensual with a slight wiggle at your bottom.*

*Sitting--- Face the mirror. What impression do you make as you sit in your chair. Never sit squarely in chair or slump. Be lovely, press your knees together. Never let those knees separate, it's not ladylike. Try not*

*to tug at your skirt. Rising from chair. If your skirt is full, gently pull out at the sides and rise.*

That day I learned model posing, walking, visual poise and a few turns. They used a state-of-the-art video equipment to refine each move.

I still was not allowed to see any of the others, only Renee. I could however see the pool and terrace. One of the senior students sunbathed daily. From this distance, I couldn't be sure it was a student. Renee assured me it was. This boy had his red hair pulled tight into a ponytail and it was so radiant that the sunlight reflected in it like a mirror. The pony tail would fall over his shoulder and spill down over the top of his bikini. He'd sun bathe in the warm sun, sometimes combing the ponytail with his manicured fingers. Other times he'd wrap it around his hand like a bandage. I watched him when ever I could. Why would a guy want to do this??? His figure seemed so feminine. This must be part of the con. No man would ever want a girl's body. Yet there he was, stretched out in the sun, wearing a girl's bikini and filled it nicely too. If only I could talk to this guy, I'd have a story.

I never ran out of questions for Renee. He rarely would answer. He did tell me the story of a mother seeing her son for the first time after a summer at Chrissy.

Renee reflected, "She was shocked when Davie sauntered into the room. His hair had been beautifully curled and the short dress he wore displayed smooth thighs and legs which most girls would kill for. He looked like a Miss Teen contestant."

Renee continued, "His mother was feeling guilty for sending her son here as a punishment for being mean to his sister and bad grades. He had FMS, but his mother was thinking of pulling him out. Mia took her aside and pointed out the obvious. It was too late. Davie now thought and responded like a girl. Sending Davie back to school in pants would be cruel. Mia said, "Sure, you could cut his long hair but, his figure had

already developed to where boys' locker rooms were off-limits." His point of view and comportment was now that of a young girl's. His mother scrutinized Davie, who was sitting meticulously in his pink and white rose print dress with the short flaring skirt. His matching pink pumps with 3 inch heels were new and she knew he would be in pain as they broke in. Yet her son sat with his knees pressed primly together. Every so often, he'd instinctively adjusted the hem of his skirt to cover his knees. Davie's mother wouldn't be buying him baseballs and footballs for Christmas. He'd be getting bras, panties, perfume and dresses. Davie's mother had trouble with her rambunctious boy, now Davie would have the boy problems."

Could this place truly do all that?? To me??

My days were filled with more lessons and electrolysis. Also hours of exercises---wearing high heels at all times. We did toe strength exercises---toe curls pencil pickups.

Mornings, I now dressed myself. My newly manicured nails pulled on nylon stockings. I effortlessly zipped, snapped, and straightened women's clothes on my body.

The days seemed to last forever. They were crammed with lessons and beauty treatments. Could I last two weeks?

After these few days, I knew I'd never be the same. My attention kept wandering and sometimes I was almost hysterical. I seemed more afraid of the dark. I even burst into tears once because I ran a nylon.

I'd wake up and have to throw cold water in my face to remember what day it was. I hoped for a break soon.

The next video:

### **Wardrobe Planning**

*Learning to shop. You may at first be overwhelmed by the choices involved in your new wardrobe. In the recent past women were expected to wear dresses at almost all occasions, except for an occasional pair of pants for working in the garden. Today most women*

have a complete wardrobe of pants and pant outfits. We suggest that for the first year, you avoid pants as much as possible and wear skirts and dresses until they are a natural part of your personality. This first year allows your figure to develop and adapt to your figure training. After a year of constant skirt wearing, your movements will flow--- even in pants, your aura will be feminine. One trainer requires his boys to wear satin panties with lace trim, lacy garter belts and thigh high stockings to reinforce their new vulnerability and teach femininity. We don't subscribe to this hard line theory but feel that until a boy is comfortable with feminine clothes, pants are out. Our Institute's rules are that when your hips are 11 inches more than your waist and you are totally comfortable in your cache device you may wear shorts or pants. You must also have at least an A cup breast development.

Many of the younger boys love the new tight jean look and after a year of skirts look forward to getting back in pants. We have found that a pair of tight jeans or black velvet slacks can create a truly feminine appearance.

Another important point in the training---you should never be completely nude, especially at the beginning. We suggest a minimum of some feminine clothes even if only stockings and heels. Without some reminder of your girlish role, you are prone to forget for a moment your role and the proper dress.

Shopping tour- Today you will learn to shop and pick out a complete wardrobe from our Institute's shop. You will learn the basics---avoid male fabrics and styles...if you wanted them, you would still be in your three piece suits and not silk panties. Men's cut clothes can do nothing to show how womanly you are. Pick out clothes that are subtle and have a promise of sexiness, but not plunging necklines. Wear dresses. A dress by itself is very feminine. Flared skirts that play around your legs are a good choice. Red is an attractive color and will make you feel alive. Black is also nice and creates a subconscious impression of feminine surrender. But it also implies sadness.

After several hours in class learning about fashion,

I was taken into the boutique to shop. I was to pick out dresses and lingerie for the rest of my stay. These weren't just clothes, these were fashions! Most from Paris and New York. All very stylish and feminine. My sister would have been envious of this shopping trip. All free and mine to keep. I was fitted for lingerie. Not the basic stuff, but lacy and sexy panties, bras and slips. One low-cut black bra had straps that were so delicate, I thought they'd break. The boutique was run by Heidi who is a fashion consultant to the stars. She said, "Now Robin, let's pick you out an attractive wardrobe."

I had been typed...that is, there are many types of women, such as exotic, intellectual, romantic or voluptuous. I was told I was the Ingenious type. That's a young, dainty, and playful girl. I should wear ruffles and ribbons in my hair. Can you imagine that? These people sincerely think I'm into this stuff. I can't wait to see their faces when my article hits the street.

Heidi said, "Your lingerie should always match. I suggest shades of pink and pastels. This silk dress is you, darling." I tried it on and detested wearing it. It felt so uncomfortably light and diaphanous.

I swallowed hard as dresses and skirts were picked out. I had to try them all on. If I showed any resistance they might catch on. I tried to show enthusiasm at each level of feminization I achieved. I assumed feminine mannerisms for the sake of my story. Maybe I had enough for a story now. Naw. Since I'm in, I might as well see what else I can learn.

I now found myself prettily dressed as a girl all the time. I was even getting used to walking in high heels and feeling the swish of my slips and dresses against my legs. I was learning to be a girl the way they wanted. I could see how men who weren't as strong as I, could learn to psychologically accept this role. Not me, I could never be brainwashed into liking this girl junk.

The next video was on Accessories:

*Jewelry and Earrings-*

*Piercing your ears. Many boys find this a mile-*

stone in their conversion. We will have your ears pierced soon after the first sign of breast development. This is done by our doctors. The dangling feeling at your ears will increase the sensual feeling of your body changes.

*Perfumes-Each night you are to use the perfumed oil called Estrofume as a body lotion. Pour a teaspoon of oil into your palm. Rub your hands together, then apply to your breasts and buttocks with a circular motion. Stroke the oil upward on your stomach with both hands. Using more oil, work upward on your shaven legs, from the ankle to the tops of your thighs.*

*Shoes- Wearing the right shoes are important. Within a short time you will find the sound of your heels clicking on the sidewalk comforting. Your shoes are at the bottom of your new role in life and high heels are the foundation. High heels aren't just a symbol of your feminine role, they give you a feminine look, poise and carriage. High heels give you a sexier, leggier appearance.*

*From the first day, you have been expected to wear 3 inch heels and after a month will graduate to 4 inch. Consistent wearing of these heels will feminize your gait by forcing a shortening of the stride. High heels also add a swaying, mincing step that suggests helpless femininity.*

*During special classes you will be required to wear very skin tight high heels (5 inch and more) for an extended period. This is to reinforce that as a woman you are less free and more dependent on others support. After several years of heels, you can try some "sensible" shoes at home.*

Renee started to open up a bit. He used to work in Zurich, and was sponsored by a rich club owner. To my surprise, Renee was married...to a woman. Actually the institutes psychologist.

Renee confessed, "She was the one who first found out I had FMS. She sent me to Chrissy."

Renee told me of his first visit to see his wife after six months at the institute. "She couldn't help staring at me. I looked exactly like a schoolgirl. My nylons

were identical to hers and enhanced my legs, along with the 4 inch black patented leather heels. My figure had changed a lot. Even my waist was unbelievably small. I was still under strict figure training and was wearing a corset. She couldn't believe that I was a man, her husband. For sure, I could never be one again. My pierced ears, budding breasts, and rounded hips would guarantee that. She asked Mia if she could work here. You'll meet her tomorrow."

The next day Renee gave me a paper. It was a test:

Part I

**Personality Development**

Personality test - Check the positive statements.

I want people to like me more.

I get stage fright before a group.

I want to lose weight.

I want to make new friends.

I like going out on dates.

I wish I were more popular.

I get crushes easily.

I do things I later regret.

And 300 more like this!

**Part II**

*Picking a name-We try to pick names that have a feminine feeling to them. May of our instructors like the feminized version of a male name such as Johnna for John, or Michelle for Michael. Feminine name you prefer.....*

Finally a break. I meet Renee's wife, the Institute's psychologist. After a long talk about my life history (mostly made up, with the help of our newspaper's psychologist).

She explained to me the problems in developing a feminine outlook and interests. She said, "One of the biggest differences you'll find is that women are more comfortable about verbalizing feelings. It may be uncomfortable at first, but showing and discussing your feelings is an important part of developing a feminine personality. You may feel clumsy and ill at ease. As a

man you protected yourself and controlled your feelings. As a woman it's totally acceptable to let your feelings and emotions control your actions."

She continued, "We'll cultivate some fear in your personality. As you change, you'll notice that you become afraid of more things. It's just your feminine personality emerging."

I asked her about her relationship with Renee.

She describes seeing her husband after his transformation:

*"Renee's mother had wanted a daughter. When Renee was born, she was so disappointed that she refused to treat him as a boy. She let his hair grow long and kept him in baby dresses for an unusually long time. Even at school she insisted that he avoid the rough and dirty games and made him study ballet.*

*The other boys wouldn't play with Renee and called him sissy. He became disobedient and ill-tempered. This behavior got worse after we were married and he became unfeeling and macho. I talked to his*



*mother and she suggested the Institute. When he returned, I had not seen him for months during his stay at the Institute. I came home late and the bedroom was dimly lit and from the door a wafting of perfume....*

*He stood... in silhouette, his waist length hair brushing his shoulders cascading in golden and auburn rivulets over his breasts...His breasts are not large but I am shocked by their fullness in such a short time. His figure was unmistakably feminine. I cannot see his face, but I know that he is smiling...I entered and laid down on the bed.*

*The cool crisp sheets smelled sweet and clean. I closed my eyes and heard the door close gently. His scent now permeates the air above me. I feel his breath; the movement of the air as he lifts his flowing tresses over his shoulder and kneels beside the bed. I'm on my side now. I hear him breathing, feel his breath on my face and chest.*

*He sits beside me and drapes his hair softly over my shoulder, stroking my face and chest.... He reaches to my rising nipple... teasing...*

*'Lie back,' he says.... His voice is dusk, his scent is like the air after a springtime shower in my redwoods.*

*I take the pillow. Lie back and breathe deeply... The anticipation mounts.. He strokes my...and we made love.*

*Later we went through his new wardrobe. We were the same size in some dresses and had a ball trying on each other's clothes. We are much closer now."*

The next day was more of the same. My face was beet red from the hours of Electrolisis, but I wasn't worried about that. They were working on my personality. I could see what they were trying to do. It was like brainwashing...they weren't going to get me. There were times that I began to like some of this stuff. (No, not the corsets and figure controls.) My form was undergoing a change. I was being molded like putty into the form of a girl. I guess girls must experience

this agony.

Renee said, "As you become increasingly non-male, your personality will become more attractive. Women will see you as non-threatening. Men will instinctively be attracted to your non-male characteristics."

Renee told me about one of their former students, Phillip. "He had been a wonderful pupil. He had developed quickly and had a flare for the feminine. He took pride in wearing tight sexy dresses and makeup perfectly. His problem was wherever he went, men would flock around him and become quite pushy."

Renee continued, "While attention is wanted, this was too much for Phillip. We studied his case and found that Phillip's body language was very meek and submissive...in a seductive manner. His manner of conversation with men (smiling with downward eyes) and other submissive behaviors such as preening his hair and smoothing his skirt caused men to respond in a sexual way. Phillip found himself out on many dates because he couldn't say no. We taught him to give deadpan expressions and show apathy. He was now able to control his seductiveness.

It was all I could do not to laugh.

The next day, I was able to see a teacher's manual when my make-up instructor left the room. I saw:

(Note to professionals: When counselling the wives, girlfriends or lovers of the students encourage them to use comments such as: "I can't believe you're a boy and not a girl." and "You are so girlish that you could never be a boy again." This enforces the new behavior and prevents the subject from thinking he can ever return to his old ways.

The rest of the day was filled with more exercises. After dinner, Renee gave me a surprise. My new identification. They had taken everything and had it converted to say FEMALE. How could they??? I hadn't signed anything. These people must have heavy connections. Maybe even paid off a few politicians. I

looked through my new driver's license and U. S. Passport. I thought, "Hey, this might be bigger than I thought. I might have to stay longer than the two weeks."

I went to sleep writing my byline. I couldn't get Renee out of my mind. What would make a man want to look so much like a woman? His curved figure and blonde hair were so attractive. That day, he had worn a very short skirted uniform and spiked heels. I mean, his skirt was so short you could see white lacy panties when he bent over.

It was too bad Renee was a boy. I could go for a chick who looked and dressed like him.

The next day the video was on:

### **Voice Improvement:**

*Developing a feminine voice. A woman's voice is sweet, soft, non-threatening and has a smile in it.*

*There is something very threatening to a man when he gives up his deep booming voice. Some boys can easily perfect the body but have difficulty giving up the power of an aggressive male voice. One such boy, David (now Diane) had no problem adjusting to his developing body and worked very hard on perfecting his walk and comportment. To look at David, he was a dream. Long hair, perfect makeup, and soft curved body. But his voice...loud and abrasive. We worked intensively on his natural pitch. He had a tendency to lower his voice to "sound more sexy." We added a musical quality by intensive work on the vowel sounds, m, n, and 'ing. He practiced by saying such sentences as, "The light is on."*

*We also added a friendly tone and inflection in pitch. We also trimmed the rough edges with new, soft vocabulary. Words such as lovely, luscious and sweet.*

*Most boys experience difficulty at first, but gradually you will be speaking in a higher pitched tone. It may be a little squeaky at first, but with our special throat rinse several times a day and daily training, your voice will mellow and you will begin to speak like a lady. At the Institute, we have a trainer who will add a cultured, well modulated tone to your voice.*

Dr. Holt coated my throat with a medicine to make

it higher. There was no way according to the newspaper's experts, that any of these would last permanently.

The days were becoming muddy recollections. I almost couldn't remember what men's clothes felt like. I was trying hard to do the training. I didn't want them to catch on to my goal. To expose this place and it's...it's...I don't know but something's wrong here. This just isn't right. You know, turning men into women.

The next day the video was on:

**Occupation training:**

*What do you want in a job. Several of the best are nursing, hair dressing, and waitressing. You will now find yourself as a woman in a man's world. You will be reacted to differently and expected to respond as a woman. Most likely your new boss will be a man. Show respect for his position...always refer to him as "Mr." Jones, not as Bill.*

*As a woman, it will be up to you to add charm to the office. Not a clinging femininity but a helpful charming beauty.*

*Making less- It's true, women make less than men for the same work. It is true, you won't be required as often to pay for dinners and entertainment. But you will quickly find that buying a new dress and clothes for that evening will cost more. You must learn to buy quality clothes and take care of them. With daily wear nylons costing almost \$5.00 a pair, you'll quickly learn to keep your legs shaved and avoid runs. Don't be surprised if tears comes to your eyes if you run a pair at a bad time. There is also more media trying to sell you products. You may find your closets full of new dresses but your purse empty.*

*New attitude- It is also a fact that as a woman your relationships with other workers will change. Many women are catty and petty among each other. The male workers will also test your attitude with sexual jokes which we call psychological penetration. Many days you'll come home feeling like you haven't a friend. Women are used to this, you must get used to being used and get pleasure from helping others.*

*You'll find that the power you used to want will*

*come but in a different form. You'll find rewards in looking attractive. When you're struggling to walk down the street in your high heels, you'll feel attractive and powerful. You're trading one type of power for another. You must find power in your new role otherwise you will feel a lot of stress.*

I spent most of the afternoon learning to write with the small script of a girl.

That night I was to choose several feminine careers that I might enjoy. I thought that being a stewardess would be fun or maybe a Vegas show girl. I put them down on the "wish list".

My waist no longer hurt from the waist cinch. That night Renee took my body measurements. I was surprised, I guess I'd lost a few pounds.

My chest also seemed sensitive. My nipples seemed slightly raised and itched a lot. My morning nausea went away, but I felt bloated. I also felt tired all the time. My vitality seemed to go and I was happy to just sit around and read or practice make-up. I was getting very good at the intricate elegance of make-up.

I asked Renee about having real breasts. He said, "They are such fun! Look at mine!" Renee pulled down his top and unhooked his bra. My hand went instinctively to touch them. They were so warm and soft. To have women's breasts...that would be appalling.

The next video was the one I was dreading:

**Body Perfection:**

*Developing a feminine figure:*

*The contour of your body has a lot to do with your feminine attractiveness. Having the right curves in the right places. Once on your way to a feminine figure, you'll long to look luscious in a bathing suit or dreamy dance dress with a plunging neckline. Even baring your beautiful feminine breasts to a loved one will be exciting.*

**Treatment Administration:**

*You were given a female hormone injection the first day. This is to help calm your testosterone and*

to test your first reaction to estrogen. Today, if you have had no adverse reaction, you will be given our secret formula called Castestradiol™. It was formulated by a top research department of a major medical school. We are the only authorized outlet in the world.

#### *The benefits of treatment with Castestradiol™*

It's a time release pellet implant that will last six months. One simple injection offers quick relief for the symptoms of masculinity and their hormonal causes. Time release Castestradiol is absorbed through the body, thus assuring a continuous potent supply in the body.

It contains all the estrogens that are responsible for the development and maintenance of a female body and sex characteristics. While they won't cause the growth of a vagina, they will cause enlargement of the breasts through promotion of ductal growth and accretion of fat. They also will contribute to the feminine molding of your body contours and softening of the skin.

Once this pellet is inserted, it is impossible to remove. There is no turning back. You will experience puberty again this time into womanhood. Your blossoming femininity will create a lot of excitement and tension. Each symbolic body and behavior change will confound you until fusion.

#### *Side effects of Castestradiol™*

Most boys will experience some unpleasant side effects. Remember your whole body is changing. Most have a couple of days of a feeling of warmth in the face, neck and chest. These "flashes" usually only last a day or two. After that, most experience an intense itching around the nipple area. This is totally natural and will not go away for months.

Among the most difficult and embarrassing periods is when you are first developing breasts. Many of you developing breasts may go through stages much like those of a young girl.

You may suffer intense embarrassment. Some

*become socially withdrawn. As the front of your shirts begin to show the soft points of womanishly development, it's important to focus on your impending role in life. Puff your chest out and let the world view your charms.*

I was taken immediately to Dr. Holt's office and examined. I was now more than ever intrigued with this place and its mission. I knew that two weeks wouldn't be enough to "get the goods" on Mia and her clan.

Dr. Holt said, "My, don't we look lovely today. Are you happy so far?"

I said, "Yes, what are you going to do today? This won't affect my health, will it?"

He smiled and said, "No, you're going to be a healthy young lady...I know you'll like it."

They gave me a shot of anaesthesia in the forearm and used an injector to insert the Castestradiol pellets. He was called to the phone.

When he was out of the room, I looked at the box that the pellet injector was in. It said:

Note to professionals: Dose: Time release-every six months. Warning: As the subject boy develops curves, he will develop new fears. A fear of disintegration as his masculinity gives way to feminine sexual characteristics. Since these attributes attract the males, the fear of penetration appears again as the subject realizes that socially, he is now in the role of receptacle for fertilization. Even the most innocent social interaction with men can cause fear in the subject that he could be internally violated.

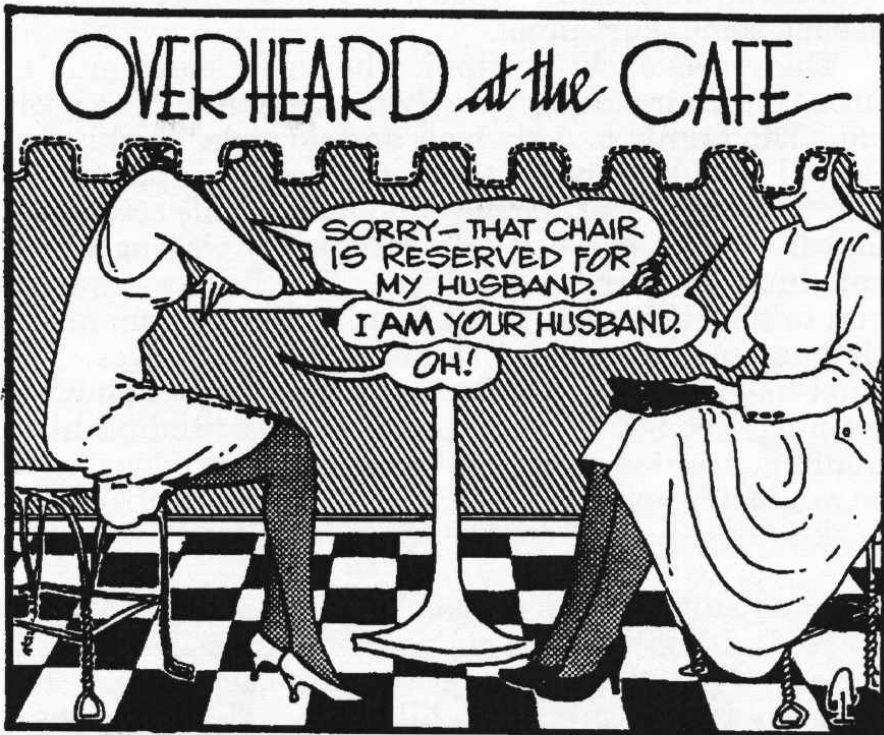
That night, I picked the lock on my room. I wanted to make sure that I could. Across the hall from my room was the business office. I knew this place was crawling with security and closed circuit monitors. I ran across the hall and picked the lock. My only hope was the door wasn't alarmed. No bells! Whew. Inside, there were rolls of file cases. Each was set up with an elaborate alarm system. Obviously this room was set up so the cleaning crews could get in, but the files were locked and secure. I checked the desk. Nothing. I went back

to my room. I had to "get the goods" soon or who knows what could happen.

Several weeks later:

I expected to get a lot of information, but nothing turned up. I was amazed at how I had gotten used to pulling nylons over my smooth legs. My body was as smooth and soft as a baby's. No wonder women like nylons. I had to keep reminding myself that these were just clothes.

It was about a month after my injection that I first noticed it. My chest became sensitive and small knots had developed under my nipples. I was bewildered. My new prominences were beginning to show. The relentless training caused a hip swing in my walk. I became intensely embarrassed as I realized what was happening. I knew what they expected and it worried me. I remembered a famous newspaper reporter's words, "Anything for the story." I still had hope for a top notch story.



I was now allowed to talk to some of the more senior trainees. One boy, Michelle, was interesting. He wore a simple blouse and skirt with a wide black leather belt around his narrow waist.

Michelle described his body development. "As my bosom began to enlarge, one thing very noticeable. Difficulty sleeping on one's stomach. I felt like I was sleeping on two little pillows. While it is a pleasant feeling, eventually you shift your body to relieve the annoyance."

He continued, "And even when they were just A cup, they began to get in the way as I estimated my clearance. This was especially awkward as I brushed up against other people in a crowd. The soft points seemed to reach out and touch objects." I experienced the same awkwardness.

Several days later, I was to meet some of the other "guests". Finally, I was getting the information I needed and I could get out of here. I had to leave soon...there must be some type of an antidote for the feminizing hormones. Just a couple of more days. I needed some more proof.

There was Jacki Beritoni, who was a member of a circus high wire family, the flying Beritoni's. The poor kid. The family had six boys and no girls. Jacki was elected to add the "color" to the act. Jacki had only been here a little longer than me and I had trouble accepting that he was ever a boy. His long softly waving black hair innocently framed his face. The fullness caused him to sometimes shake his head in a girlish manner. He had an olive toned complexion and dark eyes. He must have been an athletic boy with all the high wire training, yet his budding breasts and rounding hips would guarantee a different role in the act. No doubt he would hate exposing his two well shaped protrusions in skimpy sequined show outfits.

I was surprised at myself. I tried hard to learn. I dressed with great care, making sure my make-up was perfect. I found wearing provocative dresses fun. I'd cross my legs so my skirts hiked up. The other boys

were jealous of my legs. I put on an innocence that contrasted with my long silky blonde hair. They were going to be surprised when my article came out.

The next day the video was on:

**Stages of development:**

*You'll lose muscle and gain fat in the hips and breasts. The lack of muscle will depress you as you will not be able to lift and muscle things the way you did before. You will be weaker than the men around you. This will create a different type of relationship between you and your male friends. They will be more helpful and will see you as less of a threat.*

I found out that some of their students had developed well without help. One student, Paula, told me of his experiences. "I'll never forget my sixteenth birthday. My mother had given me a new T-shirt. I tried it on and my older brother said, 'Gee Mom, when did Paul's breasts start growing so big? They're so big, he should be wearing a bra!'"

"His words struck me with horror as I looked down and then cup my soft prominences in my hands. They WERE a handful. No, I screamed, These can't be mine? But they were. Mother took me to a doctor and he said it was a stage some boys go through. Gynecomastia."

The worst thing to happen so far was the half-hour visit to the *control salon*. It was a room set up like a lingerie shop but Dr. Holt was there. I had wondered how the boy in the bikini, eliminated the tell-tale bulge. It didn't take long for me to find out. It looked like a g-string. I was shown how to position my maleness and given a lotion to apply. It was cold and seemed to tingle. When the g-string was applied and tightened, it took my breath away. Dr. Holt laughed, "This should curl your toes." He gave it another good tug.

I had a lump in my throat and was able to squeak out, "It's too tight."

"No, it's a little uncomfortable at first, but you'll love the end result," he said. "You must wear this all the time. It's not only good for your appearance, it elimi-

nates unwanted behavior patterns and aids in a sense of well-being. In six months, you'll be amazed. Smaller the better, right?"

He had me straddle a heated and vibrating vault horse for an hour. I was to do this 30 minutes a day for three weeks.

It made me walk differently...with a swing. That night, I was in some pain and wanted to remove it but I was afraid he could tell. My panties fit sleekly over my delicate belly and to my velvety triangle. Even my tightest and sheerest panties didn't give a clue of my maleness. I'd been streamlined.

My heart was fluttering when I saw the Video:

**Figure control and development devices.**

*A well fitted control garment has been fitted. Now that your female hormone torrent has begun, it will become your best friend. It will flatten, firm and smooth you out. There are several garments such as girdles, corsets, and cache sex devices. It is very important that the garment be very constraining. Any bulge can expose you. Psychologically it is important that you are practiced to be comfortable with nothing (visually) between your legs.*

*The Institute has designed the french style elastic g-string so that even in a bikini masculinity cannot be detected. Once fitted, you are taught to sit to urinate and to never remove the garment. Many boys find this a most uncomfortable period. While these garments are in place erection is impossible, there is however no lessening of the voluptuous thrills you will find in your new identity.*

*An additional female hormone injection generally helps remove the tense edge and creates a sensitivity at the chest which becomes distracting. All our clients are at our clinic voluntarily and this is the week when you may want to give up.*

*It's natural. Almost all have second thoughts during this week. We are, however, prepared for this and are prepared to help you. You will be given a light tranquilizer for the next couple of days, and kept busy. By the end of this week most have gotten used*

to their new form.

*They are surrounded by other students who are at a more advanced stage. Talk to them.*

The next video was also on future development.

*By the end of a couple of months, your body takes on a distinctly feminine appearance. Breast development becomes noticeable. The boy now becomes quite aware of his breasts, not only because of the chemical changes, but because of the attitudes towards breasts in our society. As your breasts become sore, tender and enlarge you will realize that in our society you will have a new feeling of sexuality. You will be sexy in spite of your libido decline.*

*The development continues with the growth in size and sensitivity of his breast tissue. Gradually his male body contour rounds out and the pelvic area broadens. Many develop a growth of fatty pads on the hips. Most comment on a smoother skin texture. These are of course secondary female characteristics.*

As the weeks went by, I seemed to lose track of time. Some nights I planned to sneak back into the office or down the hall. But by bedtime, I was tired. I seemed to always put off the explorations until tomorrow.

My daily agenda went like this. I'd wake up about seven and Renee would serve coffee and juice. I took the pills that were on the plate. Several in the morning and several at night. I guess they were vitamins. I'd shower and shave my legs. The weeks of electrolysis made shaving unnecessary. I was now down to an hour a day of electrolysis. I slip on the lingerie that Renee had set out. Panties, bra and slip. I'd wiggle into a slinky dress or skirt and blouse. If I had to choose a favorite it would be the blue knit dress with a pair of high-heeled suede leather pumps. What am I saying?

I sat and watched the video "de jour" at breakfast. That mornings was on hips.

**Hip and pelvis area:**

*Men have narrow shaped pelvises and women relatively broad with wider hips. Research has been done to suggest that pelvis shape correlates with behavior. As your hips fatten and spread, it suggests passiveness and compliance, both female traits.*

*John(now Joann) tells of his experience. "Big hips ran in my family. I shouldn't have been surprised as my bottom blossomed into expansive full curves. My waist actually reduced making my hips even seem larger. This caused me to have a swingy walk and awkward run. It seemed that the wider my hips became the more feminine my behavior became.*

*"My panties fit tightly over my cushy bottom's cheeks and they jiggled when I walked fast. My manhood disappeared easily between my soft thighs. When I sat down my hips seemed to spread even more. I started to wear a girdle with certain clingy outfits."*

*After an intense year, most boys come to terms with their new body. Among the other effects: some reduction and repatterning of body hair, softening of the skin, recontouring of the body because of accumulating layers of feminine body fat, a reduction of (masculine) sex drive, and improved success of facial hair removal by electrolysis.*

*You will notice as your hips get larger, you will find your arms brushing up against them. This is especially noticeable when carrying your purse down at your side. You will find yourself swinging your arms out from your body more than you used to. A smaller waist and wider hips make your hips swing more as you walk as the narrow waist becomes a swivel point.*

The videos always seemed to be related to some new feeling I was having. I ran my manicured finger around the outline of my panties. I couldn't wait to get out of these sissy clothes and back into some men's undershorts. Women's lives were very different from men's. Little annoyances such as my dangling earrings getting tangled in my hair or the tinkle they made when I moved my head. This whole thing would make

a great book, maybe called "I led two lives!"

I'd then hurry down the hall to class with the click of my heels sounding in my ears.

The next video was on:

### **Feminine Hobbies :**

*You will find that most of your new interests will revolve around entertaining. You will avoid the male past-times. You'll still be able to play tennis, swim and dance. Whether an individual or a group occasion, it's important to be able to express your moods through your hosting skills. Making your guests feel comfortable and catered to is most expressive.*

*You set the mood by your dress, makeup and appropriateness of your meal. For example, if you have invited your boss over for dinner. (This should be done only to repay him after he has invited you to dinner.) You will want to dress only slightly more casual than at work. As a rule wear a comfortable dress with medium heels. You may want to wear a garter belt and hose to feel more dressed up. Be prepared as much as possible, the table artfully set and unnecessary pots and pans put away. You will want to select recipes that can be made earlier than his arrival. No boss wants to be stranded while you're in the kitchen. You will find it very pleasant to be able to talk to your boss without interruptions and the phone ringing.*

*Dancing: You may already enjoy dancing, but as a woman you'll now do that mostly backwards. If you like dancing learn to be friendly. During the fast dancing, do a little hip-wiggling, smile and talk to your partner, even brush up against him if you want to be asked again. Watch out during the slow dances. When your body is pressed against his, you need to be careful about being too suggestive and exciting. We suggest you just follow his moves.*

*Sewing:*

*One of the preferred pastimes of our boys is sewing. Something about a boy's attitude changes when he has learned the feminine art of sewing and has made his own dress. The occasional embarrassment of*

*having to wear a dress is met by the pride of wearing a dress or skirt they designed and sewed. Further feminization comes with the expertise in learning girlish chores and excelling in them.*

### **Dana**

I was surprised when during a comportment class another student arrived. His name was Dana. I guess I had their trust now and would be meeting others.

It was hard to believe Dana was a boy. Over 20 but looked 18. He was very thin like me. He had on a simple knit skirt and blouse with an open neck. His collarbones seemed very fragile. He was late and I could smell the flowerlike scent of his shampoo. Everything about him was feminine and dainty.

His comportment was perfect. He sat primly with his manicured hands in his lap. His nails polished a bright red to match his lipstick. We were introduced. It was fun having someone else in class. I don't know...the competition seemed to make me try harder.

After class, Dana told me his story. In college, he got into drugs, you know, peer pressure. After a near overdose and many psychological tests, his wealthy parents sent him here.

The next day, Dana came to my room and asked me to come to the pool with him. I said, "In a swimsuit?"

"Sure, we all go through a little embarrassment at the beginning. Renee will help you." Dana had been there several months longer than I. He was stunning looking girl, with curled shoulder-length blonde hair, sharp eyes. I realized he was braless beneath his loose, oversize T-shirt. His pointed breasts pressed the shirt outward with the promise of prominent development.

I tried to stall, but Renee wouldn't let me. He said, "A cool swim will do you good."

Renee handed me a girlish one piece suit. It was blue and pink with flowers. The bottom was skimpy but because of the sex cache nothing showed. I was surprised at how comfortable it was. The swimsuit had a haltertop with straps over my shoulders that tucked in for a bare-shouldered tan. With the top's push-up

style, I looked bigger than in my bra. I barely comprehended how feminine I now looked but accepted the inevitable of going out to the pool.

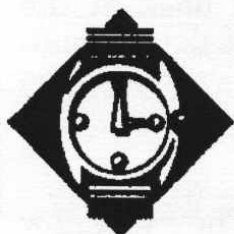
From the landscaped terraces paths led to the sparkling blue pool. There were a team of gardeners working on the grounds. I was told they knew all and had been with Mia for many years. Their future retirement fund stood on their keeping a secret.

I'd always loved swimming and soon I swam daily with Dana. At first, I would swim laps, then go to the gazebo to hide from the sun. I tried to wear a T-shirt to avoid a girl's tan lines. We listened to classical music and read. I'd never been so relaxed.

Dana, in his well-filled bikini, would stretch out on a lounge and watch the city below. He didn't seem to care about the tan lines although he used a tanning lotion. Over the months, he developed a golden tan. Dana loved wearing deep necked blouses to show off his tan.

The months seemed to fly. I hardly noticed the changes being made in my body and mind. When Dana and I first started going to the pool, I hardly needed a top. Under my T-shirt that said Beverly Hills, the only indication of breasts were small pointed swellings under the e and the l. Subsequently, the top became tight across them and they seemed to protrude and stand out on their own. I gave up the gazebo and soon was enjoying the warm sun in my bikini.

Sometimes I felt guilty for enjoying the luxurious surroundings. I still felt the longer I stayed, the better the story.



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### **Friendships:**

At the Institute they encouraged close friendships among the boys. They found that they can support each other through the confusing times. It soon turned into a friendly competition about who was the most feminine. A peer support group is important during personality complications that arise.

They said that during these crisis realizations (filling a bra, first date as a girl, etc.), having a friend that has gone through the same confusion helps. For example, Tony (now Toni) entered our training classes right out of school at the insistence of his wealthy girl friend, Doris. He was a natural, and was soon completely feminized.

Doris couldn't visit Toni until the fifth month. Toni was dressed as the attractive young lady he had become. He had developed a rounded chubby bottom and sensitive nipples on his immature but promising bosom. Doris wanted him to develop full and obvious breasts. For their first visit together in months, he proudly wore a translucent silk blouse and lovely white brassiere. He couldn't wait to show Doris his prominent nipples that distended from the thin filmy covering. But to Tony's surprise, Doris had brought along a couple of young men as their dates.

Toni was depressed. All his training and surrender had harvested was Doris appearing with these two virile young men. Instead of his fantasy evening with Doris sensuously exploring his new curves, he was forced to watch Doris and her potent date flirt. He in turn had to remain totally feminine in action to entertain his date. He suddenly longed to be the virile man holding and kissing his Doris but that was not to be.

Later that evening when he arrived back at the Institute, Doris whispered to Toni, "You're doing great. See you at graduation, my love." Toni was confused and depressed.

There was even a class on interactions with men.

They said, "Men are highly sexual. They will now be appraising you sexually, your breasts, body and swingy walk." They said it was a fact of life.

## OUT

I noticed that some of the students left at night. I asked Renee when I'd be let out of the mansion. To my surprise he said, "Anytime you want. You're not a prisoner here. I wondered why you didn't want to leave before now?"

"Now he tells me," I moaned. I could have left anytime and started my story. Renee suggested that we go to dinner with Dana that evening. I agreed.

I started to prepare to dress when the realism struck. I was going out in public dressed like a female. I was now confident in my knowledge of how to dress but was frightened of what others might say. Would they laugh?

I dressed in my red hip-hugging leather mini skirt with matching jacket. My blouse felt a little too tight across the bust.

The chauffeur drove us in Mia's big black Mercedes. We glided through the streets of Beverly Hills noiselessly. Going out like this was a new experience.

Dana looked wonderful, but kept looking in the visor mirror adjusting his lipstick. He seemed to be very excited about this excursion. He asked about the restaurant. Renee said, "You girls are going to love the GINGER ROSE. It's the 'in' spot for stars and beautiful people."

As the chauffeur drove away with our car, chills ran through my body. I was no longer an unattached reporter simply undercover for a story. My body and mind had been gradually feminized to the point that I was now going public. The Ginger Rose was a fancy bistro, should I say a high class pick-up joint. All the men were handsome and wealthy, and the girls all dressed to attract attention. Me included.

We were seated next to a table of young businessmen in suits. One of them caught Dana's eye and Dana smiled seductively back, then shyly looked down. Just the way they taught us at Chrissy. Champagne arrived, paid for by Dana's admirer. I looked at Renee and Dana. You couldn't imagine they were boys. From

their long hair, manicured nails, and curved feminine shapes; everything said "girl". Dana took off his jacket, showing to full advantage his twin prominences and narrow waist. His translucent blouse showed his bra and slip straps, emphasizing his femininity.

He seemed to be teasing the men at the next table with his subtle but seductive moves. He'd take his hair and play with it by wrapping it around his fingers. I whispered to Dana, "You'd better be careful, they're likely to come over here and want to talk to us."

He just smiled and said, "Yeah? They seem like pleasant guys."

I noticed one of the men staring at my legs, slender ankles and snakeskin high heels.

Just about then, Dana's admirer came over and asked if we would join them for dinner. To my surprise, both Renee and Dana accepted without even asking me. Before I knew it, we were all sitting down with them to have dinner. There were four of them and only three of us. We were seated in a big booth---boy-girl.

I tried to analyze what was happening but it was becoming a muddle. There was a surreal aura to my actions. I watched Dana and Renee react with these men like they were girls. My eyes told not only me, but the men that these were feminine beings. Their shapes, hair, make-up and actions all were female. Didn't Renee and Dana know that having breasts and the curved shapes that they had developed would cause a male to respond. Their breasts were both full enough to make these men think of mating with them and having babies.

Dana's hips in particular were rounded and full. In the tight skirt he was wearing, some might say he had the perfect child bearing figure. Had these boys forgotten they were men?

I felt a hand on my knee. It brought me to my senses. I was just like Dana or Renee. These men were looking at me with the same intent. My movements and gestures were instinctively feminine. This man touching my leg was looking at me with sensualistic thoughts. He was talking of his business, and trying to impress me. His eyes were looking me over and

occasionally he'd touch my arm or leg. I looked at him. He was much taller than I. His muscles showed under his blue pin-striped suit. While he wore a heavy suit and uncomfortable tie, I sat comfortably in my silken lingerie and dress. I was now so different from him. Everywhere he was manly, I was now unmanly. He had a beard, I had a soft hairless face and body. Where he had a flat chest, mine now filled the soft "B" cups of my bra. (With even promise of more.) My sensitive nipple's outlines could be seen on my silk blouse. My panties stretched around full hips that showed promise of "an easy birth".

I realized my new shape would (until I figured a way to revert), cause men to have thoughts of pleasure seeking, romance, sexual reproduction, passion and other sensuous feelings. This wasn't just because I now curled my hair and my figure had changed. My manner was different too! Dana and Renee were carrying on like they had met their future husbands.

Dana and I went to the ladies room. I wanted to go back but couldn't. It would have been so easy to just walk out of the restaurant and to my editor's office. I had enough for a story. But I didn't leave.

In the bathroom, I was slightly trembling and nervous. I checked my image in the mirror. My moist lips parted and my long lashes fluttered. I was told my eyes were my best feature. What was happening to me? The tips of my young pink breasts seemed to be pushing out reaching for...attention. My legs were long and well shaped. Months ago I would have flipped for this girl in the mirror. Now this girl was me. I freshened my ruby lipstick.

Dana stood smiling, primping in the mirror. He obviously enjoyed being a girl and all the delicious feelings. His newly acquired image would surely shock and dismay his parents. Dana fluffed his thick blonde hair that curled softly about his face and licked his lips. His delicate complexion set off with a pink blush giving him a flushed feminine glow. He said, "I think Eric likes me. I think he's going to try to kiss me." Dana added an extra coat of black mascara to his already black lashes. His sharply arched eyebrows and scarlet

painted lips added to his totally feminine image.

My pulse started to rise as I thought of the embarrassment of being kissed by a man, yet Dana seemed to look forward to it, almost like it was a rite of femininity. Being kissed would seal and validate his fate as a girl. He smoothed his skirt and we sexily headed back to our table and waiting suitors.

Back at the table, Dana's friend Eric was telling a slightly off color joke. As he rose to let Dana and I in, he leaned close to Dana, gazing down Dana's blouse and into his cleavage. Again Dana's shy smile showed that he enjoyed Eric's gawking. He was acting almost kittenish.

Dana went dancing with Eric so Renee and I went back alone.

Knowing that Renee was married to a woman, I asked Renee about Dana's obvious interest in men and where it could go.

Renee said, "When you're in our position, we must accept men socially as a ingredient of our life. Since we love being girls, we must accept that men love girls. My wife understands. You wear a beautiful dress, earrings, lingerie. You walk like a woman and treat yourself like a woman. Having men around is just another accessory, like a handbag. Dana's just getting validated. You will too...as you get more comfortable. You'll find men so different from the way you knew them before. You'll find yourself captivated by their charm. They'll try to impress you; to dominate you. You'll like it, to a point. It's like fishing. Catching fish is fun, cleaning them isn't. Enjoy and relax."

Back in my room, I thought of what being a woman means. I wondered what it would be like to be a wife. What would it be like having a baby and nursing from my breasts. It seemed absurd but these fantasies didn't seem impossible. Chrissy had changed my body. Even naked, I now appeared to be a female. I guess these thoughts were normal.

### **Exercises —workout class.**

We were kept in shape daily with a workout. Usually there were just a few of us. I would wear a lace tights outfit. After seeing Dana's mini-skirt outfit, I ordered one too. It wasn't that anything showed between our legs, the control device had taken its toll. No, it was just fun. We'd dance to the music and our skirts would fly showing the tops of our tights.

Dana had spectacular legs and I was told I did too. Sometimes we didn't wear bras and our swollen nipples could be seen under our leotards. We were told not to do it too often, they might lose some of their resilience and sag. My formerly pink nipples had darkened to an evening rose color and were bigger. We were taught exercises to tone our breasts and hips.

Mia taught some of the exercises. A couple of the exercises were hard. One was lying on our backs with our legs spread eagle in the air, then bringing our knees up to our shoulders. Another tough one; on our backs with legs spread, we had to lift our hips up slightly to music. Mia would encourage us saying, "Tuck that butt in tightly, ladies. I had no idea I could bend like that. In the beginning, my thighs burned. Mia would say, "If it doesn't hurt, it's no good."

### **Diet for femininity**

Mia said, "Losing excess weight is the best waist cincher you can find." We learned which foods to eat and which foods to avoid.

I couldn't believe how much weight I'd lost and yet I seemed to jiggle when I walked. My ribs showed and I had lost my protective fat. My waist was 24". I'd get cold easily and goosebumps would appear on my smooth skin. It was most noticeable because my nipples would tighten beneath the lightweight fabric of my dress.

I was wearing less clothes. It was embarrassing. Like the time we were out to dinner. I had on a ruby-red silk dress with a plunging deep V neckline. I wore a light weight, dainty lace bra. It was so sheer, it was almost like not wearing one.

Given some experience, I was now more relaxed

when out with Dana and Renee. One night at The Racketclub, I watch them in their short skirts dancing and bumping to the music. So I met a man and also danced. My long hair played around my shoulders and fondled my shoulders. It felt like someone tickling my smooth neck and I'd get chills. My new breast's nipples would get erect and stand out and a bright red flush would appear on my cheeks. I tried to cover my bust with my arms but Rodger (a movie producer) kept gazing at the crease between my breasts. He forced me to dance with him. As we danced, he held me so that his starched cotton shirt was lightly touching my breasts. The nylon fabric of my bra seemed to magnify the roughness of the cotton against silk. My nipples seemed to blossom with response at the annoyance, making them more conspicuous. They tingled to a life of their own. My breasts quivering under my silk blouse seemed to be reaching for him. Feeling their response, he pulled me closer. His hips palpitated against my belly as we danced. As I realized what was happening, I felt the color in my cheeks ablaze again. Rodger said, "Blushing makes women so attractive."

I was so embarrassed, I thought my knees would buckle. I swore I'd never wear one of those sheer nylon bras with that dress again. . .but I did.

Later as I sat close to Rodger, I thought, Renee was right, there was some pleasure in the affirmation that I was attractive. I sat close to him because I was cold and could feel the heat of his body. It was like a bug to a bright light. My mind was in a fog. I was nervous but I had lost some inhibition. Each time I insecurely crossed my legs, the nylon rubbing together would call attention to them. I didn't mind Rodger's eyes roaming my feminine curves. I felt nervous later, his gaze and friendly touches showed he hoped for more response from me. As charming as he was, I had surrendered enough. Chrissy training had changed me so.

Dana was uninhibited. It never failed that the best looking men would seek out Dana's attentions. Dana's unreserved and bold, high heeled strut was attractive to them. During the fast dances, Dana's long hair and hips, whipped back and forth to the music. Sometimes

he'd dance so enthusiastically that his blonde hair cascaded over his face. Dana shook and wiggled, entangled in the beat of the music. His breasts jiggled in spite of the restraining modesty of his brassiere.

When he found a favorite, Dana would dance slow, his bosom pressed firmly against their chest and his belly tenderly swaying against their hips. You couldn't blame the men, Dana's lips were like pouty rosebuds.

On the way home, we'd laugh at the men and their corny lines. These men only had one inclination...to squeeze our boobs and bang us. What if they knew we "girls" were actually boys?! There was an idea for the story! Maybe later I would look them up and tell them. Yes, there was more to this story.

### **Final Exam**

I passed the written and modeling test with colors. They said I was now among the boys who have accepted psychologically their feminine role and have become a girl mentally. They said I would be content with my feminine destiny and respond willingly as a woman. I guess I'd fooled them!

Just before graduation, I was to see Dr. Holt. I knew that they were going to give me another "long-lasting" hormone injection or pellet insert. I had to get out of this. I was going to have to escape before he gave me that shot. Maybe I could just tell him I changed my mind about living as a girl? Sure, he'd accept that. After all, they hadn't used any force so far.

Just before I was to see Dr. Holt, I was given a packet of papers. It was filled with information about my new job in Las Vegas, bank books and an apartment key. Nothing seemed to be left out. I had a whole new identity as a girl. Finally, this was it. It had to be a spy organization. WOW! I was in the door of a espionage ring. But they hadn't asked me for anything. . YET! That would come, I knew it!

I was in a daze as I walked to Dr. Holt's office. This 'spy thing' could be an even bigger story than 'feminizing boys'.

Dr. Holt painstakingly examined every part of my

now feminized physique.

He smiled as he checked my breasts, "They are very nicely developed. After this next shot, you won't need any more. I won't get too technical, but your body is now producing it's own estrogen. What we have done is take some of your blood when you first got here. It was then Fh-negative. Over the months, you have become Fh-positive. This means that you have started to produce a normal level of estrogen and other female hormones. Your body will always produce male testosterone, but this shot fills the blood testosterone receptors with a decoy protein permanently. Thus, your body will not be able to use male hormones again. Ready?"

I stuttered, "I've...I've been thinking...maybe I'm not ready for something so permanent." The doctor was filling the hypodermic needle with the pinkish liquid. I wanted to run. I surveyed the damage that their therapy had done so far. My rosy nipples and breasts stood out pertly where my flat chest once was. My ample bottom and hips curved into a full womanly shape. My shrunken little maleness was incognito between my thighs, easily repressed by my nylon panties.

Dr. Holt said, "You are much more attractive as a girl than you ever were as a boy. Trust me, you'll be happier."

Smoothly and quickly he hiked up my skirt, pulled down the top of my panties and positioned the needle.

I grabbed his hand as he inserted the needle. His strong arm remained steady. I got goosebumps. The pain of the needle was secondary to the mental stress and the sensations running up my back. I grabbed his shoulder to avoid fainting and falling over. I was stunned and shocked, I wanted to scream as the fluid slowly entered my hip. I was moaning and my belly

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shivered. I could feel the cool liquid flowing through my blood vessels. I gasped out loud, "Stop!"

"A little late now, MISS," he said, carefully putting away the injector.

The bastard! I stared at him with contempt. He smiled. He liked doing this to boys. It was over, my body was now chemically and hormonally a women's. The doctor said, "I want to see you again in a couple months. I'm experimenting with non-vaginal birth. Your friend, Dana, is helping me."

I wanted to hurt the doctor, rake my nails across his face, bite him for what he'd done to me. It was too late.

As I replaced my stockings, heels and smoothed down my skirt, I suddenly felt a warm chill...I mean...a thrill passed through me. It all seemed like a dream. My masculinity was too much of a sacrifice just for a story. Yet it was gone. Tears rolled down my cheeks through my blush.

That evening when I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to my ankles, I felt different. I unbuttoned my blouse and bra and let them fall to the floor. I looked in the wardrobe mirror at my flesh colored bikini panties and hose. For a wild moment, I liked my new shape and body. I was beautiful in a feminine sense. As a man, I was plain. I was soon to graduate and I wasn't sure how to write "the story".

That night I went to sleep in a silk nightgown. My previously strong will was gone. Something had overwhelmed the delicate equilibrium of my identity. I pulled the covers over my head and pulled my knees up to my bosom. I was aglow with emotions I'd never felt before. Tears flowed.

### **Graduation:**

Renee helped me into a strapless form-fitting gown of rose colored chiffon. My golden hair was curled and hung down my back. Today the two front sections were pulled to the top of my head and adorned with ribbons and baby's breath. A lot of my smooth skin and cleavage of my soft round breasts showed above the dress. The clothes felt so natural. That was good, since I'd be

wearing them until I found an antidote to Dr. Holt's serum.

My make up was done in feminine pink tones. I took more care than usual, adding extra color to my cheeks and lips. My eye shadow matched the rose in my dress. Renee handed me a gift. Perfume called Surrender. The rose scent soon became my favorite.

The grounds had been arranged similar to that of a wedding. The acre rose garden was awash with beautiful roses and people in pastel flowing spring dresses. It reminded me of a Monet painting. I was given a bouquet of lilies and white orchids to carry. It signified I was a new graduate.

**I meet the alumni.**

You have seen many of their graduates and never realized that they are men. Several are acclaimed actresses, many are models on the covers of the best fashion magazines. They had developed both physically and mentally into attractive feminine people. All seemed totally comfortable with their new passive role and wouldn't think of trading their panties and lingerie for men's clothes.

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*I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!*

*EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.*

I couldn't believe some of the boys. Dana had on a low cut, blue satin gown with a plunging neckline, which bared a beautiful valley between his breasts. The gown was cut so each breast seemed to be wrapped separately. It was tight fitting around his tiny waist and flared to encase his full hips. He wore matching high-heeled slippers and had a flower in his curled and teased blonde hair. There was no doubt that Dana was meant to live as a girl.

Dana's parents were there. Dana took them by the arms and showed them the gardens. His father looked like what he was, a banker. His mother was unquestionably pleased. She gave Dana her mother's diamond and ruby wedding ring. I heard her say, "You'll love wearing the family jewels. We're about the same size, I can't wait to see you in some of my dresses."

Dana's father looked ill. Dana had told me that he didn't like the idea, but it appeared to be the only way to get Dana back in school without a drug problem. As they walked, Dana would shift and let the tip of his breast graze his father's arm. The first time his father looked startled, like he'd just been scared. He took a good look at Dana. He was mesmerized by his son's shape; round luscious hips, a slight swelling of his stomach, creamy shoulders and alert peachy breasts. Maybe if he'd only taken Dana to a few ball games...?

Jacki wore a tight skirt and full sleeved cocktail dress in green. It hugged his well formed body and outlined his new curves. His mother was there and was very proud of her boy's transformation. She kept saying, "Jacki, I can't believe it. I have a daughter now." You could see the resemblance; they looked like mother and daughter.

As a graduation gift his mother gave Jacki her sequined circus uniform. She was now able to retire and Jacki was to take her place. It was a fairly skimpy outfit, but there was little maleness left to hide. That wasn't all, Jacki's mom had another surprise package. Jacki almost cried when he saw the contents. It was his mother's wedding dress. In two months, Jacki was to marry the lion tamer. In the circus, they still ar-

ranged weddings. The family had decided that it would be better for appearances, if Jacki was married and a wife, rather than a single girl. It was going to be a big wedding.

Toni was surprised to see Doris there. He hadn't heard from her since their date. Doris felt badly, "They didn't want me calling you until now. You know, something about the training. From what I can see, it was worth every cent."

If change was what she wanted, she got it. Toni was beautiful. Huge blue eyes, blonde hair and creamy smooth skin added to his beauty. His dress was so low cut in front that you knew he must be wearing a bra, but you couldn't see it. I heard Doris ask, "Are you still my girl?" Toni smiled and nodded his head, "yes." They went off to set a wedding date.

#### **Mia gives the graduation speech:**

"Good afternoon girls! I want to congratulate you all on sticking with the program. I'm sure you'll all love your new bodies and personalities. You were all men, some of you rich and powerful, many in government, but all of you intelligent enough to escape the male role. You all have been trained in such a way so that you will be able to go back into the world and help with the feminization of the world. Some will travel to countries, especially those most eager to go to war. We have a key graduate who works at the State Dept. His job is to systematically make mistakes on certain individual's passports. Changing the M's to F's."

"You will be placed in important jobs where you can begin to feminize and soften the men in key positions. We know women want peace, if only for their children, where the frustrated macho males are willing to go to war. Many of our graduates have already influenced key men in major governments. Some of those men have since attended the institute, while others have finally begun to sign treaty agreements that may reduce nuclear weapons and end wars."

After Mia's speech, I got the shock of my life. We all received a special diamond ring. As the graduation ring was slipped on my manicured finger, it struck me. I had seen that ring before. My eyes searched the

crowd of Alumni. My heart was racing...

There she was, my publisher. Or should I say, there "he" was.

### Epilogue

I said good-bye to everyone and went to Dana's room. He was changing from a skirt to skin-tight black leather capri pants with his fluffy angora sweater and very high heeled shoes. The pants fit like a rubber glove and clung to every feminine curve. Even in pants, Dana was unquestionably feminine. Dana kissed me good-bye. Tears came to my eyes.

When I walked out of the mansion, my Healey was waiting. They had painted it pink and had installed new white leather seats and interior. The engine had been reworked and ran so smooth, you could hardly tell it was running. They must have screwed around with the muffler too. It no longer had that deep throaty roar. Just a sweet hum.

I roared down the driveway, my breasts bobbling with every bump. I looked back on the last months and the adjustment ahead. I almost didn't want to leave. It was like leaving home. I had grown secure there. I was now a graduate of the Institute and still didn't have a story. What were the guys at the newspaper going to say? Maybe I shouldn't even go back. Maybe I should head off to Vegas.

I heard that cocktail waitresses make good money. Maybe I could write a story about Vegas?

**The End**

**Editors Note: We found this crumpled note in Robin's apartment.**

Page 1 by Robin.

There, is no doubt that most of The Chrissy Institutes students remain girlish and feminine permanently. There are plenty of people who condemn changing boys into girls, even if that is what they want. I have witnessed

many a complete change and many aggressive male traits eliminated forever. I saw their students completely changed from drab boys to glamorous pleasant females who enjoy their 4 inch heels and earrings. They are like diamonds after being cut. They shine. Boys whose pleasure comes from having feminine reactions and instincts. What's wrong with that?

Maybe there's no story here!

**IF YOU'D LIKE TO HEAR MORE OF  
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## TV DETECTIVE

"The Case of the CORSETED CULPRIT"

by *Tecla*



**A**S EARLY AS I CAN RECALL I PREFERRED TO WEAR CLOTHING OF THE OPPOSITE SEX. IN MY CASE THAT MEANT THOSE PRETTY FEMALE THINGS - FOR I AM REALLY A MALE! BUT, AFTER A FEW YEARS-AND LOTS OF PRACTISE - NO ONE SEEMED TO NOTICE-



CARE TO SHARE MY UMBRELLA, CUTIE?

SURE! JUST BE CAREFUL WITH YOUR LEFT HAND, PAL.

**F**ORTUNATELY— LIKE *BATMAN* AND MOST OF MY OTHER CRIME-STOPPING HEROES — A LARGE INHERITANCE LEFT ME FABULOUSLY WEALTHY. WISHING TO SERVE MY FELLOW CITIZENS, I ENROLLED IN THE VERY EXCLUSIVE "GIRLS ACADEMY FOR PRIVATE INVESTIGATORS." THEN, ONE DAY, AFTER OUR GRADUATION— IN THE MORNING MAIL:



OH, HAPPY DAY!  
I PASSED ALL MY TESTS!  
IT'S MY LICENSE AS AN  
OFFICIAL PRIVATE  
INVESTIGATOR!



NOW— TO  
CELEBRATE!

FIRST, I MUST VISIT DEAR MILLIE!  
I'LL NEED AN ENTIRE NEW  
WARDROBE IF I AM  
TO LOOK THE PART  
OF A SUCCESSFUL  
AND DEDICATED  
CRIME FIGHTER!



OH, IRIS! CONGRATULATIONS!  
I KNOW YOU'LL DAZZLE THOSE  
EVIL DO-ERS! FIRST, TRY  
THESE FOR SIZE - AND -  
SOME LOVELY NEW  
THINGS JUST  
ARRIVED!



ALL AFTERNOON:

OOOO! IS  
THIS TOO  
TIGHT,  
MILLIE?

OH, NO  
NO, IT'S  
PERFECT!



THESE PANTY-  
HOSE ARE  
SO SILKY!



I MUST HAVE THIS SATIN  
SET! WHAT ELSE WILL I  
REQUIRE?



THAT'S A NICE BRA FOR YOU  
IRIS. I HAVE SOME MORE  
OUT IN THE SHOP. WAIT  
HERE IN THE DRESSING  
ROOM. I'LL GET THEM.





IN THE DRESSING ROOM

WHAT'S GOING ON OUT THERE?



YI! — THAT MAN'S POINTING A GUN AT MILLIE! — AND HE DOESN'T KNOW THAT I AM IN HERE!



OH DEAR, IF ONLY I HAD A WEAPON — BUT HERE I AM CLAD ONLY IN A SILK SLIP AND — WAIT! I DO HAVE SOMETHING!



A-HA! THE BRA AS A CRIME STOPPER!!





