

LADY

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson



ILLUSTRATED BY BAL

A 'NEW WOMAN' NOVEL

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FAIRY BRIDE

by **Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

Mrs. Sarah Dexter had never been particularly proud of her son despite the fact that by all standards he had done rather well economically speaking. He had a large electronics business and managed it quite well. To her, her son had merely transformed a small electric parts plant into a computer assembly company. Of course it had been her husband's business and in a way it still did belong to her, now that he was dead. In most respects he was a fine young man that a mother could be proud of, despite the fact that he was not married and still lived at home. But, it was not her son's lack of independence which bothered her, it was his homosexuality.

Now, Mrs. Dexter did not consider herself to be particularly prudish, nor did she consider herself to be a bigot. She accepted with liberal tolerance the queer nature of people with a casual acknowledgment that it was their business which end of love they liked best. After all, a few of her friends could be gay. And like most liberals she did donate to all the right causes. She had not considered the possibility of her son as being that way though, and that was too close to home. Like the KKK Grand Dragon with a black baby son.

At first she thought it would pass off as a sort of delayed adolescent phase, a male bonding thing that vanished once her son found the right woman. Much like when she left the daisy chain at her eastern woman's college. After all, he did date women to take them to various social functions that her set arranged. All it should take was time and the right woman.

But, one day her Joel brought home his Angelo!

Angelo was a lithe young man with long black hair that reached his shoulders like a girl's, as was the fashion with the mod set. He was an artist.

Joel explained they were in love and they were going to get married!

Now Mrs. Dexter, after the initial shock, thought that he was joking, but Angelo explained how a minister arranged such things and how he had already signed the marriage papers as Angela, since he was the homemaker, naturally. Mrs. Dexter managed a smile and acknowledged that it seemed obvious, and then with a laugh she offered to find a wedding gown for 'Angela'.

Her offer was refused by an angry Joel while Angelo seemed almost as amused with the idea as she was. The wedding was simple with Joel's and Angelo's friends in attendance. Her set did not attend because she explained that her son did not want a formal wedding, and therefore the young 'couple' had eloped.

Mrs. Dexter considered the whole affair to be a farce, but it dawned on her that there really was nothing she could do about the matter. And it was quite clear that her neighbors and friends in her social group would soon realize the shame that she lived, with such a queer bride living in her house.

Her first instinct was to have them move to another house so that her friends would not be shocked by her acceptance, but then another thought, much more devious, came to her mind as she considered the pretty little Angelo. She decided that she would see just what she would do about Angelo's training.

"After all, you are legally his wife," she noted awakening Angelo after her son had gone to work, "and it is not right for a wife to sleep while her dear husband goes to work."

"Now, look, Mrs. Dexter," he complained sitting up in his silken pajamas feeling a bit embarrassed to be confronted in Joel's bed by Joel's mother and Susan, the cook. "What are you talking about?"

"You are the mistress of the house," she noted with amusement observing that he actually was blushing because of their matronly invasion of his privacy, "and I think you should learn how to act as a wife. Susan will teach you how to make your master's breakfast and I shall teach you all about keeping house."

"I'm an artist, not a household drudge."

"Ah, perhaps you are right," she noted signaling to Susan that her first plan, which was direct enough, had failed, "I just thought that you wanted to please your lover by being more complete."

"Complete," he asked.

"Why yes, it would be little enough for you to do. A woman knows that it is a pleasure to serve her husband. I suspect that it is what holds real life marriages together. Your homosexual affairs fall apart the moment the breadwinner sees how really little sex counts," she shrugged and started for the door seeing a sign of interest as he arose from the bed to quickly put on a robe for better protection from their curious eyes.

"Yes, most couples, gay or straight, nowadays break up after the honeymoon," Susan offered with a deep sigh of resignation. "So many modern brides just do not know how to keep their man. They would rather keep their careers."

"I just thought that since you were at least a nice person, I might settle on you for a daughter-in-law. So to speak."

"Look, let's be friends," he suggested, tying the robe sash.

He was well aware of the fact that Joel had no desire to leave the great family mansion; left to him by his father, with his mother as a life tenant. As far as Joel was concerned, his mother would grow to accept the situation and it was up to Angelo to do his part as 'mistress of the house'. So if he were to live with these women he should try to be friendly. And he knew enough about his life style to know that most love affairs were all too short. And with the risk of AIDS he did not want to go cruising again. Besides he truly loved Joel.

"What can I do?"

"If you agree to be useful about the house and not some sort of parasite," she countered with a shrug to dismiss the matter. "But, I suspect you will not be here long anyway."

"Why not?" he demanded tying the robe belt.

"Well, Joel isn't very steady, a bit fickle," she managed with a smile glancing at Susan.

"You're the third one," Susan lied with open innocence, "Although, I must say Madame is right, you are the prettiest."

"Prettiest." he noted a bit surprised looking in the mirror and knowing that she had seen what he really wanted to hide.

Mrs. Dexter observed his momentary feminine glance in the mirror and knew that she had guessed right, this was not your average gay male. He was what they called in her day a 'fairy', a gay man with feminine inclinations. And deep from her memory came her childhood next door neighbors, the Gaylord's. Mrs. Dexter wondered if history could be repeated, or updated. "I think we should leave the bride to her late morning toilette, it is a bit of a luxury that brides are entitled to."

"Wait, would you really help me keep Joel?" he asked out of curiosity, mingled with some disbelief, knowing full well what Joel did not know, that she was not at all pleased with their marriage.

"I guess so," she replied uncertainly knowing he was rising to her bait. "I have never liked my son's homosexuality. But, we all do have to make adjustments to life's surprises."

"What should I do?" he asked understanding all too well the adjustments one must make to life.

"Well dearest, I would first suggest that you take a greater care for his welfare, after all he is caring for you."

"How, might I do that," he asked seeing the reasonableness of her suggestion.

"You were going to tell me how to keep my er...husband?"

"Why don't we talk about it at breakfast?" Susan suggested.

"Well, perhaps we should start before then," Mrs. Dexter mused opening the closet to find a pair of lime green stretch pants and a white nylon shirt to go with the briefs and T-shirt she took from a drawer along with a pair of green socks and a pair of sandals. She turned to Susan:

"Go fetch the package on my bed, Susan, and bring it here with my dresser set."

"Yes, ma'am," her cook and housekeeper noted with a smile of anticipation as she left to return just as Angelo sat wondering what the matrons had in mind.

"A wedding present," Mrs. Dexter announced placing the white tissue wrapped package Susan had delivered into his hands. "I noticed that you use the same scent for your shaving lotion."

"Oh, he mused opening the tissue to discover a completely feminine set of bubble bath, spray powder, cologne, soap, and perfumer, called *Night Love*.

"I don't think it's funny," he protested angrily.

"Smell it," she coaxed causing him to reluctantly open the perfumer to sniff it.

"Well, it certainly smells like *Fresh Sea* to me," he mused in surprise. "I guess you never know these days."

"It is a delightfully dainty scent," she suggested with a shrug, "and I think you should use it. It is time that you learned how to keep a man by having a scent for your whole body. Women have known that for centuries."

She turned to Susan, "Why don't you fetch my blue robe and slippers and a few things. Let's give our little bride the real feeling of being dainty. She can take a wonderfully feminine bubble bath and pamper herself as brides do."

"Yes, ma'am," was the curtsied reply.

"Now just a minute," he protested, "I think you..."

"Look, I just want to play," she sighed in mock disappointment handing him a large bath towel, "I am just trying to give us a little fun in this big empty house."

"Oh, I guess it'll do no harm," he noted seeing Susan return with a vanity kit, pale blue quilted satin hostess gown, and blue high heeled bedroom pumps. "Just as long as Joel doesn't find out."

"It will be a secret among us girls," she laughed, not promising how long she would keep the secret. "We will play dress-up and let's pretend. So do get undressed so that we can be your handmaidens. After all, we have both seen naked little boys before."

Nervously removing his robe and the tops of his pajamas he revealed the lawlessness of his soft white skin and the smoothness of a child that suggested to her that he shaved his whole body for a feminine-like vanity. He walked to the bathroom.

Under her guidance a rather embarrassed Angelo took a warm bubble bath trying to play her game as a gesture of willingness to live with the whims of his new mother-in-law, as she set his long hair into rollers. She then suggested to him that he shave his body noting that the water softeners and bath oils would make it easier for him. And even if he did protest a bit, she was pleased to see that he complied to her wishes. While he soaked she spoke briefly to Susan, who nodded and left to return with what she desired.

When he finished with the bath she actually took the liberty of helping him to towel off and showed him how to apply the bath powder spray, cologne, and perfume before she withdrew leaving him the woman's robe and bedroom pumps.

In a minute he stepped from the bathroom dressed in the lovely gown and she caught the rich scent of the perfume knowing that he would hardly notice it upon his body despite the fact that the fragrance filled the room.

"I feel quite fresh, and a bit unmanly to say the least," he said with a laugh spreading the skirts of the robe.

"It is really quite luxurious."

"Well, I think you should give in to such luxury for the day," she urged pointing to his bed and the dainties Susan had brought. "Just to please your mother in law, be her daughter for a day."

"If we can be friends," he asked looking at the white nylon bra, beige panty hose, white panty girdle, dainty satin and lace slip, green pumps, and green nylon dress!

He knew that he needed her help if he was to have a peaceful house. He well knew how terrible she could make things if she wanted to. He had begged Joel to set up an apartment, but Joel would have it no other way pointing out that it; 'was Angela's duty, as his wife, to live where he lived and accept her new mother in law, as any bride might be expected to.' Little did Joel understand the price Angelo might have to pay.

"Of course dearest," she promised happily motioning for Susan to leave, "I'll help you dress, I'm sure you have never..."

"Well, as a matter of fact I have dressed up in drag a few times," he noted to her pleasure, confirming her original opinions about him: A young cross dresser who wandered into the gay community thinking he was gay.

She would love to know if her son and Angelo had mutual sex, or did Angelo abstained from masculine delights to play the feminine passive role. She would find out.

"But, I could use help," he added by modestly turning to stand behind a dressing screen before slipping on the panty hose and panty girdle that combined to smooth his loins to feminine lines. But, much to his surprised embarrassment, Mrs. Dexter stepped behind the screen as she showed Angelo how to bend over when putting on a bra to assure cleavage as she used nylons to develop a more natural fullness.

After he put on the soft smooth slip she placed a make-up cape about his shoulders and applied a soft foundation cream that blended with the soft whiteness of under-wrist tones so that his face gained a natural tone with his hair.

She was pleased to see that his cheeks took the skin blusher perfectly. It was necessary to apply a little touch of a hide-a-blemish in natural tones to hide a bit of the beard shadow, but his beard was really slight and she had guessed by what she had seen he really wasn't all that hairy.

Smiling to herself she curled his lashes deciding that his natural lashes were really feminine enough after the application of a little lash thickener. Black liner and green eye shadow to go with his green eyes and dress.

She then applied a light powder base before helping him into the soft form clinging green nylon dress with pleated skirt, sunburst bodice, circular neckline, and short cap sleeves. A golden link belt secured the waist line. She had him squeeze into one of her larger green sandal pumps with fashionable box heels seeing that he did have a feminine foot. But he would need his own shoes if he were to parade about in dresses.

"We could wear the same clothes," she laughed.

"I'll keep that in mind in case I need to borrow a dress or something."

"Oh, please do," she urged in all seriousness taking his right hand in hers to note that his hands were well cared for and his nails long enough to be filed. She shaped

them a bit and applied a pale frosted pink polish. While he sat for them to dry she placed a little golden bell chain about his neck, fixed matching earrings in place, applied a pale lipstick, shaped his brows with a black eyebrow pencil, and combed out his lovely black hair into a naturally feminine page boy.

"Oh, such an awful waste for you to be a boy. You are beautiful."

"I took first prize as a drag queen at the Artists and Models Ball," he observed standing up to walk across the floor to a full length mirror where he pursed his lips and checked the fit of the dress delighting in the fact that he really was beautiful. "You are really a great beautician. It's perfect."

"Has Joel ever seen you dressed this way?"

"Yes on our first date," Angelo answered thoughtfully, "But, I am not a queen. I just dressed up for a dyke who wanted to show off and had no fem to squire. Turned out that she was a bit tough to take and Joel came along to rescue me. Three weeks later, I'm here."

Mrs. Dexter nodded opening the bedroom door asking, "Did you ever dress-up for him again?"

"No, I'm not a transvestite, there mostly straight," he replied following her from the room.

Mrs. Dexter didn't really have any idea about that piece of information, all she knew was that he jumped into a dress quick enough to reveal that he enjoyed her game as she watched him walk.

"Oh, that will never do," she cautioned, "you should walk heel to toe like this keeping your leg straight and swinging from the hip. And stand erect with your chin up, shoulders back to raise your charms, and tuck in your tummy and hips. And by all means practice breathing from the chest rather than the tummy. Ah, that is much better."

"Mrs. Dexter's Charm School," he laughed following her instructions to see in the hall mirror that it did improve his walk.

"Now on doing stairs you should float down like this," she suggested with a knowing smile showing him how to manage the steps. "Ah that is perfect."

"It's a snap."

"You should practice speaking with a softer voice and vary your pitch," she continued.

"Oh, I always vary my pitch, darling," Angelo teased in a mincing high falsetto.

"Oh, that is awful," she exclaimed in mock horror to his surprise.

"It is just fine for a drag queen, but it would never do for a lady," she noted taking the lead into the living room where she went to a cabinet to open the tape deck portion of her son's stereo center.

"Let me show you."

She adjusted the set as Joel had taught her and turned the volume dial counting until the light just closed.

"Say something in that awful voice again."

"Now, really, darling, that is just too too cruel of you to say that my voice is awful," he exclaimed, "it just isn't at all kind, sweet heart."

She flicked the tape drive and his voice came back. "See, it is a false feminine sound. It has the inflections, highs and lows; but it is obviously forced and unfeminine. Just speak in your normal voice."

"What is the purpose of all of this, Mrs. Dexter," he asked honestly feeling a bit uncomfortable, "I don't want to develop a woman's voice."

She smiled and turned on the tape again so that his words were repeated in normal voice. Now if you were to just add a little variety to the pitch and use softer tones like I do. Try it."

"Well, okay, Mrs. Dexter, but I think the whole thing is silly."

She played the tape back and he sucked in his breath realizing that the womanly voice was his!

"See, how sweet your voice really can be. I think you will talk that way from now on, while you pretend to be a girl. Promise?"

He sighed, "if it will make you happy."

"It will, my dearest," she countered with pleasure leading the way to a straight back chair which she set before a full length mirror in the hallway.

"Now you will practice walking, turning, sitting, and standing to please you mother-in-law."

"Now, wait a minute," he protested only to see her look of stern disapproval. "Okay, if you want me to. Just until I get the knack of it."

"And your voice," she mused going to the library to return with two books, one rather large for him to balance on-his head, and the other a book of short poems....

"When you walk you can recite the rhyme I read to you to get the rhythm of your step and practice your elocution."

And so it went for more than an hour with pauses to teach him how a lady picks up an item from the floor, using the book as it slipped from his head as an example, or how a lady uses her hands to talk or adjust her hair and clothes, or how a lady pauses before a mirror to check herself. By the second hour Angelo was breathing completely naturally, talking casually in his new voice, and quite used to the idea of how to sit, stand, turn, and walk like a young lady.

"Lunch, girls," Susan announced looking at Angelo in surprise, "My, he is a knockout."

"Angela, my dear, Angela," Mrs. Dexter suggested to her housekeeper, "My daughter, Angela."

"Of course, ma'am," Susan replied allowing them to pass into the dining room.

"Now, I shall coach you on how a young lady eats."

And so it went while Susan offered her suggestions.

"I think you should don an apron and help Susan in the kitchen. She can teach you how to make cookies for our afternoon tea while I take care of some personal matters."

"I guess that would be better than charm school," he sighed laughingly picking up some dishes to join Susan.

Mrs. Dexter knew that it would take many hours of training to help him to become more natural as a woman, but a few hours with his natural beauty would make an acceptable woman for her immediate needs. She had plenty of time for improvements. She went upstairs to her late husband's dark room to pick up a telephoto camera, which she expertly loaded in the red lighted room.

She then went to her bedroom to look out of the window directly into the large kitchen window below, where Angelo was talking to Susan as she showed him how to set the dish washer.

She took a dozen pictures to be sure and then went to the phone to make a little call before she returned the camera to its resting place.

She then went to her son's room to search Angelo's things finding his wallet and their marriage license. She had exactly two hours. Returning to the dark room with her loot she thanked her stars that her late husband had taught her how to be his assistant in his rather interesting hobby.

And hour later she had a dozen black and white prints and two color prints just the right size. Smiling to herself she cleaned up the lab and took the wallet and marriage license back to where she had found it. Only taking care to remove his driver's license, which she flushed down the toilet noting that it and the marriage license were the only real pieces of identification that the artist carried.

Going to the phone she called the credit bureau and the stores where she held accounts. With this done she returned to the kitchen to see Susan talking to a completely relaxed Angelo as they sat and sipped tea.

Not wanting to disturb their chat about fashions she looked out of the window and saw the first car come up the drive to stop by the garage, a bit out of sight, as she had asked.

Going to the door, she opened it, to signal for silence as they acknowledged with smiles entering the living room to take their place. After a few minutes Mrs. Dexter was satisfied that her surprise guests had all arrived so she went to the kitchen to say, "Are the cookies ready?"

"Yes, Angela is quite a little baker."

"Why in the world did you make so many," Angelo noted placing the last one on the silver platter by the tea service. "We can never eat two dozen."

"Just to give you practice," Mrs. Dexter laughed removing the kitchen apron from Angelo's waist to replace it with a lace affair while Susan donned a serving apron suitable to her station along with a little maid's cap.

"We will serve in the living room." She smiled towards Angelo asking. "Do you like bridge?"

"I play a little," he replied as Susan took charge of the serving cart motioning for him to follow Mrs. Dexter.

"Well, ladies do play bridge," she countered with a smile opening the door for Susan, while he went ahead towards the living room. "As a matter of fact today is our Bridge Club date and you are our hostess."

Angelo froze in his tracks as a dozen women ranging in age from his own to Mrs. Dexter's all stood up and greeted him with shouts of "SURPRISE!" and clustered about him!

Suddenly, he was in a sea of matrons all talking at once about how disappointed they were that they weren't invited to the wedding. Why didn't she have an engagement ring besides the wedding band? When could they all have a belated wedding party? Where was she from? What school did she attend? A myriad of questions that Mrs. Dexter all caught on the tape recorder knowing that his little lies were laced with enough truth to be very useful.

Soon the helpless lad was paired off with his mother-in-law and the group began to play bridge while Susan attended to their needs.

"Oh, I saw the most darling coat at Berghoffs," Mrs. Green noted with a smile towards Sarah, "we simply must go after the game."

"My husband will be home soon," Angelo managed with more than wifely concern! Things were getting very complicated!

"Oh, Joel will be eating in town tonight," Mrs. Dexter noted casually, knowing how she had told Joel that she and Angelo would be shopping and Susan was off for the evening, suggesting that he eat and catch a show in town. She was very amused by Joel's pleasure over how well Angelo seemed to be fitting in. If he only knew how well!

"In fact he will not be home before ten."

"Then you can join us for a shopping tour and supper," Mrs. Green urged.

"We would be delighted," Mrs. Dexter replied seeing his surprised fear, "Angela hasn't even a trousseau, so I promised to buy her a few things to wear about the house."

"Not too many things," he warned watching Mrs. Green count out her bid.

"Oh just a few things to make your husband happy and amused," Mrs. Green suggested offering her bid.

Thus they played for about an hour longer when the party broke up with farewell kisses for the new bride and some grudging statements that she was really a lovely woman.

Mrs. Green picked up her fur wrap while Susan fetched coats, groves, and purses for Mrs. Dexter and poor Angelo; who soon found himself in the back seat of Mrs. Green's car as they sped into town.

"Stop by the credit bureau, Barbara," Mrs. Dexter urged, "I have some business that will only take a moment."

When they stopped she asked them to join her. Once inside she went to a Mr. Smith's desk saying that she was Mrs. Dexter.

"Of course, I have your credit cards here," he noted placing the five store cards and two bank cards on the counter top, along with two gas credit cards and some forms, "Your daughter-in-law can sign right here."

Angelo looked at her in shocked surprise, but not wanting a scene and possible exposure he signed the various forms seeing him take an envelope from Mrs. Dexter to look at a few photographs and another photo reduction of what must have been some kind of legal paper.

"Thank you ladies, the bureau is always pleased to serve you," he observed with a bow as Mrs. Dexter opened Angelo's purse to place the cards in a green leather wallet containing Joel's picture and a photo copy of their wedding certificate.

Angelo looked at her in wonderment as they walked from the office and asked in a whisper, "Why did you do all of that, what do you have on your mind?"

"Just being careful, in case you run into the law," she whispered in warning, "you now have complete identification as Joel's wife."

"But, how did you get the pictures and the certificate?"

"My hobby is photography," she laughed as they joined Mrs. Green and entered Berghoffs Department Store going to the Rose Lounge of Fashion.

Soon she had a very frightened `Angela' use `her' new credit card to pay for a pair of pale green satin pajamas with a matching hostess gown and golden slippers.

Next came a fitting for a bra and girdle, much to his blushing embarrassment, followed by the purchase of some lingerie, a couple of dresses, some matching shoes, and some costume jewelry. Then they went to supper to return home about eight with Mrs. Green leaving them at the door.

"We had better get you into your regular clothes."

"I think you are far too clever, Mrs. Dexter," he suggested looking at himself in the hall mirror and seeing a woman. "You have planned all along to do this to me."

"Well, I think you should learn the proper mental outlook if you are to be a bride," she laughed, "I'm sure you enjoyed every minute, and tomorrow morning you will get up and serve his breakfast won't you?"

"I guess so," Angelo noted retreating to his bathroom to remove his clothes and things under her direction to remove all signs of his day except for the soft scent, which she didn't choose to warn him about or the soft flow of his hair even after the page boy style was brushed out.

"Now you should put on your own clothes and meet him at the door with a cocktail and make him comfortable," Mrs. Dexter suggested.

"The pipe and slipper routine, eh," he laughed dressing in the clothes she had laid out earlier that morning causing her to smile in approval as she deftly undid the second button on the shirt collar to deepen the V.

"Yes, it is expected," she acknowledged seeing that the results her beauty treatments had softened his features until he looked a bit like an angelic overgrown child, "Yes, it is expected."

With this she led him downstairs to show him the bar and teach him her son's favorite drink noticing that he still wore the clear frosted nail polish.

"I will put your things in my closet for the meantime," she noted hearing her son enter the front door, "And tomorrow I shall continue your instructions."

"Well, I don't know...," he began uncertainly and then he went to the door as she had suggested to greet Joel with a wifely kiss causing Joel to laugh as he was led by the dainty one into the living room to be served his favorite drink.

"Is it right?" he asked, "Your mother taught me how."

"Mother has the perfect touch," he laughed studying Angelo noting the soft fragrance, delicate flow of graceful black hair, and the unmistakable hint of feminine make-up recently removed. The clear polish clinched his guess.

He knew that Angelo was a drag queen and here was proof; but, it was so subtle and natural that Joel thought Angelo was really delightful.

"It looks like she has been hard at work teaching her new daughter-in-law all the feminine wiles. Did she give you a mother and daughter talk about making love?"

"No," Angelo laughed, "I think that comes later."

"It should be very interesting," Joel teased taking Angelo into his arms and playing with him as lovers do.

After a half hour he suggested they go to bed and as they went up to the top of the stairs they were met by Mrs. Dexter, who gave a large box to Angelo.

"I just want to prove to you both that I approve of your little affair even though I would have preferred a daughter. Here is a gift for Angela" she suggested stressing the "a" as she gave the box to Angelo, who almost dreaded to see what was in it. "You should wear it tonight, dearest."

"This I have got to see," Joel laughed taking Angelo to the master bedroom noticing as they entered an embarrassed Susan as she left with a curtsied little giggle.

"Strange things are happening," he chuckled seeing Angelo's growing fears and anxiety. "You are as nervous as a bride."

"Open your present, dear."

"I wish you wouldn't say that," Angelo mused trying to think of what to do. Knowing that there really wasn't anything else he opened the pink ribboned package to push back the tissue. Stunned, he sat in the boudoir chair with the box in his lap.

"It is her idea of a joke, Joel."

"Put it on, I just know that you are just dying to dress up," Joel said looking down into the box and smiling to himself. "Put it on, or hubby will spank."

Angelo looked up at him in surprise and saw that he would indeed carry out his threat. Swallowing his pride he arose to retreat to the bathroom. In a few minutes he walked into the bedroom in blushing shame looking down towards the floor rather than face Joel's complete laughing delight.

But, there was not a sound.

Joel looked at her. She wore white satin high heeled slippers with gold trim. A smooth white satin bolero styled jacket tightly held her lovely bosoms in check creating a soft feminine cleavage. Her floor length dancing skirt of white and gold net over white satin harem pants parted at the waist front to reveal the smooth feminine flow of satin.

Little golden bells on her waist and ankle jingled as she shyly approached him.

"Ah, perfect, just perfect."

"Look Joel, I'm not going to sleep in this, it has a..." Angelo began to protest only to find himself swept into Joel's naked body and lifted to the bed to discover Susan's secret:

The bed sheets were of white satin, like a bridal bed!

Angelo shivered in shame as Joel laughingly discovered to his delight and Angelo's total shame that the satin pajamas pants had a slit between the legs held close by the spandex inner girdle.

"No!" Angelo cried, to be taken like a woman, delighting in her receptiveness to Joel's thrusting masculine needs that brought her to an inner orgasm!



In the morning Angelo awoke to a gentle pushing to open his eyes and stretch in the soft feminine slippery coolness of the bed and his gown. His senses were filled with joy until he remembered and then he smiled. It really wasn't all that bad once he got over the shame of it.

"Mrs. Dexter thinks you should get up," Susan whispered handing him the green satin robe he had bought the day before with a pair of pumps, "and fix his breakfast."

Angelo nodded arising from bed to see her suppressed surprised amusement at his harem dress as he shrugged taking the hostess robe and pumps to retreat to the bathroom where he undressed, showered, shaved, and used the delightful spray bath powder and fragrances Mrs. Dexter had given him.

Putting on the hostess gown he delighted in the cool satin as it brushed his legs. He slipped into the bedroom pumps and followed Susan from the bedroom to the kitchen where he put on a white lace pinafore styled apron to help her make Joel's breakfast, and then set the dining room table for breakfast. Just as Angelo finished Mrs. Dexter came to greet him with a morning kiss and motherly hug.

"The paper is on the porch," she suggested with a trace of a dare in her smile, but Angelo just did a mock curtsy and went to the front door to fetch the paper noticing for the first time that he still wore nail polish.

"It should be folded and placed by his plate."

"It seems like a lot of fuss," Angelo sighed seeing that she really meant that Joel was to see the paper first.

"Was he pleased last night?"

Angelo bowed his head and blushed.

"Exactly," Mrs. Dexter concluded seeing her son arrive, she whispered, "Go kiss him good morning, girl."

Angelo went to Joel to accept his morning kiss with wifely affection and then served him breakfast to his complete delight and amusement. When the meal was over Angelo handed him his hat and briefcase at the door after helping him with his top coat as Mrs. Dexter suggested.

"I think mother has something to do with all this," Joel noted pausing to kiss his mother, "And I must say mother knows best. She has the right idea, Angela. You will fit in just perfectly as the dutiful grateful *housefrau* after a night of joy with her husband."

With this he laughingly kissed a rather confused and a bit angry Angelo and left.

"See, what I mean, dearest, you were perfectly charming," Mrs. Dexter said with amused pride, "And Susan said you made most of the breakfast yourself."

"Now, look, I'm not his wife and this business is getting pretty silly. Did you hear what he said. What in the world must he be thinking, grateful *housefrau* indeed! I'm a man!"

"Your marriage certificate says otherwise, dearest," she interrupted with a wave of dismissal, "and I did promise to help you please my son, didn't I?"

"Well, yes, but...."

"Wasn't he pleased with you last night and this morning?"

Angelo bowed his head in embarrassment, "Yes, I guess so."

"Well, then it is settled," Mrs. Dexter announced taking his hand and leading him back up the stairs to a feminine boudoir of pink lace and white French Provincial furniture. "This is my daughter's old room. Since she was married I have used it as a guest room. It shall be Angela's room."

"Angela's room," he asked uncertainly seeing that it connected with the master bed room through a side door, but it had its own private dressing room and bath. "Now, just wait a minute..."

"You shouldn't fight your mother dearest, mother knows best, like your husband said," Mrs. Dexter laughingly noted opening a drawer to produce a complete set of lingerie for 'Angela' along with a white knit pants suit with matching white heeled pumps. "Now get dressed, today you are going to learn how to put on your own make-up and do your hair."

"And if I don't?" he protested, still angry over Joel's casual acceptance of him as his 'housefrau'.

"I suppose that we can live together with some adjusting," she observed with a shrug, "It is clear that Joel seems to accept things better than you do. Of course I don't know how he would react if I told him all about your charming meeting with the ladies' bridge club and shopping trip."

Meekly Angelo followed her instructions, not wanting to upset the older woman, who seemed very determined to have her way. Even to the obvious threat of blackmail!

Most of the day she had him practice with cosmetics and arrange his hair until he was able to do a passable job with both.

At supper time he dressed in his more 'masculine' clothes and waited on Joel as a devoted wife should, causing Joel to note with interest that even though Angelo seemed unchanged there was from time to time; the smooth feminine walk Angelo had developed, the soft voice he sometimes used, the way he sat with knees together in a feminine S position with his hands in his lap when he was in intense conversation, and the little feminine gestures he used so casually as he moved and talked.

Joel hadn't really thought that Angelo was quite that much of a queen. Of course they had not really lived together that much during the three weeks of their courtship. But he really didn't care, this feminine softness made the youth more attractive to Joel's masculine desires.

But, he was concerned about appearances, so he spoke to his mother, who accepted his concern with equal candor noting that she was a bit surprised by how feminine Angelo really was.

She then observed that Angelo had insisted that it would be a great game to even dress as a woman to attend her bridge club! Of course she was powerless to stop

him, and she did so want to keep her son's beloved happy since they were all living together.

Joel became concerned with this facet of his beloved's personality until she assured him that Angelo was perfectly convincing as a woman, and his wife! Joel now guessed why Angelo looked like he had just stepped out of make-up when he came home, he had done just that! "This has become too deep for me."

"I think you worry too late. After all you were the one who insisted on his living here," she countered with a shrug and a faint smile, "Besides Angela is working out just fine as your wife, although I do wish you would buy her an engagement ring to wear."

"An engagement ring!"

"Sure, all the girls wondered about that," she said going to the tape deck to play the recording of the bridge party for him softly so that Angelo could not hear it from the kitchen.

Soon her son was in stitches from laughing.

"See, I told you Angela was perfectly at ease as a woman."

"I think you had something to do with all this. Just to protect your respectability."

"And your good name," she added turning the tape off.

"Well, are you convinced that Angela is a perfectly acceptable girl," she asked taking a photo from a desk drawer to hand it to him. It was an eight by ten color picture of 'Angela' in a gold metal frame.

"You really have a beautiful wife, all the girls are green with envy," she continued placing the framed photograph on the table. She then removed from an envelop in the drawer another wallet size photo. "You might like this as a keepsake."

He placed the photograph into his wallet and shook his head, "It would save some embarrassment now if Angelo was to pretend to be a woman. I guess you are right as usual. But, how do I suggest it, or am I to?"

Mrs. Dexter smiled knowingly, "Just buy your wife an engagement ring and leave the rest to me."

With that mother and son went their separate ways, each thinking of the strange turn of events.

Meanwhile Angelo settled into the feminine routine that Mrs. Dexter established, which Angelo called the Charm School. Once Joel was out of the house Angelo became Angela in a cloud of lace femininity to obey 'her' tutors considering the whole matter to be a game.

Angelo's only concession to his former life was the surprise that Mrs. Dexter gave him one morning when she revealed that her husband had a complete photo studio in the attic and it should now be his artist's studio.

And so he spent his morning's learning how to be a good wife, and his afternoons painting to his heart's content.

The day of the weekly bridge party he was surprised by the women; who. all came up to see, "how talented Angela was." At Mrs. Dexter's suggestion!

He fended off their questions about his modern paintings, only to be revealed as a portrait painter of some talent by Mrs. Dexter, who had seen a couple of his works that he had painted to make ends meet prior to his `marriage'.

Suddenly he was deluged with requests by doting mothers to paint portraits of their adorable children, with Mrs. Dexter assuring them that `Angela' would simply love to paint their children at a fair price.

She named a price that caught his breath and the women all agreed that it was more than fair and took him in tow to join the bridge game while scheduling sittings with his mother-in-law and paying in advance.

"There," Mrs. Dexter noted as the women left and she closed her note book, "We shall open a bank account for you, Angela Dexter, to deposit your savings and checking funds. You now are two-thousand dollars richer than you were this morning."

Angelo looked at the array of checks made out to *Angela Dexter* and considered what had happened. This was more money than he had ever seen before in his life, and there were promises of more paintings once the word got around.

"I don't know whether to kiss you or hit you," he whispered thoughtfully seeing himself trapped into being a female painter of children.

"I see nothing wrong with you using your talent," she noted with a shrug, "Besides it is all settled. They have paid well for your services, and they will be quite upset if you back out. Children are a woman's joy."

"And an artist's bane," he sighed seeing that he was trapped, "Can't I make it a joint account?"

"With your husband, dearest," Mrs. Dexter asked innocently with a nod of approval, "I think that would be quite wise."

"No, I mean with Angelo," he confessed, "it is my money you know."

"Angela's," she laughed pointing at the checks, "and she will have to pay for her credit cards and things. She already owes Berghoffs almost two hundred dollars. So don't be silly, child, The money belongs to Angela."

Angelo could see no use in argument with Mrs. Dexter; and so it was that the next morning Mrs. Joel Dexter Jr. opened a checking and savings account in `her' own name and `her' professional name of a `Angela Dexter'.

She then went with her mother to the beauty shop for a massage, facial, hair styling, and manicure.

Thus secure in her femininity she was placed through the awful ordeal of a driver's test to get a license (Angelo's had somehow disappeared) from an officer who thought it a shame that the prettiest women all seemed to be married and nervous! In a few minutes Angela emerged with a passing grade and a new identification card for her little wallet, realizing that Angela now had more identification than Angelo!

Mrs. Dexter suggested a shopping tour to add to her daughter-in-law's wardrobe, and thus it was just in time for supper when they arrived just as Mrs. Dexter had planned, with Joel waiting at the door, for a change, with cocktail in hand!

Angelo froze in the doorway watching Joel's eyes travel the length from the stylish hairdo, pretty face, green silk shantung suit dress, taunt nylons, to high heeled green pumps. Angelo clutched the little green matching silk shantung clutch purse and white gloves in trembling fingers and nervously entered with feminine grace taught by hours of demanding perfection by Mrs. Dexter.

Mrs. Dexter was delighted and considered Angelo to be quite poised considering his situation.

Angelo moistened his dry lips and forced a smile, "Hello, dear. "

"Wow," Joel exclaimed in appreciation looking at Angelo as if stripping a sex object, causing Angelo to blush even more, "You are a knockout, baby. A real dish."

Angelo managed to smile, "Thank you. Now may I come in?"

"Sure, dearest, sure," Joel suggested taking Angelo's hand and leading him to the living room where Joel mixed the drinks and Mrs. Dexter left them alone.

"You are really beautiful as a woman, you do know that, don't you, darling?"

"I guess you are surprised?" he asked half uncertainly as he tucked his skirts and sat down feeling very nervous from Joel's stare thinking that it must be very uncomfortable for girls under such looks of interest.

Of course he had been eyed by men before, both as Angelo and Angela, but this was much, more personal. He swallowed hard trying to sip the drink.

"We were late shopping and I didn't get home in time to change. I would have rather not had you see me like this."

"You are perfectly suited for skirts," Joel suggested with a smile, "In fact I always liked the girl inside of you. Remember we first met with you in skirts, although I must confess you are far prettier now."

Angelo bowed his head, "thank you."

"Darling, try darling," Joel suggested.

"Thank you, darling. "

"Ah, that is better, I guess I shall have to court you all over again," Joel laughed.

"How long have you known?"

"Oh, since you came. Your make-up and things and my mother's hints," he observed refilling Angelo's glass. "Do you mind my knowing?"

Angelo thought, "No, not really."

"Darling," he suggested with a smile.

"No, darling, I don't."

"Fine, dear one," Joel countered with a kiss, "I have a little gift to show that I understand and want you to stay just as you are. In fact I think we shall burn all your old clothes so you can't run away from me."

He took a velvet box from his pocket to place on Angelo's wedding finger a beautiful high crowned engagement diamond!

Mrs. Dexter watched them kiss and smiled knowing that her plan was working perfectly.

She retreated to her room to count out the a `vitamin pills' she planned to have Angelo take each morning. Reading the note that Dr. Gaines had given her she calculated when Joel should go on his annual overseas buying trip.

She had six weeks before she could take her next step, so she wrote some letters to be sure that everything was perfect. During the next six weeks she watched the mail to be sure she got it first.

Angelo now constantly dressed as a woman, because Joel expected it, and Mrs. Dexter wanted him to please his `husband'.

Actually Angelo found it all quite natural and fell into the routine of his new life, with charm school in the morning and portrait painting in the afternoon, except for the weekly trips, to the beauty shop, shopping, and the bridge club.

Mrs. Dexter had suggested an electrolysis treatment to remove all trace of his beard and after being assured by the beautician that many dark-haired women suffered similar problems he accepted this ordeal as a part of his weekly beauty treatment.

Angelo was impressed by the fact that his constant wearing of bras and constant daily beauty care routine had caused some rather feminine changes. His skin was now smooth and creamy pink like a child's. He noticed, with more than a bit of concern, that his nipples and the aureole about them seemed puffed up into somewhat prominent little cones which caused him to be even more modest about Joel. But, it was the strange lack of response in his penis as a sign of growing impotence that caused him to seek a `woman to woman' chat with his mother-in-law!

"Really, you think that you might be impotent because of wearing women's clothes," Mrs. Dexter responded trying to hide her amusement over his absolutely childlike naiveté. "I suppose Joel has noticed your lack of responsiveness?"

"No, not really," Angelo blushing confessed pressing his delicate hands into the full satin folds of his dressing gown knowing full well that it was not going to be an easy conversation, but he did need her help. Even if it did mean admitting to the most intimate details of his marriage to Joel. Bowing his pretty head he added, "Joel is such a male, and I really don't even think of myself that way when we are in bed together."

Mrs. Dexter patted his folded hands sympathetically, for he had answered a question she had in the back of her mind about their true relationship as lovers. It was like the Gaylords. Mr. and Mrs. Gaylord were the perfect couple until she died and the matrons of her community discovered to their amazement that she was a man! Mrs.

Gaylord was very much like little Angela, more like a real woman than a gay male. For gay men liked mutual masculine sex. "Do you enjoy having sex with my son?"

"Why, yes, certainly," he answered truthfully, "Of course, I do."

"Well, then, my dear child, what has impotence got to do with your loving my son. Doesn't he make you feel like a woman?" she suggested in more confidential tones by lowering her voice and asking with concern, "I mean, you do have an orgasm and all that?"

He swallowed his pride and nodded his agreement.

"I would think that in actuality Joel's attentions solely upon your more female needs has improved your orgasms," she added with a slight woman to woman smile of encouragement.

"Yes," he responded returning her smile feeling that she really understood his situation, and she was right Joel's love making has been more than satisfactory. His fears were really quite silly.

And, later that night, he almost died in chagrin when Joel, while making love, cupped two little maidenly breasts and began tongue sucking the nipples to erection causing his whole body to blush in feminine shame and heat!

Added to this was Joel's delighted discovery that Angelo's hips had broadened noticeably with his reduced waistline!

A discovery that brought playful slaps and some embarrassment, not to mention some alterations in Angelo's wardrobe. Angelo considered the changes to be a product of his new life. Joel thought the changes to be delightfully sexy.

Mrs. Dexter was pleased that everything was going as planned..

It was at this point that Joel announced that he would have to go away for about two months on his annual buying trip. And so he left.

"We shouldn't just sit here in this big old house," Mrs. Dexter said the morning after her son had gone.

"I think we shall go on a vacation too, so that Susan can visit her folks and we can go see my daughter after a few days in Mexico."

"Mexico? But, I can't go to Mexico like this?" he half questioned half protested.

"Why not, you are Mrs. Joel Dexter Junior, and I doubt if you could get a visa for Angelo, without a driver's license and such for identification," Mrs. Dexter concluded, "Dr. Gaines will give you all the necessary vaccinations this afternoon."

And so it was that a day later they set out, as mother and daughter-in-law, on a vacation.

A few days later they crossed the desert heading to a resort town that Mrs. Dexter described as a health and beauty spa, just the place for two matrons to rest up.

By nightfall the next day they came to an iron gate that swung open, once Mrs. Dexter identified herself, and they drove up a broad road under sheltering palms to a

building that looked like an old Spanish home combined with a modern motel and swimming pool, "Why don't you park the car and wait while I register?"

Angelo nodded and drove the car to a garage parking lot where a woman in a pink uniform accepted the key saying something in Spanish and pointing back towards the main house and a little sidewalk bar.

Angelo smiled and walked to the bar seeing a group of a dozen or so women all exercising to modern dance music before another pink uniformed woman. As far as he could see, they didn't appear to really need it.

A pink uniformed woman pushed another woman in a wheelchair to the edge of the pool where she removed the hospital robe from her patient and helped the bikini clad woman into the pool.

"Senora?" a woman in health farm pink asked.

"Planter's punch."

"Si, Senora," was the prompt reply and in a moment the drink was there.

"Ah, leave it to my daughter to find a bar," Mrs. Dexter announced to a matronly woman in white.

"Senora Jarden, this is my daughter, Angela. Senora Jarden is really a doctor, and she runs this wonderful health farm. She says that in a few weeks she will make new women out of us."

Angelo smiled catching his companion's wink.

"Oh, I hope so."

"I will show you your room, Senora Angela," Doctor Jarden suggested after exchanging greetings and waiting until Angelo had finished his drink. "I think you will find everything very modern here. Some of my staff come from the finest beauty salons in Mexico."

A young girl about eight raced by them chased by another little girl a bit older followed by a laughing pink uniformed matron, who paused long enough to curtsy toward the doctor before leaving after her playing charges.

"A bit young for a beauty farm." Angelo asked as they entered a lovely air conditioned motel room with a large hospital bed, vanity, bureau, closet, and private bath.

"Oh, we care for all sorts of beauty problems. The girls had birth defects," the doctor mused uncovering a tray to produce a hypodermic needle which she deftly slipped into Angelo's arm before he could react as the plunger pressed home. "They were born boys...."

Angelo screamed in terror of understanding to awaken to a world of pain and drifting haze as a pink uniformed woman helped him to walk to the toilet where he sat and cried with pain and humiliation knowing he would never be a man again!

The days that followed brought him slowly from the pain to exercises that meant more pain. And then back to the operating table and more pain from recovery to watch a plastic tube slowly be eased from the insult of a female vagina. Four weeks and Angelo was able to dance with the others knowing why they exercised!

Another week and he was awakened by Mrs. Dexter, who had returned from visiting her daughter to claim her new daughter.

"The doctor says that you are quite ready to travel," she noted opening a bureau drawer to produce a black lace bra and panty girdle set with attached panty hose. "And we should have a few weeks together until Joel arrives."

"Joel," Angelo mused trying to tell her what he thought of her and her Joel for doing this to him,

"You planned it all along!"

"Yes, dearest, all along," she acknowledged as a pink uniformed matron entered, to pack whatever Mrs. Dexter directed, to leave with the bags. Leaving them together alone again.

"Do you stay in bed a few more days, or do you come with me, dearest?" Mrs. Dexter asked with a slight smile knowing full well that her daughter-in-law really had no where else to go. Especially now!

"Are you going to watch me dress to see if I am suitable for your son?" he asked angrily tossing the covers back to reveal two lovely full breasts and perfectly formed femaleness!

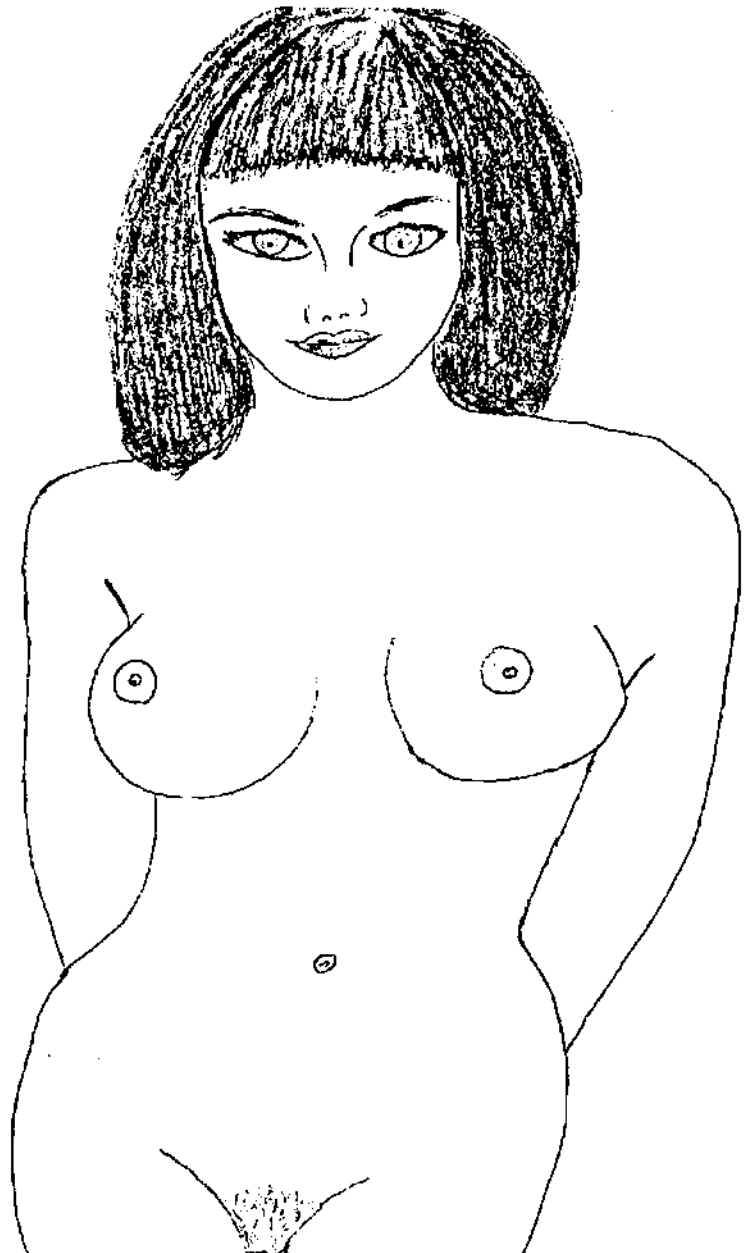
"Look, see what you have done to me!"

"Charming," she sighed arranging the cosmetics on the vanity.

"I will leave you if you want to dress now, child. What is done is done."

"What is done is done," Angelo mused picking up the bra and panty set to cover his shame and yet feel even more nakedly feminine.

Standing by the bed he slipped into the black nylon lace slip and adjusted the bra strap seeing the delicate perfection of womanly cleavage,



"Look, see what you have done to me!"

Automatically he applied his make-up seeing that now he really needed very little to highlight his naturally feminine skin. Using a bit of cologne and perfume, because he had feminine sensitivity to fragrances, he arose to step into black patent leather pumps.

The tailored black silk suit fitted perfectly and after fitting two pearl teardrop earrings and a matching pear single strand necklace Angelo was dressed.

"Well, let's go."

Mrs. Dexter smiled and handed him a purse and gloves before leading the way.

Angelo considered his black suit dress to be proper for mourning, enjoying the scene much like a dramatic school girl without realizing the comparison as he sat sullenly in the car while Mrs. Dexter settled their business affairs.

The drive was a long quiet one for the balance of the day and their first night in a motel.

He had hoped, childlike still, that Mrs. Dexter would beg for him to speak; but, she accepted his silence with matronly grace causing him to think over his uncertainties.

On their second night he suddenly began to cry out his unhappy loneliness and she accepted him into her bed like a mother might her little child, comforting Angelo until he fell asleep.

With morning Angelo sat up in their bed and asked;

"Am I really just like a woman?"

"In every way, darling," she laughed offering proof to the childlike curiosity remembering a similar day when her daughter was much younger than her new daughter-in-law.

"See, just like mommy."

"Will it make Joel happy?" Angelo asked arising to walk to the bathroom to take a shower rather than hear her reply.

When Angelo had finished with a feminine toilette and had donned a strapless bra with matching pink panty slip, pink cotton backless halter styled sun dress, and pink sandals Angelo posed for Mrs. Dexter to ask, "Will I make Joel happy?"

"We shall soon see." was the delighted reply....

Joel placed his suitcase and briefcase on the floor to straighten up and kiss his mother, "and where is the other Mrs. Dexter?"

"Oh, Angela is asleep, I would guess," she replied with a nod that hid her fleeting smile, "She doesn't know that you planned to come home tonight. I thought it might be a sweet surprise. She placed her finger to her lips.

"So please be quiet."

Joel closed the outside door. "I must say this is a change. Has Angelo convinced you that he isn't really all that peculiar at all."

"Oh, Angela is perfectly normal in every way," she chuckled with pleased satisfaction over her counter, "We girls have become perfect friends, like mother and daughter, you see."

"Oh boy," he swore hearing the sweetness and light cheerfulness in her voice and guessing that she was in control, "And what about me? How do I fit in."

"You are the master of the house, of course," she countered with a matronly nod.

"I think you should go upstairs to my room. I put a pair of your pajamas in my bathroom. You can then surprise little Angela with the wonder of your mastery."

"I must confess this is a switch," he mused with a shake of his head in bemusement over her change of attitude towards his love life. But, her idea may have its merits, he missed little Angelo, and it would be a delightful surprise. Smiling, he kissed her again,

"Thanks, mom, you're a real doll to change your mind about Angelo."

She nodded her understanding to watch him go up the stairs, "I haven't changed my mind, I just tidied up things a bit, as mothers are wont to do."

Joel wondered about her words, but dismissed them. Retreating to her room he soon showered and donned the blue silk pajamas she had hung up for him.

Placing his clothes under one arm and his bags under the other he went to the master bedroom and managed to open the door.

The hall light cut through the dark room to reveal Angelo in a near fetal position with long black hair drifting over the pale blue pillow that was held like a lover between soft white arms. The light combined with the sound of the door opening awoke the lovely one, who rolled over brushing aside those few covers that remained to reveal a sheer pink shorty gown that hid nothing to Joel's astonished eyes, from the perfection of proud upturned breasts to an obvious femininity which was hastily covered by a surprised and somewhat embarrassed fussing with sheer skirts and more certain covers.

"Oh, Joel!"

The lights went on once decorum was nervously established.

Joel momentarily disbelieved his eyes and closed the door.

"Have you got some kind of flesh toned foundation on?"

"What a really silly question," was the amused reply as he sat upon the bed. "I have a wonderful surprise for you. I do hope you will be pleased."

Joel suddenly pulled the covers back to see the femaleness as the hard proof of his fascination emerged from the silk pajama fly causing Angela to feel suddenly very feminine and apprehensive as he pulled up her skirt to confirm her completeness to her shame before he moved to her side to take the ultimate proof the sound of her submissive cries...

Mrs. Dexter paused at their door,

“Yes, sweet Angela, I think you now know the answer to your question.” She heard the sighs of Angela's completion and smiled with knowing pleasure. Her son had brought home a fairy bride and she brought him back a loving wife....

A CERTAIN IMAGE

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

In this dog eat dog world it is important that the best man come out on top, and he usually does because it takes a certain image to win. Whether it is Victorian "breeding" or mod "cool" he must win without really appearing to be in the contest. He must not appear with soiled hands. The loser should feel that somehow the man was the natural victor destined to be on top with that magic, the certain image of a leader among men.

It's not usual to think of a vice presidency in a retail dress shop in these terms; but Petite Mode Fashions Stores is more than one shop, it is one of the largest chain dress shops in the United States with over 2,000 outlets and a complex of supporting industries producing fabrics and the clothes women need.

To Carol M. Pearson, the vice presidency of this corporation was worth competing for. As advertising director, he felt he was destiny's choice.

The only competition for the position he sought was a Miss Joan Archer, the corporation's comptroller. A career woman with all the capabilities needed, and only one weakness he could detect. She was a beautiful woman in her late thirties faced with the inherent loneliness of her career orientation and that certain longing for marriage.

If he could exploit that weakness by marrying her the corporation's iron clad rule on nepotism would eliminate her from the contest leaving the position to him as a prize as well as the possession of a beautiful and very capable woman as his wife, who would have to maintain that certain image of a homemaker with the responsibilities of her new social position.

It was perfect concept and all he needed to do was carry it out so that she would not detect his true goal. But, this was all a part of the game. Logic told him he could only win.

Already he had set into motion the process of attracting her into his trap by enlarging their business luncheons into evening social engagements. He began to like her company which in turn made his objective more acceptable, in fact it was quite clear that she might be the ideal partner in marriage.

There was no doubt that the feeling was becoming mutual. Their social involvement was certainly increasing until it was most common gossip throughout the executive offices of Petite Mode Fashion shops, which pleased Carol because the social pressures were toward their marriage and that was certainly his objective.

At this point he began to use a ploy often used by women trying to give the hint, he stopped with her after their supper engagement to look at jewelry, or furniture, or even bridal gowns hoping that she would play the game.

Which she did with mild reluctance admitting that she had never really thought of marriage in such possessive terms; nor, had she really planned on a large formal wedding. But, perhaps he was right, she didn't know.

After a particularly enjoyable evening at an exclusive supper club they retired to her apartment for a final cocktail and a good night kiss. It was then that he presented her with an engagement ring.

"It is a lovely ring," she sighed a bit confused and almost reluctantly, "but I cannot accept it."

"I should be glad to talk with your parents, if that is the problem? Perhaps a weekend at Riverdale?" he hinted trying to be sure that he might be able to change her mind, if not then, later at her folk's home where he knew she would be faced with more social pressure towards marriage from her parents. "It would be very old fashioned, but if I must ask your father for your hand..."

"Oh, I am flattered, but I have never really thought about marriage, I mean, I have my career...."

"I am offering you a new career, as my wife," he suggested taking her hand into his, "to care for our children and run our home. I need your love, my darling,"

She nodded her understanding taking the ring from its black velvet box thoughtfully. "I would have to give up my independence, my career. It is a great deal to me..."

"A woman was created for more important things than a career," he pressed trying to get her to identify with that certain image, "I need a woman who will help me. Perhaps we could buy a home in Riverdale, your home town. I could commute and you would have the social prominence of a wife to a vice president."

"Vice President?" she asked raising her voice in surprise only to smile, a smile that could have been pleasure or amusement. "I did not know you were to become vice president?"

"Who knows, perhaps in time," he hedged with a shrug covering his error. Removing the ring from her hesitant hand he placed it on her finger noticing that she was so deep in thought that she had hardly noticed. "I love you, Joan, please accept my offer of marriage?"

"I guess I can consider the idea, any woman would, even a career woman..."

"I envy women," he laughed to soothe her fears with a kiss patting her ringed finger, "To have the chance to have your own home and loving family after being treated like a queen all dressed in satin and lace at your wedding. I promise to give you everything you shall ever want as a queen so that you will not ever think of a career again, except that of being my little homemaker."

"Perhaps I could work for another firm, two incomes...."

"No, darling. One should work and the other should care for the home," he objected, "I shall be earning enough for both of us and there is a certain image to maintain. People will expect us to maintain a certain social balance."

"Social balance?" she half repeated, half asked with a smile, wondering if she should consent to his idea of marriage. It pleased her to think that at last she might marry like many of her friends. And, somehow she felt more completely a woman, yet deep in her heart she held the doubts that she was not destined to be a matronly housewife. Her direct mind argued against the unfairness of the idea that a woman might have to give up her career just to keep a social balance, or a certain-image.

She arose to accept her engagement kiss and his parting farewell at the door acknowledging that he should meet her parents and perhaps they should look for a home in Riverdale.

But once he had left she sat looking at the ring on her finger trying to analyze what was happening in a less emotional light and then she saw what must have been his real objective, the vice presidency!

She had no doubt that he probably loved her, for she felt from her own heart that she loved him. Yet there was something they both wanted separate from their personal interdependence. And their marriage was his way of winning the real prize! It was beautifully logical, and too convenient. The very idea of him using the old hackneyed bit about a woman's place is in the home angered her.

For she could see that he wanted complete victory over her, no working bargain.

And then she was struck by a wonderful idea, so far fetched that she doubted if it would work. It was clear to her that her marriage might be a necessary step towards her own objective...

Since he had set the ground rules for their married life and their contest for the vice presidency. Perhaps by making him think he had won the first battle she might use surprise to win war!

"Well darling, I have decided to accept," Joan acknowledged at lunch flashing the engagement diamond to show Carol.

"Of course, there is ever so much to do to prepare for a wedding, and with the audit due before I leave Petite Mode; you must help me. Especially since you want a large formal wedding."

"It isn't really...."

"Oh, but, darling, I insist," she exclaimed with delighted excitement. "A bride should have her day, and if you want ours to be a gala event, then I feel it's appropriate."

She smiled quite cheerfully and her sudden change of mood from the reluctant career woman to the eager bride to be made Carol see how completely he had guessed right about his future bride's true potential. It fit that certain image of a woman.

"Since, you really have earned a long vacation, according to your pay records, I think you should take a leave to help out. I checked with your assistant and she indicated that there was no major advertising campaign.

"Also, Mr. Hooker, our dear president, has given his blessings when I told him this morning of our forthcoming wedding bells and your plans for a vacation to arrange everything, since I was leaving and should stay to complete the books before I resign."

"But....," he began to protest, but she was right, he would have to go on leave to prepare things if she had to complete her work.

"I suggested that it was all your idea, to help with the wedding," she observed, "so that I could finish the audit. He was quite pleased."

"I guess what is done is done," he agreed seeing that it was all going perfectly, just as he had hoped, "it's quite logical."

"Oh yes, one of us will have to set up the wedding, buy the house, pick up the furniture, and do ever so many other things," she exclaimed, "and since my parents left for Europe last week; it looks very much like you will have to make all the arrangements for our wedding and such."

"Do you mean everything," he asked in confused astonishment, wondering if a formal wedding had been such a bright idea. But, he knew that she expected a formal wedding now, didn't all women dream of such things?

"I don't know a thing about weddings."

"It's all perfectly simple," she countered dismissing his protests as if they were childish, "I have a very dear friend who is the Bridal Consultant at our main store, a Mrs. Bailey. She can help the bride with all her wedding preparations."

"I'm not a bride," he laughed, "why don't you..."

"Oh, we've been through all that," she countered his half asked plea, "I do the audit, you arrange our marriage. That's the deal."

She pouted with a shrug, "if you really loved me..."

"Okay," he sighed reluctantly seeing that he really didn't have a choice. The vice presidency was too important to miss because of mere wedding plans.

"I knew you would help," she murmured with a pleased smile reaching into her purse to produce a credit card and some other papers.

"The bride's father pays for most of the wedding," she continued, "so these will pay for my share of the expenses. I have set up a special charge account in your name at Petite Mode, since you will be making the purchases and signing the receipts. This way our wedding purchases will be kept separate from my own personal wardrobe charges. I found that you didn't have a charge account with us," she smiled at the idea, "So it would be a simple businesslike way to keep track of our separate charges."

She giggled slightly adding:

"Of course, if you should like a few dainties for yourself, just consider them as my gift."

"Thanks," he laughed hardly seeing anything he would want at a women's wear store. "What are the other papers for?"

"I guess we could call it my dowry," she noted handing him the top paper which was a letter of credit made out to him from her for several thousand dollars.

"I want to pay for my share of our future home and whatever else we may need. I don't want to start my marriage in debt."

His pride wanted to refuse, but his business logic made him accept her suggestion as he thought about the state's community property laws, "I guess it makes good sense."

"Excellent," she replied handing him some more papers. "And, darling, sign these papers. It is a legal receipt for the money transfer to you and other papers my lawyer says are just a formality for the transfer of the money."

He shrugged, signing the legal papers, which she folded and placed into her purse snapping it shut with a feeling of satisfaction.

She then arose to straighten the skirts of her gray tweed business suit saying:

"I think I should call Mrs. Bailey right away about your appointment. She will have ever so much to do to arrange everything so that our wedding will be the talk of Petite Modes for years to come..."

With this promise they kissed and parted, she to her plans and duties, and he to his arrangements for vacation...

Carol's duties had never required him to enter a Petite Mode Fashions Store. When he walked past the fashion display windows through the glass swinging doors into the antique white and pink decor of the store he felt as if he had suddenly entered naked into a gigantic ladies powder room filled with women, who appeared to be all staring at the self-conscious man either with open hostility or tolerant amusement as sales personnel moved in on the hapless male to ask, "May we help you, sir?"

All he could manage was to ask for directions to the Bridal Shoppe.

With their solicitous aid he managed to make it to the third floor deep within this harem bazaar to be confronted by the full panorama of bridal gowns and bridesmaids wear that delineated the Bridal Shoppe with its private inner sanctum for the Bridal Consultant.

"I have a 2 o'clock appointment," he half-whispered to the petite secretary, who looked up at the bewildered young man with mild disbelief as her eyes glanced at Mrs. Bailey's appointment calendar.

"I have an appointment for a Miss Carol Pearson," she announced, "for a formal wedding consultation and complete trousseau."

"I'm Carol Pearson," he replied almost meekly causing her to lift an eyebrow before buzzing Mrs. Bailey, who appeared at the doorway of her private conference room to greet him with outstretched hands.

"It is so nice of you to come to us concerning your wedding plans, Carol," she announced cheerfully, in a happy voice that the women in the shop heard, causing them to glance towards the happy bride-to-be, only to see a rather embarrassed male being

ushered into her room to a chair facing a large coffee table covered with colorful bridal pamphlets.

"Would you like some tea and cakes," she offered measuring him with half concealed amusement guessing how uncomfortable he must be, "Tea is good for the nerves."

"Sugar, thank you," he sighed deciding that now that he was here he might as well accept his lot. "And a piece of cake, I guess."

"You're fortunate to be so petite," she observed straightening the skirt of her basic black wool dress as her tall matronly form moved gracefully into a chair facing him after handing him his tea and removing the cover from a pastry tray.

"So many of our brides are frightfully weight conscious since the poor dears do want so to fit their bridal gowns perfectly. Satin just simply reveals every little bulge, you know."

She smiled taking her cup in a gestured toast towards him before she sipped her tea. "I know dozens of brides-to-be who would give everything to be as slender as you. You must be a perfect 12."

"I wouldn't know," he smiled selecting an éclair, "I guess the bridal gown is Joan's problem. I suppose she has explained everything to you?"

"It is a rather unusual arrangement," she mused with an amused twinkle in her gray eyes, "but, I'm sure we can arrange everything as painlessly as possible for you."

Mrs. Bailey produced a white bound book entitled in golden lettering *Bridal Guide Book* with *his name* embossed in matching gold on its cover.

"This is our little workbook, which I use with the bride and her mother usually, to lay out all the details. Since Joan has explained your financial plans, I have taken the liberty of arranging everything in your name rather than Joan's since it will be simpler for our bookkeepers and the others involved."

"It makes sense," he had to admit to her understanding nod.

"Excellent," she concluded opening the book to explain that the wedding was scheduled at the Riverdale St. Peter's Cathedral, with a Dr. James performing the nuptials. The reception was to take place after the ceremony at the country club.

She then produced from the book a sample of the announcements and wedding invitations needed.

"Will this engraving style suit your taste?"

"I guess so."

"What does the M stand for?"

"May," he replied with a slight blush, "my mother planned on a girl after three boys. I was the youngest and..."

"Of course," she acknowledged casually as if dismissing the matter after making a notation in the book. "It is a masculine name, you know, despite its rather popular usage."

She turned the page, "I guess your mother will select those who will come from your family."

She handed him a booklet, "she should write the names in this address book after you have made your selections. Joan sent me her Christmas list with a few revisions so that between the two lists we shall know who to invite. I suggest that you include all the names that she might list, that way we have little chance of missing a friend."

He nodded slipping the book into his suit jacket pocket.

"Now we get to the heart of the matter," she observed turning the page, "Joan has asked that you select the entire trousseau. You may be aware that this consists of the bride's household furnishings such as linens, kitchen ware, and ever so many things."

Before he knew he was buried in a catalogue she produced from under the table seeing the long list of items suggested for a wealthy bride's formal trousseau. He couldn't believe all the items she listed and then before he knew she was putting on her street coat and they were off on a shopping tour while her assistant took over at the shop.

They went to one of the most fashionable department stores in the city. As she introduced him to each sales clerk with a wink suggesting that he was buying his trousseau they made their way through the list until closing time and she suggested that they meet again the next morning at the bridal shop.

She then had him sign for the charges and accepted his credit card to place it in the *Bridal Guide* along with the array of charge slips she had made with the other stores.

The next morning came with a continuation of their buying until late afternoon when she led him back to the bridal shop where she offered him a fresh cup of tea and some pastries to brighten him up.

"Perhaps we might relax and see our little bridal fashion show," she suggested. "You will have to pick the bride's wardrobe you know."

"I wish that Joan would do this," he complained turning in his chair to see her press a button on the arm rest of her chair as the room lights dimmed and a pair of curtains drew back to reveal a screen with a slide showing a model dressed in an ivory satin bridal gown with formal long train and matching lace veil.

"Now you just sit still and imagine that you are the lovely bride-to-be. When you see the wedding gown of your heart's desire, just tell me," she countered with a delighted laugh, "Just imagine that you are all a flutter about your coming wedding."

"I'll try," he replied uncertainly watching the slide show.

"This empire-waisted gown is designed....," she began with glowing words about the first gown and the beautiful gowns that followed until Carol had discovered a gown that he really thought would look pretty.

She was delighted by his choice and shifted to bride's maids gowns, the gown for the matron of honor, and the array of the other women in attendance.

"And now for the bride's honeymoon clothes and lingerie," she suggested at last turning off the projector and arising.

"Would you come with me, Carol?"

"Where?" he asked adjusting his eyes to the room lights as he arose to follow her.

"Let's start with a white silk shantung suit," she suggested looking back at her startled customer with amused interest, "Come on, Carol, just imagine you are the bride and select your wardrobe here at the store."

"You mean you expect me to go with you through a dress shop and buy a wardrobe," he managed in disbelief.

"Of course, dearest," she laughed taking his hand and half towing him through the sheer humiliation he feared the most as she had sales girls help with the selection pretending that he was a woman and the clothes were for him, in fact many of the girls actually believed that he was an eccentric customer.

Yet, Mrs. Bailey had to admit that he did have excellent taste. She even believed that Joan had made an excellent choice.

About three hours later they returned to the Bridal Shoppe.

"Wasn't that fun?"

"It was interesting," he replied with a shrug deciding that there was no question but that his selection of her wardrobe would make Joan look and feel like a woman and a bride.

He had avoided her usual career fashions and sought out the feminine frills.

"I had no idea women bought so many clothes for a wedding and honeymoon."

"Oh, they have planned for this for most of their lives," she answered making a notation in the *Bridal Guide*.

"I suppose it would be easy for you if we measured you here for your own formal wear. I can have St. Barnun Tailor arrange your wardrobe from our measurements. Unless, of course, you prefer..."

"More shopping," he sighed, "I think you have a good idea."

"Excellent," Mrs. Bailey noted pushing an intercom button,

"Mrs. Best, could you come to Consultant for measurements?"

Within a few minutes a plump woman dressed in basic black entered the room to look a bit quizzically at Carol.

"I should like you to take Carol's measurements for a complete wardrobe," Mrs. Bailey instructed. "From hat to shoes, my dear."

Mrs. Best was too experienced to question her request; having already heard about Carol's shopping trip.

With silent efficiency she measured his head before moving to the neck, shoulders, arm length, wrist, hand size, underarm upper chest, chest, waist, neck to waist, hips, waist to floor, waist to crotch to waist, inseam, and finally a tracing of his small feet.

"Thank you, miss," she noted automatically before handing her figures to Mrs. Bailey and leaving.

Poor Carol accepted Mrs. Bailey's laughter and her apologies watching her slip the measurements into the book.

"A perfect twelve," she noted with satisfaction over the correctness of her earlier guess as she closed the book, "I haven't lost my eye for sizes. Of course most brides would starve themselves into a size ten, to be more petite. In your case we could try a corset."

Laughingly, she then arose passing to him a sales booklet.

"I think you should sign these forms and I'll take care of the odds and ends."

"Do you mean I am finished here?" he asked in disbelief.

"Well, for a while," she replied with a nod, "I will have to contact the bride's maids and the others for their sizes and ever so many other details. But, I believe you are ready for a little rest."

"I want to thank you," he sighed signing the sales slips before arising and shaking her hands and leaving the store glad the ordeal was over.

The next morning he left for Riverdale to do some house hunting and was received at the station by a Mrs. VanGross, who was a dear friend of Joan's and her family.

Mrs. VanGross introduced herself and suggested an early lunch before they drove out along the river bluffs to look at a couple of houses.

After lunch they looked at the houses and Carol decided on the smaller of the two places, a ten bedroom colonial style home secluded on a wooded estate. Mrs. VanGross promised to handle the business arrangements before she took him back to the station to catch the early afternoon train back to the city.

When he arrived home he decided that he needed a rest so he opened the door to his apartment to see boxes and boxes and more boxes stacked in his living room and was greeted by the ringing phone.

It was Joan, who suggested an evening out. But he told her of his deluge of received purchases explaining that since they were charged in his name the whole lot had been delivered to his address. She agreed to come over and help him and within the hour she was there.

"It's almost like Christmas," she exclaimed stepping into his apartment, "I can't take all of this to my place."

"You would need a truck," he laughed. "Perhaps we should leave it all packed and ship it out to your mother's. After all it is your trousseau."

"Heavens no, there isn't a soul home," she protested.

"And the idea of not seeing anything until the wedding is too disappointing to face."

She walked over to his spare bedroom and opened the door.

"Let's put them in here, and we can hang up the dresses and things in the closet and put the dainties away in the dresser."

"How would I ever explain a bedroom full of women's' clothes," he laughed.

"Yes, indeed," she countered with mocking seriousness. "Now, let's see, where shall we start."

Joan wandered through the boxes until she spied the hope chest and soon he was dragging this into the spare bedroom and clearing the room out of his over flow belongings before she began to supervise the unpacking. She was completely enthralled by the entire process and delighted in the wardrobe he had chosen.

In a few minutes the bedroom was a swirl of silks, lace, cotton, and fluffy feminine frills spread out over the bed and scattered about the pile rug floor as she began to hang up the clothes in order in the wall closet.

"Oh they are adorable," she exclaimed kissing him before she discovered a large cosmetic case which she opened on to the dresser top seeing that it was complete down to the last eyebrow pencil.

"Well everything a girl should need," she laughed closing the case and surveying the room with delight seeing that it now was beyond a doubt a woman's boudoir judging by its contents.

"Why, Carol, what a lovely trousseau you have."

"It is all yours," he laughed leading the way back into the living room.

"Do you know what size women's clothes you might wear?" she asked following him.

"Oh, Mrs. Bailey at the bridal shop said I was a perfect 12," he replied opening the bar counter top. "How about a pre-supper cocktail after all that work?"

"Wonderful," she replied sitting on one of the stools and looking at him. "I'm a size 12 too, you know. I wonder...."

"What?"

"What you would look like as a woman," she laughed whimsically as she accepted her drink.

"Ugly," he countered making his own drink.

"Oh, I think you would be stunning," she noted eyeing him somewhat critically. Suddenly she clapped her hands almost spilling her drink,

"I have a wonderful idea. Let's dress you up."

"What?" Carol asked in disbelief.

"Come on," she laughed enjoying her new game. Taking his hand she half dragged him back into the spare bed room.

"Let's find out if you are really a pretty girl."

"Ah, come on," he protested, but he knew by her determined look that she really expected him to cater to her whim.

"I can't...."

"I say yes," she pouted unbuttoning the top button of his shirt.

Before he knew she was pushing him into the bathroom to shower and shave. He didn't quite understand her sudden whim to see him in skirts, but at least if it kept her happy he might as well since no one else would see his little charade.

Within a few minutes he stepped from the shower to see that she had slipped into the bathroom and had placed a pale blue nylon panty girdle and bra set on the laundry hamper along with a box of dusting powder and a bottle of cologne.

Wanting to rebel against the idea he was tempted to tell her to forget it but for some reason he felt it best to humor her. Taking his electric razor he shaved his body of its few stray hairs and applied the powder and cologne feeling considerably more feminine. Once he slipped into the tightly fitted bra and panty girdle using tissue to fill out the more womanly curves he noted how the waist of the girdle pulled in his own waistline to add to the illusion and he thought of Mrs. Bailey's comment about a corset.

He was just finished when she opened the door to look at him in amused delight.

"Well, well, how does my little girl feel?"

"I feel foolish," he admitted honestly, feeling embarrassed by being seen dressed in a pale blue nylon panty girdle and bra by her.

"You look adorable," she exclaimed carrying the cosmetic case, a pair of blue silk high heeled pumps, a pair of sheer black nylons, and a blue nylon and lace slip into the bathroom.

In the next few minutes she helped him into these dainties before having him sit upon the toilet seat while she quickly arranged his longish black hair into a fetchingly feminine short hairdo and transformed his somewhat handsome face into a complete illusion of feminine beauty after using the beard cover an actor friend of hers had suggested.

"Perfect, just perfect," she sighed contentedly, leading his tottering form, which was adjusting to high heels into the bed room where she helped him into an azure blue lace net over taffeta A line styled cocktail dress with portrait neckline and lace net sleeves. A pair of tiny blue crystal earrings and matching necklace completed the costume causing her to tow him to a floor length door mirror so that she could display her transformation.

Carol could not believe his lovely eyes. In a few minutes he had become what appeared to be an attractive woman!

"It's impossible, I feel so strange..."

"Now, you just practice walking in those high heeled pumps and you will feel more at ease," she promised with a laugh showing him how to walk in a more ladylike fashion and then teaching him how to sit, stand, turn, and hold his poise in the feminine manner.

After about an hour of such training she could see that he was more natural and relaxed so she helped him with his speaking voice. She was well aware of the fact that he could barely pass, but with proper training...

"While you were dressing I ordered one of those pickup Chinese dinners," she suddenly observed looking at her watch to pick up her purse and wrap only to smile mischievously.

"Of course you might prefer to join me for supper? Just two lovely girls out on the town together. Who knows, some handsome men might even pick us up."

"No thanks," he protested embarrassed enough by her little charade, "I'll stay here."

"Too bad," she noted half disappointed but knowing that his staying fit her plans.

"I'll be back in a minute and ring three times as a signal that it's me," she laughed, "I shouldn't want you opening your door for strange men. A girl can't be too careful."

"Can I undress," he suggested trying to hide behind the door as she opened it wide.

"Heavens no," she remonstrated, "I want us to have an evening together like a couple of girl friends. So you just stay pretty and await my ring."

And thus she kissed her nervous love and left the pretty one to his thoughts.

In a rustle of taffeta he practiced walking secretly enjoying the soft caress of taffeta against taunt nylons. In fact he didn't mind feeling so suddenly utterly feminine as he posed before the living room mirror.

Turning from the mirror he walked away glancing over his shoulder seeing that by walking an imaginary line, as she had showed him, his hips swayed with enticingly feminine grace. Practicing a turn like he was on a cloud he walked gracefully towards the mirror with head erect and with a happy smile.

Suddenly the buzzer rang three times and expecting Joan he walked with feminine movement to the door and paused a moment to compose himself as he opened it saying in his most feminine voice with a smile:

"Please come in."

And then his heart leaped into his throat in startled terror as his frightened eyes saw before him Bob Dixon, one of his account executives, looking at him with fascinated interest!

"Is Carol Pearson in?" Bob asked entering the living room to look about, "I asked his secretary if it would be possible for her to make an appointment for me to discuss the Gaines fashion account."

In disbelieving terror mixed with hope Carol gathered his wits realizing that he may still be safe, "Carol is not in. He is on a date with Joan. I'm his cousin, Susan."

"Bob Dixon," Bob replied with a nod. "I guess his secretary failed to get a hold of him."

"I suppose so," Carol managed, "I can have him call you later."

"Thank You," Bob mused looking at his hostess with a masculine eye noting the strong family resemblance to the point that although Carol and Susan could have

been twins. "I didn't know Carol had such a beautiful cousin. Where in the world have you been hiding from us. Susan, did you just come to the city? And how long will you be staying with Carol."

'God, he is trying to make a pass at me,' Carol thought in panic seeing that there was no way to end this agony!

"Yes, I'm visiting Carol," Carol replied walking to the door and pausing to open it.

"Have you had supper?"

"Why, yes," Carol replied hastily feeling his heart skip a beat in horror that Jane might show up, or that Bob would guess the awful truth! "I'm a bit tired and I planned to go to bed early."

"All dressed up like that?" Bob asked in disbelief.

"Carol and Joan were to take me out but I complained of a headache," he managed in explanation thinking what a girl might say to explain the situation as he opened the door, "Thank you for coming, I shall tell Carol."

Bob nodded and began to leave when he suddenly noted a little scar on the young lady's right hand.

"Why you're Carol!"

"What on earth," Carol protested as he took his right hand.

"I was with you when you cut your hand," Bob exclaimed, "I thought there was a fantastic family likeness between cousins; but not similar scars, Carol."

"Joan and I were....," Carol began hastily closing the front door, "She talked me into dressing up."

"Sure," Bob replied seeing into the spare bedroom with its feminine display, "I believe you Carol, how long have you been a transvestite?"



"Trans....," he protested only to shake his head in dismay, "I told you that it was Joan's idea.

"Okay, have it your way," Bob laughed wondering what the guys in the office would say about this little gem, and admitting to himself that Carol was a beautiful girl to say the least, "Whom ever thought of the idea, I must admit that you are one sexy looking woman."

"Now just wait a...." he began, but seeing that it was useless he went to the bar and prepared himself a drink.

"I'll have a scotch and water," Bob suggested sitting at the bar and accepting his drink with a smirk of a smile.

"I wanted to ask if the Baines line should be leader for next month's ads?"

"I guess so," Bob replied regaining his composure, trying not to think about how awkward his position was. "I hope you won't say anything about this, please?"

"Scout's honor," Bob promised with another smile, "It would be a lulu of a story."

Too good to keep secret to himself, Bob thought, finishing his drink and deciding it might be best to leave.

"Don't worry, beautiful, your secret is safe with old Bob."

"Thank you," Carol sighed half believing him as they walked to the door."

"And anytime you decide that you want to really wear that dress on the town," Bob suggested with a grin, "just give me a call and I'll come running. You sure do make a good looking broad, Carol, no matter what you are."

And thus he left Carol to his worries...

A few minutes later a jubilant Joan returned carrying the food to discover a completely down cast Carol, who explained the awful incident to her.

"I wish I had been here to see Bob's expression when you greeted him like a lovely hostess," she suddenly exclaimed in laughing delight, ignoring his intense embarrassment for the pleasures of her amusement as she glanced at the stack of mail where he had left it on the bar noticing how most of it was addressed to Miss Carol Pearson because of the bridal shop bills.

"Why even the post office knows of your secret hobby."

"Bob will tell everyone and I'll be ruined," he protested watching her sort the twenty or so letters. "This is serious."

"I'll talk to him and explain it was all just a lark on my part," she promised with a nod of reassurance.

"Don't worry your pretty little head over it. I'll see him the first thing in the morning. So be a darling and smile for me."

Carol could see that it was useless to worry about the affair, now that the damage was done, and she probably could talk Bob out of any story telling. He forced a smile hoping for the best.

"That is much prettier, I shouldn't want a frown on such a beautiful face," she gaily announced as if the matter were settled,

"Now, let's go to the kitchen and you can be the lovely hostess while I watch. While we have supper you can show me your amusing mail."

With her encouragement he gradually relaxed and enjoyed their little game preparing the meal and setting the dining room table. During the meal she coached him towards feminine skills.

After clearing the dishes and settling in the living room with after dinner drinks, he opened the mail seeing that the bulk of it was advertising lures for the bride to be with the usual gift offers and such ranging from a free beauty treatment at a well known salon to a myriad of other gifts.

It was clear that since he had been buying the bridal trousseau the mailings to the bride had been sent to him by mistake.

While they read the mail Joan delighted in gently teasing her new found girl friend discovering in the feminine Carol a confirmation of her desires.

When the evening was over she collected a few pieces of mail that interested her and went to the door to give him a sisterly hug and kiss saying,

"Don't worry about Bob, I'll straighten him out. He owes me a few little favors."

Then she paused before leaving.

"And if you want to stay pretty. You can use our lovely honeymoon clothes to your heart's content. You make an adorable girl."

With another kiss she left him to his thoughts and the task of undressing.

Once, she was gone, he removed the cocktail dress and on a lark he slipped into a cotton print princess styled housecoat while he donned an apron and cleaned up the apartment before almost reluctantly undressing and going to bed.

The next morning he received a call from Mrs. Bailey, who suggested that he drop in to discuss arrangements for the groom's party of attendants.

So he went down to the store, feeling even more emotionally disturbed by his walk through the feminine world of high fashion. Perhaps, because of his experiences the night before, or because he now secretly wondered about an awakening of strange almost feminine yearnings as he looked about the store at the dresses, gowns, and lingerie.

The balance of the morning was filled with wedding plans to be interrupted by a call from his secretary, who had found out from Joan where he might be. She concealed her intrigued curiosity long enough to tell him that Bob Dixon would like to have lunch with him at Skipper's!

At lunch, Bob talked shop to break the ice, but soon he began to discuss the night before in a casual vain that almost frightened poor Carol. It was soon all too obvious that Bob considered the dressing incident to be a regular part of his superior's life.

Carol wanted to argue this but he understood quickly that Bob hadn't any desire to listen, so Carol decided that it would be best to hear what Bob really wanted to discuss.

At this point Bob indicated that he had a personal problem that Carol could solve, judging from what he had seen the night before. It wasn't really a question of blackmail, of course, but Bob needed Carol's help, and....

Carol understood the threat and saw that he was probably helpless, as things stood, so he pressed for the amount Bob wanted, but Bob only laughed explaining that he was not interested in money and that Carol misunderstood.

In reality, Bob explained, he had just learned that his old fraternity was sponsoring a formal dance during homecoming weekend and Bob frankly was expected to bring a date along for the weekend. Now he couldn't find a girl willing to go on such short notice, but Carol...

Carol couldn't see a way out of Bob's planned weekend for two!

He could only see that in order to get out of Bob's unique blackmail he had to agree to go along on the weekend date. It was either that, or complete exposure to gossip!

So when Bob left, Carol panicked and called Joan to see if she could help!

Joan argued that she had talked to Bob, but he had not said anything about any fraternity dance. Let alone a whole weekend with lovely feminine Carol.

Her delighted laughter greeted his frightened mind as he told her all that had happened. Yet, she promised to talk with Bob again.

When he hung up he returned to Mrs. Bailey, only to be interrupted by a call from Joan, who confessed that her talk had proved fruitless.

She honestly felt that there really wasn't any choice but to either accept the gossip, or go with Bob!

Carol knew that Bob could ruin him.

So, he told Joan that he had no real choice but to go. However, he knew that it would be disastrous without her help.

She countered that she could not help him then because she would be working late that evening and Bob wanted to drive up the following morning.

At that point she suggested that perhaps if she talked to Mrs. Bailey, she might help.

He protested until he could see that she was quite right.

So he asked Mrs. Bailey if she would talk with Joan.

Carol was completely humiliated by Mrs. Bailey's sudden outburst of laughter and continued mirth as she listened with growing interest to Joan's unfolding story.

When she had heard it in full, she earnestly promised to help and hung up to face Carol like a cat that had suddenly caught a little mouse.

"Oh, darling, we have so much to do," she exclaimed clapping her hands in unrestrained glee, "I feel like a fairy godmother."

He squirmed under her allusion bracing himself for the worst.

"You do know how to dance?"

"Yes, I..."

"Never mind," she noted with a nod dismissing his explanation.

"First we will have to arrange for a weekend wardrobe suitable for your date with the young man. And a trip to the beauty parlor."

"Beauty..."

"Of course, silly. A whole weekend as a girl. You can't go as you are."

Mrs. Bailey half explained, half teased.

"I will call Marie in our saloon. She can be trusted. We can buy your wardrobe now. And when the store closes, sneak you into the beauty salon."

And so it was settled with another shopping trip that ended back in the Bridal Shoppe with the embarrassment of a fitting of the clothes to be altered by Mrs. Best, who was now convinced of her original impression of the slender obviously feminine young man.

Before Carol knew, Mrs. Bailey presented him with a complete wardrobe.

Once the store lights dimmed he was dressed in a tight fitting pair of white nylon panty briefs similar to those worn under a swim suit by a figure conscious girl, with his tell tale bulge neatly tucked between his legs to provide a more modestly feminine front. He was led thusly, all but naked, into the feminine world of the beauty salon, where the intrigued Marie greeted him with bemused delight.

She led him to a full length fitting mirror to have him stand trembling before her while she judged for herself his future potential and her evening's creativity, much like an artist with raw clay to model into beauty.

"What do you think, Marie?"

"It is much too early to tell," Marie mused in answer, "I can only say that I know many of my customers would give much for such natural beauty. We shall see in a couple of hours."

With this conservative observation she nodded to herself and smiled.

"First a beauty bath and massage for skin tone."

Soon Carol was in a steam bath followed by a cream massage followed by a hot bath and scrubbing that made him feel as if she was determined to peel off his skin. Then he was covered again by paste like foul smelling cream and returned to the steam cabinet. Once this was finished Marie removed the cream along with most of his body hair!

She bathed him again in cold scented water that closed his pores before she surprised his blushing pink skin with the sudden shock of astringents.

She then wrapped him in a pink towel sarong and began the process of a facial.

From this point she began to prepare his hair for a permanent deciding that a simple hairdo would be best so that he might learn how to care for it then and there since he would need to maintain it over the weekend to come. Once the hair was shampooed, blown completely dry and ready, she put it into curlers and applied the necessary lotion to place him under a dryer.

While the dryer kept him in place she completed a main-cure and pedicure. Once this was done she removed the dryer and left Carol in curlers until she completed the beauty of his feminine face by plucking his thick eyebrows to a natural arch and applying the necessary make-up bringing out the perfection she had sought while explaining what he had to know about doing the task himself for the next few days.

Satisfied that he understood the simple make-up she had applied she had him remove the curlers, style his own hair completely over twice, and then replace the curlers.

"You should wear the curlers home tonight," she suggested causing his heart to stop in fear!

"How?" he asked in protest, "but I can't....a man doesn't wear..."

"Darling, you can hardly dress as a man," she laughed with a shake of her head showing him his all too feminine face and hair in a hand mirror.

"You must be ready in the morning, and there will be certain alterations I must do tonight that you could hardly conceal under men's clothing in comfort."

She then dismissed his fearful protests to retreat from the room to return with a package. She removed the sarong and asked the now trembling Carol to stand still while she to ran her fingers over the soft skin of his chest.

Before Carol knew she secured two large plastic discs over each natural area feathering the skin toned plastic so that it blended perfectly with his skin before she used a syringe filled with a jellied substance that ballooned each into perfectly shaped womanly breasts!

"See what I mean, dearest," Marie murmured showing Carol to a mirror where poor Carol could well understand why it was impossible to pass as a man as the beautiful half naked woman stared back in fascination running her dainty fingers over her new found treasures.

"Now don't fondle yourself too much, let the adhesive set," she teased, "And then you can let Bob play with them and he would never know that they aren't yours."

Poor Carol shuddered at the awful suggestion she had made, as his mind wondered just what Bob really did expect of his date.

The women laughed to his chagrin and almost instinctively he felt the desire to cover their objects of mirth, yet somehow Carol was pleased, which was even more emotionally embarrassing than their taunting laughter.

"Now to dress you up, for topless styles are hardly acceptable," Marie suggested and before Carol knew he was dressed in panty girdle, bra, nylons, slip, high heeled shoes, and a pale green tweed coat dress.

And, thusly dressed, he was given his new wardrobe neatly packed for the weekend and let out of the store by the amused women; who actually abandoned him there to find a cab for himself to get home!

Carol felt as if suddenly left naked on the sidewalk, but managed to find a cab home driven by a taxi driver who practically fell over himself to help the lovely young lady. Even to the point of carrying her luggage to the door of her apartment, which did much to rebuild Carol's composure and confidence.

That evening Carol prepared a quiet supper alone as the hostess of the house and enjoyed the soft delights of a pink nightgown feeling perfectly at ease with these new pleasures of being a woman.

Yet, the thought of what he was about to do left him strangely excited, and very frightened at the same time. He even wondered at the propriety of a girl accepting such a weekend date alone with a strange man. What would Bob expect of her? Uncertainly Carol fell asleep trying not to think about the fact that Bob was much bigger, and Carol was....

With the advent of morning Carol rushed through preparations for Bob's arrival selecting the same pale green coat and dress and a little dark green satin pillbox hat that went well with the summer like hairdo, as Mrs. Bailey had suggested. He wondered at his feminine attention to such details, but it seemed appropriate, and he could not afford anything which might lead to exposure of his little charade!

Before Carol realized, Bob was at the door to play the role of a young gallant escorting his lady to his car and placing her luggage into the trunk before they drove from the city.

Through the moment they met to that time when Bob left the all too apprehensive Carol at the door of the motel room; Bob treated Carol as his date even to the point of a parting kiss that caught Carol unawares!

But, then Bob was gone and Carol was too involved in dressing for the dance to be concerned about that moment of deep embarrassment.

Carol looked at her little wrist watch and fairly flew through the preparations needed to take a quick shower, to erase the day's trip, and change into evening wear. Poor Carol could not believe that girls went through such an ordeal of looking for the right things to wear, or applying make-up, or combing out their hair in desperate hopes that no disasters would occur to ruin everything!

When Bob came with corsage in hand to pick up his date he was treated to the traditional wait until a very nervous Carol was assured of perfection before entering the motel lobby in a bouffant cloud of pale blue satin like a fairy princess in her ball gown causing Bob to realize that beyond a doubt his date for the evening would be among the most beautiful there.

With tender care he pinned the corsage to the bodice of the strapless gown and helped a trembling Carol into a mink stole, somewhat amused by Carol's all too feminine eyes looking at him with docile acceptance of Bob's masculine attentions.

And then to the ball with an evening of dancing that Carol would never forget, caught between enjoying the raptures of being the belle of the ball and the utter terrors of being exposed to everyone!

When Bob took Carol home he paused at the door to Carol's room.

"It was a lovely evening, Bob," Carol sighed opening the door feeling the warmth of too many drinks used to tame his many fears, "I'm glad you made me come."

"It is still fairly early. Perhaps a nightcap?"

"There is a busy day tomorrow with the game and the dance," Carol responded casually half accepting his idea, "Besides the bar is closed."

"Oh, that is hardly a problem," Bob laughed producing from his coat a bottle of scotch, "I'm a scotch and water man, and I know that you drink scotch."

He took Carol's arm and smiled, "let's go into your room."

"Well, I don't know," Carol half protested, half thinking like a woman, and knowing that it might not be right to have Bob come into the room. "Someone might see us."

"Oh boy, come on Carol, someone would believe that you are really beginning to think you are a girl," Bob whispered with a knowing laugh to dismiss the idea causing Carol to think of how foolish he was as Bob pushed his way into the room to close the door quickly once Carol had entered.

"How about a couple of glasses, my lovely."

Carol decided that it might be just as well to humor him so Carol removed the mink stole draping it over the easy chair before retreating into the bath room for a couple of glasses.

"Put a little water in mine," Bob called pulling off his coat and tie before kicking off his shoes and sitting down facing the bed after pulling open the curtains that revealed a small verandah. Smiling to himself he leaned back in the chair to accept the glass from Carol.

"I'm comfortable, why don't you put on something more comfortable yourself?"

"Well, I don't know," Carol murmured uncertainly accepting some scotch.

"I'm not sure I should. A girl shouldn't entertain a man in her motel room and I think we had better be more careful."

"A girl," Bob began and then shrugged seeing that Carol was only joking.

"Relax... You must be anxious to get out of that girdle or whatever a girl wears under such slinky dresses. I promise not to rape you, baby."

Carol shrugged and laughed along with Bob.

"I guess I just got carried away. I'll just slip into the bath room."

"How about a sexy nightgown," Bob suggested pouring himself another drink and adding a little to Carol's drink,

"Or can't you look sexy without wearing a corset?"

"I'll have you know I don't need a corset," Carol pouted with a little laugh.

"Sure, I know, that's all you," was the taunting reply, "prove it baby, bet you're all falsies."

"I'll show you," Carol swore reaching into the weekender to pick up some things before retreating into the bath room.

Once in the bath room Carol quickly slipped from the gown, slip, girdle, nylons, and panties before carefully hanging up the lovelies. Sighing, Carol thought of the wonderful dance but decided that it might be best to forget day dreams and rejoin Bob.

Cleaning off the evening make-up and taking a brief shower Carol stepped from the shower and removed the pink shower cap before applying a light make up and slipping into a form clinging red slipper satin nightgown with hip hugging slit skirt and an off the shoulder neckline that exposed at least the upper half of Carol's maidenly bodice.

Putting on a filmy silken red negligee Carol took one look in the bathroom mirror before walking into the living room to confront the doubting date,

"Wow" Bob exclaimed standing up to take a real good look at Carol.

"Are sure you're not a woman? Those boobs look real enough to me."

"You just confine yourself to looking," Carol laughed saucily, yet he felt self consciously embarrassed by Bob's sudden interest!

Bob shrugged taking another sip of his drink as Carol adjusted the red satin skirts of the gown and sat on the edge of the bed before picking up the drink Bob had prepared. Bob set aside his drink and stood up and Carol noticed in disbelief the growing bulge trying to escape the confines of the man's pants!

"Come on baby, show lover boy your pretty tits."

"You're drinking too much Bob," Carol protested standing up in growing distress as Bob removed his shirt and then his pants to stand dressed in just his T-shirt and taunt briefs that did nothing to disguise his obvious lust!

"I think you had better leave!"

"Sure," Bob laughed grabbing Carol and using his own weight to force the satin covered figure to the soft bed causing a terror stricken Carol to suddenly began to fight wildly. "Just like a woman fighting off her lover, eh!

"Oh God, let me go!"

Bob laughed harshly as he ran his fingers over the bodice of the gown feeling the soft padding.

"They're fake, but I know something that isn't, baby."

Rolling Carol over Bob forced his knees between Carol's kicking legs as he tucked his hand into his brief fly to release a great throbbing shaft before Carol's awe struck eyes as his hand urged on its animal energies.

"No! Bob, no!"

Carol fought against Bob but the man's brute strength held Carol pressed against the bed while with his free hand he drew the red satin skirts up to reveal a soft white

buttocks that quivered in fear feeling the rough hand carefully caress the yielding flesh.

"Just like a woman's."

"No, please, no!"

Bob smiled looked up at the open window waiting to see a light go off in a window across the way.

Using his free hand to continue stimulating himself he suddenly mounted the crying Carol thrusting his passions until satisfied. Withdrawing he went to Carol's purse and removed a wallet and change purse to take the money tossing a quarter at the sobbing form.

"Two bits for your services," Bob laughed pocketing the rest of the money.

"Now, you just sit up and listen to what I have to say, girl," Bob continued watching the crying Carol obey his orders drawing the skirts down to cover whatever modesty that could remain.

"All you have is that quarter and a long way to go home. So you just stay put as my date and tomorrow night after the dance I'll drive you back home, unless you want another evening in bed."

Carol nodded too numb to protest as Bob dipped his dangling organ back into his fly and picked up his unfinished drink with a smirk of satisfaction.

"Now be a nice girl and kiss me before I go," Bob ordered taking a sip from the glass causing Carol to arise meekly to do his bidding knowing that there really was no other choice.

"No, you will kiss me here to show me how happy little dickie has made you," he taunted pointing at the fly of his briefs as he stood in profile before the window, casually placing the drink aside to take Carol's arm to twist it until poor Carol knelt in pain like a supplicant before him.

"A good prostitute earns her money by satisfying her customer. Now, you will gently open up my fly with your free hand and bring little dickie out as if it were the most precious thing in your life."

Carol felt the growing pain as Bob pulled the arm up even higher causing Carol's head to bend forward as the trembling fingers of the free hand cautiously parted the now damp fly to gently ease from its hairy nest Bob's awakening organ until it emerged before Carol's fearful eyes that noted the remaining fullness of Bob's briefs caused by his testicles ever ready to pump forward fresh bounty!

"Now look what you have done to poor dickie," he laughed as his organ grew even more before Carol's eyes, as poor Carol began to realize what Bob expected. "I think you had better attend to poor dickie's needs, now that he has been so good to you. Don't you?"

Carol felt his head being pushed towards the damp pink dome as the arm was pulled just a bit higher! Seeing no choice but the throbbing thing before his eyes he meekly bowed his head the rest of the way to enfold his lips about its head and accept

its largess with sucking swallows until it was deep into the throat where Bob began to thrust it deeper with his pushing loins until it gushed again and again in eager release!

When Bob left poor Carol cried until sleep overtook shame. It wasn't until noon that Bob came to pick up his rather docile date finding Carol dressed in a brown skirt and sweater set, and thus they went to the game.

After the game they had supper and by then Carol felt more at ease but the date was really no longer dream like as it had been before. When the meal was over Bob escorted Carol back to the motel where submissively Carol undressed and changed for the Homecoming Dance as Bob watched!

Despite this humiliation Carol managed to accept the situation and found that the Homecoming Dance was a rather wonderful experience.

It was not until early morning that Bob left Carol at Carol's apartment remembering to return Carol's money before stealing a good-by kiss!

Carol had mixed emotions while he undressed after unpacking his dainties. Standing before his bathroom mirror he decided to remove the falsies only to find that the soft flesh toned pads would not come off no matter how hard he pulled!

In disbelief he discovered that the feather edge of the padding had adhered to the skin so tight that he could not tell where his own flesh ended and the padded material began.

Shrugging he decided to wait until Monday to handle this problem since Marie would know what to do and he had no desire to tear the padding to shreds even if he could for the plastic seemed particularly tough despite its softness.

Slipping into a pink nightgown he went to bed.

With the arrival of late morning Carol wanted to be done of feminine clothes; but, it was quite impossible to cover the prominence of his womanly charms so he decided it would be best to continue as a woman.

After a refreshing shower, Carol put on a panty girdle, bra, nylons, slip, green swirl skirt, white silk blouse, and green high heeled pumps.

Satisfied with the young lady reflected in the bed room mirror Carol entered the living room, after tidying up, and was about to go to the kitchen to fix brunch when he noticed a large mailing envelope that had been slipped under his front door.

Carol went to the door and picked up the envelope discovering that it bore no postal mark or other identification, just a blank 9 by 11 plain mailing envelope.

Opening the flap Carol froze in disbelief seeing a dozen photos, all of Carol in dresses with the exception of the last few; one of Carol kissing Bob clad only in the red satin nightgown, the other of Bob ravishing Carol in bed, and the last one a close up of Carol's eager face as red lips enfolded an object of intense interest!

Frantically, Carol looked for a blackmail note or a threat, but there wasn't a thing except the pictures!

Badly shaken by the experience Carol sat down in absolute disbelief wondering what this was all about, and realizing that somewhere there was a blackmailer who could absolutely destroy him!

Suddenly the phone rang causing his heart to beat wildly in terror as he picked it up after several rings knowing that he had no choice.

But, to his absolute relief it was just Joan, who announced that she was coming over because she had a surprise for him. He told her briefly that he was still dressed up and perhaps she could help him with a problem he had, after all he would have to tell her.

A few minutes later she arrived and he opened the door to her knock and answered his question about her surprise.

It was at that moment that he saw with her his own mother, who beamed and entered the apartment to hug and kiss him as if nothing were out of the ordinary!

"I could not believe Joan when she told me of your little secret," Mrs. Pearson exclaimed spreading the arms of her lovely child to step back and take a better look, "but, I can see that you are beautiful."

"But, mother, I..."

"I am so happy to hear that you have found a woman who truly understands you," she continued ignoring his protests as she entered the living room taking him in tow while he tried to hide the pictures he had carelessly laid by the phone only to have Joan reach over and take them before he could.

"Why, our little darling has pictures of her weekend at the prom," Joan announced with delight showing a picture of Carol dancing at the fraternity ball,

"Carol must have been the belle of the ball, isn't she beautiful?"

"Oh, I can hardly believe it," Carol's mother acknowledged looking at the picture, "I have always dreamed of having my own daughter, and now I do."



"To serve Joan as hers, in bed and home!"

"And here she is at the football game like a coed," Joan noted showing the next picture.

"Please, Joan," he interrupted trying to take the pictures from her only to have her flip the next picture over and look at it in amazement, "I didn't...."

"What is it, Joan," Mrs. Pearson asked in wonder at the silence.

"Nothing, just a copy of the ball picture," Joan managed with a wane smile, "I was just startled by how really lovely Carol is."

She placed the photos back into the envelope. "I can see that Carol should be protected and cherished."

Mrs. Pearson nodded as if she understood but Carol was too shaken to say anything.

"It would be foolish for our darling to hide her little secret anymore," Joan suggested with a shrug placing the envelope by the phone, "I think we three girls should go for lunch together. Okay, Carol? "

"Oh, we must have Carol change into something better than a skirt and blouse," Mrs. Pearson objected, "it will never do for Sunday."

"I don't...."

"You're so right," Joan suggested taking Carol into the spare bedroom to ransack the closet to produce a pale pink shantung silk suit, white blouse with lace jabot, and pink satin high heeled pumps.

"Okay, baby doll, put on your pretties for your mommy."

"Joan, I don't think it is wise for me to go out as a woman again," Carol began in protest only to have Mrs. Pearson undo the back buttons of the blouse Carol wore. "Well, I just don't. ..."

"Shhh," Mrs. Pearson urged helping Carol undress and change into the pink suit Joan had selected.

"Your purse, gloves, and coat," Joan urged handing Carol a light pink nylon car coat and a pink clutch purse. She then found a little pink hat for her friend perching it on Carol's pretty head and pinning it in place. "There, all dressed up and let's go girls."

Poor Carol was flanked by the two women and soon was on the way to a nearby restaurant where a waiter showed them to a private table handing them menus. After their orders were taken he retreated leaving the ladies to their privacy.

"I think that we should talk about the wedding," Joan noted and thus they passed the time rather pleasantly during lunch while Carol recounted his adventures from his meeting with Mrs. Bailey until he was kissed good night by Bob, leaving out his more embarrassing adventure with Bob.

"I really think that you should be the bride," Carol's mother exclaimed looking at Joan, "it would be a fitting conclusion to your adventure in skirts."

"More of a beginning," Joan laughed, "I think."

"Impossible," Carol protested, "As soon as I see Marie, she will help me remove these falsies. Then I will never put on a dress again."

"Oh, that would never do," Mrs. Pearson teased, "I have just found my little daughter, and Marie will not take her away from me."

"I think you're right, Mrs. Pearson," Joan stated.

"Sandra, or mother," Mrs. Pearson countered taking Joan's hand, "I would so love to be called so. To think I may have two daughters soon."

With this the two women nodded understanding each other.

"I think Carol and I should go to the powder room for a minute," Joan suggested arising from the table and taking the surprised Carol in tow.

Once they were alone in the ladies room Joan turned towards Carol and shook her head in disapproval.

"I see you are in real trouble now?"

"I don't know who took those awful pictures, Joan," Carol began to say, "I only know that Bob Dewter is a queer and he attacked me in the motel room!"

"Before or after you kissed him dressed in that all too sexy red satin nightie? After all a man can only take just so much rutting before he goes wild like a bull. God only knows what you did before you so passionately kissed him."

Joan broke into laughter, only to grow serious when she saw that the all too feminine Carol was about to cry.

"Why in the world would you ever let him into your motel room? And what ever possessed you to dress up into that sexy nightgown like a whore, and kiss him! I would think that a girl your age would know about date rape. You can't be that naive!" Joan exclaimed in scolding tones as if he were a teenage girl! "What if it had been your dear mother, who innocently opened those awful pictures of you servicing Bob?"

Carol could not think of what to say.

"I am disappointed, but frankly you are in real trouble," Joan stated quite seriously, "What if Mr. Hooker found out?"

"Bob wouldn't...."

"Silly, Bob didn't take those damn pictures," Joan insisted, "He was in bed with you! I would think that you would at least remember that. God knows that you appeared to be enjoying yourself at the time!"

"But...." Carol bowed his lovely head in utter shame.

"Exactly," Joan nodded, "Somebody is in a position to ruin you, unless you can't be touched."

Smiling she looked at the lovely image before her.

"I know how you can be perfectly safe."

"How?" he asked in wonder seeing no way to possibly avoid blackmail or worse. "We don't even know who...."

"It is really quite simple," she stated with a knowing shrug. She then explained her idea over his protests before leaving him alone in the ladies room to think as she went to talk with Mrs. Pearson about her plan,

In a few minutes a very subdued Carol returned to the table to sit quietly while the women talked about his future...

The main chapel was crowded with bridal guests as the processional music heralded the bridal march. First came the ushers two by two, four paces apart, in step. The bridesmaids dressed in petal pink velvet with white bow sashes followed by the ushers. The maid of honor came next followed by two lovely flower girls dressed in gowns similar to the bridesmaids. And then at a double distance came the bride with Mr. Hooker, the president of Petite Mode, acting as the bride's father.

The bride wore dainty white antique satin slippers, a fragile lace veil crowned by a satin cap, and a white slipper satin gown and full train. The gown had a high empire waist, sunburst circular yoke bodice, full mutton sleeves, and a wide sweeping skirt.

Pausing at the altar stairs the bride relinquished trembling finger's that clutched the bouquet to release Mr. Hooker's arm and transfer the lovely flowers from the right to the left arm as the bride offered the right hand to the awaiting groom, while the minister began to recite the betrothal, and Mr. Hooker gave the bride away.

The couple then moved to the altar and knelt while the minister began the marriage ceremony itself. All eyes and ears awaited to hear and see this ceremony listening as the minister repeated the traditional words that introduced the ceremony and then he paused to look at the groom requiring the groom to repeat phrase by phrase a pledge of cherishment and sovereignty over the bride.

The minister then turned towards the lovely bride saying.

"Repeat after me; I, Carol May..."

"I, Carol May," Carol began glancing down briefly at the white satin wedding gown that symbolized Carol's homage before Joan, who wore a simple white suit dress. Carol looked up at Joan repeating submissively the words of the minister with a growing realization of what he was saying.

"I shall accept as sovereign law the will of Joan as a wife should her husband knowing no other master..."

Carol repeated the words in solemn tones.

"To serve Joan as hers in bed and home, in private and in public, as homemaker and dependent, as father and attendant of her children to tend, nurse, and serve her children as she desires."

Carol accepted the terms of their marriage vow knowing that she was now expecting him to maintain a certain image that would leave no doubt in anybody's mind that Carol May Pearson was now in fact Mr. Joan Archer, a feminine dependent expected by Joan to submit to wearing dresses and living as her wife as a symbolic recognition of his role in life from now and forever!

He could no longer be blackmailed for wearing dresses or being passive in love, for that was his lot from this day forward.

Of course, Joan got the vice presidency.

Carol was very proud to hear such wonderful news, for submissive Carol knew well that the game expected him to accept her victory, as the natural results of her superiority over him. Of course, as a dutiful homemaker he was well aware of that certain image she expected of her little Carol!

LADY OF THE HOUSE

by **Elizabeth Anne Nelson**

"You promised me that you would dress up for me this morning," Jane Richards called to her husband, who was taking a morning shower.

"I even have a darling suit for you that I bought for your trousseau."

She took a slim pink tinted ladies flight suitcase from the group of suitcases by the door along with a matching vanity case into the suite dressing room to place them on the vanity seat. "I'll put them here on the vanity seat for you."

"Ah, it's too early in the morning to dress up," Joyce complained rinsing his mod long hair.

"You promised me," she reminded returning to the motel bedroom to quickly pack her own vanity before hanging a coat she had removed from one of her travel bags.

On the shelf above the coat she set a hat box and a purse to smile thoughtfully over her little plan.

"Now, don't disappoint me!"

"Okay," Joyce responded stepping from the shower to wipe his lithe form with a large towel noting a bit vainly his flawlessly soft, a bit feminine, body thinking that he should try to reduce despite the fact that the few pounds gave his form girlish curve. "Just to put my clothes on."

"No," she demanded, "I made the bargain that if I allowed you to dress as a girl in my presence you would do so completely. No burlesque was our deal. And you promised..."

"I guess so," he mused wondering at his luck in finding a woman who understood his secret pleasures in dressing as a woman. And a rich wife too. "It could take a while."

"Goodness, any woman understands that," she laughed picking up the room key, "I think I'll put some things that I don't need in the car. And since you will be my lady fair this morning, I think I will take your suit to the motel valet. I have the key."

"What if the maid..."

"She wouldn't know the difference," Jane laughed gathering his clothes and dumping them into a laundry bag furnished by the valet service, and then she thought better of her taunt not wanting to worry him.

"I'll put up a do not disturb sign. I'm sure that they won't storm in on a honeymoon couple, darling."

She opened the door and carried their bags out to the car to lock them in the trunk before returning to pick up the valet bag which she took with her closing the front door so that her husband would be secure in his private amusements...

Joyce opened the vanity box to place his cosmetics out on the vanity so that they would be available. Deciding to see what was in the pink suitcase, before going into the bed room to fetch his green case that contained his feminine lingerie, he snapped open the locks to lift the lid. There, neatly packed, was all that he really needed, as he soon discovered when he unpacked each item with growing delight!

Shaving himself with intimate care to assure femininity from face to toes he delicately adjusted his privates into his groin and with care applied clear skin toned tape over the resulting skin fold creating a feminine illusion that permitted womanly toilet. Satisfied with the slight mons affect he turned his attention to slipping on a pair of soft beige panty hose amused by the female look that resulted and remembering his wife's shocked disbelief when she first saw how womanly Joyce could be when so close to nakedness....

Joyce completed applying his favorite cologne to freshen up before slipping into a pair of lilac colored panties knowing all-too-well how darling short skirts might reveal more than a girl might care to even hint at.

Taking from the vanity box a pair of perfectly lifelike falsies filled with a jelly like fluid that gave them a womanly texture and bounce Joyce applied them in place feathering the adhesive edges with a powder puff so that flesh blended into the illusion undetected.

The slip-bra was light lilac tinted nylon with lace hem line as a match to the panties. Joyce half wondered who had helped Jane select such dainties, for she tended to be somewhat severe in her conservative businesslike dress, which suited her profession of law.

Putting on a make-up cape from the vanity box, Joyce applied a facial foundation and conservative daytime false eyelashes, finished with eye make-up suitable for daylight and taste knowing that overstated eyes and make-up was a dead giveaway to pretense. He then gently used a complexion brush to soften the face and clear away any blemish.

A quick part through the center of the rich black hair with a slight spray of hair spray created a natural heart shaped face effect with brushed back slight sideburns converted into feminine hairline. The shoulder length mod hair was quickly styled from an appearance of escapism which Joyce affected as an artist. Joyce used a lilac colored silk sash ribbon tied in a large back-bow to gather the hair into a forward roll about the back of the neck.

The white satin blouse had frothy lace jabot with a circular collar, smooth bodice, and long sleeves cuffed with matching lace. The suit skirt was full from a fitted waist hidden by a matching light lilac long sleeved jacket made of a shantung silken weave.

Buttoning the front of the jacket Joyce straightened the skirt with feminine attention seeing that the lovely suit had been worn recently, probably Jane had tried it on at the store where she bought it.

Sitting in front of the vanity Joyce decided that bangs would look prettier than a heart-shaped effect. Taking a brush and comb the alteration was quickly made to Joyce's pleasure.

Satisfied with the hair style Joyce turned to put on two button pearl earrings, soft pinkish red lipstick and matching nail polish to complete the image.

"Oh, darling," Jane's voice called from the bed room as she reentered the motel suite to walk into the dressing room. "I just can't believe how really lovely you look, Joyce. It's simply amazing."

"Thank you, darling," Joyce sighed caught up with the mirrored reflection of a beautiful young lady, "It's an adorable suit dress. Thank you, dearest."

"I think you should wear this," Jane suggested taking an engagement ring from her suit jacket pocket to slip it onto his finger next to his wedding band, "There, the image is complete. When we go out to breakfast it will keep the men away. They say Mexican men are very amorous and we wouldn't want to..."

"Go out for breakfast? You mean dressed like this?" He trembled at the thought of being detected, "I couldn't do that.. I.. "

"You are a beautiful woman, and if you think I am going to stay hidden in this room, you're crazy," Jane argued taking a glass from the bath room shelf and placing some ice into it before she half filled it with Mexican whiskey they had purchased the night before, "Here, for courage, darling."

"Well, if you want me to," he mused accepting the drink, "And I really do look like a girl, Don't I?"

She laughed at his timid fears bending over to help him into a pair of wine colored patent pumps. Standing up she straightened her suit skirt to see that Joyce looked exactly as she desired. Waiting until he finished the potent drink she then took him by the hand to lead him into the bed room. She took the short white car coat from the closet with the little clutch purse.

"I have it all planned," she urged helping Joyce into the coat and a pair or lace gloves that she had taken from the purse, "We will go to breakfast and then to the market square for souvenirs. A real adventure for two tourists. Won't that be nice?"

"Well, Jane, I'm afraid..."

"I really don't understand you," she complained opening the hat box to produce a dainty floral hat which complemented the lilac hair bow, "I went out with you in San Francisco, darling, remember?"

"That was the Artists Ball, and..."

"Well, I don't see any difference," she noted with a mock pout, "I thought you were cute then, just as you are now."

Jane remembered how she had discovered him at the Ball when she mistook him for someone else. A stunning double! At that very moment she saw his real potential.

"You're acting like a school girl. I really think you should have been born a girl."

She glanced at her watch as if she had an appointment.

“Look, it's perfectly safe. Nobody saw you check in here. In fact I registered us. We will just walk in like two old friends who have just met. It might be fun to pretend to meet in the bar,” she nodded, “that's it. You'll use my maiden name, Knapp. Mrs. Knapp.”

Joyce shrugged. “Okay, if you want to.”

“Fine,” she exclaimed happily clapping her hands, “I'll see if the coast is clear.”

She opened the front door to see if the court yard was empty. It was.

“Now, you go to the bar and I will be there in a minute. Just act natural.”

Joyce stepped into the morning sun light to hear the door close!

He was on his own feeling the soft warm air play about his taunt nylons and tease his skirts to make him realize how exposed he really was.

Taking a deep breath he walked towards the entranceway and the main building thinking that a million knowing eyes were watching his every step as the harsh feminine click of his pumps sounded with each step on the stone walkway.

“Buenos dias,” a man's friendly voice greeted as he stepped from his motel room to look at Joyce with appreciative eyes.

Joyce tried to smile and managed a simple, “Hi”, before flashing his wedding ring and rushing on in panic!

The bar was empty except for a waitress and the bartender, so Joyce took a copy of a fashion magazine placed on a lobby coffee table and headed for a booth seeing the bartender flash a smile as if he knew the pretty customer.

The waitress quickly came to see if Joyce wanted anything.

“Buenos dias, would senora like the usual?”

Joyce nodded without thinking what the `usual' might be thanking the heavens that he didn't have to involve himself more then he had.

The girl was back in a minute with a cocktail.

“Alice, I have been looking all over for you,” a man's voice boomed a bit angrily, “Aren't you hitting the sauce kind of early?”

Joyce looked up from the fashion magazine with a stroke of terror seeing that the dark-haired man dressed in a light brown business suit was looking straight at him!

With the man stood two women, who were studying poor Joyce with tolerant interest mixed with slight disapproval.

“Mrs. Dutton, this is my wife, Alice,” he continued with a shrug turning towards the older of the two women, “Mrs. Dutton is from the beauty spa we went to yesterday. She and Miss Gomez have kindly offered to take you with them back to the beauty spa.”

“Good morning, Mrs. Knapp,” she greeted extending her hand politely.

Joyce's poor heart raced in wonderment over what was happening and then he thought it must be some elaborate joke Jane had sprung, hadn't she called him Mrs. Knapp?

"Good morning," he managed in feminine tones as he stood up seeing the man, who claimed to be his husband, place some money on the table to pay for the drink.

"We really should be on our way if you are to see the doctor this morning," Mrs. Dutton suggested with a knowing smile, nodding to her assistant, "Your things are already in our car, Mrs. Knapp."

"You look great," he observed suddenly taking Joyce into his arms and kissing Joyce, who almost fainted from the sudden embrace thinking that Jane was going a bit far with the joke.

"Let's check out," he urged ignoring his `wife's' cold reception to the kiss and taking Joyce by the hand to lead the way into the lobby to the front desk.

"My wife is going up to the clinic now, so we're checking out."

"Si, Senor Knapp," the clerk acknowledged presenting the bill and accepting the money with a broad smile. "I hope your wife enjoyed her stay here, I am sorry we couldn't find the earring you lost last night, I looked all over where you told me you thought it was lost by the pool, Senora Knapp."

Earring! Pool! Last night! Joyce saw clearly that the clerk thought he knew a Mrs. Knapp, that obviously looked like Joyce!

"You are always losing things," Mr. Knapp swore, "I hope they cure you of that at least at the clinic, not to mention your drinking all the time."

"Look, I think there must be some mistake," Joyce suddenly blurted out, "I know I must look like your wife, but I'm not, I..."



Now there was the problem. What could Joyce say? Then he thought of Jane.

“You can check with Mrs. Richards in 310.”

“Look, darling, if this is some kind of scheme to avoid going to the clinic, forget it,” Mr. Knapp insisted, “I paid them ten thousand dollars in that check we gave them yesterday afternoon and that settles it. You're going for a complete cure!”

“I'm really not your wife. It's all a mistake, Mrs. Dutton, please help me.”

“Well,” Mrs. Dutton mused uncertainly looking at the clerk.

“Senora, she is not telling the truth,” he answered her unasked question, “I know you take loco people at the clinic, and she is much loco,” he shook his head spinning his finger by it, “she tried the same story last night saying her name was Joyce, but her Express card is made out to Mrs. Alice Knapp, senora, She used it to pay for her drinks when she ran out of money. And I personally checked them in.”

“I tell you...” Joyce grew anxious seeing some sort of trap.

The man took Joyce's purse and handed it to Mrs. Dutton without a word.

“Call Mrs. Richards, please,” he begged seeing her open the wallet and thumb through the credit cards to pause at a snap shot, “She will...”

“Senora Richards checked out with her husband just a few minutes ago,” he answered with a shrug as if to dismiss the crazy woman.

“Isn't this your picture, dear,” Mrs. Dutton asked handing him the wallet snap shot that showed a woman that looked exactly like Joyce standing by the man who claimed to be Joyce's husband!

“I think we understand,” she commented turning towards Mr. Knapp, “Sometimes our patients are a bit nervous. But, we will help her to adjust, Mr. Knapp.”

“I certainly hope so,” he sighed worriedly before taking Joyce's hand and towing the visibly frightened and shocked Joyce from the lobby.

A chauffeured car waited in the driveway for them.

“I'll say my good-byes here...”

“Look...” Joyce began to protest only to find himself again in the strange man's arms to be held in a long kiss that all but took his breath away in its passion!

“I'll write,” he promised releasing Joyce to open the car door, “It will only be a few months and then we can have a real second honeymoon, darling.”

“Please,” Joyce complained only to be half pulled into the car as a sharp needle slipped into his hip administered by the silent woman called Miss Gomez at a signal by Mrs. Dutton, who quickly sat on the other side with Joyce between them as she closed the door assuring Mr. Knapp that his wife was in good hands!

Joyce tried to organize his thoughts to discover a way of escape, but his mind fell down into a swirling void of blackness and he slumped against the seat as the car drove off leaving the strange Mr. Knapp waving good bye....

Joyce awoke with a sudden shock of realization that he was resting on a hospital cart dressed only in a sheer white nylon hospital gown and cotton panties!

Frantically, he sat up to see that he was in a small waiting room like a doctor might use. ..

Somebody had undressed him and had given him these to wear before leaving him here.

The door opened and a woman dressed in a tweed suit entered carrying a stethoscope loosely in her white medical jacket as she looked at Joyce after silently studying a medical folder she held in her hand.

“Ah, Mrs. Knapp it is nice to meet you again,” she greeted with a slight Mexican accent and a broad smile of recognition, “Please remove your clothes.”

Just like that! Joyce shook his head in disbelieving fear.

“There has been a terrible mistake, really, I'm not Mrs. Knapp. I'm Joyce Richards, honestly.”

“I see that is your maiden name,” she mused rechecking her folder. “Well, then....take of your gown and panties, Miss Richards, I haven't time for games.”

Trembling with fear mixed with humiliation Joyce's trembling hands removed the hospital gown and then panties using his hands to shyly try to hide his sex as he sat stark naked before her!

“Your husband is a lucky man,” she noted looking up from the folder studying Joyce for a critical moment before making some notes, “I see that you take great care to be feminine. It is a good sign. Some come here to our clinic without much care. It is a shock to our regular patients. You see we are a general health spa for women and cases such as yours are only a side interest...”

“Health clinic,” Joyce repeated uncertainly seeing that even naked his trembling form very effectively concealed the truth, but it was only a matter of time!

When she placed the stethoscope to his back he clinched his fists in his lap sitting on the edge of the table and confessed, “I am not a woman, I'm...”

“Now, really,” she laughed looking at his femininity with a knowing amusement, “Between us girls, I'd say there is room for improvement if you plan to make Mr. Knapp happy. But you are certainly going to be treated as a woman because you are soon to be a very complete one. As your loving husband requires us to make you complete to his needs.”

“Damn...” he swore in frustration pulling off one of the falsies, “See!”

“We'll correct that, that is why we have this gender clinic,” she said matter-of-factly making a note in her folder while Joyce stared at her in stunned disbelief realizing to his horror that she had known the truth all along!

“We are Mother Nature's little helpers. Two months and you'll be a new woman.”

“Let me out of here!”

In terror he made a dash for the door screaming at the top of his lungs, “I don't want to be a woman!”

Suddenly a nurse grabbed him as another produced a syringe to jab it into his naked rear!

"Hold her still!" the nurse ordered in Spanish as she looked at the crazy American she-male wondering why he was shouting at the doctor until she smelled Joyce's breath and swore in Spanish about drunken perverts to the other nurse, who held the struggling terror stricken Joyce until he slipped again into darkness.

God, he hurt all over...

Trying to move he discovered that he was on his back with his legs held wide apart at the knees with his rear elevated on what seemed to be a pile of pillows in a position that was far from ladylike!

His arms rested at his side while over his chest the covers of his bed clothing seem to be resting on a cage like affair. The pain radiated from between his legs to each breast with the beat of his heart seeming to urge it on.

From his head he could see a group of wires leading into a machine that hummed by the bed as a thing alive....

Focusing his eyes Joyce realized that his nose was in a cast of some sort as was each ear.

Mentally he pictured himself and despite the pain he smiled thinking that it must really be a comical sight.

From what he could see he was in a small hospital room. To his right was the machine and a wall of curtains that undoubtedly closed out the world from this little world that was his.

To his left was a night stand and an open door that must lead into a bath room. The wall at the left was centered with a door.

The pile of pillows under his head allowed him to look down the length of the bed between his legs to a blank white wall that was bordered with a margin of dark green making the white to appear like a screen.

Looking up Joyce was surprised to see that directly over his head was a shelf and he guessed that if the square of white was a screen, the shelf held a projector of some sort.

He tried not to think of what had been done to him, for he was certain that he was no longer a man, at least physically male. The pain told him that.

What he wondered about, was why? And who?

Three people had to be involved. A woman, who looked exactly like him when he was in drag; a man, who claimed he was she; and, his wife!

It hurt so that it was hard to think, but he knew that he must.

The logical connection was that he looked like a certain woman, whose husband was willing to claim that Joyce was her...

Not quite, for she too had played a part that would make others believe that Joyce was her.... Was she a woman? They knew he was not a woman.

In sequence Joyce pictured his wife getting together with the other two, for it was clear that she had to be a part of the plot.

Mr. and Mrs. Knapp, ah, his wife's maiden name, Knapp. That would tie her with the man. Joyce had married Jane in a civil wedding chapel. She claimed she was an orphan, like Joyce. Was the marriage real?

Joyce found doubts closing in from all directions.

Oh, hell, they check into the motel as Mr. and Mrs. Knapp. Are they really? Mr. and Mrs. Knapp go to the clinic and Mrs. Knapp tells the doctors that she isn't a woman, but because she loves her husband she wants to be made into one.

Fantastic, but there you are, that might have been it...

They go back to the motel making sure that the hospital will pick her up the next day. She makes a scene so that everybody will know her, undoubtedly dressed in the same clothes Joyce wore the following morning...

She goes with her husband to their room, Jane picks up her clothes, and makes Joyce promise to dress up the next morning. He does. She plants the other woman's identification on him. Gives him a stiff drink as if he had been boozing all morning. And bingo he lands up a girl!

Why?

"Buenos dias," a woman announced cheerfully as she entered the room, her white starched uniform rustling as she walked. "Como esta usted, senora?"

"I don't speak Spanish," Joyce managed surprised by the shrill of his voice and the soreness of his throat!

"Si, Senora," she noted happily going about checking her patient before giving Joyce another injection that sent him into dreamland...

It was the strangest dream.

Before his eyes appeared an endless stream of pictures, like gigantic snap shots blown up from a photo album. Frame by frame the pictures appeared tracing the life of a child into her womanhood on through her wedding photos.

It was Joyce, or the woman that looked like Joyce!

Again the pictures started and Joyce heard a woman's voice saying, "I was born on the ninth of July and weighed eight pounds. Mommy..."

On went the words describing her mother shown by the pictures and so on through her preschool life, school days, charm and fashion modeling school, business school, friends, relatives, likes, dislikes, how she felt about the men in her life, her work as a receptionist, her meeting of Robert Knapp, their love, wedding, honeymoon, and her life as a housewife. And then how she started to drink too much and her husband agreeing to send her to a hospital in Mexico for a cure!

It was longer than *Gone With the Wind*...

Joyce tried to wake up when the pictures started up all over again with the story repeated word for word, but he discovered that he was already barely awake in a

drugged state that held out the pain but kept his mind free for this strange slide show. By the tenth rerun he found his mind saying the words before she did as if saying them for her. He tried to count the pictures so that the tape recording in his mind would stop, it didn't. But, he guessed that each photo was shown for about fifteen seconds making it close to a thousand pictures!

His life was divided between the photo parade, the nurse providing for physical needs, and a drifting drug filled world of sleep and near sleep.

Slowly his mind came into focus and he realized that it was thinking in her voice! He sorted out his original concept of the plot and it didn't tally with the picture show except that the man was her husband, his wife's brother. His name was Robert Knapp, and Joyce's wife was his sister, Jane Knapp! And the picture show was the life of Robert Knapp's wife, Alice.

But the rest didn't fit.

If Alice was going to the hospital for alcoholism, why was Joyce sent instead, to take her place by becoming a woman? There it was, the alcoholism was the cover story as they say in spy films.

If Joyce is to take her place, an idea that he might have something to say about. What is going to happen to her? Suddenly Joyce realized that it could be an elaborate murder plot.

She wasn't the intended victim, so that left him as her replacement. He couldn't believe that Jane could be a part of a murder plot, but it fitted...

Joyce comes home as the cured wife, Alice. Is an 'accident' victim. Loving Bob sadly picks up the insurance, and after some time the real Alice returns as someone else and the two split the money. Joyce thought about remembering that someone had mentioned that the treatment cost ten thousand dollars, the insurance policy must be a big one!

"Hello, Mrs. Knapp, I'm Dr. Peters," a tall woman announced taking a seat on the edge of the bed, "Are you in pain?"

"Just some between the legs," Joyce admitted frankly hoping she might do something about it for the pain was more important than modesty. "How long will it hurt?"

"That will be for a few weeks yet," she observed glancing over to the machine and turning some switch that started the tape and pictures going and he realized for the first time that he was wearing earphones in his bandaged ears. To his drugged senses it had sounded like a loud speaker.

"How do you like the story of your life? It is really rather charming, isn't it?"

"You know that it is all a lie!"

"I suppose that if you hear it often enough you could believe it," she countered with a shrug reversing the machine to the starting baby picture and turning it off.

"A rather interesting machine, a Russian invention I'm told,"

"What's this all about?"

He wondered if she would tell him the truth. With that bit about the Russian invention, he began to think that the real story might be out of a *James Bond* movie.

She turned another switch.

"I believe that you are to become the real Mrs. Knapp," she replied as if talking about the weather, "It is really just that simple."

"What do you think will make me be her?" he argued feeling that her acceptance of such a fantastic idea was really a bit much! "What if I don't want to?"

"But, I was led to believe that you did?" she said showing surprise, "I thought that was the whole idea. That you would take her place in exchange for being made a woman."

There was another piece, or was it?

"Not on your life, I didn't even want to become a woman."

"Well, my understanding was that you came here dressed as one," she noted and then shook her head, "I'm afraid that it's a bit academic. You're a woman now, aren't you?"

"If I get out of this place there is going to be one hell of a law suit. I can promise that!"

"Look, I think you had better tell me all about how this happened," she asked with concerned interest and then she went to the door placing her finger to her lips to open it as if to check the hallway, and then she closed and locked the door.

"I'm going to have to dim the lights and turn on the tape because they have a monitor on it and I am supposed to be running you through your life story as Alice Knapp."

She began to work the dials on the machine.

"Once I start the machine you can tell me all you know," she suggested flipping a switch, "Only, you might tell me your real life's story so that your mind doesn't fall into the trap of Alice's story."

"But..."

"Look, I know how this thing works. Your best bet is to match it bit by bit," she argued to make her point, "I'll be here through the whole thing for four hours, you'll have plenty time to go through the tape so that I can hear your true story and have all the facts. It's the only way I know to fool them."

"Well, okay," he agreed with a heavy sigh seeing the first picture of baby Alice, "I was born on the 18th of October and weighed nine pounds. Mommy...."

He had heard and watched the pictures so much that his mind seemed anxious to retrieve matching information to refute the tape to the point of even recalling minute images from his life that he had forgotten until then.

And so it went until the tape reached his honeymoon and then he stared at the pictures on the screen in amazement as Alice's voice went on....the slide show had changed into a movie film!

For the first time he saw in absolute detail what his mind had previously accepted without focusing on the change from single pictures to a film. And boy, what a film!

As Alice explained her fears of her bridal night the film: took her through preparing for her husband; her impressions on her duty as a woman towards satisfying him; her thoughts about him as he undressed before her to display his prowess as a male; and, then her passionate acceptance of their love making and her response!

"You blocked that out, I see," Dr. Peters noted as if amused. She stopped the machine.

"Let's see it again?"

"That is some stag movie!" he exclaimed with a laugh, that showed his nervousness and realization that a movie might be the closest thing to sex for him from then on!

"I guess it was like going to an X rated film where there is only one sex scene in the midst of boring detail..."

"Just for kicks. Why don't you tell me what a man would feel in that same situation. Your honeymoon night."

"Look, I'd rather..."

"Try it, unless, of course you played the passive role. I guess you might have, wanting to be a woman and all," she prodded. "It will help to make things better if your mind has something to counter the machine. Did you have your honeymoon here in Mexico?"

"Yes. The night before I landed here," he half swore wondering how his wife could have done such a thing to him. To make love to a man and then have him castrated, it sounded something like a spider mating or the ancient Amazons.

"Perfect, then you can complete your story about being kidnapped," she mused rolling back the tape to adjust the machine.

"Did you wear a nightgown, sweetheart?"

"Just lay off the taunts, and I'll tell you how it was with me," he replied defensively seeing the film start again. Soon he went through his impressions of his honeymoon night. And then he filled her in on what had happened since, to counter the story Alice told to explain her coming to the hospital. When the tape ended he asked, "Dr. Peters, can you help me?"

"Oh, I'm sure that we will all help you, Mrs. Knapp. It is quite clear that your husband was right when he said that you had many alcoholic fantasies," was her cruel reply tinged with pity.

She turned the machine off and removed from it a metal box containing several tapes.

"I'll see you in the morning. And in a few days you will be completely cured of any delusions about your past life as a male."

With this she left.

Joyce sighed seeing that another hope was smashed!

Just then the doctor, who had originally examined him entered.

"How is our new woman feeling?" she stated signaling for the nurse to bring the medical service cart in with her.

"We are going to take off some of your bandages, since you should be fairly healed. The tissue may be a bit tender and swollen, but in a few days you will be as pretty as a picture."

"I've seen enough pictures to last a life time."

"The idiot box can get you down," she agreed glancing at the machine and then returning her attention to Joyce, "Let's first remove some bandages; the nose bob, ear trim, breast uplift and enhancement, and fanny builder."

"Fanny builder?" he sighed watching her pull down the bed clothes.

"An implant underneath the gluteus muscle to give the senora female buttocks," was the doctor's amused reply to the unasked question using a scissors to cut away the tape that held a cage like cast over Joyce's chest and remove the cast revealing beneath it lovely upturned breasts with pert nipples crowning dainty full aureoles. Thoughtfully she placed her index finger on one side of a nipple and gently used her thumb to massage it until the embarrassed Joyce felt it swell tautly in female response.

"Robert will adore them."

Joyce thought how awful it must be to be trapped by one's own body. He swallowed hard realizing the true meaning of the slow glow his body felt from her touching his nipples.

"Your nose will be very ugly for awhile, as if you ran into a brick wall," she commented turning her attention to removing the bandages and casts that protected the nose and ears, making certain to replace the little ear phones by taping them in place, "Do keep your hands from it."

She quickly removed the heavy bandaging that extended from his waist to his knees using a little hammer to crack and remove the casts.

Joyce cried out in pain; but, by the time the nurse had cleansed the area of residue Joyce's screams had been reduced to tears and the pain was a dull throb.

"I will leave the groin secured until next week, by then we can take out the stitching," she commented turning to the nurse to say something in Spanish, "I have asked her to bathe you and have you try to move about a bit in a chair. It will hurt terribly, but it will speed your recovery if you do not stay in bed."

She patted Joyce's plump female hip asking, "Does that hurt?"

Joyce shook his head, `no', and she nodded.

"Well, it looks as if you will be able to move about in bed, and by next week able to go to the bath room. The nurse will toilet train you by giving you a series of little exercises for the legs and tummy muscles to practice. We shouldn't want you to wet your panties for the rest of your life."

She waved the nurse and surgical cart out of the room before sitting next to Joyce.

"I'm afraid that the pain will be worse from now on, since I am taking you off drugs, with the exception of tranquilizers. We are to cure you of drinking too much, not make you a drug addict."

"Can't you tell me the truth," he begged looking at his breasts thinking that they were really quite pretty, for a woman!

And if he was going to be a woman, it isn't bad to be beautiful.

"The truth?" she mused only to shrug, "I shall say that the truth is that you will be Mrs. Robert Knapp so that he will be happy with you. I can tell you that he will not know that you are not his loving wife. For when we are done, you will be her."

With this she arose and left Joyce with another piece to the puzzle that did not fit, for certainly Robert knew Joyce. Or was the man who claimed to be Alice's husband, really Robert? Anyone could have played that part, pretending that Joyce was Alice Knapp, and he was Robert Knapp.

How could these complete strangers in Mexico know different?

Joyce came to the conclusion that the doctor was only trying to confuse things, and he had to admit that he was confused enough as it was.

A woman dressed in a gray silk suit entered carrying a typewriter case and a briefcase.

"Good day, I am Mrs. Greene, your instructor."

"Instructor?"

She nodded moving the folding table in place and cranking up the head of the bed ignoring his cry of pain.

"I am to teach you secretarial skills and penmanship. A woman should have such skills."

"I am not a woman."

"What you are disgusted me," she commented brusquely displaying honest displeasure, "I don't believe in sex changes, so we will not discuss that awful subject. I am here to teach you, not to evaluate your lack of morality..."

She opened her briefcase to remove from it a tape cartridge similar to the one Dr. Peters had removed from the machine, which she inserted.

She then placed the typewriter onto his hospital feeding table and he noticed that it was attached by cable to the machine once she had plugged the cable in.

"It is a very simple idea," she mused aloud as if to assure herself. "The student presses the key requested by the tape. You will place your fingers on this row of keys. We will practice these keys first and then we will show you how to shift from the control keys to the rest."

"And if I don't want to do it?" he asked, thinking that enough was enough.

She smiled and turned on the machine.

"a," Alice's voice said, five seconds passed and then a shock of pain hit inside his head as if he had stuck his finger in a light socket!

"a," repeated her voice and he pushed the key, `s'. He smiled over his trick only to be rewarded with another shock!

"The machine will wait five seconds for your response," she noted to take a seat by his bed to open a love novel. "Your first lesson will be one hour, Mrs. Knapp. We will then practice penmanship on a similar device."

"I don't want to.."

"d," the machine said in Alice's voice and he meekly pressed the key seeing that he had no choice. An hour later the voice said, "thank you," and a buzzer sounded. He had received only a few shocks since the time was more than enough to locate and push the right key.

"Tomorrow you will wear a pair of gloves that relate electronically the correct finger to the right key to teach you coordination from the control keys to others. For certain fingers are meant for only certain keys," she said closing her novel and unplugging the typewriter like device.

She placed in its place a flat metal box with a white glass surface about the size of a desk writing pad. She plugged the box into the machine and replaced the tape with another one, "Here is your writing stylus," she commented handing Joyce a ball point pen like device.

She took a transparent plastic sheet and set it over the white glass and Joyce saw that on the sheet was written rows of script letters in the lower case starting with `a' at the top to `z' at the bottom.

"You will trace the letters." she continued placing a sheet of white paper over the plastic sheet, "as the machine requires. As long as the stylus is properly on line you will not be punished, but if you stop, leave the paper, or stray from the trace line you will be punished."

"a," Alice's voice requested and he traced the letter linking into the next "a" as the machine repeated the request.

Joyce could see that the script was not perfect penmanship, in fact it struck him that just as the voice was Alice's this must be her handwriting!

He raised the pen as if to reject this to be rewarded by a shock. Numbly he returned to his chore knowing that there was no way to stop. He felt like a first grader doing tracings....

"Now, b," the voice indicated for the next row.

As he traced the letters he wondered how much time Alice must have spent here to prepare these tapes and then it dawned on him that all she had to do was repeat the alphabet and prepare a sample, with tape splicing and photography they could prepare the rest.

"Where did they develop this machine and teaching technique?"

"The machine is Russian, I believe, it works on the Pavlovian principle," she replied watching him trace the letters, "I believe that the technique was originally for the

training of foreign agents. Dr. Peters once headed such an agency's training office behind the Iron Curtain before she defected."

"A great way to train forgers."

"When we are done they will not be forgery," she stated. "In a week or so you will be writing quite naturally that way and within six weeks your handwriting will be set to that style letter perfect at any size you select. I once had a Chinese who we taught Mandarin script with the most feminine brush strokes. It is an art form, you know. Our model was a woman artist. Yours is a secretary."

She turned off the machine.

"It is important that when you leave here you have an occupational skill to support yourself as a woman. We will be teaching you typing, word processing, penmanship, shorthand, basic secretarial spelling, and some business skills such as letter format and filing. Office procedures and such. Of course, as a wife to a wealthy man you may not need such training, but it is helpful as a part of your psychological adjustment."

"But, no machine can teach me how to be another person. It took me years and years to learn how to be me, just as Alice took years to become Alice," he protested.

"I do not pretend to understand how the teaching machine works," she observed with a shrug. "I suppose that if the sum of our knowledge about ourselves was always available in the conscience mind it would be impossible to recreate such absolute detail. Total amnesia would be a better method to start with rather than selective replacement of one memory by another. But, in reality our brain does work on a selective basis, we remember at the moment of a certain stimulus a given block of information. Perhaps just enough to function; but, not so much that your mind goes through some kind of overkill of thoughts.

"Alice meets a friend and remembers her name. Alice has been in a rest home to cure alcoholism. There is no recent memory to share, you have been gone for months. As an alcoholic you are expected to have memory lapses. The past has minimum value. It is for the moment that you exchange greetings and function as old friends bantering inanities about the weather, fashions, and friends; who, you may or may not recall in detail, who really does?"

"In fact, it took a great deal of research for the real Alice to identify all of the people in those photographs. Fortunately, Alice's mother had put names on the back of most of them or under their pictures in your family albums. Unlike most people you are well documented with movies and photographs because your family could afford such sweet memories. They have been very useful.

"But, the fact remains that life is not the sum total of experience. It is moment to moment with most people not paying very much attention to details like the famous Sherlock Holmes looking for something out of place. Frankly, most of your dear friends will wonder at how much better you look and how nice it is that you now remember who they are because you are not in a drunken haze. In short, you will be a better Alice than Alice was."

She removed the writing box and placed it in a corner with the typing machine.

Picking up her briefcase she left him to his thoughts.

The nurse came, helped him into a pair of plastic hospital pants, and after detaching several wires attached to little pins in his scalp, led him to the bathroom where he sat on a stool and took a shower as she helped him.

Despite the pain, it was a real treat to get out of the bed. Once the shower was completed she set his long black hair into braids and dressed him in a pink satin nightgown with matching satin full length dressing gown.

After a light make-up that avoided his nose she helped him into a wheel chair and took him for a ride from the room, down a windowed verandah that bordered a lovely Spanish garden with Moorish fountains, and through a doorway out into the garden and the light of day.

She said something in Spanish and handed him a romantic novel paperback to read leaving him to himself.

Joyce looked about the large garden to see almost a dozen women either in chairs like he, walking with crutches, or just sitting or walking unassisted.

A young girl in her early teens approached Joyce with a friendly smile.

"I'm Barbara. You are an American, aren't you?"

"Yes," Joyce replied studying the girl dressed in a pink cotton baby doll style sun suit with rumba ruffled matching pants guessing her to be twelve at the oldest despite the bloom of her maidenly breasts. He thought to tell her his true name, but he hesitated.

"I'm Mrs. Knapp," he murmured, "At least that is what they call me..."

"I know," Barbara replied sitting on the edge of a retaining wall, "my aunt sent me here for a nervous breakdown. I was a b..." her eyes opened wide in shocked surprise and she shook her head, "girl."

She relaxed and smiled as if greatly relieved.

"I will be here about two weeks more, they say I am almost cured. I still get shocks from my nervous disorder," she giggled nervously, "But, they have been just wonderful to me. Why they have even," she blushed and spoke in feminine confidential tones, "corrected a female problem down here."

Barbara patted the front of her baby dolls and laughed happily, "My aunt is coming up to see me this weekend. She is such an angel. Why she has paid for all this and is sending me to a very exclusive girl's school in Switzerland. Is it cold there?"

"I've never been there, but I wouldn't be a bit surprised," Joyce replied beginning to guess the truth from Barbara's moment of shock, "You were a boy before you came here."

"Don't be silly," she laughed gaily shaking her golden head allowing her pony tail to fall over her shoulder as she stood up and curtsied towards the crazy lady, "I have to go now, it's time for my French refresher course. Maybe, I'll see you again..."

She waved and half skipped away leaving Joyce with the feeling that he was seeing a younger version of himself.

“Interesting, isn't she?” Dr. Peters' voice asked, “Her aunt has taken the child under her wing. Barbara's parents died about four months ago.”

“And her aunt wanted a niece instead of a nephew,” Joyce prodded.

“Perhaps, but it would be very painful for her if you were to stir such memories,” she countered with a knowing smile, “Mrs. Greene told me that you were curious about the machine.”

She took the wheel chair and began to push it back towards his room, “Barbara doesn't even understand the machine, it is just a teaching device like a video tape machine. In fact all she remembers is a happy childhood, the death of her parents, a frightful nervous breakdown, and the kindness of our staff and her aunt.”

“She slipped for a moment, that is what made me guess,” he noted as they passed unto the verandah.

“In a few weeks even the most exhaustive psychiatric investigation would not be able to crack her belief in herself as a very well mannered child. For you see she was nineteen then.”

“Dr. Trenton removed about five inches from her height and so she is now twelve. A very pretty little angel, not at all like the rough youth that was brought here in a straight jacket. He took three men to subdue him and cut one up with a switch blade knife. But, he is gone and Barbara is our little angelic darling, as you have seen.”

“Why?”

“Her aunt is very wealthy, like your namesake. I fear that little Barbara is destined to live a life of sugar and spice for some years to come as her aunt's all too perfectly adorable little girl,” Dr. Peters replied allowing the nurse to open the door as she pushed the chair back into his room, “And, so she will make her aunt's life a joy, as you will make your new husband's.”

“And the real Alice?” he asked hoping to at least to understand, “She will collect on the insurance when I am killed.”

“Oh, that is a most ingenious rationalization,” Dr. Peters observed obviously greatly amused, “You think they plan to kill you when you leave here?”

“What else?”

“Why,” she replied with a nod to the nurse to place him back in bed, “I suppose to make Robert Knapp happy with a wife that loves him.”

“And the real Alice?”

“That's you, my dear,” Dr. Peters sighed watching the nurse remove the robe and help Joyce back into bed, “I think the panties will protect your gown, and it is quite pretty. A woman needs a reminder of her femininity.”

The nurse placed a pillow between his legs and pulled down the satin skirts to replace the covers and attach the wires from the machine and inserting the ear phones and taping them in place.

“We shall review the pictures now,” Dr. Peters noted dismissing the nurse and turning off the lights.

Soon Alice's life flashed on the screen frame by frame as Alice's voice started from the time of her birth.

Joyce relaxed feeling the pin prick of a hypo sensing the tranquilizer taking over. With the second viewing he fell asleep. ..

In the morning a woman dressed in a pink nylon uniform came in with his nurse and after he had completed a shower she gave him a delightful massage using warm cold cream with hot towels followed by a cologne rub down that was an absolute pleasure.

She then had the nurse help him to sit on a mat placed on the floor while she opened the curtains to reveal the morning and the ocean spread beneath the cliff that the hospital crowned.

And then to his amazement the girl stripped herself naked!

Sitting with her legs spread before him she waited until the nurse helped him into the same painful position and then she leaned back unto her hands. The nurse placed his hands on the woman's groin as she flexed her leg muscles from the inner thighs and he felt her groin tighten. She repeated the exercise for him.

The nurse then had him take a similar position and despite the pain he tried to do as the naked woman had done feeling the nurse's hand resting at the point between the cast he wore and his anus.

"Again," the nurse's voice demanded in English.

He felt like somebody was stabbing him, but he did it again and again until the pain seemed to be reduced to a numbness. For the first time since his coming to the hospital he felt his urethral sphincter muscle respond to his command; a sign that he could learn how to control his bladder again. That was worth the pain. For the quicker he could control his new woman's body, the quicker he could manage to escape!

About a half hour later the woman in pink redressed, helped him with another shower, applied bath powder and cologne, and helped him back into his satin nightgown leaving him in bed as she had found him. The nurse served his breakfast and then left also.

Mrs. Greene came and he was soon back to the typing machine wearing gloves that coordinated his learning by punishing his mistakes. Next came the writing lessons, and then she left.

Dr. Peters entered the room to draw the curtains and insert a large tape unit into the machine.

"Time to review your life again," she mused with a smile as she adjusted the bed, "I'm afraid you may find this time pretty hard to take, but it will only last a little over three hours."

With this warning the pictures began.

"I was born on the ninth of July," her voice started and then almost in echo it began, "I was born on the 1st of October," the sudden shock was intense and he screamed!

"And weighed eight pounds," the voice continued with no electrical shock, "and weighed nine pounds," blotted out with pain!

And so it went bit by bit until the end of Alice's childhood...

Joyce passed out cold not know how long he slept, but he awoke to be served a light lunch.

Dr. Peters returned just as he had finished lunch and she started his ordeal over again from the start!

When she left he tried to think over what they were doing to him and his memory of his origins and childhood was completely distorted into that of Alice with pain being his reward when he tried to piece out the truth!

He found that he had forgotten many of the facts. His mind selected from Alice's life rather than his own.

When Dr. Peters returned he was crying, but she started the machine again to run it through the same part of his life once more. Then came supper and another tour with the machine. And sleep.

Day after day, at least six times a day the machine ran Joyce through the pain-release, pain-release, cycle until Joyce's mind just sought amnesia about anything but Alice's life. Joyce could feel his life blending into hers and he realized in horror that she was winning out!

The secretarial instruction soon reached the point where his handwriting flowed in her curling style and he was able to type fairly well.

Mrs. Greene then shifted him into spelling using words written in Alice's hand as models; five thousand words in all, and he guessed they were mostly photographic composites made by combining letters. He had never been a good speller, but the machine had a patience and intensive thoroughness that none of his teachers had ever displayed and he had painful reminders that it was best to think only about spelling.

It was clear to Joyce that his own voice and that inner voice that had been Alice's were now carbon copies just like his handwriting, if not more so since he thought in Alice's voice as well. Somehow while he slept the machine patterned his voice, just as it had his handwriting, and he could vaguely remember dreams where Alice studied voice and then went out to stores to buy clothes and do everyday things interacting with others as if it were reality. And now he had Alice's voice!

His day was divided between morning exercise and beauty treatments, memory tapes, breakfast, secretarial instruction, more tapes, lunch, a trip to relax in the garden, memory tapes, supper, memory tapes, and sleep.

Joyce could not understand why he was under the impression that he had been a man, it was clear that he had been born and raised as a girl, and he certainly was a woman now despite his cast. It was confusing to say the least since he knew that from

about high school on he could remember being a man and how he came here...but it didn't really make sense!

The line between reality and fantasy merged where he tried to make logical sense out of what he retained of his identity and it was ever so painful just to think about which was which. Maybe the alcohol had made him insane, and he imagined the fantastic schizophrenia that he was a man! So he spent his spare time reading the romantic novels that Alice so loved to read. Thinking that they really were more interesting than science fiction, after all the heroine should be the center of the story...

"Good morning, Mrs. Knapp," Dr. Peters announced entering the ward, "I think you are healed enough to practice. We have a new pattern game for you to learn as well as some more of your life's story."

Joyce set the novel aside and arose from the wheel chair thankful that the doctor had removed the cast and all that was left was a plastic tube held secure by a tape until the ultra feminine region had completely healed. The most painful part of the day was after his morning exercise when the nurse moved the tube to ensure to herself that it was not adhering to the passage. "Good morning, Dr. Peters."

"You can sit on the edge of the bed and watch the film, we will use the machine later."

She placed a tape into the machine and turned down the lights.

"These were taken during your first visit here. You may not remember having lived here for two weeks so we took these films of you without you noticing so that you would behave perfectly normally. It is a bit like taking a picture of an athlete to help coach her towards a better style."

Joyce knew that she was lying about the two weeks, but he was aware that the real Alice had lived for some time at the clinic, probably actually being cured of alcoholism! Why not, if everybody was to believe that he was her. Perhaps she was a drunk? It would fit. Holding the skirts of his robe and gown in his lap he sat on the edge of the bed to watch.

"We have divided the film into behavior sequences which you will practice. This film is just a general summary to give you the idea of a typical day and the principal sequences."

The screen showed Alice sleeping on the hospital bed clad only in a skimpy bikini style baby dolls. She clutched the second pillow to her while she slept in a curled position on her side that looked slightly fetal.

"It is a very comfortable position, slightly more curled than your present sleeping position," Dr. Peters observed with a nod that told Joyce that she had watched him sleep through the same one way glass that the camera had recorded Alice. He looked about the room and then noticed that there was a mirror over the bureau that stood by the window wall.

"Here you are stretching to wake up, it would appear that it is a regular ritual, ten full stretches before you sit up."

Alice sat up in the bed and turned towards the window to pull down the bikini briefs to do something that made Joyce gasp in surprise as she began to play with herself!

"Why Alice," Dr. Peters observed seeing his surprise with amused delight, "We women masturbate too. Quite sweet, don't you think, and quite a way to wake up three times a week. Do you do it when Robert is around or does he do it for you?"

Joyce shuddered watching her go through her organism.

"Here you are applying cold, cream as a part of the morning ritual. It would appear that you drink a half cup of warm water after using mouth wash. I would say that you are wise in your ritual. It is very good for the health. And here you are going through fifteen minutes of exercise."

She nodded her approval.

And so the film progressed through the morning toilette, dressing and straightening up the room, walking to a dining room, eating, and a myriad of activities that ended with preparing and going to bed.

"There," Dr. Peters said as the film ended. She pushed the bedside button that called the nurse and two women entered to accept her greeting in Spanish.

"Mrs. Knapp, these two nice ladies will help to pattern train you. They do not understand English, and since they are only concerned with your typical physical behavior pattern they don't need to speak to you."

She smiled to herself.

"Patterning is a physical therapy technique used on people with brain damage. It consists of having the patient go through a particular physical motion until the brain accepts the pattern established as its own. They will stay with you during your waking hours and a bit of the time while you are asleep.

"When you are not on the machine to continue your autobiography or secretarial training they will be using the sequences we talked about as models for you. The rest of this week, for four days, they will have you completely, to start. I'm afraid that you will be living in a kind of slow motion world at first until you can match the film sequence patterns. They will control your shock treatment if you need encouragement."

She turned to the women and talked with them while one of them placed a tape in the machine and the other placed what appeared to be a portable hearing aid into Joyce's right ear.

So the next phase of his training began starting from the sleeping position to the morning stretch sequence. They led him through each pattern, skipping the masturbation sequence, until Joyce was completely dressed. He was relieved to see that they had skipped the act which he dreaded as being totally shameful in the most humiliating manner.

Once he was dressed they reversed the pattern sequence by having him prepare for bed. If he deviated from the slow motion actions shown on the wall they would first stop him with a mild shock and run the him back to where the action started so that

he could see what they expected frame by frame. But, they were more concerned with natural flow than perfection,

The amazing part of it all was how quickly Joyce learned these new physical patterns of behavior picking up each of Alice's motions and gestures as being characteristically his own way to; adjust a skirt fit, poise his hands when standing or sitting, brush his hair, or behave with natural feminine mannerisms.

With the Monday morning of the new week Joyce stretched with awakening to brush up his shoulder length black hair as his arms reached upward in unison with his slender legs pointing his toes towards the end of the bed.

Relaxing he repeated the effort finding that Alice really did have a perfect way to wake up. Just as he had finished his tenth stretch his nurse entered the room to be joined by one of the two women who monitored his patterning.

His nurse smiled and patted the front of her uniform skirt which was her way of signaling Joyce that she was going to move the tube again.

Joyce sighed and slipped his baby doll panties down as he rested upon his back with his legs spread apart and waited for her submissively awaiting the pain.

She went to the machine to insert a tape unit unlike any he had ever seen before into a different part of the machine than that where the regular tapes went. She then uncoiled a cord consisting of several wires which reminded him of the first few weeks he had been at the clinic when the wires from this cord were attached to hair thin filaments pins embedded in his scalp as well as to ear plug units. Within a few minutes she had attached the wires in place just as they had been. She then turned on the machine to turn her attention to the plastic tube while her companion placed a regular tape in the machine and chuckled to herself as to a private joke.

The nurse placed one hand flat on Joyce's groin and using the other to gently take a hold of the little ring that crowned the tube, which Joyce laughingly thought of as a bath room plug. The tube slipped out without pain, showing that the passage was completely healed.

With a pleased smile she patted the femaleness to joke in Spanish with the other woman, who laughed at what was obviously a dirty joke while she turned on the tape she had placed in the machine. It was the start of the scene where Alice was playing with herself!

Joyce stared at the two women seeing that they were waiting for the little show with amused interest. Joyce reached up to pull free the tangle of wires, but engulfing waves of pain paralyzed every muscle into spasmodic contractions to double Joyce into a fetal ball. And then the pain vanished.

Weakly Joyce moved from the curled position to look numbly at the silently waiting women. Three times Joyce tried to break free, but each time ended in greater agony until Joyce surrendered.

Moving to the edge of the bed to sit as Alice sat in the motion picture the helpless Joyce slipped a probing finger between two soft lips as the other hand tenderly sought a sensitive little jewel hidden at the arch of the outer lips.

The watching women smiled in delighted amusement as they appreciated his final submission to this very private female act for their entertainment.

A shiver of shame touched Joyce's spine as tear filled eyes saw the reality of femaleness began with each probe starting first with tender awakenings about the labia lips that signaled the heart to quicken in heat sending a flush of warm blood to blush the skin from the stomach to the breasts that showed by erect nipples and swelling that arousal had been reached.

Like Alice in the movie mimicked, Joyce began to lie back on the bed with quickening breath responding to the urging fingers of one hand between the two sets of swelling lips with the outer ones hiding the frantically sensitive clitoris while the inner lips grew bright red, as red as Joyce's quivering mouth!

From deep inside Joyce could feel the passage swell sending receptive urgings to every point of Joyce's body to pick up the throbbing thrusts of an imaginary male's penetration.

Suddenly Joyce felt a series of contractions that signaled orgasm to every pleasure center with waves of total joy over fulfillment leaving Joyce sexually satiated and exhausted.

The smiling women actually clapped to show their delight!

The nurse removed the machine wires from Joyce, took the special tape unit, and left Joyce to her companion, who had Joyce prepare for breakfast.

When Joyce returned from breakfast Mrs. Greene ran him through dictation practice for a couple of hours and then turned him over to Dr. Peters, who had Joyce undress and return to bed where she connected him to the machine using the myriad of wires that had been used that morning.

"We have a new set of tapes to review your life, Alice, from leaving high school through your marriage to Robert," Dr. Peters noted, darkening the room lights and turning on the machine after inserting both a tape like that used in the morning and a regular biographical tape,

Joyce braced himself for the ordeal knowing from the first shock that the film would jump from one life to the other alternating Alice's simple life statements with the pain that blotted out the truth.

Alice graduated from high school and started that summer in a business college to learn how to be a secretary. After recounting details about the days in school and various details backed up by pictures as usual.

She began to shift to the topic of men.

Her first romances were no more than childhood crushes repeated in her story merely as a means to introduce the topic. Joyce could remember little George, her playmate; Jerry, a school chum next door; Allen, the school football hero; and Richard. As she told of her attraction towards Richard Joyce had the strangest sensation, an almost emotional linkage to her feelings.

She went to work for Knapp Industries as a receptionist for Robert Knapp, who was vice-president; like his brother, Richard. Their father ran the firm.

She first saw Robert when he interviewed her for the position and she remembered her quickening pulse and excitement over working for such a handsome boss, who was a most eligible bachelor. As she recounted that meeting Joyce felt the strangest empathy to her feelings as if physically identifying.

It was not until she began to discuss their dates that Joyce began to realize how strong the empathy was. Her step by step love story was keyed to a growing sexual excitement with each image of Robert!

Here was the swing from Joyce's own painful story to real pleasure over identifying as Alice in physical love with the mere sight of Robert!

By the time that the tape was completed Joyce had been brought through a complete orgasm and now knew the meaning of the special tape taken earlier. It somehow stimulated his erotic desires once the pattern was recognized from his brain waves. What it meant was that they could bring about an orgasm at will, and Joyce was helpless to do anything but surrender to the mingled shame and joy.

The hunger of Pavlov's dogs was activated by a bell instead of a meal. The mere sight of Robert in real life would be all that was needed to set in motion the new Alice's sexual carvings. Joyce shuddered and turned from this reality to read a romantic novel knowing that Joyce would soon be gone and in his place would be an Alice madly in love with her Robert!

In fact, by the end of the week Joyce wasn't at all sure that there really was a Joyce. After all, how did this strange male creature come about after Alice's marriage to Robert? Perhaps this strange delusion was the cause of Alice's drinking, for there was only a painful wisp of memory tracing Joyce's honeymoon night and the day he arrived at the clinic. Two days left out of a lifetime to contrast with Alice's full twenty years of memory.

With the advent of the next tape Joyce vanished into the mists of Alice's memories as she thought of her fears the night of her honeymoon with Robert. She loved him so, but her mother had told her how awful men were, like lust animals. Her first sexual experience tore her between the pleasure and guilt she felt over that pleasure.

It was sinful to enjoy sex, she knew that, and yet she did.

The growing guilt drove her to drinking. She couldn't remember how she smuggled the bottle into the clinic, but she found it behind the toilet and so she drank it knowing that it would help her to forget her guilt.

When Alice awoke she found herself in a pleasant sun filled bed room with a beautiful floral bouquet from her dearest friend, Jane Knapp, on the night stand.

The lovely hospital room was more like a private bedroom than what it was. The walls were pink with floral trim. And the furniture was Spanish in motif, like the bed she rested in. There was just the bed, bureau, chest, and vanity. She seemed to vaguely remembered a machine, but it hurt to think of it, but it was gone, if it had ever been.

She knew that she had been in the hospital for two months, all because she had not faced up to the fact that she was a woman and needed a man's love to make her feel complete.

Oh, how she yearned to be back in Robert's arms. How foolish she had been to feel guilty about love. The doctors at the clinic had helped her to realize that her guilt feelings were childish projections of what she had been taught.

Rising from bed she completed her morning stretching exercises before preparing for breakfast. She selected a yellow sun dress with a matching hair bow to wear to breakfast and soon she was on her way to the clinic dining room to join the other ladies. She knew that Jane was to visit her today. She wasn't sure how she had learned this, but she knew it, perhaps there had been a note with the flowers?

She had been through an awful experience trying to recover from being an alcoholic, it was no wonder that she tended to forget some things.

"Oh, Jane! How wonderful to see you," Alice exclaimed excitedly taking her dear friend's hand and accepting a feminine kiss of greeting, "It was too kind of you to come all the way here to see me."

"Darling, when the doctor told me you could have visitors, I had to come," Jane replied, "What are sisters-in-law for, if not to check on their brother's wife?"

She beamed, yet her eyes studied Alice with intense interest, "I brought Alice Richards along with me, we shared in the driving."

"Why how nice of her," Alice commented looking at Alice Richards and seeing by the absence of a wedding band that it was Miss Richards. Miss Richards was about her height and Alice had the uncomfortable feeling that if it were not for her blonde hair and slightly more upturned nose the two of them could be identical twins.

"It was very kind of you to come to visit a stranger."

"Oh, I feel as if I have known you all my life," she countered with a secret smile, "And, I do hope that we shall become close friends, now that I plan to marry your husband's brother, Richard."

"Won't that be a laugh, two Alice Knapp's," Jane exclaimed hardly seeing the momentary surprise on the face of the one she had come to visit. "I simply do not know how I shall keep your names separate, heaven knows I had a hard enough time growing up with identical twin brothers."

"Well, you could call me Joyce," Miss Richards offered turning to Alice, seeing her bemused expression, "Now don't tell me your middle name is Joyce, too?"

"No," she replied with a start in surprise as if shocked at the idea, "It's May, Alice May, after my great aunt Alice May," she repeated automatically rejecting the inner discomfort she felt seeing that it didn't really make sense, "When did you meet Richard?"

"About a month ago. Is it true you dated him before Robert?"

"Yes, we almost became engaged," Alice replied matter-of-factly, "But, I loved Robert the moment I saw him."

"Not because of his money?" Miss Richards prodded with a laugh to dismiss the idea, "On that count you caught the rich one before me."

"First come, you know," Alice agreed good-naturally and then added, "They both are fine men."

"Well, when you two are settled down with your twins you should find a rich husband for me," Jane suggested leading the way into the hospital garden turning the subject to how they should all go shopping to help Alice buy a new wardrobe now that she would soon be leaving the clinic to rejoin her husband.

Alice Knapp smiled happily into her vanity mirror and arose to check the fit of the pink satin nightgown that clung to her every curve leaving little to imagination. Turning off the dressing-room light she walked barefooted across the deep pile rug of their bedroom.

Robert was sitting up in bed reading a committee report while his mind considered another subject, his wife... He had been close to separation... She was so cold and distant before her drinking spells and he suspected that she had been seeing Richard behind his back. Perhaps that was why she had been drinking.

Since she had returned from the clinic he noticed that she seemed somehow to be changed, yet exactly as he remembered her... save she was more attentive.

He smiled inwardly realizing that the change was certainly an improvement.

The soft scent of her perfume touched his awareness causing him to look up from his report to see her and wonder as she laughingly knelt by the side of the bed.

"Is my master pleased with his slave girl," she suggested making a mock salaam, "May I serve thee?"

Robert laughed setting the report on the night stand and opening the covers.

"Come here, baby, your master has a treat for you..."

She crawled into bed feeling his arms about her body to hold her for a kiss before he began to draw up the satin skirts of her gown causing her blood to race in expectation. His gentle hands warmed her breasts as their lips held for another kiss and her hands sought out the largess of his maleness feeling it swell alive in her playful fingers until he rolled her over on her back to rest between her legs causing her to sigh her eagerness.

Gently he lowered his weight upon her softness allowing the finger of life to seek its way between her thighs towards quivering portals which gave way to its moist thrusting tip when he drove his hips into hers, sending from her a cry of the taken bitch growing more receptive with each stroke of his maleness until she surrendered to her own needs.

Alice suddenly felt his withdrawal and was bemused by his quick retreat into sleep. Holding him close, she relaxed knowing that she had re-won her husband.

She was again the lady of the house. She was home with her destiny...