

Lady Of the House



Elizabeth Anne Nelson

An "Adult TV" Novel

Reluctant Press TV/TS Publishers

This story (including all images) is a work of fiction. Any similarity to persons living or dead is entirely coincidental. All situations and events herein presented are fictional, and intended only for the enjoyment of the reader. Neither the author nor the publisher advocate engaging in or attempting to imitate any of the activities or behaviors portrayed.

Persons seeking gender reassignment surgery, hormone therapy or any other medical and/or body-altering process should seek the counsel of a qualified therapist who follows the Benjamin Standards of Care for Gender Identity Disorder. This material is intended for persons over the age of 18 only.



Copyright © 2021

Published by Reluctant Press
in association with Mags, Inc.
All Rights Reserved.

No part of this book may be reproduced without the written permission of the publisher, except for brief quotes contained within a critical review.

For information address
Reluctant Press
P.O. Box 5829
Sherman Oaks, CA 91413
USA

Call toll free (800) 359-2116

reluctantpress.com & magsinc.com

New Authors Wanted!

Mags, Inc and Reluctant Press are looking for new authors who want to write exciting TG, crossdressing or sissy TV fiction.

Stories should be in Word or Rich Text format, and around 24,000 to 30,000 words in length. Reluctant Press also prints some shorter stories in the 19,000 to 24,000 word range.

If you think you have what it takes, this could be your opportunity to see your name in print on a real book, commercially published, and get paid for it.

Contact

magsinc@pacbell.net, reluctantpress@gmail.com - or call 800-359-2116 to get started.

BE THE FIRST TO KNOW

Our monthly newsletter can keep you in the know. It's free, and you can cancel at any time! We'd love to see you there... Just send your name and address to Reluctant Press, P.O. Box 5829, Sherman Oaks, CA 91413 or call 800-359-2116 and leave a message to be included our free newsletter.

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 lady's flight suitcase from the group 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 modishly 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, then turned 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, feminine body thinking that he should try to reduce despite the fact that the few pounds gave his form girlish curves. "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. 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. With care he applied clear skin-toned tape over the resulting skin fold, creating a feminine illusion that permitted womanly toilet. Satisfied with the slight mons effect, he turned his attention to slipping on a pair of soft beige pantyhose, 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 life-like 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 makeup cape from the vanity box, Joyce applied a facial foundation and conservative daytime false eyelashes, finished with eye makeup suitable for daylight and taste, knowing that overstated eyes and make-up were 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 a 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 hairstyle, 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 bedroom 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 bathroom 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 bedroom. 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 of 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 up. 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 sunlight to hear the door close!

He was on his own, feeling the soft warm air play about his taunt nylons and teasing 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 “her.” Joyce 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 with 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 mucho 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 snapshot 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, 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. She quickly sat on the other side with Joyce between them as she closed the door while 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; he slumped against the seat as the car drove off, leaving the strange Mr. Knapp waving goodbye...

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 there.

The door opened and a woman dressed in a tweed suit entered, carrying a stethoscope loosely 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, re-checking her folder. “Well, then...take off 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 and 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. It was only a matter of time, however!

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,” the woman 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 disbe-



lief, 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. She 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.

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 closed out the world from this little world that was his.

To his left was a nightstand and an open door that must lead into a bathroom. 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 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 had inflicted this on him?

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.

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 checked 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, then gives him a stiff drink as if he had been boozing all morning. And bingo, he winds 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 snapshots 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 but it didn't. 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, that was an idea that he might have something to say about. What was 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 fit...

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 remembered 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, 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. He realized for the first time that he was wearing ear-phones 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?" the woman 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, 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. Then she went to the door, placing her finger to her lips to open it as if to check the hallway. 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, "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 he had forgotten until then.

And so it went until the tape reached his honeymoon. 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!

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 lovemaking 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 a tale from 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. In a few days you will be completely cured of any delusions about your past life as a male."

With that, 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 lifetime."

"The idiot box can get you down," the doctor 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 as she used a scissors to cut away the tape that held a cage-like cast over Joyce's chest and removing the cast, reveal-

ing 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,” the doctor commented, turning her attention to removing the bandages and casts that protected the nose and ears, making certain to replace the little earphones 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,” the doctor commented before 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 the doctor nodded.

“Well, it looks as if you will be able to move about in bed. By next week you should be able to go to the

bathroom. 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 and thinking that they were really quite pretty... for a woman!

And if he was going to be a woman, it wasn't bad to be beautiful.

"The truth?" the doctor 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 that 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 while 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 disgusts 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 the voice and he pushed the key for "S." He smiled over his trick, only to be rewarded with another shock!

"The machine will wait five seconds for your response," Mrs. Greene noted while taking 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. Certain fingers are meant for certain keys," Mrs. Greene 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. 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 tracing line, you will be punished.”

“A,” Alice’s voice requested and he traced the letter linking to the next “A” as the machine repeated the request.

Joyce could see that the script was not perfect penmanship. 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 only 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. 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,” Mrs. Greene 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 perfectly 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,” Mrs. Greene observed with a shrug. “I suppose that if the sum of our knowledge about ourselves was always available in the conscious 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?

"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 and helped him into a pair of plastic hospital pants. After detaching several wires attached to little pins in his scalp, she 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 makeup that avoided his nose, she helped him into a wheelchair 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 before 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 babydoll style sun suit with rhumba 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 ponytail 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 wheelchair 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," Joyce noted as they passed onto 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. 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 strait 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 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?" Joyce asked, hoping 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, inserting the ear phones and taping them in place.

“We shall review the pictures now,” Dr. Peters noted before 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 and 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. 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, 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; 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 was reduced to a numbness. For the first time since 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 re-dressed Joyce, helped him with another shower, applied bath powder and cologne, and helped him back into his satin nightgown before 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, 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 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 knowing 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. His memories of his origins and childhood were 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 actual 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 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. 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. 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 broken up into 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 any 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 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...shouldn't she?

"Good morning, Mrs. Knapp," Dr. Peters announced upon 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 wheelchair, thankful that the doctor had removed the cast. 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 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 using the same one-way glass through which the camera had recorded Alice. He looked about the room and 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: 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 mouthwash. 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 hearing aid into Joyce's right ear.

So the next phase of his training began starting from the sleeping position to the morning stretch se-

quence. 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.

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. 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's 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 upon 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 anticipating 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 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. 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 if to a private joke.

The nurse placed one hand flat on Joyce's groin and used the other to gently take a hold of the little ring that crowned the tube, which Joyce laughingly thought of as a bathroom 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 begin 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 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, 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. Details about the days in school and various details were 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. 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 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 lustful 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 from it, knowing that it would help her to forget her guilt.

When Alice awoke, she found herself in a pleasant sun-filled bedroom 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. It hurt to think of it, but it was gone, if it had ever actually been there.

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 the bed, she completed her morning stretching exercises before preparing for breakfast. She selected a yellow sundress with a matching hair bow to wear to breakfast; 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 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, "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 Knapps," 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 and 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 and 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 queried, 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. 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. 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.

##

A CERTAIN IMAGE

By Elizabeth Anne Nelson

In this dog-eat-dog world it is important that the best man come out on top. 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 Fashion 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. She was 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 a longing for marriage.

If he could exploit that weakness by marrying her, the corporation's ironclad 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 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. 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 common gossip throughout the executive offices of Petite Mode Fashion Shops. That pleased Carol because the social pressures were toward their marriage and that was certainly his objective.

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.

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 wasn't sure.

After a particularly enjoyable evening at an exclusive supper club, they retired to her apartment for a final cocktail and a goodnight 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 folks' 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 idea. "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, seeing 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 specific 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. Somehow she felt more completely a woman, yet deep in her heart she held doubts that she was destined to be a matronly housewife. Her 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. Then she realized what must be his real objective: the vice presidency!

She had no doubt that he probably loved her; she felt from her own heart that she loved him. Yet there was something they both wanted separate from their

emotional interdependence. It seemed that 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 how a woman's place is in the home angered her.

Suddenly, she could see that he wanted complete victory over her.

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 the war!

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

"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. 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 he had guessed right about his future bride's true potential. It fit that certain image of a woman he envisioned.

"Since you really have earned a long vacation, 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 coming up soon.

"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 but 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 things were going perfectly, just as he had hoped. "It's all quite logical."

"Oh yes, one of us will have to set up the wedding, buy the house, pick up the furniture, and do many other things," she exclaimed. "And since my parents left for Europe last week, it looks 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. After all, 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, unable to imagine 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 much to do to arrange everything so that our wedding will be the talk of the company 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. They appeared to all be 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 where he was confronted by a 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. 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 want 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 it, he was buried in a catalogue she produced from under the table that outlined the long list of items suggested for a wealthy bride's formal trousseau. He couldn't believe all the items she

listed. Then before he knew it, 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. 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. 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 maid 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. She had salesgirls 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 most 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," Mrs. Bailey 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 Consulting 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 didn't 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 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, shaking her hand, then 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, boxes, and more boxes stacked in his living room and was greeted by the ringing phone.

It was Joan who suggested an evening out. 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. 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. Soon he was dragging it into the spare bedroom and clearing the room out of his overflowings 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. She began to hang up the clothes 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, finding 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. 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 while 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 bedroom.

"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, undoing the top button of his shirt.

Before he knew what was happening, 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 if it kept her happy, he might as well go along since no one else would see this little charade.

Within a few minutes he stepped from the shower to see that she had slipped into the bathroom and 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, which left him 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. 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, 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 bedroom. There 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. Then she showed him how to walk in a more ladylike fashion and taught 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. She picked 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 wouldn'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 girlfriends. So you just stay pretty and await my ring."

With that, 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 taut nylons. Strangely he didn't mind feeling so utterly feminine as he posed before the living room mirror.

Turning from the mirror, he walked away, glancing over his shoulder. 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. Expecting Joan, he walked with feminine movement to the door and paused a moment to compose himself as he opened it.

"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 looked at his hostess with a masculine eye, noting the strong family resemblance to the point that 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 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?"

"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.

"Wait, 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 they wouldn't have 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. He had 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..." Carol 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, 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 while 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, though."

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 with that he left Carol to his worries.

A few minutes later, a jubilant Joan returned carrying the food to discover a completely downcast 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. 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; she proba-

bly could talk Bob out of any storytelling. He forced a smile, hoping for the best.

"That is much prettier. I wouldn'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 while 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. 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 newfound girlfriend, 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. On a lark he slipped into a cotton print princess-style 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 it was because of his experiences the night before or because he now secretly wondered about an awakening of strange 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 vein 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 he 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. Bob 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. Bob 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 practical 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 career destroying 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 the lovely feminine Carol.

Her delighted laughter greeted his frightened mind as he told her all that had happened. 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 felt that there really wasn't any choice for him but to either accept the gossip, or go with Bob!

Carol knew that Bob could ruin him.

So he told Joan that he had 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 a talk with Mrs. Bailey might help.

He protested until, worn down, 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 over the phone.

When she had heard it in full, she earnestly promised to help and hung up the phone 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 salon. She can be trusted. We can buy your wardrobe now. And when the store closes, we’ll 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. Mrs. Best 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 swimsuit 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 be modeled into beauty.

“What do you think, Marie?”

“It is much too early to tell,” Marie replied 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, followed by placing him under a dryer.

While the dryer kept him in place, she completed a manicure and pedicure. Once this was done, she removed the dryer and left Carol in curlers. She completed the beauty of his feminine face by plucking his thick eyebrows to a natural arch and applying the necessary makeup bringing out the perfection she had sought. She explained what he had to know about doing the task himself for the next few days.

Satisfied that he understood the simple makeup she had applied, she had him remove the curlers, style his own hair completely over twice, 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. 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 it, she secured two large plastic discs over each natural area, feathering the skin-toned plastic so that it blended perfectly with his skin. Then 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 the poor man could well understand why it was impossible to pass as a man. A 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 will 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. Before Carol knew it, 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 the new pleasures of being a woman.

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 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... what? A girl?

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 hairdo, as Mrs. Bailey had suggested. He wondered at his feminine attention to such details but it seemed appropri-



ate. He could not afford any mistakes 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.

From the moment they met to when Bob left the 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 wristwatch and fairly flew through the preparations needed to take a quick shower 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 hope 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. Bob realized 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 feminine eyes looking at him with docile acceptance of Bob's masculine attentions.

And then it was off to the ball for an evening of dancing that Carol would never forget, caught be-

tween enjoying the raptures of being the belle of the ball and the utter terror 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 and 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 the 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, 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, causing Carol to think of how foolish he was as Bob pushed his way into the room, then closed 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 he removed the mink stole, draping it over the easy chair before retreating into the bathroom for a couple of glasses.

"Put a little water in mine," Bob called, pulling off his coat, 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, uneasily 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 gir-dle 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."

"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 bathroom.

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 daydreams and rejoin Bob.

Cleaning off the evening makeup and taking a brief shower, Carol stepped from the shower and removed the pink shower cap before applying a light makeup and slipping into a form-clinging red slipper satin nightgown with hip-hugging slit skirt and an off-the-shoulder neckline that exposed 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 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. 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 taut 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. That caused 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 awestruck 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 and 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 and 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 option.

"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. 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. Carol's

fearful eyes noted the remaining fullness of Bob's briefs caused by his testicles ready to pump forward fresh bounty!

"Now look what you have done to poor Dickie," Bob laughed as his organ grew even more before Carol's eyes. 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. 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. Thus they went to the game.

After the game they had supper. By then Carol felt more at ease but the date was no longer a dream like 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 goodbye 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. 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 gir-dle, bra, nylons, slip, green swirl skirt, white silk blouse, and green high-heeled pumps.

Satisfied with the young lady reflected in the bedroom mirror, Carol entered the living room. after tidying up. He 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 mailing envelope.

Opening the flap, Carol froze in disbelief at seeing a dozen photos, all of Carol in dresses with the exception of the last few. There was one of Carol kissing

Bob clad only in the red satin nightgown, another of Bob ravishing Carol in bed,, and one was 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. He realized that somewhere there was a black-mailer who could absolutely destroy him!

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

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. 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 was 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 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."

"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. 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 after 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. They passed the time rather pleasantly during lunch while Carol recounted his adventures from his meeting with Mrs. Bailey until he was kissed goodnight by Bob, leaving out his more embarrassing adventure with his date.

"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 that. 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 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 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,” Joan 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 came next, followed by the ushers. The maid of honor was followed by two lovely flower girls dressed in gowns similar to the bridesmaids. And then at a 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 fingers that clutched the bouquet to release Mr. Hooker's arm and transfer the lovely flowers from the right to the left arm. The bride offered her 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. Then he paused, 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 Carol knew well that the game expected him to accept her victory as the natural result of her superiority over him. Of course, as a dutiful homemaker, he was aware of that certain image she expected of her little Carol!

###