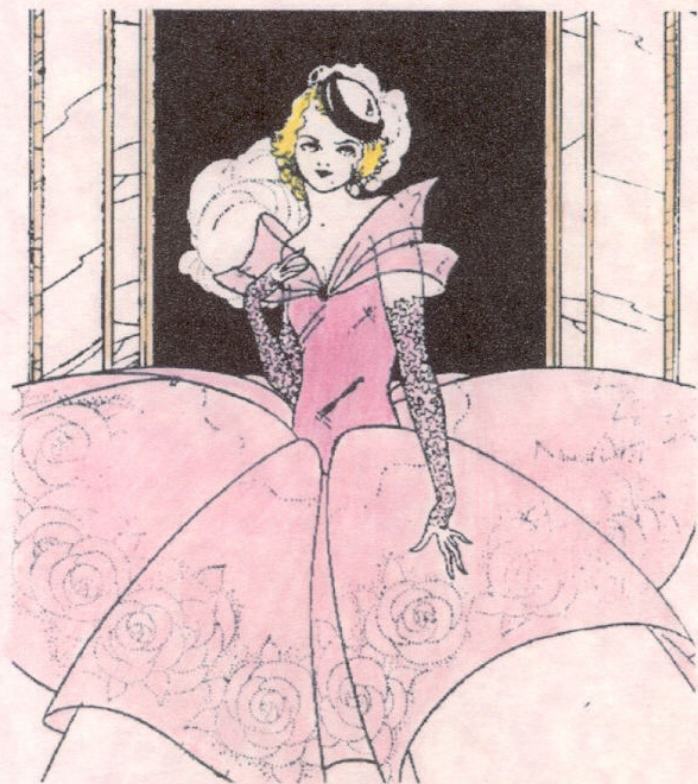


# TV FICTION CLASSICS

## "MAID UP"

JOHN'S WIFE HAS A FEW IDEAS  
TO MAKE HIM HELP AROUND THE HOUSE!  
HE BECOMES A MAID!



VOLUME 14

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# **TV FICTION CLASSICS**

MAGAZINE

Volume 14

## **“MAID UP”**

BY  
C.V.  
&  
SANDY THOMAS

Published by  
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"The purpose of lingerie is to drive men crazy. . .  
the purpose of marriage is to finish the job!"

# MAID UP

(DAPPER DOMESTIC)

By C.V.

## CHAPTER ONE

John Gilles Howard, age 32 came from a comfortably well off doctor's family. His 3 older sisters always lived in complete harmony with him and his parents. Everyone was always friendly and courteous, considerate of one another and never was there a test of wills or need for strong determination.

Perhaps he shouldn't have married Mary?

Reasonably intelligent, John was above average in school and made friends easily because of his friendly and compromising character. He was never much addicted to sports although he enjoyed watching very much. Because of this he never developed a strong physique and had rather narrow shoulders for a man and for some reason an even slimmer waist.

When his father died the family was faced with many bills and little money to pay for them. His mother was deeply depressed, having lost her beloved husband, and became almost indolent, leaving the running of the household completely to the children. At 13, John chipped in with his sisters in his usual spirit of helpfulness in doing all kinds of household tasks. It didn't take long for him to become quite adept in these feminine chores, especially after the girls left to get married or to get a job to help with the finances.

As a matter of fact, during his last high-school years he almost ran the house single handedly, cleaning and cooking for himself and his mother. Come to think about it, he was wearing an apron when he first met his future wife Mary. She had come to the house to ask his help in running for president of the school student association. This position had always been held by a boy and she was determined that a girl should have the chance.

Mary was a very attractive young lady, coming from a very simple working family but determined to better herself. She was tall for her age and strong willed. She always seemed to get what she wanted without gloating about it. Mary always knew what she wanted. When the bell rang John went to open the door never giving a thought to his appearance. When he opened the door and saw Mary standing there, he wished he could become invisible instantly. He blushed

with embarrassment and quickly tried to take off his garment of shame.

He was doing the ironing and was wearing a white pinafore type apron which buttoned in the back, and with ruffles all the way from the front waistband over the shoulders to the waistband in the back. His sisters had left plenty of those behind and he was sort of "using them up." Unfortunately they were not easy to take off and presently he gave up. It was too late anyway; Mary had seen him already.

"Hi, Jill. Hey, you look cute. What are you doing?" Mary looked him over from head to toe. When he was with girls, John always was annoyed at the fact that they familiarly called him by this girlish nick name. Once in junior high-school, some of his close friends had discovered his unusual middle name, "Gilles", a good old Dutch male name, carried by the male members of his family for many generations. They jokingly called him Gill, and then, Jill. It had stuck with him ever since, no matter how he complained to everyone.

John defensively explained that since they had no help in the house, he had to do whatever had to be done and that right now he was doing some ironing for his mother.

Mary explained her visit, asking that she wanted John, who was popular in school, to help with her campaign for school president. Then Mary said, "Hey, do you have another apron? If so, I will help you with the ironing. That's a woman's job anyway."

John smiled gratefully and said, "Would you really?"

He fetched another clean pinafore just like the one he was wearing and helped her button it up in the back.

While Mary began to help with the ironing, John went to get a soft drink and presently served it properly, according to Emily Post, as he was taught by his sister.

"You really know how to do things, John" said Mary. protesting.

John now began to take off his apron after having served Mary the coke. But Mary said, "Leave it on; it fits and it seems to go with your personality," she added jokingly. At this John became red with embarrassment and finally managed to unbutton and take off the garment he now had begun to hate.

"Just what is that supposed to mean?" he asked. "Oh, really nothing," Mary answered, blushing. "I'm sorry." She realized that she had said the wrong thing. "It is just that I have already become used to your wearing it. It really does not look strange on you. John accepted this explanation and dropped the subject, after hanging the apron in the kitchen.

When Mary completed the ironing, they sat down together on the couch and made plans for the campaign. Suddenly John looked at

the clock and exclaimed; "It's past seven already, why don't you have dinner with us here?"

"Why not?" said Mary.

"Preparing her for the worst though," said John, "we usually have TV dinners around here."

"Oh, I don't mind," said Mary. "It would be nice if we could complete our plans for action later."

John began setting the dinner table, and Mary joined him. John's mother had just come down from her afternoon rest and announced after greeting Mary that the TV dinners should be ready. Mary explained that she had been helping John with the ironing and therefore was wearing one of John's aprons.

John's mother smiled: "That's nice; you should come over more often. John misses his sisters, and he can sure use some female guidance."

John blushed at this and even more so, when his mother frowned and said, "I told you a thousand times to wear your apron when you are working in the kitchen. Go put it on, THIS INSTANT. Before you serve the dinner!" Turning to Mary, she added, "He spills food all over his clothes. We're not made of money, you know."

Red as a beet John went to the kitchen. Mary followed him and helped him button the back and tie the strings of the pinafore. "Don't let it get you down," she said consolingly, "I promise not to tell anyone. I think it is wonderful, the way you help your mother." As the evening went on, John became very enamored of Mary, and after doing the dishes together, both in pinafores, they spent the rest of the evening planning and talking excitedly about the possibility of Mary becoming president.

After this Mary and John became close friends. Frequently Mary would come to his house, to help him with his chores. He no longer felt self-conscious about wearing his work aprons in front of Mary. Sometimes she even reminded him to put his pinafore on, "before

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## CHAPTER TWO

After graduating from high-school John was soon drafted into the Army and was stationed in Germany for many months. His mother suddenly became ill and died within a few days. On emergency leave, John barely got home in time for the funeral.

He felt lonely and sad and did not get to see any friends. He spent the time cleaning up the house, getting ready to sell it and making the necessary other arrangement with Mr. Moore, the attorney, and an old friend of his father. Mr. Moore promised to take care of everything and John went off to join his unit again.

After serving his 2 years, he returned to his hometown and called Mr. Moore. John received the surprise of his life. It appeared that a brother of his grandfather had died in California and left him several hundred thousand dollars as the nearest relative carrying the old family name “Gilles.” This would enable him to live comfortably for the rest of his life. Wanting to be active, he bought a small mail order business which was simple to run, and made a little money as well. He opened a small office in White Plains.

As the news about his good fortune was publicized, he received several phone calls from old friends wishing to establish new contact with their newly rich “dear old friend.”

One of the calls was from Mary. He was very glad to hear her voice after all this time and promptly made a date with her.

Mary had grown to be a beautiful woman. Very tall and statuesque with radiant features, a figure out of a harem story and very attractively dressed. He was still very fond of Mary, remembering their old pleasant relationship. They dated frequently and after a few weeks John discovered that he had fallen in love with Mary. He admired her strong determined character and he did not mind if she planned most of their evenings together, deciding where to go and what to do. It did not matter to him, as long as he could enjoy her company. After high-school Mary graduated from nursing school and worked at the local hospital, where after only a few years she became Director of Nursing, bossing the other nurses around in her strong but pleasant way.

They were married that spring. One of Mary’s brothers Joe, served as John’s best man. John liked Joe the best of all Mary’s brothers. They seemed to be attuned to the same wave-length in life, having the same views on tolerance, friendship and service to mankind. The morning of the wedding Joe appeared to be very quiet and thoughtful and John asked him; “What’s the matter? I am the one who should be hesitant.”

Joe answered; “Oh, never mind, I was just thinking about your

future with Mary.”

“What were you thinking? Come on, tell me; does it look good to you?”

“Of course,” said Joe, “Only you two are so different.”

“Well, opposites are supposed to be attracted,” responded John.

“True enough,” continued Joe. “It’s just that I have found in life basically two kinds of people: one kind is the sensitive, good natured, giving, and the other kind are the hard ones who have no compunction to take advantage of their softer hearted friends or spouses. I sure hope you are doing the right thing.”

“Love is supposed to surmount everything” said John optimistically. “Mary and I are sure in love, deeply and forever.”

“Spoken like a true groom,” laughed Joe. “Just forget what I said.”

Years later John sure had occasion to remember Joe’s words.

The wedding was simple but beautiful and Mary and John were very happy on their honeymoon. Upon their return from Niagara Falls, John showed his surprise wedding gift to Mary. The beautiful house in Yorktown, sitting on 5 acres of beautiful sloping land, with complete privacy, well-cared for lawns and gardens. The house had a very pleasant interior, with a large living room, dining room and den; a beautifully equipped kitchen, maid’s quarters, and 3 bedrooms upstairs with a fine view over the hills looking North toward Brewster.

Knowing that Mary would want the final say on the inside decoration, the house was still empty and Mary and John spent many blissful months completely furnishing and decorating their home. The happy years were spent there together, entertaining friends, with John as a considerate husband helping Mary wherever he could. On their fifth anniversary he presented Mary with the deed to their house and Mary was both thrilled and relieved.

The only dark cloud on the horizon was the fact that no children had arrived. Both Mary and John went for a medical examination and anxiously awaited the result. It appeared that Mary had some functional disorder and would never become a mother. John was naturally very disappointed. He had always dreamed of a large happy family, just like his own. He still missed his family. All his sisters had moved away to Florida and California and were busy raising their own families.

Mary seemed to take the news all right, although soon after he found her face getting harder, with frequent frowns, and she became often irritable, shouting at him about little things, and always seeming annoyed at something he said or did.

One Saturday, for instance, they had a few guests for dinner, and

after a pleasant evening John offered to help with the clean-up.

Mary snapped, "I don't feel like doing it! Here is an apron, you do it!" John was surprised, but thinking that maybe Mary did not feel right, he did what he was told with his usual equanimity. This was the evening that John would remember later as the beginning of Mary's changed attitude.

From that day on, he began having to do the dishes at night by himself and do other little chores which Mary asked him to do. John was never too tired to do what he was asked to do. Mary lately seemed deep in thought and sometimes he found her looking at him preoccupied. "What's the matter, darling? See a ghost?" asked John.

"No," Mary said mysteriously, "I keep wondering about something."

One day when he came home, he found Mary in a little better spirits, almost as if she had made up her mind about something. She said, "I have decided to give a little costume party Friday night."

John hoped this would liven her spirits so he decided to go along with what ever she wanted.

Then Mary added, "I want you to dress as a girl."

"Me?" said John, embarrassed. "What for?."

"Well, I want to see how you'll look," said Mary harshly, "Besides, I have already bought all you need."

"No use arguing about it" he thought. "Maybe she will change her mind."

But coming home from the office the next day, the first thing Mary said was, "I want you to try on the outfit for the costume party, to make sure it fits."

"Not now," said John. Then Mary became almost hysterically angry. He had never seen her before like this. She started shouting and crying and tried to slap his face and hit him over the head. John defended himself as well as he could without hurting Mary.

"You will do as I say," said Mary trying to hit him with every word.

John almost became afraid of her. He said quickly, "Okay, Okay, if that is what you want."

Mary's tantrum subsided then, saying calmly, "Good, come upstairs, and I will help you dress."

In the bedroom upstairs John was surprised to see the entire bed covered with feminine finery, undies, bras, stockings, dresses, panties, women's shoes, almost a whole wardrobe. "I bought you many things, so you could choose for yourself what you think looks best on you. First, take a good long relaxing bath, she ordered."

“Okay, that I don’t mind,” said John. He went into the bathroom and soon the water was splashing as he washed himself thoroughly. When Mary heard him in the water, she came in the bathroom, and before John could protest, she had dumped a cupful of bath salts with strong feminine perfume in his bath.

“The perfume is ‘MY SIN,’ dear, you will like it.”

“How appropriate,” he thought, reflecting on how much Mary had changed during the last few months.

Their marriage had quickly deteriorated especially in the last few weeks. Mary had become cold towards him. They slept in separate bedrooms now, and the way Mary treated him one might think that she had begun to think of him as her slave or something. He wondered if she blamed him for not being able to have children.

When John stepped out of his bath, Mary came in again and handing him a razor and a spray can of shaving cream said, “I want you to shave the hair off your body, so you will look really feminine. Legs, underarms, breasts, arms, everything!” she commanded.

“But what will people say if I go swimming and they see my bare legs, arms and chest?”

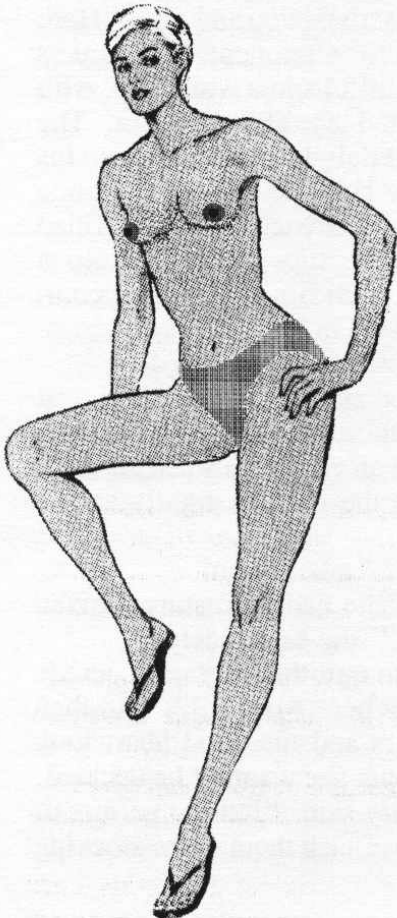
“Maybe you won’t have much time to go swimming” said Mary.

“What does that mean? You know I have plenty of time,” he argued. Mary did not even bother to answer that and left the bathroom.

“Well, no use risking another tantrum. What price peace?” When he finished, he looked in the bathroom mirror and was surprised at what he saw. His breasts, without hair, looked large and feminine, the nipples standing out as if they had suddenly swollen. His body was smooth and looking down at himself for the first time he admitted to himself what his tailor had told him many times, that his hips were too wide and his waist too narrow.

“Funny,” he thought, “I never realized how much like a female I am built. But looking still lower he was reassured and banished any such thoughts from his mind.

He heard Mary calling from the



bedroom, "Aren't you ready yet?"

As he entered the bedroom, he saw Mary standing expectantly, almost impatiently, her eyes shining, looking very determined, almost as if a long cherished dream was coming true.

"First try these panties," she said, giving him a nice soft silk bundle of pink satin cloth. As he put them over his feet and ankles, he felt a pleasant tingle going through him, especially when the soft cloth came in contact with his now soft and shiny legs.

As the waistband was adjusted in place he found that the panties fit perfectly. The lace-trimmed leg bands fit smoothly, not too tight around his thighs, and the waist band had a little satin bow in front.

Mary said almost triumphantly; "I sure guessed your size right; they look like they were made for you." Recalling his thoughts in the bathroom, he blushed and noticing how true it was, he decided it was better to say nothing.

"Now put on this bra; here I'll help you with all the hooks in the back." It was a beautifully made long line bra which Mary hooked in the back. It took her some time but after she had adjusted the shoulder bands, it again fitted him very well.

Mary looked at him with a trace of dissatisfaction and said, "Here put on this slip while I go to the kitchen for a moment." He did as he was told dropping over his head a beautiful snow white slip, with lots of lace on top and three tiers of ruffled lace at the bottom. The garment fit him like a second skin. It felt delightful caressing on his thighs and knees and it ended at just the right height. Mary came back in with 2 small plastic bags used for sandwiches but now filled with a fluid which looked like milk, the tops tightened into a leakproof knot. She tucked one bag in each bra cup, which completely filled them. They looked as if were holding the real things, his breasts nearly spilling out, as busts were supposed to do.

Mary smiled happily. "You look good already, my dear Jill, just like I dreamt you would. Here, put on these stockings. Wait, first I want to put this on you." She produced an attractive waist cincher, which she fastened around his waist in the back as tightly as she could after having lifted up his slip.

"What do you mean like you dreamt?" asked John.

Mary suddenly looked annoyed as if she had prematurely given away a secret. "None of your business," she said rudely.

John flushed with anger and wanted to quit this silly masquerade immediately especially at her calling him her "Miss Jill". But then he thought about the tantrum downstairs and his good heart took over. "Let her have her fun, if this is what she wants," he decided. After he put on the sheer stockings, Mary said, "Put the garters of your cincher through your panty and then attach them to the stocking

tops. These shoes will fit you, I think.” With some difficulty John slipped into the 4 inch high heels and after a while he felt that he could walk and stand in them without hindering his movements. They certainly made his legs look attractive, he reflected, but immediately banished these thoughts from his mind. “This is getting ridiculous,” he thought. “I am beginning to like this.”

Mary now made him sit in front of her vanity table, but so that he could not look in the mirror. She began plucking his eyebrows and took so long and pulled so many hairs that he warned, “Hey, watch it! I have to go to the office and I don’t want to look like a queer.” Mary acted as if she had not heard him and finally after some penciling, was satisfied. She put some strong smelling cream on his face and some pancake makeup over the areas where John’s beard and mustache showed. She finished with a nice smelling powder, bright red lipstick, and just a little eyeliner. Then she put some “My Sin” perfume behind his ears and in front of his neck.

“We don’t want to overdo it and make you look like a prostitute, do we, Jill?” Not knowing what to say at this stage, he kept quiet.

“Now for your hands. You forgot to shave the hair off your hands,” she said impatiently. She took a razor and soon “Jill’s” hands looked hairless like those of a female. She applied nail polish, matching his lipstick, and warned; “Now let it dry carefully. I don’t want to do it all over again.”

She went over to the bed and picked up two dresses. One was a simple, expensive looking cocktail dress, with a high square neck, softly cut short sleeves, and an A-line skirt. The other was a very feminine, flowered print with a “V” neck and long narrow tapering sleeves. The skirt was a narrow sheath. “Which do you like best?” She asked.

“You mean, I have a choice?”

“Not really,” Mary said, “I just like to test your taste in female clothing.

“I prefer the simple black one,” John found himself saying.

“Okay, FOR THIS ONE TIME, I’ll let you choose what to wear.” Carefully Mary helped him on with the dress, so as not to touch the make up. As she zipped it up the back, John felt the soft material rustling against his nylons and he enjoyed the way the material slid over his soft slip and the way the dress tightly clung to his waist and hips.

The dress fit like it was made for him, and John began to wonder whether Mary had measured him in his sleep.

Now Mary took the wig out of the box and placed it carefully on his head. It exactly matched his own hair and it felt strange to feel the soft hair fall over his ears and warm his neck. The wig was

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perfectly styled, with medium length hair, attractively set, and Mary put some hair spray on to keep it neat.

“What costume will you be wearing?” asked John. Mary smiled mysteriously and said, “That is going to be the biggest surprise of your life, darling Jill”

Leading him to the mirror, “Jill” could not believe his eyes. There stood a beautiful woman, well groomed, superbly dressed, with an exciting figure. Young looking and yet mature, Jill had an enviable waist and soft female facial features.

Mary had given him nice looking shoes with 4 inch heels, which showed off his ankles to advantage. The way his legs looked was just remarkable he thought, as he turned around to see what he looked like from the other side. The dress was just the right length, showing 1/4 inch of knee. Even his derriere looked like a girl’s.

Mary then said, “I want you to stay dressed this way tonight, Jill, so you can become accustomed to the clothing and the shoes. Let’s go downstairs.

Mary had a funny kind of look on her face, which John did not understand at first.

“You look so sweet, that I bet your mother couldn’t tell your sex. And the beauty is, all you have to do is use your nickname. Jill is a perfectly acceptable girl’s name.” Having arrived downstairs Mary said, “Now that you have become a woman, there is no need for me to do all the work.” As she produced a white pinafore, she said, “You set the table and make sure not to get any spots on your new dress.”

As she tied it on him, she remembered that this was just like their previous high-school days.

“The party is tomorrow and I want you to come home early so you can dress properly. I will not have time to help you, except maybe with your makeup.”

The next day John did come home a little early and Mary gave him instructions similar to those of the previous night. John went ahead and just before 7 o’clock Mary came upstairs to inspect him. Everything was in order and Mary complimented him on how well he had dressed himself so properly. Mary applied the make up and gave John a string of pearls which he adjusted around his neck; they looked just right on the square high neckline. On an impulse he placed Mary’s wristwatch on his left wrist.

“I wonder what the others will be wearing” said John. Mary just smiled.

Just then the doorbell rang. “I’ll get it and let our guests in,” Mary responded, “while you make sure in front of the mirror that everything is as it should be.” Mary took a last look at John as she

left the room. John could see a very pleased smile, almost triumphant, both admiring and at the same time revealing an "I thought so" look.

"Come on down any time you are ready," called Mary as she descended the stairs to greet her guests.

After a while, Mary called from downstairs, "Hurry down Gloria, we are thirsty."

"Gloria?" "Gloria?" "Who is Gloria?" John asked himself. The only one he knew by that name was his oldest sister in California.

Suddenly a horrible thought occurred to him. "Why was Mary not in a costume? Had she forgotten or just rushed for time?"

From the top of the stairs he called Mary. "What about your costume, Mary?" he whispered to her. Mary made believe as if she did not hear him, and said loudly, "Ah, there you are Gloria." She took his hand and together they entered the drawing room.

John suddenly stiffened and almost fainted. There were several of his friends and their wives and **NOBODY WAS IN COSTUME**. As if in a trance, he heard Mary say, "Friends, I would like you all to meet Jill's sister Gloria on a visit from California."

As the gentlemen rose, John felt himself pulled forward. Mechanically he smiled as he was introduced to the ladies and his friends, fearing that everyone would instantly start laughing and jeering. But everyone acted as if they met him for the first time, the ladies commenting on his beautiful dress and his best friend complimenting "Gloria" on her beauty and saying how remarkable the family resemblance was.

Mary just stood there smiling. As John was seated, quickly checking the other ladies to see how they had draped their skirts and how they were holding their legs. He sat as they did, knees and ankles modestly together.

Mary just smirked at him, as if she really enjoyed the dirty trick she had played on him. John gave her a look that must have bent her spine. Coldly she just turned around and let John shift for himself as well as he could, making small talk with his friends' wives.

"Too bad, John was called away on a business trip just when his sister is visiting," said one of the wives.

"Yes," said John, "but I hope he'll be returning soon."

After a few drinks John began to feel a little more relaxed and when they entered the dining room he began to feel at ease and thought, "Well, we might as well make the best of it, but I'll never forgive Mary for this."

He noticed that Mary had hired a maid to serve for the evening, neatly attired in a black uniform and white organdy apron. "Well, at least I don't have to do the dishes tonight," thought "Jill".

As the evening went on, John began to feel more natural and found himself saying feminine things and making female small talk with his friend's wives.

The evening went pleasantly enough; one of his friends was admiring Gloria very much as he started flirting with her. But fortunately for John, the guests soon began to leave. The maid had cleared up everything and also left.

Then John faced a happy looking and smiling Mary. He had not seen her in such a good mood for a long time.

"How do you feel," asked Mary?

"Cheated," said John uncompromisingly. "How could you do such a thing to me?"

"Ever since I saw you in a pinafore in high-school, I have had it in the back of my mind that you would make a beautiful woman. Oh, I love you Jill!" And throwing her arms around his neck, she kissed him, as she had seldom done.

John was surprised, "What has gotten into you Mary?"

Mary had tears in her eyes and said, "I always wanted to see you like this." Her eyes shone with excitement. She looked happier than John had ever seen her. "Would you do me a really big, favor Jill?. Would you stay this way; it would make me so happy. I promise to be a good wife again, if you will wear what I say."

This hit John by surprise. Their marriage was slowly but surely going on the rocks and he would do anything to save it. But this was ridiculous. "What would people say?"

"Oh they don't have to know. We'll keep to ourselves like on our honeymoon."

"Well, what about my office?"

"Oh, just take a vacation," replied Mary.

"OK," said John, finally, "If it means so much to you, but only for two weeks and not a day longer."

Mary's eyes clouded over, but just for a moment. Then she said, "Oh darling, this will be wonderful! We will do the housework together, and go to the movies and shopping and we will take our boat out again, and I want us to sleep together again. I bought the most marvelous nightie for you."

John said, "Hold it! I thought we would stay by ourselves."

"Why?" said Mary. "Tonight, nobody even thought for a moment that you were not a girl. You are really remarkable. Nobody will know, and it will be our little secret! We'll have so much fun."

John sighed, "All right," slowly being convinced. Admitting to himself that he really did a good job of impersonation; almost too good and she was right, it was fun.

But the anxiety began growing deep inside about his experiences of the last 2 days; his narrow waist, wide hips, beautiful round legs and soft facial features all made it intriguingly easy.

But Mary interrupted his thoughts saying, "Okay let's go to bed. They slept together that night for the first time in months.

### CHAPTER THREE

The next morning John woke up refreshed and happy. He had slept better than he had over the last many months.

When he opened his eyes he saw that Mary was up already and busy and suddenly he felt the softness of his nylon nightg all over his body and he remembered his promise to Mary.

It did not seem like such a good idea in the light of morning, but then he remembered how wonderful it was last night, a peak of marital happiness, and he thought again that maybe it could bring Mary and him together again. After all, a promise is a promise.

Just then Mary came in, bearing a tray with breakfast, which she had not done since the first days after their honeymoon. "Good morning, sweet face! I am ready with our plans for today and I have laid out the clothes for you also. This morning we will enjoy a quiet morning. You can mow the lawn if you like while I clean the house-or vice versa-if you prefer."

John smiled at this. "Okay dear. You name it."

John got up and washed and shaved himself very carefully. Coming back into the bedroom, he saw what he was to wear that morning. With his bra, slip and panties, Mary had given him a nice white sporty short sleeved, cotton blouse, with Peter Pan collar and a wide flaring, blue-denim skirt which zipped in the back. Just the thing for a morning in the garden.

The bright sunlight made John reconsider but put the girlish things on anyway. Mary had applied his makeup and like the night before, in the mirror was a fresh, young looking female, with high pointing busts, a small waist, her bra barely showing through the slip and thin blouse. "It can't be this easy," John moaned.

When John resigned himself to two weeks of femininity.

Mary's eyes glittered with joy, "You see, it's not so bad?" The wig made John's transformation complete again.

Together they went downstairs looking for all the world like 2 attractive sisters. John went to the garage and started to mow the lawn. He thought, "Gee, these skirts are sure easier and airier." His slip felt soft against his knees and after some time, John had completely forgotten about his strange new dress.

That is until lunch, when Mary called him in. Handing him an apron, she said, "Okay dear, you fix lunch while I finish the lawn. Everything is 50/50 between girls, you know." After tying the apron

on John, Mary went out and finished mowing.

Almost immediately John heard the lawn mower start up again, so he realized he might as well go ahead and fix something to eat. He did feel hungry after doing all that work outside.

As the weather was beautiful, he decided to serve lunch out on the terrace. He set the table while the soup was warming up. Pretty soon Mary came in the kitchen and said, "Ready yet? I am starved."

"Yes you go ahead and sit down on the terrace, I'll bring out lunch in just a minute, after I finish making the sandwiches."

John soon had everything ready to serve. He placed everything on a big tray and left the kitchen for the terrace. As he turned the corner, he nearly fainted. There was his wife talking to one of her neighbor friends, Amy Green. The woman saw him simultaneously, so there was no turning back, although John wanted to turn and run.

As he reached the table, Mary introduced him to Amy as John's sister, Gloria. John's heartbeat was 120 by now, his face red, and he shook with fear of being discovered. But Amy accepted him completely as his sister and welcomed him in a most friendly manner. After John put the tray on the table, they shook hands and after that John quickly took off his apron.

Presently Amy left them and Mary said most happily, "See, you fool everybody. You really do look like a girl. And remember you do not have to be ashamed to wear an apron if you're a girl, so there's no need to take it off the way you did."

John had lost his appetite, however, and it took some time for him to calm down from the unnerving surprise.

Mary then discussed their plans for the rest of the day. "I want you to go shopping with me. There are several things I have to get you yet. Then afterwards let's go out for dinner and to a movie."

John knew Mary well enough; protesting would not help.

She would keep him to his promise for 14 days come hell or high water. After doing the dishes together, they went upstairs to change.

Mary gave John a nice looking linen sleeveless sheath. The color was dark blue with white topping at the wide round neck, the arm holes and the skirt. Again Mary expressed her pleasure at how well she had guessed his size. John used the same bra padding, with liquid in plastic bags, and the dress was very tight in front, which helped in giving the impression of a healthy female. His upperarms were just a little too muscular looking, however, so Mary hung a cardigan around his shoulders, fastened in front with a little chain.

They drove to White Plains and spent several hours shopping. John liked to window-shop and Mary had to go to most of the larger stores. In a large drugstore, she bought some false nails for John, to

further improve the looks of his hands.

At Altman's they walked through several dress departments and Mary bought another dress for John and some skirts. As they passed the uniform department Mary suddenly stopped.

On an impulse she picked up a black maid's uniform and held it in front of John, as if to see whether it would fit. John asked, "What are you doing?" and without comment Mary put the uniform back on the rack.

Later they had a nice dinner together in a simple restaurant on Court street and then went to the movies. It was an enjoyable evening and John began to feel more and more natural in his new identity. Even the high heeled shoes seemed to bother him less. They forced him to take feminine short steps and almost subconsciously he moved his hips as he walked, which Mary noticed with a knowing smile.

When they arrived home, Mary expressed her pleasure at the pleasant evening and thanked John for accepting his new identity with so much grace.

As Mary handed him his nylon nighty she kissed him fervently, her eyes shining, her cheeks a rosy color. Obviously she was enjoying herself tremendously.

Next morning when John awoke, Mary again was up already and again brought him breakfast in bed. "Thank you dear, I am beginning to enjoy this" John said. "What are the plans for today?"

"I thought that we should take out the boat today," answered Mary. "It is nice and warm, and we have not been in Stamford for a long time."

John said, "Fine with me," thinking, "well what can she make me wear on a boat and nobody will see me anyway." Later he would realize how wrong he was, when he learned all of Mary's plans for the day.

When he came out of the bathroom and put on his lingerie, Mary gave him his outfit. It was a very cute sailor blouse, with white and blue trim on the short sleeves and a large blue, white trimmed, sailor collar. With it she gave him a white Arnel pleated skirt, white bobby socks and white pointed sneakers. This made him look 10 years younger, but when he looked in the mirror he was forced to admit to himself that he did not look ridiculous in it.

As a finishing touch, Mary tied a red neckerchief in shape of an overlapping T in front under the collar, accentuating his pouting breasts. After she put a white ribbon around his hair, to keep it in place, he really looked ship shape.

Mary packed a suitcase while John went to get a box lunch and pretty soon they were on their way. Arriving at the club, John heard many whistles and wolfcalls behind him, as his pleated white skirt

blew in the breeze. Mary said, "Those are for you dear. You've earned those compliments?"

John blushed and said nothing, but secretly enjoyed the situation. Mary was dressed in white slacks and a white and striped T-shirt.

When they got their little boat underway, John found himself in the galley putting away the food, while Mary somehow had maneuvered into the captains station.

They spent a pleasant day on the boat. After a while Mary produced a swimming suit for John. It was a one piece very feminine suit, light green, with a 4 inch white pleated skirt, "for modesty's sake," as Mary expressed it. After putting it on, John felt surprisingly comfortable, as well as thrilled, with the way it flattered his figure, thanks to the wired bra. He enjoyed the rest of the afternoon sun-bathing in his lovely swimsuit.

After their pleasant day Mary said, "Let's have dinner at the yacht club tonight."

"No please, not that," protested John. "Too many people know us there and my secret is bound to come out."

But Mary insisted saying that many of his friends already met "Gloria" at the dinner party. She produced the same beautiful cocktail dress which John had worn the first night and helped him dress.

After repairing his makeup and combed his wig, John looked as adorable as he had that first night. Mary noticed with pleasure how well John had adjusted to his heels. "We are two extremely good looking girls!" Mary announced.

John felt uncomfortable all night. Several of his friends came over to their table asking Mary who the beautiful young lady was and John received compliment after compliment till Mary was blushing with pleasure, while John wanted to crawl under the table. John was glad when Mary finally agreed to leave.

They arrived home without incident and went to bed almost immediately.

When John woke up Monday morning, he saw that Mary was still sleeping. He arose and automatically went to his dresser to get his underpants. Just as he opened the drawer, Mary sat up and said, "Hold it dear! You're still a girl, remember? I will pick out your clothes for you while you shower."

As he came back into the bedroom, Mary gave him his undergarments-panties, bra, and slip. After John put the padding in his bra, she gave him a simple white cotton blouse, and a black slim skirt made of cotton sateen (similar to wet look), similar to what he had seen the waitresses wear in the restaurant.

Mary helped him zip the skirt up in the back, he noticed how this slim skirt accentuated his narrow waist and his fleshy wide hips. The waistband fit perfectly and the whole outfit felt comfortable. John mentioned this to Mary, who said, "It better be, because today is housecleaning day and we have a lot of work to do. It is about time that you find out how hard a woman's work is and that it never seems to get done."

She then took a white apron out of the closet, put it on him, and tied the straps in back. The white skirt of the apron contrasted neatly against the black of the skirt and John looked very domestically dapper.

"Go downstairs and fix breakfast, while I get dressed, Mary ordered. Good natured John went on his way and started frying eggs, pouring the juice, preparing the bacon and setting the table.

Just then the doorbell rang. "Please go and get it," shouted Mary from the bedroom. John automatically did as he was told and only after he opened the door did he realize that he was facing the visitor dressed as female help in the household. His blood pumped to his head and he almost closed the door again. However, the man said, "Good morning, Miss. May I look at the electric meter please?"

"Yes, sir," John said, blushing as if he had just come out of a steam bath. But the man noticed nothing and went down to the basement and presently left again after a cheery "Good bye, Miss."

John went to the large floor-length mirror in the hallway and took another good look at himself. His thoughts again touched on the remarkable ease with which he apparently passed as a female. He checked out his curved derriere in the mirror and accepted that it's curved contour was a most convincing feminine characteristic.

Mary came down a little later asking who was at the door. When John told her, she seemed pleased at the naturalness with which he had taken this sudden confrontation in his stride. She said, "You would make a perfect housemaid, darling." John did not reply, not taking this remark too seriously.

After eating breakfast, Mary tied a white ribbon in John's wig so that he now had a ponytail. We don't want to get your hair dusty do we? Then she ordered him to wax all the floors, make the beds, dust all the rooms, and perform all the many feminine tasks that are a housewife's duty. That evening, after the dinner dishes were done, John was really tired. Together they watched television, John dressed in an attractive beige dress, with white piping and a matching leather belt, which Mary had pulled real tight over his cinched-in waist, accentuating his pronounced bosom even more.

The next day Mary made John wear an attractive wrap-around

swirl dress, white with blue rick rack, the belt straps tight around his waist. She asked John to serve her breakfast in bed and after that John was kept busy around the house with all those female activities he remembered so well from the time he kept house for his mother.

As the rest of the week went by, John would steal a minute and stare at himself in the mirror. Even he was amazed at his feminine image and he admitted to himself that he looked attractive as a woman.

He also began to feel less awkward wearing lingerie and dresses. The softness seemed to fit his nature and he almost looked forward to the next day to see what he was to wear. He was really beginning to enjoy his new feminine identity.

On Sunday they again went to the yacht club. John wore a blue and white striped soft neck line sweater with a very short white pleated skirt; the shirt was very taut in front. Mary was dressed in a blue denim shirt and white bell-bottom pants. Mary remarked that even John's knees looked as attractive as any girl's. "You could easily get away with wearing mini skirts," Mary said.

That night, Mary insisted that they dress up and have dinner at the yacht club. The bouffant slip made his skirt flare out wide and called the attention of many males to his graceful shapely legs. Again none of his friends recognized him. This time John felt much more at ease because of the week's experience he had in women's clothes.

He felt less self-conscious, making his movements less jerky and nervous, thereby becoming even more attractive and graceful.

When they finally left for home, John felt many eyes following his and Mary's departure. He felt the men's stares at his skirted tush and was surprised when he felt delighted about the leering. He found himself adding a tangy little wiggle.

During the second week of his masquerade, Mary made John do most of the housework, dressed in his white blouse, black straight line waitress skirt and white bib apron.

He noticed that Mary roamed around the house in slacks, ordering him to do this and to that. In the afternoon she read a book, while she made him do the ironing, peel the potatoes, and follow her directions about preparing the dinner.

John wanted to complain but he noticed that with each passing day Mary became more and more depressed.

Her friendly happy attitude, so obvious and pleasant during the first week of John's cross dressing, was rapidly fading, suggesting her disappointment of seeing John go back to his normal male pursuits. As the week progressed, Mary had more and more crying spells and otherwise seemed emotionally upset. John became really worried.

Despite the difficult times the last few years had been with Mary,

he still loved her deeply and wanted to help her in this time of obvious distress. Finally he came to a conclusion. Mary should see a psychiatrist. It was not normal, the way she had pressed him into this cross-dressing, and her mood was changing so quickly and without explanation. Carefully he broached this subject to Mary. "Darling, I think you should consult a doctor."

To his surprise Mary replied: "You know, I have been thinking about that for some time. We both should go see the psychiatrist. I have heard of a very good woman doctor who has been for many years a marriage consultant. She has an excellent reputation as a psychiatrist and a great many year's experience. She lives with her 2 sisters on a very large estate near Brewster, not too far from here. They are very wealthy and she is retired now. I wonder whether she would be interested in helping us.

"Why don't you try," said John, "if you have confidence in her."

"All right, I will call her right now." Mary looked up the number and called the doctor. After Mary explained the reason for her call, and after it appeared that Mary and Dr. Hepstein had a close mutual friend. An appointment was made at the doctor's house for that Saturday morning.

Dr. Hepstein suggested that Mary come alone. When Mary hung up the phone she seemed a little bit relieved.

That first visit to Dr. Hepstein and her discussion with Mary proved later to be of momentous importance to John.

## CHAPTER FOUR

When Mary arrived at the large estate where Dr. Hepstein and her 2 sisters lived, she rang the bell, which sounded like a large gong vibrating throughout the huge house. A kindly looking lady opened the door and explained that she was a sister of Dr. Hepstein and that presently they did not have any domestics and therefore had to answer the door herself. They were running ads looking for a domestic staff.

She showed Mary the way to Dr. Hepstein's office. After knocking and a brusque "Come in," Mary found herself shaking the hand of a determined, intelligent, attractive woman in her fifties. She wore a white doctor's coat and welcomed Mary in a friendly, though businesslike manner, asking her to sit down.

Dr. Hepstein had penetrating eyes and a look about her that clearly showed that she was used to getting her way. Obviously she was used in taking the lead in conversation and telling other people what to do.

When Mary began her story, she explained her symptoms and the unexplainable changes in mood. When Mary mentioned how happy she had felt the last week with John, after her marriage was almost

on the rocks, Dr. Hepstein showed suddenly more interest. She asked Mary if she could explain why she was so much happier that last week. When Mary told her about John having dressed as a woman during that time she started to ask numerous questions, especially about John. Dr. Hepstein became very sympathetic to Mary, drawing her out more and more until Mary had told her all about herself and her relationship with John, right from the beginning when she first met him dressed in his cute pinafore.

Dr. Hepstein said to Mary, "I think I know what your difficulties are. I had a similar case some years ago which is now satisfactorily settled. I have done a great deal of study on this matter and I am very interested in helping you."

"First of all I would like to meet John, your husband. Could I drop by tomorrow morning? Please do not warn him that I am coming. I want to catch him off guard and observe him under normal conditions." So it was agreed and Mary left the office, feeling that she had found a helper who would surely stand behind her in finding a satisfactory solution for her relationship with John.

The next morning, when John awoke, he realized that this was the last day he was supposed to wear feminine dress. While secretly he had to admit to himself that he had frequently enjoyed feeling so well groomed and beautiful, he was glad that the fear of being recognized would finally disappear. He thought to himself, "It will feel strange to start wearing men's clothing again. They are so constrictive and heavy. It is certainly great to be able to wear such attractive, soft and comfortable clothes."

Mary was already up and fussing about getting John's clothes ready. When she noticed that John was awake she said, "Today I want you to take special care of your looks and dress. Although we are not going anywhere, I want you to look your very best."

"Okay," said John. "This last day of masquerade I will do my best to please you in any way I can."

"Good, so take your shower and make certain that you are hairless. Check your arms and legs carefully for fuzz and shave carefully." When John was finished, he had really done his best. Mary gave him some especially frilly and feminine lingerie and laced him in a very tight corset which took at least 4 inches off his waist measurements, although it left him somewhat breathless. The corset pushed all his flesh in front upward so that he showed some nice cleavage.

After putting the beautiful slip over his shoulders and smoothing it over, he looked in the mirror and felt very much like a girl, a feeling which became even stronger after he put on his wig.

He was actually becoming anxious to complete his dressing and

asked Mary for the dress he was to wear that day. "First I want you to put on these stockings," giving him some sheer black nylons.

Then Mary came out with a simple black dress, with a high jewel neck, princess style. It fit extremely well, showing off "Jill's" small waist and his padded bosom. The dress came to mid-knee and John's legs were an attractive sight. Then Mary handed him a cute small white bib serving apron and helped him tighten the straps neatly.

Mary told John, "This is exactly how I want you to look today."

She checked John's make up and found it in order. During these last 2 weeks John had picked up the art of makeup quickly. He seemed to have a feminine intuition for what would look good on him and he used very little makeup. Mary plucked his eyebrows a little more AND SLAPPING HIM cordially on his protruding fanny she said, "Hurry up, my *maid*, and make my breakfast." John laughed good naturedly and went downstairs.

A short while later, Mary came down dressed in a simple white blouse and slacks. After making John serve her breakfast and clean up, they settled down in the living room to read the Sunday paper.

At a little past 11:00, the doorbell rang. "Who can that be?" Jill asked, rather startled.

"Why don't you go and take a look," said Mary. John had been so engrossed in his reading that he had forgotten all about his dressing up and without any thought went to the door and opened it.

There stood Dr. Hepstein, looking at John penetratingly and saying, "Good morning, Miss. I came to see Mr. & Mrs. Howard. I am Dr. Hepstein."

Suddenly John came to his senses. He stood there as if glued to the ground, his blood rising to his head till it seemed to run to the very tips of his hair. He was speechless. Dr. Hepstein, seeing his embarrassment said, "May I come in, and would you please announce my arrival to your mistress."

"Yes, Madam," John stammered.

He closed the door and led Dr. Hepstein to the living room. John hoped fervently that Mary would go along and act as if he were the maid, so he could sneak out and quickly change into his male clothes. But, no luck.

Mary said, "Dr. Hepstein, This is my husband, John Howard."

John just stood frozen, a deep red flush on his face. He felt that the world had come to end.

He started to shake and then became deathly pale.

Dr. Hepstein, looked at him. She nodded her head condescendingly and said, "Good morning, *Miss* Howard." John quickly corrected her. "Mr. Howard, Dr. Hepstein."

"Well, you could have fooled me. I have never seen a more

attractive looking maid, since I can remember. You look very feminine, Jill," using the familiar name deliberately as IF TO STRESS HER SUPERIORITY over him right from the start.

John, was too much embarrassed even to think of an answer, let alone object to her familiar and condescending tone.

Mary said, "Please sit down doctor, Jill, serve us some coffee." Obediently John disappeared to the kitchen. Only while he was preparing the coffee did he begin to realize the enormity of the trick Mary had played on him. She no doubt had known Dr. Hepstein was coming and had deliberately had him dress to look like a maid. John's brain was working feverishly. "Why had Mary done this? Why had he agreed to dress up all this time. Why had he secretly liked this new feeling of femininity? What would Dr. Hepstein think? What was he to do now? Go change quickly or serve the coffee as if nothing had happened, continuing to play the role Mary had forced upon him?

Again John's compromising eagerness to please was his undoing. He decided that as long as he had promised Mary her 14 days and in as much as Dr. Hepstein had seen him dressed already anyway, that he might as well serve the coffee as he had been asked. And deep inside John came to the realization that he agreed with what so many people had told him the last 2 weeks; he was attractive and girlish looking and he had proved many times over that he could easily pass as a woman. Why hide it?

So it was that John knocked on the door and properly served the coffee to the two ladies. He felt Dr. Hepstein's eyes following his every move and he had difficulty controlling his nerves. However, he finished his task without mishap. Just when he intended to sit down, Mary haughtily ordered him to wait in the kitchen until he was called. The Dr. wished to talk in privacy with Mary.

John flushed, but did as he was told.

Dr. Hepstein then told Mary that her symptoms were in all likelihood caused by John's obviously increasing femininity. Subconsciously Mary resented this and according to Dr. Hepstein this caused a hostility which showed itself in the strong wish to dominate John and to make him feel femininely inferior by dressing him up as a girl.

"It's remarkable how nature takes care of such things, almost automatically," said Dr. Hepstein. "Adjusting your attitude to become more bossy while 'Miss' Howard becomes more passive as time goes on." Mary was obviously helped by this explanation and it was then that the doctor brought up the problems of the future. It was clear from her attitude that she was not particularly fond of males and would not hesitate to insult or distress a man whenever there was

a chance. Dr. Hepstein said, "It would serve him right to let nature continue this process and wherever possible speed up the transformation."

Mary asked, "You mean we should try to make 'more' of a woman out of him?"

"Exactly," said Dr. Hepstein, "and if we are clever about it we will let John himself do the transforming, and eventually he will beg us to let him be a girl, full time".

When Mary asked how this could be accomplished, Dr. Hepstein outlined the plan carefully and in great detail. She thought that in a period of 6 months John could be made to realize by various subtle means that nature really intended him to be a woman and that he could only be truly happy if he realized this and transformed himself. So Dr. Hepstein and Mary, who by now was all excited about the prospect, decided to go ahead with a plan which they systematically laid down on note paper. Dr. Hepstein was to have sessions with him every other day, and without John knowing it, he would undergo endocrine therapy with large doses of estrogen, which would increase John's mammary ducts and give him firmly feminine breasts. Dr. Hepstein also gave Mary prescriptions for Estrone and another female hormone which would bring about feminine fat distribution, changing to a high-pitched voice, and a feminizing of his hair distribution. Dr. Hepstein suggested that Mary administer these pills in thick soup so that John would not notice and therefore could not object. Mary promised to start immediately the next day, Monday, and clearly showed that she enjoyed this secret project as much as Dr. Hepstein. Dr. Hepstein also laid out a plan of showing subtle sex characteristics, so that John gradually would become more and more aware of the changes in him.

When all their plans were completed, John was called in on the pretext that the Doctor wanted another cup of coffee.

After John served this neatly, he was asked to sit down.

Dr. Hepstein remarked how attractive he looked in this uniform, which made John blush furiously. She explained that she had diagnosed Mary's difficulties and that she thought they could be cured with "Jill's" full cooperation.

Mary then left the room and the doctor explained to John that for the next few months it was best to try and please Mary as much as possible and was instructed to do whatever she asked of him. "If you really love your wife, that is not too much to ask, is it?" John agreed, stating that he dearly loved Mary and would do everything in his power to help.

The doctor then asked whether John had been in the Army. Hearing that he had, she asked, "Did the doctors or your buddies

ever say anything to you about your obvious femininity?"

John stammered "Eh..eh..."

"Have you noticed it yourself lately?" asked the doctor. John had to admit that during the last few weeks he was taken many times for a girl. He claimed that any young man, when dressed and made up as a girl could probably have the same experience. The doctor denied this and said that only men who had a number of female secondary sex characteristics, such as narrow waist, and shoulders, attractive legs, soft facial hair, could easily pass as a member of the opposite sex. I think that you could without doubt be an attractive woman, given the proper training AND CLOTHES. John blushed when the doctor was expressing his innermost thoughts and Dr. Hepstein, digging deeper said, "Even when you blush so maidenly, your real gender is revealed."

Seeing that this first dose of psychological warfare had been enough, Dr. Hepstein stood up and said, "Would you kindly call Mrs. Howard, Miss, so I can bid her good-bye."

After the doctor left, Mary and John talked over her visit and foolishly John confessed to Mary his doubts lately about his passing as a girl so easily. Mary said, "You know, Darling, you look so much more attractive and natural when you are dressed as a woman."

"Do you really think so?" Jill asked sincerely.

"Just look in the mirror. I would guess that nature really meant for you to be a girl. That was why in our high-school days I always said that your pinafores looked so natural on you, Jill. I guess I never realized how feminine you really are and how much I cherish that in you."

With this she left the room and John remained with his thoughts. He went to a mirror and looked at himself, dressed in the nice fitting black serving dress, his busts jutting out under the straps of the apron, his shoulder length wig attractively combed, his nicely shaped legs beautifully clad in the sheer black nylons. He realized that even his panty girdle no longer felt tight and uncomfortable.

Suddenly, he rebelled. He practically tore up his apron, took off the dress and all his other clothes, his girdle, his bra; dropping them all on the floor, he raced upstairs and locked himself in the bedroom.

There John stayed all day, his newly discovered deep wish for femininity wrestling with all the masculinity of his almost 30 years as a man. His thoughts were chaotic and he could concentrate on nothing else. He could not eat and was severely distressed by the battle within him.

Finally exhausted he fell in a light dream-plagued sleep, tossing and turning, with fits of wakefulness that led to a terrible headache.

When he awoke in the morning alone, in his bedroom, he was

more tired than he had ever been in his life.

He decided to get up, however, and dressed in his own male clothes began his regular routine of making coffee for himself. There was no sign of Mary. He decided to have breakfast in a little restaurant next to his office and left the house. He hoped that no one would notice his highly arched eyebrows.

Mary called Dr. Hepstein soon after she had heard John leave the house. She explained what had happened the day before. Dr. Hepstein said, "Good, this means that we have hit where it hurts. Take it easy for the first few days, but don't let your guard down and continue to let him feel your superiority wherever and whenever you can."

Trying to forget the struggle going on inside him John arrived at his office and found everything in good order. His secretary asked him how the vacation was. He gave a non-committal answer. John found that he could not concentrate on his work. His mind kept bristling with his great emotional problem so he decided to go to a movie but even that was aggravating. It was about 2 male musicians who join an all girl band to hide from some gangsters.

John left for home as soon as the movie was finished not knowing how he was going to face Mary.

After he parked his car in the garage he found Mary waiting for him with cocktails and hor d'oeuvres all prepared. Obviously she was not going to serve him, so he asked whether she wanted a cocktail also. She said, "Yes, you may bring me an Old Fashioned."

She did not even bother to say "Thank you." They drank their cocktails in silence.

Finally after Mary noticed that the drink had mellowed and relaxed John somewhat she asked, "What was that silly act of yesterday all about?"

John did not know how to explain that sudden impulse. Mary said, "You completely upset me and I had to go to the doctor this morning. You are now aggravating my condition all the more."

"Yes, dear," John said, "I am sorry. I don't know what came over me. I will try to do better from now on. I am all confused inside and I don't even know what or who I am any more."

"Well," Mary said bitterly, "I know what your problem is and the sooner you realize it the better. You are fighting a battle of the sexes within you, which you are rapidly loosing, and I wish you would admit it."

"I have been thinking all day about that," said John, "and I doubt whether it is true."

"Well, I think it is and who knows you better or longer than I?"

They dropped the matter and Mary told John that Dr. Hepstein

would see them every other night after dinner. "Please set the table, while I go and finish preparing dinner." John did as he was ordered, almost automatically tying on an apron as he had done the last 2 weeks. He suddenly realized what he had done and quickly took it off again. Mary, however, had seen his act and smiled deprecatingly. "See what I mean?" she snapped.

John flushed but said nothing. "What could I say," he discouragingly mused.

They had pea soup that night, John's favorite in cool weather. For some reason it tasted a little funny, but John thought nothing of it. They finished dinner in silence and Mary asked John to help her with the dishes. Soon he found himself doing all the cleaning up with a pinafore on "to protect his clothes" while Mary went to watch television.

That night John slept again badly and alone. In the morning he awoke feeling very tired, his problems unresolved, feeling nervous and not interested in doing anything.

Nevertheless he went to the office again where he spent the day hanging around, unable to clear his thoughts or even concentrate. "I have to get a hold of myself," he thought, "or I am going insane. I have to do something. Perhaps I should talk about this to Dr. Hepstein tonight."

He went home early and again found Mary waiting for him with the liquor tray ready. He poured himself a straight whiskey, while Mary asked to be served an Old Fashioned again. He swallowed the whole glass in one gulp and poured himself another.

After a while, Mary said, "How are you feeling today, my girl-man?" John was by now relaxed enough not even to get angry at this.

He flushed and said to Mary, "I don't know, I think I will have another talk with Dr. Hepstein tonight. Maybe she can help me."

"I am glad," said Mary, "if anyone can help, she can. I have a suggestion for you, though."

"What is it?" said John eagerly.

"Why don't you give each side of your personality an even chance to express itself. That will help you to decide what you are and what you want to be."

"How do you mean?" said John.

"Well why don't you dress as a man during the day and as a girl in the evening and on weekends. That way you can decide which way you feel more comfortable."

John thought about that for a while. "I don't know whether that is a good idea. This dressing up idea of yours started the whole thing."

"That's not exactly true," argued Mary, "it just brought your problem out in the open. I noticed how you enjoyed that evening at the Stamford Yacht club and how you adored being dressed so attractively that all the men looked at you admiringly; let's admit it, you were the prettiest woman there." John blushed again and veiled his eyes.

Nothing was said for a long time, then John said suddenly, "I'll ask Dr. Hepstein about it. I have always believed in taking professional advice." Mary smiled enigmatically. She got up and again instructed John to set the table, while she finished dinner. Again the soup tasted a little bitter, but John soon forgot.

Dr. Hepstein arrived while John was still in the kitchen cleaning up. This gave Mary a chance to bring Dr. Hepstein up to date about the events of the last 2 days. The conspirators saw a little progress. "Did you put the tablets in his food as I instructed?"

"Yes," said Mary, "and he did not appear to notice anything."

"Good, three months from now, 'Jill' won't have any doubts left about his figure. Just make sure that he takes it continuously."

"You can rely on me," said Mary, without giving a second thought to what she was doing to John.

"Once the transformation reaches a certain point, it is usually irreversible. By then our Miss Howard will look, feel, and think so femininely, that she will beg us for her skirts."

Just then John came into the living room.

After talking about generalities for a while, Dr. Hepstein asked John how things were going.

John said, "I have not been sleeping too well the last few days."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Dr. Hepstein.

"I have been thinking what you said last Sunday. I feel so unsure of myself that I cannot work or concentrate. I think I need your advice." Mary then told Dr. Hepstein about her suggestion to give John a chance to express both sides of his personality.

"An excellent idea," agreed Dr. Hepstein. "As I remember you from last Sunday, dressed so attractively, you seemed much happier in skirts, and did not seem to lack any confidence in yourself. You seemed to like what you were doing. Why not give it an honest try?"

"Three weeks ago, I was reasonably happy, although our marriage was not going too well," said John complainingly. "Mary is the cause of all my troubles, starting this idea of dressing me as a girl."

Dr. Hepstein said, "Well, you do not seem too happy now, so you ought to do something. After all, it is impossible to fight nature and your personality. And you should also think of your wife. Obviously your gradually increasing femininity has had a great effect

on her but your refusal to continue your feminine role has upset her emotionally and mentally. If you love your wife, it seems little enough to do as she suggests, and I repeat that I think it is a good idea, which will also help you to clarify things in your own mind.”

John mulled over this silently for a while.

He certainly could not continue living the way he felt now, his mind chaotically confused and his nerves completely shot. Something had to be done. The suggestion had some logic to it and as he already had dressed up for two weeks, he knew that it was not the end of the world.

Then remembering the many moments when he had secretly enjoyed the beautiful lingerie and beautiful soft clothes. There was a feeling of tranquility when he was dressed, he said, “All right, if you really think that this is what I must do, I will give it a try.”

Dr. Hepstein said, “It is not what you MUST do. You alone must decide this and make up your mind whether you really want to or not.” It seemed as if she had read his mind and John felt his face reddening.

Finally he said, “Alright, I’ll do it.”

Dr. Hepstein, glancing at Mary with a mysterious smile, said, “I am sure that Mary will help you as much as she can.”

Mary smiling broadly said, “Of course, Darling, I will help you to look and feel like a girl as much as I can.”

## CHAPTER FIVE

For the next 2 weeks everything went as planned. As soon as John came home from work he changed into the clothes Mary had readied for him. Usually it was the simple white blouse, black skirt and apron outfit and occasionally other attractive dresses. He was particularly fond of a dark green knit dress, which clung tightly to his figure, with a high square neck which had a colorful scarf attached to it. It looked superb on him and he always wore his best lingerie under it which caressed his nylon-clad legs. The dress gave him such a good figure, that John felt his hips go swivelling automatically when he walked.

The psychological treatments continued. Mary made a remark about his good looks whenever she could manage it into the conversation. She took care that John kept his body hairless and at night she suggested he use cream and other beauty lotions and treatments. She regularly plucked his eyebrows so that they began to look awfully feminine. John’s secretary noticed it one day and remarked, “What happened to your eyebrows, Mr. Howard?” John didn’t know what to say and quickly left the office under some pretense.

Dr. Hepstein would hammer consistently on the same theme. She would compliment him on his beautiful appearance or on the perfect

manner in which he served the drinks and did other feminine chores. Mary managed to continue giving John large doses of female hormones without his knowing about it.

After the first six weeks John began to notice some physical changes. It seemed as if he did not have to shave as much. His face began to look rounder and softer making his appearance years younger. His waist seemed to become smaller, while his hips rounded out to the point where his regular pants began to look funny on him. It was like there was a new layer of fat under his skin, a softness. He also felt the urge to argue with Mary diminish. He became passive and submissive even while her domination and bossiness increased almost every week.

As more time went by, he found himself looking at the clothes women wore on the street and wondered how they would look on him. Several times he caught himself standing before a lingerie shop admiring the beautiful undies. When that happened he quickly looked around to see if anyone had seen him.

Mary had insisted that she start cutting his hair. "Your barber does an awful job," she would say. Docilely he agreed. He noticed that she barely cut anything off but merely shaved his neck and neatly trimmed the rest even.

During this time, Mary had also insisted that John go on a diet. This made him lose almost 20 pounds over a period of 2 months, and cut his waist down to 25 inches.

Dr. Hepstein and Mary continued to praise his progress. Mary seemed much happier and content and as John became more feminine he felt less and less at ease during the day and more and more comfortable in female attire at home.

One evening he mentioned to Dr. Hepstein, who continued to visit the Howard's every few days, that he felt some physical changes. His body temperature felt higher so that he was always warm in his male clothes. His tweed pants seemed coarse and itchy. Dr. Hepstein discussed these symptoms with him at great length. She mentioned that he was becoming more like a woman every day. "I bet you only have to shave twice a week," she said.

John himself had to agree with her. He explained that now he felt more secure, especially when dressed as a woman. "Maybe you and Mary have been right all along."

One day Mary called Dr. Hepstein at her office. "This morning I noticed that John's voice is beginning to change," she said.

"Has Jill noticed it?" asked Dr. Hepstein.

"No, I don't think so."

"Well, he will soon. I think the time will not be far off when he will want to be a woman full time." By now John's hair had grown

quite a bit. Had it not been for the many mods and beatniks in town, he would have attracted attention.

Then within a few days several incidents happened which shocked John to the very core of his being.

He went to a tailor shop to purchase some slacks. The man took his measurements and then did a double take and took them again. "I am sorry," the clerk said, "we don't have anything in your size, unless ...," he disappeared, muttering to himself and shortly came back with several pairs of slacks of different colors: green, blue, one even pink, much too bright to John's taste. When he decided to try them on anyway, he flushed sharply. These pants zipped in the back. They were women's slacks.

The man called from outside the dressing room, "May I come in? I want to see whether they are all right." Before John could answer, he shoved the curtain aside and found John with his perfectly fitting woman's slacks. "I think these are just right," he said. Embarrassed to death, John took 2 pairs, one green and one blue, and rushed out of the store. Mary was very pleased when she admired John's purchase that night. John said nothing but his mind raced chaotically. What was happening to him? Was he really becoming a woman? He had noticed that lately his shorts seemed awkward and tight in the wrong places. He pointed out this to Mary one day. The next day he found that all his shorts were gone. In their place was a stack of beautiful lace-trimmed panties and petty-pants. He knew from experience that these were comfortable and from that day he started wearing these nice under things.

Another incident happened the next day. An older woman came up to him in town and asked, "Miss, can you tell me how I get to the station?" John stammered and stuttered and finally showed her the way. "Thank you, Miss," the lady said.

And the following day



John had an experience which probably was the turning point in his transformation.

He had already noticed for some time that his shirts were awfully tight in front. He had not paid any attention to this. That fateful day he suddenly became conscious of the fact that the flesh on his chest was shaking every time he took a step. It really jiggled up and down. As he walked on, he became more and more aware of it, and felt how hard and sensitive his nipples were as they rubbed against his shirt.

Suddenly a terrible thought entered his mind. Was he developing female breasts also? He flushed sharply and almost panicked. He started walking faster and faster and practically raced to his car and drove home at speeds way over the maximum limit.

At home, he rushed to his room and started undressing. Finally he stood in his panties, the rest of his body bare. He went to the mirror and gasped. His breasts had developed so gradually that he had not noticed before. But now he had fairly substantial feminine breasts, with large unmanly pointing red nipples. It would be necessary to wear a bra from now on. He wondered why he had not realized before that in the evenings when he wore female attire he had needed less padding. Suddenly he felt more feminine than ever. He started dressing in the attractive clothes which Mary had laid out.

Just then Mary came in and saw him holding one of Mary's girdle's around him. "Here, let me help you," said Mary, as she fastened the girdle around John and started lacing it up in the back. "This is a real good figure trainer for you," she said. She pulled on the laces till John could barely breathe and then pulled some more. "I bet you now have the same waist measurements as I have." She measured John's figure and triumphantly announced, "You are now 35-23-36. Just like a real woman."

John would remember that evening and night forever. His thoughts battled with his emotions. He could not deny the facts. He hardly talked to Mary that evening, just proceeding with all the feminine chores which had become second nature to him, and which Mary expected him to do alone.

He did not sleep all night, occasionally pacing the floor in his Nylon nightgown, frequently stopping before the mirror.

The next day he was exhausted. He refused to go to work and stayed in the house brooding over his serious problem. He could not eat and did not reply whenever Mary said something, apparently not hearing her, completely wound up in his own thoughts.

Finally late afternoon he seemed to come to a decision. "I want to talk to Dr. Hepstein tonight," he said to Mary as he went upstairs. There he took a long bath with some of Mary's scented bath salts in

it. He then dressed himself in his very best lingerie, spent a long time dressing himself to the teeth, and spent almost an hour applying makeup and doing his nails. He then put on his favorite dress, the slinky cocktail dress which Mary had made him wear that first evening. Everything exactly as he wanted it, he stood a long time before the full length mirror studying himself from all angles.

He put on a nice gold bracelet plus the ladies wristwatch Mary got for him and noticed how even his wrists had become smaller and completely smooth and hairless.

Then he went downstairs and asked Mary when Dr. Hepstein would arrive. Mary replied, "She will be here at 8, my dear Jill."

John then poured himself a stiff drink and gulped it down.

"You're perfectly beautiful tonight," remarked Mary.

"I know," said John, "I can no longer deny it. You and Dr. Hepstein were right. Like it or not, I seem to have become a woman, and I must now face this fact and adjust my life accordingly. I will need the help of Dr. Hepstein."

"I am sure we can overcome this situation and adjust to it," said Mary. "Come, Darling, tonight I will help you with dinner and the dishes."

When Dr. Hepstein arrived, she knew from Mary's triumphant smile that the conspirators had been successful.

"How is my favorite girl?" asked Dr. Hepstein of John.

"I want to talk to you seriously," said John ignoring her sarcastic remark.

"It seems that you have been right all along. Nature has played a terrible trick on me and I need your help. There is no denying that, with one exception, I have become almost a complete woman. It is a terrible decision for me to make, but I don't want to be half one thing and half something else. What, in your opinion should I do? Is there some drug that will reverse this sex-change?"

"I am afraid the process is irreversible," answered Dr. Hepstein. "The only thing to do, it seems to me, is to try to become as much of a woman as you can. Anyone seeing you now would not possibly believe that you are-or even were a male."

"But I don't want an operation," said John fervently.

"Why?" asked Dr. Hepstein nastily. "Do you hope all your new feminine characteristics will go away?"

"I will do everything you advise, but not that," said John stubbornly. "What do you suggest?"

"Have you made up your mind to become a woman full time?" asked Mary.

"That is what I am asking Dr. Hepstein. What do I have to do

Doctor?"

Dr. Hepstein thought a while and then said slowly, "I think it is the only thing for you to do under the circumstances, but it is not going to be easy. Although you already look like a girl, you must start from scratch learning to be one. You must learn to act, to talk and walk as a woman. You must learn to think as woman. You must completely lose all your former male aggressiveness and become a passive, submissive, sweet and obedient female. This will take a long time. During this period you will need strict guidance and constant discipline and supervision."

"I have to do all that?" said John fervently. "I will do anything to feel whole again." Dr. Hepstein glanced triumphantly at Mary, who glowed with excitement at this sign of voluntary submission on John's part.

"Alright then, if you are sure, here is what I suggest. To become a nice subservient girl, you have to burn all your bridges behind you. Are you ready to do that?"

"I guess? Tell me what to do!" said John.

"First of all, you must dispose of all your male clothing. You must do this yourself as a symbolic act to yourself and Mary that you want to be a woman the rest of your life."

"Agreed," said John.

"Then you must turn over all your possessions and assets to Mary. This will make you feel completely dependent and it will get rid of that silly male superiority of holding the purse strings. By becoming dependent you will realize that you must be attractive at all times and cater to the wishes of others."

"You must also write a letter, wherein you state that you are voluntarily doing all these things, and that it is your most fervent wish to become a woman, and that you will agree to do everything that Mary or I suggest, to accomplish this goal."

"By writing this statement yourself, you clear your own mind, allowing you to better realize the finality of this step."

"I will do it," said John, becoming very anxious to get all this over with.

"But there is more," said Dr. Hepstein. "You must also make some definite commitment in regard to your physical transformation."

"I told you I don't want an alteration," repeated John heatedly. "What else is there?"

"You must agree to take strong female hormone injections daily so the process will be complete in the shortest possible time. You may also have to have some plastic surgery on your breasts, but as of now it seems that nature has endowed you sufficiently."

"I also suggest that you have your ears pierced, which is something that will mark you as a female forever."

"Ohhhh, it seems so final," said John breathlessly.

"I'm sure there will be other things, but the only additional thing I can think of now is that you, of course must refrain from referring to Mary as your wife."

Mary remarked, "He will also have to take steps to change his sex legally and I will, of course, have to take over his office during his training period."

By now, John was beginning to feel cornered. He began to realize all the consequences of his step. It would mean a complete change in his life and absolute dependency on Mary.

He thought for a long time and then feeling the delicious softness of his lingerie and the tight stockings and girdle he made his decision.

"Alright I do want to be a woman. I'll do anything you want."

"I have another suggestion," said Dr. Hepstein. "Your training can best be handled by strangers. I suggest that Mary take a long trip abroad and that you move to our estate. My sisters have much experience in educating and training girls and you can spend six months under their guidance. Of course you will have to do the housework in return and I can promise you now it won't be easy. You will have to be very firm in your decision in order to undergo the strict training of your new mistresses and complete the course."

"I know now what I have to do, and I will do everything to achieve it," said John.

That same evening John wrote his statement, while Mary and Dr. Hepstein looked over his shoulder and dictated changes to make the document watertight.

Mary excitedly made plans for the next day. "In the morning you must call the Salvation Army to haul away all your man's clothes. Then we will go to a hairdresser so you can get a permanent wave. Your hair is long enough now. Then we will go to the jeweler's and have your ears pierced. Then we will have to get you some more dresses and lingerie."

"Don't buy any dresses for him," said Dr. Hepstein. "He won't need any. He will be wearing only uniforms during his training." John felt a little uncomfortable when he heard this. What was he letting himself in for?

"We will have to refer to John as 'she' from now on said Dr. Hepstein. Please don't forget this Mary."

"Okay, girlie," said Mary, "right now I also want you to send letters to the banks and our stockbroker giving me power-of-attorney to the various accounts and withdrawing your authority over all these financial matters."

John did so reluctantly. Things were all of a sudden moving very fast, and he felt pushed and overpowered by the two females.

It was now late at night and Dr. Hepstein left.

Mary said, as she went to her bedroom, "Miss, I want you to wake me early, and serve me breakfast in bed. You're going to have a busy day tomorrow."

"Yes, Mary," replied John. "I think it is better if you no longer call me my first name," Mary remarked nastily. "Mrs. Howard, will do." John was too tired to make a rebuttal.

That night he slept well and deep. He felt relieved. The die was cast and tomorrow would bring a new life, with happiness, beauty, without pressures of business or finances.

The next morning John woke with a feeling of expectancy.

He made breakfast as ordered and knocked at Mary's door at 8:00 o'clock. He was dressed in his usual white blouse and black skirt and even had remembered to put on his apron. "Good morning, Ma'am" he said jokingly. Mary did not reply, but it was obvious that she no longer would tolerate any jokes or familiarities from John.

"Have you called the Salvation Army yet, to pick up your clothes?"

"No, but I'll do it right away Mary."

"Stop that familiar tone at once," she said. "You will have to remember your new status around here, if you want us to get along." John barely contained himself and finally said blushing, "Yes, Madam."

In a short while the truck came and Mary made John help the driver load the truck, making sure that every single piece of masculine attire was donated. Socks, ties, belts, pants, T-shirts, pyjamas, shoes, indeed everything. The pick up man was quite happy seeing all these clothes most in excellent condition. John felt as if he were giving part of himself away.

Watching the truck drive away he thought, "There goes my past. What will the future bring me? There is certainly no turning back now. I hope that I am doing the right thing and that this will bring me happiness and peace of mind."

Little did he know how he had been tricked and how unfairly they would treat him.

Mary was waiting for him on the doorstep. "I want you to get dressed immediately. Put on that black dress I have laid out on the bed. Your hairdresser's appointment is in 30 minutes."

While John changed and repaired his makeup he thought to himself how appropriate it was to wear black on a day like this. The burial of his old male self. With the sheer black stockings and black shoes Mary had readied, John looked he was in mourning alright.

Mary drove the car and went in with him instructing the beauty salon operator what she wanted done and how. John was put in an cape and patiently sat in the chair while the girl washed his hair and while it was drying. Then she started the permanent wave while John patiently sat through this new experience, listening to the feminine chatter and inhaling the strange odors. The girl spent quite some time with his hair, remarking how nice and thick it was. "How come, you have it so short, Madam?" she asked. John blushed and tried to explain his mannish long hair by saying that he tried to cut it himself.

Finally, she was finished and when he looked in the mirror he could not believe his eyes. There he was with a nice curly hairdo. The girl had also given him a beauty treatment and had refinished his makeup. He had to admit, he was attractive-a real "looker."

Mary had gone out to do some shopping while John was having his hair done. When she came back in, John could see in her eyes that she was very pleased. As they were leaving John started to open the door for Mary but quickly restrained himself. He must learn to behave like a woman, he thought. Mary started to say something but thought better of it.

Then Mary drove John to White Plains and they entered a jeweler's on Mamaroneck Avenue. When the man said that they did pierce ladies ears, John was seated in a chair, while the operator sterilized his needle. Mary whispered to the gentleman and he seemed to agree to something. John could not hear it.

The operation was soon finished and it did not hurt very much. John thought, "Now I am truly branded as a woman, there is no turning back now." Then the jeweler inserted a small gold ring in each ear.

While John was still seated the man came with a tool which looked to John like a small soldering iron. He thought nothing of it and thought that the man probably had to sterilize the rings. He felt the rings get very hot, first one and then the other. He yelled "ouch."

"It's alright, Lady," the man said, "You won't lose them now, that's for sure."

Then it dawned on John. Mary had given instructions to have the ends of the rings soldered TOGETHER, so that he could no longer take them off. He started to blush in anger and wanted to shout at Mary. Then his submissive nature won out and he resigned himself to the situation. After all, as long as he had holes in his ears, he might as well have rings in them too.

Then Mary took John shopping. She bought plenty of underwear. She bought for 12 white slips to wear under uniforms. Also panties,

bra's, stockings and everything that John might need for the next 12 months.

When they came out of the store, they ran smack into John's secretary. John wanted to run away. He was sure Mary would give his secret away. Fortunately, the girl was not too sure about what she saw, and Mary introduced him as John's sister, Gloria. "Thank heaven for Sis," John thought. This was the second time she had saved his life.

Finally, they went home where John began to calm down a bit after all these exciting experiences. Mary told him to go and prepare dinner while she packed his suitcase with everything he would need. It had been decided that John would leave tomorrow for the villa of Dr. Hepstein to begin his training.

That evening, little was said. Mary called Dr. Hepstein advising her that she would deliver John the next morning at 9:00 am. Dr. Hepstein answered that everything was in readiness for John's schooling.

John slept little that night. He tossed and turned and his thoughts kept returning to the things which he might expect in the next period of his life. He realized that it would be most important for him to pass all the tests and he was determined to give his new life a real good try. No matter how hard it was going to be. He tried to picture in his mind how it was going to be, but then he realized that it was nothing but empty speculation.

Finally, early in the morning, the bliss of sleep came over him.

## CHAPTER SIX

When John woke up he heard Mary already fussing about, somewhat to his surprise. He had expected that he would be ordered to serve her breakfast in bed. He slipped on a robe.

With a feeling of apprehension, he remembered that today, his first day of "femininity" training would begin. He meditated on the fact that if things went as planned. . .he might never spend another day in his life as a man.

He took a shower and quickly dressed. He noticed that Mary had already picked out his clothing. Nothing too frilly, just a simple blouse and black skirt. He attached his stockings to his waist-cincher, smoothed out his attire and paid special attention to his make up. He combed and brushed his hair and regretted secretly that it was not longer. The permanent had fluffed out his hairdo quite a bit and it did look attractive in a pert sort of way.

Finally, he was ready and he went downstairs to prepare breakfast. When it was ready, Mary and John sat down together at the breakfast table, probably for the last time in many months.

Mary looked reflective, and her usually hard face seemed to show

strain, almost as if she was concerned over what was about to happen. "It's for the best," she said.

John, taking advantage of what seemed to be a weak moment, said, "I will sure miss you, Mary. What are you going to do while I am away?"

"Some traveling, probably to Europe. Try to forget the strain of the last few months."

"I hope you won't forget me," remarked John, only half in jest. He realized that the next period in his life would bring a great change in his life and especially in his relationship with Mary. Suddenly, he felt pangs of regret about his decision. Had he been ill advised to take this difficult step? Could his transformation be successful?

Mary did not reply at first. Then she said sternly, "Well it is what you wanted, is it not?"

"I guess so," said John. "I never thought that our marriage would end this way."

"I will probably think of you occasionally," said Mary. She sounded like this was a great concession.

She let the conversation lapse and when they were finished, she told John to clean up and finish the dishes so he would leave an orderly house. She also made him make the beds and generally straighten out the rooms. It was just before 9 o'clock when John grabbed his valise, with his few feminine clothes. Mary had packed nothing personal or reminders of the past, nothing of sentimental value. Silently they drove to Brewster.

When they arrived at the estate, John wanted to kiss Mary good-bye. But Mary turned away and when he had taken his suitcase out of the car, Mary drove away without so much as a "so long." John just stood there watching her drive out of the grounds, hoping she would at least wave.

Downhearted, he turned to the front door of the house and after some hesitation, rang the bell. After a little while, he heard footsteps and finally the large door swung open and a kindly looking lady asked him to come in.

"You must be the new pupil," she said. "What's your name?"

"I am Jill Howard. Dr. Hepstein is expecting me."

"Alright, just follow me." While walking to Dr. Hepstein's study, John wondered whether this woman was to be one of his teachers. She was dressed in black with some stylish jewelry and an attractive hairdo. Generally, she looked like an attractive, well dressed, but somewhat conservative lady, in her late fifties. She did not speak further, so John did not dare to ask her any questions right away.

Without knocking, she opened the door to Dr. Hepstein's study

and said, "Here's the new girl." Then she said to John, "I am one of your teachers. You may call me Miss Betty." Then she left and closed the door behind her.

Dr. Hepstein was sitting behind a large desk, writing, and she paid no attention to John, who decided to wait patiently until she was finished.

It took her a full 10 minutes and John was beginning to feel awfully small and insignificant at this deliberate snub.

Finally, she looked up. Stiffly, she said, "First of all, we will give you a check-up. You can undress in there," pointing to a small alcove set aside from the room

When John was down to his panties and bra, Dr. Hepstein led him through the alcove and another door into a well equipped doctors office.

Dr. Hepstein gave John a thorough going over, checking all the usual things. But in addition, making careful notes of hair distribution, size of breasts, and many other measurements. She asked John many penetrating questions, whether he still wanted to be feminine, and "Do you feel like a girl?"

John answered as best he could. Finally, without ceremony, Dr. Hepstein gave him an injection of female hormones in his derriere. It sure looked like a large dose to John, but fortunately it did not hurt too much.

Then Dr. Hepstein finally seemed to be ready and told John to get dressed, again pointing to the alcove. As John obeyed, he noticed that his outer garments had been removed. In its place, neatly laid out, were a pink maid's morning uniform with a white Peter Pan collar and white cuffs on the short sleeves. Also a white bib apron, which John put on without hesitation.

After straightening out his new uniform, John approached Dr. Hepstein who stood waiting, eyeing him critically. "You should be used to your new attire," she said.

"Now that you are here," she said, "you must realize that you have an awful lot to learn. A new person must be made and you must learn to forget your male past completely. To do so you must obey our every rule strictly and you will be supervised and taught from dawn until late at night. There will be no letting up and you will be under strict discipline at all times, with severe and prompt punishment if you fail in anyway to live up to our expectations of your new feminine self. This is the only way a successful transformation can be completed."

John nodded agreement.

"You realize of course, that you now have no means of income and in the future will be dependent on what you can earn in female

occupations. In order to help you earn a living in the future, we will train you completely as a domestic. There is a great shortage of housekeepers in this area and when you have completed our course you will always be able to earn a living as a maid.

"You will undergo 3 months of training which will include many feminine talents, such as cooking, sewing, child care, all of which will become completely natural to you and will be almost instinctive."

"You will have to endure a great many indignities to make you completely passive and servile and there will likely be days when you will strongly regret your decision to enter this house."

Dr. Hepstein went on and on, telling John more about the complete course until she saw that John was becoming almost pale with fright. "Well, that is what you wanted, is it not?" she asked.

"Eh...yes...but."

"You're here now and there is no turning back. Here, sign this release." John was given a piece of paper which had a printed letterhead, "Correctional School for Girls." On it was the following statement ready for John's signature:

'The undersigned, Jill Howard, being of sound mind and body, has voluntarily entered the full course of training in this school. She hereby agrees to fully obey all regulations and orders, without question and in full submission to her superiors.

She hereby agrees that she welcomes any punishment which may be the result of any infraction of the regulations, disobedience, displeasure of her teachers, for whatever cause.

She agrees to strive diligently for her goal to become an attractive and complete female and to complete the course for domestic worker until the time of the 'white cap' ceremony and graduation.

Brewster, New York Dated:

X

John paled at reading this. What have I let myself in for, he wondered. "What about this clause indicating a 'complete' female?" asked John in a small voice. "I don't want an operation."

"You won't have one, if you don't want to," answered Dr. Hepstein. "That's just in there in case you change your mind or we think it's best."

Nothing else was said and Dr. Hepstein just stood there watching him, demanding his signature. Seeing no way out, John finally but reluctantly signed.

"Good!" remarked Dr. Hepstein in a satisfied way. She gave

John a pile of papers and pointed to a desk and chair. "Fill out these questions, you have a lot to do before you must serve lunch."

John sat down and began. Pretty soon his face began to flush, so personal and penetrating were the questions. Apparently it was a test to determine just how feminine his body and psyche was.

One question was, "Mention all desirable traits of a woman."

Dr. Hepstein, who had been looking over his shoulder, said, "You should come up with at least 30." That sure stumped John. He could think of beautiful, neat, loving, demure, passive, obedient, elegant, graceful, feminine, pert, intelligent, mature, artistic, small, well-shaped, soft, well-postured, dignified, sophisticated, sexy, well manicured, well-dressed, but nothing else.

"You have a great deal to learn about being a woman," said Dr. Hepstein. There were a great many other questions such as "Why do you want to be a girl?" "How much of a woman do you feel now?" (give percentage). When reading the next one, John really blushed. It asked, "What kind of man would you like to marry?" Having filled in the previous question with 50%, he left this one blank.

Finally, all ten pages of the questionnaire were complete and as Dr. Hepstein took the papers from him, she pushed a button on her intercom and said, "Jill is ready. You will report to me every other day at 10 o'clock sharp for further mental sessions and hormones. Now I will turn you over to your Mistress Betty. Make sure that the school can be proud of you."

Without a further word, she turned around and started to work at her desk. John just stood there until the door opened and Miss Betty told him to follow.

She seemed to be a much softer person than Dr. Hepstein. "Did you get through Dr. Hepstein's tests all right?" she asked. John just nodded, still in some sort of a daze. He followed Miss Betty to the lower part of the house. Here, apparently is where the service was concentrated. John saw a large kitchen, and a laundry and at the end of a hall they came to a fairly large room furnished almost like a college dorm. There were 4 beds, each with a night stand and several large clothes drawers and dressing tables, simple, but adequate. There was a large, full-length mirror, and some other feminine furniture and chairs.

"You will sleep here," Miss Betty said, pointing to a bed in the corner. "You are the only pupil we have at present. Dr. Hepstein thought it better because of your age. Most of our pupils are younger. I am in charge of your appearance and domestic training. I trust that we can get along fine as long as you follow my instructions strictly and completely."

"I have prepared a daily schedule for you, showing all your activities and lessons. It is quite a full schedule, because as you know, you will be expected to act as our maid, in order to earn your keep. On the schedule you will also find the uniforms you are supposed to wear. You will find them here.

Opening a closet, John saw rows of uniforms, some pink, some green and some black. Some were very fancy serving uniforms. "You can put your clothes here, in these drawers. You may unpack now, but I will be back in exactly 15 minutes. See that you are ready. And make sure your apron bow is tied neater. I abhor sloppiness. I will require that you have a perfectly neat appearance, from top to toe. Your aprons should always be freshly ironed and starched and spotless, even if you have to change them ten times a day."

"Oh, and I almost forgot, you can wear a maid's cap only after you graduate. During your training you are to wear this white, small bow in your hair at all times. Right here on top." She put it in John's hair and it made him feel very feminine. When he looked in the mirror as soon as he was alone, he saw however, that it looked ridiculous on him. It might be good for a teenager or a cute little girl, but it sure did not do a thing for him. He pulled it out on impulse, and as soon as he had done it he was sorry.

Miss Betty seemed like a nice person and this was no way for John to act. He tried to put it back in his hair but his untrained hands just could not manage it properly. He started to unpack and was barely finished when Miss Betty entered again.

"I want you to start practicing tying your apron strings right now, until you can make an attractive bow." She pulled off the apron and made him tie it at least 15 times, until he somehow seemed to get the hang of it a little better.

"Here is your daily schedule. I'll hang it on the wall so you can study it later. Right now, you are late already. Follow me to the kitchen," she ordered.

There, John was introduced to the cook. John saw a woman at least 65 years old, overweight as most cooks are, and very slow in her movements. She had a kindly face with a ready smile and small blinking eyes. Her hair was white and she was wearing a blue uniform with a very large white coverall over it. "This is Miss Mary, and you will be calling her 'Mistress' also. She is your cooking teacher. There is also a chauffeur in this household and a gardener. Jim and William. These men know nothing about your background and you are expected to behave completely like a girl. You will be severely punished if you raise any suspicion with them so you'd better make sure to watch yourself at all times. You will be serving them their meals in the pantry every day. You will call

them Mister Jim and Mister William, and you are not to encourage any familiarities."

Miss Betty left John in the kitchen where the cook put him to work, cleaning the breakfast dishes and pots and pans and some general cleaning. "I see you have some experience, Jill, in housework. That's fine, I like an efficient worker. I am sure we will get along very well." John smiled gratefully at these first kind words he had heard today. He blushed and did his best to work even harder to please Miss Mary.

It was close to lunch time and Miss Mary said to John, "You'd better get dressed for lunch. Hurry up. You only have 15 minutes."

John went back to his room and studied his daily schedule posted there by Miss Betty. He was shocked at the full schedule. He saw that in addition to the time and place it also gave the name of his teacher to whom he was to report each session, as well as what he was to wear.

"Well, I'll study the whole thing later, right now I'd better look at what it says for 12 o'clock."

"Set the luncheon table and serve luncheon," it said. "Green uniform, with white apron." So John quickly changed uniforms. He found that the green one fitted him perfectly. It was just the right length but just a little tight at the waist. He put on the apron which apparently matched this uniform as it had green trimming all around. He looked in the mirror and straightened his curls and tried to push the little ribbon in place. As he was doing this, Miss Betty came in. "Hurry up, you're late for lunch! What the dickens did you do with your hair ribbon?"

"It came off by accident," explained John.

"All right, put it back on. No, not that way!" and she showed John how to do it properly so it fastened tightly to his hair. Then she pulled it out again and made John do it ten times so that finally he could do it himself.

Miss Betty marched him to the dining room and showed John quickly where all the things were to set the table. She watched him do a reasonably correct job, although she had to make many corrections. Apparently, everything had to be just so and John flushed when Miss Betty became impatient and hit him hard on the fingers when he misplaced the napkins.

Just when everything was in readiness, another lady came in. Miss Betty introduced John as the "new girl." This woman had a harsh and haughty look. Her face seemed unaccustomed to smiling, was willful, strong and anything but beautiful. This was Miss Clara. "Doesn't he know enough yet to curtsy properly?" she asked. John blushed. That was something new and he nervously attempted it and

promptly fell over. He felt ridiculous and his face became scarlet. He got to his feet and stood there silently looking at Miss Clara. She said, "I am in charge of your physical education, discipline and correction as well as your teacher in feminine behavior movements and obedience. You will report to the gym at 3 o'clock. And don't be late!" With that the ladies sat down and presently Dr. Hepstein came in. John went to the kitchen in order to get the first course. After a while, he returned with a large tray and carefully presented it to his mistresses. He was harshly reprimanded, however, when he misjudged the pecking order in this household. First, Miss Clara had to be served, then Dr. Hepstein and then Miss Betty. Apparently, Miss Clara dominated everyone else in the house.

The rest of the lunch was uneventful, although John was very nervous while serving for fear that he might spill something. When lunch was finished, the women left the room and Miss Betty remarked over her shoulder that the table should be cleared without delay and luncheon served to the other people in the household.

When John returned to the kitchen, he saw Miss Mary sitting at a table in the pantry with two men. He was introduced as the new pupil. The gardener was an older, friendly looking man who shook hands with John. The other was a handsome, younger man, with bold eyes and a clean shaven face. Well built and athletic looking, he gave John the male "once over" and was apparently satisfied with what he saw. "Glad to have a pretty girl around," he said. John blushed deeply and thought, "I have to watch out for him; he looks like a girl chaser."

John found that he was to serve the luncheon to these three and only after they were finished did he get a chance to sit down at the fourth place at the table, and eat whatever was left.

John was hungry by now. It had been a long time since breakfast. Miss Mary, who was watching, said, "Hold it girlie, you have to watch your figure! One helping is more than enough for you." She also took the dessert away before John had a chance to even taste it. Miss Mary ordered John to wash and dry all the dishes, pots and pans and after an hour of hard work, everything was finally spic-and-span.

Miss Mary told John that he could go to his room now. It was 2:30 and John had a half hour until gym class. He picked up his daily schedule and started studying it. It read as follows:

6 am Gym room, calisthenics, physical exercise, leotards

7 am Bath, prepare uniforms for the day, make up

8 am Set breakfast table, help cook breakfast and serve breakfast.

Clean table, wash dishes. Wear morning uniform with white apron

9 am Miss Betty: How to behave as a lady

10 am Cleaning and dusting of house, instruction by Miss Mary. Making beds and all other things required to keep an orderly house.

12 pm Set luncheon table, help prepare luncheon, serve lunch and clean up afterwards. Green uniform with white apron.

2-3 pm Free time and rest. During this period you are required to study, practice or prepare for other classes. \*Dress is optional.

3 pm Sewing class with Miss Betty. White pinafore required.

4 pm Serve tea. Black uniform with tea apron.

4:30-6 pm Cooking class with Miss Mary. White uniform with coverall apron.

6:15 pm Set dinner table. Serve dinner. Black evening uniform with lace bib apron.

7:30 pm Clear table, clean up and wash dishes.

8:30 pm Wash clothes, lingerie, iron, repair where needed.

9:30 pm End of day conference with teachers, review of activities, disclosure of punishments. Attire as ordered.

10 pm Lights out.

\*During the entire day you will be responsible for answering the door bell and telephone. Therefore, it is imperative that a complete afternoon uniform be worn since no pupil may appear out of her room without being properly attired.

After reading all this, John sighed, "I wonder whether this is 'seven day-a-week slavery'. When do I get fresh air?"

John looked at the clock. It was nearly 3 o'clock. The schedule said sewing class, but John thought it better to follow the instruction of Miss Clara. Since nothing was said about what to wear he decided to wear the same luncheon outfit. He found out from Mary where the gym room was and knocked at the door.

"Come in," someone shouted and John opened the door. There he saw Miss Clara standing, tall and demanding in the middle of a very large room, only a little smaller than a real gym hall. Apparently the whole basement had been converted for that purpose.

Miss Clara was dressed in a tight fitting black dress, with white collar and long sleeves. She had on old fashioned button shoes with medium high heels and a black patent leather belt. Except for her age and conservative clothes, she could double for one of these hefty females illustrated in books like "Satana" and "Domineta."

In the room was all kind of gymnastics equipment. At one end there was a bar along the wall with large mirrors. At the other end were things John did not immediately recognize but which might well have been relics from an old dungeon.

"Today the sewing class is canceled so that I can have an

introductory session with you. You must once and for all recognize that your entire schooling will be very strict. You will be expected to obey every command, no matter how painful or disgusting or humiliating. Blind obedience is what I will constantly demand.”

With that she fastened bracelets to each of John’s wrists. They closed with a click. When John moved his hand to his sides, he heard what sounded like little bells attached to the bracelets.

“These will help to remind you that you are now a girl with every step you take. And of course this way your mistresses can always tell where you are.”

“Now, first of all you must learn how to curtsy. You are expected to do this every time you see or meet one of your mistresses, no matter where you are or what you are doing. This, of course, also applies to guests and all the patients visiting Dr. Hepstein, even children.” Miss Clara then made John do curtsy after curtsy. The first ten times he fell over. But then he learned to keep his balance.

Miss Clara made him do this for more than thirty minutes and all the muscles in his legs began to ache. He hardly could straighten out and finally Miss Clara saw that John was getting too tired.

John looked immediately at his arms. He saw on each wrist a thin silver bracelet closed with an attractive little padlock also of silver. This little lock really looked like a small key ring and attached to them was a little silver bell which had an attractive sound. He also saw that he could not get them off without having the key to the lock. He thought, “I’m getting to be like a Christmas tree. First my ears and now this.”

The next half hour was spent teaching John to move gracefully while walking. Miss Clara insisted that he swish with short steps and with feminine wrist movements, which made the bells cling merrily. John was wearing fairly low heeled shoes to match his uniform. And without high heels he found that he had the habit of taking steps that were too large. Miss Clara told him many times to watch this. “We will have to find hobbles for you if you do not learn faster.”

John did his best. Finally Miss Clara said, “This is the way I want to see you walk from now on. We will, of course, have many more training sessions every morning.”

Some more time was spent in sitting down and standing up. Endlessly repeated. John never once forgot to straighten out his skirts under him before sitting down.

“That’s not too bad” said Miss Clara. “But you need a lot of improvements. Now it’s time for your cooking class. Get quickly into your white uniform,” she said, slapping John on his fanny as a sort of good-bye. John left the room with a sigh of relief and walked

clankingly to his room. The bells on his wrists really reminded him to walk "with his hips" as his skirt swayed against his legs.

After all this exercise he felt he needed a quick shower and thereafter put on clean undies and his fresh white cooking uniform. He tied on the large coverall white apron and left for the kitchen. Miss Mary was waiting for him there and pretty soon John was engaged in all kinds of fancy cookery. He realized that Mary was a really accomplished cook and he could learn a lot from her.

Apparently his mistresses were Epicureans because the dishes he helped prepare were really fancy. And smelling all these nice odors made John feel hungry again. As he was about to taste some of the soup, Miss Mary scolded him severely. "You are on a strict diet. Miss Betty noticed that your uniforms are quite tight in your middle. You are not to taste even the smallest morsel and will eat only what I give you. Do you understand?"

John nodded, but he noticed that Miss Mary, for all her kindly looks and "cookery" figure, really meant business and could hand out punishment like Miss Clara. So he obeyed and put the soup spoon down again. Miss Mary lost no time in teaching John the tricks of the trade. "The Hepstein Ladies expect a six course meal every evening and we will have our hands full."

So John did his best and helped as much as he could, picking up valuable information all the while. He went about it so business-like, that he forgot his feminine movements.

Miss Mary said, "You'd better watch how you walk. If Miss Clara sees you marching around like a Prussian, you'll 'catch' it."

So John took smaller steps again and made the bells on his wrist tinkle. Finally dinner was almost ready. Miss Mary reminded John in a friendly tone that it was high time to get into his serving uniform. "Don't forget to put on your best lace apron for serving dinner."

John quickly changed into one of his best uniforms. This one looked like silk and the fit was much tighter than his day uniforms. He had trouble zipping it up the back but finally succeeded. He then freshened up his makeup. The skirt was a little shorter than the other uniforms and because they showed so much leg, John wanted to wear black stockings which made his legs stand out even more, but there was no time to change. Quickly, he went into the dining room in order to set the table. There he found Miss Betty waiting for him. He almost forgot to curtsy but at the last moment he fortunately remembered. "You're 5 minutes late; don't let this happen again."

Setting the dinner table was quite a ritual John discovered. It was like dining in the Waldorf Astoria, the table being set with exquisite crystal, Wedgewood plates, finger-bowls, the works. And everything had its place down to the last inch. John had a lot to learn all

right. Miss Georgian and Miss Clara came in together and sat at the table. They were dressed in beautiful evening dresses, somewhat old fashioned but made of unusual and costly materials.

John curtsied to each of them and helped them onto their chairs. Then he left for the kitchen. He was conscious that the eyes of his Mistresses were following him approvingly. John was conscious of his attractively clad and shaped legs as he left the room. "I'm beginning to be glad I'm a girl," he thought, "and I haven't even had a cocktail. I'm glad my skirts are short."

He soon reentered the room with a large tray carrying 3 steaming plates of hot soup, bringing a delicious odor into the room along with him. He served the soup without mishap. Miss Betty told him to stand in a corner of the room and watch closely in order to anticipate the needs of his Mistresses. He did so and his stomach really began to hurt with hunger, when he saw the three ladies eating so heartily. "This is real torture," he thought.

The next courses were also served to the satisfaction of his mistresses. As he moved about gracefully, removing plates and serving the various dishes, he could feel the approval of his Mistresses. And this made him do his best to do everything even better. As he left the room to get the coffee from the kitchen he overheard Miss Betty say, "I think we have a jewel finally, a great improvement over those young stupid females we have had in the past. Her age is becoming to her. She does not look a year over 20." John blushed when he heard this and went along to the kitchen humming a song.

It was past 7:30 when the ladies finally finished their desert and coffee. They left the room and John cleared the table as quickly as he could, taking all the dirty things to the kitchen. When the dining room was orderly he still could not sit down to eat until he had served Miss Mary and the 2 men. When he finally did get to eat, he found a very small portion being dished out by Miss Mary. "I could eat a can of dog food," John thought "and a bag of birdseed for dessert."

But no dessert was forthcoming for John and Miss Mary ordered him to do the dishes immediately. "Here, in the future, use this when doing the dishes or other dirty work," she said, handing John a blue and white striped pinafore. "This will protect your best uniform." John put it on and went to work doing the dishes and clearing the table in the pantry. The 2 men had left after wishing him a friendly "Good Night." William looked at him with a real admiring look on his face. It made John feel good.

By now he was beginning to get tired. It had been a long, exciting day, and he could not remember when he worked harder or longer in his whole life. Finally everything was done. Miss Mary inspected the kitchen and made John mop the floor because some food had

been spilled during the preparation of the meal. "I want you to leave this place looking like an operating room every night," she admonished.

"Yes, Mistress," John replied and went to work. He thought how lucky he was to have had training in this kind of work at home as a boy. At least he now knew how to go about it quickly and efficiently.

Finally Miss Mary dismissed him. She also seemed pleased with his work. In parting she said, "You still have an hour left to wash your lingerie and iron your uniforms and aprons for tomorrow. Remember to wear your very best uniform and apron for the teacher's conference at 9:30 this evening. You will be closely inspected for daintiness, from top to bottom and inside out. Make sure you look your best, neat and well groomed."

John went to his room and fell flat on the bed, kicking off his shoes. "I'm really bushed," he thought. "But then the first day is always the hardest."

John almost fell asleep, but he remembered just in time that he had things to do.

He remembered what Miss Mary had told him about the inspection at the teacher's conference and decided that he'd better take a shower. He undressed and washed his lingerie and took all the uniforms he had worn that day to the washing machine. Then he took a shower. The bathroom was well equipped with nice smelling soap, bath salt and other feminine accouterments. He really felt refreshed and after drying and dusting himself he put on fresh lingerie, his best panties, matching bra and slip. He put on his nicest black evening uniform with the attractive lacy bib apron, black stockings and this time he decided to wear the black 3" heels he found standing in the middle of the room. Just his size too.

After getting his laundry back to his room to be ironed, he looked at the clock and found that he was already 5 minutes late.

Hurriedly he ran to the living room, bells a'ringling.

There he found her mistresses including Miss Mary waiting for him all dressed up in beautiful gowns. Apparently this was a real ceremony, like the changing of the guard or something.

John curtsied for each of the ladies. Miss Clara spoke severely, "You are extremely late. Punctuality is a must for our pupils, you will be severely punished for this mistake."

The ladies looked at each other like John had just murdered somebody. Then Dr. Hepstein started talking, "This is your first review and it will be held every evening so that you may discuss and apologize for your errors and avoid them in future. As today was your first day, we will not be too severe with you." John was left

standing like a criminal facing a sentencing judge. His feet were neatly together and his hands were folded lightly in front of him. Miss Betty spoke next, "You have forgotten to put the white bow in your hair, as I told you. It must be worn by all pupils at all times. If you forget it again, I will think of something that will remind you of your omission for a long time."

Miss Clara then discussed his training hour. "You are a long way off from femininity. You will have to work very hard to become a soft, graceful and attractive female. First of all, your figure requires a much smaller waist. You will have to wear a very tight training corset at all times. I will personally lace you into one tomorrow morning, first thing. Your present size uniform is 16 and within a month we want you to wear a size 12 without your waistband being tight. Accordingly you will maintain a strict diet under the supervision from Miss Mary. Do you understand?"

John just nodded.

Miss Mary fortunately had no complaints. She even smiled at John and said that she hoped to make John into a very good cook and kitchen worker.

Miss Clara then asked whether he understood the daily schedule and what was expected of him. John nodded again. "Remember that you have to curtsy to everyone in the house whenever you see or pass them. This sign of obedience and respect is very important during your training."

Miss Betty then told John that his work week was 6 days and that all classes were canceled on Sundays. Sunday morning he was to attend church. And of course you will have to serve all the meals on Sundays and do the cleaning.

"During your basic training, you are under no condition to leave the grounds. On Sunday you may, of course, walk in the garden, if you like."

This sounded like it was a very great concession, and John almost smiled.

Miss Mary then said kindly, "We realize that during these coming months, you will be very busy as you will have no help. However, we deliberately postponed the arrival of other pupils because you are a little older. We wanted to save you from the embarrassment of seeing other, younger pupils smile when you may have to undergo some indignity or other form of punishment. Therefore it is in your own best interests to try and carry on alone. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Ma'am," replied John.

All this time John was standing sort of "at attention," while the teachers were discussing something amongst themselves. Suddenly Miss Clara said, "Don't stare at us, it is most impolite." John

immediately lowered his eyes and watched his feet for the rest of the session, trying to look as demure as possible.

Finally he was dismissed. John curtseyed again and left for his room. There he undressed quickly, put on his nightgown and set the alarm clock. Very soon he fell into a deep, well-earned slumber.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

The next morning John awoke refreshed and happy. Where the day before he had been nervous about what was going to happen, he now knew he had nothing to worry about. He realized that as long as he did what was expected of him, he would be treated well. And John never did mind hard work even if it was limited to feminine chores. He thought, "After all, this goes with being a girl."

Quickly he got up and took a nice long bath with plenty of good smelling perfume in it. He carefully went over his body, to see whether there was any unsightly hair. Then he put on his underwear and sat in front of the mirror in order to put on makeup. John thought, "Remarkable how my facial hair is disappearing. I really do not have to shave today." Just to make sure, however, he gave it the once over with a depilatory and then started with his makeup. He remembered that he had to look real well groomed and that his mistresses would inspect him.

Then looking at his daily schedule he saw that he was due in the gym room at 6:00. He barely had time to slip off his undies and get into a flaming red leotard. It fit him perfectly, and looked feminine in so far as his hips and waistline were concerned. However the bust line left something to be desired in this tight garment. Although there was evidence of some nice mounds, a lot of improvement would be needed there.

He reported exactly on the dot to Miss Clara, who was waiting for him. She was wearing an old fashioned pair of bloomers and white blouse. "Slightly ridiculous at her age," thought John. But he had no time for further thought, because pretty soon Miss Clara was drilling him like he was in the marines.

First she went through all kinds of calisthenics with John. Then she noticed John's bust-line and said that they would be spending 15 minutes every day at least to improve the chest muscles. John had never done any feminine exercises before but he was quick to catch on. He had to do exercises to improve the tone of his tummy muscles, reduce his thighs, and then back to his walking exercises. He was wearing ballet slippers and still had a tendency to take too long steps. Miss Clara hit him hard in the calves a couple of times and that reminded him quickly to watch this detail carefully. After a while Miss Clara was satisfied with his stance and movements. "Remember always to move gracefully. You must 'glide,' she

would say, not 'march.' Let's hear those bells on your wrist. Then a session of 'get up, sit down.'" John thought, "If I do this every morning, I will be fit as never before."

To his surprise Miss Clara then took him to the wood railing at the end of the room attached to the wall. He learned that he was to be given ballet lessons and exercises, to make his movements more controlled and gracefully feminine. "They certainly go about this thoroughly," he thought. "They seem to have a lot of experience in this transformation business." He wondered how many males before him had gone through this and emerged perfectly feminine specimens. Pretty soon he was dead tired of all these new exercises. Miss Clara kept shouting commands and John obeyed till he was totally out of breath.

Finally he was dismissed. He went back to his room and took another shower. All his muscles seemed to ache. But still he felt healthy and fit.

Just when he was ready to slip into a fresh morning uniform, Miss Clara came in with a heavily boned white corset.

"I forgot to help you into this." With that she proceeded to clasp the garment around John's waist and began tightening it. She had no mercy when John started to complain and when she was finally finished and knotted the laces; John felt like a cell just having reproduced by division.

After Miss Clara left and John had finished dressing he noted in the mirror how much his already quite feminine figure had improved. And happily he went to the dining room to set the breakfast table and then to the kitchen to help Miss Mary.

She greeted him with a friendly "good morning" and looked approvingly at his neatly starched uniform and snow white apron.

John blushed a little but inside he was pleased and soon was involved in the various chores demanded of him. After serving breakfast to the Ladies and having cleared the table, he went to the kitchen to serve Jim and William, who were there waiting.

He saw that Jim liked what he saw and this made John very happy. He was becoming very fond of his new girlish figure, even though it was feeling awfully tight.

After breakfast and having tidied up the kitchen, Miss Mary dismissed him, so John went to his room to see what was next on his schedule. Dressed as he was he entered the living room where Miss Betty was already waiting for him. After his usual polite curtsey John was asked to sit down, which he did, neatly straightening out the skirt of his uniform under him. Miss Betty praised him for his neat appearance and then outlined the various subjects which she would teach. These included sewing, as well as fine needlepoint

work, embroidering, protocol from the angle of a woman, feminine behavior, manners, dressmaking, as well as many other subjects a girl must know.

After Miss Betty had outlined the program she remarked that today John would begin with some easy embroidery. John was given a fine linen tablecloth which had a beautiful design imprinted on it to be embroidered in all kinds of different and attractive colors. John had some trouble threading the needle but soon started, under the direction of Miss Betty. He found it very difficult at first and his tongue continued slipping out of his mouth trying hard to master this new activity.

After a little Miss Betty remarked, "There, you are getting the hang of it. It will be slow at first, but soon you will enjoy this." And she was right. As John improved he thoroughly began to enjoy this placid girlish work and his fingers became quite adept as he mastered this activity.

After an hour Miss Betty gave him the sewing implements and cloth and told him to work on this whenever he had a free moment to increase his skill quickly.

Next Miss Betty took him on a tour through the house showing him what had to be done and how to do it. John already was good in making beds as his wife had made him do it often before. The easy work such as dusting and tidying up also came naturally; he had done it often as a boy. Miss Betty was quite pleased with the efficient way he went about it. When he was put to work mopping the hallway and corridor floors, however, he realized that he had a lot to learn. It was a tiring chore. During the morning hours he was interrupted only a few times by the doorbell. He was beginning to be so at home in his new role that he had no compunction whatsoever in opening the door in his maid's uniform.

And the callers did not notice the real gender of the attractive servant who opened the door.

Soon it was lunch time and as John changed into his green uniform Miss Betty called him to hurry up.

John never seemed to have a spare moment to reflect on his new position and status. This helped him tremendously in going about his feminine work in a proper girlish way. He never had time to reflect or think about himself.

The course was evidently cunningly laid out, so that the pupils

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had no opportunity to think about themselves other than in terms of what the next feminine chore was that had to be done.

After lunch John spent his free time tiding up his room and studying his schedule.

He next reported again to Miss Betty, and this time was given lessons in sewing, maintenance and repair of lingerie, and other clothes. First John had to mend some of William's socks and this he found very hard to do at first. It took almost a whole hour to do only 2 socks. But gradually he was getting used to his thimble and Miss Betty did not seem to expect too much initially. Apparently she had been through this before with other "pupils."

The rest of the day went the same as yesterday and it was a very tired "girl" who reported to his teachers for the evening conference.

Fortunately, everyone seemed pleased with his behavior and he received nothing but praise and encouragement.

After he finally managed to untie his corset, John fell into bed and had no trouble falling into a deep, dreamless sleep.

The next day went much the same as the previous, except that at nine o'clock he reported to Dr. Hepstein instead of Miss Betty. Dr. Hepstein received him in the usual condescending manner. After giving John his hormone injection he was asked to sit down and had to answer many questions. Dr. Hepstein apparently was probing to learn his emotional progress as a girl and to determine the degree of adjustment John was making.

For more than an hour they discussed the transformation from a psychological as well as emotional angle. By forcing John to answer from a feminine view point, Dr. Hepstein succeeded in reinforcing the mental change which already was taking place through all his feminine activities and of course his girlish clothes.

Many weeks passed with John becoming daily more feminized. He did not even think about himself anymore as a man. His actions, movements, and thoughts became thoroughly female. Dr. Hepstein was quite pleased when John, after completing a test, showed that he was almost completely thinking as a girl.

He became used to his daily routine and never felt strange or uncomfortable in doing his work. He was becoming quite good at needlepoint and sewing. He had progressed to dressmaking and his first project had been a frilly, white feminine pinafore to wear when he did his sewing. After it was completed, Miss Betty praised him highly. After that he wore it with the great pleasure of accomplishment enjoying the excellent fit of the attractive apron. Even more so since he had made it himself.

He looked forward to his Sundays when he could go to church with his teachers dressed in a simple, but smart black dress and cute

little hat, which he also had made himself. In the afternoon he walked in the garden enjoying the perfectly kept flower beds and gravel walkways, getting a chance to wear his flowery skirt he made in sewing class.

On Sundays, when he had at least a few hours for himself to read, he found that his taste in literature was also changing to the more romantic books and tearjerkers which women seem to prefer. In the Sunday paper he completely skipped the news and business sections, which he used to focus on in his former days as breadwinner. Now he studied all the advertisements with fashions and read the women's pages looking for things of feminine interest.

There was no doubt that John had become a girl in mind as well as body. His waist was now 22 inches and his breasts had developed to the point where he now could use a 36B bra and have the cups fit rather snugly. His hair had become so long that it could be waved and several of his lessons with Miss Betty had been aimed at making him adept at the care of his hair, use of cosmetics and even feminine hygiene, having been advised to combed and brush his long wavy hair at least 100 times until it glowed.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

The months passed uneventfully. With the continued hormone treatment John was getting a full-blown female figure. He thought, acted, walked and talked like a girl. He had practically become a member of the household and never thought of himself other than as an efficient servant girl, grown used to his new life and never thinking about tomorrow.

One day Dr. Hepstein, in one of their talk sessions had asked, "Has Jim ever asked you for a date?" John blushed. The thought had secretly occurred to him several times that it would be fun to go out on a date and show off some of his new, self-made clothes.

"No, Dr. Hepstein, he never has."

Dr. Hepstein explained, as if excited herself, "Now that you are so close to graduating as a woman, we can lift the ban on you going out. Let me see whether you now have enough feminine wiles and attraction to get him to ask you for a date. I will see to it that you get the evening off if you are successful."

During all these months John, of course, had come to know the 2 men in the household to a certain extent. To Jim, however, "she" had always acted very standoffish. He replied curtly or not at all to his remarks and had discouraged any overtures, remembering what his teachers had told him in the beginning.

Lately however, John no longer regarded them as belonging to the same sex, and now, with Dr. Hepstein's permission he became more friendly and open to the men.

It did not take Jim long to read the green signal. Occasionally he would try to hold John's hand or put his arm around his narrow waist. "Stop," John would say, "you're wrinkling my apron," but his eyes would say "Not now!"

Ten days later Jim asked John for a date the following Saturday night. "I'll see whether I can get the evening off," John responded. When John mentioned this to Miss Betty, she seemed pleased. Apparently the ladies had discussed the dating problem with each other.

"All right dear, you can have the evening off after 5 o'clock. We will eat out, so you don't have to serve dinner that night."

John was pleased and said, "Thank you, Miss Betty."

"Think nothing of it; you have worked hard and deserve an evening of pleasure after all these months."

"What are you going to wear?"

"I hoped to finish that blue cocktail dress I have been working on."

The next few days during sewing lesson John worked feverishly to get it ready in time. He tried it on Friday afternoon and it fit perfectly. It had a low square neck, showing plenty of flesh and an elegant bouffant skirt which had its own rustling petticoats.

"You really look very attractive in it," Miss Betty said, very pleased with her pupil's accomplishments.

John blushed prettily. "Thank you, Miss Betty."

It was a very feminine feeling John had that Saturday night as he left on the arm of his handsome escort. Even with John's high heels, Jim was several inches taller and they made a good-looking couple. He spied his teachers watching him behind the white curtains as Jim helped him into the car. They went to have dinner in a simple but cozy restaurant in Danbury. There was pleasant music and after cocktails John felt in the best of spirits. As Jim toasted "her" silently before taking a sip of his drink, he really enjoyed that certain feeling women have when they feel they are being admired and adored.

After a very pleasant meal they went to the movies. Jim insisted on holding "Jill's" hand, occasionally petting it and several times he stole a kiss. To John's surprise he felt so completely female and willingly accepted, even returning one himself feeling very feminine and relishing being adored and desirable.

Afterward they went to a little place, with romantic intimate lights and after another drink Jim insisted that John dance with him. "But I never learned how to dance," John alarmingly said.

No refusal was accepted and soon John felt Jim's strong arms around his waist and felt himself being held close and whirled around to the tune of the band. Fortunately Jim was not a sophisticated

dancer, unimaginative too, so John did not have much trouble following the simple one two—one two.

After a while John lost his self-consciousness and actually began to enjoy the dancing. Jim asked many questions like where he came from and how he came to the Hepstein's. He told the truth, but instead of his own story he told that of his oldest sister Gloria, with minor modifications of course.

In the car on the way home, Jim became quite familiar. As John no longer needed breast pads, he allowed some intimacy, without encouragement, of course. He actually enjoyed the gentle stroking and petting and moved a little closer to Jim allowing him to his arms around him.

When they arrived at the Hepstein estate Jim stopped the car and gave him a long and ardent kiss. At first John wanted to fight, but suddenly he felt himself relax in the arms of his partner and soon kissed him back with a lot of girlish enthusiasm.

After the embrace, John sighed and straightening out his skirts, he let Jim open the door for him. With bright shining eyes, he thanked him for a lovely evening. "Let's do it again soon" said Jim. John merely nodded, and gave him voluntarily a goodnight kiss.

Happily he went to his room. He had won the battle of the sexes. "I am so glad that I am what I am," he thought.

That night he dreamed of being a princess in a golden coach, dressed in a jeweled white dress being carried off over the rainbow, by a handsome rich prince who looked remarkably like Jim.

The next day while serving breakfast, the Ladies could not wait to hear how the evening went. John told them step by step what had happened. Miss Clara was very pleased when she heard that John had danced gracefully with Jim.

"All my ballet lessons were not for naught," he said. As John ended his story he omitted the part about the passion but Dr. Hepstein was not to be denied. Looking at John with her gray penetrating eyes she asked, "Did he kiss you?" John blushed maidenly and had no alternative but to admit that he had. Dr. Hepstein was also pleased.

Later in the kitchen Miss Mary told him the news. Mrs. Howard had returned from her travels and would be having dinner with them that evening. John blanched. The last thing he wanted was to be reminded of his wife's existence. All kinds of thoughts welled up in him. Did he still love his wife, now that he had become such a complete girl? Did he want her to see him dressed as a servant and offering drinks and food at the table?

John did not realize it then, but later it became clear to him that his teachers were now going to put him through the final test in behavior (femininity, obedience, courtesy as a crown on his transformation.)

John was nervous all day. His teachers were not about to help the situation. Miss Betty had said, "Make sure you look your very best tonight and wear your best uniform, the one that fits so nicely."

That day was also his session with Dr. Hepstein. She completely understood the conflict raging in John's mind. That was why she asked John's wife for dinner in the first place and Dr. Hepstein wanted to study John's reaction closely. She asked all kinds of mean questions: "Did he want to see his wife again? Would he mind serving her tonight? Would he remember to courtesy properly to her? Did he mind being a servant girl with his wife present?"

John became irritated and confused. He almost started to cry. "I don't know, I don't know," he sobbed as he ran from the room.

As the day went on John calmed down a bit. Without understanding his deeply confused emotions, he resolved to make the best of it, and show off his femininity. It seemed best to act naturally submissive, the way he had felt the last few weeks. Happy and content in his girlish work, and in the realization that he had been trained to do woman's work well.

Later in the kitchen, while helping Miss Mary, John finally decided that he would treat his wife as any other visitor to the Hepstein house. He would under no condition take the first step in getting familiar and try to make himself believe that this was a stranger the Hepsteins were entertaining.

Miss Mary saw that John was preoccupied. "Don't fret about it dear. You have passed all your other tests beautifully. Don't worry, good training such as you have had, always shows in the end."

She even offered to help John with his hair, when it came time for John to change in his evening serving uniform. John accepted gratefully, "Thank you, Miss Mary."

John took particular care that afternoon with his dressing and makeup and when Miss Mary was finished with his hair and placed the ribbon on his wavy curls and fastened it with some pins, she said, "I have never seen you look more attractive." John thanked her blushing, though secretly very pleased with himself.

He was just putting his 3" heels on when the doorbell rang.

"My goodness! 7:00 o'clock already," said Miss Mary hurrying to the kitchen. With a final check of his stocking seems, John walked to the front door, where Mrs. Howard impatiently rang the bell for the second time. His knees felt weak and only with the strongest determination did he make himself go to the front door, which he

then slowly opened.

The confrontation was a mutual surprise.

As John curtseyed courteously, he noticed that Mary had let herself go completely. His former wife had gained at least 25 lbs. and her grooming left much to be desired. She was wearing a dowdy looking outfit that had become too tight, making her looking even fatter than she was. Her hair was styled in a hairdo completely at odds with her thick face. Inwardly John was greatly relieved. There was no spark, not a hint of the attraction which he used to feel towards Mary.

Mary was even more surprised. "Are you Jill, Miss?"

"Yes, Madam." Mary's face was almost green with envy at the attractive and efficient look of her former husband. John felt his efforts paid off handsomely when he saw the look of disbelief and admiration in Mary's eyes.

"Well, they've certainly done a lot for you."

John barely managed a polite smile. "Yes, Madam. This way please." Taking Mary's coat John led the way to the living room and announced the arrival of Mrs. Howard.

As John then left the room he could feel Mary's eyes following him constantly making him feel just a little awkward. But he was by now so well trained that his feminine elegance showed through just the same in his easy movement as he turned lightly on his heels to close the door.

"My Goodness," he heard Mary say through the closed door. "You perform miracles, Dr. Hepstein."

With a funny smile Miss Mary left for the kitchen and told the cook that the guest had arrived.

Soon John was dispatched with the cocktails, which he served to perfection. He could see that the Hepstein ladies were very pleased with his correct behavior and gracefulness.

He noticed when serving the hor d'oeuvres that Mary could barely keep her mouth shut in amazement at his appearance. The neat figure, shown off to perfection in the black, attractively tight fitting uniform. The shoulder straps on the pristine white apron showed the substantial bulge of his bosom and the string around his waist proved that his waist was as small as any young girl's. But John was not forgetting his place and showed no sign of familiarity or even recognition.

Later, when serving dinner and being constantly close to Mary, he realized that everything in his past relation with Mary was dead and gone. John felt like a stranger towards this guest. Thinking about it later in his room, John realized that now he was even a stranger to his former self. "Gilles Howard, Gilles Howard, Gilles

Howard. Who was that strange man? What happened to him?"

It would be obvious to anyone that John was the sole subject of discussion that evening in the Hepstein living room. But John was never told what went on in that room that evening.

When the bell rang for him to let the guest out, Mary's attitude had changed from admiration to envy and haughtiness. A certain change had occurred which John could not immediately identify. However, he did not let that faze him at all. When his former lover left the door with a cool, "Goodnight Miss," John closed the door almost with a feeling of satisfaction. He had done it.

He had passed all the tests. The first, having completed his transformation to a "girl" who no longer had any affection whatsoever for "her" former lover. And secondly, he had been able to give that perfect impersonal but polite and complete service demanded from a good servant.

When he reported later to his mistresses for the routine end-of-day conference, John blushed when he heard the high praise they bestowed upon him. A strong bond had formed between him and his teachers. They felt that John had become a prize pupil, one of their "best creations," while John felt grateful for the assistance and direction they had given his new life.

If you had asked John whether he wanted to change back to his old job and masculinity he would have flatly refused. He couldn't anyway. His manners, walk, gestures and carriage had become so completely girlish that he would look ludicrous dressed as a man.

It was a happy person who retired that night in his filmy nightgown with feelings of accomplishment and fulfillment of a job well done. He had found his purpose in life.

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(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

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In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

### SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

### NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

### ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

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Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

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John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

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Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

### DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

### GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

### NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

**TIT FOR TAT #19**

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

**THAT'A GIRL #20**

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

**WOMAN'S WORK #21**

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

**MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

**PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

**HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

**ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

**WOMAN-HOOD #26**

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

**HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28**

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

**MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**COED CREATED #42**

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED**

**#44 &45**

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

**THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58**

That's actually their son and father! This

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

**TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

**WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69**

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

**A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74**

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

**JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76**

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

**CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78**

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

**SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

**PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

**GIRLISH #87**

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

**GIRLHOOD #89**

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

**A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91**

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

## CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

**UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4**

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

**GIRLIES #16**

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home.

**DOUBLE ISSUE****MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

**I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20**

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

**DOUBLE ISSUE****REDTOES #21**

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

**CLEAVAGE #31**

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

**METAMORPHOSIS & META'**

**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

**FEMININE DESIRES #44\**

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

**MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47**

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

**SON TO SISTER #48**

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels! Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

**A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50**

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

**SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53**

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

### **BECOMING EMMA #57**

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

### **HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58**

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

### **DRESSES & TRESSES #60**

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62**

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

### **MY BETTER HALF #64**

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

### **A PARTY GIRL**

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

### **DRESSING DOWN**

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

#### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

#### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

#### **TV VACATION #3**

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

#### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

#### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

#### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

### **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

#### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

#### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

#### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

#### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

#### **IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)**

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

#### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

#### **CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7**

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

#### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

#### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

#### **FASHION MODELS #10**

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

#### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

#### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

#### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

#### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

#### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

**FEMININE FORTE #16**

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

**PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

**THE MAKEOVER #18**

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

**BOYS TO BABES #19**

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

**THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

**THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

**I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

**FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

**RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

**MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

**TITILLIATING TV TALES**

**HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

**HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

**HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

**AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND**

**AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

**UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

**PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

**A WILLING WOMAN**

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

**GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

**THE STORE BRIDE**

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

**PRETTIER IN PINK I**

**PRETTIER IN PINK II**

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

**MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

**WHAT SISSIES WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

**WHAT GIRLS WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

**PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT**

**ILLUSTRATED**

**SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

**#1 NORM:**

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

**#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

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