

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

## MAKEUP MATERIAL



*"Three delightful stories of boys who  
would be girls and how they  
face their budding femininity!"*

VOLUME 59

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

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**CONTEMPORARY TV  
FICTION**

VOLUME 59

***“MAKEUP MATERIAL”***

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# “MAKEUP MATERIAL”

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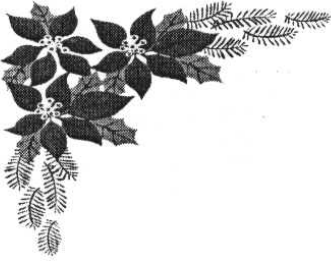
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## **QUOTE BOARD**

**“After my father found a cross-dressing magazine  
under my bed, he said I needed to be punished...  
I was hoping for petticoat punishment...”**



## “MAKEUP MATERIAL”

I knew that my designs were good. The working prototypes were proof of that. A lot of hard work had gone into the project, not to mention all of my personal savings...and it had all amounted to nothing. Oh, what a fool I'd been.

People in 'the business' had warned me that being a male would make it difficult, if not downright impossible to get form of major company backing.. But, oh, no, I knew better. Now I was about to lose everything, and there wasn't a damn thing that I could do about it. I should have had the common sense to know that a man could never be successful at designing women's lingerie. I was so sure that my designs for "Figure Forma" bras and control foundation garments would that highly competitive market by storm.

Pouring myself another generous shot of Southern Comfort, I tried not to feel too sorry for myself. It wasn't easy!

Unable to sleep, I was up at 6:30 the following morning. Not bothering to shower, shave, or dress, and wearing only a pair of rumpled boxer shorts. I padded barefoot to my small kitchen to brew a pot of fresh coffee. As I walked into the lounge to switch on the TV, I glanced at my computer, and saw that I had mail. Curious, I checked it immediately. The mail was from "Harpers and Lee", a small local company that produced the "Yes, Madam" range of lingerie. Sadly they had not kept up with the times, and were

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overshadowed by their rivals. Puzzled, I sat down. I didn't recall contacting them. Oh well, I suppose that I must have done so.

Their message was short and to the point. "Mr. Lange, we are interested in your new line of Ladies foundation garments. Please attend our offices at 11 AM, Tuesday 15<sup>th</sup> September, 02. Please supply your own model to show your garments, as our board of directors requires a full demonstration. Yours, Ms. Sylvia Lee."

September 15<sup>th</sup>? That was today, for crying out loud! How was I supposed to put together a demonstration and find a model in little over four hours? This was crazy, and most probably impossible. But I had to try! If I was going down, it might as well be fighting.

Frustrated, I slammed the phone receiver into its cradle. I had rang every model in town only to be told that all clients had to be vetted through the agency before they would even consider letting me book a model for a photo session or for promotional work. Their girl's safety came first. It was as simple as that! Okay, I had no problem with that, but what to do now? Jeez, it was almost 9:30 AM!

Then I had an idea, a flash of inspiration. Jennifer! Sixteen years old, and absolutely gorgeous! Even better, she was the daughter of my friend and next-door neighbor, Gina Nolan. Still barefoot, I raced across the hallway and urgently knocked on her door. She opened immediately, obviously just about to leave for work. I quickly explained my dilemma, and Gina cut me short.

"Richard! Richard! Listen to me! Jennifer would have been pleased to help you, but she is away until the weekend. She is visiting her father in Newcastle."

Dejected and beaten, I pushed my samples and a few notes into a small holdall. Glancing at my watch, I noted that it was 9:55. If I was going to keep the appointment, it was time to leave. All I could do was give it my best shot.

At Finsbury Park Underground, I quickly fed coins into the ticket machine. I grabbed my ticket and ran for the platform, just managing to jump on-board the train before the doors closed. Although well past rush hour, the train was still busy. I resigned myself to standing for the twenty or so minutes journey, being jostled as the train bumped and swayed along the track.

I noticed an attractive blonde in her mid 20's who was somehow managing to read a Dean Koontz novel entitled, "Fear Nothing". She caught me looking at her, and smiled, and asked, "Have you ever read any of his books?"

I shook my head no, and replied, "But I've read some by Shaun Hukson and James Herbert."

The blonde looked amused as she replied, "Nah, both are amateurs compared to this guy. Koontz is the boss, no argument."

I left the train at Picadilly Circus Underground station, glancing back as the train left the platform. Glancing back as the train left the station, I caught sight of the blonde. To my surprise, she smiled and waved at me. Before I could react, the train was gone, swallowed up by a dark tunnel.

The offices of Harpers and Lee were situated on Brewer Street in the heart of Soho, notorious for its many hookers and its gaudy strip clubs. As I pressed the intercom button, I couldn't help smiling, wondering how many of these working girls wore lingerie from the "Yes, Madam" brand.

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A metallic voice invited me to 'come in', and a buzzer announced that I should push open the door. Once inside, a wall mounted sign indicated that Harpers and Lee was one of five businesses with offices in the building. Slowly I climbed the stairs to the first floor.

A young receptionist greeted me and pointed to a small waiting area. "Please take a seat, Mr. Lange. Ms. Lee will be with you shortly. Can I get you a cup of tea or coffee while you are waiting?"

I declined with a "No, I'm fine, thanks."

Ten minutes later, the intercom on the reception desk buzzed, and a feminine voice said, "Please show Mr. Lange through to the boardroom, Alison. Also, ask Miss Chambers to join us."

Three women were seated around a large highly polished table in the boardroom. I noticed that all four walls were decorated with framed advertising posters, attractive models, all in various stages of undress, displaying "Yes, Madam" bras, panties, and basques.

"Please have a seat, Mr. Lange. If you'll bear with us, we are waiting for our research and development manager to join us. In the meantime, I'll do some introductions. To my left is Brenda Thompson, who is in charge of advertising and marketing. On my right is Stella Andrews, who looks after production and quality control. My name is Sylvia Lee. I'm the company Managing Director. I get the jobs nobody wants, like hiring and firing."

A knock on the door announced the arrival of a pretty blonde in her early 30's. Sylvia Lee peered over the glasses perched on the end of her nose. "Ah, Carol, do come in. Mr. Lange, this is Carol Chambers, head of R&D. Carol, this is Mr. Lange, and the gentleman I

told you about. She has some samples to demonstrate for us, on paper at least. They sound nothing short of remarkable. I would value your opinion."

Clearing my throat, I said, "I must apologize, ladies. This meeting was called on such short notice that I was unable to find a model for the demonstration. I'll pass the samples around the table for you to examine. I'm sure you will agree that..."

"Just a moment, Mr. Lange," Sylvia interrupted, "but if your garments can really do as you claim, why don't you model them yourself?"

"Me? Model these garments? Surely you can't mean...how could I possibly?"

"Look, Mr. Lange, is this really the right time for modesty? We are talking a contract that could be worth millions. Surely you wouldn't risk that because you are feeling shy...?"

She was right. There was too much at stake. "Okay, ladies, as you wish. But before I put on the body shaper, give me a moment to tell you about it. Imaging a foundation garment that you purchase in the size that you want to be, a garment with a built in "size memory" that can add inches to a girl's bustline, give her a smaller waist, and add inches to her hips and butt. My "figure forma" range will instantly transform any woman into the size that she wants to be without the need for diets and dangerous cosmetic surgery."

Carol Chambers gave me a mocking smile, and said, "I'm impressed, Mr. Lange, very impressed. I'm sure we would all like to see you demonstrate it fully." There was a murmur of agreement, and Carol pointed to a door across the room. "Please feel free to use the Ladies' room. None of us will peek."

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Blushing, I grabbed my bag and hurried into the cloakroom. I quickly locked the door behind me and sat on the closed toilet lid to gather my thoughts. I had two options: Make an excuse and leave, or return to the room and face those women while wearing my body shaper.

All eyes turned my way as I reentered the boardroom with the body shaper so tight that I could barely breathe, as it clung to me like a second skin. I certainly worked! I now had the sort of figure that most women would gladly die for. I heard gasps of approval from those seated around the table.

Contracts were drawn up and signed immediately. I was the new head of research and development at Harpers and Lee. I was given a very generous salary, a company car, free membership in the company medical plan, and of course, a 50% staff discount on all purchases. In all the excitement, I gave no thought to what would happen to Carol Chambers, for I now had her job.

Within two weeks of joining the company, my designs were in full production. Before they reached the shops and department stores, we decided on a meeting to discuss our targets.

Sylvia Lee read through the pages of notes before her, her wire frame glasses perched on the tip of her nose, giving her an 'owlish' look. "So, are we all agreed then? We need a new image to promote our new range. I'm very keen on Brenda's idea of putting a photo of the designer on the production package. Perhaps we could include a personal message as well, something like, '*my figure forma range is so light and comfortable that I wear my body shaper all day long. It's perfect for today's active woman...and believe me, I know!*'"

Everyone, including myself, thought this was a brilliant idea. Sylvia said, "Someone give the agency a call. Let's see what models are available. Richard, see if you can come up with a catchy message to be used alongside the model photo."

Up until this point, Carol Chambers sat quietly working her way through a packet of cigarettes, glancing at me with barely concealed hatred. She said, "Has anyone really thought this through? If word got out that the woman on the packaging was not in fact the designer as stated, but just a hired model, we could face not only public outcry and loss of potential customers, but we could also find ourselves facing a very expensive lawsuit. What you are proposing is downright fraud."

Stella Andrews put down her pen, sighed deeply, and said, "She's right, you know. We almost walked into a trap of our own making. If it weren't for Carol's quick thinking, well who knows what might have happened. Her question remains. What do we do now?"

"May I make a suggestion?" All eyes again turned to face Carol. "The answer is quite simple. We still use the designer's photograph and testimonial on the garment packaging as planned. It's an excellent idea that has worked in the past for us, and is a proven way to boost sales. Why not let Richard model the garment? It wouldn't take a lot to feminize him, maybe a stylish wig and some carefully applied makeup. His body hair is minimal and easily removed. We have seen the wonderful effect of his body shaper has in giving him a very ladylike figure. Richard would be perfect!"

"Now wait a minute!" I protested. "If you think that I'll agree to you dressing me up like some kind of sissy, then you've got another think coming. No way!"

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Carol smile, knowing that she had me on the run. “Richard, please! I urge you to reconsider. I only want what is best for the company...”

Somehow, I doubted it, but she had me backed into a cornered, and she knew it. I was in a no win situation. Forcing a smile, I said, “Of course I’ll do it. Forgive me. The idea of being dressed as a woman, well, lets just say that I’m not too keen on the idea, but I certainly don’t want to let the company down. After all, where would I be without you?”

My words had the desired effect. The three company directors were close to tears, looking at me as if I were their long lost son. Sylvia Lee was the first to speak, “Thank you, Richard. We won’t forget your loyalty.”

### *Photo Shoot*

I paced up and down nervously outside “Gemini Photograph” on Camden High Street in Northwest London. Glancing at my watch I saw that it was 9:52 AM. My appointment was for 10 AM. As much as I hated the thought of what lay ahead, I was resigned to my fate.

Upon entering the studio, an attractive young woman who introduced herself as Tiffany introduced herself. “I’m the company’s hairdresser and makeup artist. It’s my job to transform you into a pretty, ultra feminine young lady. Would you please follow me?”



*What had I agreed to? Was I so desperate for a job that I'd let them dress me as a woman so I could model my body shaper? Yeah! I sure was!*

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She took me past the studio into a large well-lit room. A massive illuminated mirror dominated one wall. A vanity table stood before it, its top littered in all manner of cosmetics, most of which I couldn't name. Six long shelves covered the best part of another wall, displaying a multitude of feminine wigs in every length, color, and style imaginable.

“We received instructions from a Miss Carol Chambers of Harpers and Lee as to the ‘look’ that she wants to achieve. We can start, Mr. Lange, if you step behind the screen and put on your body shaper, then slip on the robe provided.”

Minutes later, I sat at the vanity table trying my best to remain calm as Tiffany went to work on my face. She began by plucking my eyebrows, shaping them into twin thin arches. It was really painful, and when she finished, I was almost sobbing like a baby. Foundation and blush were applied to my face, accentuating my high cheekbones and giving my pale skin a healthy color. Next, Tiffany carefully attached long false eyelashes individually to my own. They tickled my cheeks and swept across my line of vision every time that I blinked. I gave them an exploratory tug, but only succeeded in making my eyes water. These were followed by mascara and eyeshadow, lip liner, and dark red lipstick, which gave my lips a sexy pout.

When finally the long brunette wig was slipped on my head, my hard manhood, trapped in the tight confines of my underwear, felt ready to explode. My body's reaction to my enforced feminization both surprised and embarrassed me. What was happening to me? Was I turning into some kind of sissy for crying out loud?

The photographer introduced herself as Julie. After complimenting me on my very feminine figure, she got down to business. She worked quickly and efficiently, talking to me, putting me at my ease. She only stopped to load film into her camera or to make quick adjustments to the studio lighting. She finished after twenty minutes. It was difficult to hide my disappointment. Julie smiled, "Your first time?" I nodded, not trusting myself to speak. "Well, I'm sure that it won't be your last, a pretty young woman like you..."



Getting up the next morning at 7 AM, I sleepily made my way into the bathroom. Switching on the light, I stopped dead in my tracks, staring with a mixture of horror and fascination at my reflection. My eyebrows! I had forgotten all about them, and the false eyelashes were still firmly bonded to my own! Even the eyeshadow and lipstick, although no longer as vivid, were still clearly visible. What was I going to do?

In desperation, I rang Carol Chambers. She planned the photo shoot. She would know what to do. "So, let me get this straight. You still have a woman's face after yesterday's little photo session, and now you are scared to go out," she laughed.

The little bitch was laughing at me, but what could I do? I needed her help. "Okay, Richard, just calm down. It's a bright morning, but very cold. Wear a pair of sunglasses to cover your eyes, and then wrap a woolen scarf around your neck. Wear it fairly high and it should help to conceal your mouth. I'll be in my office waiting for you when you arrive. Oh, and Richard, no talking to strange men!" She hung up breaking the connection before I could reply.

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The journey to work was a nightmare. I felt sure that everyone was staring at me, but if anyone on the early morning tube train noticed anything ‘different’ about me, they made no comment.

Storming into Carol’s office, I slammed the door shut behind me. I was fuming, too angry to speak. I stood and stared at her, trying to calm myself. She signed the document before her, put down her pen, and smiled at me. “Well, well, if it isn’t our own little supermodel, Richard...or should I now call you Rachel? Don’t look so worried, sweetheart, keep washing and your makeup will be gone in another 2-3 days, and your eyebrows will grow back in 6-8 weeks. Your long lashes may be a bit of a problem. They are semi-permanent, and will last for a minimum of three months, but most likely you will still have them another year.”

“You are a scheming bitch! You won’t get away with whatever you are planning!”

She lit a cigarette and sat back, her voice mocking. “No? Wait and see!”



My battle with Carol was quickly forgotten. My designs were selling well, helped along, I had to admit, by the eye catching package bearing my photo and ‘sales talk’ stating, “*I wear my body shaper, bra, and control panties all the time. ‘Figure forma’ garments made it fun to be a woman.*” It was signed “*Rachel Lange*”

Our advertising and marketing section, run by Brenda Thompson really pushed the ‘figure forma’ brand of garments. Before I realized what was happening, I was seeing my face everywhere. The national press, women’s magazines, and billboards carried it all across the country. I was so embarrassed!



I knew nothing about the company takeover until, like the rest of the employees. I received notice in a letter. It stated that recent negotiations were successful and that on March 1<sup>st</sup>, Harper and Lee would become a part of the Morgan-Kline group. The company's directors released a statement to assure all staff that their jobs were secure, but new contracts of employment would be issued.

Hurrying in out of the rain, I almost failed to notice that the Harper and Lee sign was gone from the reception area. In its place hung the Morgan-Kline group sign, its bold gold lettering on black layout instantly eye catching.

Alison, our receptionist was waiting for me when I reached the first floor. "Mr. Lange, the new managing director arrived an hour ago. She asked me to pull your file and contract of employment. She and Carol Chambers are now in your office waiting for you." I thanked Alison, lifting her chin and kissing her tenderly on the lips.

For some strange reason, I found myself pausing outside my office door, my hand raised to knock. I caught myself just in time. Taking a deep breath, I opened the door and entered, almost slamming the door behind me.

I intended to startle them, but it didn't work. Both women looked up calmly from their seats at my desk. Spread out before them was not only my contract and film, but also several 8x10 glossy prints of me from the recent photo session.

Carol smile, "Hello, Rachel...oops! I mean Richard. It's nice of you to make time to join us. Let me introduce Leslie Weaver, our new Managing Director."

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The woman stood to shake my hand. She wore a classic two piece tailored skirt suit, obviously very expensive. Her good looks were marred only by the coldness in her eyes. She looked to be in her late 30's, her collar length auburn hair was feather cut and layered, worn swept back from her face.

Her handshake was firm, so firm in fact, I was sure that my knuckles were bruised. Holding up my file, she said, "You make very interesting reading, Mr. Lange, but I'm afraid it leaves me with a dilemma. You see, if word ever got out that the beautiful 'Rachel', whose face adorns the product packaging is in fact a man, well, I'm sure you can imaging the outcry. The Morgan-Kline group cannot, and will not, be associated with that. A board meeting was called yesterday, and in conclusion, my associates and I decided that the only course of action open to us is to publicly dismiss you before commencing legal action against you.. Public humiliation aside, Mr. Lange, you would stand to lose everything. Then Miss Chambers came up with an idea that is acceptable to our directors, and would save not only your job, but also your reputation. I'll let Miss Chambers explain."

"It is really quite simple, Richard. To not be deceiving the buying public and breaking the law, all you really need to do is be true to the statements that you have made. You claim that you wear your designs all the time. Well wear them. Have fun as a woman! It's just a question of a change of image, your corporate image."

"You mean that you want me to dress and act like a woman will at work? That's crazy! I won't do it!"

Carol laughed. Shaking her head, she replied, "You aren't thinking this through, Richard. You will be

ruined. You'll never work again. Why don't you go home and think this out? But don't take too long. We need an answer by 3 PM today."

The journey home was a blur. I remember very little of it. The more I thought about it, the more I realized that I was in a no win situation again. They had me over a barrel and they knew it. Nobody was enjoying watching me squirm more than Carol Chambers, the man hating evil bitch. I'll show her!

I made the call just before midday. Try as she might, Carol was unable to hide the surprise in her voice, although she quickly recovered, I'll give her that. "I'm delighted that you've come to your senses, Richard. Come to work at 8:30 tomorrow morning. You will be measured for your new uniform, and of course, we'll have to do something about your hair and makeup."

Needless to say, I didn't get a lot of sleep that night. How dare they treat me like this! Did they think I was some kind of fruitcake or something, for crying out loud! I wanted nothing more than to tell them exactly what they could do with their job...in graphic detail, but I realized that I had too much to lose, a job that I enjoyed, seeing my designs through to production, not to mention a very generous salary. For the first time in years, I was actually out of debt. I even had some savings in my account. Anyhow, it was too late. I had given my word. Besides, how bad could it be?

## *Morning*

As arranged, I met Carol outside the 'Main Event', a lady's hairdresser and beauty salon just off Dean Street in the heart of London's Westside. She smiled as I

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approached, and gave a little wave. I forced a smile and mumbled, “Hi.”

Entering the salon, we approached the reception desk. The young blonde sitting reading a woman’s magazine looked up. “Can I help you?”

Carol replied, “Yes, my name is Carol Chambers, and this is my friend, Richard Lange. He has a 10 AM appointment with Ms. Tanya for ‘the works’.”

The receptionist called Pamela gave a knowing smile. “Please follow me, ladies. Tanya is waiting for you.”

We emerged from the salon almost two hours later. The best way to describe how I felt is ‘numb with shock’! Tanya had opted for an ultra feminine hairstyle for me using hair extensions to add considerable length to my own collar length hair. Dark brown, it hung long and straight to a point well past my shoulder blades. Tanya gave me full bangs that came down to my thinly arched eyebrows. My new hair was backcombed from the crown, adding height, leaving me with a hairstyle that was unmistakably that of a woman.

My face was again transformed beyond all recognition. My growing eyebrows were plucked into thin feminine arches. My still long sweeping lashes were coated with mascara. My full lips were carefully outlined before colored a dark shade of red. Long acrylic fingernails were bonded to my own nails before painted a red to match my lipstick. They were so awkward to handle. Already I was struggling.

In panic I turned to Carol. “How am I supposed to get to the office looking like this?”

Keeping a straight face, she managed to innocently reply, “Like what, Richard? I just love your hair.”

"Listen, you bitch, I don't like you any more that you like me. Get me back to the office and fast, or the deal is off!"

She must have realized that I meant business because she took my arm and led me through the streets of Soho. Quiet at mid-day compared to the hustle and bustle of the main roads, ten minutes later and we arrived. If anyone that we passed noticed anything unusual between my clothes and the feminine looking person wearing them, they chose not to comment. It was probably a good thing considering the mood I was in!

Leslie Weaver was waiting when we arrived back at the office. She made no comment about my feminized appearance. In a voice devoid of emotion, she instructed me to follow her to the boardroom. As we entered, she turned and slammed the door in the face of Carol Chambers, who was following a few steps behind us.

The new owner of Harper and Lee took some papers from her black leather document case and spread them before me on the polished table surface. "Okay, Mr. Lange, shall we get down to business? I have a proposition to put to you, Mr. Lange, an offer that will be made only once. Please do not interrupt me, and please give the offer careful consideration before you reply. Okay?"

I nodded agreement, and then she continued. "I believe that your innovative designs are a glimpse at the future of lady's lingerie. Your designs are totally unique. The sky is the limit if things go according to plan. You will be a millionaire within a couple of years, and the Morgan-Kline group will back you all the way, supporting you with more than just funding. We have

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developed a generous package for you. Please take a few minutes to thoroughly read this.”

My heart pounding, I reached for the slim folder that Leslie Weaver passed across the boardroom table to me. I opened the black leather folder that bore the Morgan-Kline group logo stamped in gold on its cover. I almost reverently removed the four sheets of paper it contained.

My commencing salary was nearly twice what I presently earned with Harper and Lee. A company owned luxury apartment situated in upscale Hampstead was included in the package, all rent and utility bills paid by the company. The offer included a generous monthly travel allowance and expense account, a private medical and healthcare plan, and even my clothes and accessories would be supplied free of charge by the company.

Closing the folder, I replaced it on the table. Finding my voice, I said, “A very attractive offer, Ms. Weaver, in fact, far too good to be true. There has to be a catch. Right?”

“Yes, I suppose you could say that, Mr. Lange. There is one small stipulation that you must agree to before we can precede any further. Women fill all our key staff positions. It’s a company tradition. You might say it is our corporate image. In accepting our offer, you would also agree to dress and live as a woman full time, both at work and at home for a period of not less than five years, at which time, you will be given the option of remaining with us and renewing your contract or you can leave, seeking pastures new. The choice, as they say, is yours, Mr. Lange. Any breach of the contract on your part would result in immediate termination of employment along with all its fringe

benefits. I would like to give you time to consider this offer, but to be honest I just don't have the time. I'm afraid it comes down to a simple 'yes' or 'no'."

I sat back feeling so confused. My mind reeled. How could I possibly agree to five whole years dressing and living as a woman? Yet the alternative didn't bear thinking about. I stood to lose literally everything that I'd spent the last few months working so hard for. What a dilemma!

My voice shaking, I looked at Leslie Weaver and said, "Okay, I'll do it, but please, do I have to wear skirts and dresses straight away?"

She laughed, "No, of course not. We will break you in slowly, but just wait and see, you will soon be so feminine that you will plead with us to let you wear them!"

I expressed doubt that such would be the case, but she continued, "All right, there is someone that I want you to meet. She will be your personal advisor until such a time as you are capable and confident in your ability to face each day as a woman. There is much you need to learn. Let her help you, and teach you the finer points of womanhood. I suggest that she move in with you, at least during the early days. You will need her help each day with your clothes, hair, makeup, and of course, your female hormone shots..."

Pressing the intercom button, she said, "Ask Sarah to come in now, Alison."

The young woman that entered was very self-assured, seeming to exude confidence. She looked me up and down assessing her task. Leslie Weaver made the introductions and Sarah and I shook hands. Leslie smile, "There's just the small matter of signing the

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contract, and then I'll leave you two 'ladies' to become acquainted."

We found a small corner table at "Best Possible Taste", a very up market eatery on Wardour Street. Over coffee and apple pie, we learned what we could about each other. Sarah Ward was twenty-three years old and absolutely gorgeous! Born Peter Mctigue, he realized at seven or eight years of age that he was different than other boys. Four years later, Peter was living fulltime as a girl. Female hormones followed, and by the age of nineteen, he was so pretty and feminine that no one would ever believe that he was anything other than the desirable young woman that he appeared to be.

Towards the end of the year, he found work as an office junior with the Morgan-Kline group. Peter worked hard, and slowly rose through the ranks until 18 months later, he was promoted to buyer, covering the Northwest of England. Then two days ago came the telephone call from Leslie Weaver...

"I'm so excited, Richard! Just imagine, free rein to totally feminize another male...basically against his will. Hmm! How could I resist? Believe me, honey, we'll have such fun!"

My 'story' obviously amused Sarah, for when I finished, she said, "Oh, how delicious! You are caught in a scrap of your own making, you naughty girl, you!"

### *Moving In*

The small moving van picked up the few personal belongings that I decided to take with me from my apartment on Finsbury Park. Sarah had advised against taking any of my male clothes, saying, "Dispose

of them, Richard, unless you want to put them in storage for 5 years, but I'm sure the company will supply you with anything you need if you decide to return to being a male at that time."

The Hampstead apartment was light, airy, and modern. They thought of everything, wide screen television, DVD player, expensive sound system, and even the large refrigerator fully stocked.

The apartment's one bedroom had a king size four-poster bed that dominated the room. Sarah was watching me with a slight smile playing around her red lips. "Not a problem, I hope, Richard?" she asked indicating the bed. "I can always sleep on the sofa."

"No need for that. I'm sure that we'll be very cozy together," I answered.

The walk-in closet was massive, and Sarah and I decided to each take a side. My heart was pounding as we unpacked numerous trunks and cases, all containing a vast array of the most expensive dresses, skirts, blouses, and sweaters, and sexy lingerie, including many of my designs.

Sarah said, "Don't worry, hon., it's only natural that everything feels strange at first, but you've got me to help you. You'll be one of the girls before you know it!"

It was midnight before we collapsed into the bed exhausted. I was asleep before my head hit the pillow. We were promptly woken at 6:30 AM the next morning by our radio alarm clock. Karen Carpenter was halfway through singing 'Rainy Days and Mondays'.

Sarah and I were wrapped in each other's arms, so I gently eased myself away. She gave a soft contented sigh and rolled onto her back. Turning her head, she smiled, "Good morning, darling. Did you sleep well?"

“You can say that. I was out for the count. How about you?”

“I just laid and watched you sleep for a while. It wasn’t hard to imagine how you’ll look as a woman. Are you aware of just how feminine your gestures and mannerisms are becoming? If I didn’t know better, I would swear that someone has been feeding you strong female hormones for several months.”

“No way would I take anything like that knowingly. No, Sarah, it just isn’t possible. Surely I would have known. Besides, who would do such a thing to me?” Almost before the words were out, I knew. It had to be Carol Chambers. Who else would be so cruel and spiteful?

Sarah pointed out how feminine my body had become. “Oh, sweetheart, how could you have not noticed? Just look at your arms, so slim and soft, devoid of any masculine muscle tone. What body fat that you had has redistributed, settling on you hips, bum, and thighs just like a woman. You’ve even started to grow breasts!”

“They have felt rather itchy and sensitive the past few weeks. I just ignored the problem, hoping it would go away,” I finally had to agree with her. I told her of my suspicions regarding Carol Chambers.

Sarah was shocked. “What she has done to you is immoral, and highly illegal. You could report her to the police or at least, let me tell Leslie Weaver what she has been up to.”

“No...I’ll deal with her in my own way, at my own time. Payback can be sweet,” I smiled.



As Sarah prepared my first injection of female hormones, she said, "In her twisted way, Carol has done you a big favor. Your body's level of feminine hormones is already high. The groundwork has already been laid. The twice-weekly shots that I'm going to administer will have immediate effect, accelerating your femininity. If all goes well, within a year, you will be unrecognizable as ever being male."

"And how about at the end of the five year period, Sarah? Will I just stop taking the hormones and be able to return to living as a man again?"

She hesitated a moment before answering. "I'm afraid it's not quite that simple. Five years is a long time, Richard. You will have changed so much, not just the obvious physical changes. Your every little gesture and mannerism will become feminine. Every day for the next five years, you will dress and live as a woman. It's bound to affect you deeply. Could you return to living as a man again? Are you sure you would want to? Your facial features will have altered dramatically. Your face will be that of a woman, as will your voice. Your body will be soft and shapely. Your breasts will be full and rounded. Richard, there is a strong chance that you may never fully regain your lost masculinity. Surgery may be required to remove your breasts. Chances are that at best, you will end up an effeminate male. My advice is that you make up your mind now before it is too late to go back. Either tell Leslie Weaver that you have changed your mind, reject her offer, and remain a male, or accept that the 5 years as a woman is more than likely to be for the rest of your life. Can you cope with that, Richard?"

I did a lot of soul searching, but still came up with the same decision. I would never get an opportunity like this again. With Morgan-Kline I can have a

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successful career doing the one thing in life that I enjoyed and knew that I was good at. Combine that with the sort of salary and perks that most people only dream of.

I bit my lip. My eyes were tightly closed as the sharp needle sank into the soft flesh of my right buttock, and then it was gone. Sarah playfully swatted my bum and said, “There you go, girl, your first dose of ‘girl juice’. Believe me, honey, you’ll be a gorgeous woman! Now let’s get you ready for work.”

As promised, I was spared the embarrassment of wearing skirts and dresses, but apart from that, I was expected to jump right into this ‘womanhood thing’. Twenty minutes later, and I was ready. If you were to ask me how I felt, I would answer in one word, SHOCKED!

What had happened before was playing ‘dress up’. This was the real thing! I felt like a butterfly emerging from its cocoon, but cocoon for me was shedding my manhood.

I wore a new long line ‘figure forma’ body shaper. It really made the most of my budding breasts, making them look enormous. My long hairless legs were encased in a pair of sheer lace patterned stockings. Sarah informed me that they were very fashionable at the moment.

A pair of women’s black slacks came next. I knew that they were women’s because they fastened at the side with four small pearlized buttons. They fit perfectly.

I almost protested when she held out the sweater that she had picked for me to wear. It was soft and fluffy pink angora. If these alone were not a giveaway

as to the gender the sweater was intended for, the slash neckline and full sleeves left no doubt at all!

A pair of simple black leather court shoes came next. I was pleased that their sturdy 1 ½" heel would pose no problem, but the expanse of lacy stocking showing between the bottom of my slacks and the shoes would.

With my 'new' long hair brushed and shaped, and my makeup freshly applied, I admitted that I was as ready as I'd ever be!! I cried, "Watch my makeup!" as Sarah kissed and hugged me.



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*My first day at work was traumatic! At first everyone stared. They all knew who and what I really was. Would they make my new job a living hell?*

The journey to work went without incident, Sarah squeezed my hand and whispered, "You're doing great. Don't worry, sweetheart, each day will get easier. I promise." And get easier it did! I even began to think of myself as Rachel Lange. The girls at work were great after their initial shock, quickly accepting me.

It was almost one month to the day when Lesley Weaver called me into her office. She couldn't have been nicer. "Come in, Rachel dear. Please have a seat. What can I say? I've received nothing but glowing reports about you, especially from young Sarah. You have taken to your new role remarkably well. Do you think that the female hormones are helping you?"

"Oh, yes, they take away the anxiety, the pain and despair that I felt at being feminized. Now it feels well...so natural. I accept what I'm becoming."

Lesley smiled, "Good! That's just what I wanted to hear, Rachel. I feel you are ready to move to 'step two'. Let me explain. First, no more blouses. From now on, I want you only in skirts and dresses. You must look your feminine best at all times. Your figure is coming along nicely, but with the new advertising campaign starting in less than a month, I want your breasts to be larger, ideally a 38C. I took the liberty of booking you at the company clinic this Friday for breast enhancement surgery, naturally paid for by the company. I take it that this is acceptable to you, Rachel dear?"

Docile and totally compliant, I murmured, "Oh, yes, Ms. Weaver. Thank you so much."

She smiled, "Good girl. Leave the final arrangements to me. Let's get down to business, shall we? After careful consideration, the board feels that

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your considerable talents would be more at home in the 'thick of things'. We want you to move to our production premises in Wood Green, North London. After all, who better than the designer to keep an eye on things?" Naturally I agreed.

#### *Hidden Extras*

The surgeon was situated on Harley Street. The brass sign was affixed to the wall on the left of the entrance door. It read, "Robinson and Partners, part of Morgan-Kline". With Sarah at my side, I pushed open the glass door and entered.

Almost nine hours later, we emerged again, my upper chest heavily bandaged, making me look and feel like an Egyptian mummy. Tablets were keeping the pain at bay, at least for now. I must have been mad to agree to this! They were turning me into some kind of freak...and I was helping them.

I gasped in pain as I lowered myself gently into the front passenger seat of Sarah's Vauxhall Corsa. I tried to speak, but could only manage a barely audible croak. My throat felt as if I'd been gargling with broken glass.

Back at our apartment, I took a couple of painkillers and went straight to bed. Perhaps sleep would bring with it a release from this numbing pain.

I awoke the next morning to the sound of birdsongs. Slowly opening eyes, I squinted against the sunlight that fell across my bed. To my surprise, I saw that Sarah was asleep in the large bedside easy chair. A quilt had slipped from her sleeping form and now lay on the carpet by her feet.

I felt like a peeping tom as I gazed at her feminized form with a mixture of wonder and awe. She was

perfect! The only giveaway that she was not the beautiful sexy woman that she appeared to be was the tiny shrunken bud of maleness that nestled between her long shapely legs. What an amazing transformation! I couldn't help but wonder if I would end up like her. She certainly seemed happy and contented. Perhaps she had the best of both worlds.

As if sensing my eyes on her, Sarah stretched languidly, her eyes flickering open. On seeing that I was awake, she smiled sleepily, "Good morning, Rachel. Did you sleep well, darling?"

Easing myself into a more comfortable sitting position, I replied, "Fine thanks. Those tablets really knocked me out. You could be an angel and get me a tall glass of cold orange juice. My throat is very sore."

"Sure. Hey, how are your new boobs today? They look enormous!"

"Better thanks, Sarah. They are down to a dull ache. It's my throat that I'm worried about..."

Looking concerned, she said, "While I'm downstairs getting your drink, why don't I give the clinic a call? See if they can tell me anything. If not, and you are no better a little later, I'll give Doctor Meridian a call and have him drop by."

"Okay, honey, and thanks," I croaked.

Ten minutes later, Sarah returned, the orange juice forgotten. Obviously agitated, she picked up a large rag doll from the bed and sat down in the easy chair. "Oh, boy, have they done a number on you, sweetheart! You've had your breasts done, all right, but it appears that they forgot to mention a few other things that they did too...and more important, obtain your consent."

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“As well as giving you hormone booster shots to speed up your initial feminization, you now have several slow release female hormone ‘chips’ inserted under your skin. They are fast acting, and of course, no more worries about forgetting your shots. The surgeon also carried out a procedure on your throat where your vocal chords were ‘shaved’, totally eliminating male bass tones and leaving your voice high and girlish, unmistakably female. The procedure is very popular with girls like me, but sadly more expensive than most can afford. It’s a shame, as the procedure is totally effective...and permanent.”

I understood Sarah’s anger at the company’s deceit, but what could I do? Things had now gone much too far for me to must ‘change my mind’. I was trapped and like it or not, my body was fast becoming a prison from which I could not escape. But why was part of me so excited at the prospect?

My ‘new’ breasts settled down nicely, eventually ending up in a bra busting 40D cup. They are so sensitive. I just love how they feel when Sarah plays with them! I started experiencing sensations that I’d never known before, reaching the point where I could no longer get my shrunken manhood stiff anymore. My breasts became the source of my pleasure.

### *Skirting the Issue*

The time arrived for me to return to work, and I couldn’t have been happier. The company’s premises in Wood Green employed almost 300 staff out of which only the handyman and security were males.

Sarah explained that she had received strict instructions from the head office to remove slacks,

trousers, jeans, and shorts from my closet. From this day forth, I was no longer allowed to wear anything other than skirts and dresses.

For my first day back at work, my outfit consisted of a gorgeous two-piece navy skirt suit. I was wary about putting it on. It felt like I was crossing a line, almost like 'selling out to the other side'. I was in too deep to back out now, and I wasn't sure that I really wanted to, even if I could. Besides, I had never worn a skirt before. I was curious.

The skirt suit was a perfect fit, as I expected it to be from its tailored jacket to its tight short skirt. Staring at my reflection in the full-length mirror, I realized that my emasculation was almost complete.

Taking the first few steps away from our apartment in a skirt and heels was one of the most difficult things that I have ever done. As usual, Sarah was there for me, helping and encouraging me every step of the way. She was my rock. Our relationship was now way beyond just friendship. Somewhere along the way, it had blossomed into love. I had no idea what sort of future we had together. Let's face it, are hardly your average couple.

It was no surprise to find Carol Chambers waiting for me at Wood Glen. She had obviously come along to gloat. I understood now. I had stolen her job, and to get back at me, she had stolen my manhood, bringing me to a point where I was now more woman than man, no longer an outsider, or a man in a woman's job. But Carol had overlooked the possibility that I might actually enjoy being a woman!



*I was happy being a woman, and nothing Carol could say or do would change that. I was a woman living in a woman's world, and I'd never return to scratchy men's clothes.*

She smiled as I tripped towards her on my 4" heels, my short tight skirt forcing me to take small ladylike steps. I felt the slight bounce of my full heavy breasts, and the sway of my hips and butt. This is what Carol wanted for me, for I now presented a picture of total femininity.

Carol faltered as I greeted, "Hello, darling, it's so good to see you! So what do you think of my new company uniform? Isn't it gorgeous?" I gave her a little twirl so that she could check me out. Her eyes widened in surprise. "It's so nice to be back at work. I can't wait to meet the girls! Come on, Sarah!" I took her arm and we breezed past Carol without another word.

### *Part of the Team*

It didn't take me long to win over the girls on the factory floor. They saw that I knew my stuff, and worked hard. Most of the girls were convinced that I was a real gender female, and the crazy story about me really being a man was just a publicity stunt to boost sales.

Within a few short weeks, Quality Control was tightened, and production was almost doubled. Bonuses were introduced, and most girls were picking up well in excess of their usual paychecks. Everyone was happy.

The 'Miss Rachel' brand of lingerie was launched two months later. It had hot little numbers 'strictly for the bedroom', if you know what I mean. The brand sold so well in the first couple of weeks that we had to boost production to keep up with demand.

I'm now working on some new designs that should revolutionize the face of swimwear, but for now they are strictly hush-hush.

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Striving to become my feminine best, I continued with my regular shots of ‘girl juice’ as Sarah liked to call it. She explained that I had reached the point where I now looked like the woman I would have been had I been born female. I don’t know about that, but I did know that it was becoming increasingly difficult to remember what I had looked like as a man. My face was now unmistakably female with its full pouting lips and high cheekbones.

Long dark lashes frame my blue eyes, my eyebrows are plucked and shaped into perfect arches, and my own hair now hung long and straight, reaching a point midway down my back. It was my crowning glory. My voice settled down after the surgery, leaving it high and girlish, something I would now have for the rest of my life.

The company’s decision to continue using me to promote my designs quickly resulted in my becoming a household name with full page advertisements in all the top women’s magazines, billboards, advertisements on London busses, and underground trains, even radio and television. Soon I was in demand for newspaper and magazine articles, even television interviews. Needless to say, sales went through the roof...as did my salary. Everyone was delighted!

### *And to Bed*

“Oh, boy, what a day. I was exhausted! All I wanted now was a takeaway pizza, a good bottle of wine, and an early night. I opened the door and stepped into my apartment. The first thing that I noticed was how quiet it was. Sarah would normally wait up for me. Usually she was listening to music or watching a movie on the TV. Hey, where was she?

The lights were dimmed, and a short trail of lit candles led to the open bedroom door. "Sarah? Are you in there?" I cautiously asked. I reached out a hand and eased the door open. She lay naked on the king size four-poster bed, a large vibrator next to her. One hand toyed between her legs whilst the fingers of her other hand slowly teased her nipples erect.

She looked at me, her eyes unfocussed with desire. Reaching out to me she murmured, "Oh, baby, please! I need you..."

I didn't need telling twice. Kicking off my heels, I quickly undressed, my clothes discarded on the floor about my feet, my own shrunken maleness twitched, weeping a thin milky liquid as I reached for Sarah...

Sorry, but if you want to know more, write to Sandy Thomas and let her know...

### The End

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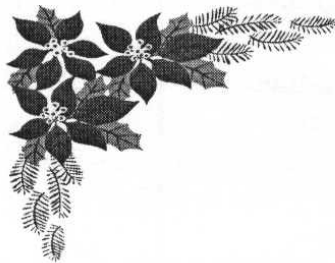
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## Sabrina's Secret

On graduating, I left Castle Rock for life in the big city. I spent 18 months in Washington, where I worked for a major advertising agency. I then moved to New York, finding work with a radio station. I also met with and fell in love with Andrea, a nineteen year old and coming model. We spent two years together, and even talked of marriage, then I found out that she was cheating on me with a guy named Brett Traynor, an actor in some crappy daytime soap opera. He had filled Andrea's head with all kinds of nonsense, convincing her that he could make her a star. Well, I let her go. She wasn't worth fighting for.

### *Six Months Later...*

Breaking up with Andrea hit me much harder than I cared to admit. My work suffered in the weeks that followed. I spent most nights drinking, arriving home drunk in the early hours of the morning, waking up some mornings next to a woman that I had no recollection of picking up. My life was a mess and getting progressively worse with each passing day. I had family back home, and good friends that cared for me. Mom and Dad were delighted when I rang them to say that I was coming home. Now with the decision made, for the first time in ages, I felt at peace, relieved to be going home.

Castle Rock hadn't changed that much in the four years that I'd been away. I stopped at the Texaco gas station on route 103 to fill up my Mustang, the first

and only car that I'd ever owned, given to me by my parents when I graduated, which seemed like a lifetime ago.

I removed my sunglasses as I pushed open the door and entered the air-conditioned shop. Finding the refrigerator, I picked up a cold coke and made my way to the cashier to pay. As I approached the desk, I realized that there was something familiar about the cashier. To say that she was absolutely gorgeous would be an understatement. She was stunning, a real babe! Her pretty face was framed by silky long straight blond hair, her full pouting lips were painted a dark shade of red, and long dark lashes framed her blue eyes. The front of her pink fluffy sweater did little to hide the large twin mounds of her full feminine breasts.

The girl of my dreams looked up from her magazine, did a quick double take on seeing me, her eyes widening in panic. I reached the desk. "Hi, how are you doing? Phew! Only 10 am and it's already sweltering out there. Can I pay you for the gas? Mine is the cobalt blue Mustang. Oh, and I'll take this..." I held out the coke for her to see.

Her slender red tipped fingers tapped the keyboard before her. Without making eye contact with me, she said, "That comes to \$46, please."

As I handed over the money, I asked, "Don't I know you from somewhere?"

"No...I don't think so,' she muttered, blushing furiously.

"My name is Steve, Steve Tate. I'm sure that we have met somewhere. Perhaps at school?"

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She glanced up at me, hesitated a moment as if coming to a decision, then in a small girlish voice said, "It's me, Steve. Mark Chapman."

I laughed at first, sure that this was some kind of joke, then I looked closely into her eyes and I knew. I must have looked like a fish out of water the way my mouth opened and closed, too shocked to speak. Finally I managed to stammer, "Mark?? Is that really you? But...what...why?" I swept my hand before me.

The blonde whose name badge identified her as Sabrina smiled at my confusion. "It's a long story, Steve. Look, I finish work in another hour. How about we go for some coffee and pie together, and I'll tell you about it?"

Earl's diner was almost deserted at 11 AM. We found a private booth as far away from the counter as possible. After taking our order, the waitress went back to making eyes at the short order cook, a young guy in a sleeveless white t-shirt, his bulging muscular arms covered in vivid tattoos.

Mark/Sabrina removed a packet of cigarettes from her small red clutch bag. Retrieving one from the packet, she reached into her bag and came up holding a slim gold lighter. Glancing at me, she smiled and asked, "Do you mind?"

I shook my head, fascinated by her every little move and gesture. She finished the ritual and tilting her head back, blew a long stream of blue/gray smoke towards the high ceiling.

The waitress arrived with our order, putting it down in front of us. She smiled and said, "Enjoy," and quickly returned to the counter.

I was eager to hear the story of how my old high school buddy was transformed into this beautiful and feminine creature before me. Deciding it best not to push, I let her tell me in her own time. We ate our food in silence, both occasionally glancing shyly at each other. After the waitress refreshed our coffee, Sabrina began to speak, at first haltingly, trying to get the facts straight. Nervously, she lit another cigarette, her delicate slender hand shaking slightly.

I was about twelve years old when I first began to realize that I was different from the other boys. I remember it as if it were yesterday. A Sunday afternoon in winter, I was home watching television curled up on the settee with a big bowl of popcorn. I'd rented a video, when about half way through it something caught my eye. It was a pair of Mom's shoes lying on their sides under an easy chair. They were black patent leather with thin ankle straps and 3" stiletto heels. Curiosity got the better of me, the film forgotten for the moment. I got up and lifted the shoes from under the chair, holding them up before me. I ran a fingertip the length of a narrow heel, wondering how mom managed to stand in them, let alone walk. I suddenly had an uncontrollable urge to find out..."

"My heart pounding, I kicked off my scuffed and worn sneakers, then sitting down, I put on the heels. Finding them too tight, I pulled off my socks and tried again. They fit perfectly. I fastened their thin straps around my ankles. As I began to totter around the room, fighting to keep my balance, I realized that I had a terrific hard on. Wow! What was happening to me? I knew it would be at least a couple of hours before mom arrived home with my big sister, Louise, so I used that time to master walking in heels."

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“In the days and weeks that followed, I dressed up in my mom and sister’s clothes at every opportunity. I would go into their bedrooms, open their closets, and just stand and stare longingly at the pretty and feminine garments before me. Oh, I was in heaven! It was some time before I learned that there was a name for my ‘condition’. I was a cross-dresser. Knowing that there were others who felt the same way that I did made me feel better.”

“Well, eventually the inevitable happened and I was caught. Louise arrived home unexpectedly with five of her friends from school. Their shock at seeing me dressed as a girl soon turned to good-natured laughter. I remember feeling so embarrassed. I wished that the ground would open up and swallow me...but I also found the situation an immense turn-on. My maleness was rock hard, weeping clear fluid into my pink lacy panties. The girls teased me unmercifully, saying things like, “Isn’t he sweet?” and “Doesn’t he look gorgeous?” A pretty little blonde named Candice held me close and said, “What a waste. So you like boys, do you? Pity, I’ve always fancied you. Maybe I can cure you...”

“Before I knew what was happening, she was kissing me hard, her moist tongue deep in my mouth, probing, and exploring. I could taste her lipstick, and smell her perfume. Suddenly other hands were holding me, touching me where I had never been touched before. Fondling...caressing... Louise made no comment or attempted to stop what was happening. Her eyes were glazed, her mouth was open, and she was breathing hard.”

“Next thing I knew, I was on my back on the floor, my short skirt around my waist, my panties and pantyhose around my ankles. A chubby girl named

Tanya, now naked, climbed on to of me and began to lower herself onto my throbbing manhood, which easily slid into her. She gasped as I filled her. She pleaded for me to lick and suck her full breasts as her movements became frantic. I reached an explosive orgasm, but Tanya continued to ride me until she reached her own release, crying out and throwing back her long dark hair as she did so. The other girls took turns with me. I tried to get away, but it was hopeless. They easily overpowered me, held me down."

"Later, I lay exhausted whilst the girls discussed what to do with me. I was showered and my hair washed. Docile, I stood as many hands soaped and washed me. Later, still dazed, clothes were selected from Louise's closet for me to wear. My hair was hot brushed and styled, and one of the girls did my makeup."

I saw a girl when I was allowed to look in the mirror. She was pretty if not beautiful. Her shoulder length chestnut hair hung long and straight to her shoulders. The careful use of makeup accentuated her high cheekbones and her green eyes. She wore a simple cream lambs wool dress over her bra, panties, and pantyhose. On her feet was a pair of black ankle strap shoes with 4" stiletto heels. It took a moment for me to realize that the pretty and feminine young girl was, in fact, me."

"Louise and her friends had decided on a course of action. My sister, looking more than a little pleased with herself, took her time lighting a cigarette before saying, "Okay, little brother, here's what we are going to do. When mom gets home a little later, we'll tell her that we found you like this, you got upset and admitted that you've been dressing as a girl for some time..."



*“What do you think of Mark now, mother?” my sister giggled. “Does he look anything like in his photo?”*

"She went on, 'we'll say it was only recently that you realized that it went much deeper than the clothes. You now knew that you wanted to spend the rest of your life as a girl...'

"And the rest, as they say, Steve, is history. My mom took me to see old doc Jessup, and he referred me over to Maine County hospital to see a specialist. Her name was Clair Krantz. I secretly hoped that she would see through my charade, but she either didn't realize or just didn't care.

I was put on a course of strong female hormones. I also received booster injections and testosterone blockers. My body began to change at an alarming rate. Before I knew it, I was dressing and living full time as a woman. What harm could it do? I told myself that I could stop at any time by telling mom that it was a big mistake. But before I knew it, the weeks turned into months, and the months into years. I became so feminine that continuing to live as a woman was my only real option."

It was still difficult for me to believe that the beautiful ultra feminine creature before me was in fact a guy. I knew that I wasn't gay or even bisexual, but knowing Sabrina's true gender did nothing to stop me from fancying her like crazy.

"Most people in Castle Rock treat me like some kind of freak, others just tolerate me. I've given a lot of thought of just up and leaving, but where would I go? Besides, this is my home. Why should I leave?" Hesitantly I reached across the table and took her hand in mine. My heart was going out to her as I watched a single tear fall from the corner of her right eye, rolling slowly down her smooth pale cheek.

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That evening, we went out for a meal together. Chantelle is probably the most popular restaurant in town, its clientele young, trendy, and wealthy. Our cab pulled up outside the restaurant a little before 8 PM. I paid the driver who remained silent throughout our short journey. I had caught him sneaking glances in his rear view mirror, no doubt getting an eyeful of Sabrina's full breasts, which looked in danger of jumping out of her low cut dress.

Sabrina took my hand as we entered the restaurant. After the neon glare outside, Chantelle was as dark as a cave. The large back bar mirror picked up some of the street glare and glimmered in the gloom like a mirage. As my eyes began to adjust, I saw that a dozen or so tables were occupied. There were a few solitary drinkers at the bar.

The maitre d' was deep in conversation with the barman. On seeing us waiting, he quickly crossed the room. "May I help you, sir?"

"Yes, my name is Tate. I've reservations for 8:15."

"Ah, yes, of course. Please follow me."

He led us to a table situated well away from the main body of diners. "Will this do, sir? Madam?"

I glanced at Sabrina who nodded. "This will be fine," I replied.

The maitre d smiled, "I'll send a server."

Enya's 'Paint the Sky with Stars' album was playing on the sound system. The walls were decorated with framed signed photos of film and television stars, most pictured alongside a glamorous blonde who I could only assume was Chantelle, owner of the restaurant.

The meal was out of this world, a meal fit for a the gods, but I was so wrapped up with being in the company of this beautiful and exotic creature, no longer a man, but not yet a woman, that it may as well have been hot dogs and fries. I did my best not to stare at Sabrina, but it wasn't easy. I found her absolutely fascinating. Everything about her, every little gesture and mannerism, were just too feminine.

Being from the same background, we had a lot in common. Conversation came easy. Sabrina had a great sense of humor, laughing easily and often, usually at her 'predicament' as she called it, amused her greatly. She laughed and said, "I remember when I used to wear women's clothes for the intense sexual thrill that I received. I always wanted to look as feminine as possible, be 100% convincing as a woman. Well, I certainly got my wish, didn't I? I was so frightened when I realized what was happening to me. Things moved so fast, and I felt powerless to stop them. I had no wish to physically become a woman. I was a normal healthy heterosexual guy. During the early part of my transformation, I was excited by how pretty and feminine I was becoming. Wow! I mean I really did look like a woman! Life was just one beg turn on, a fantasy come true..."

"As time passed, it became increasingly difficult for me to achieve and maintain an erection. With it went my urge to dress as a woman. I suppose that this was because I no longer got any sexual pleasure from doing so..."

"In a place like Castle Rock where everyone knows everyone else's business, changing one's sex is not the sort of thing that goes unnoticed for very long. The small narrow-minded bastards made my life hell for months.



*“Mmmm,” he sighed as he caressed my throbbing manhood. “Is this all for me?” I could tell that he too was aroused by his tiny, but arousal beneath his silken panties.*

“It got so bad that at one stage, I seriously considered suicide. Now they pretty much leave me alone...until now, that is. Tongues are sure to wag now that we’ve been out on a date together.”

“Is that what this is...a date, I mean?” I asked, feeling my face flush red.

“Well...yes, if that’s what you want it to be. Of course...” she answered. I nodded, too embarrassed to speak.

We left the restaurant around 10 PM, and our taxi journey was made in silence, words weren’t needed. We knew that we were going back to Sabrina’s flat on the outskirts of town...and we both knew what would happen when we got there.

Sabrina handed me a glass of Southern Comfort and sat next to me on the overstuffed sofa. The smell of her perfume was driving me crazy. She moved a little closer and rested her head on my shoulder. Her dress rode up to reveal the wide lacy tops of her stockings.

She said, “Hmm, this is nice,” and rested her hand gently on my thigh. I almost cried out loud. Jeez! My manhood was so hard that I thought it would explode...

We kissed, a little self consciously at first, but quickly warming up when Sabrina’s hand settled on my bulging groin. Her tongue filled my mouth, probing deep, exploring. I could taste her lipstick...

I was reminded that I was with another man when her growing hardness pushed urgently against me. I gently eased her away, suddenly confused about my sexuality. Seeing the hurt look on her pretty face, I felt like a son of a bitch. I took her hand and tried to explain my feelings. When I had told her of my doubts

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and confusion over having sex with another man, even one as pretty and feminine as her, she laughed, and said that she understood. “Until my feminization, I’d never so much as even glanced at another guy, but the long term use of strong female hormones changed me...not just physically if you know what I mean. They affected my thoughts, my emotions, and although I still liked girls sexually, well, let’s just that that the thought of having sex with an attractive guy was no longer taboo.”

“Do you think of yourself as a woman now?” I asked.

“No, I’m male and always will be. Mentally, I’m still Mark Chapman, but I also accept the obvious. If you look like I do, then you are going to be seen as, and treated as a girl, like it or not. There’s absolutely nothing that I can do about that.”

Minutes later, we were in the bedroom. I undressed quickly and slipped between the cool white sheets. Sabrina selected an album and put it in the portable CD player on the vanity. The sultry sound of Sade singing ‘Smooth Operator’ filled the room.

Sabrina began to gyrate slowly to the music. She undid the zipper of her dress, and it slid to the floor around her feet. My heart missed a beat when I saw what she wore beneath. Her curvaceous body was encased in a black Basque. Lacy and almost transparent, its low cut frilly bra cups did little to hide her dark nipples. A very unladylike bulge in her matching panties was the only real giveaway to her true gender.

She also had on a pair of black lacy patterned stockings and a pair of ‘fuck me’ shoes, also in black with thin leather ankle straps and 4” stiletto heels.

She reached up and removed a large clip from her blonde hair. She shook her head and her long straight hair tumbled about her shoulders. At that moment, I didn't give a damn what sex she was. I just wanted to screw her.

The first time was nothing more than pure animal lust, the second time we made love to each other, slowly and tenderly taking each other to new heights of ecstasy. Sabrina explored every inch of my body with her hands and hungry mouth, her moist tongue flicking, darting, and driving me crazy with desire.

I reached for her, pulled her onto my lap, impaling her on my hardness. She cried out, writhing, thrusting against me, and taking it to the hilt...

### *Three Months Later...*

I shift uncomfortably in my chair as I watch Sabrina make her way across the restaurant floor to the ladies' room. Knowing that every other guy in the place was watching her did not bother me; in fact I kind of liked the idea. Sabrina is gorgeous, twenty-two years old, with a stunningly beautiful face, long, almost waist length blond hair, and a body built for sex.

I watch with hungry eyes as hips swaying and breasts bouncing, she enters the ladies' room to 'powder her nose'. I squirm as I think about later, and what we will do to each other. Sabrina knows exactly what to do to please me...and oh that mouth!

Sabrina and I grew up together, but back in those days, 'she' was a 'he' named Mark Chapman. We had gone through school together, played football, raced cars, and even double dated girls together. Nothing had ever happened to give me cause to think that Mark was

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anything other than 'one of the guys'. Now he was a 'she' and my girlfriend, lover, and companion.

I still find it hard to believe just how lucky I am to have found Sabrina, for in her I have the best of both worlds. She says that she is considering going all the way and having surgery to complete her transformation. It may sound selfish, but I hope she doesn't. I love her just the way she is!

**The End**



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*He may have been my buddy at one time, but she could turn a room on its ear merely by walking to the ladies room.*

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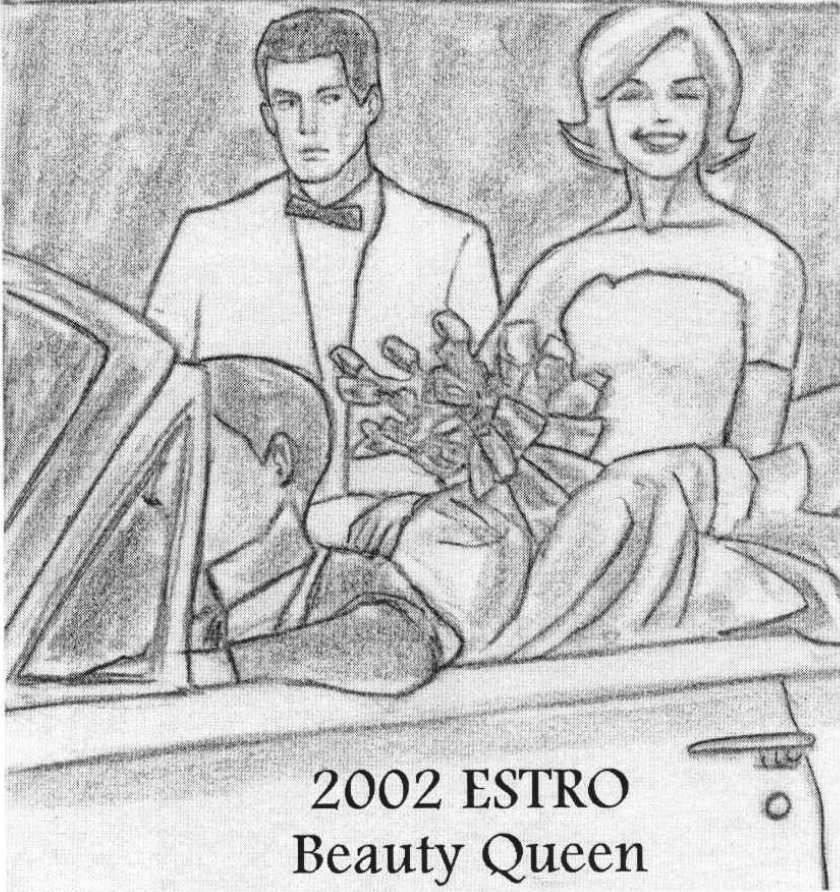
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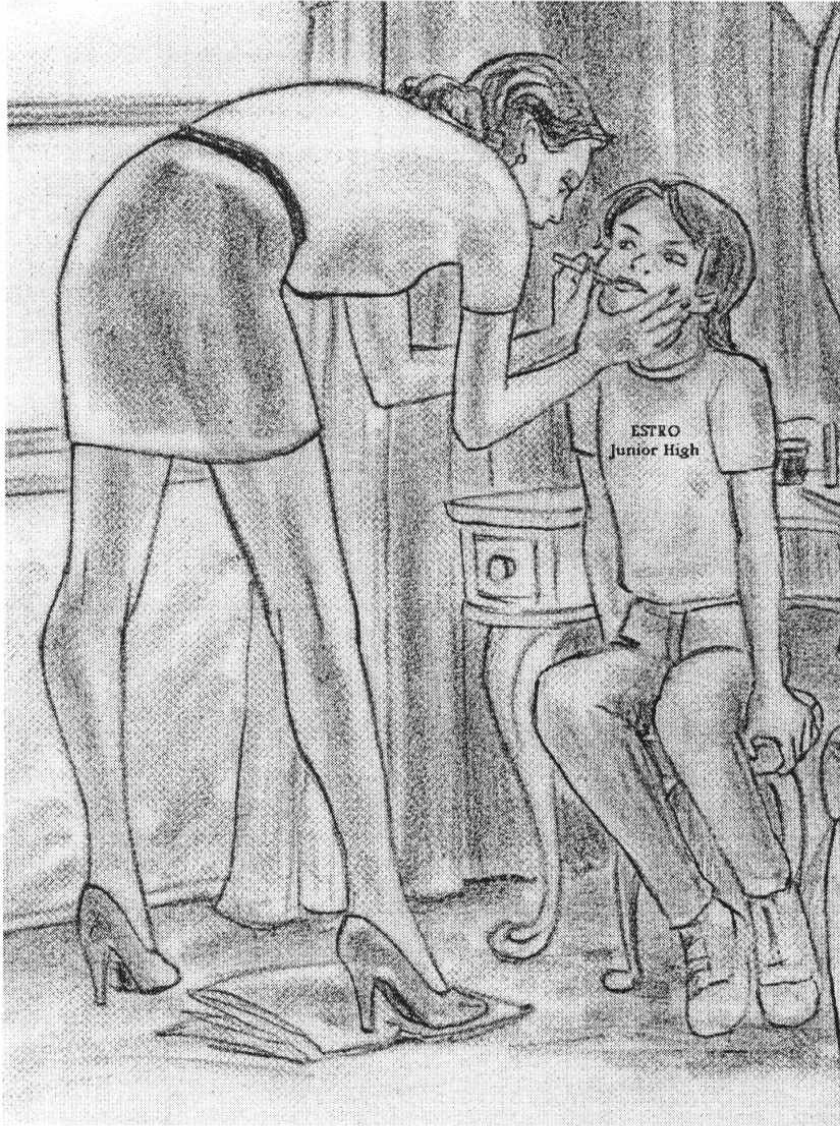
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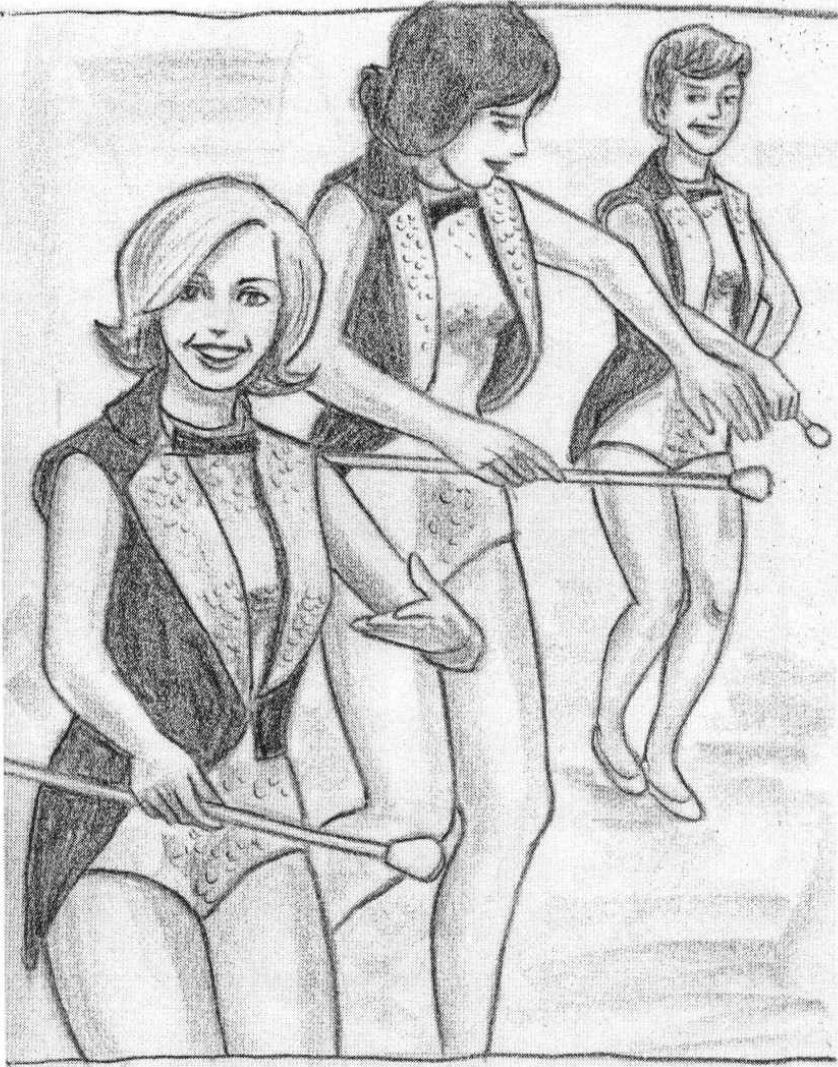


**2002 ESTRO  
Beauty Queen**

**Estro, Illinois, a small town with a population of 102, near the cities of Normal, LeRoy and Farmer. Little cities take pride in their uniqueness but Estro is different. For the last fifteen years, the town's annual beauty contest has been won by a boy!**



**Estro's young men learn from an early age that makeup is not only for girls but can enhance anyone's appearance. Mom's Lipstick is also very good to prevent chapped lips during the long, severe Estro winters where there is nothing to do but play inside.**



**From an early age, the town's boys are taught to be graceful and participate in non-competitive sports such as baton twirling, dance and even learn to sew costumes and outfits. Most boys by age fourteen have made several dresses and even a ball gown. The older boys help the younger ones with lace details and special under garments.**



**Sometimes boys from the neighboring towns get confused but rarely is there a serious problem.**



**Rather than hide the from the outside world, Estro invites the neighboring town boys to come to several dances a year where they can rub shoulders and realize that just because a boy wears a dress, they don't bite.**



While no one really remembers how the practice of Estro's boys wearing dresses got started, it has saved the town money. No need to bus the boys to the nearby town's High School. Not a single boy has had any trouble getting a ride to school.



**Tommy, a life-long Estro resident was elected the 2002 Beauty Queen. He has been a busy boy. He has been a Cheerleader for three years, Prom Queen once and is very popular with everyone. He makes some of his own clothes, acts in local advertising and hopes to become a real actor someday...but says he will always come back to Estro to raise a family.**



Recently, Tommy has crowned the new 2003 ESTRO Beauty Queen. Jackie, the new queen, hopes to follow in Tommy's footsteps. He is very popular and his motto is, "Never say Never!" Like many of the Estro's young boys, Jackie fought the tradition. But like the boys before, around fourteen, he asked his mother for a dress.

No one knows why?

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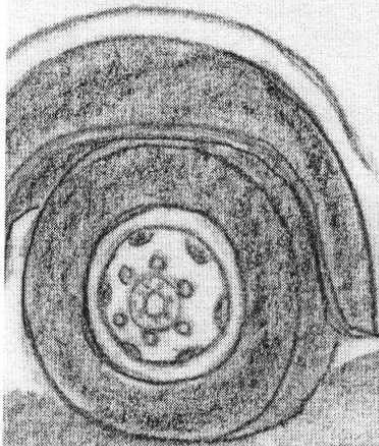
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