

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"MY SON, THE BRIDE"

*The lives of several boys are changed
after attending a crossdressing party. . .*

One is going to be a bride!



Volume 31

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"MY SON, THE BRIDE"

By Dawn Bell

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“MY SON, THE BRIDE”

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Editors and Contributors:

SANDY THOMAS

QUOTE BOARD

**Before my sister had her baby,
we didn't know if it was a boy or girl.
I didn't know if I was going to be an
Aunt or Uncle.**



REWARD!!

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“MY SON, THE BRIDE”

By Dawn Bell

Edited by Sandy Thomas

(See My Son, The Debutante, TV Classics #30 for a background.)

Tani and the other members of their little secret club continued to display the new “fashion trend” they had started on Monday.

On Wednesday morning Tani once again spent extra time (enjoyable time) getting ready for school. His black page boy was conditioned with special, high gloss conditioner and was brushed to hang like a curtain of fine black silk around his face and onto his shoulders. It bounced and swung sensuously as he moved or walked. His gold button earrings had little pearl centers which glinted from beneath his hair. That morning he had even enhanced his already longish eyelashes with black mascara, some faint blush over the cheekbones and a faintly tinted lip gloss. His longish nails were perfectly manicured with clear polish.

For clothes he had decided on a blue denim blouse which was in fact a boy's shirt to which he added some feminine-looking embroidery over the chest area and a pair of blue jeans. But not just regular jeans. His were a skin tight pair purchased from a Rodeo Drive boutique and were especially designed for the young Beverly Hills teenage girl look. They were very close fitting with a flared hip line and a narrow waist.

Tani wore some special panties that had subtle hip pads which gave his hips a slight, girlish fullness. In

addition, he had carefully put on his little elastic groin smoothing garment. The one that provided a perfectly girlish front in his bikini. With this on, his jeans hugged very tightly in the crotch to present a very smooth look.

On his feet he had on a pair of cowboy boots. These were a women's size 6 and the heel was narrower and a little higher than in a man's boot. He loved that tight feeling in his calf muscles as the heels made him walk more on the balls of feet. It also subtly changed the way he walked. From behind, it could be described as sexy.

When a person sees another person who is somewhat androgynous dressed there is a series of subliminal cues that the eye spots and helps the viewer register boy or girl in their minds.

With Tani, the person looking may unconsciously note the smooth pants front, the narrow waist and fuller hips, certainly the long page boy hairdo, very smooth, fine featured face and longish, well-maintained nails. The subliminal readout would say "girl". Tani now read "girl"! He looked in his mirror before stepping out the door and smiled. His feminine reflection was divinely pleasing!

He felt real good and decided to walk the three blocks to school. On the way as he passed a lot where a house was being renovated he heard a wolf whistle. Tossing his hair, he turned to look at the young workmen who were staring openly.

Tani flashed them a smile and continued on. He didn't mind the intended compliment from male strangers. It was just a boost to his ego, that he looked so good. Little could bring Tani down from the exquisite sensations of his escape from masculinity.

Wednesday mornings was his regular Chemistry lab session. He enjoyed this because his lab partner, Jeff Chisolm was a great guy. They always had a good time because of their similar sense of humor. They had almost got themselves a label as the class clowns! Tani walked down the hall to the lab exchanging greetings with other friends along the way.

He entered the lab and saw that Jeff was already sitting at their lab bench. Jeff stared as Tani walked across the room to join him. Tani suddenly saw that Jeff looked a little different, surprised almost.

"Hi Jeff!" Tani greeted his old buddy.

"Uh. . .hi Tani." Jeff looked a little flustered. What was wrong. As Tani tried joking around, he sensed that Jeff seemed uncomfortable. He appeared to be avoiding eye contact with Tani. This went on as the lab started. Jeff was all business this morning, not the friendly, jovial guy that Tani was used to. Then it crashed down on Tani! Oh my god. . .it's how I look! He thinks I'm a queer. Though it had never happened to Tani he now realized how some boys must feel when their parents unexpectedly come home early to find their son all dressed up in his mother's clothes!!

Tani's stomach churned. The reality of the "little contest" was taking its toll.

"Uh. . .excuse me, I've gotta step out for a minute," Tani said as he rose and walked out of the class. He headed for the washroom. Nobody was in there. He stood at the sink looking at himself in the mirror. Suddenly his beautiful hairdo, mascaraed eyelashes, pretty clothes felt awful. He felt more embarrassed than ever before in his life!! Why? Why?

Then it started dawning on him. In all his girlish dressing adventures he was either amongst friends who were also dressing, or else he was just assumed to be a girl, as he had been this morning by the construction workers.

This was the first time that he had appeared, for all intents and purposes dressed and coiffed girlishly, before a good friend that knew nothing of his love for crossdressing, and knew undoubtedly that he was a real boy. That was certain because Jeff had seen Tani in the showers at the tennis club they both belonged to! Suddenly Tani wished that he could change back to his boy's clothes. He fished around in his pocket and found a ponytail elastic. Tossing his hair back he quickly put the elastic in to form his usual, simple ponytail.

There was nothing he could do about the mascara or nail polish though. Taking a few deep breaths he glumly headed back to the lab.

Tani could not see Jeff's stare as he had left the lab. Jeff watched as his friend walked in a very enticing manner out the door. When Tani was out the door, Jeff exhaled. He had been holding his breath without realizing it. Was he cracking up?! He had not seen Tani on Monday or Tuesday as he had been away.

When Jeff came to school he quickly learned all the latest gossip. Tani and Chris were heroes. He had also heard rumor that a new fashion trend was evolving and that Tani and Chris were some kind of fashion leaders. It was just before class time that Jeff saw this gorgeous, black-haired girl entering the school ahead of him.

Her tight jeans were deliciously filled in all the right places. Her jet black hair shone with glistening highlights as it swayed with her walk. He had tried to catch up with her to see her face but the crowd was too thick. He lost sight of her once she went into the building. Jeff made a note to himself that he would track down this cute new girl in school. Surely he would have seen her before. Imagine how Jeff felt when she walked into the lab, sat down beside him and said "Hi Jeff."

Shock and confusion were overpowering his thoughts. Jeff now realized that his quiet behavior must have seemed odd to his old friend. What really confused poor Jeff was that he still thought that Tani was the girl of his dreams! How could that be?! Everything about Tani looked different to him. He couldn't convince his brain to accept that this was not a real girl. What would he do?

Tani returned. Jeff looked at his friend and felt a twinge of disappointment that Tani had tied back that lovely hair. Without thinking of what he was saying Jeff said quietly, "Gee, why did you tie your back. It looked real pretty. . .uh, I mean. . .uh, neat the way you had it before." He couldn't believe he had just said, "pretty."

Tani stared at Jeff in shock. . .he said his hair was "pretty", and Jeff was blushing. . .oh my god, what's going on.

Tani had misinterpreted Jeff quietness. In a way, Tani felt a great sense of relief, but on the other hand he didn't know how to react. Everybody was always telling 'TANA' how attractive 'she' was. Well, now 'Tana' had "attracted" someone alright. Someone who knew Tani the boy, yet was treating him like a girl.

"Did you really like it?" Tani asked quietly so that others couldn't hear. "I thought maybe our 'fashion experimentation' bothered you?"

"Heck no. . .I'm trendy. It looked really nice," a still flustered sounding Jeff replied. With a furtive glance around Tani reached behind his head and pulled the elastic free. With a quick shake of his head, the beautiful

page boy hairdo was back. Both boys smiled. Jeff's heart was still pounding, as was Tani's. Both were unused to such a situation. But slowly they started relaxing and resuming their old personas.

Jeff asked Tani about the big fight and Tani replied very modestly claiming a basic knowledge of martial arts. An idea struck Jeff and he once again was saying something that seemed to come out of his mouth before his brain had reviewed it!

"Uh. . . I was going to see that new Van Damme movie this Saturday night. . . I thought. . . well if you're not doing anything---maybe you'd like to come along?"

Tani and Jeff had really only been friends around school. Since Tani spent a lot of his time outside school as 'Tana' he pretty much had limited himself to the friendships of Chris and the other club members. But he found himself saying, "Sure, that would be great."

"Gee. . .ok, how about I pick you up around 6:00. We can get a pizza or something after the movie," Jeff said as he felt a familiar emotion. It was familiar alright. . . just how he felt when a beautiful girl accepted his invitation for a first date!!

What was he doing? He rationalized that he was being silly. . .this was going to a movie with his buddy---right? What scared him was that he felt like a 'girl' had accepted his invitation for a date---not a boy!

Tani was doing a similar rationalization. Tani felt odd the way Jeff was acting. He couldn't convince himself that Jeff wasn't showing all the signs of a man courting a female---all this made Tani respond girlishly even though this wasn't the place to be a girl. He had accepted, was being picked up, being fed and agreeing completely to doing what Jeff had planned.

He wanted to ask what he should wear but didn't.

Both boys had blushing cheeks throughout the class as they wrestled with their complicated thoughts.

Tani wasn't able to concentrate on his studies for the rest of the week. His mind was on Saturday night. What should he do? Should Tani the boy, ponytail and all, make the appearance? He sensed that Jeff wouldn't like that entirely, based on his reaction on Wednesday.

Then what? Should Tana be ready at 6:00 with her hair up, high heels, and that cute suede miniskirted dress?! After much thought and at least 50 iterations of clothing

try ons, Tani was ready when the door bell rang promptly at 6:00 on Saturday.

Tani opened the door. Jeff stood there smiling. He was dressed in very nice cotton slacks with a v-neck, knit pullover sweater. Tani noticed that he must of had his hair styled professionally that day because it looked very sharp. Jeff was really a very handsome young man.

Jeff's heart was pounding as if he had just sprinted the mile. He pushed the doorbell and waited. What was he expecting he thought, why was he nervous? The door opened and there stood Tani. Jeff's eyes looked at his friend and they sent very intriguing messages back to his brain.

Tani was dressed casually. It was impossible to tell that he had spent 5 hours getting himself ready! Of course, much of it was trying different looks. What Jeff saw was the final result. Tani's hair seemed to be fuller than it had been on Wednesday. His pageboy, through subtle teasing in the right places, was much fuller, fluffier and curled under much more than before.

What would Jeff have thought had he seen Tani earlier in the day as he walked around with his hair set on jumbo-sized rollers? Simple, yet elegant gold-loop earrings were visible in his ears. His eyes looked very expressive, but it was not possible to detect the very subtle and skillful application of eyeshadows and mascara that were actually there. And the moist lips were ever so slightly enhanced with a darker color.

Tani was also wearing a wearing a knit top, but his had short sleeves and a v-neck which showed a delicate gold chain around his neck. Tani's slacks were white cotton and his shoes were penny loafers. Invisible were his white lace camisole, matching silk tap pants, and ultra sheer nylon stockings. Of course, he was also wearing his elastic gaff for that ultra flat look he had had on Wednesday.

Tani held his breath and waited for a reaction but there was none. Obviously his "look" was not shocking to Jeff.

Jeff led the way to his car and without thinking opened the door for his friend to get in. Tani noticed the gentlemanly gesture and smiled a "Thank you."

They sat through the movie. Neither one of them was really concentrating on it though. Jeff wanted to talk, get to know this person. This Tani---a new person, at least one which had hidden herself from him.

Tani didn't know how to react---as a boy, boisterous at the action parts or like Jeff's date. He decided that he would sit quietly, his knees pressed together properly, occasionally smoothing the velvety pants over his knees.

Finally the credits rolled by and the lights came up. Soon they were in the parking lot headed for the car.

"So, feel like some pizza?" Jeff asked.

"Sure, sounds great."

"How about Luigi's?"

Luigi's was a small pizza restaurant down in the Westwood area. Jeff had suggested it because it was far enough away that they shouldn't run into anyone they knew. The place was pretty busy, this being a Saturday night. Most of the other patrons were young couples. The owner, Luigi, greeted them at the door and led them to the table.

"Will these romantic little corner be alright?" he asked Jeff. Jeff blushed and stammered, "Yeah. . .fine."

Luigi smiled and left them alone. Tani couldn't resist, "Theees rromantic corner? yeeesss?" he mimicked Luigi's accent and both boys broke up laughing.

A young waitress came by and gave them menus. After a few minutes she returned with her order pad and turned to Tani,

"Are you ready to order miss?"

Tani was so used to eating in restaurants as Tana that he didn't even notice the reference to him as "miss". He just told the girl what they had decided on. When she left he noticed Jeff's astonished expression.

"She called you miss!" he said in a hushed whisper. Then it struck Tani. . .he was supposed to be Tani not Tana tonight. He was embarrassed and fumbled for a response,

"Yeah. . .that always happens to me," he said. "Especially when I dress mod'."

"It does? You're kidding," Jeff replied, confused but determined, "Well you would make a beautiful girl. . .I mean. . .you know, your small and pretty. I mean that in a complimentary way." He wasn't sure if he was insulting Tani or flattering him.

Tani saw an opening, "Yeah, my mom always says that."

"What do you mean?"

"She's always trying to get me to try on a dress or something just to see HOW pretty," Tani lied, he didn't

need any prodding from his mother for that! Jeff dropped a bombshell.

"Have you ever tried it. . .I mean to dress as a girl? I did once for a Halloween party a few years ago, but I looked really funny," Jeff admitted.

Tani didn't know where this was heading but played along on instinct. "Yeah, I dressed up a few times. . .you know. . .for a costume party and stuff. Some of the stuff I wear now comes from the girl's department---I guess I'm smaller than most boys."

"I bet you looked fantastic. I bet nobody would ever guess you were a boy!" Jeff said enthusiastically.

"Well, you're kind of right," Tani chuckled.

"Gee, you know what would be real fun. You should dress up and let me take you out to dinner some time. A friend of my dad's owns Fredrico's, this fancy restaurant. He's always playing like he was the original ladykiller. I've had him try and put the make on some of my dates there! It would be funny to play a trick on him and see if he makes a play for you."

Tani thought, but only for a second, "Sure, you buy dinner and I'll provide the entertainment."

"Really? You'd do that? How about next Saturday?" Jeff continued. Tani realized that he had better not sound too anxious.

"Next week?! Gee, I don't know if I could get any girl's clothes to wear by then."

"Oh. . .hmmm, I guess your mother's won't fit?"

"No, she bigger than me!" Tani laughed, "And besides, her tastes are more in line with her age, a little too old for me, don't you think?" Tani took out a tube and put a bit of salve on his lips.

"Oh well, I guess some other time then," Jeff said dejectedly and a little crushed. "I guess it's a little to much to ask."

Hold on, Tani thought to himself, enough of the playing 'hard to get'. With a teasing smile, Tani said, "Hey, I just thought of something. My cousin Katie lives in close. She's about the same size as me and the same age. I bet I could borrow something of her stuff!"

"Alright! Then next Saturday night it is!" Jeff exclaimed with excitement.

Tani making sure they were both on the same wavelength, asked, "Gee. Do you think I should borrow a pants outfit or maybe a dress?"

Jeff hadn't given it much thought but sputtered, "A DRESS. . . I mean it is dressy. I hope that isn't too much to ask?"

Tani smiled, "Okay, a dressy dress it is. Short or long?"

"Short," Jeff said without thinking.

Jeff seemed very elated by this new development. Tani couldn't remember when he had ever seen him so animated. They had a good time over dinner, Jeff paid willingly and finally Jeff drove Tani home. That night Tani lay in bed thinking.

He was actually more excited about dressing up for his "date" next week than he could remember in a long time. Why was that he wondered?!?

Chapter XIII

Chris sat in the waiting room of Dr. Joanne Schnieder's clinic. His mother said that she was highly regarded in the cosmetic surgery community. What she hadn't told Chris, was that after extensive research she was directed to Dr. Schnieder. Her investigations discovered that Dr. Schneider had quite some experience in breast implants and the like. . . patient's gender was no object!

Chris noticed a three-ring binder amongst the usual magazines piled on a small table in the waiting room. Out of curiosity he picked it up and flipped it open. He was shocked to find that it was obviously a photo album of some of the Dr.'s clients. What shocked him further were the first few pages.

They showed several of the doctor's patients in 'before and after' shots. The patients stood before a white backdrop, naked from the waist up. Chris felt his insides do a nervous flip-flop. The patients were very flat-chested in the "before" shots, but in the "after" pictures they each displayed beautiful, full, feminine breasts. Because all of them had longer hair, Chris couldn't tell for sure, but he thought they looked like they could be males!

"Oh, I see you've found my 'Happy Patient' book," a feminine voice said startling Chris, "they're happy to show off, and it helps new patients to see what can be accomplished." Chris looked at the very attractive woman wearing a white doctor's coat standing in the doorway.

"You must be Chris? I'm Dr. Schnieder."

"Hello, Dr. Schneider. Yes, I'm Chris," Chris responded, but his eyes kept looking back to the photos. The doctor had had a long chat with Chris's mother when she stopped by to make his appointment. Chris wasn't aware of it, but the doctor knew all about Chris and Christine. Mrs. Thompson had even brought along her "special photo album" and discussed Chris's secret desires.

She had asked that the doctor delicately broach some other possibilities for "improvements" when her son came by. Dr. Schneider had a good knowledge of how males such as Chris thought and she was somewhat intrigued with the possibilities which such a naturally effeminate lad might present to her artistry.

The album in the waiting room was especially put out for Chris's visit. She intended to use it as a casual way of getting him talking.

"That's very impressive work Dr. Schneider," Chris said as he still couldn't tear his eyes off of the pictures.

"Well, thank you. Jim and Allan were very happy with the results as well."

The mention of the patients' names sent a nervous thrill down his spine.

"You mean. . .these are guys?!" Chris exclaimed.

"Of course, they are males by birth, but pretty girls by choice," Dr. Schneider explained. "Here, let me show you some others." She flipped further in the album and showed Chris some before and after pictures of facial work she had done. All the photos were of boys. . .at least in the before pictures.

Joanne Schneider had found out almost by accident several years ago that there was a significant demand for facial and breast cosmetic surgery in a small but rich part of the California population. When one young man had pleaded and finally convinced her to do a breast augmen-

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tation on him to enhance his feminine image, he paid her back by spreading the word to his special friends.

The good work that she did for them continued to spread like wildfire. At first she was torn with ethical concerns about changing young males into full-breasted beauties. But when she saw the joy and happiness it brought them she realized that she had found a satisfying and financially rewarding market for her skills. She always guaranteed her patients that if they changed their mind about their breasts she would remove the implants for free.

Several hundred happy boys later, she was yet to be taken up on her offer.

"I've done several hundred such procedures on males, it's not at all uncommon. . .and easily reversible," She added, noting how that perked up Chris's interest even more. She decided to tease Chris a little, "Well, enough of this, you're here for me to examine your nose, not to talk about breast implants, right?"

Chris had almost forgotten about his nose. . .he was imagining lying topless by his pool, tanning a perfect pair of B-cup breasts!

"Uh. . .yeah. . .my nose," he replied, reluctant to change the topic. She led him into her examining room and had him sit under a light on the examination table. Using a magnifier she examined and gently prodded his face.

"My. . .very nice bone structure. . .high cheekbones. . .the damage to the nose is minimal. We can smooth it out easily." She spoke as she continued to look through the magnifier.

"You have fantastic skin. What kind of moisturizer do you use?" She asked as she sniffed his skin, "That's smells like 'Creme Silkience'," Dr. Schneider continued naming a well-known female cosmetic line. Chris was amazed that she recognized it.

"That's right. You have a very acute sense of smell," he replied in genuine amazement. Dr. Schneider continued and amazed Chris even more,

"Well thank you, I do. In fact I would say that you are also a regular user of 'Passionate'."

Chris nodded, very impressed that she identified the subtle traces of the favored female perfume that he used as Christine. Chris would have been more surprised to

have learned that Dr. Schneider was just drawing upon the information she had gleaned from his mother!

"I don't mean to pry. . ." she said as she prepared to step up the openness of their discussion, "but may I ask why you use such normally feminine products? I noticed that your hair is just lovely too. . .in fact I'm jealous!" She teased as she held up some strands of her own hair. Chris felt like he was caught with his hand in the cookie jar! He had been read. . .and he wasn't even pretending to be Christine!

"Yeah. . .I do use those things," he muttered while looking down at the floor feeling embarrassed, "It's. . .it's just a kind of fun thing I like to do now and then."

"You mean dressing like a girl?" Dr. Schneider asked point blank.

"Yes. . .that's right," Chris replied hoping that the floor would swallow him up.

"I think that's fine. . .you must be very beautiful!" Dr. Schneider exclaimed with genuine sincerity.

"What?" The startled boy said. "I mean. . .thanks, that is, I'm told I don't look bad," he added modestly.

"Well I'm glad you told me Chris. You see it's important I know these things. I'm so used to working with pretty young men like you that I can tell. And it helps me when I'm doing my work. A cosmetic surgeon can mold a person's appearance in many ways. If I didn't know this charming aspect of your personality, I might fix your nose to look like a male model, but maybe now I can fix it in a way that will be. . .shall we say. . .more exciting for you when you want to express your feminine side."

Chris loved what he was hearing. His thoughts of going for cosmetic surgery had just turned from reluctant acceptance to enthusiastic desire.

"Really? You can do that?" he asked expectantly.

"Of course," The doctor replied as she examined his face again, "I can make you even more of a beauty than you are now. You just tell me how far you want me to go." Chris shyly asked what had been on his mind for some minutes,

"Uh, doctor. . .you said something about breast augmentation being reversible, didn't you?"

Dr. Scheider smiled. . .

Chapter XIV

With the end of the school year only several weeks away, everyone was in good spirits. Chris had his cosmetic

surgery scheduled for the first week of summer. He didn't want to attend the Grad ceremonies with swollen, black eyes which are the usual after effects of such a surgical procedure.

Julian was in good spirits as well. He was starting to suspect that Suzanne had nymphomaniac tendencies. Ever since he started to dress for her she couldn't keep her hands off of him. If she got the chance, she would want him three or four times a day. She was always buying him little gifts. . .like gorgeous silk nighties, lingerie, makeup.

One evening when they found themselves alone in her house she made him strip and put on a frilly, little pink baby doll nightie. She made up his face, tied his hair up with matching pink ribbons into two cute little ponytails, then proceeded to ravage him in bed. Of course he could think of worse fates!

Julian's concern was that he was starting to really like "doing it" while dressed like a beautiful girl. In fact, it appeared that this was the ONLY way he would now get really satisfied. This couldn't suit Suzanne more.

Tani appeared "radiant" since his first date with Jeff. Whereas the two would only meet in Chemistry lab in the past, since their "date" last weekend they were seeking each other out between classes, at lunch and after school. There was a delightful nervous tension between them. Jeff whispered to Tani during lunch on Tuesday,

"Did you get a dress yet, I mean, speak to your cousin?"

Tani looked at him a little baffled at first. Cousin? Oh, yeah! "Sure did. She said it's no problem."

"Great, what are you going to wear?" Jeff asked.

"That will have to be a surprise," Tani teased, "But you'd better dress well yourself. I'm going very dressy."

In fact, Tani had spent hours agonizing over what to wear. He had quite a beautiful collection of female clothes. But he wanted this Saturday night to be perfect.

Thursday after school, he hurried over to his appointment at a nail and skin care salon. Once again, he was wearing a pair of skirt-like shorts with a billowy white blouse. As he drove to the salon, he slipped off his boy's penny loafers and put on a pair of 2" heel sandals.

At a red light, he applied a coat of red lipstick to his lips, and after parking at the salon, he tied his hair back with a white silk scarf. With these simple additions, he easily slipped from an androgynous look to a purely femi-

nine look. It was okay either way at this salon because they knew Tani was a boy, but he enjoyed the feeling of presenting himself publicly as purely female.

He wanted to have his legs, arms, and eyebrows waxed a couple of days before the weekend. The waxing tended to leave his skin a little red for a day and Tani didn't want anything to detract from his look on Saturday night. The slight pain of waxing was one of the feminine facts of life that Tani accepted. It left his legs as smooth as silk. And considering the expensive stockings he was planning to wear on Saturday, he wanted his skin to be perfect.

Jeff was scheduled to pick up his "date" up at seven o'clock sharp. Tani had planned his Saturday preparations like a precision military scrimmage. Since most of his preparation was going to be handled by professionals, he started his day by taking a nice leisurely bath. The femininely scented bath oil caressed his smooth skin as he luxuriated for nearly an hour contemplating the significance of this day.

It was all so unaccustomed. He was going on a date with a handsome young man. He was going to be dressed more femininely and more sensually than ever before in his life. The young man was obviously already attracted by his feminine persona that had only peeked out at Jeff so far. Tonight 'Tana' was going to be there in full, living technicolor!

After toweling off from his bath, Tani applied skin lotions on his legs, arms and body. He brushed his hair back into a high ponytail and tied it there with a wide silk ribbon. Nothing fancy. He slipped on a pair of silky, white tap pants with lace around the legs. He didn't bother with the tight gaff for his maleness because he wanted to be comfortable and because he was going to be wearing a full skirt.

Next, a matching white lace bra with padding was put on. Finally, he put on a light cotton front button shirtwaist dress. He had dressed simply, for coolness and comfort. Normally he tended towards more elaborate feminine clothing when he ventured out as Tana, but considering his plans for dressing that evening he decided to just stick to the basics.

His first appointment was at the beauty salon to get his hair done. He had visited the salon twice that week after

school just to discuss with Barb some ideas on how she could do his hair for the coming Saturday.

Barb noticed how excited Tani was and how concerned he was for looking sexy.

"So what's up," Barb asked with a cunning grin.

Tani blushed, giving the knowing Barb a clue. She'd seen the "boys" sneaking around before and was always delightfully pleased by their embarrassment. Most of her boy client told her more about their "feelings" than even their mothers. She liked that.

"Bet you got a boy interested," she said nonchalantly, "Is he taking you somewhere dressy?"

Tani nodded, embarrassed about getting caught so easily.

"OK! We'll make you tantalizing." Barb decided on an exotic style. Barb washed his hair and conditioned it with a product which added extraordinary shine to hair. His damp hair was then combed out and blown partially dry.

Next Barb began to smooth his hair back and up to the crown. There it was pinned up with bobby pins. When she was done he had sleek hair at the front, sides and back. A circle of criss-crossed bobby pins collected all his long hair within a 6" circle at the top of his head.

Barb began to section the hair, spray the section with setting lotion and winding it in a corkscrew or ringlet fashion around a small roller. This was then securely fastened with two long bobby pins. Section after section was done that way until he had a virtual pyramid of rollers stacked at the crown of his head. Barb led Tani over to the dryers.

She set the timer to 60 minutes and motioned him to the seat. Tani was a regular and he knew the routine. He smiled at her and tilted the clear dryer hood down over his head and adjusted it to a comfortable height. Picking up a copy of Mademoiselle he settled in for the duration.

He always found the long waits under the dryer a little boring. Anticipation of seeing the final style was always keen. However, today Tani was entertained in a way that he would have never believed just a few weeks ago. He caught sight of a familiar face come in the door accompanied by a middle-aged woman.

The face was familiar alright, but nobody would have expected to have seen that face in such a feminine surrounding! It was one of Mr. Cementhead's ex-cronies!

Ashley Gilbert was the smallest and newest of the former "gang". He probably enjoyed hanging out with them because he felt tough. . . something that his delicate build couldn't do on its own.

As Tani watched suspiciously from his vantage point under the dryers he saw Ashley's mother, Tani had guessed she was his mother, pointing to a magazine cutout or something and then fingering her son's hair as if explaining how he wanted it styled. Ashley looked very nervous, but he pointed to something on the picture as well then to his hair. Apparently, he wasn't being dragged there entirely against his will. Barb led Ashley to a chair and one of the other stylists was summoned over. After a brief consultation, the stylist nodded with a smile and began to prepare Ashley for a shampoo.

Tani could hardly wait for Monday morning after what he saw. Ashley or his mother must have decided that the new "fashion trend" at school was just the ticket for him!

Tani watched as the stylist did a trim of his hair. She was giving Ashley nice bangs and a cut about 4" long all over. After that she rolled over a cart filled with rollers of all kinds and began winding Ashley's hair on perm rods! As she finished that task and was applying cotton around his ears in preparation for the perm solution, Tani's dryer switched off. He watched the familiar process continue as she carefully soaked each of the 50 or so perm rods in Ashley's hair with solution.

Barb came over and led Tani back to her station. Ashley was so preoccupied with what was happening to him that even if he had had a close look at the pretty girl that sat across the salon from him he wouldn't have recognized it as the little terror who had destroyed his tough-guy leader. Anyway, if Jack saw Ashley today, it would be worse than it had been for Chris! Maybe it was good that Jack had left the neighborhood after all, because in a couple of hours a new Ashley would be leaving the salon.

Barb carefully unpinned and unrolled each curler from Tani's hair. Shiny, perfectly formed corkscrew curls sprung back into place. As each roller was removed, the resulting curl was meticulously arranged and pinned into place with a glossy black bobby pin which would blend invisibly into the finished hairdo.

Barb asked, matter-of-factly about Tani's date, what he was going to wear, where they were going, etc. It was all so natural sounding except this was a boy being "prettied" up for a date with a young man.

Forty five minutes later Barb stood back and sprayed Tani's hair with hairspray. The image that looked back at Tani was beyond even his wildest expectations. His shiny black hair swept sensuously up from all sides. At the crown of his head a mass of intricately arranged ringlets and corkscrew-curls were piled 5" high!

It was as exotic a hairstyle as one would see worn by top fashion models as they walked the runways of the world's most exclusive fashion shows!

"Oh. . .it's so beautiful!" Tani sighed.

"No, my dear. It's you that's beautiful," replied Barbara who was herself in awe of the gorgeous boy that looked back at them from the mirror. Soon several other stylists came over to ooh and ahhh over Barb's beautiful creation, asking about the "big occasion".

One rather crude stylist said, "He'll come in his pants when he sees you!"

Tani blushed and Barb glared at this young new stylist.

Tani thanked Barb for her work and paid with his gold card. He was made to promise that he would tell the salon staff all about his evening on his next visit. Looking at his feminine wristwatch Tani saw that he was still on schedule for his next appointment at the nail and skin salon. There he was scheduled for a full pedicure, manicure and make-up application.

When he arrived he caused quite an excited stir amongst the staff and clients. His gorgeous hair drew praise and gushing compliments. The staff, who knew that Tani was a boy, even whispered to him how jealous they were that he could transform himself into such a glamorous female. They too had an intuition about the reason for his concern and Tani shyly admitted a "date with a fellow."

Tani was seated for his pedicure and manicure first. While one girl worked on his toes another technician worked on his hands. To go with his total look for the evening, Tani was going to get nail extensions. Even though his own nails were a neat 1/4" past his fingertips, they were going to be enhanced another 1/4" more with porcelain tips. As the process went on Tani began to feel more and more excited about the approaching evening.

He wondered, How will Jeff react? This was most certainly taking things far beyond the level of playing a little joke by just putting on a dress. But then again, considering the obviously favorable reaction Jeff showed each time the feminine side of Tani was exposed, Jeff should be positively thrilled by the "young lady" he would possess tonight!

His daydreaming was interrupted as he was asked to select the right color for his nails. Two clear base coats had already been applied and dried. His dress for tonight was a shimmering red so he decided upon an equally vibrant red for his nails and lip color.

Once again he relaxed as the first of several coats of color followed by two coats of clear top coat were to be applied. Tani smiled as he thought about what he was going through. How odd, he thought, he was spending an entire afternoon being femininely primped and painted in order to look feminine for another male. His heart raced at the thought . . . he felt some reservation but it also felt pleasantly sinful! He had better start thinking what he was going to do if his attractive image achieved too much success.

His nails were done. He had only had nail extensions once before and they didn't look as good as this time. Tani's fingers appeared long and sensuous, tipped with scarlet nails that shone and reflected every light ray. He moved over to the makeup section of the salon and relaxed while a cosmetician worked on providing makeup appropriate for his high fashion hair.

Base, blushers, eye shadows, liners and lipstick were meticulously applied giving Tani an exotically beautiful look. As he stared at his now exceptionally feminine image even he began to wonder if his birth sex was truly a mistake!

Tani paid the salon owner and took a small bag which contained a tube of the lipstick and nail polish they had used in case he wanted to touch them up. Looking at his wristwatch, Tani saw that he was on schedule. It was time to go home and complete the final stage of his transformation.

What he was going to wear had been on his mind all week. He had mentally and actually tried on most of his wardrobe once or twice trying to decide. But now the decision was made, so he collected all the garments from his closet and drawers laying them out neatly on his bed.

First he removed his dress and stripped down completely. The tight gaff was the first item donned. Tani took extra care to ensure that it was tight and that he presented a completely feminine appearance down there. After putting it on he had to sit down for a few minutes to allow his body to adjust to the compression of his maleness back into his body.

Tonight he would not exhibit or disclose any maleness. NONE! He would look, respond and feel feminine.

Next Tani picked up a white lace-trimmed bustier. He wrapped it around his waist and began hooking up the long row of hooks and eyes down the front. After doing several at the bottom, he adjusted the garment so that his hormone enlarged nipples and the budding softness surrounding them would sit correctly in the heavily underwired bra cups. Through practice and training, Tani pushed up his own chest's plumpness to give the realistic appearance of breast cleavage.

He completed the closing of the hooks and then massaged some more tender flesh into the cups. The tightness of the bustier and the underwired cups held the malleable tissue giving Tani the appearance of small but still real breasts. He knew this would "puzzle" Jeff and it brought a smile to Tani's face.

Eight ribboned garter tabs hung down from the bottom of his bustier. Tani sat down on a chair and very carefully rolled on a pair of ultra sheer silk stockings. They were very long and reached to the tops of his thighs, ending in a dark band to which Tani attached the garters.

He stood up and adjusted the garters' tension. They now provided a firm pull upwards for his stockings. Tani loved that feeling of tight garters.

Next, a very sexy pair of white silk panties with lots of white lace trim was pulled up his legs and over the garters. The panties were very tight and small in a bikini style. Long stockings and tight little panties were necessitated by the shortness of the dress that Tani was now preparing to put on!

It was deep red with a crinkly satiny material which was designed to hug the wearer's body. This was not a dress for the mature figure, this was a dress for a slim, sexy young woman. Tani's body fit the dress perfectly! Unzipping the back, Tani slowly worked the tight dress up his legs and over his hips.

Holding the top of the strapless bodice, he reached around and pulled the zipper to the top. The dress felt like a second skin. His soft cleavage peaked out alluringly from the top while the hem of the dress barely covered his stocking tops. He knew that as he got out of a car or bent over, the tops of his stockings, maybe even his panties might peak out sexily.

Tani sat down again to put on the red, high heeled pumps he had prepared. The delicate, thin heels were a full 5" high and were not designed for women who were not used to such heels. Tani had practiced enough though and would manage them quite well. Because of their height, and the tightness of his skirt, when Tani walked across a room, he would be sure to draw men's eyes like magnets.

To complete his dressing, Tani added a beautiful pair of gold earrings with large diamonds in the center. He also put on a matching gold and diamond necklace which flowed down towards his bosom as if to draw the viewer's attention to the cleavage inches below.

A dainty gold ring was slipped on his finger and a spray of very musky perfume in several "strategic" locations completed Tani's dressing. He stepped in front of his full-length mirror.

Not the small, part-asian boy, Tani, but the exotic Far Eastern temptress, Tana, looked back. Tani knew that he had really outdone himself tonight, and he anticipated that he had also crossed an invisible line within his own personality. Even though it was still a mostly unconscious thought at the moment, Tani was in the process of making a life-changing decision.

Tani went to his vanity and poked out a birth control pill from its pink plastic package and took it. He counted the remaining pills and saw that he was mid-cycle, 14 days---the most fertile time of the month for females. Monthly, he took 28 consecutive pink pills and then 5 white ones---his period, a rest from the estrogen and progesterone. He had found he was tired and listless during those days and was glad he was mid cycle; when his female hormone levels were the highest.

As Tani finished furnishing his small red clutch purse with some makeup essentials, the front doorbell rang. He knew that he was "too good" for this to be a "joke". Taking a deep breath to calm his jittery nerves Tani took his purse and went downstairs with apprehension to meet his date.

He knew this was far more than a date. His heart pounded as he ascended closer to the encounter.

DING DONG!

The look on Jeff's face when Tani opened the door was worth the price of admission! I think "blown away" would best describe it. He could barely speak!

"T. . .T. . .Tani?" he finally managed.

"You were expecting someone else?" Tani replied in a feminine sounding voice. He posed and said, "This is the best I could do. OKAY?"

"Yeah! You look fantastic!!"

"Well thank you for the compliment," Tani replied as his cheeks showed a little redness from his blush at the obviously enthusiastic sincerity of Jeff's response.

J

Jeff all but fell over himself in helping Tani into the car. He went on and on about how beautiful Tani looked.

"I can't get over it. Is that your own hair?! It looks great!"

"Of course it's my own hair, whose hair would it be?" Tani replied with a quizzical smile.

"I thought maybe it was a wig or something. . .it looks so professionally done."

"Well it's my own hair, and it was professionally done. I've spent the whole afternoon at the beauty parlor silly," Tani said as he enjoyed letting the piece about the beauty parlor out.

"Wow, really? You're really something. I've never been out with a real woman as beautiful as you!" Jeff gushed on.

"Well I'm glad you appreciate the efforts," Tani replied with a shy smile.

The restaurant was very elegant and as would be expected Tani's entrance caught the immediate attention of every male's eye. In moments Jeff's dad's friend spotted Jeff, and his date.

He was over at their table in a flash. As Jeff predicted, the lecherous old man wouldn't take his eyes off Tani even as he spoke to Jeff. Tani could feel the man's staring eyes scanning every inch of his body. Tani thought, "What's Jeff's plan now?"

Rather than pulling some trick on the old man, Jeff was getting visibly angry at the fellows persistent ogling of his date. Even though his date was his male friend! Jeff felt the same angry emotion any guy would when some other

male is suggestively staring at his girl. Eventually the old guy had his fill for the time being and headed off for another table.

"What an asshole!" Jeff said almost too loudly.

"What were you planning to do. . .I mean to play a trick on him?" Tani asked.

"Well. . .uh. . .I don't know. You look too good. I don't think that anyone would believe that you're a guy. Why don't we just forget the joke and just have a good time. . .okay?" Jeff whispered somewhat shyly.

Tani smiled, he had actually felt uncomfortable about divulging his true sex for a joke. Now he could just spend some fine time as a beautiful woman on a dinner date.

"I think that's an excellent idea," Tani purred in a suggestively sexy voice. "I can just be a girl for the rest of the evening." The tone of Tani's voice brought out a smile and a blush to Jeff's cheeks.

The rest of dinner went perfectly. Jeff was an attentive gentleman and Tani played along as his beautiful feminine girlfriend. Jeff said, "I hope you don't mind but I'm getting into this---I feel like I'm with a real exciting girl. I hope it doesn't offend you?"

"NO," Tani said breathlessly, "I sort of like it. Being out with you makes me feel like a girl."

After dinner, Jeff suggested a nightclub. There was hesitation in Jeff's voice when he asked Tani to fast dance. . .then that lead into a slow dance. It all felt so natural. There they danced away until the late hours.

Tani didn't hesitate to snuggle close to Jeff's chest during the slow dances. And Jeff's hands did their fair

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share of investigating along Tani's back and surprisingly rounded hips.

Finally, they left the nightclub and drove home to Tani's house. When they pulled up into the drive, Tani said, "My folks are out of town for a few days. Why don't you come in for a drink?"

"Sure, I'd love to," replied Jeff without hesitation. They had had a few drinks at the nightclub. Even though they were under age, tonight nobody would suspect such a well-dressed couple to be teenagers, especially the seductive Tani.

Tani led Jeff into an elegantly furnished living room.

"The bar is over there. There is some champagne in the fridge. Why don't you open it?"

"Okay," Jeff replied, then asked, "Is that the only dress you borrowed?"

Tani smiled and said, "No, I had lots of stuff to chose from. Maybe I should slip into something a little more comfortable. These heels are killing me," Tani said.

"Don't change too much. . . I mean do you have anything spectacular," Jeff asked hopefully. Tani gave a Jeff a knowing smile then wiggled his way upstairs.

Jeff was bowled over! This was just like some movie. The most gorgeous woman he has ever seen is going to "slip into something more comfortable" while he gets the champagne.

Then it dawned on him. . . Tani's a guy. . . just like me! But his mind couldn't overpower that incredibly sexy exterior that Tani was showing. . . who would know?

Jeff had the champagne in an ice bucket and two glasses on the coffee table when he heard Tani coming down the stairs. If Jeff had been unprepared for Tani's appearance when he met him at the door earlier in the evening, his appearance now was even more pleasantly disturbing. Tani had removed his dress and shoes.

He now wore a pair of black, mid-heeled bedroom mules on his feet and a diaphanous black silk and lace peignoir. His lingerie was faintly visible through the black fabric. In addition, the peignoir tied high at the waist and as Tani walked the front slit opened enough to allow Jeff glimpses of his panties and gartered stocking tops peeking out with each step.

Tani looked cool and confident, but on the inside he was doing nervous flip flops. He knew what he was doing. . . he

knew that he was presenting a female sexual come on, but he wasn't sure of the consequences. This was not like any dressing up that he had done before, he had never had a real male. . .his own "boyfriend". . .obviously helplessly attracted to the feminine persona that he had sculpted.

He really felt like a woman tonight. . .he wanted to experience everything he could. But how would Jeff react? He might see that the "little joke" was over and that Tani was now executing other, obviously disturbing, plans.

As Tani entered the living room Jeff felt his excitement increasing. His dream woman was dressed invitingly for the bedroom. At the moment Jeff was being drawn very willingly to accept the invitation. Was Tani trying to joke around?

What if Jeff "made a move" only to be faced with the surprised outrage of his male friend. But why did Tani dress in so feminine an outfit if the "evening" was over. Obviously, Tani didn't think the evening was over just yet!

Tani sat on the couch beside Jeff and accepted the poured glass of champagne. Tani smiled and said, as he lifted his glass in a toast, "To the best date I've had in a long time."

"My best date ever," Jeff replied sincerely. Tani took the lead and intertwined his arm that held the glass around Jeff's arm. The closeness of their bodies allowed Jeff to inhale the seductive perfume that Tani wore. It heightened his excitement which was beginning to become more physically evident in his pants. Tani stretched back on the couch and gazed dreamily at Jeff.

"Gee, you're beautiful!" Jeff whispered for the nth time that evening, "this isn't a new experience for you is it?" he added quietly.

"What do you mean?" Tani asked, even though he knew exactly what Jeff was thinking.

"Dressing like that. . .you're too good at it. You should be a girl," Jeff said. "You were completely natural tonight. Did you like being the girl?"

Tani knew that it was time for some honesty. He liked Jeff in a new way that both thrilled him and frightened him somewhat. It was better to come clear now than to get shocked later on.

As they finished the bottle of champagne, Jeff sat in rapt wonder as Tani admitted that he'd explored his feminine side.

"WOW," Jeff said, shaking his head. "You could go anywhere and the guys would swarm! Have you ever had any pick you up?"

"A few," Tani said shyly. "It always scared me. I didn't know what to do."

Jeff understood. He actually was glad that he knew. . .it made Tani even more feminine in his eyes now. It was all so exciting. This dream girl in front of him was not only beautiful but innocent and inexperienced.

Tani couldn't read Jeff. Was he shocked, numbed or accepting of his situation. Finally Jeff spoke, "I think you're wonderful Tani. I've been so confused lately. You're such a fantastic girl that I can't help feeling attracted to you. I didn't realize that being a girl could mean so much to a guy. . .but I really respect it. You present the ideal in femininity."

"So? You're not turned off by me?" Tani asked almost afraid to hear the answer. The answer was a shock. . .but a pleasant one.

"Can I kiss you?" Jeff asked.

Tani's face turned red, aware that a threshold was about to fade. Jeff gently pulled Tani forward and kissed him on the lips. Tani was suddenly aware of a masculine taste on his lips. A taste that threatened to dissolve him from the inside out. The taste wasn't unpleasant like he had guessed.

Tani felt Jeff's tongue probing gently at his lips and finding little resistance, slipped in easily, making soft jabs. Tani guttural sigh exposed his true feeling at being filled with Jeff's moist probe. Tani squirmed in his arms.

A soft pink flush came to Tani's cheeks. This encounter was so full of contrasts. It was both elating and frustrating, causing Tani longing to both humble himself before Jeff and to fight his way free. He knew he could kick, slap and break his way free but what he wanted deep down was to be defeated, to savor the aftermath in Jeff's strong arms.

Jeff was a strong, big man and he kissed passionately with an almost bruising pressure. . .but the pain was curiously pleasant. Marvelous, conflicting and feminizing emotions Tani had never had for a man.

Tani submissively kissed back and they were soon passionately embraced as their arms stroked each other and Tani's lips were subject to a series of deep searing kisses.

Tani's head seemed to whirl and his breathing was heavy, his bosom rising and falling, straining against its constraint of silk and nylon. Jeff's warm palms, and long fingers lightly squeezed Tani's smooth flesh---Tani was responding on a purely physical level.

That night, the lives of Jeff and Tani had changed forever. Neither knew how things would turn out, but they had found each other to explore. It was overdue. . .most girl's Tani's age knew what was expected of them as girls. He wasn't sure if he was feminine enough. Suzanne had told Chris and him of her "first time" and the shock of seeing the first "one" that "liked" her. "No way," Tani remembered Suzanne gasping at the recall of such an intimidating apparatus and her apprehension on performing.

Tani gasp with apprehension too. His black-lashed eyes flinched then bounced open widely. He felt a sickening feeling engulf him. A look of panic flashed in Tani's eyes as he realized what his femininity had achieved. . .more than he'd ever conceived. A million thoughts flashed through his head. There was a complete and utter feeling of helplessness. Dazed and light-headed, Tani just childishly followed Jeff's tender but compelling lead.

After the first sweet shock shuddered through Tani, each rapturous sensation was sweeter, more compelling than the one before. Femininity was filled, femininity caressed, femininity clasped masculinity. Beyond endurance, Tani's innocent femininity was shattered, finding Jeff's stirring radiance overrunning his presence, devastating rationality with its splendor.

Tani awoke in the darkness of night seeing Jeff's shadow. Tani's femininity had always been an unilluminated, moody obsession, fraught with doubt. That doubt had been superseded by Jeff's vitality and splendor of Tani's feminine surrender.

That "doubt" again flashed and Tani stomach was queasy with new sensations. He brushed a long silken tendril of hair from his cheek. He felt his slippery nightgown twisted around his thighs which he prudishly straightened.

That gesture caused Jeff to turn over and he wrapped his arms around Tani, spooning him. Tani laid motionless, trying to feign being asleep. Against his silky nighty, Tani

could feel Jeff's formidable but soft maleness. There was no comparison to Tani's own small 'sequestered and trivial' organ. Jeff began to stir, his hips making little strokes. . .more menacing by the stroke.

Jeff didn't ask. He simply took Tani again in a way that required no effort from Tani. Tani was feeling a femininity he had never fancied and he marveled in it. This time it was over quickly, and Jeff again fell asleep.

Breathless, Tani shivered from the experience, much too enchanted to sleep. He was laying there with his belly filled with potent male seed just like women since the beginning of time. The manly essence was alive in his belly.

He felt different. . .he felt contented. That warm feeling which came from his belly served as a constant reminder of his new feminine function.

As Jeff backed out of Tani's driveway late on Sunday morning he was a happy man. Tani, stunned and shaken, hugged the covers on his bed reflecting on what he had done and how naturally it had come to him.

Alone, Tani and the girl in the mirror were in interpreting what "it" meant. Deflowered, Tani saw a new becoming flush to his cheeks. His femininity was becoming impossible to deny. For the first time he truly realized that he was not meant to have a boy's body. . .he had experienced the feelings of womanhood. He realized that he was so feminine now and could be feminine any time he wanted---perhaps he should correct nature's blooper?

The next day Tani went over to Chris's for sunbathing. Tani had been very secretive about his "date" and didn't even tell his best friend Chris. They had never talked about boys. . .only being girls.

Tani was wearing a new avant garde one-piece tank swimsuit with the new "lingerie" styling. It was royal blue with spaghetti straps and sheer mesh panels at the sides wrapping around to the back. The fairly low neckline was prettily scalloped. His pumps and tasteful handbag were matching blue.

Chris noticed the subtle changes such as the longer nails right away but it took a while to put it together. He looked at Tani's hair---the shining masses, clinging flips and soft waves feminizing him completely. His hair was

essentially the basic style which suited Tani so fabulously. . .but his hairdo was no longer frivolous. His hairdo had a demure, charming simplicity which made him womanly not just woman-like.

He asked, "Tani, you look different. . .I mean softer or something. What else is different? Your hair?"

"Oh nothing," Tani said running his pink tipped fingers over the bodice of his suit, adding with a tease, "or maybe everything." He wasn't sure he should tell his friend that he'd gone too far in playing "girl".

Chris sat up from his lounge chair and took a good look at Tani. As he adjusted the halter top on his navy with white polka-dotted bikini, he studied his feminized friend, his eyes searching for something out of place. . .then he spotted it. A neck hickey, with an atrocious make-up job. Inadequately covered with make-up, it shined through as a badge of "someone's" boldness.

Chris sat up and moved closer, pressing his knees together and announced, "WHO?? A boy did that to you! A BOY! Com'on, what happened!"

"Everything?" Tani tested sheepishly, his cheeks flushed pink at being 'read' so easily. He feared that everyone would know from just looking at him.

Chris squealed, "Oh, you little. . .I must know every detail!" The two boys pushed their chairs closer together and Tani told Chris everything about his date. Chris's eyes wandered over his friend's figure for other signs the he was no longer a virgin. Tani's subtle scent was that of a flowering rose, his bare shoulders and the extremely low cut bathing suit left the tops of his pushed up breasts exposed.

Chris hadn't realized so acutely what a slender and feminine body Tani had---also how delightfully feminized he'd become. A dainty diamond necklace hung in the youthful cleavage, matching earrings dangled from his lobes. His eyemakeup was done in mahogany tones, his cheeks cunningly rouged to accentuate his high cheekbones and his lips were painted an alluring pink.

As Tani divulged his "adventure", Chris realized with some apprehension that he was no longer looking at a boy just dressed like a girl. He was looking at all-out femininity---alluring and sexual.

The hot sun warmed Tani's body. His hands smoothed down over his belly, striving to retain his composure. He sighed as a chill came over him, "I'll never be the same."

Chapter XV

With the school year drawing to a close, and graduation just weeks away, Suzanne and Julian had many discussions about what they would do after high school. Though both were excellent students and could easily get into a good college, neither felt very interested in that option.

Both were quite business-minded and had toyed with the idea of starting their own small business as a team. What would interest them? Maybe starting to franchise out the gender-bender club concept? No, that would be too complicated.

During one of their frequent shopping sprees Suzanne bemoaned the difficulty of finding the kind of European quality fashion they loved. Almost in the same instant Suzanne and Julian smiled at each other and said, "That's it. . . a clothing boutique!"

From that day forward that was the center of their conversations. They began to investigate the funds they would need, fashion contacts, location options, and a name for the business. Both mothers were very supportive of their endeavors and guaranteed any financial support that would be needed. And so "Julia's" was born.

Both families were excited by the new venture, but not nearly as excited as when the two very femininely dressed co-owners of "Julia's" showed their matching diamond engagement rings and announced that they were engaged to get married! They would both be nineteen years old in a couple of months, but this was still very young for marriage.

However, after much discussion and thought, June O'Connor and Elaine Thompson decided that to try and dissuade their children would most likely not be easy or successful.

They were in love and luckily financially secure for life. Their special relationship was somewhat unusual since strangers would never realize that there was a boy underneath the lingerie, dresses, makeup and hairdo's displayed by the young Julia.

They realized that Julian now seemed completely overwhelmed by a desire to be totally feminine, and Suzanne

was captivated by her feminine boyfriend. Though neither discussed their suspicions, both mothers were quite certain that their children were more than a little sexually active!

Suzanne's mother asked her, "Are you sure you are willing to take a mate for life at such a young age?"

"I'd never find anyone like Julian, mom," Suzanne said truthfully. "If he can give up his male exterior for me, I can give myself to him fully."

Yes, from the wedding vows, which they were rewriting, Julian was going to give up his manhood and live forever as a woman. He would still love and cherish his wife but would be giving up all male clothes, manner and tradition.

Suzanne told her mother, "He must really love me. . . how many other boys would become a GIRL just for me."

The mothers realized that these were two special people who found their 'one in a billion' soul mate. So not only were the Thompsons and the O'Connors busy in helping to start a new business, but they had a wedding to plan.

"We want a private wedding held here at home with our closest friends," Suzanne explained at a dinner with both families present. "And. . .in light of the special nature of Julia's and my feelings, both of us will be wearing bridal gowns, and both will have Maids of Honor and a bridesmaid. I'd like Chris to be my Maid of Honor," she said and looked at her brother who was smiling at the prospect.

"And I'd like Bonnie to be my Maid of Honor," Julian said as he looked to his sister.

"Oh, I'd love to!" Bonnie replied immediately, "I would never have imagined that my little brother would be a bride before me!" she teased.

"We're going to ask Tani and Heather to be the bridesmaids," Suzanne added. Heather was another close friend and club member.

Heather, or Henry, as he was known at school was one of the most feminine boys in the club. His mother had wanted a girl so he was raised learning all the little particulars of girlhood. His long wavy auburn hair was the envy of all the "girls". He was so petite and feminine that he could almost never pass himself off as a boy anymore. . .and didn't really try!

His mother had registered him last year for ballet lessons. . . as a girl. He now had a whole group of ballet school friends who thought that Henry was really a girl.

"And I know who we should get to perform the ceremony," Elaine added, "Bill Albertson, he's a Justice of the Peace, and he loves boys in dresses!" June O'Connor looked a little surprised so Elaine elaborated.

"Bill and I went to school and he used to take advantage of every opportunity, like Halloween, theater classes, masquerade parties, to dress up. I dated him for quite a while and he shared his secret with me. In fact, we even double dated with guys a couple of times. He hasn't dressed for years but I'm sure he would love the opportunity to be around some pretty boys in dresses to do the ceremony."

"Gee, that's a good idea Mom!" Suzanne said, "That was the one problem we hadn't figured out yet, that is, how could we legally perform the ceremony?"

"Well it looks like we had better do some intensive wedding gown shopping," Mrs. O'Connor said looking at Julian. He looked beautiful with his hair all swept over to one side of his head in a mass of curls, his madeup face was perfect and his long red nails made him look several years older than his mere eighteen.

"Yes, and there are the invitation lists to develop, gift registries, caterers. . ."

The families went on for the whole evening talking about wedding ideas. Suzanne and Julian snuggled up on a couch and spent their time looking through the latest "Bride" magazines, discussing the delicious wedding gowns pictured there.

"Hey," Julian said, "I'm not letting you see my bridal gown before the ceremony! It's bad luck for the groom to see it."

"Groom?! Please. . . we'll start a new tradition. . . it's bad luck for the bride to see her bride's gown!" Suzanne retorted causing both of them to laugh.

What a thought just a couple of months ago. Julian was going to be the bride at his own wedding. The day made his heart flutter. His last day as a boy.

June O'Connor knew that nothing less than the most femininely exquisite wedding gown with all the sexy lingerie and accessories would satisfy her boy. She was right.

Chapter XVI

Chris had his own exciting appointment to keep right after graduation. He was scheduled to drive up to Dr. Schneider's Palm Springs Clinic/Resort for his scheduled cosmetic surgery. He already had made up his mind that he was going to have a lot of say in the type of Maid of Honor dress that would be chosen for his sister's wedding. The thought of a plunging neckline made his heart race!

Graduation ceremonies were held in late June. Unlike most larger high schools, there was no senior Prom, but rather a series of lavish private parties which were held by various groups of friends.

With the summer wedding of Suzanne and Julian, the club decided to combine their graduation party with the wedding reception. It was the engaged couple's idea, and one which the club members readily agreed to.

As a final fling and a statement representing their passing into a new phase of their lives. The club members took extra steps to express their feminine personalities. A few of the students who somehow had still not caught on to what was really going on may have finally been shocked into realization that the recent unusual fashion trend amongst some of the senior boys was more than just fashion.

For example, little Henry, aka Heather, bravely and proudly came to the grad ceremony with his thick auburn hair neatly French-braided with the end tucked underneath and pinned in place. A couple of tortoise shell combs adorned either side of his head as well. He also wore a billowy sleeved white silk blouse with a wide pointed collar and feminine dress slacks.

Another fellow, Rick, aka Rachel, had his long nails enameled in a light red shade and wore conservative, yet unmistakable, eye makeup! His hair had been permed and roller set for this day giving him a beautiful soft bouffant hairdo that looked like a style typically worn by TV news anchorwomen.

For their graduation portraits Suzanne, Julian, Chris, Tani AND Jeff had appointments with a Beverly Hills photographer. The photographer was obviously delighted to have an opportunity to photograph the four beautiful girls and handsome young man that arrived.

Yes, Tani and Jeff were a sizzling number in private. Jeff had learned to accept his girlfriend's unusual anatomy. If he was ever concerned, all he had to do was watch other men stare jealously.

It was a few days after their first night together that Tani, with the others' permission told Jeff the truth about the "club".

He was a little surprised but he now understood all the little signs that seemed disconnected before. The first time he met Chris and Julia he was as surprised as he had been that evening when Tana came to the door. These guys made beautiful girls!

For their portraits each of the girls had gone all out with their makeup and hair. Wearing their graduation caps and gowns they would grace the mantelpieces of their mothers' homes for decades to come.

Sunday after graduation, Chris braided his hair and then coiled the braid up into a chignon at the back of his head. This was to keep it in place as he liked to drive with his car's convertible top down.

Mrs. Thompson was coming along with him to Palm Springs for moral support and to do a little shopping. Chris gave his sister a kiss on the cheek then slid his long, tanned legs into the driver's seat of the white 500SL.

"The next time I see you you'll have the prettiest little nose in the family!" Suzanne teased as Chris laughed and drove off. Chris would give his sister more than a little surprise when she saw him next!

The Palm Springs clinic looked more like a posh spa than a medical clinic. The nurse at the registration office examined the doctor's notes which Chris saw had his name as Christopher Thompson, sex: male. He also saw the description of procedures as rhinoplasty and breast augmentation. The attractive young woman looked up at him and politely asked,

"Do you prefer to be called Christine or just Chris?"

The question came across as being the most normal question to ask a "Christopher, sex: male".

Shocked, Chris shuttered, "Uh. . .either is fine but I suppose with what I'm having done, I better get used to Christine?"

"Alright Christine, I have all the information I need for now, I'll show you to your room. He followed her down

several plushly carpeted hallways and was shown into his private suite. It looked just like some first class hotel.

My, how private medicine had flourished in the affluent California west. Mrs. Thompson would be staying in a nearby hotel, so she kissed her son and told him she would see him in the morning. His surgery was scheduled for the day after Tomorrow so after he had his physical examination in the morning, they would let him go out for a couple of hours of shopping as long as he promised not to eat anything.

After she left, Chris changed into a fluffy white robe, brushed his hair out, tied a white silk scarf underneath it to hold behind his ears, then went for a little exploratory walk. He found a sunlit patio with a swimming pool downstairs.

There were several other guests sitting around reading or just chatting. Some of them had bandages on various parts of their faces, obviously post-surgery. One young woman looked up at Chris and smiled as he came by, "Hi, you must have just got in. I'm Laura."

The woman said in a fairly low voice. Chris's eyes quickly scanned the friendly woman. . .visible adam's apple, tall, voice quite deep. . .this was not a female. But the long blond hair, shaven legs, pretty madeup eyes sent an opposite signal.

"Hi, I'm Chris. Yes, I just got in," Chris replied using his most feminine voice. Laura motioned Chris to take the lounge next to her.

"Are you a first timer at the clinic?" Laura asked.

"Yes, that's right. How about you?"

"Oh no, I'm getting to be a regular!" Laura laughed. . .again a fairly husky laugh. "What are you in for? Can't be much, you're really pretty already."

"Uh. . .just a little repair on my nose. I was in a kind of accident recently," Chris answered smiling at the compliment. "How about yourself?"

"Well, I'm getting my breast implants changed. . .If I'm going to add to nature, I figure I might as well go for something more ample. I think I've gone as far as the hormones alone can take me. If you haven't figured it out already I'm not a female. . .but I am a woman," Laura stated and then chuckled at her comment.

"Really?" Chris said in mock surprise. "You're very pretty." He exaggerated a little. "How long have you been dressing as a woman?"

"Forever it seems, in private but I'm changing that now," Laura replied. "How about yourself Chris?"

Chris was caught by surprise with the last comment.

"I . . . I mean . . . I'm," he stammered.

"I apologize Chris," Laura interjected, "you're undetectable, it's just that I know that a majority of Dr. Schneider's clients are males like myself. The older clients you see around here are usually the only ones who are what they appear to be until the Doc' finishes with them. I took a shot in the dark, I didn't mean to offend you. I know you're a female."

"I'm not. . .," Chris replied in a soft whisper.

"Really?!" Laura seemed genuinely surprised. "Wow, I am impressed! Makes me want to give it up if there are dolls like you out there."

Laura was quite the talker, but Chris could sense that he was sincere. Soon Chris was talking more openly than he would have expected. It was always great to meet another male who had the same feminine interests that he did. That was why the club was started.

It turned out that Laura was 24 years old and working as a screen writer in the movie making industry. About half of his co-workers knew about him the other half were uninformed.

Laura went on to say that he had even written a movie script about some boys who had to dress as females. Some day he was hoping to be able to get the funds to produce it. Chris admitted that he was getting more than just a nose job at the clinic. Laura was very happy to hear it.

"You'll love it. There is nothing as exciting as having your own pair of breasts to fill your bras or bikinis. Heck, I've even tanned topless on some secluded nude beaches!"

"Well, it's very exciting as well as scary for me," admitted Chris. "My twin sister is in for a surprise when I get back. I'm going to be the Maid of Honor at her wedding this summer."

This blew Laura away! Chris went on to tell him more about the wedding and its all 'girl' bridal party. Laura was getting very excited by what he was hearing. A group of boys intent on feminizing themselves.



*Chris stared into the mirror.
What if he didn't like having tits?*

By the end of their chat, Chris had exchanged phone numbers with Laura. Laura said that he was dying to take an idea like "the club", the school, and the all-girl wedding and write a movie about it. What a thought, Chris thought. . .hmmm, he wondered how much money it would take to finance a movie. . .even a home movie?

That afternoon, Chris and his mother met with the doctor for a last consultation. They went over again what

the doctor was going to do. Originally, Chris's mother had agreed to an "A" augmentation.

The doctor said, "I again want to suggest that you may want to discuss breast size again. We find that small inserts tend to capsulate and become hard."

Mrs. Thompson was caught off-guard. She said, "I just thought that if they were small, Chris could still be a boy sometimes too."

"Maam," the doctor said, "with all respect, we are talking about giving your pretty son here. . .a pert, little upturned up nose. . .and BREASTS! He's not going to be running around without a shirt. . .or even without a brassiere until they are fully healed."

"Ohhh?" she said looking at her red-faced feminized son, who was playing with the hem of his skirt. "What size do you suggest?"

The doctor smiled. "Most girls don't have a choice how big they are, but the boys who come to me DO! I suggest we give him something he can 'grow into'. Let's try some different size inserts in his bra. . .see what he can handle."

That night before he went to bed, Chris looked into the mirror at his mostly flat but hormone bloated chest. He asked himself if he was making the right decision. He wasn't sure.

Chapter XVII

Chris woke up in the recovery room feeling bruised and groggy. He felt a little nauseous as well. After half an hour his head was starting to clear. His chest was sore and tingly. Instinctively, his hand went up to touch his chest. He immediately sensed that it was a lot higher than he remembered. . .or even imagined!

"Oh my," he thought to himself. "It's over." He remembered his "second thoughts" as they were about to put him under anaesthesia. All that morning he's worried about "what if he didn't like having tits!"

He strained to lift his head and look down his chest. Now he was stuck with tits. The hospital gown stood out from his body more than as if he was wearing one of his most fully padded bras. He knew that he was naked under the thin hospital gown that covered his torso. Those were his breasts! He gasp, "TOO BIG. . ." then he felt dizzy and the lights went out again.

Four days later, Chris stood in his hospital suite getting dressed to leave. He still had a bandage over his nose and his eyes were black and blue. However, he was assured that in a couple of weeks he would be fully recovered.

As exciting as the prospect of a new pert nose was, his C-cup ladylike breasts were such a fantasy and now he faced reality. They were so feminine, almost too womanly and PERMANENT!

He had a hard time getting to bed because he couldn't stop parading in front of his mirror topless and looking at the perfect, full feminine bosom that he now possessed.

They were sore and annoying. Traits that would go away as they healed. The doctor said, "Even my 'boys' go through 'growing discomfort'. It's something all women go through and so will you.

He realized that he COULDN'T wear boy's clothes now even if he wanted to. He remembered the doctor's warning---A well fitting, support bra was a MUST until they healed completely.

He was given the booklet, "A boy's guide to breast care." It basically warned not to use any drying agents such as harsh soap---only the special nipple lotion three times a day. It also suggested walking around with your breasts uncovered (suggesting a nursing bra) to let the air circulate around the nipples.

There was a chapter on bra selection and fit. Chris had many brassieres but found this chapter had new meaning. No bra he had at home would fit now, and proper FIT was important in maintaining breast contours. Brassiere cups which only supported inserts before were now necessary to support the entire lower half of his breasts in a natural position.

The clinic had fitted him with several suitable ones. During the fitting, the nurse had him stand with his arms down at his sides. A proper fit meant that his nipple line is level with a point midway between his elbow and shoulder.

He hadn't been warned how much upkeep breasts required. There was another whole chapter on nipple stretching. It said: As a boy who appreciates the sensuous nature of having breasts, you may find that after augmentation your nipples are not as distended and substantial as you wished. Fleshly accommodating nipples takes some time and training.

Done appropriately, this cultivation can be enjoyable for the feminized boy. We encourage you to enjoy the voluptuous pleasures breasts can offer. It went on to discuss "nipple-rolling", and "nipple-pulling" and other enhancement techniques.

Chris was amazed at all there was to learn just to have breasts. It wasn't just "get 'em and forget 'em.

For the drive back home, Chris was wearing a new white lacy demibra with full support cups. . . a gift from his mother. She announced, "You got 'em, you might as well flaunt 'em." The ample cupped brassiere just lifted the two large breasts to emphasize their size. Over this he wore a gauzy parachute silk blouse that could be buttoned up or down to expose as much or little of his cleavage as he wanted. A wide, ruffled denim skirt coming to mid-calf and high-heeled sandals completed his look.

His hair had been curled and caught up at the back of his head with a white silk scarf to tumble in casual curls onto his back and shoulders. Chris and his mother exchanged goodbyes with the staff and set off for home.

As he approached home, Chris got fidgety. It was becoming obvious that his life was about to change a lot. "Gee mom," he asked, "Do you think we've done the right thing. . . I don't think I'll be able to be a boy at all anymore?"

"Well, you weren't spending much time as one anyway. . . so there won't be much of a loss."

They arrived on schedule early that evening. Before pulling into the driveway, Chris unbuttoned his blouse so that his full breasts were seductively exposed with lace from the cups framing them just above the nipples. To his surprise, Suzanne and Julian had arranged a little coming home party with Tani and Jeff, Heather, Bonnie and Mrs. O'Connor.

Chris could hardly suppress his grin as he got out of the car and stepped towards his sister and their friends. Suzanne rushed up to him and froze in her tracks. Her eyes bulged as she stared at the bulging tits spilling out of her brother's blouse. She squealed like a young teeny bopper,

"Chris!!! You little tramp. . . you didn't warn us. I can't believe it! You're stacked!!!"

Soon all the others were gathered around and expressing their sincere compliments. Tani flashed Jeff a significant look as he saw Jeff's more than friendly stare at their

friend's new attributes. Jeff smiled back at Tani and with an apologetic grin said, "Hmmm, they're very nice."

"Should I?" Tani snapped back half in jest, half in earnest.

"More than a handful is wasted," Jeff kidded back. Little did Jeff know that Tani had already been planning such a move and even more significant surgery as well! In their brief relationship, Tani had learned the many ways women can physically please their man, but Tani still wanted Jeff to have the one option that a real woman could offer him. Jeff was happy.

In bed, with Tani in a sexy nightie, they could make love for hours and Jeff would completely forget that the person in bed with him was a male like himself. Tani knew 101 positions, most of them seemed to be designed to please the giver rather than the recipient.

Once the first hoopla was over, Chris wore the heavy support brassieres necessary for the healing and first support. Weeks later he was given a release and for the first time could go braless if he preferred.

It was a frontier of sorts for Chris. That night before going out to dinner, he stood in the mirror massaging moisturizer lotion on his arms and neck. Seeing the full soft mounds, Chris squeezed gobs of lotion over his breasts. The cool wetness made his pert nipples erect and hard. Impulsively, he massaged the translucent goo over his nipples, pulling at them the way the doctor had suggested for enlargement. It was strange. Cool currents of desire coursed through his body yet. . .his pink gauzy panties showed no sign of strain.

Taking a breast in each hand, Chris squeezed his breasts together, then taking his nipples between his thumbs and forefingers, he milked outward at them. "Jeepers!" he moaned feeling the pink flesh arouse unforgettable new sensations.

Feeling the bud grow hard, Chris's fingers finessed and pulled his nipples outward---almost laboriously. Chris's mind raced. The doctor had ordered twice a day "nipple massage" to improve circulation and stretch the areolae. The imperative "nipple pulling and rolling" had never felt like this before.

As he finessed his new possessions, Chris felt a sensitive sharp almost painful contraction between his thighs. It startled Chris making him stop. "The doctor hadn't



*Julian's mother wanted a portrait that reflected her son. . .
this was the best the creative eye could find.*

warned of any twinge like that?" Chris thought, a bit reluctant to continue.

He surveyed his feminized body and proceeded slowly. To his bewilderment, the "twinge" returned. . .not a pain but like a cramp over not entirely unpleasant. The mirror showed the red faced boy carefully diddling with his most erect nipples.

Pain was washed away by a new pleasure. He watched the mirror as his hands caressed the womanly figure---his own. Slowly, then more eagerly, his fingers creating a slow surging rhythm. There was no reason to hurry.

The contractions in his belly and thighs were controlled with the palpitations of his fingers. He hasty twisted and pulled his tender tips until they were sore. Suddenly his back arched in ecstasy as the rapture pulsed and rhythmic contractions of uncontrollable pleasure gushed. Stunned and with tears in his eyes, Chris gasp, "What was that?!?!"

He felt his belly, then realized the smooth, flat crotch of his dainty panties was drenched. It was a new kind of delicious climax. . .one Chris couldn't forget!

Chris had an euphoric sense of satisfaction. He felt a calm feeling of satisfaction that spanned both physical and emotional fulfillment. . .not like the experiments with his maleness.

It shouldn't have been surprising to Chris that breasts could be so sensual. His breasts were suddenly highly erogenous zones, sensitive to the slightest touch and capable of sending delight throughout his body.

His daydream of going braless was short lived. His nipples were becoming more sensitive with each passing day---so much so that without a bra, the friction of even the softest, silkiest blouse was embarrassing. His erect protruding nipples were very visible. Chris's mother insisted he wear a bra, saying, "You're sending the wrong message to men."

Over the next few weeks the Thompson and O'Connor households were a beehive of activity. Julian had been dressing as Julia pretty much fulltime since grad. Bonnie couldn't believe that this was the same person who worried about getting his hair done at a beauty salon a few short months ago.

His mother sensing that she was losing a son and gaining TWO daughters, sent Julian to the top portrait photographer in Beverly Hills with the instructions, "See if you can take a picture reflecting my son. . .there's very little boy left."

Now, her brother traipsed around the house in lingerie, thought nothing of going out with Suzanne to the beach in bikinis! His wardrobe and makeup collection must be larger than Bonnie's and their mother's combined! She guessed that her sister was making up for lost time.

They poured over wedding gown magazines, visited lots of bridal shops, where Julian spent hours trying on dress after dress. Finally, they found "the dress"! It was gorgeous as they knew it would be. The yards and yards of white silk and satin in the skirt was held out from Julian's body with a dozen white tulle and lace petticoats. It had a Queen Anne neckline, Juliet sleeves, and a large satin bow at the back.

The train was eight feet long in back and would require assistance from the bridesmaid to move about during the ceremony.

Julian worked on his hair for an hour each day just conditioning and pampering it. He had not cut it since before that first club party. It had been just over shoulder length then, now it was well down his back. It glistened like corn silk after the religious brushing that Julian or Suzanne gave it several times a day.

Her brother also learned to deal with long nails which he had grown a full half inch past his finger tips. There had been much talk about Chris's breasts in the O'Connor household.

Julian's mother would see Chris, his wild golden hair framing his face, dressed in tight, lowcut tops that displayed an abundant cleavage---the kind of look that men go for in a big way.

Chris showed a wide-eyed Julian his breasts. In a swift movement, Chris snapped open his thin, gauzy brassiere, and said, "Feel them!" Julian cupped his friend's breasts with his warm fingers, feeling the soft roundness and then tweaking Chris's nipples between his thumb and forefinger. Chris said, "You really ought to get tits too! Everyone treats you differently."

Chris didn't reveal how when men were talking to him---they'd stare helplessly at his chest not at his face.

Breasts were still "new" enough to Chris that he was giddy about what was so compelling about the "secret message" breasts sent from a female to a male.

Seeing the soft curves looking as if they were bursting to escape Chris's chest, Julian asked innocently, "Do they hurt?"

"No, but I know they are there!" Chris said. "When they wobble, bounce and jiggle, I feel like grabbing them to hamper the movement. I guess I'm getting used to it."

Julian had noticed how Chris had changed. The soft lilting movement and the way his blouses hung, showed the promise of a blossoming woman's sexuality.

Julian and Suzanne had decided not to take that step just yet. Julian openly wanted breasts but he also realized that Suzanne liked his male body in bed. She loved the feminine face, hair, and nails. . .but she liked a mostly male body beneath the finery.

Though neither Julian nor Suzanne saw each other's bridal gowns they did share in selecting the dresses for Tani, Bonnie, Chris and Heather. The two Maids of Honor were going to wear shocking pink strapless dresses that, as per Chris's request, provided an opportunity to flaunt a healthy bosom.

Bonnie didn't mind going up against a boy in that department. Mother Nature had been generous with her. The two bridesmaids dresses would be in the same shocking pink but not strapless.

Tani and Heather were both very petite, so the dresses chosen were just above the knee with puff sleeves and what was called an Illusion neckline. It had a sheer pink fabric above the bosom up to a jeweled collar. It had the appearance of being low-cut. The style was perfect for the smaller figure. Jeff couldn't wait to see his lover in the sexy outfit.

While all the wedding preparations were going on, Julia's boutique was starting to take shape. They had found a nice Beverly Hills location, signed a lease, had the interior renovations in process, found a source for their initial inventory, put together a promotional campaign and were basically ready for the grand opening several weeks after their honeymoon.

The business from their club members and friends of theirs should keep them busy in itself. The fashions were very feminine, very elegant, and very expensive. The latter being nothing new for a Beverly Hills shopper. The boys

in the club were quite excited about "Julia's" boutique. It would be a place where they could truly feel comfortable shopping.

Granted that some of the members, like Tani, Julian, Chris, could shop anywhere without worry, others were not so lucky. They had to rely on larger size shops, their mothers' sewing or mail order. Suzanne and Julia assured those that special sizes would be stocked and even private, after-hours evening shopping would be available to them.

Chapter XVIII

The wedding day had arrived! The homes of the two brides were beehives of action by 6:00 AM. Julian wasn't feeling great. His friends had had a bachelor or should we saw a bachelorette party. His feminine buddies took him out to a hotel and celebrated the passing of his single status and of his MALE status.

More like a shower, they gave Julian sexy little lingerie and even had a male stripper. That made Julian blush to his roots.

In order to avoid seeing each other before the ceremony, Suzanne and Julian had to agree on scheduling their beauty salon appointments at different times.

Julian, in a gentlemanly manner, offered to take the earlier appointment at 7:00 AM. Heather, his bridesmaid, Bonnie, his Maid of Honor, and his mother were scheduled at the same time. Suzanne and her entourage would follow at 10:00. The wedding was scheduled for 4:00 PM that afternoon. Barb and several of her salon staff were invited guests, so they felt a special need to excel in their hair-styling artwork that day.

Julian had read all the bride's guidebooks which recommended what the bride should or shouldn't do with her hair on the wedding day. They suggested not trying something that was too unusual lest it turns out unsatisfactorily. However, Julian loved to try different hairdo's and since he had been dressing as Julia fulltime there were not two days in a row when he would have the same hairstyle.

His bedroom was littered with various hairstyle how-to magazines. So, he felt unfettered when it came to choosing a hairstyle. Barb was shown a Polaroid photo of Julian modelling his wedding gown so that she could design his hairdo to suit the dress style. Since it had the Juliet sleeves, it was decided that Julian should wear his hair up

to allow the puffs of the sleeves at his shoulders to frame his neck and face.

Barb finally had an idea. She showed Julian and his "ladies in waiting" a picture of a style that she had won a medal for in a hairstyling competition. The model's hair was all pulled to the top of her head where a perfect pillbox hat arrangement stood out made completely of neatly wound braids. She explained that a round form was used around which the thirty or more braids were carefully wrapped.

Julian's hair was certainly long enough and his veil would fit on the hairdo very well. Julian smiled at Barb and said, "Go for it."

The stylists moved into action washing and conditioning the ladies' hair. Heather sat reading a magazine while his hairstylist wound his long hair on medium sized rollers. Mrs. O'Connor was getting a color rinse while Bonnie's hair was also set in large rollers. Soon all but Julian were under hairdryers.

They watched with interest while Barb and another stylist meticulously combed out, sectioned and braided Julian's hair. A round form had been securely pinned to Julian's crown and now each long braid was wound around the form and pinned into place.

After two hours were up, the entourage were finished and leaving for their next appointment at the makeup and nail salon. Julian looked stunning with his intricate hairdo. Heather had his long auburn hair in a mass of long ringlets which were pulled up from the sides leaving only romantic tendrils around his forehead and cheeks.

Bonnie's hair was also curled but in looser curls. It spilled over her shoulders which would be bare in the strapless Maid of Honor dress that she was to wear. Mrs. O'Connor's hair had a beautiful sheen to it from the color rinse. It was styled in an elegant pageboy. Clearly, Julian would stand out as the bride, or should we say one of the brides!

If every woman is thrilled and excited as she gets dressed for her wedding ceremony, then Julian's state of excitement was ten times greater. As his sister, mother and friend Henry/Heather waited in the bedroom, Julian stood naked before the full-length mirror in the main bathroom. He stared at the reflection in amazement.

The strikingly madeup face, exotic hairdo and elegant hands with their long French manicured nails could only belong to a beautiful young woman. The rest of the body, though cleanly depilated and perfumed, was that of a slim teenaged boy. He had dieted carefully the last four weeks and now his former slim 130 lbs. was down to a mere 120. At 5'6" he needed a smaller dress size than Suzanne.

With his waistcinching corselette he would present a striking 21" waist. His obvious male member looked totally incongruent with the total picture. Julian decided to bid it goodbye until he and his spouse retired to the bridal suite that night. Suzanne had already told him that she had bought them a matching pair of white, bridal nightgowns made of the finest silk and covered with lavish lace embroidery.

Remembering her description of how they would sensuously undress each other, slip into the ultra-feminine nightgowns, and brush out each other's hair before consummating their wedding day made Julian fell hot and excited in a way that time did not allow just now! Quickly he used a cold washcloth to subside things and to allow the careful donning of his tight sex cache. Once the tightness and mild discomfort eased he took a pair of beautiful white tap panties profusely adorned with lace. Now except for the flat bosom he was Julia.

"Well, we thought that maybe you had changed your mind and slid down the drainpipe to run away," Bonnie said as she hustled her brother into the main bedroom. His mother and Heather were there waiting for him. Heather looked radiant in his bridesmaid dress. Henry loved to dress up but never in his wildest dreams did he think that he would be someone's bridesmaid.

His mother was probably as excited as him. Since he told her that he was asked to be in this bridal party she had not let him be Henry even once. Heather's wardrobe grew on a daily basis.

"Hey, Sis," Julian replied, "doesn't a bride get a few moments for self reflection on her wedding day?"

"Only if it doesn't hold up the task of getting her dressed," Bonnie responded with a chuckle.

"Alright girls, let's get Julian started. We have to be leaving the house in less than a hour. The photographer will be here in a few minutes to take some shots of Julian as he's getting ready to leave for the church," Mrs. O'Con-

nor admonished as she took her son by the hand and led him towards the bed.

Meticulously laid out on the bed was Julian's bridal wardrobe. It appeared to be a sea of white lace, silk, satin and brocade. His mother picked up a gleaming white satin and lace corselette with underwired bra cups which she placed around her son's midsection.

He turned around to allow her to close the dozen or so hooks and eyes. He had to suck in his stomach as the white garment was tightened around his waist. Once the clasps were closed, Bonnie and her mother began doing up the laces. Though most modern corselettes did not require lacing anymore, Julian insisted on finding one that did. He knew that the lacing would be a real turn on for Suzanne. So he winced and gasped as the ladies pulled his waist in more and more until finally they tied the laces securely at the back.

He let his breath out only to find that the corset didn't allow his midsection to expand at all! It felt like some giant's hand had a grip around his middle.

"I can't breath!" he gasped.

"You wanted to be laced in, you'll get used to it," Bonnie replied. "Here let's get some added benefits," she said as she came around in front of her brother and began to massage his chest fat higher into the cups of the corset. He was quite slim, but she did manage to form the semblance of some cleavage.

Next they pulled Julian's garter straps through his panties and had him sit on a chair so that they could work his stockings up his legs. They were made of sheer white nylon and covered with intricate floral patterns. Julian stood up once again so that the stocking tops could be secured to the garter tabs. The stockings provided a subtle downward tug to his corselette.

"Just a minute," heather said, "don't forget your special garter." Heather brought over a white satin garter with delicate baby blue ribbons on it. Julian lifted his right foot slightly so that his friend could slide the garter up Julian's leg and place it at mid thigh.

Next, a full-length bridal slip was carefully placed over Julian's head. It was white satin with wide, embroidery at the hem and bosom. It hugged his body down to his ankles. It was fairly slim so he would have to take small, dainty

steps in it. Heather came over from the bed with a huge armload of what looked like yards of taffeta and lace.

"Are we ready for his petticoats?" Heather asked Mrs. O'Connor who was supervising each step of the dressing.

"Yes dear, give them to me one at a time," she replied.

Each petticoat was lowered over Julian's head. As the petticoat settled around his hips, his mother would pull tight the silk ribbons which closed the waist of the petticoat. With Julian's very narrow waistline and resulting flare at the hips, each petticoat would sit securely in place. There were six such petticoats in all.

One by one they were lowered over the other, each layer standing out further and further from Julian's body. As each petticoat was tied in place behind his back Julian made a comment.

"You know, with that corset, and all these petticoats tied back there I don't think I could undress by myself."

"That's the whole idea dearie," Bonnie replied with a Cheshire cat smile. "That's what your wife will be for. I guess in your case, you'll have to help each other."

"Hmmm. . .that could be fun," Julian reflected.

"Riiggghht," Bonnie teased, "you're starting to catch on now aren't you. Are you nervous?"

Julian nodded. The day meant so much. . .had he thought it all out? Or was he simply entangled by love? Was he giving up a lot? Or nothing?

Finally, the moment had arrived! Heather and Mrs. O'Connor brought the exquisite wedding gown over from the bed. Julian watched with nervous excitement as the two lifted the skirts carefully over his head. Bonnie helped by directing her brother's upthrust arms into the long sleeves of the dress.

The gown was worked over Julian's head with great caution as not to disturb his braided pillbox hat hairdo. The lavish skirt settled onto the ballooning petticoats as his hands came through the tight cuffs of the Juliet sleeves. Julian felt the significant weight of the clothes he was wearing. No wonder brides would be exhausted by the end of their wedding reception.

His mother began fastening the long row of small, satin-covered buttons up his back. Heather smoothed out the long train of his skirt while Bonnie fetched the high-heeled, white satin pumps he was to wear.



*The former gang member was now feminized.
His mother had every intention of making Ashley less
rowdy by developing feminine interests.*



Julian wedding dress was constricting. . . something that as a woman he 'd just have to get used to.

"Lift the hem of your skirt Julian so we can slip these on," she said. Her brother complied as he balanced on one foot while his sister slipped the dainty shoe on his right foot. Holding her shoulder for balance Julian stood on his right foot while the other high heeled shoe was slipped on.

Now he felt the tension on his calves and the increased tightness of the pull of his stockings and garters. Julian hoped that he would be able to walk gracefully with all this fabric swishing around him.

Julian's mother pulled out the vanity chair and showed him how to sit down without crumpling his skirts. She would personally complete the finishing touches. There was a tear in June O'Connor's eye as she placed the pearl



necklace that she had worn on her wedding day around the neck of her beautiful son.

She tearfully beamed, "I don't know what your father would say, but I think you're a beautiful bride!"

Matching pearl earrings were added to Julian's pierced ears. And then. . .finally. . .she placed the floral wreath style headpiece made of white satin and brocade on her son's head. It complimented perfectly Julian's hairdo. She slipped several hidden bobby pins in to securely hold the headpiece.

The sheer white veil was lowered over Julian's face. Now Mrs. O'Connor's tears were rolling down her cheeks. It was a very emotional moment for her. The fact that it was her son that was being given away by her as a bride did not seem to confuse her. She had really accepted that her little boy was not her little boy any more but a lovely daughter from now on.

Heather and Bonnie stood back quietly for a moment not wishing to disturb this tender scene. However, Bonnie, as Maid of Honor had a duty to ensure that the bride made it through the day on schedule.

"Mom, I think we should get ready for the photographer. We have to get on our way in 15 minutes."

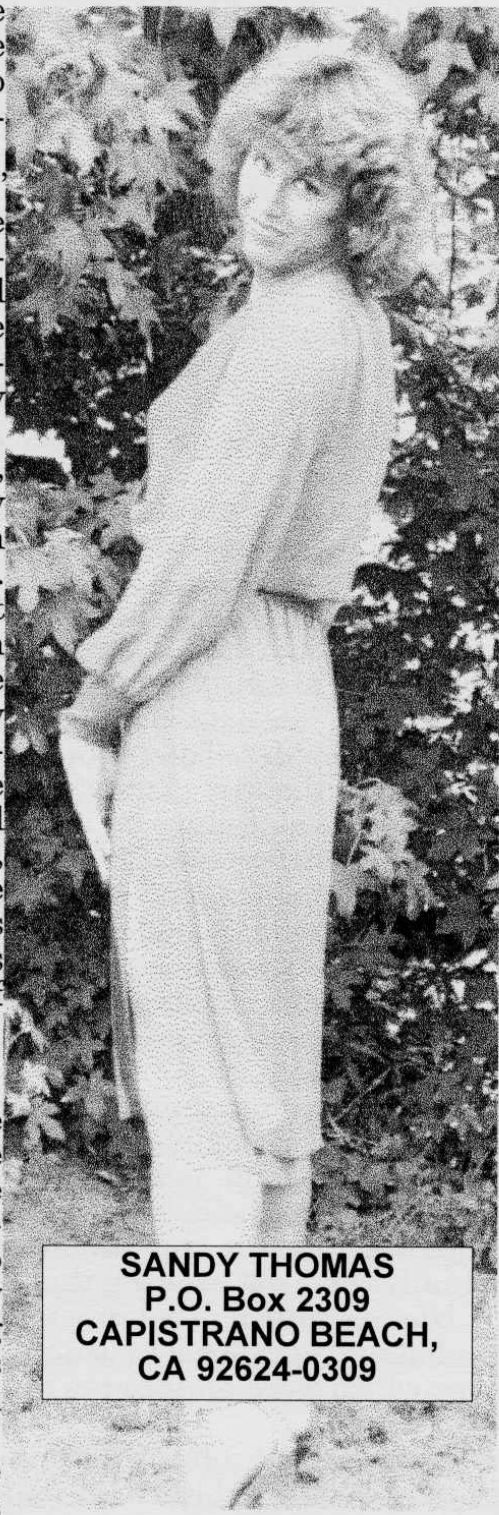
"Yes, you're right," Mrs. O'Connor said as she too drifted back to the reality of the day. She tried to remember the last time she saw her SON...realizing that that was probably the last occasion.

They went downstairs, with Julian very carefully negotiating the steps in his heels and gown. Heather made sure that he held the long train safely from underfoot. The photographer efficiently staged Julian and his bridal party through some posed shots. Mother and bride, bride and sister, bride by himself, bride and group. Soon he was done and the limo was waiting to whisk them off to the Thompson estate.

Chapter XIX

The gates to the Thompson estate were decorated with white streamers and paper-mache wedding bells. Two young men were kept busy providing valet parking service for those guests that did not arrive in chauffeur driven limos.

In the spirit of the event, the valet parkers



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wore white, skirt-like linen shorts, knee high white nylons, white low-heeled woman's pumps, full-sleeved white blouses with sailor-suit necklines, and their hair was pulled back into high, bouncy ponytails tied with a white ribbon bows.

They were in fact two of the club's newest members who jumped at the chance to witness such an event. Neither would have believed something like this possible a few months ago. Now they saw it was and their own dream weddings were filling their imaginations.

The arrival of the O'Connor bridal party was greeted with applause by those guests in the front area of the house. There were many "ooohs" and "aahhs" as the bride appeared.

As per plan, Julian was whisked into the east wing of the house to await the ceremonial entrance of both bridal groups to the ceremony. While Julian waited on pins and needles, an elegantly dressed man wearing a black suit with white shirt came over and introduced himself.

"Hello, I'm Bill Albertson, I'll be performing the ceremony today," he said in a friendly voice. It was the Justice of the Peace, Mrs. Thompson's friend!

"Oh, hello Mr. Anderson," Julian replied, "Mrs. Thompson was telling us about you. I'm glad you could come and officiate today."

"Ah, so she has, eh. You can call me Bill," the distinguished gentleman said quietly but in a now clearly masculine voice. "I wasn't sure she had mentioned my youth."

"Yes she did. . . she said that you made a very attractive girl," Julian added sincerely. This caused Bill to be noticeably pleased.

"Oh, you're too kind! I haven't dressed for years," he said, "but after looking at you and Suzanne, and the 50 or more other young 'ladies' here, I'd feel like an old maid anyway. I can't believe how beautiful you all look. If only there was such a club when I was young! This day is actually the most exciting thing I've ever been a part of!"

Having sufficiently broken the ice, Bill took an official document from a brief case and began asking Julian questions which were required to cover the legalities of today's service.

There was absolutely nothing illegal in having a wedding between two brides, as long as each one of them was

of a different physical gender. Dress was definitely optional. Finally Bill was finished.

"Well, I think we are going to start in about five minutes," he announced, sending a chill down Julian's spine. He was actually about to be a bride!!

The entrance of the brides was to take place by each one approaching the front of the audience from either side of the house. The audience was standing on the back lawn of the property near the patio and pool where a large buffet was set-up.

The vows would take place beneath a large shade tree. Julian was ready, his veil was lowered, Heather was holding the train of his gown behind him, Bonnie was at his side and his mother was at the other side. Since both brides were now fatherless, the mothers would give away the brides.

The small string orchestra began playing the bridal march. All eyes were on the two doorways from the house. On Bonnie's signal Julian began to step forward down the east pathway through the crowd. As he took tiny steps, lest he fall or trip, he could see his bride Suzanne approaching from the other end of the house.

Suzanne was gorgeous. She wore a mermaid style gown which hugged her slinky figure down the hips and thighs, then flared out in a mass of ruffles and silk into a long train. Her dark hair was pulled off her face into a cascade of tumbling ringlets and curls. The bodice of her gown accentuated her full breasts and narrow waist. A veil similar to the one Julian was wearing demurely hid the features of her face.

Both Chris and Tani looked fantastic and admitted to each other that neither had ever felt so feminine. Chris was showing off his new bosom and real cleavage to the majority of the club for the first time. Certainly the gasps from the audience were equally the result of his looks as well as those of his sister's.

Chris wore his hair in a soft chignon arranged at the nape of his neck. Soft tendrils caressed his cheeks.

Chris must have been asked a hundred times what doctor did "the work." One boy's mother hinted to Chris that she might "surprise" her son with a "small" set for his birthday.

Tani looked petite compared to Chris as he managed Suzanne's train in back. Tani's normally straight hair was

arranged in a bouffant pageboy ending in a froth of curls at the shoulders. As usual his smooth oriental features were exotically enhanced with makeup.

The two brides met beneath the tree. Both of their hearts were pounding in their breasts. Not only from the excitement of what they were about to commit to, but from the sensual thoughts that were stirring in their minds. Bill Albertson conducted a lovely, touching ceremony that ended in the traditional kiss.

The only untraditional vow was, "Do you Julian, promise to always be 'Julia' from this day forth and do you promise to never again appear as a boy?"

A murmur swept over the audience as they all waited for Julian's answer.

Wide-eyed, Julian's heart was pounding beneath its lacy restraint. Suddenly filled with terror, the pitch of his voice seemed higher as he choked out, "I do!"

A cheer came from the witnesses.

"The brides may now kiss," The Justice announced with a smile.

Julian and Suzanne faced each other and lifted each other's veils. Their lips met in a passionate kiss that sent the audience into cheers and applause. Camera shutters snapped away to capture the incongruous image of two beautiful brides locked in each other's arms.

Once the ceremony was done, the party began. While the bridal party posed for more photos, the guests went back to mingling, dining on sumptuous taste delicacies, and sipping champagne.

Julian and Suzanne walked around arm in arm thanking all the guests and accepting gushing compliments on their appearance. It was obvious that the club members had outdone themselves for the occasion. With graduation behind them for some, and younger members out of school for the summer, they had taken advantage of the freedom.

Several boys had obviously had their hair cut and permed into unequivocally feminine hairstyles. Most had grown their nails long and plucked their eyebrows to truly female standards for the summer.

Chris told a few of the ones still on school about experimental breast implants his doctor had developed. They were inserted like a normal one but had a "valve" in which the doctor could add or removed saline solution. . .thus making it possible to be an "A" cup for school and then have

several "Enhancement" treatments and be almost a "C" cup for summer. The only problem was that the breast and nipple area would expand and reduction had to be done slowly.

Julian and Tani smiled when Ashley Gilbert was sent over to them by his mother to thank them for the invitation. Ashley was the ex-gang member, now new club member, that Tani had seen in the salon getting his hair done for the first time.

Ashley's mother was rudely awakened when she found out about her son's 'gang' activities. To punish him, she made Ashley join the "club" and went all out to make sure he wouldn't be invited into any other gang---EVER! His immaculate permed and set hairdo made him look like a contestant in a beauty pageant.

Because of his mother's determination, he had learned quickly and his voice, movements and makeup made his true male gender undetectable. She had spent a LOT of money for clothes, instruction and therapeutic aids. He was wearing a pretty velvety satin dress with a full, ruffled skirt and summery strappless bodice with a big bow in the back.

All the traditional wedding activities took place. Both brides removed each other's garter and tossed them to the crowd. Jeff caught Suzanne's! Both tossed their bridal bouquet's over their shoulder. Low and behold, Tani snatched Julian's from the air, while Bonnie caught Suzanne's. Jeff and Tani's eyes met and a knowing smile crossed their lips.

Just before it was time to make their honeymoon getaway, Bill came up and handed the newlyweds their marriage certificate and another legal looking document.

Julian's mouth dropped when he was handed the "Change of Status" document to sign. Bill smiled and said, "Society can't have a 'doll' like you running around with 'male' on your identification. You'll be getting a new driving license and I pulled some strings for a new birth certificate. I can't send this in until the 'male-female' marriage is certified."

A chill came over Julian as he realized what this meant---his marriage was legal but he would be legally a female. Since they would be living a two girls, Julian

looked at the box marked "sex" and entered "F", then signed the document.

"That's it, my dear," Bill announced, "You are female--- with all the rights heretofore belonging to the former opposite sex---now your sex. You can wear dresses, must wear a top at the beach, could marry a male and expected to have children!" Bill laughed at his little joke.

Julian felt a stirring in the lacy confines of his panties, making his thighs press tightly together in a vice-like grip.

Bill smiled seeing the 'effect' of his surprise. He was delighted to participate in the feminizing of such an adorable young man. He saw a boy so very innocent, just

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"BORN TO BE A BRIDE"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Bill even agrees to act as a wife!



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MAGAZINE

"BORN TO BE A DAUGHTER"

Some guys will do anything for a buck...
Ted even agrees to act as a daughter!



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learning the pleasures his smooth, delicate features could offer. His trustful demure added to his frail form---from neck to feet Julian made a most tantalizing package.

Bill had barely been able to restrain himself watching Julian walking about in his wedding gown. So exquisitely did his bottom and thighs move. . .so radiant did his body undulate. . .so innocently provocative.

Bill examined all the feminized boys. Even under closed inspection, the girlish allure remained in most. He couldn't take his eyes off one boy. He was so virtuous appearing. The impression of a pristine young girl; even his nails were done in a natural polish so that they shone without being gaudy. His shapely arms were graceful and smooth, the dress he wore was naked to the shoulders where the blossoming cleavage of an unblemished bosom peeked.

Bill made his way over to the boy and his mother. "Hi," Bill said, inhaling the delicious perfume surrounding the feminized youth, "Having a good time?"

The mother answered graciously as Bill saw the boy's head turn and his deep brown eyes, warm and curious, focused on Bill's.

Bill, never one for improper etiquette, asked the mother to dance.

"I'm tired," the mother said, adding, "Maybe Ashley would like to. . .he been taking dance lessons."

"Ashley" was the boy's name!

Bright pink lips accepted his offer and Bill lead Ashley out onto the dance floor, taking him lightly in his arms.

"Do you dance often?" Bill asked smelling the light fragrance that wafted from the boy's glittering brown hair.

"No, I'm just learning," the angel face said, adding, "I'm new at all this. . .but mother's helping."

"You look lovely," Bill whispered, "too pretty to ever be a boy."

The boy blushed. "That's what my mother says," he confided, tilting his head back revealing bright white teeth. Bill wished he had the break these boys had. His family was poor and survival was first. . .not dresses. Bill was now rich---he thought that maybe he should set up some kind of a scholarship for the less fortunate boy-girls.

Bill asked, "You dance so well---very light on your high heels. What other training are you taking?"

"Mother's punishing me for being in a gang and keeps me *busy*," Ashley said, fingering a long lock of hair that fell over his eyes. "Makeup, comportment, voice and sewing. . . I had to make this dress!"

Ashley seemed delighted to show off the satin creation that encompassed his body, hid his surely dainty lingerie and gave such an appearance of sweet femininity.

"Very nice," Bill said feeling the lacy ruffles. "That's the nice thing about being a girl---you can wear such pretty things. Bill pulled Ashley closer, feeling the soft tips of Ashley's bosom nudging against his chest.

Bill looked down to find Ashley looking up. Another inch and his lips would be grazing Ashley's mouth. It was full, provocatively pink, set off by flushed cheeks---a most inviting target. Bill moved his hand up Ashley's back, feeling the supple flesh beneath the indent made by Ashley's narrow brassiere strap, then down slowly to the boy's "bowed" swaying hips.

"Perhaps we can go dancing again?" Bill asked hopefully.

"Perhaps," the boy blushed.

The dance ended all too quickly for Bill. He delivered Ashley back to his mother who stated, "You two dance very well together. See dear, I told you dance lessons would come in handy."

Ashley seemed so trustful, so delicate, so glad to be a girl. He wanted to know Ashley's story---maybe he could help the 'cherub' evade the glittering nets that would certainly be cast for him.

IF YOU WOULD LIKE TO HEAR MORE OF ASHLEY'S STORY—WRITE TO ME: SANDY THOMAS, P.O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

Bill went back to the newlyweds. He wished he could 'watch' during their wedding night. How exciting to follow the newlyweds relationship but he would just have to fantasize. Suzanne would surely encourage Julian's feminization in the future.

A white limo was standing by. It's trunk full of previously packed luggage. It was off for two weeks at a private villa that they had rented in the hills outside Palm Springs.

To make the long drive more comfortable, Julian and Suzanne retreated to a bedroom in the house and assisted each other in removing their wedding gowns, headpieces, petticoats and slips. They left on the matching corselettes and other lingerie.

Donning elegant short cocktail dresses and matching shoes they paid one last farewell to the guests, kissed their mothers and bridal attendants goodbye, then hustled off into the awaiting car.

The driver had the privacy partition raised between him and the couple to allow the newlyweds the closeness that they wanted. The roomy back seat area had all the comforts of home with champagne, caviar, stereo and TV. Julian and Suzanne were so excited that they had to consciously restrain themselves from consummating the marriage right then and there!

Chapter XX

That evening they were finally truly alone in the elegant, spacious villa. They retired to the huge bedroom with its windows and balcony overlooking the desert valley below. Now they took their time sensuously undressing each other.

They helped each other with the back zippers of their dresses, kissing each exposed area of flesh as they did. Then the stockings were unrolled down their legs. Next, Julian slowly undid the lacing of Suzanne's corset. As it slipped down her legs, she stepped out of it, and walked behind him to release his white lace garment. "Maybe I should keep you laced," she teased.

"Please!" Julian pleaded, "It's killing me." Suzanne slowly kissed Julian's collarbone then gently down to the delicate pushed up cleavage between the cups. Julian quivered, moaned and thought, "She's even treating me like another girl."

"Ok, I'll unlace you. . .this time!"

After unlacing the corset, Suzanne knelt before her bride/husband and pulled his panties and cache down. From the waist down there was absolutely no mistaking who the husband in this marriage was tonight. But before that fact would be actually demonstrated Suzanne led her mate to the bed where she produced the two matching lavish bridal nightgowns.

They were white, sheer, billowy and trimmed with broad stretches of elaborate lace. Each helped the other pull the glorious garment over their heads until the gowns settled to tickle their ankles.

Suzanne led Julian to the fully stocked women's vanity and had him sit facing the mirror. Slowly she located and removed each bobby pin from his elaborate hairdo and unwound the braids to hang around his shoulders. Discarding the form that was pinned in the center, Suzanne began to remove the small elastics that held the braids together and unplaited each one. With a hairbrush, she proceeded to brush through her husband's long shiny locks which now rippled with hundreds of small crimps from the braiding.

More than a hundred strokes later she allowed Julian to take down her hairdo and perform the same brushing out. This was a ritual that they would continue every night from now on.

When Suzanne finished brushing Julian's hair, she went to her purse and pulled out two little containers. "Our pills," she said. "I've decided that we should put you on the *pill* too."

"Really?" Julian asked. "I don't know. . . won't that. . ."

Suzanne interrupted, "Feminize you? Yeah, a little but I know you'll love it. Here take this." She opened the plastic container and popped out one of the pink pills. "See," Suzanne said, "there are 28 of the pink and 7 white ones. Take one every day. When you are taking the white ones. . . you're on your period. Got it?"

Julian nodded, then unceremoniously swallowed the pill---thus beginning of the first of many cycles.

When they finally reached the bed it was like two animals in uncontrollable heat. Their lovemaking reached long into the night until exhausted and satisfied they drifted off to dream-filled sleep.

They were married, they were in love, they had their lives unfolding before them in a way which would have been an unattainable dream just a few short months ago.

Life is good. . .

EPILOGUE

“Julia’s” boutique was a complete hit. The second and third locations were opened within the first year. Julian almost couldn’t remember how to put on a pair of men’s pants anymore. His waist-length hair and collagen-enhanced, pouted lips certainly wouldn’t let him pass as a male. And by the way, Suzanne is expecting their first child. Do they want a girl or boy you ask? They’d tell you jokingly. . . “What’s the difference? We’re going to raise it as a girl!”

Tani was scheduled for a visit to Trinidad, Colorado next month. He’s being accompanied by his fiance Jeff.

Chris is a coed at a California college where “she” is studying motion picture arts as recommended by his good friend Laura whom he met in the Palm Springs clinic. His social calender is booked up three weeks in advance for dates.

The “Club”. . . Well, as the current Club President, can tell you, each of the hundred plus member’s lives could fill a book on its own. **AND MAYBE THEY WILL!** Write to me if you would like to read more of this “CLUB”!

THE END

Write :

SANDY THOMAS

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IN THE PINK



MOM!
I FORGOT
MY HORMONE
SHOT! I FEEL TOO
BOYISH GO OUT
ON A DATE!

WHY DON'T
YOU CALL
HORMONES R' US?
THEY DELIVER!



THANKS MOM!
NOW I FEEL LIKE
GOING OUT WITH BRAD!

GLAD I
THOUGHT OF
THIS!

HORMONES R' US
WHEN YOU MUST FEEL JUST RIGHT!

By Sandy Thomas