

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID"

Robin works in his mother's bridal shop
and gets 'into' his work!



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By Dawn Bell

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**No matter how many times I proof this book,
I'll never catch the errors that show up at the printers.
However perfektion is my goal?**

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID

by Dawn Bell

Prologue

Evelyn Wilkes had gotten over the untimely death of her husband, Frank. He was killed in a traffic accident five years ago, in a cab, while on his way to the airport. The negligence of the other driver was proven in court and Evelyn had received over \$1 million dollars in compensation. So, she certainly didn't need to work anymore. But she enjoyed her work. Evelyn had started using her creative talents and exceptional seamstress skills to help out a few friends by dreaming up and sewing prom dresses and bridesmaids' gowns. The quality and style of her creations soon built up her reputation and before she knew it she had friends of friends, and even strangers, knocking on her door, begging that she sew some dresses for their formal occasion needs. This led to her starting something of a hobby business out of her home. It was something that she enjoyed doing and it was quite profitable to boot. Soon she bought a larger Georgian style house (plantation style) and made her shop in the front. The large pillars matched the 'formal' image of her business.

She shared her work with her twin children, Robin and Patricia. Trish, as everyone called Patricia, had been helping her with the actual sewing, hemming and modeling after school and on weekends for the past two years. Robin would help with cleaning up and running errands from time to time. Frank Wilkes had always tried to "make a man out of the boy." He was named after the stalwart, Robin Hood.

He felt somewhat guilty that his travelling sales job didn't provide enough time for him to be with his son. So when he was home, he kind of over did it. He took Robin to all kinds of sporting events, wilderness camping and

the like. Unfortunately, Robin had always been somewhat of a delicate boy.

Robin and his sister had both taken after their mother in size and looks. Evelyn was a petite, sandy-haired blonde with bright blue eyes. The twins, both of them, were also petite. Robin and Trish, now at the age of eighteen, stood only 5'6" and weighed under 130 lbs. Robin had the same smooth and basically beardless skin his father had had. His dad had always taken Robin to Nick's barber shop where old Nick used to give him a basic bowl cut. Mother and sister both hated the severe look it gave such a delicate (perhaps even "pretty" young boy.

After his father's death, Robin continued to go to Nick for a few haircuts out of habit. But then one day Robin arrived to find the barber shop closed. The grocery store owner next door informed Robin that Nick had suffered a serious heart attack and had retired for good.

Both Robin's mother and sister took this opportunity to convince the boy to grow his hair out . . . to try a different, maybe even a trendy new look.

Well, it had been several years now and barber's scissors still hadn't touched the boy's hair. His mother would trim the bottom to prevent it from getting really shaggy and spilling over his collar. It was quite long and all one length from the top to bottom which he wore brushed straight back.

Our story picks up at the end of the twins eighteenth summer. Trish, the more studious of the two, had applied and been accepted into a college located several hundred miles away. Evelyn Wilkes had spent some of her insurance money on expanding their rural home with a boutique and large sewing area. Robin hadn't decided what he wanted to do yet, but was looking for an outlet for his creative talents. He had agreed to fill in for his sister as mother's stock room assistant in the dress business. Little did the family realize just then how far "filling in for his sister" would end up going.

Chapter 1 - Secrets Exchanged

The first few weeks with Trish away at school were hard on both mother and Robin. They say that siblings have a kind of attachment to each other. This is even more true in twins. Evelyn had been quite close to her daughter. They did so much together; working, playing, designing and creating beautiful fashions. Their mother/daughter chats were always a way of unwinding from daily tensions. Sure, they talked on the phone every week, but it's not quite the same. Already, they were looking forward to the Christmas break, when Trish would be home for a few weeks.

Robin had always been a loner at school. What few friends he had, also left for college in distant places. He had always looked to Trish for his emotional comfort and consequently they were very close. They shared many secrets and trusted each other.

What surprised everyone, was how well Robin worked out as a dress shop assistant or as he preferred, "Stock Boy." He was most eager to learn, and his mother already was letting him do some of the backroom creative work such as fabric buying. Robin was excited about the creative aspect of the job. By the second week, he and his mother were discussing fabrics and even a few design ideas, just as she had with Trish. He had an eye for what looked good.

He hesitated at first when his mother told him to go iron a rush order. "But mother, I don't know how, besides, that's girl's work."

"Ironing is part of the job," Mrs. Wilkes stated, "And so is sewing. If you won't do it, I'll have to hire a girl who will."

Reluctantly, that night after the store closed, Robin endured his mother's teaching him how to iron and sew on buttons.

Every night after work, Mrs. Wilkes taught Robin a little more about sewing and dress design. He made her promise not to tell anyone about him doing girl's work.

One day, while he was fixing a split seam, he suggested re-cutting the dress.

"Gee, Robin . . . that's a great idea," his mother said. "It would look lovely with that neckline. I never would

have guessed that you had such a knack for clothing design."

"I didn't know it was so much fun either!" the boy beamed at the acceptance of his suggestion.

His mother had this 'I've got an idea' look as she said, "You know what, why don't I help you design a complete dress---from sketch to final stitch. You can surprise Trish with a special dress for her at Christmas."

"Really? You think I could do it?" the intrigued lad questioned.

"Sure! Don't you think you can dream up . . . say . . . a New Year's Eve number for your sister?"

"I guess I might. Sure, why not!" Robin proclaimed.

The next few weeks, Robin learned more and more about sewing and dress designs. His mother was amazed at the speed with which he absorbed the new knowledge, presumably foreign to a young man. She noticed his bedroom dresser was littered with copies of *Vogue* and similar fashion magazines. After many late night sketching sessions he presented his proposed design to his mother for her critique.

"Oh, that is gorgeous! I can't believe that you came up with this as your first design. I'm jealous!" raved Evelyn Wilkes about the dress sketches Robin showed her. They were for an evening dress with short, puffy sleeves, a bodice made up of elegant folds of dark satin, continuing into a slim, hip-hugging skirt to just above the knees. Robin even drew in accessories such as high heels, dark stockings, jewelry, even an upswept hairdo.

"I can't recommend any changes, it looks great. So you want to start making it today?" she added with a sly smile.

"That would be great!" came the expected response.

It was decided that Robin should make two copies of the dress, one for his sister, and one for display in the boutique. The issue of size brought up an interesting conversation that at first didn't hold any great significance to the two, but may have triggered some of the events to come.

"What size do I make the dresses, mom?"

"Well, your sister is a perfect size 8 . . . probably same as you silly," his mother replied. Evelyn Wilkes almost thought she noticed a slight twitch from Robin when she said those words.

"Uh? What do you mean . . . same as me?"

"Well, you are identical twins aren't you," mother continued, "same height, weight . . . maybe just a little different distribution, but then again Trish used to be a little flat-chested." Before Robin realized what she was doing, his mother had a tape measure out and was measuring his chest, waist and hips.

"See, you *are* a size 8," she said smiling, then added just as a joke, "Now I know where to go when I need a size 8 dress tried on."

Again, Evelyn Wilkes noticed a reddening of the boy's cheeks.

The conversation was almost forgotten until several days later when Trish phoned home. Mother and daughter talked on and on about what they were doing at home and at college. Finally, Mrs. Wilkes couldn't resist and let Robin's secret out.

"Trish, I just have to tell you . . . but you have to promise not to ever let on that you knew," she said, as she lowered her voice to a conspirational whisper. There was no need to do this as Robin was out of the house doing some grocery shopping anyway.

"Of course, I promise, what's up?" Trish begged, now anxious to hopefully hear some gossip.

"Well, you know how I was saying that Robin has been an absolute natural at picking up dress designing and sewing skills?"

"Yeah, he sure sounds like he's into it," Trish replied with a knowing giggle.

"Well, Robin has designed a gorgeous New Year's Eve dress for you, and I'm helping him sew it, so he can give it to you as a Christmas present. But it's supposed to be a surprise!"

"Making a dress? Oh, that little sweetheart. I really love him, he's always so considerate. I've got to think of something special to get him, too," Trish responded. Then, as an afterthought, she added, "too bad he's not a girl, you'd have a new designer *and* model."

"Yeah," Mrs. Wilkes said, "he'd be perfect and he's a size eight."

You know, since we're sharing secrets, I'll let you in on one that you might find cute, but don't tell Robin whatever you do, promise?"

"Of course, I promise, what is it?"

"Well, a few years ago, Robin and I played a little game," Trish began.

"Game? What do you mean?"

"One time, I guess when we were about fifteen and I was really into clothes, you know, learning about fashions, I got this whim to play dress up. You were out that evening at some fashion show. I asked Robin, 'Why don't we play fashion show?' He didn't seem to understand at first, but I explained that we would dress up in some of the shop's clothes, 'just for fun'. I know that you wouldn't have liked it, but I guess we were very careful. Anyway, at first it was hard to convince Robin to go along. But I found a couple of matching bridesmaid's dresses that you had just finished, and, well, I guess we put them on."

"You got Robin to put on a bridesmaid's dress?!" Trish's mother exclaimed with an unbelieving laugh. "I can't believe it."

"Yeah, the dress, plus some of my lingerie, heels, hose, even makeup. Only his stupid haircut spoiled the image we portrayed of identical twin sisters. It was awesome!"

"Unbelievable!" her mother exclaimed. However, Trish could tell that she was not in the least angry, in fact, her next comment indicated how she really felt.

"Oh, Trish, why didn't you keep him dressed that way until I got home? You don't know how often I've dreamed about having identical twin daughters. Of course, I love Robin, but it was always a fantasy of mine, to walk down the street with two beautiful twin daughters on my arm."

"Oh, mother, you would have blown your top. Remember how you hated me playing with the merchandise. 'The store is the store' you used to say. He was always scared that you would be furious if you found out. I guess he knew that if dad was still alive he would be beyond 'furious'! You should have seen him. He made a very pretty girl!"

"As pretty as his sister?" Mrs. Wilkes teased.

"Oh, come off it Mom."

"Trish, this is such a surprise! But furious? Me? I wish you had told me. The poor boy, he was always so delicate, and dad always wanted him to be so 'rugged'. If I had known, I would have let you two, or for that matter, Robin on his own, dress up as often as he wanted." Trish's mother proclaimed. "I sure miss having a daughter to work with."

Trish said, "Well, don't let on that you know because he'll be very disappointed in me for blabbing the secret. But then, if you found out on your own that would be another story," Trish concluded with a suggestive tone of voice. The message was not lost on Mrs. Wilkes, who ended their chat with a suggestive comment of her own.

"HMMMMM? Did I mention that Robin is making two copies of that dress, one for you, and one for store display---both in your size."

"Oh, mother! Am I thinking what you're thinking!? What a Christmas dinner we would have---we 'three' ladies!" Trish exclaimed excitedly.

"Leave it to me. It's still a couple of months until you come home and a lot of changes can take place. By the way, did I mention that Robin's hair is getting really long? I wonder if Linda, our hairdresser, could fit him in with one of my weekly appointments."

"Mother! What do you have planned?" Trish joked, "I have a feeling I may not recognize my brother when I get home at Christmas. We'll talk every week and tell me how my dress is coming, ok?"

"Oh, we will, and believe me, I'm sure he'll finish it," Mrs. Wilkes closed with a 'fait accompli' tone.

Chapter 2

Some dark, deeply-rooted emotion had sprung loose from Evelyn Wilke's subconscious---having twin daughters. Now it was clear, she had always dreamed what it would have been like if both her children were girls---the fun they would have!

Robin had noticed that his mother was more prone to watching him while he worked. Also, she had run her hands through his hair a few times as she walked by. Just like a mother would do to a young son who had messy

hair before visiting relatives. Finally, when she had done it the third time in as many hours, he had to comment,

"Mom, what are you doing. That's the third time today you've done that."

"Oh, uh, it's just getting so long, I guess it's just a mother's instinct. You know, rather than letting it hang in your eyes when you work, why don't you tie it back?"

"Tie it back? How do you mean?" he questioned sheepishly. Rather than explain, his mother just took his hand and led him back to her bedroom. She sat him down on the corner of the bed while she went to her vanity to get a few things. Returning with a hairbrush and some things she put in her pocket, she went to work on his hair.

She brushed all his hair back tightly and caught it into a high, bouncy pony-tail secured with a covered elastic. Then, she took a blue satin covered "scrunchie" and fastened it over the base of the ponytail. She stepped back to admire her handiwork, pleased with the definitely girlishly high ponytail she had created. However, Robin's overly long bangs didn't quite reach the back of his head and consequently fell down over his eyes and cheeks.

"Hmmm, that's no good," she muttered. "Sit still a second more, I can fix those pesky bangs too."

Robin sat there, experiencing the new sensation of tightly pulled back hair and a sensuous tickle when his ponytail brushed the nape of his bare neck.

His mother, meanwhile, was rummaging about in a drawer. Finally, she found what she was looking for and returned with a devilish look in her eye.

Brushing each side back one at a time, Robin felt her sliding something into his hair just over his ear, followed by a metallic click.

Having completed both sides she stepped back and said with a satisfied smile, "There you go, all under control!"

The lad stood up and looked into the large vanity mirror. His heart nearly skipped a beat as he saw the shining, silver barrettes that adorned each side of his head. Leaning forward, he could see the sides and back of his head in the three-way, side mirrors. His silky hair was tied into a "cute" ponytail, certainly not the kind that he saw long-haired guys wear at school! It was way up

high on his head, and tied with a colorful, blue fabric, just as he had seen girls wear!

Robin didn't know how to react. If it had been his sister who had done his hair, he could relax. She had helped him dress-up like a girl once before---but his mother? Should he show shock and pull the effeminate hair ornaments out? That would show her that he wasn't a sissy! That would ensure this kind of situation wouldn't happen again! Is that what he wanted?! Or, what if he didn't act shocked? He thought quickly as his mother stood over him, smiling, waiting for some reaction. His inner feelings kicked in, and in effect made the decision for him---'play it easy my friend' they spoke to him.

"Gee, mom, it's kind of different, isn't it?"

"I think it's just practical. It'll keep your hair in place around the house, and it's kind of stylish, don't you think?" she said as she patted some invisible stray hairs in place on his head.

"Well, I don't know much about long hair styles really. It's somewhat new to me."

Now, Evelyn Wilkes took this opening without hesitation.

"Yes, you're right. You poor thing, that horrible bowl cut wasn't much to worry about but you have beautiful hair. Let me show you how to care for it properly, like this," she said as she pointed to his current hairdo. "How about if from now on, you let me give you some pointers, you know, 'grooming tips'?"

Robin didn't miss catching some of the meaning, though he would never have guessed his mother's true thoughts when she said that.

"Hmmm, you're right. Maybe I do need some help. Ok, since you're teaching me the design business, maybe I could benefit from learning some other things. I must admit, that this the first time in months that my hair has been out of my eyes. It's quite comfortable even." The smile on his face, and the intent examination of his image in the mirror, gave his mother the "go" signal she was looking for. Her nagging doubts of the past few nights were completely dispelled. This was going to be a dream.

Chapter 3

In all things, be patient. Those were the words Evelyn Wilkes stood by. She would have liked to drag poor Robin straight to the beauty salon, get him into make-up and dresses that evening, but she restrained herself. Let him ease into it, don't scare him. Use positive reinforcement for each step he took in the right direction. Make him think that everything is perfectly natural and very practical. Well, if it's enjoyable as well, so much the better!

So, for the next few days, she didn't push Robin any further. Then again, neither did she let him slip an inch backwards. That first evening she showed him how to brush out his hair thoroughly before going to bed. To protect it from possible split ends and damage from tangling at night, she showed him how to tuck it neatly under a nylon hairnet, like she wore to bed. In the mornings, she helped him brush it out again, then she would show him several other "practical" hairstyles. "After all, nobody but I will see you in the backroom of the shop."

These included a simple braid, a French braid, even a tight bun. All of these were done with both mother and son pretending that they thought of them as another good way to keep long hair under control, yeah, right! Each one was inwardly jumping up and down with excitement.

After several days of maintaining a status quo, Mrs. Wilkes thought it was time for *step 2*. Another minor move for her son in the direction she wanted him to go. During the past week, she had been ensuring that his three sets of pyjamas made it to the laundry bin. The set he had worn last night was added after breakfast. She knew that he hated to sleep in the nude, and she didn't allow sleeping in underwear. It was sort of the family routine to get into their nightclothes and watch TV in the den for an hour or two before turning in for the night. This night there was a slight hitch.

"Mom, where are my pyjamas?" Robin called from his bedroom.

"I threw the ones you wore last night into the laundry hamper. Aren't there any clean ones in your drawer?" his mother replied, knowing full well the answer. She had started the washing machine with its last load for the

day. All three sets of Robin's pyjamas were in it and wouldn't be dry until after midnight.

"No, they're not here," came the expected reply from the boy's bedroom.

"Hmmm, let me look," Evelyn Wilkes responded as she came in wearing a lace-trimmed, pink silk pyjamas outfit with a matching silk robe over top. Robin's mother pretended to be surprised by the result of her search. "Let me check downstairs."

In a couple of minutes, Mrs. Wilkes returned upstairs with a sheepish look on her face.

"Oops. I just checked the washer and all three sets of your pyjamas are in the wash right now. Sorry, my mistake. But, let me see . . . I may have a temporary solution." And with that she whisked out of his room on her way to her own bedroom. As Robin sat on his bed waiting, he wondered what this temporary solution might be.

"These should fit," said his mother as she returned with something light blue draped over her arm. "Why don't you try them on." She held the articles out for Robin to take. He took them and examined them more closely, then began to blush. He was holding light "baby" blue, silk women's pyjamas. He recognized them as his mother's. He'd always thought that they looked beautiful on her when she wore them. They had loose, elastic-waisted pants with cuffs that ended in 3 inches of white lace, a kind of harem pants effect. The top was really a camisole design, with lots of white lace on the bodice, lace-trimmed spaghetti strap shoulders and a little bow tie at the neckline. There was also a matching blue silk robe with lace cuffs and lapels. He knew what he wanted to do, but did he dare? What would his mother think of him?!

"Uh, mom, I can't wear this. It's . . . it's . . . too girlish," he finally mumbled, all the while staring at the beautiful garment in his hands.

"Oh, and so what. Go on," his mother proclaimed, "it's better than sleeping without anything on, and besides, I think it will fit you just perfectly. It is a size 8. Trish's a size 8, and she's worn them before. Just try it on, I'll be in the den watching TV." With that she left Robin to his decision.

When he didn't appear in the den within 5 minutes, Mrs. Wilkes began to think that her plan had failed. But then, there he was. He came through the door somewhat sheepishly. The blue silk of his harem pants swished sensuously with each step. He had tucked his hair into the now routine hairnet. She stood up to admire him.

"Oh, that looks marvellous! Turn around and let me see you," she instructed as he timidly did her bidding. "Take off your robe for a minute, I want to see how the top looks."

He again followed her instructions and removed the robe, showing off the lacy camisole and his own narrow and delicate shoulders. "Hmmm, good thing Robin is not hairy," Mrs. Wilkes thought to herself.

"Now, is that all that bad? Sure, it's girlish-looking, but it's only the two of us. Won't you be my 'little girl' for the night?" she good-naturedly teased her son. He sensed the relaxed attitude his mother was taking, and he decided to 'play along'.

"Of course, mummy," he replied in a silly, lispy, little-girl voice. His voice hadn't really changed yet. "You know, I like pretty things." He continued and made a dainty little pirouette to swirl out the robe.

"Oh, you're too much! Sit down, before you trip and hurt yourself," his mother laughed as she patted the couch for him to sit on in front of the TV.

They watched TV for a while, then Mrs. Wilkes got up and left the room for a few minutes. She returned shortly with several small bottles and other paraphernalia. Without a word, she began to redo her nails. She sat near Robin and worked on the coffee table where he could see what she was doing.

Robin watched out of the corner of his eye as she did a complete manicure on her long and well-kept nails. After a half hour or so, she was done having blown on her nails to speed the drying. She surprised him when she simply took one of his hands, and without an explanation, began to gently work at his longish nails with an emery board.

"What are you doing, mom?"

"Just a manicure. Your nails need some attention, don't they?" she joked as she held his hand out for inspection. He didn't say anything, but just smiled nervously.

"Oh, don't worry, it's nothing permanent. Let's just play make-believe tonight. You can be my little girl for one evening."

As he sat there, his heart pounded with some kind of strange anticipation. Shouldn't he be stopping her?! Wasn't she filing his nails in an oval shape?! Now the cuticles are being trimmed and pushed back! Gee, that makes the nails look so much longer! All this was not so bad. But when that little brush with the pale pink nail polish was stroked on his first nail . . . he . . . he . . . was going to swoon.

"Oh, mom!" he pleaded. "C'mon, that's going too far, isn't it?" he softly moaned.

"It's the lightest color I have so don't be silly, you'll look real cute," she replied without even looking up from her delicate work. "You have such nice, soft hands, you know."

Now finished, she instructed him, "Don't touch your nails to anything for at least five minutes. I've put two coats of polish on them and that makes them slow to dry. Why don't you blow gently on them for awhile."

Copying his mother, he held his hands in a typically feminine fashion as he did as he was told. The 'wet'-looking pinkish tint made his fingers look long and delicate. In fact, perfectly feminine. Little did he know that his mother was thinking the same thing at that very moment.

As he did his final wash-up, he couldn't help but stare at his image in the mirror: girl's hands, his long hair held up in a hair-net, and a dainty silk women's pyjamas on his body. It struck him. If he had been born a girl, this is how he would be dressed every night. A strange shiver of guilty excitement went through him as he lay down to sleep at the end of a most confusing day. He was experiencing a gamut of perplexing emotions.

The next day his mother coaxed him into leaving his nails lacquered, claiming that since he worked in the backroom, nobody would see him. She said, "With polish, your nails won't snag any of our delicate fabrics. Besides, the color is almost natural, I doubt if anyone would even notice."

Then that evening, the silky pyjamas were found neatly folded under his pillow. "You can wear them another night or two before they need washing," his mother explained. And after two days of pink lacquered fingernails, his mother finally cleaned the nailpolish off, reshaped them, and re-did them in a darker, luminous pink raspberry shade.

"MOM!" Robin questioned.

"Shhhhh," she whispered. "We'll take it off if you need to go out or something. Let me show you how to shape and polish them yourself."

Every few nights, mother and son would sit and 'do' their nails. Mrs. Wilkes always suggested a new color and before Robin knew it, he was wearing strawberry red, coral pink and many other shades of polish on his girlishly shaped fingernails.

It was two weeks before Christmas and Trish was due home for her vacation. Robin's special project, the special dress he was making for his sister was ready for final adjustments. He should have realized that his mother would make him try it on his "perfect size 8 body" for a final fitting and hemming.

He also found out that the dress couldn't just be worn over his own underwear. In fact, because it was an evening dress, his mother insisted on all the "appropriate" lingerie. This included black lace panties, a tight, waist-cinching corset with eight dangling garter straps, dark nylons, full slip, and high heels! The fit was nearly perfect, and, to tell the truth, he had a hard time concealing his own excitement!

Robin held out the skirt of the dress and did a little pirouette, then said, "Oh Mother, isn't it gorgeous?"

Those last days before Trish's arrival were very busy, both around the shop and around the household. Mother and son worked late into the evenings preparing custom-

ers' Holiday gowns and dresses, then cleaning, baking and decorating their own home in preparation for the Christmas/New Years break. Christmas was always a significant time in the Wilkes family, a time for family togetherness.

Each night they were dog tired. But, still they changed into something more comfortable, and relaxed in the family room in front of the TV before going to bed. Robin noticed that his mother was slipping more of her nightwear into his drawers. In fact, he had not worn any of his male pyjamas for the last two weeks. In fact, he could only find one male pair in his drawer?! Oh well, he wasn't going to complain. The question was, would he feel as

comfortable wearing these clothes in front of Trish? Heck, she had helped him dress up once long before his mother's strange interest became evident. But, with Trish he could, until now, pretend it was all 'just for a joke'.

He looked at his long, 'dusty rose' colored, oval nails. He felt the silky brush of his pony-tail along his neck. No, this wasn't going to be easy to put over as a lark. Still, for some reason, all this made him feel euphoric.

It was December 23rd. Trish was getting a lift home from another student. She would be home by supper time. The Wilkes' household was a buzz of last minute excitement. Presents were being wrapped (Robin wondered what all the packages his mother had placed under the tree



"Robin in his mother's nightwear."

contained), and final cleaning was complete. It was still only early afternoon, but already Evelyn Wilkes was insisting on them getting ready.

"Come on, Robin, time to shower and start getting dressed."

"Dressed? I am dressed." he replied, wondering why the sweatpants and T-shirt he had on wasn't considered 'dressed'.

"Robin!" his mother spoke giving him that 'get serious' look. "Your sister has been away from home for four months, the least we can do to show her how important it is to us to have her back, is to dress and look as nice as possible."

"Well, what shall I wear?" Robin replied, thinking about his 'vast' selection of jeans and T-shirts.

"I've looked at that mess you call your wardrobe and condemned the works. I think I can find you a nice sweater, some slacks and shoes for tonight. It's really quite an embarrassment for a 'dress designer' to be the owner of such a dismal personal wardrobe."

"Oh, Mom, I never go anywhere where I need anything more."

"Well, it's time you thought about clothes a little more. I'd like you to mind the shop when I have to get out during the day. You would scare away customers if you dressed like some janitor."

"Now come on and take a shower," she instructed, "I'll get you something civilized to wear in the meantime."

Robin shrugged his shoulders and headed up to the bedroom. Soon he was soaping up in the warm water. He shampooed and conditioned his hair as was now his routine. Long hair sure took more attention than short hair. He towelled off, wrapped a large bath towel around himself (without thinking he wrapped it as a woman would, that is, under the armpits like a short dress), another smaller towel turban-style around his head, and returning to his bedroom, he found his 'loaner clothes' laid out on the bed!

Strange, even though he secretly anticipated finding some of his mother's clothes on the bed, he couldn't place having seen any of these before. In fact, he couldn't imagine his mother wearing those kinds of pants. Black

leather! The sweater was a brilliant green and red scoop neck with padded shoulders and short puff sleeves. They looked, no, they were, brand new! That wasn't all! Beside the sweater and leather pants were a complete set of black lace underclothes, including bikini panties, matching bra, camisole and pantihose and brand new shoes. These were black lacquer pumps with two-inch heels!

These clothes had to be presents for his sister. That was it. As he was about turn to find his mother and ask why they were in his room, he was startled to hear her voice from right behind him.

"Don't put on the sweater and pants until we've done our nails, hair and faces," she spoke very matter-of-factly. "You'll be too warm, and it will mess up your hair."

"Mom! I can't wear all that!" he cried with a sweeping gesture of his hand across the bed. "From the skin out, in girl's clothes?!?"

"Oh? Why not? You'll look fantastic in them. Just as you did when you fitted that dress. Besides, hasn't Trish ever played dress up with you? I'd be surprised if she hasn't. Twins have a secret yearning to look alike. Besides, it's all just family here," she reasoned, while using a wide-toothed comb that she had brought with her, to comb out the tangles in the dumb-founded boy's hair.

"But, but," Robin stammered as his curious alter ego muscled its way into his consciousness, "She'll laugh."

"Oh, want to bet? I bet you a week's pay that she'll be tickled pink and be crazy over her twin's appearance. In fact, I'll double the bet. If I'm wrong you get two weeks salary, if I'm right you owe me nothing."

Robin thought, "Aha! A challenge!! Well, nobody will dare or challenge ol'macho Robin Wilkes. Sure, why not? I could use the money and besides, it's only family! (Point! alter ego . . . game, set, match!)"

"You're on, sucker," he teased, earning himself a motherly cuff in the ear. He asked, "Do I have to wear everything---even the black."

His mother interrupted, "EVERYTHING!"

His mother looked at his legs thoughtfully, "You know, they really should be clean shaven. Let me get my electric shaver."

Robin pleaded, "But I'll be wearing pants anyway, so it won't show."

Before he knew it, his mother was removing the light fuzz on his legs. "There!" she said finishing up. "Very smooth. I'll leave this razor in your bathroom, you might as well keep them smoothly shaven."

Robin wondered what this all meant. Boys didn't shave their legs but then again boys didn't wear polish or work in dress shops. He didn't say anything.

His mother told him, "Put the underwear on first, then one of the robes I've lent you and some slippers. We'll do nails and hair in my room. On second thought, I'll stay and help you with the bra. It closes in back."

"A bra too?" Robin questioned.

"Of course dear," she said matter-of-factly, "half the population wears them.

Robin's mother turned her back while he slipped into the lacy black panties. The poor boy's face clouded with uneasiness. Biting his lip, Robin looked at his mother for help with the brassiere. With no signs of relenting, she helped her son into the girlish garment; hooking it securely in back. She asked with quiet assurance, "Doesn't that feel nice?"

She opened a small box on the bed and pulled out two foam rubber breasts. "These were Trish's," she said in deep thought, then added, "Now, they're yours." She slipped them into the cups of Robin's bra.

Then came the black pantihose and the lace camisole completed his dressing for now. Robin quickly slipped on a silken bathrobe that he wore quite frequently nowadays. He had to, otherwise the confusing effect that these sexy feminine clothes were beginning to have would become obvious to his mother.

She led her son to her bedroom and sat him down in front of the vanity.

"Hmmm," his mother pondered his dangling wet locks, "Let me see. Have you ever wondered what you would look like with curly hair?"

The question was rhetorical, but Robin mumbled his sarcastic reply, "Day in, and day out."

"There's enough time. I think we should give it a try." Again, a rhetorical statement. Robin watched, wondering what she was up to now, as his mother rummaged about in one of the vanity drawers. Then he saw what she was bringing out, and his heartbeat upped its tempo.

"What are you planning to do with those?" he asked, fearing the answer. His mother had taken out a plastic bag full of plastic hair rollers and a box of long bobby pins.

"Oh, don't worry. I've done this before, you know." Robin knew what she meant. His mother put her hair up in rollers most nights before bedtime. She had frequently set his sister's hair, and Robin remembered how he teased her about 'looking like some Martian with funny tubes in her hair'. He had the feeling that he was about to find out what it felt like to be a Martian.

He tried to plead that this wasn't part of the deal but his mother just prepared the curlers.

He watched in silence as his mother's skillful hands deftly sectioned and combed out his hair, sprayed setting lotion, then neatly wound the colorful rollers to the scalp. In fifteen minutes his head was all covered with the neatly set curlers.

"Oh, this will be a lovely hairdo," his mother gushed. "I'll sweep curls over from a side part, maybe hold it up over one ear with a nice comb!" Before he could make any other comments, and Robin was really lost for words, his mother carefully fitted a soft vinyl hair dryer bonnet over the lad's roller-covered scalp, and switched on a warm stream of drying air. The heat soothed him into a kind of happy, apathetic mood. Here he was, about to be dressed and coiffed like a 'good little girl', and he was going along with it. The boy did suspect that there would be some embarrassment to come that evening, but it was all in fun.

Without asking her son's permission, Mrs. Wilkes tilted the boy's face back and began to apply cosmetics. He was asked to look up, then down, and keep from blinking as eye shadow, eye liner, and mascara were applied. When she drew out what Robin was sure was some sort of medieval torture device from her drawer and brought it up to his eyes, he panicked.

"Hey, what are you doing? What is that?"

"This?" his mother looked surprised. In her enthusiasm she forgot that maybe the boy didn't know all the 'tricks of the trade'. "This is an eyelash curler, silly. It makes long lashes like yours just beautiful." With this,

she quietly explained how it works, and gently helped Robin apply the curler to his own lashes.

The smile on the boy's lips, which spontaneously appeared when he saw the results, made them both laugh. They were actually having fun, but this kind of fun is one that is normally shared by a mother and daughter, not mother and son.

Further instructions on cosmetic application were now provided by the encouraged mother to her increasingly apprehensive son---'daughter.' This was more than he bargained for. When his face was finished, they both sat back and stared in pleased astonishment.

"I don't look too bad, do I? I hope Trish doesn't tell anyone about this," he managed to whisper.

"You look gorgeous!" his ecstatic mother replied. "Want to sit here and watch me do my makeup. I'll go through the step-by-step procedure again so that you can learn."

It didn't occur to Robin that he shouldn't be so happily agreeing to 'learn' how to put on makeup, but the pretty, feminine face he saw when he looked in the mirror was now in control.

After watching with interest, and asking many questions, Robin felt reasonably sure that he could give it a try on his own the next time he had to makeup his face. When would that be?? Mrs. Wilkes said that they would leave his hair up until after he had the dress on. It was dry already, but she wanted to do his comb-out at the last possible minute, so that his hairdo would look its best.

Mother and "daughter" spent the next hour doing final tidying up around the house as well as getting some snacks ready. Finally, Robin's mother suggested that he get the slacks and sweater and meet her in her room where she would finish his hair.

He did as she directed, returning to his mother's bedroom just as she was struggling to zip up the back of her own dress.

"Robin, could you help me please?" she asked as she turned her back towards him. Robin carefully pulled the long zipper up and fastened the catch.

"Ok, now step into your slacks, carefully," she instructed. The boy did as he was instructed, feeling the

nylon hose sliding against the inside of each pant leg. They were very tight. Next, his mother helped him lower the scoop neck sweater over his curler-covered head and adjusted it over his camisole and bra. Robin noticed that a good inch of the black lace bodice of the camisole peaked out from the low scoop of the sweater front.

Sitting him down again at the vanity, his mother began to remove the rollers from his hair. Starting at the nape of the neck, each roller was slipped out leaving a bouncing, shiny curl. When all the rollers were out, he stared at the mass of ringlets covering his head.

Boy, talk about a change from the 'bowl' cuts of his past 18 years! Taking a brush, Mrs. Wilkes gently brushed through the curls. Then with a fine toothed comb, she began to backcomb, or tease, his hair. Robin couldn't understand how this was going to lead to any desirable style. It just seemed to make his hair stand out away from his scalp in a kind of Phyllis Diller look. But then he watched as his mother began to finish the style with another comb, brush and hairpick. Now the teasing became a foundation for the mass of curls which appeared where his mother wanted them to. His hair was swept up over the top of his head ending in a mass of curls on one side.

As promised, his mother took a pretty tortoise-shell comb and caught the curls on one side back and up over his ear. He was speechless! He was beautiful . . . not just a boy playing dress up with his sister. He looked every bit a pretty young woman. Robin could see tears of joy welling in his mother's eyes. Maybe he should have thought about the significance of that, maybe it would have forewarned him of his fate. Who was playing into who's hands?

Robin's heart was pounding. He could hear every beat inside his ears. Why?? Hadn't Trish dressed him up before? Why was he feeling so self-conscious now? Maybe it was because now he was dressed-up as a girl without her help. Now, it would be obvious that he liked to dress as a girl. Why else would he be looking like he did at this moment?

As he took another look in the bathroom mirror, he heard the front door opening downstairs! His mother calling out as she rushed past the upstairs bathroom

door. "Come on, Robin! Trish is home!" His feet felt leaden as he walked out into the hallway---headed for the stairs. "Miss Robin," he thought, imagining a sitcom soundtrack playing in the background.

The L-shaped stairway obstructed his view of the main floor foyer where even now he heard the excited squeals of mother and daughter reuniting.

Finally, he stepped around the corner. Face to face with his twin sister! Shock! There stood Trish, wearing a pair of black leather pants, a green and red scoop-necked sweater! Evelyn Wilkes had a look of triumph on her face.

"My twin 'girls'!" she exclaimed looking from Robin to Trish, "You're more gorgeous than I had even imagined!"

"Robin! You minx! Is that really your own hair?! It's beautiful!" Trish shouted as she leapt into the startled Robin's arms. Robin stood in shock as his twin sister kissed his powdered cheeks. Even as the shock was sinking in, Robin heard the front door opening once more.

"Trish, is it okay if I park in front of the neighbor's driveway for a few minutes?" asked the pert blonde girl who came in the door. Robin, Trish, and Mrs. Wilkes stood silent as the new arrival absorbed the scene. There, in front of the newcomer's eyes stood nearly duplicate images. Both dressed alike, but one without the earrings nor snow on her shoes that was there moments ago. One with a very femininely-styled sideswept coiffure, the other with a simple pony-tail.

"Uh, am I on Candid Camera or something?" asked the new arrival.

Trish was very quick on her feet. "Stacy, I'd like to introduce you to my mother, and my twin brother, Robin." Mrs. Wilkes was also quick. "Girls, I've talked Robin into surprising Trish. In fact, I sent the outfit that Trish has on just so that this little joke would work. I've always wanted to see what my children would look like had they been born of the same sex. It was easier to consolidate on the female rather than the male. I hope you aren't angry."

The newcomer, Stacy, lost no time on dispelling concerns. "Oh, Mrs. Wilkes, they're so cute!" She wrapped her arms around Trish and her near identical sibling. "I'm not sure who's cuter?" This last remark was punctuated with a deep look at Robin. He blushed!

"Cool it, Stacy!" Trish good-naturedly retorted. "Robin is my alter-ego! I just wish he didn't try to out-shine me!"

"C'mon girls, I've embarrassed Robin. He agreed to dress as he is now . . . but we didn't know that Stacy would see him. I'm sure that he's embarrassed," Mrs. Wilkes replied. Robin was completely frozen to the spot. Embarrassed ?? Robin wasn't able to speak . . . literally.

He tried, "Itt...Ittt'ss grr..rrr ate to sssee you back hhh..home," he mumbled nearly incoherently. He was so embarrassed. His mother, his sister---but a stranger!!! A stranger, a pretty girlfriend of his sister's had seen him totally and completely dressed, made up, and done up as a girl! He was desperately wishing that he would wake up any second, find that this whole thing was just a terrible nightmare!!

"Why should he be embarrassed? I think he looks beautiful, doesn't he?" Trish questioned as she put her own face next to his, forcing the obvious conclusion that therefore she too 'looked beautiful'. Stacy laughed and replied,

"Oh, aren't we the modest one. Yes, he looks beautiful, and I suggest that you start picking up on some of his beauty secrets."

Obviously, Stacy and Trish were very close friends. The humor was starting to have a relaxing effect on poor Robin. They weren't teasing him, but teasing each other. Finally, Trish returned to seriousness a little,

"Stacy's right. I think Robin looks wonderful. Even though it may have been a little sneaky, Mom . . . I'm glad you did it." Then turning to Robin, and with a completely sincere and knowing look, Trish said, "You do look great . . . and I really missed my dear twin." With that they hugged each other for a full ten seconds in silence.

From that point on, introductions were made, and no additional references of any kind were made to the fact that Robin was dressed as a female. With his unisex first name, an innocent bystander would just believe that they were watching three women chatting. Stacy was Trish's college roommate and best friend. She lived on the other side of town and after having some tea and hors d'oeuvres bid a goodnight in order to leave and join her own family. She kissed each of them goodbye on the cheek.

Robin almost thought that her kiss on his cheek lingered a little longer than for the others. One thing he did notice as she left . . . Stacy sure had a 'very interesting' body and an extremely cute face!

Chapter 5

Christmas Eve day was a busy time for the dress shop as many customers came in to either pick up their holiday dresses, or, last-minute panic shop for that all-important New Year's Eve outfit. Trish helped out front while Robin rushed around in the backroom doing last minute hems and ironing. Mrs. Wilkes and Trish took turns handling the store, while the other popped out to do a "little last minute shopping." Robin didn't see the knowing winks they gave each other.

He was back in his usual jeans and a T-shirt, his hair brushed out from the backcombing and pulled into a high and still curly pony-tail. By the time that the Wilke's family closed up for the day, they were all exhausted and at the same time looking forward to the Christmas festivities of the next day.

Maybe it was Robin's exhaustion, or maybe the fact that he had started to crave the feminine side of himself more and more, but it didn't take much convincing from his mother and sister to get him to allow them to set his hair in curlers for the night. So that evening, all three of them sat around the lit Christmas tree with their hair up in rollers, wearing nightgowns and matching robes, sipping hot chocolate and enjoying the closeness of a family reunited. The naturalness of it was reassuring for Robin. His mother and sister were treating him just like another female. No teasing, no mention that he was dressed in any way out of the ordinary.

Joy to the world! Robin sat up in bed the next morning a little groggy from the light and wakeful sleep he had had. Sleeping in curlers was a new experience for him and he could appreciate the efforts women expended to look beautiful. But he figured if his mother and sister could do this for years, surely he wouldn't complain.

Soon he heard a knock on his bedroom door and his mother's voice, "C'mon Robin, let's see what Santa's

brought." Slipping on his floor length robe and slippers, he walked quickly out the door. With the floppy house-slippers (another loaner from his mother) he had to walk with short sliding steps which made his walk look especially girlish.

Downstairs he found his sister and mother already sitting around the tree waiting for his arrival. He couldn't help laughing to himself at how silly they all looked, each with curlers in their hair.

Each of them took one of the presents marked with their name and began to open it. Mrs. Wilkes unwrapped a pair of expensive suede gloves . . . a present from Robin. Trish's package contained an ultrasheer pair of seamed, black nylon stockings with delicate clockwork patterns running up each leg. Mother and daughter watched with interest as Robin unwrapped his first package. The rectangular box was labelled "Victoria's Secret". Robin recognized the name from their beautiful lingerie advertisements in the fashion magazines that he frequently read! With growing apprehension he opened the box and unfolded the sheer tissue paper. There, neatly folded were several matching sets of ultra-feminine, silk and lace lingerie. Delicate lace panties, bras, camisoles and slips in pale blue, pink, black and traditional white.

"Ohhh, I must have opened Trish's present," he said, then seeing their big grins, asked in a near whisper, "Are these are for me?"

"They're all yours, my darling," replied his mother, "I thought you would like to start collecting some of your own, rather than have to borrow mine. Do you like them?" Robin hesitated . . . what should he say? He shouldn't like them . . . he should be insulted, but he wasn't, he adored them! He was afraid to touch them.

Both his mother and sister were looking at him in silent anticipation . . . there was no teasing here . . . they had hopeful looks in their eyes. He couldn't lie.

"They are absolutely beautiful---I love them," he finally confessed holding up a pair of black lace panties. Then he asked softly, "Are these for me to wear?"

"Of course, silly, anytime you want!" Mrs. Wilkes exclaimed as she tearfully hugged her femininely dressed and curled boy-child.

"I'm glad you like them, Robin," added his now smiling sister. "Here, open this present from me." She added as she handed him another gaily wrapped package. This box was quite large and heavier than the first. He quickly unwrapped the paper and opened it. Once again, there was the tissue paper confirming Robin's guess that the present was some form of clothing. His guess was correct. Soon he was holding up a jacket. There was however, something about it that confused him. It was a feminine-cut suit jacket. He looked back into the box and found a matching, slim, knee-length skirt. Both were in a cream-colored wool fabric. Neatly folded with the woman's suit was an antique lace, silk blouse with full sleeves, a lacy stand-up collar, and pearly buttons down the back. A couple of pairs of very sheer pantihose completed the contents.

"This is lovely, Trish!" Robin now exclaimed, unabashedly showing his glee at receiving such presents---presents which could only be expected by a girl. "But?!"

Trish interrupted and relieved the pressure he was feeling. "Mom and I decided that you definitely needed to know more about the clothes we sell and should have some clothes appropriate for working in the store. You'd scare away customers if you served them in a pair of jeans and a T-shirt!"

"I could never wear these at work---someone might see me!" the confused Robin replied.

"Why not," his sister argued. "Didn't you see how realistic you looked yesterday when Stacy was over. With the proper dress, lingerie and your hair done, there is no way someone would dream that you are not a girl---unless you make an obvious attempt to prove it to them."

"But why a dress? I could just wear a suit and tie or something."

"It's more appropriate to have a girl selling dresses," Trish said. "We'll help you get ready for next week when we open for the pre-New Year's rush. It will take all *three* of us to handle the customer traffic. Last year we had to hire Joanie for those few days. She doesn't have a fraction of the stores stock knowledge that you do. Trust me, your nervousness will be short-lived . . . anyway, think of what

a help you could be to mother from now on," Trish concluded.

The thought of dressing in these clothes and meeting customers was still not easy for Robin to accept. Since there were a couple of days before the shop re-opened again he had time to decide.

"Well . . . we'll see," was Robin's final reply. However, as far as his mother and sister were concerned, it was a done deal. He was about to learn that they had another scheme in the wings as well.

Trish next opened her present from Robin. When she held the dress up against her body she was thrilled.

"You designed this yourself?! It's fantastic . . . I can't believe this is your first design effort . . . you've got some talent!" his sister raved. There was much hugging and kissing and Trish ran over to a mirror in her bedroom to see how the dress would look.

It turned out that there were other presents for Robin under the tree. He estimated that 3 out of every 4 packages were labelled to him. He wondered where they had been hidden since they weren't there yesterday.

It didn't seem to bother his mother and sister as they seemed to be as excited as if the presents were all for them. To his embarrassment, the other packages all contained feminine items. How could they have assumed he would go along with such an outlandish idea?

There were a couple of pairs of shoes. One pair were cream-colored pumps with 2" heels. These were explained to him as matching his new suit. The other pair were black patent leather dress slippers with 4" heels and delicate ankle straps. Another package contained a complete makeup kit with all kinds of eye makeup, blushes, lipsticks and nail polishes. It was really beginning to sink in to Robin that his family intended for him to dress like a girl!

What concerned him was the amount they had spent. Probably more than it would have cost to hire Joanie for a month. Also, there was lingerie for a month not just a couple of busy days before New Years. Maybe they would become Trish's after that?

He opened more presents: a hot roller set, nail polishes, lipsticks, two handbags, two babydoll nighties, a

garter belt and stockings, perfume, a small girl's watch and three sets of clip-on earrings.

Finally, after all but one small package remaining under the tree were opened, Robin found himself confused, sitting amidst an array of colorful paper, soft fabrics and generally female things.

"The last gift is from me to all of us," proclaimed Mrs. Wilkes. "I want us to really celebrate this special time of year." She handed the small packet to Trish. "Why don't you open it, Trish," she instructed. Soon Trish had the paper off and found an envelope. She withdrew three tickets from the envelope and read them out loud.

"3 tickets to the Gala New Year's Eve Ball at the Westminster Palace Hotel!!" squealed Trish. "Now I have somewhere to wear my new dress!"

"Yes, I thought it would be nice for all three of us to get really dolled up and out for an evening," Mrs. Wilkes added. "By the way Trish, Robin didn't mention it, but he made two identical dresses when he made that one." She gave Trish a knowing wink. Robin saw it and immediately surmised the unspoken suggestion.

"You're not serious," he asked incredulously. Both women looked at him and smiled. Trish calmly replied, "Oh, how exciting. There is nothing I would enjoy more than to go to a fancy dress affair with my twin 'sister'. Really, we won't know anyone there. We can really dress up and have a great time. You'll look marvelous, in fact from what I've seen so far . . . you'll certainly outshine me!"

"You'll both be lovely. I made appointments for all three of us at Linda's for the morning of the 31st." Mrs. Wilkes informed her children.

"Linda's? What's Linda's?" the confused Robin asked then added, "Not that Linda's?" Things were happening very quickly. He wasn't sure if he should pinch himself to check if he was awake or not. One side of him was dizzy with excitement at the implications of what he was hearing, the other side, the side that grew up with brush cuts, baseball and rough boyish sports was panicking!

"Yeah, that Linda's," Trish answered. Linda's is the beauty parlor where Robin's Mom and Trish had had their hair done for years. She added, "You'll really like Linda, she's a true artist when it comes to hair."

"I can't go to a beauty parlor!" exclaimed Robin.

"Well, it's for the best. While I can do hair reasonably well for every day wear, we'll probably want to wear our hair in some fashionable up 'do's for this event. That's one of Linda's specialties. Don't worry, I already told her you are coming with us."



"A photo of Robin before the dance.

Robin moaned, his reputation was being ruined very quickly.

His mother added, "She thinks it's wonderful that you understand the woman's side of things. She feels like she already knows you, since I've been talking about my children and showing her pictures of you for years. I told her about your improved grooming habits, dressmaking and appearance in girl's clothes. I'd feel comfortable telling her any secret. That's what a good hairdresser is like," Robin's mother explained.

With a little more persuasion mother and daughter got the boy's stunned agreement to go through with it. After all, they wouldn't know anyone at the dance. And if Robin felt that he would be discovered then they would call the whole thing off.

Chapter 6

Robin never got into any boy's clothes on

Christmas day. He did try on all his lingerie, shoes and suit outfit. He even had another fitting of his New Year's Eve dress. This time with both Trish and his mother poking and prodding him while making final adjustments.

The Wilkes' had a quiet family Christmas dinner. Robin was dressed similarly to his mother and sister. That means a stylish dress, nicely curled hairdo, full makeup, and freshly manicured nails. This time Trish devoted the time to help her skirted brother with his makeup and comb-out. She still couldn't get over his lush, thick, long hair.

That evening Robin once again donned an attractive floor-length nightgown and submitted to having his hair put up on rollers for the night. He wasn't sure if he could go through with their plan for him to work in the store dressed as a girl, but his sister convinced him that he should have his hair set 'just in case'.

Well, good thing he listened to his sister's advice, because his resistance faded the next morning when he saw the lovely feminine hairdo his sister had created for him along with the perfectly applied day makeup. As he stood there, looking in the full-length mirror, admiring the reflection of a smartly dressed woman with bouncy curls over her ears and forehead, his resistance to the plan collapsed. Before he knew it, he was at work.

It was like that nightmare; the one where you're at school in your underwear, only Robin woke up dressed like a girl in the store. It took several encounters with customers before Robin started to relax at all. Everyone of them dealt with him as the natural miss that he portrayed. However, he was glad that his skirt had a matching jacket, because the dampness from his nervous perspiration was covered politely.

At the end of the day, he was thoroughly exhausted both mentally and physically,



"Could Robin look like a boy again?"

but he could not stop talking about the experience. He had survived a day dressed up like a girl!

The second day back in the store was equally uneventful . . . simply busy with lots and lots of customers. Robin sometimes even forgot that he was in a skirt, that his hair was femininely coiffed, that his ever-lengthening nails were a pretty shell pink, and that his lips were colored to match. At times it almost felt natural to him.

Finally, the 31st of December arrived. Though Robin had dealt face-to-face with many customers in the past few days, he had never gone out of doors. Today he was to visit a women's beauty salon, then attend a gala social function as "Miss Robin". That was the name his mother had used when talking to him in front of customers. Robin hadn't overheard the many explanations his mother had made to the customers that she had twin 'daughters'.

Trish suggested that Robin wear a skirt and blouse to the hairdresser so that he would not have to pull a dress off over his hairdo when he would change later that day. So, the three 'ladies' set off for their appointments, all in skirts.

Robin's knees were shaking a little as he walked through the door of the beauty salon. It was quite small. In fact, it turned out that Linda was not only the owner, but the sole hairdresser. Her afternoon was reserved for the three Wilkes' ladies' appointments.

"Oh my . . . they're adorable!" Linda exclaimed to Evelyn Wilkes when she saw the two siblings together. "You must be Robin," she spoke as she stepped close to the lad for a closer look. "Well, I wouldn't have believed it. You certainly won't be found out . . . you make a gorgeous girl!"

"Thanks," Robin mumbled in reply.

Linda stood back and assessed Robin, asking, "Is that Trish's skirt and blouse?"

Before Robin could answer, his mother said, "No, they are all his." Robin blushed as his mother told all about his 'sweet' little Christmas gifts: the lingerie, heels and dresses.

"Ohhh," was Linda's reply realizing that this was more than just a 'one-night experiment' for Robin. She felt more comfortable knowing this. She wouldn't have

to worry about 'over doing it' with this precious sweet boy.

Linda started chattering. "You know, I've had a couple of boys in here in the past who were dressing up as girls. One, just this past Halloween. His mother made an appointment for him. She said he was going to a costume party as 'Miss America'. He was certainly pretty when I got through with him---but he wasn't nearly as pretty as Robin will be. And coming dressed in a skirt is a great idea. It will help you get used to the feeling. That boy at Halloween---his mother and he came in on a Saturday morning, my busiest time. He was dressed in just a pair of jeans and a boy's shirt. However, he had hair that reached half-way down his back! Well, the other ladies that were here couldn't believe their eyes when I shampooed it, then began putting it up on dozens of rollers. He must of turned every shade of red. And what was worse, they had arrived by bus. I guess he figured that his hair wouldn't be too noticeable. But I would think that he had quite an interesting bus ride home, because I had done his hair in an upswept pile of neatly pinned curl ringlets and baby breath. He certainly looked like a little 'Prom Queen'!"

All this wasn't helping Robin to feel more relaxed. He just listened as Trish, his mother, and Linda discussed what kind of hairstyles the three wanted for tonight.

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"Well, Trish and Robin will be wearing identical formals this evening," explained Mrs. Wilkes, going on to describe their planned outfits. Linda looked over the two siblings, feeling the texture of Robin's hair and studying its length.

Finally Linda said, "Hmmm, very nice. Robin needs the ends trimmed up a little to even them out, but I like the length. Since this is a formal affair, what if I do the girls' hair in a kind of soft French Twist in back, with curls over the bangs and at the temples. Maybe some nice rhinestone combs at the back would look nice."

Robin cringed when he noticed her reference to him and Trish as "girls". He still wasn't sure he should be doing this despite his family's encouragement.

His mother replied, "Oh, that would be lovely. Maybe I can watch how you do it, so that I can do it for them at home in the future." Robin caught that reference to the future.

Linda decided to take Trish first, then Robin, and finally Mrs. Wilkes.

"I'll get all three of you set and under the dryers, then I'll do your nails.

For the next 20 minutes or so, Robin watched with rapt attention at the 'beautifying' process his sister was going through. He realized that he would soon be undergoing the same! Linda chattered on about all kinds of girl things as she worked.

After the shampoo and conditioning, Linda did a little trimming of the ends making "it the same as Robin's". Next she sprayed some kind of lotion on Trish's hair, then combed it through. Then with professional skill, Linda sectioned and rolled Trish's hair on medium rollers. She explained to Mrs. Wilkes something called 'the setting pattern' she was using.

Robin figured out she meant how she was positioning the rollers. Finally, with every hair neatly wound on a curler, a pink hair net was placed on Trish's head and she was shown to one of the three hair dryers in the salon.

"Next," Linda called, smiling at Robin. He got up and moved to the chair, again with some apprehension. He watched in the mirror as he went through the same process that Trish had just gone through. When Mrs. Wilkes told Linda that Robin had been wearing dresses

while working at the shop, Linda exclaimed, "How fun! I'll show you a few easy styles for everyday wear." Robin blushed and started an explanation that this was only for the holiday rush but restrained himself. It just seemed fruitless. Linda knew already that he was a sissy, he would only be arguing the degree.

Linda made several remarks to Mrs. Wilkes about how she could vary Robin's setting pattern for variations on the style for different occasions. The added, "Robin, you should learn to do this yourself."

He soon found himself under the dryer beside his sister. He again watched as Linda set his mother's hair. His mother had much shorter hair than either of her children!

Once the mother was under the last dryer, Linda moved in front of Robin with a small table and chair. The table was covered with many bottles of colorful nail polish. Taking one hand at a time, Linda pushed back and trimmed all his cuticles. This included a soaking in some sort of warm liquid. It made Robin recall those TV commercials where "Madge" would tell her manicure customer that their nails were soaking in dishwashing detergent.

Linda commented, "My, your nails are certainly getting long. They're at least a good quarter inch past the ends of each finger and very healthy." This length was filed into a smooth oval by Linda, then each nail was coated with a clear 'base coat'. She went to work on Trish for a few minutes while this base coat dried. She then returned to Robin and coated each of his nails with a smooth coat of deep red nail polish. It was a color that Trish and his mother had picked out while he was getting his hair set.

All in all, their manicures included a base coat, 2 coats of luscious color, then a final clear top coat. Robin had to admit to himself that his nails never looked more feminine! Mother even purchased another bottle of the polish to take home for their 'pedicures'!

The drying time was up. Robin watched as his hair was taken down from the curlers and combed out. Linda worked at the back of his head for quite some time with comb, brush and many bobby pins. The front was softly

teased into a froth of softly-curved bangs and the temple hair into romantically wispy tendrils over both cheeks.

Trish's hair was done in a duplicate of his. The hand-held mirror showed Robin the back of his head which was now pinned up in a puffy, smooth French Twist. He had often seen beautiful women wear this classic and elegant style. It was hard to believe that that same ultra-feminine style was now his hairdo for the evening!

Before they left the shop, Linda took a good look at Robin and said, "Wait a minute." She had Robin sit down again and with tweezers in hand asked Mrs. Wilkes, "Do you mind? They need shaped."

Mrs. Wilkes shook her head. Linda began plucking hairs out of Robin's brow until a towel was filled with the long hairs. "Isn't that enough?" Robin pleaded.

"Shhhh! I'm trying to get them straight," Linda declared. "Some women pay twenty dollars for what I'm giving you for free. This will 'open' up your eyes making them more attractive." When she was finished, his mother and Trish 'ohhh'ed and 'ahhh'ed at the transformation. Robin was afraid to look, but did.

"My Gawd!" he gasp. His hands went to his face to see if it were really he in the mirror. His brows were no longer dense and full as creation had planned. High above his large astonished eyes were delicate pencil-thin arches belonging on the face of a bewitching female. Well defined and precisely arched . . . for a girl. He hoped he could make them look boyish again but hadn't the slightest idea how.

As they left the salon, Robin noticed that their elegant hairdo's and nails did not go well with their everyday clothes. He found himself now anxious to dress in his formal. He was not to wait too long, however, because by the time they got back home it was only a few hours until they had to leave for the hotel.

The same black lingerie that Robin wore when he had tried on the dress last was laid out for him. Soon he was bending over and feeling the constriction of his tight corselet as he attached the garters to the tops of his sheer, dark nylons. Somehow it was different this time.

Trish was helping him dress and vice versa. She had come to his bedroom in panties and bra with her own corselet loosely wrapped around her waist. She showed

him how he should close the hooks behind her as she breathed in, in order to allow him to tighten each one.

"Boy, your figure looks great, sis!" Robin had to comment as he surveyed the small waist which was displayed over flaring hips and swelling breasts.

"Just a matter of what you're willing to endure for beauty. It's your turn, 'sis'," Trish replied as she had her brother turn away from her to she positioned his corselet.

Robin suddenly became fearful. These garments weren't made for males. What if she pulled too much or something?

Trish comforted Robin. "Try to relax, dear. It won't hurt as much that way. Are you ready?"

Robin took a couple breaths as he felt Trish pull on the straps and the unfamiliar sensation of being corseted began. His insides felt queasy as the constraining hookup began.

"Breathe in, take your hands, and cup your chest pulling upwards," she instructed. Robin followed her instructions while she quickly fastened the many hooks and eyes in back. He could feel the vice-like satin grip of the corset closing around his torso.

It felt strange, his guts being molded into a feminine shape---but not entirely unpleasant. "Ooooooh," a high pitched girlish giggle escaped his mouth as Trish fastened the last hook.

"Ok, let your chest down now," Trish instructed. As he did so, the tight bodice of his corset did not allow the extra fatty flesh to return to its normal position, but instead it now bunched up above the top of the corset.

Robin looked in the mirror and saw his feminized figure with all his chest pudginess pushed up and out. He could not suppress the involuntary thrills that ran through his body. Breasts! He had never comprehended how delightful they could be!

"Very good . . . I think that you'll have very nice titties for tonight. Here, slip your arms through," she said as she held out the black brassiere for him to put on. She had the straps fastened in a jiffy, then returned to face her brother. Putting her hands, one at a time into each of his bra cups, she further pulled the flesh of his chest into the heavily underwired and lightly-padded cups.

"There! What do you think of that?!" Trish boasted.

Awesome . . . unbelievable, were the thoughts that came to Robin's mind. He had worn a bra before, and had seen how his chest stuck out beneath his clothes . . . but here . . . it was just a bra . . . and his chest not only stuck out, but threatened to spill over the now amply filled cups. Between the corset, Trish's massaging and manipulation of his chest's fatty tissue, and the firm underwire of the bra cups . . . he looked for all the world like he had full, at least B-cup, feminine breasts.

The cleavage was very prominent and he knew that in his dress, it would attract the eye of any red-blooded male. Did that thought scare him? He was confused---maybe thrilled, but unsure of how he should interpret his reactions.

"Gee . . . I'm 'stacked'!" he exclaimed with a comical grin.

"You sure are. My brother has tits!" His sister confirmed. "You have enough fat on your chest to really create a good illusion. Trust me, we girls have been learning how to affect just such an illusion for centuries."

"Oh, so that's illusion, is it?" Robin teased as he looked at Trish's own well defined cleavage.

"Hah, Hah . . . I've grown up lucky and haven't had to fake 'tits' since high school," she retorted with mock anger at his 'insult'. Turning it around she added, "Trust me, having tits is wonderful. They're addictive."

Just as the two siblings were finishing their little lingerie strut before the mirror, their mother entered the room and admonished, "Come on, kids, there's no time for playing around. Well, I must say Robin, you're showing quite a breathtaking figure for a young boy," she added when she got a good look at her boy-child's new 'bosom'.

"It's the wonder of feminine illusion according to Trish here . . . she says she's been doing it for years," Robin replied, now proud of the figure he was presenting, and once again taking a good-natured jab at his sister.

Robin and Trish didn't notice the look of deep thought that crossed their mother's face briefly, as she stared at her son's apparently feminine breasts. What really jolted her when she saw the success of the corset and underwire brassiere in creating the illusion of female breasts on her son, was the thought of 'what if they could be real'!

Several years ago Evelyn Wilkes had undergone a complete hysterectomy when 'female troubles' became a threat to her health. The doctors had prescribed an ongoing estrogen-replacement program for her. Estrogen . . . the female hormones . . . the little pills that she took every day to provide the female hormones that her body could not produce adequately on its own. Hmmm . . . Robin routinely had a multi-vitamin with breakfast each day.

Should she . . . or shouldn't she?

Mrs. Wilkes watched while her two children stood adjusting each others' full black slips. These were especially beautiful slips with rich black lace along the hems and bosom. Their black-stockinged legs showed the smoothly-shaven skin faintly glowing through the sheer material. Identical as they were, their mother couldn't help but notice that her son's legs looked even better than her daughters.

"It's time to do our makeup," declared Trish, leading her brother to her makeup table. To everyone's surprise, Robin suggested, "I think I can do my own."

"Well . . . aren't we the enterprising one? Who taught you?" questioned his sister. Robin looked at his mother, smiled, then said in a girlishly high voice, "Let's just say I watched Mom do it for me and paid attention." With that, he picked up some mascara and began to apply it with seemingly practised fingers.

"Look, he even holds his mouth open like a girl when applying mascara. Boy, oh, boy . . . eh, or should I say girl, oh, girl!" laughed Trish. "We've created a 'hussy'!"

After watching Robin and giving him some additional pointers, Mrs. Wilkes rushed off to do her own makeup, leaving her 'girls' to complete their own toilettes. Trish had to admit that her brother did have a talent for feminine things. Just as his first dress design was a knockout, his 'first' attempt at doing his own makeup was excellent. Soon, both boy and girl were admiring their identically made-up faces.

"We'll definitely knock them dead tonight, little sister." Trish sighed as she gazed in the mirror.

"Who dead," almost escaped Robin's lips. "Oh, yeah."

Finally, the dresses were carefully lowered over their intricately coiffed hairdo's. The elegant design clung to

their trim young bodies. The short puffy sleeves, ruffled bodice which revealed the recently created cleavage, and short skirt length combined to present a picture of youthful sexiness! Both girls added faux pearl earring and necklaces (Robin's being clip on earrings, as his ears were not pierced . . . a point that his mother did not miss).

Mrs. Wilkes grabbed her camera and set it on automatic. The flash caused the Wilkes' "ladies" to see spots for a few seconds, but their smiling faces were captured forever on film this most special of nights. The tripod-mounted 35mm camera had been a regular fixture at the Wilke's special events over the years. Robin wondered how his mother would insert this photo in the burgeoning family albums. She certainly didn't want to show these photos like she did all the others to friends, did she? Little did Robin realize that this photo would be the least worrisome photo of the evening.

Chapter 7

The entrance of the three Wilkes' women did not go unnoticed by most of the male eyes at the Westminster Hotel's Grand Ballroom. The very pretty middle-aged woman with the two ravishing, identical daughters was definitely a male fantasy's delight. Many young men looked carefully at the young women's tight dresses and shapely legs, then behind them to see if there weren't a couple of accompanying male escorts. They seemed to be here alone! More than one man felt that the New Year was starting out on a very good note for them in that case!

Robin's apprehension mounted rapidly as he noticed the obvious stares he was getting . . . did they see through his disguise!? Were they about to point and laugh at him? It was still an unfamiliar situation for Robin to realize that the stares he was getting from the men were stares of interest . . . and the stares of the women, ones of envy!

The tuxedo-clad waiter had taken their tickets, checked their names on a list, and was escorting them to a pre-assigned table. It turned out that they would share a table with other people. His mother did the introductions, referring to her son Robin as "Miss Robin" . . . Trish couldn't help but smile.

Of course, the immediate questions were asked . . . "Are you identical twins?" Though they were used to such questions in the past, Robin had never been in a position where he was the other twin "sister".

The dinner was delicious, and the champagne flowed freely, being served by a very attentive staff of waiters. After dinner, when the dancing started, people got up and began to mingle and search out acquaintances. Robin felt the urging of nature and asked his sister to accompany him. She smiled and led the way to the inevitable "Powder Room". Robin had never used a ladies washroom before and found himself strangely curious as to what mysteries awaited inside. He knew that women always seemed to take ten times as long as men did!

He found out why! Inside, there seemed to be wall-to-wall females, either waiting in line for the use of the cubicles, or repairing their makeup and hairdo's. Trish whispered in his ear, "Oh, Robin . . . remember that nice girls sit down to do all their business."

"I know, I know . . ." Robin hissed back. When his turn came, he demurely closed the door, turned around, and carefully pulled his skirt up. Gee, he thought, I never thought about this when I designed such a tight skirt. Getting the skirt high enough to allow him to pull his black lace panties down wasn't easy, but he managed. He felt very silly, sitting there holding a dress up with one hand while holding a very unladylike body part in such a way that the stream would shoot straight into the water and make the appropriate sound.

After repairing his dress, straightening his garters, checking his makeup and hair, it was time to face the crowds again. His high "female" voice was holding him in good stead so far. He found himself fielding many compliments on his dress. He, of course loved to brag that he designed and made it himself. He even wished he had



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something like a business card because all the ladies wanted to know where their boutique was located!

As Trish and Robin approached their table, they noticed a very elegant woman talking to their mother. She seemed to be an old friend. Both women turned as the twins approached.

"Adrienne, these are my daughters Patricia and Robin . . . Girls, this is Mrs. Adrienne Sloan. She's been a special client of mine for several years now."

"Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Sloan," the siblings replied.

"I'm sure that I've met one of you before . . . In the boutique, I mean," remarked Adrienne.

"I believe it was me, Mrs. Sloan." responded Trish. "You were in earlier this summer."

"Well, I certainly wouldn't be able to tell which one of you it was, you're both so beautiful . . . I love your dresses. You're mother was saying that one of you designed them?"

"Yes, Adrienne . . . that was Robin here. She's my designer now that Patricia is off at college."

"Oh, your work is excellent . . . you really show talent in this design . . . I must have you design some clothes for me and my daughters!" Then a flash came over her face. She looked disoriented then asked Mrs. Wilkes, "Wait a minute, I thought you had a boy and a girl?"

Mrs. Wilkes smiled knowingly and looked at Robin. It was all coming to Adrienne when Mrs. Wilkes whispered, "Robin is my son and *he* did design his dress." To Robin's embarrassment, she went on to tell all about the dress, his Christmas presents, working in the store and everything.

Adrienne gushed at Robin, "Turn around! I can't believe it. You look so beautiful you'll have the boys going loony. I still would like you to design a few dresses for us."

"Certainly, I'd be happy to," replied the proud but embarrassed Robin . . . thinking first of all the money he would make from the contacts he had made so far this evening then that the 'word' would get around.

Suddenly, Robin felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to find a professional photographer motioning the Wilkes ladies and Mrs. Sloan to pose for a picture. Robin

moved mechanically without thinking what this was for. Several flashes later, the photographer thanked the ladies and moved on.

"Oh, that Edward . . . he's always blinding us with his lights," joked Mrs. Sloan.

"Who was that?" asked Trish innocently.

"Oh, that's Edward Kent, the photographer for the local newspaper. They always do up a big article on this Ball in the Society pages," replied Mrs. Sloan.

Society pages?! thought the surprised boy. The newspaper? . . . the one that everyone in the city reads?! Naw, he's taking lots of pictures here tonight . . . the chances are pretty slim. And so the brief incident was soon forgotten.

The rest of the evening was a lot of fun for the three of them. Adrienne Sloan took them over to her table on the other side of the ballroom where she introduced them to her daughters and several friends. Robin felt quite embarrassed as he received the obvious attention of one of the young men that he was introduced to.

Steven Parker was a nephew of Mrs. Sloan's who was visiting from college during the Christmas break. He was of athletic build, quite tall, with blue eyes and blond hair. Robin wouldn't know, but his sister assured him that Steve was a "hunk".

So, like it or not, Robin found himself spending a lot of time on the dance floor with the misguided suitor. Trish had given him only a few lessons but obviously enough. He mostly just had to remember to put his left arm on Steve's shoulder. If only Steve knew that he was chasing another boy, not a girl, thought the femininely dressed Robin!

Robin kept looking toward the Sloan table to see if Mrs. Sloan had 'told'. It didn't appear so.

By the end of the evening, around 2:00 AM, and after much champagne, Robin was exhausted. His calves were so sore from dancing on those high heels. So when the last waltz was called, he unintentionally found himself welcoming the close contact that Steve initiated. Robin actually found himself resting his head on Steve's shoulder! Something that his teasing sister wasn't letting him forget during the ride home.

Chapter 8

It was late in the morning when the Wilkes' family finally managed to get down to breakfast. Everyone felt quite exhausted from the revelry of the night before. Robin came downstairs in his old faded jeans and a T-shirt, his long hair hanging, still damp on his shoulders after his shower. Only the long, still red-painted nails, and now obviously plucked eyebrows hinted at the existence of a "Miss Robin".

"Well, I see my sister has decided to stay in bed today, and my brother has returned," commented Trish, who didn't look like the elegant picture of femininity that was the Trish of last night. She was wearing a favorite sweat-suit outfit with her hair tied back in a simple ponytail.

"No, I don't think my feet could take high heels today, and my chest is still sore from that bustier," groaned the boy. He picked up the pill that was traditionally on his breakfast plate, and popped in his mouth, then washed it down with some orange juice.

"Gee, is that a new brand of vitamins, Mom?" he asked somewhat rhetorically.

"What, dear?" Evelyn Wilkes responded as she worked over the pan on the stove, "oh, those . . . yes, they are supposed to be better than the other ones I was buying . . . more vitamin B, I believe." Of course, Robin wasn't even expecting or listening to the reply. He had picked up the morning paper and was casually browsing through it.

"Oh, no!" the exclamation was barely audible from Robin. He dropped the paper and was staring at it with a panicked look on his face.

"What is it," asked Trish, picking up the paper and looking at the page it was opened to.

"Hey, look at this Mom!" Trish was obviously excited too. "Our picture is in the paper!" Mrs. Wilkes stopped her cooking and walked over to look at what was causing all the commotion.

It was Section 3, the "Society" section. Right in the middle of the page was a big photo . . . of "Adrienne Sloan, of the Hampstead Sloan's frolicking at the annual gala New Year's Ball at the Westminster Hotel. With Mrs. Sloan are Evelyn Wilkes and her beautiful twin daughters, Miss Robin Wilkes, (a talented fashion designer as evidenced by her original cocktail dresses she and her

sister are wearing) and Miss Patricia Wilkes." The article went on to mention the name of their boutique, then other society "news" of the ball's attendees.

"What if some of my friends see this . . . they know who we are . . . they know that Trish's twin isn't a sister, but a brother! I can't stay in town . . . the word will be all over the place in no time!" wailed the excited young boy.

"Oh, don't panic son," comforted his mother. "how many of your friends read the Society pages?" This did have some soothing affect, as Robin realized that this was true. It was not likely that his friends would read that section of the paper. Still . . . all it would take was one. He wished that the picture hadn't appeared.

"You know, Mom, this will be great for business. It's like free advertising!" rationalized Trish. Soon she and her mother were discussing how lucky it was . . . that this exposure would really bring in business. Robin just sat there and brooded . . . first they say that nobody will read it, then they are all excited about how many people will see it!

It was later that afternoon that the phone rang and Trish picked it up. Robin could tell from the conversation that it was Andrew, the young man that had Trish's attention at the Ball last night. He was Steve's cousin, also a college student. After a few moments of conversation, Robin heard his sister say, "Hang on just a minute, I'll just double check with her . . ."

Putting down the phone, Trish came over to Robin and whispered so that it wouldn't be heard on the other end of the line, "Andrew and Steve want to double date with us tonight---they have to leave for college tomorrow morning and this will be their last chance to see us until summer."

"Get serious, sis! I'm a boy, remember? I can't go on a date with a guy," Robin complained. "Besides, Mrs. Sloan KNOWS!"

"She's obviously keeping the secret. Oh, come on . . . they just want to go to a movie. It's not as if you were going away for a romantic weekend with him or something. I'll be there to make sure that it's all just nice and friendly . . . please . . . do this for me." Trish pleaded,

giving him that sorrowful look that she knew he couldn't resist.

"Trish . . . Trish," Robin sighed, "what's going to become of me---first we just played a little dress up as kids, then Mom gets me into dress designing, then dress modelling, then I'm on the Society Page as 'Miss Robin' Wilkes, now you want me to go on a date with a guy! Am I crazy."

"Oh, Robin . . . you're a dear!" his sister squealed as she gave him a quick peck on the cheek. She quickly ran back to the phone to give the waiting Andrew a confirmation.

"Wait!" Robin yelled, but it was too late.

Their mother was a little surprised to hear that her 'son' was going on a date, but not unpleasantly surprised. He did make a very beautiful 'daughter' and since he would be accompanied by his sister, things would be reasonably safe.

Trish was excited by the prospect of double dating with her 'sister'. She had always imagined what fun they could have had if they were both girls. She remembered seeing an old sitcom starring a girl who played both twin cousins. The usual bunch of identical twin gags was played up.

It was decided by Trish that they should wear their identical leather pants outfits. Robin didn't argue, in fact, he was a little relieved that he would at least be wearing some form of pants. How that should make him feel relieved however, he wasn't sure.

Trish also supervised their planned hairstyles, nail color, and makeup. By the time the doorbell rang that evening, two gorgeous Wilkes daughters were ready. Their hair was done in neat French Braids down the nape of their necks. There it was tied with a big red bow, and the remaining hair underneath the bow just spilled onto their backs in a mass of curls.

Both Robin and his sister had similar, full make-up. Make-up that really accentuated their eyes and lips. Their nails were lacquered in the same shade of red as their lipstick. Robin felt particularly uncomfortable with the perfume that Trish had sprayed him with. He smelled heavenly . . . too heavenly.

What kind of message would that give to his date, Steve?! The look in the eyes of the young men obviously indicated that they were very favorably impressed and happy to be escorting two such beautiful girls that evening.

Once they were in the movie theater, Robin began to relax. The men were extremely solicitous and attentive to their dates. Robin could see how a person could get used to such attention. He even got used to letting Steve hold his hand.

After the movie they went to a late night bistro for some coffee and a snack. Both Steve and Andrew were bright and interesting guys. They didn't just talk about themselves, but were interested in hearing about the girls' interests.

Robin let Trish do most of the talking. I mean . . . how much history could Robin share with these boys? About *his* 18 years as a boy?? About how strange it is getting used to shaving your legs, or deciding on which nail polish to use?

It was getting late and Trish suggested that she and her 'sister' should use the ladies room before they go home. Robin followed her, even though he didn't have any critical need to use the washroom. He was a little nervous being alone with the two guys himself. Once inside, Trish began to check her makeup and hair.

"They are really nice guys aren't they?" she said as she touched up her mascara. Robin had begun to redo some of his makeup as well. He figured it was just a normal routine that girls followed. But he wasn't sure why . . . they would be home soon. His sister shed a little light to the real reason . . .

"Robin," she said, checking to be sure that they were alone in the washroom. "You know that when they get us home, they deserve a little thanks for all the attention and money they spent on us tonight."

"Don't worry, I'll thank Steve. I do have manners, you know," he replied somewhat indignantly.

"I don't think you quite understand what I mean . . . they'll want and deserve a nice goodnight kiss."

"What!? Give me a break sis!" the surprised boy exclaimed, realizing then what the real purpose of his freshly reapplied lipstick was. "I can't kiss a boy!"

"Sure you can. Just close your eyes and relax. Imagine that you're kissing another girl. It will be over in a moment and all will be well. If you don't give him at least a small kiss, they'll think you're real stuck up." With that, Trish turned and left the ladies room. Robin stood staring in the mirror for another few seconds . . . taking in the madeup and coiffed girl that looked back at him. Was he taking this beyond all sensibility? With that concern blazing in his mind, he returned to his date.

Robin thought the drive home took only a few seconds . . . it seemed to be coming all too fast! The car stopped in front of their house and Andrew, who was driving, turned off the headlights.

"Well, I guess this will be goodbye until the next break," he said, looking into Trish's eyes, who sat with him in the front seat.

"We had a wonderful time, thanks." she replied, and as Robin watched, his sister slid over towards Andrew who drew her gently with his arm. Their lips met and they kissed deeply. He knew the time had come, he looked over at Steve who had his arm around Robin's shoulder. He felt himself moving closer to Steve, felt his heartbeat pick up, his eyes closing, then his lips touching Steve's.

He did as Trish had suggested, pretended that he was kissing a girl. But he had never kissed a girl before . . . he had been a social late-bloomer. The kiss seemed to last a very long time. With his eyes closed he pictured himself kissing a beautiful poster girl. His arms went around her neck and the kiss got more ardent. It continued, until he heard Trish clearing her throat.

Robin opened his eyes and saw that the 'girl' he was kissing was Steve! Andrew and Trish had finished their goodnight kiss and were smiling at the two in the back-seat who were locked together in an embrace that seemed like eternity.

"We'd better go, 'Missie'."

"Uh, yeah . . . thanks again, Steve," the flustered Robin mumbled as he opened the door.

"I'll stay in touch, don't worry," an obviously captivated Steve whispered back.

The two sisters waved goodbye from their front steps as the car pulled away. Finally, Trish spoke. "I said a goodnight kiss . . . not an all night kiss. Good thing you weren't alone. Steve may have decided that the light was green for more than just a kiss." It was said in good humor, but Robin felt embarrassed nonetheless.

"I was just imagining that I was kissing this beautiful girl . . . not Steve . . . That's what you said to do," Robin groaned. "Isn't it. How should I know 'how long' the kiss is supposed to be? I've never been on a date before, even as a guy!"

"I'm just joking," Trish said, "You did just fine."

That night, as Robin lay in bed in a soft nightie, his thoughts were more confused than ever. At first, the idea of dressing as a girl seemed fun, a lark. But this was farther than he had imagined it could ever go. Unless he cut his nails, let his eyebrows grow back in, do something with his long hair . . . he probably couldn't pass as a man! His troubled sleep that night included a bizarre dream/nightmare . . . him and Steve rolling in bed together, with Steve kissing Robin's full breasts . . . and what scared Robin the next morning was that in the dream he was enjoying it!

Chapter 9

Trish had gone back to college and Robin and his mother resumed the daily routines of work. Robin, in t-shirt and jeans, was back to work in the stock room.

The very first week, Mrs. Sloan came into the shop and had to see Robin, the boy. Mrs. Wilkes called her son out from the back room. Robin was shocked and embarrassed to see Mrs. Sloan in the shop. He thought she was obviously there to scold him for deceiving her nephew. He blushed when he saw her standing with his mother.

"So, this is Robin," Mrs. Sloan stated. "He looks rather plain. He's much better looking as a girl.

Robin started to apologize for the 'Steve' thing saying, "It was all Trish's idea to go out . . ."

"Oh, honey," she said, "Steve's a big boy. If he can't tell the boys from the girls, that's his problem. I must say, I chuckled for an hour when he bragged about kissing you."

Mrs. Wilkes looked at Robin. She had no idea. She had to know more. She said, "Robin, tell Mrs. Sloan how it felt to kiss her nephew."

Robin was humiliated but stuttered, "I didn't want to be kissed by him but Trish said I shouldn't resist. It was the price I had to pay for being taken out."

"Don't apologize, dear," Mrs. Sloan said. "You make an attractive girl and you are bound to be kissed now and then if you keep running around in dresses. Mrs. Wilkes, do you mind if he's kissed?"

Mrs. Wilkes was caught off guard but recovered to say, "He is very pretty. I guess it's a natural reaction."

"I agree," Mrs. Sloan said adding, "I'd love to see him in some ball gowns. Do you think he would model a few for me?"

The Society Page exposure had worked miracles for their business. All sorts of new customers were coming in and asking to see the 'Miss Robin Wilkes' in the newspaper.

At first they stalled but soon found out that only 'Miss Robin' would do. A few of the old-timers knew Robin and unexpectedly weren't too surprised when Mrs. Wilkes told them about Robin and what had happened at the Ball.

Business was business. Promotion was promotion. They soon had more orders for wedding gowns, bridesmaid's dresses, Mother of the Bride/Groom dresses than they could handle.

Robin resisted, but before long was going to work again in dresses, skirts and blouses. It seemed silly wearing little bikini panties and hose under his boy's jeans and denim shirts only to change at work to try on a new gown design. His long flowing hair was also a problem. It had a mind of its own and puffed out 'wanting to be pretty', hardly appropriate for a boy.

Most of his days were spent modeling his designs for clients. It was still embarrassing when old clients who knew him as a boy made a scene about his girlish appearance. They used words like: delightful, coquettish, delectable, adorable and fetching to describe his girlish appearance.

By March, his mother had hired two full-time seamstresses and another sales clerk to help. Robin had all his time tied up just designing the gowns. Because of his popularity and the new staff working for them, dressing in feminine clothes was no longer a pleasant diversion, it was his normal way of life!

At times, Robin would realize how outlandish it all seemed, yet natural. He had become so feminine; wearing short skirts, frilly sweaters and blouses, and high heeled shoes to work everyday. His long hair tumbled around his shoulders and everything he owned was in his purse which he carried everywhere. Sometimes he had to remind himself, "I am not a girl."

Robin and his mother had weekly appointments at Linda's beauty shop. She didn't seem a bit shocked when Mrs. Wilkes told her that Robin was now dressing like a girl full time. She just said to Robin, "How nice. Now you can wear your pretty things and show off your beautiful hair all the time. You know, I think you'll grow up to be a really stunning woman."

"Oh, gawd!" Robin thought. He hadn't really thought that far into the future. He was taking it day by day but knew he was changing. The chore of daily makeup and hair care had become routine. He actually felt 'funny' without lipstick and earrings. He had become accustomed to his de-masculinized appearance and softened body. The previously confined feeling in corselet, bra and panties had diminished, so much so that he now comfortably wore them even under pants and jeans at home. He relished in the 'sleek secure' feminine feeling of soft materials against his body.

But Linda's words haunted him . . . "You'll grow up to be a stunning woman." That scared him. Boys did not just grow up to be 'stunning women'.

Trish still called every week. It seemed that she had found a "very special" guy at college. James was a graduating medical student from a very nice family. Trish just bubbled over when she talked about him. It was still somewhat of a surprise when in early May she called and announced to her mother that she was getting married that summer. James was going to begin his internship at

the university hospital and he wanted to get married so that they could live together.

Trish was going to continue her studies as a married woman. Her mother was crying tears of joy hearing that her daughter was so happy. So many young people just lived together that to hear that they wanted to get married to legitimize their relationship, was good news. She called Robin to the phone, explaining some of the news as she handed the phone to her son saying, "Trish wants to ask you something."

Robin received the news and was congratulating his sister when she dropped an unexpected surprise on him,

"Robin, your my brother and I really love you. I want to ask you something."

"Sure, go ahead, anything for you . . . I bet you want me to design a very special wedding gown for you, right?" he guessed.

"Yes, I do, but there is something else, much more important . . ."

"Sure, what is it?" he asked.

"I would like you to be my Maid of Honor . . ."

Robin was stunned for a moment . . . "Maid of Honor? How can I be the Maid of Honor? Won't everyone be shocked?"

"Well, I thought we could hold the wedding here. I didn't tell James that you were my brother . . . I had showed him some pictures from Christmas and New Year's . . . I didn't think that it would get serious between us. You know that you'd look beautiful as a bridesmaid . . ." Trish was playing on her brother's psyche, she wanted him to picture himself in a flowing dress walking down the aisle . . . It worked.

"Of course, it was inevitable that she would get married and who better to design the dress," Robin sighed. "But being the bridesmaid?" He couldn't admit to himself that being a beautiful woman was what he wanted. That was why he got concerned when he noticed that his own breasts seemed bigger these past few months. In fact, they rested contentedly in the A-cups of his padded bra! Sometimes, without a bra, they even jiggled when he walked. Even his shape had changed. His hips gently curved out in a feminine shape.

Robin attributed all this to wearing a bra and the gentle but un-relenting influence of the corselet. But why did his nipples appear to have doubled in size to bloated points, sitting on jellylike swellings of fatty flesh. Their color had changed from brown to a rosy, coral pink not unlike his favorite lipstick.

Two weeks later Trish came to town for the weekend to see her family and discuss the details. She was again dropped off by Stacy who couldn't wait to see 'little' Robin again.

"Ohhh," Stacy cooed to Robin as they walked in the door. "Look at you! All powered and painted up pretty." She examined the sissified boy in the stylish, raspberry mini-skirt dress with his hair teased into soft curls, as he ran and gave his sister a girlish hug. Their soft bodies clutched each other for a moment and their matching lipsticked mouths molded into a brief kiss.

"Let me see you," Trish gushed. "How chic!" referring to his hair and fashionable dress. She put her arm around him and they went into the living room where Mrs. Wilkes was waiting.

After a homecoming conversation and the wedding congratulations, the discussion turned back to Robin. Stacy said, "He's delectable in dresses. You should never let him change back."

"That's up to him," Mrs. Wilkes answered.

That night they all planned to go out to dinner. Trish squealed to Robin, "We must get dressed together tonight just like last time."

About five, Trish brought her stuff to Robin's room. It had been painted 'farmhouse pink' with white trim. She was a bit put back at first . . . his room looked just like a girl's room. Makeup, perfume, lingerie, and various items spewed all over. "Oh, my," she said as she saw that Robin's closet was filled with skirts, dresses and blouses. His few remaining boy clothes were shoved way in the back.

"You can borrow anything you want," Robin announced feebly. Having his sister back in the house made him realize how much he'd changed. He was always the 'little man' around the house. Trish just sort of walked

around in a daze seeing what her little 'dress up' fun had progressed to. Maybe her mother had let this go too far?

Hearing Robin talk about his work made Trish relax. Things were going well for him and her mother's shop. They gabbed about this dress or that until it was time to get ready.

She began to sense that Robin was nervous about getting dressed with her. She broke the ice by saying, "So let me see what hook your corselet is on. Robin slowly undressed and was soon standing in front of her wearing only lingerie.

"Wow!" She said, "Your figure . . . it's . . . it's different!" She jumped up and began exploring his figure finding that the corselet was hooked on the smallest waist snap and the widest hip setting. His hips curved into full buttocks, rounded thighs and legs that smoothed into graceful softness. His body had lost its definite character and was rounded and cushioned. "You've changed a lot," she deduced.

"I know," Robin said shyly. "Maybe too much." He reached around and undid his brassiere adding, "Maybe it's what they are feeding these chickens now."

"Oh, my," Trish gasp when seeing the soft jellylike pyramids released from their ladylike confinement. As often the case, once something is actually spoken about, it seems obvious and undeniable. How could Robin have thought that those swellings were vestiges of baby fat? How could he have not acknowledged these sweet signs of womanhood.

Trish gasp, "How could you fail to recognize the changes here?"

Robin looked down in humiliation. Trish knew the signs, Robin was developing, and fast. The A-cup was nearly too small causing them to be pushed up creating almost too much cleavage.

She decided she'd better talk to their mother about this. A pang of jealousy flashed. What if his breasts got bigger than hers? Not knowing what to do, she said, "I guess I'd better get used to having another female in the house."

"I guess so," Robin said, pleased that she recognized his new role.

The two got dressed. At first, Trish was still in shock but the infectious enthusiasm won her over. Robin had become every inch a charming feminine person, with his upswept curled hair, impeccable makeup, dazzling smile, and intimate knowledge of woman's fashion. Without much fuss, Robin quickly looked radiantly feminine with his pearl earrings, long painted fingernails, flowing hair and softly curvacious figure.

Trish decided to remain silent. Robin had not become some non-descript unisexual mutant, he had become all the things a woman should be. What could be wrong with that? Was being a woman so low? Why couldn't a boy be more like a woman?

She was actually proud of Robin.

Chapter Ten

The next day, Trish and her mother went shopping. Robin cringed when he heard her yell, "We're home from shopping and mom got you new brassieres."

Robin had been working on a few new designs when they came in. They both seemed to be in a frenzy from their shopping experience. Trish had gabbled, "I told mother about your figure. We both had such fun picking out a few new garments for your new figure."

Mrs. Wilkes said innocently, "Robin, you should have told me. There's nothing to be embarrassed about, you're just adjusting to your clothes."

Robin looked down and admitted, "my body has changed. I've got curves now, mom. I feel like a sissy sometimes."

"There, there," his mother comforted. "Let me see."

Mrs. Wilkes about swooned when she saw her son's soft rounded curves. His previously flat chest bulged outward, his smooth nipples hardening into erect cones from the exposure. Trish was right, his soft mounds were too big and inadequately held in by his A cup bra.

"Oh, honey," she said, "It's a good thing we got you these. You are growing into a beautiful woman."

They pulled out several new brassieres in pastel colors. Robin first noticed the cups were much bigger and was even more surprised when his creamy bulbs of flesh pressed tightly against the cups. He squirmed at the realization.

That night, Stacy came over and they all went to dinner at a swank restaurant. To Robin's embarrassment, Stacy showed up early and wanted to watch him get dressed. "Trish said I might even learn something," Stacy giggled.

But Robin avoided her until he was dressed. He wore a white chiffon evening dress with spaghetti straps supporting a low cut neckline. Both Trish and Stacy watched as Robin did his hair. Aware they were watching, he pulled his hair back from his face and held it on top of his head with a wide barrette. He then took a round styling brush and blew out his bangs to one side, tugging a few wisps over his forehead. He finished with just the right amount of hair spray to lock in the style giving him a delightful coquettish look.

"Oh, my," Stacy said to Trish. "That's so cute! He knows more about being a girl than I do."

Robin blushed at this attractive girl's observation. Stacy giggled and asked Robin, "would you do mine?"

Stacy sat down at the mirror and took her long hair out of a ponytail. Robin asked, "what do you want me to do?"

"Make it sexy like yours!" Stacy said.

Robin dexterously took her hair and with spritz and spray finger styled it into sexy waves. He then pulled up one side and hooked it up high on her crown with a clip. He then teased the uplifted crown and let it spill over the opposite side in sexy curls.

Robin found himself extremely conscious of Stacy's inquisitive glare. "There you go," he said.

Stacy was ecstatic, saying, "You're the *kind* of man to have around the house." Her gaze fell from the creamy expanse of Robin's neck to his cleavage causing Robin to have a tingling in the pit of his stomach. A strange glance passed between them, both unsure what to make of it. Robin had never had a woman look him over seductively—especially not dressed like this.

For the rest of the night, Robin was aware that Stacy was scrutinizing him. She seemed to be peering at him intently.

After dinner, Mrs. Wilkes went to bed and Stacy asked that she be left alone with Robin to discuss some surprise wedding plans.

As Robin served tea, it was obvious to him that Stacy didn't want to go home yet. They sat on the living room couch and made small talk for a while discussing the bachelorette party, shower, etc. Stacy played with her hair and the hem of her skirt. Robin was aware that Stacy was flirting with him. His curiosity, as well as his vanity, was aroused.

It didn't take long for the conversation to turn personal. Stacy said, while marvelling at the young boy with uptilted breasts, "I think you are beautiful. You have cutest little nose and such dainty features; and are those diamonds sparkling in your ears? They're pierced!"

"Linda, at the beauty parlor did it so I could wear Trish's earrings," Robin admitted.

"You look fabulous, darling," Stacy said, "Very sexy!"

A rush of pink stained Robin's cheeks. Those words brought on a surprising experience. His breasts tingled against the silky fabric of his dress.

She continued, a bit nervously, "I mean it. Beautiful! Would . . . would you like to go out sometime?"

An undeniable magnetism was building between them. Robin stuttered, "Li..Like this?"

Her hand went out and touched his soft manicured fingers. "I find you very exciting like this. . .mysterious and different." She moved a little closer on the couch toward Robin. She was asking herself when was the last time she'd truly been intrigued with a man. It had been a while. Lately, they all seemed so predictable.

Pensively, she looked into Robin's dark turquoise eyes, her head puzzled by new sensations. Since she first saw Trish's brother dressed up as a girl she was fascinated. Seeing this sissy boy so absolutely femme was an awakening experience that left her reeling. An even more terrifying realization washed over her . . . she was sexually attracted to him.

Allowing her subconscious thoughts to surface, she was startled by these notions of intimacy with the sweet boy-girl.

Robin senses also reeled as if short-circuited. He felt this beautiful girl gazing into his eyes. He squirmed, causing his skirt to creep up his thighs a little.

The sight of the young man's dress clinging to his hips and thighs was almost too much for Stacy. She slid right

next to Robin causing an expression of wide-eyed innocence.

Strange thoughts raced through her mind. Was Robin enough of a man to make love? Or, would they make love as women.

It didn't really matter to Stacy, she simply had to have this person in the sweet dress.

She was conscious of Robin's wide-eyed, unassured nature and took control. She put her arm around his shoulder---she liked this feeling of dominance; being in control.

Robin breathed lightly between parted lips which quickly were pressed delicately against Stacy's. Stacy thought, "He even kisses like a girl." Stacy smothered the sweet boys lips with demanding mastery. She liked this feeling of being in control; so different from the pushy men she dated. She forced his lips open with her thrusting tongue, savoring every moment of Robin's breathless passive response.

Stacy's hand confidently unbuttoned Robin's blouse and eased the lacy cup of his bra aside. She fondled one small globe, it's pink nipple marble hard. She whispered while her finger outlined the circle of his nipple, "they're scrumptious, every boy should have them." Then added breathlessly, "they're bigger than I thought. I love it."

Blood pounded in Robin's brain, his knees trembled. He was embarrassed, excited, shocked and nervous all at the same time. He wasn't sure of Stacy's motivations. Was it to make fun of him? Or, did she really like him? He just sat there, passively, letting Stacy have her way.

He closed his eyes and felt her lips teasing his taut swollen pink nipples. He whimpered when she munched a bit too hard.

Stacy felt energetic clutching the delicious feminized lad, keeping him totally under control. She liked the feeling. She moved a hand under Robin's dress to skim his hips and thighs, finally sliding it across his silken belly. She whispered to Robin, "such silky panties! I must see."

She ambitiously took the hem of Robin's dress and moved it up to his waist. The view of his velvety panties and smooth, hairless thighs made her heart leap. The snow white nylon panties fit snugly over his ample hips

and showed *nothing* but a female contour. Stacy expected to see more but was beginning to comprehend how feminine Robin had become. Stacy had always liked BIG men and was bewildered by the currents of desire generated by the sleek curves of Robin's delicate body.

Her own breasts tingled as they pressed against Robin's rosy peaks. Stacy pushed Robin back onto the couch feeling his body squirm beneath hers. She pulled up her skirt and pressed her body tightly against his. Their breasts met and their pantied hips almost matched. Robin instinctively arched his body toward hers. Many hands began a lust-arousing exploration of each others soft similar flesh, each flinching as 'touchy' flesh was found.

As Robin writhed beneath Stacy's weight something was happening. Skin to skin, silk to silk and nylon to nylon, they were as one. Panty to panty they found a tempo that bound their bodies together, soaring higher as waves of ecstasy throbbed through them. Feeling, sensing and controlling the frail boy-girl was more than enough to push Stacy into a deep euphoria. Stacy wanted to cry out for release but worried it would be heard by Robin's family.

The feeling of Robin's sissified body beneath hers was too much. She moaned aloud, unable to control her outcry of delight. A dormant sexuality of her body had been awakened. She snuggled up against him, their legs still intertwined.

Hypnotized by Stacy's excitement, Robin trembled under her weight. He had completely surrendered to her masterful seduction. He savored the feeling of satisfaction he had left with her. He glowed, knowing that he could learn to love such attention.

Stacy knew she desperately needed more of him than this first elementary adventure. Her mind raced thinking about what else and how else she could experience this sweet young thing. Stacy had had boyfriends but her heart fluttered delightfully at the thought of having her own 'girlfriend'.

Robin's body continued to blossom in a womanly way. He thought about it and had guessed correctly that it

must be something that he was getting externally. Those new vitamins leapt to the top of the list.

Robin jotted the name on one of the pills down on a piece of paper. He went to the mall and checked in the bookstore. There were self-help books, including one called, "Knowing your prescription drugs". The name "OVA2" was well-documented as a female hormone. Under "side affects" it mentioned that in men, it had to be used in a very limited fashion as it led to feminization, gynecomastia (breast development) and redistribution of bodyfat to female characteristics.

He had figured out his mother's ploy. He ran home, and took the 'vitamins' into the bathroom to empty them into the toilet and flush them down. He stopped just short and looked into the bathroom mirror seeing his long blondish curls framing his madeup face. Those hormones had soften and sissified his body causing it to curve and grow into a womanly shape. His rounded creamy breasts pressed snugly outward against the short mini-dress he was wearing. He ran his hands down over his body to his pantied bottom. A spasm of pleasure passed through his body.

He jerked open the pills, dropped one into his hand and downed it with a glass of water. He had succumbed to the desire to grow into a woman long before this knowledge of his mother's plot . . . it had truly been inevitable!

Epilogue

There was a hushed "ahhh" when the Maid of Honor and the Bride came down the aisle. Robin had surpassed himself in the design of their gowns. Brother and sister were gorgeous! And Evelyn Wilkes looked at the tumbling curls intermingled with white flowers in both her son's and her daughter's hair. Had she done the right thing? Would her son someday curse his mother for encouraging him to become a woman? Who knows? Only time would tell. But at this moment, all three Wilkes' were supremely happy.

Stacy, a bridesmaid also, looked ravishing, wearing a dress that matched Robin's. Her eyes were on the bride but her thoughts were on the Maid of Honor. She couldn't

wait to get the luscious, shapely boy alone and ravish him.

A tear rolled down Evelyn Wilke's cheek. As all mothers think at that moment when they stand at their daughter's wedding, she had memories of a little girl playing happily with her brother in the yard---a brother in t-shirt, jeans and a crew-cut. Now the brother stood by his sister, proudly accepting the role of 'Maid of Honor'.

At the reception, she whispered to Robin, "Do you like being a bridesmaid?"

He looked at her and with a sassy tone, said, "I DO!" Weddings---a time when two say, "I Do."

THE END—What would the future hold for Mrs. Wilkes' "little girls?"

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FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer.

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet...can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

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Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

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WHAT GIRLS WANT

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SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

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There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

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The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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