

TV FICTION CLASSICS

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"PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE"



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PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE

BY DAWN BELL & SANDY THOMAS

Debbie and Alex were just getting over that first few months of marriage that possesses the bliss and euphoria of embarking on an exciting, new era of their lives here on earth. They had met in a small town college. It was that old cliché, "love at first sight." There was an incredibly strong attraction between the two right from the start.

They couldn't believe how much they had in common, and not just in the usual ways. It was almost as if at times they had been oneperson in childhood. Both collected the same comic books as kids. This may not be so amazing but they especially collected one particular "super-hero's" issues. One which was considered amongst the more obscure.

Both idolized the same movie actors and actresses, both excelled in the same school subjects and also did poorly in similar fields.

There was one other similarity that caused them more than a little ribbing from friends and family, and if you haven't already guessed, it was that they bore an uncanny physical resemblance to one another.

Debbie was 5'8", so was Alex, she was about 120 lbs., he was of slight build about 128 lbs., both were naturally light blonds. While Debbie was not overly feminine looking, perhaps even to be described as one of those sexy-looking handsome and "tom-boyish" girls, Alex was not your "macho-man" type either.

In fact at their wedding, one of the bridal party made a joke which really hit home in a way. He referred to the comments often made about British rock star, Mick Jagger and his marriage to Bianca, that is that they married each other because they bore such a striking resemblance to one another.

They were after that narcissistic, self-image or twin counterpart of the other sex. At the wedding this came across as a good joke, but it triggered a simultaneous, thought-realization in the married couples minds. This thought was the start of an ever present, subliminal awareness of the possibility that this statement made in good-natured jest was in fact not without real substance.

Several months after the wedding our couple had moved to the big city in search of fresh opportunities. Debbie was successful in her pursuit of getting a foothold in the profession which she had set her sights for, she was training to become a hair stylist.

Of course, no timid lamb our Debbie, she wanted to make it on her own. She had set her goal to be a very high-class hair stylist with her own chain of exclusive salons, naturally frequented by all the "in" crowd. She was still a slight bit away from this goal. She was working as a shampoo girl in a fairly high-class, downtown salon, while taking the required hairdressing courses in the evenings.

Debbie's interest ran in the family, her mother owned a big time beauty salon in Los Angeles. She had over twenty employees, providing a makeup bar, facials, electrolysis, and a complete, but small dress boutique. It was a family business. Debbie's mother and sister both worked there. Her father was a retired Marine sergeant who she rarely talked about.

Alex meanwhile was also pursuing a career, both challenging and in a field which he had long been interested, retail sales. He was managing an increasingly popular comic book collector's, mail-order store. He had built up the business over time but there was really no potential for the 'big bucks'.

Their income was still fairly low, but it was getting better steadily. They had rented a small house in an older part of the city which was a steal at the price.

It was very easy for Alex and Debbie to adjust to married life. For example, Alex being at home most of the day would prepare supper for Debbie as she often had to grab a quick bite before running off to her night class. As usual, Alex would think what he would like for supper that night and then make it. Almost without exception this turned out to be what Debbie had felt like having. There was a definite mental telepathy between the two of them.

This amazing similarity between them had begun to intrigue Debbie more and more. She had some experience with this telepathy and her sister, Janice. She loved her sister deeply and they were able to talk about and share their girlish secrets.

This feeling probably spurred her slightly mischievous personality one day when she took steps to make the similarity between herself and her husband greater.

Alex had been bugging her over the past few weeks to trim his fairly long, blond hair. That afternoon she had her own

hair styled at the salon in a certain new style they had learned at the hairdressing school. It was a smooth, all one length type of cut. It resembled a serf cut with long hair touching the shoulders at the back, then smoothly angling up in a curved line to the bangs. The style was very versatile as it could be worn straight like she had hers, curled, braided or pinned-up.

Alex commented very favorably when she came home, in fact he told her how much he loved it saying she looked absolutely gorgeous. After supper Debbie told Alex that as this was her free night she would finally trim his hair.

“Go take a quick shower and shampoo that hair so I can cut it for you. Hurry up, the ‘Inconceivable Hulk’ is on TV in 15 minutes. You can watch it while I cut your hair.”

Alex came down with a towel on his head and he had changed into his bathrobe. Sitting him down on a chair in front of the TV, Debbie combed out his wet hair. It was long all over, he hadn’t had it cut short in over a year. Parting his hair she pinned several twisted sections on top of his head. In the next half hour, while the “Green Muscle” took apart several cars and buildings, Debbie concentrated on her work. Soon she was using her blow-dryer. She finished about the same time as the TV show.

“Well, go in the bathroom and take a look, tell me how you like it.”

When he left the room she tensed up waiting for his reaction. She should have known he would like it. She had “read” his thoughts correctly. His hairstyle was the exact duplicate of hers. Some men may have balked wondering what others would think of them sporting a decidedly feminine hairstyle. Alex however, could see that if he brushed it back more it would look okay. He came back a bit red-faced and without saying anything kissed his wife tenderly, thanking her.

Actually Alex felt that he wouldn’t bother brushing it back too often. He felt strangely pleasant having the hairstyle look somewhat fluffy and soft.

Meanwhile, Debbie was getting extremely turned-on while looking at her husband who was almost indistinguishable from her from the back or at an angle. She demonstrated her excitement that night in the bedroom with some of the most satisfying lovemaking either could remember. She’d whisper, “You are so pretty with your hair like that.”

It was several weeks later on a Saturday night that they were having a romantic evening together. In the process of

consuming a specially prepared meal they had put down several bottles of wine. Both felt the effect of the wine as they necked on the sofa. Suddenly Debbie got that mischievous smile again and began to nibble at Alex's ear.

"Alex?" she whispered.

"Humm?"

"Would you let me do something, that I think would make you look really cute . . . please?"

"Of course, sweetheart. What?"

"Can I pierce one of your ears so that you can wear an earring matching mine?"

The alcohol had strange effects, but Alex felt in the back of his mind that his answer was not really alcohol induced. There were more and more boys with an earring at college.

"Of course, baby, just don't let me bleed to death."

Debbie was up in an instant and trotted off to get her large kit bag from school. She made him sit under a strong lamp. First she brushed his hair back and twisted it into a knot fastening it up with several bobby pins. Then she got the idea to get him another drink. She made it a triple rye and coke and she made him drink quite quickly. Alex's eyes were glazed and he felt pretty lighthearted. Spraying a topical anaesthetic on each earlobe Debbie prepared Alex for the task at hand.

"Why both ears?" Alex mumbled.

"Oh, sit still, silly. I'm trying to decide which ear would look better."

Light-headed, Alex closed his eyes trying to remember which ear most boys wore pierced. It meant something to have the wrong one done.

Debbie could see his eyes closing due to the alcohol, and killed a little more time by spraying his ears with more "freezing" spray. Finally, he passed out. Taking another sip of her own drink she took careful aim and pierced his left ear lobe with the "gun" she had borrowed from the salon. He didn't feel a thing due to the combination of the booze and freezing compound.

He slept like a baby. Debbie's hand was a little unsteady more due to nervousness than to intoxication, maybe even more due to a strange kind of excitement. She took his right ear, aimed and fired. She had done it. Debbie had pierced both her husband's ears.

"No turning back now," she thought as she slipped the sterile, gold-studs into the holes and fastened the backs. She

roused him from his sleep enough to get him into bed. There he slept until almost noon the next day.

“What’s this, Deb?” Alex’s voice carried from the bathroom.

Debbie rolled over in bed trying to figure out what he was talking about. Then her mind cleared and she tried to use her most unemotional voice.

“What’s wrong?”

“What do you mean, what’s wrong?!? You pierced both my ears! What will people think?”

“You can wear a stud in a different ear each day, no one will notice. I think you look really cute,” she said again trying to sound sexy and sincere.

“Girls wear TWO earrings!”

Debbie’s defended herself, “I’ve seen some of the rock stars with two earrings. You can wear any of my earrings you want. I wasn’t sure what ear meant what, so I did both. You were so drunk you weren’t any help at all. Don’t be mad.”

Alex felt a strange excitement within him. His heart beat quickly. Here he was with a pretty good looking, but feminine hairstyle and now two gold stud earrings in his ears. At first glance his reflection in the mirror looked more like Debbie than ever. Yet he knew it was he.

Debbie was an attractive, desirable woman, and now he looked somewhat like this same woman. And so Alex accepted this second feminizing gesture from Debbie.

After Alex’s ears had healed, Debbie decided that he should try on some of her earrings. First she would try a couple different studs, then gold hoops. “Oh, how pretty. I like the hoops,” Debbie said.

“In both ears?”

“Sure, around the house, you can wear anything!” she said pulling out a large pendant pair. “Let’s try these!”

For some reason their lovemaking that morning was once again better than ever before.

Over the ensuing months Debbie carried out other small, physical improvements on Alex. She had begun to manicure both of their nails every second day. Alex found his nails becoming longer and pointed as the weeks rolled by. Eventually they became shinier as she also added the application of several coats of clear nail polish as part of Alex’s manicure routine.

All these changes she justified as being a part of plain, good grooming. Alex wasn’t all that naive and yet he didn’t

bother mentioning that "Gentlemen's Quarterly" didn't mention that the "well-groomed" male would have nails which were a quarter of an inch past the end of the fingers, filed to a well-defined point and coated with two coats of nail polish.

Both lovers knew what was happening and both thrilled at the gradual 'softening' metamorphosis which was taking place in Alex, in fact Debbie no longer called him Alex. She preferred "Alexis," but she kept that to herself.

Alex had the uncomfortably humorous situation of having a door-to-door salesman try to sell him on a vacuum cleaner.

"Good day, madam. Can I interest you in a . . ."

Being quick on his feet, he minimized all possible embarrassment by playing right along for five minutes calling on all the feminine gestures he could think of and talking in a hushed voice. All the while he wished that Debbie hadn't put his now quite long hair back into a distinctly feminine ponytail before leaving for work that morning. Of course that wouldn't have helped all that much, as Debbie had managed to substitute "flesh tone" nail polish instead of clear lacquer. Sure, "flesh-tone" . . . it was definitely a colored nail enamel and that was what must have swayed the vacuum cleaner salesman's perception.

Oh well, it could have been worse he thought. In past weeks Debbie thought it would be the best for their hairs' health if they protected it properly while they slept. When she announced this, Alex wasn't sure what she meant. He began to see what was coming as he looked at Debbie sitting in front of the mirror brushing her long, golden hair and then parting it and proceeding to braid it into two pigtails.

When she finished tying the ribbons at the ends of the pigtails she winked at Alex and beckoned him over to sit in the chair before the mirror. Getting that exciting feeling again, Alex sat down obediently and allowed Debbie to carefully brush out his now very long, blond hair. She parted it and braided it just like her own was. Then before letting him get up, she picked up a couple of ribbons and tied them at the ends of his pigtails.

"You look so cute!" Debbie squealed.

"I feel silly . . . This is silly."

"It turns me on you know," she whispered. "Do you hate it?"

"No . . . actually it turns me on too," Alex finally confessed. He couldn't believe he was saying it, but it was true. Debbie would never forget those words, now she knew she could try a really bold step toward his transformation.

After a fantastic session of lovemaking that night, Debbie spoke.

"Alex, our anniversary is coming up in two weeks. Could we do something special that night?"

"What would you like to do?"

"Can we go to that really elegant restaurant we've heard about? That would be so romantic."

"Of course, anything you want, sweetheart."

"Thank you, I love you Alex," she whispered into his ear as they dozed off.

It was a week later and they were getting ready for bed. Alex was braiding his own hair. Debbie had taught him to do it himself. She had said: "Of course you can do it yourself, even eight year old girls know how to braid their own hair!"

Debbie was trying on a very sleek, black velvet dress. "How will this look for our big date next week?"

"You'll look great, as usual. I just thought of something, Debbie. This place is very formal but I don't even own a suit or tie. Can we afford a suit for just one night's use?"

"I don't think so!"

"You women have got it so easy. You've got several nice dresses that can qualify for that type of occasion."

Debbie was a fast thinker.

"No problem, you can share my wardrobe." She was rummaging through the closet in matters of a second as Alex sat there not sure what to think. Was she joking? Strangely, he subconsciously hoped she wasn't!

"Come here and slip this on," she said as she pulled out a chocolate brown, silk dress with billowing long sleeves and a wide, mid-length skirt.

"Get serious, Debbie."

"C'mon, where's your sense of adventure? You played the role of a housewife for that stupid salesman and you weren't even trying. Don't you think I'm experienced enough to make you look great?"

"Yes, but . . ."

"We'll have fun AND save the money for the suit . . . please . . . just this one little sacrifice for me?" She melted him down with that hurt, little-girl look.

"Impossible!" he groaned.

Women are sometimes the most skilled actors in the world. Alex came over and shaking his head, he allowed her to put the dress on over his head.

"This will look great. I'm gonna do a real job on your hair and makeup this Saturday, so be prepared to be at my mercy from about one o'clock on this Saturday afternoon."

"This is crazy! What if someone recognizes me? I'll die!" he moaned.

"Okay, how about . . . I'll make a deal with you? Tomorrow after work I'll help you get dressed in an outfit, just something casual, and when it's dark, we'll sneak into a movie. No one could possibly recognize you in a dark theater."

"I'd die . . ."

"No you won't," Debbie promised, "If you're scared on Saturday morning we'll forget about the whole thing."

"Well . . . all right, but you promise to be honest and tell me if I look ridiculous, okay."

"Sweetheart, you'll be a dish!" she said, helping him remove the dress.

Before he could get into his pajamas, she pulled out a long, blue nylon nightgown of hers and offered it to him saying: "Here, just for practice," she giggled.

"Why not?" With that he slipped into the silky gown and with a bright red face slid in between the sheets.

"Feels good, eh?" Debbie whispered, snuggling up to her husband.

The next afternoon, Debbie came home as fast as she could. He had supper ready and they rushed through it at Debbie's insistence.

"Did you use the depilatory today, like I told you," Debbie asked?

"Yeah, and I feel bald all over," Alex responded. "I don't think we should do this?"

"Of course we should! It'll be fun and I bet you'll like the result."

She tugged him into the bedroom and had him sit before the vanity. First she made him put his hands out. Taking a fire-engine red nail polish she proceeded to put the first of two coats on his beautiful, long nails.

She thought to herself, "Gee, 90% of the women who come into the shop for manicures don't have such gorgeous, long nails. He must like them not to complain about how absolutely feminine they are."

After completing his nails, she spent about twenty minutes applying facial cosmetics. Eye-shadow, eye-liner, eye-brow pencil, mascara, powder blush and lipstick to match his nails. She even painted his toenails.

"I'll do your hair after you get dressed. I don't want you to mess it up."

He was given sheer pantihose, a bra filled with a couple of bust pads and a slip. She zipped the white skirt up in back and finished his dressing by giving him a sheer, red blouse. Sitting him down at the vanity she undid the thick braid she had put his hair into that morning. To his surprise, the braid had left his hair a mass of softly undulating waves.

"Hey, how did you do that?" he marvelled at the waves.

"Oh, it's an old trick used by girls with long hair."

She deftly parted his hair on one side and then swept the hair off of his temples with two red combs. Finally, digging into her jewelry case she put a thin, gold chain around his neck. She finished off the look with a couple of gold-colored wrist bracelets, a ring and in his pierced ears a couple of beautiful gold loop earrings.

When he stood up, he couldn't believe his eyes. He looked absolutely splendid. Not only would he pass as a woman, he was a very attractive woman.

"Let me warn you that Friday evening I'm putting both yours and my hair up in rollers and we're going to leave them there till just before we go out. Our hair is so long it will take that long to really dry well."

"This might work. I must admit that you certainly made me look authentic," he replied.

"You're gorgeous, sweetie! Now you can relax while I get dressed."

In about twenty minutes Debbie was ready and to Alex's disbelief she had dressed in an identical outfit to his own. Her long hair billowed down her back in sensuous waves as did his own.

"Come over to the mirror, Alex," Debbie said, "We're sisters now!"

As they stood before the full-length mirror their resemblance was mind boggling. Alex's cheeks were flushed in embarrassment . . . his hair looked girlish . . . no, totally and exclusively feminine.

I'm going to wear a hat and coat, Debbie said. "Just to hide a little. If someone recognizes me, they'll look for you."

"Here we go," she said as she pulled Alex out the door.

Their first crusade was a bashful one. They would just go to an out of the area movie. What trepidation Alex felt as the time arrived to 'face the world'.

Alex almost fainted as they parked. He felt ill, saying, "I can't!"

"Sure you can . . . just remember 'the training'. He had been prepared with the seriousness of a soldier going to war. Legs smoothly shaved, hair curled and styled, makeup applied and reapplied, nails polished and rechecked for smudges, matching brassiere and panties, nylons checked for straightness, outfit chosen among several contenders.

Perfume, jewelry, and black high heeled pumps were picked to accent the final selection of the dress. The red print blouse was a simple wrap style with a "v" neck and a wide black leather belt which was pulled in several more notches than comfortable. The matching skirt was narrow enough to remind him of walking in little steps and tight enough to show a 'panty line' . . . Denise's idea of making it a little more exciting for Alex.

"Just remember you are a girl tonight," Debbie stated.

Alex felt himself glowing in the dark. He heard his nylon covered legs rub smoothly together while walking to the theater was done in relative silence. Heels clicking, Alex relied on his training to keep his balance. He was prepared but many times he wanted to RUN back to the car.

A million thoughts flashed through his mind. He had been primed and prepared. His hair swept around with each step. His lips painted definitive red like his wife's. Was he actually ready to join other men and women in public?

Debbie smiled and said blatantly, "Well ALEXIS, shall we go dancing after the movie?"

"ALEXIS?" he whispered.

"Why not?" she said pointing to his outfit. "You certainly look like an 'Alexis' to me. Now don't carry that like a football!"

She had prepared a handbag with all the little necessities: brush, lipstick, mirror, safety pin, tissue, and other things. Down the street they went, Alex carrying his shoulder bag over his arm. His heart raced and perspiration appeared.

"Oh my," he gasped as they turned the corner to find a long line at the theater. It was a most exciting instant as he felt his skirt flutter and a few people turned to see who was coming.

"Come, ALEXIS dear," Debbie said without hesitation. Alex was sure everyone was watching them as they walked by to the end of the line. Men in pants, women in dresses and Alex in one too.

He was shaking in his heels as they stood in the slowmoving line. Alex didn't say much but Debbie rattled on about the stores they were standing in front of. The light breeze blew at their skirts and their hair.

The only problem was Alex's nervous dismay. Men inevitably turned their heads in a double take to see why this girl was so fidgety. From the cruising cars, there were more than a few wolf whistles and honking horns from the guys who couldn't resist showing their appreciation for feminine perfection. Here was double perfection!

As the line slowly moved, Alex calmed down a little but as they passed a dress store, Debbie announced, "Alexis dear, that dress would look wonderful on you." Everyone around them seemed to look at the dress and then at Alex, then look away like nothing was wrong with *that*.

Alex grabbed for the door as a gentleman opened it first then held it for the "ladies." A new kind of door had been opened for Alex.

The theater was crowded but Alex felt better in the dark

movie theater. Frankly, he knew he would remember little of the movie. He crossed his legs and did his best to remember his training. Alex looked down the crowded aisle. Seeing the protruding bosoms of the women, for the first time in his life, he compared them to his own. They were wearing panties, had painted nails, and were smartly dressed in skirts, just



"Alex felt so strange. Dressed like his wife, people were going to see him. If he got caught? How could he ever explain?"

like him. His heart fluttered and rippled as he experienced his first hour living as a woman.

Alex sat for the length of the movie in various states of bewilderment. All he had to do was not laugh too loud or call attention to himself.

"Excuse me MISS," a gentleman said stepping over Alex's knees to get out.

Chills rushed down Alex's spine . . . was it this easy to become a MISS? A feeling of elation came over him as they sat in the dark watching the flickers on the screen. Then it happened! All had not been planned for.

Half-way through the movie, Alex had to GO! Too much soda. He whispered to Debbie but she was too involved in the movie. She whispered, "You're a big girl . . . you can find the ladies room."

Alex was thoroughly shaken, conflicting emotions boiling over inside. "Can't we go?" Alex pleaded softly.

"You can GO alone," his wife said firmly.

Alex soon realized that he had no choice or should we say not going would be much more embarrassing.

Alex climbed to his feet. His skirt clung to his thighs and required an adjustment down. A long moment passed and his whole body felt moist from apprehension. The bodice of his blouse seemed to cling over his bosom. He could feel the gentle pressure of his bra pushing his chest upward. Sensations awoke as tight buds blossomed inside. It was like everything was falling apart. Even his hair suddenly fell into his face in fluttering waves.

Alex, with a thumping heart, found the ladies room and went into a stall. He hung his purse on a hook on the back of the door. He hadn't been trained in this department so he simply did what he'd seen his wife do . . . he pulled up his skirt and pulled down his panties and hose. Then he sat down to relieve himself.

In the cool quiet of the bathroom, Alex stared down at his feminized self and wondered how things had ever gotten this far. He heard the stall door open next to me and he could see his 'neighbor's' hose and panties girlishly down around her high heels . . . just like his.

Alex stood up and pulled up his panties and hose. He straightened his skirt, grabbed his purse and walked out into the bathroom. He started to leave quickly but not before the girl in the stall appeared and called out, "Miss, do you have change for a dollar?"

Alex looked back and saw her in front of a machine. Alex nervously fidgeted, and went to his change purse. "I think so," he said in his highest voice.

He fumbled and found only dimes and nickels. Her eyes gazed into his purse with hopeful anticipation. There were no quarters and that's all that machine would take.

Alex saw her face brighten . . . she saw one of the items Debbie had added for 'reality'.

"Could I," she asked pointing, adding, "Unless you need it?"

Alex reached in and handed her one of the paper wrapped 'cigars'.

"You're a darling!" she said, disappearing back into the stall.

Alex retreated back into the safety of the darkened theater and sat quietly waiting for the movie to end.

Somehow Alex survived the evening adventure. Actually his confidence, and to his surprise, his enjoyment increased 1000%

Before Alex knew it they were safely at home. He was intoxicated by the evening. That evening, after Alex had gone through a carefully supervised ritual of makeup removal, he was sitting before the vanity with Debbie braiding his hair as usual.

However, this time he was surprised by his wife. On a whim she had braided bright green, silk ribbons right into his long braids.

"That looks pretty," Alex said.

Debbie squealed with delight when she saw this overt, uninhibited sign of Alex's acceptance of Alexis. In a matching green, nylon nightie, he slipped in between the sheets.

After a phenomenal lovemaking session, Debbie asked with a smile on her face . . . "Well, Alexis, dear. I bet you would like to do this again?"

Saturday morning Alex awoke to find that he had slept in and Debbie had already gone to work. As he walked past the mirror he shuddered at the prettily gowned "girl" with the cute hairstyle.

He decided that he preferred this feminine image. "What the hell, with my hair, painted nails and pierced ears I'd have trouble 'passing' . . . as a man that is," he thought to himself.

With that he pulled off his nightgown and pulled on a pair of Debbie's baby blue panties. Then from her lingerie drawer

he found a baby blue brassiere. This he hooked up behind his back and filled the cups with the necessary padding.

Then he slipped on a light blue T-shirt of Debbie's which had a cute pussycat embroidered on the front. He pulled on a pair of his skin-tight faded jeans. Then thought about wearing one of his wife's skirts but somehow jeans seemed less weird. A pair of slip-on, high-heel clogs increased his height.

Sitting at the vanity he undid his pigtails and proceeded to give his hair a thorough brushing. Feeling ambitious, he decided to try something he had toyed with since the first time he saw Debbie do it on her hair. He brushed all his hair back and then very carefully proceeded to French braid his hair from the crown down. He was surprised at what a neat job he did. He finished with a ponytail elastic, then covered it with a blue ribbon.

Next he used Debbie's mascara to darken his lashes, powder to smooth his cheeks and dark, pomegranate colored lipstick to highlight his lips. The same color nail polish was applied to his perfect nails (in three consecutive coats).

Studying his reflection in the mirror, he was at least partially satisfied with the results. He moved down to the kitchen for breakfast with complete composure. As he ate, he couldn't get the previous night's experience out of his mind. Everyone had treated him like a girl . . . and that was the plan again for tonight.

His heart fluttered at the idea, trying to imagine what that evening was going to be like.

Abruptly, he was awakened from his daydream by the door bell.

"I just won't answer it," he thought as sipped his coffee. But the bell rang again and then whoever it was started knocking. Alex's heart raced, he quietly moved toward the front door and listened, hearing, "I'll check the back door . . . some surprise!"

It was the voice of his father-in-law, FRANK! The ex-Marine!

"HANG ON! I'm not dressed." Alex yelled.

"Surprise, honey! We came for your anniversary!" his mother-in-law hollered, "Let us in!"

Alex was lifeless until he heard his father-in-law open the back door . . . it was always unlocked. Alex sprinted to the bedroom and yelled, "Com' on in, I'll be dressed in a minute!" He locked the door and heard his father-in-law complaining, "He's probably still in bed . . . the lazy . . ."

Alex ripped the blue ribbon from his hair, undid the braid, scrubbed his skin, removed the nail polish, and soaked his hair all in record time, appearing totally unkept after a most unsuitable time.

Seeing a wet haired, red faced son-in-law, Frank bellowed, "What the hell took you so long."

Alex just shook his head.

Needless to say, that evening they all went to dinner together; but Alex wore pants.

A NEW LIFE BEGINS

That night changed both of their lives forever. Debbie's parents convinced them to move back to Los Angeles. Debbie could go right to work in the family shop and Alex could find a job. They could live in the family's big home until they saved some money for their own home. It was perfect. Well, almost perfect.

Alex sat depressed, scanning the paper's classified section for any job prospects in the weekend paper. Jobs were certainly scarce in these times of economic recession. Alex thought of the only real job prospects available to him, and many of the other young men finishing school along with him. The Taco Queen. The huge, fast food restaurants which seemed to be on every corner in this city.

He'd had a summer job there once. Whether it was because of his being the newest member of the work force or his small, frail physique, Alex was subjected to countless cruel jokes by the classically macho fast food managers. They would assign him the dirtiest, most unpleasant cleaning jobs and laugh at his desperate efforts to accomplish them.

It might not have been too bad if they would have at least included him in their social group, but they didn't. He would even have to eat lunch by himself. These thoughts went through his head as he hoped that some other prospect would present itself.

Debbie's family was fully aware of his problems. Her sister and mother were understanding, but her father had no tolerance for a 'slacker'. Besides, Alex interrupted Frank's 'quiet' around the house. The women worked and he had the house to himself.

"Join the Marines," he'd say, "In twenty, you'll be set for life like me!" He never let on that the beauty shop provided all the 'good' things.

Debbie's mother could not afford 'retirement' on a Sergeant's pension until an old aunt passed away leaving in her will an inheritance in the form of her downtown beauty shop and boutique, here in Los Angeles.

This was like a dream come true. Debbie's mother and sister, Janice, took on the task of managing the business and in a short time business got better. It seemed that recession or not, women's clothes continued to sell.

The women worked long hours in the shop. They modernized the layout and picked up a new, younger clientele. Debbie's older sister, Janice, was twenty-four and Debbie was twenty-one, three years Alex's senior. Their youthful enthusiasm and taste attracted the young career women and high school set.

Janice was the creative one in the family. Since her teens she was designing her own clothes and pouring over the latest issues of *Vogue* looking at the new trends and dress styles. Her diligence finally paid off, because a sample of some of her design sketches had impressed a big fashion design school back East.

They had offered her a scholarship in next year's incoming class. This excited everyone in the household as they discussed her promising and exciting future. There was also a note of sadness to the occasion, because they knew that their close family would be losing this loved one . . . just when Debbie had come home. She was most likely to stay where the fashion industry was centered—New York, certainly not in 'smog town'.

"The store is really going to miss you, Janice. You do everything and you are also the best salesgirl," Debbie moaned.

"Oh, come on guys. There's nothing to it. I'm sure you'll find a good replacement with all the girls looking for work out there. I'll teach her everything I've learned about selling. I think I could train just about anybody," assured Janice.

With that last statement, the room was strangely silent for a moment as all three women slowly, with a sudden realization of what had just been said, turned to look at a surprised Alex. A strange mischievous smile was forming on each of their lips.

"Are you girls thinking what I think you are thinking?" Debbie's mother asked.

"Alex is looking for a job, aren't you Alex?" questioned Janice.

"You know I am, but I couldn't sell women's clothes. What do I know about them? And besides, women would be embar-

rassed to ask a strange guy if they looked fat in something or other embarrassing questions.”

“But you’ve managed a store before,” Janice said, “You understand inventory, costing and all that stuff . . . a product is a product!”

“Oh, right. I’ll just walk right in the dressing room with a pile of ‘suggestions,’” Alex mocked, “I’d be arrested!”

“You know he’s right in a way, girls,” his mother pointed out. “I don’t think women would feel comfortable discussing bustlines and tightness around the hips with a handsome young man like Alex. It’s a shame though, he’s in such need of a job and we have one available.”

“Oh, Mother, come on,” Janice got up and began to lecture. “I’ve been in a lot of fancy stores and their have been guys as sales people.”

“Sure,” Debbie broke in, “but not a store with such a complete line of items like we have. Bra fittings? Make-up? You know, I have a friend who once told me she had a girlfriend who worked in some store once. The store had a guy working there but the funny thing was that nobody knew. He actually dressed like a girl, looked really great and was also their best salesperson! Boy, have I got a great idea!!”

Alex’s heart began to pound wildly as he weakly said, “NO WAY. I am NOT dressing up like a girl! No way!”

“We could at least give it a try, couldn’t we Mom?” asked Janice.

“Of course we could try, but I don’t think we should assume anything.” Then she asked, “Would you like a job here with us Alex. The pay is \$4.50 per hour plus 4 % commission,” his mother-in-law explained. “More than just the money, you’d be working together here with us and this would help the family out. Well?”

Alex looked at the faces of these three women in his family. They were all staring back at him waiting for his response. He worried about what Debbie would think of him. Men just didn’t work in a dress store. Would people think he was weird for working in a dress store? The other job alternatives, however, were very unappealing.

Finally he spoke. “Sure, I guess it can’t hurt to give it a try. I don’t really want to make tacos again or work the midnight shift as a security guard. If Janice is really willing to be my teacher, I’ll let her show me the ropes. When do I start?”

The women were very happy that he was going to work with them. They felt sorry for Alex staying at home with Frank . . . they knew Alex couldn't fit into the adult male role Frank had planned for him.

All three women felt that it was partially their fault because Frank had wanted a SON and Alex wasn't exactly the image of a son who would one day be a Marine. "Get a haircut," was Frank's daily command.

"Leave him alone, daddy!" Debbie would defend. "I like his hair long. It's trendy."

Her father was also so crude. That was probably why Debbie rejected men who fit into her image of her father. Too tough, uncaring, cold and crass.

Debbie too REMEMBERED how Alex had dressed up that night at the movies. She was actually surprised that he'd agreed to work in the shop, but she never question his maleness. Hair length and job description didn't make the man.

Debbie remembered fondly that Friday jaunt. She especially remembered the fun they had had playfully applying makeup, looking for just the right effect.

Most importantly of all, Alex also remembered these same events. The thought of working with all those beautiful, soft clothes and surrounded by femininity caused a tingle of excitement to flow down his spine. One heck of a sensation that he did not fully understand.

So, the next Monday morning Alex found himself standing nervously in front of the bathroom mirror, brushing his teeth and combing his long, wet hair fresh from the shampooing he had just completed in the shower. He had just plugged the blow-dryer in when Debbie walked in.

"Good morning, dear," she greeted him smiling, "Don't worry about blow drying that mane, I'll do that for you in a minute. You've got to look really sharp to be a good salesgirl . . . I mean salesman."

Alex blushed.

With that Debbie shooed him out of the bathroom and told him to have a seat in front of the vanity in the bedroom. She would be there in a minute, just as soon as she had brushed her own teeth.

Alex did as she instructed and sat down in front of the cluttered makeup table. He examined his face in the mirror, checking it from each side via the side mirrors. He had very smooth skin which didn't require the daily ritual of shaving

to stay smooth. The light peach fuzz on his cheeks was virtually invisible. He definitely was not your most masculine male. He had a delicate look about him which was the reason for most of his problems in getting along with other guys.

In a just a few minutes, Debbie came back into the room carrying a curling iron in one hand and a blow dryer in the other. Plugging the two appliances into the wall, she placed the curling wand beside the mirror and picked up a brush as she stepped behind Alex.

The warm air of the dryer was very relaxing for Alex as he luxuriated in the feel of being so pampered. He did comment on the curling iron though, "What's that for?" he said pointing at the hair curler.

"I'm just warming it up so that I can do my hair when I'm finished with you," Debbie replied quietly.

His hair quickly became drier and drier. As this took place Debbie began using the round brush to pull his hair this way and that. She curled it under at the sides and also at the bangs. It looked very smooth and full, falling to just above his shoulders.

After having some difficulty with some hair at the back of his head Debbie exclaimed, "I'm just going to have to curl a little bend in this piece, it won't stay in place. Would you please pass me that curling iron."

"Hey, take it easy back there," he replied half-jokingly, but nonetheless handed her the hot curler.

Debbie had a slight smile on her lips as she took a comb and combed out a section of the 'stubborn' hair. She carefully clamped the ends and twisted the wand around and around until it was close to the scalp. It was about twenty seconds later when she gently released the hair which now sprung back, tightly curled along the back of Alex's head.

Not hesitating, Debbie went on to another section of hair, then another and another. In less than ten minutes, the back of Alex's head no longer had hair over the collar. Now it was all tightly curled up against the skin.



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As she moved to the sides of his head Alex protested, "Hey, what are you doing? I thought you said you were just using the iron to, help straighten out some unruly wisps. Look at my hair now. I'll have to go back and straighten it with water."

"Don't be silly. It looks just fine, just a little fuller than before. When I brush this out it will be all 'body'. Trust me. Just relax."

Alex was skeptical but sat quietly as she proceeded. She continued the curls along the sides and top of his head. It certainly did make it look shorter, but it resembled a Shirley Temple hairdo.

Finally, Debbie took her brush and began to carefully brush the hair out. In minutes it took on a refined, wavy, full look which he had to admit, looked nice.

Alex had seen pictures of many rock stars who had similar curly hairstyles. He could survive one day he guessed, just as long as no guys saw him.

They would have some good laughs at his expense for sure. Debbie told him that he looked really cute and told him to get dressed so that they could all get to the shop earlier than usual.

"What should I wear?" he asked.

"Oh, anything, jeans will be fine. Janice will see to it that you'll look presentable," she said with a smile as she closed her door. "Today they just want you to get acquainted with the inventory."

Alex didn't stop to think over her last words and felt relieved that he could wear his comfortable jeans rather than a suit and tie.

The whole family congregated in the kitchen each hurrying around making toast and coffee. Alex received unanimous praise from his women folk on his hair. "How did you get it that way, Alex? Sleep on rollers?" Janice teased good-naturedly. His mother-in-law stepped closer to him and ran her fingers through his waves saying what an improvement it was over his usually straight, droopy style.

Debbie entered the room and warned, "Hey girls, don't ruin my work, please. I'm going to try to teach Alex a little about the importance of one's appearance. His hair was just too dull and boring hanging there, so I decided to try a little experiment. Men have been getting permanents for years now. I personally don't like permanents as they don't give you as much flexibility in style."

"Anyway," she continued. "I'm sure Alex wouldn't mind the twenty minutes a day it will take to do his hair, will you, dear?"

Frank dropped the newspaper just long enough to grumble, "I think he needs a barrette!"

"Frank," his mother-in-law said, "Maybe YOU'D like to come down and help at the shop?"

Frank's paper snapped upward and he mumbled, "He'll work out just fine. I'm just glad to have my house back." Frank had only been in the shop once.

"Wait just a minute there," Alex defended. "I'm not doing my hair this way everyday. This was just a one shot deal."

"Now, now, let's not stand here arguing," his mother-in-law interrupted, "We've got to get to work."

They all piled into the family car and drove off. Alex sat next to his wife, Debbie, in the back seat of the small sedan. Like all women she was checking on her appearance in a small compact mirror. She pulled a spray bottle of cologne out of her purse and gave herself several squirts of the fragrant liquid.

She sprayed some in her hair behind her head while looking in her mirror. Her aim went off and Alex found himself taking the full spray on his newly waved locks. "OH, GREAT, now I'm going to smell like this all day," he complained.

Debbie leaned over toward him and sniffed, "You smell just wonderful . . . for a change." Alex just shook his head in mock disgust. The day went quickly, most of it spent in the backroom taking inventory.

The next day, however, Debbie told him that since he didn't feel comfortable in that soft fluffy hairstyle, they thought it best for him to wear what and look however he liked. This pleased him greatly as he now thought that the most 'unpleasant' aspect of his job was being lifted.

For the next few days, he wore his sports jackets and ties, with his hair neatly combed to hide its length and his need for a haircut. The results of his appearance however, proved to be disastrous in terms of his sales performance.

In four days he managed to earn less commission than he would have in a day at the Taco Queen. He would approach ladies with a cheery "Good afternoon, may I help you?" They would often look at him nervously and scan the store for one

of the girls and respond, "That's all right young man. I believe Janice is here and I'd like her to help me."

Alex sensed their nervousness and the few customers he served looked uncomfortable while dealing with him. They didn't want to be rude, but even if he did manage to show them an outfit, they would ask for Janice's opinion. Before he knew it, they were ignoring him completely and it took Janice to close the lucrative sales. The best he could do to help was to ring up her sales.

One day he overheard Janice saying to Debbie, "I don't think this is going to work out. Who could we hire that we trust?"

The three girls went to lunch that day and they all came back with big smiles. "We have a plan," Debbie said. "Trust me!"

The next day they reached the shop two hours early as usual. Parking behind the shop, Alex's mother-in-law opened the back door. They all filed in and the lights were switched on.

The women went immediately to the boutique and began searching amongst the racks of dresses. Each one eventually pulled something off the rack and brought it back where the changing room was. Alex's mother-in-law looked Alex up and down just as Janice did. Finally, after staring at him for several minutes, Janice turned to her mother and spoke, "A size ten should be about right, don't you think, mother?"

"Let's try an eleven first," his mother-in-law answered.

Before he knew what was happening they were dragging him by the hand through the racks of pants outfits. He complained, but his mother-in-law explained, "You can't expect to continue selling fashionable clothes while wearing those jeans, can you? Now come on. We all talked this over and we don't think that it will hurt or embarrass you to wear a nice pair of pants and a neutral looking blouse. The only difference anyone might see is that it buttons on a different side than what you're used to."

There was more panicky refusal, but soon they had Alex talked into giving it a try. Now he began to start putting things together in his mind; the 'stubborn' locks of hair that Debbie so expertly fixed, and another 'accidental' shot of cologne. Were these all part of a much bigger plan?

With these thoughts came a perplexing question, "Why was he giving in?" It dawned on him that the nervous feeling he was having was not because of being considered feminine,

but more an anticipation of what he would have to look like to continue working in this place.

They handed Alex a pair of pants which he began to step into. "Other way," Debbie said. "Zipper in the back."

"Backwards? These are girls' slacks!" Alex complained.

"Unisex!" They all exclaimed at once.

He continued to complain but soon the pants were on him and properly zipped up the back. The cream-colored blouse they had chosen was full-sleeved with long, pointed collars. Their claims did not calm his nerves very much, however, these clothes were a long way short of being called unisex.

Next they all took turns sitting while their hair and makeup were touched up. Debbie once again had to coax Alex into the chair begging him to trust her. She assured him that she would just make him look better.

He finally gave in and submitted to a little bit of blusher and lip gloss. He drew the line when Janice prepared to touch up his lashes with mascara.

Finishing his face, Debbie turned her attention to his hair. Taking her brush she turned him away from the mirror so he couldn't see what she was doing. Alex felt her brushing it this way and that. Then he felt her brush all the back hair up off his neck. He thought she was going to brush it from underneath to get more fullness, but she didn't continue to brush it. It felt like she was pulling it tighter.

He started to complain but the women told him to just sit still and be quiet for a moment. They just wanted to try something new, they explained. Alex could see out of the corner of his eye as Janice passed Debbie long bobby pins, one after another. Alex could feel it as Debbie obviously slid those same bobby pins into his hair. After about a dozen pins were in place, Debbie made a couple of final pats on his side and top hair and then turned him around toward the mirror.

Alex was staring at himself in the mirror, his lids were slightly luminous, a light rose color on his cheeks. His hair was waving gently at the sides and top of his head but there was none of the familiar hair on his shoulders. Debbie produced a large hand mirror and held it up for Alex to see while he turned his body slightly.

Then he saw why his hair was not on his shoulders, Debbie had pulled it back into a neat chignon or 'bun' high up onto the back of his head. It made his whole being cross over the line from looking like a boy to looking like a girl. A chill ran down his spine and he gave a noticeable shudder.

"Doesn't it look just great?" Debbie said turning to the other two women.

"I think it makes him look charming and it's very appropriate with that outfit," his mother-in-law responded.

"Well, I'm glad you all like it, but would you please brush it out now? It's bad enough having it all curly but this totally unacceptable!" Alex protested.

The three women looked at each other and some sort of unspoken understanding passed between them.

"You know we're just trying to help you, Alex. This style looks very good on you and it goes with that outfit. We're just trying to help you keep this job. We're not going to make you do anything you don't want to," Debbie said as she began to pull the pins out of his hair. In minutes, she was brushing it out so that it just fell in waves onto his shoulders.

Alex's mother-in-law spent a few more minutes teaching Alex more about the store and about sales procedures before the main doors were opened for business. The day proved to be interesting for Alex. He was nervous as hell about his clothes, but the lady customers he served were very pleased by this new salesperson's manners and assistance.

They seemed quite relaxed and even COMFORTABLE in discussing problems of fit and figure with the girlishly dressed boy or boyishly dressed girl. It didn't seem to matter to them.

Some customers even commented that they appreciated Alex's opinion on the clothes they were going to buy. The result was that for a rookie, Alex earned about the same amount of commission that day as Janice usually did . . . much more than he'd earn at Taco Queen. He realized that there was money to be made here, so he planned to really work on his salesmanship.

During the weekend he had time to think over the situation. The girls were truly trying to help him. Boy, he felt pretty low mistrusting their good intentions in trying to be of help to him. So at supper on Saturday, he made his formal apologies to his new family.

"I'm really sorry about being so stupid and pigheaded about those things last week. When you wanted me to wear those clothes, I thought you were just trying to have some fun at my expense. I see now that I was wrong, you were sincere, and I appreciate it. If you'll forgive me, I would really appreciate your help in becoming a better salesperson for your store."

"I see he likes selling dresses to the ladies?" Frank taunted from in front of his TV tray and television.

"Did you see the sales, Dad?" Janice asked, "A few months like today and you could get that RAMMER pickup you've been wanting."

"Really?" Frank said, rambling on about the truck, boring the rest of the family as he spoke.

The women were noticeably touched by Alex's very sincere statement. After dinner they came over to him and hugged him, feeling a closeness that only a close-knit family such as theirs could understand.

Debbie's mother said, "We'd never have fun at your expense, Alex. We only want to help you. A Taco Queen is no place for you to work. That kind of work isn't for someone as sensitive and thoughtful as you."

"We'll help you be comfortable and successful at the boutique," Janice said, "but you have to promise to trust our judgement and go along with what we suggest. Forget about feeling self-conscious, because as you saw on Monday, women appreciate a man who doesn't have to swagger around treating women like some kind of inferiors, especially in this city."

Janice took his hand in hers and continued. "Alex, you're a very good-looking young man. We also all know that you are a man in every sense of the word. However, if you dress in the store's nice delicate things and project an image of gentleness, you WILL make more sales which means more money."

"Not too delicate, okay? I don't mind trendy but I don't want to look like a woman."

"So what if someone might think you look like a pretty young woman," Janice said, "That is a rare ability, one which you could use to your advantage in this work."

Alex had the feeling Debbie had told her sister about their 'adventure' to the movies but only said, "I trust you all now and I'll do anything you want me to. I want you to think of me as one of you, teach me what you know and I promise to try my best."

"That a boy!" Janice said.

Alex's mother-in-law had tears forming in her eyes as she held her son-in-law close to her. Finally, her worries about what kind of a man her daughter had married were alleviated. Here was a sensitive, wonderful person . . . a delicate child in a rough, manly world.

That Monday morning Alex showered as usual. Debbie handed him a bottle of conditioner for his hair which he was instructed to use. He shaved off what little facial fuzz he had

and walked out into their bedroom with just a towel wrapped around his slim body.

Debbie told him to sit down at her makeup table. Here she instructed him on how to wrap a towel around his head turban-style to keep his hair up and out of the way while soaking up excess water. Next she had him tilt his head back while she did some minor reshaping of his eyebrows. That hurt a little, but true to his promise he sat quietly and patiently while Debbie performed her job.

"We are going for a more refined look," Debbie said.

She went on to explain the basics of eye makeup and how he could apply it to emphasize his good features and play down his bad features. Debbie said, "We decided that you should dress in an unisex manner, although actually a borderline feminine style . . . that is, you wouldn't be wearing skirts or dresses . . . not just yet."

Alex's heart raced at the word, "Unisex" and he wondered about that 'just yet' phrase. Did they mean that he might be expected to dress completely like a girl from the skin out?

Debbie applied light mascara, shadow, blush and gloss to her husband's face. It definitely looked 'un-boyish' to say the least, but he did like it and told Debbie so. She was pleased.

Taking him by the hand, Debbie led Alex down the hall to Janice's room. There they were joined by Debbie's mother. Janice promptly started rummaging through her lingerie drawer.

"Your boy's underwear is definitely too course to be worn under the thinner, lighter fabrics of the pants you wear at the shop. I'm going to give you some nylon panties, pantihose and a camisole to wear so that your outer clothes look smoother." Janice explained all this as the boy's pulse rate began to increase.

The girls turned their backs as Alex quickly pulled on the fine white silk delicates. Then they helped stretch the sheer, grey pantihose over his smooth and shapely legs all the way to his waist.

Finally, Janice dropped the matching silk camisole over his uplifted arms so that it floated to rest, the thin spaghetti straps tickling his shoulders. The camisole crinkled around his chest as he moved.

They sat him down at the vanity and Debbie once again began her hairdressing operations. His turban was unwound and the moist, long hair gently combed-out to lie wet and straight over his shoulders. The blow dryer hummed for about fifteen minutes while Debbie used her brush to pull the hair all back and straight as possible toward the back.

His hair normally had some natural wave which acted to take-up some of the length. From the looks of it now, it must have taken up about two inches worth, because his super straight hair now exceeded the 'just to the tops of the shoulder' look he usually sported.

Some hair actually rested on the front of his chest. After putting the dryer down, Debbie carefully brushed his hair back catching it tightly at the nape of the neck into a smooth ponytail.

After the elastic was put in place she worked for some time with a comb and Alex could feel her tugging at some hair for awhile. She seemed to be carefully arranging something in his hair.

Alex couldn't quite see what she was doing but the thought that she was feminizing him excited him greatly. Finally she was finished and she gave him a large hand mirror so that he could inspect the results.

Gazing in the mirror, he saw that his hair was pulled back into a smooth, curling ponytail about eight inches long. At the base of it he saw that she had taken a small section of hair which she had neatly braided and wrapped around the



One of the unisex outfits Alex wore to the shop. The pants zipped up the back.

elastic several times making a natural looking ponytail wrap from his own hair.

"There, that looks just beautiful on you Alex. And I don't think it is too feminine for you to wear on the street."

He had some doubts about that, but he was too caught up in the swing of things to complain.

To complete his dressing, Janice pulled out a full-sleeved, off-white blouse which had four buttons at each wrist and only buttoned up to the middle of Alex's chest allowing the top row of the lace on his chemise to peek through.

For pants, she chose a simple pair of cream-colored, knit slacks which fit him perfectly and zipped up the side. On his stockinged feet, she fitted him with a pair of low-heeled, open-toe sandals.

Pulling up the side zipper, he joked, "I understand zippers in the front and in the back. Why a zipper on the side . . . nothing happens there?" They all giggled at his joke which made him feel more comfortable.

Finally, Janice had Alex stand before her full-length wall mirror to see the complete picture.

There was no doubt that he looked quite feminine. Though looking straight on, his hair did appear to be short and just combed back. It was when he turned one way or another that the braid-wrapped ponytail swayed the picture to one of girlish "cuteness."

"I feel like a sissy," he said.

"I hate to hear you criticize sissies. You're of a masculine nature now, but you have a girl's job. In several weeks, I can assure you that you will get used to the finer things---feminine things. It will grow on you and while you're pretending at first, it will gradually become natural to you."

Alex groaned looking in the mirror. "Where's your father?"

"Out looking at trucks."

A week and then month had gone by with Alex getting more and more involved with his work. The daily experience of dressing in feminine fashions had become one of routine. Each day, the "outfit" for the next day was picked out. Each day, the style became a bit more frilly, fitted, or figure flattering and his hair and "complexion enhancer" (makeup) a bit more radiant.

Alex's camisoles became more lacy . . . then one morning, Janice said, "Here's something new." It was a camisole, or

was it. It had camisole straps, lace in front but was shorter with a wide band at the bottom and CUPS!

"I can't wear that!" Alex exclaimed. "That's a BRA!"

"Not really," Janice said, pointing out the differences. "This is a pullover, spandex crop top, soft faced with stretch lace. Put it on."

As Alex slipped the garment over his head and pulled the molded, embroidered cups over his chest. Seeing the bust projection, he again asked, "Isn't this is a bra?"

Janice pulled the garment down and adjusted the straps. Janice overlooking his question, gushed, "That's almost too pretty to cover up! It'll enhance the fit of your clothes."

Alex sighed.

With the addition of bust projection, they all realized that the customers assumed Alex was a girl and that opened up his wardrobe options. Alex found himself wearing a pair of stretch, black stirrup pants with black suede slip-on shoes. On top he had a bulky, electric blue pullover sweater which came down to his thighs. His hair was pulled back loosely below his neck with a matching blue "scrunchie." In short, he was wearing girl's clothes!

He thought to protest but at this point it was silly since everything was going so well. Sales were up, the customers were nice and frankly, Alex found it exciting to be so shockingly trendy and fashionable.

It was fun and he liked the moratorium from wearing a man's "uniform". Alex sometimes wore his hair in a style that was the duplicate of his wife's! Long waves cascaded over their shoulders ending in a froth of tighter curls near the ends. The hair at the sides was pulled up above each ear by bobby pins.

Some days even their clothes were alike. One day, they both wore cream-colored pants with matching jackets, open-necked white silk blouses underneath and white, low-heeled pumps.

That night when they came home, Debbie said, "Tomorrow, I'm wearing a white gaberdine skirt and a v-necked sweater. How about you . . . ready for a skirt, dear?"

Alex shuttered at the thought, "Do you really think I should?"

"I think it's time. What you've been wearing is very feminine . . . we'll just have to make sure you keep your legs smoothly shaven."

The first skirted outfit Alex wore to work consisted of a red fluffy short-sleeved sweater that was quite loose and buttoned up the front to a "V". The button holes gave it away as being a "girl's," although today it didn't really matter.

With the sweater, he wore a knee-length, eggshell white, gaberdine skirt which went from being snug around the waist to flared at the knees. The skirt came with a two inch wide belt that nipped in his waistline and accented his hipline.

As Alex pirouetted with his hands in his pockets, runway model-style, he trembled as he asked his wife, "Do you really think I can get away with a skirt?"

"It looks wonderful on you, dear," she said, adding, "But I think it's time you started acting more girlish."

"I've been trying," Alex said.

"Well, try harder," Debbie said. "Keep your voice high and maybe we could do something more feminine with your hair."

Alex bit his tongue and smiled broadly. He knew that a skirt wasn't just fashionable, unisex, or trendy . . . it was exclusively feminine. Completing the ensemble was a pair of red suede pumps with tiny, thin heels. They were unmistakably girl's shoes.

Alex's hair was loose and parted in the middle curling over his shoulders in the front. When they finally heard Janice call that they were late, Alex hurried up to finish putting on his lip gloss, blusher and mascara just like his wife.

Taking a deep breath, he checked to make sure his nylon slip wasn't showing in the walking slit and gently smoothed the skirt of nonexistent wrinkles. "Here goes," he muttered to himself and went down to meet the other women, his skirts swishing around his smooth shaven legs, his face blushing prettily.

Janice met him at the car and said, "Very nice. That skirt looks perfect on you." This caused a rapturous expression on Alex's face as chills rippled through his body.

Thus, began a new chapter.

The weeks that followed were enchanted, endless hours filled with learning an exciting new job in fashion. The clothes were a delight. The days were so dreamlike that Alex couldn't comprehend what it meant.

What was at first awkward became accustomed, then a preference. More dresses and skirts were easily added and soon this became his normal attire.

The other girls at the shop made beauty 'suggestions' to him which Alex accepted without reflection. His eyebrows



BEFORE

Here's Alex in his "UNISEX" pants outfit and his second day wearing skirts. His wife added a purse that day to carry his cosmetics.

AFTER

were arched and shaped thinner, his blonde hair streaked with highlights, even a leg waxing up to the bikini line.

Seeing Alex's passion for his new job, the women had a meeting without Alex. It was decided that Alex shouldn't try to be "unisex" anymore—he should become just one of the girls. Except for the employees, no customers knew Alex was Debbie's husband. It was decided that 'Alexis' would be introduced as a girlfriend and Debbie's roommate.

At lunch, they told Alex their decision. "What's that mean?" Alex said not understanding in the least what it meant.

"Not much," Janice said, adding, "Maybe just a little more padding in your bra."

Alex grimaced and asked, "What about Frank? What will he say?"

Debbie's mother said, "Nothing. Besides, he never thought you were much of a man anyway . . . let's show him how much of a girl you can be."

That night, Alex stepped out of his high heeled pumps, took off the tailored blue dress he'd worn to the shop, removed his jewelry and earrings. He looked over at his wife who had made identical motions.

This part of the day was discerning. The preparation for the next was not. In panties and bras, sometimes nightgowns, they had to remove makeup, cleanse, moisturize, paint nails, curl or protect hair and more . . . all to get ready for the next morning's ongoing beauty process. He remembered in the past when he was impatient with Debbie's beauty routine. Now he was sorry. It wasn't easy being attractive as a woman.

Tearfully, Janice left for school but sales were going well, in fact, the dress boutique had never done so well. It was decided that they would expand and double the inventory. Alex had fallen into a routine. Since he and Debbie worked such long hours together, neither had much time to consider what was happening to Alex. Little things like the feel of a skirt rustling over a smooth nylon slip was commonplace.

There were a few inconveniences. Alex missed being able to show his wife affection on the street. He remembered how they used to walk with his arm over her shoulders while window shopping. Now they couldn't even hold hands.

It was all so different. Like when his wife paused to look at a little black evening dress in a window and said, "That would look wonderful on you."

"It isn't my style," Alex remarked. "Much too sexy. I'd feel naked in a dress like that."

"I think you are poised enough to wear it . . . in fact, I'd say you would look stunning! Com'on, let's try it on!"

Later at home, hung in the corner was that sexy little black dress. Even Alex had to admit he wanted it even though they had "no place to go!"

Later at home the 'girls' popped popcorn and settled down to watch an old movie on TV in bed. Both put on white nylon and lace nightgowns after taking a hot, soaking bath together.

They moved into Janice's room because it was very large AND Debbie's parents were in a different wing of the house. This bedroom had a huge bathtub with jets of bubbles. Their room, which was decorated very feminine by Janice was cozy and filled with warmth. Alex no longer could or wanted to object to frilly, feminine decorations.

During a commercial, Alex felt his wife's stare. "You are becoming a really pretty girl, you know?" his wife said softly. "You don't hate it do you?"

Flushed at her comment, he shook his head.

Mornings were an established routine. The two would get out of bed, yawning, hair a tumble. Somedays they set their hair on rollers the night before but most days the hot rollers were enough.

Alex made coffee while his wife ran a perfumed bath which they shared. Still groggy, Alex would sniff the delicious smells coming from the bathroom. Cheeks still flushed with sleep he would slip his nylon nightgown over his head and join his wife in the bubbles.

From then, Alex followed his wife's ever move. They shaved their legs together, powdered, perfumed, pantied, made-up, dressed up and running late, ran for the car with their skirts flying. The days flew like little pink clouds floating in a clear sky. Everything was perfect.

UNTIL . . .

Alex saw his wife talking to a tall man with black hair and deeply tanned face, dressed in jeans and a windbreaker. His big smile, shining eyes and body language displayed his flirtatious intentions. He was practically leaning over his wife. At his side, looking Alex's way, was another tall (6'3") fellow. There weren't many men who came into this very

feminine shop and their virile assurance had the shop girls in a tizzy.

Alex was wearing a light tan dress, a long strand of pearls and his hair had been fluffed upward in a tussled style. His wife was playful, her bright brown eyes sparkling with youthful zest.

With big gestures, his wife motioned for Alex to come over. "This is Gary," his wife said to Alex. Then turning to the men she said, "This is my roommate, Alexis . . ."

She continued her monologue with delight, "Gary and I used to go out . . . until he dumped me for another cheerleader."

"Hey," Gary interrupted, "I was stupid! What can I say?"

Debbie introduced the other man as "Rick . . . Dr. Rick Golden." Alex allowed the man to take his hand but the way he looked at him made Alex very uncomfortable.

A customer called to Alex so he had to go back into the dress shop. One eye continued to watch his wife and Gary talk . . . for much too long.

Rick went over to one of the beauticians, a girl he also used to date.

After work, Alex grumbled, "Did you have to talk to 'that guy' for so long. It was like you were flirting with him. And I hated being introduced to him as your roommate?"

"OH? Perhaps you would have preferred it if I had introduced you as my HUSBAND?"

"Ah, no but . . ."

"Keep your panties on," she laughed. "He just a friend. I got all the man I want in you . . ." Her hand slipped over and crept up Alex's smooth leg and under his skirt.

That night at his wife's suggestion, they had one of their "beauty nights." Eyebrows were replucked, facials, nails polished, and hair curled. Alex disliked sleeping in curlers and was restless all night. The unearthing of an old boyfriend was frightening.

A couple days later, his wife wore a silk blouse and leggings in a sea blue color, offset by a wide leather belt and large dangling earrings---the outfit of a creative, outgoing type.

For Alex, Debbie had picked out an eye-catching bright yellow jacket with a black collar with a black lace top and a

black pleated skirt. Yellow clips were used to hold back the side of his curly coiffure.

"Here dear," his wife said handing him her simple black clutch purse, "This will go with my suede black pumps."

"They're too high for work."

"You might as well get used to higher shoes . . . they are coming back this season." The pumps had 3 1/2 inch spiked heels. Not something Alex would enjoy being in for 8-10 hours. Reluctantly, he slipped on the irksome footwear.

Heels this high gave him an unsteady walk which his wife said was an attractive feminine wiggle . . . something he would have to get used to.

Bothersome, Alex knew that with the high heels, it was natural in the way he walked so daintily, his skirt swishing around his knees. It wasn't entirely unpleasant being several inches taller and considered statuesque.

The mirror showed a young woman who's dress showed that she was unafraid, smart and stylish.

That day was routine. However, it was Tuesday, the slowest day of the week, and the girls sometimes worked on themselves. It wasn't unusual to see one of the stylists with her hair in curlers or under a dryer.

"Let's do Alex," one of the girls said.

An hour and a half later, he stood in front of a mirror to examine the transformation they had achieved. His hair was gathered on top of his head in sculptured curls, two small ringlets dangled down over his temples. With the professional application of makeup, his look was nothing short of sensational . . . that's when Gary walked in again.

"Hey Debbie," he yelled across the room, "Look who I brought with me . . . let's go to lunch?" Gary had brought another girlfriend from high school.

Debbie went to lunch with her old friends and Alex was bristling when she returned. "Relax dear," she said, "He's no longer a kid trying to get me in the back seat of his Volkswagen."

"I think he still likes you . . . and he thinks your husband is in the Marines!"

"Maybe I should have told him YOU were my husband?"

Alex almost cried at the quarrel. Suddenly all was not well. He felt so awkward defending his wife while wearing a charming little skirt outfit and having his hair done to almost nauseating cuteness. His fluttering gestures were on hold as he flushed with embarrassment and jealousy.

"I LOVE YOU!" Debbie said. "NO ONE ELSE! Do you really think I'd trade a hairy brute for the sweet delicate husband that wears the same size I do? EH?"

"BUT?"

"NO buts . . ." Debbie said, "Now I want to see you wipe that pout off those pretty little pink lips . . . AND you better go touch up that mascara, its running."

Alex just stood there in his pleated skirt, just above the knee. Wispy bangs fluffed across his forehead and he blew them up out of his eyes.

This was all so confusing. The sensual golden secret he and his wife had was now a burden. His painted fingernails, "pretty" hair, and other badges of femininity had become a prison . . . restraining all his normal male instincts. His wife was treating him like a little girl and not at all like a husband.

Gary didn't come back again. . . for two weeks. Alex had fallen back into the enjoyable routine from before and he did not realize how much he was changing.

One day at lunch his wife whispered to him, "That man is staring at you."

Alex fought back a blush and tried to appear indifferent.

Debbie said, "I think it's your hair. It's lovely. I like the ribbons . . . a very nice, feminine touch." The man kept watching Alex. Alex felt particularly uncomfortable in his new dress. It was red silk, with a tight short skirt and a fitted bodice that showed off what appeared to be a nicely developed figure.

"You know," Debbie said, "We really should get out of the house more . . . you needn't be hesitant about socializing. It would be natural for two girls our age to date . . ."

"DATE? MEN?"

"What do you think? Women?" Debbie said calmly. "Oh, that would look really nice. The two of us dating women?"

"But honey?"

"It's only natural. Now that you are wearing skirts, you should date someone in pants."

"But honey . . ."

"I'm just teasing you but we do need to get out. It's something you have to learn." Alex swallowed hard. His pale skin and hair looked especially feminine. His hair was curled into feathery locks that fell into his eyes.

"ACTUALLY, Gary and his friend, Rick, have asked us out . . . just as friends," Debbie said. "They know we're married to Marines."

"We're not going!" Alex asked. "I couldn't!" Alex pictured how silly he'd look in a dress, lingerie, his hair curled, face made up and sitting next to a man!

"This is a chance to wear that little black dress." Debbie said. "Can you imagine how girlish you'll feel wearing that short dress out to a nice restaurant?"

Alex thought for a minute and shivered at the thought, "I can't believe I'm agreeing to this."

"They want to take us to the fanciest restaurant in town. Rick is a rich doctor," Debbie said, adding, "It'll be fun . . . just do what I do and you won't have any problems. You and I can't afford to go out like this ourselves. Let's take advantage of the invitation and let the men pay for our wonderful evening!"

Not too willingly, Alex finally agreed.

Debbie spent a lot of time on Alex's preparation and it showed. His long flaxen hair fell in a cascade of curls about his shoulders, bouncing as he walked. His eyes showed concern and wonder, his lips were painted coral pink adding fullness and sensuality.

Alex's short 'little black dress' moved about his thighs as he walked. "This isn't right," Alex complained, "We're married."

"You don't exactly look like a 'husband' tonight . . . don't worry. We're going out together, what could go wrong?"

How about dancing? Not surprisingly, Rick was an expert dancer, smooth, relaxed, masterful, guiding Alex's body in perfect time to the music. "Why did they have to take us dancing after dinner," he complained to himself? He looked over and saw Debbie's hand resting lightly on the back of Gary's neck, looking into his eyes.

That was bad enough but right now Alex had other concerns. Luckily Rick made no attempt at conversation allowing Alex to concentrate on dancing backward. Everything was reverse. Even the way he felt. Alex was a good dancer and had always felt strong but now the strength he felt was Rick's. Alex was intensely aware of his warmth through the lightweight dress. He wished he could change partners and dance with his wife.

Back at the table, they all chattered and Gary and Debbie mostly talked of their high school days. Rick mostly just smiled at Alex.

"So you're married to a Marine," Rick remarked, adding, "Too bad."

"Happily married," Alex said loud enough for Debbie to hear.

Gary interrupted and said, "I'm having a wonderful time, but perhaps I shouldn't have encouraged you ladies to come . . . I hope your husbands don't mind?"

"Nonsense," Debbie said, "We're just old friends gabbing about the good old days."

"Speak for yourself," Rick said, "I'd move in in a minute if I thought I had a chance."

"I'm not your type of girl," Alex said swiftly, seeing a grin come to Debbie's face.

Rick moved closer and whispered, "Let me be the judge of that!"

They danced until Alex thought he'd never be able to walk again. He wanted more than anything to get out of his high heels. It was midnight before Debbie AGREED with Alex that it was late . . . for a couple of married ladies. After hours of dancing, their hair damp with perspiration and cheeks flushed, the boys drove them home.

After "thank you" kisses on the cheeks, a very tired husband and wife kicked off their high heels and collapsed on the sofa rubbing their aching feet.

"NOW, that was a kick!" Debbie said, "AND I think you have an admirer?"

"It's the dress . . . I know it's the dress," Alex joked. Even he had relaxed, "Thank goodness I'm married."

"You brazen little vixen!" Debbie giggled, "Flirting around on your spouse!" She quickly moved over next to Alex and embraced him . . . the anticipation and tension of the evening was released as dresses were shed, dainty lingerie removed and their love for one another consummated.

Alex and his wife chatted for a while before falling asleep. Surprisingly the conversation was more like sisters. They talked about the evening, dinner, their dresses and about many things . . . including Rick and Gary.

Alex let Debbie know how he bristled seeing her dancing close to Gary. Debbie snickered and countered, "Just like I felt seeing you in the arms of a man. They were just acting like gentlemen."

"They acted so strange," Alex stated, adding "Possessive."

Debbie laughed, "They acted like men do around women."

"I don't remember ever acting like that?"

"Men don't know they're doing it," Debbie giggled, adding, "If you keep working as a girl, you are going to have to learn a lot of things about men you didn't know before."

"I really don't want to know too much."

The next morning, Alex awoke feeling very contented. The stress of the last few days was forgotten . . . he had lived through an unheard of experience. Lounging in their nightgowns, it was hard for Alex to believe that less than twelve hours before, he and his wife had been the pretty dates of two handsome bachelors.

Alex was somewhat embarrassed now by his actions. After he had relaxed, he had followed Debbie's lead and flirted a little. Little things like straightening Rick's tie for him and allowing him to hold hands between songs.

Worse yet, that morning, Debbie's father kept asking how Gary was and talked about what a "MAN" he was. It was like Alex wasn't even in the room until he joked, "So are you GIRLS going out again with the boys?"

Alex reddened and swore he'd NEVER ever do that again!

Famous last words. As Alex objected Debbie convinced him to go dancing again with Gary and Rick the following



*Alex said, "It's the dress!"
But was it or was real
femininity showing?"*

Saturday. They hadn't been out much since the move and even Alex admitted he liked getting out of the house.

"Com' on," Debbie coaxed, "They know we're happily married to a couple of tough Marines. We're going out just as friends!"

Alex remembered the last evening out and the breathless sensations it triggered. He finally agreed saying, "Just don't give Gary any ideas that you are available."

Beaming in his pale blue satin evening dress, blonde curls bouncing, Alex was as frilly, as fluttery and femininely cute as a teenager going to a prom. Feeling safe being a 'married woman', Alex showed his dimples, his pink lips poutingly poised, his eyelashes all a flutter.

Unworldly in dealing with men as a woman, Alex didn't quite know HOW attractive men would find his innocent antics. It didn't miss Rick and Gary's attention either, as they were gallant, charming and both beamed boyishly as they both vied to dance with Alex.

After the dinners were served, the drinks were flowing and the boys kept those bottles of champagne coming. The dancing made them all so thirsty.

"Cool it down, SISTER!" Debbie whispered into Alex's ear. "You're giving them ideas!"

"Why," he said, fluffing the bangs across his forehead, "I'm having fun." His face was aglow with sensual delight . . . he was the center of attention. Innocently, no longer afraid of the men, Alex radiated and sparkled with sexual magnetism. Did Rick think he really had a chance?

Rick had brought Alex a corsage of brilliant pink and white rosebuds and made a big deal about pinning it to Alex's shoulder.

Warning Alex again, Debbie decided that he was a 'big girl' and would have to learn to take care of himself . . . she did think that Alex wasn't behaving like a 'happily married woman.'

Out on the dance floor, Rick said, "How about a kiss, beautiful?"

"Kiss?" That sobered Alex up. "But I can't. I'm married . . . I've got a husband, remember."

"No, you don't. I know your secret . . . Alex . . . or whatever your name is." Alex's heart stopped. Rick checked to see if anyone was listening.

"I know all about you. You are married to Debbie and you're working as a salesgirl to help the family. Right?"

Alex stopped dancing abruptly and tried to push him away but Rick took control and moved in close. "It's okay," Rick said, "I find it very exciting."

"Who told you?" Alex demanded.

"I used to date one of the girls from the shop and she told me all about you even before you were even IN skirts," Rick admitted, "No one else knows . . . I swear."

"Gary?"

"Nope. He'd kill you if he knew . . . and I won't tell him if you're nice to me."

"NICE?"

"Nothing too much," Rick said, "I just want to be around you. You know, go dancing and maybe a kiss or two?"

"Nice? Kiss? NO! I don't think so."

"Maybe I'll tell Gary . . . right now!"

Alex looked at Rick's eyes and saw that he wasn't joking.

"Now GIVE ME A KISS!" Rick demanded.

Alex was terrified but he lifted his face up and let his lips touch Ricks then quickly pulled away.

"You kiss like a sissy." Rick snarled, "You're supposed to be a girl . . . so kiss me back like a girl would."

Alex blushed as Rick kissed him fully on the lips very passionately. "There, was it that bad?"

"Yeah!"

"You'll get used to it."

Alex frowned with a very puzzled expression.

"You're MY girl now," Rick stated, "Unless you want the whole town to know. . . including GARY?"

"NO!"

"Then we'll be going out about once a week and I want you to appear to be in LOVE with me. I'm well known in this town so I expect you to look sexy and attractive when you are out with me . . . OKAY?"

Alex began to grovel and tried to explain, "I'm married and all this was just to save the shop and . . ."

"Hey," Rick interrupted, "I'm not going to attack you or anything. I've just always been fascinated by femininity and female impersonators. I go out a lot and I need an escort. To watch a your femininity blossom would be really exciting to me."

"Blossom?" Alex breathlessly asked.

Rick whispered, "Watching you learn all about reacting like a girl, keeping your skirts down and your knees together . . . that kind of stuff."

Alex looked over at his wife and Gary. This was HELL.

It wasn't too late when they all arrived home that evening. Gary asked if they could get a cup of coffee since they had been drinking and it was still a long drive for the two of them.

Debbie invited them in and her parents were still up and in the living room. Alex was humiliated at the look Debbie's father gave him when Rick quickly moved to a spot on the couch next to Alex and took his hand. Alex gave Rick a dirty look but saw that Rick knew exactly what he was doing . . . and was enjoying putting him in such a demeaning feminine position in front of his in-laws.

Debbie's father, Frank, came to the rescue, "Well, I think you 'girls' should fix your 'boyfriends' some coffee."

Alex was more than willing to jump up and follow Debbie into the kitchen. As the fixed coffee, Alex told Debbie what had happened on the dance floor.

"I wondered why you kissed him . . ."

"I had to . . . this is extortion!"

"We can't let Gary find out."

"I know."

Gary and Frank got into an "old times" conversation while Rick studied Alex's "serving" technique. Rick grinned and said to Alex as he poured the coffee, "I just don't see how you GIRLS can walk in those high heels and still be so graceful." Everyone but Gary looked startled.

They quickly drank their coffee and the "girls" escorted the "boys" to the door. Gary gave Debbie a kiss on the cheek but Rick grabbed Alex and planted a full, moist kiss right on the lips, his hand all the while rested on Alex's bottom.

Seeing this, Gary took Debbie in his arms and kissed her goodnight "properly."

Debbie's father cleared his voice and said, "I think it's time you boys ran along." There was definitely a tone of hostility in his voice.

Alex was humiliated and red-faced as the guys left. It was obvious that Rick was trying to embarrass him? And it was working.

Frank cracked, "First your hair is curled, then you start wearing bras, then skirts . . . What's next Alex? Having Babies?"

Frank had a tantrum when he found out Rick knew about Alex and was threatening to tell the world. "Damn it kid, I'll be ruined at the V.F.W.. I don't care what he wants . . . you keep this guy happy and you keep him quiet!"

Turning to Debbie, Alex begged, "I can't, this guy **LIKES** me this way!"

"See," Debbie said coolly, "Flirting and dressing up is more than a silly game. Maybe you'll learn something about women and what we have to go through. A kiss or two isn't going to kill you!"

"If it did, you'd be dead now!" her father said sarcastically.

The first "date," Alex **HAD** to attend was a medical convention dinner at a big hotel. Alex was dressed in the height of conservative women's fashion for the function. He was still trying to figure out Rick's motives.

Alex wore a powder blue tropical wool skirted business suit, matching high heeled pumps and a plain white, silk blouse with a jeweled cut yoke. His simple, but elegant pearl studded earrings and pearl rope necklace also made a subtle but striking fashion statement.

Surprisingly it was a very natural evening. Rick never brought up the "arrangement" until the ride home. It had been a pleasant evening. Rick introduced "Alexis" as his 'companion' to his many business associates. Rick said, "You were great! Did you see the hospital administrator staring at you? If he only knew! HA!"

"Why are you doing this?" Alex asked.

"I don't know. I guess I'm weird but I get a kick out of seeing a boy wiggle around in a tight skirt and high heels. I bet you're wearing sweet little nylon panties . . . does your brassiere snap in the front or the back?"

"All you care about is my lingerie?"

"No, dear. I want to watch you doing your best to be an acceptable young lady. I want you to tell me all about your feelings, how people treat you, everything."

Alex saw something in Rick's eyes. "You wish you could do this, don't you? You wish you were the one in the dress and now you're trying to live it through me. Right?"

Rick blushed and Alex understood. It was silent for a minute until Alex whispered, "In the back . . . and it matches my white nylon panties . . ."

Rick smiled.

The next few weeks were routine.

Alex was finding a place for himself in life and felt devoted to making his boutique the best in town. He admitted to Debbie that he loved selling clothes to women. Wearing

dresses and women's fashions made him a much better "sales-girl."

Rick took Alex out about once a week . . . sometimes taking Debbie with them. It was all very innocent. When out, Alex had to take the role of Rick's girlfriend. It was embarrassing at first, being affectionate in public. Rick told Alex, "I like seeing your face blush when my friends think I'm screwing you."

Harmless except for talk and an occasional "public" kiss, Alex realized that Rick wasn't a threat and they began to have fun together. Actually, Rick was becoming more like a friend. A friend Alex could tell anything to. Rick was more than eager to hear and comment on the intimate details of this feminized youth's existence.

Early on in the date, Alex had to tell Rick all about the lingerie he was wearing and how they felt.

Alex's birthday was coming up and Debbie invited Rick to a surprise party at her house. It was Rick's job to get him out of the house for an early dinner and when they got home, SURPRISE, there would be a small party. Just family mostly; Rick and a couple of girls from the shop.

Rick asked, "What should I get him?"

"I don't know," Debbie said, "Even I'm having problems thinking of something."

Rick joked, "How about hormones?"

"Female hormones?" Debbie asked a bit surprised.

"Yeah, a lot of female impersonators take them to gain a little weight at the hips . . . and breasts."

"Breasts?"

For his birthday dinner, instead of a conservative outfit, Alex wore a tight fitting, black, slit skirt with a billowing short sleeve silk blouse, black nylon back-seamed stockings and black patent leather pumps with three inch heels. Tastefully, he wore only a few pieces of gold jewelry, his blond hair was fluffed outward and flowed about his face.

Rick reacted with natural boyish excitement as he soaked in Alex's feminized figure. "How delightful," Rick said to Alex over dinner. "I can see your brassiere straps through your blouse. Aren't brassieres tight and restricting?"

"Yes," Alex said knowing that Rick was living through him. "But I'm getting used to wearing them." He said adding, "I thought you might like this blouse."

Arriving home early, Rick walked with Alex hand in hand to the front door. Alex hated all this public affection which was entirely for show since when alone, Rick never did anything out of line.

Alex should have known something was wrong when Rick stepped into the doorway and took Alex in his arms and kissed him fully on the lips.

Alex struggled in Rick's arms but he was in demanding hands. Rick's mouth felt so large against Alex's pink painted lips. Suddenly as Alex's lips were parted, Rick's thick, warm, moist tongue entered his mouth. A slight whimper escaped Alex's throat as he submitted, his skirted bottom still wiggling to escape.

Knowing a good night kiss was expected, Alex's satiny pink lips parted enticingly sampling Rick's masculine juices.

"SURPRISE!" Alex jumped out of his skin as Rick started to laugh, having enjoyed every second of Alex's discomfort. Everyone was watch-



Alex and his wife continued to dress alike. The idea of being like her intrigued him. In their knee length dresses, the V" neck fitted top showed off their femininity.

ing them from the living room next to the entry. Alex was scarlet red and speechless.

Even Debbie's father had seen the kiss. Alex felt sick to his stomach. However, everyone else just went about having a party. Drinks, singing and cake . . . and then the presents.

Alex received a delicate gold watch from Debbie, perfume from her mother. Earrings from the girl's at the shop and ten dollars in a card from Debbie's father.

Rick handed Alex a little wrapped box. "Open it."

With his long, pink tipped fingers, Alex carefully unwrapped the box. Inside was a brassiere . . . with double "D" cups. Everyone laughed. Alex blushed then held it up with a puzzled look. Out of one of the cups fell a bottle of pills.

A questioning look came over Alex's face. Rick smiled and said, "Take one a day for twenty-five days and then take five days off."

"What are they?"

Debbie answered, "They're female hormones. We all thought you might like to feel a little more feminine."

"Don't include me in that WE!" protested her father.

Alex looked for support around the room. "I couldn't . . . what will they do?"

Debbie said, "Just soften you up a little."

"Just try them for a week . . . nothing can happen in a week," Rick suggested holding out a glass of water. "Take the first one now."

Alex took one out of the bottle and rolled it in his fingers, then placed it on his tongue and took a big gulp of water.

Everyone clapped.

Rick grinned, "Now you're hooked! It's a good thing you're getting used to a bra."

Later, Debbie said, "Just take them for a while. Since you're wearing skirts and blouses, nylons, panties and bras, I ought to help make you feel more feminine."

For the next week, nothing was said except that Rick asked Alex, "Feel anything different?" which he really didn't.

At the end of the second week, Alex couldn't deny the stirring in his newly sensitized nipples and told Rick this.

"See, they're working. Wouldn't it be exciting to have big breasts like your wife's?" Rick asked.

"No Rick. My poor little nipples are hard and have been throbbing all day. The thought of having big, bouncing breasts is horrible."

Rick blushed and admitted, "I would want big ones. Oh Alex, I wish I could feel what you are feeling. You simply must keep taking the hormones for a while longer."

"Okay," Alex grimaced, "But just to the end of the month or until I can't stand it."

"Can I see?"

"No!" Alex said, as his pink tipped fingers twitched at the hem of his skirt.

"Please? I really should check them." Rick pleaded, "After all, I am the one who did this to your poor little nipples."

Alex unbuttoned his blouse and unhooked the front clasp of his bra. Exposing his nipples to the cool evening air made them pucker up and harden.

Rick's warm gentle fingers went to the tips and tenderly warmed the nubs, then tweaked them softly.

"Ouch," Alex shrieked feeling a spasm flash through his body.

"They look so swollen and tender. When they are bigger, the soreness will go away."

Surprisingly, Rick's continued touch felt agreeable; almost soothing.

Alex wondered if the pleasant warmth he was now feeling in his nipples could get him through the itch, annoyance and abrasion that had been bothering him.

Alex asked, not twisting away from Rick's fingers, "What else will these hormones do?"

"A little more shape to your bottom, that's about it." With a soft pinch on Alex's sensitive nipples, Alex jerked away and rehooked the crisp lace cups of his bra feeling foolish.

The dress shop's sales were going well and the money flowed. Success breeds success. However, Alex was worried, feeling more excited about his new career and lifestyle each day, he wondered where this would all lead.

Alex began to question his own feelings. He wondered if they expected him to become the permanent salesgirl? He liked the shop. It was great to be the only male amongst a shop of pretty girls his own age . . . even though they treated him like he was just another girl.

Debbie was developing a reputation and her business was busy also. Even her father bought the Rammer truck he wanted.

Rick sent many people into the shop for hair styling and clothes. Debbie's family couldn't help but like this gentleman.

Even for ALEX, Rick was not really a problem. Simply a date once a week, sometimes twice if they double dated with someone. Rick admitted that he found seeing Alex around Debbie "exciting." He pointed out to Alex, "Have you noticed how your wife treats you just like another girl? What does she think of the effects of the hormones?"

Alex reddened. "I think she likes it. She is always grabbing for my nipples . . . I like it when we make love."

Alex had no idea why, but Debbie wanted him to keep taking the hormones. It was strange that a wife would want to feminize her husband. He knew if he kept taking them, the result was inevitable . . . and Rick kept the refills coming.

Alex didn't hold back any information as the months went by. He explained the changes to Rick and he even marveled at the transformation.

"They've budded," Rick said, feeling the small mounds of tissue under the nipples. "Just like a little girl's."

Usually at the end of the evening, they would sit in the car and talk about how Alex was feeling and about the little girlish things he did during the evening. Alex was allowing Rick to witness the development.

As Rick inspected Alex's swelling chest, his hands were on the edge of the seat and he was leaning forward, his lips parted slightly. Alex asked shyly, "Are they really like a girls?"

Rick's fingers felt his small soft nipples and they hardened and stood out more. "See here," Rick said running his fingers over the small projections. "You're starting to develop milk ducts under your nipples. Fat tissue will form around them to protect them."

"Milk ducts . . . will I leak?" Alex said startled at the thought.

"No, dear," Rick said, "Your breasts won't make any milk unless you take the lactogenic hormone, prolactin . . . or have a baby."

"Maybe I should stop taking the hormones?" Alex quickly suggested. "Debbie has noticed my breasts are getting bigger and the way they stand out. She tells me not to worry since I wear bras all the time anyway. If I keep taking them for much longer, what will happen when I go back to being a man?"

"You'll have tits, my dear. A man with fully rounded, sensitive tits and the arched buttocks of a woman." Rick laughed at his little joke then added, "You are at the point of no return in your un-masculining."

"Oh, my," Alex gasped, "I've got to tell Debbie . . . I don't think she knows this could be permanent."

"I told her even before you started taking them," Rick said. "Look at you. That gingham dress is breathtakingly brief. It's hardly hiding what the estrogens have triggered. You've started growing 'milk ducts,' your pelvis has widened and you've got that distinctive female soft flesh that's creating rounded curves at your hips, buttocks, and thighs."

"I really should stop taking them."

Rick said seriously, "Sure, you can stop. But do you really think you'd want to be a man again? Think about it. From the little things like those sweet little breezes that find their way up your skirts, to dancing in delicate fabrics that cling to your skin. No more long, soft curls around your face. No more skirts, nylons, panties. No more of those little courtesies men give to women. Can you give all that up?"

It was true that Alex couldn't. He was addicted. The responsive, soft, warm mounds seemed possessed with their own decided momentum. They were growing and Alex couldn't stop taking the little pills. Each day he'd say, this is the last one I'm taking.

His chest, which until then had hardly been perceptible, began to swell more and astonished Alex with enchanting but embarrassing sensations. His hips, which had always been wide, took on a different, slightly lavish undulation.

Debbie's father saw it first and said, "What are you trying to do . . . start a fire?"

The freedom of it all overcame Alex's feelings of shame . . . even Rick's petty antics to put Alex in awkward feminine predicaments.

Alex never liked to dance but found a new sensuality dancing in skirts and high heels. He became a passionate dancer, sometime closing his eyes to enjoy it better. This was fine with Rick who loved to leave Alex alone at a table and return see other men swarming over this pretty boy in the short little dresses. "Go ahead, she loves to dance," he'd say to the suitors.

Rick always wanted to know the 'touching' details such as "When you danced, did that guy's hands roam anywhere?"

Alex would smile knowingly and tell Rick every little detail. "Oh yes. I got goose bumps when he ran his hand over my shoulder and his fingers played with the back of my brassiere." or "I shuddered when he held me close, my short skirt and the thin nylon of my panties as the only protection from his maleness."

Rick about swooned at these sensualistic discussions of life as a girlish, young boy. Oh, how Rick wished he could do what Alex was doing. He was just too big. For Alex it was becoming more of a joke. While enjoyable, he'd become panic stricken if any male actually forced him to submit to his attentions. That was why he liked dancing; touch, swing but nothing serious.

Each month, Rick conveniently provided a 'refill' on the hormones, adding several other pills to the mix.

When asked why, Rick explained, "We want you to have a monthly twentyeight day cycle just like a normal woman."

Alex sat captivated. His flaring skirt showed off his pretty nyloned legs and the wide belt really made his small waist pronounced, adding to his curves which appeared perfectly natural. Rick was a very intelligent man and Alex listened to what he was saying. Alex was actually afraid that he might wake up one day with a period.

Rick explained, "I'm slowly creating all the hormonal changes that takes place in females. Like your wife, you now have low levels of estrogen days one to five, gradually increasing up until day fourteen. That's the day you would ovulate and be most fertile. Then we increase the progesterone for the rest of the cycle. Do you feel a bit moody on days one to five?"

Alex nodded.

"That's your period, my dear."

Rick never failed to call Alex on day fourteen and laugh, "Today is your most fertile day . . . don't get laid!"

Then it happened, Alex was getting out of the shower and slipped slightly. He easily caught his footing but he was startled. There was an autonomous bob at his chest. A slight jiggle that was totally unknown and surprising. Open mouthed, he stood in front of the mirror and lifted his bosom up and let go. They shook slightly like little bowls of jelly.

Alex freaked out. It was all so wrong. He raved to Debbie, who was naked at the mirror, "You did this to me! You and Rick. He was the one who fantasized about having breasts and NOW I've got them!"

"Relax, my dear," Debbie said calmly, "I thought you wanted to have your own beautiful breasts like mine. Breasts to wear sexy little camisoles and lacy brassieres over. I can't believe a little 'jiggle' is making you crazy?"

The jiggle was suddenly a new source of discomfort. Tears came to his eyes. How could he have let this go this far? The two peaceful masses on his chest had suddenly over night come to life. The motion of his chest seemed slightly behind his sudden moves.

Alex should have known something was happening. His poor nipples had been afire lately and very sensitive. The thought of having big, beautiful breasts like Debbie's was absolutely terrifying.

Debbie asked, "I thought you wanted to feel what girl's feel . . . what I feel?"

Alex blushed, "I did but . . ."

"See, you're starting to have your OWN beautiful breasts. Look!"

Debbie pulled Alex in front of the mirror and stood next to him. "SEE. Look at your body through your masculine eyes. You'd admire a girl with a figure like that, wouldn't you?"

Alex saw the gentle curves and turned slightly, then felt a tingle between his legs. Yes, this was an attractive looking female. He felt aroused and a little dizzy. He felt an irresistible urge to fondle this image in the mirror.

Alex's wife moved next to him and said, "I'll teach you magic 'girl stuff' in the mirror. We 'girls' love the way we look. Do you see the girls in the mirror?"

"Yes."

"Good. That passive reflection is you, actually more like a doll. A doll you can dress up, change, try hair styles and an array of other pursuits. Do you see the pert breasts developing on one girl and the other girl with full, luscious breasts?"

"Yeah."

"Picture those beauties on your chest. Bounteous young feminine flesh. Take your nipples in your hands and pull out slightly. Honestly now, don't you want to have big breasts like me?"

"I don't know? What if I can't be a boy anymore?"

Alex was aroused by the thought of more female flesh on the girl in the mirror. His body's arousal betrayed his words as he saw beauty, desire, love and happiness in his own features.

Debbie answered, "Then you'll just have to CONTINUE wearing those fluttery, little skirts, the sexy lingerie, and ribbons in your hair. You like those things, right?"

Yes, Alex had found an unique personality, expressed by his attire. He liked the role but wasn't sure he wanted to play it for life. His hair had flourished under the hormones and fell in ringlets well below his shoulders. Why shouldn't this loveliness be enjoyed?

He felt the warmth of his own large, soft pink nipples. He looked at his smooth long legs flowing upward into rounded hips.

Debbie moved behind Alex and ran her hands over Alex's hips and whispered, "These hips are shaped for skirts now . . ." Her fingers found his aroused maleness and caressed it, saying, "See. Even this little thing votes for you to stay a woman.

"OHHH, Gawd!" Alex moaned as a twinge turned to a soft undulating spasm. "I'm developing into a woman!

"Only if you want to. Now wasn't that nice?"

"YEAH!"

"You'll work it out. Now put something over those boobs . . . before my father sees you . . . I think you can get away without those pads now."

Used to wearing a bra, today Alex's hands quivered as he went through his lingerie drawer. He picked out a soft, white quilted cup bra. The bra he wore when his nipples had been too sensitive under a shirt at home. After all he'd been through, the thought of needing a bra was threatening. It was like that first time Debbie had slipped one over his arms only this time he required one.

Looking at this bra's cups, he realized that they would fit over his breasts precisely . . . not too tight and not too large. He would be smaller without pads but he didn't need them.

He slipped the straps over his shoulders and adjusted the cups over his nipples then hooked the front snap. The cups embraced his soft flesh and held them motionless. It felt nice and secure with all his own flesh pressing outward in little plump cones.

Alex about fainted. He always felt like a boy who was dressing like a girl and would soon just change back . . . but now he had boobs on his chest, just like a girl. The thought that even if he stopped taking hormones, maybe they'd continue to grow. Grow into womanly breasts. He'd be stuck as a woman or face possible surgery.

Alex dressed, wearing a jacket over his sweater calling attention away from his bust. He felt strange without pads but it didn't fit right with this bra. His bustline not only looked natural . . . it was natural.

That night when he saw Rick, he got angry again. "How could you," Alex screamed when they were alone in his car. "Look at me!" He pulled up his sweater and unhooked his bra. "I've got udders, teats for milk like a woman! I'm a cow!"

"A bosom, my dear . . . a proper beautiful young woman's bosom. Look at this." His fingers went to the pink nipples and they erected outward into little hard knots. "See they have a mind of their own. Now that they jiggle, they have a spunky way of asserting themselves. Doesn't this feel good?"

"No," Alex raved, pulling away, "I hate them. And look?" he said pointing to his fleshy hips and bottom. "I've got a woman's bottom . . . how do I get rid of all this?"

"You don't, my dear! You are stuck with them and I find that exciting. I've watched the maturing of your womanly figure and now you are stuck in dresses. Has your father-in-law noticed?"

Alex thought about it. He hadn't felt much like trying to hide his figure and surely Debbie's father had noticed. Was Rick trying to tell him that Debbie's father didn't mind him being emasculated? Why? GARY?!?

"I'm so confused," Alex sighed, "One minute I feel like a girl and the next I hate the feeling!"

Alex broke into tears and Rick took the delicate youth in his arms and pushed his blonde hair back from his face and looked deeply into Alex's emotional wet eyes. "You are much too sweet to be hurt."

Slowly his lips moved closer, then softly brushed Alex's pink lips. This was the first kiss while they were alone and was very different. Alex started to pull away but he was confused. His life was suddenly a shambles.

"You've got a girl's body now," Rick whispered warmly into Alex's ear. "Let it respond." Alex felt so devastated, but Rick continued to hold his soft figure close. Their lips touched once more . . . out of gratitude but with a firm pressure.

Rick felt Alex's submission, his male self-esteem destroyed. Rick's moist tongue probed, seeking and felt Alex's pink lips parting. His mouth became a cooperative and willing receptacle as Rick's thick tongue probed and tasted femininity.

The filmy top of Alex's alluring sweater proved no barrier to Rick's strong nimble fingers. He first fondled then diddled with Alex's touchy nipples. They hardened in his fingertips telling him more than a book.

Alex took one of Rick's hands in his but didn't pull the other away from his "nerve centers."

"What should I do," Alex said breathlessly as Rick continued to tease his accommodating warm breasts? A slight sigh escaped Rick's lips as he tweaked at Alex's nipples. Rick asked, "Does this make you feel like a boy?"

"No. It feels good."

"Breasts are addictive," Rick whispered. "Don't you wish they were bigger and fuller than Debbie's? Occupying the lace cups of a real woman's brassiere?"

Alex about swooned. "I could really become a woman?"

"Yes dear," Rick whispered, "AND I'll help you. You'll learn to love being a woman."

Rick took advantage of Alex's submission. "I will train you to accept your feminine role and enjoy being feminized and submissive. Would you like to learn how to be a man's plaything and receptacle?"

Alex was too embarrassed and mixed-up to respond.

That night when faced with taking his hormone pill, Alex faced the paradox. He was faced with his birth status as a male human being and his vocation as a female. How could he possibly choose to become something he was not? How could he resign himself to this metamorphoses and an uncertain future.

A painful dilemma existed between his male urges to be free and active and his erotic urges to accept himself as a passive, feminine being.

He stood, looking at himself in the mirror. He had learned well the charm of passivity. The power of his curved flesh; a figure that seemed endowed with magical virtues. He had experienced many girlish delights like different makeup and different ways of doing his hair. Instead of hiding his breasts, he now wished they were fuller and he knew what to do to make them grow . . . He popped the pill in his mouth and swallowed hard.

A delicious wave of femininity swept through Alex as he put on his flowered nightgown, his own pert breasts pressing outward with the promise of future enlargement.

Climbing into bed with his wife, Debbie asked, "Did you take your pill?"

Over the next few months, Alex's self-confidence in his girlish future grew. At work, he sometimes forgot he was ever a boy . . . but Rick always reminded him.

It had been a year. Rick called and asked Debbie to join him and Alex for a birthday dinner out on the town. "How about you two dressing as twins?" he asked.

Alex and Debbie both agreed. They bathed together, both showering and meticulously shaving their legs and underarms. This was followed by rubbing in a scented skin lotion that left their legs looking silky smooth. They then changed into matching lingerie including arctic white bikini panties, bra and full slip which was trimmed in intricately patterned white lace.

The only difference in their dressing fuss was when Alex firmly tucked back flatly his male-ness between his fleshy thighs. A position which it now totally accepted. Also, Alex was wearing a 36B bra, his wife a 36C. Sheer nylon stockings with seams up the back were rolled up their legs and attached to a white garter belts.

Their bedroom mirror revealed their reflections in the three-sided mirror. Alex was slightly less curved than his wife but unmistakably just as feminine.

"I'll do your hair and you do mine," Debbie suggested as she began to delicately undo pins and remove the rollers from Alex's hair. As each curl was released it bounced gently.

Taking a hairbrush, Debbie then slowly brushed through the curls. Alex sat looking in the mirror as his wife decided upon a style.



*Alex in a halter dress
with fitted bodice. .
.without a bra!*

Switching to a rat-tail comb, she gently began to back-comb Alex's hair to give it incredible volume. She brushed upwards in the back and deftly formed the mass of curls into a neat twist. Taking bobby pins and a cloud of hairspray to "fix" it in place, Alex got a view of his new style.

Alex looked back at the gorgeous young woman in the mirror with the full curls femininely tickling his ears and cheeks, while the back hair was elegantly pulled up into a French Twist.

Checking Alex's long nails to see if they were dry from the recently applied two coats of pink polish plus a clear top coat, she said, "I think they are dry enough to do my hair now."

Changing positions, Alex retraced his wife's maneuvers. Alex was now skilled with hair styles, bobby pins, clips, and a medley of other feminine accessories. Having long hair was not simple. . . minimum a half hours work just to look presentable in a simple ponytail tied with pink ribbons. Most of the time much more time was spent.

Alex had docilely accepted these kind of new restrictions on his new role and found his interests had changed a lot. He looked at women now with an eye for their clothes, figure or hairstyle---comparing theirs to his.

He loved doing his wife's hair remembering the first time she did his in a soft feminine style. It seemed so long ago. Finishing by putting Debbie's hair up, both decided to make up their eyes more darkly than usual.

His elegant hairdo glistened, while he inserted oversized pendants earrings into his pierced ears. His hips swayed with each motion of his head. The exquisite evening makeup they had applied not only made them more beautiful, but made them look more alike.

The hormones had continued their magical work and Alex's figure showed the narrow waist and rounded physique of a curvaceous young woman.

Alex had picked out two identical dresses just for this venture. A black and white, print sheath dress was carefully lowered over each of their heads. With simple elegance, the matching scoop necked, crepe chemise dresses had tucked waists for figure enhancement. Identical, the only difference was the neckline of Debbie's dress showed off her fuller figure. Debbie saw him hardly able to take his eyes off her warm soft, "C" cup breasts.

"Don't worry," Debbie said seeing her husbands stare. "Your's are still growing. . . just do what Rick says."

"He says that I'm still making some male hormones. If we stop those I'll never get it UP again."

"So," she said looking at Alex humorously, "It's so tiny and soft now, would it really matter?"

This wasn't the first time they had talked of where Alex might go now. Going back to being a man was out. He didn't want to lose Debbie and she told him that a "couple inches" wasn't going to destroy the love they had between them.

Seeing how much they looked alike, Alex's heart pounded with excitement remembering that first night they had gone to a movie. Maybe he should have been more concerned about his increasing sissification, effeminization, and now the option of total elimination of anything male.

Alex zipped up the back of his wife's dress and he felt the zipper being securely fastened up his back. The thin crepe material 'nudged' out nicely by his bosom sitting comfortably in the lacy cups of his womanly brassiere. He remembered how he used to stare at bustlines and had to admit, he felt a little jealousy that his wife was better built.

Very high-heeled, open toe sandals with high, ankle straps were placed on their feet. Each had a small evening clutch bag with a thin shoulder strap slung over their shoulder.

Standing before her husband-turned-woman, Debbie stood back and joked, "I don't know what I'm going to do when you have a better figure than me."

Debbie knew that it was she that created this woman. There were some male things she missed but seeing Alex so delightfully pampered, pantied, powered and ladylike made it all worthwhile.

She looked at Alex. She now shared more with her husband than she ever could have hoped. She would never lose him to another woman. Alex understands all the little girlish feelings that most men don't. Watching her husband primp in the mirror, Alex sensed all the little sensations which are unfamiliar to men . . . femininity and the function of being pretty---primping to be "prey" to men.

The squeezed toes caused by the high heels, the sensual smoothness of the nylons and hobbled walk caused by a tight skirt. Alex did it all now without complaining. He curled his hair onto tight little rollers daily and even spent hours in the beauty shop to get it just right.

Between the hormones and the visible, molding grip of his girlish panties, any remaining male feelings were contained to a twinge between his fleshy thighs. This snug feeling kept him constantly aware of his new role in life.

Even walking was a different process because of his wider hips and bustline. All presenting a complete set of strong

feminine sensations. His lips tasted the lipstick as his nose inhaled the fragrance of his perfume.

Debbie knew that many an admiring male head would turn to get a second glance at her husband and herself. She was proud of her husband's ability to catch a man's attention. She had trained him well.

Debbie could see in Alex's eyes that arousing admiration was exciting but also shameful. When she caught him flirting, he recoiled in disgust. It was inconsistent that he would try so hard to be coquettish and appealing yet ashamed of his actions. Alex would display his legs in short skirts but when they were looked at, he blushed deeply.

She knew she had to help him feel more comfortable. Male attention shouldn't be as much of an 'offense' as it is a 'compliment'. Alex would just have to get used to the idea that his face, figure and flesh were now "fair game" to the males.

When Debbie's father saw them dressed alike, he groaned. Alex's subcutaneous fatty deposits were at his hips and abdominal region like a woman's. His breasts were well formed and bounced slightly where the amply filled cups made contact with his dress.

He shook his head sarcastically.

Dinner was wonderful! The man with TWO dates made a definite hit among the many single men having dinner. In their dramatic makeup, coiffures and dresses, Debbie and Alex found themselves quickly in the arms of Rick and other suitors, swirling about the dance floor.

They all danced the night away, Rick looking dashing in his dark business suit. Both enjoyed dancing in his strong arms. Alex was no longer jealous of his wife dancing or dating other men. Besides, he was also in other 'guys' arms! He was confident that their relationship didn't rely on simply "who's the biggest."

It was something about the evening, upswept curls and the attention that made Alex forget that he was ever a male.

After dancing, the three went back to Rick's mansion and opened presents. After last year, Alex trembled, wondering what Rick had in mind for him this year.

Alex opened the large box. Inside were two beautiful negligees and matching robes. "Two?" Alex asked.

Rick smiled and said, "You know I love you both . . . check the robe's pockets." Inside was a key . . . a key to Rick's house.

Rick said, "I know you are comfortable at home but this place is huge with two master suites, gourmet kitchen, pool, the works. Please move in with me . . . no strings attached."

Both Debbie and Alex really liked Rick and it was quickly decided that they would try it. But there was one catch. It would look odd to have two girls living in the master suite so it was decided that for appearance sake, Alex would be Rick's girlfriend. Of course, he actually slept with his wife but his clothes and lingerie were in Rick's room.

After the first few weeks they all settled in. Alex didn't really mind Rick watching him dress. It was the least he could do for such lavish accommodations.

The future is open for Alex and the past is closed. The moral of this story is: "If you have the heart of a woman, the body of a man . . . the heart will always triumph."

THE END

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