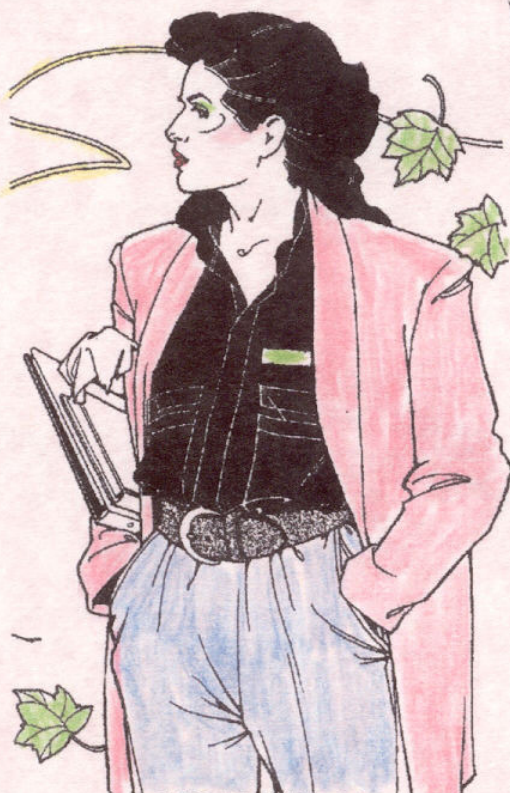


**CONTEMPORARY**  
TV FICTION

**THE NEW GIRL**

A JOB IS A JOB. . .  
WILL STEPHAN DO WHAT IS  
NECESSARY TO BE A GOOD SECRETARY?



**VOLUME 11**

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# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION MAGAZINE

Volume 11

## THE NEW GIRL

by Lauren Wood

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CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION  
THE NEW GIRL

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QUOTE BOARD

"He was so cheap he liked to watch porno movies backwards. . .he liked to see the girl give the money back."

# THE NEW GIRL

by Lauren Wood

## CHAPTER I

"Not again!" I heard a woman hiss angrily as Hamilton Smith, Senior Vice President in charge of Personnel, escorted me in her direction.

Although I didn't know it at the time, the angry woman knew Mr. Smith was giving his personal "grand tour". When he did that, it could only mean one thing to those in the office, he had found another "hot shot" from his Alma Mater, Western University. Apparently, he had recruited several young up-and-comers for United Products from there. I was only the latest in a long line of such recruits.

That was a problem for the angry woman, because it was always her job to get them up and running in their new positions. The problem was, he always started them in management positions for which they were totally unprepared. As a result, they usually weren't very good. Despite this, she taught them all about the company and inevitably, they ended up with better jobs than her's because of the "old boy network" which was a strong presence at United.

Mr. Smith and I slowly made our way to the angry woman's office. He gave no sign of having heard or seen her outburst. As we walked in, she seemed to be looking me over closely without saying a word. The expression on her face did seem to soften a little to a look of surprise. How could I know I didn't fit the usual profile. Instead of the normal big, hale-and-heartly fellow, I was small and rather shy and looked very young. I was also somewhat casual and untidy in my appearance with rather long unkempt hair. Not the usual yuppie clothes horse. While Smith walked right in and sat down, I waited respectfully until she invited me to be seated. My mother had always stressed politeness to my sisters and me and I had taken it to heart. I was indeed different from past recruits.

I would soon find that different is surely the right word to describe my experience at United Products!

"Susan Bartholemew, this is Stephan Martin," Mr. Smith announced by way of introduction. He started into his regular

song and dance, which apparently varied little from protege' to protege'. "Susan is our fine business manager. She will show you the ropes, put you through your paces, blah, blah, blah. . . ." He went on for some time but I could see clearly that Ms. Bartholemew had tuned him out.

I listened to every word as he began to wrap up with his charge. "Martin, we like team players here and we want you to get an idea how the whole company operates from the bottom up, so to speak. You may be destined for big things here at United, but you're not there yet. I want you to do everything Bartholemew says with no reservations and no backtalk. That's the way to learn the business. I don't care if she tells you to clean the rest rooms. I will listen to no criticism of your duties or supervision until after you have completed your orientation period. At that time, you will be knowledgeable enough to make recommendations. Is that understood?"

"Yes sir!" I said, practically jumping to my feet and saluting.

"Bartholemew, I know I can count on you to do your usual fine job with Martin here. He apparently has a knack for computers, so I see him in the systems end of the business. You know, office automation, management information, that type of thing. Please see that his orientation involves that area. OK! Questions anyone?"

After Smith had gone, Ms. Bartholemew lit into me with a vengeance!

"Let me tell you something, Martin. I've been with this company for ten years. During that time I've done a great job. A great job! But also during that time I've had to wet nurse nine of Hamilton Smith's 'stars'. Every one of them has been a no-talent bum! Yet every one of them has gone on to a better, higher paying job than I have. The same is probably true for you.

"I hate having to do this! Do you understand? I hate it!!!

"Don't get me wrong, I'll do my job, I'll train you; but if you step out of line just once, if you show me an attitude just once, you're history at United. Do we understand each other?"

"Yes ma'am!" I answered quickly and I believed her.

\* \* \* \* \*

It would be more than a year before I was to learn the whole story. This series of young, supposed hot shots was a continuing sore spot for Ms. Bartholemew. After all, she considered herself the real hot shot in this company and had



done well in her career. Yet, every time Hamilton Smith found some new protege', usually some big, blond, good looking oaf (they were never women), she ended up having to do twice the work and they got all the credit and all the promotions.

Ms. Bartholemew had brought this point up with Smith several times, but the man was such a Neanderthal, he really couldn't grasp the problem. He readily agreed that she was a top-notch manager and trainer, but his antiquated way of thinking just wouldn't allow him to see woman in any role other than helper or sex partner. He saw all women who worked in business, even those talented women upon whom he relied heavily, as glorified secretaries who were there to serve men in one way or another. In his world, he and his male cronies made the decisions, the rest was merely a matter of handling the typing while filing and keeping the boss happy.

On top of that, apparently the man was a lecher and had great difficulty keeping a real secretary. Since he was in charge of personnel, he always had the youngest and prettiest girls assigned to him. He spent so much time chasing them

around his office and otherwise trying to get them to bed, the turnover rate was phenomenal, despite the fact that Smith was a relatively young and, to my eyes, an attractive man. Ms. Bartholemew was particularly sensitive to Mr. Smith's behavior in this area because, when she was new at United, she too had succumbed to his considerable charm like all the rest. The affair had been short lived and painful for her. She couldn't believe she had once been so naive.

Ms. Bartholemew had thought about quitting many times, but she really did like her job. And, after all, the Hamilton Smiths of the world couldn't last for ever, she thought. So she stayed on and tried to make the best of things, hoping her day would come.

Ms. Bartholemew later said she made up her mind right then that I was not going to make it as an executive. I was too meek, to subservient, didn't have enough ego to make it in the dog-eat-dog atmosphere at United. She would try, but she knew it was hopeless.

All this I was to learn in time. But in the beginning, how was I to know that I was in trouble from the start in my new job?

\* \* \* \* \*

"OK Stephan," she said, more calmly, "I didn't mean to imply we have to be adversaries. You do as I say and we'll get along just fine. Why don't you tell me a little about yourself.

I proceeded to tell Ms. Bartholemew some of my background. As she had guessed, I was an alumnus of Western University, having just graduated with a degree in History in May. I was quite open about the fact that I had gotten the job because my late father had once been a fraternity brother of Mr. Smith. I confirmed that I thought I was okay with computers, particularly with word processing applications.

"I did all my college papers on a computer," I boasted naively, as if this was evidence of my computer skills. That was about it. I had no accomplishments to boast about. I filled in the gaps by telling her that I was new to the city, having come from a small town in the mid-west, had just rented an outrageously expensive (for me) apartment, was hoping to make some new friends and hoped I could be of help to her and to the company in any way possible. Even I had to admit to myself, this wasn't much of a resume'.

Ms. Bartholemew didn't mince her words in telling me what she thought of my prospects!

"You've got to be kidding! You bring nothing at all to United, even less than those who have preceded you in Hamilton Smith's "Hall of Shame". Why even the secretaries at United have more to offer than you!"

I took all this in silence. I really couldn't disagree with anything she said. I just hoped she would give me a chance because of my connection with Mr. Smith.

"Meanwhile," she continued, "you're so small and vulnerable, I almost feel sorry for you. Well, maybe I can use you to work on the word processing procedures. We are chronically short of clerical help and any efficiencies you can come up with would be a help. I have my doubts that you can even do that, but I'm willing to give you a chance at that at least."

To her surprise, I told her I was thrilled at the prospect. I had taken Mr. Smith's speech about starting at the bottom seriously. She told me my title would be executive assistant and showed me to my desk in a small cubicle. I was told to get my work station organized and to be ready to go bright and early the next day.

\* \* \* \* \*

When I reported to work the following morning, Ms. Bartholemew introduced me to her secretary, Monica, and asked her to introduce me to all the other secretaries in the executive area, since I would be working in their area. This group of mostly beautiful young women welcomed me warmly but a little suspiciously. As a result, I began to like my new job even more, figuring I would have lots of chances to meet and perhaps land a girlfriend from among these lovely girls. Ms. Bartholemew pointedly neglected to introduce me to any of the other management and executive staff.

After that, Ms. Bartholemew and I sat down in her office to discuss what she expected me to do.

"I want you to take a couple of weeks to review all the wordprocessing, typing, routing and filing procedures we have here at United," began Ms. Bartholemew. "First review the written office policies but after that, talk to the secretaries and find out what is working and what isn't, where the bottlenecks are and what barriers there are to using the fine equipment we have.

"Good secretarial help is hard to find, so we want to make sure we have the right girls in the job and that they are functioning as efficiently as possible. That way, we can get along with fewer secretaries. But also, if things are running

smoothly and our procedures make sense, the secretaries we do have will be happier and will probably stay longer.

"I don't want you to make any changes without clearing them with me first. Is that understood? You have no managerial authority. I want you to study the problem then write a proposal to solve it. OK? Now get to work!"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was not until much later that Ms. Bartholemew told me about the following events from her point of view.

I had been studying the office procedures, pretty much alone in my cubicle, for a couple of days when the problem of keeping secretarial help was clearly highlighted. Monica quit to take another job without even giving notice. When Ms. Bartholemew contacted Personnel she was told that a replacement would probably not be available for several weeks. Mr. Smith had just taken the last of the current crop of secretarial recruits and there were no prospects in the pipeline. Ms. Bartholemew was wild!

"That darn S.O.B.!" she fumed. "He doesn't do any work at all! Those secretaries belong here where the work gets done, not spending their days dodging his groping." She went off in a huff, determined to have it out with Hamilton Smith once and for all.

As usual, she got nowhere. "You'll just have to use Administrative Services or get a temporary until we can get you a new girl," was his glib response. Ms. Bartholemew was so angry at his answer and at his blatant sexist attitude that she made a solemn promise to herself that she would find a way, some time, some place, to get even. She stormed out of his office.

Nothing much happened for several more days except that Ms. Bartholemew continued to stew. Meanwhile, I threw myself into the actual secretarial work. I figured that Monica's departure provided an excellent opportunity to get a first hand idea how it all worked. The problem was, with the clerical shortage and the work piling up, I found myself doing the work rather than analyzing it. Once I began doing that, I couldn't get out from under. The work had to be done, didn't it? I soon became almost an acting secretary rather than doing my real job.

When Ms. Bartholemew saw this happening, her first impulse was to stop it. But then she thought, "Why not get some useful work out of him? He has nothing else to offer and it gets him out of my hair!" So she let it happen, perhaps even

unconsciously encouraged it. It wasn't long before I was answering her phone and keeping her calendar along with doing all the typing and filing. I did an excellent job, she was surprised to find I was starting to make a pretty good secretary.

The final straw for Ms. Bartholemew occurred when Hamilton Smith called her into his office and proceeded to read her the riot act for what he described as her failure to get her assigned work done. Again, he would not listen to her complaint that she did not have sufficient secretarial help.

"Find a way to get the job done. That's why we pay you so handsomely!" was his ice cold response.

She could have taken this, perhaps under the right circumstances, even agreed. There definitely was a problem. But when he started offering some of his alumni hot shots as examples of executives who knew how to get the job done, he crossed the line. She didn't argue with him, but slowly went into a silent rage. The target of that rage was Smith and each and every person he had ever brought into her world. Unfortunately, I was the only person besides him who currently occupied that position. Since there was nothing immediate or direct she could do to Smith, I became the focus of her plan for revenge.

That night, after she went home and had calmed down somewhat, a plan for revenge began to take shape in her mind. She would make a total failure of me. She would make sure that I was closely allied with Smith in everyone's mind. She would make sure everyone knew I was a fellow alumnus of that sacred bastion of learning, Western University. Then she would make sure I was humiliated, discredited and dismissed; taking Hamilton Smith's smugness, if not his person with him. She would get real satisfaction from doing this. The only problem with this brilliant scheme was that she really didn't dislike me and felt badly that I would be the big loser when it was Smith she really wanted to hurt. But, she reasoned, this was war and there were always casualties among non-combatants during a war. Maybe, after this was all over, she could somehow make it up to me. Maybe she could find me another job, one I was really suited for. Yes, she could do that. It would be alright.

Then she had to plan the details of her campaign. How best to make a humiliating failure out of Hamilton Smith's protege' and do it so everyone could see? She wanted to do more than just fire me for incompetence. Since I was practi-

cally operating as a secretary. . . She was beginning to get an idea.

In the beginning, Ms. Bartholemew figured she would merely make my secretarial position more official. Her plan was to demonstrate that I, someone recruited by Hamilton Smith, was incapable of more than clerical work, despite her best efforts to teach me more. The result would be a big black eye for Smith, the end of his reputation as a recruiter and perhaps best of all, no more protege's to train then watch climb over her on the corporate ladder.

Up to now, I had been doing the various secretarial duties voluntarily and mostly on my own initiative. Ms. Bartholemew began to change all that. She now gave me reports to type, had me screen her appointments, made me place her calls for her, had me retrieve files and so forth. When I had done that sort of thing for a while and didn't argue, she began to tighten the screws even more. She made me get tea or coffee, in China serving ware, for her and her colleagues during meetings, totally humiliating me in front of those who were originally supposed to be my peers. When I brought the coffee she would sweetly thank me but pointedly dismiss me, thus excluding me from the meetings. At the end of each day, Ms. Bartholemew had me straighten up the conference room and her office, making sure the coffee cups were clean and that the rooms were neat and tidy. This was getting ridiculous! I almost felt as if she expected me to curtsy when I did these things.

At this point I offered mild resistance. I pointed out to Ms. Bartholemew that I was a managerial recruit and that I thought I was doing way too much clerical work and that perhaps that was not the best use of my abilities.

For Ms. Bartholemew's plan to work, she felt she could tolerate no resistance whatsoever, so she reacted harshly to even this minor questioning by me.

"You will do as you are told! I will determine the proper use of your so called 'abilities!'" she practically screamed at me. "You'll remember that Mr. Smith told you that we like team players here at United Products. If you don't feel you can do your job as I have defined it, you are free to go to him, but I would not advise it, based on past history." This was a bluff, but she was sure she could get away with it. "Of course, you are perfectly free to seek employment elsewhere. Now, I suggest you get back to work. Is that clear?"

Totally intimidated, I could only muster a mumbled, "Yes ma'am."

"That's better. Before you go back to your desk, please get me a fresh cup of tea."

"Yes ma'am," I practically sobbed in a frail voice.

I offered no further resistance and gradually settled into my clerical role. I convinced myself that things were okay based on Mr. Smith's statement that I had to start at the bottom and work my way up. This sure was the bottom! But I felt I could do a good job and I was already beginning to get things under control and to establish a daily routine. If I was to advance in the company, I reasoned, I had to do a good job at this assignment. So I decided that is exactly what I would do. I would throw myself into my duties, no matter how menial and humiliating they were. That is exactly what I did.

After I had been at it in earnest for a couple of weeks, the other secretaries began to warm up and regard me with less suspicion. Unfortunately, this did not progress the way I hoped. I wanted to date one or more of these girls, and I did try, with no success. Nor did they appear to accept me as a member of management. Rather, my relationship with them became one of equality; co-workers with whom I shared common duties and common problems. They began to occasionally include me in their secretarial culture. They involved me in their conversations and in their at-work social activities. They invited me to go to coffee breaks, lunches, bitch sessions, etc. Since all the other secretaries were girls, most of the conversations involved things girls like to talk about: clothes, hairstyles, shopping, guys, things like that. I didn't mind this and, although I wished these relationships were different, I soon became quite comfortable in the sisterly environment. It wasn't too long before I could talk knowledgeably about who was having an affair with who, how to color coordinate an outfit, even the currently fashionable styles in women's clothing. At least I was getting to know them and I needed the friendship. I was lonely in the big city.

At the same time, the executive people at the company who technically were my colleagues, treated me with obvious disdain; apparently because of the work I was doing. They were all, both men and women, sharks; grabbing any opportunity to advance themselves by ridiculing anyone who showed any weakness at all. Therefore, they took great pleasure humiliating me. After a while, they ignored me completely.

Since I had a strong need for human companionship and acceptance, this behavior only served to drive me more quickly and surely into the secretarial society.

As Ms. Bartholemew watched all this happening, she felt her plan was working perfectly. She could see the contempt the executive staff was beginning to feel for me, just as she had hoped. She would continue this process and at the same time begin to make sure that they all realized that I was Hamilton Smith's boy.

After the initial period of indoctrination, she decided it was time to use the iron fist inside the velvet glove to see just how far she could go in my subjugation.

I had been at United for two months when Ms. Bartholemew called me into her office. She explained that it was time for my first performance review. At first, I was glad this was happening. After all, I knew I had been doing well and I figured this must be officially recognized in order for me to move up. However, Ms. Bartholemew quickly shattered my good feelings, not by criticizing my work, but rather by the way she praised it.

She began, "Stephan, you make a pretty good secretary and I think your training has gone very well so far. Your typing is first class, you have done a wonderful job screening my calls and keeping my calendar. Your telephone courtesy is excellent and you fit in well with all the other girls. You have also done a fine job keeping the office area neat."

As she ticked off each of these "successes", I felt as though I was being repeatedly slapped across the face. Despite the fact that her review had been full of praise, not a negative word was said, I was totally humiliated. Did she really think I was there to be a "pretty good secretary."

When Ms. Bartholemew was about finished, she again lifted my spirits from the depths of despair, momentarily, at least.

"Well, I think we can call your current training assignment a success," she said. "I think it's time for something more permanent."

My heart soared. I felt sure she was finally going to give me a more meaningful assignment.

"Yes, since I haven't been able to get a permanent secretary, I think we should formally give you that job as your next assignment. Isn't that nice? In fact, why don't you move into Monica's old desk this afternoon." She paused to see my reaction.

I crash landed!!!

\* \* \* \* \*

Ms. Bartholemew was elated by the success of her plan. As she moved around in the company, she welcomed, in fact invited, derogatory comments about me. Whenever such a comment was made, she made sure the blame was directed toward Hamilton Smith. A typical remark: "What's the story with that Martin fellow, isn't he capable of more than clerical work?"

She would respond: "I guess Hamilton Smith has lost his talent for recognizing talent. He recruited Martin for management and still stands by him, despite Martin's obvious lack of ability."

Flushed by her success, she began to expand her plan. She began to think of ways she could still further attack Smith through me. One day, she did a slow burn as she watched Smith swagger around the office leering at all the secretaries. Remembering the pain he had caused her, Ms. Bartholemew decided the best thing to do would be to attack Smith through his overblown manhood. That would certainly hit him where it hurt! But how could she do that through me? Suddenly, it came to her! She would try to change me into a sissified, feminized secretary. That way she could build on what she had already accomplished and make a fool out of Smith in a sexual way by his failure to recognize what I really was. Sissies didn't go over well among the "old boys" at United. Perhaps she could even portray us as clandestine lovers, but that would be tough given his reputation as a ladies man. As she watched Smith fondle a pretty girl's behind, she thought she might be able to set it up so Smith got caught making the ultimate mistake with me. It would be great if she could get him to chase me around the office or pinch my rear end right in front the staff. But even if it didn't go that far, the plan was still a good one. But how to get started?

\* \* \* \* \*

It was easy to continue "secretarializing" me. Ms. Bartholemew simply treated me exactly the same way she would treat any young female secretary. Despite her anger at Smith's sexism, Ms. Bartholemew was not particularly enlightened in her treatment of her own female employees. I was required to address her as Ms. Bartholemew, while she called me Steve or Stephan, sometimes even Stevie. She began having me drop off and pick up her dry cleaning. I was required to select and send greeting cards to her friends and

employees for various occasions; to keep her social, as well as, business calendar; to shop for birthday and other gifts for her friends, both men and women and to run out to get new pantyhose for her if she got a run. These last chores I found particularly unsettling. I was required to shop and make purchases in women's lingerie departments (Ms. Bartholemew's usual gift preference) and for some reason I became very uneasy when I did this. I felt more threatened and agitated by having to handle and select these intimate garments than by all the other humiliating things Ms. Bartholemew made me do.

Her efforts to sissify me started out rather slowly. Ms. Bartholemew began by demanding that I improve my appearance. She nagged me about getting my hair trimmed regularly. I didn't have to get it cut short, but at least I had to keep it neat and stylish. She went so far as to make an appointment for me at her salon, which cut both men's and women's hair.

She got her hair dresser to convince me to have my blondish curly hair cut in an effeminate yet currently fashionable yuppie style; rather long on top and in front, blunt cut to about the top of my ears. The bangs were so long, they were always getting in my eyes until one of the other secretaries showed me how to style it with some gel. She nagged me about keeping my fingernails clean and neat, about sitting properly, not slouching in my chair. And she nagged me about my wardrobe. I should at least wear clothes which fit properly and were clean and pressed. She suggested slacks with pleats in front paired with soft white silk shirts and no necktie. The other secretaries were her unwitting allies in this process. Since they thought of me as a secretary rather than as a man, they urged me to wear very stylish but not particularly masculine outfits.

She impressed upon me that, as her secretary, I created an impression about her in her visitors' minds. She would not tolerate a bad impression. In fact, she did not want me in any way incongruous with the competent yet feminine image she wished to project. Ms. Bartholemew was so insistent on this that I just found it easier to go along than to argue or practice passive resistance.

\* \* \* \* \*

Susan decided to discuss her plan with Clair Norton, her very good friend and her gynecologist. Maybe Clair would have some ideas on how to make me more feminine. Knowing

Clair, Susan was sure she would get a big kick out of her plan and its progress so far.

A few nights later, over dinner and drinks at a nice restaurant, Susan laid out her plan and the reasons for it and asked Clair what she thought. She even brought up the possibility of physically feminizing me. Clair chuckled wick- edly at the idea. She was an ardent feminist, a man-hater really, and delighted at any opportunity to put men in their proper place, which she felt was subservient to all women.

"Well, the sky is the limit," began Clair. "It is perfectly possible to change a man almost completely into a woman, depending on the individual, the circumstances and the lengths one wants to go to. With modern chemical and surgi- cal techniques, about the only thing that is not possible is for a man to conceive a baby. Work currently being done to test the feasibility of surgically implanting a uterus makes even carrying and delivering a baby a possibility in the relatively near future."

"I don't think I want to go quite that far," giggled Susan. "And besides, this will have to be done without him realizing what is going on."

"Well, that's too bad," said Clair, "but there is still a lot that can be done with hormones and training alone. Why don't you tell me a little about your secretary's physical and emotional characteristics."

"I think Stephan is perfect for this!" Susan began enthu- siastically. "He is small, probably only about 5'5" or 5'6" and weighs I would guess about 135 pounds. He also has youth going for him, as he is just 21 years old. Since I haven't seen him without clothes, I don't really know about his body or legs, but he is quite slim. His skin looks very good, quite fair and with no acne or other blemishes, and he appears to have only a very light beard, if any. Best of all, I think his face would be quite pretty with just a little help from a proper hairstyle and perhaps a little makeup.

"As to his emotional makeup, the only thing I can say is that he seems quite stable but very low key. He is rather meek and doesn't appear to anger easily. The thing that encourages me the most is how well he has accepted the things I've already done to him. He obviously doesn't have much of a male ego getting in the way. I'm sure I could do much, much more before he would offer any real resistance."

"That's all very encouraging," said Clair, after listening to this. "I think the best thing to do is to get started with some

hormone therapy. I'll have to examine him first, of course, and have some blood work done, but, assuming there are no problems, I know exactly what to prescribe. There is a new product out which is being reviewed by the FDA for use on rapists and other sex offenders. What it does is totally block the creation of the male sex hormone, testosterone. In effect, it chemically castrates a man.

"The intended effect is, of course, the elimination of the man's sexual drive and that it does very well. However, it also removes the chemical support system for the man's secondary sexual characteristics; his beard and body hair, muscle development, the pitch of the voice, even bone mass development. After a very short time on this drug, the man not only becomes uninterested in sex, but also increasingly androgynous in appearance.

"If, at the same time, we replace the missing testosterone with the female hormone estrogen, the "man" will begin to develop female secondary sexual characteristics. The overall bulk of his body will be reduced, particularly in the upper body areas at the waist, chest, shoulders and arms. His skin will soften noticeably. He will also develop a layer of fatty tissue under the skin which will make him much softer. Of course, he will develop breasts and his hips will widen quite nicely. It will not take long for our "boy" to become to all appearances, a girl. How pretty he becomes and how well his figure develops will be based on heredity. In other words, if the women in his family have beautiful faces and hourglass figures, he probably will too. Based on what you've told me, it is quite possible to turn him into a beautiful slip of a girl.

"One thing I should mention, giving him estrogen will not restore his sexuality. Even we women get our sex drive from testosterone produced in small amounts in our bodies. So, if we want to restore his sex drive at any time, I will have to prescribe a small testosterone supplement. This will have no effect on his feminization, but I recommend that we not do that at first. He will have trouble enough dealing with these changes we are planning, without having to cope with the sexual urges his new body and personality could cause. We can evaluate that situation, along with any additional surgical changes when we see how he handles this phase.

"Does that kind of approach sound like what you had in mind?" Clair asked when she had finished her dissertation.

Susan felt like she had just sat through an anatomy lesson, but she had gotten the gist of it.

"It sure does. And then some!" she replied. "Will you do this for me?"

"I don't see why not," Clair replied. "But you know, doing this isn't all there is to it. You are going to have to come up with some kind of reason or gimmick to get him into a dress if you want to go that far. No matter what changes occur in his body, that still is not going to be easy. I'm not sure why it is that men are so reluctant to wear anything close to women's clothing, after all women wear pants? But they certainly are! I'm sure Stephan is no different.

"I'm agreeing to this because I think your 'boy' is a prime candidate for this process and because you have already done much of the environmental and behavioral groundwork. Keep that up! Make him live, as much as possible, in a feminine world and that will be even easier once we chemically eliminate his sexual distractions. It will be much easier for him to become friendly with and identify with other girls when he is no longer aroused by them.

"I'll do my part next, but you must come up with a plan to get him into women's clothing, but don't do anything drastic without talking to me about the timing. I think it will be smooth sailing after we get him over the first hurdle. OK?"

"Now, you tell our girl-to-be to call my office to make an appointment for his company physical. I'll handle it from there."

Susan and Clair said their goodnights and Susan went home on cloud nine, thinking how well things were going to go.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, Ms. Bartholemew told me to call to make an appointment for my mandatory company physical. She gave me Clair's name and telephone number. She told me I should have had this exam during my first week of employment, so I was to try to get it scheduled immediately. When I called, Dr. Norton's secretary said I was very lucky; a woman had just called to cancel and I could have the appointment for tomorrow, Friday, at 1:00PM if that was satisfactory. I got the address and directions to the office and said I would be there on time. I told Ms. Bartholemew about the appointment and she told me not to bother to come back to work afterwards.

The next day, as I was leaving, I reminded her of my appointment.

"Have a nice weekend, dear," she smiled enigmatically.

## CHAPTER II

When I arrived at Dr. Norton's downtown office, I was surprised to read the lettering on her door:

Clair M. Norton, MD  
Gynecology/Obstetrics

Why was I having a physical at a gynecologist's? Perhaps it was just her specialty.

I presented myself to the pretty receptionist, giving her a big smile and a line. She told me to have a seat in the waiting room.

"Dr. Norton is running a little late, but she'll be with you shortly," she smiled. Her smile encouraging me that maybe she would go out with me. I planned to ask her on my way out.

The waiting room was filled with women, many of whom were obviously pregnant. I was a little uncomfortable to be the only man present and this was made worse by the fact that the women seemed to look at me as if I had two heads. As if to say "Why in God's name is this guy sitting in a gynecologist's office?" Therefore, I was much relieved when, after a long twenty minutes, the nurse called my name and led me to an examining room. She told me to take off my clothes and to slip into a paper hospital johnny. The doctor would be with me soon. I did as I was told and took a seat on an examining table equipped with stirrups for doing GYN exams. They looked very threatening.

After another ten minutes, the doctor bustled into the room and introduced herself. She was quite attractive and charming.

She explained that she did a few physicals a year for United Products, usually on women, but not always, and that she was going to give me the works; blood tests, x-rays, everything. She immediately put me at ease and I quickly forgot about her specialty and the stirrups.

Dr. Norton began by weighing and measuring me. She took my pulse, blood pressure, then took several vials of blood from my left forearm. She examined my eyes, ears, nose and throat then carefully felt my head, face and neck. After that she asked me to remove my johnny and moved me over to the x-ray machine. She laughingly told me not to be embarrassed by my nakedness, saying she did this all the time. I couldn't help at least getting goosebumps. This was the first time I

had ever been examined by a woman doctor. She left the room while the x-ray pictures were taken.

When she returned, she checked my reflexes then spent a considerable time extensively feeling, pinching and manipulating my joints, as well as, the fleshy parts of my chest, rear end and legs. She had me hold my arms in various positions and felt how this affected my chest muscles. She had me squat, bend over and hold my pelvis in various odd and uncomfortable positions to see the affect on my buttocks and waist area.

Dr. Norton also, rather impersonally, examined my genitals; holding my maleness, which shrivelled from embarrassment, then cupping my scrotum and asking me to cough. She manipulated my testicles, pushing them up into my abdomen, leaving them there for a few moments while she left the room, then making sure they descended fully. Finally, she put a rubber glove on her right hand and put some lubricant on the index finger. She had me bend over and inserted her finger into my rectum.

Despite my embarrassment at what she was doing, my maleness began to respond as a result of her efforts. However, she was quickly satisfied and removed her finger before my state became really noticeable.

As she pulled off the glove, she told me to get my clothes back on and then to come into her office so we could talk.

"Is there something wrong?" I asked anxiously, as I walked into Dr. Norton's office.

"Well, I won't know for sure until I get the results of the blood tests. I don't want to alarm you unnecessarily, but I am a little concerned," she said, beginning the cover story she had concocted to get me onto her hormone "therapy".

"Concerned? What about?" I asked rather fearfully.

"I think I've found evidence of a chemical deficiency in your system. I first became suspicious when I saw your small size. Then there was further evidence in various joint and tissue formations. The blood tests will confirm my diagnosis."

"Is it bad?" I asked, beginning to feel that something might be seriously wrong.

"Potentially yes, but not if treated," she replied. "And there should be no trouble treating you. It's just a matter of replacing the deficient materials. But if left untreated, you could be in for serious joint problems later on. Think of severe arthritis and multiply it times ten. However, we've caught it in plenty of time. So there's really nothing to worry about."

I'll have the blood tests back by tomorrow, so we'll make another appointment for Monday. We should be able to talk about and possibly begin treatment then. OK?"

"Sure!" I said. "That's great, but how much will it cost? I don't have much money."

"Don't worry about that. Since you are working for United and you are my patient, the cost will be covered by your company health insurance. I'll call the company and get their authorization. You won't even have to do the paperwork. How's that?"

"I would really appreciate that," I said.

"OK then. I'll see you Monday morning. And don't worry about this at all. Everything will be just fine."

I was very nervous over the weekend, worrying whether my problem was serious and whether Dr. Norton had told me everything. What did she mean when she said "replacing the deficient materials"? Did she mean pills, a shot, surgery or what? My imagination began to work overtime and everything I imagined was bad!

I called Ms. Bartholemew and told her about my second appointment. She was very understanding.

This time when I arrived, I was brought right into the doctor's office.

"The blood work confirmed completely what I suspected," began Dr. Norton. "I'd like to begin treatment today, but first we need to talk about what I propose to do and about the possibility of side effects."

"Side effects?" I asked apprehensively.

"There is always the potential for side effects in any treatment. Even when you take an aspirin, you might have an adverse reaction. But it's nothing we can't deal with," she said calmly, "as long as we are careful. Have you ever heard of steroids?" she asked.

"Sure," I replied. "That's what all the weight lifters and athletes take to build up their muscles. Right? Is that what you plan to give me?"

"No, no!" she laughed. "In fact, the drugs I want to give you have a very different effect, but not usually so dramatic. They soften and reduce the size of your muscles to allow the joints to form and operate correctly. But this medicine definitely will not make a body builder out of you!"

"Well, that's OK," I said. "I never was too interested in that kind of stuff anyway."

"That's good," continued Dr. Norton. "I only brought them up because steroids have similar side effects. There are three which are rather minor that you are likely to experience. The first is nausea. You will probably feel sick to your stomach in the morning for a few days, but that will pass quickly." She waited for my reaction. When I had none, she continued.

"Second is a significant feeling of weakness after a few days. And this feeling will be real and will continue as your muscles soften and shrink. You will actually become weaker, but you'll get used to your reduced strength and change your behavior accordingly, but it will take quite a bit longer. You may develop some puffiness in some areas at this time as well. Finally, and perhaps most troublesome for you, will be a loss of your sex drive, again temporarily. All three of these are minor and the alternative is to allow your joints to continue to form as they are, which will eventually result in pain and immobility."

I was silent for a while. I thought about my grandmother who had spent the last twenty years of her life crippled and in tremendous pain from arthritis. Anything to avoid that!

"Well, these things don't seem too bad. I don't have a girlfriend right now. . .as long as it's temporary," I said, wanting to make sure but really having made up my mind already.

"That's good," said Dr. Norton. "You will quickly get used to the changes. You have made the right decision. We will get started with your first treatment today, but first you must sign this authorization which explains in writing what I just told you."

Having made my decision, I quickly signed, without a second thought and without reading the document. Dr. Norton then guided me to a treatment room.

"You won't be able to get this medicine at a drug store and I want to see you regularly anyway. So I'll give you the medication every two weeks," she explained.

First she had me roll up my sleeve and inserted a needle into a vein in my left arm. It hurt, but not too badly. She injected two big syringes full of an amber liquid. Then she had me drop my pants a little to expose my hip. She injected me with another needle there. I felt lightheaded for a short time, but nothing serious.

"OK, that's it for this visit," she said. "Here are two bottles of pills. I want you to take one of each in the morning every day. You have enough for two weeks, until our next appoint-

ment. And don't worry about a thing, everything will turn out beautifully for you. I suggest you occupy yourself totally with your work and forget about your health. It's better not to think about it."

"What do you do at United, by the way?" she asked.

I mumbled vaguely that I had a desk job.

"Good. Then this treatment won't effect your work at all! See you in a couple of weeks."

\* \* \* \* \*

As soon as I was out of her office, Clair called Susan to report that everything had gone fine. I was already well on my way to womanhood. She told Susan to watch me closely and to let her know as she began to see changes. She also reminded Susan to stress the environmental factors. Training me as a pretty female secretary now would make me feel much more comfortable later. But she cautioned not to push too hard yet, to give the drugs about six weeks to work their magic.

\* \* \* \* \*

Over the next month or so, I was violently sick to my stomach each morning. I also noticed a rapid melting away of the muscles in my upper body. My arms, shoulders and neck, never very big, became much softer and smaller, as did the muscles in my legs. Also, as the muscles in my trunk area softened, my waist began to get much thinner. Even my facial features became noticeably softer and more delicate. But I didn't feel as weak as Dr. Norton had led me to expect. On the other side of the ledger, I began to notice a puffy buildup in my hips and rear end, plus I thought I noticed my chest

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area taking on a soft plumpness. My nipples were a little sensitive too. It was hard to tell for sure, since everything was getting softer and more sensitive. While I was not happy about these changes, I didn't worry too much about them. After all, Dr. Norton had told me what would happen. Except when I was nauseous, I usually felt quite good.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was also during this time that Ms. Bartholemew confirmed her belief that Hamilton Smith didn't care enough about me to interfere with her plan.

One day when Ms. Bartholemew tested the waters by asking about a possible future training assignment for me, Smith didn't even remember who I was. When reminded, he responded rather absently, "Oh yes, Jack Martin's boy. I'll leave him completely in your hands. No need to keep me informed." He didn't even ask what she had me doing now. Clearly he was not very interested and obviously, no one else would discuss their contempt for me directly with him.

So, for all intents and purposes, I had dropped from Hamilton Smith's concern, clearing the way for Ms. Bartholemew to proceed with her plan. Now she could definitely go "all the way."

She continued to work on what she now thought of as the environmental factors of feminizing me. She nagged me about my posture almost constantly.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Stop slouching!" was Ms. Bartholemew's constant refrain. She told me how to sit with my rear end and shoulders back, knees and ankles together and back straight. It wasn't too long before I adopted this rather prim, typically feminine way of sitting to avoid her criticism. It soon became quite unconscious. I didn't even notice how this posture emphasized my developing chest. She also constantly praised my secretarial work, kept me focussed on those types of tasks and often brought me flowers for my desk or candy when I had especially pleased her. I didn't know how to respond to these things and they seemed well intentioned. So I thanked her and continued to try to do my best to please her.

While this was happening, my relationship with my fellow secretaries was changing also. Not in their minds, because they had never seen me as a potential catch. But, since I had always had hopes of seducing one of them; as my sexual interest diminished, my tensions eased and it became easier for me to become more friendly with them.

This was particularly true of one very pretty girl, Sharon, who sat near me. Since I had always had romantic designs on Sharon and since she wanted no part of this, there had always been some tension between us. This had prevented us from becoming very friendly. Now that my sexual desires were virtually eliminated, I still wanted to be friendly with Sharon, I just wasn't sure why. My behavior towards her seemed somehow different. Sharon could sense the difference in me immediately and became much more receptive to my friendly gestures. In fact, Sharon now decided to take me under her wing and show me the ropes of the secretarial life. I began to see Sharon as someone to look up to. She was pretty, intelligent, conscientious and fun. I now looked at her as a sort of role model, even to the point of unconsciously mimicking her behavior.

As anyone would, when Sharon saw that she could influence my thinking, she began to use that influence. She advised me about who I should be friendly with, how I should behave, even how I should dress and look. She changed me from a nerd to a very fashion conscious but still rather effeminate dresser. She even talked me into having an ear pierced and wearing a small diamond stud. We became very good friends, but it was more like girlfriends than anything else.

\* \* \* \* \*

Without even knowing of Ms. Bartholemew's plan for me, Sharon really helped along the preliminary feminization process. Seeing this, Ms. Bartholemew almost decided to bring her into the plan, but eventually decided in favor of caution.

### CHAPTER III

After about six weeks and three appointments, Clair called Susan and told her it would now be appropriate to proceed with her plan. The hormones had begun their work and Clair felt certain I was ready for more.

But how to get me into woman's clothing? Susan still had not come up with a plan. This was very frustrating because every day she saw me looking and acting more and more like a girl anyway. Could she just say "Stephan, you look just like a girl already, you have a girl's job; why don't you try on this dress!" No, that might just scare me away and ruin the whole

thing once and for all. She had to come up with some kind of reason. She did have the beginnings of an idea.

\* \* \* \* \*

Late in the day the next Thursday, Ms. Bartholemew called me into her office. She told me she entertained often and was giving a party for about 25 people the following Saturday. None of the guests were to be employees of United. She needed someone to serve the party; to take coats, serve drinks and hors d'oeuvres and to generally look after the needs of her guests.

I thought, "What you need is a maid!" But I didn't say it.

She told me what she needed and told me she expected me to do it. I was now so used to doing exactly what Ms. Bartholemew told me, no matter what, that I saw nothing out of the ordinary about this demand. I even thought it would be fun to see her house, reputed among the secretaries to be quite spectacular. Ms. Bartholemew gave me directions to her house and told me to arrive by no later than five o'clock. She also told me not to worry how I dressed. She would provide some kind of uniform.

That Saturday, right on time, I arrived dressed in slacks and a polo shirt. Ms. Bartholemew greeted me at the door already dressed to the nines. She was beautiful in an off-the-shoulder black velvet cocktail dress. Her hair and makeup were flawless. She presented quite a different, softer and prettier, appearance than the more severe professional image she projected at the office. I was struck by how different a person could appear from one circumstance to another. Could I change so dramatically I wondered? What if I wore an elegant tuxedo? Could I change into a handsome young executive? I quickly glanced in a nearby mirror and noted the many changes in me since I began to work for United. If anything, I looked less like an executive than ever before.

Ms. Bartholemew quickly showed me around the house, describing my duties and showing me where things were. "You are to open the door as the guests arrive, then stand aside as I greet them. Take their coats and bring them to this downstairs bedroom. Then you should go to the kitchen and bring the hors d'oeuvres around. There will be a bar with a bartender, so most people can get their own drinks. But if anyone asks, you should get one for them. Keep the food coming. I don't want anyone going without. Finally, when people are ready to leave, you get their coats and let me know they are leaving so I can say goodbye.

"Well, do you think you can do all that politely and with a smile?" she asked.

"I'm sure I can," I answered confidently.

"And don't be too familiar with the guests. Remember, you are here to serve. I want you to be very polite and responsive. I expect you to address the guests as Sir or Ma'am. OK then, let's go upstairs and get you ready. I've put together an outfit for you; sort of a uniform."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ms. Bartholemew had toyed with the idea of trying to go all the way to a dress this very night, but caution had again won out. However, she had put together a very feminine looking outfit, but one which did not include a skirt. That would have to come later.

\* \* \* \* \*

At the top of the stairs, she said "Stephan, you go into that room and take off your clothes. I'll get your uniform. I'll be right back."

When she got back, I was undressed. I was embarrassed by my lack of clothing, I was wearing only a brief pair of underpants. I grabbed a towel to cover myself, then realized I was holding it up just like a girl would, holding it to my chest to cover my budding breasts. I was even more embarrassed! It was so obvious that my whole body was becoming subtly feminine. I had slender arms and shoulders, soft hips flaring from a narrow waist, and smooth slim legs. I tried again to cover myself, hoping she wouldn't notice my lack of manliness. However, she looked me over carefully, causing me to blush furiously.

"Why Stephan, I'm stunned! You look so much like a girl! Do you know that? I wish I could see you in a dress. You would be lovely!" She stopped, letting her words hang in the air.

I said nothing, looking around helplessly and blushing in furious discomfort; pressing the towel to my body trying to hide my appearance but only emphasizing it. There was a long uncomfortable pause.

"Not tonight I guess," she continued finally with a laugh, "but maybe another time. Let's get you dressed for work."

My "uniform" consisted of black, rather full tuxedo trousers with a pleated front; a white, ruffled-front shirt with a stand-up collar and a tiny bow tie; a black satin cummerbund and a bolero length, satin collared tuxedo jacket. The outfit was completed by sheer black, nylon knee-highs and black patent tuxedo pumps. Despite the fact that I was technically

wearing men's clothing, I presented a very feminine image. My "uniform" was cut to highlight my small frame and curvy figure above and below my well defined waist. I was disturbed but fascinated by how I looked as I viewed myself in the mirror. To complete my look, Ms. Bartholemew sprayed some styling gel into my hair and quickly brushed it up into a spiky feminine style. I did not object. In fact, I thought it looked sharp!

The guests began arriving then, so I had no time to dwell on my appearance, nor the rather menial nature of my duties. I was very busy all night stepping and fetching for Ms. Bartholemew's wealthy friends. Clearly, the guests thought I was a girl. "Miss, could you get me a glass of wine." or "Miss, would you take this plate." were the kinds of things I heard all night. I was too busy to think much about this and I never corrected anyone. I did think I was lucky in one respect. At least there was no one from work at the party, so I wouldn't have to endure more scorn from the executive types back at the office.

About eleven o'clock, the guests began to leave. By 11:45 they were all gone. I helped straighten up the house, picking up glasses, napkins and the like and by 12:30 was back in my regular clothes and ready to leave. Ms. Bartholemew was effusive in her thanks for my help and handed me a check for \$100. I left feeling pretty good about being appreciated and I could certainly use the \$100. By 1:00 I was home in bed. I was still a little embarrassed by my feminine appearance, but I was also intrigued by how easily I had been accepted as a girl. "Am I pretty?" I wondered as I nodded off to sleep.

On Monday morning, Ms. Bartholemew greeted me with more expressions of thanks and praise for helping her out at the party. She called me into her office and presented me with an extravagantly wrapped gift.

"Just another token of my appreciation for the great job you did on Saturday," she said, handing it to me. "Why don't you open it now."

I carefully unwrapped the small package, trying to preserve the ribbon and paper as my mother always had done. Opening the box, I found what I thought was white silk underwear in a rather unusual style. As I held up the delicate garments, I wasn't sure whether they were men's items in a rather feminine style or women's lingerie tailored in a slightly mannish design. There was a sleeveless undershirt, a cami-

sole really, and matching flare leg underpants. There was no fly! I didn't know what to say about this strange gift and felt the same agitation I always felt when shopping for lingerie for Ms. Bartholemew. I knew from personal experience that she often gave this type of gift, but it still made me feel very uncomfortable. Ms. Bartholemew said nothing by way of explanation. After an awkward silence, I just said thanks and went back to my desk and no more was said about it.

The next day, Ms. Bartholemew told me that she was giving another party the following weekend and this time asked if I would be willing to help out again. Since it hadn't been too bad the first time, and since I could use another \$100, I agreed despite some reservations about the way I had looked. I did ask if I could wear some different clothes because I thought the outfit I had worn was too feminine.

"Some of the guests even thought I was a girl!" I complained.

"Well, I thought you looked very nice! But we'll see." was her only response.

The arrangements for this party were pretty much the same as for the last. I arrived about 5:30 since I already knew my way around the house. I dressed in the same "uniform" as before, which had been cleaned and pressed for the occasion. She didn't offer anything else and I didn't make a big thing out of it.

I was helping Ms. Bartholemew arrange some food in the kitchen, shortly before the guests were due to arrive, when the "accident" occurred. Ms. Bartholemew was carrying a plate of pate' to the buffet when she apparently tripped, lost her balance and dumped the whole plate right into my lap. My pants and shoes were covered with thick brown goo. Miraculously, none had gotten on my jacket or shirt.

"Darn!" exclaimed Ms. Bartholemew. "What a mess! I'm terribly sorry!"

I could only sit there. "It's OK. It was an accident." I couldn't help chuckling at her outburst.

"Now what are you going to do?" she continued without a pause. "I don't know if I have anything else for you to wear. Will you clean up this mess while I look? Please come upstairs when you're through."

"I've got an idea," said Ms. Bartholemew, when I came to her room a few minutes later having wiped off most of the goo. "I don't have any other pants you can wear, but I think

you could fit into one of my skirts. You look so much like a girl anyway."

"What!" I squawked. "Are you kidding! Can't I just wear the slacks I wore over here?"

"No, that wouldn't look right," she said. "And it's too late to do anything else; the guests will be arriving any minute. Come on, you'll look fine. Besides, I've been thinking about seeing you in a skirt ever since last week. Won't you please do it to help me out?"

Surprisingly, I really didn't take much convincing. The hormones and the preliminary training must have really done their jobs. I found himself rather passive about this, as I had become about most things lately. I again thought about how different people can look. This would sure be an opportunity to find out. Besides, they had thought I was a girl at the last party anyway. Since I assumed I wouldn't know anyone at the party anyway, if Ms. Bartholemew didn't mind, why should I? I rather quickly agreed.

Hearing that, Ms. Bartholemew acted quickly. This was the key moment in her plan and she was quick to take advantage of the situation.

"Let's get you undressed again and start from the beginning. Be careful, don't get any of that goo on your other clothes."

I carefully removed my shoes, socks and pants in the bathroom and threw them in the tub.

"Take off the rest," Ms. Bartholemew ordered. "I want to start all over again." Reluctantly, I did as I was told. Ms. Bartholemew again expressed her astonishment at how soft and girlish I looked. She said my breasts seemed to have grown larger just since last week.

As before, I blushed furiously and tried to cover myself in a natural feminine fashion, placing one hand in front of my crotch and the other in front of my chest. I did it without even thinking.

"I want you to go into the bathroom again and shave your legs," she said, leading me there. She sat me on the edge of the tub and quickly had me cover my legs with lather.

"Here, you do this, I'm all dressed," she said, handing me a Lady Schick razor. "Be careful. No nicks!"

"Isn't this going a little far," I balked rather halfheartedly. When she didn't relent, I slowly shaved my legs smooth from ankle to crotch. When I was finished, they felt as smooth as silk. It was actually a very pleasant sensation.

That done, she brought me back to the bedroom and produced a set of underwear exactly like the set she had given me as a gift.

"Have you worn yours yet?" she asked as if this were all perfectly normal. I couldn't find my voice to answer. When I shook my head negatively she continued, "You'll love the feel of silk next to your skin."

"You should wear a bra, you're certainly big enough." I was on the verge of panic! "Well, maybe another day." She helped me into the camisole, carefully adjusting the shoulder straps. The twin points of my budding breasts pressed against the front and the silk rippled every time they jiggled as I moved. My nipples seemed to grow hard and ache from this sensation. They pressed out noticeably against the silk undergarment. While I was still wearing my own underpants, she fastened a matching garter belt around my slim waist. She handed me the tap pants and turned her back while I changed into them. Next, she brought out a pair of black nylon stockings and told me how to roll them up and slip them on, which I did as if in a daze. She reached up inside the legs of my panties and pulled the garters down and fastened them to my stocking tops, explaining that it would make it easier to go to the bathroom. Why was I letting her do this to me? My nipples were stiffening again!

\* \* \* \* \*

I was transformed into a girl and a beautiful one at that. A little makeup, a hair style and I would be perfect. Ms. Bartholemew loved how I looked, so soft and smooth and wearing pretty lingerie. My appearance surpassed her wildest expectations. It was obvious that I was fascinated too, although I didn't say a word. I had difficulty tearing my eyes away from my image in the mirror. She could tell I was vain enough to see that I made a very attractive girl.

"What could he be thinking?" Ms. Bartholemew wondered to herself as I clandestinely posed and turned in front of the mirror.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I am pretty!" I thought as Ms. Bartholemew went to work on my hair. As she had the week before, she sprayed it with styling gel this time, brushing it up into a smooth, young feminine style. She used a hairdryer to set it. The gel held it in place perfectly.



"I think we need a little makeup to complete the picture," she said. "But just a little." I didn't object, being fascinated by my reflection in the mirror.

Before I realized what was happening, she quickly and expertly applied a little mascara, shadow, lipstick and just a

touch of blush. That was really all that was needed. My face was already glowing with excitement.

"Oh, Stephanie! You're as pretty as a picture! You make a lovely girl! Do you know that?"

I blushed furiously, but was secretly pleased by her praise. "I look so different!" I thought, but I said nothing. I couldn't understand why I felt so pleasantly stimulated by all this, but it was true. I almost felt like I was a little drunk.

"We've got to hurry, my guests will be here any minute," said Ms. Bartholemew. "Let's get you dressed." She handed me my shirt which I put on and buttoned. Next came the big step. She produced a slim, black skirt and a lace trimmed half slip. She held them out for me to step into. I hesitated. . . again wondering what was happening to me, then eased the slip, then the skirt, slowly up over my nylon clad legs and pantied bottom to snugly encase my hips and thighs. It zipped and buttoned on the side and came to just above my knees. Ms. Bartholemew was amazed at how well the skirt fit. It was snug at the waist, which was to be expected, but my hips and plump rear filled the skirt to perfection. She also saw that my slim freshly shaved legs looked dynamite in the black nylon stockings. I smoothed the skirt over my hips and thighs, marvelling at the feel, almost a caress, as the fabric moved over my nylon clad legs. Was I going crazy!!!

There wasn't time to dwell on this though. She had me put my cummerbund back on. Instead of the black tie and jacket, Ms. Bartholemew gave me a pink bow tie and a pink satin brocade vest. The vest buttoned tightly at the waist. The combination of my developing breasts and the ruffle of the shirt made my chest look completely girlish. Finally, she had me step into a pair of black pumps with three inch heels. A lacy little apron which tied in a big bow in back completed my outfit. I looked lovely!

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Despite the pleasure I felt at looking so good, I was beginning to get worried about appearing this way in front of Ms. Bartholemew's guests. It wasn't that I didn't like how I looked. It was just that, what if someone realized I was not a girl? I'd be a laughing stock. I didn't say anything to Ms. Bartholemew as I was too occupied smoothing my skirt into place, straightening my apron, plucking at the ruffles on my shirt and practicing walking in the high heels. They gave me almost no trouble at all, in fact they felt quite light and natural. The whole outfit fit so well and felt so good, but. . .

The doorbell was ringing.

Without another thought, I almost skipped down the stairs to answer it. I felt as light as a feather. Ms. Bartholemew smiled with satisfaction as she followed behind. Her plan was going to work!

As I opened the door and stepped back to let the first guests in, I wanted to step right into the closet! At the door were Stan Dolan and Frank Woods, two jerks from the office. My heart sank. I was done for. But wait! Maybe they wouldn't recognize me. It didn't appear that they had yet. Could I have changed that much?

I was temporarily rescued at that moment as Ms. Bartholemew arrived to greet her guests and usher them in. I took care of their coats, trying to hide behind them as much as possible.

"Smile!" Ms. Bartholemew whispered as she followed them into the living room.

In the lull before the next guests arrived, I figured the best way for me to handle this situation was to become "Stephanie" as much as possible, to stay away from Stan and Frank and to hope they wouldn't recognize me if I showed no sign of Stephan.

Things got rapidly worse however, as each guest arrived. They were all from United! In fact, this party appeared to be specifically for all the young executive types from the office and their spouses and dates. By rights, I should be among these guests instead of taking coats and serving drinks. And dressed as a girl, no less! I felt totally defeated and humiliated. I could never go back to United. I should have walked out right then. But. . .

By nine o'clock, all of the guests had arrived and none appeared to recognize me. I tried to maintain as low a profile as possible, while at the same time, seeing to my duties. I also tried my best to act as much like a girl as possible, figuring

that could only help my disguise. Unknowingly, I drew admiring glances from many of the guys present. I swore that if I made it through this night without being discovered, I would leave United. The job wasn't worth this! However, my last defense, my anonymity was about to be lost.

Ms. Bartholemew took up a position in front of the fireplace and called for her guests' attention.

"People. People!" she called, raising her voice slightly to get their attention. They quickly fell silent. "I would like to welcome you all into my home, most of you for the first, but hopefully, not the last time. Thank you all for coming and I hope you are enjoying yourselves." There was an affirmative murmur throughout the room.

"I have a little surprise for you tonight, really an introduction to make. I'm sure you have all noticed how pretty Stephan Martin, Hamilton Smith's latest protege', has been looking the last few weeks." She paused and there was a murmur of conversation as spouses and dates received individual explanations regarding this strange statement. "I want to take this opportunity to show you just how really lovely he has become." You could hear a pin drop in the room as the guests craned their necks trying to see what she was talking about. Most of the men had self-important smirks on their faces as if to say; "I told you so" as they prepared to enjoy my humiliation. But they looked around too, trying to figure out exactly what Ms. Bartholemew was talking about.

"Stephan has been helping serve your drinks and hors d'oeuvres tonight," Ms. Bartholemew continued. "But I don't think any of you recognized him. Shame on you! Stephanie, will you please come here." There was a growing buzz of anticipation in the room.

I could hear people asking "Stephanie?" in bewilderment, "What is she talking about?"

I thought I would faint from humiliation. I couldn't believe this was happening to me. What on earth was Ms. Bartholemew trying to do to me? I started to slowly back out of the room.

"Stephanie," Ms. Bartholemew called again a little more sharply, first pointing at me, then beckoning for me to come to her. "Please come here. I want my guests to see how beautiful you are. And please, smile!"

Slowly, as if in a trance, I moved into the center of the room, wishing the floor would open up and swallow me. I couldn't bring myself to look at anyone, so I just looked down

at my feet, clad in high heeled pumps, the picture of shy girlhood. Suddenly, the room was full of applause. Surprised, I looked around and saw they were clapping for me.

"Isn't he adorable!" I heard one woman say.

"Why, he can't really be a man!!!," said another.

I glanced quickly around the room. The women all seemed amazed but genuinely pleased to know of my masquerade. The men had expressions of shock and derision as they realized I really was Stephan Martin, from their office and dressed in women's clothes! A sissy from their office! How shameful!

I didn't have much time to think about what was going on as virtually all the women, recovering quickly from their surprise, rushed over to include me among their ranks and to barrage me with questions and compliments.

"Aren't you pretty!"

"Are you really a man?"

"Do you always dress this way?"

"What kind of underwear do you have on?"

"What size dress do you wear?"

"Are your breasts real?"

They guided me to the couch and made me comfortable. I sat, legs crossed, suddenly feeling much less embarrassed. They really seemed to like the idea of a man in a dress, at least of me in a dress and this helped me feel better about it too. Plus, I liked being a celebrity. This was the first time as an adult, that I could remember being the center of attention. I spent the rest of the night basking in the glow of that attention.

Even the men didn't ridicule me, at least not yet. They endured their embarrassment in silence, not sure how they should behave towards me in front of Ms. Bartholemew. I felt certain they were thinking, "What had Hamilton Smith been thinking, bringing this person to United Products!"

At the end of the evening, the women all wished me luck as they were leaving and most urged me to continue dressing this way.

"You make a lovely girl and you should stay that way," was a common refrain. Many asked me to call them so we could talk more as I handed them their coats.

Ms. Bartholemew, who had left me alone all night, reappeared at my side when everyone else had left. I again began to feel ashamed, now that my audience had left.

"You were so pretty and feminine, I just had to tell them about you." said Ms. Bartholemew in response to my unspoken plea for an explanation. "I know you were embarrassed, but you really shouldn't have been. I hope you can forgive me."

I sighed, feeling confused but still rather calm and serene. "Oh, I guess it wasn't too bad. No one really gave me a hard time and it was nice to meet all those women. They were very complimentary and supportive. I guess it was fun to be the center of attention for a change. Am I really as pretty as they said?" I asked looking around for a mirror. I was so confused about what was happening to me.

"You certainly are!" exclaimed Ms. Bartholemew, knowing I was hooked. "And it's not just that. You are naturally sweet and feminine. You really are quite a convincing girl and I love calling you Stephanie. Do you mind?"

"Ah...No...But..." I stuttered. "I don't know how things will go at work," my pledge to leave entirely forgotten. "Will they laugh at me do you think?"

"Oh, don't worry about that. I'm sure they will tease you a little at first, but I'll make sure it's not too bad. They'll forget all about it soon enough. Would you like to dress this way again, maybe for another party?"

"I don't know. . . I don't think so," I said unconvincingly. I didn't really know what I wanted.

"We'll talk about it another time," said Ms. Bartholemew, figuring she had made enough progress for one night. "But wear what you have on home and get the outfit cleaned. OK? And why don't you take Monday off. Let the boys settle down a little before you have to face them."

"Thank you," I said quietly, appreciative of the small consideration.

"No, thank you, Stephanie! You were wonderful tonight."

So I drove home through the quiet streets, dressed as a girl, my regular clothes rolled in a ball beside me. The quiet gave me time to think about what was happening to me, but I didn't seem to be thinking straight! It felt good to be wearing these clothes, I had to admit it. I liked the soft caress of the silk underwear and nylon stockings. Somehow it felt right to have my thighs tightly pressed together and my lower body encased in the slim skirt. Most of all, I continued to feel warmed by all the positive attention I had received this night. If the truth be known, I was reluctant to take these clothes off.

But how did things get so far so fast? There wasn't any easy answer.

## CHAPTER IV

I returned to work on Tuesday, arriving a little late, having made my regular stop to pick up Ms. Bartholemew's cleaning. I was once again dressed in men's clothing and very anxious about the reception I would receive. As I got off the elevator and walked through the bustling office to my desk, I couldn't look anyone in the eye. If I had, I would have seen nothing but icy stares of contempt from every executive I encountered. None of them said a word to me, apparently preferring to punish me by their silence.

As I approached my work area, I noticed a group of secretaries gathered around my friend Sharon's desk. They were looking at something, pointing, exclaiming in surprise and giggling at whatever it was. I dropped the cleaning at my desk and wandered over to see what all the fuss was about.

"Here he comes now!" said one of the girls as I approached. They all quieted somewhat.

"What are you looking at?" I asked. "Can I see?" The girls smilingly made a little space so I could get close to Sharon's desk then crowding back around me. She handed me a stack of photographs which were the object of their attention. They were of me, dressed in the girl's clothes, at Ms. Bartholemew's party! Who had taken them? Ms. Bartholemew? And why was she showing them around the office? Wasn't it bad enough to have exposed me at the party?

Once again, I felt totally humiliated, expecting to be the object of their ridicule. But, just as the women at the party had appreciated my feminine appearance, so too did these girls. Rather than ridiculing me, they were very understanding and complimentary about what an attractive girl I made, especially Sharon. Instead of making fun of me, they rallied around me, asking me if I really looked as good as the pictures made it seem. They quickly eliminated the shame and anxiety I had felt about again being "caught" wearing girl's clothes. Again, I became the center of attention because of my "dressing." I found I liked that better than being the usual forgotten man.

Eventually, the girls all wandered back to their own desks. But Sharon just couldn't ask enough questions about my crossdressing experience. She was clearly fascinated by the transformation depicted by the photos. She finally had to

end her questioning when Ms. Bartholemew called me to her office.

"Let's go out after work for a drink," suggested Sharon as I was going. "Maybe some of the other girls would like to go too. OK?"

"Sure," I said.

When I asked Ms. Bartholemew why on earth she had shown the pictures to everyone at the office, she glibly answered that since all the management types knew about it, she figured I could use some support from the secretaries. Since she appeared to right, I didn't pursue it. The rest of the day passed uneventfully but I felt as if a sword was dangling over my head. I was sure I hadn't heard the last of this episode.

At 5:00PM Sharon collected me at my desk.

"Remember, we are going for a drink."

At the elevator, we were joined by several other secretaries from our floor.

"Almost everyone is coming," said Janet, a pretty young blond from the typing pool. "We all want to hear about your adventure in skirts Stephan."

We went across the street to Sal's Bar, a pleasant place where many of the girls often went after work when they didn't want to be hit on. Within fifteen minutes there were about twenty girls and me sitting at several tables pulled together. We were sipping drinks and talking happily about the day's events. The girls were not yet focussed on the subject of my dressing, but they had warmly welcomed me into their midst. It seemed that knowing that I had worn a dress made me one of them and removed any and all social barriers that usually inhibit conversations between men and women. After all, these girls who spent most of their money shopping for them, certainly understood the attraction of wearing pretty clothes. It was just rare to find a man who appreciated their point of view. After all, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery and these girls seemed to realize that.

The conversation did quickly turn to me however, just about the time we had finished our first drink and were ordering another. Their questions and attitudes were very similar to those of the women at the party. They wanted to know about my outfit. Had I worn falsies? Had I shaved my legs and didn't I hate doing that? Was I able to walk in heels? How did I feel dressed in girl's clothes? And finally, was I gay?

All the questions, including the last, were asked in a friendly, forthright way and the girls made it clear that they didn't think I should be ashamed for having done what I did. They really seemed to like the idea, so much so that many of the girls spontaneously hugged me and some even called me Stephanie without even thinking about it. I was being welcomed into female society but neither they nor I really thought about the implications of what was going on.

After a few more drinks and some finger food put out at the bar, just looking at the pictures and talking about me in a dress was not enough. The girls good naturedly demanded to see how I really looked, in person. It was quickly agreed that we would all go back to Sharon's apartment where I would show them. I was caught up in their enthusiasm.

When we had all arrived and settled down in Sharon's living room; I, at first tentatively, then proudly showed them my smoothly shaved legs, my budding breasts, small waist and rounded hips. Before long, I was sitting in the middle of the group dressed only in the pretty lingerie Ms. Bartholemew had given me. The girls were thrilled to see me wearing such feminine underwear which I had worn to work on some unknown impulse. Sharon got a short silk kimono from her bedroom and offered it to me. I quickly put it on. Seeing my feminized figure only seemed to increase the girls' excitement about me. That excitement was contagious. We were quickly talking and giggling as if this was all perfectly normal and we were just a bunch of girls having some fun. They were totally uninhibited with me, hiking up their skirts to show me a pretty pair of panties I might like or unbuttoning a blouse to display a particularly flattering bra. In the process they displayed a lot of their bodies without modesty. They treated me just like another girl!

"How did this happen? Have you always looked like this?" asked Sharon in amazement, giving voice to the questions they all wanted to ask.

They had all been so friendly and I felt so comfortable, I felt I might as well tell the story of my recent transformation. Answering their questions as I talked, I briefly told them about my medical problem, my visit to the doctor and my belief that my body changes were due to the medication I was taking. The way I explained wearing the skirt (what I actually thought at the time) was that my boss, Ms. Bartholemew noticed how feminine my body looked that first Saturday night and wanted to see how I looked dressed like a girl. When

the opportunity presented itself the next week, when she spilled the pate' on me, she was quick to suggest I wear the skirt and other clothes they had seen in the photos. I had nothing else to wear and since I hadn't expected to see people I knew, I had agreed. I had to admit, I did think I looked nice and the clothes fit and felt wonderful. I told them about how supportive the women at the party had been when Ms. Bartholemew had revealed my secret. As I talked, I thought about my situation and concluded my story by telling them that for some strange reason, I felt better about myself lately than I ever had before.

\* \* \* \* \*

The amazing part of my understanding of what was happening to me at the time was that I didn't see any relationship between events. I did not make the connection between being required to work as a secretary, visiting the doctor at my boss's request, being given medicine which was feminizing my body then being asked to wear women's clothing. Well, there was no real reason I should see the connection, nor was there any reason why anyone else should.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Would you dress for us now?" asked Sharon. "We'll be happy to help you and I'm sure you and I are about the same size, so you can wear some of my clothes."

"I don't know. . .," I hesitated. "I don't mind wearing the clothes and I guess I do like the way I look. . .but, it really isn't right. I probably shouldn't do it anymore."

"Please!" they all begged. "We really want to see Stephanie!"

As before, I didn't take much convincing. After some hemming and hawing I said, "OK. What do you want me to do?"

Sharon took charge, directing me and a couple of girls into the bathroom to check for body hair, while she went to select an outfit. I didn't have much hair and my legs had been shaved only a few days ago. I shaved them again anyway, then my underarms at the insistence of my helpful attendants. Using some of the photographs as a guide, the girls also recreated the hairstyle I had worn at the party, a short but softly feminine style.

These secretaries were acting like little girls dressing up a doll. They were excited and were practically falling all over one another suggesting ways to make me prettier.

Next came new underwear. It was black! First they gave me a lacy pair of very tiny bikini panties. I had to tuck my genitals back between my legs to get them on. I was too caught up in the game to even think about the craziness of what I was doing. I was even pleased with my flat feminine front! Then they laced me tightly into an old fashioned black corselette which squeezed my waist even smaller and emphasized my hips below and especially my bust above. The tight corselette forced the soft flesh of my chest into the bra cups so that my real developing breasts, plus the illusion, made it look like I had an imposing bosom. Sheer black stockings were smoothed onto my legs and attached to the lacy garters hanging from the corselette. When I stepped into a pair of black pumps with three inch heels, Stephanie was back! It all felt so strange but so right! I even struck a seductive pose for the girls.

The girls oohed and aahed and told me over and over how lovely I was. I wanted to believe them! They walked me over to Sharon's vanity. Makeup was next. Janet was the expert in this area, so she took over. Even without makeup, I was entranced by my soft reflection in the mirror. I couldn't take my eyes off myself. While Janet worked on my face, applying foundation, full eye makeup, lipstick, the works; another one of the girls went to work on my nails. I got a complete manicure, including several coats of bright red polish. They did a little more work on my hair as well, spraying and brushing, teasing and spraying.

The other girls were an attentive audience, closely watching, encouraging and applauding each new aspect of my beautification. They even suggested brushing blusher between my breasts to emphasize my cleavage!

Suddenly, Donna noticed that I had an earring. "That's a pretty earring you're wearing Stephan," she said, "but I think you should wear two now. How about it?" she giggled. Before I knew it, I had my other ear pierced and was wearing heavy golden hoops in each lobe.

I was beautiful! There was no sign of any masculinity anywhere. With my face fully made up, my soft, naturally wavy hair framing my face, golden earrings flashing on my ears and sexy lingerie displaying rather than concealing my soft, curvy figure and long slim legs; I was absolutely gorgeous. Now all I needed was an outfit to complete the picture.

Sharon had just the one. She produced a buttery soft, black leather miniskirt which came to mid-thigh and which

fit me like a second skin; molding my slim waist and my soft hips and bottom into the rounded shape dictated by the skirt. Then she helped me into a flame-red, bulky, but very soft, form fitting sweater. The neckline was a cuffed, off-the-shoulder style which Sharon arranged to display the tops of my breasts and bare shoulders to best advantage. She had me push the sleeves up to just below the elbow and gave me a simple gold bangle to complete the look. The girls clapped and cheered as I strutted sexily around the apartment, a big smile lighting up my face making me even prettier. It was like I was in a dream!

The girls continued to compliment me on how pretty I looked: "You were born to wear these clothes!", "Are you sure you are really a boy?" and "You'll drive the guys crazy!" were typical comments. After a while, we all settled down some and I helped Sharon and a couple of other girls serve brownies and coffee. I fit right in with these girls and liked them a lot. They were friends which I badly needed and I talked freely and comfortably with virtually all of them. For their part, they continued, although less noisily, to be amazed at what a pretty and natural girl I made. They also seemed to like me better this way. They said I was more friendly and outgoing and they respected my thoughts and insights about girlish things. So they encouraged me in my femininity, not even thinking about the future implications. They didn't see my actions as perverted or deviant in any way. As a result, I guess I didn't either.

Pretty soon, it was time for everyone to begin thinking about going home as we did have to go to work the next day. It wasn't long before I had kissed and hugged everyone goodnight and only Sharon and I were left. I was reluctant for this enjoyable evening to end so, after I had helped Sharon straighten up, I readily agreed to the nightcap she offered.

I sat on the couch with my legs crossed comfortably, sipping my brandy reflectively. For some reason, Sharon found herself strongly attracted to me in my pretty, feminized state, so she joined me on the couch, sitting very close. She had never been attracted to me as a man nor was she usually attracted to other women, but something was happening between us this night.

Slowly and deliberately she put an arm around me, gently caressing the smooth skin of my exposed shoulder. She turned my head to face her, then dropped her face to nuzzle my throat and neck and to nibble on my ear lobe. She kissed

me, at first lightly then more deeply and insistently. I didn't resist, but neither did I respond, so she broke off the kiss but continued to hold me. I was trembling slightly and couldn't meet her gaze. Sharon did not appear upset by my lack of response but was quite curious as to what it meant. For my part, I couldn't understand why nothing happened when I was kissed by this beautiful girl who, a few short weeks ago, I had hoped to seduce. I seemed to feel only a passive yearning for her attention rather than any urge to actively make love with her.

"Don't you like girls?" she finally asked gently.

I didn't answer for a while then hesitantly admitted that lately I hadn't been thinking about girls the same way I used to. I explained that I still looked at the pretty girls but found myself interested in their clothes, their makeup and their hairstyles more than anything else. It was very confusing.

"My doctor told me that I would lose my sexual desire for a while. I guess it's happened," I added.

"What about men?" asked Sharon.

Well, I don't think of myself as much of a man lately either!" I answered, gesturing to the clothes I was wearing, not really understanding her question.

"That's not what I mean," said Sharon. "Do you think about boys ah. . .romantically?"

"No. . .I don't think so." I blushed. "I don't seem to think about anyone that way," I said. "But my doctor says it's only temporary."

"Have you thought at all about the future?" she asked quietly, trying to draw me out.

I had to admit that I found the whole situation a bit threatening and that I knew what I was doing wasn't really right. In the end, I just said that my medical condition was bound to improve and that in the meantime I would just take things on a day by day basis.

We both were silent for several minutes. She continued to hold me in a comforting embrace.

"Well, I'm not sure I like the idea of the trick Susan Bartholemew has played on you, making you wear a dress in front of everyone from work," said Sharon, changing the subject. "But I must admit I sure do like the results and I sure do like you!" She gave me a squeeze. "I think the best way to deal with this is to take her prank, if that's what it was, and do her one better. I think you should dress as a girl for work. At least for one day. What do you have to lose?"

"Ohhh. . . I don't know. . .," I mumbled. We were both quiet. She didn't push it. I was thinking about how nice I looked and felt. Finally, I blurted out, "Why not! I had fun tonight and most of those stuffed shirts hate me anyway. Why not shake them up a little. Plus, I think I make a pretty good secretary, don't you?"

"Great!" said Sharon. "You can do it tomorrow and you can wear the same outfit you have on. My roommate just moved out, so you can stay here tonight. That way I can help you get ready in the morning."

We didn't talk much after that. Soon we had taken off our clothes and makeup and were fast asleep in our separate beds. I was wearing a nightgown for the first time.

## CHAPTER V

Sharon had said she thought I might change my mind by morning, but when we woke up, I was still willing, if not exactly raring to go. I washed, put on fresh panties and the corselette and got my makeup on, with lots of help from Sharon. I dressed quickly, wearing the same pretty leather miniskirt and sweater I had worn the night before. Sharon wore a simple teal green shirtwaist dress. It had been no fluke, I was just as pretty today. Sharon said she wasn't sure why she liked this newmade "girl", but she did and she found herself eager to help me on my way to perfect femininity.

On our way to work, I was on an emotional rollercoaster. Just because I was going through with this didn't mean I wasn't nervous about it. My thoughts were jumbled: Maybe it was OK to dress this way once or twice for a laugh, among friends, but to go to work wearing a skirt, makeup and high heels and very sexy ones at that, was very different; even if it was my boss who got me started.

There were going to be some very angry people when I walked into the office, maybe even Susan.

They might even fire me!

I needed my job.

Maybe I shouldn't be doing this.

But then we were there and I was walking through the lobby to the elevator, my high heels clicking pleasantly on the tile floor with every hip swinging step. It was too late to back out.

The secretaries were the first to notice as I walked to my desk. Their first reaction was one of shock since they didn't know I was planning to do this. But that was quickly replaced

by amazement and appreciation at my audacity. The atmosphere in the office was charged with excitement. At first, few management types recognized me, but a couple did double takes as I passed by.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ms. Bartholemew spotted me the minute I walked in the door and watched my progress across the office with intense interest. What had gotten into me, she wondered? Her plan had obviously taken on a life of its own but she couldn't have planned anything more perfect. She was thrilled!

\* \* \* \* \*

"Stephanie, I'm so happy to see you again!" she said with a big smile as I arrived at my desk. She stepped forward and embraced me lightly, our soft breast touching, and kissed me on the cheek. "You look wonderful!"

"Well," I thought, "at least I don't have to worry about Ms. Bartholemew." Out loud I politely said, "Good morning Ms. Bartholemew." in my sweetest secretarial manner.

She was looking over my shoulder at what was going on in the office behind me. Virtually all the secretarial staff had big smiles on their faces. Virtually all the visible management staff had thunderous frowns on their's, as they figured out what was going on.

"Why don't we step into my office," said Ms. Bartholemew, putting her arm around my shoulder and guiding me in that direction. "Let's get out of sight for a little while." She closed the door behind us and we sat together on the couch near the window. I smoothed my skirt as I sat and crossed my legs as if I had been doing so all my life. Trying to cover her amusement and pleasure, Ms. Bartholemew offered me a cup of tea, in a China cup as always.

"That's a stunning outfit you're wearing. You have obviously created quite a stir," she began. "What made you decide to do this?"

"Oh, it just seemed the right thing to do. You're not upset are you? From the other night. . . I thought. . .," I stammered, thinking maybe I had misjudged her reaction and feeling suddenly guilty about the effect my actions might have on her status at United.

"Upset! No.. No..! I couldn't be happier for you. If you'll forgive a little sexism, I think you are much more appropriately dressed for your job now. Are you planning to dress this way from now on?"

"Ohhh noooo!" I cried a little too quickly. Then, after a pause and a moment to think, "You wouldn't mind?" I asked, incredulously. I really hadn't thought that far ahead but the idea somehow sounded reasonable coming from Ms. Bartholemew.

"Mind? You would make me very happy if you would!" she said, still trying to keep her plan moving. "In fact, if you do, I'll be happy to take you shopping to get your wardrobe started. Girls spend a lot of money on clothes you know! By the way, where did you get that outfit?"

I told her about Sharon and the previous evening and we chatted for a while longer, before Ms. Bartholemew had to excuse herself to go to a meeting. I returned to my desk and passed the rest of the day involved in my work and without any overt incidents. At first I felt like all eyes were on me. I felt naked! But this passed fairly quickly. To my great surprise, I actually felt more comfortable and enjoyed myself at work more than ever before. I soon forgot about what I was wearing and didn't even notice when I unconsciously straightened my skirt, patted my hair into place or made some other feminine gesture. No one criticized me for my strange attire but there was an unusually large volume of traffic past my desk.

Unknown to me, whenever Ms. Bartholemew was approached, and she was approached often, by an indignant member of management, complaining about my outlandish dress and behavior; she would say: "Isn't he outrageous! I agree with you totally, but he is Hamilton Smith's hand picked protege'. What can I do? Somehow he has gotten the idea that he will please Hamilton if he dresses and behaves this way. I can't convince him otherwise. Frankly, I don't know what to make of it." This had the dual effect of reducing at least the vocal criticism of me. They all thought: why bother talking to me about it and no one was yet ready to take on Smith. It also planted a seed about my connection to him.

Without even thinking much about what I was doing, I began to consider continuing to wear girl's clothing. Clearly, Ms. Bartholemew liked the idea. So did all the girls. Towards the end of the day, I decided to ask Sharon what she thought of the idea, since there had been no "incidents" over the way I was dressed.

"I'm not sure why," said Sharon "but I find I really like you as a girl. You seem to be Stephanie! I say, why not? If it will make you happy, it certainly won't hurt anyone else. I'll be

happy to lend you some outfits and to help you be as feminine as possible, but God knows, you certainly don't need much help in that area!

So it was decided.

After the first "successful" day, I had a very busy and eventful week or two.

I continued to dress as a girl at work, at first wearing clothes borrowed from Sharon.

Tuesday, I moved into Sharon's apartment, based on the unspoken understanding that we would be girl roommates. This was a big plus for me as I had been suffering from both the high rent and loneliness at my previous apartment.

Wednesday, I visited a beauty salon and had a feminine haircut and a makeover for the first time.

Thursday night, most of the secretaries at United gave me an impromptu "coming out" shower with the theme "Welcome to Our World". They all gave me lovely feminine gifts with a heavy emphasis on lingerie. I got panties, teddies, night-gowns, plus some perfume, jewelry and other accessories; even a few skirts and blouses. It was a totally girlish experience and I loved it. I slept in a beautiful new lace trimmed, satin teddy that night.

By Friday morning, I was answering the phone sweetly: "Ms. Bartholemew's office, Stephanie speaking. How may I help you?"

I quickly settled into a normal feminine routine and as a result, my feminine personality developed quickly. I found it so easy to be a girl. Unconsciously, I became the type of girl I used to imagine dating. I was extremely conscious of how I looked at all times. I was partial to frilly, lacy clothing and was very particular when selecting an outfit. I made sure everything coordinated perfectly from the skin out, paying particular attention to my lingerie. I liked to do my hair in soft, curly styles often using ribbons, bows, barrettes and clips. I also became a great fan of jewelry, acquiring many pairs of earrings, pins, necklaces and bracelets.

All of these tendencies were given full rein when Ms. Bartholemew, as she had promised, took me shopping. She let me go wild, spending more than \$1000 on everything from dresses to footwear! By the end of that first week, most of my male clothing was packed away in boxes. My closet and drawers were filled with feminine finery.

It soon became clear that "Stephanie" was attracting the attention of most of the guys I came in contact with who didn't

know about me. One night, I was lounging around the apartment wearing a pink silk camp shirt and a cute little denim miniskirt. My hair was up in a casual style, held by a banana clip. When a guy Sharon was dating for the first time came to pick her up, he couldn't take his eyes off me. It was kind of funny really, and Sharon, rather than being angry, finally broke out laughing because of her inability to get the guy's attention. He ended up apologizing profusely and they went out and had a good time on their date. I made a point of being out of sight when they returned since I was sure that Sharon would not tell him I was really a boy.

I was being hit on by guys almost constantly. If I went out for lunch or for drinks after work, if I went shopping; wherever I went, I spent a lot of time fielding good natured but earnest passes. According to Sharon, not only was I drop dead beautiful but I had a natural, unconscious sexiness that men found irresistible. I didn't respond to or encourage these flirtations, but I had to admit I found them flattering. Sometimes I had trouble suppressing a giggle of pleasure during these encounters. I didn't think of men romantically or socially, but I liked the attention. I found myself wanting and encouraging this flattery by immersing myself more and more in my femininity; how I looked, how I dressed, how I did my hair, things like that, became even more important. I did begin to wonder what it would be like to pursue these flirtations, even what it would be like to go out on a date.

After about a month, I began to think more seriously about accepting a date, just to see what it would be like. It seemed like the girls at work were constantly gabbing about this one subject! I was intrigued. Could I get away with it?

There was one guy, Don, who worked for another company in our building who had chatted casually with me on several occasions: in the elevator, in the cafeteria, in the coffee line. He asked me out once and I politely refused, but I found I liked talking to him, even more so when my refusal didn't seem to get him at all upset. I seemed to be laughing an awful lot whenever we talked.

When he asked me out again, this time to dinner, I accepted.

I spent hours getting ready. My hair, my nails and my makeup had to be perfect. I tried on about ten different dresses, mine and Sharon's, before I found one I thought was right. It was a black jersey number which had a full skirt that came just to the knee. It had cap sleeves and a sweetheart

neckline. The dress wasn't obviously sexy, but it certainly didn't hide my feminine charms. Black stockings, high heeled pumps and a pearl necklace completed the outfit.

I was very nervous as I waited for Don to pick me up. I was having serious reservations about this whole business. Was I losing my mind?!

Once Don arrived, I calmed down. He quickly had me feeling warm and happy and laughing at his clever jokes and conversation. We were soon talking as if we had known each other for years. I almost forgot about the situation I was in. Dinner, in an elegant Italian restaurant, was wonderful and Don was a perfect gentleman throughout, much to my relief. I had no problem with his quick peck on my cheek when he brought me to my door. Once inside, I pronounced the date a complete success! Once again I was very pleased and flattered when I was the center of attention. This was such a new experience for me ! And it was while I was in the feminine role that this always seemed to happen to me.

At work, things seemed to continue to go fine. I wasn't sure why, but no one bothered me about my "change". Ms. Bartholemew was great to work for and very supportive. I hadn't seen or heard from Hamilton Smith since I began dressing. Another of his secretaries quit due to his sexual demands. What else was new!

"That pig!" I thought, disdainfully.

I was worried that something was going to happen. This had all happened so fast and so easily. Eventually, I would have to pay a price.

I hadn't seen Dr. Norton for several weeks. I had missed one appointment, then she had gone on vacation. The nurse had given me my shots and pills. I debated with myself for a long time about how to dress for my next appointment. I thought about wearing a man's suit instead of a dress. Strangely, I didn't want Dr. Norton to get worried about my "development" and change my medication, send me to a psychiatrist or otherwise try to stop me from dressing as a woman. Little did I know. . .

In the end, I decided to dress normally and for me, that was now in a pretty dress. Of course, I didn't know I had nothing to worry about from Dr. Norton.

I got up early and dressed carefully for my 9:00AM appointment. I wore a brand new white lace underwire bra , a size 36A which I filled to perfection, and matching panties. They were so tiny they could barely contain me. I took a long

time arranging my male equipment to get the perfectly flat front I liked. I fastened a matching garter belt around my waist and slipped on a pair of sheer, almost colorless stockings and fastened them tightly to the garters. A matching halfslip completed my lingerie. Next came careful attention to hair and makeup. I now did both these feminine chores entirely without help and did them well. After about thirty minutes I was satisfied. I dropped a light beige merino wool turtleneck sheath over my head, being careful not to muss my hair. The dress was as soft as cashmere and, while not tight, repeated my every curve even without a belt. It was short, about 5 inches above the knee. For color I tied a bright purple and green silk scarf loosely around my neck. I slipped into brown alligator pumps, selected a matching purse, gold earrings and bracelets and was on my way with a final look in the mirror.

As always, I attracted a lot of male attention while riding the subway and arrived at Dr. Norton's office somewhat flushed from the experience. This time, as I briefly sat in the waiting room, I fit in perfectly and was the recipient of many friendly smiles from the three or four women waiting for their appointments, which I returned. I felt perfectly comfortable in this exclusive woman's environment. As I waited, I thought about how completely like a woman I was now behaving. Perhaps it should have bothered me, but it didn't. I hoped it wouldn't bother Dr. Norton.

When I was shown into the examining room, Dr. Norton was already there.

"Well, well, don't you look lovely!" she said with amused appreciation. "I guess those side effects were a little more pronounced than I anticipated, but you seem to have adapted rather well," she continued with a laugh. "You look very pretty, but what made you decide to dress like this?"

Rather than trying to explain, which I probably couldn't do anyway, and since Dr. Norton didn't seem to be at all upset by my appearance, I answered simply: "That's kind of a long story. It just seemed like the right way to go." I did a shy pirouette to show her what I meant.

"Yes. I see," mused the doctor. "Well, I better give you a thorough examination today. Please undress, down to bra and panties will be fine. I assume you are wearing a bra and panties?"

"Yes" I blushed, but unzipped my dress and shrugged it off my slim shoulders. I carefully stepped out of it and hung

it on the coat rack. I pulled off my slip, having to tug it a little over my broad hips, kicked off my shoes then stood straight for Dr. Norton's examination. I no longer felt any embarrassment about being examined by a woman doctor or about the way I looked.

\* \* \* \* \*

She later told me that even she was amazed. She really had never anticipated quite such a dramatic physical change. In almost all respects, I appeared to be an attractive and perfectly developed young woman. It was amazing! Even more incredible than that, I seemed to be very happy about what I had become, standing proudly for my examination. Susan had picked the perfect subject for feminization, there was no question about that.

Could other men be changed so easily and so fully, she wondered? Well, that was an intriguing question for another day.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dr. Norton carefully examined the results of her chemical handiwork. I had lost weight and was down to 115 pounds. She ran her hands over the soft flesh of my thighs, buttocks and rounded belly. As she held my breasts in her hands, she marvelled at the shape and softness of them and she was pleased as she felt my big, pinkish-brown nipples become erect against her palms. My shoulders and arms were smooth and soft, virtually without defined musculature. She made a pretense of examining my joints before turning to my rather shrunken manhood nestled out of sight between my soft thighs.

She had me step out of my panties, then rather brazenly cupped my small sack and maleness in her hand. She was gratified to see that there was absolutely no reaction to her fondling.

She was just about to wrap up her examination, her fingers lingering in the vicinity of my shrunken private parts, when I coughed softly as if preparing to speak. She looked at me, but I could not meet her eyes. I guess she assumed I was embarrassed by her familiarity. I was having trouble starting what I wanted to say. I wasn't even sure what that was!

"Stephan, is there something you want to tell me?" she finally asked, continuing to cup my tiny sack in her hand. That didn't help any. I nodded but still couldn't think of the words.

"You can tell me, dear. What is it?" she prompted softly, smoothing my hair as if talking to a shy young girl.

I finally took a deep breath, sort of shuddered, then began: "Dr. Norton. . .I. . .ah. . .was wondering. . .ah. . .," then in a rush, "Is there anything you can do to make me neater down there?" I asked, sort of nodding and gesturing in the direction of my private parts still nestled in her hand. There, I had said it! But still I couldn't look at her.

"Neater?" she asked. "I don't think I understand what you mean."

I wasn't sure what I meant either. I hadn't thought about this at all. It had just come out.

"Well. . .my panties don't fit me the way I'd like them to and. . .ah. . .I really can't wear tight jeans and. . .ah---I was thinking of. . .ummmm. . .buying a bathing suit. . .I don't know. . .I guess I was wondering if there is anything you can do to make them fit better, that's all." Although I didn't say it, I was also hoping to make things a little "safer" so I could continue dating.

"Stephan," Dr. Norton said quietly, "Are you trying to tell me that you want to be made entirely a girl? Do you want to change your sex?"

"I don't think I want to go that far. . .but. . .Isn't there any other way?" I pleaded in confusion.

After thinking about it for a while, Dr. Norton finally said, "I'm not sure Stephan. That really isn't my field. But, if that is what you really want, I'll talk to a friend of mine who will know the answer. Would you like me to do that?"

"I think I would," I answered hesitantly, still not looking at her.

I dressed and left the office in a daze. What had I been thinking about? Was I going totally crazy? But when I got to work and settled into my daily routine, I calmed down and decided it was okay and even felt it had been the right thing to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

Two days later, I was back in Dr. Norton's examining room dressed only in a johnny. This time there was another woman whom she introduced as Dr. Carol Harding, a friend who might be willing to help me.

Dr. Harding immediately took charge, examining me and talking at the same time.

"Well Stephan, you certainly make a lovely girl. Truly amazing! I understand you would like your panties to fit better?" she said rather sarcastically. "I think I can help you but, you know, you are talking about a major step for what seems to be a rather trivial reason. Are you sure about this?"

I still wasn't really sure what I did want, so I had some difficulty articulating exactly why I was making this request.

I began talking about the changes that had taken place recently. How I had made many new friends, something I had never been able to do before. How I enjoyed the attention I received because I was pretty. How I found my secretarial job very satisfying and how much more successful I had become at it. In short, how much better and happier my life was since these changes had taken place. Again I said nothing about my fear of being discovered if I dated; something I was thinking about more and more.

"I just want to make things perfect!" I practically sobbed in conclusion.

The two doctors had listened in silence and when I was finished, they both said they were convinced that this was much more than a question of neat panties. They reasoned that I saw my life as having been vastly improved by my feminization, although I had never specifically referred to that as the reason. Both doctors said they felt it would be appropriate to continue the process.

"OK Stephan, I think I can help you, but you have to understand that the changes you have undergone so far are pretty much reversible. But whatever I do now will be for keeps! You will never be able to be fully a man again. Is that what you want?" asked Dr. Harding.

I looked at her, then at Dr. Norton, hoping for help in deciding. They gave me none. The decision was mine alone.

I looked in the mirror for several moments. . . . Thinking about how good I looked and about all the good things that had happened to me since I had "become" a girl. I was also imagining feeling

my breasts being kissed and my thighs being caressed. My nipples became hard as rocks at the thought.

"Yes. It is what I want," I murmured finally.

"OK then. Let's get started," said Dr. Harding briskly. "I think we can get it done today. What I have in mind is really quite minor."

Dr. Norton handed me another authorization form which I quickly signed. The two doctors helped me up onto the table. While Dr. Harding scrubbed her hands, Dr. Norton placed my legs into the stirrups which had been so threatening the first time I was here. They raised my legs up and out of the way as if I was about to deliver a baby. She then pulled my johnny up over my waist and adjusted the overhead light so that it focussed on my frightfully exposed genital area.

Dr. Harding explained that she was going to give me a spinal block, much the same as many women got during childbirth. The irony was not lost on me. She inserted a long needle and injected some fluid in my back. The doctor explained that I would be awake for the entire procedure but wouldn't feel a thing. She also gave me some kind of a tranquilizer to keep me calm.

While she was doing that, Dr. Norton quickly and efficiently shaved away all the hair in my pubic area, then she painted the entire area with a yellowish brown antiseptic solution. Already I was numb from the waist down and feeling groggy from the tranquilizer.

I shuddered as Dr. Harding moved into position between my outstretched legs while Dr. Norton stood nearby to assist.

"What is she going to do to me? Is this what I really want?" I thought, but my mind seemed to be as numb as my lower body. I simply could not think or act. Besides, I wasn't sure I wanted to. A strange thought kept popping into my head: "What would it be like to really have a baby." It was an odd but pleasant thought. I supposed it was the kind of thing girls thought about all the time.

Dr. Harding picked up a scalpel and began, explaining more for Dr. Norton's benefit than for mine, as she went along.

\* \* \* \* \*

I had no idea how much time had passed when Dr. Harding said "I think we will definitely have to call you Stephanie from now on!" There was obvious satisfaction in her voice, as she peeled off her surgical gloves. "I'm sure you will be very pleased." To Dr. Norton she said, "Claire, I really have to run. Can you finish up here? Please call me if there is any trouble at all, or," with a laugh, "if Stephanie wants to make any further changes. Goodbye ladies!"

Dr. Norton spent a few minutes cleaning me, belted on a large sanitary napkin, then took my still immobile legs out of the stirrups. She maneuvered me onto my side, explaining

that it would be at least another hour before the spinal wore off.

"I'll be back soon," she said, leaving me to my disjointed thoughts.

"I'm sore!" I croaked as Dr. Norton reentered the room about an hour later.

"I'm sure you are!" she responded. "Can you get up?" she asked, helping me carefully into a sitting position. I was dizzy and didn't think about much of anything besides the pain which was mostly in my back. "I'll give you something for the pain," she said, producing some pills and a glass of water which I quickly downed.

I gingerly moved around the room, finding that walking didn't hurt too badly and that the pain was fading noticeably to a dull ache. The doctor changed my bandage again, noticing that there was very little bleeding.

"Carol is an artist!" she said.

"Why don't you try to get dressed. I think you'll be okay now."

I slipped out of the johnny and slowly put on my lingerie, stockings and dress. I had to be particularly careful with my panties. I could see nothing of what had been done to me and I really didn't want to at that moment.

"I think you should go home, get into a nightgown and go to bed." ordered Dr. Norton. "My nurse will call you a cab. And take a couple of days off." She handed me a small plastic shopping bag full of napkins, saying, "I want you to change your pad every couple of hours, but don't worry too much about it, there isn't much bleeding. By tomorrow or the day after, a simple panty liner should do fine. Take two pain pills every four hours if you need to, but don't take them unless you are really uncomfortable.

"Call me tomorrow, in the afternoon." Finally, "You will have to come in about a week to get the stitches out. OK?"

The pain pills were strong. I barely remembered taking a cab. I was home, into a pretty pink nightgown and asleep in bed before even thinking about what had been done to me.

I recovered quickly and uneventfully from my alterations. In all honesty, I felt no different than I had for the last few months except I now had to sit to go to the bathroom. I visited Dr. Norton a week later and had the stitches removed.

Dr. Norton ended the visit by warning me that, although my genital area now looked real, sexual intercourse with a

man was still impossible at this point. I was bewildered by her warning.

"Why is she telling me this?" I wondered.

Within a month I was completely healed and my pubic hair had regrown, forming a soft bush completely concealing my genital area, just like a real woman's. After second guessing my decision for quite a while, I came to appreciate my new appearance. I spent a lot of time in front of my mirror looking at the results. My whole personality became brighter and happier. I felt like a very happy girl and now I even looked like one. This personality change was noticeable to virtually everyone.

I involved myself more and more in feminine activities. I enrolled in an aerobic dance class with Sharon, I began to do a little cooking and sewing, I continued, still very tentatively, to accept dates with men under the right circumstances; finding I enjoyed the experiences which were all very innocent. My manhood was behind me, both physically and behaviorally. I even began to think of myself as Stephanie all the time.

## CHAPTER VI

It was hard to believe it was almost a year since my feminine odyssey began. Christmas was approaching and all the secretaries, including me, were excited and busy planning the in-office party. At United, I was told, we had various small branch and section parties out of the office, but the major party was the big, all day affair in the office. Everyone went. There was to be an open bar and a catered buffet luncheon and no one expected any work to be done as everyone circulated around exchanging holiday cheer. The secretaries spent considerable time decorating the office and many of us baked cookies and cakes to supplement the food provided. Many of us also planned to exchange small gifts and most expected to receive gifts from our bosses.

On the day of the party, I dressed even more carefully than usual. I had bought a beautiful green silk dress draped low in front and open almost to the waist in back. Since the silk showed everything underneath, I had to wear virtually no lingerie. In fact, after experimenting with a couple of backless bras, I couldn't find one which didn't show, so I daringly decided to go without. I blushed a little at the thought. Since I wanted to avoid panty lines, I also decided to wear just pantyhose and nothing else. I rolled on an

off-black pair with a lacy, sewn-in panty and which had a rhinestone bell at each ankle. Then I stepped into black high heeled pumps.

I spent a long time on my makeup but finally it was perfect, perhaps a little more dramatic than was usual for the office, but beautiful and appropriate for a party. My hair, almost shoulder length now, was meticulously arranged to frame my face, making sure the Christmas bell pierced earrings I wore could be seen. I slipped into my sexy dress. It showed everything I had, which was considerable. It fit to perfection. The silk was so soft and fine it appeared to flow like liquid. With no bra, my breasts, sheathed only in the silk of the dress, looked and felt like each had a mind of it's own whenever I moved. I was still not used to this pleasant feeling. My nipples hardened in response! Giggling, I examined my image in the mirror, moving a little to judge the effect. It was just the look I wanted. I was ready!

Sharon and I took a cab to work to protect our outfits and because we both had a lot to carry. We both had made cookies and each of us had several gifts to bring. The cab driver couldn't take his eyes off us and, as a result, we had several close calls on the way. But by 9:00 we arrived safely and the partying began.

About mid-morning, Susan asked me to come into her office.

"Don't worry, I don't have work for you to do." she laughed, seeing the look of consternation on my pretty face. "Your dress is gorgeous!"

A smile replaced the frown as I did a quick pirouette to display my dress.

"I just wanted to give you your Christmas gifts," began Susan. "But before I do that I want to tell you how happy I am for you. You really seem to have found your niche and it has obviously made you very happy. You positively glow! Most of all, you have become an astonishingly beautiful and charming young woman. Where is that wimpy nerd who had nothing to offer to anyone? It's hard to believe you are the same person! I'm happy to have had a small part in your metamorphosis."

I blushed shyly, but said only, "Thank you Ms. Bartholemew." My breasts jiggled under the silk as I wiggled a little in embarrassment.

"Beyond that, I'm sure you have noticed that you have become more than a little stimulating to any males in your

general vicinity. Why, even some of the guys around here who know you are really a boy can't take their eyes off you." I let a little satisfaction slip into my smile at this thought. I could still remember the effect a pretty girl used to have on me.

"Let me give you a little advice. Take advantage of your beauty and sex appeal. When I was your age, I passed up so many opportunities for relationships with men because of my career. I regret that very much now! Don't you make the same mistake for a different reason. I know you are probably confused about how you should behave with men. That is perfectly understandable. But you are a girl now and men are fun to be with and when a girl is a pretty as you are, it's only natural to spend time with them. Let them dote on you a little! Perhaps you'll even find one you can love!

"Well, enough preaching! I've bought you some gifts to help the process along, should an opportunity present itself." She handed me a box which was beautifully wrapped in shiny magenta paper with a pretty green silk ribbon, the same color as my dress. Inside was a delicate little red silk chemise and a matching string bikini, obviously designed to wear to bed. To go over this was a full length, rose print, silk wrap robe in shades of green, scarlet and amber. In another little package was a bottle of Obsession perfume.

"These are some of the tools of seduction, not to be worn when you are planning to go to bed alone! The way you look today, I'm almost sure that won't be happening tonight!" said Susan with a broad smile. I blushed deeply at the implication of her statement, but I really hoped she was right. I wished I could try on the chemise immediately, but I did dab on some perfume in several strategic locations.

\* \* \* \* \*

Early in the afternoon, after everyone had eaten and most of us had had several drinks, Hamilton Smith began to make his rounds, wishing everyone a Merry Christmas. He also took this opportunity to kiss as many of the girls as possible. It was well known that his Christmas party tradition included the conquest of one of the secretaries. He was on the prowl and more than a little sloshed.

When he wandered into our department, half loaded and very horny from dispensing holiday smooches, he immediately spotted and made a beeline towards me. Of course he didn't know who I was, but something must have registered in his subconscious because, when Susan tried to head him

off, the first thing he said was, "Whatever happened to that . . . ah. . . Martin boy we hired a few months back?"

A little bit worried that he might suspect something about what she had done, Susan still had no choice but to brazen it out. "Oh, he didn't stay around too long. Some problem with a girl or something," she lied.

Distracted, his eyes never leaving me, he said, "Just as well! He really wasn't my type of fellow anyway."

\* \* \* \* \*

Susan could see it was hopeless to try to keep him away from me so she let him go. Anyway, this was what the plan was all about, right? "Poor Stephanie!" she thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

"I don't believe we've met. What's your name, dear?" he asked, taking my hand. He spoke only to me despite the fact that I was sitting among several secretaries, who quickly and unobtrusively withdrew. He expected me to know who he was.

"Stephanie, Mr. Smith. I'm Ms. Bartholemew's secretary."

"Is that so? You certainly are a pretty girl! Well, Merry Christmas Stephanie." He moved in for the kill, holding me firmly by the shoulders and kissing me long and deeply on the lips. The kiss went on considerably longer than was seemly and when he finely broke it off, I was flushed and Smith was clearly not ready to end the encounter.

"You know, I'm looking for a new executive secretary myself," said Smith, falling back on tried and true methods of seduction. "Why don't we go down to my office and see if you might be interested in the job."

"But Mr. Smith, I have a job already" I said lamely.

What could I do? I couldn't say no to Hamilton Smith, he is my boss's boss! I was trapped!

I could feel the entire office watching as Smith guided me toward his office. They could see him talking animatedly, gesturing authoritatively and occasionally putting his arm around my shoulders or more often, on the soft curve of my hip. They all knew that I was the ONE, this year's intended conquest. Was Smith in for a surprise, they all snickered; although they had to admit, he sure had good taste! I was hot!

In front of his office, still in plain sight, he stopped and maneuvered quickly to trap me against his secretary's desk. However, I made no real effort to avoid the trap. I was charmed and fascinated by Smith and flattered by his atten-

tion. I was also enjoying the game. I liked being pursued by this powerful and attractive man. My long dormant sexuality was being reawakened by this steamy encounter.

Hamilton held me, first at the shoulders, then caressing my back as he moved his hands over the silk of my dress, feeling that I was wearing nothing underneath. He pressed himself against me, kissing me hard, then opening his mouth and inserting his eager tongue into my willing mouth. He caressed the soft silk-covered globes of my bottom. I could feel his heat and I began to get a warm yearning sensation in my belly, almost like I was hungry.

At that moment he realized we were still more or less out in the open. He moved us both inside his office and closed the door, ending the show for Ms. Bartholemew and the rest of the staff.

I could feel Mr. Smith's excitement quivering against me. His hands began to move upward again until he cupped both of my firm breasts, holding them out and away from my chest as if weighing them. I was weak with pleasure and leaned into Smith, almost molding my body to his. I could feel my nipples harden and become erect against his palms. He quickly began to nuzzle and kiss the soft exposed tops. I thought I would faint from the ecstasy of it!

I guess Mr. Smith figured that I was ready to submit to his desires, but that he better put the icing on the cake to be sure. Taking his head back a little, he whispered breathlessly, "Stephanie, I want you to be my secretary. You'll get a raise, you'll work in a better office, you'll get to travel."

My only answer was a long moan as I used my sharp fingernails to goad him against me. I wanted to feel his body in contact with mine. Smith assumed that meant yes!

"Did you know I'm separated from my wife?" he asked, laying it on. I wanted to tell him to get on with it, I was so excited! He began to slide the silk dress off my shoulders, eager to view the beautiful globes he had held in his hands.

"Good secretaries are so hard to find!" he groaned.

"Yes!" I moaned. I squirmed against him, frighteningly aroused by his caresses, unable or unwilling to break away and not even thinking about how I was going to continue this without being discovered..

"I am a pretty good secretary...ohhhhhhhh...but there's something you should know...I can't...My father...ahhhhh...ohhhhhhhh...No...my name...ahhhhhhh...Martin." I

was babbling incoherently, lights seemed to flashing in my head and I couldn't seem to keep my balance.

"Never mind," whispered Smith as we sank to the thick oriental rug on the floor. "You can tell me all about it later. . .much later!"

### THE END

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## IN THE PINK Part 32



Dorothy's fantasy was coming true! Her husband had graduated out of the 'itty bitty tittie' club! Now they could have some fun!



Write to me:  
**SANDY THOMAS**  
P.O. Box 2309  
Capistrano Beach,  
CA 92624  
Got any  
story ideas?

**Sandy Thomas**  
• Editor

# OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

## TV FICTION CLASSICS

### FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

### ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

### MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

### SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

### PAT GOES COED #5

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

### CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

### PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

### SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

### NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

### ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

### ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

### MAID UP #14

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

### FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

### DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

### GOING A BROAD #17

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

### NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

**TIT FOR TAT #19**

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

**THAT'A GIRL #20**

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

**WOMAN'S WORK #21**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22**

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

**PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24**

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

**ONE OF THE GIRLS #25**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD #26**

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

**WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27**

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

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

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

**LIKE A DAUGHTER #29**

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

**MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30**

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

**MY SON, THE BRIDE #31**

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

**PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32**

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

**FEMININE APPEAL #33**

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

**HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34**

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

**DAUGHTERS ONLY #35**

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

**SLINK OR SWIM #36**

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

**CAMPING IN CURLS #37**

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

**BLONDE & BLONDER #38**

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

**WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39**

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

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

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

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

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

**COED CREATED #42**

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

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

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

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

**#44 &45**

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

Illustrated!

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

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

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

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

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

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

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

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

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

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

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

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

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

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

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

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

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

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

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

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

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

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

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

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

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

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

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

**BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

**MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

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

**TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

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

**AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**GOING AS GIRLS #79**

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

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

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

**MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

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

**PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

**GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

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

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

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

**GIRLISH #87**

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

**SWISHFUL THINKING #88**

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

**GIRLHOOD #89**

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

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

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

## CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

**CAN'T CUT IT #1**

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

**SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2**

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

**GOING TO THE BALL #3**

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

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

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

**SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5**

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

**EXCHANGING VOWS #6**

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

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

**CHANGING VOWS TOO #7**

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

**VIRGIN VOWS #8**

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

**VOW OF FEMININITY #9**

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

**FRENCH DRESSING #10**

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

**THE NEW GIRL #11**

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

**THE GIRL'S PART #12**

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

**THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13**

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

**MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14**

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

**HIS FIRST DRESS #15**

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

**GIRLIES #16**

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

**HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17**

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

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

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

**HEAD OVER HEELS #19**

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

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

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

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

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

**TOO MANY SKIRTS #22**

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

**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

**JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24**

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

**THE PAMPERED SISSY #25**

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

**DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26**

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

**GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27**

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

**A LIVING DOLL #28**

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

**FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29**

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

**CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30**

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

**CLEAVAGE #31**

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

**JOINING THE GIRLS #32**

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

**JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33**

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

**TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34**

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

**A SUMMER GIRL #35**

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

**HORMONES FOR LIFE #36**

It's death or female hormones for this man!

**WINDOW DRESSING #37**

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

**FRILL OF IT ALL #38**

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

**METAMORPHOSIS & META'**

**COMPLETED #39 & 40**

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

**HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41**

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

**JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42**

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

**SISTERS FOREVER #43**

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

summer of discovery!

**FEMININE DESIRES #44\**

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

**TAKING HER PLACE #45**

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

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

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

**SON TO SISTER #48**

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

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

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

**CHICKS RULE! #51**

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

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

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

**GIRLIE GIRL #54**

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

**FEMININE BUDDY #55**

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

**PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56**

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

### **BECOMING EMMA #57**

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

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

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

### **MAKEUP MATERIAL #59**

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

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

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

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

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

### **LEARNING CURVES #63**

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

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

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

### **DISCOVERING DRESSES #65**

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

### **BIKINI BOUND #66**

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

### **PURSE STRINGS #67**

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

### **SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68**

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

### **DRESS UP DAY #69**

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE I #70**

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

### **LAVENDER & LACE II #71**

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

## **GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION**

### **ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL II**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL III**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL IV**

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

### **FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL**

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

### **LUCK BE A LADY**

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

### **A PARTY GIRL**

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

### **DRESSING DOWN**

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

#### **HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS**

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

### **EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS**

#### **QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1**

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

#### **TV TRAINING CAMP #2**

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

#### **TV VACATION #3**

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

#### **BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4**

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

#### **BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5**

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

#### **HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6**

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

### **TRANSVESTIA FICTION**

#### **FATED FOR FEMININITY #1**

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

#### **IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2**

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

#### **TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3**

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

#### **HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4**

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

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

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

#### **HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6**

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

#### **CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7**

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

#### **MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)**

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

#### **A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9**

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

#### **FASHION MODELS #10**

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

#### **ACCEPTANCE #11**

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

#### **CHARM SCHOOL #12**

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

#### **IDEAL MARRIAGE #13**

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

#### **THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14**

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

#### **MANNEQUIN #15**

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

**FEMININE FORTE #16**

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

**PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17**

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

**THE MAKEOVER #18**

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

**BOYS TO BABES #19**

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

**THE PICTURE ALBUM #20**

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

**THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21**

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

**I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22**

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

**FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23**

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

**RED, WHITE & PINK #24**

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

**MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25**

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

**TITILLIATING TV TALES**

**HUSBAND TO SISSY #1**

**HUSBAND TO SISTER #2**

**HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3**

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

**AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND**

**AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5**

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

**UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6**

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

**PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7**

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

**A WILLING WOMAN**

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

**GIRLS' THINGS I & II**

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

**THE STORE BRIDE**

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

**PRETTIER IN PINK I**

**PRETTIER IN PINK II**

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

**MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL**

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

**WHAT SISSIES WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

**WHAT GIRLS WANT**

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

**PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT**

**ILLUSTRATED**

**SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS**

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

**#1 NORM:**

This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

**#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!**

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

**#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF**

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

**BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES**

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

**HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS**

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt.

Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

**SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3**

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

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

**BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4**

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties.

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

**THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S**

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

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

**BOUND TO BE A MAID**

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

**NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG**

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

**THE SARAH SCHOOL**

"The Sarah School", 'Sarah School' is a new version of a classic Petticoat Punishment story from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

**CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE**

CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

**TV SERIALS MAGAZINE**

**AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND**

Four volumes of classic CDing. You find out what is worn under Kilts and more!!! Considered one of the best stories ever written by many.

**DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS:**

**ONE, TWO, THREE**

The story of what happens to Terry and Kim are "drafted" to become cheerleaders in short skirts! Will they survive?

**MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1**

In search of a job, Rob can only find work in a beauty parlor. Will he find happiness?

**PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2**

**POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3**

**"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE**

A young man finds "domestic bliss" as a fashion model's sissy maid. A very long and well-written story. 3 books.

**FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1**

**LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2  
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3**

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

**THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY  
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

**PUNISHED IN PINK  
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR**

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

**SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES  
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC  
BOOK#1)**

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

**I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)**

Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

**I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC  
BOOK#3)**

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

**I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC  
BOOK#4)**

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

**I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC  
UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.**

A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

**FROM MAN TO WOMAN**

**BOOK #5)**  
The continuing saga of Tebby.

**I BECAME MY TEACHER**  
A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

**THE SISSY SERIES**

**SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4  
-#5**

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

**THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS  
ONE & TWO**

A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?

**WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM**  
A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

**THE SLIP**  
A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

**THE SECRETARIAL SLIP**  
A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

**NON-FICTION BOOKS  
THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.**

The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

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Some guys will do anything for a buck...  
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