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HE'S SO SKIRT

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Volume 9

HE'S SO SKIRT

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RETIRED TO WIFEHOOD

By Nancy, Ydnas, Kristi & Alice

Jerry could feel the little cool wisps of air from the refrigeration units brush against his sleek cinnamon colored nylons as he pushed his near empty shopping cart down the aisle of the corner produce section in the supermarket. He could hear his own navy blue high heeled, open toed city sandals click on the tile as he walked behind his steel cart and could feel the lace of his white Vanity Fair full slip as it wisped around his stocking clad legs, just two inches above his knees. For some reason, at this time of day, after spending yet another entire day in a dress, his slip felt longer. Jerry could only wonder whether a wisp of floral lace would peek from under the hem of his powder blue cotton, full skirted, short sleeved shirtwaist dress if he stooped down to get something from a low store shelf or reached up high for an item up high on a shelf.

Years ago he would have been really paranoid and mortified of even the slightest chance of possibly showing evidence of his pretty slip to any on-looking men, but now after spending the entirety of this past year in skirts and living full time as a dress-wearing suburban woman, Jerry was almost immune to a lot of the things that would have humiliated him in the past.

For some reason, after a full day in a dress, the material always seemed to stretch out and make the skirts feel longer and more loose fitting, especially his nylon slips. Perhaps it was the material that stretched with wear after a full day. Seemingly what was a snow-white body hugging silken sheath that he put on in the morning before work, with a lace hem that draped down to several inches above his knees, now seemed to him to be several inches longer on his legs.

Usually, Jerry chose to wear slips with twenty-five inch skirt lengths. But with this full skirted cotton dress that hemmed below his knees, he always chose the Vanity Fair (one of his favorites) in the longer twenty-six inch length that seemed to line underneath his thin cotton dress better and

prevent any see-through of the thin material—to prevent the men from seeing through his thin dress and possibly seeing his panty lines evidence of his stretchy white straps of his garter belt type girdle with its tabs and straps.

A lot of women had an influence as to where Jerry was today. His mother, Mary Milford, and his Aunt May taught him long ago when Jerry was but an early teen, that women always wear a pretty slip, petticoat or half-slip with a dress in order to line the inside of the skirt and to make it “hang” better and to prevent any see-through with thin dress material that usually don’t interest boys, but now, that knowledge came in handy.

Jerry went to the cucumber section and inspected a few before putting two in a clear plastic bag from a roll over the produce shelf. This was early September and cucumbers were in season almost everywhere—and they were big this time of year. He looked at a particularly gnarly looking one that was about three inches thick and for some reason, just handling it embarrassed him.

Jerry looked around and saw the produce manager looking at him and the cucumber. “Dirty minded men!” he thought to himself. Jerry could barely get his pink tipped fingers around the thickness of it.

BEGINNING....

When Tana and Jerry first started dating, Jerry knew he was over his head. Tana was a head turner, experienced in all thing feminine including how to handle men. Was that what made Jerry fall for her? The question was why him? He was not Gawd’s gift to women. He was the same height as Tana and nearly the same slender build.

When it appeared that they might get married, Jerry had to ask the question. “Tana, you could have any man you want. Why me?”

Tana smiled, “Because you are trustworthy, loyal, helpful, friendly, kindyou know. I have always been

attracted to the other kind of man who just wants one thing and loses interest in what I like.”

At first, in their marriage, this was a major concern of Jerry—there were always men coming up to Tana even when he was standing right there. No one could believe he could be this goddess’ husband.

Jerry was fortunate in that Tana, while being into robust and big men, also loved the very gentle and caring. When they started having sex, Jerry treated Tana like she was frail and was very careful with his wife, making sure she was “interested” and planned for intercourse.

Tana told him about her previous boyfriends and how they “went for it” without care for her feelings. Sometimes when they were making love, Tana talked about how some of her old boyfriends felt their huge maleness’ were some form of male empowerment that they could use over women.

She told Jerry about the men she dated who liked to actually see their creamy white sperm being shot into her mouth. They enjoyed her struggles and gaggles with the volume whenever it filled her mouth to brimming and bubbled in there then seeped and dribbled down her chin.

“I’ll never make you do THAT!” Jerry would say. Jerry never understood this “need” of men, but only knew that it was simply one of his basic duties as a good little husband to treat Tana appropriately, with respect and as an equal. Now, after a year of their marriage and a year of Jerry’s skills in treating Tana like a proper woman, things were about to change....

Jerry put the two fresh ripe green, ten-inch cucumbers into his shopping cart. He noticed a woman in the produce aisle who seemed to be in her early forties but looked somewhat weather worn and years older. She was overweight and seemed to constantly struggle with the tight cheap, elastic waist black stretch pants she wore and which seemed to stretch to the limit to circumvent her more than ample behind. She seemed to constantly tug at the waist of her pants and at the sides of her

sweatshirt top that had some sort of embroidered script on the front.

Her shoes were simple medium blue, soiled and worn canvas slip-ons that matched nothing in her outfit. It was immediately obvious to Jerry that this woman “just threw on something” in order to run down to the store. She wore no makeup and her fairly thrown together “truck stop hairdo”, as Jerry’s friends described such appearances. *No respect for being a woman,*” Jerry could only think to himself from viewing the slovenly first impression of the woman in cheap stretch slacks and tacky top.

The chisel-faced woman—still thin of face beside her double chin and her fifty pound overweight condition and her utter plainness, paid little attention to Jerry in his still crisp pastel blue cotton shirtwaist dress and nylons and clicking city sandals—with his beige lightweight cardigan that he wore for the slight chill outside that would frisk his bare arms. The woman grabbed a head of lettuce and put it into her cart and strolled away with the cheeks of her almost shopping cart-wide and panty-lined fanny seemingly trying to bust their way out of those restrictive black stretch slacks.

Again, Jerry could only think to himself about how in his early days “dress-wearing”, how he would be constantly concerned whenever anybody would give him the slightest glance—for fear of getting read as the total sissy he was then becoming. Now, after a good old-fashioned solid year in dresses, he could almost care less what anyone thought.

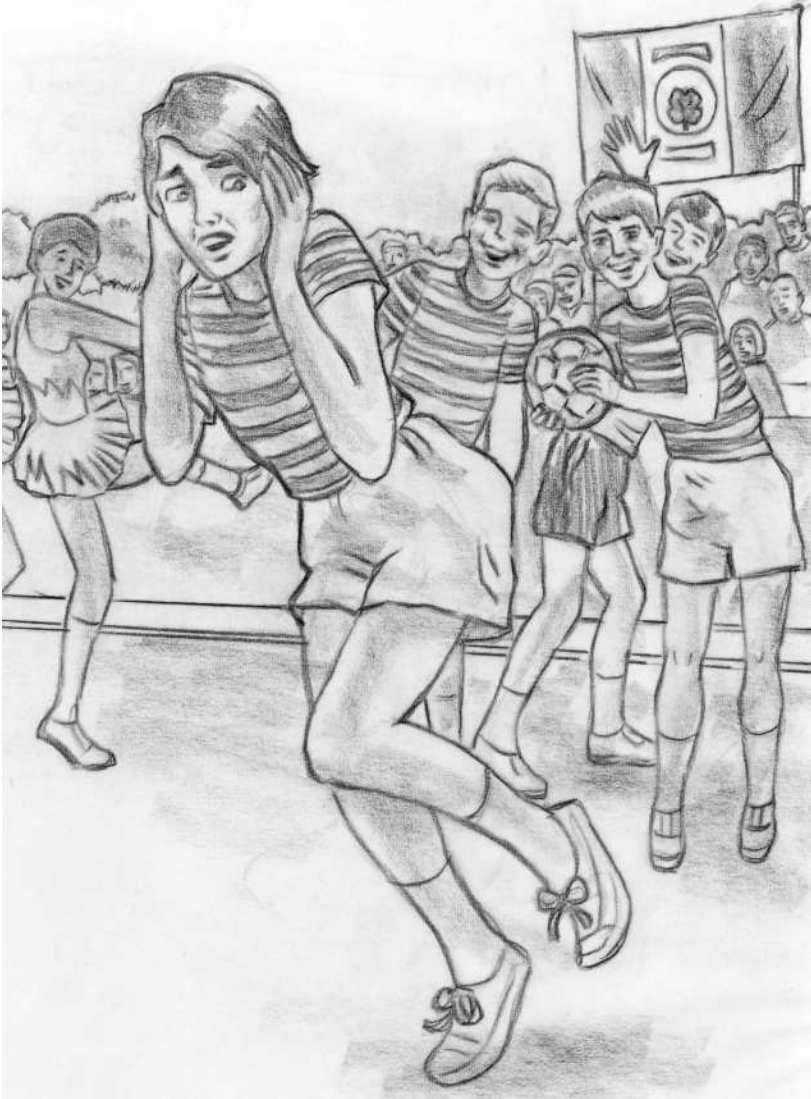
“What business is it of theirs?” he had learned from Tana. *“Who cares if you wear dresses? It’s none of their business what you wear. If we feel you belong in a dress and you feel more comfortable in a dress rather than male pants, you SHOULD wear dresses,”* Tana often said when Jerry expressed concern.

“If we both like you as a girl, honey, then just let your hair down and be one. Enjoy it. Who cares? You will actually find that it can be really fun and enjoyable to be a girl,” she told him time and again.

“People see what they WANT to see. If their first impression of you is as a ‘lady’, that’s what they’ll see. If you go

out in public and walk and talk like a male, they'll perceive you as such and you'll receive their scorn. So, learn to relax, dear, and just be like me in every way."

"In every way..." Jerry thought to himself again.



Jerry got a lot of attention from the boys...bad unwanted attention. Why wouldn't they leave him alone?

How many years of torment had he strived through trying to be male in every way? He had been born male and raised male...at least most of the time. It was fuzzy but about the age of five, to his earliest remembrance, his psyche seemed to change.

The first time he remembers putting on a dress was that one time when he was up in the attic by himself and found the boxes of old dresses and shoes and just for fun tried on one of the dresses and a pair of his Aunt's old high heels. He also found a pearl necklace in another box and a tube of old rose colored lipstick that dated probably back to the 1940's.

Jerry remembered putting on that dress which was maybe at least ten sizes too big for him, along with the black heels, the pearl necklace and the lipstick which he managed to smudge all over his lips and chin. Dancing around in the attic by himself and for some reason really enjoying the feeling of a skirt around his legs—albeit it that in reality it fit him like a silken tent.

Then his Aunt came up and caught him in the act. *"Well, la-dee-da!"* Aunt May exclaimed when she saw him in the attic dancing around in total bliss. *What do we have here, a new little girl in the house? I thought I'd be finding a boy up here but it looks like I found a little girl. You are a girl...if you're wearing a dress? Right honey?"*

And then, for some unknown reason, it simply came out when the five or six year old Jerry simply answered to his aunt, *"Yes... I guess I'm a girl now."*

"Well, you certainly are precious, if nothing else," his aunt clucked. *"Perhaps we should re-name you? You don't look very much like a Jerry, now do you? You look like a Jerri—with an 'i'."*

And for the rest of his early childhood, whenever he acted like a girl or sissy in any way—whenever he whined or cried or squealed—or threw a fit, the women would always ask if he wanted a dress and to be called "Jerri".

The rest of that memory from such an early age was now but a fog to Jerry. He remembers only bits of then being

marched downstairs before his mother Mary in his dress and how both women giggled and swooned and cooed and clucked over their budding five year old "Jerri."

He remembered only bits about how the women washed the smudged old lipstick off his face and replaced it with a fresh application and how he remembered and relished the taste for the first time—the never-to-forget taste of his first fresh lipstick. He, of course, wanted to spend the rest of the day in the dress like a girl, but was not allowed. That dress doesn't fit and you will ruin it," his aunt stated.

"If only that dress he found in the attic would have fit," he would think to himself for years afterwards.

Up and down the aisles of the supermarket, Jerry pushed his shopping cart—going from shelf to shelf and filling out his shopping list as would any good housewife. From the Italian food section where he bought spaghetti and sauce and canned tomatoes for Tana's liking of pasta—to the meat counter for the fresh Italian sausage. There was bread and eggs and milk and some flour and spices and yeast for his baking. Before long, his shopping cart was at least half full and he almost struggled to push it in his dainty high heeled city sandals that clicked on the tile floor and with his purse in the cart.

He could constantly feel his dress and slip swish about his nylons and reminded him constantly that he was wearing a dress like a woman out in public. He could feel the silkiness of his white nylon panties ripple about his loins and between his legs, making him feel like he had "nothing" in his silken panty gusset, like Tana and other women.

Jerry could feel the sweet tug of his garter straps on his stocking tops to remind him even more so of what a total un-male he had become. Most real women, even his wife, did not wear stockings and garters for daywear—in lieu of more practical pantyhose or even knee-highs under their jeans and slacks. Garters and nylons nowadays were pretty much relegated to evening dressy wear by women, at the most, and

for special holiday wear. Real girls simply did not like to have to fuss with all the garter tabs—especially in the ladies room.

But Tana had insisted he be more than a “real woman.” Only the most girlie (or maybe the older ladies that never could change over to pantyhose) routinely wore gartered nylons anymore, or maybe only people who were insecure about their femininity like himself.

Jerry remembered his first garter belt and nylons. He would play board games and dolls with the neighborhood girls. Yes, Jerry had become known in the neighborhood and at school as a notorious sissy. He was weak and frail and poor at sports, and the schoolboys called him names, such as “pussy” and “candy.” They picked on him and often dumped his books in the hall or swiped his hat and played keep-away with it. So, he avoided them and where they played. He avoided the boys and hung out with the girls at school and in the neighborhood. On any typical summer day, while the neighborhood boys would be out riding bikes and playing ball and Army Jerry would be safe in some neighborhood girl’s basement playroom—playing “house” with the girls or playing dolls or board games.

One time, when playing “house” he made a remark to the girls that he was tired of always having to be the “father” or “brother.” The twelve-year-old girls simply smiled to each other and giggled musically—as if they knew this remark would come one day and they already had a pre-planned solution.

“Well, you can be Mother or Sister if you want to, Jerry, but you will have to be like a girl. Can you be like a girl for us? Can you wear a nice little dress and speak with a girlish voice? Cindy has some things you can try on and that will fit, don’t you, Cindy?” one mischievous brunette in pigtails chirped.

“Well, yes!” Cindy squealed in syncopation with the other neighborhood vixens. *“I have a pretty blue dress that I know will fit you. Wait here, and we girls will go to my room and pick out a pretty dress for you to wear. Then, you can be Mother.”*

Four or five neighborhood girls got up and dashed upstairs to a cacophony of giggles. *"My word,"* said Cindy's mother when she heard the giggling commotion. *What, pray tell, are you girls up to now?"*

"Oh, we're just gonna go upstairs and get some things for Jerry, mom. We're playing house downstairs. It's gonna be fun." The young mother, of course, could only arch her brows in wonderment at what possible mischievous ideas these girls were coming up with now. She would, of course, soon learn.

Jerry sat by himself in the basement playroom with the big dollhouse and all the dolls in their frilly dresses that belonged to the neighborhood girls. In a few minutes, he again heard the tap-tap of their Mary Jane shoes on the steps—and their giggling and high-pitched clucking as the girls returned. And in their arms was what seemed to Jerry—was an entire girl's wardrobe.

They held out the dress before him. It was a light powder blue, full skirted shirtwaist summer dress with short sleeves. *"Isn't it pretty?"* Patsy, the little redhead in the short curls smiled broadly at Jerry. *"It should fit him perfectly,"* added Cindy. *"It used to belong to my older sister, and she hardly ever wore it. She hated dresses and always wore jeans."*

"Oooooo, you are going to be so preeeeeety," chirped little Annie. *"You just wait until we get done with you. You will never be the same, and you may never want to be a boy again."* *"...never want to be a boy again..."* Jerry would remember those very words for the rest of his life.

To Jerry's chagrin, the girls had him take off his shirt and pants right before them all—then his socks and shoes. He had to stand there with them all circled around him in only his white cotton boy jockey shorts. *"Don't be so shy,"* Cindy swiped at him. *"We all have brothers and fathers and see them in their underwear all the time, so don't be so much like a boy."*

"Yeah," added Patsy. *You ain't gonna be wearing those ugly boy shorts. Yuk. Not with this pretty dress, you ain't."*

"You'll have to wear theeeeeeese!" smirked the mischievous Cindy as she held up a pair of pink nylon, lace trimmed, girl's

panties in front of the group. The girls, upon seeing them broke out with glee and their giggling could be heard all over the house. Upstairs, Cindy's mother could only wonder what those girls were up to now.

Upon seeing the girl's panties held up before him, Jerry could only blush deeply in shame. He *COULDN'T* wear them, could he? But, of *COURSE* he could and he certainly *WOULD*. He'd have to wear panties or face the wrath of those girls who would probably just over-power him. So, they all turned their backs and continued to snicker and giggle in their anticipation of what they would soon see. Jerry took off his boy shorts, left them laying on the basement floor, and hastily put on the silky lace trimmed girl's panties. Then, he just stood there before them all and listened to their total amusement and the cacophony of musical girlish giggles and squeals.

"Eeeeeee! Oooooo! They're so pretty on HER! Eeeeeee!" Poor sissy "Jerry" could only stand there in the middle of that circle of giggling neighborhood girls and blush in total shame and humiliation to be wearing panties before them. About the only other thing that drew his attention was when one of the girls snatching up his boy shorts, held in her finger and thumb, and hustled away with them, along with his pants, shirt, socks and shoes. His pants were now gone, he was in panties, and his heart was pounding.

They put a little girl's brassiere, really nothing more than a white cotton training bra, on him, and he had to stand before them in his bra and panties to their continuous girlish giggling and cooing. He saw another girl come forward with something silky and white ... a nylon half slip!

"Eeeeeee! Such a pretty little slip," Parsy clucked in her high pitched voice. *"And so pretty with the lacy hem."*

"It will go perfect with his dress," added Cindy. *"It was my sister's, too, and she never wore it. Ooooo, honey, it will feel so pretty under your dress and make you feel so much like a girl—just like one of us."* Without hesitation, she raised the front of her dress to show Jerry her pretty white, lace hemmed petticoat she was wearing under her pink dress. *"Then, you'll*

really know what it's like to be a girl!" They then had him step into the white nylon, half slip

"You must always wear your pan-tees high, dear. Like a lady. Not scrunched down on your hips like a yucky boy wears his ugly shorts. You're not a boy anymore. Now you are going to be just like us girls, so you have to learn to wear your pan-tees like a girl."

Of course, as any curious young teenage girls would do, Jerry could sense them carefully scrutinizing that area of his new panties for any evidence of something "stiffy" there. There was little, but enough for Annie to react. *"Get rid of that disgusting bump of a thing!"* she cracked as she pointed disgustedly at the obvious lump in the gusset of his pink panties. *"Hide it. Tuck it away so we don't see it. Ever!"*

Something unbelievable happened to Jerry when one strong handed girl came up behind him, jerk down his panties in back, reach under, grab his boy part, yank it back between his legs, and hold it there while he gasped for breath. She then jerked his panties up high on his waist, and said, *There! That's better. Now you have nothing down there to show, just like us girls.*" He had literally just been gelded—visually castrated by those giggling little vixens.

"...just like a girl down there..." More words that Jerry would remember for the rest of her life.

The giggling really amplified when the white lace hemmed half slip was slid up sissy Jerry's legs to a point high on his waist with panty elastic. *"A girl should always wear a petticoat under her dress,"* mumbled one of the girls, as if she, too, had heard that lesson before from her own mother.

"Oooooooo! Preeeeety!"

Jerry would never forget that first feeling of a lace hemmed slip around his legs. It was a feeling that would become ingrained in his very soul, the sensation of being petticoated. He knew he was on his way to a point of no return because no real boy would allow this without an absolute fight. Still, Jerry merely stood by submissively while the girls petticoated him.

Then came the little blue cotton shirtwaist dress. The girls slid it over Jerry's head, smoothed it down, fastened the fabric belt, and tied it in a pretty bow in front. In a real girl's dress for the first time in his life, he could only stand by and endure more giggles and coos as he shivered under the frail silky material of dress, slip, and panties.

They put white lace trimmed anklets on Jerry and black mid-heeled pumps before stepping back and looking at their new emasculated masterpiece. It was decided that Jerry's hair would need to grow out before the girls could really do anything with it, so they merely brushed it a bit and gave Jerry a little center part with a little fluff of bangs in front and then added a pink clip-on ribbon bow to the top.

Annie added, *"Ordinarily, blue is for boys and pink is only for girls, but we made an exception here because we can see that you LIKE being a girl in a dress. Maybe your mother will let you be a girl now."*

"Hey...! How 'bout some sweet lipstick, too?" Cindy gushed as she again went dashing upstairs. *"I'll get some and be right back!"* She returned with a tube of rose colored lipstick and a little smoochy expression on her face. *"Eeee, this is so much fun! We should have done this long ago when you first came over to play dolls with us."*

Jerry could only hold rigidly still as Cindy painted his lips with the rose colored creamy lipstick, probably just liberated from her mother's vanity. *"Ooooo, now you have to blot it a little with your lips so it will hold fast and not smudge. Do this,"* she said while making smooching motions with her lipstick coated lips. *"It's what we girls do. We'll teach you."*

Now wearing panties, petticoats, a sissy dress, a bow in his hair, and lipstick on his lips, Jerry had to join the girls in the basement play room for the rest of the afternoon and play with dolls and "house" with them. For him, it was confusing. After the girls' initial amusement started to wear off, their giggling subsided a bit, and except for when they corrected his ugly inborn male mannerisms. They taught him to properly sit, stand, and stoop in a dress and petticoat, and basically, how to

move like a girl. After a while, he calmed down and took to wearing his dress.

When Cindy's mother came down with cookies and lemonade for the "girls", she almost dropped the tray when she saw what the girls had done to the neighborhood boy. *What do we have here, a new girl? Oooo, I've never seen you before. What's your name, sweetie?"*

"J...Jerry... I guess. I'm Jerri with an 'i' now."

"Well, you certainly look like a little girl., and so pretty in Sarah's dress. It almost fits you perfectly, and what are you wearing underneath? The girls didn't neglect to get you some pretty panties to wear with your nice dress, did they?"

This drew another round of mischievous giggles from the group of surrounding girls, leaving Cindy's mother to guess that "Jerri" was most likely wearing panties and a petticoat. That was when one of the girls came up behind Jerry and hoisted up his dress from the rear all the way to his waist, so Cindy's mother had plain view of Jerry's new lace hemmed half slip and lace trimmed panties.

"Pretty panties, too. Very girly ones, at that?"

"Can he be one of the girls now?" Patsy asked amid giggles and squeals from the girls.

"I don't know. His mother might not like him in such a pretty dress." She turned to Jerri. *"When your mother sees you in your new dress, I am sure she'll want to buy you some MORE pretty dresses, slips, and pan-tees. Maybe the girls should take you home after cookies and lemonade to show her what a pretty girl you make. I'm sure she'll be absolutely delighted,"* the woman said sarcastically, but drawing a new cacophony of squeals and giggles from the group, who quickly grabbed onto the titillating idea of parading 'Jerri' down the street in broad daylight in his new girlie dress.

That's just what they did. After their snack, they filed outside onto the sidewalk with "Jerri" trying to hide in the middle of them in his new blue dress. *"Oooo, you don't have to hide behind us. So what if boys see you. Who cares? We'll protect you honey. Just enjoy being a girl like us."*

For the first time in his life, Jerry felt the sunshine on his bare legs—heard the tap-tap of his own high heels on the sidewalk—and sensed the feeling of lace hemmed half slip and the skirt of his own thin cotton, full skirted dress fluttering about his legs as he walked. He tasted the creamy rose lipstick on his lips and could even sense the pretty pink bow that was clipped in his hair. It was a feeling, like with all sissies, that he would never ever forget—his very first sensation of being out in public in a dress like a girl.

It only took about ten seconds walking down the sidewalk with the girls before Jerry started to really LIKE wearing a dress and being one of the girls. The dress felt so light and airy around his legs, not at all heavy and, course like boy's clothes. He felt the lace of his slip tickle his legs to remind him that he had also been petticoated and a rippling of silky material on his hips, his bottom, and between his legs from his silky lace trimmed girl's panties. His nylon slip caressed his nylon panties to tickle and tease him as he walked making him feel free for the first time in his life.

Being a girl was fun. Jerri *liked* being a girl and wouldn't mind being a girl occasionally. That was... until the group passed a group of boys on their bikes, and he was spotted by them almost immediately. *"What the... Hey guys! Look at that! It's Jerry, and he's all dressed up like a girl!"*

"It is!" howled another. *What a pansy! In a girl's dress!"*

"Sissy, sissy, sissy! Jerry is a sissy!"

"And I bet he's even wearing panties, too, like a sissy or a girl. Hey, Jerry! Can we see your panties?"

"Yeah, let's see," one of the bigger boys insisted as he moved forward bully-like into the group of girls. Going for Jerry, he jerked up the back of his dress high above his waist to fully expose his lace hemmed half slip and his shiny white, lace embellished nylon panties. *"Yow! Panties! Hey Jerry, are you gonna wear panties all the time like a girl?"*

"Sissy, sissy!" the other boys started to chant. *"Jerry's a sissy who wears girlie panties!"*

One of the bigger girls stepped in and pushed the boy that was holding up Jerry's dress awry. *"You boys get away from us and leave Jerry alone! If he wants to dress up like a girl, it's okay with us, and it's none of your business. So, keep your dirty hands off him!"*

"Don't you mean, HER? Jerry is a her, a girl!"

Poor Jerry could only blush in total shame as he tried to hide behind the girls as they walked away from the taunting boys and their cacophony of demeaning name-calling. Tears of humiliation started to well up in his eyes as he continued to hear, *"Sissy, sissy, sissy!"* as he and his protecting group of girls walked away down the sidewalk.

"It's okay, honey." Cindy comforted as she put her arm around Jerry's shoulders and almost had to hold him up from fainting from abject shame. *"Who cares what those dirty, nasty boys think? Let them call you their stupid names. They call all girls names, and the names don't hurt us. They are just stupid boys, and we girls will protect you, dear. You can be just like us if you want. We like you a lot more this way, more than if you were just one of those filthy mouthed boys."*

The consoling certainly helped Jerry as he calmed down a bit and once again relished the extraordinary sensations of being outside in public in the open sunshine in a dress for the first time. It was a feeling he would remember for a long time. He felt the little afternoon breezes flutter and billow his thin cotton dress in front as he walked.

"Watch your skirts, honey. Be careful they don't blow up. You wouldn't want to give those nasty boys another look at your pan-tees, would you?" remarked Patsy. *"I think they've seen enough already."*

"You'll learn to tend to your skirts when it's windy like this, or the wind will blow them up and show everything to the boys," added Cindy. *"Your pretty slip and pan-tees should be your own precious little secret that makes you feel pretty under your dress—and it is not for public showing. In a week or two, you'll learn to tend to your skirts like a lady."*

When the group of *girls* arrived at Jerry's house, Mary Milford and Auntie May were already waiting on the porch. Cindy's mother had called them and alerted them about his sissification. *"Oh my Gawd..."* stammered Mary when she saw her son mincing up their walkway like a young girl in a sissy light blue cotton shirtwaist dress.

"Ahhhhhhh... and lipstick too," added Auntie May. *"Well, la-dee-da! You play with girls.... You play with fire. You had better come in the house so we can have a talk. You girls go home now. Jerry will have to see you another time."*

The two women certainly did have their talk with Jerry. They had him stand before them in the living room as they sat on the couch and had him show them his new dress, slip, and panties.

"My, my, panties too. Looks like those girls gave you the works," Auntie May said. *"Y'know, there was a boy in our neighborhood who dressed like a girl when we were young, and all the boys made fun of him."*

"Yes...I remember," Mary mused. *"He claimed he wasn't a sissy and he only wore dresses was because his aunt made him. He had a younger brother who was all boy, played ball and everything. I heard he even went to college as a girl. As I remember, he was rather pretty when he got older."*

"That's right," answered Mary. *"His name was changed to Margaret, and he ended up working as a secretary in a brokerage firm his aunt owned. Anyhow, dear, we must talk about this. Do you like dressing as a girl?"* Jerry could only blush and seem to look downward at the toes of his black tappy pumps in total shame as the women began to question him. *"Answer me, honey. Do you like being a girl? Do you want to wear a dresses again?"*

"It... it's kinda' fun, I guess," Jerry admitted with a little tear of humiliation starting to well up in his eye. *"We were just having fun and playing together."*

"Well, it certainly looks to me as if it's gone well beyond just having innocent fun. Those girls put you in panties and a

slip under your dress and topped it off with lipstick. You let them do this, didn't you?"

"Yesssth."

"Oh my goodness," squeaked Auntie May. "He's even starting to talk highly like a girl."

"Well, he certainly doesn't look much like a boy now, does he? Be honest, Jerry. Do you like pretending to be a girl and wearing a dress instead of pants?"

Jerry was very hesitant and in obvious shame before the two adult women. He was almost shaking in humiliation, but the truth had to come out. Deep down, he really *liked* wearing a dress and being one of the girls, and for the first time he could remember, he seemed to fit in ... to *belong*. As a boy who wore pants, he had trouble in school and the neighborhood.

The other boys picked on him and called him names, even before he wore a dress. To them, he was a *"little sissy"* and a subject of scorn. To get away from them, he befriended the girls and hung out with them. That only made his situation worse with the boys, who rejected him even more. But today, for just a few hours in a dress with the girls, he seemed to feel whole and content and happy with himself. So, he could only admit to his mother and auntie that he liked wearing a dress. *"Yes,"* Jerry answered sheepishly. *"It's fun. I like wearing a dress and being with the girls."*

The women had Jerry go out in the backyard while they discussed the situation between themselves. They watched him from the kitchen window as they conversed on the problem and could help but notice how he seemed to relish the feelings of being outside in the afternoon sun with the breeze fluttering his skirt hem.

They could see him mincing about and talking to himself in a rather high pitched, girlish voice as he sashayed from here to there around the backyard gardens with his light blue skirts fluttering in the breeze. They could see that he liked it—and they both were intelligent enough to know it was something they would not be able to change.

The best thing they could do, they agreed, was to keep Jerry safe, clean, and happy. It was agreed that they'd allow him to spend the rest of the day in new dress, if he wanted, and that they would discuss it again with him in the morning before church and see what solutions would be needed.

Perhaps it was no surprise when Jerry came down for breakfast on that Sunday, already dressed in his new powder blue dress, lace hemmed half slip, white lace sissy panties, white anklets, and black mid-heeled girl's pumps the girls dressed him in the day before.

"Oh my," gasped Mary when she saw her sissy son once again wearing the girl's dress. *"What are we going to do with you? For one thing, if you want to wear dresses, honey, you can't wear the same one all the time. Would you like for us to buy you some new dresses all your own?"* Jerry was speechless. *"I hate to waste the money so I have to be sure you'll get the wear out of them."*

"I'll wear them," was all that Jerry said softly.

"Really?" she said. "So it won't be a waste of money to buy you a few dresses and skirts? And you'll hang them up and take good care of them too?"

Jerry nodded.

"Okay, we'll buy you a few dresses...."

Fortunately for Jerry, the two women were intelligent enough to know what to do. Adding to this, Mrs. Loring, their next door neighbor, a middle aged widow, happened to drop by that very morning for coffee and womanly chit-chat. When she saw Jerry in his pastel powder blue dress, she knew it was Jerry in a dress, but she said nothing about it. Perhaps she blinked when she saw the sissy, but that was about all. Just before leaving, she looked at the skirted goy and said, *"I have to admit that you DO make a pretty girl in that dress. Perhaps you'd like to come over and visit me sometime soon. I'll show you some of my daughter's old things. Maybe you would like to have them."*

"Yes. Thank you," answered a very sheepish Jerry. *"I'd like that."*

"If you decide to come over, honey," Mrs. Loring winked at Jerry with approval. "Make sure you wear a pretty dress for me so we can have a nice visit together."

Mary and May had known Evelyn for years. She ran a simple alterations business out of her house. Her daughter had run off with a musician when in her early twenties and had never come back home.



By the end of the summer, with his almost daily visits with Mrs. Loring, Jerry was pretty much spending all his time in dresses and skirts.

She was now living somewhere in California with maybe her third or fourth husband. The women knew the daughter had broken Evelyn's heart by running off and that she meant no harm in inviting their sissy boy over for a visit. Perhaps it would do them both good psychologically to be with each other. Maybe it was better not to make a big deal about it and it could be just a phase. So, Mary and May readily approved.

By the end of the summer, with his almost daily visits with Mrs. Loring, Jerry was pretty much spending all his time in dresses and skirts. At first, she gave Jerry a few of her daughter's housedresses and a few intimates, but after seeing his face glow and her gone astray daughter's pretty dresses being worn again, she announced, "If it's okay with your mother, you can have a bunch of my daughter's things. They are just gathering dust here."

Jerry's mother was concerned, but his Aunt said, "There's nothing to hide. Everyone in town knows Jerry wears girl's clothes. Maybe if he has a complete wardrobe, and we make him wear it, he'll tire of all the bother."

With new choices, Jerry changed into a different dress almost hourly. Some were out of season or bulky and somewhat uncomfortable, but he wanted feedback. He asked, "How does this dress look with these heels?" or "Should I wear this slip with my white dress?" or "Can I wear this short dress with this hairstyle?" After a few days, he found his favorites and didn't need the hassle of changing so many times daily.

He giggled, "Mom, I know what you mean. I love wearing housedresses. They are really comfortable." Each morning, he would leave and go to Mrs. Loring's and each afternoon came home with an arm full of clothes. Setting them on the kitchen table, he said to his mother and Aunt, "Today, she got out her sewing machine and we are starting to look at patterns."

Jerry was going to keep his word, even to the extent of wearing girls clothing properly. He was wearing a flared, front pleated, one-piece dress, a pink sweater over his shoulders, bobby sox, and brown girl's oxford pumps. When he was sat, it was apparent that he was wearing a peach colored slip under

the dress. One could easily surmise that he had on the other necessary items of feminine apparel to be complete.

There were continuing problems with the neighborhood boys, but Jerry learned to avoid them and ignore their taunts. He had gotten to the point where he really didn't care if the boys called him a sissy. In fact, he rather *liked* being a sissy if that meant being able to wear pretty dresses, slips, panties and lipsticks. Often, when the boys called him names, he held his head high and ignored them while mincing and swishing away in his dress as femininely as possible.

By the end of the summer, the novelty of Jerry being the neighborhood sissy seemed to wear off, and the boys began to leave him alone. He went to school the next term, but the harassment in school was just tolerated. Everyone in school knew he was an absolute sissy, and most knew he had just spent most of the summer in dresses.

In the supermarket, Jerry sensed a man staring at his hems. By now, he had become almost used to the men staring, but he had learned to always be careful of them. Usually they focused on his stocking clad legs, especially if he was wearing a shorter skirt or dress. Men seemed to fixate on his behind for some reason. Perhaps because it was round and plump and jiggled sometimes when he walked under the thin fabric of his dress, slip, and panties. More than once, he heard a man mumble to himself, *"I sure would like to grab me a piece of that fat bottom."* But, if only they knew that a sissy tush was the object of their lust.

Tana didn't much care because they didn't have the usual husband/wife relationship as she was the boss in many ways. When she "felt like it", she simply took it, whenever and wherever. In the year of their marriage, Jerry had almost become accustomed to being Tana's play doll.

Sunday was Tana's favorite play day, and Jerry could almost count on getting a good "training" session. Most common was when he would return from church all dressed up in one of his favorite Sunday dresses. Perhaps it would be right after a church activity, such as an after service brunch or bake

sale when Jerry would converse and mingle with the church hens. He'd come home and Tana would be waiting, sometimes almost before he had a chance to set down his purse.

This happened more than once—with Jerry bent over the couch or a living room chair with his dress and slip rucked way up in back, his panties yanked down to his knees and receiving Tana's pistoning attention while he held onto his purse in front of him. Tana taught, "Always be ready to receive. It's your fate as a woman."

Other times, Tana may wait until the afternoon, after Jerry had prepared their Sunday dinner, and she'd take him on the bed in the more traditional wifely position—with him on his back and with his dress and slip hoisted up to his neck in front, his panties gone, his legs spread wide for Tana and his high heels flailing the air.

Tana had told him more than once that she liked that position because it allowed her to look into his eyes and whisper sweet little comments about his girlish pose or getting him pregnant. Of course he couldn't get pregnant, but as a "wife" it was always her obligation to keep trying nonetheless. If anything, the talk of someday having real semen inside of him tended to emasculate him even more. Perhaps it was the hormones and how they chemically reacted with his system that made the thought less objective. All he knew was that whenever Tana talked of him really having a man someday, he felt embarrassed and more emasculated than ever.

Tana, in her empowerment, always got a kick when she watched Jerry right after she had taken him and talked of him getting a real load of sperm in his belly. She often chuckled to herself in satisfaction upon seeing him acting more feminine and sissified. She could tell how he seemed to act swishy and mincing and flailing limp wrists when he moved. Even his voice seemed to become even more high pitched and feminine.

For Jerry, afterwards was also a special feeling. No matter what he would be doing—perhaps working in the kitchen and doing his wifely after-dinner things in there, he would sense his femininity more than ever. He'd feel the lace of

his slip as it fluttered around his stocking clad legs—reminding him once again how he was petticoated and totally sissified.

He'd feel his panties and how their silken fabric seemed to ripple around his fat, soft sissy behind, along his sleek feminine hips and down between his legs where he would sense the feeling of "nothingness". His hips even felt wider to him at these times and more womanish and he loved how his dress seemed to drape them and hang down from them as dresses were designed to do. He also loved the feeling when he bent forward and his dress seemed to apron down in front of him and remind him that he was spending more quality time in a feminine dress.

It was also one of the times when Jerry really felt like he had a functioning ladies vagina in his panties. He literally felt "nothingness" between his legs—the feeling of absolute gelded castration--as he could sense his new receptivity.

If Tana had been a man, a dollop of fresh sperm would now be sloshing and wiggling frantically around in his soft belly and seeking out an egg to fertilize. The psychology of it made Jerry feel more womanish than ever. Afterwards Jerry always felt sooooo feminine and so pleased with himself in how he could successfully satisfy Tana.

It became obvious that Tana didn't need Jerry performing as a husband. There were other ways to get that kind of pleasure. It was all between the ears...in the largest sex organ. Tana felt powerful and while getting little physical pleasure for herself from the act, it *did* always serve to make Jerry feel feminine and comfortable in his skirts.

Each time, Tana could see Jerry change and become rather proud of himself that he had been able to sexually entice and be receptive as a woman. Once in a while he even felt some kind of stirring inside...almost craving feeling really feminine inside and would even try and entice her into giving it to him. He learned that absolutely nothing made him feel more feminine than successfully serving in the role of female in a receptive act.

Tana taught him a few girlish tricks from her vast experience enticing other men. "A girl can't just say 'I want it,'"

she giggled. "You can use your hips and wear a particularly flouncy skirt that swings and swishes when you walk. When I was young I loved wearing a crackling taffeta petticoat that would rustle, swish, and fan out my perfume before the boys. And lipstick. Most men, take a woman's wearing of juicy, creamy lipstick—especially red lipstick or rose—as a subtle signal that you like being a girl."

Jerry also would sit in the living room and perhaps read one of his women's magazines or maybe work on his embroidery project, while giving Tana a slight glimpse of his slip lace and maybe a stocking top and garter tab by sitting seductively across from her and giving her enticing glimpses. On those occasions, Tana would laugh, "Oh, you are asking for it!" She would take him by the hand and lead him up to the bedroom—and Jerry would get all the femming that he needed.

As Jerry pushed his shopping cart towards the front of the supermarket and the checkout aisles, he saw a woman who seemed to be looking at him. She was an absolute sow, way overweight and was wearing a lower calf length skirt, black men's socks, and black men's oxford shoes. Her ugly plain and drab skirt had enough material in it that a scout troop probably could have used it for a tent, and the material looked as if it came from the threadbare drapes on an old theater. He even detected some hair on her legs. Her top was some kind of tight fitting pullover that had what looked like yesterday's brown dinner gravy on the front of it. She wore no makeup, and her hair looked as if it hadn't seen a beauty salon in about forty years. On one side of her head, her dark hair hung down in a mess while the other side was pulled back haphazardly into some kind of cloth or rubber band scrunchie.

"Why would any woman appear so slovenly in public?" Jerry wondered. *"No wonder some men were choosing to have sissy wives instead of these all-too-prevalent, thoroughly sloppy and hoggish appearing genetic women and others were simply skipping out on marriage. What they were doing was escaping from a life of misery with a woman who literally belonged in a hog pen. In droves, they were avoiding women who were totally*

unattractive and sexually disgusting. Was it any wonder that a lot of married men were soliciting prostitutes for sexual relief whenever they got the chance to avoid her constant bitching. No wonder more and more men were taking pansy wives."

Jerry knew full well that boys choosing to live as women were a lot more common than people thought because he had met more than a few over the years. There were more than a few boys who let their hair grow so they could become girls after high school. Let's not forget the many boys who were forced to dress as girls against their will by their mother, sister, aunt, grandmother, teacher, or other strong women.

With all that going on, who could know that the suburban wife down the street was not a genetic woman or that the lady in the bank window had an infibulated limp and worthless penis tucked away and hidden in her panties? How about the young clerk in the department store?

"Who would know, and who should really care?" Jerry's mother told him over and over long ago. "Besides, it's none of their business." That's what they told him and what he learned to believe and live by. Who should care what he did or how he dressed? It was none of their business, and knowing this fact always served as a calming effect for him and made him feel less guilty or humiliated about his manner of dress.

Males dressing and behaving like a member of the opposite sex was traditional societal taboo, but why? How it evolved was anybody's guess. Perhaps it derived from early history from public shunning of men that dressed as women in order to avoid the military service and war. So, Jerry had a clear conscience about how he was living. Being masculine and have masculine goals was of no interest to him.

Once past the checkout and a few unknowing smiles from the cashier and bag boy, who had no clue or thought that Jerry was a guy, he led the bag boy out to the parking lot and his car—allowing him to help with his groceries. The day was beautiful and sunny but breezy. Jerry's dress fluttered and billowed as he walked and he had to tend to his skirts while holding his purse. He knew the boy following him out with his

cart full of grocery bags was probably watching his every feminine move and mannerism with interest.

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Jerry always felt wonderful in the bliss of wearing a pretty dress in public in the bright sunshine. While once, he was paranoid about being dressed as a girl in public, but now, after a full year of living as a functioning suburban woman, wearing dresses had become second nature to him, and he rarely thought or worried about it. But, on occasion like this one, he still received the magic exhilaration that some boys in dresses get when being outside in the daylight and in a dress.

Just the thought of being like a girl and passing completely in public without any special notice—and being able to simply blend in with the women on the street—gave Jerry a certain degree of satisfaction and exhilaration. For him, it was always that feeling of the wind fluttering his skirt. His dress felt so light, comfortable, and pretty. His skirt fluttered and billowed in the breeze, even when he tried to hold it down so as to be ladylike and to keep it from blowing all the way up to his neck and revealing his sleek, frilly, silky lingerie to the bag boy or any on-looking men. Just feeling his slip lace swirling about his stocking clad legs would send him into exhilarating bliss as it reminded him that he was fully petticoated and wearing panties in public like a true female.

Then, he made an un-ladylike mistake. When he bent forward to open the trunk of his car for the boy with his key and then bent further forward to move some things inside the trunk to make room for the groceries, the wind caught the back of his skirt hem and billowed it high. The bag boy got a really good and long glimpse of almost the entire rear of Jerry's pretty snow white Vanity Fair slip with the floral lace hem and even a glimpse of his dark cinnamon stocking tops with his white rear elastic garter straps of his white cotton brocade suspender belt.

He couldn't notice it because he was bent forward and moving a duffel bag in the trunk, but he could certainly feel the draft of fresh wind almost beating against the seat of his snow white Vanity Fai panties with the lace trim around the legs that he had added for himself on his sewing machine. He could

not see the bag boy's heart jump a beat at the sight of his pretty lace hemmed slip—a sight a young man did not often get to enjoy from a lady. The boy received a cheap thrill staring in delight at a forbidden glimpse of slip, lace, garters, and skin.

Jerry could only sense his dress going up in back as he felt the rush of fresh air on his panties and the billowing of his dress and slip. He could do nothing about it with his hands occupied in the trunk—except let it blow quickly and fall back quickly and naturally when the gust subsided.

He noticed the bag boy smiling broadly with a mischievous look in his eyes, as if he could hardly wait to tell his friends about the lady's panties. After loading the groceries, he smiled as Jerry reached in his purse to give him a tip. He said thanks and sprinted off toward the store to carry bags for another lady and hope she would be as pretty as Jerry, wearing a thin full skirted dress and that once again, the wind blow up.

As Jerry put his purse onto the passenger seat and bent forward to get into the car, his thin dress marooned out in front, and once again, he got a rush from wearing a dress. He loved being able to wear a dress every day if he wanted—or a pretty skirt and blouse. He loved everything about being a woman and felt as if he truly belonged in the female role as if he was never male. Of course, that was not true, and he thought about it as he sat in his car, arranged his pretty skirts about his legs, buckled his seat belt, and drove away with his high heels on the pedals.

Driving a car in a thin, billowy, print, silky polyester dress and heels was something that no true male would ever experience but one that Jerry fully lived, understood, and fully relished. As he drove, he thought briefly about his adult life and the route he was forced to take. It had been tragic and trying for him much of the way.

Upon graduation from high school, it was time to find a job and a career. Lacking the money for college, Jerry elected to work first and go to college later when he could afford it. At first, the only job he could find was that of a room attendant at a hotel. He began by working nights in the hotel issue maid's

uniform--the maroon uniform shift and white apron with maroon trim—with comfortable black maid's shoes.

That part was fine, but the rest was pure low paid drudgery. Every night, he worked as part of a two-girl team to clean rooms and hallways in any unoccupied rooms. He also worked in the hotel laundry when he started out and that was nothing but hot, sweaty, steamy drudgery. After a year, he was shifted to days and had to clean even more rooms, especially after eleven AM—checkout time. This went on until the afternoon when he again had to clean halls and entryways.

He could barely survive on the low, minimum wage pay and the few tips people left for the maid. So after a couple years as a maid, he had to find a better job. This time he managed by finding a job as a secretary for an insurance company from a connection he attained from a woman who worked at the hotel. While the pay was not *much* better, he got to wear his pretty dresses and skirts to work downtown every day.

Most of the women in his almost all-woman office knew Jerry was not a genetic woman. At first, there was the usual expected novelty and amusement of having a sissy in their workplace, and there was the question of Jerry's use of the ladies room. Even that was overcome after a week or so when the ladies could only conclude that Jerry used the ladies room not to *see* but to *pee*—like the rest of the women.

After a few weeks, the amusement and the questions wore off with the usual questions: *"Do you still have a thingy down there? Have you had the operation? Are you going to have the operation? What do you do with men? Do you date men? Do you have sex with the men? How? Doesn't it hurt? Did your mother put you into a dress and make you be a girl? Did you wear dresses to school? Did the other kids call you sissy? Did you play with dolls? Do you LIKE being a girl? Do you WANT to be a girl? Do you always wear a dress or a skirt? Never any pants? Why not? Do you wear pan-tees, too? Can we see? You have a lot of courage, honey, and we respect that."*

As the initial novelty and amusement wore off, the ladies went back to concentrating on their work and their own lives. That's when the compliments started coming out: *"That's a*

pretty dress! Did you just buy it? You look so good in a dress. Do you like wearing dresses? If you feel like you belong in a dress rather than pants, then you should wear dresses whenever you want. It's okay with us if you wear dresses to work. I wish my bottom looked that good in a tight skirt, but I'd have to also wear a slip, stockings, heels, and a girdle ugh. I wear a dress on Sunday, but my husband is a slob and never takes me anywhere. Why wear a dress for him? None of my dresses fit anymore. They just hang in my spare closet. Did you have a date last weekend? Was he nice? Did he take you to dinner ... the movies? Will you see him again? Any romance? Did he kiss you? What will you do when he wants to put his thingy in you? Will you let him? All men want that eventually of their dates. Are you going to "tell" him? What do you think he'll do when you tell him? Will he still like you?

Of course, Jerry had to answer every question to maintain his up-front relationship and womanly trust. Still, the questions were humiliating to Jerry and made him blush in shame every time they asked or commented on such things. Then again, it was something he had learned—that such things were simply part and parcel of being a pansy in public. He would simply have to endure them and try and be as ladylike as possible. Another thing he learned was that if he was ladylike and feminine, people would leave him alone and not question his motives. He could blend in and not stand out and draw their extra attention, but if he acted the least bit male or showed the slightest masculine mannerism—or acted the least bit slutty--they would react and simply brand him as a weirdo, pansy, or a drag queen and not as just a woman.

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Jerry had to learn to "blend in" and not allow himself to stand out in any way, so his dresses and skirts had to be conservative and tasteful. There could be no gaudy miniskirts, black fishnet hose, red leather, or mod skyscraper heels. He had to dress like a common small town lady, schoolteacher, or girl next door. Very often, he wore almost ankle length dresses or skirts as he avoided slinky fabrics.

Mostly, his skirts were polyester or cotton in the summer and wool in the winter and were conservatively hemmed and cut. His blouses were always conservative and carefully chosen to match and coordinate and to not readily reveal his bra and slip straps.

That said, one of Jerry's favorites was a 1960's maxi dress with a hippie inspired design. That dress had the details of other romantic, vintage, ethnic inspired dresses and was made of a semi-sheer gauzy fabric, printed with big watercolor look flowers in purple, green, peach, and black. The sleeves were short and puffed and edged with ecru lace, matching the lace on the square neckline and bodice. The bust was cut full and the waist was cinched with a self belt that tied in the back. The skirt was full, but not huge and closed up the back with a nylon zipper.

Underneath his pretty skirts and dresses, Jerry could wear lingerie and panties as frilly as he pleased. "*Ice on the outside and fire on the inside*," he had learned. He loved to wear his pretty silky feminine undies under his dresses and skirts. He still wore full cut brief panties like his mother bought for him and Mrs. Loring taught him to wear properly and ladylike. They were to be worn high on his natural feminine waist for full coverage, comfort, and practicality. They would not bunch around his hips like a male would wear his shorts. His pride was his wardrobe of slips, half slips, and a few petticoats—and his oodles of panties. He had a dresser full of panties in many pastel colors and black for special occasions with a black dress. Mostly, he preferred snow-white slips, or beige or sometimes ballet pink or baby blue—and with panties and bra to match if possible.

Mrs. Loring taught him to take personal pride in the lingerie she had given him, and he took care of his dainty intimates religiously. Almost every evening after work, he rinsed out his panties, slip, bra, stockings and girdle in delicate suds, rinsed them carefully and hung them to air dry on a bathroom drying rack by the tub. She also taught him to properly care for girdles by hand washing, rinsing, patting dry with a towel and drying while laying flat on a towel.

"Good girl!" his mother would comment on seeing the care he took with his intimate lingerie and girlie things.

Jerry knew what he had was special, something none of the other boys had or even knew much about. In some ways it might have been taboo that increased his interest because "forbidden fruit always tastes better." He also knew that lingerie in particular was part of growing up into a woman. His mother always wore a skirt or dress around the house. And almost always, this included wearing a girdle and stockings. Now, so did he!

He remembered hearing his mother's comments about wanting to get out of her girdle before dinner and now he totally understood. There was a lot of discomfort (real and imagined) when wearing a girdle (or bra or heels, for that matter).

He started to complain one night but quickly realized that his mother was not one for that kind of complaining, especially from a boy who didn't have to wear girl's clothes. "Look," she scolded, "I'm not going to put up with any complaints. You'll wear your heels (and dress and girdle and stockings) until it is time to go to bed. You'll either get used to them or I'll box everything up and take them to Goodwill."

From that moment, Jerry never complained out loud, even in a really heavy-duty long-leg girdle complete with the rigid (absolutely non-stretch) satin tulip front panel and side-zipper. Given no choice, he suffered in silence. It was what women did; knowing it was molding their figure into a desirable, curvy and femininely proportioned shape.

Sometimes, by the end of the day, Jerry was almost overcome by the girdle's pressure and sculpting restriction. After removing it before bed, Jerry was fascinated by the way his figure was responding. Each day, the girdle seemed to fit better, and he was able to wear it pulled up tight. He knew, once a girdle went on, it was on for the day. Now, he didn't remember being uncomfortable when wearing a girdle but sometimes he wore a little g-string with a pocket to hide away his privates. It didn't take much to flatten them and look feminine.



Working gave Jerry a chance to use what he'd learned, not in an overly sexy way...just a completely feminine lifestyle.

At work, Jerry religiously checked his stockings for runs and always had a spares in his purse and desk in case of a stocking run at work. It was one reason why he disliked pantyhose. Run a pair of pantyhose and a girl had to spend almost ten bucks for a new pair. Run a stocking and the girl would only have to replace one stocking and could do it quickly and easily in the ladies room—or, for that matter, even at her desk if there were no men present. These were just a few of the many “girl” secrets he knew.

Jerry's shoes also had to be conservative and sensible, no slutty skyscraper heels, no shiny red or black patent pumps or glittering bangles and rhinestones for him. His shoes were mostly mid-heel for office or flats, wedgies or espadrilles for home when doing housework. Nothing was bright and flashy to draw attention. Everything had to blend in with the crowd to avoid special attention. His jewelry was the same. No, whorish bangle earrings, gaudy necklaces, feathers, or hair decorations. Just simple and tasteful jewelry in gold or silver or faux pearl.

Jerry's makeup was the same, nothing gaudy or attention grabbing. No big false eyelashes or wild hairstyles. Just conservative, simple, and tasteful and ladylike. For lipstick, he stuck mostly with rose color. Perhaps it was psychological; dating back to his first memory of lipstick that the neighborhood girls put on him and that first magical taste. Besides, rose would coordinate with almost any dress. Bright red was out except for special occasions. He didn't think he looked good in pink lipstick so he almost never wore pink. At home, he usually wore simple lip coating because his lips had become almost permanently stained from wearing lipstick constantly. It really didn't make much difference as he looked like he was wearing lipstick most of the time.

Jerry's hairstyle was conservative, as well. He liked his hair in a simple collar length page or simple flip that he could tie back into a ponytail and be less formal if he felt like it. Fortunately, he could wear his natural hair and didn't require a wig. He still wore wigs or falls in different styles for special occasions. Life was simple but good.

FLIPPING BACK....

But like all things, Jerry's career as a working woman came to an abrupt end. When the company he was working for folded financially, he was forced out of work, and his difficulties started again. Finding a legitimate and living wage job as a woman was difficult if almost impossible. One could not hide his identity from future employers, and he had to be truthful. Quickly, he learned that there was a lot of ugly discrimination practiced in the work place.

Jerry found that most all-prospective employers were polite in the job interview and politically correct to be legal and not face a discrimination lawsuit, but they didn't hire him. It was discrimination for sure but impossible to prove. Besides, who in his case would have the money to pay an attorney? The employers knew this and used it.

He even went through employment agencies and head-hunter companies to no avail. In desperation, he had to clean hotel rooms again, where credentials were seldom investigated, or he worked at a waitress for a franchise chain family restaurant—in the morning shift and served mostly coffee to the truckers and contractors.

He hated it. The job was drudgery with low pay, low tips and one where a girl received a lot of harassment with snide and insulting comments from the beastly men. He didn't dare wear nice clothes to work because by the end of the day, his waitress dress would be filthy and covered with spills of food and stains from cleaning tables.

He had to resort to wearing pantyhose so the men couldn't see his garter bumps and make chauvinistic comments. Pantyhose were hot and they always bunched down for him and he hated them. He had to wear plain fitted slips and plain panties without lace under his waitress dress and he missed the frilly lace that made him feel so feminine. The main reason why being a waitress would not work was the low pay. Jerry began to get further and further into debt and nearer to financial ruin. He had to find a decent paying job, and to do this, to survive financially, he had to resort to being a male.

BACK TO BOY....

For some years afterward, Jerry had to be fully male and work in a male job. It did nothing but torment him, being in a role he didn't feel he belonged. He felt like a total failure as a male, and he became a "wuss" again—a "marshmallow" to the men and virtually invisible to the women. No dates, no social life. Just work, come home, watch TV, and go to bed. He did manage to pay the bills and build the start of a saving account.

On weekends or during any paid vacation days, he could be Jerri again and live for a few days in his preferred proper role—in his skirts and dresses and slips and panties—in his makeup and perfume and lipstick and feminine shoes. He could relax and sew things and embroider again in his dress for the day—and be content and at one with himself.

But come Monday morning... it was back into drab and course pants for another five days of total stress and boredom. It was a miracle that nothing physically wrong attacked Jerry. Somehow he managed to watch his diet and to keep a somewhat feminine figure, he still cared for his nails, although he had to keep them manicured shorter and had to use clear polish. He managed to keep himself hairless, even his arms. He even found an electrologist that saw him confidentially and removed almost all of his facial hair in little bits at a time. On occasion, he even bought a few new dresses, skirts, slips, girdles, and panties to wear on weekends. Still, it was torment and Jerry could only feel hollow.

But he finally got a break.

.....

At the end of one day, he was summoned to the office of Tana Carbal, the Vice President of his section. He had only met her only once, and he basically tried to stay out of her way. Ushered in, the woman looked up from her desk and said, "Jerry, good job on this report. It got me a raise, and I'm giving you one as well! Let's go have a drink to celebrate."

They went to THE WALL, which Jerry had heard had a good after work crowd. "Two wallbangers," his boss ordered.

Jerry mostly let his boss talk and afterwards, they went to a place that had the "best Caesar salad." Then she insisted that they go to "The Shark." A dance club.

They had great drinks, the key lime martinis were excellent. They had a great night.

The next weekend, they went out for drinks at "Wet", a trendy bar. It was a pretty fabulous place..except the drinks being really expensive.

As they walked up to the dimly lit bar, Jerry noticed this HUGE, handsome guy leaning against it..we're talking tall and just large in general. He knew Tana noticed too, so as she ordered their drinks, the guy strikes up a conversation. Jerry caught a glimpse into his wallet and literally almost fell to the floor...from the wad of hundreds. "Can I buy you girls a drink?" he asked.

Tana brushed off the man but took a good look at Jerry. "You really do look like a girl in this light."

He blushed.

"I like it. Metrosexual or Emo I guess they call it," she smiled.

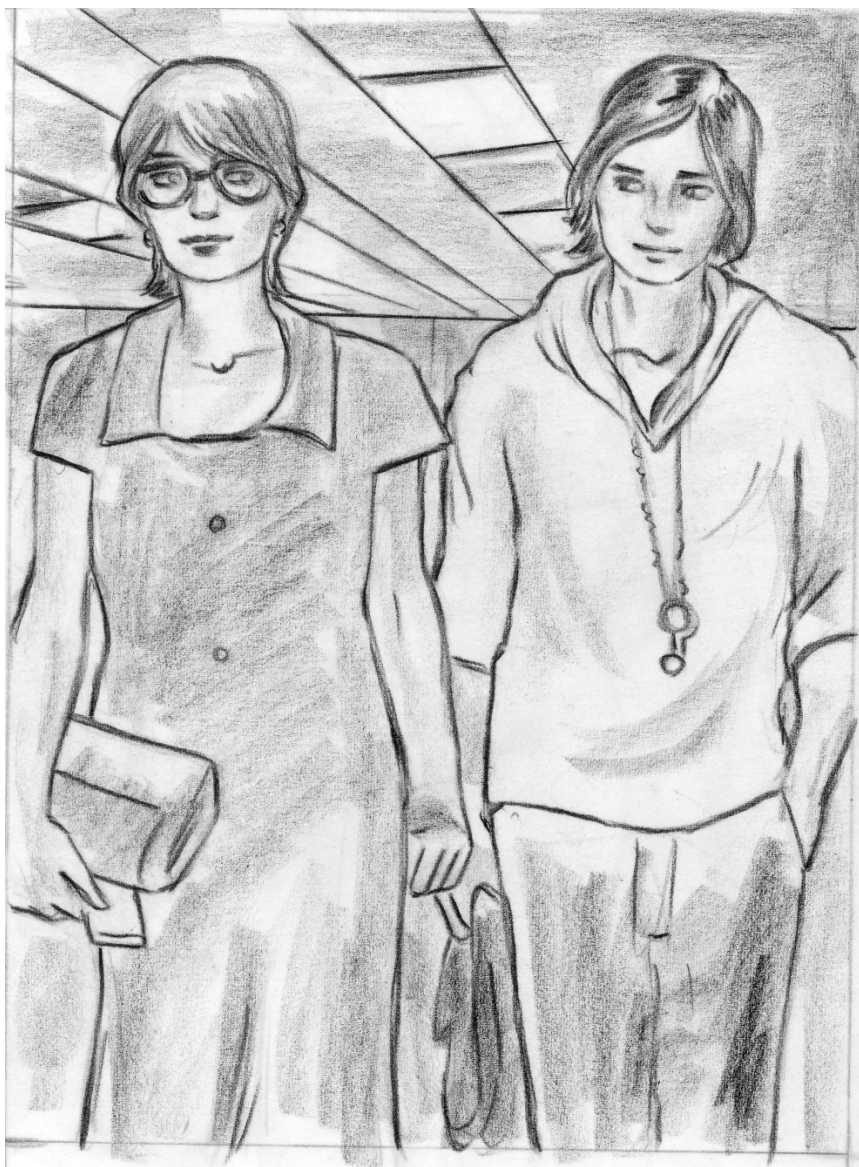
Later they talked. Tana was so open, easily admitting she had a girlfriend in college. They traded verbal secrets and desires, and Tana really surprised Jerry when she said very gently while they watched 'Sex in the City', "*Don't be afraid to show me who you really are. I know you love girl things, and I don't care.*"

Jerry broke down and admitted his past, telling all.

"You lived as a woman! That's so cool. Have you ever wanted to live as a woman again?"

"Every day," Jerry sighed then blushed.

Tana laughed, "Sounds like fun, GIRLFRIEND! I've missed having a girl companion. With me, you can be all the girl you ever wanted to be. I will make you feel like a woman and help you become a lady. I promise. Would you like that?"



JERRY and TANA, his boss, leaving work. In many ways Tana was more masculine than Jerry...and she sensed it.

And of course, Jerry could only answer, "Oh yes. But don't you want a real man?"

Tana smiled, "Men come and go. At least, I know you aren't going to run off with some younger thing in a skirt...I guess because you have your own skirts!"

Jerry shyly admitted he loved sharing life and being with Tana...and wanted to be more like a girl.

Secrets all out, they had a whirlwind romance, dating every weekend. They would "play house" together at Tana's suburban home. Jerry had to work as a male drudgingly during the week, but on Friday nights he would start getting ready for Saturday and another full weekend in dresses and skirts as Tana's girlfriend. They, of course, started having sex soon after their initial date. She seemed to know what Jerry wanted and needed—and he seemed to know what she needed as well. He needed to be treated like a female.

At first, Jerry tried to perform as a man but it quickly became clear that was not what he was good at doing. "Leave your panties and bra on," Tana whispered. I want to teach you how to make love as a woman, with a woman."

Jerry couldn't remember the instructions. All he could remember was his own feminine swooning as Tana encouraged him to "forget masculinity". She could sense his pleasure as she fingered the delicate lace of his slip while whispering in his ear, *"If I have my way, I'm gonna make you feel like a real girl."* Jerry, of course didn't know exactly what she meant by that, but her whispering it only made him almost swoon.

Tana made a lot of money and took Jerry everywhere—to nice restaurants, to ball games, to the race track on Saturday afternoon. They went to the aquarium, to concerts and to quiet "girl" lounges where they could dance together privately. Jerry loved dancing with Tana and when they both spin, show off the glimpses of their matching pretty girlish slips.

Of course the beautiful Tana and "her friend" would get male attention when out on the town. On each and every outing, Jerry anticipated that men would make moves on them.

He knew it would happen and probably one day, Tana would meet some man she liked. They hadn't talked about what he would do, and Tana expected him to be the *girlfriend* for her—like a real girl.

On outings to a restaurant, when they had to wait for a table, he loved it when the male maitre d' called them "Ladies." When their turn came up on the list, he called out, "*We have a table for you beautiful young ladies.*"

Tana smiled at Jerry when they heard their name being called out like that and Jerry could only shiver a little bit within the folds of his thin, frail, silky polyester, autumn brown border print, full skirted dress and his beige, lace hemmed slip that matched his sissy panties. *Beautiful Ladies?* The name immediately enthralled him. In their relationship, he was beginning to *feel* like Tana's girlfriend, Tana taking him everywhere with her and with her regular encouragement of his feminization. To say the least, he *liked* the idea of being like Tana. As for her, she started thinking the same. She also rather liked the idea of having a girlfriend. This became a turning point in their romance.

Tana liked to play erotic games and tease the men around, but she had been up front with Jerry and laid it out clearly, "*If you are going to be with me, honey, I expect you to be all girl. We will be getting a lot of attention from men, so you should just as well learn to roll with it.*"

It was a price Jerry had to pay. Tana was beautiful and it was much better than sitting at home sewing lace on a slip he could never wear out. Most commonly, she would just tease him as they sat in a restaurant, "*Honey. Look at that BIG handsome guy. Bet neither one of us could walk after a night with him! Shall we take him home?*"

Jerry learned not to be jealous and accommodated her little amusements at such times. "Whatever you want honey." He'd adjust his dress in front a little to reveal his pretty slip lace arrange his skirt about his legs in a ladylike manner.

Tana even developed a variety of gender games from this scenario that he also really liked. In this case, she would more or less tease him about not being much of a man, which he

learned to not mind. "It's hard to get angry at the truth," he giggled.

After a night out, Tana would have Jerry stand before her and then order Jerry to raise up his skirt to his waist and well up over his panties, so she had full view. She liked that sight. She would tell him, "*Hold that dress up, honey, all the way. I want to see your panties.*" And that is what he would do. He'd stand before her, always blushing in the shame of having to reveal his sissy panties.

Tana would reach down, take hold of the hem of her skirt and slip in her fingers and then high in front for him and tease, "Look, you're as flat as I am,! Jerry would watch her inspect his sissy garter panties and his sissy panty vee in front that made him look so much like a woman.

They would go to bed wearing matching nightgowns. One night Tana whispered as they snuggled together, "How tragic it is that so many men with girlish tendencies can't allow them to blossom. I think it's time you turned your life around...."

"What do you mean?" Jerry asked.

"You have been effeminate and rather girlish. It's time you became girlish and rather effeminate!" Tana laughed. "I think we need to get you on female hormones. It might fun to make you so feminine that you can't ever be a guy again...."

"I don't know," Jerry would say shyly, adjusting his nylon nightgown over his dainty, lacy satin panties with delicate bows.

Tana couldn't resist teasing him, "Honey, are you afraid you will get even *smaller*?" Jerry blushed in the dark. He knew when he put his legs together, there was virtually no bulge showing now. Even when Tana and he tried to make love as male/female, there was hardly more than a "camel toe". "Com' on," she encouraged, "Let's shrink that little thing up and have some girl fun?"

It was when they started "playing house" as Tana used to say—when Jerry would stay entire weekends at her suburban house—or for entire weeks of vacation—that she started

encouraging him to be more feminine. "I work really work hard and make a lot of money. I'd love a wife to come home to...." That's when he got his first lessons on what it would be like to be a housewife. Soon, at least once each weekend, she would tease him about becoming her wife full-time. Fortunately for him, she was very patient and gentle and took her time in properly emasculating her find.

She asked a doctor friend to help figure out which birth control pill would fit Jerry's initial needs. There were different doses of estrogen and female hormones in the different birth control pills, and it was decided that a combined pill would be slightly more effective in getting his body used to estrogen. At first he resisted, but the thrill of taking a "girl only" pill each day with Tana was tempting.

"Just try one," Tana taunted. One led to two.... Jerry took one pill each day, at the same time every day during what was a 28 day monthly cycle of estrogen. Not much happened at first. It was just an exercise in doing what girls do. Plus, there was no way could get pregnant.

He felt nauseated during the first few days of pill use, but Tana encouraged him to try to wait it out. True to her word, he soon felt better. The nausea returned the second month because she had him change to a higher estrogen dose. Jerry threw up after taking his new pill for a few days and had to take a second one. He didn't notice major changes as the estrogen simply regulated fat around his body. There was a small but noticeable change in his chest/hips/cheeks. The nausea went away but Jerry complained to Tana about the weight gain, "This is silly, I can't get pregnant."

Tana laughed, "Birth control pills make your body think it's pregnant so it places the fat stores around the breasts and hips to bare a baby. Your boobs are sensitive and are growing, right? Basically YOU are pregnant!"

"How long do I have to take these pills?"

"Until the estrogen causes permanent change and you forget you were ever just a little sissy."

Tana's teasing didn't bother Jerry much because it wasn't like the boys in high school who were ruthless. She liked to "role play", and sometimes it was more fun than others....like being a couple of Catholic School girls where they were both wore school girl uniforms of navy blue pleated skirt, white blouse, blue cardigan, and either knee high socks or anklets with black Mary Jane shoes. Underneath, like most real Catholic schoolgirls, they wore frilly lace hemmed slips and panties.

After Tana taught Jerry to make love like a girl with a girl, he learned many new role-playing games. She was quite a bit more sexually mature than him and had had many boyfriends and more than one girlfriend. "If you want to be like me," Tana stated, "You need to be adventuresome..." After that, the two would meet men on weekends. It became a game for them, and they soon got a reputation as being "nice girls" but fun.

Logically, Tana soon seemed to forget that Jerry was just a sissy and not a real girl. She thought of him as just another young woman in his navy pleated skirt and with his frilly half slip peeking out from underneath. He wore lipstick with his hair done up and by now, to her he had become just one of the girls. Amazingly, this suited Jerry just fine.

While he should have been threatened by the male attention Tana received, he wasn't because he was getting it too. There was no way he could compete with these virile men as he became more emasculated and feminine in attitude as a result of all of it.

"Should I take him home?" Tana whispered to Jerry one night after drinks at a bar.

"The big guy?" Jerry asked innocently.

"I'm not kidding this time," Tana said. I really feel like a good one."

The next morning, Tana apologized to Jerry. "I'm so sorry, that was really rude of me. It's just that sometimes I need a man, and I'd rather think of you as a girl."

Jerry played with the hem of his nightgown. "He was good looking...it's okay. When are you seeing him again?"

"Never."

"Perfect. Then it's really okay," Jerry smiled.

The next night, Tana was ready to play. Only this time, she surprised Jerry with a new prop. Jerry's eyes nearly popped out when he saw it was very life like with veins and all! It was complicated but Tana wore it like a jock strap. "You need to learn about being *receptive*," she giggled.

Jerry blushed as Tana had him go to his knees while still holding his own dress and slip way up so Tana could see his panties—and then Tana simply stepped forward, took hold of Jerry's head gently—and simply stuffed a bit of the length into his mouth.

Jerry was so embarrassed he glowed red in the dim room. "That's a good girl," Tana said and began to piston as she watched Jerry, while still holding up his dress and slip with both hands, started to slurp and gaggle. "Easy honey," Tana said lovingly. "On a real one, you don't want to go too fast or they will lose it."

She thought of how pretty he'd look with a real man--there in his womanly receptiveness—on his knees on the carpet—maybe with his mouth brimming and bubbling and overflowing with manly sperm. That would make him really feel feminine....

Tana began to train Jerry to become quite "receptive". It was just a fun role-playing that Jerry began to enjoy. Tana bought several more of the replicas in different sizes.

Some were unbelievably thick—seemingly bigger around even than Jerry's own feminine wrist—and sometimes really long, too. Jerry asked, "Are some really that big?"

Tana laughed, "Yes, and GIRL, you never really know what you are getting until it's too late."

Jerry learned to handle them like a girl. It was great practice and nearly like the real thing except he didn't get that nice warm reward--a mouthful absolutely brimming with fresh creamy, male seed.

"Someday I want you to do this for real," Tana said, knowing that "real life reward" would have to be a surprise for her sissy husband. Tana knew sometimes it was more cream than even she could handle. She knew he would pretend to swallow as she always insisted during training. But sometimes there was simply too much and it would likely bubble out of the corners of his pink lips and run down his chin.

Tana couldn't wait to see this. Perhaps it was female empowerment for her? Making Jerry a true equal? No matter why, Tana *really* seemed to get a kick out of how girlish Jerry had become.

THE GADGET....

One play day led to another. At first, Tana would only give Jerry an inch or two and would simply hold it there while he adapted himself to its thickness and the feeling of being invaded. Then she would pull out. Next time, she would give him another inch to adapt to—then next time more inches until she could put the full length of the trainer way up inside with a fair amount of ease.

Some of the time, Jerry would cry and squeal like a sissy girl when she did this, but that was expected of a virgin and somehow was even enjoyed by Tana in her empowerment. She would say to Jerry at such times, *"Oh quit your squealing. You're 'gonna get it like a girl, so be quiet and quit squealing. Now you will know what it really feels like to be like a girl."*

As the games continued, she would start again with her teasing questioning. "Do you like being the girl for me, Jerry? Do you like wearing pretty dresses for me? This is what happens when a woman wears sexy, pretty dresses with a real man. You'll learn to like it?"



Tana even began to call this scenario as “making a baby....*Let’s go make a baby in your tummy,*”

And Jerry had learned the role that Tana liked and had learned to say the answers that she wanted to hear to turn her on even further. Jerry had learned simply to say to her whispered questions. *“Please give it to me. Please give it to me good. Even if I cry. Ooooh it’s so big and so stiff. I want to take all of it so give it to me good.”*

After only a few weekends like this, Tana had Jerry womaned enough to where he could then receive everything full length with relative ease and little resistance.

Tana loved seeing Jerry be so passive. Sometimes, she simply would take Jerry from behind by bending him over a couch or chair or over the edge of the bed. Tana would lift up Jerry’s dress and slip in back—lower down his panties to his knees—and then would take him.

Tana even began to call this scenario as “making a baby.” *“C’mom honey. Let’s go make a baby in your tummy,”* she would

say to Jerry as she took him by the hand and led him to somewhere where they could "make a baby."

For Jerry, at first this was always somewhat of a confusing ordeal. He would follow her lead on quaking and shivering legs—on his way to accepting her affections -- knowing full well what he was about to be getting.

Then he'd simply feel her move behind him, hold him by his hips and then place her hand on his upper back to gently push him down and make him bend over for her again. He'd sense her reaching down and palming his fleshy behind through the silken thin folds of his dress and slip and panties—and then he would feel his dress starting to go up in back.

"Ooooo, *there goes my dress*," was about all he was able to think to himself as such a time. And soon then, "*And my slip, too. Eeeeeee*," he would begin to squeal in knowing full well that Tana was preparing him for her pleasure.

Jerry could feel Tana at first palming his silken, panty covered behind, then, he feel the panties going down. Down, down, down to his knees.

Jerry had to nothing but relax. He'd reflexively kink in his knees and point the toes of his high heels inward but this gesture only seemed to widen his behind for Tana and make it appear wider and fatter and more feminine looking and even more receptive.

It was after only a few months of their dating and playing house that Tana and Jerry decided to make their relationship permanent. Jerry would quit his male-role job and could begin living as Tana's full time, dress wearing, suburban wife and girl companion. With his retirement benefits and Tana's continued working income, they could live together comfortably with her still working and Jerry becoming her little "Betty Crocker" type, "Holly Home Maker." They would even go through a formal wedding commitment ceremony and would exchange vows. Jerry would get his name legally changed to "Jerri Milford-Carbal" and he would become Tana's wife and would then spend the rest of his years in skirts and in dresses.

Most men, when they retire from their jobs, retire to the golf course or to fishing and travel and recreation, but not Jerry. He would retire to the rest of a life in dresses as Tana's textbook, traditional, old-fashioned wife. The idea suited him perfectly. For him, it was a dream come true—an absolute fit—a true destiny fulfilled. For Tana, it was having a truly feminine, sexually enticing, loyal and loving companion and home-maker—a perfect wife and caretaker for a career minded woman.

After the supermarket, Jerry decided to run a few routine quick errands. He stopped at the post office and once again heard his high heels clicking loudly on the tile and drawing looks from a few of the men. He sensed it and allowed his skirts to flutter a little more, and he sashayed his rounded, panty covered fanny in an extra feminine gesture for their teasing. When he exited the big glass door to the outside, the breeze once again billowed the front of his dress and he could be sure he had given those men a quick glimpse of his womanly petticoat lace. Following the post office, there was the drug store to pick up estrogen pills, a box of feminine napkins and some vaginal estrogen cream, which he didn't want to run out of!

Jerry didn't know when Tana would want to take him like a husband. It was up to her. Perhaps, it could even be today and maybe even as soon as she stepped into the house and before he could put away the groceries. It was that time of his estrogen cycle. Higher estrogen levels caused bloat and water retention. He even thought about how he might feel like wearing his maternity shifts around the house for a few days, as he often did, when he really felt pregnant.

Tana also got a kick out of that when she saw him suffering PMS and got more empowerment from imagining that she had a sweet little stay at home, knocked up wife.

As he walked back to his car in the drug store parking lot, he once again felt the breezy air fluffing and fluttering his skirt and slip—and could once again feel the warm sunshine on his sleek nylons—and could once again sense the utter

“nothingness” between his legs and in his silken panty gusset—and could almost feel the silky nylon of his panties rippling against his soft belly, his soft fanny and his seemingly womanly widening feminine hips—he could only think to himself, *“Gawd, I love wearing a dress. I absolutely love wearing a dress and being able to be like a woman.”*

Jerry remembered the words of wisdom that he had heard from his mother, his auntie, from his neighbor Mrs. Loring, and from the girls in his neighborhood and school, when they would say, *“Well dear, if you feel like you should be wearing a dress like a girl instead of male pants, then you SHOULD wear a dress and you BELONG in a dress. It’s nobody’s business what they think you should wear.”*

Sure enough, as soon as Jerry got home and had put away the groceries, Tana came in from work in her tailored suit and saw him swishing and mincing around in the kitchen in his pretty dress and one of his white, flouncy, cotton bib aprons that he made for himself on his sewing machine.

It was his “Holly Home Maker,” his little “Betty Crocker” look that almost always gave Tana an uncontrollable surge of power and ownership. She especially loved the bib aprons that Jerry wore as they signaled to her somehow that he was expecting to wait on her every need. That was something she could never get from a real man.

“How was work?” Jerry asked.

The fact that it appeared to Tana that Jerry had also just put on some fresh rose-colored lipstick, gave her yet another subtle signal that he was neutered. He came into the living room with a tray of fresh lemonade. They chatted about work and Jerry listened for a while. Then Tana asked, “How do you feel?”

“Fat,” Jerry moaned. “And my boobs hurt...”

That’s when Tana took control. She loved the control! She told Jerry to stand up and turn around. He followed her commands passively and knowing full well what would probably be coming. His knees started to shake a bit in his nylons, but they had not much time before he felt her put her

hands on his pantied bottom and feel it through the thin fabric of his dress, slip and panties.

"Your fanny is getting nice and round and soft," Tana said signaling to him to lift his skirt up and show all. Reflexively, Jerry pressed his knees together as he teetered on his high heels. He turned and lifted his skirt slowly to show his behind knowing it appeared more wide and plump in the full panties he was wearing. She gave him a good look before announcing, "Now that's a nice girlie butt!"

Jerry made a sweet smile with his rose colored lips and wiggled his bottom in a girlish way for her.

"I bet the men at the store today wanted a piece of that," Tana laughed. "And I bet you wiggled it nicely for them?"

Jerry blushed, "Men can be so crude..."

"Oh quit your complaining," Tana said. "One of these days, you're 'gonna really get it like a girl, and understand men, so quit bashing men. Then you will know what it really feels like to be like a girl. Show me those panties...." Then, she would start again with her teasing questioning. *"Look at your panties! Nothing! Don't you just love wearing pretty panties and the way they fit now?"*

Jerry knew what to do—what a good wife would do. Be sexy and teasing at a time like this. He bent over at the waist obediently and placed his pink nailed femmy hands down flat on the cushion of the chair and posed girlishly. Then, he felt her hand again on his panties and without very much fanfare... up went his dress.

"Ooops!" he could only somewhat stutter to himself and then think, *"There goes my dress. She's lifting my dress in back."*

Then he could feel her fingering the lace at the rear hem of his slip. Tana always seemed to like toying with his lace hem. Jerry always allowed her to play with his slip lace, whether in a movie theater, in the car, or at times like this. Then he could feel his silky slip sliding and whispering up his smooth legs to follow the hem of his dress way up onto his back. *"Oh, not my slip, too,"* he would begin to squeal innocently.

"Quit your squealing and let me feel up that pretty fat fanny of yours."

As Jerry could feel the lace of his slip hem up onto his back—and as he could take a quick look down at himself and see how his pretty dress had aproned down in front, along with the front of his white bib apron and how absolutely womanly and wifely he appeared.

He obediently raised his bottom high for Tana so she could examine his crystal white, lace trimmed, full cut, brief style panties he wore that day to the supermarket. He could feel her hands on his hips and on the bottom of his panties as her fingers examined the pretty lace trim that he had sewn onto them, as he did with almost all of his store-bought panties. Lace to make him feel pretty and feminine underneath his dress and lace to further entice Tana. The more girlish he was, the more she loved it.

It was quite common, in fact, for Tana to call him forward at any given time of the day and say, *"Get that dress up in front for me, honey. I want to see your panties. Get it up. Get it up high so I can see them."*

And he would always cross his arms in front as he grabbed the hems of his slip and dress, and blush at the humiliation and the shame of having to show a woman his sissy panties. But Jerry would obediently raise up his dress and his slip up high in front and would stand there as his spouse would view his panties and his pussy-looking vee in front.

And Tana would almost always say, *"Just like a girl!"* He would invariably blush and sometimes would even pull his dress up over his face and hide behind it so Tana couldn't see the embarrassment on his face.

Bent over the chair now, with his dress and his slip way up onto his back and his girlishly soft bottom exposed, Jerry felt what was coming next. Tana slapped him gently across his quivering panty covered bottom, with her open palm. She giggled, "Have you been a bad or a good girl?"

"Good," he said softly.

"Have you been teasing the boys with your sweet panties?"

"Maybe a little?" he moaned.

Then, she slapped his bottom again. At first, in a sort of teasing manner and then, as he wriggled about, much harder. Tana's slaps grew heavier and more painful. Faster and more furiously the blows rained down on his tingling panty covered bottom. Jerry's flesh stung, and he pleaded, "I'll be a good girl!"

"You sure will!" This seemed to only increase her passion, and her strokes became frenzied. Her hands slapped his soft, plump flesh and he was glad his hips and bottom had the extra fat. Finally, when she was finished, Jerry shook himself until his slip and skirt dropped to a "decent" position.

Tana slid her hands over his hips, and took him by the hand into the bedroom. Before he knew it, his panties were being slid down. Down, down, down.

Reflexively, he kinked in his knees to girlishly somehow try to prevent his panties from going all the *way* down to his shoes. And this motion caused him to spread his ankles apart and to point in his toes a bit inward to keep his balance as he teetered on his high heeled city sandals. But the motion of this only cause his behind to appear even more wide and plump to Tana—and to entice her even more.

"I wish for a day I was a man. I'd love to really give it to you!" Tana laughed.

Jerry just followed her lead when it came to the bedroom.

TRAINING....

It was training. Jerry would see Tana putting on one of her "assists." Jerry could only know what would soon come to him as she prepared her big, thick, muscled, husbandly-like facsimile that he would soon be receiving.

Tana always made Jerry take a good look at it before they started. Tana stepped around in front of him and put the end right in front of his face, where he could see it good, and then the plum end to his lips. Jerry knew what to do. He made a

nice, sissy, lipstick coated "O" with his rose colored lips and then went to work on it. Tana shoved it into his mouth and allowed him go gaggle on its thickness. "Good girl!" she said. "Get a good taste of it."

For a few moments Jerry slurped and paid homage to it. Then Tana pulled back and stepped behind his up-thrust behind. *"Get that curvy bottom up for me, honey. Now wiggle it a little. Show me the way you wiggle it for the men."*

This was almost always totally humiliating for Jerry as he did what she wanted and told her what she wanted to hear. He wiggled and tried to jiggle his bare, womanly behind for Tana as sort of an invitation and enticement.

"Your bottom is getting so soft and round...perfect in a tight skirt!"

"Ooooo," he would sigh. *"I can't help it..."*

And finally he felt it—the spongy plum of the staff as it brushed up the inside of his naked thigh above his stocking top and then found its way to the center of Jerry's up-thrust bottom. He could also feel his rear garter straps stretching taught in back as they labored and then felt Tana, as she held the mushroomed end of her authority between the crack of Jerry's bottom and against his opening. Tana reached down with her hand and quickly unfettered his rear garter tabs and pulled the rear apron of Jerry's white cotton brocade girdle up high onto his soft, feminine, raised up bottom.

"Let's make some new ground, Jerry. Here it comes, honey."

Jerry could only gasp and squeal again as Tana entered him easily from behind. It had been pre-lubed with a scented estrogen crème in anticipation that this very thing would be happening.

It slid all the way up easily and without discomfort. But still, to him, it was always so thick and so unbelievably stiff. He squealed some which Tana always enjoyed.

"Eeeeeee! Oooooog."

"Oh quit it. You know you want it just like a girl."

Without any further ado or fanfare, Tana began with long slow pistoning strokes so Jerry could get accustomed again to the length—before picking up the pace and really giving it to him good. Jerry was really getting it now. He was getting *all* of it now.

"Eeeeg. Ooooog. Ahhhh. Gleekum. Deeeth," he began driveling sissy gibberish as Tana began to pump almost ruthlessly.

"Get that pretty fat bottom up high for me, honey, and keep it there."

"Oooo, yesth, dear," Jerry would answer from inside the hems of his dress that was now pushed up even higher and over the back of her head. Jerry could see nothing but down to his rose painted nails where his femmy manicured hands grabbed the chair seat cushion. His dress was now completely over his head and he could see nothing else except down to his hands and to his pearl necklace which dangled down his chin in front. He could see nothing left or right except the material of his thin, cotton, dress and some slip lace. He could see or do nothing except focus fully on the invader that was now jogging full length in and out of him. When Tana did him this way with his dress up over his head, Jerry always got it good.

"Ummmph, geeksh, meekah, gleee. Eeeee," he squealed from deep inside the folds of his inside-out and tossed up dress.

Then came the questions that Tana liked to tease him with and make him answer, *"Do you like being my wife now, honey? Do you like being my girl?"*

"Ooooo, yessth," Jerry obediently answered with his highest and most girlish lisp and with the answer he knew she wanted to hear.

"You like getting it inside—just like a girl?"

"Eeee, yessth, dear."

"Aand that's why we are going to keep you in pretty dresses. For me and all the men who want you like this?"

"Ooooo, yessth, dear. I promise. I promise to always wear a dress for you."

"And the men?"

"Oh honey...."

"Admit it. You want to be creamed too? You wouldn't mind a man filling you up with his seed and to trying to make a baby in you?"

"Oooooooo, eeeeeee!" Jerry nearly swooned.

"We should find a man to give it to you good," Tana said breathlessly. *"Just like this, only you will feel it stiffer than ever inside and then feel it wiggling and throbbing frantically as a man holds it deep inside."*

Jerry suddenly wanted to get away but that was impossible as Tana had him pinned.

Tana told him when to expect it...it felt so real that Jerry could almost feel the wetness of millions of wiggling sperm being shot up deep up inside of his belly...each to frantically seeking out an egg to fertilize.

Jerry knew this could never happen physically, but just the thought of it psychologically made him feel more feminine and womanly than ever before in his life.

The wet, slishing, uncontrollable sounds that his bottom was making was totally feminine--the distinctive sound of a woman being laid--of engaging in complete intercourse. Jerry wasn't just a girly boy now--Jerry was all woman now--and just received what women get.

"Now squeeze, honey. You deserve every drop of it." Jerry didn't try to but his body shuttered and tightened up. How absolutely humiliating to not only having just been penetrated submissively--but to actually seem to squeeze out every drop of a man's precious seed. How totally emasculating.

Then Tana was done, she pulled out and left Jerry there like that--still bent over the chair with his dress still up over his head. Tana chuckled at her work as she saw Jerry then begin to struggle with his shucked down panties and his up-thrown dress and slip--and his unfettered garters and sagging stockings and twisted white cotton girdle--as he juggled to get his panties up and his dress and slip back down so he could then scurry down the hall to the bathroom to take care of his

now smooshed bottom. Tana watched Jerry as he twittered down the hall while at the same time holding his dress and slip with his hands and with his white lace panties still twisted about his upper thighs.

Then Tana sat down on the couch to enjoy the lemonade that Jerry had brought to her on the tray on the coffee table while Jerry had to do womanly things in the bathroom—the things that every woman has to do after just being laid.

Most weekends the two got all dressed up pretty and went out to a hotel lounge for dinner and for after-dinner cocktails. Jerry didn't really like the "meat markets" but at the nicer joints, the men were nice and not drunk. Many were probably married.

It was in one of those—a hotel lounge—where Jerry met Brad.

Tana had met a nice young man and was dancing and Jerry was sitting by himself—and like Jerry, Brad was looking for a change. He had become totally disgusted with most women and had just suffered through a miserable and financially draining marriage and divorce.

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Jerry followed Tana's lead. They were good girls out on the town just doing what girls like to do.

But Brad was still lonely and was one of the types of guys that really needed the companionship of a good and understanding—and listening and accommodating woman. He was also old fashioned in his tastes in women. He preferred the textbook “June Cleaver” or “Betty Crocker” type of woman from

the early sixties—a woman that wore dresses and skirts and left the “being a man” to the man. Brad liked to wear the pants and he liked his woman to wear the panties—and that was that. No in-between and no compromising.

He was attracted to Jerry's demure manner immediately. Jerry was wearing a nice, navy blue, brushed cotton shirtwaist that night. It was almost like a soft and thin terry cloth that was hemmed very conservatively to a few inches below his knees. He loved this dress and had it for years. Tana called it his “Rita Dress” after the inspiration she got for buying it for him from seeing one of the office women named Rita wearing the same style of dress. It was one of the first dresses Tana bought for him and the dress would serve him for any occasion from office wear to church wear to wearing on dinner dates. It was soft and light and the skirt danced around his stockings whenever he moved.

Jerry loved the way it hung and aproned out around his soft belly and hips whenever he leaned forward or leaned sideways in it. Jerry wore A-line cut dresses and shifts, but really liked wearing a dress with a full skirt because he liked the feeling of looseness and airiness that they gave him. The material of his “Rita dress” felt warm on chilly days, yet cool and airy on warm days. And it was very properly and ladylike in all ways.

That night, Jerry wore nice shiny and creamy looking rose lipstick, which Brad was also attracted to and a faux pearl necklace with matching pearl button pierced earrings. Brad absolutely hated plain women that wore no makeup and always wore pant-suits—and tried to dress and be like a man—like his ex-shrew of a wife had been. He liked a ladylike comportment and dress. But what really got Brad's hormones running was when Jerry had gotten up to go to the ladies room from his table and Brad got a quick little glimpse of the lace hem of Jerry's pretty crystal white slip against his cinnamon colored stockings. It gave him, for some reason, an immediate thrill. *“Here at last was a lady,”* he thought to himself, *“that enjoyed being a lady and only a lady. Here was a lady that would love a man like me....”*

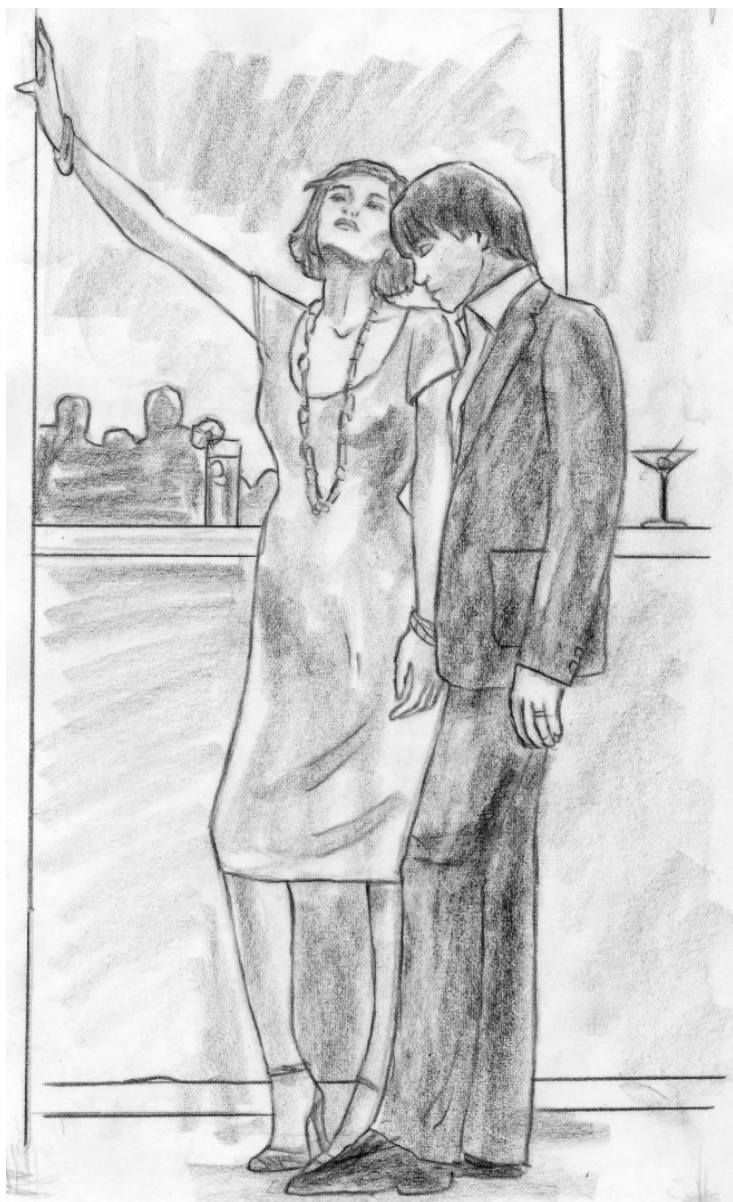
He lamented some more to himself over his bourbon while Jerry was in the ladies lounge. *"The shiny rose lipstick I'd love to taste in a kiss...or for that matter would enjoy seeing and feeling catering to my desires,"* he thought to himself devilishly. *"And her petticoat... the lace... I just know she must also be wearing pretty matching panties which I'd just love to get my hand inside to feel up her plump womanly ass. Oh man... somehow I gotta meet this woman of my dreams."*

Jerry returned from the ladies room and was still smoothing out the skirt of his navy blue, light terry cloth dress, when Brad spotted him walking back to the table and carrying his matching navy purse at his elbow. He liked the way Jerry seemed to swish his hips, as if he sensed him looking, and liked the way his fat, soft, womanly behind seemed to jiggle at him when he turned to face away from him to sit back down at the table. *"Oh man..."* he thought mischievously. *"Would I ever love to get my hand on that soft pretty bottom. I'd probably shoot my gun in my pants, too. What a nice plump, fat pretty ass she has."*

So Brad asked Jerry to dance to the piano music that they had in the lounge. At first, Jerry was really shy, especially about being out on the small dance floor in front of the piano man. But then Tana, her friend, and other couples joined them to the gentle music of Sinatra and later the soft rock of Elton John and Barry Manilow that the piano man would play.

Brad had Jerry out there dance after dance. He watched as he twirled Jerry about on occasion, devilishly, so he could once again see his dress flare up and could see his pretty snow white feminine slip lace. Then they dance to slow tunes—at first somewhat distant—but after a few dances, Brad got Jerry to hug closer and he could feel Jerry's soft feminine pantied belly against his hips—which he purposely pressed against Jerry to show that he was aroused by the softness.

Once or twice he had managed to slide his hand downward to barely touch Jerry's plump bottom and he could feel the sheen of Jerry's nylon slip against the slickness of the nylon panties that he was wearing.



**Brad felt garters! “She was even wearing garters!
Old fashioned gartered stockings that he dearly loved.
Slinky gartered nylons that most modern women simply
shunned and wouldn’t wear.**

And Brad felt *garters!* “*She was even wearing garters! Wow! Old fashioned gartered stockings that he dearly loved and that turned him on immensely. Slinky gartered nylons that these modern women simply shunned and wouldn’t wear. Gartered stockings that gave men hard-ons so hard that a cat couldn’t scratch them,*” he began to fantasize to himself.

In truth, Brad had not been so sexually enticed by a woman in a very long time as he was with this lady he was now dancing with.

Jerry could also sense things. He saw Tana dancing close with a handsome man and knew she would be busy for the night. He could feel Brad’s hand brushing occasionally against his panties and skirts--and for some reason relished the feeling—the feeling of being led and being appreciated, maybe possessed by a real man. He was taller than Jerry and he had big strong shoulders and brawny upper arms.

Earlier that evening, Tana had used Jerry and there was still the afterglow of being so receptive. Jerry couldn’t help but wonder what a real one would be like.

Brad smelled masculine but clean and nice and that was indicative of his being a gentleman. He was obviously strong and could probably be rough when he wanted to, but he seemed patient and caring.

Jerry could also feel Brad pressing against his panty covered belly, through his dress and his thin frail slip and could sense that Brad was also somewhat big. “But how big?” Jerry caught himself wondering.

In a way, that thought made Jerry shiver in reluctance and fear—fear of possibly having to face a real man... something that he had never done or seriously considered. But the feeling of Brad pressing gently yet demandingly against his belly made Jerry absolutely melt into womanly receptiveness. Tana had trained him well and there was a mysterious passivity response to the male stimulus.

After Tana and Brad danced once, she came back and whispered to Jerry, “He didn’t believe me.”

Jerry was in shock. “You told him?”

"And that you were a virgin! Guess what? He's still interested."

Before the words left her lips, Brad was right there again asking Jerry to dance.

"Is it true?" Brad whispered hotly in Jerry's ear. Brad could see the blush even in the darkness. He asked, "You obviously like being a girl, right?"

"Parts of it," Jerry stammered.

At first, Brad was confused, as most males would be. But the soft, panty covered bottom he had in his hand was real and so were the soft mounds of flesh pressing against his chest.

Brad contemplated how it might work. Maybe he could unfetter Jerry's rear garters in back, lower his panties in back to the bottom of his girlie bottom as far down as they would go, and then simply give slid it in...he'd surprised girls that way before.

But Brad was feeling particularly aggressive and rough. Maybe he'd yank down the sissy's panties completely and make the sweet soft thing scream.

Either way, he wanted this feminine creature...no matter. Brad asking Jerry, *"Do you want it like a girl, honey? Do you want me to make a baby with you?"*

What had Tana told him? "You know that can't happen...? Jerry said shyly.

Brad smiled and said, "That won't stop me from giving it to you good and then fill you with a nice big dollop of fresh baby batter. I'd love to fill your belly and make you feel as if you have been impregnated. Would you like that?"

Brad was getting a lot of male empowerment in seeing this femme resist. It seemed that Brad had just emasculated this sissy girl even more so than ever—and he enjoyed it more than he could ever have imagined.

Jerry blushed and felt ruffled in his dress and his slip. He wanted to go fix his makeup and hair and excused himself to go to the ladies room with Tana.

When Jerry came out of the bathroom, he minced back out to Brad waiting at the table. Brad was enjoying Jerry's seemingly even more amplified lass mannerisms. He invariable swished and minced even more than ever and gestured with limp wrists and jiggled and wiggled his fat girlish bottom before him. They danced again, Jerry trying to control the receptiveness he was feeling. Even his voice seemed to be even more femininely high pitched than it had been before Brad's proposal.

"See ya in the morning?" Tana stated as she walked out with a tall businessman.

Late the next morning, Jerry came out and minced delicately into the kitchen while re-tying his ruffled bib apron in back once again. Tana watched Jerry now and enjoyed what she saw. Jerry seemed totally and absolutely femmy now. More so than ever.

Without trying, Jerry seemed to mince and swish and jiggle his fat sissy fanny through his thin housedress. His bottom looked even more plump and softer now—his hips even seemingly wider—and his arm motions were with limp wrists—just like a total girlish female. Even his voice seemed to be up an octave and almost seemed girlishly squeaky.

Jerry had been ridden hard. He had been womaned. Both had known it had been just a matter of time before he was really inseminated and impregnated.

"Well?" Tana giggled.

"Well, what?" Jerry blushed. Jerry felt a little flutter right below his belly button that usually wasn't there. It was a crampy, almost an itchy, tickly butterfly tremble on the inside that ran down to his pubic area.

He wanted to ask Tana if that was normal or just in his mind. But he just blushed.

Tana laughed at his embarrassment but wouldn't let him off the hook. "Com' on, girlfriend...." She would make him tell all.

As Jerry went about the kitchen, he felt more like a woman now than ever before. He could feel the lace of his own slip slither about his stocking covered legs and it served to remind him only once again that he was petticoated—and pantied—like Tana, his wife. But now he was also functioning as a woman between his legs. What better way for him to spend the rest of his life than as a dress-wearing suburban woman. It fit him. He belonged now.

END



Jerry and Tana traveled the world. He was wearing bikinis—like Tana, his wife. What better way for him to spend the rest of his life than as a dress-wearing feminine woman. He belonged now.



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