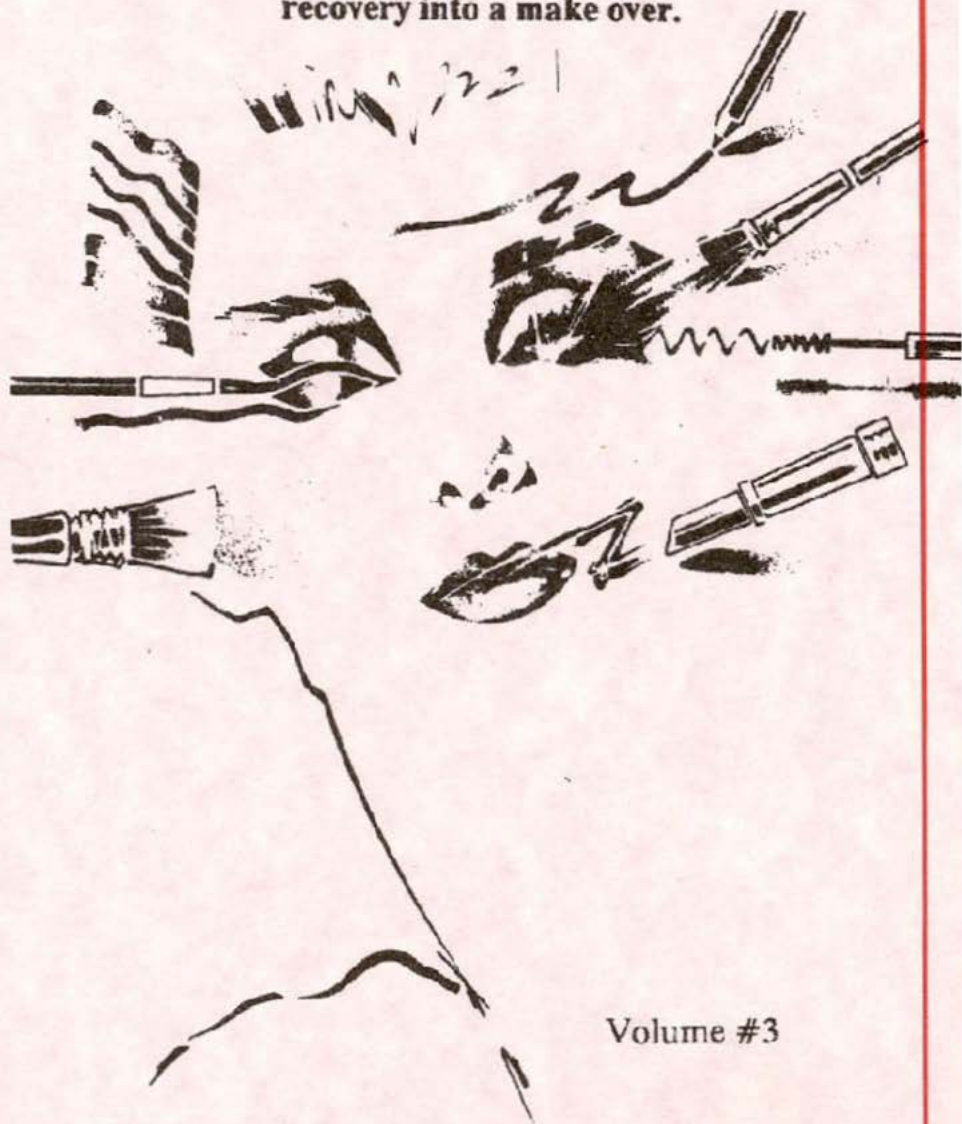


TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

MODEL HUSBAND

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's
recovery into a make over.



Volume #3

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VOLUME 3

MODEL HUSBAND

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&
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Based upon a story by Kathy

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ALL THAT IS IMPORTANT IN LIFE
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MODEL HUSBAND

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Donna Collins & Sandy Thomas

-based on an original story by Kathy

Bill Kendall was getting out of the hospital. Just the thought of leaving the place made him want to hoot and holler for joy, and he would have if he could. For now though, he was very weak, and it took considerable energy for him just to bid farewell to the staff of nurses who had cared for him during the past two months.

Two months - it seemed unbelievable, thought Bill as his wife, Loretta, wheeled him down the corridor. For the first month he had lost all comprehension of time. He had only vague, dreamlike memories of people floating in and out of his consciousness; nurses, doctors, Loretta. Yes, thank goodness for Loretta. Bill smiled and placed a delicate hand onto hers. He felt how strong her hand seemed compared to his own.

A now familiar feeling washed over him, one of frailty, weakness. Bill had always gotten by on strength, the strength of a man who was constantly in control, always taking charge. The thought of having a wife who was likely to be stronger than himself for some time to come was difficult for Bill. He tried not to think about it.

Loretta wheeled him outside to a driveway where their red and black convertible sat waiting. The sunlight seemed incredibly intense to Bill, and he squinted his eyes while shading them with his hand.

"Ouch," he said.

"What's wrong?" Loretta asked, scared that he had hurt himself already.

"It's that blasted sunlight," said Bill, "I'm gonna' get a headache unless somebody hits a dimmer switch."

Loretta began to help him into the car.

"You poor kid," she said in her cutest mother to little

boy voice, "Reach in the glove compartment. I should have an old pair of sunglasses in there somewhere."

"What happened to mine?" Bill asked while fishing through the glove compartment.

"Well, Bill darling, I'm afraid that I sat on them a while back. They're history."

Bill turned to her and screwed up his face, "You, you, murderer!"

They both burst out laughing, which caused Bill no end of pain due to his condition, but for now he didn't mind. He lifted Loretta's round framed sunglasses out the glove compartment and gently placed them over his eyes. The sun was much more bearable now, but he felt silly wearing them all the same. He flipped down the passenger mirror as Loretta started up the car.

He looked in the mirror. What he saw caused him to forget to breath for a few seconds. He had indeed lost a great deal of weight, as his skin seemed to cling to his face, the cheekbones being much more prominent. His hair had grown out considerably during his stay and, with the addition of his wife's glasses he felt that, at first glance, he looked very much like a woman.

Bill stared at this image. It stirred something inside him. He didn't really know what it was. He just felt a warm, tingling sensation for a moment, and then the moment was gone.

"Hello? Earth to Bill," came Loretta's voice, snapping him into the tangible world.

"Hi," he replied nervously.

"Hey," she said with a smile, "you wanna' beam down? What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, uh," he fidgeted, "I was just worrying about the business again."

"Will you cut that out," said Loretta with an exasperated sigh, "Dave and I have been taking care of it. You know that. Now just relax."

Bill looked at her and smiled. She was so good to him, especially through these past couple of months. He remembered the day that Dr. Melinda Rand had diagnosed his abdominal pain and drastic weight loss as cancer. Bill had expected Loretta to fall apart. After all, they were both only in their late twenties. This just

didn't happen to people that young. Instead of becoming a wreck, Loretta had taken immediate action to do what had to be done. She took over the business for Bill, along with Dave, Bill's head manager. She had also managed to keep her job as a sales manager at Arden's, an exclusive women's apparel and cosmetics store. On top of that she had visited Bill during every conceivable hour of the day, often bringing her friends Cora and Cynthia along to chat things up, making him feel right at home. When the cancer had suddenly gone into remission Loretta had arranged a surprise party for him in the lobby of the ward. Thank goodness for Loretta.

Bill closed his eyes, feeling the warm, dry air wash over his face and gently blow through his hair. The wind also flitted under his hospital robe, causing his skin to tingle. It felt good. He breathed deeply. Yes, Loretta was right, he needed to just relax for a while.

At last they arrived at their house. Loretta pulled the convertible into the garage. She got out and came around to help Bill out, and with her help he stood up and walked into the house. Again his thoughts turned to how weak he had become. Dr. Rand had been concerned that his weight loss may lead to coronary problems, so she had prescribed a regular dosage of estrogen.

Bill had not fully understood the reasoning behind being given a female hormone treatment, but he assumed that the reasons were good, although he could already detect a slight swelling around his nipples. He hoped that when he gained weight it wouldn't be so much in *that* part of his body. He didn't think he could take the ribbing from Dave, who was the only male friend he had managed to make since he had moved to the Los Angeles area last year.

Loretta brought Bill into the living room and seated him on the couch. Bill smiled to himself. His last memory of this couch involved making love with Loretta. She had been incredibly imaginative that night.

"Hey smiley," came Loretta's voice.

"Yes?"

"What are you thinkin' about now?"

Bill grinned ear to ear, "This couch."

"Mm-hm. Well you just sit there and keep thinking about it. I'll fix our lunch. It'll be great to cook you a meal in our kitchen again."

She leaned over and kissed him on the forehead, then left for the kitchen.

A short while later they were seated in their bright, airy dining nook, enjoying a light meal. Loretta had paid specific attention to Dr. Rand's dietary prescription, which emphasized foods which would allow a very gradual weight gain for Bill.

She looked at her husband while he ate, and she could not help but to compare his current appearance with the way he looked before his illness. Although he was only about five feet seven inches tall, he had always been built solidly. Even after having begun to run his vending machine distributorship from behind a desk full time, Bill had managed to find ways to exert himself.

Once he had dug up the entire front yard, and resodded and landscaped it, using just a shovel and garden rake. Loretta sometimes used to feel that he didn't do these things because he really enjoyed them, but because maybe he was trying to get away from something inside himself, something that scared him. None of that mattered now, though.

What did matter was that she had a one hundred and twenty eight pound husband who was living a miracle simply by being alive. He looked so delicate, even his hospital robe seemed huge on him. His hair was very long now as well, longer than that of most women she knew.

Loretta had always taken religious stories at face value and, remembering the story of Samson and Delila from her Sunday school days, had refused to cut Bill's hair during his recovery for fear that it would sap his strength. Right now his hair was a mess, and Loretta figured she would get her friend Cora to take of it later.

When they finished lunch Bill offered to help with the dishes. Loretta refused and told him to go and get out of that awful hospital robe instead. Bill feigned



"The first order of business is to burn that hospital robe," said Loretta.

dejection, slouching off to the bedroom.

When Loretta came into the bedroom a few minutes later, she was surprised to find Bill stretched out on the bed. A couple of pairs of his pants were splayed out next to him.

"What's your problem?" she asked, "You forget how to put pants on?"

Bill smiled a little, "No, but my body has forgotten how to keep them on. Watch this."

He stood up and pulled a pair of casual pants up under his robe. He buttoned them, zipped the fly, and then let go of them. The pants promptly fell to the floor. Bill turned to Loretta, shrugging his shoulders.

"See?" he said as he flopped back down onto the bed, "It looks like I'll be in this robe for awhile."

"The heck you will," said Loretta, picking up the stray pants, "We are going to forget about these past two months, and the first order of business is to burn that robe."

Bill was slightly taken aback by the forcefulness of her tone. Obviously the pain of her ordeal was not all at the surface just yet. She marched over to her dresser and opened a drawer.

"Here," she said while lifting out a pale pink nightgown, "you can wear my pajamas until I'm able to get you some new clothes."

Suddenly Bill felt nervous again. "Look," he began, "you can get me some new clothes in just a couple of

days. That won't be so bad, will it?"

Loretta smiled and strode over to him. She stroked his long, sandy blonde hair, saying, "Yes, it would be. That is the end of this discussion." She thrust the nightgown into Bill's arms, "Besides, I'm not sure that buying you new clothes that you're going to grow out of right away is such a good idea."

Bill tried to think of a counter argument, but failed. He examined the garment in his hands. It was one he had seen Loretta wear many times, and he had always liked the way it felt against him when he embraced her. What the heck, he thought, no one would be dropping in unexpectedly. He removed the hospital robe. He then held up the nightgown, trying to discern if there was any trick to putting it on.

"Just pull it on like a long tee-shirt," said Loretta.

Bill did this, bunching up the fabric while inserting his arms into the lace-edged sleeves. He pulled it over his head while standing up. He was surprised at how easily it slid over his body once he let go. He pulled at it until the waistband was properly aligned. The lace-trimmed skirt brushed at his ankles, causing goosebumps to form all the way up his legs. He looked back at Loretta, who was rummaging through a drawer again.

"Your underwear probably doesn't fit either, does it?" she asked.

"Um, no," answered Bill hesitantly.

"Well I have in here somewhere, ah, here it is."

She lifted a pair of pale pink panties from the drawer, and held them up for Bill to see. She smiled said, "Might as well be sharp and have matching underwear."

Bill gulped slightly, "Yeah, might as well."

Loretta tossed him the panties. Bill caught them and looked at them. They indeed matched the nightgown, having a white lace inset above the crotch. He glanced at Loretta, who was watching him with her bemused 'I'm waiting' look. He stepped into the panties and pulled them up over his legs. Like the nightgown he was amazed at how easily the smooth fabric slid over his skin. He found that he had to tuck his

genitals between his legs for a comfortable fit, giving him a sleeker look.

"There now," said Loretta, "that wasn't so bad was it?"

Bill had to admit to himself that the lightness of the fabric made it very comfortable. He walked up to the dressing mirror. When he looked at himself he again felt that warm tingling sensation. He still didn't know what it was that caused it. For all he knew, he should have been frightened by the sleek, feminine image he saw. Somehow he wasn't frightened at all, but rather fascinated. He turned to sound of Loretta giggling.

"What now?" he asked, suddenly very self-conscious.

"Oh, nothing," she said, scurrying to her closet, "I just thought of something that might be fun."

She came out a few moments later with a pair of pink marabou mule pumps. She brought them over and set them on the floor in front of Bill.

"Here, slip into these," she said.

"You're kidding, right?"

"No. Come on, this will be fun."

Bill looked down at the shoes, the ones that looked so sexy on Loretta. She had commented before on what small feet he had (for a guy). He now wondered if this was what she had had in mind. Without giving himself a chance to think about it, he raised a foot and slipped it into one of the shoes. It fit easily. He slid into the other one. It was a strange feeling, as his feet were now at an unfamiliar forty-five degree angle.

He tried to take a step, and he wobbled a little, as there was nothing supporting his ankle at all. He regained his balance and tried again, telling himself to anticipate the heel hitting the floor first. After a few minutes he was properly strutting around the bedroom, the soles of the pumps gently slapping against his feet with each step. Loretta let out a little squeal.

"Oh, now isn't that something! We're the same shoe size," she said while watching Bill walk around the room. "This is going to be great."

Bill stopped in his tracks, "*Going to be?*"

"Don't be fuddy, Bill. You look cute."

Bill blushed. He didn't know whether to be pleased

or embarrassed. Even though he felt silly, he still didn't want to make a big deal over it. After all, hadn't Loretta just gone through a terrible ordeal over his illness? Yes, she deserved to have some fun, even if it came at his expense.

They spent the next hour discussing the immediate future. Bill was not to exert himself at all for some time to come. Loretta would help Dave manage the business while maintaining her job at Arden's. At the end of the hour Bill stretched out his arms and yawned.

"Tired, Bill?"

"Mm-hm," he answered.

"Well, I'm going to catch up on the grocery shopping. Why don't you take a nap?"

"That sounds wunderbar."

Bill kicked off Loretta's pumps and stretched out on the living room couch, again feeling the soft touch of the nightgown against his skin. He immediately began to fall asleep, so much so that he didn't even hear when Loretta said something about Cora Lovett coming over for dinner that night.

Bill was awakened by the sound of Loretta and her friend, Cora, gabbing in the kitchen. He was still half asleep and had forgotten about his attire when he heard Cora speaking.

"I must admit, he looks awfully cute in that nightgown of yours," he heard Cora say.

Loretta giggled, and said, "Yes, I know. What I don't know is what got into me, I mean, I really had fun dressing him in those things."

Bill suddenly opened his eyes wide with embarrassment. Cora had seen him sleeping in the nightgown! He was awake now, and he listened more intently to the conversation in the kitchen.

"Well, the fun doesn't have to stop there, Loretta," Cora said.

"Oh? What do you mean?" asked Loretta while giggling again.

Bill sat absolutely still. Here it comes, he thought.

"That hair of his. It's grown out so nice and long,

but it's really a mess," Cora began.

"Yeah, I don't think he got to wash it more than a couple of times last week," Loretta interjected.

"Anyway, why don't I do something nice with it? I have a bunch of my stuff from the salon out in the car," said Cora.

Bill sat straight up. He slipped his feet into the marabou pumps and began to walk toward the kitchen. Cora had seen him anyway, and he was determined to get the upper hand in the situation by making an unabashed entrance. Let them have their fun, he thought, and I'll think of some way of getting them back.

"Hello," said Bill as he strutted into the kitchen, the heels of the pumps clicking on the linoleum floor.

Loretta and Cora exchanged surprised glances. They had expected him to be bashful in this new garb. Instead here he was, promenading around the kitchen.

"Hello, Bill," Cora finally said.

"You get a good nap, Bill?" Loretta asked.

"Yeah, great nap," Bill said while pulling a chair from the breakfast nook. He sat down, rather demurely crossing his legs. "So," he began, "what's this I hear about you doing something with my hair?"

Cora and Loretta looked at each other again, and promptly burst into laughter.

Bill's head was tilted back over his bathroom sink. His view consisted mostly of Cora's chest as she washed his hair. After shampooing it once and rinsing, she decided to do it again.

"What kind of animals were taking care of you at that hospital, anyway?" she asked. "Your hair is a shambles."

"Oh, they were nice animals, very unusual. They walked and talked and they wore white stockings and when I ate all my peanuts they would give me really great rubdowns," Bill said.

"Ha-hah, Mister Kendall."

Cora ducked his head under the spigot for another rinsing. Bill squinted his eyes shut. She then lifted his head, turned off the water, and began to towel dry his

hair.

Cora said, "You are going to have the prettiest hair in the neighborhood, Bill."

Bill blushed, "Pretty hair, my foot. What are you two harebrained females up to?"

She took out a metal comb and began to straighten the accumulation of tangles in his hair. "Maybe," she said, "we just want to teach a man how nice it can be to be a harebrained female." She grimaced at a particularly bad tangle. She tugged at it.

"Ouch!" protested Bill.

When she was finished with the tangles Cora began to install rollers into Bill's long tresses. Bill was too relaxed to put up a fuss. He had never been so soothed by someone toying with his hair. He had always gone to male barbers who trimmed you up and that was that. Cora seemed to have a special touch, the way she rubbed his scalp massaged nerves which coursed throughout his body, and made him feel calm and pampered. The smell of the cleansing products was pleasant as well.

When Cora was finished with the rollers she walked Bill to a chair where she had propped up her portable dryer. She sat him down, lowered the dryer over his head, turned it on, and left him.

"Don't I get something to read?" Bill called after her.

Cora's laughter faded down the hallway. He decided to make the best of it. He folded his hands and closed his eyes, allowing the warm air to wash over him.

He was half asleep again when Cora shut the dryer off.

"Dinner-time," she announced. "We'll leave these on until after we've eaten. Then I'll style it for you."

"I'm eating dinner in curlers and a nightgown, great," said Bill. "I hope Loretta has the blinds shut." He slipped the pumps back on and slap-slap-slapped his way to the dining room.

After dinner Cora walked Bill back to the bathroom mirror. There she began to unroll the curlers. Bill was



Cora, Loretta and Bill having a late snack after dinner.

surprised at how each new lock gleamed, seeming fuller in texture but lighter in color.

"I've got an idea," Cora said. "Why don't you turn away from the mirror and I'll surprise you with your new style as soon as I'm done."

Bill did so. Cora proceeded to tease and fluff his hair, pulling it back and pinning it at times, all things he had never felt before, but enjoyed all the same. When she was finished she told Bill to turn around.

When Bill saw himself, he gasped. His hair cascaded down to his shoulders in soft, rolling waves. The left side fell slightly over his eye, draping down along his cheek. The right side was pulled farther from his face, bunched up toward the back with a styling comb. The way the hair framed his face seemed to soften his already delicate features. Bill couldn't believe that he was seeing his own reflection looking so...feminine.

"Hey Cora, what's the idea here?" Bill asked. "I mean, I know you and Loretta wanted to have a little fun, but this is so..."

"Convincing?"

"Yeah, convincing," Bill said absently, not taking his eyes off the image in the mirror. He called out for Loretta.

Loretta quickly appeared at the door, still holding a dish towel. "Cora, you've really outdone yourself. He

looks great!" she said after seeing Bill's reflection.

Bill whirled around on his seat to face the two women. "Great? You think this looks great?" he pleaded while turning back to the mirror.

Loretta stepped up behind him and put her arms around his neck. "Cora worked very hard to fix up your hair, Bill," she said sweetly. "You wouldn't want to be ungrateful, would you?"

Bill was suddenly more embarrassed over his reaction than he had been over the hairstyle. "I'm sorry, girls. I just," he faltered for a moment, then resolutely declared, "I'm just used to looking more masculine and I, I just need to put on some weight, that's all, I guess."

"Bill," Loretta began, "you've been very sick, right?"

Bill nodded.

"And you're in for a long recovery," she continued. "So why don't you just take it easy and enjoy being pampered for a while? You can wear my clothes, and Cora can come do your hair once a week, and maybe, if you pay attention, you can learn something about women through all this."

Bill had to admit that the day's activities had not been too unpleasant, and some of them had been rather remarkable in how they made him feel relaxed and comfortable. He dropped his guard. "Okay, you ladies got me."

Soon Cora excused herself for the evening and Bill and Loretta prepared for bed. Loretta slipped into a nightgown and embraced her husband, kissing him goodnight.

"Oh, yeah," she said while doubling back to her dresser. She opened a drawer and withdrew something, then came back over to Bill. "It would be a good idea to wear this while you sleep," she said.

"What is it?"

"A hair net," she said. She bunched up his hair and stretched the net over it. "There, that'll keep the style together."

Bill rolled his eyes into the back of his head, as if he was trying to see the new contraption that was now tugging at his hair. He let out an exasperated sigh, "You girls are going to do me in."

They cuddled in bed together for the first time in months. The feel of Loretta's warm body against his was comforting, and the nylon nightgown soothed his tired flesh. He quickly fell into a deep sleep.

Bill awoke to the smell of coffee. He got up and removed the hair net, shaking his head to allow the wavy locks to fall back down onto his shoulders. He then went to the dressing mirror and, using a couple of styling combs, pinned his hair back from his face (the way Cora had shown him the previous night). He then slipped his feet into the marabou pumps and headed for the kitchen. Bill had learned by now that when he allowed his hips to sway with each step, it was easier to walk in heels.

He entered the kitchen and sat at the breakfast table. Loretta kissed him on the nose.

"You look nice this morning," she said. "How did you sleep last night?"

"Never better," Bill replied. "I can't get over how relaxing this nylon feels. The hair net left something to be desired, though."

"Well, you'll get used to it," she said while pouring Bill's coffee. She handed him his estrogen pill. "Don't forget this."

"Thanks, lady," Bill said with a smile.

After breakfast Loretta got dressed. She then went into the living room, where Bill was sitting on the couch, sipping coffee.

"You want something to wear all day besides the nightgown?" she asked.

"That would be nice," Bill said, "but nothing fits. Remember?"

"Of course, you nut. Come on, I'll fix you up."

Bill followed her into the bedroom. He pulled off the nightgown and sat on the edge of the bed, still wearing the panties and pumps.

"The first thing you'll need to be comfortable are these," she said while pulling out a pair of sheer black pantyhose. "Put these on." She tossed them to Bill. "Oh, wait a second. You'll want fresh underwear." She

handed him a pair of black, nylon bikini panties with a lace waistband.

Bill examined the garments for a moment. He tried to think of an argument against putting them on, and indeed he came up with a couple of good ones. But he knew it was inevitable that he would end up putting these things on anyway. He slipped off the pumps and the pink panties, and pulled the black panties up around his waist. Sitting down on the edge of the bed, he rolled up one leg of the pantyhose, the way he had seen Loretta do it hundreds of times. He slipped one foot in and worked the nylon fabric up about halfway, then the other foot went in. He had a little trouble getting them up around his waist smoothly, having to work one side then the other. When he finally got them situated he was surprised at how soft and smooth they made his legs look. They felt good too, he had to admit, as they seemed to lightly massage every nerve in his leg with each flexing motion that he made.

"I found a good outfit for you to wear today," said Loretta. She handed him a soft, gray knit blouse with a matching skirt.

Bill pulled the skirt on first. It came just above the knee, and it hugged his slender waist and slightly rounding hips nicely. He put on the blouse, which had a cowl neck that draped gently over his chest. Loretta gave him a black patent belt to cinch the waist of the blouse, making the outfit conform to his figure better. Last, she brought out a pair of black patent leather pumps with three inch heels. Bill slid his feet into them and stood up.

Loretta grinned. "You look good enough to work at Arden's."

Bill blushed with embarrassment.

"I have to go down to the office and check on Dave," she said. "I'll be back for lunch. You have a nice time." She kissed Bill on the cheek and left.

Bill spent the rest of the morning sitting and wandering about the house. He found that the patent pumps required a slightly different approach to walking than the backless marabou ones. Although the

heels were slightly higher, these shoes supported his feet better. He still had to take smaller steps than normal, remembering to sway his hips with each stride. He practiced walking and sitting, as he wanted to be good at this little game Loretta was playing. By keeping his knees together when he sat or, better yet, by crossing his legs, he learned that the skirt would be more comfortable and attractive.

Loretta came back in time for lunch, according to her word. She let out a whistle as Bill came to greet her at the door. This time Bill didn't blush so much, as he was glad that his practice had paid off.

After lunch Bill took his prescribed sedative and quickly became drowsy. He slipped off his shoes and stretched out on the sofa. Loretta sat down next to him and polished her nails while he fell asleep. Once she finished her own nails Loretta inspected those of her husband. She noticed that they hadn't been trimmed in a long time, as they had already grown nearly a quarter of an inch past the ends of his fingers.

While barely suppressing a snicker she gently lifted one of Bill's hands and began shaping his nails with her emery board. The sedative worked so well that this didn't even stir him. Once she was finished she applied a deep red polish to them, which added a sexy contrast to the gray and black outfit he was wearing.

Loretta heard the doorbell ring, and got up to see who it was. It was Cynthia.

"Hi there," said Cynthia.

Loretta pressed a finger to her lips, saying, "Sshh. He's asleep, although it would take a dump truck to wake him right now."

She led Cynthia through the living room. Cynthia noticed the figure on the sofa.

"Who's that woman on your couch?" she asked.

Loretta almost doubled over with the giggles. "Look again," she said.

Cynthia stepped up closer to the sofa. She gasped, then put a hand over her mouth. "My gosh! He's lovely," she almost yelled. She settled down, then took

Loretta by the arm to the kitchen.

While Loretta made coffee, Cynthia bubbled over with enthusiasm.

"Loretta, I swear to you he looks almost like a college co-ed, sleeping in there so quietly. All he needs now is some makeup and a padded bra," she said.

"I know," said Loretta. "I thought that maybe Cora and I were strange for having so much fun with this."

"Are you kidding?" said Cynthia. "Here you have a chance for your husband to learn about so many things that we women feel and go through. How many wives would kill for a husband like that?"

Loretta grinned. "Lots," she said.

Once they had finished their coffee, Loretta went to the bedroom to get her padded bra. She then returned to the living room where Cynthia stood waiting. Together they carefully lifted Bill into a sitting position and removed the blouse. Bill surprised them for a moment by muttering 'Hi Mom, hi Dad' to them, but he didn't wake up.

They slipped his arms through the straps and fitted the cups over his breasts. The combination of the padding and Bill's budding development made for a striking effect. They hooked it in back, noticing that it fit perfectly. The girls then pulled the blouse back onto him and straightened him out onto the sofa again.

When Bill awoke he wasn't sure what time it was. What he did know was that he had to go to the bathroom. The living room was dark due to the blinds being shut, and he managed to bump into a few things before he got his bearings set. He walked down the hallway and into the bathroom.

By the time he was leaning over the sink washing his hands, his head had begun to clear. He glanced at himself in the mirror. Hm, he thought, that girl has some nice breasts. He stopped washing his hands. *Were those his hands?* The nails sure looked nice. He turned off the water. Bill wanted to look in the mirror again, but he was afraid of what he would see; himself, in women's clothes (that much he was prepared to deal

with), but now also with long, slender, red fingernails, and breasts. He looked anyway.

"Loretta!" came the cry from the bathroom.

Cynthia and Loretta looked at each other.

"The beast has awakened," said Loretta. They headed for the bathroom.

Bill met them halfway, in the living room. He flipped on a light switch.

Cynthia thought he looked confused. "Hello, Bill," she said cheerfully. "Welcome back home."

"Hi, Cindy," Bill said. "Loretta, what's the idea here? I feel like I'm in the middle of some sci-fi movie, where *I'm* the one being experimented on!"

The girls laughed. They then explained what they had done. Bill slipped his patent leather heels back on, and the three of them went to bedroom, where the girls told Bill just to look at himself in the dressing mirror. If he didn't like what he saw, he could take it all off.

Bill looked. He saw the soft, curvy figure of an attractive young woman. His small, pale hands were made even more slender looking by the long, red nails. He really felt that he was looking at someone else, maybe someone that came from inside him, but he wasn't sure.

Whatever the case, he couldn't help but be pleased by the sleek feminine form now in front of him. He held his shoulders back, causing his breasts to jut out a little more. It was a sexy image, he had to admit. He decided that he would go along for the time being. He really didn't have much choice.

"We were thinking, Bill," Cynthia began.

"That could be dangerous," said Bill.

"Oh, stop it." She continued, "We thought it would be fun to take this all the way and do your makeup."

Bill blushed again. They were really starting to push him to his limit.

"Come on, Bill," Loretta said. "Just like the outfit, if you don't like it you can take it off."

As he knew he would, Bill caved in once again.

Cynthia seated Bill in the chair in front of Loretta's vanity mirror. He felt a slight prickling pain as Cyn-

thia plucked his eyebrows for a few minutes, but it was bearable. Cynthia then applied foundation to his face.

"Your skin's so smooth," she said. "Do you shave?"

"I've never had much of a beard," he replied, "and these estrogen treatments have pretty much eliminated the need to shave."

"You're very lucky, then," said Cynthia.

She continued with the foundation, setting it with translucent powder. She applied blusher to highlight his cheekbones. Then she did the eyes; liner, two tones of blue shadow, and a rich mascara which made his lashes seem twice as long. Last she applied a deep red lipstick which matched his nails perfectly.

When she was finished, Bill couldn't believe what he was seeing. The face of a beautiful woman was looking back at him. His eyebrows were gently arched now, making his eyes seem rounder, softer. He had never realized how full and sensuous his lips were. He smiled and shook his head, causing his hair to fall around his face. Yes, Loretta was getting more than she bargained for this time. Cynthia called for Loretta.

Loretta appeared at the door. Her mouth dropped open. "Cindy, what a great job!" she exclaimed. "No one would ever recognize him like that, I mean, he looks just like a woman, from head to toe." She came over to Bill, put her arms around his neck, and planted a big kiss on his cheek. "I just love you, Bill. You look darling."

Bill was aware that Loretta was staring at him all through dinner. The fact that she was smiling made him wonder what she was thinking. He couldn't figure it out. Here he was, looking like a very fashionable, attractive woman; in a skirt, hose, heels, painted nails, long hair and makeup, and Loretta was *enjoying* it. Why would she want her husband to look like this?

Loretta spoke up, "Cynthia, he looks so good. I wish I could keep him like this forever."

Bill tried to protest, but he had a mouthful of food to contend with.

"Forever's a long time," said Cynthia. "But he will be recuperating for some time yet. He should be good

for going out shopping with you by next week, judging from what you said about the doctor's orders."

Bill tried to speak, "But..."

"You read my mind, Cindy," said Loretta. "I don't think we should waste money on buying him male clothes that he's going to outgrow in a couple of months. I thought we'd get him a feminine wardrobe, just for now, and when he gets his weight back, I'll take those clothes for myself."

Bill finally spoke up, "You ladies mind if I have some say in my future?"

"No, go ahead," said Cynthia.

Bill thought real hard, trying to think of what he wanted to say. His head was in a swirl of feelings about this whole mess though, and he couldn't come up with a single coherent thought. After a few moments of this, the girls went on plotting his fate.

"He has such great legs," Loretta said, "he should definitely have a leather mini-skirt."

Cynthia whistled. "Yes, and with four inch heels at least. Get him some panty girdles to hide his you-know-what."

"Outrageous!" exclaimed Loretta. "We'll go everywhere together, like two sisters, once he's feeling up to it. I'll have Cora drop off some cosmetics for him tomorrow."

Bill listened in silence as the girls chattered on. He had figured by now that there was no escape from their plans. His only hope was to think of ways to take this game as far as he dared, then maybe they would be scared into stopping this crazy charade.

"The first thing we should do," said Loretta, "is clean out Bill's closet and put all his male clothes out in the garage."

While the girls busied themselves with this new-found activity Bill sat in the living room to watch television. He couldn't concentrate on what was on though, and if anyone had asked him what he was watching he couldn't have told them. Once in a while he would get up to recheck himself in the mirror. Even though he was confused by this whole thing, he wanted

to keep himself looking nice.

He would primp in the mirror until he was satisfied that everything was just perfect, then he would go sit back down in front of the television. He practiced crossing his legs. He liked the way the nylon of his hose brushed together with a 'swish' every time he did this. Then he tried perching up on the sofa, hugging his legs while bringing his knees up to his face. He felt so soft, so relaxed, that he drifted off into a sort of half sleep, although his mind was still quite conscious.

He was snapped out of it by the sensation of being kissed lightly on the cheek. It was Cynthia, saying goodnight.

"I have to be up before the crack of dawn," she said. "We're modeling bathing suits tomorrow."

"Have fun," Bill said.

When Cynthia had left, Loretta instructed Bill in how to remove the makeup. She had him put a moisturizer on his face afterwards. He got out of his clothes (he was surprised at his reluctance to do so).

"Would you like a lotion rubdown?" Loretta asked.

"Would I like a million dollars?" Bill replied. "That sounds good."

Loretta sat him down in the bathroom and began to rub a vaguely sweet smelling lotion all over his body. Bill noticed that the lotion had a pungent odor which lingered underneath the initial scent. He also noticed that Loretta was rubbing it *all* over his body; under his armpits, all down his legs, around his ankles, and on his chest.

"What are you doing?" Bill asked.

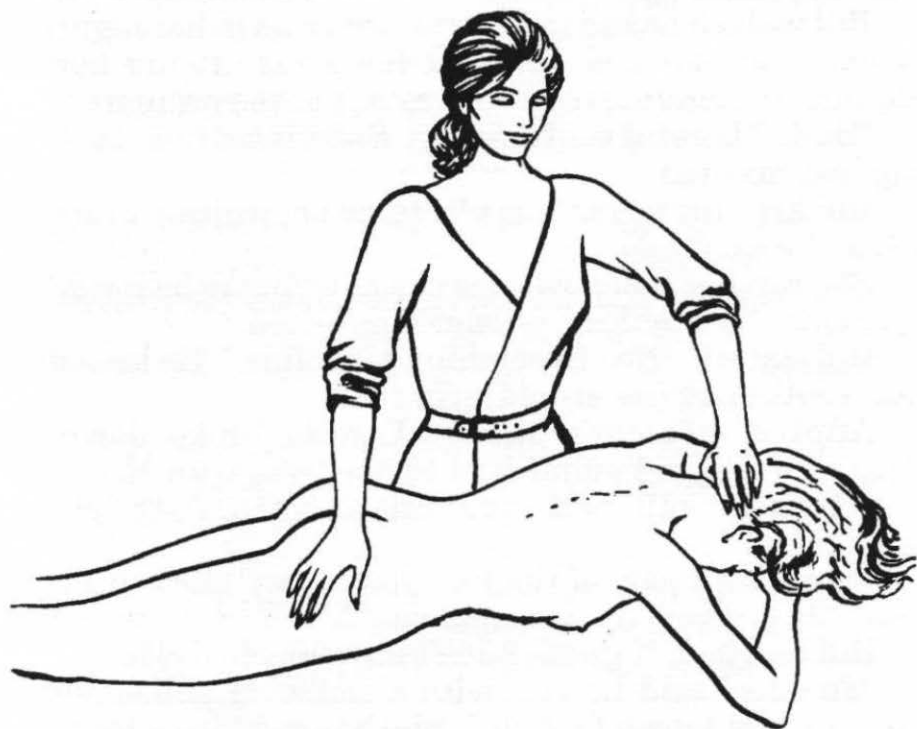
"Just *getting to know you*," she sang, "*getting to know all about you...*"

"My gosh, it sings," ribbed Bill.

Loretta pinched him on the shoulder.

"Ouch, it mangles, too."

When she finished with the lotion, she told Bill to sit for a few minutes while she started his shower. By this time Bill was sure that Loretta had never used this kind of lotion on him before. His skin was starting to tingle in a strange way.



Loretta rubbed a sweet smelling lotion all over his body.

After a few minutes Loretta started his shower and, while pulling a shower cap over his hair, he climbed in. The warm water felt good as he soaped down his body. He closed his eyes and let the stream wash over his face.

When he had finished, and was beginning to towel off, he immediately knew that something was wrong. He ran a hand over his chest, then down his leg. What little body hair he had possessed a short while ago was now gone! He quickly became concerned; was he experiencing a relapse that was causing his hair to fall out? He didn't want to alarm Loretta right away.

He went to the shower stall and crouched down. There was the missing hair, surrounding the drain. Bill picked up a clump of it and held it to his chest, as if to ask it to jump back onto where it belonged. Suddenly he knew that Loretta had done it. It was no mystery; she had been trying to demasculinize him for the past couple of days, and this was a natural progression in her whole scheme. He left for the bedroom.

Bill walked naked to Loretta, who was in her nightgown, ready for bed. He put his arms around her, smiling, pretending nothing was out of the ordinary.

"Hello," Loretta said sweetly. She kissed him, looking into his eyes.

Bill kept his poker face plastered on, waiting to see what she would do.

She ran her hand over his chest, trying to be inconspicuous. "Is anything wrong?" she asked.

Bill smiled. "No. Everything's just fine." He kissed her, continuing his 'stupid' grin.

After a moment's silence Loretta broke down. "Okay, wise guy, I admit it. I covered you with Nair."

"Mm-hm," Bill said, straining to keep a straight face.

"But it's all part of the fun, you know," she continued. "Just give it a try, would you?"

Bill laughed, "I guess I don't have much choice."

"Thanks," said Loretta with a smile. "I pulled out another nightgown for you." She handed him a black nylon gown with a plunging lace v-neck. This one was short, ending in a frilly lace about four inches above his knees. She also gave him some matching panties. He found that the nylon and lace felt even more exciting against his now *truly* bare skin.

That night Bill was lying awake in bed. He couldn't get to sleep right away, as his nerves seemed to be alive with the new experience of hairlessness. He pulled open the front of the nightgown slightly, and ran his hands over his smooth chest. He discovered that his breasts, which were more and more swollen with each passing day, felt softer, more feminine. He squeezed them together, causing them to form actual cleavage.

He wondered with some apprehension if they would soon be forming cleavage without any help. He liked the way the cool air felt against his exposed nipples though. They were definitely more sensitive now, as he had never before experienced pleasure just from the air hitting them. He pulled the nightgown back over them, rolled over, and fell asleep.

He slept later than usual, so that when he woke up, Loretta was already dressed to go to work at Arden's.

He put on a black houserobe, and went to the breakfast nook, where Loretta had already set out his breakfast.

"I'm afraid you'll have to eat alone," she said. "But I managed to get an extra hour for lunch. Also I left some clothes out for you to wear today. Sorry I won't be able to help you put them on."

"That's okay," said Bill. "I think I'm getting the hang of it."

Loretta handed Bill his estrogen pill, kissed him on the cheek, and left for work.

After finishing breakfast, Bill went to the vanity mirror to comb his hair. He brushed it back, fluffing it out here and there. He decided to use a styling comb to pull it back on just one side, leaving the other side to drape along his cheek, the way that Cora had first done it. He liked the effect, and stared in the mirror until he had lost track of time.

Once he snapped out of his reverie, he tried to think of what to do to make for an even better overall effect. He remembered the makeup that Cynthia had put on him the previous night. Could he do the same thing? He thought he could at least try it.

He rummaged through Loretta's makeup kit until he thought he had everything. Let's see, what was first? He picked up a bottle of liquid foundation and, using a sponge wedge, patted it all over his face. He was sure to smooth it out for a nice, even look. Just like painting a house, he thought with a grin.

He followed that with the translucent powder, which he had noticed took the shine out of the foundation, and seemed to firm it up as well. So far so good. What was next? He remembered the blusher. He opened it and dabbed the brush in the fine, sweet smelling powder. He applied it to his cheeks, remembering that Cindy had brushed it *under* his cheekbones in order to make them stand out better. Then he applied the shadow, liner, and mascara, followed by a dark pink lipstick.

Bill decided to make his nails match his lipstick, so he removed the red polish and applied pink polish to them. When he held out his hand to check his work,

his eyes wandered down to his feet. He decided to paint his toenails the same color. What the heck, he thought, 'might as well look as good as I can.

While admiring the results, he decided that, although his job wasn't quite as alluring as Cindy's, it looked very natural. He looked like a woman. Bill was pleased by his first makeup job. He puckered his lips and blew a kiss at the gorgeous woman in the mirror. Now he was anxious to see what clothes Loretta had laid out for him today.

He walked into the bedroom and took off the house-robe, nightgown, and panties. On his dresser Loretta had left a complete outfit; white panties, a white padded bra, sheer flesh tone pantyhose, a slip, and a white dress. Bill began by slipping on the panties, which had a string bikini style waistband. He then fitted the bra over his breasts, which seemed to him to have grown larger overnight. The padding pushed them up slightly, creating a nice, rounded effect above the edge of the bra. He proceeded to put on the pantyhose, relishing the feel of the sheer nylon on his naked legs.

He had less trouble with them this time. He knew from having watched Loretta that he had to put the slip on next, so he pulled it up around his waist. He then held up the dress to look at it. It was made of a light, cotton, gauze fabric, which he could almost see through when he held it up in front of the sunlight. It had a plunging neckline, slightly puffed shoulder sleeves, and a handkerchief hem. He pulled it over his head, then down so that it was situated correctly. The elastic waistband fit perfectly, and the skirt flared out slightly, cascading down his ever rounding hips.

He looked around for a pair of shoes. He quickly found that Loretta had set out a pair nearby. They were white, leather sandals with four inch heels and ankle wraps with little gold buckles. He thought that it was good that he had painted his toenails, because these shoes would show them off nicely. He put them on and tried walking around a bit.

The zig-zag hem of the dress flashed his knees with every step. The shoes didn't support his feet the same way that the patent leather pumps had, but after a few

moments he was walking just as easily. By this time he had just about mastered the art of swinging his hips. He walked toward the full length dressing mirror. He stopped and turned one foot to the side, showing off the profile of his shapely calf. He shook his hair so that it danced on his shoulders, and he smiled. He looked great.

Then the feeling came back again; that tingling, deep inside him. He stopped for a moment, unable to believe that he was enjoying this, but at the same time unable to deny that indeed he *was* liking it. He turned from the mirror and walked into the living room.

When he had read the paper front to back he began to prowling the house in search of something else to read or do. He stared at his bookshelf, trying to convince himself that it wouldn't hurt to re-read something. He wasn't convinced. Bill then decided to call Dave at the shop, just to see how business was going. He wondered how Dave would react to seeing him face to face like this. Laugh his head off, that's what he would do, Bill thought. He picked up the phone.

"Hello, Kendall Distributing," came Dave's voice on the other end.

"Hi, Dave," said Bill. "Just calling to check on things."

"Oh, hi Loretta," Dave said. "Everything's a-okay."

"Loretta!?" Bill exclaimed. "What's the matter with you?" Bill thought that maybe Dave was joking. For a horrifying moment, he felt as if Dave could see him through the telephone line.

"I'm sorry, uh," Dave sounded genuinely stunned. "May I ask who this is?"

"This is Bill. You know, your boss?"

Dave was silent for a moment, then said, "It is?"

Bill realized that Dave really didn't recognize him. My gosh, the estrogen was affecting his voice now! He cleared his throat, trying to deepen his voice. "It's me, Dave," he said.

"Hello, Bill," Dave said, still sounding rather dubious. "When can we expect you back in the office?"

"Not anytime soon, I'm afraid," Bill replied. He

heard Loretta coming in the front door. "I'll have to talk to you later, Dave. The wife's home," Bill said, struggling to keep his voice deep. "We'll get together and have a few beers real soon, okay?"

"Bill doesn't drink beer. Who is this?" said a bewildered Dave.

Loretta was about to enter the room. "By, Dave. Gotta' go," Bill said, and he hung up.

Loretta entered at that moment. Bill immediately fell into his feminine demeanor, modeling the dress for her. Loretta whistled as he spun around on his heels, causing the dress to flare out and expose his shapely, nylon clad legs.

"That is just fantastic," said Loretta. "That's a nice job you did with your nails, too."

"Thanks," Bill said, crossing over to stand in front of her. He noticed that they were exactly the same height, as she was wearing heels also. "What's for lunch?"

Loretta was staring at his ears. "Just a second," she said, then she hurried out of the room. She quickly returned with a pair of gold, clip-on earrings. "Here, these will look good," she said while clipping them onto his earlobes. When she was finished, she said, "There. Now you're perfect."

Bill smiled. "Lunch?"

Loretta was staring at him thoughtfully. "I want to take some pictures," she said. She pranced out of the room again, this time returning with her Polaroid.

"Stand by the window, Bill," she instructed.

Bill did as she said. He even surprised her by putting his hand behind his head and fluffing up his hair.

"That's nice, very sexy!" Loretta said while snapping the first shot.

Bill then turned to the side, hands on his hips, head back, and jutting out his breasts for a nice profile.

"Now sit on the floor," Loretta told him.

Bill sat on the floor, tucking his legs underneath to one side and spreading out the dress like a lily on a pond.

Loretta smiled. "Absolutely breathtaking."

Loretta didn't allow Bill to see any of the pictures until she had used up the entire roll. They were both delighted as the snapshots developed before their eyes. Bill was amazed at what he saw; he just didn't feel that he was really looking at Bill Kendall at all. No one would ever recognize that attractive woman as being him, and that set his mind at ease over having her captured so permanently on film.

"You know," Loretta began, "these look really great. But what we should do sometime soon is take you to Yvonne's Portrait Studio."

"What's that?" Bill asked.

"They do glamour photography," said Loretta. "Maybe we'll have time later in the week."

Bill was surprised at his lack of apprehension over this suggestion. That was probably why he only flinched a little bit when Loretta said that they would be going out for lunch together.

"I know of a really nice outdoor cafe that none of our friends know about," she said. "We'll pretend to be sisters, and you won't have to worry about anybody we know bumping into us."

A part of Bill wanted to shout in protest, but most of him thought it would be exciting to see if he could really fool people out in public. He figured it would be okay, as long as they didn't happen into any acquaintances.

Getting into the car in the garage was easy enough, but when Loretta opened the remote controlled door, and started backing out of the driveway, Bill gripped the sides of his seat in fear. He hadn't given any thought to the fact that they would have to drive through their neighborhood first, and with the car top down at that! He put on the round-framed sunglasses that he had worn a few days before. He checked himself in the mirror, and decided that the shades helped.

"What's the matter with you?" Loretta asked, even though it was obvious to her what Bill's problem was. "Nobody's going to have any idea who you are. Trust me."

Bill relaxed a little, falling back in his seat. "I guess

you're right." He noticed how the wind gently flitted at the flimsy material of the dress. He leaned his head back, closed his eyes, and stretched his legs out. Bill didn't know why but, at that moment, everything seemed just perfect.

Within about ten minutes they arrived at the cafe. Another twinge of apprehension went through Bill as he swung his legs out of the car. He stood and faced the entrance of the establishment. He took a deep breath and began to walk alongside Loretta, his heels clicking lightly on the pavement.

"Good afternoon, Ms. Kendall," said the host at the entrance.

"Hello, Rick," said Loretta. "Table for two on the patio, please."

"Certainly," said Rick while picking up a couple of menus. He turned a sly smile to Bill. "Aren't you going to introduce your pretty friend?" he asked.

Bill froze.

"Rick," Loretta began, "this is, uh, Billie. My friend, Billie."

Rick smiled, extending his hand to 'Billie'. "It's always good to have another pretty lady here."

Billie offered his hand. Rick folded it in his and gently squeezed. Billie broke into a smile; it was working.

Rick led them out onto a bright patio which overlooked a charming row of shops. He offered a chair to Billie first, who gracefully sat down and crossed his legs. He wasn't sure at first what to do with the white leather clutch bag he carried. He watched as Loretta seated herself, and when she set her purse on the edge of table, he followed suit. Rick handed them their menus.

"Enjoy your meal," he said. "And remember, don't ever bring your husbands. I like to think that I have you ladies all to myself every day at lunchtime."

As Rick left, the two 'girls' burst into a fit of the giggles.

"Charming, isn't he?" said Loretta.

"Oh, absolutely," said Billie. "I hope he doesn't find out that I don't have a husband. He might propose!"

Loretta laughed again. "He certainly could. You're very beautiful, Billie."

Billie cast his eyes down to the menu. He felt the blood rush to his cheeks, and was glad that the makeup would conceal it.

After lunch Loretta drove Billie back to their house. They were still laughing over how Rick had kissed both their hands before they left the cafe.

After Loretta left to go back to work, Billie mulled over their little adventure. Loretta had commented on how properly feminine Billie's conduct had been; from the way he had sat and ate, to the way he had held out his hand for Rick.

This caused Billie to twinge with anxiety again. He had been so caught up in the fun of it all, he hadn't really even thought about his conduct. It seemed to have come quite naturally, and that bothered him. Wasn't he a man?

If so, then how did this whole charade fall into place so easily for him? He didn't know the answer, and he knew that trying to think of one would only drive him crazy. All he knew right now was that he was very tired, although he was amazed that he had gained back so much energy so soon. He unbuckled the ankle straps of his shoes, slipped them off, and stretched out on the couch.

Dr. Rand would have thrown a fit if she had seen him outside the house today, and not just over his attire. Billie chuckled over that as he fell asleep.

He woke up about an hour later. He put his shoes back on and went to the bathroom to freshen up his hair and makeup.

Billie was just finishing his eye shadow when the doorbell rang. His blood turned to icewater; how was he supposed to answer it? He got up and tip-toed to the front door. By looking through the peep-hole, he saw that it was Cora. Relieved, he opened the door.

Cora was so astonished she almost dropped the bags

she was holding. When she regained her composure she stepped into the living room, saying, "Hello, lovely lady! You look stunning!"

"Hi, Cora," Billie said blushing sheepishly. He closed the door.

"I brought some things for you," Cora said while setting the bags down on the coffee table. "But first, let me get a good look at you."

Billie sashayed about the room for her.

Cora let out a low whistle. "M-mm, girl. Your legs look so good. Who taught you to do your makeup? Cynthia?"

"Yes, she did it last night. I'm a fast learner, I guess."

"I'll say," said Cora. "You've gone through quite a transformation in a short time. Tell you what. Loretta's invited me over for dinner again. Afterwards I'll teach you how to use all this new stuff I brought."

"Sounds fun," said Billie.

Cora left, saying she would be back around seven.

Now that he was all freshened up, Billie decided to sit and wait for Loretta. He was feeling too antsy to just sit around though, and was quickly searching for something to read again. He soon found a small stack of 'Bazaar' magazines, which Loretta read often in order to stay on top of her job at Arden's. Billie picked up a few and sat under a reading lamp.

He had never paid much attention to what was in these magazines. He was first struck by how incredibly beautiful every single model was; the attention to detail in makeup, the fabulous hair styles, and the oh-so-flashy clothes. He also noticed how almost all the dresses and skirts were cut really short, shorter than the average woman would dare wear. The models all had immaculate legs, of course, but he felt that his legs were at least as nice as most of them. He observed that many of the shoes were of colors and styles which almost clashed with the outfits, and he assumed that this must be to draw attention to the legs. Billie made a mental note to ask Cynthia about this later.

He found one spread on using lingerie for evening

wear. Billie gasped to himself at the pictures of these beautiful women in see-through lace bustiers and bras, sometimes with a cropped jacket, but more often with nothing to cover them!

Billie couldn't think of any woman he knew who would dare wear anything as frankly sexy, but in the back of his mind he wanted to be the woman who would. He wanted to be one of the women on the pages of the magazine; he wanted to be such a beautiful woman that he could get away with anything.

He knew that this was impossible though. Soon he would gain weight and muscle, and he would be back to being a man again. That was just the way it was, and the way it should be.

The next hour passed very quickly, so that Billie was surprised when Loretta arrived home. She walked into the living room, both arms loaded down with shopping bags.

"Hey, sis'," she said. "What ya' reading?"

Billie smiled and held up one of the magazines. "Fascinating stuff," he said.

Loretta continued to the bedroom, calling back, "Well, if you liked those, you're going to *love* what I have here."

"Oh, really?" Billie got up and followed her into the bedroom.

"There's more out in the car," Loretta said as she emptied three bags onto the bed.

Billie could not believe what he was seeing. Loretta had somehow acquired an extravagant wardrobe of dresses, skirts, blouses, and lingerie. "What did you do?" Billie asked.

"These were almost all odd sale items that never got sold, and were on their way to the discount outlet," Loretta said. "I got an employee discount on top of that. I guess I went a little crazy." She gave Billie a kiss, then started back out the door. "Go ahead and start trying some things on while I get the rest."

The first bag Billie opened contained a soft, black

leather skirt. He quickly pulled off the white dress that he had worn all day. He then began to search for a blouse to wear with it. Loretta came in with more bags.

"Oh, you want the top to go with that," she said. She reached in one bag and pulled out a black strapless push-up bra. "Put this on first."

Billie removed his white bra, then put the strapless one on. Loretta showed him how to lift his breasts, giving him a nice - but still subtle - cleavage. She then handed him a black leather bustier.

"This will look good with that skirt," she said.

Billie looked hesitant for a moment; he wasn't sure if he *wanted* something this femininely sexy to look good on him. Eventually though, he obeyed Loretta and pulled it on.

"Now the skirt," said Loretta.

He pulled the leather skirt over his hips. It snapped and zipped up easily in back, fitting his waist to perfection. It was a short skirt, ending about five inches above his smooth, sexy knees. After slipping into the four inch black patent pumps, Billie walked over to the mirror.

He was astonished at the effect. The bustier slimmed his torso somewhat, and the shoes caused his calves to tense into an alluring curve. His legs were dynamite. Billie was especially amazed at how real looking the soft, pale, mounds of flesh above the bustier were. His hair felt great on his bare shoulders, and he shook it some to heighten the sensation. He turned to Loretta, who was beaming at him with what Billie thought was a strange sense of pride.

"Do you have any earrings for this?" he asked. He was quickly surprised at himself for even thinking to ask such a question.

"Oh, yes," said Loretta, "but," she grimaced, "they're for pierced ears."

"Darn," said Billie teasingly.

"Well, not exactly 'darn'," she began. "Cora's coming over later and I asked her to pierce your ears."

Billie stared at his wife, dumbfounded. "No?"

"Don't worry about it. . . anyway," Loretta said while rummaging through another bag, "I got a jacket for you

to wear with that as well." She pulled out a gray, acid washed denim bolero jacket.

Billie thought that the jacket was kind of ragged looking for such a nice outfit but, when he put it on, he was surprised at how appropriate it looked. It added a sort of youthful appearance, especially when he pushed up the sleeves. He admired the outfit in the mirror for some time before Loretta spoke up.

"Why don't you leave that on for dinner, and then try the others on afterward? I have more here than you could possibly get through in one evening."

Billie took off the jacket, favoring the bare look for being indoors. "Are you sure you want to do all this?"

"Of course," she said. She came to his side and slipped her arms around his waist. "Besides, when you get your weight back, I'm going to have one heck of a wardrobe. But I want you to enjoy these clothes while you're still thin." She gave him a peck on the cheek.

Billie returned his gaze to the mirror. Yes, he was enjoying these clothes alright, but he felt that it was more like the sort of pleasure a child got out of sneaking into an abandoned house. He felt that he shouldn't be doing it, but at the same time he couldn't come up with a real good reason not to. And *that*, he feared, seemed to make it all the more exciting. He had done many things in his life simply for the thrill of seeing if he could get away with them, but this had something behind it that was much more powerful.

He wished that he knew what it was, as it might have set his mind more at ease with the fun he was having. Billie turned to the side, still looking in the full length mirror. He admired his increasingly voluptuous figure, looking so perfectly sexy in the bustier, skirt, and heels. He was enjoying this, that's all he had to know for now. He sat down at the vanity mirror to do his nails, painting them a dark, brick red. He pulled off his pantyhose and did his toenails in the same color.

He fished through the shopping bags, found a pair of black panties, and put them on, then he pulled on a pair of black, sheer pantyhose. Once he was dressed again, Billie touched up his makeup to match the outfit better. Even though he knew that Cora would be

coming to completely redo his makeup, he wanted to impress her with his appearance.

Wanting to complete the job thoroughly, he picked up a bottle of perfume, one that he loved to smell on Loretta. He dabbed it on his wrists and rubbed them together, then he placed a little behind each ear. Finally, with a naughty grin, he rubbed a few drops right between his soft, developing breasts.

Cora arrived an hour later, and she was indeed impressed with Billie's appearance.

"You'd better watch out, Billie," Cora warned with a grin, "you're the kind of girl that'll make other women jealous when you walk into a room."

Billie stared at the floor, embarrassed.

"Loretta," Cora called back to the kitchen, "can I have a few minutes to do Billie's hair before we eat?"

"Go right ahead," came the reply.

"Come on," said Cora, "I'll give you a style to match that outfit."

Cora retrieved her supplies from her car, and sat Billie down in the bathroom. This time she didn't wash his hair, but she wetted it down with a spritzer. She spent some time pulling and teasing it, and doing things with a curling iron that Billie couldn't quite follow.

After that she squirted a foamy mound of styling mousse into her hand and began to rub it into Billie's hair. She then combed and teased it some more, until it was semi-dry. Using a couple of barrettes, she pinned some of it back.

The resulting style, Billie thought, was extremely attractive. His long hair had a sort of 'wild and sexy' look now, seeming fuller, but with more of an edge to it. It fell in slightly frizzy lines, and the ponytail had small, tight curls that seemed to burst from the back and then cascade down his neck.

Billie shook his head, causing the slightly spiked bangs to fall over his eyes. He pulled them back and smiled at the reflection in the mirror.

"This is just amazing," he said. "I mean, if I saw this

woman," he pointed at the mirror, "standing in a nightclub, I would be in immediate," he fumbled for the word.

"Lust!" Cora laughed. "Glad you like my work, Billie," she said. "But you're right. You make a very alluring woman. Watch out for wolves when you go out."

Billie sat straight up, as if he had been struck in the tailbone by a lightning bolt. Men! Cora had mentioned it as if a man being attracted to him would be a most natural thing.

The idea of it seemed to rattle his sense of being to its very foundations. He decided that he would have to just put that out of his mind. "Well," he said trying to joke his way out of the uneasiness, "I will just avoid those types of situations."

"Yes, be a GOOD girl," said Cora.

Later that evening, Cora showed Billie how to use the array of cosmetics that she had brought by earlier. It was essentially no different from what Billie had already learned, but there were added 'complications', such as using a highlighter which swooped from the cheekbones to underneath the outer corners of his eyes. This made his face more triangular and feminine looking.

She took some time to teach him how to apply false eyelashes, although she said that his own eyelashes were very attractive, and that he should only use the false ones for very special occasions.

Then Cora got out the needle.

"Oh, yes," said Billie wincing, "I heard about this."

"Don't chicken out now. I promise you'll love being able to wear glamorous earrings," said Cora, sensing his uneasiness.

"Let's just talk about this for a moment," Billie pleaded weakly. . . a poor attempt to stall.

"By the time your weight is back, and you're ready to be Bill again, the holes will have grown shut."

Billie eyed Cora suspiciously.

"Trust me," she said holding her hair back to show a shining set of long earrings. "Look how pretty"

Once again, Billie was trapped without benefit of an

incisive argument against the situation. He relaxed and leaned back in his seat. "Go ahead, make my day."

The pain in his lobes only lasted for a moment. Cora inserted two gold studs, and instructed him on how to keep his lobes sterilized until the holes healed.

Three weeks passed, with Billie keeping the same basic routine. He eventually managed to try on all the things that Loretta had brought home that evening, although she kept bringing more. Each weekday Loretta would pick Billie up for lunch, and he would do his best to look good in a new outfit.

After the first week, when he was feeling stronger, they would sometimes do a little shopping right after or before lunch. Billie quickly forgot about the conversation with Cora that had caused him so much worry. Men *did* pay attention to him as a woman, but none had approached him with anything remotely resembling a come-on. Not yet, anyway. Billie felt he could handle polite nods and offering a demure handshake every now and then.

By the end of this time Billie had gained back a good deal of his energy, if not his normal physique. His waist seemed to be shrinking. He had gained a little weight back, but it was gathering around his bust and hips and, to some extent, under his thighs.

Although it worried him at first, he quickly became accustomed to the fleshy feeling in those areas of his body. Loretta had already prepared for the day when he could throw out the padded bras by purchasing a whole set of non-padded ones. That day was coming up fast.

It was a Friday evening when Loretta and Cynthia came home from work together. Billie greeted them at the door in a pastel print sun-dress with spaghetti straps on the shoulders. He wore pink and white slide sandals with three inch heels, and a gold ankle chain that Loretta had given him a few days before. Both girls complimented Billie on how pretty he looked.

He sashayed about the living room, modeling the

*Bill had gained weight back.
He would soon be wearing non-padded bras.*



outfit, relishing in what he felt were the slightly envious gazes of the women. Indeed, he *felt* pretty, and had felt pretty all day. Cynthia had been giving Billie lessons in fine-tuning his feminine deportment, and Billie thus assumed that this was why she was here this evening.

"All ready for another lesson," Billie told Cynthia as he followed them into the house.

"You don't need it," said Cynthia.

"What do you mean?" asked Billie, caught off-guard.

Cynthia stopped and turned to him. "It means that being a woman comes so naturally to you, that there's really not a whole lot more that I can teach you." She smiled. "That's a compliment. Besides, you've gotten so good at this we have some special plans for you this evening."

"Uh-oh," said Billie, wondering what they were thinking of this time.

"Billie?" said Loretta sweetly.

"Yes?"

Loretta smiled mischievously. "Go put on something sexy, 'cause we're going out!"

"Out?" said Billie. "Aren't you worried about someone seeing us?"

"Billie," Loretta began, "we've been out to lunch just

about every day for a few weeks now. No one is going to recognize a gorgeous woman like you as being my husband."

Billie blushed a little. He liked being called gorgeous, even though he knew deep down that it was silly to be pulling off this whole charade. Yet he wanted to get out; he hadn't been out on a Friday night in months. Oddly, he also had the urge to go out as a woman. Was it to see what effect he had on people, and to be treated so differently.

"Okay, if you think it's appropriate?" he finally said with a giggle.

Billie wanted to really do it up right. He noticed for the first time that he was really in competition with Loretta and Cynthia; he wanted to be the best looking girl of the three! He started by cleansing his face thoroughly, and then applying a deep-moisturizing lotion.

Next he put on foundation, mascara, blush, highlighter, eyeliner, and a rich, two-tone eye-shadow. He finished the job with a deep red lipstick.

By now he had so many evening outfits that he wanted to wear that he had a tough time deciding which one to go out in. He settled on one that he thought looked particularly good on him. It was a sweater of a very stretchy black fabric with an off the shoulder bodice and a black leather skirt.

He first slipped on the smallest and tightest pair of black lace panties he had, which kept him tucked in well and also took about an inch off his already slender waist. Next he put on a lace strapless bra. This one wasn't a push-up type, as his swelling bustline no longer needed much help.

Even though he had grown fond of wearing stockings during the past week, the skirt was so short that he wore sheer black pantyhose with backseams instead. The skirt itself came on next, fitting his sleek figure like a sheath, and covering only a few short inches of the tops of his thighs. He then slipped on a pair of black leather four inch pumps with narrow heels and pointed toes.

Billie decided that his hair should be just a little wilder. He spritzed it, then moussed it up and teased it, just like Cora had done the week before. The style fell sexily on his bare shoulders. Billie admired the effect in the full length mirror; he looked hot! He put some makeup in a small black leather handbag and the three girls were off.

They began the evening at a restaurant that Billie had wanted to try out for some time, but had never had the chance. The hostess said that there would be a short wait for a table, so the girls went into the cocktail lounge for drinks. The sight of these three good-looking ladies entering unescorted caught more than a few wandering male eyes.

Billie noticed this more than the other two, because he knew from experience the ways in which a guy will surreptitiously steal gazes at other women without letting his date in on it.

Billie was becoming quite aware of how good he looked as a woman. He found that the way in which the tight mini-skirt slightly restricted the movement of his thighs was immensely exciting. Billie also had to be doubly sure to always keep his legs together while wearing this dress, as he reminded himself while sitting on a barstool.

The ladies had hardly dipped into their drinks when they were called for their table. As they left the lounge Billie decided to give the guys a show, and with a sly smile he wiggled his hips on the way out. A loud wolf whistle rang out from the back of the room. Billie looked back over his shoulder, smiled at the perpetrator, and threw his hair back as he left the room.

Billie's feet felt lighter than air as he strutted on the high, narrow heels through the restaurant to a comfortable booth, where they were seated. Again he noticed the wandering gazes from men as they settled down. He had grown past the point of fearing such attention; he knew how to handle himself---at least he thought he did.

When it did start to bother him, he would simply refuse to think about it. He was having too much fun

now. One man was staring rather unashamedly right at Billie, who cast his eyes down with a demure smile and crossed his legs, the black nylon swishing like a whisper.

After eating the girls got up to leave, stopping in the ladies' room on the way out to touch up their faces. Billie got a bit of a jolt when he realized what he was actually doing.

He couldn't believe how easily it came to him---not that he wasn't thinking every second about his deportment and demeanor---and it caused him another familiar twinge of uneasiness. What would become of Bill, anyway? He would have to go back to that life soon.

Billie shrugged off these thoughts; he couldn't afford to think about being Bill while passing as a girl in the middle of a ladies' rest room. Bill would just have to wait, maybe until morning at least. He finished his lipstick, snapped his handbag shut, and breezed out of the restaurant with Cynthia and Loretta.

Outside was a cool, dry, clear Southern California



Bill found the way his tight skirt slightly restricted his thighs immensely exciting.

evening. Billie felt the air wash over his bare shoulders and nearly bare legs and, for a moment, he felt almost naked. In a way he was something much more dramatic than naked, he thought.

That was interesting, where did *that* thought come from? He tried to hang onto it, to nurture the idea of his nakedness into something that would make sense out of the rollercoaster of feelings that this masquerade was causing him. He lost the train of thought quickly though as the other two girls announced the next stop: Zorba's Dance Club.

Zorba's was a popular hangout for the young, good-looking, and single crowd. It was this last qualification that caused Billie so much surprise when Loretta and Cynthia told him that was where they were going.

"Look," Billie protested, "three women walking in there alone are only looking for one thing." The idea of his wife dancing with another man brought out unexpected jealousy emotions.

"Billie, I'm surprised at you," Cynthia admonished. "One thing you are about to learn is that girls dance with men just to have some fun. If a guy you're dancing with expects more, then he'll just have to sort it out later when he's alone in his apartment."

"But we are married. . ."

"Relax dear and let yourself go," said Loretta. "No guy can make a girl do anything we don't want to do. We don't even have to dance."

That put Billie at ease. Of course, he wouldn't dance. They would just sit and watch the people. Apprehensively, he checked over his nails one last time as they pulled up to the valet.

Billie had seen ads for Zorba's on television before, but that didn't begin to prepare him for the audio-visual explosion that he found inside. The main room was huge, so huge that in fact he couldn't make out the other end of it at all.

A Grecian fountain sat in the center of the dance floor, and smaller ones adorned the walls and private booths to either side of the room. The combination of throbbing music and the maze of lighting seemed to alert the senses. Everywhere were young women

dressed in the sexiest, most fashionable clothes, although Billie's dress was a bit more daring than most. The girls sat down in a semi-circular booth. Billie soon noticed that Loretta and Cynthia were whispering to each other and smiling while looking at him.

"What are you two talking about now?" he asked while shaking his hair out.

Loretta smiled at him. "Billie, we were just noticing how incredibly feminine you look and act---it's amazing."

Billie blushed lightly then grinned with satisfaction. "Really," he said. "There are so many women here. . .I'm intimidated."

Cynthia laughed, "Why? Your legs are so slender that every other girl here is going to turn green! And the way that dress hugs your bottom---whew!"

All three of them laughed. This was all in fun.

But it wasn't long before an occasional man could be noticed orbiting their booth, trying to decide which one of them to ask to dance. One pair of rather self-confident looking guys finally walked right up to them.

"Which two of you attractive ladies wants to dance?" one of them asked.

Billie cringed at their tired approach (wasn't that one of Bill's old lines?), but saw that the two girls were flattered by it. Getting a chill, he admitted to himself that it was a nice to be attractive.

To his surprise, Cynthia and Loretta quickly agreed to dance, and they got up to join the two guys. Unexpectedly, Billie realized only then that he was not feeling the least bit jealous at the notion of other men dancing with his wife. He was sincerely excited for her.

He wanted her to have fun, and he knew that she wouldn't lead any of these guys on. He watched her dance. Her hips and skirt swaying to the music.

Billie was watching so intently that he didn't even notice the man that was leaning across the table, until the man spoke up.

"Hi," he said.

Billie turned with a start, his a hand clung demurely to his bosom. "You scared me for a moment," Billie said with a smile.

"Sorry. I should have noticed you were staring off in space."

The man came around and leaned in closer. "My name's Mike. Would you like to dance?"

Billie was thinking about how to say "No," but was so amazed at being asked he didn't even hear himself say, "Yes!"

Mike led Billie onto the dance floor. The music was loud, so there wasn't much opportunity to talk. That was okay with Bill.

Looking around for his wife, and spotting her, he relaxed. He was just enjoying one more new experience. Dancing in high heels was another new feeling. Billie found that he couldn't move his feet around quite as much as he normally would, but he could swivel his hips more like the other girls.

The music never stopped so it was hard to tell how many songs they danced to. When Billie returned to the booth, he found that Loretta and Cynthia were already back having time to watch him dance with Mike. The two guys were still hovering over them. Billie slipped into his seat and introduced Mike, who offered to buy the ladies a round of drinks.

Seeing how the "a party" had quickly started Billie looked at the other two girls, then spoke up. "No thanks," he said. "I want to talk to my friends."

Mike composed himself. "Well, could we dance again later, Billie?"

Billie almost felt sorry for Mike. It wasn't his fault the girl he liked wasn't. . . "Sure," Billie said, "later."

Mike left with a grin on his face. Billie turned to the girls, who were excusing themselves from the other two gentlemen. They left looking not quite so triumphant.

"What happened?" asked Billie. "They look like they lost the lottery."

"They were getting a little pushy," replied Loretta. "Men can be like that."

"But Mike seems nice," Cynthia chimed in. "He likes you."

Billie felt his face blushing but joked, "Yeah, he's alright. . . for a guy." Then said to himself, "What am I

saying?"

The three were not alone long.

The girls stayed until about one a.m., dancing with just about every unescorted guy in the place. Billie danced with Mike a couple of more times, and Mike said that Billie was about the most gorgeous woman he had ever spoken to. This caused Billie no end of conflicting feelings of flattery and panic.

It was truly one of the most enjoyable evening he and his wife had ever spent out dancing. Bill had always quickly tired of dancing but in a dress seemed to have unlimited vitality.

By the time they arrived home, there was just enough energy to undress, take off their makeup and in nighties, both fell asleep almost immediately.

Once again, Billie was on the dance floor with Mike, except everything was quite different, not the least of which was that they were not on the same dance floor, but on one in a nineteenth century style grand ballroom. Mike wore gray and black tails, making him much more distinguished looking than he had been earlier.

Bill wore a beautiful formal dress of jade green taffeta with lots of ruffles and a very low cut front, satin elbow length gloves, and satin pumps. They were whirling around the ballroom to the sound of a waltz which Billie didn't recognize, but if he had been able to recognize it he would have recognized it as Mozart.

All that Billie understood was that a very stiff looking orchestra was playing at one end of the hall, and they sounded beautiful. The next thing Billie noticed was that Mike had changed. He had not changed clothes, but he had changed into Dave.

Dave was wearing the same clothes that Mike had been wearing, which was of dubious comfort to Billie, for neither of the gentleman had bothered to ask the lady if Dave could cut in. No matter, Dave seemed to know how to waltz just as well, and Billie tossed her head back and laughed with delight.

Dave seemed unable to take his eyes off of Billie's rather pronounced cleavage, and when the waltz ended

Billie demurely drew a lacy fan over her (yes, why not her?) chest. Dave offered his hand to walk Billie to a chair.

"Champagne for the lady?" Dave asked.

Billie smiled, "Please."

Dave was immediately standing in front of Billie with a bottle of champagne and only one glass.

"M'lady looks absolutely exquisite tonight," Dave said as he poured champagne into the lone glass. He handed the glass to Billie.

"And what will you drink out of, Mister Thomas?" Billie asked.

Dave knelt in front of Billie. "Man could not forge a more delicate vessel, than the lady's slipper." With that he gently lifted one of Billie's white-stockinged legs and removed the high-heeled satin pump, revealing her soft, white-webbed toes and painted nails. He poured champagne into her shoe and, without taking his eyes off of Billie's, began to sip from the heel end.

He gently massaged Billie's stocking clad foot with his free hand. This caused Billie to blush somewhat, and she furiously waved the fan at her face. When Dave finished the champagne he began to lean in toward Billie, saying, "Now let me drink from those lips, which are the color of dark wine, and which make one more drunk when simply tasted than would a sea of champagne."

He pressed his lips to Billie's, gently at first, but then more urgently, until Billie felt herself suffocating in Dave's passionate embrace.

Billie woke up with a start his nightgown all wrapped around his legs. Indeed, he found having a dream about being kissed by a man to be a rather distressing way to start the day. It was morning, he was sure of that. Loretta was already up, apparently preparing breakfast. Billie sat up in the bed, trying to get a mental grasp of the situation. He pulled off his hair net and shook his head, allowing the long locks to fall on his shoulders.

Okay, he had long hair, that much was confirmed. He was also wearing a lavender nightgown, which felt

really good against his skin. He took a furtive glance at his chest. Yes, two rather well developed breasts were there, as he had expected. He ran a finger across the top of them, feeling their softness.

His fingernails were long and slender, painted with a ruby polish. With these observations in mind, Billie was now certain that the dream had started in the grand ballroom, and was now definitely over. Something else still tugged at his insides, though. Billie realized that he was excited, even though he had found the dream to be absolutely revolting.

This put a completely new fright in him, and he decided that he would be better off having breakfast with his wife than sitting here thinking about such things. He slipped into his pink marabou pumps and went to wash his face and put on a little makeup.

"You have a good night's sleep?" asked Loretta as Billie sat down to a breakfast of fruit and juice.

"MY legs are sore from dancing," answered Billie without looking up from the table.

"Mine too," she said. "Dancing is good for the figure and good exercise. Cynthia called. . .Are you up for going to the beach today."

Billie looked up. "The beach? As a man. . .how. . .I mean with these?" His hands went to his breasts.

"Don't be silly."

Cynthia arrived soon after Billie had taken a shower and put on his makeup for the day. Loretta had told him to be sure to 'Nair' his body again. His body felt baby smooth, from his breasts down to his toes.

Putting on the last touches of makeup, Loretta called Bill into the bedroom. "I have something for you to put on," she said as he entered the room. She held up what appeared to Billie to be a very skimpy looking flesh colored garment made of latex.

"What is it?" asked Billie.

"It's your 'peace and mind' also called a 'cache' garment or 'gaff'. Cynthia got it from the theater supply store. It's used by female impersonators, and it hopefully will allow you to wear a bikini today."

"Why a bikini?" Bill gasped taking the feather-weight garment and holding it up.

"Because they are the most fun. You are fine on the top but we were worried about the bottom," Loretta said getting out a metallic print French-cut bikini and laying it out on the bed.

Seeing the small pieces of fabric on the bed gave Bill a queasy sensation. "Do you really think I'm feminine enough to wear that?"

"We'll see. Be sure everything's lined up okay," Loretta said with a giggle. "Cynthia and I will be waiting in the living room for you to model it." With that she left the room.

Billie took off his nylon houserobe and stood naked before the mirror. He stepped into the garment and pulled it up his legs. He had some difficulty getting it over his hips, because it was very tight. He didn't line up his privates quite right at first, which caused some pain when the garment snapped down on him.

Understanding what she meant now and with such discomfort as an incentive, he pressed everything up and got it right the second time. Still feeling the pressure but no pain, he adjusted the gaff higher on his hips where the french cut bikini bottom would ride.

Billie was immediately struck by the dramatic difference it made in his appearance. He could not make out one lumpy trace of his masculinity now. The cache garment was the same color as his skin. He could just as well have been a naked woman standing there, staring dumbfounded in the dressing mirror.

Billie could hardly wait now to get the bikini on. The top was a bandeau style, with an optional halter strap that Billie chose to tuck into his bustline. The cups fit his breasts perfectly, exposing just the right amount of soft flesh above them. He pulled on the bottom. The waistband came up above his fleshy, rounded hips, blending over magically with the cache garment.

Billie couldn't get over how exciting this effect was, and for a moment he lost himself in his feminine reflection. He then remembered that the girls would be waiting.

He slipped into his light tan colored, high heeled sandals, and put on Loretta's white nylon beach robe. Before entering the living room, he decided to put on his gold ankle bracelet. He always like that on women. He fluffed up his hair and stepped into the living room, one leg at a time.

At first, all Cynthia and Loretta could see were a pair of slender, smooth legs poking out from around the corner of the hallway. Then the rest of Billie entered and he strutted toward them. His long mane of hair fell on the shoulders of the beach robe, which he kept wrapped tightly around himself.

He turned his back to the girls and slowly untied the belt of the robe, then slid the robe down his back, first exposing his creamy white, bare shoulders, then his well rounded hips. Finally, he let the robe fall on the floor, and he turned to meet the wide-eyed stares of Cynthia and Loretta.

"This is just incredible!" Cynthia exclaimed seeing her friend's feminized husband posturing so adorably. "He's definitely one of us girls now!"

"Darling, you look charming in that bikini!" Loretta declared. "I don't know why you'd ever want to be a man again? I'd be glad to have you as one of my girlfriends. . ."

Billie gave an embarrassed, blushing grin. "Sure, why not?"

"Alright then," said Cynthia, "let's go to the beach GIRLS!"

The three decided to drive up the coast highway a few miles to a secluded beach that they knew of, where there would be fewer pesky teenagers to have to put up with.

Billie stepped out of his sandals as he reached the edge of the thick, soft sand. The sky was perfectly clear, and a breeze came in off of the Pacific, bathing him in the cool ocean air. With the sandals dangling from one hand, Billie led the other two girls to a good sunning spot. The girls spread out their towels and began to help each other with their suntan lotion.

Billie relished the feel of the sweet smelling oil as



he rubbed it into his cleavage and over his curvy white thighs. Loretta put some on his back. Billie laid down on his stomach, undoing the bikini top strap in back, as he had seen other women do to prevent tan lines. He made a mental note to remember not to suddenly sit up.

The girls were soon interrupted by a frisbee, which fell right in the middle of them, bouncing off Cynthia's fanny before coming to rest in the sand. Billie closed his top. The girls sat up to see the culprit coming toward them, a college aged male culprit, with a big 'gee-I'm-sorry-I-don't-know-what-happened' grin on his face, and two male co-culprits following close behind.

"The boys have smelled us," said Cynthia with a giggle.

"Are men everywhere?" Billie asked sulking.

"Stop it, you two," said Loretta.

The first of the frisbee enthusiasts stopped at the girls' feet, put his hands on his hips, and smiled. "Hi,

I'm Doug," he said with a big white toothed grin.

"How profound," said Billie under his breath. Cynthia hit him on the back. "Ouch!"

Two other bronzed chaps caught up with Doug. "You find the frisbee, Doug?" one of them said while staring mostly at the lady's tops.

Doug said, "Since we interrupted these gorgeous babes, I thought we should invite them to play."

Billie stammered, "Oh, no, we couldn't. . ."

"Sounds great!" said Cynthia seeing the young hard bodies. She grabbed the frisbee and pranced out onto the open beach. "Come on, Billie, Loretta!"

Loretta bounced up, and Billie tenuously followed hooking the back of his top as he walked.

The game of frisbee was going rather nicely, Billie thought. These guys seemed to just want to toss the frisbee, show off and nothing else. Billie thought that the slender women playing among the muscular guys looked like three gazelles prancing around in a buffalo corral.

Loretta took pictures of the game, getting Billie falling back into Doug's arms while trying to catch the frisbee, and also lying on his stomach, perched on his elbows, with one sleek calf raised in the air.

Bill was learning that with his eye-catching breast development and repressing gaff, he had nothing to worry about. Somehow these young muscular boys made him feel even more feminine.

When they finished playing, the guys prepared to leave. Doug came back up to the girls.

"So, would you girls like to go out tonight?" he asked.

Loretta and Cynthia deferred to Billie, who politely declined.

"Well, it's been fun. Take care," he said. He rounded up the other two and left.

Seeing the look of disappointment on the Cynthia's face, he said, "They were too young for you."

"Too young for what," Cynthia moaned dreamily watching them walk down the beach.

On the way back to the house, Billie reclined in the

back seat. He noticed that Cynthia was staring at him with a benign grin on her face.

"Is there something wrong with my make-up? Billie asked her.

Cynthia turned all the way around to face Billie, as if she had been waiting to be asked that very question. "Billie," she stated, "You should considered modeling? You have a very young figure and fresh face."

"It is a new figure," Billie laughed then drew a lightly tanned, smooth knee up to his chin. He thought about the question for a moment. Was she serious, or just ribbing? "Are you talking about real modeling?" he finally asked.

"I don't mean covers of Vogue or anything, you know, not like a Paulina Porizskova. But I have a contact with a mail order fashion company that needs models for their catalogues."

"Modelling dresses?" Billie let out a sigh. "Come on, girl, that's crazy. Me? A model?"

"Really, you're perfect," Cynthia insisted. "They deal mostly in formal wear, so they're looking for women who look just a little older than the average eighteen year old. But they want slender, gorgeous women all the same."

"Wearing a dress for a living, what a kick," he answered.

Loretta said, "Seeing how you fill out a woman's bikini, I think you should try it."

Billie shook his head in thought. "It's not that it doesn't sound like fun, it does. But this is going to have to end oneday soon."

"Why does it have to end soon?" Loretta chimed in.

Billie couldn't believe it. "Don't you want your husband back?" he asked.

"I have my husband," Loretta answered. "My husband is living, which is a miracle in itself, and is enjoying living as a happy, self-assured woman for a while. I think that *you* should take advantage of this opportunity to try something different."

Billie pondered this. He had never stopped to think how happy lately. Wasn't it this or his recovery that had been making him so content? Maybe it was the

discovery of a part of him that he had never known before? He found a lot of pleasure in learning about women and experiencing a different side of life.

These new pleasures and his self-image as a man had been like two locomotives on a collision course ever since that first day home from the hospital. Billie touched one of his earrings while staring down at his painted toenails.

His long hair was blowing in his eyes, distracting him from his thoughts. With out a thought, he reached into his beach bag and pulled out a couple of barrettes, then used them to pin his hair back. He was suddenly struck by how easily and girlishly he'd done this; it had involved no real thought at all.

He decided to give Cynthia's suggestion a chance. "If you are serious, what do we do first?" he asked Cynthia.

Cynthia squealed, "That a girl!" with enthusiasm as she explained what had to be done.

The following Monday morning, Cynthia arrived to take Billie to Cora's beauty salon. She had already arranged for Billie to get a professional makeover and hairstyle that day.

Billie wanted to feel his absolute stunning best and most feminine. He put on a lavender garter belt, and slid a pair of sheer suntan, lace top stockings onto his legs, attaching them to the garters. He decided to wear a violet leather skirt that came just below the knee, and had a long slit in back.

He settled on a blouse that was satiny and deep blue-purple in color. He put on a gold chain belt and two gold necklaces, as well as dangling gold earrings. The finishing touch were a pair of hot lavender, high heeled, leather pumps with the backs of the heels scooped out.

Billie looked in the mirror to check over everything before going out. He unbuttoned his blouse a couple of notches, exposing just a wisp of cleavage and camisole. He sprayed a little of his favorite perfume right in the center, dabbed a little behind each ear, and then some on the back of the knees. Satisfied with the results, he

picked up his purse and an electric blue leather bolero jacket, and he followed Cynthia to the car.

Cora waved to them as they entered the salon. An assistant washed and conditioned Billie's hair while several women in the salon complimented Billie on his outfit. Billie smiled to himself---"if only they knew what I really was." Cora styled Billie's hair into long, draping curls, pinning some of it in back with a butterfly clip. She then gave Billie the most thorough makeup job he had ever had.

A manicurist painted Billie's nails with a creamy lavender polish, which matched his outfit nicely. She then asked Billie to take off his stockings. He very carefully unhooked the garters and pulled off the stockings. The manicurist buffed his feet lightly, rubbed a moisturizer on them, and then painted his toenails the same color as his fingernails. Once the polish was dry, Billie put his stockings back on, slipped into his heels, and stood up.

"Billie," Cora said in a hushed voice, "you could cut the envious gazes in this room with a knife!"

Billie looked around the room, noticing that all the other women were staring right at him. He coolly gave them a smile and said, "Don't envy me. I wasn't always this beautiful!"

That seemed to break the tension as the other women turned to each other with embarrassed little giggles. Cynthia, in light of her particular knowledge of the irony of Billie's remark, had to struggle to keep straight faces as she escorted him out the door.

Loretta met Billie and Cynthia at Yvonne's Photo Studio, where they had arranged for Billie to do a glamour session for a modeling portfolio. An assistant escorted Billie to a dressing room. Loretta and Cynthia followed.

All three girls let out an audible gasp when they saw the racks of clothes hanging in the dressing room. The assistant suggested that they start with the outfit that Billie was wearing, then they could go to some formal wear, and finally some bathing suit shots.

Billie entered the studio, where the photographer was waiting.

"Hi, I'm Paul," he said while offering Billie a handshake. "I'm lucky enough to make a job out of photographing beautiful women like yourself."

Billie shook his hand, sizing him up as a clean, professional type. It occurred to Billie that someone like Paul probably wouldn't even be fazed if he knew his secret. Paul had already set up some lights against a soft, white background. He showed Billie the area to stand in, telling him not to move while he adjusted a light.

"This is the back-light," Paul said. "We aim it from the opposite side of the camera so as to make your hair look heavenly, and it makes the picture more three-dimensional. If you can just feel where it is, you will be in great shape."

Billie wondered how he was supposed to *feel* a light. He glanced over at Cynthia, who was standing to one side of the staging area. They had agreed that if Billie got stuck as to how to pose, he could just look over at Cynthia and she would give him poses to mimic.

This came in handy rather quickly, for no sooner had Paul begun to flash away than Billie drew a blank on new poses. Paul chattered away about how to hold his hair and turn and so on, but Billie ended up mimicking Cynthia for most of the first part of the session. It must have worked, because Paul kept saying 'great!' and 'marvelous!'

Getting into the second part, in which Billie wore a full length, silver evening gown, he began to pick up the rhythm of the poses. Paul had him do several sitting poses, and he was surprised when a male model appeared in a tux.

"Where did he come from?" Billie wondered aloud.

"He comes with the package, apparently," said Loretta.

Billie and the tuxedo clad model did several poses with champagne glasses. Another pose involved the guy kneeling in front of Billie to adjust the ankle strap of his sandal. This reminded Billie of his dream of the previous weekend, and it caused him to burst into a



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giggle. He tried to cover his mouth.

"Perfect!" said Paul in reaction to the giggle.

Next came a blue, strapless, shirred evening dress with rhinestone appliques elbow-length gloves. It hugged Billie's form marvelously. The assistant clasped a rhinestone necklace around his neck, as well as matching bracelets, which looked stunning against the blue satin gloves. He pulled on a pair of white glitter stockings and slipped into a pair of scooped out pumps.

"My gosh, Linda Evans should watch out!" exclaimed Cynthia as Billie strutted back into the studio.

Billie thought that the piece de resistance was a gold metallic, French cut bikini, with gold leather, high-heeled sandals. The cache garment did its job wonderfully, because everyone commented on how sleek and sexy Billie looked in the bikini. Paul's assistant laid out a huge black beach towel for Billie to lie down on. The effect of the gold bikini on the black towel was stunning to say the least.

Billie was tired when he and Loretta got home that evening. He told her that he had gained a new respect for models. He said, "I never realized how much work it was---standing in heels for so long, turning, twisting, and bending under the hot lights."

"I think there's more of it in your future too!" Loretta put her arms around Billie and shut him up with a long, warm kiss. When she pulled away she had Billie's lipstick on her.

"Billie," she said while running a fingernail down Billie's neck to his chest, "I want you to put on something sexy FOR me now."

"My clothes don't fit me yet," Billie said.

Loretta looked him in the eye. "Silly. I don't mean Bill's clothes, I mean something feminine and sexy!"

Billie smiled nervously. "Sexy and girlish, eh?"

Loretta nodded, and kissed him again. "You're my girl."

"Okay," Billie said, and he headed for the bedroom.

Once in the bedroom, Billie took off the outfit that he had worn to the photo studio that day. He pulled

open a drawer and lifted out a black lace mini-basque with garters and see-through cups. He pulled it over his body. It fit firmly, but comfortably, slightly slimming his waist and lifting his breasts into a nicely rounded cleavage. He slid a pair of black French-seamed stockings onto his legs, and attached them to the garters.

Next he pulled a black lace g-string panty up over the garters. He fished through the closet to find a pair of patent leather pumps with five-inch spike heels. He put them on, feeling the taughtness in his calves as he walked in them. He removed the gold earrings and replaced them with a pair of dangling silver ones with rows of tiny rhinestones. He then pulled on his mid-length black nylon houserobe, tied it at the waist, and walked into the living room.

Loretta sat on the sofa, with an open bottle of champagne on the coffee table next to a couple of full tulip glasses. She handed Billie a glass as he sat down next to her.

"Let's see what's under the robe," Loretta said.

"My, you are a naughty one tonight," Billie teased while standing to take off the robe.

"You'd better believe it. And I intend to get naughtier."

Billie untied the belt, and allowed the robe to slide off his shoulders, down his back. Loretta just sat there for a moment, her eyes drinking in the sight of Billie in the basque and stockings. Then she stood, set down her glass, and put her arms around Billie.

"I just want you to know how much I love you," she said.

Loretta kissed Billie deeply, running her hands over his lace clad body. Billie felt something stir underneath the cache garment, an event he hadn't thought possible until now. Loretta ran a finger under the edge of Billie's stocking.

"Let's go someplace more comfortable," she said. She took Billie by the hand, and walked him into the bedroom.

Two weeks later, Billie and Cynthia sat over lunch

looking at the new portfolio.

"These pictures came out so fantastic!" Cynthia said. "I already have one agent that wants to meet you."

A chill ran through Billie; he hadn't been prepared for the notion that anything would really come of this. "Are you sure we should do this?" Billie asked.

"Are you kidding? Yes! You paid for this very expensive photo session, so you might as well do a couple of jobs to get a return on your investment."

Billie's business sense kicked in, and he decided that Cynthia had a valid point.

"Your portfolio is just marvelous," agent Liddia Glanders was saying from across her desk while Billie reached down to hike up a wrinkle in his pantyhose. "I already have two catalogue companies that are interested in you. You have the perfect look for their particular needs."

Billie looked up. "Which are?"

"A slender, attractive woman who looks just old enough NOT to make their customers feel insulted," Liddia said. "Are you available next week?"

Billie gulped slightly. "I guess. . .sure."

Cynthia was driving Billie home while he complained about what he was getting into.

"This could go on forever," Billie said. "What do we do when I wanna' stop this nonsense?"

Cynthia didn't answer; her thoughts seemed to be elsewhere. "Billie," she began after a long silence, "I'm supposed to ask you something right now, before we get to your house."

"This sounds ominous," said Billie. "Ask away."

Cynthia cleared her throat. "No matter what happens when you get home, you have to promise to not get mad at Loretta, to try to be understanding."

Billie felt himself starting to panic. "What has she done?"

"Well," Cynthia said while shifting in her seat, "she's really just thinking of you. But you may get the idea that she's gone too far. That's all I can tell you."

Billie tightened his grip on his purse, and let out an

aggravated sigh.

Loretta greeted them at the door with a smile. She kissed Billie on the cheek. Billie could tell she was a little bit nervous. He went on into the living room.

When he got there he stopped in his tracks, his mouth dropped open, and his purse slipped from his hands.

Dave was sitting on the couch.

Billie closed his eyes, counted to ten, and reopened them.

Dave was still there. "Hello, Billie," Dave said as he stood up and began to walk toward Billie.

Billie backed up against the wall. He tried to say something, but he could only manage to open and close his mouth, which he thought must have looked rather stupid.

"Yes," Dave said, "Loretta told me all about it. And I think it's great."

The latter part of what Dave said didn't register in Billie's brain right away. "Loretta!" he yelled.

"What?" came the reply, only inches from his face.

Billie turned to see Loretta standing next to him with an injured expression on her face.

"Don't get mad at Loretta," Dave said.

Billie looked back at Dave. Suddenly something about Dave registered in his mind. "I had a dream about you recently," Billie said.

"Yeah? What happened?" Dave asked.

"You used the most awful come-on. Something out of a bad romance novel, 'Lips like wine,' or some nonsense like that," Billie babbled.

"Who was I coming on to?" Dave inquired.

Billie toyed nervously with his necklace. "Uh, no one specific. I just---"

"Look, Billie," Dave began, "like I said, Loretta's told me everything, and I think that it's done you a lot of good."

"You do?" Billie said, feeling somewhat relieved. "I mean, I'll be getting back to being Bill soon, I just have a couple of modeling jobs, and---"

"That's fine with me," Dave reassured. "Look, I now understand why you've been avoiding the office since

you got out of the hospital. I just wanted you to know that it's fine by me if Billie wants to run the business for a while. That is, if there's time between modeling jobs."

Billie sat down in a stuffed chair, lost in thought.

"Just think about it," Loretta chimed in. "These past few weeks have shown me a person much more content and well-adjusted than Bill ever was. You may not even be aware of that fact, but it's true."

Billie looked at Cynthia. "Cindy? Do you have anything to add?"

"Yes, I do," she said. She strode around in front of Billie, looking him over. "Your slip is showing."

The other three looked at each other, bursting into laughter. Billie stood up and gave Loretta a hug.

"All of you are absolutely right," Billie said. "I have been happier as Billie than I've been willing to admit, and I'd like to go on like this for at least a little while longer. What do you say we go out and celebrate?"

That suggestion received a rousing cheer of approval.

"Just one thing," Billie said. The others fell silent. "Keep Dave and any alcoholic beverages away from my shoes."

"Huh?" said Loretta.

Billie smiled at them. "I'll explain later."

The End.

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