

# TV FICTION CLASSICS

MAGAZINE

## PAT GOES COED

A COLLEGE PRANK TRAPS PAT  
INTO BECOMING PATTI...A COED!



VOLUME 5

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# PAT GOES COED

## CHAPTER ONE... THE ULTIMATUM

Pat's heart throbbed as he and the eight other pledges waited for the pledgemaster to read the announcement. Pat knew he could endure Spring Rush and almost anything to get into the best graduate honor fraternity at Newstate College: the Chi Pi Pi's. Pat could feel a chill close in on him. The pledgemaster and active members quit laughing and the pledgemaster turned to read the ultimatum to the pledges.

The pledgemaster said, "There will be a business meeting on the third of the month for new pledges. Also an orientation three weeks from Thursday."

Pat and the others felt relieved. The Chi Pi Pi's had a reputation for humiliating initiations.

The pledgemaster continued, "Oh, one more thing... as you pledges know, we're having a big dance next Sunday night. We haven't been able to get any sorority girls to help as hostesses, so we've decided that you pledges will be our "girls". Each one of you will be responsible for getting your own outfits. You must wear a formal gown, high heels, and a wig. As a special bonus, there will be a beauty contest, and the most beautiful boy, or should I say "girl", will be given a week off pledge duties plus the rest of hell week. Oh, before I forget. Be sure to practice in your high heels before the dance, we hate clumsy hostesses. If we see you stumble, you have to wear the heels the rest of the week."

When the pledgemaster finished reading the announcement, the room roared with laughter. The pledges just looked at each other with burning faces and dumb amazement.

Bill said to Pat, "This is terrible, I'll be humiliated."

"You? Your wife's a beautician, you'll probably look beautiful. What about the rest of us."

As Pat left the fraternity room, his head was buzzing with questions. Where am I going to get something to wear? What will I look like? Pat got into his car and drove slowly home to his wife of almost 6 months, Denise. They met at the beginning of their senior year in Statistics class and studied together. But learning statistics quickly turned to romance and love. They eloped after a steamy weekend together, much to the displeasure of her parents.

Denise's father, Dr. Johnson was a physician in internal medicine. They had a big house in the suburbs and plenty of money. Since they were both in their last year of college, Denise's parents said they could move into their house. One condition; they weren't to tell anyone they were married until after they graduated and had jobs. Denise's parents would then have a big wedding party and announce it to all.

When Denise saw Pat's sad face she said, "What's wrong, did something happen at your meeting." He numbly just shook his head yes. "Tell me all about it," she said as she got him a soda.

They went out on their porch and Pat talked about the dance.

"That darn Chi Pi Pi dance next Sunday. All the pledges have to dress as girls and be hostesses all evening."

She laughed, "Is that all that's bothering you."

"Is that all?" Pat almost screamed. "I'll be the laughing stock of the entire campus, and besides where will something to wear."

"That's easily solved. We're about the same size. Maybe you can wear my old prom formal. We can find some heels for you, and my mother has a wig you can borrow. See how easy that was."

Pat thought for a moment... he was about the same size as Denise, only five foot seven, and small boned. He felt bad about being so small. Denise's father, Dr. Johnson, didn't like Pat. He was a real macho sportsman and wanted Denise to date men on the football team mostly so he could get free tickets. Denise, had dated Newstate's star quarterback, Jack Wilson, who graduated and moved to Dallas to play football. He knew this was going to be humiliating, but felt better that Denise would help. Since they lived at home with her parents, Denise explained the situation to her mother and father.

Her father just sneered, "Now Pat wants to borrow a dress? What a sissy. What's next, your panties?"

But Mrs. Johnson, said she would help in any way she could. When Denise left the room, Dr. Johnson said to his wife, "This is our chance to get rid of that loser. Do what you can to make him as feminine as possible. When Denise sees the Pat that way, she'll dump him in a second."

Meanwhile, Denise got the formal from her closet. It was a frilly blue lace evening gown with an open neck and bare

sleeves. The full lace skirt was supported by a frilly petticoat. Every time it moved it made a rustling sound like soft leaves together.

"Isn't it a beauty."

Pat snorted, "On you yes, on me no."

"Now don't make a fuss," she said, "Try it on and I'll go get the wig and some shoes... we'll see how you look."

She shut the door behind her and Pat was left alone with the formal. He looked at the dress as he slipped out of his clothes. It's a magnificent dress, he thought as he slipped it over his head. He had some difficulty getting it straight. He was struggling with the back zipper when Denise came back in. She helped him get the zipper up.

Her mother came in and they discussed letting the dress out a little, afraid Pat might pop the zipper. After taking a few measurements, Denise slipped the wig over Pat's thick hair and straightened it.

"Pat, I think your own hair is long enough, but we'll try the wig first," Mrs. Johnson said. "You're going to be a doll when we're through."

Pat didn't reply as he looked at himself in the mirror. "Maybe I won't look that bad after all," he thought to himself as he turned in front of the mirror. The lace hem of the dress danced and rustled around his knees. He felt so naked and silly.

Denise circled him slowly and looked him over carefully. "You'll look better after you shave your arms and legs."

"Shave my legs? This is only for one night. Let's not over do this thing."

Denise smiled and replied, "We could try several pair of nude opaque pantyhose. That would cover the hair, but I'd rather you shave them. Don't worry, the hair will grow back. If you want my help, you have to do what I say, so stop fussing. We've only got one week. you do want to win that time off hell week? We'll pad one of my bras, tuck you into a girdle and nylons, and you'll be perfect. Let's try the heels."

Pat tried one of Denise's shoes but it was too small. Mrs. Johnson brought out a pair of hers, and they fit him perfectly. Mrs. Johnson insisted that white spiked heels looked the best. The heels made him feel top heavy. Denise demonstrated how to walk and he imitated her.

He laughed, "Wow, I feel like I'm on stilts."

Mrs. Johnson said, "You'll do fine. Don't drag your feet. After dinner, put these on and practice. Tomorrow when you come home after school, we'll spend a couple hours and put it altogether. Don't worry, you'll be a fine girl. Go shave those legs and arms."

Pat shaved and practiced for hours walking in the high heels. Pat had to admit that Denise and Mrs. Johnson had solved most of the problems, all he had to do was wear the clothes.

## **CHAPTER TWO... DRESS REHEARSAL**

The next day, with Denise's father's encouragement, Mrs. Johnson went shopping to get some special items for Pat's transformation.

Pat was ready for his dress rehearsal.

Mrs. Johnson sat down with Pat and said, "I want you to look at this like a play. You have to learn your part until it's a part of you. You never know when this type of actor training might come in handy. Dr. Johnson, Denise and I are going to treat you like a girl and we expect you to respond as one. We're going to call you Patti, and expect you to dress as a girl when you're not at school. Understand... or is the whole deal off."

Pat stuttered, "I guess so..."

"Good, then let's get to work. Let's surprise Denise, she'll be home soon." They went to the guest room that Mrs. Johnson had fixed up for the transformation. On the bed were boxes and lingerie. Mrs. Johnson opened one box and held up a special long-line body slimmer. "I decided I didn't want to ruin the dress so this will reduce your waist several inches. In my day we wore corsets and girdles, this is the same only softer. Put this on... it's made to be tight and will eliminate any male bulges."

Pat stripped and slid the garment up his shaved legs and then up over his waist to cover his chest. It was so tight around the waist that his excess fat squeezed up into underwire cups that the bra would cover. There were wide straps that went between his legs with snaps. After several minutes of arrangement, it was painfully in place. At least Mrs. Johnson turned her back during this operation.

Pat said, "I think it's too tight. I might have trouble

walking."

"Don't be a baby," Mrs. Johnson said, noting the smooth girlish front. "You'll have to get used to it so I've bought you several. You can even wear them to school... without a bra of course."

Pat looked into the mirror. The slimmer had done it's job... all bulges of maleness were compressed to nothingness and hips flared from his now much smaller waist. His small nipples were pushed up and out. But he did have to admit that his figure looked more feminine.

"Now for the bra," Mrs. Johnson questioned, "Pink or white? I suggest white to match your slimmer." Mrs. Johnson put the bra around Pat's chest, and she noted how the cups were a little filled. She then added some silicone inserts that filled the cups completely.

Mrs. Johnson felt sorry for Pat. When she was through with him, Denise would be too embarrassed ever to be seen with him again. A quick divorce and Denise could find a real man, maybe a football player. They would totally make a fool of Pat. Dr. Johnson had promised not to make fun, but to just indulge Pat as a girl. Denise would realize that Pat just wasn't good enough for her.

Nylons were added to his smooth legs. Mrs. Johnson helped Pat into the full petticoat, then adjusted and laced it up the back. she slipped the gown over Pat's head and for a minute he was lost in a sea of blue lace. Mrs. Johnson said, "Take a deep breath." and she zipped him up. The gown fit perfectly now. Pat felt almost tied up, knowing it would be almost impossible to remove the dress by himself.

Mrs. Johnson started to put the wig on Pat but stopped. "Let's see what we can do with your own hair first." After several minutes of teasing and spraying, she transformed Pat's longish locks into a ladylike style. A full make-up... foundations mascara, blush, and lipstick, transformed Pat into a lovely lady. The rest of the afternoon Mrs. Johnson spent training Pat on "what a lady does, and what a lady doesn't do."

When Denise came home Pat was fully decked out as "Patti". That night they had a modeling show and Pat must have tried on every dress in the house. Dr. Johnson commented on each of Pat's changes with comments such as, "Patti, that dress is you... Pink is your color Patti... Great legs." Pat took the comments in fun. He'd always thought Dr. Johnson didn't like him.

That night, Denise handed him a long night gown to wear and

said, "Stay in the role and you'll win for sure... just do what my mother says. My parents seem to love you dressed this way. I've never seen them so happy."

The next couple days passed quickly. After classes each day, he studied for a couple hours and then went home to work on "his look." He even wore the slimmer to school, without the bra of course. The painful constriction reduced as his body got used to it.

He didn't even mind it anymore. In fact, it was fun. He and Denise laughed, and had a lot of giggles working out all the details. One evening they worked all night on his makeup. Mrs. Johnson had insisted on plucking nearly all his eye brows. This opened up the feminine look of his eyes. They seemed to forget that he had to be a man during the day.

She painted his toenails a bright red and filled and shaped his fingernails to make them look longer. During this time Mrs. Johnson's parents loved the idea that their daughter was now treating Pat like a sister and not a husband. They once heard Pat ask Denise for a kiss. Denise said, "Just a peck, we don't want to spoil our make-up."

Thursday morning, Denise had to go to class but Pat's had been canceled. Mrs. Johnson came in and said, "we're going shopping, get dressed in that cute red skirt and blouse you had on yesterday."

Pat reddened and protested, "But I can't go out like that."

"Of course you can and you must," Mrs. Johnson said firmly. "You look like a girl now and if you watch your movements, as you have been doing lately, nobody would ever begin to guess you're not all girl."

Pat thought everyone was going to see him soon anyway, so what the heck. It was rather a joke, right?

Mrs. Johnson helped Pat dress in one of Denise's red leather skirt and paired it with a silky white blouse then they drove to a beauty parlor in town. When Pat saw it, he started to resist, but Mrs. Johnson said, "Come on, dear, this is my gift to you... the final touches need professional beauty secrets. You don't even have to go to school tomorrow. You can wash all this off after the dance. For me."

In the beauty shop it was quiet and both Mrs. Johnson and Pat could be helped immediately. Mrs. Johnson instructed the operator, "Patti has big date tomorrow; make her look her best. I think you will want to remove her wig and fix her own hair,

it's a little short but I think you can make it do. You can add a hair piece to match."

Pat looked at Mrs. Johnson with a panicked look. The operator said, "Leave it to me, you need a look that's more sophisticated and fitting for your age. We'll make you beautiful. Maybe a shade lighter and a perm." The operator started on Pat.

They fussed with his hair for hours, washing it, clipping it, putting several kinds of solutions, rinsing then setting, where upon they put him under a hair dryer. They even gave him a Seventeen magazine to read.

He couldn't do anything. Occasionally Mrs. Johnson would talk to Pat about how cute he was in a particular dress and how Dr. Johnson was going to take them out to dinner tonight. Pat answered in monosyllables. It was after noon when they were finally ready. Pat's make-up received professional attention as well. One of the girls spent at least half an hour on his eyebrows, until he finally told her to stop, fearing it might be too obvious.

But the girl just said, "Your mother ordered it Miss, so just sit still."

Finally they released him from the chair. Pat gasped when he saw the results of their work. He looked like a beautiful young female, with his own attention getting blonde hair, softly curved with flips just over the ears. His eyebrows had become very thin highly arched lines, that could not be made masculine anymore until they grew out.

Looking into the mirror, he had to agree that he looked strikingly beautiful, with curled eyelashes and soft complexion, his lips cherry red and matching nail color. "Mrs. Johnson, with this hair and eyebrows, I can't go to school tomorrow!"

Mrs. Johnson said, "You can miss one day of school. Your pledgemates are going to love you. Now we are going shopping, I'm going to buy you your first dress."

Pat was in a daze. Out on the street they looked just like any mother and daughter out shopping. They walked towards the new Shopping center on Main Street. Pat's tight red leather skirt swinging with each step; just a little uncertain in his three-inch heels. The white translucent blouse showed a hint of Pat's bra and slip straps. The blouse had darts that helped pull it in around his body, quite taut over his twin prominences.

Mrs. Johnson whispered to Pat, "Shoulders back, remember your posture. Be proud of your curvy figure. You can't hide your girlish attributes anymore."

Pat's face showed worry about his exposure to so many people. Here he was walking down the street after being in a woman's beauty parlor, and everyone accepting him as a girl. He couldn't help smiling.

Mrs. Johnson noticed it. "That's a good girl, a smile always becomes a young lady." The short walk to the shopping center seemed like miles to Pat. Mrs. Johnson led him into a fashionable dress shop and said to the clerk, "We want to see a couple of evening dresses for this young lady."

The saleswoman, a cute blonde in her thirties, showed them several racks of beautiful silk dresses. Mrs. Johnson picked several in different colors and styles.

"You can try those on in there," the girl said pointing to a small cubicle. Pat froze, but Mrs. Johnson pushed him into the dressing room. Pat had no alternative but to remove his skirt and blouse while the saleswoman and Mrs. Johnson watched. The girl seeing his slip said, "that slips too long for some of the newer fashions. She'll also need a new bra that's cut lower."

The saleswoman returned with lingerie in several styles and colors. Pat was nearly in a complete panic with the idea that he would have to take off his bra and risk exposure of the falsies. Fortunately, Mrs. Johnson said, "I'll help her with the dresses dear. You go ahead and help some other customers."

Pat sighed with relief as Mrs. Johnson helped him hook the new low-cut bra and put in the falsies. "Too bad you need these." Pat blushed sharply, wondering what she meant by that.

Dress after dress was slipped over his head. There was the silk black and white striped tunic dress with squared shoulders and a straight skirt with the back zipper. After switching back to a strapless bra, Pat tried a cool summer linen sundress in pink with a bare back and halter style top. The full-sweep skirt was belted with white lace.

Pat tried to get used to the strange feel of the full skirt. Mrs. Johnson said, "Perfect for those hot summer dates". Pat blushed and removed it quickly. Pat suddenly wanted to leave but Mrs. Johnson said, "We haven't found you a new dress for dinner tonight. Lets try a few more."

The next was a rayon floral print dress with a pleated skirt and button back top with which Pat had trouble buttoning and

needed help. Mrs. Johnson said "This dress is a work dress, flashy but conservative." The saleswoman brought in several pairs of leather pumps in various colors to match the floral in the dress.

It was a beautiful outfit, Pat looked terribly feminine with the low neckline. He turned and the skirt swirled around his knees. "Do you like it?" Mrs. Johnson asked.

Pat just nodded, embarrassed with the idea that he, a man, would admit to liking a dress.

"Then we'll take them all, and she'll wear this one", Mrs. Johnson announced to the saleswoman, who said how attractive they looked on the young lady. As the saleswoman went to wrap the clothes, Pat whispered, "I don't need all this expensive stuff."

Mrs. Johnson cut him off. "I'll bring them back later or give them to Denise." Mrs. Johnson went to pay. As Pat joined them, she added a package of three lace and nylon panties. "Patti dear, you need new panties. These are a classic style that won't ride up or bind. What color do you want?"

Before Pat could answer, the salesgirl interrupted, "We're having a sale... if you buy two packages, she'll get a package of our French style lace panties which eliminates panty lines and are high cut on the sides."

"Sure, wrap them up." Mrs. Johnson smiled at Pat.

The saleswoman added, "Of course, the panties are not returnable." She wrapped the packages and with a "thank you" and they left. Pat was glad to leave the store, but somehow elated to have passed completely as a girl.

Mrs. Johnson somehow persuaded Pat to have lunch in a crowded restaurant. Fortunately they were seated in the back and Pat tried to ignore the admiring male glances as he walked by the bar. He sat down nervously smoothing his skirt below him. Most of the people stopped staring except for an occasional flirtatious glance from a young businessman about thirty, at the next table. Pat knew it was either sink or swim.

"What are you thinking about Patti... you're so quiet."

Pat whispered, "I'm scared, suppose someone finds out."

Mrs. Johnson whispered back, "As long as you behave like a girl, no one would ever believe you're a man. Take it from me, that outfit looks fine on you. Remember, you must train you

mind to think and believe you're a young lady. Then you'll automatically act naturally as a girl."

"You shouldn't have bought me all those clothes."

"We'll find some use for them. It's fun having you dressed like this. You know Denise is an only child and she likes having a sister. We like having a new daughter. The panties can be worn under your pants... underwear is underwear." Mrs. Johnson noticed the young businessman smiling at them, and returned the smile.



The businessman interrupted, "Excuse me for staring. You ladies just look wonderful today. My name's David Hughes." Turning to Mrs. Johnson, he asked, "Is this your daughter?"

Mrs. Johnson said, "Yes, this is my daughter Patti. She's a real tomboy, and only wants to wear pants, so today we bought her several new dresses." It was amusing to see Pat react as a girl with a man.

"Lot's of women at my company wear pants," David replied, "but I still prefer to see girls in skirts. You're very attractive, Patti."

Pat choked out in a high voice, "Thank you, David."

David rambled on, "I can understand Patti and other modern women hating tight and uncomfortable clothes. But look at Patti, she's such a doll to look at. I'd hire her at my company in a minute. Patti if you ever need a job, call me. Here's my card."

After some more small talk, David left. Pat was shaking. Mrs. Johnson said, "You just had your first job offer. Don't you think David's handsome?"

Before he could answer David came back to leave a tip. "Patti since you can't work for me until you graduate, maybe we can go to dinner sometime soon."

Pat flushed, looking for an excuse. Finally he came up with one. "I have classes at night so I can't... and I study all weekend."

"Well, then let's have lunch together next week."

Quickly Pat replied, "No... No thank you. I have finals and have to study. Besides, Mom doesn't like me dating during the week." Pat looked at Mrs. Johnson for help.

Mrs. Johnson smiled, "It's true, I don't like her going out on weekdays, but I don't see any reason you can't go out on weekends. But I only allow her to double date... but she does have a very lovely sister, Denise. Do you have a friend."

Pat grew white with annoyance. Why did she have to interfere? He was not about to go on a date with a man. He shook his head and started to speak, but David cut him off.

"Sure, it's set, this Saturday at 7 p.m. Come on Patti... don't be shy."

Mrs. Johnson added, "It's good for you to get out of the house." Pat saw that glint in her eyes and he realized that she was not accenting any excuses.

He became warm all over, but he lowered his eyes in deference to her willful stare and softly said, "Call me and I'll tell you how to get to our house. My number is 555-2387."

"Patti, dear," Mrs. Johnson corrected, "it's 555-3387."

"Good." David beamed, "I'll call to make sure Denise can go with my friend Mike. See you Saturday." He finally had succeeded in landing a date with this very attractive chick.

After he left, Mrs. Johnson said, "Don't worry you can always tell him Denise wouldn't go, or your sick or something." Mrs. Johnson smiled thinking, "Sink or swim, little Patti."

Pat didn't say much on the way home. He was mad at Mrs. Johnson for embarrassing him.

### **CHAPTER THREE... OUT TO DINNER**

When they arrived home, Denise met them at the door to help with the packages. Her mouth dropped when she saw Pat. "What happened to you? You look like you've been a girl all your life." Before he could answer, Mrs. Johnson told Pat to go up and change into something more casual.

Mrs. Johnson answered Denise's questions, "He wanted to be a little more perfect, so I took him to the beauty salon. He seemed to like being out dressed as a girl. He tried on those dresses and seemed to like them so I bought them. He even wanted panties to wear under his male clothes. I'm a little worried about Pat. He even made dates for you two, with a couple of men. He will probably deny he wants to go but..."

Denise interrupted, "Mom, what can I do? I encouraged him and we have had fun. He looks so cute."

Mrs. Johnson suggested, "I suggest you encourage his femininity. Help him look as good as possible. In fact, you might even tell him you like him being a girl, and force him into being girlish. I've told your father and he said he'll go along with anything, because he knows you love Pat. He'll get his fill."

Dr. Johnson came home from work. "Tell Pat to come down and model his new dresses for your father. Maybe we can get him to take us girls out to dinner."

Denise went up to their bedroom. Pat was about to change into Denise's knit sweater and skirt set. He looked so attractive in the floral dress. Denise impulsively hugged Pat tight to her body.

Pat wondered what brought that on. Seeing the question in Pat's face, she said, "Well can't I give my own luscious creation a hug. you have a remarkably small waist for a man. You've become such an adorable girl. My family has become very fond of you. Come on downstairs, Daddy wants to see his new daughter's outfits."

Arm in arm they went downstairs to the living room. Dr. Johnson whistled when he saw Pat sway into the room. "Wow, that dress is you, Patti! You girls go fix your makeup, I'm going to take you out for dinner. The best place in town."

Pat didn't want to go but Denise's family seemed so helpful and they did spend so much money and time to help him. He was just glad it would soon be over.

Denise saw the worried look on Pat's face. "Just relax dear. If we see anyone we know, I'll say you're my cousin visiting from back East." She didn't need to worry about Pat passing as a girl. Everyone who looked, and almost every male did, saw nothing unusual. The waiter might have noticed that one girl's voice might have a deeper tone, but Pat, with the last weeks practice, had no problem. Everyone called him "Miss."

After dinner, Pat's waist slimmer hurt even more than usual. But the evening wasn't over. Pat asked Denise for some aspirin. Denise said, "Come with me, a walk will do you good."

Pat thought she meant outside, but stopped short of where Denise was headed... to the ladies room. "I can't go in there! It's just this slimmer, sometimes it just pinches terribly."

Denise ignored his whining. She checked the ladies room and reported, "There's no one in there, come with me." Inside after locking the door, Pat lifted the floral skirt of his dress. Almost like a corset, the slimmer had done its job. The curve of his hips was quite noticeable and all signs of maleness had disappeared between his nylon covered thighs. After dropping his skirt, she noticed the intriguing valley of flesh that was pushed up by the slimmer and giggled, "Looks like it's doing its job. We girls have to get used to it. Here's a couple of Midol's... they're for cramps but contain aspirin." At this point, Pat would have taken anything.

As they walked towards the table, Denise nudged Pat's arm.

"Oh... that's Jack Wilson, my old boyfriend talking to dad." It was too late, Jack had seen them.

As Pat was seated, Denise gave Jack a hug and a kiss hello.

"Hi sugar.", he said to Denise, "good to see you. I'm just in town for the weekend. Who's your friend."

Denise smiled and said, "She's my cousin, Patti, from Cleveland." Pat felt very lucky he'd never met Jack before.

Jack waved his friend over and introduced Frank, also a professional football player. "May we join you," Jack asked politely but sat down without waiting for a reply.

"Please do," Dr. Johnson said enthusiastically, a little too eager Pat thought, since they had already done so. Pat moved his chair over a little to make more room. He avoided looking at the boys, feeling like a shy teenage girl on a first date.

Fortunately Dr. Johnson and Jack kept the conversation going, talking about the football team and the season. This gave Pat a chance to recover his wits and shyly observe the men.

Frank was a tall blonde fellow, with blue eyes and a strong angular face to match his muscular physic. Jack was dark and very handsome. Both were about six foot two, and wore dark business suits. Luckily Frank seemed shy and self conscious also and seldom spoke. Several times Pat caught Frank appreciatively eyeing his figure. With a blush he felt acutely aware of his twin prominences accented by the close fitting dress.

That darn slimmer compelled him to sit straight and parade his attractions which the men hardly could miss noticing. It embarrassed him when he thought of why they were looking at his small waist and curvy outline. Feeling his face redden with that idea, he subconsciously crossed his legs at the knees the way women do. That was a mistake, because Frank seemed to become fired up with the modest shy gesture and it called attention to his slim nylon encased legs.

Jack also kept his eyes roaming from Denise to Pat and back. Pat was beginning to have some strange reactions to Jack and Frank. On one hand he was very mad at Denise for talking to Jack, on the other hand feeling defensive against the forward looks of these men.

Jack was beginning to talk to Denise of a date the following weekend when he came back to town for a postseason exhibition football game. Frank cut in and said, "Why can't we make it a

double-date, if Patti wouldn't mind my company. Look, Denise, you could even invite your mom and dad to the game. We have great tickets!"

Pat blushed furiously with the idea that he again was attractive enough to be asked out. He for sure didn't want Denise to go with Jack alone. She wouldn't, would she? Pat did appreciate the admiration and eagerness of Frank, but common sense will surely win out.

Still blushing Pat said, "I'm sorry I have to go home next Tuesday."

Mrs. Johnson broke in with a smile, "Look dear, I'll call your mother and you can stay an extra week. I'll even buy you some more dresses if you're short of clothes."

Dr. Johnson burst in, "I can't wait to see you play again."

Denise said, "Come on, Patti. It'll be fun... say you'll come."

Pat felt what his back was against the wall, and was confused by his mixed emotions. On one hand intrigued with the idea, on the other thinking it was crazy for him to go out with a man. Were they all crazy? One thing for sure, he didn't want Denise out with Jack alone. Pat left it at, "We'll see what my mother says."

Dr. and Mrs. Johnson stood up and said they were going home early and that the guys could walk the girls home later. Jack ordered a bottle of champagne and insisted upon a toast to a renewed relationship with Denise.

Even though Pat complained of a terrible headache, Jack insisted that they finish the bottle. Pat soon realized that he was in no danger of being read and the champagne relaxed him so he had a congenial conversation with Frank. Frank did most of the talking... about football, etc.

The boys insisted on walking the girls home, even though it wasn't far. Denise whispered to Pat, "Just do what I do. Everything will be okay."

Denise and Jack walked in front of Pat and Frank. Pat tried to keep his steps small and girlish like Denise's. Jack slipped his arm around Denise's waist, then Pat felt Frank's arm slip around his narrow waist and pulled him close. Not wanting to make a scene, reluctantly he submitted. It made him feel funny to feel his hips wiggle against his companion. A new sensation welled in Pat, a sense of security... of being protected.

He was glad it was dark, so his deep blush would not be noticed. He hoped that Denise wouldn't turn around to see him in this position. But she did, then smiled at Pat and slipped her arm around Jack's waist. Denise had communicated that the natural feminine thing to do was to put his arm around Frank. Something told him that it was too soon for a lady to do that.

As they walked on, Frank talked about his work in Dallas and the new home he was building. Pat tried to limit his replies to a short "Yes" or "That's interesting". Then when asked about Pat's social life, Pat replied, "I stay home a lot... my mother is sickly so I do most of the cooking, housekeeping and sewing. That's why I have to go home early."

"Well someday you will make someone a perfect housewife with all that training. You and your cousin should fly to Dallas to visit Jack and me sometime. We'd have a wonderful time. "With that Frank tightened his grip on Pat's waist.

How gruesome. Every time Pat said something it was turned around to make him feel more feminine. Silently they walked to Denise's house. As they turned onto the walk, Pat saw Jack and Denise in an ardent kissing embrace and suddenly froze. He wanted to slug Jack for holding his wife, but suddenly realized that he would look awful funny defending his "male territory" dressed like this. He could always hit Jack with his purse? No, these were very powerful men. He'd just keep his mouth shut. Thinking of keeping his mouth shut, would the same thing happen to him?

Fortunately, Frank was shy and correct. Pat liked him for that. Frank simply took Pat's manicured hand and kissed him on the cheek. "I can't wait to see you next Saturday, Patti."

Pat just nodded, "I can't promise. Bye, Frank."

Denise was coming up the porch steps fixing her makeup. Pat stopped her. "I need to talk to you, Denise."

"Later, after my mom's in bed."

Mrs. Johnson had waited up and served some hot chocolate. Denise started laughing, "Mom, you should have seen that bozo, Jack. After the way he left town, he thinks we should just start over like nothing happened. Pat was wonderful! We had those guys drooling over us. Right Pat?" Pat nodded, wondering where this was going to lead.

Denise continued, "Mom, could Patti stay around for the rest of the week, just until I have one more date with Jack to dump him."

"Of course dear, your father wanted to go to that game anyway."

Pat complained, "Hey, what about my feelings? I can't go out with Frank. After the dance Sunday I'm out of these clothes."

Mrs. Johnson remembered, "Pat, your friend, David, called and you and Denise have a date this Saturday too. I arranged it. I thought you would want to go. Consider it practice for your big date next week."

Denise said, "Please just one more week... I'll fix that Jack. You could be a girl all week when you're not in school. I know you're going to win the contest Sunday night."

Thinking about the walk home, he felt outrage at Denise for flirting with Jack. But now he felt the eyes of his wife and her mother. With a flush, he realized that he was sitting like a girl again, nylon covered legs together, and manicured hands sitting neatly on his handbag. It was clear now that he subconsciously was developing feminine mannerisms.

With his long red fingernails he toyed with the hem of his skirt. It was weird, but exciting. He hated that slimmer, but that's what made him walk with feminine small steps. He toyed with the idea, intrigued by the thought of a week of living as a girl.

It occurred to him that a man like Frank would not think of doing such a thing. But he could never be like Frank. "I'll do it if I win Sunday. But no one can know. If someone found out, I'd die."

"Oh boy," Denise said, "I'll make it up to you when we graduate. This week you have to be my cousin Patti all week. We don't want to see Pat at all, right mom?"

Mrs. Johnson was shocked by the turn of events. How could Denise have married this sissy? Going out with Jack again will change her mind. Or maybe seeing him out with David or Frank. Mrs. Johnson thought, "I've still got one more week. I'll make Denise forget Pat was ever a man."

Mrs. Johnson excused herself and went upstairs to bed where she went to make additional plans for the humiliation of Pat.

Down in the living room, Denise and Pat were alone. "Were you jealous when I kissed Jack." Pat nodded yes. Denise laughed, "Why, because Jack kissed me and Frank didn't kiss you?" She moved over on couch next to Pat. "I'm surprised... your lips are so kissable." She kissed him on the lips.

"Those soft lips sure taste good to me. Did you like having a big man's arm around your girlish waist, like this." She slipped her arm around his waist. "You're just lucky he didn't do this." She grabbed Pat and laid him back down on the couch, and thrust her tongue deep into his mouth. He tried to answer but she kept kissing him. Her hand began to roam his breast area. Her hand slowly crept into the top of his dress and into his bra. Fingers then found his pushed up breast under the falsie and began to caress the nipple. She said, "We girls like this. Don't you wish yours were bigger."

It felt so good Pat decided to play along. "I wish they were as big as yours." His hand proceeded to enter her blouse and play with her nipples. Denise was breathing hard and whispered, while opening his dress top more, "Did you notice all the men staring at you. Frank wanted to do this to your breasts." Her lips gently surrounded his nipples, and she sucked. "Jack used to do this all the time to mine."

"Men are much rougher though and what they want is this." She slipped her hand down and rubbed Pat's tummy and hips. "They love curvy soft girls like you. Small girls like us are no match for big men like Jack and Frank." Denise lifted Pat's skirt and unhooked the slimmer crotch snaps while Pat's hands were equally busy with Denise's dress and lingerie. They made love quietly. Denise continued to enlighten Pat about men, like he was a virgin girl.

Later they went to their bedroom together. Pat undressed and looked in the mirror. He saw a girl undressing. As he became aware of what he was doing, he realized that he wanted to keep his dress dainty and spotless. Dressed as a girl, he wanted to look immaculate and could not tolerate messy wrinkles. As a man he was sloppy. Where would all these changes end?

#### **CHAPTER FOUR... GETTING USED TO IT**

Pat put on his nightgown over his slimmer and bra. How else was he going to get used to it?

Friday morning Pat woke up refreshed but his mind was still in turmoil. Denise was still asleep. He had a feeling that his whole life was mixed up... topsy turvy... his identity gone... a new body shape. In the shower, he noticed the slimmer had in a week of unrelenting pressure made his waist smaller with girlish bulges both above and below. Combing his hair, he couldn't miss what a picture of complete femininity he presented. His earrings, soft skin and small but obvious valley between his breasts. He touched them. They felt soft from the constant pressure of the slimmer pushing them up. He noted some

of Denise's lipstick on the nipples and a smile crossed his face. No wonder it was affecting his mind.

After he struggle into the slimmer, he pulled a tight black cashmere sweater over his head and smoothed the front over his breasts. Matching it with a black short skirt and a wide black belt. He didn't put on nylons because his legs were smoothly shaven from the night before.

He went to the kitchen and cleaned the hot chocolate cups from last night. He put on a white lace apron so the sink wouldn't splatter his skirt. He pored coffee for Denise and went to their bedroom. He tapped lightly and entered without waiting for an answer. Denise was awake and sitting up in bed. "Hi doll face, how's my little girl today."

Pat blushed at the humiliating idea and lowered his eyes, "Denise, I don't think all this is a good idea... you know, me dressing this way next week and going on a date, and last night..."

Denise interrupted, "Oh, come off it Pat... you didn't have too bad a time last night, admit it."

Her softer tone, made him feel like jelly inside as he stood there, tears almost coming to his eyes. "Last night was terrible." he whispered. "I was terrified all evening, except at the end. If this ever got out or one of the men found out... I just don't know. I'm not a..."

"Cheer up girlie... 99% of the things you worry about never happen." Denise then remembered, that was a quote of Jimmy Hoffa's. "Don't worry Pat, nobody would ever guess in a million years you're not a girl. In fact, you're becoming less manly anyway, considering your figure." Smiling she ran her hand over his protruding fanny... his narrow waist... ending the wandering by cupping his breasts. "Please just one more week, I'm having such fun."

Pat blushed angrily at her familiarity in touching his body and also at what she said. The trouble was, it was true. Being treated as and having to act like a girl all the time... that was what had the strongest and most lasting effect.

Denise had noticed too. She had to admit that there was a certain amount of pleasure and satisfaction knowing she had created Patti, and at how well he could pass and how beautiful she could make him look. Alluring enough to be asked on dates.

Denise dressed and went to school, Pat went back to the kitchen. Mrs. Johnson and Dr. Johnson were having coffee. As

Pat put the dirty dishes in the sink, Mrs. Johnson came over and said, "Here let me complete the outfit." Then she tied his pleated apron strings in a neat bow. "Now you look like our previous maid, Thelma. Since Denise has classes today, could you help me around the house?"

Pat said, "Sure, but I need to go school and get some books and assignments. Where's my clothes?"

Mrs. Johnson said, "Your wearing them. If you mean your boy clothes, forget it. It'll ruin all our work."

"But I can't go as a girl."

"You have too, besides, I sent all your clothes to the cleaners. Wait, I've got an idea. you go up and change out of your dress but leave on the slimmer, panties and nylons."

Mrs. Johnson brought him a pair of pants. But they were Denise's with a back zipper. Fortunately they were of a black wool material that could easily pass for mans wear. Knowing that arguing would not help, he obediently put them on.

The fit was feminine to be sure, and they accentuated his bottom. With the slimmer and nylons they were absolutely streamlined and felt very comfortable. Mrs. Johnson watched as Pat put on the shirt over his lingerie. "This shirt buttons funny. This is not going to work, this slimmer makes me look like I have breasts. Please let me take it off."

"No Patti, you must wear your proper undies. You made a deal. Nothing but girl's clothes for you this week. It will help remind you every minute your gone that you're in training to become a lady."

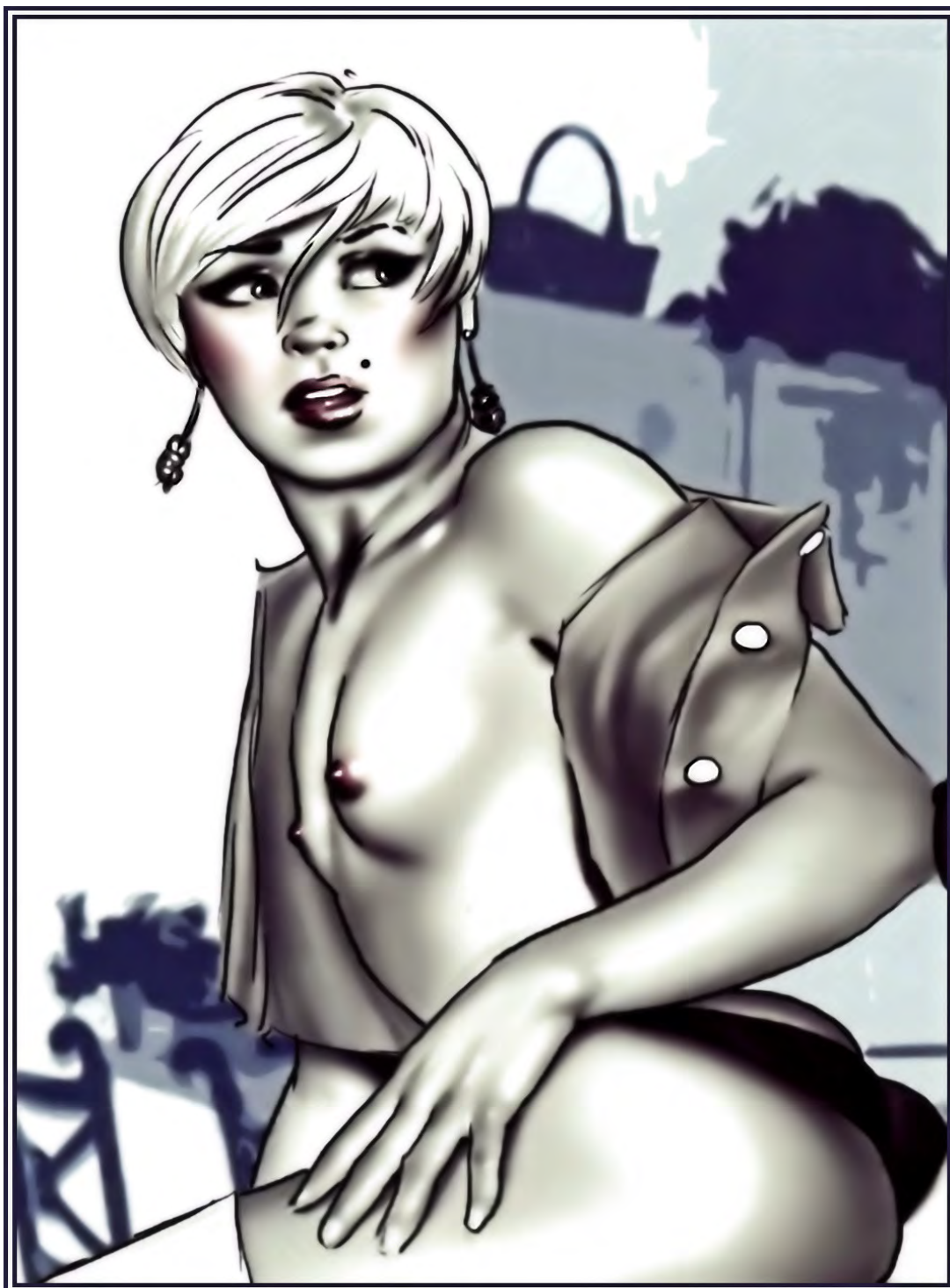
Looking in the mirror, he was shocked by what he saw. With the narrow tight-waisted pants and the mounds under his shirt, he looked like a girl in boys clothes. "I can't go out like this"

Mrs. Johnson helped him on with a coat and said, "You'll be all right, hurry back we have work to do around the house." She shoved him out the door.

Immediately it became clear that Pat could no longer take manly strides. With horror he noticed that the slimmer forced him to take smaller steps and he was sure that his tight pants would show every wiggle of his posterior. He felt lucky that he didn't see any friends. He couldn't wait to get back home.

Mrs. Johnson met him at the door. "I see you survived. Come upstairs, I've got a surprise for your."

On the bed were boxes and clothes bags. "I did a little shopping for you honey. That slimmer is too big now. You'll need some real figure training if you're going on dates with men. You might as well get used to them now," Mrs. Johnson said, and held up a pink satin slimmer made very much like a corset.



Pat knew better than to resist. He stepped out of his outer clothing, then clad only in panties and hose, he pulled the garment up his legs and after much struggling got it over his hips to his waist. He felt as if his waist was gripped all around by steel. He pleaded that it was too tight. Mrs. Johnson helped position the garment pushing every inch of extra flesh up and almost filling the cups of the attached bra. Mrs. Johnson squeezed his falsies in far enough so they didn't show. His own flesh spilled over the lacy edging.

Then the crotch strap, which took some positioning, was pulled into place on the first snap. Mrs. Johnson wanted it on the second or third but it was just too painful. "It will be a little uncomfortable for a while, hut if you wear them night and day, you'll get used to it. And you'll need it with the boys."

Pat stood in front of the mirror turning this way and that. It was funny how much his fanny and hips stood out compared to his small waist. His reflection looked terribly feminine. What if this permanently changed his body? "Mrs. Johnson, my figure seems to have changed a lot in a week, and I wonder..."

"Of course dear," she interrupted, "that's the effect of good figure training. Now we have some chores to do. Put this on first." Mrs. Johnson gave him some sheer black nylons which were smoothed up his legs, then came a bulky rustling petticoat slip. It had elastic at the waist and a bulky lace skirt that tickled his knees. Mrs. Johnson paid special attention to his make up, letting him do it himself but then improving it here and there. Extra care was given to his eyelashes and brows. Using a soft red colored lipstick to make his mouth seductively inviting.

She checked his nails, making him file them and then cover them with a light red polish. "Here's a little gift for you to remember this week, I hope you'll wear it all the time." It was a small unobtrusive gold ring. "It will give your hand that final girlish touch." She slipped the dainty gold friendship ring on his finger. It looked like a ring a college student might give to his best girl.

Mrs. Johnson opened another package, which contained earrings. They were feminine hoops that looked just like pierced earrings. Mrs. Johnson said, "Once I put them on, they will be uncomfortable for a while but don't take them off, even for sleeping."

Pat complained as she put them on. "Quiet Patti, all the girls have pierced ears today. What if your date saw you with obvious clip-ons. Now for your dress, a black work dress."

Pat screamed, "That's a maid's uniform."

Mrs. Johnson slipped the dress over his head and zipped him up in the back. She crossed the apron strings over his shoulders, tying a bulky bow in the back with the wide satin streamers decorating the skirt. She let him walk to the mirror and Pat was very perplexed by the rustling noise made by his petticoat.

He hardly recognized himself. His bosom absolutely bulged under the apron from the tiny waist. His face perfect soft and sweet from the make up and curled eyelashes. The petticoat peeped out from under his skirt when he turned and the dress and apron strings followed his protruding fanny. The elegant black high heeled pumps made him walk with an elegant sway. A touch of perfume, and it was down to work.

Pat thought all this was crazy but he did want to help... after all, look at all they had done for him. Mrs. Johnson made him vacuum and dust the living room and dining room. Then Denise came home. When she saw Pat she said, "Did you want dress like a maid?"



Rather tongue tied, Pat choked out, "Well... I just wanted to help... your mom bought these..."

Denise said, "I think it's gratifying of you to help... maybe you can move into the maids room and live there permanently...?"

The doorbell rang and Denise ran to get it. It was Jack, who had stopped by on the way out of town. "Denise can I talk to you? Oh, hi Patti, I didn't realize she was your maid."

"Only part-time, she's also my cousin." Not wanting Jack to think it strange, Denise ordered, "Patti, doll, take Jack's coat and would you serve us a couple soft drinks in the living room."

With a pumping heart, Pat watched Jack follow Denise into the living room. Pat ran to the kitchen to get the soft drinks. He tried to hear what was being said but couldn't. With knocking knees he approached the living room. As he rustled into the room, he saw Denise sitting very close to Jack with his arm around her. Both hands held the tray up high thus forcing his busts up and out. It seemed to parade his femininity for them to see. As Pat served the drinks, Jack seemed to mentally undress him. He slowly and deliberately surveyed Pat from his black nylon legs to his prominent bust.

Jack said, "Denise says you're staying for another week so our dates on. Frank was real taken with you. I wish he could see you now. He loves submissive girls. Patti, sit for a minute."

Pat sat primly as Jack continued, "Let's talk about our date. Since we have a late practice, you girls meet us at La Pariaria, that fancy French restaurant. Then we'll go dancing, and then who knows. You girls wear your most provocative dresses."

Denise in an obvious effort to make Pat jealous said, "This is going to be wonderful." Pat sat with his painted fingernails nervously playing with the hem of his dress. She slipped her arm around Jack's neck and kissed him deeply. Jack returned the kiss heartily with his tongue buried deep in Denise's throat.

Pat watched for what was just seconds but seemed hours. He compared Jack to himself. Jack was tall, strong, and handsome. He was short, frail and dainty. Jack had big shoulders, hairy chest and small waist. He had soft shoulders, soft hairless chest and wide hips. Jack had on slacks and jacket and short hair. He had on a dress, apron and long curled hair. There was a big lump showing in Jack's pants. He had no lump showing

under his dress.

How could he compete with Jack for Denise's love? She said she loved him but she was in the arms of another man. As they broke their embrace Denise said, "Patti, go ask Mom if Jack can stay for dinner."

Pat obediently, rose and rustled out of the room like a well trained waitress. He tried to move as femininely as possible, constantly aware of his prominences pushing out the apron.

The sound of rustling skirts announced the return of Pat to the kitchen. Mrs. Johnson watched as Pat unloaded the tray. "Denise wants him to stay for dinner," Pat mumbled. "How could she do this to me."

Mrs. Johnson said, "Relax dear, Denise loves you but wants to get even with Jack for last year's dumping. Please let her have her fun. Go tell her it's okay and you'll serve dinner in a hour. Then come back and help me prepare dinner."

Upon entering the living room this time, Denise was even more compromised, her skirt high on her thighs and Jack's hand on her breast. They jumped to order when they heard Pat enter. "Dinner will be in an hour." Pat silently went back to the kitchen wondering why Denise had to go to such lengths to get even with Jack.

Mrs. Johnson said that since Jack believed that Pat was the maid, he would have to serve dinner and eat in the kitchen.

Dinner was ready exactly on time. When everyone was seated Pat served the dinner and returned to the kitchen. He could hear the laughter and giggles from the dining room. He tried to listen at the door. Dr. Johnson just wanted to talk football. Jack commented "Mrs. Johnson you're so lucky to have such good help... Patti seems so well trained too."

After dinner Pat collected the empty plates and blushed as all eyes followed his every move. Jack followed Patti to the kitchen to wash his hands. "If I ever have a dinner party, I'd love you to serve. You are so alluring and feminine in that uniform. Pat felt strong arms around his waist and when he turned, Jack firmly kissed him on the lips. He struggled and started to open his mouth to say no but Jack's tongue entered slightly. Nervously he said, "I just want you to know I find you very attractive."

Pat choked out a "Thank you," and he returned to serve coffee. Mrs. Johnson said for Jack's benefit, "I talked to your mother today... your sister is going to stay with her for a while, so

you can stay here longer if you like. We'll talk about it later."

Jack had to catch a plane. Pat retrieved Jack's coat from the living room and he thanked Patti with kiss, but this time it was a peck on the cheek. Then a long kiss with Denise at the door in front of all, and he left.

As Pat finished the dishes, Mrs. Johnson said, "You did all right tonight, Pat, I'm glad you helped."

Denise joined in and giggled, "Yeah, that was great fun. I love you. Can you imagine Jack's face if he knew he was being served by my husband, and his best friend has a crush and a date with my husband. This is such fun and I must say you make a fabulous looking girl. I bet he even made a pass at you?"

Pat said, "I think so." then thought, What can I do... just hope that when it's over, Denise and I can go back to the way things were. Maybe I should just have fun and take it in the spirit that Denise and her parents are.

Dr. Johnson made some comment on how much he enjoyed dinner and being served by such a adorable girl. "Any time you want a job as a maid, you got it."

Denise said, "Mom, go get Pat's presents you told me about." Mrs. Johnson returned with several clothes bags full of new dresses and said, "We can't have our daughters going out in old rags.

Dr. Johnson yelled, "Fashion show!"

Up in Denise's room they both undressed. Denise was surprised to see the new curves and came over to him. "I must say your figure is becoming very feminine. No wonder Jack and Frank like you so much. Men have an instinct... they're attracted to femininity and you've got it."

Pat said, "Please don't tease me, I'm having enough trouble understanding all this", pointing to his body.

"What's to understand." Denise slipped her hand in his bra cup and found one of his swollen breasts. She kissed his neck and her fingers slowly circled his erect nipple. "I talked to Dad about your pain. He said he could give you a shot to make you more comfortable in these clothes. A side effect is your skin will get softer. Let's try it. I'd love you to be more comfortable. What do you think?" She lowered her hand and rubbed his girlish crotch.

"Anything to get rid of the pain" Pat mumbled. "I don't know if it's a good idea that I wear this slimmer all the time... it's so tight down below... and..."

Denise interrupted and laughed, "What could it hurt... maybe make you smaller... in the waist I mean. Come on doll, try this one on."

Pat slipped into a red taffeta evening dress. It had an open shoulder with cascading shoulder and skirt ruffles on one side and in the back. It had a rhinestone pin on a big satin bow. He needed Denise to help with the back zipper.

Denise tried the Black satin pouf dress. Open shoulder and a boned bustier which dropped into a full miniskirt, a polka dotted satin underskirt showed from underneath.

After they put on heavier makeup and teased their hair they went hand in hand to model them in front of Dr. Johnson. Denise had taken his arm and showed him how to lift his skirts going down the stairs. Daintily Pat followed her example. His high heels no longer caused him any difficulty. Dr. Johnson whistled and made comments like "The boys will be going crazy for you two" as the 'girls' strutted their stuff.

After several more outfit changes, Denise said, "Dad, Patti would like that shot you said would help with the pain."

Dr. Johnson said, "Ok, but I'll have to give him an examination first. Patti you go up to your room, undress and put on a nightgown. Denise, you go get my bag."

Pat removed his dress and put on the new pink peignoir set that was on the bed. It was full of lace and beaded trim. When Denise arrived, she said, "Promise me you'll go through with this week. I know it's tough but I'm having such fun having a sister. If we're going to pull this off, you need to be perfect, so do what Dad and Mom say."

A few minutes later Dr. Johnson came to Pat's room.

Pat started to play down the pain, "It doesn't hurt that much. I could always switch back to the old slimmer, it seemed bigger. What kind of med..."

Dr. Johnson interrupted, "Are you allergic to any medicines?" Pat shook his head no. He felt around and pinched one of Pat's breasts. "Ouch! What's this going to do?"

"The only thing this 'vitamin' shot will affect is your comfort in women's clothes. You might gain a few pounds here and

there." Then he added as a joke, "Nothing your male dates will complain about".

Pat didn't laugh. Dr. Johnson filled the hypodermic needle with the medicine. "OK, Patti dear, lift your nightgown and turn around."

Pat lifted his skirt showing the bottom of his slimmer. Dr. Johnson said, looking at his perfectly feminine crotch, "I can see why you're in pain. This is powerful stuff and lasts a month." The needle hit home and its contents entered his hip. Dr. Johnson lowered Pat's nightgown and said, "Girl, you're on your way now."

Pat thought, "What's that mean."

Downstairs, Mrs. Johnson asked Dr. Johnson what he gave Pat. "Didn't I tell you? That was a powerful female hormone and a male hormone suppressant. By tomorrow, Pat will wake up and feel real different. He will find a new sensation in his nipple area, which he'll account to being in that slimmer. In a couple of days he'll retain enough water to add a layer of fat under his skin which will make it feel smoother and softer. Next week when he's preparing for his date with Frank, he'll look down and between his very sensitive swollen nipples there will be an intriguing valley. His hips should gain a couple of inches which should effect a sexy sway to his walk. When he tries to change back to men's clothes, they won't fit and for the next few months he'll just keep getting more feminine. He'll have the body of a girl. In fact, he's now chemically a girl. It'll wear off in about 3 months and the breasts will subside over the next 180 days. By that time, Denise will have long since dumped him for a real man, maybe Jack."

Mrs. Johnson giggled, "Maybe we should give him some new bras as a going away present." They both laughed.

## **CHAPTER FIVE... THE DATE**

Up stairs Denise and Pat sat talking, both in nightgowns. Denise noted again now absolutely feminine Pat looked from red painted nails to the smooth shaven legs curled under him. His hair looked longer than ever, almost touching his shoulders. "You've come a long way young lady. Pat, are you enjoying being my sister."

"Sure, to some extent. It's just that I don't like seeing you with Jack. You don't have to neck with him to dump him."

Denise said, "That's one thing I hoped you would learn from

this. I love you the way you are. Jack's just part of being a girl. Look at you... you're doing everything to be more feminine. Do you want that curvy figure for the boys to admire." Pat blushed and shook his head.

"No, you wear dresses and fix yourself up to look attractive for you. Having a man on your arm is just one more accessory, like a new dress or hair-do. It's like wearing fancy lace lingerie under your dress. No one sees it but it makes you feel good. Being attractive and seductive to the males of the species is part of your new found femininity."

Pat remembered how he had always stared at the luscious legs, swinging skirts and bulging bosoms of the girls. It was a revelation for him to realize that he now belonged to the "opposite" sex and was subject continually to appreciative male glances.

Denise continued, "You're a girl all this week... and I expect you to react and respond as one. Like Jack and I... a little kiss or two is not going to kill you. If you relax you might even enjoy it. They expect a little something in reward for all the money they spend on us. It means nothing."

"I can't kiss another man! It's not right, I wouldn't know what to do. What if he found out."

"I'll teach you everything," Denise said. "It's just like serving Jack tonight. Just agree and cater to their needs. They'll tell you what they want and make all the moves on your sweet little body."

That remark made Pat blush to the roots of his hair with embarrassment. It made him realize that he had served and waited on a stronger male tonight, as was proper for the role of a female. He shyly looked down and said, "You mean that if a man kisses me and holds me, that's okay with you?"

Denise said, "Of course silly, I want you understand what being a woman. is all about. Submit to his wishes and enjoy it. Say it... 'I am a girl'. Come on now."

"OK, I am a girl."

"Good, let's get our beauty sleep, tomorrow's a big day for you." Pat slid into bed and considered taking off the slimmer, but trying to ignore the discomfort, finally dozed off.

The next morning before his bath he removed the slimmer. With a great sigh of relief he rubbed his sides. When he took off his panties, he was surprised how the compression appeared to make

him smaller. The shot must have helped... he did seem less sensitive down there. Little did he know that it caused him to retain extra water, bloating parts of his body.

He ran a bath using plenty of bath oils and bubble bath. Pat enjoyed the hot water, feeling his muscles relax. After shaving his legs and underarm, he laid back with closed eyes enjoying the perfume. He noted his chest had become strangely sensitive, with a bit of loose flesh that must be from the slimmer's control. He'd never felt that sensation before. Heavens... it was like he was developing real breasts like a girl.

He got out of the tub and stood in front of the mirror sensing that his figure somehow seemed more rounded. Even his face and skin seemed clear and delicate. He turned around and looked at his rear reflection in the mirror. The slimmer had done its job. His small waist now flared into girlish hips. He slipped into a lacy pair of pink panties. Denise walked in without knocking. She stared for a second and said, "I didn't realize you had such a girlish figure without the slimmer. Mom and dad are gone, come over to the bed, I want to talk to you."

Pat shyly sat next to her on the bed, clad only in the pink panties. Denise slipped her hand into his panties and said, "You're poor little man, crushed in your panties. Good thing it isn't bigger. It might show. You have to keep it totally under control. Your date's hand might quickly stray... and then, disaster." Then her hand found his swollen sensitive nipples.

"These are very gratifying, too bad they aren't bigger. I've a bust developer you could use... it might help a little." She put his hand on her breast. "Wouldn't you like to have breasts like these." They made love.

The next day Pat couldn't get his mind off his double date with David. He didn't want to go. He had to stand up to Denise and her mother. But his personality was changing, his self assertion disappearing and his need for protection lately made him feel so submissive and passive. All these changes in such a short time! While washing the lunch dishes, his thoughts were on David and that he had agreed to have a date with him. He even agreed to allow his wife to go out with his friend Mike.

David seemed a pleasant fellow, one who could make a good friend. He was rationalizing again. There was a big difference, he knew, between having a friend as a boy and having one now as a girl... he had to admit the variance. He became even more uncomfortable as he remembered how David had looked at him. Yes there was a difference, a large difference. He blushed at the thought.

Denise saw him in thought and said, "Thinking about your latest flame, Patti?"

Pat became completely red in the face. She had hit the nail on the head and there was no denying it. Finally he nodded shyly, "I shouldn't be going out with men... it's not right."

"You don't have to be afraid Pat," Denise smiled. "It's normal for a dazzling girl like you, who's out on her first date with an older man. Older men treat sweet young girls like you as candy. They carry it around in their pocket for a while to make it warm, then play with the wrapper and finally nibble on the sweets inside."

Pat was in a daydream as he and Denise prepared for their dates. He watched Diane curl her hair for her date, a date with another man. Pat was getting jealous until Diane put hot curlers in his hair. How could he be jealous... he too was being prettied for a male date. They did their nails, added a little perfume and picked out their dresses. Denise wore the silk tunic dress Mrs. Johnson had bought for Pat. Because of the way the tunic flowed over the hips and skirt, it almost looked like Denise was pregnant. Very seductively she wore sheer nude nylons and three inch heels.

Pat slipped on a full silk, "vee" neck evening dress in blue. It had a tight skirt that ended just below the knees. He too wore sheer nude nylons and high heeled pumps in red. His red painted toes showed through the open toed pumps.

The men showed up on time and the "girls" were ready. After a brief introduction to the Johnsons, they were on their way to the restaurant. Mike was very handsome and Denise was obviously pleased. As they walked into the restaurant, Pat felt all eyes centered on him and Denise. Pat and David entered first followed by Mike and Denise. Pat was taking dainty steps next to David, knowing that he was completely accustomed to his heels, which made his hips wiggle so. He blushed as he thought of his wife watching his femininely seductive moves such as the wiggle, or the way he elegantly sat down, straightening the short skirt and trying to cover his knees.

David ordered a cocktail for all. Studying the menu gave Pat a chance to relax a little. They all conversed naturally. Pat acted so girlishly shy that no one ever would have guessed that underneath the sexy blue dress beat the heart of a young man.

Dinner was great and David paid the bill. The cocktails had made Pat a little tipsy. They walked down the street to a play. David took Pat's hand and they walked ahead of Mike and Denise, who were arm and arm. David's firm grip at first bothered Pat

and he almost pulled away. But in an almost involuntary conciliatory gesture, Pat squeezed David's hand and his eyes lit up.

From then on David held on to Pat's hand, occasionally squeezing it gently or caressing it with his fingers. Pat found no alternative but to let himself passively be captured this way. Occasionally it tickled. David seemed to get some somewhat of a charge out of it, so why not.

In the play, during an emotional part, Pat squeezed David's hand. It was completely involuntary and subconsciously done. David took advantage by smilingly slipping his arm around Pat's shoulder, pulling him close. From then on, he had to lean on David's shoulder. Pat saw Denise look at him and wink knowingly.

Sitting there, with David's arm around him, gave him that funny feeling again... stronger than ever. Like he was a real girl, sensitive, weak, and in need of protection. This emotion surged through his entire body as he distinctly became aware of his restrictive soft clothes and figure hugging dress. He was glad that he had a good figure, slim legs and an attractive face.

Driving home with David, Pat had a strange, but strong feeling of being glad to have male company and protection. Whether the emotion came because David was acting protective and masculine, or because he felt so feminine, he had not figured it out yet. Pat was in a trance as they drove through the dark streets. David was entertaining company and pleasing to be with. It was disconcerting that he was so different from this young man. He tried to imagine himself in trousers being David's business buddy, like Mike. But he just couldn't do it.

It seemed so absurd, so unreal... yes, impossible. He turned and saw Mike's arms around his wife and them gently kissing. Pat tried to picture himself as Mike, feeling Denise's soft silk dress, kissing her painted lips. It didn't work. Tonight he was a girl. Everything reminded him of the fact... his clothes, his hair, his bracelets, his nylon covered legs and high heels, his bosom straining and moving gently within the confines of his bra. Being in this mood, and aware of what Denise had told him, he did not object when David kissed him goodnight at home. After all... that's why the boys paid the tab.

David kissed Pat again. In submitting this time, Pat underwent a feeling of weakness, of submission. He found himself responding to David's ever stronger caresses. Aware of his attire, his dress tightly across his knees, his soft breasts pressing against David's hard chest... and knowing that David

was tasting his lipstick and smelling his perfume with increasing enjoyment. This time David broke it off.

"Oh Patti," David said starring into Pat's eyes, "I find you breathtaking and exciting. We need to go out again... maybe Friday night? After you graduate, I want you to work for me. I've got the perfect job for you and it pays very well."

Pat flushed and nearly panicked. What should he do now... what could he say. He didn't want to hurt David... but he couldn't see himself "going steady" with a man or working for him. It would be like he was a possession of David's. He would have a license to order him around or maybe even kiss him whenever he wanted. He wondered if girls feel this way.

Seeing David's disappointed face, Pat kissed him again. Finally the words came. "I don't think I'm ready for that yet. I'll think about it."

After a quick kiss at the door, Denise and Pat said, "goodnight." Promises were made "to do it again".

Denise seemed in a great mood. They undressed and started to put curlers in Pat's hair. She teased, "Patti, I must say you have great taste in men. Mike was wonderful, so strong... you wouldn't mind if we "doubled" with them again?"

Pat had removed his dress and stood only in his slip, "Again? You want to go out with this man again? I'm your husband, have you forgotten?"

"It's just that you aren't going to be my 'sister' much longer, and Mike's a nice guy. I like him as a friend. Just because we're married doesn't mean we can't have friends."

"You don't kiss friends the way you kissed Mike," Pat countered.

Denise smiled, "Those kisses David gave you, didn't bother me. you even seemed to like them. Just relax, its how girls thank men for a satisfying evening. Anytime you want to double date, I'll go. Now come to bed and I'll show you what counts."

## **CHAPTER SIX... THE DANCE**

All Sunday they prepared for the dance that night. Pat thought that after the experience last night, Denise would be happy to let him off the hook for next week. They had an early supper so they would have plenty of time to get ready. Thinking this would be the last time, Pat took extra care to be perfect. He

shaved his legs carefully and put on a pair of the French cut lace panties. He choose a new slimmer, and struggled into it. He was surprised how easily he hooked the crotch strap on the second snaps. Even though it was tighter than ever, it wasn't uncomfortable. He was glad Dr. Johnson had given him that shot. He added his breast pads to his bra and was surprised how much of the cleavage was his own.

Pat slipped on a pair of sheer nylons and heels. Denise helped him with his make-up and hair. He in turn helped her. Pat decided on the red taffeta gown. He held the formal up and stepped into it. Denise helped him zip the back. His hips and posterior looked fuller and more feminine than ever. Denise said, "You better watch your weight, girl, you'll have to wear a girdle if you gain any more in the hips."

As a boy, he had been drab and uninteresting, but lately he felt truly like a glamorous young lady. Unfortunately, tonight everyone would know he was a boy in a dress and not a girl. Unlike the other encounters, tonight everyone would laugh and make fun.

They said goodnight to her parents. They walked hand and hand to the car. Pat felt awkward driving in heels but drove carefully. When they parked near the college and started walking towards the ballroom, he could again feel the apprehension stealing over him. "Denise, maybe we did too good a job?"

"Don't worry, you'll knock their eyes out." As they walked towards the ballroom, a bunch of teenage boys were hooting at the other pledgemates as they stumbled in. But when Pat and Denise walked by the boys whistled and said, "Girls, don't go in there with the sissies, go out with us."

Pat realized he had even passed here. They thought he was a girl too. They ignored the boys and entered the auditorium. The band was warming up and the room half filled with couples.

The other pledges looked rather awkward and pitiful. A glow of achievement crept over Pat as he realized how much better he looked. He left Denise talking to a friend and went to report to the pledgemaster. Pat walked up and said, "What am I supposed to do this evening, Mr. Walton."

The Pledgemaster said, "Who are you with, Miss."

"It's me, Pat. I need my assignment, he said, using his deepest voice."

"Wow, I thought you were one of the wives," Mr. Walton said.

"You'll be on the punchbowl." Pat swirled on his heels and walked (or should we say wiggled) toward the punchbowl.

A voice behind him said, "Darn! You put a lot of effort into this thing." It was Bill who swayed up to him. Bill had on a floor length designer gown in yellow sequins. Bill too was slightly built and his wife, a beautician, had given him the works. His hair had been lightened and a matching hair piece added for length. It hung in big curls around his neck and shoulders. His soft features glowed thorough the professional make up job.

Pat said coolly, "You don't look bad yourself. Nice dress."

Bill laughed, "It's just an old rag I found around the house. Honestly, my wife has made me wear this stuff for the last week and my girdle is killing me. We even went out to dinner last night and a couple of schmucks asked me out for a date. Can you imagine that?"

Pat knew how wealthy Bill's parents were and figured he had spent quite a bit fixing himself up. After all he went through he might lose to his best friend. "Well Bill, when you're through admiring yourself, how about some help at the punchbowl."

The evening was a big success. After each dance, Pat and Bill were busy filling cups for the thirsty couples. One of the caterers gave Pat and Bill a couple frilly white lace aprons so that they wouldn't ruin their dresses. Both put them on without a word, neither having any trouble tying big bows behind their backs.

Several of the boys came over and started conversations with Bill and Pat not knowing for a while that they were pledges. As soon as a few found out, the word spread through the room. No one could believe they weren't girls. One late arriving man came up to Bill during a slow period and asked him to go for some air. Bill whispered to Pat, "Watch this, I'm going for a walk with this guy." Bill walked as sexily as possible out the door with him. Pat was beginning to get worried when Bill didn't come back for about 15 minutes. When they came back in, the mans face was beet red.

Bill said good bye and walked up to help Pat. His makeup and hair were slightly disheveled. Pat said, "That was mean."

Playing with his make-up, Bill said smugly, "He asked me out to dinner. I told him I couldn't go... and finally I told him the truth... that I'm married... to a woman! He turned red. He laughed, then said he'd like to take us both out sometime as

long as I wear a dress." Bill thought that was so funny.

Pat took a break and danced with Denise several times. Wherever he went people just stared. Few of the other pledges tried to dance in their heels. They hung back as much as possible. Afraid to stumble and have to wear their high heels the following week.

Just before the last dance, the pledgemaster took the microphone. "May I have your attention, ladies and gentlemen. As you may know, our pledges are working tonight as hostesses and we have promised them a beauty contest. Will the pledges come forward now."

Pat and Bill left the punchbowl and went with the rest of the pledges to the stage. To the music of "I enjoy being a girl" they paraded across the stage. The audience was asked to clap for the most beautiful, and they soon eliminated all but Pat and Bill. When the pledgemaster held his hand over Bill's head, a burst of applause came. Pat's heart sank. He had worked so hard for nothing. But to his surprise, when his turn came, the applause was even louder than for Bill.

Pat could see Denise in the middle of the crowd, clapping wildly. "And here's the pledge queen of Chi Pi Pi. Isn't she lovely," the pledgemaster said. "And she's off all hell week next week. Pat, take your victory walk." They handed Pat an armful of roses and the band played, "Here she comes..." Pat walked the stage, his walk and poise perfectly feminine. One of the other losing pledges as a joke pulled a microphone cable under Pat's foot and tripped him. Pat didn't fall but everyone gasped. The frat brothers all started yelling, "Make him wear the heels next week."

The pledgemaster consulted with the other members and took the microphone, "Pat's excused from hell week's initiation, but he did stumble. Rules are rules. Pat, you're to wear high heels next week at school. As for the rest of you pledges, you too will wear high heels at all times during hell week. The crowd cheered. After all, there were others who had stumbled and they received no mercy.

Denise rushed up to the stage and gave him a big hug. Pat was surrounded by friends and well-wishers. He danced the last dance with Denise while Bill was banished to the punchbowl.

When it was all over, Pat and Denise drove home slowly. She said, "I'm glad you're not changing back yet. I've another week of a sister. We might even do this in the future for fun."

Everyone was asleep, and they quietly went up, undressed and

went to bed. Pat without comment or encouragement put on a nightgown and climbed into bed. Their gowns intermingled as they quietly made love.



#### **CHAPTER SEVEN... MIND AND ATTITUDE**

That night Pat tossed and turned, from left to right and back. It made him conscious of his sensitive breasts, which seemed to be expanding steadily. He cupped them in his hands as if to measure the fullness. He felt his blood surge with nervous anxiety. He'd never realized how soft and spongy they'd become.

His hands continued and felt the soft curves of his hips. He could not understand this development at all and it scared him. That his mind and attitude could change... that was understandable... being a girl for over a week. But how could his body be feminized to such an extent. Not only his shape... his skin was softer, his hair had grown longer and softer, his whole outline was rounder and more girlish. He was driven out of bed to study himself in the mirror. His reflection only confirmed what he was thinking.

What he had noticed subconsciously in passing moments now hit with force. He now had the body of a young woman, more like a teenage girl... but still female. His eyes went from his narrow waist to shapely legs to curved hips and behind and then... his

breasts. The blood kept racing. They were small beauties... the nipples inflated and noticeable, firmly pressing against the material of his gown... obvious and undeniable.

He thought of going to a doctor. This couldn't be normal. He would take Dr. Johnson aside tomorrow and ask him. Could it be from the slimmer? The dresses or high heels? Maybe from kissing men? He'd find out tomorrow. He went to bed and finally fell asleep, forgetting his strange problems.

The next morning, Pat woke up, aware that it was already 9:30. Denise was still asleep and the house was quiet. When he dressed and put on his bra, he was forcefully reminded again of his development. He almost filled the cups without pads. He dressed in a simple white short sleeved blouse and a tight blue denim skirt with a black leather belt. He didn't wear any nylons over his smooth legs but did put on a pair of high heeled pumps. He brushed his hair and put a touch of make-up on. He decided to make breakfast for Denise.

Denise was pleased when Pat came in carefully carrying the tray, serving her a breakfast of pancakes and a fried egg. "I think I'm going to make this a regulation for Monday mornings."

He sat next to the bed as she ate. She said, "We'll have to do something about your hair dear, I can't wait until it gets longer. Promise me you won't cut it." Pat nodded.

Pat returned to the kitchen with the dishes. The doorbell rang and Mrs. Johnson answered the door. It was Bill, still fully dressed as a girl. He stood in shock seeing Pat still in skirts. They went into the living room to talk.

Bill started, "I got up this morning and put on my male clothes. My wife laughed and said I still looked like a girl, even in male clothes. You know we all have to wear our high heels this week. So I put on my heels and went to the store to get breakfast food. The men outside the store jeered and called me 'pansy' and 'queer'. It was horrible. My wife suggested I dress as a girl again and go to school. That way I can wear the heels and not be made fun of."

Pat nodded, "I understand. With our plucked eyebrows, shaved legs, and feminine hair, we're going to look real funny in men's clothes and those heels."

"Nobody laughs at me when I'm dressed in skirts," Bill continued. "In fact, I get recognition. If you'll dress as a girl this week at school, I'll do it too. If we both do it, we won't look so strange. You know it might be fun being a girl all the time for a week. It's better than looking weird."

Pat agreed and walked Bill to the door. "What shall I call you now."

"Barbara," Bill said. "And you."

"Patti," Pat said.

"Let's have dinner sometime this week, Patti. By the way, how can you stand the pain from your figure foundation."

"Denise's dad gave me some type of shot to make the clothes more comfortable; we could ask him if he'd give you one too." But Dr. Johnson wasn't home.

They left for school with their skirts swaying against their knees with each step. Pat thought, "I'm grateful to have company this week. Maybe dressing completely would be better than just high heels."

At school, they had a tough time for a while. While the other pledges were jeered and called names, they weren't. The pledgemaster and pledges seemed to enjoy their appearance and complemented them instead of teasing or goading them. One said to Pat, "You'll probably do better on your finals next week... they don't expect as much from women." Another said, "Tomorrow you guys wear mini skirts; you've both got great legs!"

The day was uneventful after everyone had their laugh. On the walk home by himself, Pat felt the cool spring air in his face. He thought about his situation. He felt the blue denim skirt play around his knees as he walked. His soft smooth legs so vulnerable in the high heeled pumps. Suddenly every fiber of his body felt glowing and alive. He felt his nipples push against his bra. He was aware of the sweet smell of perfume he exuded, the soft material of his blouse caressing his arms and wrists. What was this strange exhilarating feeling? Why was he feeling this way?

Was it because at this quiet moment in this peaceful spot, he came to realize that he was a new person? Had he been brainwashed and now liked being a girl? Wasn't the sensuous feeling and awareness of his clothes that he'd just enjoyed typically feminine?

That night he served the family dinner and did the cleaning. Afterwards, Denise and Pat put on their nightgowns and did each other's nails. Pat's nails were almost as long as Denise's now and, with a fresh coat of red polish, looked totally feminine. Denise asked, "Aren't you going to miss your slimmer and bra? It's been your steady companion now for a week."

Pat thought for a while and said, "No... not exactly... but I will feel bare up there... and I think I'll feel funny going swimming in just trunks." And then, he added, feeling his breasts with both hands, "My figure has changed so..."

Denise became serious. "Has your figure changed that much?"

Pat blushed. "It seems unbelievable... but I think I'm growing breasts... real breasts. They're sensitive and my nipples are larger and more pointed."

Denise added, "I have noticed your hips have begun to flesh out a little and your slimmer has your waist down to feminine proportions. Maybe it's because you now walk and behave like a girl... see how you're holding your arms and sitting."

Now she had Pat blushing again, as he noticed that he did hold his arms and sit in a completely feminine manner. He didn't know what to say.

"Don't worry dear," Denise said, "you'll get used to such things, and it'll change once you're back in men's clothes. And if they don't... we'll just have to get you a bigger bra." she giggled, "You go to sleep now my sweet little girl and have pleasant girlish dreams."

She tucked him in... looking at her young husband in his girlish nylon nighty and his long curly hair resting on the pillow.

The rest of the week at school went by uneventfully, except that Pat constantly became more used to his dresses and no longer was conscious about his feminine underwear, hardly feeling the compression of his slimmer. Mrs. Johnson watched Pat's progress into womanhood with pleasure. They would occasionally go shopping together for lingerie or a new dress. She was surprised by Pat's good taste, he always managed to pick the most stylish fashions which were becoming to him.

Physically he also continued to change rapidly. A subtle valley began to show in his low cut dresses. Mrs. Johnson wondered how much longer it would be before Denise or someone at school would become aware of the firm bulges, which were growing to fill his bra. His skin was soft and smooth and his walk had become terribly feminine as he mastered his high heels.

The Saturday date with Jack and Frank came quickly. Mrs. Johnson helped Pat dress. New soft panties, matching padded bra and slip. Mrs. Johnson scrutinized him and saw with a grin how his bra's padded cups were beginning to fill with loose flesh.

Pat was about to put on a pair of pantyhose when Mrs. Johnson opened a bag on the bed. "Here, try these." She helped him into a black garter belt and a sheer pair of black hose.



A silk dress in green was added. Denise came in to help with his make-up. Pat was angry at being talked into this date and by Denise going out with Jack. But he couldn't help smiling at his trim stylish reflection. His dress followed his curvy contours faithfully, but not too tightly, like it was made for him. Pat said, "I look a lot younger in this dress."

"Well, that's good.", Denise replied smilingly. "Men always like their girls to look young. It makes them feel older, wiser, and more experienced. That way they can control their girlfriends. And you like being told what to do by Frank... admit it."

Shamefully, Pat remained silent. It was true. One of the secret reasons he consented to this date was he liked Frank because he seemed decent and strong. Someone he could rely on to make the decisions. He wished he had a friend like Frank. When he by accident touched an earring, he suddenly felt like less of a man than ever before.

Denise said, "I see you painted your toenails to match your fingernails. Frank will like that."

When he was almost ready Pat went to Denise's arms and hugged her, "I'm scared. What happens when Jack and Frank find out you're married to me? Do you think they'll like me as a man also."

Denise wanted to be completely honest. She knew that Jack, and especially Frank, wouldn't like Pat at all and would likely not laugh at this joke "on them." Finally she remarked, "You may have to gain their confidence all over again. It won't be easy and it might be a shock to them."

Pat added a pair of 3 inch high heel pumps. His black stockings emphasized his well shaped trim legs. He walked comfortably and completely like a girl as they walked downstairs and took a cab to the restaurant.

The men were waiting and they were seated at the best table. The food was great and a small band played music for dancing. Jack had ordered champagne and the drinks helped Pat relax. Pat noticed several girls looking at him enviously, either for his handsome escort or his stunning dress. They all had a wonderful time dancing to the rock and roll music of the band. Pat by now was so completely used to taking the girl's part that he followed easily and naturally where Frank, and sometimes Jack, would lead him. He always felt more secure in Frank's arms, even though he had gotten the habit of pressing him very close.

Pat still blushed when he felt his breast pushing against Frank's chest. The combination of all these experiences had changed Pat. He no longer had any boyish thoughts, even as he found himself in the ladies room. He was quite used to the bother of having to lift his skirt and pulling down his panties to sit and afterward checking to see if they were straight and neat. Denise said, "Your boyfriend Frank is falling for you. Did you see how his eyes follow you everywhere."

He paled a little. Heavens, he could not let that happen... what would he do?

But back at the table he forgot his fears as he twirled around

the room with Frank till finally everyone was tired.

Afterwards, they went up to Jack and Frank's hotel suite which looked out over the city. Jack served drinks and went to show Denise the rest of the suite. Pat and Frank sat on the sofa and made small talk. Pat felt a new strange sensation towards his escort. He could not analyze what it was. It seemed more than just a friendship, something a girl might feel being with a strong handsome male... a sense of belonging. His thoughts were rudely interrupted as Frank pulled him close and said, "I think your great... it's hard to find a soft feminine woman these days... they all want to be 'men'."

He kissed Pat on the cheek and slipped his arm over Pat's shoulder. From where Frank's head was he could clearly see the valley down Pat's open neck dress. He was glad he didn't wear pads that might show now. Pat nervously pulled his skirt hem down and squeezed his knees together. Frank, taking a hint from this shy gesture, kissed Pat again, this time on the lips. Frank was such a big man, he easily turned and embraced Pat, thus pressing Pat's breasts against his chest. One of Frank's hands held Pat's body firmly to his, while the other gently caressed his hip and waist. Pat felt totally trapped, unable to even talk because of Frank's lips on his. Pat was no longer in control of himself. Pat was trying not to kiss back. He felt his small frame and soft flesh being crushed against Frank's hard chest as he was actually swept off his feet back onto the sofa. Pat felt so completely girlish, passive and natural at his submission that his usual feeling of disgust never occurred. There was only a complete feminine feeling of delicate helpless surrender... he almost blacked out. As Pat tried to catch his breath he realized what was happening.

Pat had to find a way out. Frank's hands caressed their way to Pat's breasts, cupping each one and gently searching for the nipple. Pat tried to struggle but Frank interpreted this as excitement... finally Pat just went limp. For seconds that seemed like hours, Pat sat there under Frank's control. Feeling Frank maneuver and caress his body anyway he wished. Frank noticed this limpness and took advantage of it by unbuttoning Pat's dress top, and slipping his big strong hand into Pat's bra and caressed Pat's swollen nipples. Sensing something wrong, Frank pulled away and asked, "What's the matter, don't you like me?"

Pat in shock said, "Sure, but this is all too fast I'm just... I've a headache... where's Denise and Jack?" Pat jumped up and fixed his dress. "I'm going to the ladies room." Pat started down the hall and heard some groans behind the second door. He barged in to find Jack and his wife on his bed in a mad embrace. They were both startled by the intrusion and quickly

sat up and corrected their clothes. Pat stuttered, "Sorry, I thought this was the bathroom. Denise, I've got a terrible headache, can we go home?"

"Sure doll, you can have Frank take you home. I'm going to stay a while longer." The look of "please" on Pat's face didn't phase Denise. Frank took Pat home and after a goodnight kiss they parted friends.

Pat waited up for Denise. Out of habit he prepared for bed, brushing his hair, putting in a couple of rollers and using cleansing cream to remove his make-up. Pat dressed in a delightful pink baby doll nighty and continued to brush his golden hair. As he moved his arm, he struck his breast... even without a bra the protrusions were obvious. Pat looked down at himself, his gown pushed out making him look like an authentic girl. He cupped his new softness and blushed, thinking of Frank's caresses earlier.

It was after one o'clock when Denise slinked upstairs directly into the bathroom and then the bedroom. She apologized to Pat. "I'm sorry darling, I just couldn't leave until I had Jack wrapped around my finger like he once had me. I wish you hadn't left. You would have loved it when Jack was burning with love and passion and I told him to get lost and what an ass he is. You should have seen it. I thought he was going to cry. How was Frank... too much for you to handle?"



They discussed what had happened and how Frank had unbuttoned

his dress and 'touched him'.

Denise told Pat, "Tonight you were suppose to be a girl and he treated you like one. You're lucky to have had the experience. You're nipples do seem larger and more sensitive but that's the role your playing. In the future, don't worry when the boys 'accidentally' feel them."

Poor Pat blushed deeply. "I don't want them to touch me there... ever again. Denise came over and without a word lifted Pat's gown and put her lips on his swollen nipples.

"They feel so delicate and responsive," Denise whispered. "I hope they continue to grow. I'd love it if your dresses and blouses were filled out properly. You would have to be my sister." They went to bed in nighties and gently made love.

#### **CHAPTER EIGHT... CHANGING BACK**

The next morning, Pat woke up early to begin his life as a man again. After last night he was afraid he would lose Denise unless he could compete with Jack. He would go to the gym and work out... become a man.

Alone in the dressing room, Pat quickly removed his nighty and slimmer. He couldn't find his underwear so he slipped on a pair of his white panties. Underwear is underwear. He first put on an Arrow oxford shirt, fumbling with the buttons, which seemed to close the wrong way. It fit loosely everywhere except across his chest. As he stood before the mirror, he cringed as he saw the two firm prominences, which pushed out the shirt almost 2 inches. He cupped his breasts with his hands... they felt full and firm. His big nipples were visible through the shirt. Was he becoming a real girl in body as well as mind?

He pinched the flesh, to prove they were his own. Was it the slimmer which had pushed up and pinched the flesh for the past two weeks till the fat deposit had settled permanently there?

He grabbed his pants and quickly pulled them up. Another shock awaited him. They were too tight in the seat, while the waist was too loose. The belt did not even have enough holes on it to close. The panties alone seemed to compress his maleness to the point that a girlish vee showed between his thighs. He knew he had lost some weight but now he knew where. He put on a tie, thinking it would help hide the bulges. But it didn't. To the contrary, it made his busts more pronounced as the striped tie followed his girlish curvaceous contours down his chest. He put on a jacket. It slapped around his frame, except at the hips where it suddenly fit tight. Even his shoes seemed big and

clunky. He again studied himself in the mirror and shook his head in disbelief.

Panic began to fill him. Seeing his long blonde hair wave prettily with each head movement. The curls framed his face softly and made it look even more feminine. White with shock, he went to the bathroom and in desperation wet his locks and combed them back till it lay flat on his skull. He washed his face again trying to remove all traces of make-up. Even that did not help as it made his soft facial features, long eyelashes and thin eyebrows even more obvious.

Tears swelled up in his eyes as the realization came that he looked precisely like a girl in boy's clothing. He put his face in his hands and started to cry... even harder when he noticed that he had forgotten to take off his earrings which had now pierced his ears. It was going to be very difficult for him to become a man again. Could he hide his developed bosom? He sat there sobbing, trying to figure a way out. He could figure none.

He went slowly back to their bedroom. The trousers felt uncomfortable and itchy. His breasts, freed from the support of his bra, bounced and flopped loosely with each step. He ran into Mrs. Johnson in the hall. Mrs. Johnson could barely hide her feeling of triumph as she saw the girlish figure looking ridiculous in men's clothing. She said, "I hope I look more like a girl in girl's clothing than you look like a man in trousers."

Pat started to cry again and stormed into his bedroom. Denise was awake and stared for a minute as he fell on the bed face down sobbing. "Come on Pat, dear." she said, sitting next to him on the bed and playing with his hair. "Don't cry so... it's not the end of the world. All you have to do this week is final exams. You can get by this week and in a week you'll be more of a boy again. Take your finals and graduate then it's out into the big world of business. Besides unisex is in. We'll get you some new clothes."

Even the promise of new clothes could not console Pat. He kept shaking his head and sobbed, "I've got a girls body... breasts... hips... how am I going to cover it up?"

"Now dear... relax... lets see if we can find something for you to wear." She went to her closet and pulled out a beautiful denim pant suit. "This might fit. It's unisex... try it on."

Pat agreed it could be unisex and he tried it on. Denise had him put on a tight sports bra first which took off about an inch of his bust line. The tight pants with close fitting leg

bottoms fit him to a tee after he zipped them up on the side, confirming the that he now had a girlish figure below, as well as above the waist line. They fit snugly over the hips and waist especially tightly over his bottom. The tight fitting jacket also fit well. It was better, but as he wiggled to the mirror, it was obvious this was still a feminine person. Here he was in trousers and still he looked all girl.

"Pat, let's go and talk to Dad. Maybe he has an idea of what happened."

Dr. Johnson tried to look shocked as they told him of Pat's figure changes. While he was secretly pleased with the results of his scheme, he took some sham tests. In a couple of hours he reported his results. "Pat, Denise, I'm afraid you're both in for a big shock. Pat has Leydig syndrome." He threw out some big medical terms like feminine habitus, testicular hyalinization, gynecomastia and a few more. "That means, he has a misbalance of female hormones. Pat take off all your clothes and I'll show you."

Pat removed the pant suit and stood in front of Dr. Johnson in his panties and bra. Dr. Johnson was enjoying this. He wanted to show Denise how little man was left in Pat. "Pat, remove your panties and bra."

"Denise now look at this... hardly any deepening of the voice, poor muscular development, absence of beard, breasts and secondary female characteristics such as Pat's hips and thighs. In the male, cessation of testosterone secretion is difficult to appreciate clinically. It's a delicate balance... you would think that a shot of testosterone would do the trick. But it won't... it would just make his synthesis and secretion of testosterone by the interstitial cells lower even more. At this current levels he is being feminized slowly and at a consistent rate. The treatment I recommend has some side effects for a while, but a cure in months instead of years. We give him massive doses of female hormones which over several months will make the testosterone secretions increase to keep the same levels."

"Then we cut the estrogen and the testosterone takes over. But the side effects are total humiliation for a couple months as opposed to gradual humiliation over years, probably cumulating with the removal of the testes, to obviate the risk of testicular neoplasm." Dr. Johnson was laughing to himself, trying to keep a straight face.

Pat was in shock. Dr. Johnson was a great doctor so a second opinion was out of the question. He asked, "What caused this."

"We don't know, but I suspect that it was a condition you always had but was aggravated by the wearing of girl's clothes and your adopting a girl's lifestyle for the last couple of weeks." Dr. Johnson thought and decided to add the last straw to make Denise dump him. "Did you kiss any of the men you dated in the last week?"

Pat blushed and stuttered, "I... I.. guess I did,... but..."

Dr. Johnson interrupted, "That could throw off your system... have you had any hot flashes?"

Pat gain blushed and felt warm. "Yes."

"See how fast your system can change... that might have helped. I suggest the contrary therapy... forget you ever were a boy for a while."

Pat studied that week and shyly went to all his exams. Everyone was friendly and no one made any comments on his apparent femininity. He wore Denise's pant outfits with sweaters which did little to stop the two bulges from protruding. Pat's weeks of being a girl and his changing body had gotten him into the habit of walking like a girl. His tapering waist caused an unconscious swaying of his hips, resulting in short, mincing steps. Pat was aware that some of the boys laughed at him. A few in good natured fun still called him "Patti" and teased and pinched him whenever they had the opportunity. But because he had been a "girl" for the frat dance, they seemed to understand his unusual look.

The following week Denise and Pat graduated. Pat's graduating gown hung down from his breasts and were obvious in his pictures.

## **CHAPTER NINE... A NEW POSITION**

As the weeks went by, Pat looked for a job. His degree didn't seem to make much difference. Denise had found a very good assistant buyers job at a local department store. Not a lot of money to start but fast advancement as new stores were opened. Day after day Pat would put on his suit and tie and along with all the other spring graduates fill out applications and wait for the call that never came. One day he noticed that most of the women in his class had jobs but the males didn't. One of the employment counselors told Pat that it was now "in" to hire minorities and especially women because they seemed to appreciate the jobs more and were more loyal employees.

So week after week he looked for employment. Denise's parents

were beginning to get on edge with Pat around the house all the time. Pat suggested to Denise that they move into their own apartment but she wanted to stay until Pat found a job and they had more money to spend.

About a month after they graduated and with no hope for a job, Pat was very depressed. His figure had continued to get more feminine and he had to wear a very tight undersized sports bra so his breasts didn't show or bounce when he went on interviews.

Then after a not very good interview, Mrs. Johnson called him to the phone. Pat whispered, "Who is it?" Mrs. Johnson laughed,

"It's for Patti. Its David."

Pat reluctantly picked up the phone and in his highest voice said, "Hello?"

"Hi sweetheart, bet you graduated and didn't even call me for a chance to hire you. Are you working?"

Pat slowly replied, "No, I'm just relaxing for a while."

"Well, get your lovely self down here, I've got the perfect job for you. Pays \$35,000 to start and a bonus if you do well. You're the perfect girl for the job... how about it... my office tomorrow at 10."

Pat felt excited and scared but said, "Sure, at 10." They said good-byes.

He knew he couldn't go... or could he? A starting salary of \$35,000 was more money than Denise was making and more than anyone in his class had started at. They could get an apartment and maybe a house in a year... no, this is silly... he would have to be a girl all the time, for as long as he had the job.

When Denise came home he told her of the offer, expecting her to laugh... but she didn't.

"I think you should take it... just for a while until your body returns to normal... and a couple of months of that salary could do a lot for us. Come on, let's go pick you out something gorgeous to wear."

In the bedroom, Pat removed his clothes while Denise searched her closet for outfits. Pat stood there in his panties and tight sport bra. Denise said, "You're not going to need to hold your charms in anymore... here try this lace bra."

It fit perfectly with the underwire cups filled to the limit. A full pink slip was added. They tried on several business suits with conservative skirts and decided on an eggshell suit with a pink silk blouse and matching pumps. Denise said, "You look great! Remember David's hiring you for your looks, not what you know... so be friendly!"

The next morning, Pat felt a little nervous. After all, he now was going to be working as a girl everyday... 24 hours a day... with no end in sight. After bathing and shaving his legs, he went to his room and started to get ready. He spent a long time on his hair, which was now long enough to style into an attractive flip. Matching lingerie and slip were next and they fit so well he was beginning to return to his feminine outlook. Paying extra attention to his make-up, he finally added the pink blouse and slipped up the tailored skirt and zipped the back. He rummaged in Denise's large jewelry collection and came up with a single strand pearl necklace and a wide golden slave bracelet with matching hoop earrings.

A final inspection before the mirror showed that he looked breath-taking... not overdressed but just right for a girl his age. The tight straight skirt showed off his shapely nyloned legs and the wide belt made his small waist more pronounced, adding to his curves, which looked perfectly natural.

Denise had gone to work and when he went downstairs, Mrs. Johnson commented, "You look absolutely adorable Patti... you'd have a hard time convincing them you were ever a man."

"Thank you, mother." Pat said smiling as he whirled on his heels, showing a little of his lacy slip. He was pleased with her compliment and no longer cared if she knew it.

"If you get the job, come right home and we'll go shopping and to the beauty parlor. If David wants a beauty, we'll give him a beauty."

Pat left to go on the interview. It was no use trying to explain how he felt... he still wished he was back in his male clothes, doing male things. But with those weeks of constant pressure to look adorable, to behave femininely... to be a sweet demure obedient sister to his wife, he had changed. He was now comfortable doing 'girl things'.

At David's office, Pat waited for about 10 minutes in the reception area. A stunning girl left David's office. She was blonde and about 22, with a very sexy low-cut dress. Pat was almost jealous of her figure. She was sexy and knew it. She came up to him and said, "Hello, I'm Bambi, Mr. Hughes will see you now." They entered David's very large plush office.

David was impressed by how absolutely beautiful Patti looked, even in a business suit. Patti was so feminine the way she sat there with her legs crossed. Bambi left the office and David said, "Good morning Patti, you look wonderful. Are you ready to go to work?"

Pat nodded and asked, "What is the job?"

David continued, "You will be my personal assistant... basically, cater to my every need. Bambi's my secretary so she does most of the typing. You will be included in meetings to take notes, get coffee, run little personal errands, and sometimes travel with me. Of course there is nothing personal required... this is business... unless... well, we'll talk about that more later. The pay is \$35,000 to start with a likely bonus of \$5,000 at the end of the year. I know it seems like a lot of money for a 'girl Friday' position, but I'm very demanding. What do you think?"

Pat agreed to start the next day. On the way out the door, David said, "Oh, can you do me a favor... drop my laundry off at the cleaners down the street. Thanks, doll."

Pat walked down the street, arms loaded with David's dirty laundry. It's stale masculine smell made him realize what this 'girl Friday' job was all about. David was single and he wanted a paid 'wife'. Pat was a little annoyed but decided to put up with it without complaint... maybe he'd find out that being a girl is not all fun... but the money was good. The clerk at the laundry told Pat, "Your husband's clothes will be ready in two days." Pat just said, "Thank you."

At home Mrs. Johnson took him shopping and true to her word... bought him some bigger bras. Dr. and Mrs. Johnson knew the end was near for Pat and Denise. Some of the guilt went away as she bought him a complete wardrobe and lingerie. She thought, "Now at least he now has a job."

The next morning, David called Pat into his office. "You look very business-like and coquettish."

Pat wore his new classic light gray gabardine wool suit. It had a long jacket with wide lapels and a short slim skirt with side pockets and a back zipper. The blouse was translucent so the shape of his bra and slip showed. Pat sat down and crossed his nylon covered legs. David asked about Pat's office skills.

"I can only type with two fingers and I don't know shorthand."

David replied, "I've already thought of that. I know of a

school which has a speed course for girls like you. During the next few weeks they'll teach you all you have to know. That way you can help Bambi if she needs it."

Pat thought "where would it all end?" Would the end of the road be that he was made completely feminine... never to live as a man again?? But he was going to make the best of it for now... he could always quit.

The next few weeks went quickly with Pat getting used to this new role and learning shorthand and typing. He was beginning to enjoy his new job. He spent his days waiting on David. Getting coffee for David and his clients, taking notes, running personal errands such as laundry, making appointments and typing his letters. David was a very impressive businessman, liked by all his employees. Pat and Bambi became friends and went to lunch and shopping often.

One day at lunch, they were shopping for jewelry. Bambi said, "I noticed your ears aren't pierced... they can do it here... here's a pair that would look great."

Pat without thinking said, "OK." He left the shop with another permanent mark of femininity. Gold loops dangled from his ears and he couldn't wait to show Denise.

By the end of the first month Pat was so busy with his daily work schedule that he rarely thought of his role reversal. His body had changed so much that wearing a bra was not only natural but essential and his hips sexily filled his tight skirts. Denise couldn't seem to keep her hands off Pat and seemed to be turned on by and his increasing femininity.

After the second month, they moved into a condo they rented with an option to buy. They decorated it very femininely in pink pastels and florals. Even though they each had a bedroom to make it look like two girls lived there, they were still very much in love and slept together. Denise loved having a sister to shop with and share clothes, yet a man to make love with at night. She considered Pat the perfect husband, or should we say mate. The Johnson's still hoped that Denise would leave Pat, but seemed resigned to the fact that they had not lost a daughter but gained a new daughter. They just shook their heads as the "girls" in their bikini's headed to the beach.

Denise and Pat's weekday morning routine was waking up to a mad rush to get ready, both in panties and bra, fixing their make up, doing their hair, and donning their dresses and heels, then dashing out the door.

Weeknights, they worked on their nails and gossiped about work. On weekends, during the day they had their hair done and went shopping. At night, they went dancing or double-dated.

Pat took pride in his work and enjoyed his job of making life easier on David. He no longer thought serving coffee to David and his clients in a lace apron was degrading... it was an art. Like the art of femininity... Pat knew he was still a man... but he was paid for his image as a woman. His responsibility was to totally and completely respond in a feminine way.

What a crazy world this is that a person's sex and color determine his or her future contributions and employment in society. And even more amazing is that the fashion of "what's in" can change... and a few people will adapt and become successful anyway.

### **Epilogue:**

Did Pat give up his feminine identity? Did he become a high voltage lineman for the power company? No... Life continued... There didn't seem to be a good time for Pat to switch back. Every so often he'd try on some male clothes, and Denise and he would have a good laugh. Did he ever get caught by his employer David?

Yes. But that's another story that we'll tell you in the future.

The End (of the Beginning) ?

