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"TURNABOUT PARTY"



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**“The
TURNABOUT
PARTY”**

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THE QUOTE BOARD

**“Men who have to shave three times
a day should not plan careers as a female impersonator.”**

The TURNABOUT Party

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It all started on a Wednesday morning, early in the fall, while I was working at my desk at the bank. Ruth, my wife, called me and asked me to withdraw some money from our savings account before I came home.

She would not tell me what it was for but said she would tell me later. Of course, that put me on edge for the rest of the day. I did take the money out of the account as she directed but I wondered what kind of trouble she had gotten into now.

I usually got home about an hour earlier than Ruth as she traveled farther across town and had to work 30 minutes longer than I.

The minute she came in the door I tried to find out what kind of trouble she was in but she would not say a thing. She had stopped downtown for a few minutes and had some extra packages with her which she took to the bedroom. I set the table for supper (unusual for me) while she got the meal ready and all the time I tried my best to wheedle it out of her.

“I’ll tell you after supper,” was all she would say.

“It must be real bad if you want me to get supper down first,” I retorted.

The meal was a flop as far as I was concerned. I don’t even know what I ate. I was really getting worried.

After the dishes were washed and put away we went to the living room where we could be more comfortable to talk things over.

“This morning I received a telephone call from Barbara Johnson and she invited us to a party at their home two weeks from Saturday night.”

“So, let’s go,” I answered abruptly.

“Okay, but wait till you’ve heard more about it,” she said impatiently. “It will be a turnabout party with the fellows dressed as girls and the girls as boys. Barbara also said that there would be expensive prizes for the best and most convincing couple and you know what their prizes are like.”

We had been to the Johnson's parties before and as Ruth said the prizes were wonderful. Ed Johnson owned an electrical appliance store and they donated the prizes.

"Oh, yes, Barbara also said that we should start in right away getting our costumes together and for you to get high heels and learn to walk in them as the other six couples had been notified last Sunday. Well, what do you think? Do you want to go?"

"Well, that is a surprise all right and quite a relief," I sighed. "I thought you had gotten yourself into something. Of course I'd like to go but don't forget what I told you before we were married. I have dressed like a girl before and I did enjoy it. I promised not to do it again but lately I have really had the urge again. Maybe this will dispel the urge or maybe it will make me want to dress more often. I think the decision should be up to you," I warned her.

"I don't think it will do you any harm," Ruth said. "And I would like to see how you look as a girl. I say let's go and we will see what happens later."

"Okay, I'm willing," I said. "I sure would like to see what Al King looks like in a dress."

"Come in to the bedroom then," Ruth directed as she got up to go. "I purchased a few things on the way home, as I knew you'd say yes."

As Ruth started to open the packages I saw that they were women's underwear and my heart made a bump. I gulped before I said, "You were pretty sure of yourself, weren't you?"

"I hope I got a few of these sizes right but I don't think I'm too far off. Right now you will only need a garter belt, panties and stockings, so here, get them on," she said, passing over my comment without a word.

Partly stunned and in a sort of daze, I removed my clothes and put on the panties. All the old thrills came rushing back to me. The garter belt was a little tight but would do. I let Ruth show me how to put the nylons on but I hadn't forgotten. They really felt wonderful.

"Now put on your pants and shoes and we will go get you some heels."

"Hey, wait a minute! Do you expect me to go to a shoe store and try on women's shoes?"

With hands on hips Ruth glared at me and said, "Of course you're going. They've got to fit properly so they won't ruin your

feet and you can be comfortable all evening. Come on, it won't hurt you."

"Oh golly, what did I get into now," I protested. I could feel the constriction of the strange garments under my suit as I walked the three blocks to a small shopping center. We had never traded at this particular family shoe store so I thought we might get away with it.

Into the well lit store we went with only about three other customers there. We sat on the back row facing the shelves. The clerk asked Ruth if he could help her.

"Yes, we would like some high heeled, black kid pumps and you had better measure to get the right size.

He got a stool and put it in front of Ruth and she said, "Oh no, not for me. These will be for my husband."

I was fiery red in the face as I looked sheepishly at the clerk. He moved the stool toward me and removed my shoe and noticed the nylons. This time I didn't dare look at him. The clerk measured my foot, went to the stacks and returned with a box of shoes. These pinched quite a bit as he tried to get them on so he went away and returned with a larger size. This time they went on fine and felt quite comfortable.

"He should put the other one on and stand in them to see if they fit good," the clerk said.

"Go ahead dear, put on the other one," Ruth agreed. The clerk put the other shoe on my foot then asked me to stand up. I tried and almost fell down for my efforts.

"Take a couple of steps, Honey. Do they feel all right?" Ruth asked. She was obviously enjoying it.

"They don't feel tight but it will be a long time before I can walk in them," I said.

"All right, we will take them."

As I paid for the shoes I got the funniest look from the cashier. I wondered what she was thinking.

"Let's go over to the five and dime and see what we can get you. I'll try to get you the necessary lingerie and a blouse and skirt tomorrow. Say, better still, I can meet you in town tomorrow night as the stores stay open on Thursday nights."

"Fine, just so long as you don't embarrass me like you did in the shoe store," I agreed.

“Oh pooh,” she scoffed. “Those clerks see that all the time. I’ll bet there isn’t a week goes by that a man doesn’t come in for a pair of women’s shoes.”

At the five and dime store we purchased lipstick, powder, eyebrow pencil, eye shadow and mascara all in my shade.

“You can use my cosmetics so you don’t need to buy them,” Ruth said finally. “Let’s go home now.”

Back at The house (half of a duplex, side by side) we went to the bedroom where I changed shoes.

“Now you are to wear these pumps at all times you are here at home. I want you to really learn how to walk in them as I want us to get the first prize.”

“You mean that I should put them on when I come home from work before you get here,” I asked.

“Yes, when you get home you take a shower and shave, then dress in these clothes or any others we get. If there is any time left before I get here you can start supper. Understood?”

“Understood.”

“Now let’s see how a little lipstick looks on you.”

She proceeded to put lipstick and eye makeup on me until she was satisfied.

“I think you are going to look real cute,” she said. “There is one other thing you can do tonight before going to bed. You shave your legs so they will look nice under those nylons. You had better shave under your arms too as long as you are at it.”

“I hope the fellows at the office don’t notice any difference tomorrow,” I observed wryly.

So the evening went by and I got a little better on my high heels. I shaved my legs and underarms and they felt cool. There were some cuts that burned under my arms so Ruth put some hand cream on them, then they felt better.

Just before we went to bed Ruth went to her lingerie drawer and pulled out a light blue nightgown and gave it to me.

“Here, Honey, you might as well be a girl at night too. And don’t forget to go rinse out your stockings and panties.”

So off I went to the bathroom again where I hung up my panties and stockings next to Ruth’s then put on the nightgown.

“That gown fits you better than it does me and with a little padding it will be perfect. Don’t you like being a girl, Honey?”

“You gals certainly do have softer and lighter clothes than we do and I do like those panties. They fit me better than my regular shorts,” I agreed.

When the alarm clock woke me up in the morning, I couldn't figure out for a couple of minutes how I had gotten into one of Ruth's nightgowns. As we both had to get to work as soon as possible there was no time for girl talk, but Ruth did give me orders for the day.

“You come straight home from work, shower and shave and put on the garter belt, panties and hose. Meet me at the bus station and we will eat supper before we shop. Don't forget to bring some money.”

The day dragged along for me as all I could think of was last evening and the shopping scheduled for the evening to come. I didn't give the fellows a chance to see my shaved legs as I was careful to keep my pants legs straight down to my shoes.

When I got home I showered and shaved using a little of Ruth's cologne. I put on my new clothes and as I thought my nylons might be seen I covered them with thin socks. I tried a little lipstick and eye makeup but it was so little it couldn't be seen up close.

I met Ruth at the bus station and we went to restaurant for supper. I told her how the day had dragged along and how excited I was to go shopping. She asked me if I wore my new things and I said yes but I did cover up the nylons with socks. She scowled

this but passed it up. I told her about using the makeup and she said she could see it slightly.

It didn't upset her. After supper we went to the largest department store in town and, right up to the foundation department. There I was introduced to the realm of intimate lingerie, first hand. Ruth had measured me the night before so she knew the correct sizes. She bought a good long line bra and second bra with inflatable padding. Her other purchases were a white tricot slip and two pairs of panties. The panty girdle took the longest time as there was such a variety. Ruth chose long leg, high rise girdle with a satin panel front. Before leaving I mentioned the tightness of the she got a “waist whittler” to pull in my waist.

Then we went to the ready-to-wear department where we bought a pretty white blouse and a dark wool pleated skirt. She also chose a shirtwaist dress in color. We were getting tired.

“Have we forgotten anything? Can you think of anything else?”

“About all I can think of is a wig, but I suppose rent one of those.”

“Hair!” she exclaimed. “I knew I had forgotten some thing.”

Again we were off to the counter on the main floor sells hair pieces. Ruth discussed the problem with the saleslady I stood off to the side. I did notice them both look my way a couple of times but I knew Ruth wouldn't make me conspicuous on the main floor of this big store. She didn't, but she did make the beauty salon where again there was much whispered conversation. This time the saleslady brought out a cheap wig of nylon and combed it out good enough to satisfy Ruth.

“It will do until we rent a good one,” she said. “Let's go home.”

When we arrived at the house we went to the bedroom where I was ordered to strip for action. She opened the packages and got out the long line bra first. It fitted me very well. Ruth folded the straps on the other bra and stuffed it all into my bosom. Then she got a little piece of plastic pipe and blew air into the plastic parts that inflated the bra making a nice contour.

“I'll take the pads out of the bra later so they can be used in either one,” she explained.

Next came the nylon slip that gave me a cool chill as it slid onto my body. Then I tried on the blouse and skirt which fitted very well. Then I tried on the shirtwaist dress and it, too, fitted beautifully.

“Now I'll make up your face and we'll see how you look as a fully dressed girl. The hair won't be the best but we can't afford to buy a good wig.”

Ruth proceeded to make up my face using all her skill and after she finished she added a little bit of perfume. The light brown wig fitted fairly well and did look like a big hair-do. Then I was allowed to look in the mirror. I was amazed that I looked as good as the two times before that I had worn women's clothes. It was all my doing. This time it was a professional job.

“How do you look now dear?” she asked.

“I'm surprised I look so feminine. I feel so good. I had forgotten how wonderful your clothes feel to the touch. I might have to wear the panties all the time.”

“That’s why I got two more pairs today. I have an idea those old shorts of yours have seen better days. Now let’s clean up this mess and go to bed. It’s late. I’ll take my shower first,” she continued, “while you clean up. Then after your shower use plenty of body powder as I want you to try on this panty girdle. Don’t forget to wash out your stockings and panties.”

Left to myself I walked around the house in my new clothes. I admired myself in the full length mirror as I passed. I twirled my skirt and felt it hit my legs. It felt so nice. I went back to the bedroom.

When it was my turn in the bathroom I felt depressed that I had to remove my pretty clothes but to think ahead to tomorrow picked me up again. I creamed off my make-up, rinsed my panties and stockings, and took a quick shower. I used lots of powder before I let Ruth’s nightie slide over my head. I then tried on the panty girdle and it was pretty tight but Ruth said that it fitted fine.

With the ringing of the alarm clock in the morning we both got up to go to work. Usually the work of getting breakfast is fairly evenly divided but this time I had more than the usual to do. Ruth seemed to lag a little. Then she gave me more orders.

“When you get home tonight you shave and dress completely with full use of make-up and do it as well as you can. You may get a surprise when I get home. You are doing very well with your heels but I think you can do better. Sometimes your heel clicks don’t sound like a girls’ walk at all. Try to do better—Now wash the dishes while I put on my face and we’ll go.”

Well, again the day went slowly but not as bad as Thursday. I could feel my panties under my suit but I didn’t worry about anyone noticing them. I hurried home and went right to work cleaning up my male body. I don’t have a heavy beard but it does cover my face. A good shower and a close shave helped a lot. I used Ruth’s bath powder and cologne then I went into the bedroom to dress. I put on my panty girdle, bra, and slip using the inflated bra as pads. I anchored my stockings to my girdle and stepped into my pumps. Then I decided I needed more cologne so I walked to the bathroom for it. When returning to the bedroom the front doorbell rang.

Oh, boy! What to do!

I grabbed my own robe to cover me, kicked off my shoes and hurried to the door. It was Mrs. Simpson, the landlady who lives next door in the other half of the duplex. She wanted to speak

with Ruth and thought she was home. She had heard my high heels on the hardwood floor. I told her that I would send Ruth right over. I hoped she would not see my nylons and bare feet but I knew she smelled the cologne. Whew!

I went back to the bedroom to finish dressing but I didn't put on my pumps. I used my own male shoes. Gee, supposing she had come in to wait.

I did the best I could with the make-up but it appeared ragged to me. The wig was combed about the same as last night so that it wasn't so bad. I found a bracelet and some clip-on pearl earrings and felt that it was as good as I could do. The earrings pinched so I didn't appreciate them. I went to the kitchen to set the table and put on the coffee water. As Ruth hadn't mentioned what we would have for supper I didn't know what to prepare. Then I went to the living room to wait for Ruth. It was just a few minutes before she came as she had bought a few things at the grocery store.

She immediately noticed my shoes and almost blew her top.

"What's the matter with you? Where are your pumps? You are supposed to be learning how to walk in them and time is short as it is. To walk easily and comfortably in heels takes time so go right out there and get them on this minute!"

"Take it easy, Honey," I said. "I had a visitor. Mrs. Simpson heard me walking around and thought it was you. She wants to see you as soon as you get in so you had better go there before she comes in here again."

"Dear Mrs. Simpson; I had forgotten about her. We might have to take her into our confidence so she will know everything is all right. At any rate, I'll go see her now."

"What can I do toward supper?" I asked.

"You can put these chops on to grill and open a can of green beans. I'll be back in a minute."

So off Ruth went as I tried my luck at cooking. I had never done much cooking as it was always women's work. Now that I was dressed as a woman I started to work like a woman. I did it quite freely, so I must have had a change of heart. I had everything on the table when Ruth got back.

"She just wanted to talk," Ruth said. "She gets lonesome sometimes and she wanted to know if she could go grocery shopping with us tomorrow. I told her I would be going alone as you had to stay in the house all day. She did hear you walking as I did too so

I told her you had a new pair of shoes. It was the easiest way I could think of to get out of it.”

We started eating supper and made small talk through most of it. She commented on my make-up saying it wasn't blended evenly and some of it was too much.

“After supper I'll show you again.”

I washed the dishes and cleaned up the kitchen. I seemed to be doing much more than my share of the work.

I creamed off my make-up and Ruth showed me how to apply foundation base that just about covered my beard. The rouge, lipstick and powder I got right but the eye make-up bothered me. Ruth said it took time and practice and told me that next time to do it over rather than look like a loose woman.

When she was through with my face Ruth got out her nail polish and worked on my hands. She gave me a good manicure with two coats of a silvery pink enamel. They looked real nice.

“Okay, let's go to the living room and watch television while I do your toes and you can do mine.”

We moved the polish, this time bright red, tissue and cotton into the living room.

“I'll do yours first so you can see how to do mine. Sit down and take off your shoes and stockings and put your feet on the stool. Any good programs tonight?”

While Ruth turned on the set I removed my hose. The television blasted out real loud.

“Take it easy, gal, we don't need to let the people across the street hear the program.”

Ruth turned down the volume and got a good program then sat on the floor and started on my pedicure. I watched the entire process keeping one eye on the television and one eye on the pedicure. To stop the toes from sticking together she inserted tissue between the toes then started to enamel them. She was just starting my last two toes when the doorbell rang.

“Don't you dare move!” Ruth ordered. “It will probably be the paper boy collecting and he can't see you if you stay there so be quiet and don't move.”

“But. . .”

“Don't move.”

She went to the door and it was Mrs. Simpson again.

“Come right in Mrs. Simpson, we have been expecting you,” Ruth said. “George, stay there!”

And she let her come right in and see me dressed to the teeth plus my feet still wet from painting with each a bright red and stuck out there on the footstool.

All I could do was cover my face; I was that embarrassed. I felt like crawling into the woodwork.

“George, when I went to see Mrs. Simpson I asked her to help me train you and she readily agreed. I’ll need help at times when I am not at home so she could be a big help to both of us.”

My, you look lovely, Mr. Kensington, and I must confess I came here on a signal from Ruth. When the TV went loud I had to wait a few minutes so that you would be in a position where you couldn’t move easily. It was all planned,” she explained.

I gave my loving wife a dirty look that slowly turned into a grin.

“All right. All right! Make me a girl if you want. I give up!”

“About the first thing we must do for him,” laughed Mrs. Simpson, “is to give him a pretty name to go with his good looks. George doesn’t do much as a girl’s name. If I may suggest one that is dear to me. It was my baby’s name. You know, the one who died soon after birth. May I suggest the name Sally?”

“That is sweet of you to give him your daughter’s name and I think it will fit very well. Do you like it, dear?”

“Yes, that is a nice name and I thank you for bestowing it on me.”

“All right, Sally, put your shoes and stockings back on and you can clean up these things while Mrs. Simpson and I discuss your future.”

I blushed and said, “Do you have to call me Sally?”

My wife said, “No, not right now but before the party, you should get used to it.”

I did as I was directed and noticed the dark shine on my toes through the stockings. Very nice touch. . .on a woman.

“Before we get started”, Mrs. Simpson said, “I want to show you a gift my grandchildren sent to me today. Of course they are from Charles but they like to say they are from the children.”

She took a small box from her purse and opened it to show some finely etched gold earrings.

“They are beautiful”, Ruth exclaimed. “Aren’t they light?”

“All earrings for pierced ears are light, my dear. I don’t see how you stand all the weight and pinch at your ears with those clip-ons.”

“I’ll tell you why, Mrs. Simpson,” I interrupted. “It’s because she’s chicken. I wanted her to have her ears pierced years ago but no, she wouldn’t do it. Now that I have worn these earrings a couple of hours I know she’s crazy.”

“Mmmm,” Ruth mumbled. “Say, do you know something? Pierced earrings like this would make the most convincing item George could wear. I wonder. . .”

“Oh, no you don’t! Not to me you don’t.” I backed off. “They’re pretty, but not for me.”

“Now George, just a minute,” Mrs. Simpson said. “Let’s go at this in a way that may be advantageous to both of you. You say that Ruth would never get her ears pierced as you wished and you, Ruth, want very much to be the best couple at the party. How about a compromise? I will pierce both of your ears and both of you will be pleased.”

“No,” I said. “It will always show. People will think I’m nuts.”

“Oh, come on,” Ruth said. “We can cover up the holes with a little make-up and after a while they will close up. I’ll do it if you will.”

“How would it look to have the manager of the loan department of the First National Bank have pierced ears?”

You’re not the manager yet and anyway we’ll do you up really good.”

“All right, George,” Mrs. Simpson said, “are you with us or against us? I’ll even lend you all the earrings you’ll need and I have a pair of ‘trainers’ or ‘sleepers’ in my jewel box right now.”

“Let’s do it dear,” Ruth said. “I’ve really always liked them on other women but as you say I’m chicken. Please let’s do it and I’ll wear them all the time.”

“Will it hurt?” I asked.

“Don’t be a sissy! It will sting at first but it will be gone in minute. If we do it tonight by Monday you can go without rings and with a little make-up no one will know the difference.”



“All right, I’ll do it,” I said. “But nobody had better notice the holes.”

“Come on over to my house where we can do the whole job more easily. It won’t take long and you both will love them.”

“Just a minute while I get my purse and we will be right over,” Ruth said.

So my first journey outside the house began. It wasn’t very far but we did go down a few steps to the sidewalk and up the steps to the other side of the house. I didn’t mind that a bit.

Mrs. Simpson invited us top the kitchen where she thought she would have the best light and then went off to get her tools. She returned with alcohol, needle, a cork, Vaseline and about four pairs of earrings. She showed off the "sleeper" earrings as small rings with hinges that came apart.

"These will be for George and these gold studs are for Ruth. Both are of good gold, of course, so they will not infect the ear. The rings are to be turned and washed while in place - not to be taken out until Monday morning. The same goes for yours, Ruth, except that they can be taken out and cleaned twice a day. I'll wash these with soap and water then put them in alcohol before we start."

After she cleaned the earrings, needle and cork she put them into a little alcohol in a cup. She started on me first and I must say I felt quite excited as she washed my ear lobes with alcohol, checked to see if she was in the center of the lobe with the needle, put the cork behind the ear then pushed the needle through into the cork. She slid the needle through and back a few times before removing it then put some Vaseline on the ring and inserted it into the hole. It went in quite easily. There was probably only about one drop of blood lost.

"How does that feel, George?" she asked.

"There is no weight at all but the needle stung a little," I replied.

"All right, I'll get a couple of ice cubes and freeze your other ear and you won't feel a thing." This she did and I felt nothing.

"Now for Ruth. These rods don't have threads so they go in easily."

Mrs. Simpson froze Ruth's ears before she pierced them so there was no pain. The studs she had were small gold balls. Ruth didn't even get excited or let out a yelp as it was being done and afterwards she could hardly tell they were there as they had no weight.

"Now don't play with them or they will get sore. Clean them twice a day as I have instructed and I'll check with you Monday morning before you go to work. And yes, you must wear them to bed. Any questions?"

"Yeah," I said. "I've got a lulu! I thought this was going to be a simple little party and now I find myself with a complete woman's wardrobe, pierced ears and the party is still a week off. What kind of a girl are you making of me?"

“Dear,” Ruth started, “just be patient and we will make a very pretty girl out of you and one that will be so convincing that you’ll take first prize without any competition. What’s the matter, don’t you like it?”

“Sure I like it. Who wouldn’t like to be pampered just like you do but I’ve never had much of it before so it’s strange to me,” I replied.

“I just hope we don’t do such a good job on him so that he will always like dresses and want to wear them later. That has happened before I know,” Mrs. Simpson said.

“Well, let’s go home George and let Mrs. Simpson get some rest. We will see you in the morning when we go shopping.”

“Goodnight George and Ruth. Everything will turnout all right as you’re two fine looking girls.”

“Goodnight Mrs. Simpson and thank you for helping us.”

“Goodnight.”

Back in our own house Ruth kissed me happily and proceeded to get ready for bed. As she was rolling up her hair she decided to see how mine would curl. With comb and brush and curlers she put a few small curlers up there. I usually wear my hair a little long and at the time I needed a haircut.

“Now you will know how it feels to sleep in curlers. Your hair probably won’t ‘take’ as it hasn’t had a permanent but you can enjoy the curlers.”

Then off to bed for a lovable time before sleep set in.

We got up fairly late for us on a Saturday. I got to shower and shave while Ruth prepared breakfast. It was nice eating a leisurely breakfast while dressed in gowns.

“Are your ears sore?” I asked Ruth. While I was in the shower I had washed the rings in my ears and turned them around as I had been instructed. Then when was all dry I had put some Vaseline on the rings and turned them some more. They don’t look very red nor feel sore.”

“Mine are about the same,” Ruth replied, “and they don’t feel sore. But don’t play with the rings today as we don’t want them infected.”

“One good thing has come out of this affair so far. At least you got your ears pierced and now I can buy real good earrings for you and you won’t lose them,” I told her.

“No comment. I think I really did want it done but I wasn’t going to go to a doctor. Well, let’s see. Today I want you to collect the laundry so I can have it done while we are shopping. Take the sheets and pillowcases off the bed and put all the dirty clothes inside the cases. You can clean the house while I do the shopping.”

“Besides using the vacuum and cleaning up the dishes what else do you want me to do?” I asked.

“Well, if you get time you can clean the bathroom and kitchen and straighten up the living room and bedroom. Do just like I usually do. I presume I will be back for lunch but if I am not here by one o’clock I will have eaten lunch in town.”

Just then Mrs. Simpson came to the back door and I let her in. She examined our ears very closely and pronounced them fine.

“Are you ready to go shopping, Mrs. Simpson? I’ve outlined about all I want George to do while we are out,” Ruth said.

“Oh don’t be too hard on him the first day, Ruth. You might like to get some work out of him later,” Mrs. Simpson cautioned.

“Just let me fix my hair and put on my face and I’ll be with you. Be a good girl and take out your curlers now. We’ll see if there is any curl.”

I took out all the curlers and Ruth brushed my hair but there was very little curl.

“She really needs a permanent,” Ruth said, “but I tried to see if there was any natural curl.”

After they left I had another cup of coffee which gave me time to survey the situation. I thought, “I wonder what they are going to do to me next. So far it hasn’t been too bad, in fact, the clothes do feel much better than my regular ones. I imagine my feet will get sore today if I walk on these heels all day. Well, I’d better get dressed and get to work then I can rest up afterwards.”

I did all the work assigned and I thought it looked real clean. I fixed my own lunch as they didn’t get back until 2:30. They were tired from their trip and glad to rest a few minutes while I put away the groceries. While in town they had picked out a good wig to rent and I could pick it up Friday afternoon. They also bought me a

quilted robe and some flat slippers as I didn't look too presentable at breakfast.

"We will try on my white formal this afternoon and if it nearly fits you, Mrs. Simpson will alter it so it fits you perfectly. Wasn't that nice of her?"

"Do you mean your strapless formal, the one that you wore to the New Year's Eve dance a year ago?"

"Yes, that's the one and I know it's strapless but I think I know a way to make it stay up on you."

"Boy, you had better have some skyhooks handy," I replied. "That is a beautiful dress."

"Here is another slip for you as I noticed the one you have on needs washing. I've been wondering if we should get you some flats. Do your feet hurt?"

"They don't really hurt but I do think I'm wearing a small blister on my heel. Take a look."

"Yes, I thought so. Well, after you try on the formal you can change clothes and we will get you some more shoes. Don't forget to put a Bandaid on your heel."

Under Mrs. Simpson's careful eye I was fitted out in the formal gown. It was a white, tight bodice with yards of tulle making the skirt stand out. The skirt came just below the knee which Ruth always preferred to a long gown. They were going to let it out here and there and then Ruth decided I needed a foundation garment that would be strapless.

"We can get it Monday night after work. You meet me at the same place as you did last time. Now why didn't we think of this before? We'll get you some white strap shoes with it."

"I've got some beautiful long earrings with a bracelet to match but no necklace," Mrs. Simpson said.

"I've got a necklace and bracelet set in gold and some pendants. We should be able to get a set."

"If George goes to the store with me this afternoon what can I do about his earrings?" Ruth asked.

"I would just take out rings and cover the holes with make-up. I don't think they will be noticeable. When you get back, clean them again and insert the rings using Vaseline. They should go in quite easily and they won't close up in that short a time," Mrs. Simpson explained.

After Mrs. Simpson left I cleaned off all my make-up especially around the ears. Ruth put liquid powder base on the lobes which covered nicely.

“Leave all your underclothes on even the bust pads. Put on a dark sports shirt, slacks and your black shoes. No socks. Wear your sports jacket and don’t forget to take off your nail polish,” Ruth told me.

By this time I took orders without any fuss as it didn’t do any good anyway.

We drove to a different large shopping center where the numerous stores included a branch of the big downtown department store. First we went to a chain ready-to-wear store and bought a white blouse with short sleeves designed like a man’s shirt only that the buttons were on the other side. A ladies shoe store was next door so we went there and after much persuasion I walked out wearing black loafers.

Then to a tall girl’s store to get some slacks.

“If we go to town Monday night I want you to wear a complete girl’s costume and still be male. No one will notice any difference but you will feel different. Women wear their slacks short while men’s pants cover their shoes. We will compromise. We must get some long slacks for you that will cover your shoes the same way,” Ruth told me.

We went straight to the slack racks and were looking for the right size when the salesgirl asked if she could help. She found the correct waist measurement and almost as long as my trousers and commented that they were as long as they had in the shop. Ruth selected two pair and asked for the fitting room.

“May I try them on and can he go with me?”

“Well, I guess it will be all right,” the salesgirl answered. “There isn’t but one other customer in the store right now.”

We went to the fitting room where I was told to take off my outer clothing. Ruth unwrapped the blouse and handed it to me. It fit as well as my shirts. The slacks fit very well around the hips and even felt better than my own which tend to be a little tight around the hips. I noticed that there were no pockets. Ruth took my wallet and keys from my pants and put them in her purse. She folded my shirt and pants and carried them outside. I was putting on my jacket as we got back to the salesgirl.

“I thought they were for you and I wondered why you wanted them so long. Now I know. They fit him very well and if

I didn't know better I'd say they were his own slacks," she said. "I'd better take off the tags."

"That was my idea exactly," Ruth said. "I have a reason for doing this but it is a little personal."

"That's all right, Ma'am, we get men in here quite often and I know they are buying for themselves. He does look rather nice in his slacks and loafers."

"Stand up straight, George," Ruth ordered.

When I did this my chest stuck out so Ruth had to show off my new blouse. By that time I was so red in the face I couldn't see the girl. Ruth paid for the slacks and had all the packages wrapped together.

I took to the car while Ruth went to the 5 & dime store. She came back with a small black clutch purse which she gave to me along with my keys and wallet.

"We will put a few other things in it when we get home. You can keep it in a paper bag if you like but that is your "pockets" and nothing will go into your jacket pockets. I'll sew them up first. I think this is about all we need so let's go home."

"It seems to me you have bought more than I need or ever will need," I said.

"These will be clothes you will wear Monday night. When you get home from work take your shower and shave and put on these clothes. A panty girdle is a must with slacks so don't forget to wear it. You can use my bath powder and cologne if you like and a little eye make-up if you use it discreetly. Any questions?"

I felt uncomfortable that she was forcing me to do these things that I had always wanted to do. I was enjoying myself but to continue the male "front" all I could do was to slump a little lower in the car.

"What's the matter George, aren't you having fun?"

"It's a different kind of fun as you say and it sure is interesting, but must we go into so much detail for just a little party?"

"This will be no little party, dear. As for details, the small unimportant things to you are what count. I'll bet Sonia and Arlene are doing the same things for their husbands. That new couple in the group, the Martins, I think she is a beautician so she will surely do a good job on her husband. We need that first prize - whatever it is so take it easy, gal, you'll love it."



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When we got home I changed back into a skirt and blouse again along with my heels. I cleaned my ears and inserted the rings. I applied all my make-up and did a fairly good job with the nail polish.

“When you get all ready you can get a big book and put it on your head and walk around the house. Your posture could be improved so now is the time to do it. You will take short, ladylike steps and walk from one end of the house to the other.

I kept it up for 20 minutes and a little of that goes a long way. I ate supper with the book on my head but had to take it off to clean up and wash the dishes.

Next I had to practice sitting, standing, posing and more walking. This went on for the next two hours until I called a halt. I was tired.

“You will do this tomorrow and all next week so when Saturday night comes you will be able to wear that strapless gown like a Hollywood queen. Now you rest while I work on your hair. I got a new product at the drugstore today that should bring out the curl in your hair.”

My feet were so tired and sore I really didn't care what she did. I sat in the chair while she put my hair in curlers again then put a thick liquid on each curler before she put a hairnet over my head.

“Hold still a minute while I shape your eyebrows again. They don't quite satisfy me.”

After a nice prolonged bubble bath and into my gown and robe I was ready for bed. I had creamed off my make-up and washed my undies, even my bra. We talked but a short time until I was asleep.

Sunday morning we usually go to church but this time I surely couldn't go. Instead, I sat around in my robe and slippers reading the Sunday papers until Ruth went off with Mrs. Simpson.

Before she left Ruth took the curlers out of my hair to see if the new preparation did any good.

“Don't get any ideas about permanent curls up there, gal, because I won't have it. I'll get a crew cut first.”

“Young lady, if you ever come home with a crew cut you'll go somewhere else to live. Not with me. And that is a fair warning,” Ruth said sternly.

By the time she had all the curlers out and with comb and hair spray she made a fairly presentable hairdo out of my short hair.

“Gee, I wish it were longer,” she said.

“Any longer and I’d need a hair ribbon. I’ll get it cut next week.”

“Wait until after the party for your haircut. You can stand it a little while longer.”

“Will those curls smooth out Monday morning when I go to work?”

“I’ll put some lotion and spray on your hair in the morning so you won’t have to worry about it all day. Now you can put on your wig or leave it off. It looks pretty good like this.”

“I’ll wear the wig anyway, it makes me feel more feminine.”

Ruth gave me explicit instructions for preparing dinner so I couldn’t sit long. I ironed my shirtwaist dress and put it on. I applied my make-up to suit myself which included more eye make-up than necessary so I had to clean it off and start over. Ruth had plucked my eyebrows to quite a thin line with a very definite bend in the brow. When finished I thought I had done a pretty presentable job.

Then I thought I would try a few of Ruth’s dresses. I feel that I had a pretty good right to do so as she apparently wanted me to get used to being feminine. I tried on two or three of her blouses but only one seemed to fit. Ruth is about one size smaller than I am and about three inches shorter.

Her skirts didn’t quite button at the waist so they were out. One elegant dress in black crepe just about fit but I had trouble zipping it up the back. Next I tried on her beautiful black suit that I have always liked. The jacket fit fine and the skirt was just the right length and I could almost button it but I didn’t want to force it. I removed the suit and got back into my own dress. Then I decided to try on hats. These didn’t go over my wig so good except one little one with a veil which looked beautiful.

Then I remembered dinner. I rushed about getting it ready and was nearly finished when Ruth and Mrs. Simpson came home. Mrs. Simpson came in and checked our ears.

“Ruth, I think I would like to have you wear some pendant earrings for a change. They should allow the air to heal the holes quicker if there is movement there. I’ll go get them.”

“Would you like to have dinner here with us, Mrs. Simpson? We would love to have you and you wouldn't have to get a lonely meal.”

“That would be very nice and we could discuss George's progress. Thank you, I believe I will. But first I must get the earrings.”

With Ruth's help we had the dinner all prepared before Mrs. Simpson returned.

“Do you know George, I have come to think of you as a girl since I have seen you in a dress so much the past few days. You make a very passable girl and seem more relaxed in the role each day,” Mrs. Simpson commented.

“If you could have seen me last night walking back and forth you wouldn't say that, Mrs. Simpson. Ruth sure gave me a good workout.”

Mrs. Simpson added, “That's why we all ought to start thinking of you as ‘Sally’ and not George.”

My wife said, “We should start calling you ‘Sally’ all the time now. . .is that okay?”

Mrs Simpson added, “I am trying to get you to walk, sit and stand like a girl instead of slumping like a male animal. I want you to feel like a woman. . .you'll thank me later.”

“Okay,” I declared, “Call me Sally.”

After dinner Mrs. Simpson checked our ears again and pronounced them okay. She then proceeded to show us how I should fix my ears tomorrow.

“Before you go to work I want you to put a tiny plastic rod in each ear. This will hold the hole open during the day and when you get home you can put your earrings in again.

She then took a pair of scissors and cut off one plastic bristle from a new hairbrush that she had brought with her. This she cut again until she had two pieces about 1/4" long. Then she had me remove the earrings and she inserted the tiny plastic rod in the hole with a pair of tweezers. By feeling it with my fingers I could tell that it went through from front to back.

Mrs. Simpson wiped the excess Vaseline away then used liquid powder base and face powder covered the area so that it was not noticeable at all.

“That looks fine Mrs. Simpson,” I exclaimed. “I was worried about the holes showing. Now I feel better.

“I knew I could cover them all right and I knew you were worrying needlessly. Perhaps you can take a compact with you to work just in case some of the powder comes off. When your ears get well I’ll show you how to use chapstick to cover them up.”

“You are a wonder,” Ruth said. “I think we both worried about the holes showing. We sure do thank you for your help.”

“This has been a fun experience for me too. Not many men would be as good a sport!” she replied.

“Now Sally, let’s show Mrs. Simpson how you can walk and sit. I certainly have fallen right into calling you Sally. Maybe you’ll learn to like it,” Ruth said.

I blushed. Hearing her call me Sally made me feel funny in my stomach.

After more walking, posing, sitting and standing Ruth decided to go outdoors and take my picture. We went to the backyard and took three pictures of me which used up all our film.

Nothing of great importance happened the rest of the day. We went to bed early as usual on Sunday night to prepare for the long week of work. With my hair in curlers (I wanted it this time) in gown, robe and slippers and with my face all creamed for the night Ruth gave me my instructions for Monday night.

As we kissed goodnight, our nightgowns merged together. Ruth whispered, “I feel like I’m sleeping with a lovely young woman!” It made a chill crawl up my back.

Before going to work I fixed my ears as instructed and they looked invisible to me but Ruth put a little more powder on them. The tiny pieces of plastic stuck out a hair on the back of the ears but surely not noticeable being of clear plastic. I wore my panties for the first time and carried a compact in my pocket.

Everything else was masculine.

When I got home after work I showered and shaved again. All my underclothes were feminine including my panty girdle. With my new blouse and slacks covering everything I hoped I wouldn’t be noticed in a crowd.

I tried a little mascara and eyebrow pencil with just touch of cologne behind my ears. I recovered my ears and before leaving

I went next door to have Mrs. Simpson check me. Ruth had told her to look me over to see that I was wearing all feminine clothes as instructed. I even had to carry my clutch purse in a paper bag. I passed inspection with the remark that I smelled good.

I had lost some but not all of my nervousness about my clothes when I got to the terminal where I met Ruth. The bus trip was uneventful but I do believe a girl sitting across from me noticed my nylons.

We ate supper at a small tea room restaurant where the portions were small for women's figures. I worried about people seeing my ankles but nobody paid any attention that I could see.

Our first stop was a small corset and foundation store where Ruth had shopped before and one salesgirl knew her. While she talked to the saleslady I stood to the side and tried to look masculine and out of place. The only trouble was I automatically fell into the feminine standing position I had been practicing for the last two days. Ruth arranged for a private fitting room. We went in and I stripped to girdle and bra.

The saleslady came in with a variety of corselets and full length corsets which she fitted on me. Then, not being satisfied, she took them away and returned with others. After the second trip she brought a white all-in-one with removable straps and inner laces that pulled my tummy in. After some adjusting and much pulling on the laces my waist was two inches smaller which was enough to get me into the formal. Ruth inquired about bust pads and showed the saleslady mine.

She suggested we use water in the plastic pads to give added weight. We paid for our purchase and went to a nearby ladies shoe

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store where amidst many women I tried on white strap evening shoes. This time I wasn't scared or embarrassed so I guess I was getting used to it. The clerk did notice my nylons and got my size from the loafers which had another ladies' shoe store label on them. I didn't need anything else so we went home and as it was too late to bother Mrs. Simpson we decided to wait to see her Tuesday night.

After our showers we were both in our gowns and robes putting up our hair, only I was just trying to do it. Ruth said she was pleased with the way I had acted in the stores.

"Nobody guessed that all your clothes were feminine did they? By just acting natural and keeping calm and not attracting attention you were able to wear what you liked and nobody cared."

I was amazed also that no one made any comments.

Ruth lowered her voice and added, "You are not very masculine and that's real good for what I have planned."

Tuesday went off very well and upon returning home I cleaned up and dressed using my new corset. My dress fit better but I soon found it was harder to sit down. I tried to fill the bust pads with water but without success so I had to go back to air. I fixed supper without anything left for Ruth to do when she got home and she was proud of me for doing it.

After dinner I washed the dishes and cleaned up while Ruth tried her hand at filling the plastic bags with water. She tried a funnel which worked fairly well. When they were in place, whether they were warm, cool or cold, they had the weight of breasts and jiggled when I walked.

I put on my new strap shoes and we went next door to Mrs. Simpson's. She had made some slight alterations on the gown so we hoped it would fit better. Ruth removed the straps on my corselet and then put the gown over my head. This time the zipper worked without any trouble.

I posed and modeled for them and even put my arms over my head and the dress didn't fall down. Ruth said she would pin the dress to the corselet Saturday night as added insurance. Ruth taught me how to sit gracefully in the gown and also how to go up and down stairs. I walked, sat, bent over and danced for them.

I felt pretty good about the whole thing. We again thanked Mrs. Simpson for her help and went home where we soon went to bed.

As we kissed goodnight Ruth told me, "I love you as a girl. I hope you like it as much as I do."

In return I told her how I liked wearing the beautiful gown and how it made me feel pretty.

She said, "You can wear it any time you want after the party."

We were both quite happy.

Wednesday and Thursday were a repetition of the days before with me getting supper and cleaning up afterwards and then practicing being a girl. I was able to get two small curlers to stay up in my hair but the rest of them didn't stay in very well. That was better, anyway. My ears were getting along fine and no notice was taken of them at work. Ruth, of course, wore dangle earrings every day and her ears were all well.

Friday, Ruth said she would pick up the wig, so I could come home and get supper. I could also put on nail polish again. It was getting routine to shower and shave then dress as a girl every night.

As much as I tried to deny it, I enjoyed it and hoped it would continue after the party.

I knew Ruth would be home late Friday evening so I did a little buying on my own. After dressing in slacks and blouse with all-girl underwear I went to a distant shoe store (not the same one we had been to originally) because I wanted some high-heeled black suede pumps bad enough to go to the store and try them on.

Again, the clerk gave me a peculiar look when he took my size from my loafers but somehow it didn't matter. The shoes fit beautifully as they were a little more expensive make. I planned to use them Sunday so when I got home I hid them away in the back of the closet. I hoped that I could wear them and at least I was prepared.

Ruth came home with her hands full of packages but I wasn't interested in anything else but the wig. It was a dark blonde wig in the style of the girls of today with no part, bangs in front and teased, smooth hair to a single curl on the sides and back. A beautiful hairpiece. When Ruth put it on my head it fit very well and felt so

much lighter than the one I had been wearing. It seemed to go very well with my coloring and made me feel very feminine. We couldn't wait to show Mrs. Simpson but as I had supper ready and hot we decided to eat first.

While eating Ruth said she was getting tired of my shirtwaist dress and wondered if I could get into any of her clothes.

"Well, I did try them on last Sunday but I could not get them zipped. With this new corset I might be able to do it."

"So, you did try on my suit? I wondered if I had left the sleeve like that. We will try on my green crepe after supper and if you can get into it you can have it."

We hurried through supper and without washing the dishes we went to try on the dress. The long zipper in back went up easily without stopping and it looked beautiful in the mirror. Nice curves. Ruth added to my make-up and loaned me her black purse to carry. We went next door to show Mrs. Simpson and she was overjoyed with my wig.

"Oh, if you could only keep it all the time," she said. "You look more like a girl than many women I know. Here, let me get my new gold earrings," she enthused.

She went to her bedroom and returned with the box she had shown us last week. She took the gold earrings and inserted them in my ears.

"You won't be needing these sleepers any more." she said.

"Gee, they feel wonderful Mrs. Simpson. They are so light I hardly know they are there and they just show beneath the hairline. Just perfect," I exclaimed joyfully.

"I'm so proud of him I could just burst," Ruth said. "I could squeeze him and hug him all day. He's so sweet and delectable."

"I know you'll have a good time tomorrow night and after seeing how nice he looks you will surely win first prize because I don't think anybody can beat him."

"Oh, I forgot to tell you! I got a call from Barbara today and there has been some changes in the party. It is going to be an all-girl hen party so we girls don't have to dress as fellows. Two of the girls complained that they had too much to do to get their men dressed to do a good job on themselves so it was decided to make it all-girl. She did say that the girls are really working hard and that the first prize is a washing machine dryer combination. Now that is something we really need."

"Now I can see why you put so much time and effort into getting Sally ready," Mrs. Simpson said. "For prizes like that you can afford to spend a little money."

"I knew the first prize would be good but a washer-dryer is terrific. Do you think we'll win, Sally?"

"I'm sure going to try and I'll enjoy seeing some of the fellows dressed up."

"Are you going shopping tomorrow, Mrs. Simpson? I've got the laundry and some grocery shopping and this time we could take Sally but I think I'd rather keep his wig just right for the party."

"Yes, I could go shopping and it is very kind of you to ask me," Mrs. Simpson said.

"It's also very kind of you to loan us your earrings and help. We couldn't get along without you," Ruth replied.

We soon went back to our house where we cleaned up the dishes and then I had to take a long, hot bubble bath. I followed it with bath oil and bath powder. I surely did smell good. Ruth put a cream on my elbows, heels and feet to soften them. Then while soft she gave me a good manicure and pedicure. She was going to do me up right. I was able to get more curlers up right this time but my arms get very tired doing it. I was getting quite used to the nightgown and silently hoped I could use it after the party.

Just before bed Ruth said I was more than a husband and partner now and that she loved me more each day. This was certainly nice to hear.

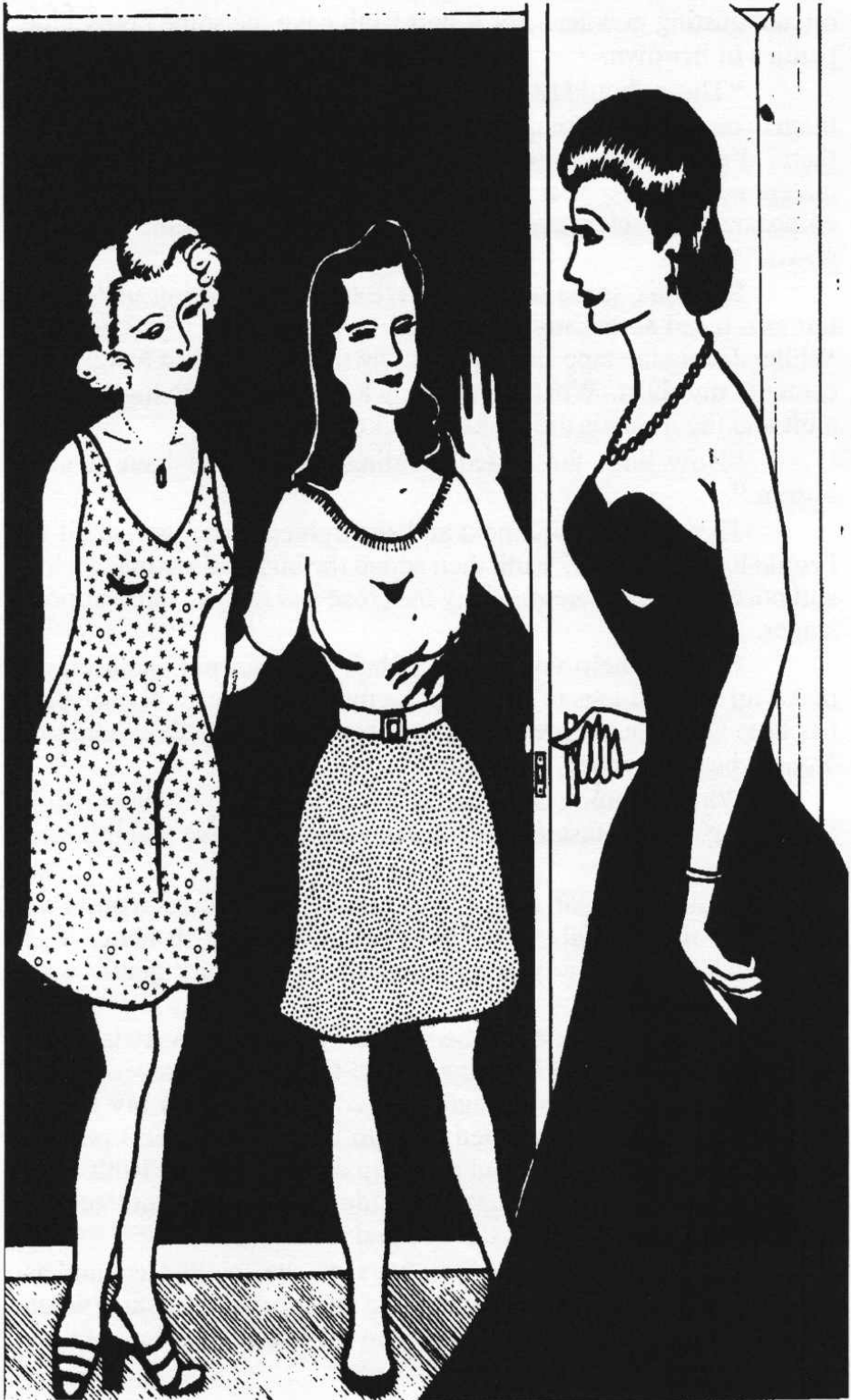
Saturday came and I was told to dress as usual. After breakfast I was to clean the house as I did before and get lunch as they would surely be back to eat. I cleaned the kitchen and bathroom and started vacuuming before they got back. This time Ruth pitched in and helped me finish the cleaning and got lunch.

After eating and washing the dishes she started in on me.

"Now, young lady, we will start getting you ready. Strip to your girdle and I'll shave you from the neck down."

This took quite a while as she got to many places I didn't know there was hair. She put lotion over the shaved areas and then the skin was smooth.

My back had sparse hair but it would have looked bad with an evening gown. The next step was another bubble bath with bath



oil and dusting powder. For a start Ruth gave me some pretty blue panties of her own.

“These should fit and I want you to have them. Daddy gave them to me last Christmas if you’ll remember and I have never worn them. I also want you to wear this panty girdle to cover up your maleness. Before you get into your corselet I want to try to emphasize your cleavage so that it will look nice in the strapless gown.”

She took some wide adhesive tape and starting under my left arm taped across my chest to a like point under my right arm. While placing the tape she was pushing the flesh up and toward the center of my chest. When finished my loose flesh overhung the tape a bit and the mounds did make a marked cleavage.

“Now with the added padding you should have a nice bosom.”

The corselet came next and she tightened the laces a bit so I could hardly breathe. Ruth then added the bust pads to make a big soft bosom. When I breathed my bust rose and fell just like an opera singer.

“Let me help you up on a chair so I can put some liquid make-up on your legs to cover up the marks and spots. Everybody has blue veins that show but we don’t want them to show tonight. You do have nice legs, you know.”

While standing on the chair I kept watching my bust rising and falling. It was fascinating. I could hardly believe that this was me.

“All right, dear, now I have another surprise for you. I’ve got a pair of beautiful, sheer luxury nylons. They fit better, feel wonderful and I know you will love them. Be very gentle with them.”

I sat on the edge of the bed where I had to bend very ladylike to put my feet into the stockings. The tight corset prevented me from bending farther as I usually do when putting on my socks. Ruth straightened and fastened them to the corselet then I put my pumps back on my feet. I put on a slip and dress while Ruth went to the bathroom to get her bath. I couldn’t do much more getting ready so I just lay down on the bed and rested.

When Ruth got back from her bath she smelled as good as I did. She proceeded to dress and got to the slip and robe stage when she decided to get a little something to eat before proceeding with my make-up.

We had a hurried supper, if you could call it that, then went back to fixing me up. Ruth then put liquid makeup on my back, chest and arms. With foundation base, powder, rouge, lipstick and eye make-up galore she transformed her poor husband into a glamorous hussy.

"I had planned to have you go to the beauty parlor this afternoon for a manicure, facial and complete make-up. At the last minute I thought I could do the job just as well. I thought of false eyelashes but with the long lashes you have you don't need any false ones. I sure wish you didn't need your glasses. They are the only thing that detracts from your appearance."

She finished with me then did her usual excellent job on her own make-up. She put her hair up on top of her head in a style that so becomes her.

"Well, if you are ready I'll get you into your gown now," Ruth said finally. "First sit down and I'll put on your slippers. These won't give you the support of the pumps but let's hope you can get through the evening all right. You are able to walk in heels better than I thought you would."

She removed the gown from the closet and put it over my head. It zipped up very easily. She then proceeded to pin the top of the gown to the corselet so no accidents would happen. She gave me her long elbow length white gloves which I smoothed on gently as she put her rhinestone necklace around my neck. Then I sat while she put the wig in place. It was my crowning glory. She practically drenched me with her best perfume before she was satisfied.

"Mrs. Simpson is going to loan you her mink stole and earrings so you be sure to take care of them. I know they are very expensive and we can't afford to replace them. "

I preened in front of the full length mirror while Ruth got into her black velvet sheath. She looked beautiful with the gold bracelet and Mrs. Simpson's new gold earrings. She got a small clutch handbag for herself and gave me a white brocade party bag.

"Yours contains mad money, lipstick, and compact. No wallet, keys, or identification so if you get lost, you're dead."

"Don't worry, I'll certainly stick close to you."

As we both stood in front of the mirror Ruth said, "Don't we make beautiful sisters?" I had to admit that we did.

"Give me one kiss and we will go give Mrs. Simpson a thrill," she added.

Mrs. Simpson was overjoyed at my appearance. She had the mink stole ready and put it over my shoulders then showed me how to wear it. She took out the earrings I had been wearing and inserted the long pendent earrings that would go with my necklace.

"These are a little heavier than the other ones I have been wearing but they don't feel clumsy and bulky like the ones Ruth has on."

"Yes, I know you should have a month or so before you should wear these heavier earrings but we didn't have time. I don't believe they will do any harm."

"We will probably be back late so we will see you in the morning," Ruth said.

As we both kissed her on a cheek she said to us, "Have a good time, my dears. You both look lovely."

We left for the party with Ruth helping me into the car then driving carefully the seven miles to the Johnson residence where she again assisted me out.

"Take a nice big breath and we will go in," she said.

"If I take a deep breath something will burst," I replied.

Ruth went in first and I followed her to the basement playroom. Barbara was astonished at seeing me, but didn't ask any questions except my new name.

We were introduced to all as Ruth and Sally then we made the rounds of the room speaking to everybody. We talked with all the girls as there were no men visible. I will try to explain in a general way rather than go into an explanation of each costume.

Only one was laughable. He was a big husky man who probably couldn't get a dress to fit him anyway so he came as a granny. Big boots for shoes, long Calico dress and a sun bonnet. Poor fellow, he didn't look very pretty. Three girls had floor-length evening gowns and were made up to the teeth. One other cocktail-length formal was like mine except it had straps. Two suits and four good dresses made up the rest except for Ed Johnson, who came as a French maid. He had long net stockings and a short, short skirt.

Blondes predominated and most had bouffant styled hair. Of the group only three looked as though they would give me any trouble. I was the only one with pierced ears and topless gown so I caused some comment there.

We had drinks and a few minutes exchange of talk before Barbara introduced a Mrs. Mabry as the judge who would determine

the winners of the prize. She was the owner and director of a charm and model school downtown.

Of the twelve fellows in the competition each had many things to do to win. We were marked on beauty, poise, girlishness, manners, walking, sitting, voice, and general deportment. Mrs. Mabry would continue to mark us even while not in direct competition through the evening as the final announcement would be made at midnight.

We tried a couple of childish games to brighten things up then came the "leg show". We let everybody into this event and a real girl beat me out.

I easily beat the men. We tested the hands and I was third. The girl who won went to the beauty shop for artificial fingernails and a manicure.

Each of us had to walk the length of the room and back the same as models do on the runways. In this I came a close second to a professional dancer. Each tried sitting gracefully and I easily won this contest.

The final event was the worst of all. Each of us had to stand and while speaking in a feminine voice had to tell his reactions to wearing dresses. I learned that others in the group liked to be pretty, be pampered and smell sweet.

The truck driver who came as "Granny" couldn't be shaken out of his masculine hole but he did say that he had lots of fun. One fellow said he might be persuaded to wear panties all the time as they felt better than his shorts. Most of them said they would like to do it again but only if the girls wore men's clothing.

When my time came to speak I was extremely nervous. I knew that I had been hit hard. If I was to be truthful I might lose all their friendships. On the other hand if I didn't tell them the truth I would be miserable the rest of my life. I decided it would be best to tell some of the truth and let the chips fall.

"To tell the truth girls, I love it. The clothing is so soft and smooth. This has touched my sense of feeling most of all. Any man who has worn nylon panties for the first time will understand. The slip, or nightgown slides down over the body so smoothly. The nylons, with their taunt smoothness over the legs emphasizes what I mean. When I put my nylon clad foot into a woman's shoe for the first time I was surprised how light the shoe was and how easily it went on. Then when I was all dressed in a tight dress the svelte figure just makes me feel good all over. I love this transformation



from man to woman that I have made and hope to be able to do it again sometime. One other thing, any woman who says she can't wear high heels is just a lazy bum. I know!”, I concluded.

There was a pause after I got through my speech before they clapped. I must have shocked them.

While Mrs. Mabry was figuring out the winners I had many girls (real and otherwise) crowd around me, wanting to hear more of my views.

Mrs. Mabry announced her decisions of the winners in the contest. We won first prize easily she said. Second prize of an automatic food mixer went to the dancer. I don't remember the rest of the winners or prizes because I was in a bit of shock. We had won. Ruth was so happy she cried and she almost got me crying, too.

From then on we all relaxed and had a happy time. There was much talk about another party next month but nothing materialized. We had wonderful refreshments and, of course, good drinks. Each of us had our pictures taken by Ed before the party broke up. We thanked the Johnson's for inviting us and left for home.

Ruth was very happy but in a quiet mood as we drove home. She must have been doing a lot of thinking. Again she helped me out of the car and said she would have carried me into the house if she could.

I was hugged and kissed all the way to the bedroom. Reluctantly I began to remove my pretty gown and the accessories. . . I knew it had to end sometime.

I carefully removed everything and washed out my stockings, panties, and girdle. The rest I hung up to air as instructed. I removed my earrings and then creamed off all my makeup. I put some ear screws on and found the holes were decidedly larger.

Ruth handed me the pretty nightgown I'd been wearing and I put it on without question. We were really tired when we did hit the bed so I don't believe we moved all night.

In the morning, Ruth kissed me awake and told me to go shower and shave while she fixed breakfast. This I was willing to do as I had plans for the day. After breakfast I said I would clean up while she bathed so Ruth went off to the bathroom.

I immediately went to the bedroom and started dressing, using exactly the same clothes I wore at the party. I hurried as fast

as I could at the dressing table in my new black suede pumps and Ruth's black skirt when she returned. I had most of my face done and was just starting on my eyes.

"Hey, what are you doing? The party is over. Is that my good skirt? And where did you get those suede shoes?"

"I know the party is over," I stammered, surprised by her attitude. "I . . . just thought. . . I bought these shoes especially to go with your black skirt which I have loved ever since you got it. I thought it would be fun to get all dressed up just like I was going to church with my beautiful wig and all my make-up. I know I can't go out in the street but I can play that I am going to church. Just think for a minute and you will realize that I'll never be in this position again so please let me do it."

"Well, all right, you can dress now if you like. I wanted you to get dressed this afternoon anyway as I wanted to take your picture. I did think to get some film last week. Did you pick up the pictures we took last Sunday?"

"No, dear. I forgot all about them. I'll get them tomorrow."

So I continued to put on my makeup. I didn't put too much on, but just enough to show nicely. Then I put on the wig and the gold earrings that Ruth had worn to the party. I picked up Ruth's white satin suit blouse that I knew would fit now that I had the corset. I buttoned the suit jacket then picked up her black kid gloves.

"I hope you don't stretch those gloves or you'll buy me some more. You'll need a hat. This whimsy will look nice, I think. Get my black bag out of the closet."

"Now you're talking like an angel. Do I look alright now?"

"You look beautiful and it is a shame you can't go with us. That suit fits you very well. Just a minute and I'll be ready to go see Mrs. Simpson. Get her stole and earrings to take back to her. Gee, won't she be surprised when she hears we won the washer-dryer!

While I checked myself in the mirror again Ruth finished dressing. She checked her bag, and got some gloves and we were off next door.

"Good morning, Mrs. Simpson," we said almost in unison.

"Good morning, dears. My, you look better dressed for church than you did last night for the party. I thought you were too glamorous."

"Well, I was," I said proudly. "We won first prize!"

"That's wonderful. But I knew you would. . .you've become so feminine."

"Here are your earrings and stole. They helped a lot and we sincerely thank you," I said as I handed them to her.

"I thought they would help. I'm all ready but just let me put these diamonds in my safe.

"We almost fainted!

"Did you say diamonds? We thought they were rhinestones."

"Oh yes, they are real diamonds all right. They are appraised at over fifteen thousand dollars."

Again, we almost fainted.

"And you let us borrow them and didn't tell us their value. My goodness, you are a trusting soul."

"I knew I would get them back all right so I wasn't worried."

When she returned from the bedroom she looked at my ears and said nothing.

"Well, I'm ready now so let's go and after church I have a surprise for you."

"George isn't going Mrs. Simpson. I don't think he should leave the house. I only let him get dressed up because we will take pictures this afternoon."

"Why certainly he should go!", Mrs. Simpson protested. "He looks just fine. If you are you afraid he doesn't look good enough to pass as a lady? Let me tell you, honey, you have done a fine job on him and I believe he could pass as a girl anywhere. I know his voice is low but many women have husky voices and he doesn't need to speak much."

"But suppose we have an accident and he gets caught on the street, what will people say?"

"We will be with him all the time and everything will be all right. You didn't have an accident last night, did you? Why plan on one now? He looks so nice it would be a shame not to take him with us."

"Let me get a word in here," I said. "I'm the one you are talking about and I will be the one to take all the blame if I get in a jam. I wanted to try on Ruth's suit as I have loved it ever since she bought it. I do think it looks well on me. This is a good opportunity to do it as I still have the wig and my nails are lacquered. Everything

is as good as it gets. As far as walking on the street, I don't think I would mind it, but to go to church might be hard on my heart. It would be very exciting. Perhaps I could sit in the car while you went to church. I think it would be a great experience for me and I'll surely never be in a position to do it again."

"You seem to like the clothes that I have made you wear. You mentioned that you liked them last night. I do think you look grand, darling, but do you think you could be a lady for a day? It would be an interesting experiment," Ruth questioned.

"I think I could get along all right provided you two didn't try to get me into trouble or take me to a ladies' room."

"Oh good," said Mrs. Simpson, "This will be such fun."

You both look so nice that I want to take you out to dinner after church. I called for reservations at The Golden Horseshoe yesterday. It is such a fine place for dining I surely hope we can go. That was to be my surprise but now you know about it, and it may be the only way to get Sally there."

"That is such an expensive place, do you think we should do it? We could eat somewhere else, if you wish," Ruth said.

"These reservations are for three ladies and are for one o'clock this afternoon. Now let's not worry about it any further," Mrs. Simpson said.

"Well, we'll be thrilled to accept your invitation Ruth said sheepishly.

"I'll need to go to the bathroom before we go and I would like to have you check my make-up," I interrupted.

Ruth and I went back to our house where she began to smooth out my makeup and repowdered my nose before she gave me her approval.

Mrs. Simpson sat in the back seat of our car so she could watch and correct me, she said. As I sat in my seat with my skirt slightly above my knees I smiled as I thought how many times I had seen girls ride by me while in this position.

"If you would rather not go to church today perhaps we could go to another," Mrs. Simpson said.

"That would make me feel better," Ruth replied, "but where?"

"Let's try the big Methodist Church on Main Street where we wouldn't be apt to know anyone."

"If I had a choice," I said, "I'd rather window-shop."

"We can do that later, Sally. Right now we're going to church," Ruth replied.

Everything was fine until I coughed. It was a strictly masculine cough.

"Sally, can't you cough right so people won't take notice of you. And if you can't you'd better hold it while we're in public."

We parked near the church and walked inside where we were ushered to a pew near the back. I was very nervous all the service, but they calmed me down with a pat on the leg or a smile. I got out after the services ended without speaking and with only a smile and a few handshakes.

After getting back in the car, we all sighed. Ruth and Mrs. Simpson both congratulated me on my deportment and Ruth said it wasn't as bad as she had expected.

We drove the short distance to the restaurant and upon entering we were taken to a quiet table on the side of the large dining area. Mrs. Simpson did the ordering for all of us as it was her treat.

"I should like to explain," Mrs. Simpson started, "just a little about why I am enjoying doing all this for George. My dear husband liked to dress in women's clothes, too."

Ruth and I must have gasp aloud.

She smiled, "He tried to hide it. He had a secret little hiding spot in the attic. When I would go home for a visit he would dress up."

"He hide it?" Ruth asked.

"If it wasn't for the heart attack he might have never told me. The doctor told him to reduced stress. He finally broke down and told me. It had started when he was a child and it was a compulsion that he had to dress up once in a while. Naturally I met with the doctor and he explained to me all about the phenomenon. The doctor finally convinced me of the necessity for Mike to dress up and from then on he changed. . . I only wished he had told me sooner."

Ruth had tears in her eyes and I have to admit, I did too.

She continued, "From that time on until he died we had a wonderful marriage and he was as loving a husband as he could be. After the heart attack, he retired. I saw to it that he had as much feminine clothing as he needed and he rarely wore male underclothes after that. All his night clothes were frilly gowns which he loved. The doctor said his feminization was the best medicine I

could give him. I pierced his ears and he always wore earrings the rest of his life."

Ruth looked at me. I confessed that I felt less stress.

"I believe Sally will always want to wear pretty clothes and be as feminine as possible. I don't know his whole story, but I imagine that George did dress as a girl when he was a youngster, and when you asked him to dress for the party it threw the door open for him to let his feminine side be known."

I blushed as my feelings were exposed.

She turned to Ruth. "Many times the feelings are dormant until the right moment comes along. When that time comes, nothing can hold it back. If you refuse to allow him to dress up at least to a minimum degree it can lead to disaster. He is going to do it anyway. Divorce, drunkenness, heart problems, insanity, and suicide have resulted from trying to repress this feeling. It took me a long time to be convinced and I don't want you to waste all that time."

Ruth asked me, "Did you ever dress like this when you were a child?"

"Yes, mother caught me in her closet a couple of times and I went to a Halloween party dressed as a girl. I love the feeling of silk and satin and for the past couple of weeks I have been in heaven. I have tried to suppress the desire ever since we got married. There is very little to be read on the subject," I turned to her and said, "I would appreciate any understanding and freedom. I don't like to do anything behind your back, Ruth, or against your wishes, but the urge is in me."

Ruth said, "I am a little astounded by your explanation of the problem, Mrs. Simpson. I believe you are telling me the truth about George. I would like to read a little on the subject and perhaps talk to a doctor. Honestly, I have been rather proud of 'Sally' but I didn't know it was serious. We've had a lot of fun these past few days. . .and I really enjoyed having a girlfriend to dress up."

"I must say we accomplished a lot here today," Mrs. Simpson remarked. "I have one more thing to say on the subject. Sally may come to my house anytime he wishes. I don't need George there at all."

"I wonder how we can ever thank you," I said when we had finished dinner.

Before we left, we each fixed our make-up. On the way home we stopped at our largest shopping center to window shop.

It was wonderful to be able to stand and study the women's clothes and shoes in the windows without feeling like a dope peddler. We spent a lovely two hours there before going home to take pictures.

At home, I re-checked my make-up, Ruth got the camera and we took pictures of me in the suit. We tried many different poses with Mrs. Simpson, and then with Ruth. Then I changed to the evening gown and Ruth fixed my hair and made my face up with more make-up like I had worn at the party.

Mrs. Simpson brought out her long pendant earrings and mink stole so that I looked like I had at the party. In the daylight I thought I looked very nice.

After using up most of the film on the variety of poses we decided I should get back into my regular clothes to finish off the film. We had only a couple of more exposures to do and Ruth suggested we have one of the shirtwaist and one of the skirt and blouse.

I had to re-do all my make-up, which took a little time, and those two women were both trying to get me to hurry. As I was coming out the front door I stepped to the small landing and turned around to start down the five stairs. The high heel on my left shoe caught on the top stair and I fell down.

I tried to grab the railing but I missed and hit it with my glasses and they broke at the frames. My right hand hit the lowest step and I landed on it crooked. I bumped my chin pretty badly as I landed on my purse which was in my other hand. The fall jarred me real good I guess, and I was out a minute or two because both Ruth and Mrs. Simpson were helping me sit up when I came to.

"Now you've done it. Now you've done it," Ruth said this over and over to herself. My left ankle felt like it was on fire. My right arm was numb and useless but it didn't bother me much. I felt like throwing up. Of course I couldn't see much without my glasses. The frames had broken in two places but the lenses were intact. I was in shock and wanted to lie down.

They tried to get me up so I could get in the car. I couldn't put any weight on my left foot and my right arm hung uselessly, but they still tried to pick me up.

"We must get him to a doctor right away," Ruth said. "I think his ankle is broken and his arm looks awfully funny. It will take too long to get him out of those clothes and it will hurt him terribly. What are we going to do?"

“Let’s put him in the car and take him down the street to Dr. Arnold. He is my doctor and treated Mike. I’m sure he will help us without any embarrassment. I hope he’s in this afternoon.”

I was still dazed and not in any condition to do any arguing. I was gently put into the car and my wig and clothes re-arranged. He and his nurse were about to leave the clinic after finishing an emergency burn case as we drove up. While Mrs. Simpson talked with Doctor Arnold, Ruth and the nurse got me in a wheelchair and wheeled me to a treatment room where they helped me onto a table. I hadn’t said a word yet, and decided to let Ruth do all the talking.

Doctor Arnold looked at my arm first and said I would have to be x-rayed. Before he started to look at my ankle the nurse reached up under my skirt and unfastened my garters and removed my stocking. Ruth and Mrs. Simpson held their breaths for a minute while their eyes got big.

The nurse then wheeled me into the x-ray room and took the picture. While we were gone Ruth and Mrs. Simpson spoke with the doctor as to how this had happened and the circumstances.

The doctor came out of the lab room with the x-rays and showed us that the ankle was only sprained badly, but my arm was fractured in two places.

“I will tape up the ankle now because this will cause you more trouble right now than the arm. You must stay off your ankle for two weeks because it’s a very bad sprain. After that you may be able to go to work, but I don’t know what you could do with your arm the way it is. The arm I will set in a cast and it will have to stay on six weeks.”

After getting taped up and my arm put in a cast with the sling up tight around my neck I was again wheeled back to the car for the trip home. I didn’t feel too good now for the shock of it all was beginning to hit me. Mrs. Simpson said she would take care of the details with the doctor so Ruth and the nurse got me into the car. We waited for a short time and Mrs. Simpson returned with the doctor. He was quite surprised to know I was not a female and that I had behaved so naturally in a crisis. He said he would visit me tomorrow to check the cast and we could talk at that time.

We went home where they gently got me into the house and between the two of them, got me undressed. I didn’t help much and as I was still dazed I didn’t object to anything they did. They put a gown on me and kissed me and told me how sorry they were for me. Ruth gave me a pill to ease the pain and make me sleep. I must

have slept for when I woke up it was dark. I called for Ruth and she came.

“Well, Sally, how are you feeling?”

“I’m feeling a little better but I sure am woozy. I think I could almost stand a little food.”

“Mrs. Simpson and I have been talking ever since we left you here and she showed me many pictures of Mike. I understand so much better now. . . I think I’m almost ready to have a sister but I’d still like to talk to the doctor. He’s treated a lot of men like you. For now, you need to soak that foot.

About five minutes later Mrs. Simpson came in bustling around, found my robe and helped me sit up and got me into the robe. She called Ruth who came in and they got me to the kitchen where there was a pan of hot water for my foot and coffee and soup for my stomach. It was 9:30 p.m.

“We thought you were going to sleep all night. ” “My arm is hurting pretty badly but I guess a little aspirin will help when I go back to bed. Wow, that water is hot!” I yelled.

“As I see it, you are fairly dependent on us,” Mrs. Simpson said, “so we can do just about anything we want with you. Isn’t that right?”

“Well, I can’t really do much right now. . .”

“Then I hope you won’t mind if we organize your life for you for a couple of weeks at least. I shall stay here with you much of the time while Ruth works and we can work on your further feminization.”

“Really?” I gasp.

“We have a lot to do,” Ruth said, “I must go see your boss, call my office and go see about your glasses. Mrs. Simpson and I decided not to take the wig back for a couple of days until we decide a few things. We must keep it here as Dr. Arnold’s staff saw you with it on and they should see you with it again. Later we will decide what to do.”

“Please don’t be too rough on me as I don’t think I could stand too much right now. I’ll do what you want me to until I get well enough to get back to work,” I said pleadingly.

“All right then, with Dr. Arnold’s permission we are going to let you live as one of us girls for as long as you are home. Just for fun, we’ll put all your male clothes away where you can’t find them and let your hair grow as long as it will. We’ll teach you to

take care of it as we would our own. After a while you will be able to help around the house on little things and as your ankle heals you can do bigger things. Any questions?"

"Oh my, what did I get into now?" I mumbled.

"Don't complain," Ruth said, "This will give you some concentrated experience on what a woman's life is really like. Who knows, after a while, you may decide you hate wearing dresses."

By this time I had finished my late supper and before Mrs. Simpson left they helped me to the bathroom then back to bed.

"Goodnight, my dear," she said and with a wink, added, "We'll make a very pretty girl."

The sleeping pill Ruth gave me worked very quickly as the last thing I remember before going to sleep was a long kiss and a low whispered, "Goodnight sweetheart, have feminine dreams."

Monday morning Mrs. Simpson was over early to help me to the bathroom then back to bed. While I was out of the bed Ruth fixed it up and added a little perfume to the pillows. They got a clean gown on me and with a little lipstick I was ready for breakfast. Mrs. Simpson had it all ready and brought it to me on a tray. She helped me with my breakfast then they both ate in the kitchen. I wasn't as hungry as I thought I was. My arm was hurting quite a bit. After breakfast I had to soak my ankle again only this time I just sat on the edge of the bed.

A short time later Ruth left for town and Mrs. Simpson came in to help me dress. She did a good job and said she had done it many times for Mike. She then applied lipstick and powder but didn't go any farther.

"How would you like to wear my good diamond earrings in place of those rings? I'll get them and be back in a minute."

She went next door and returned in a few minutes with some beautiful diamond studs. These she put into my ears and then showed me how they looked in the mirror. They were beautiful. They hurt a little going in but she explained the thread part usually did but goes away in a minute. My ears were getting real well she said and pretty soon I could wear heavier earrings. She then put the wig on my head and fixed the bangs in front so they looked nice.

"Now you look real sweet," she said.

We talked about Mike a bit. She told me how ashamed and awkward he was at first but how she saw how relaxed he was in

dresses. "I delighted in dressing him in the most feminine clothes possible. I bought him brightly colored panties and brassieres, snazzy dresses and encouraged him to think like a woman."

"Think like one?"

"Sure," she said, "You know, like wear revealing things, show off his legs and accept himself."

"Did you go out shopping together?" I asked.

"We went everywhere! Shopping, dinner, we even went on a two week Caribbean cruise. . .that's where he really learned to dance."

"DANCE?"

Her eyes were filled with tears again, but with happy tears. "Of course, dance. You can't expect two pretty ladies to not dance with the gentlemen."

I was fascinated.

Ruth didn't get back until after 2 o'clock as she had to wait for the glasses. As she took them from the envelope I could see they were women's frames but I knew I could do nothing about it. She put them on me and with a little bending of one earpiece they fit very well. At least I could see. When she gave me a mirror my new glasses looked very nice and feminine.

She noticed the diamonds in my ears then asked Mrs. Simpson if they were real and very expensive.

"Yes, they are real diamonds. Mike bought those for our 25th wedding anniversary so I suspect they cost quite a bit. I've never had them appraised but I don't think Sally will lose them right now. In fact, she can't get them off with one hand."

"I got you a pretty bed negligee jacket, Sally, so that you will look real nice when the doctor comes this afternoon. It should go rather well with your nightie."

"Oh yeah," I blushed at a man seeing me like this."

"Shhh," Ruth said, "Let me put some make-up on you. . .you look fine. Besides, I hope it will cheer you up a bit. You look pretty glum. You'd almost think you didn't like all this care and pampering you are getting."

"My arm aches and my ankle hurts and you want me to look glamorous. That sure is a pretty jacket but I don't think it will be very warm."

“Warmth and beauty don’t usually travel hand-in-hand when it comes to clothes. Right now you should be interested in beauty and showing the doctor who feminine you’ve become. If you are cold we will turn up the furnace.”

Ruth cleaned my face with cold cream then applied make-up. Using all her skills she made me look very lovely. Then she gave me a mirror so I could see the results. I was sure my face was getting more feminine. Then she put the bed jacket on me, fluffed up the pillows and we waited for Dr. Arnold.

While waiting Ruth was busy. She had gotten some cardboard boxes from the grocery store and she proceeded to take all my male clothes out of the closet and dresser drawers and pack them into the boxes. These she sealed with tape and took them outside the bedroom and what she did with them I do not know.

I asked, “Are you sure that is necessary?”

She smiled. “Mrs. Simpson said it would be exciting for you to realized that you only have dresses to wear.” Then she lined up my new shoes in the rack and put my few dresses and my skirt in the closet.

She added a few items from her side of the closet to fill up space but also saying I could wear them whenever I wanted to. The dresser drawers were fairly clean with only a few items of lingerie in them.

She even got into the summer clothes that she had recently packed away and took every stitch of male clothes out. The only thing left to me was my razor and that could be used by either sex. That woman even put away all the pictures of me as a male. I watched her all this time and wondered what was happening to us. I knew I was happy and contented in my new role but did wonder how long her encouragement would last.

The doctor went to Mrs. Simpson’s house before both of them came to see me. Apparently they had talked about me and when he came in to see me I was greeted as a woman.

“Well, young lady,” he said, “let’s see how your arm is getting on. I hope your arm hasn’t swollen overnight or I may have to loosen the cast.”

He examined my arm and was satisfied so he then checked my ankle. He rebandaged the ankle with instructions to soak it three times a day.

“My, you sure do look nice. These two women have got their claws into you, haven’t they? I treated Mike for many years

before he died and must say that wearing women's clothes never hurt him. He was a fine gentleman, good citizen and a good husband and he made a delightful woman."

Mrs. Simpson smiled as he continued, "Did you know that Mike was very ill when I first had him for a patient? He had a bad nervous condition that was aggravating an heart attack. I tried many remedies on him from diets to pills of great variety and almost had to operate until he told me of his cross-dressing interests.

Then I talked with Mrs. Simpson about it for almost a month before I could convince her of the therapeutic value of his dressing. When he was able to dress with her help and consent, his heart condition improved and his nervousness abated. These are facts that I can prove with Mike's charts and reports. Since then I have helped many other men along similar lines. As for your cross-dressing interests, it followed you into adulthood and needed an outlet to bring it to a head. About all I can say is that if you must do it and you don't hurt anyone while doing it, go ahead and have fun. The biggest trouble with a problem of this nature is that people bottle it up inside themselves without an outlet. It can get serious. Go ahead, have your fun but remember your pretty girl here," and he looked toward Ruth.

"How can I hurt her—she's doing all this to me!"

"Ha! I'll need to see you at the office Friday afternoon so come looking your prettiest. Incidentally, you are on my books as Sally Simpson. I thought you would appreciate that. I haven't even told my nurse and I don't intend to. Goodbye, see you Friday."

"Well, how about that," I said to myself.

When Ruth and Mrs. Simpson returned from seeing Dr. Arnold to the door they started right in on me.

"We will start on his voice to raise it a little as it doesn't sound feminine enough. We could use cold cream or an estrogen cream all over his body to soften it especially on the rough spots. Are you staying home tomorrow, Ruth, or will you go to work?"

"Oh, I'll have to stay here tomorrow and if he feels all right Wednesday I'll go to work. If you can stay with him for a few days or at least until he can get around it would be a big help to me."

"Oh, I intend to stay here as long as you need me."

"We certainly do thank you," I said. "You have been very kind to us when we needed help. How about some food. I'm starved!"

“That’s another thing. Let’s take some fat off his tummy and build up his chest and hips if we can. I’m glad his beard isn’t heavy. Wish we could get it pulled out.”

“Now you girls take it easy on me,” I protested. As they prepared supper in the kitchen I could hear them talking excitedly. Ruth brought me my supper on a tray and stayed with me until I had gotten started then went to the kitchen to eat with Mrs. Simpson. They continued the talk with occasional laughter through the meal but I couldn’t hear any of it. When Mrs. Simpson came for my tray she was smiling in a peculiar way.

“Did you enjoy your supper, dear,” she asked.

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"I liked it fine except that I didn't have anyone to talk to and I couldn't hear what went on in the kitchen."

"You mean you're lonely and you don't like it."

"I feel that I'm being left out, that's all."

"We were talking about you, of course, and how pretty you look right now. We are going to do a few things to you that will make you look even better. We'll tell you all about it at breakfast. Now you must soak your foot for a half hour."

After soaking my foot and reading for a while I was ready for sleep. They both came in to help me to the bathroom then they went to straighten the bed.

When I returned to the bedroom they had a clean nightie and bra for me and also the waist cincher that I hadn't worn yet. I was to wear that all the time to eliminate my tummy and make my chest larger. Ruth had said I should get used to having breasts so I had worn the bra at night for some time.

"I wish we could paste these bust pads to his skin so he wouldn't need to wear the bra all night. Tomorrow we will try to get some tape or something."

"Thank you, Mrs. Simpson, for helping me," I said. "You have been very kind."

"Oh, pooh. It has been fun and has helped me forget my troubles. We'll have more fun tomorrow. Goodnight, girls."

After seeing Mrs. Simpson safely to her door Ruth came back with a couple pills for me.

"Here, take these, one is a sleeping tablet the doctor left then go right to sleep. We have planned an interesting day for you tomorrow. Goodnight, have sweet feminine dreams."

I wondered what they had planned but it didn't take long for the pill to take effect.

Tuesday started about the same as Monday and after breakfast I was brought out to the kitchen so I could be near the hot water to soak my foot and also so I could talk with them.

With my left foot in a pail of hot water and my right arm in a cast slung from my neck, Ruth asked if I could do much of anything for myself, or was I still dependent on her.

"Of course I can't do much of anything for myself. I'm stuck here until you decide to help me."

"Rather a feminine feeling of dependence?"

"I just don't seem like I'm in control of my life anymore."

"Just relax and you'll end up a really stunning woman. Wouldn't you like that?"

"I guess so—OH MY. What have I gotten into to?"

"Just accept it for now. For starters, we're going to do something that is important to all girls and you will like it when it's done. We will start with the shampoo."

As I sat there, Ruth and Mrs. Simpson shampooed my hair, then bleached all the color out of it so that it looked like straw. Then they dyed it a golden blonde color and then gave me a permanent. This went on into the afternoon and my lunch was just a salad and a cup of tea. When they were finished and the hair had been set they brought me my glasses and let me see myself in the mirror. I was a blonde all right, with nice girlish curls all over my head. They had done a thorough job.

"We wish the hair was longer so we could give you a different style, but it will be longer for the next time."

"There won't be a next time. How am I going to go to work like this?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I went to see Mr. Ackerman at the bank and he was very nice to me. We talked a long time while I explained how you had to go to Chicago yesterday to be with your mother, who broke her hip. I didn't expect you home for at least a week.

"Why you little imp! How are you going to get me out of this mess now?"

"Oh, that's easy. I'll go back Friday to pick up your final check and tell them you have a good job in Chicago and near your mother and that I will be leaving here next week. Any questions?"

I was so mad I was almost crying. I had lost a pretty fair job, had no income, was more dependent on Ruth than ever and just didn't know what to do. I shut my eyes and cried.

"That is a true sign of the feminine," Mrs. Simpson remarked. "I think he is ready now to lean on you for a livelihood instead of being so independent and bossy. I'll give him a facial before supper then you can make up his face and he can come to the table for supper."

"That's a good idea, and we can admire his pretty hair-do."

They got me all fixed up for supper and I did feel better. I tried to ask Ruth how we would get enough money to live on and

all I could get for an answer was to let her handle it as she was the breadwinner now.

After supper I sat in the living room and watched television along with Ruth and Mrs. Simpson. They were knitting furiously, as Mrs. Simpson had taught Ruth how to knit recently. After a pleasant evening they helped me back to bed and said goodnight.

Ruth cuddled close to me in bed and whispered the question of how I liked being a blonde and having two women intent on making me feminine.

"I like it fine but I'm afraid I'll wake up. I hope I haven't lost your respect for your husband now that I am dressed in these feminine clothes all the time. I'm also wondering if we will be able to make love to each other as we used to."

"Good idea," she said. "Let's try..."

Wednesday Ruth went to work and Mrs. Simpson was with me all day. With her help I could hobble to the bathroom then sit in the living room. I still couldn't put much weight on my foot. She taught me how to raise my voice so that I sounded more like a girl. She kept talking to me all day so that I could practice my speaking like a woman. When Ruth came in I asked her if she had had a nice day.

"My, don't we sound nice! Yes, I did have a good day and I picked up the pictures we took," she replied.

She gave them to Mrs. Simpson and we both looked at them together. They were very good pictures with only one blurred. If I didn't know I would say there were three women in the photograph.

"Now I have some real blackmail if you ever decide to do something against my wishes, young lady. I'll send these pictures to your parents out in California and see how you like it."

"You wouldn't do that," I exclaimed in horror.

"Oh, yes I would and after the last few days I believe you know it."

We had supper in the dining room that Mrs. Simpson prepared and served. She had done a wonderful job on the meal and we enjoyed it.

Thursday was just about the same as Wednesday for me and my foot was slowly improving. Friday Ruth stayed home from work so she could take me to the doctor.

After breakfast I had my sponge bath in bed. Mrs. Simpson was getting real good at it. After the bath she rubbed me all over with cold cream taking special care on the rough places. Many places were smoothing out very nicely. After powder and cologne she turned me over to Ruth to dress me. Panties, garter belt, bra and slip then with one nylon stocking on my right leg she tried a black pump on my foot then decided I should wear flats. I couldn't get into the left shoe so she put a heavy sock on it. Then she gave me the works in make-up and let me wear one of her better dresses that I could get my arm into easily. She left the diamonds in my ears. She put her watch on my wrist as a token of her love she said.

I had to carry a handbag so she fixed one with keys and cosmetics. As the doctor had only seen me in my wig she put it on my head and combed out the bangs. She put a sweater around my shoulders then took me to the living room to wait while they dressed. When they were ready they helped me to the car where I had the front seat. As the appointment wasn't until 11:30 a.m. we had a little time to kill so Ruth drove to a nearby shopping center to wait.

She parked close to a busy store right where I could be seen by all. At first I was embarrassed then a calmness came over me. I was better dressed than most of them, my make-up was perfect and I had a beautiful hairdo. So why cringe? I turned to Ruth and smilingly said, "I like it."

She knew what I meant and smiled.

We soon left the shops to go to Dr. Arnold's office where Ruth went in and got a wheelchair. We had to wait for a short time in the waiting room until the doctor could take me but I wasn't embarrassed.

Dr. Arnold helped me to the table and examined my ankle and arm. Both were getting along all right.

"You look very nice today Sally. . .I can call you Sally?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied in my best feminine voice, "I am getting along famously. These two girls are giving me a lot of care and attention. I wish I could show you what they did for me."

He sent the nurse out for records and while Mrs. Simpson stood at the door Ruth took off my wig the doctor my blonde curls.

"Well, that is nice and all yours, I guess."

"I've been waiting to do that ever since he started dressing and he would have had it done anyway even if he hadn't fallen," Ruth said.

"He won't be able to do any work for a while so I guess it will be all right," the Doctor said. Bring Sally back next Friday as I must check the cast often to see that nothing happens. Sally, stay off high heels for another week. I'm sorry."

Ruth got my wig in place just before the nurse returned with the records on Mr. Simpson. They verified everything Dr. Arnold had told us before. As we left I said goodbye to the nurse, using my best feminine voice and she didn't lift an eyebrow.

We had a hamburger at a drive-in restaurant then Ruth drove into town where she parked the car in a lot while she went to my office. She returned with a few of my personal things and my final check. She said they were sorry to lose me and that they would give my new employer a letter of recommendation if needed.

We got home all right and as I was tired they got me undressed and back in bed. I asked Mrs. Simpson to take the diamond earrings back. I had worn them for a long time and they had been removed only for cleaning. She removed them and found that my ears were healed nicely.

"Now your ears are pierced for good so now you can wear any kind of earring. I'll put some of my gold earscrews in for now and give you some pendants tonight. Have a nice nap."

The little nap did wonders for me so that I felt able to get up for supper. While Ruth helped me to the kitchen I put a lot of my weight on my foot.

"I believe I can get up and get dressed tomorrow although I might need a little help dressing."

"That's fine. Maybe you can go shopping with us and sit in the car. You might enjoy it. Ed called me at work yesterday and said he would deliver the washer tomorrow afternoon so we must be here for that."

After supper we watched television until bedtime. We had a lovable time before sleep set in and that stopped all my thoughts of losing my masculinity.

Saturday morning came and we got up earlier than usual. Ruth got up first and had her shower. She helped me to the bathroom and into the tub where I soaked in bubbles for a long time. I washed as much as I could without getting the cast wet. Ruth came back and washed my arm where I was unable to reach then helped me out. Between us I got dry and back into my robe then we went to the kitchen, where breakfast was ready. Mrs. Simpson had been there while I was in the tub and she would return for shopping.

After breakfast Ruth helped me to the bedroom where she got out underwear and stockings for me. She helped me with the panty girdle and bra then said I should try to do the rest myself. I tried the hose first but I just couldn't do it with one hand. The slip I did work over my head and around my arm. So I had to call Ruth who helped me the rest of the way. I tried my one hand at make-up and did very well I thought. Mrs. Simpson had left some pendant earrings with green stones which I put in myself. Ruth came back again and put my shirtwaist dress on me then added a little more make-up. We decided not to use the wig. I slipped into loafers and with a handbag I was ready.

"You did very well but you still need me at times, Ruth said. "I'll help you to the car then I'll get Mrs. Simpson."

Mrs. Simpson was glad to see me so cheerful and as we drove to the grocery store she explained that she was going to pay my doctor bill. She said it would be a kind of memorial to Mike. We were both astonished that she would do it but she said if we called the insurance company it might cause a lot of talk and even harassment.

"Did you know we are beginning to love you, Mrs. Simpson?" I said thankfully.

"I'll second that," Ruth said. We had thought of the problem that might result if we used our insurance so we were going to take it out of savings."

"You will need all your savings to live on for the next few weeks until he's well enough to work!"

"We appreciate all you have done for us already but don't you think this is too much?" I said.

"I've just loved doing it for you so not another word."

Ruth and Mrs. Simpson left me in the car in the parking lot as they went to the grocery. I sat in the car watching the people go by just as they probably watched me. I did pull my skirt up above my knees pretty far to give the fellows a good look. Ruth saw it when she came back and said, "Pull your skirt down, Sally. That isn't very ladylike."

We drove home and had lunch at Mrs. Simpson's house after which Ruth cleaned the house while I watched television. Ed and his man came around 2 o' clock had installed the washer in the basement. Ruth told Ed about my accident so he wanted to see me for a minute. Ruth came back upstairs and told me about the

intended visit. I got flustered and upset about his seeing me this way but Ruth insisted. Ruth fixed my hair and make-up.

“Well, if I have to see him I can’t let him see me in flats,” I said. “Can’t I wear heels if I am seated?”

Ruth agreed and got me back into the living room where I changed into pumps.

“That’s another sure sign of the feminine side of you showing. I’ll tell Mrs. Simpson how you had to get fixed up for Ed’s visit.”

Ruth brought Ed in to see me and I gave him my hand very ladylike. He commented on my attire as Ruth had told him all the facts up to date. I was embarrassed that he saw me but he didn’t say anything unusual.

After they left Ruth used the washer for the week’s wash and it worked beautifully.

We didn’t do anything that evening except that I tried to walk in the pumps but couldn’t.

Sunday morning I dressed as much as possible and both Ruth and Mrs. Simpson helped me. This time I didn’t go to church but I was dressed properly. Ruth went with Mrs. Simpson then we all ate dinner at our house.

Shortly after dinner as I was watching television and the others were cleaning up in the kitchen the doorbell rang. Mrs. Simpson helped me a little to get out of the living room then Ruth answered the door. It was the Johnsons coming to visit me.

Ruth and Mrs. Simpson talked to them while I sat in the bedroom. Shortly, Ruth came to get me saying they wanted to see me.

“But I can’t see them,” I protested.

“Why not, you look fine. Come on. Ed saw you yesterday and they both want to see you now.”

Ruth helped me to the living room where I guess I shocked them with my clothes.

“You look very nice, Sally,” Barbara said. “Too bad about your arm and ankle. You seem to like to wear women’s clothes and you look very well in them. We came to see if you would like another turnabout party but I don’t think we need to ask you. You would win first prize again easily.”

"I did not intend to wear these clothes this long but since I fell down the steps these two gals have more or less taken charge of me. I can't deny it. So I'm going along with them for a while."

"Did you see Mrs. Mabry's story in the paper about our party? She writes for the newspaper occasionally you know."

"We haven't read the papers much in the past couple of weeks so I'm afraid we missed it."

"Well, she gave quite an account of the party telling all about how we were all dressed and about the contest. She ended up by saying it was a nice evening's entertainment with lots of fun and nobody hurt. See if you can get a copy of last Tuesday's paper. It was interesting."

"We probably have it if we haven't thrown them all away."

"Ruth," Ed asked, "do you like seeing your husband dressed as a woman?"

"I didn't at first but when he didn't want to do something it made me mad so I more or less forced him into it. The day he broke his arm I was very sorry for him so I decided to do all I could to make him happy. Mrs. Simpson told us about her husband so between us we have tried to feminize him as much as possible. I don't know what will happen after his arm gets well but I assume we will continue."

"We would like to invite you all to our house next Thursday for dinner," Barbara said. "It won't be anything elaborate, just a chance for us to talk. We would like to have you come too, Mrs. Simpson. I think we can all learn a little from each other about this dressing up business. Sally can dress as she is now so we won't interrupt any of your plans."

"There is certainly more to be learned about cross-dressing," I observed.

"Thank you for the invitation," Ruth said, "and speaking for Mrs. Simpson we will all be there."

"My, isn't it getting warm in here," Ed said. "May I take off my jacket?"

With that he removed his suit jacket and turned around and hung it on the back of his chair. When he turned around he saw three mouths open in surprise because we all saw bra straps through his shirt.

"Yes, I'm wearing pretty undies and I do everyday. See, my stockings are the new textured lace pattern. I've worn these

clothes for many years but I don't get a chance to dress all the way as much as I would like to. My lovely wife agrees that I look fine in dresses but she won't let me go out in the street much so we do have parties occasionally where we find others interested in the same subject. Now we have a group that meets monthly for the sole purpose of helping each other. We hope you will join us Sally," he concluded.

"I would be happy to join you. I have worried myself sick because I thought I was the only one in the world who liked to dress this way. Now it is possible I might have some friends who do the same thing so we could share experiences."

After they left I silently wept for happiness.

Ruth and Mrs. Simpson understood and left me alone. Monday and Tuesday I progressed each day. I could dress myself a little better, I tried shaving and I took a few steps in high heels. My ankle was still sore but I could get around better. Mrs. Simpson came over to be with me quite a bit of each day and evening so we got to know each other very well. My daily practicing with my higher voice was helping me lose my masculine voice.

Wednesday night after Ruth got home and we had eaten supper she saw how I was struggling with high heels so she decided to take me to a shoe store where I could get some medium heels. We discussed it for awhile and she finally gave in to my better judgement. We decided to use the pumps I already had and not try to buy any yet.

My hair was growing fast and had grown out a bit so that the dark roots were showing. On Thursday Mrs. Simpson touched it up. Then she thought I would look nice with a lighter shade of blonde. This time I was more willing to have her work on me and I enjoyed it. She also gave me a new manicure with a bright red polish as I was to wear black to the Johnson's. I had a bubble bath in the afternoon and then Mrs. Simpson helped me get dressed. I was to wear Ruth's black velvet sheath and my black suede pumps. Mrs. Simpson also offered her diamond pendant earrings again.

Ruth came home from work, took her shower and dressed in her black suit. I finished dressing including all my make-up and asked Ruth if I needed to wear my wig.

"You can if you like. Your own hair is long enough to go without it. I think the platinum color is very becoming to you."

I asked, "Will it be hard to keep blonde?"

“No. In a couple weeks, when you need another touch up and a permanent we’ll go to the beauty shop and they will do a good job on you. I think you should wear your wig tonight though.”

She put the wig on me and combed it a bit. She touched up my eye shadow and tightened my sling. She had bought me a new kerchief to hold my arm and it had slipped a bit.

Mrs. Simpson came over wearing a stunning lace dress of light blue and her mink stole. She was wearing her diamond earstuds and brought her pendants for me. Ruth used another pair of ruby pendants with a ruby pin on her lapel. We got our gloves and bags and left for the Johnson’s.

“Did you like the color of Sally’s hair,” Mrs. Simpson asked.

“I think it is lovely and just the right color for a young woman. I think we should keep it that color all the time.”

At the Johnson’s we were met at the door by Barbara and taken to the living room to meet many other ‘ladies’, including Anita. Anita was a member and the president of the club of cross-dressers.

Anita was married to Jean but for the last three years had lived completely as a woman. Anita had on a pink wool suit which looked wonderful. With his long curled hair and curved hips it was hard to believe he was male. I learned that he also saw Dr. Arnold and was taking female hormones to feminize his figure.

Ed, or shall we call him Doris, came in from the kitchen and greeted us then announced that dinner was ready. Doris wore a beautiful red taffeta gown with red pumps to match.

The dinner was delicious as there were two cooks. Doris helped with a lot of the preparations and all of the serving. During the meal we talked about our clothes, hairdos and other girl-talk. Compliments rained on everyone.

One of the girls loved my earrings and suggested we start a campaign to have all the members ears pierced. The president said that was a very good idea. Mrs. Simpson suggested that they come see her when they were ready.

I was amazed at how some of the members looked. A few were obvious men in dresses while several lived full time as women and had been completely feminized. The ages ranged from eighteen to seventy.

The eighteen year old, Darryl was there with his mother. A close inspection showed that he looked very attractive, not overdressed, but just right for a girl his age. His tight skirt showed off his pretty nyloned legs and the wide leather belt really made his small waist pronounced, adding to his curves which appeared perfectly natural.

Just out of high school, Darryl and his mother were preparing him to start college in the fall as a girl.

I was delighted when Darryl told his mother that he wanted to be a blonde like me.

I responded to him, "Darryl, you look absolutely adorable. You'd have a hard time convincing the college boys that you are not a real girl."

"Thank you," Darryl said smilingly as he whirled on his heels, showing off his figure. He was very pleased with my compliment.

Several members asked me what my plans were. Was I going to be a girl all the time?

"I don't know," I said looking as Ruth. "I think I'd like to try it."

Ruth smiled and said, "You'd have to be in skirts all of the time and obey all my orders and instructions completely. I would not want to invest all my efforts in feminizing you only to find them wasted because you changed your mind after a few months."

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"I'd better think about it a little longer," I said smiling at her attitude. She knew I was intrigued by the idea.

After a delicious dessert we girls went to the living room to discuss club business. I learned how I could become a member of the club. I learned that it was an international organization with small groups all over the country. The main purpose was to educate other people so that they will know that what we do and how we feel is legal and honest.

Mrs. Simpson was the first to say how glad she was there was an organization of this type and wished there had been one when Mike was living. Each wife expressed her views on the subject with the consensus of opinion being let them do it. Ruth agreed to help me in any way she could. I was given some papers to fill out and was loaned some books about other crossdressers. After a most enjoyable evening we left the Johnson's home feeling very happy.

When we got in the car I said, "I'm happier now than I have been in all my life. I never knew it was possible to be this happy. I love you both dearly for helping me to find this happiness. I don't know what the future holds for us but I do know it will be better than the past. There are many other poor guys who don't know this exalted feeling and I'm going to help any and all of them that I can."

THE END

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

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

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

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

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

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

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

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

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

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

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

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

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

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

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

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

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Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

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

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

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

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SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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