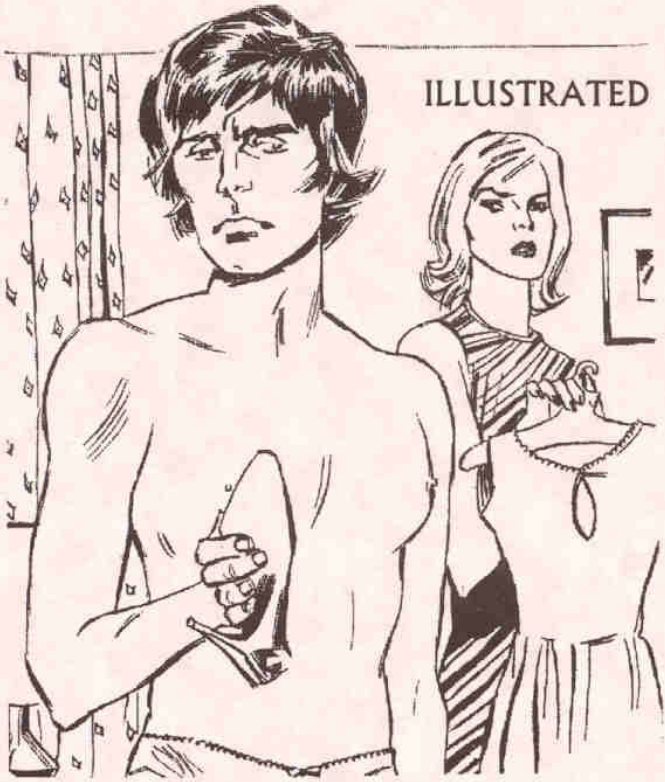
TITILLATING TV TALES

MAGAZINE

"HUSBAND TO SISSY"

ALONG WITH HIS PANTS, A YOUNG MAN LOSES HIS MASCULINITY!

VOLUME ONE



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TITILLATING TV TALES

VOLUME 1

HUSBAND TO SISSY
Book 1

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"Husband to Sissy"
Book 1

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QUOTE BOARD
"CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN...
OR NOT."

Husband to Sissy

Book 1

By Alice Trail, Puyal, & Kristi Love

Chapter 1

I never wanted to set the world on fire, run in the fast lane, or make a million dollars before I turned 35. What I really enjoy is to kick back with the guys, play a few hands of poker, down a few brews, and tell tall tales about our sexual exploits. Don't blame me if I actually live every guy's dream!



I married Helen on the rebound, her rebound. I was a bookkeeper at the business where she is an Associate on the corporate fast track. My Mediterranean, finely chiseled good looks and easy going personality contrasted well and did not pose a threat to her Nordic blonde, type-A personality.

When we first dated, she didn't know that I have a son. Andy is a chip off the old block, at least he is in my handsome, laid back aspects, although he hadn't yet learned to appreciate the finer things of manhood, like beer, women, poker, and more beer.

When she did learn about him, she figured that at 14, he wouldn't be high maintenance or become a burden on her career. Besides, Andy and I provide the stable family that corporate bigwigs look for in emerging stars.

With Andy spending most of the time at military school, our first year of marriage was like heaven. She continued to rise up

the corporate ladder and I did what I do best, lay back and spend time with the guys.

My problems began when I was laid off from work because "anyone can key data into a computer". I was so totally devastated at being replaced by a minimum wage flunky that I didn't make much of an effort to find another job. Instead, I spent my time doing what I do best...drink beer, play cards, and carouse with my buddies.

I was learning to live with this setback, but Helen didn't understand my reaction. These are the conditions that bring type-A personalities into conflict with laid back, easygoing people like me. No matter that we had money or that I was happy, she was pissed that I wasn't out pounding the pavement every day looking for a new job.

She resented that she was the sole wage earner in the household. She was quite vocal with her opinions. "Where is your sense of responsibility?" "Where is your manhood?" "How can you stand to let me carry the financial burden?" were but a few of the snipes she constantly hurled at me.

Unfortunately, as often happens under stressful conditions, my performance in bed tapered off in direct relation with her vindictive hounding, which just turned into another reason to belittle me. I responded by spending even more time with my buddies. Who needs a nagging wife on your case all the time?

My problems really began when Helen and I had a nasty quarrel. She arrived home from the office after a particularly long day to find the house a shambles. I had gotten out of bed late after spending a night with the boys and had lain around all day nursing a nagging headache. Sure I knew the dishes needed washing and the floors needed cleaning, but that was 'woman's work'. Besides, I wasn't in the mood.

Helen hit the ceiling when she saw me lying nearly naked in front of the TV with a two-day stubble on my face and a beer in

my hand. "Can't you do anything around here, Dan?" she screamed.

"W...what are you screaming about?" I asked foggily from my day long stupor.

"Look at this house!" she screamed, "Not only were you out till an ungodly hour last night, but you probably lost a fortune! On top of that, you make no effort to look for a job. The least you can do is pick up a few things around the house."

"I have this killer head..." I started with my usual list of excuses.

"I don't want to hear it anymore!" she fumed, "If you can't help with the household income, then you had better start helping around the house. Remember, it isn't my son in that expensive military school." She didn't mention that sending him there was her idea because "it will teach him discipline".



Hanging out with the guys took my mind off of being unemployed and it isolated me from Helen's constant nagging

I knew to pay attention when Helen started to smolder and her voice became low, slow, and menacing, but I wasn't in the mood! Instead, I grumbled under my breath, threw on some clothes, and left. I hadn't planned on playing cards that evening, but her bitchy attitude struck a sensitive chord. I just couldn't bring myself to hang around and listen to her bitching all night.

I stayed out really late figuring Helen would be in bed by the time I returned. She should be easier to handle after both of us had a full night's sleep.

I lost a bundle, drank too much, and luckily, a cop didn't stop me as I drove home. I quietly parked the car and carefully unlocked the front door, taking care not to awaken Helen.



I slipped through the door, carefully removed my shoes, and was about to climb the stairs to our bedroom when I heard her dreaded voice from the living room. "There will be some changes around here in the future or you and your worthless son can pack your bags and leave!"



I turned to face her and was taken back by the dark scowl clouding her face and the low, slow, menacing sound of her words. "You had better shape up and start doing your share around here! Otherwise, I'll kick you out of here and have that worthless son of yours thrown out of his plush school so fast it'll make your head spin. When you wind up on the street

without a dime, I'll supply the shopping carts and tell you where to find a dry place to sleep. I'm tired of supporting you two deadbeats, so don't expect anything else from me."

"But Helen..." I stammered, not thinking right with my alcohol clouded mind, "You wouldn't..."

"Oh, wouldn't I?" she threatened. "I'll have an attorney draw up a partition for divorce, and when the judge hears about your deadbeat ways, you won't get a dime from the settlement!"



"Shape up or you and your worthless son are out on your ears!" she scowled.

By her tone, I knew she wasn't making an idle threat. She was probably right about the judge too! Her ruthless big city lawyer would eat up anyone I could afford. I would be penniless and on the street with Andy. He had always looked up to me, but what would he think of me if I let him down that way?

I had been like the grasshopper in the fable 'The Grasshopper and the Ant'. I'd played during the good times and had nothing to fall back on when things went bad!

"What will it be?" Helen demanded. "Will you do your share around here or do you prefer the streets?"

"What do you want of me?" I quietly asked, dreading the answer.

"Two things only," she menacingly smiled, "Stop carousing with those no good buddies of yours, and since you don't have a job, start taking care of this house. That means, you will take care of everything to do with keeping house, such as cleaning, washing, ironing, cooking meals, and so forth. Do I make myself clear?"

"Is that all?" I was shocked at this sudden turn of events.

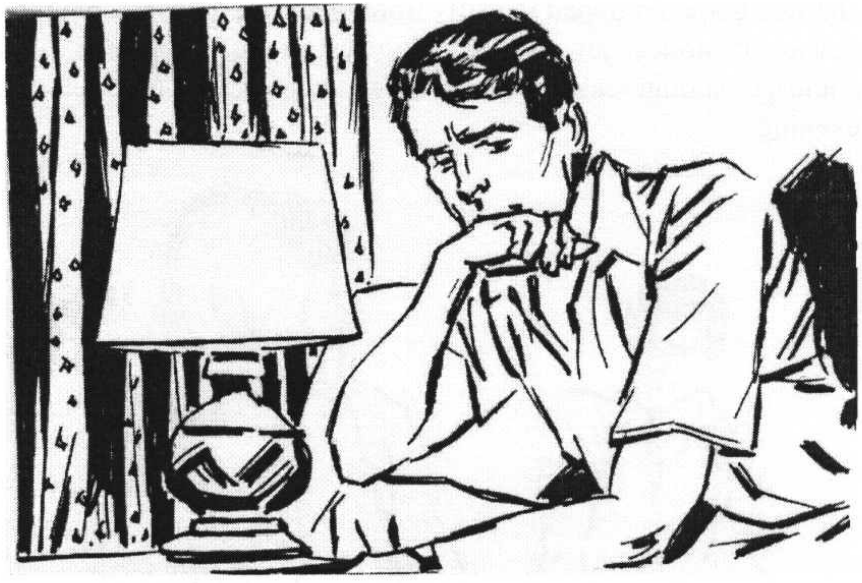
"Yes, but if you break either of these rules, it's out on the street with you."

"Can I think about it?" I tried to delay having to make a decision until the morning when I would have a much clearer head.

"You have 15 minutes to agree or get out!" she declared in finality.

Completely dejected, I sought a quiet corner and contemplated my position. If I declined her ultimatum, both Andy and I would be in the poor house, but if I accepted, what would I become? A housewife! At least, her way guaranteed a roof over my head and schooling for Andy. Maybe a little housework now and then wouldn't kill me, as long as she continued to foot the bills.

If not for Andy, I would have laughed in her face. I just couldn't face my son after the humiliation of being ejected from school and me with no job and no place to live. Finally, I swallowed my pride and accepted her damnable terms. At least Andy could remain in school, and I would have a home and food until I could figure a way out of my dilemma.



"What could I do? Where could I go?" I thought long and hard about Helen's ultimatum. I just couldn't let Andy down!

When Helen returned, I shrugged, "You win," and slowly went upstairs to get some sleep. Maybe I would think clearer in the morning.

Chapter 2

The next morning, Helen roused me bright and early. As usual, she was off to work. I hadn't gotten up this early in months. "What do you want?" I groggily growled.

"I left you a list of chores to do. You will need all day to get through them. I'm sure you don't know what hardware you need or where to find them. I'll show you before I leave," she sounded almost pleasant.

I crawled out of bed, washed the sleep from my eyes, threw on some clothes, and met her in the kitchen. "You can start by ironing my clothes for work tomorrow, but be careful not to burn the fabric."

I started ironing while she finished dressing. After she left, I would set my own agenda, and ironing wasn't on my list! When

she was gone, I stopped the silly ironing and started searching the house for money, jewelry, anything that could be pawned. If I could get enough cash, I would be gone before she returned that evening.



"Be careful not to burn the fabric," she testily instructed, "I want to wear that dress to an important meeting tomorrow."

Unfortunately, she was very thorough about removing anything a pawn dealer might find interesting. After an hour or so of futile searching, I returned to my assigned tasks. At least finishing them would get the witch off of my back!

The next day, she handed me an apron before leaving for work. "I noticed that your clothes got really dirty yesterday. I don't want to buy new clothes because you don't know how to work without making yourself into a mess, so wear this apron," she snidely remarked.

I scowled at her demeaning remark, but took the apron from her, slipped it over my head, and awkwardly tied the strings in the back.



"I expect you to get a lot more done now that you know where everything is and how to use it. Sometimes I think you don't apply yourself. No wonder you got laid off!" she snidely remarked as she left for the day.

She was becoming demanding and bossy, and she was speaking to me like a servant! This could quickly become demeaning, and I wasn't sure how long I could endure such treatment.

I followed her instructions, but I thought often of chucking it all and leaving. I'd talk with Andy and he would tell me how happy he was and how great he was doing in school. I just didn't have it in me to tell him how bad things were at home, so I'd suck up my pride and continue with my chores.

About two weeks after I started doing the housework, I received a call from Sid, one of my poker playing, drinking buddies. "We haven't seen you in weeks," he laughed, "What's wrong. Wife got you pussy whipped?"

I wasn't about to admit to him how close his guess really was, so I lied, "Oh, I've been taking care of personal problems."

"Well, in case the little woman will let you out, we have a high stakes game going this afternoon. Interested?"



Gawd was I ever interested. I had to get out of the house in the worst way. I hadn't had a good laugh or a cold beer in over two weeks, and I'd kill for the chance to win enough money to break free of Helen's grip.

Thinking, that Helen wouldn't be home for hours and I could play and get back in plenty of time before she gets home, I declared, "Damn right, I'm interested!"

When he told me the stakes, I said I was low on cash and I asked if he would stake me a loan. "Sure," he laughed, "You've always covered your losses."

Even though I knew Sid was a rough customer who charged ten-percent interest per week, I dropped everything and left. If Lady Luck were with me, I would soon be far away from this stifling situation!



"I feel lucky today," I laughed as they dealt the first hand. I held up the first beer I'd had in what seemed like an eternity.

Lady Luck was with me for a while. I won a few early hands and my confidence soared. Before long though, I started losing,

at first small pots, then larger ones. I had to borrow more money to cover my losses, and before I knew it, I was in the hole for a lot of money.

Suddenly I looked at my watch and noticed how late it was. Where had the time gone? I had to leave!



Sid wasn't happy to see me beg off, especially as I owed him big money. I promised to pay him the next day, even though I didn't have a clue how I would do it. To make matters worse, he was not the type of guy you Welsh on, as he was known to break arms or worse to collect.

I raced home as fast as my car would go. I'm sure I broke more than a few laws in the process. I screeched into the driveway and sighed when Helen's car wasn't there. Maybe she had to work late and I beat her home. I flew into the house, removing my jacket on the way. I didn't have much time and I still had a lot of chores to finish. I dropped my jacket and started for the kitchen when I saw her sitting on the living room couch. She was not happy!

"Ah...honey, I can explain," I stammered. Explaining my absence was going to be a hard sell. "I had to step out for a few minutes to go to the store."

"Really, Dan! What kind of fool do you take me for?" she sneered. "You received a call from Sid just now. He said you were there all afternoon and that you owed him a bundle! He also said you promised to pay him tomorrow. Since you don't have a job, where will you get the money?"



Helen sat on the sofa with her arms folded, determination written all over her face. "Oh, oh," I thought, "I'm in for it now!"

Knowing my goose was cooked, I stammered, "I was there only a couple of hours. I was going crazy being cooped up in the house for two straight weeks. I guess I lost track of the time. I lost a few hands, and I started betting more to try to get even, but I kept losing."

"How much did you lose?" When I told her, she exploded, "My God, Dan! We don't have that kind of money! Where do you propose to get it?"

"I thought I could raid our savings, but I'll pay it back, I promise."

"I hate to disappoint you, lover, but we don't have anywhere near that much! You lost your job, and with Andy in that expensive school, we've nearly wiped out our savings. Why do you think I've been hounding you to find work? Now our plight is even worse with your gambling losses!"

"Oh no! If I don't pay Sid tomorrow, he'll sic Louie the Mauler on me. I'd be lucky to escape with a broken leg! What can we do?"

"I suppose we could take Andy out of school, but...."

"Please don't do that, not this late in the semester. It'll set him back a full year."

"I was about to say even that wouldn't raise nearly enough to pay your debt. With only one of us working, the bank won't lend us that much either. I suppose your only chance is to leave town and hide until you can raise the money or until the heat blows over."

"But honey," I stammered, "I don't have anywhere to go, and with no money..."

"Then, your only choice is to stay here..."

"You don't understand! I'm doomed if I stay here!"

"Not if they don't recognize you. I have an idea and if you go along with it, we can create a cunning disguise that will completely fool those goons! They won't think to look for you in plain sight, so if your disguise is cleaver and convincing, we could hide you right here in the house."

"Are you out of your mind? What kind of disguise could possibly fool those thugs so that they wouldn't recognize me?"

"You could wear some of my things and I could fix you up to look like a woman."

"Are you out of your mind? I'd rather die than dress as a woman!"

"Suit yourself as those seem to be the your only choices."

After a moment of hesitation to consider her proposal, I stammered, "Since you put it that way, I guess I could try, you know, to see how I would look, but you have to help me."

"If you want my help, you'll have to make a solemn promise to stop gambling and help out around the house without complaint. Otherwise, I swear that you're on your own! I've had it up to here with your lazy, macho attitude."

"Okay, okay, I promise not to gamble again if you'll help me hide from those guys. They may not kill me, but I would hurt for a long time if they caught me." There I had done it. I had groveled and begged Helen to help me look like a ***woman*** of all things!

"I'll help, but in the morning, remember the part about you doing the housework!"

Chapter 3

"The first thing we must do is remove that unsightly hair from your legs," Helen stated as she waved her electric razor in the air for emphasis after my shower.

"Shave my legs? Are you crazy?" I gasped, "How is that going to protect me from being recognized?"

"No self respecting woman has hair on her legs. Besides, your 'buddies' would never recognize your smooth legs if they only saw them without seeing your face. They would never believe that 'Stud Dan' would ever shave his legs."

"But how would they ever see my legs?" I gasped, "I always wear long pants."

"Women don't wear long pants to do their housework, especially not in this weather. Think about it! They wear shorts or a loose fitting housedress."

"I'm not wearing a dress!"

"Shorts it is! Now, let's get that hair off of your legs."



I passively allowed Helen to shave my legs.

Sighing at my inability to come up with a logical argument to the contrary, I meekly stood by and allowed her to remove all the hair from my legs. She also had me remove my T-shirt and shorts so she could shave the few spots of body hair she could find. I was never a hairy man, so she didn't find much that needed removing for my new feminine guise.

"Now as to your duties," she smiled as she put her razor aside, "You will continue taking care of the house. The only changes will be in your clothes. I've laid out a few things on the bed, but I suppose you'll have to wear your tennis shoes until I get something more apropos."

Slightly confused, I picked up the clothes she expected me to wear. I held a T-shirt and shorts. Now, I don't have a problem with a shirt and shorts because they are among my favorite casual outfits. But not ***this*** T-shirt, a purple nylon creation, and certainly not ***these*** ridiculous shorts! They were high cut and had a

bright pattern. Hell, they didn't even have a front zipper, so I would have to slide them down over my hips to take a leak!

I held the offending garments before me and gasped, "Helen, you can't be serious! No self-respecting man would be caught dead wearing this silky feminine stuff!"

"Dead is the way I expect we'll find you if you don't wear them," she replied nonchalantly. "You're sure to be recognized if you look like your old self or a man in drag. Go ahead and suit yourself, I am only trying to help."

"Helen, wait! I'll wear them. It's just that the idea of wearing women's clothes is just so ridiculous, so embarrassing."

"Wear these too," she said while holding up a pair of lavender nylon panties.

"Why those?" I inquired with a blush.

"Put the shorts on over your boxers and I'll show you." When I had on the silky shorts, she instructed, "Stand with your back to the mirror and look back." I complied with her request and saw at least a couple of inches of my boxers protruding below the hem of my short shorts.

"See what I mean?" she proclaimed, "Even those dumb goons would get suspicious if they saw masculine boxers dangling from beneath those pretty feminine shorts. Be realistic! It's either these clothes or you get caught, so hurry and get dressed. I have to get to work, and you have a lot of housework to do.

Totally defeated, I slowly took the panties from her hand, stepped into them, pulled them over my smooth hairless thighs, and adjusted them at my hips. Tears of humiliation formed in my eyes as I put on the feminine shorts and T-shirt. I never felt more ridiculous than when I descended the stairs to the living room.

Helen was putting on her jacket as she prepared to leave for work. Looking me over, she finally nodded, then said, "I think you could fool a casual observer if you wear this apron and a scarf to hide your short hair while you do your housework."

It was a new apron with the store smell still in it. Unlike my previous apron, this one was decidedly feminine with pink flowers around the fringe. She pulled out a white scarf and wrapped it over my head, carefully tucking strands of loose hair underneath.

"Don't worry about those bad gambling buddies of yours, dear," she cooed, "I'll spread the word that you left town last night. I'll be as convincing as possible, but be sure to maintain your feminine demeanor in case one of them sneaks up for a peek through the window."



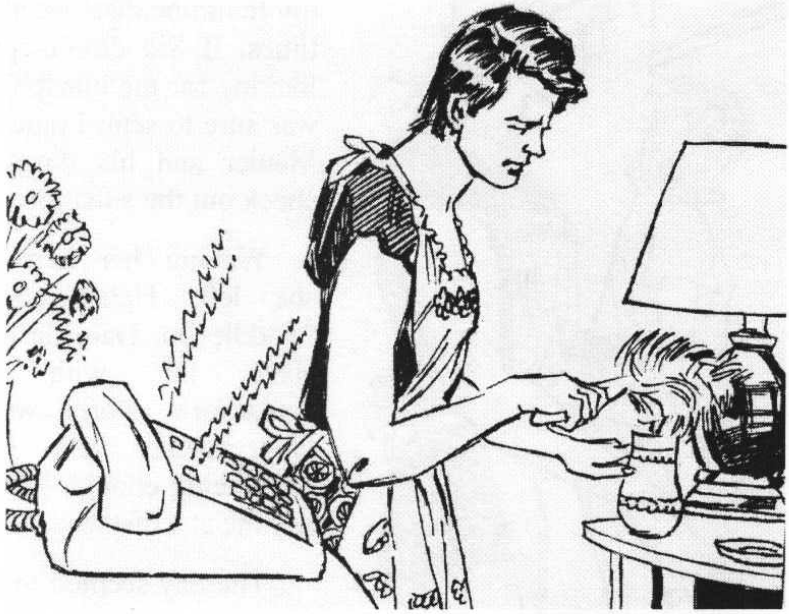
She had a point. I would have to maintain my feminine disguise at all times. If Sid didn't come looking for me himself, he was sure to send Louie the Mauler and his thugs to check out the situation.

Waving her hand as she left, Helen cooed, "Toddle do, Dan, darling. Have fun with the housework. Don't worry too much, you look convincing enough to fool anyone at a distance."

The day seemed to last forever, as my every nerve was on edge with fear that Sid or his hoods would find me. The fact that I was wearing feminine shorts, T-shirt, and panties only added to my nervousness. I jumped at every sound and looked for a place to hide until I realized it was only the wind or passing traffic. I peeped from behind the curtains now and then, but I didn't see any of Sid's guys around. I did; however, see a couple of teenage boys scurrying away from the house a couple of times.

As for my housework, I was busy, busy as ***hell***! I never knew there was so much to keeping a house, as there seemed to be an endless number of tasks on the list Helen left me.

I would rather have died than be seen in these clothes, so I was unable to leave the house and look for a way to raise the money to pay Sid. Also, the longer I didn't pay him, the higher the debt and the greater reason for me to hide. Although not ideal, hiding inside my own house was as good as any place, especially if I could carry off this embarrassing and shameful feminine disguise. At best it was a 'Catch 22'. I was damned if I did and damned if I didn't!



The phone rang often, but I was afraid to answer it since I was supposed to be out of town. All I could do was continue to clean the house wearing my sissy feminine clothes.

As she promised, Helen told everyone I was gone, but even at that, Sid and a few of my friends called. I was afraid to pick up the receiver, so they left messages. I don't know if Sid believed her, but at last, the calls tapered off. This was typical of my life,

as I didn't see the light of day for the next month except for looking out the window.

I was afraid to venture outside, even in my feminine disguise, so Helen brought home everything I needed to keep the house and prepare the meals. I wanted very badly to call Andy at school, but since calls can be monitored, she warned me not to do so. I knew she was right about Sid finding me through my son. I was truly miserable.

I couldn't wait until he got out of school in another month. He never liked Helen and he tried desperately to break us up before we got married. Since he still had this attitude about Helen, I was certain he would agree to leave town with me. Then, I could find job and save enough money to pay off Sid and return him to school.



After several weeks, my hair was hanging in my eyes and down my neck. It was difficult to control and had become quite an unmanageable mess.

When I complained to Helen about it, she smiled and said, "I think I can help, honey. Take off your blouse and put this cape about your shoulders. I think your hair is long enough to hold a short feminine style that will help with your disguise."

I didn't want even a slightly feminine hairstyle, but I knew she was right, especially considering my current manner of dress. Also, I really didn't have any options until Andy got home, so I did as she instructed.

She didn't seem to remove much hair as she snipped here and cut there. I noticed that she combed some hair over my forehead and trimmed it even. It wasn't long before she announced herself finished. I didn't have a chance to look in the mirror while she cut, but I couldn't conceive of her finishing so quickly.

I started to remove the cape when she said, "Hold on a minute. I want to do something about those fingernails."

"I don't want my nails polished!" I protested.

"Look!" she declared, "I've noticed snags in some of my nylons and lingerie. I'll bet there are some in you panties as well! After looking at your hands, I'm sure your ragged fingernails caused the damage. Your nails are in dire need of a little filing and a coat of polish. Since you're doing so many dishes, you should also consider using hand cream and wearing gloves to protect your hands."

My nails were a bit rough looking, but I didn't think my hands looked all that bad. They seemed thinner and less muscular than before, but I figured that was due to my spending so much time indoors doing domestic chores. Before, I had only done outdoor chores.

She sat me at her vanity and told me to relax since it would take some time. I leaned back in the chair and crossed my legs. A smile came to her lips when she saw my clean-shaven legs femininely draped across each other. It was the only way to cross my legs and keep my modesty while wearing only the short cape. After all, I was only wearing soft nylon panties beneath!

"You really have nice attractive legs for a man. I see you've learned how to maintain your modesty," she observed as she feminized my hands.



"Cross your legs and rest your hand on your knee for support, sweetheart," Helen suggested as she started on my nails.

I blushed at her observation because I too had seen my legs in their shaven glory as I puttered around the house in my shorts. I was surprised and embarrassed at how curvaceous they were.

As she worked on my fingers, I coughed and cleared my throat. "Are you coming down with something?" she asked.

"I don't know," I sighed, "My throat constantly itches and I have this dull pain in my chest like I've contacted something, but I don't feel feverish or anything."

"Where is the pain in your chest?"

"That's kind of funny too," I puzzled, "It seems to be localized behind my nipples. They have gotten quite large and very sensitive to the point that they become irritated just by brushing my shirt over them."

"Hmmm," she seemed to be thinking, "I have just the blouse for you. It will help relieve the irritation of your nipples until this passes."

"Blouse? I don't want to wear a blouse," I gasped. "It's bad enough that I have to wear those sissy looking shirts and shorts."

"Now, Dan," Helen cooed, "The soft nylon blouse will feel nice against your sensitive skin. Besides, you have to maintain a feminine disguise, don't you?" I nodded with a blush.

"Have you lost weight?" she inquired further, "Your face appears thinner and your skin softer, to the point of being almost translucent."

"Yeah, and my strength isn't what it used to be either. Even the garbage pail is heavy to lift. I think they are all symptoms of this 'flu', since they all started about the same time."

"Well, I wouldn't worry too much about it. I'm sure it's only a passing thing." She finished my fingernails by coating them with a clear 'protective finish' as she called it, to protect my nails from the harsh detergents I used for washing dishes and housecleaning. "Let me get you that blouse," she stated before I could replace the cape with my T-shirt.

Chapter 4

My nipples seemed to get more sensitive with each passing day and my complaints about them increased accordingly. In an effort to help, Helen suggested that I wear some of her soft blouses instead of my feminine T-shirts to ease the discomfort.

Her suggestion was logical and it worked, so I didn't argue too much. In the beginning, I hated even the thought of putting my arms through the sleeves of the silky blouses, but my mascu-

line pride took a back seat when I found out how nice the soft fabric felt against my sensitive skin. To my surprise, Helen had an abundance of these soft nylon blouses in a multitude of colors and prints, and she encouraged me to wear them as often as I wanted.

At first, I was self-conscious about puttering about the house in such obviously feminine garments, but I gave in with the thought, "Why not? I'm trying to disguise myself as a woman, and I've been wearing feminine panties for over a month. So, what's the big deal about my blouses?"

In an effort to forget how I was dressed and to pass the time, I busied myself with my housework. During that time; however, I became increasingly suspicious that I was being watched. One day, I saw a large man walk across the edge of the yard near the sidewalk, but I didn't see him near the house. I watched as he approached another man who was standing near a large black car. They talked for a moment before bursting into uncontrollable laughter.

"Must have been some joke," I thought as I watched them get into the car and speed away.

Another time, I observed two teenage boys run across the lawn and join a man at the corner. They also burst into laughter before the man drove away.

Helen became very concerned when I mentioned this to her. "Those boys or someone else may be watching you. I think you should enhance your feminine image to give yourself a better chance of deceiving them. I'll pick up a few things and we can work on a few subtle improvements."

The next day, she brought home a pair of low heel sandals. They were obviously women's shoes, but they fit well enough. With a shrug, I discarded my tennis shoes and wore them without arguing since Helen felt it best. I protested; however, when she gave me a couple of her short skirts and the appropriate slips to wear under them.

"I can't wear a skirt and certainly not a ***slip***!" I protested, not believing my wife would suggest such a thing. "I am a man and your husband!" Hadn't I proved that often enough in bed?

"Why are you're carrying on so? All women wear skirts from time to time and slips under them. I strongly suggest you get with the program if you want to fool anyone with your disguise!"

Once again, her logic was faultless, so I swallowed my pride and reluctantly put on the clothes she provided. Even I had to admit that my feminine appearance was enhanced beyond belief with my silky blouse and a short skirt!

"Now that you are wearing a skirt, you must learn to sit, stand, and bend like a woman," Helen declared.

"What do you mean?"

Tossing a coin on the floor, she sighed, "Turn your back to the mirror, pick it up, and look behind yourself. That seems to be the only to make a point with you."

Having no idea what she was talking about, I followed her instructions, but when I looked back into the mirror, her meaning hit me like a ton of bricks! My short skirt had ridden up to my waist to expose several inches of my lace edged slip and nearly all of my panties.

Ignoring my bewildered expression, Helen said, "You should keep your knees together when you sit for the same reason. Anyone peeking through the window to see if Danny is still around would get very suspicious if he saw a ***woman*** brazenly exposing ***her*** undies like that."

I'm sorry, Helen. It's just that..." I was embarrassed at my stupidity.

"I know this is hard on you, darling, but I do want you to stay alive. You just have to do certain things to deceive those viscous hoods," she purred as she took me into her arms for a comforting embrace.

She was right, so what could I say or do except follow her instructions? After she left, I went about my housework, very conscious of the feel of my silky blouse and my short skirt swaying about my hips. Thankfully, the skirt was very short, making it look like shorts with baggy legs, that is, as long as my ***slip*** didn't show! After that fateful day, I spent most days in one of her, or should I say ***my***, short skirts.

My hair continued to grow and was now tickling my neck. Always intent on enhancing my feminine image to save my ass, Helen styled it with bangs across my forehead and curled the sides about my ears. Having great fun experimenting with my hair, she tried new styles and ***looks*** with each cutting. I was frustrated with her little games, but she would get angry and make me feel ungrateful for her efforts if I tried changing it to look more masculine.

She kept reminding me that I brought this all on myself as I became increasing concerned about my rapidly flourishing feminine appearance. Despite my concern, Helen seemed to go out of her way to concoct new and innovative ways of making me look more and more feminine. It was like a game with her, so I couldn't mount much protest for fear of appearing ungrateful.

Andy was due home from school within a week, and that was another reason for my concern. Unable to bear the thought of him seeing me in my sissy feminine attire, I was determined to change into pants and brush my hair into some semblance of a masculine style before he arrived. With that in mind, I chose a knit shirt and a pair of slacks to wear the day he was to arrive and I packed my other masculine things for our trip out of town.

To my relief, Helen generously came up with a few bucks for Andy and me to live on until I could find work. At that point, my only problem was to remain unseen by Sid and his goons until we could get away.

My carefully conceived plans; however, were interrupted without warning. Two days before Andy was scheduled to ar-

rive, he burst into the kitchen where I was washing the dinner dishes, and yelled, "Surprise, I'm home!"



I was in shock! My son had caught me wearing embarrassing feminine clothes. I had nowhere to run or hide!

"Dad…?" he gasped when he saw me, "Is that you?"

"Uh…uh…Andy!" I stammered in an effort to find my voice. "You aren't due home for two more days! Why..."

"I finished my exams early, so they let me go home. I phoned to tell you, but no one answered. I rode the bus and caught a cab from the station. The big question is why are you dressed like that? Are you a sissy who likes to run around in women's clothes?"

"I can explain..." I stammered.

"You look pretty good! I almost didn't recognize you! Your hair is styled like a woman, your legs are shaved, and hell, your slip is even showing! What else are you wearing under that sexy skirt? Soft silky panties?" he asked as he burst into laughter.

Never was I so embarrassed or at such a loss for words! What could be more humiliating than being caught by your son while dressed in woman's clothes? With a bright blush, I managed to stammer, "I...we have to talk. There's a logical explanation for all of this. Come into the living room and I'll tell you the whole story."

"I'm all ears! I can't wait to hear you explain why you are doing housework while wearing a woman's dress!" Andy snickered with obvious amusement.

I was trapped! Andy had seen me in feminine clothes! Now, I had to tell him about my humiliating ordeal of the past months. Also, I had to make it sound credible without appearing to be a sissy wimp. That was the hard part because I ***was*** wearing a skirt and my lace edged nylon slip ***was*** showing! I needed Helen's help to pull that off.

I was literally shaking all over as I wiped my hands of the sudsy water. I was so overcome with embarrassment that my mind was near the point of shutting down. Filled with panic, I followed my amused son into the living room.

When he couldn't see, I reached to the waist of my skirt and hiked up the elastic waistband of my half-slip. I could only hope that 'out sight' would be 'out of mind'.

"Why hello, Andy!" Helen greeted my smiling son, "Welcome home for the summer."

Andy's jovial demeanor changed to one of disdain at seeing her, and he spat, "You bitch! This is all your doing! Since Dad doesn't have a job, you're shaming him by making him wear your clothes and do the housework! Right?"

His observations were closer to the truth than I cared to admit, especially about the housework. Although he hadn't mentioned them, he had also assumed correctly about my panties.

In an effort to calm him and alleviate his suspicions, I stammered, "No son, this is my fault, so don't blame it on your step-

mother. She has been wonderful about helping me through this awful mess."

"Your fault? Are you saying you like wearing dresses and cleaning house?" he snarled in a disbelieving tone.

As he observed me sitting with my knees together and my manicured fingers nervously pushing my short skirt as far down as it would go, he declared, "You must because you not only dress like a woman, you sit like one too!"

"Please let me explain!"

"Explain, ***explain***! Who's stopping you?"

"Well, I lost a lot of money to these gangsters. They were out to kill me, so I got Helen to help me create this disguise to keep them from finding me."

"I knew that bitch had a hand in this!"

"Just a minute, you ungrateful wimp!" Helen cut in angrily. "Despite our family finances being stretched to the limit, your father made a tremendous sacrifice to keep you in that fancy school long enough for you to finish the current term."

"What kind of sacrifice?"

"Look at him! We could only manage your tuition if we cut our expenses to the bone and maintained only one residence. To do that, he disguised himself as a woman to hide from those awful hoodlums he owed money."

"Are you saying he did all ***this*** for little old me?" Andy asked as his devilish grin returned. "Well, doesn't he look cute?"

"He did all that and more for you. He planned to leave town with you and hide while he raised the money to pay his debt. Despite our dire financial straits, he insisted that we set aside some money to tide the two of you over until he could get on his feet."

"Get on his high heels, you mean!" Andy roared in laughter. "Looking like that, what kind of jobs would he qualify for? A

secretary? A waitress, maybe? Or maybe even a maid? How much money could he save in those stellar professions?"

At that, Helen threw her hands up in disgust and spat, "He's your son! Talk some sense into him! I'll fix us a drink."

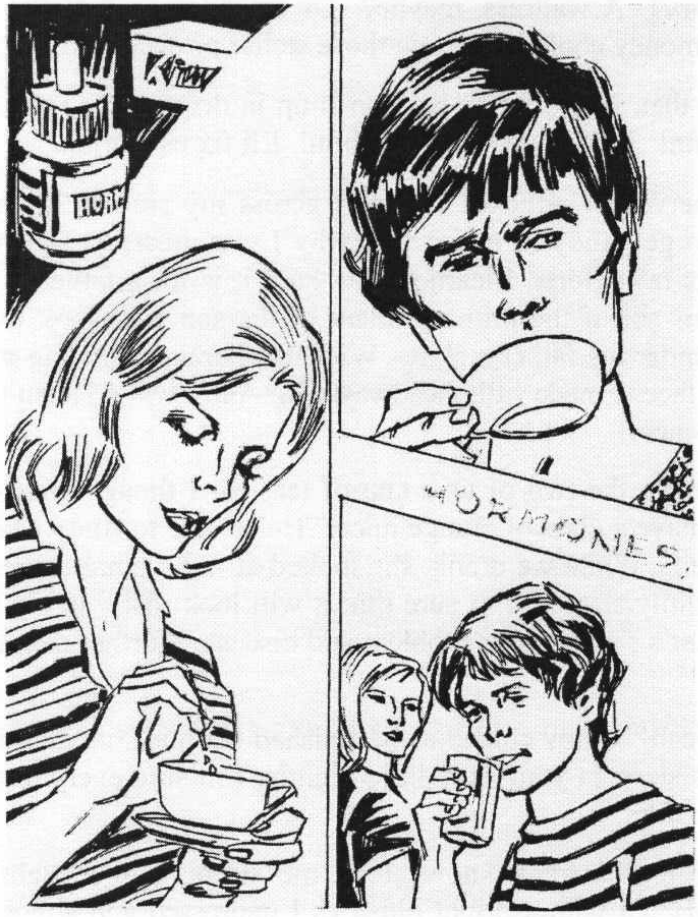
I nervously adjusted my skirt across my smooth thighs and tried to get Andy to understand why I was dressed as a woman. Despite my efforts, I learned how hard it is for a father to influence his son if the primary intent of the son is to look for lacy frills under his father's skirt. With that handicap staring me full in the face, I made little headway with Andy while Helen was in the kitchen.

I made the two of us a cup of tea, but I thought you would rather have a glass of orange juice," Helen said to Andy when she returned. While we drank, she looked at our dismal expressions and calmly stated, "I'm sure things will look rosier in the morning. Let's sleep on our problem and discuss it further over breakfast."

"Yeah!" Andy chided as he finished his juice. "After a good night's sleep in your sexy little nightie, I'm sure everything will look ***rosier***!"

"How did Andy know about me sleeping in a nightie?" I asked Helen with a bright blush as I undressed and slipped into my long pink nylon nightgown. In reality, I had worn it since Helen warned me that Sid might have men secretly inspect our laundry for men's clothes, underwear, or pajamas to see if I might be hiding in the house. "He isn't trying to understand my troubles. He'll blow my cover if his attitude continues."

Don't worry," Helen soothed. "I'll try to come up with a plan that will convince him to cooperate."



"I'm sure this nice tea and orange juice will take the edge off a difficult day," Helen smiled. Neither Andy nor I knew of the 'special something' she stirred into our drinks.

Despite Helen's assurance, I was on pins and needles as I dressed the next morning. From the beginning, I was hesitant to wear women's clothes, but now, it was worse, much worse! This time, I was appearing dressed as a woman before my ***son***! As strange as it might seem, that made me more meticulous about my clothes.

Not wanting Andy to see lace below the hem of my skirt, as he had the day before, I selected a full, mid-thigh length, black nylon slip several inches shorter than my straight black skirt. To

prevent the straps from showing, I chose a black linen blouse with a scoop neckline. After slipping my feet into black skimmers with slightly raised heels, I put on my usual frilly apron to protect my clothes, and then made my way downstairs.

"Good morning, darling," Helen purred as she swept into the kitchen where I was cooking breakfast. "I called Andy and he'll be down shortly." Taking me in her arms, she gave me an affectionate kiss and, as had become her habit, she lowered her hand to my skirt and caressed my buttocks. I never knew if she was playing a sex game or making sure I was wearing a slip and panties as she had ***suggested***.

"My you look nice," she smiled, as she stepped back and looked me over, "What's the occasion?"

"I want to have a long talk with Andy. I don't want Louie the Mauler peeping through the window and getting suspicious until I can come to an agreement with my son."

"Good idea," she said as she poured our coffee and a glass of orange juice for Andy.

I didn't think anything about her stirring my coffee, but why was she stirring Andy's juice? It was fresh from the container!

Before I could ask, Andy walking into the room and diverted my attention. Upon seeing me in my feminine ensemble, he guffawed, "Face it, Dad, you're a sissy! I never would have believed it, but look at you, all prim and proper in your pretty dress and heels! I thought you would be in pants for my sake, but ***no***! You're dressed up fancier than you were yesterday!"

"Please, son, I tried to explain..."

"Yeah, I know! You're afraid to wear pants and be a man. Tell me, Helen, did he really lose money to a bunch of thugs or does he just like to wear pretty dresses and soft undies?" Andy sneered. A smile played across his lips, but his eyes showed only contempt. "Whatever, it is, it's working because he sure looks and acts like a sissy!" he spat without waiting for a response.

"You'll feel differently when the two of you get out on your own," Helen assured him as she came to my rescue.

"Go with him, my ass! I'm not going anywhere with that sissy! Look at the way he's dressed!"

"He'll change once he gets away from here and those awful men," Helen assured my distraught son.

"Change into what, a fairy, a butterfly?"

"This is going nowhere," Helen concluded as she tossed her fork onto her plate, rose from the table, and left the room in disgust.

Andy and I ate in a tense silence except when he asked for seconds on orange juice. When he finished, he left the room without a word of thanks or appreciation.

"The dishes can wait!" I fumed inwardly as I followed him into the den where Helen was shuffling through some papers.

"How can you live with such a sissy?" Andy scoffed while indicating my skirt clad form.

"Have a seat, both of you!" Helen declared while ignoring his comment. "I think I have a solution to our dilemma, but first let me spell out the problem. First, Dan lost his job, and then he lost money to the mob. He decided to hide here and save money so he could escape with you, Andy. To do so, he disguised himself as a woman. Andy, however, finds his appearance offensive and refuses to go away with him. Isn't that just about it?" Her narration was an over simplification, but along with Andy, I nodded agreement.

"Okay," Helen continued. "As long as the mob is looking for you, Dan, Andy's safety is at risk because those hoods won't hesitate to kidnap him to get to you. Therefore, I called my mother and explained our situation. She readily agreed to take Andy for the summer, but in her current financial circumstance, we have to pay for his keep."



"I don't care what you say! I'm not going anywhere with that sissy!"

"I don't want to live with ***her***!" Andy loudly declared. "Hell, I've only met her a couple of times!"

"Since you refuse to go with your father, your choices are simple. Live with my mother or face the mob. Make up your mind!"

"Where will we get the money to pay her?" I gasped at the thought of Andy falling into the hands of Sid and Louie.

"We have no choice," Helen sighed, "To guarantee Andy's safety, we must use your escape fund. It's the only ***extra*** money we have. Of course, that means you'll have to continue living here. Oh look! Mother is already here, so hurry and get your things together."

"I didn't unpack last night," Andy sulked as he headed toward his room. "I'll get my stuff."

"You can't let your mother see me dressed like this!" I shrieked in panic as I held my skirt out for emphasis.

"Don't be silly!" Helen admonished, "It was her idea to disguise you as a woman to hide you under the noses of those villains. Her plan has worked very well so far, so why shouldn't she see how you turned out? She might have some suggestions to make you more convincing in case those thugs come closer."

"Helen, please!!!" I begged.

"Okay, but I don't understand why you have to be such a ninny," she rebuked. "I'll go out and greet her. Send Andy out when he returns. Mom doesn't like to wait."

When Andy returned with his bags, I said, "Goodbye, son. I'm sorry you don't approve of my disguise, but maybe things will be better when you return. You had better go now because your grandmother is waiting."

"Yeah, Dad, but see if you can't find a pair of pants by then," he agreed as he looked over my feminine ensemble. At that, he hustled out the door and down the walkway to the car.

I was in a state of shock. I had suffered the greatest of indignities the past few months to keep my son in school. All my suffering had been for him, yet he laughed at my skirts and refused to go away with me. Instead, he chose to live with someone he barely knew, and the few words he managed to utter were filled with contempt.

When Helen came back inside, she looked over my feminized form and said, "You were right when you thought you were being observed. Mother and I saw footprints outside the window when she looked in to observe your disguise."

"You let her see me like...like ***this***?" I gasped.

"Why not? I told you your disguise was her idea. Anyway, I wanted her opinion of its authenticity."

"What did she think?" I choked on the question and dreaded the answer.

"She thinks we should make you look more feminine since you are being watched."

"What ***now***?" I exhaled in a gesture of resignation.

Chapter 5

"I know you're depressed because of Andy's attitude about your disguise, but don't worry," Helen replied without answering my question, "Mother will take good care of him while you work through your ***problem***."

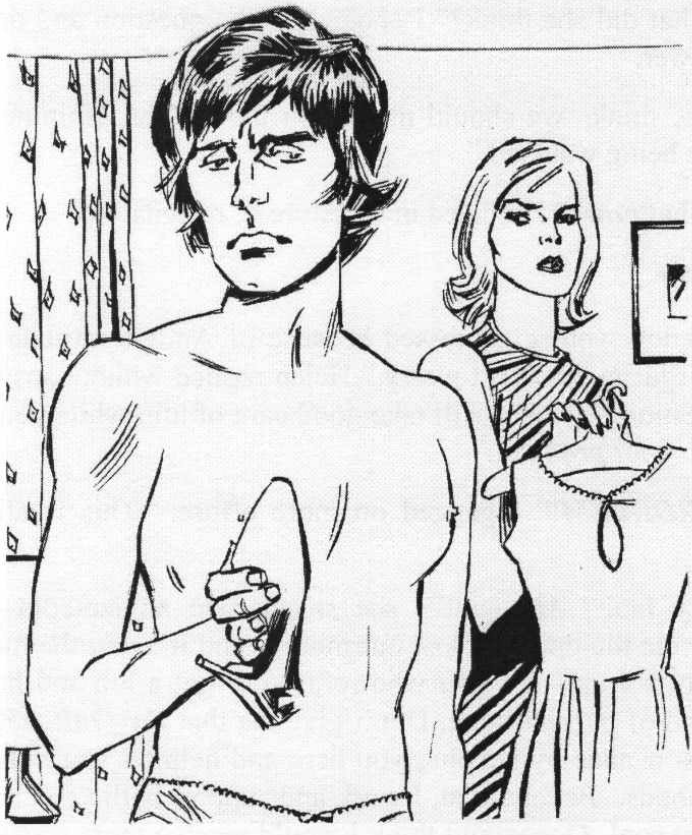
"***PROBLEM***!" I gagged on more effuse. "This is all your fault!

"My fault? ***My*** fault?" she snapped in an ice-cold voice. "***You*** were the one who lost our money, and it's ***you*** the mob expects to pay up. It's ***you*** who refused to get a job and hold up your end of our marriage. Don't give me that ***my fault*** shit. I'm taking a chance by keeping you here and helping you hide from those hoods. Beyond that, I work and support both you and your arrogant son! One would think I would receive more respect and appreciation for my efforts!"

"I'm sorry," I sighed, "I guess I'm just upset over losing Andy. I didn't mean to take my frustrations out on you."

"Apology accepted," she replied in an overly sweet voice, "Now, let's go upstairs and see what we can do to improve your image."

The very thought of increasing my feminine image made me extremely nervous, but I didn't want to risk upsetting Helen again. Swallowing my pride, I obediently removed my skirt and blouse.



"I can't believe you are bitching about wearing a dress!" Helen admonished. "It's your life that's in danger, not mine."

When she turned around with a pink dress in her hand, she looked me over and frowned, "You'll have to change your undies. Black will show through this dress. I suggest you try white or pink."

"I'm not wearing a dress!" I gasped, "I ***can't***!"

"Oh, come on!" she insisted. "You'll look very nice in this dress. It's about time I got some cooperation from you. Anyway, a dress is almost the same as a skirt and blouse, so get busy!"

I desperately wanted to firmly refuse to wear the hateful dress, but I was afraid she would stop helping me. Hesitantly, I exchanged my black undies for pink and pulled the dress over my head.

"On the other hand, these will give you a bit of trouble until you become accustomed to them," she added while holding up a pair of high heeled pumps.

"Thanks a lot!

"Wait, you need pantyhose with that dress and those heels. Try these."

I took the stockings and sat on the bed. Following Helen's instructions, I managed to roll them up my legs without snagging the delicate material. As she looked on, I stepped into the 3-inch heels.

"Actually, you should be happy that mother took Andy for the summer."

"Happy? Why?"

"You heard his reaction to your clothes. How long would it take for him to say something to one of his friends? In no time, word about your feminine costume would be all over the neighborhood. Not only that, if he were to see you like this every day for the entire summer, his jeering would have driven a wedge into your relationship that might never heal."

"I wasn't planning on wearing these sissy clothes much longer. They aren't permanent, you know."

"Oh? What will you do about Sid and your rather substantial gambling debt?"

"I'll think of some way to get back into pants," I sighed as I stood and smoothed the skirt of my unaccustomed dress about my legs.

Helen looked at me for the longest time before answering. "I wouldn't be so sure that you're out of the woods yet. Those type of people have long memories when it comes to money and you owe them a considerable sum."



"I'll never be able to pay them as long as I'm secluded in this house."

"Chin up, sweetheart. We'll think of something. In the meantime, let's have a look at you."

The dress fit remarkably well, but it was just a housedress, nothing fancy. In fact, it was plainer than the blouses I was wearing and it was longer than my skirts. On the other hand, unlike my skirts, this dress would never be mistaken for a baggy pair of shorts. It was a dress and no amount of camouflage could hide that fact, especially with my three-inch ***heels***! I teetered on them for a few steps, but I soon got the feel for them.

Helen accompanied me to the kitchen to make sure I negotiated them okay. "Try not to dwell on Andy," she counseled, "Maybe your nice clothes won't bother him after he's had all summer at mother's place to think about your predicament." I could only hope!

Early that afternoon, I was deeply engrossed in thought on ways to extract myself from my oppressive silken prison, and I didn't see a burly man approach the kitchen porch. I usually keep the curtains closed, but this time I was lax because of the morning events.

The doorbell brought me out of my reverie and I jumped back to alertness. Looking up, I saw Louie the Mauler staring at me through the window. Panic raced up and down my spine! What could I do?



"Oh, my Gawd, it's Louie the Mauler!" I panicked. "What if he recognizes me in this dress??!!"

"Groceries, ma'am," he called through the door.

Groceries? I hadn't ordered any groceries!

I couldn't pretend I wasn't home because he was looking straight at me. Apparently he saw my dress and not my face because he thought I was a woman, probably my wife, or maybe the maid. I knew he would recognize me instantly if he actually saw my face. I also knew that I didn't look like a woman, even if I ***was*** wearing a dress and heels.

"I didn't order any groceries," I squeaked through the door, hoping my voice didn't give me away by sounding too falsetto.

"A Mrs. Morgan ordered them," he replied, "Is that you?"

Helen would never order groceries and have them delivered while she wasn't home. Even if she did, Louie the Mauler wouldn't be delivering them. This was a setup! The guys were still looking for me! Thinking fast, I stammered, "N...no, I'm her sister."

"Can I leave them with you?"

What was I to do? Louie wouldn't be put off. I had to accept the groceries and somehow convince him that I was Helen's sister. "Uh…y…yes, I guess so," I gasped, "I'll take them."

Louie either collected the money or the man, as he was never sent on friendly missions! Filled with panic, I expected him to barge into the house and pound me into oblivion. When I was properly subdued, he would take me to Sid where I would be exposed in my dress, heels, and pink nylon undies. After that, I would be humiliated before all my friends to make an example of people who didn't pay. Better that he kill me right here!

I was flabbergasted when he didn't force entry. I guess it was darker inside than out, so he couldn't get a clear view of my face. Taking advantage of my fortunate circumstance, I took the bag and used it to block his view of my face. I saw him looking at my fingernails, and for the first time, I was thankful that Helen insisted that I keep them filed and polished.

"Say, have you seen Dan lately?" Louie asked as I started to close the door. "He and I used to hang around a lot, but I haven't seen him lately."

"Uh, no!" I gasped, "He left six or eight weeks ago and we haven't seen or heard from him since. I'm staying with my…my sister to keep her company while he's away."



I was lucky! Louie the Mauler didn't recognize me. He thought I was Helen's sister!

"Yeah? Would you call me if you hear from him," Louie handed me a phone number. "I really need to see him because I owe him some money."

"Uh…okay, I'll do that," I whispered as I took his card and closed the door.

That was a close call! Louie wasn't known for his gentle hand. I nearly fainted as I placed the groceries on the kitchen table and realized that the threat was real. Until now, I assumed Sid was on my trail, but I hadn't actually known. Now I knew for sure!

I sat down to gather my thoughts. This was a close call, and they would be back. What was I to do? Maybe next time, Louie wouldn't be so accommodating. What if he forced his way into

the house? What if I actually ran away? How would I live? Where would I stay?



"What can I do, Helen? Sid is getting suspicious!"

I spent the rest of the day worrying. I was damned if I stayed and damned if I left! I couldn't find a solution. I was comforted only by the thought that Helen would be home soon. Maybe she could find a way out of my quandary.

Chapter 6

When she arrived, I immediately launched into a detailed description of the affair with Louie. She silently listened, then gave me that 'I told you the mob hadn't forgotten you' look.

"I did order some groceries," she pondered. "I told the store to leave the groceries on the steps and I'd pick them up when I got home. The mob must have intercepted the delivery boy and used the delivery as a ploy to inspect the house."

"What can I do?" I cried, "Louie will surely come back. He's like a bulldog when he gets on the trail."

"Since we have no money, you obviously can't leave. Neither can you continue looking the way you do," Helen studiously examined me as I wrung my hands in my lap. "On the other hand…"

"On the other hand what?" I whimpered.

"Well, you did convince that Louie fellow that you were my sister…" she smiled.

"He didn't get a good look at me," I whined, "I won't be so lucky the next time. I wouldn't be here talking with you if he had seen more than this stupid dress!"

"That ***stupid dress*** probably saved your ass today!"

"Yeah, you're probably right," I submissively agreed.

"So, why don't we build upon your success?" she grinned.

"I don't understand?"

"Enhance your looks so you can pass as my sister, even if Louie gets a clear look at you," she continued her train of thought.

"Enhance? How?" I didn't grasp where she was going.

"Things like your hair, face, deportment, and carriage. You know, the things that men look at to determine a person's gender." She seemed genuinely excited at the idea.

"You want me to wear ***makeup***...***lipstick***?" I gasped, not realizing that was the logical next step beyond wearing dresses, skirts, and heels to appear as a woman.

"Yes! It's the perfect solution! When I'm through with you, even your son won't recognize you! "Come on, Dan, look at this realistically. It's your only choice. Really."

"Only choice, my ass!" I asserted, "I can always sneak out of the house. Surely we have enough money for me to survive at least a few days."

"I'm afraid not."

"But…"

"Oh, come on! It will be fun to see how feminine I can make you appear."

"You're enjoying this, aren't you?" I grumbled, knowing she was probably right about making me appear more feminine. How else could I hide from the mob?

"I guess I am having a bit of fun," she giggled, "But, this is serious. I bet that if you leave this house dressed as a man, you won't get two blocks. I don't think Louie believes you left town, otherwise, why would he be looking for you here?"

Seeing no other option, I reluctantly sighed, "I guess I'll have to go along with your idea for the moment until I can think of a better plan. When do we start?"

"No time like the present! I'll show you the basics of makeup and hairstyling and you can practice starting tomorrow. Shave really close while I get some things together for your new ***look***."

While I was shaving, I noticed that my beard, although still substantial, was softer and less bristly. I hoped Helen was joking about making me look so much like a woman that Andy wouldn't recognize me.

She was waiting beside her vanity with a bright smile on her face when I returned. "Time to create a sister, dear," she giggled.

I grumbled something under my breath, but apparently she didn't hear me or didn't want to. She took my arm and steered me to her vanity stool to begin my transformation in earnest!

I had grave doubts that she would be able to make me look anything like a woman, after all, I am a man and her husband.

But, I reluctantly followed her lead. I was ready for her to begin after I adjusted my skirt over my smooth nylon covered thighs.



"Let's start with your eyes," Helen produced a wand and applied mascara to make my eyes look large, expressive, and feminine.

"We'll start with your face," she decided after giving me a close scrutiny. "I think the eyes."

I sat absolutely still as she began applying eyeliner to my eyes. I wasn't used to someone working so close to my eyes. After applying dark lines to the top and bottom of each eye, she smoothed eyeshadow onto my lids.

"Hmm, even though it is evening now, I think we should use light subtle daytime shades. I wouldn't want my sister to look garish if someone should visit."

"Visit? Who will visit?" I started to panic. "Do you know something I don't?"

"Oh, calm down, dear," she soothed, "I was only talking metaphorically. Anyway, we both know Louie might return. But don't worry, when I'm done, you'll be able to greet anybody without fear of being mistaken for a man."

"Mistaken? I am a man!"

"Not for long, at least where appearance is concerned!"

"What…?"

"Oh, don't worry," she soothed, "I was just thinking about my next step with your eyes. I think mascara for those lovely lashes will make your eyes look large and totally innocent."

After coating my eyelashes, she stood back, examined my face, and concluded, "Something just isn't right. Oh, I know! It's those bushy brows. No woman would be caught dead with brows like those. I'll take these tweezers and start plucking them."

"What if you pull out too many?"

"Don't worry about that! There are lots of extra ones. If I take out too many, we can pencil them in. It's simple."

"Pluck my eyebrows? Can't we just leave them alone?"

"No!" she abruptly stated. "Now, let me get to work! "No self-respecting woman allows her brows to look like yours. If you want to fool those thugs like you say, we have to get to it!"

Firm bushy eyebrows, more than anything else on a man's face other than whiskers defines him as being masculine, yet most men take them for granted. I guess we just assume they will always be there, but suddenly, mine were disappearing. A shiver ran down my back as I considered how far a simple game of cards was changing my life and my very ***nature***.



I couldn't believe that I was sitting at Helen's vanity while wearing a dress, slip, panties, and heels and allowing her to pluck my brows to make me look even more feminine!

She spent nearly half hour on just one brow before she was satisfied. Then, she told me to do the same with the other. I didn't understand how removing a few hairs could take so long or hurt so much!

Finally satisfied with my efforts on my other brow, Helen started on my face. "My, Danny, your skin is so smooth and translucent. Are you sure you aren't really a woman in disguise?" she taunted me.

I didn't need Helen to remind me about my complexion. I knew how clear and smooth my whole body now felt. That was one of the many things depressing me. I didn't have a good explanation for it, any more than I knew why my chest hurt and my nipples were so sensitive. A lot of strange things had happened since I was forced indoors because of that gambling fiasco.

"I'm sure that I'm a guy, Helen," I murmured, "Haven't I proven it in bed?"



"Hold still so I don't smear your lipstick," Helen cautioned, as she applied the feminizing color to my lips.

"Not lately! But whatever the cause, your baby soft skin is making my job easy. I'll only need a little powder to give you that soft, clear complexion women strive to achieve."

Finished with powdering my face, she produced a lipstick from her counter top. "Wait a minute," I cried. "Not lipstick! I don't need that!"

"Of course you do," Helen countered while removing the cap from the brass tube. As the dark cherry lip color was revealed, she explained, "No fashionable woman would be caught without

proper lip color. Before I could protest further, she brought the slippery stick to my lips and started to apply it.

I was embarrassed as hell as she finished her hateful task. How could she be so cavalier about making me look so totally feminine? I ***am*** her husband, damn it!



"Your hair has become so long and sexy since you've let it grow," Helen complimented.

As she replaced the shiny cylinder on her vanity, she instructed, "Rub your lips together to smooth out your lipstick to provide a uniform texture, then blot them on this tissue."



"That can't be me!" I gasped as I examined my face in the mirror. "Even without my dress, I look like a woman!"

I did as she instructed, and then she thoughtfully examined my face. Finally when she decided it was acceptable, she moved to my hair. "I love how full and wavy your hair has become since it has grown out," she complimented as she took a pair of scissors and a comb and started snipping here and combing there.

While Helen worked on my hair, I took surreptitious looks in the vanity mirror. I couldn't see too well, but what I did see

scared me. She was waving and curling my hair, forming feminine bangs over my forehead, effecting curls about my ears, and giving my hair fullness it had never had before. I noticed those changes whenever I could get past my makeup-enhanced face.

Finally Helen declared me done and allowed me to observe myself full view in the mirror. I turned in the chair and nearly fainted. That couldn't possibly be me reflected by the mirror!

"That can't be me!" I gasped, as I grasped my chest with both hands. My heart was beating like it would leave my body. "What did you do to my eyes? They look so large!"

"Au contraire, my dear," Helen giggled, "but it is you. Didn't I say you would be able to pass as my sister?"

"But I'm a man, your husband," I gulped as I stared at my feminine image.

"You were my husband!" she corrected. "Now, you must become my sister in everything you do if you want to hide from those nasty mob guys."

"I don't know which is worse: the problem or the solution," I moaned.

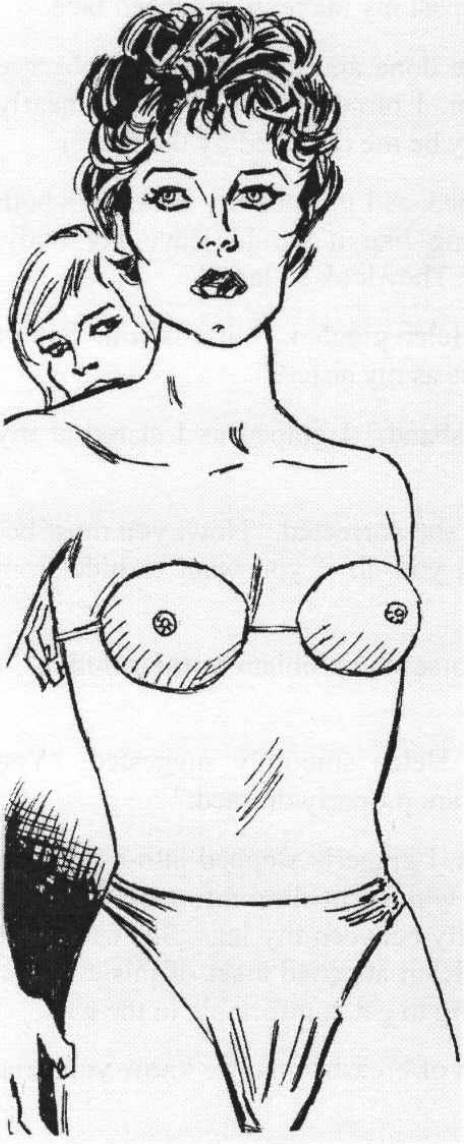
"Let's get you dressed," Helen smoothly suggested, "You may feel differently once you are properly dressed."

Following her instructions, I gingerly stepped into a tight fitting garment she offered. I winced in discomfort as the thing constricted my manhood tightly between my legs. She called the torturous garment a 'gaff'. Helen attached a set of falsies about my chest while I was still trying to get comfortable in the gaff.

"We'll get you a better set of breasts once we know your true size," she grinned.

I could have died right there and then as I felt the weight of the obviously feminine mounds on my chest. I allowed her to wrap a frilly silky smooth, lace embellished, pink bra over the

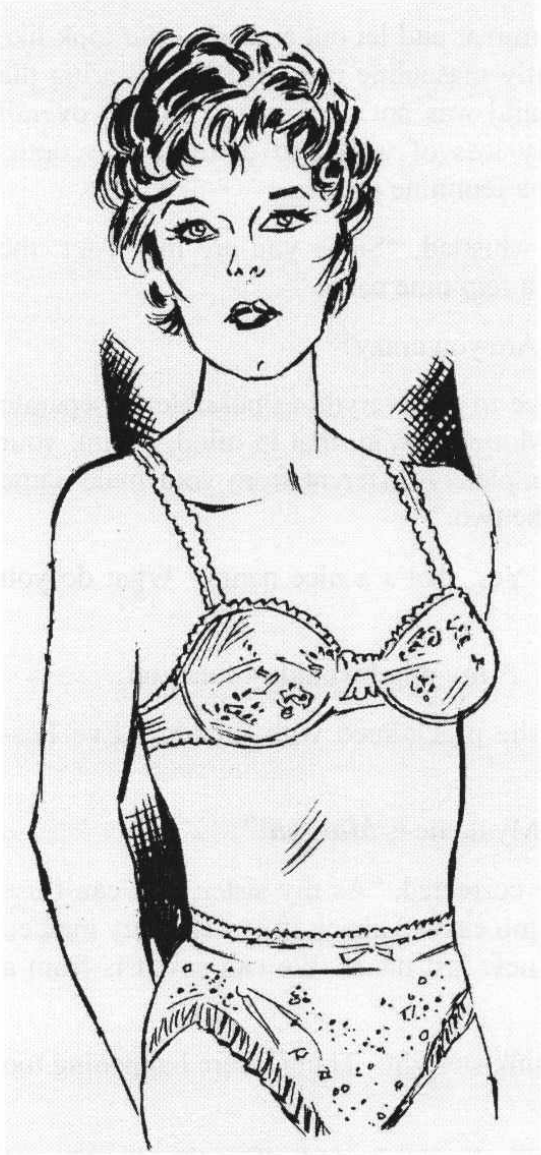
offending prosthesis. I didn't know which was more humiliating, the bra or the prosthesis.



In a trance-like state, I stepped into pink nylon panties that matched my bra. As I slid the silky garment up my legs, I couldn't help but be aware of its soft smooth feel.

The bra effectively hid the breast prosthesis while the panties hid my confining gaff. As I stood before the full-length mirror, I had to admire Helen's ingenuity. Even I had to admit that I made a rather striking woman, although my facial features were a little sharp and on the masculine side. On the other hand, I realized that I just might be able to pull this off as long as no one saw me up close.

"Let's finish getting you dressed," Helen suggested as she pulled me away from the mirror. "I see you've been keeping your legs smoothly shaven as I suggested. Start by pulling these pantyhose up your legs."



I blushed crimson at her observation, but I silently drew the silky nylons up my legs and adjusted them at my waist. Luckily, I did it without snagging the delicate fabric.

Without waiting for instructions, I pulled a soft pink nylon slip that matched my panties and bra over my head. The dress that Helen offered was a simple design, easily secured with cloth buttons up the front.

It had a plunging neckline that exposed a hint of my lacy bra. As had become my habit of late, I smoothed the dress about my hips and legs to remove any wrinkles.

"Try these shoes, dear," Helen cooed, "I think you'll like what you see in the mirror."

"I doubt that!" I moaned. How could she think I would like how I looked in woman's clothes?

I stepped before the mirror and let out a gasp. I ***did*** look like a woman, albeit, a slightly masculine one. Despite wearing the falsies in my bra, my build was not very curvy, but the overall effect was feminine. My loss of weight over the past months definitely helped present a feminine profile.

"Very nice!" Helen whistled, "Since you are my sister, the new feminine you needs a feminine name."

"A feminine name? Are you crazy?"

"Remember, you have to do everything possible to separate the new you from Dan Morgan. With that in mind, I think your new name should be completely different from your male name so people won't equate the two."

"How about 'Eve'? Yes, that's a nice name. What do you think?"

"I…I…I don't know…" my mind wouldn't function.

"Then 'Eve' it is!" she proclaimed with finality, "Eve Foster!"

"Foster?" I gasped, "My name is ***Morgan***!"

"Not any more!" she corrected, "As my sister, you can't use your real last name. It is too easy to check if you used my maiden last name, so I selected new last name. We can say it is from a prior marriage."

"But…" I couldn't think straight. Things were happening too rapidly.

"Let's hear no more!" she demanded, "For the duration of this deception, you are Eve Foster. Get used to it!"

"But this charade is only for a little while! I don't need a new name. I won't be interfacing with anyone outside this house."

"Don't be silly!" Helen laughed, "Now that Dan Morgan has officially left this house, you can go anywhere. In fact, you can take some of the burden off me."



"That can't be me!" I gasped as I looked at my feminine image in the bedroom mirror.

"Like?"

"You could do the shopping, for starters."

"Shopping for what? I can't, I won't go out in public wearing woman's clothes. I would be a laughing stock and the mob would surely recognize me!"

"Groceries for one," Helen firmly answered, "Nobody will recognize you, believe me!"

(Continued in Book 2)

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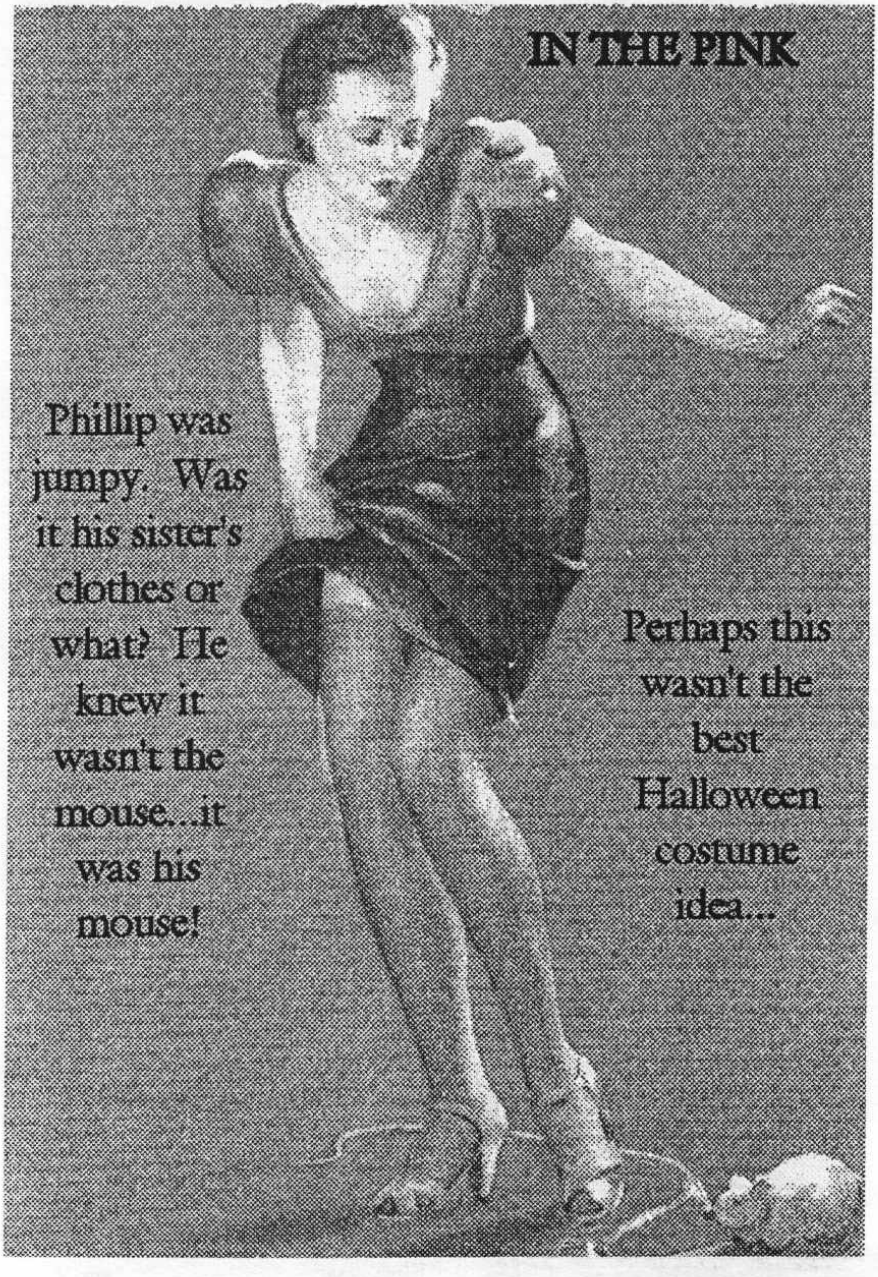
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(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT)Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to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

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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?

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

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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?"

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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.

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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.

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

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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.

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

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

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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

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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?

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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.

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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!

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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" FASHON 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, femininily 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 CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I
PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

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

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE

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

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

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

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

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

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3
A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!
SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)
Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)
Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.
I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)
Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!
I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)
Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!
I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)
The continuing saga of Tebby.
I BECAME MY TEACHER
A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

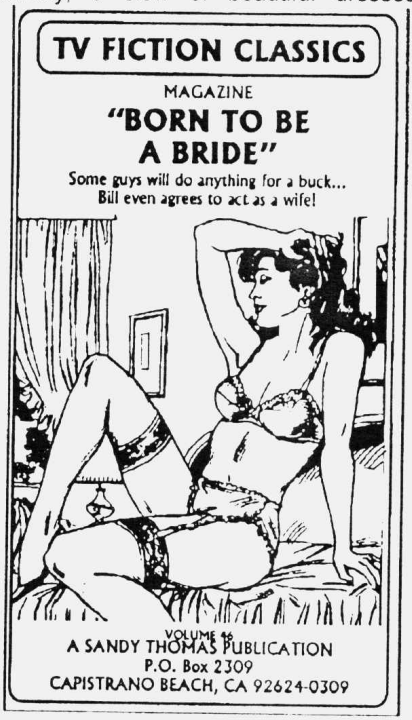
THE SISSY SERIES

SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4 -#5
Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!
THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE &TWO
A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?
WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM
A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.
THE SLIP
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Volume 2

HUSBAND TO SISTER
Book 2

By Puyal, Alice Trail, and Kristi Love

Illustrations by

Puyal

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QUOTE BOARD

"Women would rather have beauty than brains because men can see better than they can think."

Husband to Sister

Book 2

By Kristi Love, Puyal, & Alice Trail

Chapter 7

I couldn't believe it! Helen was suggesting that I go out in public while wearing a dress, high heels, makeup, and a curly feminine hairstyle like any normal housewife, and shop for groceries! "I can't do ***that***," I stammered, "I can't go outside looking like ***this***! Everyone will know that I'm a man in a dress, I will become a laughing stock, Sid will get word of my disguise, and Louie will be back for another visit. Do you want me dead?"

"Oh, come on! Look in the mirror and honestly tell me if you see anything resembling a man? Okay, I'll admit that your shape is still a little masculine, your face is sort of 'tomboyish', and you have to work on your feminine comportment, but you have all the ingredients to be a lovely woman. I think we have a winner!"

"This is a bad mistake," I moaned as I bowed my head in shame. Feeling the tightness of my bra about my chest and pain in my lower legs from standing in the high heels, I sighed, "I don't think I can go through with this."

"I don't know of any other way to hide you," Helen sighed, "Do you want Louie the Mauler to get his big brawny hands on you?"

"Of course not!" I growled, "I just don't think I can pull this off!"

"Okay, perhaps your appearance is a bit too masculine," Helen mused. "We could get you some clothes of your own and enhance your image by doing something about your shape."

"Clothes? Shape? What are you talking about?" I gasped. "I don't need women's clothes of my own and my shape is just fine, thank you!"

"You said it, not me! Your current disguise isn't sufficient to fool those gangsters if they get a close look. It's your shape that will give you away. Still, I think you can carry it off if you lose a few pounds and develop some curves in the right places."

"Clothes? Curves? I'm just trying to hide from the mob until we can pay off Sid. Dressing this way isn't permanent and I have no desire to ***become*** a woman!"

"If women's clothes and makeup alone won't hide you when Louie gets a really close look," Helen reasoned, "then the only way to hide from those bastards is to appear natural in your disguise."

"Agreed, but how do I accomplish that?"

"I can help you develop a convincing figure, but you must fully cooperate. Of course, that kind of miracle necessitates help from the proper undergarments and certain medications."

"Medications? What kind of medications?"

"Low level doses of estrogen taken on a regular basis will soften your appearance and round out your contours enough to make you appear to be a woman whether you wear slacks, dresses, or skirts."

"Estrogen? Female hormones?" I gasped, "Oh no! I didn't sign on for that!"

"There is no gray here, only black and white, Dan! Either you go along with my suggestion or you march over to Sid's and give yourself up!" she snarled. "If you won't do the things necessary to stay alive, go ahead and get killed the easy way!"

"Are you crazy? I can't just walk into Sid's hangout! That would be the end of me!"

"If you go to Sid's looking like you do, he'd probably turn you out on the street to earn the money you owe him instead of killing you," Helen snickered."

"Helen, this is serious!"

"I know! That's why you had better forget all that macho nonsense and listen to me if you want to survive this crisis! You've been doing housework in blouses, skirts, panties, and slips for weeks. Now, you're wearing makeup and have a woman's hairstyle. What's the big deal about taking a few pills to enhance your feminine appearance if it will save your life?"

Unable to refute her logic, I threw up my hands in resignation and sighed, "Okay! I'll give your idea a try against my better judgment. What do I do?"

"We shouldn't rush into anything," Helen contemplated. "Continue wearing your skirts, blouses, and undies to do your housework, but set aside some time each day to practice applying makeup and styling your hair. Use the techniques I showed you. If you have problems or questions, I'll help you when I return from work. You should be fairly proficient with the basics by the weekend."

Again, her logic was flawless, so I nodded and said, "I'll try, but you don't know how humiliating it is to dress and make myself up as a woman! You saw how Andy reacted to my appearance and I wasn't even wearing makeup."

"I know this is hard on you, darling," Helen purred. "I love you, and this is the only way I know to keep you alive." Giving me a light pat on my posterior, she smiled, "Run along and change into one of your pretty skirts and blouses. Your housework is waiting and I have to get to work."

After doing the breakfast dishes and cleaning the kitchen, I decided to have a go at applying makeup as Helen had suggested. Boy, was that a disaster! My inexperience was evident from the beginning. I couldn't get my liquid makeup on without streaks and I never got the same amount of blush on both cheekbones.

My natural aversion to wearing lipstick caused my hand to shake, causing me to I smear it outside my lip line.

That wasn't the worst. Attempts around my eyes were the ultimate catastrophe! My eyeliner was an uneven wreck, my mascara blotted without separating or lengthening my lashes, and my eyeshadow was the same dark color without tapering off. The pencil I added to my brows was the only redeeming facet of my efforts! I tried several times to apply my makeup correctly because I had to look like a woman as I performed my housework, but I made little, if any progress.

When Helen returned from work, she laughed at my pitiful appearance. I had dinner almost ready, but she said, "I can't eat while looking at you with your makeup in such disarray. Come upstairs and let's repair that horrible mess!"

"But, Helen, I did the best I could. Really, I did…"

"I know, sweetheart, but you have a lot to learn. Remove that clown face and we'll start over. Since you experimented and made your share of mistakes, you should grasp makeup application much quicker this time."

Sure enough, I understood as Helen showed me correct techniques. My earlier mishaps gave me an incentive to learn, but I still shook when I held the red lipstick shaft before my trembling lips. After about an hour, my makeup was more or less presentable. "I still need a lot of practice," I sighed as I reviewed the finished product.

"Just be glad that Louie the Mauler didn't see you with your streaked makeup. You'll be applying your makeup like a pro in no time if you keep working at it like you did today." Despite myself, I blushed at her compliment as I stood and brushed my skirt into place.

Sure enough, I had a lot less trouble applying makeup the next day, and I was less apprehensive with my lipstick. My progress was evident, but the final result was still far from perfec-

tion. "Maybe it's good enough to fool Louie if he shows up," I sighed hopefully.

When Saturday arrived, Helen said, "Put on the dress and heels you wore the other day. Even though you are getting quite good with your makeup, I'll do it for you just to make sure everything is okay for our trip to the mall."

"MALL!" I cried, "I can't go to the mall wearing a dress!"

"Sure you can. Besides, where else can we find clothes for you?"

"I...I don't..."

"Oh, come on! We've been planning this all week. Why else did you work so hard to perfect your makeup technique? Do you want to hide from Sid and his goons or do you want to die?"

Peeling my nightgown over my head, I silently got dressed as she instructed. After buttoning my dress, I turned to and fro before the mirror to insure that my slip didn't show. When I was satisfied, I sat at the vanity so Helen could do my makeup.

"I have the perfect earrings to go with your dress," Helen bubbled cheerfully as she clipped the feminizing jewelry to my ears. "Grab your purse and we're off to the mall!"

"But..." I sputtered, "Everyone will know that I'm a guy in a dress!"

"We can go to a mall across town where we aren't known. If anyone suspects that you're a guy, they won't know your identity, so let's go."

Shaking like a leaf, I placed some makeup, blush, mascara, eyeliner, and lipstick in my purse. As I was adding a brush and comb, Helen handed me a tampon saying, "Put this in there too. Women often carry them in case of an emergency. It will add validity to your disguise." I accepted this last affront to my masculinity with a bright blush.

I looked to the left and right to make sure no one saw me in these embarrassing feminine clothes as Helen backed the car from the garage and down the driveway. "Don't worry, dear. Anyone watching us will only think that my sister and I are going shopping. I made a point of spreading the word that my sister was visiting to console me in my husband's absence."

True to her word, Helen drove across town to a mall I had never visited. After parking the car, she told me to check my makeup in the passenger side mirror before getting out.

I trembled like a leaf as I inspected my look. With the hem of my skirt at mid-thigh as I sat, I opened the door and stepped onto the pavement. To my surprise, the strain on my straight skirt caused the two lower buttons to pop open, creating a very naughty display of my lace edged slip and the tops of my nylons.

A group of nearby construction workers saw my dilemma. As might be expected, they let loose with a chorus of laughter and catcalls. Hearing their reaction, I quickly reentered the car and slammed the door.

While I breathlessly adjusted my skirt back to a modest length and refastened the buttons, Helen observed, "There is a right way and a wrong way to exit a car while wearing a tight skirt. You just demonstrated the wrong way."

"What...how? I can't go through with this, Helen! Let's go back home, please!"

"When you're wearing a short, tight skirt, you can't step out of a car like you can while wearing slacks," Helen smiled at my embarrassment. "Open the door, turn both knees toward the outside while trying to prevent your skirt from riding higher, place both feet on the ground, and stand up. Then, and only then, can you pull your skirt down and adjust it properly."

Nervously, I followed Helen's instructions and managed to get out of the car without giving the workers too much of a ***show.*** A cool breeze whipped about my nylon encased legs sending

shivers up my spine as we walked toward the mall. My tight skirt restricted my stride and my high heels forced me to walk with a wiggle.

Looking about, I noticed that most people gave me little more than a cursory glance, but a few registered looks of surprise. I felt certain that they recognized me as a man in a dress, but they didn't make an issue of my appearance or supposed gender.

We entered a lingerie store where a salesgirl greeted us. "My sister wants to look at some waist cinches," Helen offered. "She recently put on some weight and..."

"Say no more," the girl smiled, "We have a wide and varied selection of all foundation garments. Step this way, please."

I was sure the clerk didn't buy the ***sister*** story. The look in her eyes indicated that she knew something was awry. Was seeing men in drag a common occurrence in this place or did the prospect of a large sale forestall her from broaching the subject?

Helen herded me into a dressing room and told me to strip to my bra and panties. Shortly, she returned with several torturous garments. Believe me, they lived up to their billing, as I was stuffed into one type of waist cinch after another.

Helen took special pleasure in tightening the offending garments about my waist. When I complained, she insisted that this was necessary to "start molding your shape to a more feminine profile".

Finally, she selected a particularly cruel design called a waist cinch garter belt. The top reached to just under my bra and the bottom to just above my panties. I felt as though I was crushed when Helen finally wrestled the laces closed! I could hardly breathe and I couldn't bend more than an inch or so as I tried to thread the garter straps under my panties and fasten them to my nylons!

Next came a panty girdle. The front was tight and eliminated all masculine bulges from sight. The back was padded to give my

buttocks a fuller and rounder appearance. To my surprise, Helen even brought in breast prostheses with the weight and feel of the real thing "to more realistically fill out your bra".

I suffered from the discomfort of my waist cinch, panty girdle, and the unaccustomed weight of my new breasts, so Helen had to help me into my dress and fasten the lower buttons after I dropped my slip over my head. Despite my agony, my shape was much more feminine. Maybe that's why I didn't have to be reminded to repair my makeup and freshen my lipstick before leaving the dressing room.

Helen and I browsed through the lingerie while I tried to become accustomed to my new restrictions. I was totally embarrassed as I fondled the silky garments and held them up for inspection under Helen's watchful eye. She even talked me into buying an assortment of feminine undies.

I left the store carrying a bag full of silky lingerie that included an assortment of multicolored panties and matching bras, several slips and half-slips, a dozen pair of nylons, a bustier, and a very sexy teddie. Lastly, we bought a full-length yellow nylon nightgown held up by the tiniest shoulder straps, a lavender knee length satin nightie, a pink babydoll that reached only to my hips, and a long flowing translucent negligee in blushing pink!

"Now, we have to buy you some outer clothes," Helen decreed, and we were off to a trendy dress shop. With her help because of my restrictive foundation garments, I tried on one feminine ensemble after another. After an agonizing session, we bought two dresses, three skirts, four blouses, and a couple of sweaters.

"I don't need all these things!" I protested, "I'm just doing this until we pay Sid off!"

"Trust me," Helen purred as she guided me toward the shoe department, "before your ordeal is over, you will need much more than this." Believe it or not, I left with four pairs of women's shoes. Three of them had high heels!



I was embarrassed beyond words as I left the boutique with my arms loaded with silky feminine lingerie I would soon be wearing! What if someone recognized me as a man in a dress?

Taking my arm and pulling me into a little boutique, Helen declared, "I don't relish the thought of sharing my jewelry, so we must purchase you some jewelry of your own."

"After all I've been through this morning, I thought we were through!" I moaned.

"My ***sister*** wants her ears pierced," Helen proclaimed to a salesgirl while ignoring my appeal. "She was always a tomboy, but I finally convinced her that the only way to find a decent man is to become more feminine. She's shy and still a bit uncertain, so be gentle."

I nearly fainted at Helen's statement! I didn't want pierced ears and I certainly didn't want to find a ***man***! I was totally dismayed by her awful suggestion, but I didn't protest for fear that my voice would give me away.

Unlike the other clerk, this one didn't let on if she knew I was other than what I appeared, and I wasn't about to educate her. Trapped, I sat demurely on a stool, and a few minutes later, I sported two holes in each ear! Helen pocketed the clip-on earrings I wore into the shop and my ears were adorned with gold keepers.

To my chagrin, she insisted on buying me some pierced earrings! After an exasperating search, I had five pairs of gold hoops and dangling pendants for my lower holes, and three pairs of studs, pearl, diamond, and gold, for my upper holes!

When we returned to the car, we had so many packages that the trunk almost didn't hold them all! "What am I to do with all these feminine clothes?" I gasped.

"Wear them!" Helen proclaimed in an adamant tone. "I have gone to a lot of trouble and expense to see that no one kills my husband, so you will wear them!"

"I guess you're right," I sighed in anguish.

"Of course, I'm right! Remember that the hard hat crew will be watching, so unless you want to give them another show, you should enter the car the exact opposite of the way you got out."

She was right! From past experience, I knew that rough and tumble guys always watch for an encore after a sexy female accidentally reveals her ***assets***. Although I was as careful as possible, my unrelenting foundation garments prevented me from entering the car gracefully. I didn't show nearly as much nylon and lace as before, but my admirers were treated to an extensive leg display!

Our next stop was the grocery store where I had shopped many times as a man. I don't know if the grocer recognized me, but he appeared to have trouble suppressing a grin. A couple of men that looked like Sid's lowlife hoods were laughing vociferously at the magazine rack. "Must be a good joke," I thought with gloom, "I haven't heard a good tale in ages!"

Paying the goons little heed, Helen introduced me as her sister and authorized me to charge to her account saying, "She will be buying our groceries for the foreseeable future."

During the ride home, Helen lectured, "Remember that my sister, Eve, is supposed to be living with me. If anyone finds out differently, including our neighbors, Sid will be on us like the plague. Think of what will happen to your reputation if word gets out that you dress as a woman. To prevent that from happening, you must wear your feminine garments at all times and work hard at perfecting the necessary makeup techniques, hairstyling ability, and most importantly, your feminine image."

That afternoon, Helen gave me a tape recorder, a set of tapes, and instructions on how to speak as a woman. She said I should spend at least two hours each day speaking into the microphone and modulating my voice to match the woman on the tapes. I had become quite proficient at my housework, so plenty of time remained for my voice lessons and makeup practice.

On Monday, Helen brought home a supply of estrogen supplements. It was in granule form to be mixed with water or other

liquids and ingested twice daily. There was also a potion to be administered by injection once a week. I was sick for a week after starting the estrogen pills, and my nipples became extremely sensitive as the nausea subsided. It wasn't until I started to sprout breasts that I became suspicious of the true dosage of the hormones. I complained, but Helen assured me that this was the minimum dosage.

My muscles vanished as the days passed, and my skin became clear and translucent. The hair on my head grew full and luxurious even as my body hair became soft and sparse.

That's when Helen insisted on doing something about my beard. "It's impossible for you to really pass as a woman with that five o'clock shadow showing up every day!" she growled. "There will always be room for doubt about your gender unless you have electrolysis to get rid of that awful beard."

"But, Helen!" I protested, "What will I do for a beard when I return to my rightful place as a man?"

"You'll save ten minutes each morning by not having to shave," she answered. Without further conversation on the subject, she made arrangements to drop me off every other morning on her way to work and pick me up a noon. I went three days a week until my manly beard was history.

She was religious about giving me hormones both morning and night. She critiqued my walk, how I sat, how I dressed, and my makeup. She insisted that I apply my own makeup and style my hair.

Chapter 8

By the end of the summer, my breasts were more than a figment of my imagination. They were real breasts...breasts that femininely erupted from my chest. True, they were only an A+ cup, but that was a lot more than I wanted. At the same time, I no longer shaved and my voice lessons produced a throaty femi-

nine contralto. I would never be a soprano, but Helen thought my voice was quite passable.



I couldn't believe how rapidly my body was changing with such small doses of hormones

"Lots of men think women with husky voices are sexy," she observed.

"Sexy or not, I'm not interested in guys," I grumbled, "Besides, I can't wait to get out of these clothes and back to talking the way I should...like a ***man***!"

Helen was particularly impressed with my legs. "Wow, Eve," she would coo, "I know real women that would pay a million dollars for sexy legs like yours."

"It's too bad I can't sell them mine," I groaned, "They would get what they want and I'd have the money to pay off Sid and return to being a man. Everyone would be happy all around!"

She laughed at my statement, then observed, "Keep them nicely shaven and coated with soothing moisturizing cream. Display them prettily and no man will ever suspect that they belong to another man. They are yours for good or bad, and you should make the most of them."

I took her counsel to heart and made sure to always wear silky nylons, short dresses or skirts, and high heels. I wore so few pants that I felt strangely naked without the confining restriction of a tight skirt.

At first, the constant weight and the bobbing of my breasts as I walked felt strange on my chest. Soon wearing bras felt normal and I wouldn't be caught without wearing a lovely, silky creation.

During this time of change, a tough looking stranger would occasionally appear at the door and ask for Dan. I was able to dissuade them since I was wearing a dress, heels, makeup, and didn't look like the person they were looking for.

That is, until Louie the Mauler showed up again! He said that he was certain that Dan was hiding inside and he threatened violence if I didn't let him in to look around.



I could see and feel my body slowly, surely, changing from masculine to feminine. This was far worse than wearing soft lingerie, dresses, and makeup!

As Louie looked around, he insisted that I follow him so I could tell him where certain clothes were stored. I was terrified with fear that he might see through my disguise as I trailed behind this viscous mob enforcer. I shook from fright and I became acutely aware of my skirt and slip swirling about my nylon covered thighs and my dangling earrings tickling my cheeks.

As Helen predicted, he not only searched for Dan, he looked through the masculine clothes hanging in the closets and the underwear stored in the drawers. Seeing that it hadn't been worn in quite some time, he moved to the bathrooms to make sure the toilet seats were down. In the laundry room, where he found only dresses, skirts, and blouses in the washer, he casually glanced at the panties, bras, slips, nighties, and nylons hanging up to dry.

After taking one final look around, he seemed satisfied that his prey was not staying here. Handing me a card, he growled, "If that son of a bitch comes around here, you broads had better call me!"

He looked at my hands softened by creams and lotions, and observed my long oval nails polished to match my lipstick. His gruff expression changed to a smile.

"Y...yes sir," I squeaked, shivering with fear. My voice didn't set off any alarms. With that, he stormed out the door.

Thank goodness Helen had foreseen the possibility of this search and insisted that I dress in a totally feminine manner at all times, including makeup and undies! My voice lessons and her constant critique of my feminine mannerisms and comportment really paid dividends. I resolved not to complain in the future when she corrected my demeanor.

I was shaking like a leaf as I stood behind the curtains and peeked out as Louie strolled to a car where he met another thug. After a brief conversation, they both burst into roaring belly laughs. "Damn!" I groaned as the car sped away, "I really miss the jokes and funny stories guys always tell each other."

"I told you that those thugs would come around again," Helen declared confidently when I reported the event. "It's not like those hoods to give up, especially when such a large sum of money is involved. It's a good thing you were at your feminine best behavior, attitude, and appearance, or you would have been toast! Keep that in mind in the future because they'll be back."

As the summer passed, sure enough, Louie the Mauler came by from time to time, just as Helen predicted. One particular time, he asked about Andy! Where was he? What school did he attend? When did the fall term begin?

Believing my only chance to survive was to play ignorant, I threw myself into the role of a female bimbo and replied in a tiny voice, "I don't know where Andy is. I haven't heard from him, but I suppose he ran away with his father."

Although he had a strange expression on his face, Louie seemed to accept my answer and went away. I did, however, see him laughing uncontrollably with another man at the street.

"I was concerned that something like this might happen," Helen sighed when I told her the purpose of Louie's visit. "That's why I insisted on sending him to mother's."

"What can we do? If Louie gets his hands on Andy, I'll have to turn myself in and suffer the consequences. I can't let those goons take their anger out on my son!"

"Don't be too hasty," Helen soothed, "I saw this situation coming, so I have taken steps to keep Andy safe."

"What is it, pray tell?"

"Let me make sure my plan is working and I'll let you know in a few days. In the meantime, just concentrate on carrying out your disguise in case Louie returns."

Carry on with my disguise? I looked more feminine by the day! My breasts blossomed to B+ size, so I now wore a bra from necessity, rather than for appearance. My hair hung down my neck and I kept it in a trendy feminine style most of the time. As

for undies, my drawers overflowed with soft sensuous lingerie. I owned an assortment of panties, bras, slips, nighties, and nylons that would make most women envious! To keep me looking femininely attractive, my vanity was covered with cosmetics of every type imaginable!

Mimicking female mannerisms became habitual under Helen's exacting tutelage. I sat, stood, and carried myself like a woman without thinking. I became skilled at makeup application and Helen insisted that I keep my long oval finger and toenails polished to match my lipstick.

Chapter 9

All this kept me safe, as my disguise had stood the test under fire and survived, but what about Andy? He was due to return home for a few days after spending the summer with Helen's mother.

Instead of ridding myself of the dresses and skirts I wore last spring, I had become more securely entrenched in them. I dreaded him seeing me in them! What would Andy think of me, but more importantly, how could we keep him safe in our current financial straits? Whenever I asked Helen about her plan, she always said she was too busy to explain the details.

There would be no way to persuade Andy of the dire consequences of our predicament if his attitude hadn't changed. My clothes and appearance would only serve to convince him that I had become a complete sissy, as he asserted months before, and he would refuse to take my advice about his own danger.

The only chance to appease him was to lessen the impact of my feminine appearance. With that in mind, I decided to wear slacks, a sweater, little if any makeup, and brush my hair into a unisex style for the duration of his visit.

On Saturday afternoon, three days before Andy was to return, I was changing clothes after spending the morning doing housework. I just finished a long luxurious bubble bath and was getting

dressed. Wearing only pale pink panties, garter belt, and nylons, I had just hooked my bra over my bulging breasts when Helen appeared at the door with Andy.



"Dad?" Andy cried as he looked over my feminized body. "Why are you wearing panties and...and...?"

"Oh, Helen!" I shrieked, "Why did you bring Andy in here? You know I didn't want him to see me like this!"

"Mother dropped him off just now. She said she couldn't take any more of his bullying, money or no money."

"Dad? Is that you?" Andy gasped in astonishment. "Look! You're not just wearing dresses; you're turning into a woman! Your bitch of a wife is worse then her demented mother! As horrid as she was, she didn't try to make me wear panties or any of that other silky stuff!"

Blushing brightly, I came to Helen's aid saying, "I told you last spring that this isn't Helen's fault..."

Helen wore a scowl at Andy's insensitive statement, but she merely smiled and said, "As we told you before, Andy, your dad has to hide from the mob. We both felt the best way for him to hide was to dress as a woman."

"Dress? He's doing more than just dressing!" Andy asserted as he pointed to my bra. "Those are real ***boobs***! How did you...how could you do that to him?"

I looked down at cleavage clearly visible where my bra pushed up my breasts. I felt so vulnerable…so exposed standing in my silky lingerie in front of my son. "A lot has happened since you were here last," I gasped, "The mob has even been here looking for you."

"You're crazy! What would they want with me? I didn't lose any money to them!"

"They want to get to me through you. If they catch you, there's no telling what they would do to you to get me to come out of hiding."

"Speaking of breasts," Helen changed the subject, "What is pushing out your shirt?"

Andy blushed deep crimson, "I…I don't know what…what has been happening to me. My chest is swollen…and my nipples have become sensitive and itchy lately."

"Isn't your skin clearer?" Helen observed.

Bowing his head, Andy sighed, "Yeah, I know. I don't know what's happening. M…my skin has become soft and the little stubble growing on my chin has disappeared."

"Also your hair has grown and you've lost weight," Helen observed.

"Your tightwad mother trimmed my hair this way instead of giving me money for a haircut!"

"I think I know what happened," I growled at Helen. "***This*** was your plan to save Andy! How could you do such a despicable thing to my son?"

"Watch your tone, Eve darling," Helen declared emphatically as she glared into my eyes. "Sacrifices were made to save your life. Now they have to be made to save Andy's."

"Eve? Who is Eve? What sacrifices are you talking about?" Andy inquired.

A glimmer of amusement covered Helen's face as she considered Andy's question. "Why your dad is, Candi darling," she purred, "Only under my plan to save your life, he is your mother instead of your father."

"Mother?" I gasped, "How can I be his mother?"

"We don't have enough money to return Andy to that expensive school and Sid is sure to get him if he hangs around here. On the other hand, who's to know if my sister has a daughter from a prior marriage? See the simplicity? You are firmly entrenched as my sister and now Candi is your daughter."

"Candi?" Andy puzzled, "Who is Candi?"

"You are, dear, or you will be," Helen replied with a knowing smile. "As your mother's daughter, you need a sweet feminine name. Since Candi rhymes with Andy, all we have to do with your former name is add a 'C' in front and change the 'y' to an 'i'. Simple, isn't it?"

"You...you planned this all along, didn't you?" I accused.

"Of course, darling. I told you that I anticipated that Sid would try to get to you through Andy. I had Mother administer estrogen to him to prepare for such an event. His breasts are beginning to develop like a teenage girl and his hair is growing nicely. The right types of clothes are all he needs to complete his disguise. I've also taken care of that eventuality. There are several dresses and skirts hanging in his closet and the appropriate lingerie is stored in his drawers."

"But he's my son!" I declared.

"***Andy*** was Dan's son," Helen corrected, "***Candi*** is Eve's daughter. As you can see, she is a sweet young thing who is much too girlish to be a boy. All ***she*** needs is a few lovely dresses, some soft sensuous lingerie, and a little chic makeup to bring out the girl hiding under those ugly tom-boyish clothes."

"Girl? Dresses? Makeup?" Andy gasped. "I'm a boy and that's my dad, no matter how you make him dress!"

"No longer," Helen stood up to both of us, "If you two want to live, Eve must become a mother and Candi her lovely teenage daughter."

"You made a sissy of Dad, but I won't let you do it to me!" Andy shouted. "I'm a boy and I won't wear silly girl's clothes! I won't! I won't! I won't!"

"Watch your tongue, young lady," Helen growled, "You will do as I tell you if you want to live!"

"No, I won't!" he shouted, "You can't make me wear those awful clothes! Whoever heard of such a horrible thing?"

I couldn't believe it! Helen was proposing to change my only son into a girl, and I was powerless to help him! Having lost the ability to refute her logic months ago, I could only passively standby during their exchange. If we tried to make it on our own, our feminine mounds would make it impossible to go undetected. We needed her support to survive!

Just then, the front doorbell rang, jolting me out of my stupor. "I'll get it," Helen asserted, "there is no telling who it might be. In case it's your friend, Louie, you had best keep Candi out of sight." From the top of the stairs, I heard Helen talking to someone, but I couldn't hear what was being said.

"Look, Dad!" Andy whispered as he peeked out the window from behind the curtains. There's a large black car at the curb.

Two guys that looks like professional wrestlers are leaning against it! Are they the thugs who are looking for you...for ***us***?"

Momentarily forgetting that I was wearing only a bra and panties, I hurried to my son's side for a look. Seeing the brawny hoods, I sighed, "Yes, that's Jake and Bubba, two of Louie's enforcers. Now, do you see why I can't let them find me...or you?"

"Gee, Dad, I didn't realize how serious those thugs were. I'm sorry I teased you."

"That's all right, son," I sighed happily as I took him in my arms for an embrace of reconciliation.

Helen returned with a serious expression on her face. "I bought us some time, but I don't know how much," she said. "Louie said he had a report that a young boy was seen entering this house. He was checking it out."

"What did you say to get him to leave?" I gasped.

"I told him a girl was here, but not a boy. When he asked where she was, I said she was shopping with her mother, my sister."

"Wow!" I gulped, "That was close!"

"Closer than you think!" she exhaled. "That proves the house is being watched. If Candi is seen in boy's clothes or even in girlish slacks, Louie is sure to hear about it. It's even more imperative to get ***her*** into a dress, unless ***she*** wants to take ***her*** chances with those goons. What do you say, ***Candi***?"

Andy's face was filled with fear as the full realization of our plight hit him. "I...I can't let those thugs get me," he gasped.

"Does that mean you'll let me disguise you as a girl?" Helen asked.

He was near tears as he whispered, "Y...yes."

"Then, please follow me to your closet, Candi," Helen stated. "We have to get you ready to go shopping."

"Ready?" he murmured as if he was afraid to hear the details of what 'getting ***ready***' really meant!



"You can't be serious!" Andy cried, "I'm not wearing those sissy clothes!"

"Yes, you have to be dressed as a demure young girl unless you want to be seen as a boy shopping for girl's clothes."

"Dressed?" he was quaking in his shoes, "In ***what***?"

"Oh I've purchased an adorable starting wardrobe for your new life, Candi," Helen declared with a smile as she opened the closet.

"Oh no!" Andy wailed when he saw the array of dresses, skirts, and blouses hanging in his closet, "Is that what I have to wear?"

Ignoring Andy as he expressed his reservations about wearing the clothes she had purchased, Helen selected a pale blue dress with puff sleeves, lace about the bodice, and a string bow at the top. "I'm sure this adorable dress will look wonderful on you. But before we get you dressed, you should take a nice bath," she calmly stated.

"A...a bath?"

"That's right, Candi dear, a nice warm bath. While you're in there, shave your legs and underarms. I don't want my niece looking like a silly tomboy."

"Shave my legs!"

"How long do you think it would take Louie to return if he heard that a girl with hairy legs was living here?"

"Okay, you win."

Helen laughed at Andy's sorrowful expression and added, "In the meantime, your lovely mother can finish dressing."

Chapter 10

An hour later, Helen returned followed by my very dejected son. He was wearing the dress Helen had selected and girls' white slippers with two-inch heels. His hair was separated into two small 'Angle Wings', each tied with a little ribbon, and he wore light makeup with pink lipstick. His skirt fell to about three inches above his knees and showed a fetching glimpse of his recently shaved, nylon covered legs. I was surprised at how shapely his legs appeared below his swinging skirt.

"I think we are all ready to go," Helen announced after looking me over. I was wearing a light blue dress that matched Andy's except for the lace fringe and string bow at his bodice. Still in my nylons held up with a garter belt, I wore matching

blue three-inch pumps and my makeup and hair were tastefully done.



I no longer got the stares and whispered comments that greeted my first outside excursion. After my beard was removed, people seemed to take me for a somewhat masculine looking woman, although the ***masculine*** part of my image was disappearing with each passing day.

Helen drove, as she always did when we went out. I sat in the passenger seat next to her. Andy sat in the back seat with his skirt primly spread across his legs. An expression of fear and apprehension covered his face, but he couldn't figure a way to escape his fate.

Helen stopped at a mall and motioned for us to follow her. Andy was extremely reluctant to leave the protection of the car, but he slowly made his exit. I understood completely, as I felt the same way the first time I ventured outside in a dress.

As we entered this exclusively feminine enclave, Andy whispered a steady stream of questions like, "Why are we going in here? Do I have to? What will they do to me?'

"If you keep quiet and do as you are told, you'll be okay," Helen advised. "No one will get suspicious if you act properly. On the other hand, everyone will know you're a boy if you make a scene."

Like myself, Andy had no choice but to follow her advice. Bowing his head in submission, we passively followed her into this most feminine of places.

"Hello, Ms. Grant," the owner greeted Helen. "I see you brought your sister and her lovely daughter. What can we do for you today?"

"Grant?" I gasped inwardly, "Since when did Helen start going by her maiden name?" This wasn't the place, but I would definitely confront her about this when we got home!

Helen greeted the woman with a kiss on her cheeks as she replied, "This is my sister, Eve, and Candi, her daughter. Candi will be having the works, including a facial and a new hairstyle. Eve is having her hair styled too. As you can see, she is at that difficult in-between time."

"You came to the right place," she smiled, "Follow me, ladies. We have some of the most competent and experienced operators in town, so I'm sure you will be pleased with the results when we are done. If you're pleased with the results, please schedule another appointment, but if you aren't, it's on the house. That's our policy."

Andy was led into one of the booths and introduced to a beautician, who said, "We'll start with a facial, then move onto your hair."

Andy merely stared into space as she started her ***magic***. "You have a lovely face with fine bone structure," she complimented. "I'll bet the other girls are so envious."

Instead of acknowledging her compliment, he sat by morosely. The beautician merely shrugged and she started to work on his eyes.



Andy stared forlornly into the mirror as the beautician applied his makeup. Was that pretty girl in the mirror really he?

My hairdresser soon had me engrossed in selecting the hairstyle I wanted. She offered suggestions on highlights that would enhance my complexion. Since I cared about my makeup and hairstyle, I became so involved with my own appearance that I didn't hear what was happening to Andy.

When I was allowed a break to allow my style to set, I peeked in on Andy. Believe me, I was taken back by the lovely young face that reflected from his mirror. The beautician had finished Andy's makeup and he was gorgeous! His eyes were highlighted with eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara, and they appeared large and doe-like. His lips shone bright red from expertly applied lipstick, and his cheeks were rosy with blush. All in all, his complexion had a soft, smooth, flawless look!

I had to return to my booth, but I heard Helen compliment Andy. "I knew there was a lovely girl hidden beneath all those boy clothes!"

I sucked in my breath. Did these beauticians know Andy and I were males? Did Helen's casual comment clue them in? If so, they gave no indication of surprise.

"Now, let's do something with your hair," the beautician said as if she hadn't heard Helen's comment. "Your hair is too short to carry a nice style, but I have an idea that should tide you over while it grows. This hair extension that matches your natural color will do the trick. Ponytails are quite popular among teenage girls these days, so when you wear it, nobody will be the least bit wiser."

When my hair was finished, I examined my new style in a mirror and was taken aback by how much she had accomplished with so little to work with. Instead of my accustomed long straggly mess, my hair was now a gorgeous auburn mane that cascaded about my face to my shoulders. It did more than just compliment my face, it transformed my image from a feminine appearing male to an attractive woman. I couldn't believe how much a professional hairstyle could change ones appearance. Now, I was living proof!



"This hair extension will make you look like a cute teenage girl, and no one will be the wiser," the beautician smiled.

"Oh," I gasped, "I…I look…"

"Yes," my stylist agreed, "You are truly lovely. I must say this style is definitely ***you***!"

I brushed out imaginary wrinkles from my skirt and examined my image in the mirror. Utterly amazed at how feminine I now appeared, I strode over to Andy's booth to see how he was making out. As I turned the corner, I lost my breath. Standing before me was the loveliest teenage girl I had ever seen!

Andy was just as astonished, and we stared at each other for a long moment. "Dad?" he uttered.

"Andy?" I gasped.



I felt sick to my stomach. My son, my future heir, looked like a teenage heartthrob and I was powerless to help him.

"You are both wrong," Helen grinned. "Candi, this lovely woman is ***not*** your father, she is your mother and my sister. I am your Aunt Helen. Eve, your son Andy is gone. Candi is your daughter. Remember that from now on! If either of you is recognized as your former self, the other will certainly be discovered as well. You know what that can lead to, don't you?"

Andy and I looked at each other as if to say, "What have we done?" Then, we bowed our heads in shame. We were not only dressed as females, but we sported feminine makeup and recently styled hair!

"You have to admit that you make a stunning mother and daughter!" Helen smiled, "You look so much alike."

Andy and I blushed at her attempt at flattery. Not too long ago we were a handsome father and son, but now we are a ***lovely*** mother and daughter! How could this have happened?

Chapter 11

As we drove home, Helen outlined her plans. "The first order of business is to get the two of you protected from prying hands."

"Prying hands?" I was confused.

"Yes, sister dear," she smiled, "Like when men and boys want to grope you, cop a feel…feel between your legs. You wouldn't want them to find a 'surprise' there, would you?"

"Men? Feel between my legs!" I shouted. "I'm not interested in men, and certainly ***no*** man is going to feel between my legs!"

Andy piped in, "Me neither! I'm no fag! I like girls!"

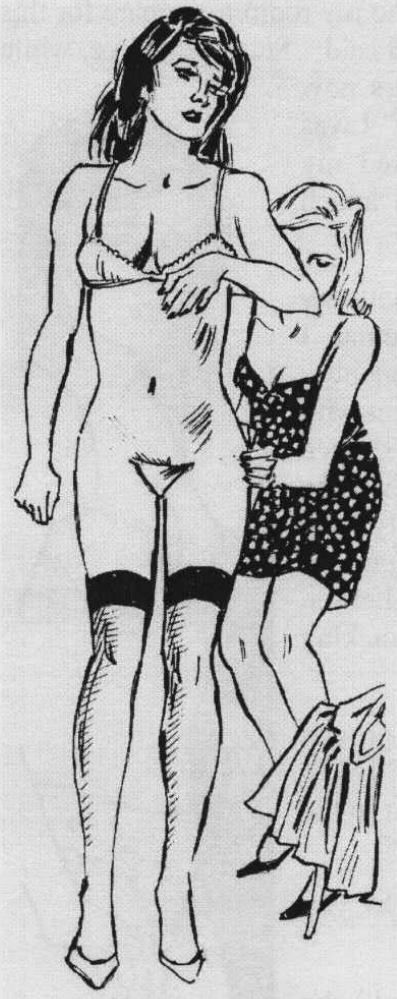
Helen continued, obviously enjoying our discomfort, "You never know when a mob enforcer might get suspicious and want proof of your gender! Do you see the wisdom of wearing this garment if it can conceal your identity in that eventuality?"

"What is it?" I queried.

"It's a device designed to hold a person's manhood back and in," she giggled. "I purchased it from a shop that caters to female impersonators. It's perfect for providing a proper front as you progress into your new life."

"New life? Proper front?" I gasped, "Look, I'm only dressing this way until we can pay Sid off."

"Yes, but who knows when that may be," Helen soothed as she approached me with a skin colored garment. "Don't worry your pretty mind over something you can't do anything about."



"How could such a device protect us?" I cried.

"Simple," she replied in a matter-of–fact tone. "It forces your testicles up into your scrotum and holds your penis behind a fairly convincing replica of a woman's vagina. I've seen one, and you have to get up close and personal to tell it's there. It would preserve your secret in case one of Sid's goons pulled a Crocodile Dundee and grabbed a hand full!"

I moaned, "We'll never be in a situation where such a personal probe would happen."

"A girl never knows when the opportunity for a little romance may arise," Helen giggled. "This ingenious device need never be removed. It breathes to keep your skin beneath healthy. You can perform all bodily functions with it in place. You can even bathe or shower without a problem."

"I…I don't want to look like a girl down there!" Andy cried.

"Why not, Candi dear? You look like a lovely young lady everywhere else."

Both Andy and I sunk into a sulking mood. We knew we would soon be wearing this offending garment. Neither of us was

under any illusions that we could change Helen's mind. Once she made up her mind, it was ***case closed***!

When we arrived home, I went to my room to prepare for this little 'operation'. Helen entered and said, "Stand still, Eve, while I attach this. Candi is wearing hers now and she looks absolutely maidenly." I was blushing like a bride as I removed my dress and panties to allow her to attach this terrible garment.



I felt so vulnerable as I stood with my privates on display before this woman I considered to be my wife. Nonchalantly, she produced a flesh colored garment with a triangular shaped hairy patch and slipped it over my genitals. She then pushed my testicles up into my body cavity and positioned my penis in a special pocket. To my surprise, the apparatus was held in place with a special adhesive, making straps unnecessary.

"My sister can't have a puny growth like that hanging between her legs," Helen declared. "How would we explain it to the neighbors, let alone Sid or his men?"

"W...what..." I stammered, "Do you mean my...my..."

"That is precisely what I mean!" she declared. "This marvelous device is designed to hide that pathetic little thing and give you the proper front you need for your new life. It will be uncomfortable for a while, but you will soon get used to having nothing dangling between your legs." Helen laughed, as she was having a wonderful time at my expense.

"I...I..." I couldn't voice my distaste for this offending garment.

"Don't thank me," she smiled, "I'm only looking out for your best interests. Now, none of those nasty men can tell you aren't my lovely sister."

I was as red as a fire engine as she finished her intimate work. Looking in a mirror, it was hard to detect that I didn't have a woman's sex. I touched it and noted that everything was smoke and mirrors. It was an illusion and behind the hair was only a small hole that allowed me to perform personal functions.

When she was done, I slipped into my lingerie and stood before a mirror to examine the effect. I was flabbergasted. I was as flat as a woman between my legs! I could even see the faint outline of my feminine ***bush*** through my panties.

Just then, Andy appeared at my doorway with tears streaming down his cheeks. His panties covered his intimate area, but he wasn't wearing a bra. His budding breasts were bare and the outline of his false maidenhood could be seen through his flimsy panties. I had to admit that even without clothes, my son looked totally and absolutely feminine!

"Get back into your room this instant and put on your bra!" Helen chastised. "I won't have my niece running around the house without proper clothing!"

"Aunt Helen!" Andy cried, "I can't wear this horrible thing! It's not only offensive, it's uncomfortable as hell!"

"Watch your tongue, young lady!" Helen scolded, "Now, get back to your room and make yourself decent!"

When Andy lowered his eyes and viewed his topless condition, his demeanor mellowed. "Yes, Aunt Helen. I'm sorry for my naughty exhibition," he blushed and made his way back toward his room. "It won't happen again."

"Doesn't your daughter look absolutely charming?" Helen smiled.

"Look!" I asserted, as I was stunned and abashed at what she said to my son, "You can't treat us this way!"

"Hurry and get dressed, Eve, dear," she ordered completely ignoring me yet again, "You have dinner to finish."

My manhood was slipping away fast! Emerging breasts filled my bra, my hair femininely flowed to my shoulders, I had a soft curvaceous body, and now, I sported a smooth appearance between my legs. Would I be able to return to the life of a normal guy when all this was over?

Looking in my mirror, I noticed that, like Andy, I was maidenly flat where a few minutes earlier, I still had manhood to remind me of my real identity. Now, even that was gone!

Sadly, I went to my vanity to apply my makeup. Every time I turned around, something happened that caused my manhood to slip farther and farther away. Only a few months ago, I was secure in my masculinity, but now it was hidden behind feminine panties and a bra that supported my womanly breasts!

I slipped into a lovely floral print dress that swung sexily about my shapely nylon clad legs. As I viewed my image in the mirror, even I had to admit that I made a very attractive woman. Few people would ever question my femininity, and that thought pushed me into even greater depression.

The next day, Helen called Andy and I into the living room. "It's time to pack up all remaining male clothing in the house and store them in the attic. As girls, we have no need for Dan and Andy's things."

She looked to me for a rebuttal. I wanted to shout, "Hell no! I want to keep my male clothes!" But alas, I didn't. I sighed at my inability to control my life, to confront my wife, and meekly whispered, "Yes, Helen, we'll pack everything away."

I felt Andy's eyes boring into the back of my head at this gutless capitulation. He must have been thinking, "How could you have sold out so easily?"

"With all those nasty masculine clothes out of the way, you'll have more space to store lots more pretty feminine clothes and soft undies," Helen happily continued. "Tomorrow, we three girls can do more shopping and have a lovely meal at a nice restaurant."

Andy and I were summerily dispatched to gather all the male clothes in the house and box them for storage. He was shaking with fear as we carried empty boxes and bags.



"This seems so...so permanent," Andy cried as we packed our remaining male clothes for storage

We both had to take small delicate steps because of our tight fitting dresses and high heels. Andy was wearing a dark playsuit with white polka dots, and his skirt barely covered his thighs.

I wore a more conservative light green sheath dress that hugged my every curve and had an open top with thin shoulder straps that revealed much of my growing breasts. The tight skirt ended about three inches above my knees.

Helen insisted that we always dress in the most feminine of dresses and the highest of heels to "learn how to handle the clothes". She was also quick to remind us that none of us knew when a mob henchman might show up at the door!

"I'm afraid, Dad," Andy whined as we dropped pants, shirts, socks, and male shoes in the waiting boxes. "How will we ever get out of these clothes? They are becoming more…more comfortable…and acceptable the longer I wear them."

"I know, Andy," I moaned, "The only option we have is to play along until we get enough money to pay Sid. I'm afraid we're stuck in dresses and silky lingerie until then."

Although we were religious about referring to each other by our new roles and names while Helen was around, we often lapsed into referring to each other by our proper roles and names when alone with each other. Helen was right that a tiny slip at the wrong time could blow our disguises, but we did it to retain our sanity. We didn't want to become so engrossed in our feminine personas that we forgot our real identities! Our main concern being, "will we ever get out of dresses and be males again?"

Andy and I lugged the boxes and bags of our male clothing from the bedroom and up the steps to the attic, quite a task in tight skirts and heels! As we stored everything away, a feeling of hopelessness swept over me with each box. I felt my past slipping away.

When we finished, Helen surprised us by securing the door with a large padlock and saying, "Out of sight, out of mind. Now, you can concentrate on your femininity without the temptation to change into masculine clothes."

Andy and I sorrowfully looked at each other. "All our male clothes are locked away!" he whined as tears traced a path of mascara down his smooth cheeks. "How can we get out of these clothes now?"

Helen smiled knowingly and giggled, "Okay girls, stow those sad expressions and put on a happy face. It's time to hit the malls and shop till we drop!"

Neither Andy nor I were very enthusiastic about being called girls nor were we excited about replacing our lost male clothes with new feminine garments, but if we were to stay alive, we had no other options!

Helen knew exactly where she wanted to go. "We simply must get some proper lingerie and appropriate sleepwear for our new little girl," she announced while looking at Andy via the rear view mirror. "We can't expect such a lovely child to sleep in boyish T-shirts and coarse cotton pajamas, can we?"

Andy looked like he wanted to cry out that T-shirts and cotton pajamas were fine by him, but he was still in shock at losing all his male clothes. We both knew every remotely masculine piece of clothing we owned was in those damn boxes, including our favorite shorts…and nighttime T-shirts.

Sufficiently subdued, Andy and I followed Helen into a trendy lingerie shop. He had never been in such an exclusively feminine establishment, so he was understandably nervous and agitated. He was nervous beyond words as we lingered close to this profusion of feminine silk and satin. Everything he touched was satiny soft and most was trimmed in lavish lace.

"Let's start with bras and work downward," Helen announced as she looked over the displays of feminine undies. Andy and I obediently followed as though in a daze.

Helen lifted a particularly frilly bra and held it over Andy's chest. "I think a 32A+ will do our little girl for now, but I'm sure she will grow into a larger size before long," she cooed.



Andy was mesmerized as Helen explained each piece of flimsy silken lingerie to him. It was so much to absorb in such a short time, even though he wore similar items under his dress.

When the sales lady went to help another customer, Andy whispered to Helen, "A…Aunt Helen, I…I don't need a bra! I'm a boy, you know?"

"Oh, I wouldn't be so sure of that," Helen smiled, I've seen you naked, remember? Those bumps on your chest may not be very large right now, but they will grow rapidly now that I gave

you that hormone shot. You'll get another injection each week along with the pills."

"B…but they will go away when I stop taking the shots, won't they?" Andy wailed in a confused voice. "Grandma assured me that they were only temporary."

"They don't look very temporary to me," Helen snickered. "Maybe she meant they were only temporarily that small."

"I…I…I can't have breasts!" Andy gasped.

"Why not, dearie," Helen continued to dig, "Look at your lovely fa…mother. Aren't hers nicely formed and growing. They say daughters can tell how large their breasts will grow by looking at their mothers."

"B…but…he…er…she isn't really my mo…" Andy started, then thought better of it after seeing Helen's stern expression and the embarrassment flooding my face.

"You were saying…" Helen firmly asked.

"Uh…yes…Aunt Helen," he stammered as the sales lady returned with a fresh supply of lovely delicates.

Helen helped Andy select a sizeable set of teenage lingerie. She told him the sizes he should look for in bras and panties, but she encouraged him to select each item himself after telling her why he found it attractive and appropriate for his ***needs***.

Andy's face turned cherry red as he explained, "I…I think th…these panties are nice b…because they…they feel so soft and…and they have such nice lace fringes about the waist and legs."

I knew how he felt since I had gone through the same embarrassing exercise with Helen when I bought my first lingerie. Even now, after wearing lingerie for a whole summer, I had to discuss with her why I found it so erotic. She said it was necessary because women often discussed such subjects among themselves, so I had to learn to do so as well. That may be

true…or not, but I think she did it to embarrass me and to reinforce in my mind that I was now, for all extensive purposes, a woman too.

We left the lingerie shop and went to a dress boutique where Andy was expected to start his wardrobe. He was shown a huge selection of dresses, skirts, blouses, and jumpers. He was expected to try them on. As he turned and twirled in these ultra feminine fashions, she insisted on him telling us why he either liked or disliked the garment. His answer was expected to include topics like color, fabric, cut, style, and so forth.

At first, he bickered and moaned that he didn't like any of this yucky girl's stuff, but a sharp repremand from Helen soon broke down his defenses. After noting that I would not come to his defense, he was soon giving an honest opinion of each item. Those he convinced Helen he liked, and she approved of, he was allowed to keep. Also, a couple of dresses, a skirt, and two blouses, he didn't like because they were too frilly were added to his basket because she thought he would look ***adorable*** in them.

Insisting that Andy try on each feminine item before purchasing it, Helen accompanied him into the change booth for the first few ensembles. Then, I was delegated to perform that task. "Trying on dresses together will help develop mother-daughter bonding," she giggled.

I had learned more than I ever thought there was to know about women's clothes over the past few months, so I pretty well knew what to look for in Andy's clothes. He would try on each dress or skirt and blouse, and I would examine it with a critical eye before he went out to ask Helen's opinion.

When he thought we were alone, he constantly bemoaned our situation and asked how we could possibly escape such an awful fate. Having asked myself that very same question time and again over the past several months, I simply shrugged my shoulders in response. The way we were both dressed and our appearances with our makeup and hairstyles was evidence enough that I sure didn't have the answer.

At the end of a very long day, we struggled to carry our purchases to the car. Our bags of clothes soon proved to be too much of a burden, so Helen told me to stand by and watch our parcels while she and Andy carried as much as they could to the car. "When we return, the three of us should be able to manage the rest," she declared.

As I watched my wife and femininely clad son make their way through the mall, I was amazed at how easily Andy walked in heels after so short a time. It had taken more than a week for me to walk comfortably in them!

I also noticed the way people were reacting to him in his feminine clothes. To my surprise, the women and children gave him little more than a cursory glance, but the boys and young men were ***much*** more appreciative of his charms.

He would lower his eyes and blush when he saw a boy look him over with a critical eye. From experience, he recognized the significance of the glares he received by the horny boys his age...and even some older guys. This look was one of lust...a look he didn't know how to respond to.

I must admit that some of the lustful glances were aimed my way. Gone were the knowing stares of recognition and astonishment I had received on my first few ventures in public. With my new hairstyle, my complexion since completion of my electrolysis, my ability to wear feminine clothes, and my feminine carriage, other women simply ignored me. Men, on the other hand, gave me their undivided attention.

Helen thought this was really quite amusing. She knew both Andy and I were embarrassed to be seen in public wearing female clothes and she also knew we were even more embarrassed to be able to do so undetected.

"H...how can we afford so many clothes?" I gasped on the way home. "You said we couldn't come up with the money for me to go on the lam, but you always find a way to buy more feminine clothes than we need."



Andy was aghast when the passing boys eyed his shapely legs and emitted low whistles of appreciation

"I put the expense on the card. I can't bear the thought of you two falling into the hands of the mob. I stretched our budget to help you perfect your feminine images to enhance your disguises. Also, we can afford higher payments because I got a promotion at work and a nice raise."

"You got a promotion?" I gasped, "And a raise?" This was the first I'd heard of it.

"Why...uh...yes," she seemed temporarily taken back. "I guess I forgot to tell you about it what with all the turmoil of these past few months."

"Then we should be able to pay off my debt..." I started.

"No, Eve," she interrupted my thought, "It will take considerable time before we can cover that debt, what with the steep interest Sid charges."

I forgot about the usury interest rates associated with such debts. Not only was I unable to pay off the debt, but it was becoming more difficult with each passing day. Soon the arrears would be impossible for us to cover! That meant that I would have to continue this charade for...? I didn't want to think about the duration.

When we arrived home, Helen proclaimed in a matter-of-fact tone, "From now on, we will have separate bedrooms. Since I am paying the mortgage, I get the master bedroom. You, my dear Eve will move into the guestroom. With a little redecorating, it will make the most feminine bedroom imaginable."

"B...but...Helen," I stammered, "We...we...are married..." I started.

"Don't be silly, Eve," she laughed, "I'm married to a man, not to my lovely sister. Besides, what would Sid think if he found out we shared the same bed? I'll bet he would put two and two together and you would be history before we could come up with a plausible explanation."

"B…but, Helen," I whined, I…I don't want my…my own bedroom. I'm your husb…"

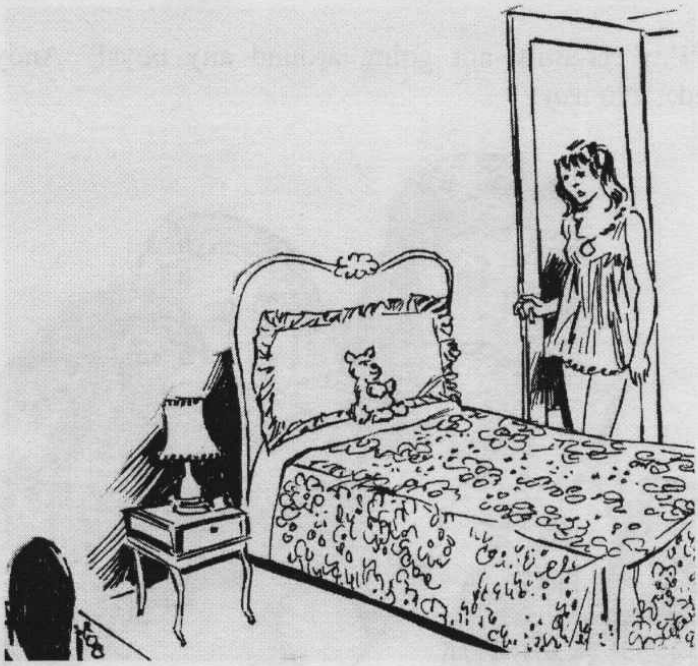
"You are my ***sister***, Eve darling, and don't you forget it!" Helen declared firmly. "It isn't seemly for sisters our age to sleep in the same bedroom, let alone the same bed." I could tell by her tone that the subject was closed.

It was hard to believe, but Andy's room was even more feminine than mine. The walls were painted pink, the bed was covered with a pink and white comforter, stuffed animals lined the top of the bed, lace curtains covered the windows, pink and white carpet covered the floor, and the most feminine vanity stood against one wall. Naturally, it was covered with a profusion of tubes and bottles.

"Let's start hanging your dresses in your closet while your mother puts your dainties in your vanity drawers," Helen said as she took Andy by the arm and led him to a large walk-in closet.

We spent two hours putting Andy's new clothes away before we started moving my things from Helen's suite to my new bedroom. I couldn't believe all the clothes, lingerie, and makeup I had accumulated over the past three months! We didn't finish it that evening, but we did what we could.

Finally, Helen declared that we had reached a logical stopping point saying, "Let's all take a long, soothing bath to remove the wear of the day, ladies. We can work on our redecorating tomorrow. By the way, Candi, you should start wearing those lovely babydoll nighties we bought you today. I just know you'll look lovely in them." Both Andy and I knew he had no choice but to obey.



Andy felt silly wearing the frilly babydoll nightie as he prepared for his first night's sleep in his feminine bedroom.

Chapter 12

Two days later, Helen announced, "Ladies, we are about to embark on an extensive course in feminine training. The two of you certainly look pretty enough, but there are still a myriad of things neither of you know. If you are to pass as females when you are out on your own, you must do these things and do them naturally."

"More lessons?" Andy stammered.

"On our own?" I gasped.

"Why yes," she continued, "Skin care, makeup, clothes, speaking with feminine tones, handling yourself when you are around others, especially men."

"I'm not going to be around men…" I gasped. "I only leave the house when I have to!"

"I'm certainly not going around any boys!" Andy firmly stated. "No *way*!"



I felt foolish learning all the intricacies of makeup, but despite his earlier objections, Andy took to it with enthusiasm.

"One never knows what life has in store," Helen smiled. "Anyway, neither of you has a choice. You will learn these lessons whether or not you ever use them!"

Thus started the next phase in our introduction to womanhood. Helen was relentless in applying our lessons. When she was at work, she expected us to spend the day practicing all things women and girls know from their upbringing.

Our daily lessons included extensive lessons in makeup application and removal. We would sit before our mirrors for hours applying and removing various liquids and pastes. Whenever Helen was around, she would watch over us like a hawk and was sure to correct us if we made a mistake. We learned all about day makeup, night makeup, and makeup for special occasions. I had no idea why we needed to learn these things as neither one of us was going anywhere that would require such exotic makeup.

At Helen's insistence, Andy and I subscribed to several magazines that were appropriate for our new persona. I signed up for Cosmopolitan, New Woman, and various fashion magazines I'd never heard of before. As a bonus, Helen added Good Housekeeping to my list because I was responsible for keeping house.

Andy subscribed to Seventeen, Teen, and various other magazines favored by modern teenage girls. We were expected to read every article in our respective magazines. Helen would quiz us each evening after returning from work. She seemed to have less free time now with her promotion, but during her free time, she was relentless in quizzing us, even on the most minor points. In addition, she required us to speak into the recorder two hours each day and she would review our diction on the tapes each evening to monitor our progress or lack thereof.

Oh, how I remember the chill that went up my back the first time I shopped for groceries alone. Without Helen as backup, I had to sink or swim on my own.

As one might imagine, that was the most terrifying event of my life to date! Previous outings showed that I passed well, but I'd never had to interact with others or speak with people who were unaware of my situation. Would my voice give me away? Would people know I was a guy in a dress? These and other questions plagued me, but I passed with flying colors!



With each passing day, with every magazine he read, Andy seemed to become more and more absorbed in his feminine persona. He even began to address me as Mom, even when we were alone. It is disconcerting to hear him treat me as his mother.

Maybe, down deep, he missed having a real mother while growing up, and I was filling a deep, suppressed void. Whatever the reason, he seemed to forget that I was really his father, and he never spoke to me guy to guy like in the past. Our conversations were now about clothes, makeup, or hairstyles. It was as if he was beginning to accept himself as the lovely young girl that looked back from his mirror.

One day, I saw him standing near a window as he filed his fingernails. He looked lovely in his chic sundress and immaculate makeup. He had discarded the hair extension and his own auburn hair was pulled back in a sexy ponytail held together with a yellow ribbon.

He must have noticed me staring at him because he looked up, smile, and cooed, "Oh hi, Mom! Don't my nails look to die for? I just love this color!"

His voice, mannerisms, and dress said ***girl***! This was no longer a charade for him. He was becoming absorbed in his new life!

I looked out the window and noticed two boys on the sidewalk. "Andy, those boys were watching you!" I scolded. "You should be more careful."

"I know, Mom," he giggled, "They come around almost every day. Isn't the one on the right drop-dead gorgeous?"

"Andy!" I gasped, "Remember who you are...what you are!"

"I know who I am…now," he smiled, "And please refer to me as Candi. I think it fits me better, don't you?"

"B…but you…you're my son! You can't…you shouldn't think of another boy as…" my voice trailed off when I realized he wasn't listening. Instead, he was shyly waving at the boys. They smiled and waved back.

"Andy…Candi," I counseled, "You can't tease boys like that. One of these days, they may want to meet you…and even ask you out on…on a date. What would you do then?"

"Probably accept, if it's that cute boy on the right," he giggled.

I was aghast at his actions…and words. What had become of my son…the boy who was astonished when he caught me in a skirt, silky top, and frilly apron? Now, he wore even more feminine clothing willingly…and he wore them so well!

Then one day, Helen returned home from work and announced that her company was holding a convention at a very swanky seaside resort. She nearly floored the two of us when she stated that we would be attending the convention as her guests.

"We all need a vacation and a chance to get away for a few days," she sighed. "The last few months have been very draining on all of us."



"I'm attending a company convention," Helen informed us, "and the two of you will be going with me, as my sister and her daughter, of course."

Both Andy and I were at a loss for words. We just sat near her with our mouths hanging open. Finally, I regained my voice enough to stammer, "Ahhh, we…we can't go to a resort! Not looking as we do…and not dressed like we are…"

"Why not?" Helen asked, "You are both lovely females now and I'm sure there will be lots of males vying for your attention."

"Just my point!" I exclaimed, "We…we don't want male attention…certainly not from men who think we're females."

"Is that how you feel, Candi?" Helen smiled. Obviously she had observed the changes in Andy's personality and how he preened and primped even when a delivery boy came to the door.

"I…I…" Andy blushed bright red. "I…It would be nice to see the ocean," he finally admitted.

As time passed, Andy and I became more and more absorbed in our feminine lifestyles while Helen assumed the duties of head of the household. Neither of us questioned this since she brought in the money and we were at her mercy for protection. Thus, when this vacation presented itself, she didn't ask if we wanted to accompany her. She merely stated that the three of us were going and our wishes were not considered.

I knew Andy and I could pass as females, but neither of us had ever experienced the close-up exposure that would occur on such a trip. Still, I was flabbergasted at how easily he agreed to put his blossoming feminine persona on display before a large group of people.

"The convention takes place in two weeks," Helen stated with finality. Since San Diego isn't that far away, I think we should drive so we will have transportation if the occasion should arise. In the meantime, we must intensify your learning schedule to insure that you are prepared for all possibilities." I was at a loss for words, but a strange smile played across Andy's lips.

"While I'm at work, I want you girls to work on your lessons," Helen instructed. "Eve, you should spend some time on your voice. It's quite lovely, mind you, but it could be a tad higher. Candi, your voice is lovely, but you need additional practice walking and dancing in heels. You never know when a handsome young man might ask you to dance."

"Yes, Aunt Helen," Andy sang, as he delicately preened before a mirror. "Do you really think a boy would really want to dance with me?"

"Oh, I'm sure they'll be standing in line, dear," Helen giggled. "You are turning into quite a lovely young lady."

Andy blushed at her statement, but he didn't deny it either. "I'll spend all day wearing my 3" heels so I'll really be used to them, Aunt Helen," he agreed as she left the house.

Although I had deep reservations about attending this convention, I also missed interacting with other people and I craved attention. Helen was absorbed in her job and I had completely lost contact with all my friends. Now that I was sleeping in my own bedroom, I was very lonely most of the time.

The next two weeks were hectic as Andy and I spent every waking hour perfecting our feminine skills. Helen made sure we had plenty of public exposure by insisting that we eat out virtually every night.

I was particularly embarrassed when she took us to buy swimsuits for our impending trip. "Each of you should have at least one bikini, as your figures are begging to be seen and admired," she insisted.

"Her words were a source of deep embarrassment. My breasts continued to grow, and the tightness of my panties witnessed my expanding hips. The tape ruler verified that I possessed a respectable 36C-26-35 figure, and Andy was blossoming into a lovely 34B-24-35 figure.

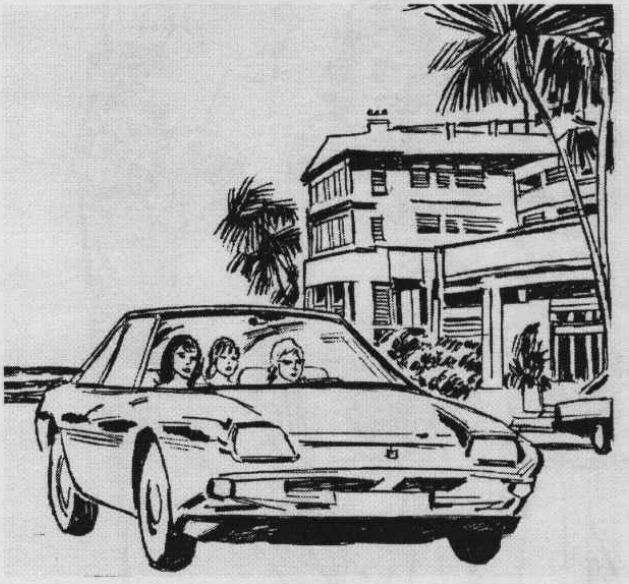
The fateful day of our trip finally arrived. We packed the car and locked the house. Helen drove because I didn't have a driver's license and the car was now registered under her name alone.

I protested when she assumed ownership of my sports car, but she simply stated that Dan had left the car behind in his flight. As his wife, it was only natural that it became hers. "The mob would expect no less," she declared.

Not only was she the registered owner, but she had become very possessive, acting like I had when I owned it. It felt so

strange to see Helen driving my lovely car, while I was merely a passenger seated next to her.

We carried on a lively discussion during the drive. Helen said all the important company people would be at this convention and she would have to spend most of her time with them. "Although I'll be tied up with company functions, there's no reason you two can't have fun," she insisted. "I'm sure the mob will be here looking to see if I make contact with Dan, so it wouldn't be seemly for my sister and her daughter to hide out in the room at such a luxurious resort. You must mingle, but try not to draw undue attention."



It wasn't a long drive, so I wore a mid-thigh length skirt and a loose, off the shoulder blouse. As Andy had become quite the little temptress, he wore a tight fitting miniskirt and a stripped top that exposed his midriff.

Helen pulled into the resort and we exited the car to allow the valet to park it. We walked into the hotel lobby to register, when Helen suddenly saw an acquaintance from work. "Roger!" she gleefully shouted.

A tall, handsome man came over to her at her beckoning. "Helen, it's great to see you," the guy gave her a hug, which she returned. The hug was only momentary, but when Helen saw me staring at them, she backed away and shook his hand.

I was a little taken aback at the momentary intimacy I thought I detected when they first met. I shrugged it off. Obviously he was someone she worked with.

"Roger, may I introduce my sister, Eve, and her daughter, Candi," Helen introduced us. "Eve, Candi, this is Roger Miller, head of our financial department. He's my boss at work."



"Roger, it's so nice to see you looking so casual," Helen greeted a tall, handsome guy, obviously another conventioneer.

I was so paranoid that people could tell that I was a guy in woman's clothes, I shyly whispered my greetings, while looking for any signs of recognition, but I didn't see any from him or the other people mingling in the lobby. Thank Gawd I was a lowly

peon when I worked at this company. Luckily, I had never interfaced with upper management, so the people at this convention didn't know me as Helen's husband.

I was surprised to find that we were given a suite on the top floor. I didn't know we could afford such luxury. When I asked Helen about it, she replied, "We can't, but the company can. It's a perk that goes with my new job." Boy, she must have received one great promotion to deserve this kind of luxury!

We spent that evening unpacking and having a wonderful meal in one of the hotel's finest restaurants. Andy and I were exhausted from the nervous energy expended preparing for and making this trip. We begged off attending the opening ceremonies and went to our room. Helen, on the other hand, was full of energy and was expected to attend the ceremonies.

"Don't worry about me," she insisted. "I'll ask Roger to accompany me." I was too exhausted to read anything into her statement.

I spent the next day becoming acquainted with the surroundings and preparing to attend a dance that evening. I didn't want to go, but Helen insisted that I attend. "I want people to meet my sister!" she explained.

I tried to beg off, but she said, "Everyone knows you are here with me and they are interested in meeting you. Besides, it wouldn't look right for a lovely woman like you to not attend such a fancy affair. You can wear that lovely gown we bought a few weeks back. Remember, the one you said you had no place to wear?"

Although Andy wasn't invited to this adult affair, Helen scolded him for not mingling. "You didn't go sunbathing today and a number of the kids were asking about you," she scowled. "They are anxious to meet the lovely niece I've been talking so much about. It is not characteristic of young girls to avoid other teenagers at a swank resort like this. Tomorrow, you will wear your pink bikini and go to the pool to mingle. Understand?"

Andy bowed his head at her reprimand. "Yes, Aunt Helen," he meekly acquiesced. "But I'm afraid the other kids will be able to tell I'm…I'm a…a boy."

"Don't be a silly," she giggled, "A lovely girl like you will have to beat the boys off with a stick!"

Seeing no way out of attending the dance, I took special care to make sure everything was perfect with my dress, hair, and makeup. My evening gown was absolutely gorgeous! It was made from the finest red silk, and the skirt was long and clinging with a deep slit up the side that revealed my legs when I sat or walked. It also featured a low cut bodice that exposed much of my expanding bosom. "Maybe showing my breasts will validate my femininity to anyone who might question my gender.

Continued in Husband to Seductress, Book 3



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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.

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

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The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

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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!

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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!

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

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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" FASHON 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, femininily 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 CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I
PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

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

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

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LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
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A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!
SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)
Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

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Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.
I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)
Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!
I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)
Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!
I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)
The continuing saga of Tebby.
I BECAME MY TEACHER
A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

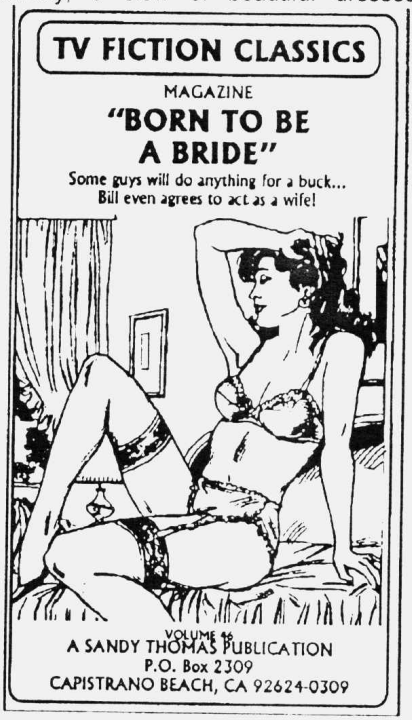
THE SISSY SERIES

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A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.
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A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!
THE SECRETARIAL SLIP
A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.
NON-FICTION BOOKS
THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.
The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.
A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.
FROM MAN TO WOMAN
A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

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HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS
Book 3

By Kristi Love, Puyal, and Alice Trail

Illustrations by
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"If you think you're destined to failure, you're probably right"

Husband to Seductress
Book 3
By Kristi Love, Puyal & Alice Trail

Chapter 13

I spent two hours with the hotel beautician and hair stylist to insure that my hair and makeup were flawless. This was my first time in intimate contact with others as a woman and I wanted to minimize the possibility of someone detecting me as a man.

I heard my four-inch heels click on the granite patio and felt the silkiness of my nylon stockings as Helen and I entered the ballroom. It was lavishly appointed and nearly filled to capacity.

We weren't at the dance two minutes before Roger Miller approached Helen and asked her to dance. The eagerness with which she accepted his invitation worried me, as it had been quite some time since I was able to satisfy her as a man. Did she miss the intimacy? Was she looking for masculine attention elsewhere? Was I now just another woman in her eyes, no longer her husband?

She left me alone among strangers to fend for myself. I couldn't dance with a woman while dressed as one myself and I didn't want to dance with another man. I was at a dance without the possibility of dancing. My loneliness overwhelmed me and I went outside on the patio to collect my senses.

I glanced back into the ballroom and saw Helen float by in Roger's arms. He was holding her close and she was laughing at something he said.

I was about to leave when a very masculine voice behind me said, "Hi, my name is Warren. May I have this dance?"



My wife was dancing extremely close to another man and the way I was dressed I couldn't do a thing to stop her!

Startled, I looked to where the voice came from and saw one of the handsomest men I'd ever seen. He looked vaguely familiar, but I couldn't place the face. "Oh, hello," I stammered.

"You looked so sad and all alone out here, so I thought I'd try my luck," he smiled warmly, "Are you with someone?"

"Uh, yes…actually no," I stammered, "I'm…I'm Eve Foster, Helen Grant's sister."

"Ah yes," he smiled even broader, "she said she was bringing her sister and niece to the convention. I am most pleased to make your acquaintance."



I was startled when a very handsome man asked me to dance. Obviously he didn't recognize me as a man in a dress.

"Uh…Thank you," I continued to trip over my words, "You work with her?"

"Yes, I guess you could say that," he laughed, "but you didn't answer my question. May I have this dance?"

"I…I'm really not a very good dancer," I fumbled, "I'm afraid I'd embarrass you."

"Oh, you're just being modest," he took my much smaller hand in his.

I was in a fog as I responded to his prompting by rising and following him into the ballroom. My stomach turned cartwheels as I noticed my thin, long fingers with brightly polished nails firmly encased in his strong hand.

I felt as though I was having an out-of-body experience as his arms encircled me and gently led me across the floor. "This can't be happening," I thought as my skirt swirled about my smooth nylon covered thighs.

We danced near Helen, but she was firmly encased in Roger's arms. They were so enthralled in conversation that they didn't see us whirl by. I blushed bright red and lowered my eyes from embarrassment at the thought of being on the dance floor wearing an evening gown, and like my wife wrapped in another man's arms.

I must not have been too bad or Warren was being kind. He didn't complain and I didn't trip, not even once! We danced a couple of numbers before the band took a break. "Would you like to go for a walk and get some air?" Warren asked. "You seem so…so preoccupied…so sad."

I wasn't sure about the walk, but I did enjoy his company. He was warm and amusing, and I craved attention from another person, even if that person was another guy. Besides, a walk would ensure that I didn't end up back on the dance floor again. "Yes, I'd like that," I whispered, not wanting to sound too anxious.

Warren took my hand and led me towards the beach. I felt weird and out of place walking next to another man as he held my hand and treated me like a lady. How else should he treat me? I was wearing a seductive evening gown cut so low to display so much cleavage and a high side slit that put my slender thighs on display. After all, I'm wearing four-inch heels, evening makeup, and my long tresses are coiffed in an attractive feminine style!

I heard the clickity-clack of my heels on the hard stone as we crossed the patio and started towards the beach. I wasn't sure

about being alone with this stranger, but despite my trepidation, I didn't want to leave his company. At least, not just yet!



We walked along the beach hand in hand. Was it wrong that I craved the attention of this handsome man?

Soon we were alone on the beach with the waves lapping against the shore only yards away. I guess I should have removed my heels, but I didn't want to ruin my nylons. As we walked together, Warren carried on a delightful conversation.

I became a little uneasy as the conversation turned towards me. I was ill prepared to tell another man my life story, so in self-defense, I made up a life as I answered his questions. I prayed I wouldn't get mixed up and embarrass myself. That's the problem with lies, but what the hell, I would never see Warren again after this weekend.

As we wandered further from the ballroom, the beach became deserted except for Warren and I. I didn't notice this until I felt him wrap his arm around my shoulders and draw me closer. I was a little chilly in my thin, clinging dress, so I responded by moving closer to him.



I felt a chill race up my spine as Warren's lips descended to mine. This couldn't be happening to me, yet it was!

Warren gently turned me to face him, then slowly lowered his lips to touch mine. A man was kissing me! This couldn't be happening! I am a guy and guys don't kiss other guys! The trouble was that Warren didn't know I was a man. He only saw the woman walking beside him.

I gently pushed him away, but he was much stronger and my feeble struggles only enticed him to continue. I knew this was wrong and I had to end it quickly, but every time I tried to speak, he covered my lips with his. Soft moans were all that came from my mouth.

What really scared me was that I enjoyed his kisses. A current of warmth flowed through me as he drew me closer. Was I so lonely that attention from another person, even intimacy from another man, was welcome?

Warren released my lips and whispered sweet intimacies into my ear, "You're so lovely, Eve. I love the smell of your perfume, the curve of your breasts, the soft curl of your hair down your back."

"Oh, Warren, we hardly know each other. You don't know anything about me," I moaned as he gently slipped my dress straps from my shoulder. "We shouldn't..."

He lowered my gown from my breasts and let it drop to my hips. I tried to bring it back up, but his strength was so much greater than mine was. He encircled my head with his other arm and drew my lips to his once again. As his lips descended onto mine, I knew I had to end it now or it could lead to my ***unveiling***.

His lips gently touched mine then pressed ever harder, drawing me to him. His tongue gently pressed against my lips and I was startled when I parted my lips to let him in.

As his tongue urgently intruded into my mouth, I felt all resistance melt away and returned his kisses as strongly as he gave them to me. I wanted his kisses, I craved his attention, his gentle touches, and his urgent probing.



I felt him gently lower the top of my dress to reveal my lacy bra. I had to stop him, but I was drowning in his kisses.



Without my noticing, he reached behind my back and expertly unfastened my bra. He separated from me and my bra fell harmlessly to the sandy beach, leaving my heaving breasts exposed to the cool night air.

"Oh, Warren," I moaned as he released my lips, "We shouldn't be doing this..."

"You are so gorgeous, so soft and supple..." he crooned, as he lowered his lips to my rosy hard nipples. They had grown to the size of half dollars from my constant diet of female hormones. Now they expanded to silver dollar size from the combination of the cool night air and Warren's passionate attention.

My dress was about my hips, then even lower as he gently lowered me to the sand. I had to stop this, but I didn't know how...or even if I wanted to.

Warren removed his shirt and unfastened his belt. As he laid to my side, he showered my lips and breasts with kisses. He nibbled at my ears and ran his tongue over my sensitive nipples, all while whispering how lovely I was and how much I turned him on.

One hand held me tightly while the other touched my breasts, ran down my stomach, touched me behind my knees, then gently slid beneath my dress towards that most intimate of areas.



Warren gently, so smoothly, seduced me.

I swooned from the warm loving sensations washing over and through me. It had been so long since someone had touched me like this and whispered sweet nothings into my ears. I wanted it to last forever!

Suddenly I realized where his hand was going and what it would find! I had to stop him ***now***!!! I panicked and roughly broke loose of his controlling hold on me. "No, Warren," I cried, "I…I can't do that!"

"I thought you were enjoying this, I thought you wanted me," he stammered, confused by my sudden change of manner.



"No, Warren," I panicked, "We must stop NOW!"

"Oh, I was, I am, I do..." I stammered, trying desperately to bring my dress over my hips to cover my panties and what was hidden beneath. Tears streamed down my cheeks as I fastened my bra over my breasts. My distended nipples were visible proof of how much his attention affected me.



This liason was forbidden, yet it was so difficult to end.

"I would never do anything to you against your will," he drew me into him. "I don't understand your sudden change of mind, but..."

"I...I'm sorry, Warren," I moaned, holding him tight, "I shouldn't have allowed it to go this far. It's just that you..."

"You don't have to explain," he whispered, "Obviously I really upset you. I'm sorry if I did anything wrong."

"Oh, it wasn't you..." I trailed off, not knowing how to explain my panic without giving away my secret.

He helped me gather my clothes and brush the sand from my body, dress, and hair. An awkward silence hovered over us as we walked back to the ballroom. Like a true gentleman, he waited outside the lady's room while I repaired my makeup.

I was deeply embarrassed as I thanked him for a wonderful evening and assured him that my strange actions were not a result of anything he did or said. I looked about for Helen, and not seeing her, I excused myself and quickly returned to my room.

Tears streamed down my cheeks and silent sobs flowed from my throat as I quickly made my way up the elevator and let myself into the suite. I hoped against hope that Andy and Helen were asleep and wouldn't see me like this.

I silently went to my room, thankful that Andy was not waiting up for me. I peeked into his room and saw him fast asleep. Helen had not returned from the dance, so I turned on the light to undress and remove my makeup. My wrinkled gown joined my heels, nylons, panties, bra, and garter belt in a pile at the foot of the bed.

I slipped into my favorite long silky nightgown and into bed. I had barely gotten comfortable when I heard the front door open and Helen silently slip into the room. Thankfully, she thought I was asleep because she didn't try to talk to me. She seemed to be in a good mood though, as she gently sighed and giggled merrily.

What would I tell her? How could I explain what I had allowed to happen? Maybe I wouldn't...shouldn't tell her. After all, I would never see Warren again. Finally, I decided to keep this night between Warren and myself. I was married to a lovely woman, yet my last thoughts before falling asleep were of another man, his gentle touch, and his soft seductive words!



What would I say to Helen? How could I tell her about what happened to me this evening?

Chapter 14

Andy spent most of the first days in the suite or walking the grounds while fully dressed and wearing sunglasses. Afraid of being discovered as a boy in girl's clothes, he deliberately avoided kids his age.

The next morning, Helen laid the law down to him saying, "Candi, dear, this is our last day at this enchanting resort, so I want you to wear your lovely bikini and mingle with other kids

your age. Lovely young girls shouldn't hide themselves away like a recluse. Get out and allow others to see what a lovely niece I've inherited."

Andy wanted to protest, but like me, he had learned not to argue with Helen, so he reluctantly sauntered into his room. When he returned, I saw that his brightly patterned pink bra barely hid his blossoming breasts, but the skimpy panties showed no hint of the shrinking maleness they covered. Like me, the patch he wore effectively hid all signs of his manhood. Most of the time, wearing them deeply embarrassed us, but at times like this, we were thankful for them.

After brushing his hair, he arranged it into two extremely girlish angel wings. He used minimum makeup since it was only mid-morning. I marveled at his smooth clear complexion and angel face. It was as if he never had the start of a beard.

I agreed to follow him to the swimming pool in case somebody discovered him and made a scene. I slipped into my bikini and bra top and grabbed a large beach towel, my sunglasses, and a book.

Helen had to attend convention meetings, so she wished us 'bon voyage' with a wave of her hand. "Toddle do, girls," she giggled, "Don't do anything I wouldn't!"

Andy and I were very self-conscious as we took the elevator to the ground floor where the huge hotel swimming pool was located. A few people were lounging about, but none of them gave us more than cursory glances. I did notice one man stare at me, but he merely smiled and went about his business.

Both Andy and I were extremely apprehensive about being seen in our bikinis and exposing our blossoming femininity to the world. I was sure some little kid would spot us, point an accusing finger, and shout, "Look at those guys wearing girl's bikinis!"

Fortunately, nobody paid us any undue attention as we settled into chairs beside the large, lavish pool. Picking up my book, I asked Andy to buy us a soda at the concession stand.



He looked nervously about, but seeing no one staring at him, he hesitantly did as I asked. As he strolled away, I was amazed at the wiggle he had subconsciously added to his gait. The swing transmitted to his breasts and they swayed in concert with each step.

As he rounded the end of the pool, I noticed a nice looking boy giving him that ***look***. It didn't take great insight to understand that this boy found my son's feminine guise extremely attractive!

While Andy waited for his order, the boy approached him. "Hi, my name is Doug. What's yours?" he asked.

Seeing no smooth way out of talking with this boy, Andy responded, "Hi, I'm Candi."

"It's great to see someone my age at the pool," the boy enthused. "Can I get you a drink?"

"I've already ordered for my fa...mother and myself," Andy responded, apparently a little flustered by the attention he was receiving from this boy. He motioned towards me to indicate my presence.



"Hi!" the boy gushed, "There haven't been any gorgeous girls like you here before!"

Doug glanced in my direction, then continued, "I see where you get your gorgeous features. How come I haven't seen you around here before?"

"Oh, I've been around," Andy teased.

"Oh no you haven't! I would have noticed anyone as great looking as you."

Andy blushed a lovely crimson at the boy's compliments, but obviously didn't take offense at his approach. Once he realized that Doug saw him only as a girl and not as a boy in a girl's bikini, Andy relaxed and entered into the conversation. Retrieving our drinks, Andy slowly circled the pool with the boy close by his side. Obviously relishing the attention, he relaxed and enjoyed his new friend.

I sat on the lounge chair reading my book while the two frolicked about. Doug enticed Andy into the pool, but Andy was reluctant to swim while wearing such a skimpy swimsuit. As he splashed about in the shallow end, I was amazed by his high-pitched squeals when the two splashed water at each other.

When they left the pool, I noticed how Doug eyed Andy's swaying breasts as they laughed and ran about the pool deck. My son's laughing giggles and friendly squeals attested to how much he was enjoying the attention.

Later in the afternoon, Andy came to me while Doug was getting us another drink. "Uh…Mom," he shyly started, "Doug asked me to a movie tonight. Do you think I should go?"

It still felt weird when he referred to me as ***Mom*** and he was using it more often as our feminine personas became more a reality. "I…I don't see why not if you keep everything in its place," I stammered, taken aback that my son would want to go to a movie as another boy's date. "Don't stay out late though."

"I won't," he giggled, as he ran to Doug to announce the good news.

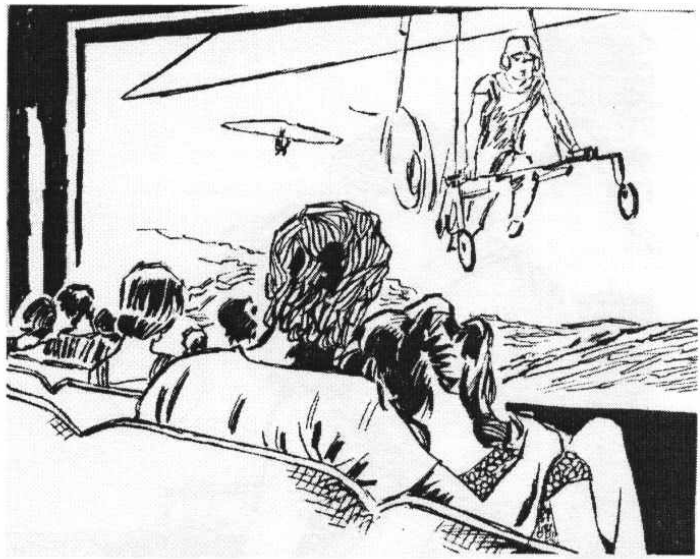
"I'll make sure she is back early, Mrs. Foster," Doug politely stated, "Candi said that you were leaving tomorrow."

"Yes, thank you, Doug," I smiled at the lovely couple, "It's Miss Foster. I…I'm no longer married."

"Be sure to change clothes before going," I instructed as they walked away hand in hand. Andy gave me a strange look over his shoulder as they walked away. I guess my statement caught him off guard. What I meant was that I wasn't a 'Mrs.' married to a ***man***, but I couldn't be that precise.

The next morning, Andy sat with me at the kitchen table and told me of his exploits the prior evening. He looked so girlish in his pale blue babydoll nightie, and with his hair still in angel wings.

"I can't remember what the movie was about because Doug held me so tightly…and we whispered little jokes and things to each other," he blushed. "I couldn't help myself. I liked snuggling in his arms and I felt warm and protected when he held me close."



Doug's arms felt so nice as they held me tight. Is that wrong?

"We held hands as he walked me back to the hotel. Out on the verandah overlooking the ocean, I was about to leave when he took me in his arms and kissed me. His boldness surprised me, but I found it strangely romantic."

"I tried to resist, to push him away, but despite myself, my resistance lasted only for a second. Before I could stop myself, I floated into his arms and passionately returned his kiss. I was flushed and breathing hard when we finally parted, like when I used to kiss girls. Oh, Mom, what is happening to me? I allowed ***Doug*** to kiss me! More than that, I kissed him back! Is that wrong? Am I ***weird***?"

"Wrong? Weird? No, I don't think so, honey," I soothed, "You have been living and dressing as a girl and taking powerful female hormones for a few months now. Believe me, I know how hard it is to retain your masculinity under the constant onslaught of all this...this femininity! Anyway, we are going home today, so you probably won't ever see him again."



"Doug swept me into his arms and kissed me under the moonlight. It was sooo romantic."

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" Andy giggled, "Doug lives in our town and his father works for the same company as Aunt Helen! He's even here at the convention!"

I was taken aback by Andy's revelation. What if this Doug learns where we live and decides to court my son? How could we discourage him? From the look in Andy's eyes, he had obviously enjoyed himself with Doug and definitely wanted to do it again!

Chapter 15

During the drive home, Helen was deep in thought and didn't say much about her activities at the convention. Andy, on the other hand, chatted on and on about Doug. He bubbled about how much fun he had at the pool and on his first date as a girl. His only regret was that he waited until the last day to mingle.

Finally, in a moment of self-doubt, he sighed, "Oh Aunt Helen, was I wrong to let Doug kiss me...or to return his kiss?"

Snapping out of her reverie, Helen purred, "No, darling, you were just trying out your new sexuality. All young people do that and your actions only serve to prove that you're no different.

"Oh thank you, Aunt Helen! I thought..."

"It does mean, however, that you have accepted your femininity. Now you must decide what kind of girl you will be."

"W...what do you mean?

"Well, you could become a wholesome girl next door, a prim and proper lady, a fun loving social butterfly, a domestic homebody, a party animal, a slut, or a combination of them all. Which do you think you prefer?"

"I...I don't know," he sighed, "I never thought... What do you think?"

"Most girls and women are a shrewd combination of those and many other qualities. The trick is to know when to be which."

"Will you teach me?" he asked enthusiastically.

"Of course, darling. In the meantime, freshen your makeup and read one of your teen magazines. You can learn a lot about how teenage girls confront the difficult situations they face daily. You know, neat things like how to react around boys, when to back off, and when to move closer. Also, there are lots of tips on clothes, makeup, and hairstyles." No sooner were the words out of Helen's mouth then Andy grabbed his purse and removed his compact, hairbrush, and lipstick.

While my son fervently toiled with his makeup, the car became quiet and Helen went back to her thoughts. I didn't mind her silence, as I too had a lot to consider. I would not, could not, tell my wife about Warren! If I don't understand my reaction to his advances, how could I explain it to her?

At home, we returned to our routines. I continued to practice my femininity under Helen's scrutiny, but Andy was another matter. He literally ***threw*** himself into the task of becoming "every boy's girl", as Helen described it. At times, he would brush his hair into a pristine style with a satin band and wear a linen knee length dress with a lacy pinafore style bodice. In this guise, he would assume a prim attitude, sit with his knees modestly together, his skirt properly adjusted over his nylon covered thighs, and his hands folded neatly in his lap.

Other times, he would wear a ridiculously short miniskirt, a revealing blouse, garish makeup, and four-inch heels. His demeanor would become coarse, his language foul, and his manner disrespectful. He even sat with his knees apart and his ***assets*** in full view! I never knew from one minute to the next what type girl he would try to emulate next!

During this time, Helen threw herself into her work with a vengeance. Except when she was explaining some aspect of femininity to me or teaching Andy how to become a multifaceted girl, she seemed moody and distant. There were even times when she wouldn't come home for a couple of days, claiming she had

to work ungodly hours. Instead of making the drive home, she slept at a nearby motel, which made sense, sort of...I guess.

A couple of weeks after returning home, Andy received a telephone call from Doug. "Oh Mom!" he cried after hanging up, "Doug wants to take me to a dance Saturday night. Can I go? Please!"

What could I say? Obviously this young boy infatuated Andy, so I agreed if he would promise to be home by midnight. "Oh, thank you, Mom," he cried as he gave me a kiss on the cheek and ran to his room.

When Helen got home, Andy rushed up to her and gushed, "Guess what, Aunt Helen! Doug is taking me to a dance!" He was jumping about excitedly and his short skirt swirled enticingly about his nylon covered thighs.

"That sounds great, sweetheart, but have you considered the problems?"

"Problems? What problems?"

"What will you wear? How will you style your hair? Are you sure you know how to apply and maintain evening makeup? Have you considered things like jewelry, accessories, or shoes? Can you dance as a girl?"

"Oh, Aunt Helen...I didn't think...I didn't know..."

"That's okay, sweetie," Helen cooed, "This is merely a challenge. We will rise to the occasion with the help of your mother."

"My help?" I stammered, "I don't know anything about teen dresses, makeup, hairstyles, or jewelry!"

"Of course you don't, but as a man, you were quite an accomplished ballroom dancer. Go put on slacks and a pair of flats while Candi and I do some planning."

In my room, I quickly removed my skirt, blouse, and slip. Looking in my full-length mirror at my image in my bra, panties,

garter belt, nylons, and heels, I mused, "Helen wants me to be a man and teach my son to dance as a girl, but how can I be a man looking like ***this***? Oh well, here goes." I sighed in resignation as I kicked off my heels and stepped into my slacks. After replacing my blouse, I was astonished at how snug my slacks had become about my hips as I struggled to fasten the clasp and raise the side zipper.

When I returned, Helen and Andy were chattering like magpies about every feminine topic in the book. "Good, you're back," Helen declared with an amused expression at seeing my discomfort in my tight pants. "I'll put on something slow and we can start with Candi's dance lessons."

As the soft music began, Andy and I approached each other, and to my surprise, we both raised our left hands in the accepted manner to receive a feminine dance partner.

"No, no, no!" Helen scolded upon seeing Andy's faux pas, "Candi, you must remember that a lady offers her right hand to her gentleman partner and places her left hand on his shoulder. This sort of blunder will betray your secret, so you must be ever on guard. Now, let's try again."

"I...I'm sorry, Aunt Helen."

"That's okay, we're here to learn. Now, move close to your partner so you can feel his body and follow his every move."

"But Aunt Helen, this is my Da...my ***Mom***!"

"If that's a problem, close your eyes and pretend you're dancing with Doug, but do it. Concentrate on your lessons. Forget about leading and learn to follow."

After half an hour or so, Andy was floating about the floor in my arms and following my lead as well as most women I had danced with. "Okay," Helen injected, "Let's speed up the music and add a few turns. Candi, don't try to move too fast through the turns. Just follow your partner's lead and stay in step with the music."

Easier said than done! Andy had trouble making the turns in his heels and he stumbled several times. One time, he tripped and fell to the floor. When I bent over to help him up, I received a shock when the seam of my tight pants split down the back from my waist to my crotch! Totally embarrassed, I ran from the room with my silky nylon panties in full view of my wife and feminized son, both of whom were laughing hysterically.

Not wanting to risk another pair of slacks, I opted for a full knee-length skirt that offered considerably more freedom of movement than the slacks I had worn previously. When Andy said he couldn't dance with a man in a skirt, Helen said, "If you can imagine that your mother is a man in slacks, you can pretend she's a man in a skirt. Now let's try again."

After practicing intently for another hour, Andy was getting more graceful, but he still needed lots more work, especially with the turns. "Okay, ladies," Helen decided, "Time for bed. This is Wednesday, so you have two full days to practice your dance technique. Candi, during your breaks, try on all your nice dresses and try to select just the perfect one. Saturday will be set aside for your hair, nails, and makeup. I'll call Gina, the girl who styled your hair last time for an appointment."

"But Aunt Helen, she knows I'm...I'm..."

"Don't worry. She said she would keep your secret if you let her be your personal beautician, didn't she? Also, if you need anything like clothes, accessories, jewelry, or makeup, we can pick them up after your beauty appointment."

"But, Aunt Helen..."

"No more complaints unless you want to cancel your date!" Helen declared emphatically. That did it. Full of mixed emotions, Andy lowered his head and gloomily headed for his room.

Although I felt strange teaching my son to dance as a girl while we both wore skirts, we worked diligently for the next two days. First, I had to break his habit of leading and teach him to

follow. As he repeated the routine time and again, it gradually became natural.

In the beginning, he was hesitant and unsure of his steps, but he soon caught on and began having fun. As he pirouetted merrily, his ponytail would swing out and his full skirt would swirl up and away to reveal the tops of his nylons, and sometimes, the lacy hem of his silky panties.

When I cautioned him not to be too brazen, he would blush brightly and giggle, "Oh Mom..."

For his date, Andy wore a lovely, white rayon dress that was decorated with black flowers. The scoop neckline showed a hint of cleavage, but its most important feature, as far as he was concerned, was the full, mid-thigh length skirt that swirled out saucily when he twirled through the lively dance steps.

His hair was styled with soft curled bangs across his forehead. The sides flowed attractively over his ears, while the back fell saucily down onto his shoulders. For accessories, he wore gold hoop earrings and a gold chain necklace with a small pendant at his neck.

"I hope I can make those tricky turns in these four inch spikes without stumbling all over the place," he sighed while preening before his mirror.

"Just relax and you'll be fine," Helen assured him.

"Don't relaxed so much that you forget about your full skirt," I cautioned. "If you aren't careful, it will swirl up and expose your panties."

"Oh, Eve, don't be such a prude!" Helen admonished.

"That's right, Mom!" Andy agreed, "Doug saw me in my bikini at the pool, so what's the big deal about him getting a glimpse of my panties when I twirl on the dance floor? Anyway, I read in one of my teen magazines that a discreet flash of nylon

and lace is a shrewd way to keep your date smitten with your charms."

"That's right," Helen agreed with a chuckle, "Females have used that little trick to keep men sexually aroused for centuries. The poor dears never catch on!"

"You mean, it makes them horny!" Andy giggled.

"That doesn't mean you have to make a spectacle of yourself!" I scoffed. "Not long ago, you were ashamed if anyone knew you wore panties. Now, you want the whole world in on your secret! I swear, I don't understand your attitude, young lady!" I called my son a young lady! What was happening to me?

When Doug arrived to pick Andy up, he gasped, "Wow, Candi, you're even prettier than I remembered."

"Oh, thank you, Doug. You say the nicest things, and I just love it."



Despite his initial reluctance to wear dresses, Andy was becoming a lovely, socially active, teenage girl.

Helen was at work the next morning when Andy came down to breakfast. Apparently unashamed, he wore his silky babydoll nightie and a transparent nylon negligee that did little to hide his pert feminine breasts. He was on pins and needles as he related the events of the previous evening.

"Doug took me to the teen dance club and introduced me to lots of other kids our age. They accepted me as a girl...***Doug's*** girl, and nobody ridiculed me for being a guy in a dress."

"How did the dancing go?"

"Oh Mom, it was wonderful! Doug is a great dancer. He did some different steps than you taught me, but I felt his body and easily followed his lead. Even though the steps were different, I didn't stumble even once in my heels!"

I looked at my son as he gushed away, while wrapping a long strand of hair in his fingers. "Are you sure this is what you want?" I queried. "Remember how you laughed at me and called me a sissy when you first saw me wearing skirts? Don't you remember swearing that you would never dress as a girl when Helen first suggested that you adopt the same disguise?"

"Yes, but then I didn't know how stimulating soft sensuous clothes would feel against my skin," he bubbled as he hugged himself through his silky nightie, making his breasts appear large and full. "I couldn't imagine how aroused I would become when he stuck his tongue in my ear or gave me a long, lingering, wet kiss. Oh Mom, I never had this much fun as a guy! I want to wear dresses and skirts and be a girl forever!"

My son had disappeared and this lovely girl had taken his place! The sparkle in her eyes and the flush of her cheeks were testament that she would never be masculine again. I had lost a son and gained a daughter, only they were the same person!

Chapter 16

Since Helen took over my sports car, I was left her Neon to drive. I used it to shop for groceries and run errands, but having only a male driver's license, I was afraid of being pulled over by the police. The trip to San Diego taught me that I passed quite well in public, so the first thing I did after returning home was to apply for a driver's license as a woman. To my surprise, it was

ridiculously easy to acquire. Nobody questioned my identity, and soon, I had a license in the name of Eve Marie Foster, ***Female***!

While applying my feminine makeup, I looked deeply at the woman in my mirror and saw little, if any, masculinity! Would I, could I ever be a man again? My breasts had matured to full C-cup, so they would be slow to disappear. My eyebrows probably would never return to their former fullness, and my beard was history. My hair hung long and luxuriously about my shoulders, my face had a peaches and cream complexion, and my brows and lashes were shaped and coated into attractive feminine attributes.



I examined myself in my mirror and saw an attractive woman. Why not let the world see the woman I had become.

The real problem was that as I looked deeply into the reflection of my eyes, I only saw a female. A shiver raced up my back

as I realized that physically returning to masculinity might be a moot point. Something basic, something psychological had changed inside of me. Although I would never see him again, had Warren opened a door to my femininity...or rather closed a door to my masculinity? I needed to talk with Helen about what was happening to me. Surely she could straighten me out, as she controlled every other aspect of my transformation.

One day, Helen called to say that she was not returning home because of work. I was feeling bored, so I decided to surprise her by dressing to the hilt and meeting her for dinner. My plan was to surprise her and take her to a nearby restaurant before she had to return to work. "After all," I reasoned, "She ***has*** to eat!

I took special care with my hair and makeup so no one at her office would equate me with the file clerk they laid off six months before. After a long luxurious bath, I sat before my vanity mirror and examined myself for flaws or signs of my former male self. I gazed at the feminine creature that reflected back at me and wondered how I had let myself become so feminine.

I took my time dressing for my surprise meeting. I selected my favorite outfit, a skirt and blouse combination that Helen had complimented me on many times. The blouse was a cream silk with a plunging neckline that exposed substantial cleavage without being too risqué. With the low-cut blouse, I had to wear a demi-cup bra, but the silky blouse felt so sensuous against my skin. My skirt was a lovely patterned creation that hugged my hips and stopped well above my knees to provide an unhindered view of my shapely nylon encased thighs enhanced to provocative femininity by my stilt heel pumps. A matching jacket set off the outfit, giving it a sophisticated air.

I applied my makeup carefully, watching how each stroke enhanced and refined my feminine image. Mascara made my lashes appear long, full, and separate, while eyeliner highlighted my eyes and gave them a large and soulful countenance. Two shades of eyeshadow finished my eyes and gave them a mystifying presence. Dark crimson lipstick gave my lips a luscious fullness and a

"come hither and kiss me" sparkle. For accessories, I added earrings, a necklace, a bracelet, a watch, and two rings.

After adding an alluring perfume, I grabbed my favorite purse and made sure it contained all the ***essentials***. Almost as an after thought, I arranged a few curls about my ears and I was ready to surprise Helen.



Despite my initial aversions about dressing and presenting myself as a woman, I felt pride at the attractive person who gazed back at me from the mirror. I felt a bit uneasy as I drove along the open highway in my provocative ensemble, even with my new driver's license in my purse.

I valet parked my car a block from where Helen worked. I still felt self-conscious about the stares and lewd comments I occasionally received from lustful men. I brushed my skirt to remove wrinkles and strolled toward the building where she works.

A slight breeze felt nice as it blew my skirt about my legs. My heels made a staccato clicking as I strode along the

sidewalk. I looked about to see if anyone was staring, but all I saw was the occasional look of an admiring man.

I was almost at Helen's building when I heard someone shout, "Eve! Eve, wait up!"

I looked back and my heart jumped into my throat. Warren from the convention was waving for me to wait up. A flood of thoughts raced through my mind as he ran to catch up with me. What was he doing here? Had he followed me? What did he want?



I should have dashed into the nearest entrance, done anything to avoid him, but I didn't. I turned towards him and submissively waited. "Eve! I've been desperate to see you again since that fabulous night on the beach," he breathlessly proclaimed. "I've thought of little else but you since that night."

"What...what are you doing here, Warren?" I asked.

"I work here," he simply stated, "I thought you knew that I was attending the convention when we met."

"Oh, of course, how stupid of me!" The idea that he might work in the same building as Helen hadn't occurred to me.

I looked at his handsome face, and the same warm tingling feelings I felt on the beach returned. His clear, sharp eyes, strong chin, and deep voice warmed my soul. My heart started to pound.

Did I find this man sexually attractive? Surely that time on the beach was a one-time affair triggered by loneliness. If that were true, why was my face flushed and why was my heart racing so?

"I can't talk now, I'm meeting my wi...er...my ***sister***," I stammered as I turned and walked away.



Eve, let me call you," Warren called after me as I turned to walk away

Chasing after me, Warren called out, "Can I call you sometime? Maybe we could talk over dinner."

"Talk?" I suddenly became interested.

"I promise that's all we'll do," he pledged. "I respect you too much to try anything again. Call me." He handed me a business card with his telephone number on it.

"Okay," I agreed in an effort to leave, "Call me sometime." I definitely had to tell Helen about Warren and get her advice on how to handle him.

Feeling relieved at getting away without serious damage being done, I resumed my walk toward Helen's office. My encounter with Warren had delayed my arrival and I almost missed her. She was making her way out of the building, but to my surprise, she and Roger were walking side by side, arm in arm, and she was snuggling into him!

"EEEEE..." I squealed upon seeing their intimate actions. Now I knew why Helen had to work late so often and why she didn't come home some nights. Since I had become impotent, was she starved for intimacy with a ***real man***?

Attracted by my scream, Helen looked my way and saw me. Her face changed from loving admiration for Roger to a startled ashen fright. She knew her unfaithful interludes had been exposed and her secret was out!



Their embrace revealed a lot more than just friendship between Helen and Roger

Roger saw the reason for Helen's panic. Taking her in his arms, he quickly whisked her away. I suppose he didn't want to create a scene on the street in front of their business office.

Tears gushed from my eyes! Too much was happening too quickly. Warren wanted me as a woman, Helen was being unfaithful, and I was trapped in the guise of a woman. More than that, my son had a boyfriend and wanted to live as a girl. More than that, the whole scenario was my own damn fault! My world was collapsing around me. I had to run! I had to hide! But where could I go?

I was overwrought with anger, shame, and dismay at seeing my wife passionately lavishing her affections on another man, even if I ***was*** wearing a dress, soft lingerie, makeup, heels, and carrying a purse. Tears filled my eyes as I made my way back to the car and drove away. How could I have allowed myself to become so feminine and impotent that my wife had to seek intimacy in the arms of another man, a ***real*** man? Had it really been months since I last performed my masculine duty in bed?

No one was home when I arrived and the house felt like an empty shell. I collapsed on the sofa thinking of all the events of the past months as I changed from virile husband to…to what? A feminine ***sister*** to my own wife! What would I, what could I say when she came home?

I really didn't want to think about it. My head hurt from shock. Andy...uh...Candi was still on a date with his boyfriend, Doug, and I didn't want him to see me in this state. Furthermore, I didn't want him to know what I had seen or what had happened to my marriage. In agony, I locked myself in my bedroom and took a soothing bath. Afterward, I slipped into a long silky nightgown and cried myself to sleep.

Chapter 17

I didn't hear Candi come home, although I heard him puttering around the kitchen the next morning. With blearily eyes, I got out of bed and prepared to join him. I slipped into my negligee for modesty, applied my makeup, and brushed my hair. Upon arriving in the kitchen, I found my cheery faced son preparing to take his daily hormone supplement.

Not surprisingly, he was dressed totally as a girl in a chic flower print sundress and moderate heels. His hair and makeup were femininely perfect and his smooth, nylon encased legs were very attractive. "Hi, Mom," he greeted happily as he washed the pills down with a glass of orange juice.

I didn't want to burden him with my problems, so I put on a happy face and asked why he was dressed so nicely this early in the morning. "Oh, didn't I tell you? Doug is picking me up in a few minutes. A bunch of us kids are taking his father's yacht to the island for the day. I probably won't be home until after dark. It is okay for me to go, isn't it?"

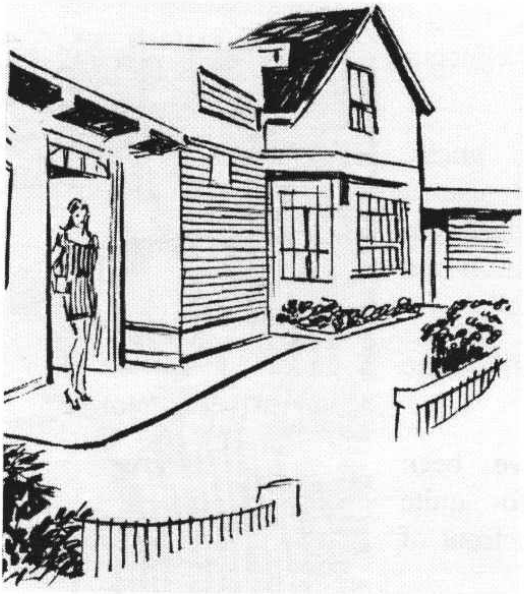
"Oh, of course. Doug seems like a nice boy, but shouldn't you eat something before you go?"

"Oh no, Mom!" he smiled, "I have to be careful of my weight. You know what they say. If a girl doesn't watch her figure, neither will the boys!"

"Okay, but be careful. Boys have only one thing on their minds where cute girls are concerned."

"I know, mother," he giggled, "I used to be a boy, remember? Anyway, we'll be with a bunch of other kids, so he won't get too frisky."

After Andy left, I went to my room and changed into soft silky lingerie and one of my favorite dresses. Deep in thought about Helen and Roger, I sat at my vanity and stared into the mirror. As if in a trance, I applied my makeup, sprayed myself with a pleasant perfume, attached attractive pendants to my pierced ears, fastened a stylish necklace around my neck, and stepped into three-inch pumps. I knew Helen wouldn't be home until later in the day, if at all. Still, we had to have a confrontation sooner or later and I wanted to look nice.



I knew that I would think more clearly if I took a walk. In my absentminded state of mind, I didn't consider that high heels weren't the most ideal walking shoes, which became abundantly clear after only a few blocks, so I slowed to a more leisurely pace.

I don't know how far I walked before I thought of Warren's card in my purse. He had offered a sympathetic ear and a shoulder to lean on. "He seemed so understanding, why don't I give him a call?" I pondered.

I fished through my lipstick, powder, mirror, compact, brush, comb, and tissues, things I never carried as a man, looking for Warren's card in my purse. Finally finding it in a side pocket, I located a public telephone and dialed his number. I could only hope his offer was still valid after my rude manners yesterday.

After I identified myself, his secretary connected me without hesitation. "Hello, Warren?" I stammered, "This…this is Eve."

"Yes, I know!" he exclaimed in a jovial tone, "My secretary has explicit instructions to put your calls through without delay, no matter how busy I am. It's wonderful to hear from you. I was worried. You seemed really distraught when I ran into you yesterday."

The sound of his strong, masculine voice cheered me up immediately. "I know," I sighed, "I…I was overcome with personal problems."



"How are you now?" concern dripped from his voice.

"I...I'm okay, I guess, but...but I really could use a sympathetic shoulder to lean on. Could you...would you meet me for a talk? You did offer..."

"Where are you?" he interrupted.

"I don't know. I've been walking and thinking for quite awhile. Let's see, I'm in front of the Tower building."

"I'll pick you up and we can go for a drink and have that talk."

"Okay..."

"Great! I'll meet you at the northwest corner of Fifth and Main in half an hour. That's just over a block from your present location. I'll be driving a gold Jaguar, so keep an eye out."

My heart was beating a mile a minute as I slowly strolled to the designated meeting place. I hoped Warren wouldn't become overly amorous. I needed a sympathetic ear, not an evening beating off his roving hands.

I passed some construction workers while walking to the corner. As rough and rugged men are prone to do, they gave out with appreciative wolf whistles and

catcalls. "Wow! Baby, where have you been all my life?" "Hey, gorgeous, want a man tonight?"



Strangely, I felt pride in my feminine appearance, unlike the time I was deeply embarrassed at similar attention only a few months ago when I first ventured forth in a dress. Had I changed so much in such a short time? Had I become so feminine that I liked to receive masculine admiration?

Some of the construction workers became bold when they saw me waiting at the corner. Did they think I was deliberately lingering about to entice them?

I was thankful when Warren's car pulled up to the curb. Warren heard the men whistling when my skirt rode up to expose my nylon covered thighs as I climbed into his car. I tried to keep my short skirt in the respectable range, but needless to say, I lost that battle!

"Don't take them serious," Warren grinned while taking an appreciative look at my exposed limbs. "Men always make fools of themselves over gorgeous women. I'm no exception, especially where you're concerned."

I blushed at his reference to me as a gorgeous woman, then I thanked him for picking me up. "I...I need someone to talk with...and I...I..." I stammered.

"No excuses are needed, Eve," Warren soothed, "I want to get to know

you better. How can I do that better than listening to you? I was really worried when you left so suddenly yesterday."



A slight breeze whispered about my legs as I saw Warren's car round the corner. Thankfully he showed up quickly as I was beginning to worry about those horny construction workers.

"I…I'm sorry," I whispered, "but Helen, my si…sister, really upset me yesterday."

As he pulled in front of an exclusive bar, he said, "Yeah, I gathered that. I saw you crying after Helen and Roger walked away. I wondered what happened. Wait here, I'll bribe the waitress to seat us in a secluded area to assure privacy while we continue our conversation."

I was really impressed with the way Warren handled himself in the restaurant. He did as he said he would, conducting himself in the strong, authoritative manner of one accustomed to handling authority and getting what he wants.

Once we were comfortably seated, he ordered drinks before saying, "Okay, what is upsetting you so much, Eve? Am I the source of your pain? You seem to fall into violent crying spells whenever I'm near. Your reaction to my advances on the beach and the way you abruptly ran off yesterday suggests that I'm the problem. Still, I don't know what I've done or why you called me to pick you up if that is so."

"Oh...no, Warren..." I cried, "It's not you at all! At least nothing you've done..." I lowered my eyes, not wanting to see the tears starting to form.

I really didn't know what I wanted when I called him. All I knew was that I needed a symathetic ear and he was always kind and caring with me. Now that we were seated, I was at a loss at what to say. Surely I couldn't tell him my story, yet that was the center of my problems...and the reason I brush away his advances.

Warren waited patiently while I downed a couple of drinks. Finally, he asked, "Well...if it's not me, what has you so upset?"

"T...this is really difficult to talk about, Warren," I stammered, shyly avoiding eye contact. "I never wanted to...to deceive you. I hope you won't...won't hate me..."

Warren took my small, soft, manicured hands in his large masculine hands and assured, "Oh, Eve, I could never hate you, so please tell me what is troubling you. I promise to help in any way possible."

When I didn't respond, he tactfully inquired, "Is it Helen? I saw you get hysterical when you saw Roger's public display of affection toward her. Look, I'm a big boy and I can take bad news. I know you are sisters, but are the two of you having a...a thing?"

"Oh no, Warren!" I cried. "It's nothing like...like ***that***!"

"Why don't you tell me then?" he whispered as he took my chin in his hand and lifted my face to look directly into his eyes. "Who knows, maybe I can help."

"Nobody can help!" I cried as tears filled my eyes.

Taking the handkerchief out of his pocket and handing it to me in gentlemanly fashion, he soothed, "You said you needed to talk, and you must have trusted me or you wouldn't have called. So, tell me. What could possibly make a beautiful lady so distraught?"

"I...I...I'm not really Helen's sister," I whimpered.

"How could that possibly be such a big deal?"

"I...I'm her...her husband!" I whispered in words that were barely audible.

Warren's face turned from surprise to shock and back again. "Helen's ***husband***? You're kidding, right?"

"No matter how much I look like a woman, I'm really a man," I whispered, large tears rolling down my cheeks. "That's why I ran away from you on the beach. I just couldn't let you find out the awful truth about me. I know I deceived you, but believe me, that was never my intention."

Warren gasped as he released my hands and fell back in his seat. "A...a ***man***? How can that be?" he gasped.

"Drinks are over, right!" I sighed as I picked up my purse and endeavored to leave before he lost his cool and started calling me names...or ***worse***.

"Come back, Eve! You can't drop a bomb like that and just walk away!" I heard Warren say. "Sit down and tell me how this incredible ruse came about." Thankfully, his voice never rose above a whisper, so my secret was not being broadcast all over the bar.

I sighed as I returned my purse and resumed my seat. "It's a long story and even now, I can't believe it most of the time without looking in the mirror," I stuttered as tears filled my eyes and threatened to ruin my makeup.

"You're still married...to Helen?" his eyes were as wide as saucers as he handed me a handkerchief and studied every detail of my face and body while I gently blotted my tears.

"Y...yes..." I whispered, "Although we haven't acted as husband and wife for months now."

"Are...are you one of those...transsexuals?" he muttered, "You know, a woman in a man's body who wants to be a woman?"

"No, I've never considered myself to be anything but a man. I was happy being a man and never thought of myself as anything else...that is until I became like ***this***!" I replied while sweeping my brightly colored fingers over my body for emphasis.

"Then how...how did you get to look so...so drop dead ***gorgeous***?" he queried while trying to comprehend that the woman sitting across from him was, in reality, a guy like himself.

"It's a long story," I whispered in a barely audible voice.

"For Gawd's sake, tell me!" he exclaimed while motioning to the waitress to bring another round of drinks. "After that build-up, wild horses couldn't drag me away! Start from the beginning and don't leave out a single detail!"

I spent the better part of two hours explaining the events that led to my feminization, our meeting at the convention, and seeing Helen in the arms of Roger the day before. A deep frown crossed his face as I ended with our meeting outside his office building.

During my diatribe, Warren spoke only to ask for clarification every so often. When I finished, he sat thinking for a long moment before reflecting, "Let me see if I understand. Helen pressured you to find a job, but you weren't really interested in finding employment. Then, when you lost all that money, she sug-

gested that you dress as a woman to hide from the mobsters. When they came close to discovering your identity, she encouraged you to take hormones to enhance your feminine disguise. To prevent them from finding you through your son, she suggested that he wear dresses as well. Now, after you developed into a beautiful woman and Andy became a teenage bombshell, she shows up with a handsome lover."

"That's pretty much it," I admitted with a blush. "Helen has been great throughout this ordeal. I don't know what I would have done without her. I just wish she hadn't..."

"I see. Well, where do you go from here?"

"After spending the past months just trying to survive the present, I hadn't thought about the future. The idea of what I would do when my masquerade ended hadn't crossed my mind. I guess I'd always thought I'd take off my feminine finery, step into pants, and resume my role as a man, Helen's husband, and Andy's father."

"The past few days, however, exposed several flaws in that scenario. Candi had taken Andy's place, as she no longer wishes for him to exist. As for me, Helen had traded me in for a more virile man who can satisfy her needs. At best, when I return to being a man, I will be divorced and have a lovely daughter to support. Also, there was the problem with Sid that started this charade."

"I...I don't know," I whispered, "Obviously, I have to confront Helen about her relationship with Roger and the awful turmoil that will surely come from that. I have to resolve my problems with Sid, and I can't leave Andy...I mean, Candi, stranded. I don't know what to do or which way to turn."

Suddenly the burden of the changes in my life weighed so heavily on my shoulders that I broke into tears. Unable to hold back longer, my body shook with sobs. As if I were a real woman, Warren moved to my side of the table, took me in his

arms, and whispered in my ear, "Go ahead and cry, Eve, darling. Nobody can see or hear you in this booth."

Through my tears and pain, I felt warm and secure in his arms. His arm felt good about my waist and I leaned my head on his shoulders as I tried to control my sudden outburst of emotion. I leaned into him for a couple of minutes before I finally composed myself.

Warren paid the bill, then led me to his car, which had already been brought to the front of the restaurant. I sat in silence as he drove me home.

"I have to think about the things you told me," he declared as we approached my home. "Don't confront Helen until you hear from me again. If she shows up, say you are disappointed with her behavior, but you don't feel like discussing it tonight. After that, just go to bed and get some rest. Your nerves must be completely frazzled. Trust me to work on your problem for a day or so and I'll get back to you."

I agreed to follow his advice as he pulled up in front of my house. "Don't worry, Eve. Things have a way of working out," he took my hands. Before I could react, he drew me to him and planted a soft, soulful kiss on my lips.

I wanted to draw away, but didn't! This couldn't be happening! I am a guy…a heterosexual guy like him, a married man, no less. Yet, I couldn't deny the warm feelings flooding through me at his touch, at the touch of his lips on mine. The tender kiss seemed to last forever. I closed my eyes and absorbed the healing feelings of warmth and tenderness I received from him. Finally our lips parted and I exited his car with a final touch of his lips to mine.

As I walked to the door, I looked over my shoulder at Warren sitting in his car watching me. Did he call me 'darling' in the restaurant? I tried to remember.

Chapter 18

I heard voices from the living room and was about to sneak up to my room when I recognized Candi squealing with delight. My curiosity got the better of me and I went to investigate.



Candi held Doug's hand as they spoke to Helen and Roger. Her eyes sparkled as she lovingly gazed at Doug.

To my horror, Helen was sitting on the sofa holding hands with Roger. Candi stood beside Doug, holding his hand. No one noticed my presence as Helen smiled brightly and said, "I'm so happy for you, Candi."

Suddenly, Candi noticed my presence and she cried, "Mother! Are you okay?" Everyone turned toward me at her remark.

Helen started to say something, but I interrupted, "Yes...yes, I'm fine. I'm tired, so I'm going to bed." I turned on my heels and exited the room.

Roger and Helen looked at each other, but they chose to keep quiet with the youngsters in the room. I wearily went to my room and removed my clothes. A few minutes later, Candi knocked at my door and asked to enter. I really didn't want company, but I reluctantly let her in.



I didn't want to talk, but Candi was insistent. Why was my once proud son so smitten by his femininity?

"Mom, are you okay?" Candi asked with concern written all over her face. "Aunt Helen told me about you seeing her and Roger yesterday. I was completely shaken because I knew it would devastate you."

"You seem to have recovered quite well," I offered off-hand, referring to the giggling display that I'd walked in on.

Candi was shaken by my remark. "Oh, mother, don't think like that! Everything is not as it appears! You know that I've never liked Helen and my opinion of her hasn't changed, even though she gave me a lot of helpful dressing and makeup hints. Now, I feel her actions toward you justify my low opinion."

"Then why the friendly display downstairs?" I dabbed a hankie at my dripping eyes.

"I have something wonderful to tell you!" she gushed. "I hoped to tell you first, but you weren't home. Roger and Helen just happened to be in the living room when Doug and I came home to find you."

"Yes?" I urged her to continue.

"We were so excited that we couldn't keep it from them. After all, Roger is Doug's father! You came in as Doug was telling them that I agreed to be his girlfriend!"

"Roger and Doug are father and son?" I gasped.

"Yeah!" she gushed, "Small world, isn't it? When Doug told them about us, I think it caught them off guard because neither of them even knew we were dating each other."

"Us?" I questioned, "What us…?"

"Doug and I," Candi giggled like a schoolgirl, "He asked me to go steady with him and I agreed. I wanted you to be the first to know, but…"

"Steady?" I gasped, "Are you sure? You are a boy too, remember?"

Candi wrapped her arms about her body, and cooed, "Oh yes Mom, I'm sure! You simply must forget about me being your son. I'm a girl now, and your daughter. I'll never be a boy again! I love Doug and I want to spend as much time with him as possi-

ble. I want to experience all the things girls' experience. I want time to learn if Doug is really the guy for me. Going steady allows me all those things!"

"I...I'm happy for you, I guess," I stammered, unsure of the things she was proposing. I did know, however, that I wanted my child to be happy and she seemed so deeply happy at that moment. "After all, I ***am*** responsible for you becoming a girl."

"Don't beat yourself up over the past," Candi sighed as she gave me an affectionate hug. Anyway, you've changed too, even if you aren't willing to admit it yet. Don't feel so bad about Helen, she never was any good for you. I knew it from the beginning, but I could never convince you. You need someone who really loves you...for ***you***, not for what you represent or what you can provide. How about the man you met at the convention? Your eyes sparkled when you told me about him."

A deep blush raced down my face when she mentioned Warren. I had told Candi about our meeting at the dance, but I never got into the details. Obviously, I transmitted much more than I intended. "Warren?" I stammered, "I...I...he's a guy."

"Of course, he's a guy," Candi giggled, "And you are a woman...now!"

"I...this is a disguise," I stammered, "I'm really a..."

"Oh, don't do that guy stuff with me!" Candi rebuffed, "I see what I see and I know what I know. You are no longer a man. You're a woman and my mother in more than just name and dress. Admit it! You feel like a woman now and you found this Warren very attractive, didn't you?"

"I...I..." I couldn't answer.

"Well you can continue kidding yourself about being a guy and being attracted to women, but I know differently. I have to go now, but let's continue this conversation later. I don't want to leave Doug in Helen's devious grasp for too long. Who knows what absurdity she might feed his innocent mind? Why, I

wouldn't put it past her to trick him into wearing dresses so she could turn us into girlfriends!"

"You don't blame her for what happened to us, do you?"

"Don't I? Anyway, I have to go. See you, Mom!"

"The mob was after me. Helen only helped with our disguises."

"On the surface, that appears to be true, but I'll bet she was behind our transformations into females...somehow!"

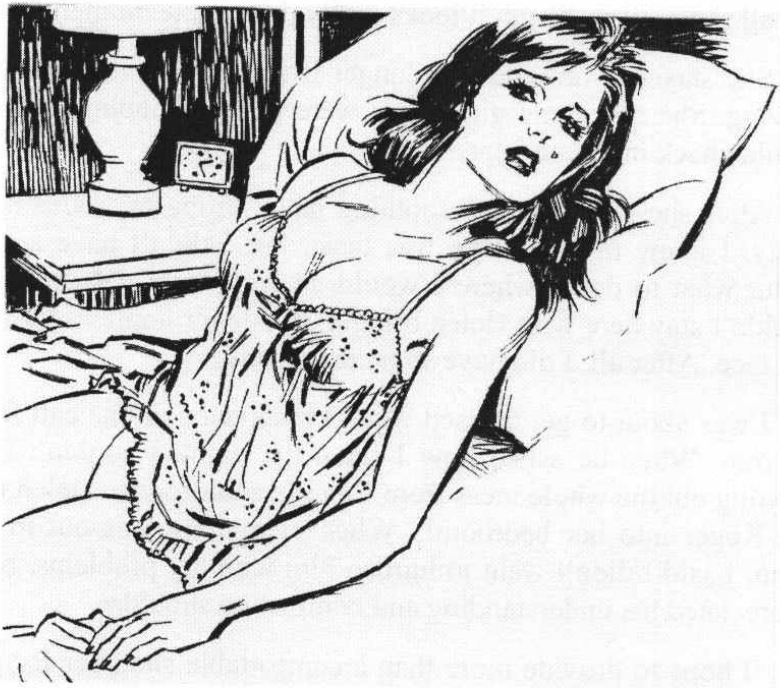
We kissed before she left. I didn't know whether her visit cheered me up or not, but it did leave me with lots of food for thought. I was grateful that she still thought of me as her parent...even though it was as her mother.



Wearing only a sexy nightgown, Helen led Roger into her bedroom and the bed I shared with her a few months earlier.

I slipped into my favorite babydoll nightie, and waited until I heard the front door close. I figured Doug and Candi had left and surely Roger was gone too. In accordance with Warren's instructions, I didn't want a confrontation with Helen, so I decided to slip downstairs for a glass of milk. I barely opened my bedroom door when I heard footsteps down the hall. Peeking through a crack in the door, I saw Helen wearing a slinky nightgown, leading Roger into her bedroom! Obviously, they had more on their minds than conversation.

Depression suddenly overcame me. My wife was taking her lover to bed in the same bed we had shared only months before. Even worse, she was doing it knowing full well that I was in the house. Had she no shame?



I was so miserable! My wife was in the next room making love with another man because I had become too feminine to perform this masculine act!

After that scene, I lost all thought of refreshments. All I wanted to do was die! I was so…so depressed that I lay on my bed and let rivers of tears stream down my cheeks. I tossed and turned most of the night, but I finally fell asleep and slept late into the morning.

Candi looked in on me and lightly brushed my hair when she found me still in bed. She obviously knew that Roger had spent the night. When she saw my tear streaked face, she deduced that I also knew of Helen's indiscretions.

She whispered in my ear, "I'm sorry, mom, but Helen's such a slut! She is not worthy of you. They have gone, so you can get up now. I don't know how, but I'm sure everything will work out all right, even though it looks pretty dark at the moment."

She stayed a few minutes longer before saying that she was leaving. She and some girlfriends were going shopping, but she would check in on me later.

After she left, I took a soothing bath, letting my cares soak away. I knew my marriage was toast, but I didn't have a clue about what to do or where I would go from here. Obviously, I couldn't stay here with Helen bringing her lover home in front of my face. After all, I did have ***some*** pride left!

I was about to get dressed when I received a phone call from Warren. When he asked how I fared the night, I couldn't help blurting out the whole mess from Candi's assertions to Helen taking Roger into her bedroom! When everything was out in the open, I said I didn't want to burden him with my problems, but I appreciated his understanding and comforting shoulder.

"I hope to provide more than a comfortable shoulder for you to lean onto in the future," he firmly stated, "How about meeting me for lunch?"

"Today?" I gasped.

"Yes, it's very important! I have a private dining alcove in the executive dining room. Meet me there at say 12.30?"

"Uh...I guess so," I stammered, my heart suddenly racing at the thought of seeing him again.

"Good! See you there," he signed off.

I looked at the clock and realized I only had an hour and a half to get ready and down to his office. I looked at my face, at my soulful eyes from all the crying, and knew it would take a yeoman's task with makeup to make myself look presentable. Although no one would know what I wore beneath my dress, I wanted to look and feel sexy for Warren. With that in mind, I put on my sexiest panties and a push up bra that emphasized my breasts to their full potential.

I skimmed through the many dresses in my closet before deciding on one of my favorites, an off the shoulder silk dress with a flaring skirt that swung just above my dimpled knees. My three and a-half-inch sling pumps that matched the chosen dress made my legs appear long and sexy.

After sweeping my hands over my skirt to straighten out any wrinkles, I sat at my vanity to apply my makeup. I paid particular attention to hiding any traces of the haggard look resulting from my crying bouts of the past two days. I was determined to enjoy this afternoon and I would start out by looking as ravishing as possible!

I arrived where Warren worked ten minutes early. The receptionist apparently knew I was coming because she gave me a friendly smile and directed me to the elevator that would take me to the penthouse where Warren's office was located. "Boy, Warren must be important around here for his office to be in such a prestige location," I thought as the elevator ascended to the top floor.

When I made my exit, a very attractive young woman wearing a business suit with a mid-thigh length skirt met me. She was obviously aware of my visit as she smiled brightly and asked, "Hello, Miss Foster. Mr. Davidson has some unfinished business

to conclude before lunch. He will join you shortly. May I get you a drink while you wait?"

"N...no, thank you," I said, finally learning Warren's last name.

"Have a seat, Miss," she directed me to some plush couches in the foyer just out of sight of the elevator.

I thumbed through some magazines on the table while waiting for Warren to finish his business. I heard the elevator arrive a couple of times, but nobody entered the area where I sat. I did overhear the conversation of a group of secretaries who were awaiting the elevator.

"Did you see that refined society lady paying the boss a visit?" one asked.

"No, but I heard she is one elegant broad," another replied.

"It's about time," a third injected, "I don't think he's had a date since his wife died two years ago."

"I don't think he's even looked at another woman till now."

"You ought to know, you've hit on him often enough!"

"Maybe so, but every dame in this place has come on to him at one time or another, married and single."

"It figures that it would take a classy babe like her to catch his eye!"

"What's going on?" I asked myself. "Those women think I'm an elegant socialite and Warren is the top dog around here! What have I gotten myself into?"

A few minutes after the secretaries boarded the elevator Warren arrived and greeted me with a very warm hug and a kiss on the cheek. "God, but you're lovely, Eve!" he whispered in my ear so his secretary couldn't hear.

I blushed at his intimate greeting and thanked him by brushing my lips across his cheek. Only afterward did I question why I'd done such a thing! "How...how can you say that after you know about me?"

"Because it's the truth," Warren replied as he led me down the hall to a secluded dining room. "This is my private alcove where I conduct business luncheons, so we won't be overheard."

We talked as an uniformed waitress served us sandwiches, salad, and drinks. I told him about what had transpired since our meeting the previous night. I concluded with, "My son...er...daughter, Candi, has fallen in love with Roger's son. I don't want to do anything that would hurt her...or him either. He seems like a really nice boy."

As we finished the lunch, Warren became grave and said, "After lunch, we are to attend a meeting to resolve some unfinished business. I don't want to tell you too much in advance, but everything will soon become evident."

"W...what do you mean?" I gasped, suddenly feeling empty. I thought he invited me to lunch because he wanted to see me. Now I learned that even he has ulterior motives.

Warren assumed a serious expression and said, "You have to be strong for the next hour or so, Eve. I am your friend, so trust me and allow me to prove it."

"I...I'll try," I gasped. His grim manner took my appetite away, so I merely sipped on my drink. "What is your position here?" I asked sweeping my hand about the room.

"Oh, didn't I tell you? I own this business. Helen and Roger work for me...as did you at one time." I was taken back at this news. I didn't understand why I was here and what he wanted from me.

Warren led me to his office through a side door and had me sit in a comfortable chair beside his desk. "Ready?" he asked.

When I nodded, he pushed a button on the intercom and said, "Okay, send them in."

My breath rushed from my lungs and I nervously adjusted my skirt when I saw Roger and Helen enter through the doorway. Their initial expressions showed they were not worried about being called into the boss' office. That changed quickly when they saw me sitting next to Warren.

"**Ahhhh!!**" Helen gasped upon seeing me.

"What…what's going on here?" Roger demanded as he tried to put on a brave face, even though he too was obviously deeply shaken by my presence.

"Have a seat," Warren smoothly stated, "We need to clear up a few items. Oh, I know all about Eve and her special circumstances. In fact, she and I are…old friends. She told me everything about how and why she is whom she appears to be."

Helen's eyes became as large as fried eggs, her face turned white as ash, and she nearly fainted in her seat. Roger looked confused and stammered something about not knowing what was going on! I was so stunned at this sudden turn of events that I didn't utter a word. Still, my worried expression had to reveal that I too was surprised.

"Sure you do, Roger," Warren smoothly stated, "This meeting is about a conspiracy hatched by you and Helen. I have done some investigating into your activities over the past year. Do you mind telling me why my Chief Financial Officer is on such good terms with the mob?"

Warren's face showed that he was deadly serious. He was a man who demanded answers and would ***not*** take 'No' for an answer. "Helen, why did you conspire with Roger to change your husband into…"

"B…but why are you interested in…?" Helen weakly asked, sweeping her hand towards me. "I mean…what makes you think we had anything to do with her transformation?"

"That's an interesting story by itself, but just be aware that I do know Eve and that I am very concerned with the events that led to her strange...ah...***circumstance***."

"But Warren!" Roger blurted out, "This is not what it appears. Let me explain...."

"Yes, do explain," Warren grimly stated, "but be aware that security is investigating your business dealings and any involvement with the mob. If they find anything out of line, you will be prosecuted! Both of you!" he looked directly at Helen.

I sat wide-eyed, my mouth hanging open at Warren's accusations. Could Warren be right? I squirmed about in my chair and tried to adjust my flimsy silk skirt to cover the dark tops of my nylons. Did Helen and Roger orchestrate my transition into femininity? Could my wife have been a perpetrator instead of a loving helpmate?

Helen and Roger looked at each other for a long moment before nodding and turning to face Warren. "Okay," Roger sighed, "We may as well come clean."

Helen started out. "While working together, Roger and I became ***very*** good friends. Even though I was married, we started with dinner and quickly became lovers. We managed to spend a lot of time together on the excuse of taking overnight business trips."

"We agreed to a deeper commitment and my lawyer was preparing divorce papers when Dan lost his job. About this time, I learned that I would have to give him half of everything I had saved." She refused to look at me as she spoke.

"I take it that you had accumulated a nice little nest egg," Warren interrupted.

"Quarter mill...million, mostly from investments," she answered.

"You...you could have paid Sid off many times over!" I gasped.

"I got really angry when Dan refused to look for another job. Since I was the only one working, I was afraid the judge would award him a large portion of my income too. The thought of him getting part of my money for doing nothing enraged me, so I tried to shame him into finding work."

"Shame him?" Warren asked, "How?"

"Getting him to do housework," Helen said. "Instead, he sneaked off to play cards with his buddies. He lost all his pocket money and Roger got the idea to involve Sid and his hoods in a scam. He got them to set Dan up to pretend to lose a substantial sum to them."

"Pre...pretend?" I gasped, unable to believe what I was hearing, "You mean I was duped?"

"In a word yes…at least initially," Helen confirmed. "After that, I got Sid's men to hound you for the money to get you to hide from them. It worked to an extent, but I wasn't satisfied. Mother suggested that I convince you to assume the disguise of a woman to help you hide from Sid's men. I couldn't believe how easily you fell for it! Whenever you grew complacent, I would get Sid's men to come around or send some young punks to peek through the window. They would laugh uproariously whenever they saw you in your pretty dresses, frilly aprons, and makeup."

"You mean they were laughing at me?" I gulped in embarrassment, "I thought they were telling jokes!"

"You were the joke!" Roger sneered.

"Enough of that!" Warren growled, "You are in enough trouble already. Don't make me really angry."

"A little added pressure from the mob and your obstinate son was off to Mother's and a one-way trip into dresses. You sealed your fate when you agreed to take hormones. Then you saw us kissing outside the office and here we are…"

"You said Dan's loses were pretend…initially," Warren probed.

"Yeah," Roger sighed, "but you can't trust those bastards. They supported our setup until we were in too deep to back out. Yesterday, they threatened to expose our scheme if we didn't pay them Dan's 'loses'.

"No honor amongst thieves, eh, Roger?" Warren grinned, "So how much is owed?"

"Over…over $100K with accrued interest," Helen whispered.

"$100 thousand dollars!" I cried, "I'll never be able to get that amount of money!"

"I don't think you owe it, Eve," Warren soothed, "I think the mob is expecting it from our little conspirators. Right?" he questioned Helen and Roger.

"Yeah," Roger confirmed, "but we don't have to pay them a red cent since you already know of our scheme."

"Do you really think those guys are going to let you off that easy?" Warren smiled. "They've invested a lot of time into making your scheme work. I doubt if they are going to forgive and forget!" Helen and Roger blanched at the thought of what Sid's roughnecks could do to them. "I suggest you pay them…quickly," Warren finished up.

"How?" Helen's voice quivered.

"From that little nest egg you were so protective of," Warren suggested. "Don't spend the remainder though. I'm sure Eve deserves the rest as a divorce settlement for what you two bastards did to her." Warren was getting really angry now.

"B…but that's all I've got. I'll be…be broke!" Helen cried.

"Better than being broke ***and*** out of a job!" Warren growled, "which is exactly what you will be if you don't give it to her as a parting gesture!"

"We…we still have our jobs?" Roger gasped.

"Yes…thanks to your son," Warren stated. "Eve said that your son and her son…er…daughter are in love. She doesn't want anything to taint their budding relationship. But your jobs depend on the outcome of my criminal investigation. I won't have people working for me in positions of responsibility with ties to the mob. Be forewarned that I'll be watching you. If you give me just one excuse, I'll have your jobs. What you did to Eve is unforgivable!"

Looking at me, silently sitting next to their boss, Helen asked, "How…how…?"

"How come I know Eve?" Warren smiled. "Actually, you introduced us."

"Me? I…I…" Helen puzzled.

"You took her to the convention and left her alone at the dance…" Warren took my hand and gave it a squeeze. "I couldn't allow such a flower to sit all by herself, now could I?"

As Helen and Roger stood to leave, Warren asked Roger how he knew Sid? "He and I went to school together. He went his way and I went mine, but we kept in touch."

"Still brothers under the skin though," Warren finished. "By the way, be forewarned that Eve is under my protection. Don't do anything to harm or embarrass her. You know that I can be very resourceful if provoked." They both nodded, acknowledging the truthfulness of Warren's warning.

The meeting finally concluded, everybody exhausted from the revelations shared around the table. Roger and Helen sorrowfully exited first, their heads between their tails, just happy to still have jobs and not be hauled off to jail in handcuffs. They knew Warren was deadly serious about keeping them under a microscope until they had proven they could be trusted again.

Chapter 19

After the room was empty save he and I, he took my hands and asked, "What are you going to do now?"

"About Helen...and Roger?" I sadly sighed. Warren quietly nodded. "Obviously it's over between her and I," I whispered, my gut still churning at the revelations exposed by this 'luncheon'. "But I guess I knew that sometime ago, although I wasn't willing to face it."

"Of course I will offer you whatever legal and moral support you may need," Warren squeezed my hands. "I doubt if Helen wants a court battle anymore than you do. She has a lot more to lose than you do," he finished.

"I doubt that," I slightly smiled, sweeping a hand over my body. "I would be traumatized by pictorial "exposures" in the local and national newspapers. I can just visualize full page blaring headlines saying, "WIFE TRANSFORMS HUSBAND INTO WOMAN!!! All the gory details inside!"

"I will never allow that to happen," Warren assured me. After watching his performance this afternoon, I was sure he was right. He was a powerful man used to having his way.

"I appreciate that..." I sighed, starting to stand to leave.

"What about you? I mean in the immediate here and now?" Warren pressed, taking my hands again.

"I...I don't really know," I moaned, "Obviously, I cannot and won't return home with Helen and Roger living there. I have to think of Candi. She can't live in the same house with Helen and Roger without me being there. I don't want her to live in the same house as Doug either. That's too much temptation for a young girl like her."

"Yeah, I bet that's true. I'm sure Helen and Roger are headed there right now. I doubt that they returned to work after this luncheon!" Warren actually had a sly grin at his reference to the

slaughter he had wroth. "Why don't you stay with me this evening? I have a nice home in the hills away from everyone."

"I...I appreciate all you have done for me today, Warren, but I don't think..." I started to decline his generous offer.

"I won't lie by saying that nothing will happen between us," Warren pressed. "You know how I feel about you. But I can promise that nothing will happen that you don't want to happen. Besides, I'm better company than an oppressive hotel room."

I thought over his offer as we walked side by side to the door. He seems like a great guy! I remembered that he didn't press his advantage on the beach, and I did need company. The last thing I wanted was the loneliness of four strange walls after the today's revelations. I'd go mad lying in a strange bed alone while knowing that Helen was sharing my bed again with Roger.

Finally, I agreed to his generous offer. "I'll take the rest of the day off too," Warren stated, "I'll have my car brought up and we can leave immediately. That way, you won't have to sit around the office for the rest of the day."

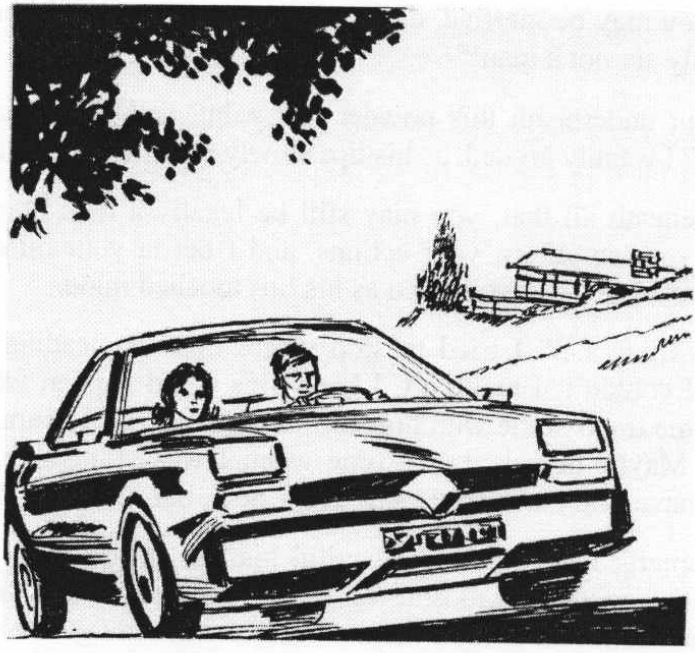
He spoke briefly to his secretary, then escorted me to his private parking center where his car was waiting for us. "I guess it's nice to have so many people at your beckon call," I observed as he helped me into the front seat.

"It's one of the perks that goes with owning your own company," he laughed, "Believe me, days like today guarantee that I earn every perk I enjoy."

He drove out of the city, into the foothills. The city stretched below us as we neared his house. I was slowly coming down from the trauma of the afternoon encounter and was relaxing under the hypnotic spell of Warren's pleasant company.

It was getting dark as we approached his house. I was duly impressed at how large and luxurious it was, but then he was the owner of a rather large, successful company.

He escorted me into his 'mansion' and showed me around. He showed me a pleasant bedroom that he said I could stay in as long as I wanted. It really was a lovely place.



The city lights flickered behind us as we approached Warren's luxurious home.

We went into his den, where he started the fireplace and poured us drinks. I loved the dry white wine he handed me. I felt my worries melt away as we sat next to each other talking and sipping our drinks.

"You know how I feel about you, Eve," Warren whispered in my ear.

The wine must have started playing with my senses because my warning antenna didn't spring to attention. I felt so warm, relaxed, and comfortable that I sighed at his soft words, looked into his eyes, and cooed, "I...I find you...you most appealing too, Warren."

"Appealing...like you find me attractive?" he pressed, gently holding my chin in his strong, masculine hand.

"Y…yes, I…I think so," I seemed to be lost in his eyes, "I…I know I shouldn't, after all, I'm really a married ma…"

"You may be married, darling," Warren cut me off, "but you certainly are not a man!"

"But underneath this powder and paint, and this dress, I'm still…" I weakly argued, as his lips slowly crept towards mine.

"Beneath all that, you may still be legally a male, but your body, your emotions, your actions, and I bet in your mind, you are all woman!" he whispered as his lips touched mine.

"Warren, I…" I tried to stop where this was leading, but I knew I couldn't, I wouldn't. I knew this could happen when he asked me to go home with him earlier in the day and I came willingly. Maybe he asked at a time when I was vulnerable, but I could have said No! I could say 'NO!' now, but I wouldn't!

I emerged myself in the soulful kiss he gave me. It wasn't forceful, it wasn't anxious, it was deep and…and loving. I needed someone to love me right then, someone who was gentle, someone who cared for me. Warren had been there when I needed someone at the beach, at dinner, and this afternoon when confronting Helen. He had proven that he was serious, and strangely, I found his company comforting, even desirable. Was I falling in love with him?

He broke the kiss after the longest time and held me tight. He whispered sweet nothings in my ear as he gently lowered the top of my dress. My radar suddenly became active and alert!

I'm an adult. I knew what he was doing, what he wanted, and I was sure that if I said 'stop and desist', he would have done so, but I didn't! I liked the little shivers that raced up my back as his hands gently touched my skin. I swooned at the whispers of love he gave me. I knew that I might regret where I was going under the harsh morning light, but I would face that when it happens…if it happens.



Warren slowly, gently started to lower the top of my dress as he whispered sweet nothings in my ear.

Right now, here, with Warren, I wanted his gentle caresses, his honey tongue whispering loving phrases, and his kisses. Helen's infidelity had erased any guilt I may have had about being unfaithful to her. We were divorced in spirit, if not in fact.

We rose from the sofa and he led me willingly to his bedroom. I would not sleep along this evening, like I did last evening!

Warren slowly and methodically unfastened and unzipped the supports to my dress and it slithered silently to the floor. I stepped out of my heels and the dress. As I removed my bra and nylons, he rapidly removed his clothes and stood before me waiting for me to finish my tasks.

"Warren, I've never..." I gasped when I saw his manhood standing straight and erect in all its glory.

My nipples stood hard and erect from my fully developed, well-shaped breasts. They announced my excitement far better than any protest I could generate. Obviously both of us wanted and craved this interlude, this sexy encounter!

"Shhh," he whispered as he gently enfolded me in his arms. "I've never done this with a girl like you either, so we will explore this new experience together. Okay?"

I couldn't deny my attraction for this strong, assertive man. He is everything I wasn't. He is a successful take-charge type of guy used to getting his way. Yet he is gentle, caring, and oh, so sexy! Oh! Did I think that?

"Y...yes..." I moaned as he gently nibbled my ear, then kissed my neck. Shivers ran up and down my body as he caressed and kneaded my breasts while licking my neck and kissing my eyes.

Oh, Warren..." I gasped as he deeply kissed me and gently lowered my panties. This was my ultimate exposure. My manhood was still hidden beneath the device Helen made me wear, not that there would be much to see. It had shrunken to a fraction of its original size and I never was near the size that Warren so proudly displayed.

His fingers gently felt between my legs and he broke our kiss in surprise at not finding there that which he expected. "I...I wear this...this..." I shyly explained, as he glanced where he thought he would find the last visible proof of my manhood. "It is hidden beneath..." I couldn't finish, embarrassed at the subject.

"Let's keep it that way, okay?" he asked. I knew he would allow me to remove the device if I wanted, but my remaining manhood was no longer a source of pleasure and exposing it possibly would...could throw damp water on the moment.



Warren had completely enthralled me, seduced me, as he gently lowered my panties.

"I agree, darling," I giggled at the surprised expression still crossing his face, "I don't need it as long as you pay attention to my breasts...and love me."

He lowered me onto his bed and continued to lavish kisses, gentle touches, and caresses over my entire body. My emotions caught fire and I began to ravage him. I know where men's sensitive spots are and used that knowledge to full advantage as I kept him at full arousal.

We rolled about the bed, sometimes he was on top, sometimes I occupied that position, and sometimes we were off the bed completely, rolling on the floor. All my pent-up frustrations, my loneliness, my animal desires surfaced as I willingly, wantonly pleased Warren to make him my lover.

He, in turn, did the same for me. I never, ever felt so turned-on, so loved, so wanting to love, and so filled with animal lust as I felt for Warren at this moment. An earthquake wouldn't have phased either of us.

Without any qualms, I kissed and stroked and sucked his manhood. I knew where and how to keep it at attention and I did my duty well.

We were reaching a climax when he gently laid me back on a pillow and spread my legs. My breasts were quivering like jelly as he positioned himself between my legs. I looked into his eyes with a little anticipation and a lot of being scared. Never in my wildest dreams had I ever envisioned myself in this position, having done to me what was about to be done!

"I'll be as gentle as I can, Eve," Warren lovingly whispered.

"I know, darling," I reassured him.

He felt for my entrance with his fingers. Finding it, he gently applied lubricant until it was well coated. Caressing my breasts, whispering his love for me, he gently began my penetration.



I screamed and swooned in ecstasy as Warren came in me. Warren had taken me as his woman! I loved it and I didn't want it to end!

After he was finished, after I had come to exhaustion, and after we had cleaned ourselves, we lay in his bed cuddling with each other. He kissed my lips, my eyes, my chin, and whispered, "Thank you, Eve. That was the best sex I've ever had! I've never had a partner so willing…so able to please me."

"Oh, Warren, I want to…need to tell you that this evening will never be forgotten. Although painful at first, the ecstasy, the loving, the passion I felt this evening will always live with me. Even now, with your seed still within me, I feel a closeness I've never had with another person."

We continued to caress and pleasure each other as we slowly drifted off to sleep. "I love you, Eve," I heard Warren whisper as I was nodding to sleep.

I was filled with emotion and desire for this man. "I…I love you too…" I returned. Where did that come from?

"I want you to marry me!" he said, barely loud enough to be heard. "Candi can live with us. I'd be a good father to her."

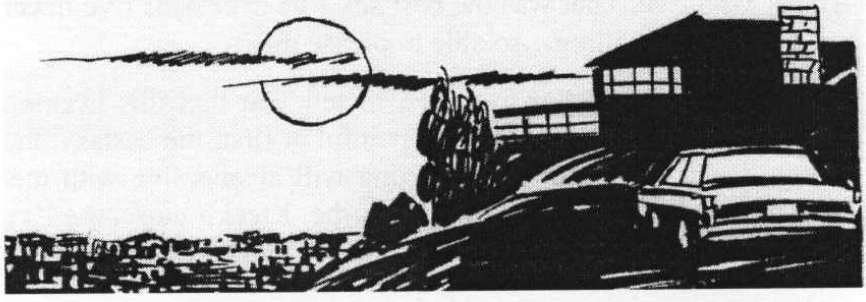
Did I hear him right? Did he just propose marriage to me? Surely not! After all, I'm a married man! Well, sort of. Yet, I was sure I heard correctly.

Did I want to marry him? Could I marry another man? I certainly didn't feel like a man! Right now, I felt like a woman, a well and lovingly used woman.

How would being Warren's wife effect Helen and her career? It would be a rather strange twist in fate to be the boss' wife, knowing that Helen had to obey my every whim if she wanted to keep her precious job.

One thing was certain. I wouldn't be playing poker with the boys again anytime soon!!

The End…or is it?



Night crept over the house as I contemplated marriage to Warren. Could I…would I be a better wife than I was a husband?


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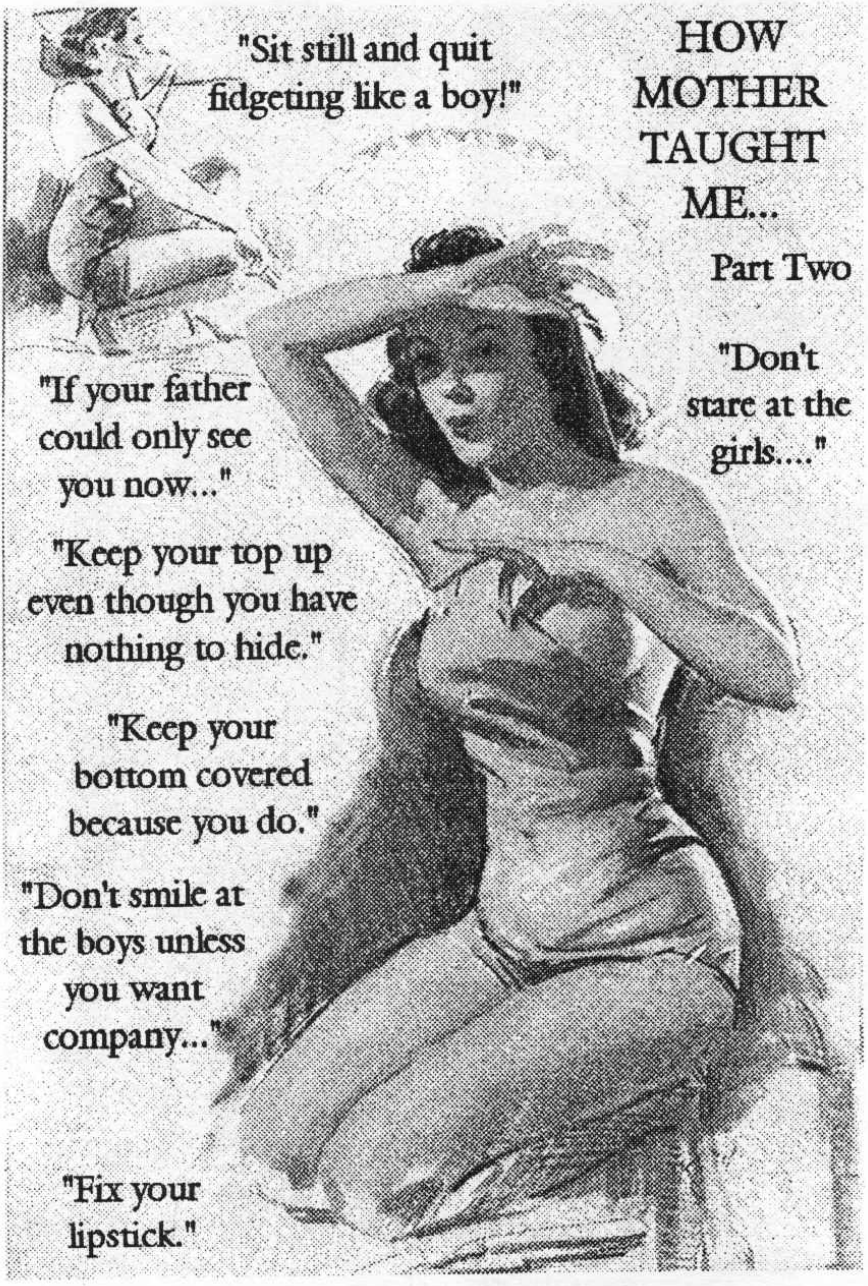
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His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this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

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

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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?"

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

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

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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.

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

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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

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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!

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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!

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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.

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

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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" FASHON 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, femininily 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 CHRISSIE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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

BOYS TO BABES #19

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

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

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

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

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

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

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

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

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

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

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

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1
HUSBAND TO SISTER #2
HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND
AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

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

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

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

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

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

A WILLING WOMAN

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

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

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

THE STORE BRIDE

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

PRETTIER IN PINK I
PRETTIER IN PINK II

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

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

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

WHAT SISSIES WANT

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

WHAT GIRLS WANT

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

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

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

#1 NORM:

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

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

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

BILL'S HUMILATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

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

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

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

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

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

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

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

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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

CRAVEX - A WIFE'S REVENGE

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

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

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

DESTINED FOR DRESSES-PARTS: ONE, TWO, THREE

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

MANICURED TO PERFECTION #1

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

PRIMPING TO PERFECTION #2

POLISHED TO PERFECTION #3

"DOMESTIC BLISS "ONE, TWO, THREE

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

FORCED TO BE A DAUGHTER #1

LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3
A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . .She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR
His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!
SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
I BECAME MY SISTER (COMIC BOOK#1)
Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)
Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.
I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC BOOK#3)
Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!
I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC BOOK#4)
Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!
I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC BOOK #5)
The continuing saga of Tebby.
I BECAME MY TEACHER
A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

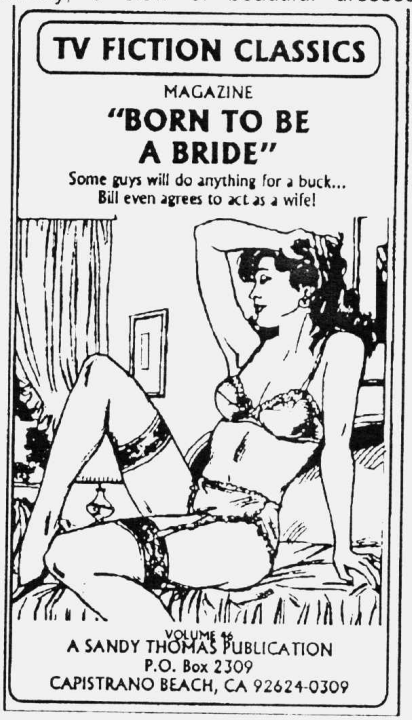
THE SISSY SERIES

SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4 -#5
Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtseys, gaffs, to aprons. . .it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!
THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS ONE &TWO
A young man is feminized and trained to become a maid to the rich and famous! A day-by -day account of his life in the academy and how to be a maid?
WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM
A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.
THE SLIP
A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!
THE SECRETARIAL SLIP
A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.
NON-FICTION BOOKS
THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.
The best book ever written to explain to loved ones about cross-dressing. Written to make the reader understand this unusual hobby and how to cope with it. By Virginia Prince.

UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.
A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.
FROM MAN TO WOMAN
A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

TV CONTEST VIDEOS
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