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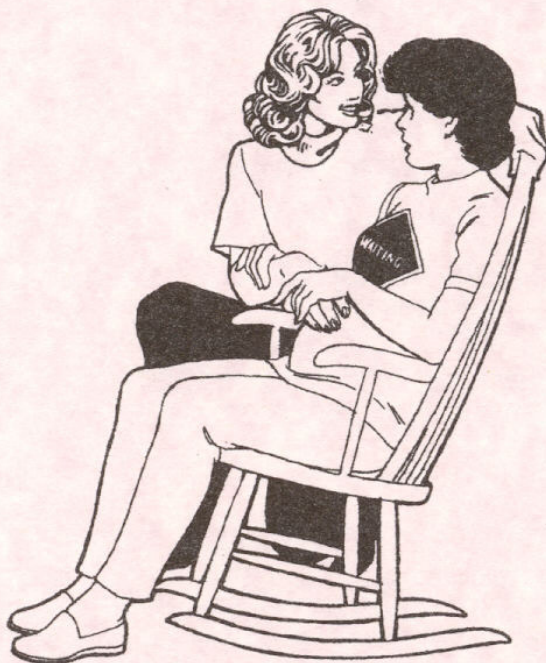
MAGAZINE

Volume #4

"UNIQUE CONCEPT"

also

**"FROM FLOOD TO
SKIRTS"**



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION
P.O. Box 2309
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CONTEMPORARY TV
FICTION

MAGAZINE

Volume 4

UNIQUE CONCEPT'
&
FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS

By ANNIE WARREN

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CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

UNIQUE CONCEPT'

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Renee ,
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Unique Concept'

by Annie Warren

"All right, then, Mr. Wilmet, it is all set. Tomorrow at six in the evening." The voice over the phone was a soft whisper in my ear as Doctor Krandon confirmed, or better said, gave me my appointment for surgery.

"I'll be here at five to see Mary anyway, Doctor." I replied. "I guess you'll have both of us on your hands at once. At least for one evening."

"Very well, Mr. Wilmet, until tomorrow." With that the conversation was at an end. I said good bye and hung up. I did not know why the appointment just had to be then, but she had insisted on it. It was not an extensive operation, just the repair of a hernia that had even ceased to bother me, but Mary had insisted.

She said she felt better with me near her while she underwent still more tests. So, I had agreed and now it was set. Mary and the doctor seemed real concerned about this "hernia". I had seen the doctor a dozen times in the last month. They took blood, gave me vitamin shots and of course the embarrassing sperm samples for analysis.

Perhaps I should explain Mary's condition and presence in the hospital. We had been married 3 years and were childless. She wanted almost desperately to have a child. But complications had set in and none was forthcoming, or so it seemed. I had given many a sperm sample to the hospital's small sperm bank in the hope

that perhaps something artificial could be done with her, but all had seemed to fail. And so it was again the time of her ovulation and she was in for tests and perhaps experimentation on some new technique; the old ones always seemed to have failed.

It was expensive even though Doctor Krandon, an old friend of Mary's, had offered her services almost free of charge.

Mary hoped so strongly, even I at times wished there was more I could do. At least we were wealthy enough to be able to afford not only the tests but also the child. Mary had a very good position and I had inherited enough to balance her income to make a comfortable living.

I worked, but on a voluntary basis at whatever I wanted. It rankled Mary every so often, but she really had no choice. I had even gotten the hernia on just one such volunteer job a year ago. Since then I had taken on no more of the hard jobs and had just kept putting off the operation, up to now at least. I'd probably be coming home the same time as Mary. All was now set.

That afternoon I saw Mary and told her the news. She, however, had already heard it from Doctor Krandon. She jibed me that I would now have to lay off the odd jobs until the wounds healed. She said again that I should look for a real job. I laughed and changed the subject and no more was said. That night was quiet with Mary away.

On the day of my operation all went normal, I saw Mary and then, instead of coming home, I signed into the hospital.

That evening, Doctor Krandon gave me the preoperative physical and a mild sedative, enough so that I was unaware of when I was tranquilized for surgery early in the morning. I do know that in the morning I awak-



ened with some pain and lots of bandages over my abdomen. I was told the operation was a success. (So what could go wrong?)

I must admit, I felt peculiar. The nurses were very concerned about my moving about, saying I would have to spend several days motionless with a pillow under my hips.

Dr. Krandon would be in to see me later. I was groggy but all went well. Mary came to see me and then the doctor. By then all was much better in terms of clarity, but there were some restrictions. She examined me and all seemed well and for the period of convalescence, some observations weekly were set up. The operation, such as it seemed, was over and done with---or so I thought.

Time went fairly quickly although I was uncomfortable. They took a urine sample on the third day and I was allowed to move a little.

I felt like a pin cushion from all the injections and blood samples. One nurse said it was important to keep some bodily secretion at a high level that required daily monitoring. A week later, Mary and I were released the same day.

She drove home as I had to take it easy. For the convalescence at home she waited on me as much as her work allowed and as much as she got by my protests. I was glad to be able to get up and about. The only after effects of the operation seemed to be a persistent upset stomach, hitting me most often in the early hours of the morning. Sometimes waking up only to throw up. Mary gave me soda crackers, which helped a little.

I also noticed a small scar at my belly button and one just below my public hairline. I wondered why they needed to cut there? (Laparoscope.)

A call to Doctor Krandon gained a reply that it was expected and that if it persisted beyond a month, that perhaps I should come in and have some special tests besides the weekly vitamins..

I went to the doctor weekly and had a shot of something called "Progest..." or something like that. They said it was a vitamin to keep my strength up.

It did slowly clear up. For a while all seemed to be normal, or semi normal. The incision healed, the sutures were removed and I began to feel my old self, except for the stomach. But then things began to change, not suddenly but slowly.

After a month I began again to do work, just odds and ends. I did not feel that I was exerting myself, but my chest muscles were sensitive. It was a weird sensation. It wasn't until I mentioned it to Mary that I began to be aware of other subtle changes.

It was in bed that Mary demonstrated to me just where the sensitivity really lay, in my nipples. And with her playing with them the feeling became one of pleasure and stimulation. I did not notice any change then, but just enjoyed the new found sensitivity. My skin had taken on a new glow, a softness like fat under my skin.

At two months after the operation, the sensitivity was not only there but had become more intense. Along with the intensity was a slight growth in them and the little area of pinkish skin around them. Also the area seemed to have darkened noticeably. I almost thought that it was a case of tanning, but the skin around them seemed to be the same. It was a puzzle.

It was into the third month that the darkening reached it's peak and, so to say, did my nipples. They protruded. At this point another visit to the Doctor was in order. She checked me out thoroughly, pronounced me quite healthy, and said that the alterations were not to be worried about, that it must have been a side effect of the medicines used in the operation.

It had not occurred to me at that time to question her. I was satisfied, though not really feeling the best of shape. (Little did I know at the time just what my shape would be).

It was into the fourth month that I noticed I was getting a beer gut, not remarkable other than that I did not drink beer. It was not anything extensive, but just a settling of fat to my lower abdomen. Also my nipples had continued to grow and to protrude still more, like small cones. It was an odd sensation. I began to worry as I seemed to be changing in a most peculiar way. Again to the doctor.

Once again she made more tests, a whole battery of them. But again, she came up with her prognosis... "Healthy".

She had also checked out my chest very thoroughly this time. In her answer she said that I must have had a reaction that was continuing and that there would be some continued growth there. In other words, I might grow some degree of breasts.

It was not all that much of a problem. I could just dress to play that part of my anatomy down. A bit of flabbiness at the chest would not be hard to live with as long as I could disguise it. I wasn't used to going bare-chested anyway.

When I got home, Mary was all sympathetic. She even offered in fun to loan me one of her bras, should I need it. We had a good laugh and the expansion was passed for other subjects.

Later, on checking my chest, it was not flab there but actually some sort of a hard lump underneath my nipple. No problem, "let it run its course", that is what the doctor had suggested and so I went along with it. I wonder now if the outcome would have been different if I had sought a second or third opinion. Would they have told me what was going on?

Mary seemed to have lost her interest in getting pregnant. I'd ask and she'd say, "Oh, there's no hurry. We'll have a baby when the time's right."

Towards the end of the fifth month my stomach seemed to be getting quite fat. My breasts were also well on their way to prominence and my gut was showing me to be very heavy bottomed. It was only then that I began to have an idea as to something being very wrong. It was Mary that gave me the clue.

I had come to the limit of my clothes. The largest pair of my pants that could be altered were no longer adequate. Mary came home with some new pairs, but what new pairs?!? They were adjustable. I had an idea as to what they were but held my silence. It was time for another appointment.

Doctor Krandon ushered me into her office. She had said nothing about the loose pants nor the bulging coat. When I took it off, however, there was no way to hide the pants. There was a fleeting smile and then to business. She examined me thoroughly and pronounced me again fit.

Only this time, there was no hiding the breasts or the bulging stomach. "I want to know what's going on with me...THIS," I said pointing to my breasts, "Is not RIGHT."

In her summary, she laid the ton of bricks on me. It seemed that I was "pregnant"!

Me? Pregnant? How could that be? I was a man, male! I had donated sperm to the bank! True, I had great difficulty getting it up in bed just now, but these things happen from time to time though now it seemed to be more prolonged. It was when she said that I was about six months pregnant that it all came together in my head... the operation.

More had been done than a simple sew-up job. She told me to go home and discuss it with Mary. I suppose I should have confronted her then, but didn't for some unknown reason. What could I say? I had consented to

any and all operations deemed necessary (I later looked up the form).

Maybe I should have sued, but it is too late now, I suppose. Anyway, back to the office. She said that all the signs were there that "somehow" something must have happened and a cell had been fertilized within me (or a fertilized cell was implanted?).

"It appears evident, Mr. Wilmet, that there is most likely to be much more growth in the breast tissue. You might consider wearing a bra for support. You could have them surgically removed, but I wouldn't advise it until the full term is met."

Full term is met? I guess there would be no simple abortion operation possible. There was no access. Anyway, I was now 6 months or so pregnant, beyond the normal trimester limits. I wasn't about to try and buck THAT law.

Can you imagine such a thought going through my head? I was stunned to say the least. Enough so that I did not argue when she produced a bra for me. It felt strange and yet at the same time quite comfortable. She said that she would call Mary and arrange some other things for me to do and things to wear.

HOME SWEET HOME

On my arrival home, Mary was waiting. She knew I now was aware of my condition. She opened some packages. She held up a strapped garment saying, "Please, you are going to need these for a while."

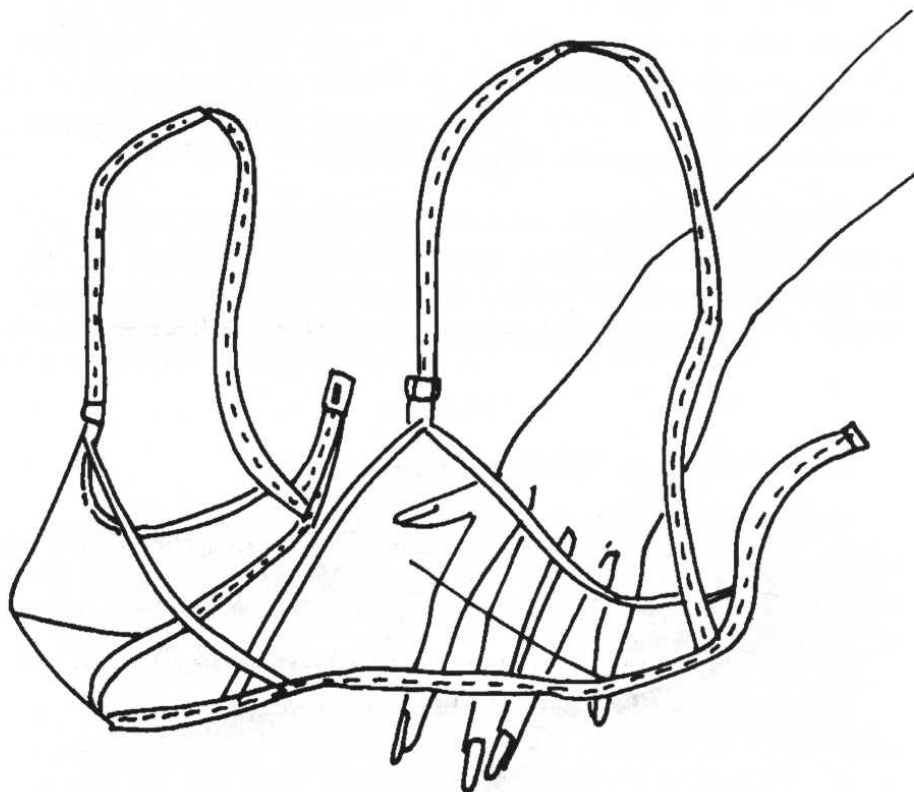
We had a long talk, both of us crying. Mary wanted us to have a child, and she couldn't carry. She had antibodies to my sperm. This was the only way!

Nonetheless, I felt a bit strange and quite self-conscious, knowing that I was wearing a woman's bra that cupped my growing breasts, lifting and separating them, making them even harder to hide. Also, she had confirmed it that I was indeed wearing maternity pants.

She was all oohs and ahs about the state of affairs. As she put it, we were going to have a baby after all!

I was afraid of what would happen if the press found out. I'd be a freak.

Lois (Doctor Krandon) had assured Mary that she would not tell them. The publicity could be ruinous to both of us. Although I toyed with the idea, I eventually gave up the idea of publicity. But what next?



We talked about what was to be done. I, of course, would have to give up my odd jobs. In fact, if it was not to be known what was going on, it was decided, jokingly, that I had best disappear. It wasn't until the next morning at breakfast that Mary had the disappearance answer, one that I did not immediately go along with. She argued that I had breasts and that they would most likely get larger. My shape was decidedly feminine, although on the pregnant side. My hair was long enough to disguise by bleaching. In fact, if I were to have on a dress, I would make a very presentable woman.

I balked. But with the logic she gave, she bent me around to her way of thinking. I was going to develop more in breast and gut. Before long, I would make a very odd looking man, to say the least. On pondering it, I had to agree she was right. But a woman? I did not feel that I could do it. She, however, was resourceful and felt it could well be done with some work. And so, the slow changes took a quantum jump. Overnight (actually, over a longish day), I was to disappear and her pregnant cousin was to appear. (Guess who.)

Mary was always an impeccable dresser with flawless makeup. If I had not seen her so often in the mornings, I would have sworn that her makeup had been permanently painted on and hermetically sealed.

MELISSA

So, this is how "Melissa" came about.

She started with the hair. She bleached it white and then, using a permanent dye, dyed it to a light but definite blonde color. She then put it up in curlers using a home permanent.

While it was setting up, she plucked (to my loud and unheeded protests) my eyebrows into thin and exquisitely feminine eyebrows. The hair and the eyebrows

told me at once I had to go through with it, at least until they grew back and I could do something with my hair. Then, with all of the lecturing and coaching of an Avon expert, she put on makeup, explaining every step and every cosmetic that she used. Let me tell you; she did use a lot of them! I could not believe the face that looked out at me.

It was some strange woman's though she resembled me. I was nowhere to be seen. Then there was the painted finger and toenails. Some clip-on earrings, a necklace, a stretch slip and dress completed the outfit for the moment.

When I padded over to the mirror, I thought I looked like a somewhat frumpy hausfrau in need of a diet. The curlers in the hair did not help the image. But I was only there a minute when Mary told me that I should get lunch ready. I have known for years how to cook and it was no problem.

Mary didn't help me as there was no need of her. I must say it was quite a different experience, feeling the swishing of the slip and dress and seeing the scarlet tipped fingers and toes.

I did not know it, but at that time, Mary was packing all of my male things away. When I next looked in my drawers, there were vast vacancies. The items present were all feminine... panties, slips, several bras and some stretch pants. Most had some provision for expansion with stretch panels strategically sewn in.

I was wearing jockey shorts, no matter how stretched. Not until I thought of putting them on the next day did I find that they too had gone.

After the meal, she combed out my hair into a rather nice looking, again definitely feminine, hair style. I also put on a pair of pantihose, a strange sensation, and a

pair of backless clogs with 2 inch heels. My foot hung over the back a bit but still they were shoes.

Now the mirror showed a woman. Her breasts were not quite prominent, but were very evidently there, more than I would have thought. The dress, however, was sort of shapeless and looked very maternity like. But why not? Had not the doctor told me? I wondered about some of the strange feelings that I had felt, sort of stirring. Could it be the baby? It was strange indeed.

I suppose I could, and maybe should, have objected. But, the logic was there and the reasoning (rationalization?) from Mary. I more or less disappeared that day. Anyway, like I said, after Mary had her way and I underwent her ministrations, there was no more man to be seen. Even if I could have reverted to my male clothing, her changes had made me (with my changing body) look like anything but a man. I acquiesced and Melissa was born. I did not know it then, but she was to live a longer life than I would ever have suspected.

The changeover was made, but "Melissa" did not spring full blown from the shell. I was awkward. I did not know what to do with her hands with no convenient pockets. I sauntered instead of walked.

In short, I did not look the part of a lady in actions although all else said so. Mary had second thoughts but never gave out, at the time, any doubts. She launched instead into a crash charm course in which I had to learn a life's worth of womanhood before I could be presented to the public.

I also had to call up a number of "key" friends to build up the story of my disappearance and Melissa's appearance. It took some talking but I swung it without cluing them in or having them see me "ahead of time".

Mary got a tape recorder and I spent literally days (not just hours) working on voice control. Mary depilated

my arms, legs and body. She got some shoes with three inch heels that fit me and I learned to walk, talk, move, be a woman. It seemed "like forever", but was actually less than a week and I was ready, or so we thought. A surgical moth blossomed in quiet.

I went through the week of many petty and minor tortures. I had sore ankles from the wobbling of the shoes. The earrings hurt.

About Wednesday, Mary noted how my wedding band was such a unique ring, one that I had designed to match the one I had made for her. If I was to be a married cousin, I would have to have new rings. I disliked taking that ring off, my finger felt naked, deserted. But she took it and returned with a set of rings, not expensive ones, but nonetheless a set of rings, wedding band and engagement ring set. They did not fit as well as my old ring, and had to be sort of forced on. They caused me more minor discomfort until the finger adjusted to them.

I had to learn how to put on makeup and to sleep in curlers that I had to set. The longer the week went, the more aggravated I was getting. So, just as she felt that there was imminent success, I rebelled.

I rolled out of bed and said "No" and sat there. I felt so terribly bottom heavy. I went to the dresser and searched for some of my old clothes. I wanted to be a man again. I looked high and I looked low but could find none. I did not feel right in running around in the voluminous gowns that she had me sleep in and so I stripped and then put on a pair of panties to cover at least part of my nakedness. Mary had left for work already.

I looked in the closet... nothing. I went into the basement, into the attic, I looked in all of the rooms. There was nothing to be found of clothing other than the new things. I put on a pair of stretch pants and sat to eat lunch, very much bare breasted. I did not even want

to put on a bra, the panties were a concession to cover nakedness. When I could think of no more places to look, I called her.

"Mary, where are my clothes?"

"What?"

"I said, where are my clothes? I've looked high and low and have not found them."

"Why, Dear, they are in your closet and dresser. Have they disappeared? I thought they were there when I left this morning."

"No, I mean my shirts and pants. I mean MY clothes. I've had enough of this Melissa stuff!"

There was a note of worry in her voice. "Now, now, Dear, I thought we had discussed it thoroughly. Melissa just has to come. It would mean too many problems were she not to be coming." Perhaps she was worrying about someone listening on the line. Whatever, I decided to go along, just in case. "I can't find my clothes."

"They are there, dear, in the closet and dresser, as I said. We can talk about it when I get home, Okay?"

I knew that I would get no where on the phone. Mary was hemming and hawing and avoiding the question. So I hung up and tried to think of other places she could have hidden them. It was now no longer a case of masquerade. I wanted out, if possible. Only without clothes, I could not go far. I didn't even have a pair of shoes, all I found was high heels.

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They had pinched at first, but the pinching had lessened as they had begun to be broken in, but they were still not MY shoes! I hadn't even thought of how my head must have looked, with the curlers and eyebrows, or better said, lack of eyebrows. But I had wanted out and took the first step, looking for clothes. I fumed.

By the time that Mary returned, I was no longer fuming, but I was nonetheless still upset. "Mary, I've had enough. I don't want to be Melissa. It won't work."

"But Honey, it has to work! You know that I cannot afford the publicity; it could cause me to lose my job. And besides, it's not all that bad. It would only be for a couple of months."

I pondered; it was for a limited time. When the baby was born, dead or alive, it would all be over.

"Well, I still want my men's clothing back." "But dear, if we do that you might be spotted and it would be all over. Also you know that they will not fit you any more now that you are, uh, getting on in the pregnancy."

I hadn't thought of that. The whole crisis had been brought to head since my last fitting clothes had ceased to fit. I didn't like it, but she was right. I didn't have a heck of a lot of choice unless I wanted to go out and buy some. Looking the way I did, that would be even harder.

I had rebelled and the rebellion had been put down. I resigned myself to this fate of womanhood and as it appeared, motherhood. I had to disappear and Melissa HAD to appear. I donned the clothing that this problem had assigned to me and made supper. It hadn't occurred to me to question why I made supper, the training was having some side effects that are clear now but were not so then, not that I could change them. I did, however, make a "crash" appointment to see the doctor for next week.

THE TRUTH

Mary helped me, doing my making up for the appointment. I had insisted that I go alone, in spite of the fact it would be the first time that I had appeared in public as a woman. I was resolute and wanted to talk with the doctor without Mary being there.

I figured I could take a taxi to and from the appointment, thus avoiding 90% of the exposure. Besides, my voice was now trained to a soft, feminine timbre that was becoming easier to hold in conversation. In fact, it was almost getting easier to talk in that timbre than my old tone.

The only people I would have to talk with, if all went well, was the cab driver, maybe the receptionist or a nurse or two. Thus, I called a taxi and rode to the clinic where the doctor waited. It was an early (relatively) morning appointment when I walked into her office, as practiced as I could on my high heels.

She smiled pleasantly and rose to come around the desk. "My, but you look nice. Mary has done wonders."

There was a slight edge to my voice as I replied, "She didn't do all of it by herself."

She took no secondary meaning from the statement or the edge but came back with, "And so, what can I do for you? Are you having problems? Can I help in making the image a bit more realistic?"

I did not know what more could be done than breasts and an expanding abdomen. I had to have it out. "How is it that I have come to be pregnant? I am a man with no ovaries, womb or other female equipment, uh, other than these breasts."

"Well, Melissa, I hope you don't mind me calling you that since it is a name that does match your appearance. It happens that the ovaries produce eggs which, if all goes well, will be implanted in the womb or uterus to grow. The female structure is a convenience that the body has made for growing the child. If, however, the cell that has been fertilized comes to rest in the fallopian tubes, it can grow there, a tubal pregnancy. It is also possible to have such a cell lodge outside of the normal



track in the cavity of the abdomen. The abdominal pregnancy is not as rare as you might think. It means that the delivery must be by Caesarean operation. The cell, however, will implant and hook up into the system and build for itself the amniotic sack and cause the body that is host to it to be prepared for motherhood, including the production of sufficient quantities of hormones to prepare and condition the body."

She continued, "That's why you have grown breasts. At the proper time, you will also undergo engorgement when the milk begins to appear. If you are careful, about the period of full term, you may avoid stretch marks as your breasts fill with milk and increase greatly with weight. You see, Melissa, the egg has taken hold and is growing quite well and you will be a mother as well as the father."

I was stunned. I had not thought it possible and was only going to try to get out of the whole mess, but here was the doctor saying that it was "natural" to have breasts and a swelling abdomen.

"But, Doctor, how did I get a cell?"

"Do you remember your operation? Mary had come to the end of any possibility of bearing a child other than going through what you are going through. In her case, however, it could have been more dangerous due to some complications in her physical makeup. You had signed the papers and had to be opened up anyway. So, you came to be the bearer of your own child. The sperm came



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from the bank. The egg came from Mary. The child you bear is truly yours!"

I was stunned to the point of muteness. I was to bear my own child? This could not be! Yet here was the doctor telling me that I was. If it were not so, she would not be telling me this. There was no way that she could have caused the breasts to grow without continuous hormones being added to my blood stream. She had to be telling the truth...The womb was now producing the high female hormone necessary to sustain pregnancy. My belly had the stirrings that confirmed her words.

I sat there stunned while she went on about some more technical details. They went over my head as I was too introspective at the time. She finally stopped when the blank look told her that she was not getting through. I looked up at her and asked in a soft, and I might add, feminine voice, "What can I do?"

"I would not advise an abortion, Melissa, there could be complications that could be avoided by waiting full term. Of course, you are going to have to learn first hand what it means to 'show' and to carry the child. We could help in the disguise by changing the facial features a bit. It would be very bad to have adverse publicity or any publicity as far as Mary is concerned. She felt secure that you would not seek any. So, to help with the appearances, I could do some changes for you. I am even prepared to do it now, if you wish."

"What changes would you be doing?"

"Well," she studied my face, "We could alter the shape of the nose, maybe shave a bit off the voice box, just some cosmetic changes."

I suppose I was not in my right mind, but she was right about the effect such a story would have on Mary's position. It was almost as important to her as having a baby. She could have taken the time off for the baby, but

for her husband to have their baby for her would have ruinous effects. If I were discovered to be under the makeup, it would give the whole thing away.

So, in a bit of haste and some sort of muddle of logic, I agreed to her suggestion to "change" a bit to help the disguise.

I must say that something was going on inside of me. I was very emotional, bursting into tears for any reason; a sad TV show, anything. I made the decision in hysteria. I signed the papers and was shortly in a hospital gown and under a general anesthetic.

A FEW CHANGES

It was several hours later when I came out of it. My face hurt, my ears hurt and my neck hurt. My throat felt like it was filled with gravel. Doctor Krandon was there with a look of concern on her face. "How do you feel, Melissa?"

"I..." I tried to speak but the words came out roughly, as a hiss and quite painfully.. "G.. God but it hurts!" I did not see how that was going to help. It was more of a gravely whisper with fire. I sat up and reached for my throat. It was swathed in bandages.

"What have you done? I can hardly speak."

"There, there, Melissa, it will be better soon. You can get up and go home now. I'll give you some gargles. Come back and see me tomorrow and we'll see how it is going. You will have some difficulty with the voice for a while but it will clear up. Not to worry. Mary will help you. She has been informed about what has been done and what has to be done to help with the healing. Just be careful not to try to talk too much too soon."



I got up and took off the robe and put on my slip, pantihose and dress; I hadn't even undressed entirely. When I glanced into the mirror, I saw that there was a bandage over my nose, more a broad piece of tape.

There was also a similar but somewhat bulkier bandage at my throat. Not to let any pains go unchecked, I looked at my ears and saw there were some earrings dangling from them. Not the ones that I had come in with but some other ones, rings that passed through the earlobes. In addition to the nose and throat job, she had also pierced my ears.

There was no great change in these alterations; however, the adding of the rings made my face appear even more feminine. In little over a week I had gone from a bottom heavy, somewhat gynecomastic man to a presentable but pregnant woman. My hair had changed color and shape with the curls. My eyebrows had been ravaged and were slow in growing back in.

My face sported makeup most of the time, makeup that I had put on it. Now the doctor had altered my nose, a rhynoplasty operation she had called it. She had lessened the shape of my Adams apple and had pierced my ears. I was sorry I had acquiesced so easily, but now it was done. There was no going back.

I walked out into the outer office where she gave me the gargles, a sheet of instructions and some pain deadening pills. She called a taxi, chatted a bit and then ushered me out of her office. I waited only about a half a minute outside until the taxi pulled up. It was a job getting the address out, but he was patient and so I eventually got home.

There I read the instructions, gargled, took a pill and lay down on the couch in the living room, promptly dozing off.

When Mary came home, she found me there but let me be. I awakened later somewhat disoriented. The pain was less but I was groggy. She had made some soup and other soft food. There was ice cream for dessert, and it did feel good. She did most of the talking as I could get out only some gravelly whispered croaks. The thing that bothered me was that they sounded a bit high. I wondered how shaving some of my Adam's apple could change the timbre. Fortunately or unfortunately, as the case may be, I did not know that my vocal chords had also been shortened. The timbre that I heard was to be the measure of the final voice tonality.

I returned to the doctor the next day and on and off for the next week or so. My voice healed as did my nose. For about a week I had a double set of black eyes that made me look like I had been in a big battle, but they eventually went away.

When she removed the bandage, I was flabbergasted. My nose was no great Roman beak but once had a definite arch in it. Now it was sunken and turned up at the end, what you would call pert. I did not recognize my face at all. I did not even look like I used to, the change was so great.

Then when my voice healed, I found that the base timbre had gone up more than an octave. Now I could no longer speak in my old male voice even if I had wanted to. Worst of all, the changes were permanent.

What were Mary and the doctor doing to me? It apparently was not enough that I was bearing our child; she was turning me into a woman with changes that would stay after the birth. How far was she going to go? How far could she go? In the meantime, my dimensions continued to change.

My stomach continued to expand as did my breasts. I got to the point that I had to wear a bra for comfort. I was getting tired more easily.

The mirror showed a new softness---a glow!

SUFFERING

By the start of the 8th month I was suffering the ravages of pregnancy. The dresses now billowed out in front. My shoes had ceased to be objects that I could easily see. My feelings of sympathy for women who were pregnant knew no bounds. Mary, of course, was most helpful.

I began going out soon after my latest set of wounds had healed. Men were most courteous to me and even women gave me preference. I had no difficulty in being just what I appeared to be, a pregnant woman, coming close to full term.

The constant wearing of high heels trained my legs for them and them only: it hurt to walk barefooted. Mary saw to it that I constantly wore earrings of increasing size and weight to the effect that I was always conscious of them and that the holes in my ears healed and even increased in size.

She also obtained a home electrolysis unit and made great inroads into removing my beard. It was a long process and painful. I liked the idea of not having to shave again, but thought that the rest of the actions were somewhat extreme just to achieve that gain.

Then it happened, I felt a sharp pain one day. Oh, I'd felt stirrings before but this one took my breath away. Then I realized, it was the baby kicking. My baby kicking.ÿ


It was an entirely new awareness...a new feeling of maternalism. I started buying books on baby care and admiring baby clothes in the stores.

As the end of the pregnancy approached, I had to make more and more visits to Dr. Krandon's office. They were always a chore and became more so as my weight increased. Also, the time approached that I would have

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to deliver. It was decided that when the term was near over, I would go to her clinic and she would deliver the child. These type of pregnancies are very tricky at the end with no room for leeway.

By the time that I entered the clinic, my stomach was positively distended beyond all belief, well, mine anyway.

My breasts were now large and heavy, even larger than Mary's, and the doctor indicated that there was still the engorgement that would make them even larger still.

When I went into the clinic, Mary presented me with two bras with a different design. There were hooks and eyes at the straps instead of solid cups, the cups were made so that there was extra support and also in such a manner that they could bare the breast without taking the bra off.

She explained that they were nursing bras. Nursing bras? I had supposed that the baby would be put on the bottle, but now I was receiving training on baby care.

It would be my job to care for the infant when we came home. At the clinic I received further training to include breast feeding. But, on the other hand, why not? I had come so far as almost to be a total woman. I did not have a vagina or uterus, but I did have what many women did not, a child, well almost a child.

It was while in the clinic, in the last days that my breasts became engorged. They swelled up larger than they had been before and became almost painfully heavy. The doctor gave me a small suction cup sort of thing that was to be used to relieve the condition by pumping off some of the milk. I had to milk myself regularly.



The only thing is that as I did it, the breasts would reduce slightly only to fill again. I could literally feel the rushing flow of milk into my breasts.

A NEW LIFE, ACTUALLY TWO

Fortunately, it was not long and I finally went into the operating room to emerge some time later, with a deflated and sewn up stomach. In another room was our baby girl, Julie.

Mary came to visit and was present when the nurse brought the baby to me. I'm afraid I reacted like any mother. I cuddled the child in my arms. Then, opening

my gown and unhooking my bra cover, I offered my baby the nipple of one of my engorged breasts. Now I knew why women's nipples were so large.

Born of instinct, the child nursed contentedly. Mary was as proud as a father would have been and I was a proud mother even though I was really a male. To all of the nurses, I was Melissa, a new mother and nothing else. A mother filled with pride and love.

Those parts that said "male", however, had shrunk into insignificance. The doctor had warned that the nine months of high feminine hormone levels would reap havoc on my male system. She doubted if they could recover because much of the womb was left behind and would continue to produce estrogen.

The time went swiftly in the clinic. In several days I went home after many repeated and detailed examinations and tests.

At home my duty came down to caring for the baby to include nursing her regularly. The result of the suckling was that my breasts remained in their enlarged state and the lactation continued. Months before I had had the idea that I was to have the baby and then be rid of it. But I now saw that this was not to be the case.

I saw that Mary had altered the plans that I had made by causing the changes above and beyond those wrought by the carrying of the child. She had changed me to the point that I could not change back.

I realized the full weight of my plight some two months after I had returned home. I received a copy of a medical journal in which the good doctor had written a complete case history of my condition.

My name was changed and the records were sealed, so there would be no easy way to trace it back to me. The clincher, however, came in the summary where she

stated that a male had not only given birth to a healthy child but had made the adjustment to live the rest of his life as a female to fulfill the mother image.

The rest of my life? I had not given it that much thought. As Julie was contentedly nursing on my left breast, I pondered what I could do. I looked down at her so contented slurping away on my milk. My distended breast had in truth become a part of me, both physiologically and psychologically. The bra was now a normal part of dressing, as were the fine dresses.

I had done my exercises and had reduced the baby fat but had been left a good deal of fat on my hips. Even with the slender waist that I was now cultivating, my hips were wide and feminine.

My ears were pierced and my brows permanently shaped to fine arches (Mary and that electrolysis probe). My face was now no longer the face that I had grown to know for so many years. The change in the nose had made it totally another face.

Then there was the voice. It was now light and high in timbre. There was no way in which it was ever going to be low and masculine again. The shaving had raised it to a timbre that fit the rest of my image. Even if I were to meet an old friend or acquaintance or employer, there would be no way that they would ever recognize me.

No, it was not so much a case of having made the adjustment to womanhood as having been adjusted to it.

The last change was one that I had not thought about for some time. My testicles had been pulled into my body cavity and fixed there during the child birth surgery. They had been made semi non functional. Thus without some more surgery I could not even function as a man.

Yes, I had been totally adjusted to being a woman. And now what is next? Mary wants to have another

child. Do I dare? I am still nursing Julie, my breasts are as large as ever and

I am as much of a woman as I can become without construction of femaleness out of male tissue (a suggestion that has been made to me in all seriousness, I might add). I don't know.

My once comfortable life of an independently satisfied man has gone. I am now a mother and a housewife and locked into it, possibly forever. Shall I have another? I don't know... I shall have to think about it...

The end of a new beginning.

Technical Note:

It has been shown in many cases that pregnancy does not occur only in the womb. A common occurrence is for the cell to attach in the fallopian tubes and cause what is called a tubal pregnancy. It has also been shown that a cell can implant outside of that system and cause an abdominal pregnancy. In any case the growing cell will form it's own sack and cause the proper hormones to be produced. With pregnancy it is not the ovaries that produce the hormones to cause lactation, etc. but the developing fetus.

Thus, if implantation occurs in a male, our story gave one possible way in which a pregnant father could develop. And yes, there are prospective fathers lined up to try this when the time comes... only they may not be totally ready for what they ask for, right?

For more information about our publications write:

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Capistrano Beach, CA 92624

From Flood to Skirts

by Annie Warren

Chapter 1: The Beginnings

Dan worked in the department store of Brendal & Shermom. It was a good job but a bit demeaning to his male image since he worked in the department that handled women's shoes. He had been working there for 5 years but was still only a sales clerk, although he did have designs on a position as the manager of the shoe department. He was an unofficial assistant manager.

The manager, Ms. Wright, however, had just been appointed over him. He knew that in this place his being a man was not an asset, but he liked the work and the people, and besides, there were no other jobs in town. There hadn't been when he started, and no new ones had opened up. His pay allowed him dating and running his car but not much more. He even had to live in a basement apartment.

He was dating Erica at the time this story started. She worked in the same store but not from need. She lived at home with her well-to-do parents, a fact that was a thorn in Dan's side since they thought that she was too good for the likes of him, especially since he was even lower than she was on the pay scale in the store.

Erica worked in the lingerie department where she was an official assistant manager, having just been appointed there. So, Dan and Erica could only see each other away from her home and even away from his since he was not allowed to have visitors. It was Erica that

had the idea that would allow them more time together and at her place; however, he would have to role play.

She reasoned that her parents would not let Dan into the house but would not refuse Diane. All that Dan would have to do would be to become Diane for the week end. That was all....

At first he was set against it, but the wiles and persuasion of Erica were too much to try to fight. There was also the hints that in her bedroom there was only one bed for them to use. With a carrot like that dangling over him he was really hard put to refuse and so agreed. Besides, working where they did they had no problem with clothing.

Dan couldn't openly buy such but tried on and found the woman's shoe size he needed so that Erica could buy a pair. Moreover, she was willing to foot the bill for most of the two outfits that he would need for the weekend. He did not know how much she did buy until she gave him the two small suitcases and the box.

Since her parents had not seen him for a while, they would not remember his car; so that was how he would arrive. On Wednesday he tried on a dress, practiced raising his voice and learned some feminine mannerisms.

On Thursday he did same until he was getting used to it. He was taken aback, however, since the shoes he was to wear were high heeled, three inches high. They weren't the ones he had tried on but they fit.

He thought the dress was also a bit dressy since it was serge with an A-line skirt, white blouse and jacket. The blouse let the lingerie that she had gotten for him show through teasingly. She felt that it would divert her father's gaze from his face which would have to be made up for the event, something they would do on Friday in time for him to "show up" at her house. He was almost

getting used to the clothes by the end of Thursday. It was a comfort he would have to have to pass.

On Friday she told him to dress in his apartment and then to come to pick her up. It was a stressful walk indeed, but the desire was there and with the desire came the strength and courage to walk out to his car while wearing only his lingerie, heels, dress and wig. Should he be stopped, then he was on a dare and a bet, but no one stopped him in spite of the lack of makeup. His beard was so light that he would not have to shave for 2 days and he had shaved before donning the dress.

When he picked her up, she was all smiles and complements while he all nervousness. He was not sure he could pull it off, but she was quite sure. They drove out of town to a quiet place and then she got out a small case --- "his" makeup kit, she called it. In it were all manner of bottles, tubes and just plain stuff.

She said that he could go lighter tomorrow, but today for the first meeting he should look his best, and she was going to see that he did.

It was a semi harrowing half hour that he had to spend with her working on his face. She put a foundation on and then decided to fix his eyebrows, almost bringing tears as she wielded the tweezers very rapidly but carefully.

He was nervous about that bit, but she assured him that it would only help the deception. Then came a pencil to enhance the remains, a heavy, lengthening mascara, liner, shadow and blusher, With each new item she would rock back and survey him with a critical eye before going on. The last makeup added was lipstick with blottings and recoatings.

She smiled and got out a simple two stand necklace and two fake pierced ear earrings, which she put on him.

He was all ready to go, but she still paused to glue on him a full set of false nails that had been prepolished a bright red. Only when they were setting up did she mention that she had used a rapid setting epoxy so that he would not have to worry about his nails falling off. He began to worry about taking them off when he WANTED to...

Finally he was declared finished. It was a good thing as it was getting dark. He could see the glint of his nails in the deepening twilight but no more. They drove to her house for the first confrontation.

He was nervous, but the worst that could happen was for him to be thrown out. The deception would work on Saturday and Sunday if it worked on Friday, and so the test was planned and executed.

Although there was much trepidation on his part, he carried it off by speaking softly and concentrating on the mannerisms they had worked out and on. And it worked. One reason was that they spent much of their time in her room. She wouldn't, however, let him out of the dress. She reasoned that the skirt with the lacy slip beneath it, to say nothing of the tight bra with its heavy padding that pulled on the bra straps over his shoulders, would be a constant reminder of who he was for the weekend.

She did a semi compromise in that she too put on a skirt and blouse, but it was a full skirt and a low cut blouse. He was thankful for the strong padded pantigirdle that he had on when she changed as she did it with no regards to his being there, and it was a thrill to see her in panties and bra. They had done some pretty heavy petting. He knew just what she had and didn't have but had never seen her quite this way before, and it definitely excited him to see her so.

That evening, before bed, they stripped down to panties and bra. Only she took hers off while he had to keep his on so that he kept his new chest lest someone come in and find a "problem".

She told him that she normally wore a sleep bra but would skip it that night for obvious reasons, just as he would have to keep his on. From one of the bags he had brought she took out a night dress for him, lavished in lace and soft nylon. She gave him a jar of cold cream and told him to go and remove his makeup.

In the bathroom he complied but in a shocked mood at the first close look at himself. His eyebrows looked terribly thin to his eyes. She later said repeatedly that they were not but that the difference only seemed more pronounced to him since he had been so used to the shaggy mess that they had been. Try as he might, he could not remove all of the makeup. His lips remained a definite red while the mascara seemed to be untouched.

She told him on return that these would help his deception. And so they went to bed and played and frolicked and loved each other as they had not been able to before.

Chapter 2: The Storm

Next morning they decided to stay in as the weather was getting bad and promised to get worse. Dan was given a full skirted dress but still had to wear the tight, well padded girdle for contours and to keep his masculine waist in control. It was not comfortable but was possible.

As the start of a storm rumbled outside, they played records and danced and enjoyed each other. Yet that evening in spite of the weather, they decided to go out to a movie, a struggle for Dan but an adventurous outing for Erica. They pulled it off, but Dan did not remember

the movie; he was so nervous about being out in public as a woman.

He was getting quite used to the clothing though he could not forget what he was wearing. He was even getting used to the high heels though his ankles still wobbled a bit now and then. As they drove home, the storm that had been threatening all day hit with full fury. It took four times as long to get home since the streets were awash and he almost swamped the engine six times. But they did get home getting soaked in the process.

Since he got soaked to the skin, he was then somewhat happy that his makeup was so waterproof; otherwise, it would have run. They went immediately to her bedroom where they changed. His wig was not ruined but was definitely soaked. Erica put it up in curlers to dry, remarking on how lucky he had been up to now not to have to wear curlers in his hair, long though it was.

To cover his "sudden baldness" she ended up actually putting his hair in curlers and then covering them with her most feminine turban style hairnets, one that was opaque and that covered most of the hair so that the length difference would not be noticed and hopefully so that the color difference, slight though it was, would also not be noticed.

It made for a strange feeling and looked odd to have such a lumpy head. Just before she put the turban on, however, she sprayed his hair liberally, actually wetting it again, from a can that smelled bad. She said that she had to do it so that he would also smell right.

To him it was a necessary evil, and he concentrated on reapplying his makeup as she wandered off to do her own hair. He was getting good at it, well at least passable as long as he did not have to change anything that she had done.

When she was done and he was again looking feminine enough, they went downstairs to watch the late show on TV, outlasting her folks. When they turned in, he did not notice that the redness of the lips was now deeper after a full day of wearing the lipstick with numerous applications, nor that less of the mascara seemed to come off. He just did not try all that hard.

Next morning the storm still raged. It was heavy enough that some of the rivers were running high and an old bridge had even been washed out. They decided not to go to church, much to Dan's relief. But he also did not take off the turban. It wasn't until almost 5 in the evening that the storm quit and he decided to go home. After they had gone to dinner and he had taken her back home, by then the wig was also dry.

He went to her room and applied his makeup as before she came in. He did not know how the rollers came out and left that part to her. When she came in there was a smile on her lips when she saw the fresh makeup.

She got him a magazine, one of her fashion magazines, to thumb through as she undid the turban. As she fussed with his hair she heard her giggle a bit. She went to her dresser and brought back a box of bobby pins which she plied to his hair as she removed the rollers. It must have kept shape as it did not fall over his ears, as he would have expected. He failed to notice as he browsed while she worked.

She explained that the pins would hold it better than the combing that she had used before. There was still a giggle in her voice as she talked about it. Finally she put the wig on his head and pronounced him ready. He was again wearing the skirt, blouse, and jacket of the first day, and with it he felt overwhelmingly feminine, enough to almost worry him.

The meal was another experience, one which he managed better than the movie. With the suitcases and the makeup case in the back of his car, he drove her home and then headed for his apartment. He was not prepared, however, for what greeted him.

He had to wear the dress as before, but now he also had full makeup and had to move with more stealth to try to get to his apartment unseen to put Diane away and bring Dan back into the world. It was not bad being Diane, but after all, he was Dan.

He almost took off the heels since they made so much noise as he went to the stair well. What he saw, however, was shocking to say the least. At the base of the stairs, to a depth of 3 feet, was water, dark and murky water in which floated some detritus, some of which he recognized as HIS things.

This was a pickle! He couldn't go to the landlord in this get up, yet his only male clothing was now apparently under three feet of water. Appalled and stricken he backed off and then quickly made his way back to his car. He was now overly sensitive to the staccato tapping of his high heels that played a tattoo that he could not hide in his haste.

The skirt and slip now formed a prison that hampered his desire to run for safety. But there was no safety, at least not here. His home was no more!

To him, the redness of the nails was all too evident, another mark of femininity. As he opened his car and got in, he knew he had to think. It was Sunday evening; there was no where to turn.

He drove to a phone and called his landlord. He found out that the basement had flooded before they could do anything. The building, however, was insured and his losses would be covered once the waters receded and the apartment could be reentered and assessed.

Unfortunately (or fortunately as he was now dressed) there were no other free apartments in the building; so he could probably get repaid for one or two nights of hotel stay if it was necessary, although that money would be longer in coming.

When he hung up he was deeper in a quandary as to where to go or what to do. He was stranded, marooned as it were, with no clothing other than several dresses, matching lingerie and a wig. With no one else to turn to, he called Erica and explained in detail what had happened and in what condition he was in.

She commiserated, thought a while and then had him hold the line. When she came back she had a solution; he could stay with her until he got a new room and new clothes. He had no choice and minutes later showed up at her door carrying the same cases, now his only worldly goods --- besides his car.

She took him in explaining that her father had agreed to let him stay there. But, he would have to be Diane while there though he could be Dan at work, somehow. That night he slept again in a nightdress and wig.

The makeup was as stubborn as ever but it would have to wait for the morning, he was too demoralized and worried to fret about that TOO. Of course, there were fun and games in bed which eased the problem quite a bit but did not get rid of it.

Chapter 3: To Work again

In the morning Erica looked through her things for masculine attire, but her suits all had skirts. Thus there was no suit, but she finally managed to find some jeans and a work shirt that looked somewhat masculine though there were darts in it for her ample breasts and the buttons went the other way.

Shoes proved to be more of a problem. She had some penny loafers but they were very tight. He couldn't wear them in the car, but they would serve him to get into the store to buy some of his own. Until then, however, he would have to wear his feminine, high heeled shoes. It turned out that he had worn the heels so long that they had been broken in sufficiently and were actually much more comfortable than the penny loafers. With the heels, however, he had to wear hose which then necessitated wearing the padded pantigirdle that he had worn all week end.

The problem with that was that the pantigirdle was so very padded that in the jeans it made him look quite feminine. He had no choice, though, as he had to go to work to get enough money to get enough clothes to become a man again. Besides, wearing them he would cause less problems leaving the house.

Since he could drive Erica to work, they left together. He was wearing the jeans, tight as they were, and a feminine blouse with the falsies on underneath it. Around the corner he stopped and took off the blouse and bra, quickly putting on the shirt. He pulled off the wig for the first time in two days and tried to shake out his hair, only the bobby pins were all over it.

He had to lean down as Erica pulled them out. When all of them were out, she pulled a brush out of her purse and ran it through his hair, pulling it straight back as he usually did. Only it was no longer straight. The ravages of two days in pin curls after being sprayed with a setting lotion had taken its toll of his hair. It was now an unstraightenable mass of tight curls. Nothing that he or Erica could do would make it lie down and time was running out.

As he looked in the mirror in the car he suddenly realized the full depth of his predicament. There was still a strong flush of red on his lips, his eyebrows were

painfully narrow and the blackness on his eyelashes and some of the longer length was still there.

In summary, he looked almost as much a woman now as he did in the dress, heels and wig, only this was his own hair. But he was stuck and he knew it. He would have to brazen it out.

As they drove too work, they discussed possible excuses. Reality could not be used due to all of the possible repercussions. There had been no parties --- so that was no excuse. The only one that could explain the change was that he was a latent transsexual and had spent a week end as a woman to try out the gender role.

It was drastic, but was all they could come up with. He even debated on whether or not he should wear heels in but decided not to as it would be too much and bring much unwanted attention to him. It would be bad enough as it was if he were to be questioned closely. He could sluff it off for a while but not forever.

He entered the store with Erica without great argument. She accompanied him to the floor where his department was, leaving him there.

His knees quaked as he approached his department. The tight uncomfortable shoes did not help him any and his gait took on a mincing nature that also did not help his overall image as being masculine.

The new manager took one look at him and immediately called the floor manager. Before he could even make any excuses he was ordered to the floor manager's office with the comment that his story had better be good.

The story of his appearance had quickly spread through the store and his path was almost lined with the curious. There were suppressed giggles and guffaws. He felt as if the collar of Erica's shirt would melt from the

heat generated by his continual blushing. At the office he could see Ms Phelps waiting for him with her arms crossed and an unhappy look on her face.

Ms Phelps did not mince words and got to the point by asking what sort of a ruse he was pulling. He fell back on the transsexual excuse. This stopped her momentarily, but she pressed him further, further than he had planned. The result was that he was getting into a pot of problems that he had not counted on. He did not even get a chance to ask for an advance to get some male clothing.

It did not even get to the point of his mentioning the flooding. He was put on the defensive and never got clear of it. She then had him wait while she went into her inner office. In about 15 minutes she came out, a piece of paper in her hand.

Whereas he had not been prepared for her cross examination, he was totally unprepared for what she now had to tell him. Since he had disrupted the whole store by his actions, his problem was not the action in and of itself but the fashion in which he had acted without forewarning her or the rest of the store staff.

She handed him the paper on which she had scrawled a name and address. She further informed him that when he appeared again, he must be properly attired and to stay away two days to give her a chance to properly inform the rest of the staff of his new status.

It was the statement of his "new status" that stopped him but he was afraid to ask just what that status was. As if in answer to his unasked question, she told him that he was to be properly prepared when he arrived on Wednesday or else he would be fired and she would see to it that he did not get any job it was in her power to stop.

It was with a heavy heart that he left. He did not know who this person was that he was to see immediately, who was waiting for him even now.

Chapter 4: The Change is Made

Dan drove to the address not sure of what he would find. As he approached the address, his heart began to sink. Finding it he parked in the clinic parking lot now more worried than ever. What did Ms Phelps have in mind?

He could no longer take the tight penny loafers. Before going in he put on the high heel shoes for ease. Then, as a last minute thought, he put on the bra, falsies and blouse. If he looked that way above the neck, he might as well fill out the image in more than one way. Thus he clicked and clacked his way into the clinic looking for M. Masters.

The receptionist did not bat an eye as she directed him down a hallway towards the back saying that he was expected. The door said "Dr. M. Masters, Cosmetic Surgery". He knocked and then walked in, again unprepared.

Doctor Masters was dressed all in green, the folds of the pants and shirt showing that they had just been put on. There was a cap over the shortish hair. She was just tying on the bottom of the mask behind her neck. She looked at him asked him his name. When he gave his real name, she picked up a syringe and approached him.

Pushing up the shortish sleeve of his blouse, she swabbed and gave the shot then told him it would take a while to take effect. She did not have that much time. She then led him to her desk and had him sign a number of papers. He was about to balk when she reminded him of his position at work and the imminent firing if he did

not comply with Ms Phelps demands. She did not say request for they both knew they were demands.

She told him to strip and to be quick. Even as he took off the blouse and bra he began to feel woozy. He sat down on an examining table as she prodded him and listened to his heart. He lay back and, to his chagrin, fell asleep. The forms that he had signed had been consent to surgery, only not all had been filled in, only that it was to be cosmetic. What were they going to do?

He woke up in a haze. The room was white. It was not the doctor's office. There was a throbbing in his chest and a pain in his face. He reached up and felt what seemed to be a large bandaid on his nose.

Then, feeling his chest he felt the bra but with a difference... he felt his fingers feeling the bra. He started up and got dizzy and had to lie back. His mind was going a mile a minute. He HAD been operated on. And, unless he missed his guess which was not likely, he now had breasts. He HAD REAL BREASTS and not small ones from the feel of it. What was he going to do now?

Even as he was thinking on it, the doctor came in and chatted. He found out it was now evening. He was to stay in the clinic a night and the most of a day to be sure that the implants gave no problems. She checked his tender nose, saying that the blackness would go away after a week or so but that his image would fit what Ms Phelps had expected and requested.

Oh, he would be paying for it, Ms Phelps would see to that, but he was not going to come into her department as an androgynous curiosity. If he was going to be feminine, then he would be entirely feminine, none of this in between.

During the course of the discussion he explained what had happened and why. She said that Erica must be quite a woman. At that he remembered that he had

not told Erica of this trip and asked the doctor to call her and explain merely that he would see her the next evening. She agreed to call and did, telling her, however, not only what had happened to him at work but also some of the things that she had done.

In the morning he woke up with the same pains, but he was more consoled to them. He had been forced to sleep on his back by being restrained that way. For the first night that had been necessary to allow the basic settling in of the implant materials. It had been a restless night but he had finally gotten some sleep.

When the doctor came in, she checked his nose and then had him sit up and take off the bra. He was flabbergasted by the size of his breasts. To him they seemed larger than Erica's and she was by no means underdeveloped.

He checked the bra and found it to be a 38B and it was filled. As she hefted each breast to check the sutures beneath each of his breasts he felt the sag of the breast and the slight jolt as she released it. There was the pull now similar to what he had felt slightly with the heavy padding he had worn before, only this time it was his! It was from his breasts.

He had breasts and they were his for a while. The doctor said that they must stabilize before any thought of removal would be taken, if he wanted to. He was in a problem position and this was the only route that he had open, short of leaving town, a tough trick with no money, no possessions other than his lingerie and dresses, and a car with no more gas than to get him to the edge of town and some further not to mention his newly feminized condition.

As it was, he would have his job as before, albeit with some different conditions. He had pulled off the masquerade before with a wig and falsies. He now had

breasts and curly hair that would not straighten out. He was now being impressed into an image, a mold that he was going to have to follow. He put the bra back on, thankful for the change in stress from his chest to the bra's shoulder straps. The support was very welcome. The breasts were not comfortable by any means due to the newness and pain.

He had breakfast and then lunch. In the afternoon he was visited by the doctor for a final check. She brought in clothing with him. He recognized the same clothing he had worn in, only the bra and falsies had been packed up. They had been replaced by the more substantial bra that he had on now to hold and mold his own breasts.

She again checked the nose and breasts, pronouncing them all well and on their way to permanency. It was that word that shook him. Permanency. Just how much would they be permanent? Before she left she made one more operation, also on the request of Ms Phelps. Against his opposition, she pierced his ears and inserted earrings with small golden balls on the ends of posts that now passed through his newly punctured ear lobes.

When he left the clinic, he was wearing all that he had worn in except that now the filling of the bra was his, not some fake filling that could be removed. He could tell even beneath the tape on his nose had also been considerably altered. It was smaller and more pert... More feminine.

The clicking of the heels was a tick tacking that reminded him of his new role, just as the jolts and swaying of his breasts were more physical reminders. He was leaving the clinic an almost-woman. He would have to talk to Erica to see what could be done. To be sure, he was in an unusual position but with not that many options.

Chapter 5: A New Image

Dan could not go directly to Erica's house, he felt that his image would no doubt get her all upset. To do such a change on a temporary basis was bad enough, but now it was not so temporary. He stopped and called her. Rather than being upset on the phone she seemed to be almost enthusiastic.

She said that the doctor had called her and that they had discussed him. In the mean time she reminded him that her father had agreed to let Dan stay with them until he could get reestablished... only it would still have to be as Diane since she had not told him of his true gender, much less WHO he really was.

He knew how he looked and knew that it would not be all that difficult. Maybe he should get a low cut bra and blouse and really show her father his new assets... A shudder went through him at the thought of such a display... of HIS breasts, his BREASTS... He was so big and he was used to wearing the forming bra that he now had on for at least several days; yet the idea was chilling.

He had not as yet gotten used to the idea of being a woman in spite of what he had said to Ms Phelps. Erica set a time and place to meet since he did not want to just barge in on her in his new condition.

Fifteen minutes later he picked her up. She was wearing a lovely dress and was carrying a bag that she deposited without a word in the back seat. She was most effusive in her compliments of his figure and how much it was HIS figure now, for keeps.

He was not sure it was so permanent, the doctor had told him that he could be returned to flat chested, if he wanted to, after the healing had gone forward but that after a period of 6 months, the acceptance of the implants by the body would make it more difficult. It would be one

month before she would do anything and that after 6 months it would get more expensive.

She told him that the initial charge had been paid by Ms Phelps but that he would be charged for some or all of it. So he was timed, and now Erica was complimenting him on how womanly he appeared. What did SHE want?

Together they went off and had dinner. Erica discussed him and his future. He was now a woman, if not completely, in body. Ms Phelps had informed him that he was to be a woman. Hadn't she even arranged for him to be in the "shape" that he was now?

She had informed him that he was to be all or nothing and by their story that she had taken, he was now in a particular pattern that would have to be continued only more so than that fateful Monday. It would be embarrassing at first, but would soon become old hat, especially if he acted natural as a woman.

A bulletin had even been circulated about the store as to his new status and that he was to be treated in every way as a woman and any disrespect for his new status would be dealt with severely. If he were to try to be a man again at the store, especially with his new breasts that bulged out irrepressibly, his job would be forfeit, and he was all too aware of the job market, or rather the lack of it.

Now he was in a pickle. He had breasts, pierced ears, a newly reshaped and feminine nose and a girl friend/lover who was all for this image. And she was telling him this with encouragement... Where would it end?

He listened and listening was slowly being persuaded; besides, there was not much else that he could do. His heart was slowly sinking in terms of his image but rising in his position, both at work and with Erica. She was very enthusiastic for him as he was. She kept

throwing in complements on his breasts, his nose, even his newly festooned and punctuated ears.

She was even suggesting some additions, like electrolysis for his beard and maybe another piercing to be more modern. Such would surely satisfy Ms Phelps. With this encouragement, he was feeling better but was still nervous and in some sort of light shock.

One does not do such a reversal of one's life style in a matter of days without it taking a toll of the psyche. But he was becoming convinced of the feasibility of the new image and that it could work. Was he not being supported at every turn? He could not argue that. Besides, for the time being he did not have any choice.

After dinner they went back to the car. She reached in back, got the sack and handed it to him. Inside was a skirt. He was still wearing the same things that he had worn on the day of his "fall". Beneath the skirt was a half slip. It was obvious what she meant for him to do, and he did it, changing into the slip and skirt before driving back to the her house.

When they arrived he got out, straightening the skirt as he did. He was all too aware that there was absolutely nothing about him that spelled or even hinted at his true gender. As he walked up to the house, he even put a bit more sway into his hips and it felt almost natural. After all, if he was a woman, why not act that way.

Chapter 6: To Work and Beyond

Next morning he returned to work. This time, however, he was not dressed in Erica's jeans and penny loafers. He looked as he had looked the day he had shown up at Erica's house, only a bit more so. The same conservative skirt and jacket were there, but there was now

more. He was wearing the high heels with legs encased in new hose with a fine pattern at the ankle.

The blouse was new too, being cut lower than the other one. It was still sheer enough to display the bra and even a bit of the lacy cups of the fancy slip he was wearing. He had the nails back on and lacquered a bright red. His makeup was more dramatic than before thanks to Erica who had plucked his eyebrows to thin wisps of fineness.

Unfortunately the blackness of the rhinoplasty could not be totally covered by the makeup and the bandage on the nose also stuck out, but the image with the bright red lipstick was almost ultra feminine. His hair had also been coiffed and trimmed a bit by Erica so that he now had very feminine bangs emphasizing the feminine arch of his thin eyebrows.

As a last touch, she had changed the relatively simple earrings for a set of rings that dangled and swayed and sparkled, drawing attention to themselves and the pierced nature of his ears. These were not fake pierced earrings but true rings that passed through his lobes. The image was of a woman, a good looking woman.

He went immediately to Ms Phelps and reported in. She took one look at him and then another more piercing look, noting no obvious flaws in his new image. She complemented him on his appearance and how he looked infinitely better this way than he had last week (nothing being said about Monday's image).

She was sure that he had found his proper place, and to aid in it was being transferred to the women's wear department where he would be the assistant manager for a probationary period with the possibility of advancement. He would, however, have to dress properly which included wearing only dresses, skirts and high heels, similar to or higher than those he had now.

Furthermore, Erica had made his plight known to her and he was to replace his missing wardrobe with the proper dresses that he would need. Before he left, she came over to him and spread the jacket wide to look at his new chest. She smiled approvingly saying that he should be thankful that she had such good connections. At this he blushed and hurriedly on with clicking heels.

The rest of the morning was taken up, with Erica's help, with selecting a new wardrobe. Erica knew of Ms Phelps desires and, with her own added in, made sure that there was nothing that even hinted of masculinity in his new wardrobe. It was dresses and skirts and blouses and lingerie, always feminine to the nth degree.

He was not allowed to say no as there was the threat of firing every over his head. Besides, where could he go with the bulging chest and womanly face? Now he was even locked more tightly into the new image since he did not get a chance to select any clothes alone, and Erica would not hear of pants in any form. He was not even allowed to select a pants-suit.

At noon they went out for a light lunch. It was light because Erica said that he would have to reduce his waist to more feminine contours. Either that or wear a corset. This she said with a twinkle in her eye and he knew he could expect the worst, especially since she worked in the department that could procure such a garment.

Before returning, she drew him into a jewelry store saying that he would have to get some jewelry of his own and not rely on her supply. As he browsed in the earrings and necklaces, Erica went off and talked to the proprietor. He had just selected two pair when they approached him.

The proprietor was all smiles, saying that she knew just how he felt (about what?) and would he just come this way. He went along, not knowing what to expect but dreading what was to come.

She then said that if he could not bring himself to ask her himself, that his sister had carried out his desires and that she would be glad to accommodate him in the piercings, only the complete work would have to be done later. He was aghast and tried to refuse with feeble excuses, but she firmly took him and sat him down as she prepared the piercing gun.

He looked with pleading eyes at Erica, but she only smiled back at him, a mirthful smile playing on her lips and a twinkle sparkling in her eyes. She was entrapping him even further.

It was all done relatively quickly, and Erica paid the bill. In short order they left the shop, he now sporting three rings in each ear with the promise of the proper placement of the other two when they returned.

Rings, studs in his ears, a woman's nose and a woman's body, well almost totally. He was now past the point where returning would probably be possible, even if he could. He put the sway back into his hips, the only things that were still masculine other than his genitals, and both of them were covered under the padded pantigirdle that gave him the luscious hip shape that he was swaying.

Of course, he did not know that mannerisms when exaggerated do not disappear when stopped unless conscious effort is applied. These swayings that he was putting on in such an exaggerated mood were rapidly becoming a part of his "normal" mode of moving, the tightness of the padded girdle helping.

Back at work he was shown the ropes by a shop assistant who smiled a bit much every so often to begin

with but, with time, took him at face value and taught him what was done.

He had always been a rapid learner; had he not learned in several days how to be a woman? Thus it was by the end of the first day that he was becoming self sufficient. The learning of the job was good for him in that it drew his mind off of the clothing he was wearing and how much his center of balance was affected by the additional weight on his chest and by his very high heels.

As he went out the door with Erica, he got a whistle and again put on the wiggle, keeping it up long after he had ceased to think of it. He was mastering his job, not realizing how much it was mastering him.

The days bore on. In the middle of the next week the stitches came out and the bandage came off of his nose. The breasts and new nose in a way seemed to be finally his. He talked about setting up an appointment to have them removed, but she said that he would have to wait. Besides, could he afford such a move? He had not given that one a thought.

He had not had a bank account of any size and thus had no resources that he could fall back on. If he sold the car, then he would have no way of leaving the city. Yes, the cash would be a problem, especially when he learned how much it would cost.

He went back to work, the dresses being now natural to him, the heels being less bothersome as his Achilles tendon shorted to accommodate the new ankle angle. Erica talked her father into letting them get an apartment together. The rest of his savings had to go for his part the rent deposit.

It was as they moved in, he with the large volume of dresses and skirts and blouses, that he mentioned the desire to go back to being a man.

She flatly refused. She had gotten the apartment only because she had gotten a decent roommate; besides, Dan had disappeared. Furthermore, she was more in love with her girl friend than she had ever been with Dan.

Diane was a woman with good taste, a level head, and a desire to please her in ways that Dan had never thought of. If he tried to return, then she would probably have a hard time getting used to him as a he after he had become so convincingly beautiful as a she. One more chink in the encasement of womanhood that he was entrapped in closed.

As the weeks past, he became more and more feminine. When he did not diet, she got a small corset that was not really all that uncomfortable as she did not lace it to extremes, but it did startling things for his waist and thus his figure.

It wasn't until he stopped wearing the padded girdle, changing it for a strong pantigirdle that still held his masculinity in tightly, that he realized that the masculinity of his hips was lost even as his sensitive breasts seemed to overfill the 38B's he now had to wear for comfort.

He was becoming a woman with a permanence that was not as evident but which was there. It wasn't until he graduated to a 38C bra that he realized how tightly the web was being pulled.

Chapter 7: Resolving Diane

It was five months after the operation and Diane knew that his time was running short. The doctor had said there was a six months limit to easy reversal. He had this limit in mind but did not have it as a burning image, just enough to nag him.

The problem was the price. He would have to get an advance on his salary to be able to do it. His salary was

less than before, but he was afraid to ask Ms Phelps why. He was in a more responsible position now but with less money. It was enough to live on but not enough to save for a second operation. Ten days before the final deadline he went to see Ms Phelps.

He entered lightly on his heels and sat down opposite her. He smoothed his skirt under him and crossed his legs demurely at the ankle as he had learned. His hands went to his lap where the inch long, brightly colored nails, now totally his, and several rings were clearly visible to Ms Phelps.

His jacket was open enough to show an excellent cleavage above the low cut blouse. The sitting position emphasized the broadness of his hips and the narrowness of his nipped in waist. Ms Phelps smiled at the woman that sat opposite her and asked what she wanted.

In a clear light voice he asked for an advance on his salary. He said it was for an operation. She pressed him for more details than he wanted to give. When she learned it would be for a reversal operation, she flatly refused. She told him that his new self had improved many times over.

He had become a more efficient manageress and was in line for the position of manager. Besides, he had not yet paid off the debt he had incurred by the last operation and clothing purchase. The answer for the lower pay was given. But also his chances for a reversal were almost crushed. His only chance would be with the doctor.

As he entered the clinic, he did so as more of a woman than when he had left. The doctor was sympathetic but not sure of what he wanted. She would have to examine him. Under her hands, she found a woman. There would be no reversal possible at this time without extensive therapy and surgery.

When he heard this his spirits dropped. The operation to complete the change would be just as expensive and more painful. The only answer was to stay as he was, a man trapped in the body of a woman, only the sense of the trap had been diminishing steadily as he was becoming more and more of a woman in mind as well as body.

His breasts were now C plus and very very sensitive. As the sensitivity in his breasts had increased his ability to perform in bed had decreased. Erica could bring him to climax without erection and without ejaculation. It was strange but very pleasant. And now the doctor was telling him that he would have to continue.

Before leaving she did give him something that she said would aid him, an implant. His mistake was in not asking until after the implant was in as to what it was. She replied that it was a replacement booster for the implant that she had given him with the breast implants, a hormonal implant to keep him a woman and to fulfill the action directed for him before.

The time for easy breast implant removal had passed because of the female hormones; breast tissue had developed in and around the implants, the true breasts of a real woman. His breasts were now his but were augmented breasts, not artificially produced fakes. His hips were also broader, with the wide feminine flare of a woman. The hormones would fulfill his destiny as a woman, a very lovely woman. He was stuck with the woman's body and knew that there was no going back.

As he left the clinic, the swaying of his hips was not a put on but was naturally his. The swaying breasts were also his, now irremovably his. The dress and heels were as natural now as pants had been before.

He had to make a decision that had only one answer but demanded his giving the answer. In his car he sat a bit then ran his smooth, hairless hand with the long

brightly colored nails absentmindedly up and down his equally smooth, hairless and nyloned thigh as he thought about what to do.

Feeling the hairlessness and the smoothness he made a decision. Starting the car he headed back to the store with a strengthened confidence that had been building in this new image for the last several months. If this is the way it was to be, then so be it. Before arriving at the store, he stopped to make some confirming moves that would show his decision to Erica. . . .

As Diane strode into the store, she was confident on her stiletto 5 inch heels. The silken skirt hugged her hips and swayed provocatively with each tap tapping of the high heels. She went to see Erica first before going to see Ms Phelps.

Erica was delighted. The shoes and new dress were exquisitely feminine. But that is not what gave her the greatest joy in Diane's appearance. Diane was beaming at her as she sported now 6 rings in each of her newly punctuated ear lobes. Diane was her own woman and had taken this step to prove to the world and to Erica just how much she was a woman.

There was no going back now. Erica said an instantaneous yes to her proposal of marriage, and the two women planned a very private wedding. Diane would have a hard time disguising herself as a man, but once done, it wouldn't matter as she was going to legally change her name to Diane, and all documents that she could to the corresponding female gender. Then it wouldn't matter.

She was a woman now and was so to stay. The future would be hers to make. She was now the woman that that twist of fate and a doctor's actions had ordained.

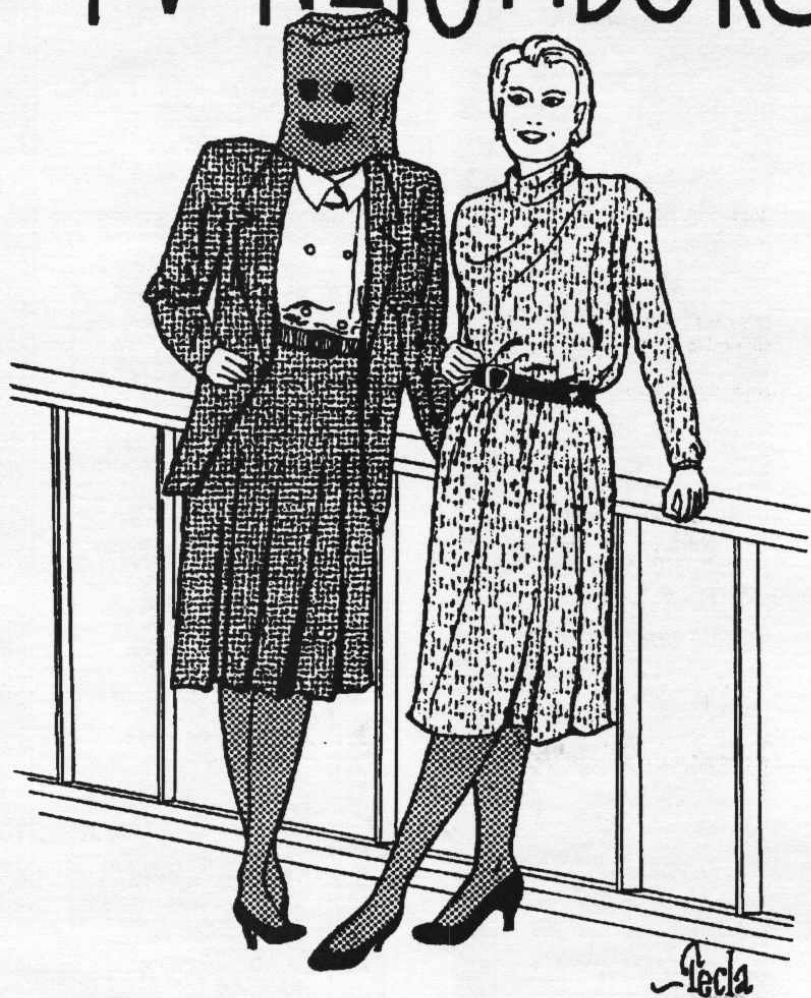
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Our TV NEIGHBORS



OTTO and his wife, WILMA seem to have reached a happy compromise regarding his crossdressing.

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

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

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

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

MODEL HUSBAND #3

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

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

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

PAT GOES COED #5

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

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

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

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

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

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

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

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

A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

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

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

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

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

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

ALL DOLLED UP #12

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

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

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

MAID UP #14

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

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

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

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

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

GOING A BROAD #17

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

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

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

TIT FOR TAT #19

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

THAT'A GIRL #20

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

WOMAN'S WORK #21

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

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

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

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

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

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

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

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

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

WOMAN-HOOD #26

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

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

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

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

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

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

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

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

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

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

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

FEMININE APPEAL #33

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

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

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

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

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

SLINK OR SWIM #36

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

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

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

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

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

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

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

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

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

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

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

COED CREATED #42

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

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

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

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 &45

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

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47

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

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49

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

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51

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

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

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

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

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

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

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

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

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

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!

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

That's actually their son and father! This

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

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

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

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

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

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

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

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

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

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

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

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

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

GOING AS GIRLS #79

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

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

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

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

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

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

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

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

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

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

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

GIRLISH #87

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

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

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

GIRLHOOD #89

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

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

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

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

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

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

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

GOING TO THE BALL #3

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

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

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

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

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

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

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

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

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

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

VIRGIN VOWS #8

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

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

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

FRENCH DRESSING #10

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

THE NEW GIRL #11

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

THE GIRL'S PART #12

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

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

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

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

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

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

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

GIRLIES #16

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

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**MY BOSOM BUDDY #18**

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

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

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

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**REDTOES #21**

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

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

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

DOUBLE ISSUE**FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23**

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

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

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

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

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

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

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

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

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

A LIVING DOLL #28

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

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

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

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

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

CLEAVAGE #31

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

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

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

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD#33

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

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

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

A SUMMER GIRL #35

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

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

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

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

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

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

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

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

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

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

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

SISTERS FOREVER #43

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

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

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

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

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

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

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

SON TO SISTER #48

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

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

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

CHICKS RULE! #51

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

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

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

GIRLIE GIRL #54

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

FEMININE BUDDY #55

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

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

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

BECOMING EMMA #57

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

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

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

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

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

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

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

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

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

LEARNING CURVES #63

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

MY BETTER HALF #64

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

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

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

BIKINI BOUND #66

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

PURSE STRINGS #67

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

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

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

DRESS UP DAY #69

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

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

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

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

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

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

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

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

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

LUCK BE A LADY

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

A PARTY GIRL

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

DRESSING DOWN

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

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

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

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

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

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

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

TV VACATION #3

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

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

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

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

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

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

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

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

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

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

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

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

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

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

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

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

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

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

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

CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7

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

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

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

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

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

ACCEPTANCE #11

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

CHARM SCHOOL #12

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

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

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

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

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

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

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

FEMININE FORTE #16

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

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

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

THE MAKEOVER #18

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