

New Special Edition



Tales of Crossdressing

Volume One

Inside:

I turned my husband into a girl

I was Aunt Mary's sissy

Throwing off the shackles of society's convention

A Walk on the Wild Side

Should you tell your wife or partner?

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Volume 1

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I was Aunt Mary's Sissy

'You must do as you are told - now put these things on, and no more arguing.'

'But why, Aunt Mary?'

'It's for your own good.'

'But they're girls' clothes.'

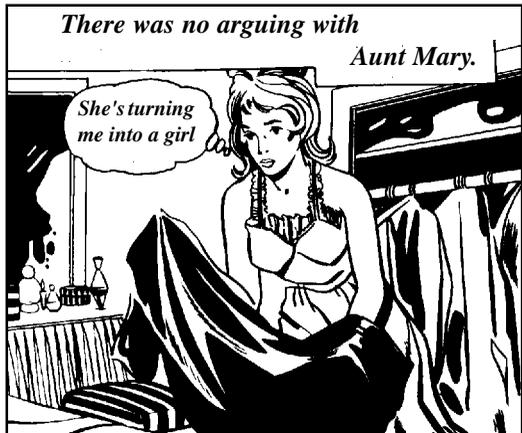
'If you want any supper, just put them on.'

There was no arguing with Aunt Mary. After she had stormed out of the room, I stripped off my clothes and lay them on the bed. I stood naked for a few moments, looking at the white nylon bra and panties, honey coloured tights, pale blue blouse, navy pleated skirt and navy lamb's wool cardigan laid out on the candlewick bedspread. I began to shiver - I didn't know whether from the cold, damp atmosphere of the old house, or from fear, anxiety and humiliation at what my aunt had unexpectedly commanded me to do. My mother had warned me that Aunt Mary was eccentric, but I hadn't expected anything like this.

I hurriedly put on the girls' clothes and tip-toed downstairs in my stockings feet.

'There's a pair of shoes for you,' said Aunt Mary, pointing to a pair of black patent leather sandals at the bottom of the stairs.

'Now put this wig on, girl, until your own hair gets longer,' said Aunt Mary, carefully fitting a blonde curly wig on my head, 'and slip these into your bra-cups.' She handed me two soft conical shapes of foam rubber, covered in white nylon. I undid a couple of buttons of my blouse and slipped them in. Aunt Mary took a wire brush from a



shelf of the Welsh dresser and teased out the curls of the wig until they cascaded in soft tresses to just above my shoulders. Then she took a pair of tweezers and plucked my eyebrows into fine arching lines. Finally, she applied some eye-shadow, brushed mascara onto my lashes, and made up my lips with lipstick.

‘There,’ she said, ‘now just turn round (she made a twirling motion in the air with her index finger) and let’s have a look at you. Hmmn. Not bad. You’ll do.’

‘But Aunt, I’m not a girl,’ I pointed out to her.

‘Well you soon will be,’ she replied. ‘I don’t like boys, and I don’t know anything about them. If you’re going to stay with me, you’ll have to be a girl, and that’s all there is to it. It’s a good job you take after your mother, and not that great hulking brute she married.’

Aunt Mary looked suddenly embarrassed, recalling at that moment that the two people to whom she had just referred - my parents - were recently deceased.

‘I’m sorry about your parents, Liam.’

I looked down, not knowing what to say. I felt close to tears - but I was determined not to cry - particularly not in the ridiculous outfit my aunt had forced me to wear. After an embarrassing silence which seemed to go on for ever, punctuated only by the ticking of an ancient clock on the mantle shelf, Aunt Mary said, no doubt in an effort to change the subject:

‘Liam. Hmm. We can’t call you that. How does Liz sound - or Laura?’

I shrugged my shoulders.

‘Come on now, we must call you something.’

‘My name is Liam.’

‘*Was* Liam. That won’t do now. Which is it to be? Liz or Laura?’

‘Liz,’ I replied sullenly, as it was obvious that she was going to persist, and I had no choice but to reply. I realized as soon as I had said it that I had passed some sort of watershed - by selecting a girl’s name for myself I had become complicit in my aunt’s scheme to turn me into a girl. My aunt also realized the implication of this small success in getting her way. She tried not to look smug as she said:

‘Liz it is, then.’

And that was that. At the age of eleven, my life as a boy had ended.

I would never again wear boy's clothes. Under my aunt's tutelage, my transformation into a girl had begun.

Looking back now, I wonder why I didn't protest more; but then I suppose I must still have been in shock and off balance with grief at my parents' sudden death in the car crash, which had happened only a week before. God knows why they saw fit to make Aunt Mary my legal guardian, in the event of their deaths. Perhaps they never seriously considered the possibility that they would both die at

once, and that I would be left in her care. Of course that knew that Aunt Mary, my father's spinster sister, had plenty of money - left to her by grandfather Ted, as he knew she would never marry. My father had already started the business by then, and so grandfather left him nothing, assuming that he would be able to fend for myself.

My mother's relatives were poor but at least normal - uncle Fred was a bus driver at that time, I think; it was later he went into the insurance trade, though he never made much money at it. Too honest, Auntie Dot always said. I'm sure things would have been much more normal if I'd gone to live with Uncle Fred and Auntie Dot.

Everyone knew Aunt Mary was - strange. And what she did to me was certainly not normal. She claimed to have special intuitive powers, the 'second sight' as she called it. She believed she sensed something about me: 'a dark feminine stream in your subconscious', she called it. I don't know where she got all the Freudian stuff from - perhaps she had psychoanalysis during her stay at Walthorpe Hospital. No one in the family liked to mention that she'd been in a mental hospital for several months when she was a young woman. Mother told me once it was after a young officer in the RAF had promised to marry her and then was found to have got another girl into trouble, whom he had to marry instead. Aunt Mary never got over it - and carried a grudge against all the male sex from



then on. Perhaps that was why she did what she did to me - she couldn't bear the thought of having a male around.



She claimed it was for my own good, of course - something she sensed that I really wanted myself, though I might not know it. And before I had time to recover from the shock of my parents' deaths and realize what was happening, she had put her plans for me in motion. I was very vulnerable; still stricken with

grief, I was beyond the point of caring. I went through the next months like a sleep-walker in a dream, unable to resist my Aunt's scheme to turn me into a girl. It was as if I knew what was happening but was detached from myself; I watched from without, like a disembodied soul, as my transformation went on. I observed but somehow felt uninvolved; perhaps it was the grief and shock working their way through, which made me so submissive to her will. Or perhaps she was right about me - and there was something in me, some impulse towards the feminine, which made the whole thing inevitable. At any rate, by the time I came to fully appreciate what had been done to me, it was already too late - the process had gone too far to turn back. Everyone who knew me thought of me as a girl - I cannot deny that I had come to think of myself as one. I had got used to wearing girls' clothes, to being referred to as 'she', 'her', etc. I was Liz, the young niece who had come to live with her Aunt Mary after the tragic death of her parents. All the locals in the village and on the farms around Aunt Mary's cottage knew me as Liz. How could it suddenly be revealed to them that I was actually a boy?

The process by which Aunt Mary feminized me was inexorable, a carefully thought-out campaign which I had no resources to resist. Having got me into girls' clothes that first night, she made it clear that there was no question of me ever resuming my life as a boy. I was Liz,

I turned my husband into a girl

It's true, I turned my husband into a girl. Why did I do it? How did I do it?

As to why I did it - I suppose it has a lot to do with my own preferences. I didn't realise what I wanted, for a long time. I knew things weren't right as they were before; neither of us was very happy. Whereas now - I have my career, and a partner who really suits me - and I think she's happy too. I say 'she' quite naturally, because my partner is a girl, now - though she wasn't always.

But let me start at the beginning. I met - John, as he was then - at university. We were the same age, but he was in his first year at university - a 'fresher' - and I was a second year student. He had taken a year off after his 'A' levels to travel and see a bit of the world. He had spent some time in Australia, and there was something of the 'wild colonial boy' about him when we first met. He was quite small but sturdily built - he said it was all the 'T'-bone steaks and Aussie beer - and there was a slight Australian twang to his accent. His hair was long, curly and fair - bleached blonder by the Australian sun. He struck me at once as the 'rugged individualist' type - he had his own views on things, and was quite prepared to argue his point - but he was also fair-minded, and had a gentle side. He had an anarchic and irreverent sense of humour, which often made his hazel eyes sparkle - his whole face lit up with mirth, at times. I liked him at once - he was just such good fun to be with.

That's what John was like, what originally attracted me to *him*. And what is *she* like now - the person whom John became? *Joanne* is an attractive blonde with a stunning 38-26-36 figure; she is very feminine and enjoys being a girl very much. I look at Joanne, sunning herself in her bikini on the patio, or 'done up to the nines' in her favourite little black cocktail dress and high heels, waiting for the taxi to take us out - two girls together - for a night on the town, and I marvel at the transformation, even though I know how it happened, and indeed was instrumental in bringing it about. And it seems so - *right* - for her, for both of us.

I first saw John in the student History Society common room - a bit of

a 'dive' in the basement of the History block, where you could get coffee and sit around on battered sofas chatting between lectures. John was immersed in conversation with a dark-haired girl wearing an Afghan jacket. This was the early Seventies, the tail end of hippydom - flared jeans, 'peace' and 'love', and all that. I wandered casually over to where John and the dark-haired girl were sitting, and stood near them, trying to eavesdrop on their conversation. John was talking about Australia - about some youth hostel he had stayed at near Cairns, where all the people were permanently stoned, having done the 'trans-Asia' hippy trail via Katmandu. It sounded very exciting and exotic, and I wanted to but in and ask all sorts of questions. I was frankly jealous of the dark-haired girl, another first-year student, who was doing the same course as John.

Just then a stream of students started pouring into the common room - a lecture must have just ended - and one of them nudged me in the back as he was trying to ease his way through the throng to the coffee machine. I overbalanced (I was wearing platform-soled clogs at the time) and tipped my coffee in John's lap (it was an accident, I swear!). He jumped up in surprise, although fortunately the coffee wasn't too hot by that time - and before I knew it, I was trying to wipe down his lap with some tissues from my bag, spluttering my apologies. In doing this, I was suddenly aware that I was rubbing his crotch, which was standing out rather prominently, in the tight brushed-denim flares he was wearing. I blushed - we both did - and I was impressed by his presence of mind and gallantry when he said:

'Look, let me get you another coffee. I was just going for one, anyway.' He looked at the dark-haired girl and asked: 'Do you want another coffee, Helen?'

I caught a furious glance directed towards me from the dark-haired girl, who then shook her head and got up, mumbling sulkily that she had to go and do some work in the library.

And that was how we met. We hit it off straight away, and were virtually inseparable. John was in a hall of residence, as it was his first year; I had a flat down Horewood Road, which I shared with two other girls. We had a Welsh landlady who was pretty tolerant, given her 'chapel' background, but she drew the line at boys staying all night. John

left about midnight most evenings, starting his old motor bike with a fearful clatter and roar - when it chose to fire up; sometimes he had to push it back to his hall.

After going to a rock concert or a film, we would occasionally spend the night together in his hall room. More than once, the hall cleaning lady had a shock when she found us squashed like sardines in his narrow bed, in the morning!

I was surprised to discover, on the first night that we spent together, that John was still a virgin. However, he soon became an enthusiastic but sensitive lover; he knew just how to please me, and was so tender and delicate in his loving - there was something almost girlish about him even then.

When the Easter holidays came John and I drove up to the Lake District in my little Renault. He'd got a tent and other camping gear which he'd brought back from Australia. We spent a lovely couple of weeks walking around the Langdale Pikes, before returning to the city. It was still a week before the new term was due to start, and I suggested while we were driving back that as my two flat mates were still away and wouldn't be back for a few days, John could come and stay in Horewood Road.

'What about Miss Jones - won't she object?' asked John.

'She's away as well - she's gone back to Wales to visit some of her relatives,' I replied.

'What about the neighbours?'

I stared through the windscreen of the Renault, watching the tail lights of the lorry ahead. Then I said:

'I've got an idea.'

'What?'

'Well, with boys having long hair, and everyone wearing jeans and all, it's quite difficult to tell whether someone's a boy or a girl - particularly if it's dark, and you're wearing a long coat.'

'Are you suggesting what I think you're suggesting,' asked John, 'you're going to try to pass me off as a girl when we go into the flat?' John's looked doubtful - but I noticed a twinkle in his eyes which meant

that he might be persuaded, if I could convince him it would be fun.

‘The thing is, John, the neighbours around here are such prying, meddlesome types that they will probably tell Miss Jones if they think there’s been a boy staying all night; on the other hand, they couldn’t say anything if they just saw a girl coming in with me. They might even mistake you for Sarah - one of my flat mates - you’re about the same height, and you’re both blond.’

So we stopped in a deserted lay-by and I tied John’s long blond hair back in a ponytail, which is how Sarah usually has her hair, and clipped a pair of dangly ear-rings on him. He slipped on my long black raincoat, and as a finishing touch, I made up his eyes with eye-shadow and a little mascara.

‘You look great - your own mother wouldn’t know you,’ I announced, surveying my handiwork.

John looked abashed, but his eyes were gleaming with merriment.

‘I wonder what my father would say, if he could see me now,’ he said.

That night, in bed in Horewood Road, our love-making was more intense and energetic than ever. John seemed especially randy.

‘I think pretending to be a girl turns you on,’ I said to him. I had put John’s head between my legs, and was enjoying the feeling of him lapping me and nuzzling me with his nose. I stroked his long blond hair and massaged his neck, then ran my fingers over his shoulders and back. His skin felt soft and smooth - he didn’t seem to have much body hair or muscle development for a boy. I was glad - I have always hated ‘he-men’, hairy macho types who think they are God’s gift to women. I once had a boyfriend with a hairy back; I was disgusted when I first saw him without his shirt on - he reminded me of a gorilla.

John had fine blond hairs on his arms and legs, which didn’t notice very much; and very little hair on his chest. I found myself very attracted to him, to his smell, his soft warm body - and some indefinable, almost feminine quality about him, which I had never found in a man before.

He rolled over on his back and I got on top of him, giving him my tit to suck, guiding it to his lips with my fingers. He nibbled and sucked at my nipple until I felt as if it would burst in his mouth. I pulled gently away,

moving my hand down until I found his cock, hot and hard as iron; I gripped hold of it and guided it towards the wetness between my legs. I couldn't wait to feel him inside me again, rubbing and massaging and moving on the places which turned me on. I wanted to possess him entirely, to swallow him utterly, to get him so far up inside me that we would be one.

Afterwards, when we were laying back on the pillows, he said:

'Do you know how an angel is made? An angel is made when two people who love each other come together so completely and finally that they fuse and make one new being - a being made entirely of love. Do you think we will make an angel, one day?'

I turned my head to look into his hazel eyes, and noticed for the first time how small his face was, and how delicate his features. I ran my finger over his finely arched brows, and then slowly down the line of his small, slightly retroussé nose, to his full, feminine lips. He kissed the end of my finger as I said:

'You are so beautiful, I think you must be an angel already. You are far too beautiful to be a boy.'

It was that night that I began to fall in love with him.

In the cold light of morning, we began to consider for the first time some practicalities of our position.

'What are the neighbours going to think,' asked John, as we were eating toast together at the little pine table in the kitchen, 'if they saw what they thought was a girl going in with you last night, and a boy comes out with you this morning?'

'Mmm. They may not have been watching last night,' I replied, 'but they most certainly will see you this morning, in daylight.'

'Is it that serious?'

'Well, they probably *will* tell Miss Jones, if they see you - and it will be fairly obvious that you spent the night here. And what about the rest of the week? I was hoping we could spend the whole week together. Miss Jones is a fairly harmless old dear - if it was just up to her, she probably wouldn't mind. But she obviously has to keep up appearances with the neighbours, and she is a chapel-goer. She can't leave herself open to charges that anything immoral has gone on in her house. The lease comes up for renewal at the end of next term, and I was hoping to keep the flat

for another year. She might not allow me to renew it, if she thinks I've been having boys sleeping overnight.'

'What can we do then?'

'There is something we *could* try, but I don't know whether you'll agree to it.'

'Try me.'

'Well, we could try passing you off as a girl, for the whole week.'

'It would never work.'

'Why not? You've got long enough hair already. You're not very big - I reckon some of Sarah's clothes and shoes might fit you.'

'Good God - you're serious, aren't you?'

'Well why not give it a try? What do we have to lose? If we succeed - we shall manage to spend the week together in perfect safety, and I won't have to worry about losing the lease. If we don't pull it off - I'm no worse off than I would be if they found out you were a bloke from the start - I can only lose the lease once.'

'Anyway, I think you'll be quite convincing. The first thing we have to do is make it quite clear that you're a girl when you leave the house this morning. The best thing is for you to wear a skirt. That'll leave people in no doubt. Although the hairs on your legs are quite fine and fair, I think you'd better begin by shaving them. Sarah tends to favour short skirts, and you'll probably have to wear one of hers. You'd also better shave your face as close as you can. I'll go and see what Sarah's got in her wardrobe that might fit you, while you get on with that.'

While John was shaving his face and legs, I found a pink panty and bra set, edged with lace, and a pair of honey coloured tights from my own underwear drawer, which I left on the bed, while I went into Sarah's room to look through her skirts and blouses. I shouted to John through the bathroom door:

'I've left some things on the bed for you to put on, when you've finished shaving.'

I wanted to see if he would put on the bra and panties without further prompting from me.

When I came back, carrying several skirts and blouses over my arm, I was pleased to see John sitting on the bed wearing the bra and panties, and struggling to put the tights on.

‘Here, let me show you how to do that,’ I said, going over and sitting on the bed next to him. I demonstrated how to start off the tights by rolling them over one toe at a time. When they were up as far as his knees, I said to him:

‘Now stand up, and carefully roll them up the rest of the way, and make sure you pull them up firmly round the gusset.’

When John had done this I could see a little bulge between his legs, which seemed to be growing.

‘I think you’re enjoying this!’ I exclaimed.

John blushed and looked embarrassed, but didn’t say anything.

‘We can’t have you going out with a bulge like that,’ I pointed out ‘ - it might show beneath your mini-skirt. Can’t you do anything about it? Try pushing your bits down between your legs more, and then pulling on the panties and tights a bit tighter.’

John tried this, but it didn’t seem to work. Then I had another idea. Naomi, the other girl I shared the flat with, was rather plump. She might have a bigger size of knickers or some other underwear which would help. I went into Naomi’s room and searched through her underwear drawers. I was in luck - I found a black elasticated garment - a sort of panty-corset - which looked as if it might do the trick.

‘Take off what you’re wearing, try to push your bits down as hard as you can and pull them between your legs, and then put this on,’ I said, handing him the panty-corset, ‘pull it up as high as you can.’

John did as he was told, without demur. I looked at the black corset and pink bra he was wearing. I went round behind him and unhooked the bra. I put it back in the drawer and found a black lacy bra that matched the corset better. I helped him on with it and said:

‘Now put the tights back on.’

He rolled on the tights as I had shown him and pulled them up. I looked at the now smooth, rounded contours between his legs, nodding with approval. There was no sign of any tell-tale male bump - he looked exactly like a girl there. I got some tissues and made two little rounded wads, which I inserted in his bra so they filled out the cups but could not

be seen above the lace.

Then I told him to sit at the chair by the dressing table. I picked up a pair of tweezers and said:

‘This could hurt a bit.’

I began working on his eyebrows. They were by no means bushy, but I plucked them into fine arcs. I looked at his face, which was already beginning to look distinctly feminine, and wondered whether I’d gone too far. I swivelled the chair round so that he couldn’t see himself in the mirror. I found some foundation on the dressing table and began to apply it to his face, smoothing it onto his upper lip, around his jaw and neck, and over his cheeks. John’s beard was very light, and hardly showed normally; with the foundation, any sign of it was gone, and his face looked even more smooth and girlish. I powder-puffed his face to fix the foundation, then added a little highlight each side just below the line of the cheek bone. Then I got to work on his eyes, using several shades of shadow, a darker shade on the outer part of his lids and crease line, toning to a lighter shade on the brow bone, under the eyebrows. I was grateful that I had worked the previous summer holiday in my Aunt Sue’s beauty parlour, as it had given me some valuable insights into how to use make-up to help plain middle-aged women look attractive - a pretty young boy like John was no challenge at all by comparison. I put two coats of waterproof mascara on John’s lashes, and a soft cherry shade of lipstick on his full lips, which I outlined with a fine lip-pencil in a darker shade. Finally, I painted his fingernails in a cherry colour which matched the lipstick. The whole time, John just sat there and let me do it, without saying a word. He seemed to be in a sort of trance state.

I gave him a short nylon mini-slip, which he put on. Then I helped him try on various combinations of skirts and blouses until we found something which suited him and was a good fit. We settled for an emerald green corduroy mini-skirt with a wide black belt of tooled leather, and a white silk blouse with a soft collar trimmed with lace. I took him into Sarah’s room to try on some of her shoes, but although they were about the right size, they proved to be too narrow for his foot. We next went into Naomi’s room, and I found a pair of medium-heeled black leather court shoes in the bottom of her wardrobe. John slipped them on - and

they proved to be a good fit.

‘You must have very small feet for a man,’ I said.

‘I take a six and a half,’ he replied.

We went back into my room, and I sat him down on the bed. I went to work on his long, wavy hair, trimming up the uneven ends and brushing it into a feminine style, with a centre parting.

I led him over to my wardrobe and opened it so that he could see himself in the full-length mirror attached to the inside of the door. He gasped at the sight he saw in the mirror - a beautiful blonde girl with long slender legs, a slim waist, and a very pretty face. I saw his eyes open wide in amazement. I think something happened to him in that moment - the birth of Joanne, perhaps. He swung himself slowly first to one side, then to the other, before slowly twirling all the way round, his eyes all the time transfixed by the reflection in the mirror. Even in that first movement, there was the beginning of something feminine and graceful.

Finally, he said in a quiet voice:

‘I just don’t believe it.’

‘I know, I can hardly believe it myself; but it’s you, all right. You make a stunning girl. You are really wasted as a boy.’



And so that was the start of it. We found a handbag and coat for him, and we went out shopping. John was from the start very convincing as a girl, but it wouldn’t be true to say that he didn’t get anyone staring at him. He certainly did - he looked such a pretty girl, that he caught the eye of quite a few lads while we were out, and even got one or two wolf whistles. At first he didn’t know how to deal with this - then, when he realised that he was attracting attention as an attractive *girl*, he began not to worry. He didn’t quite dare smile back yet at any lad who was eyeing him, but I began to notice the beginnings of little feminine movements that I can only describe as flirtatious - a slight swaying of the hips, or the way he crossed his legs, when we were sitting in a coffee bar. He was discovering what all attractive young girls discover, the power of feminine allure to