Inside:
Dressing up David
David’s landlady encourages his taste for wearing women’s clothes and David discovers an amazing secret...

Virtual Reality Woman
Laura meets her hostess Julia and Marie the maid, who used to be a boy... Dr. Hannah Klonek explains the true nature of the virtual reality world Laura now inhabits...

Book Reviews
Blending Genders
Men in Dresses

Tales of Crossdressing
Volume 6
Editorial

Hi there, girls. Yes! We are bringing out two new publications specialising in those glorious fantasies about maid training, corset discipline, petticoat punishment and sissy schools....

Just imagine a school in which you are forced to wear petticoats and trained to become more and more girlish....

Or a strict boarding house in which the 'madame' undertakes your corset training and instructs you in your new role as a lady's maid....

Can't wait, eh? Well, you won't have to wait too long...

Both publications will be out in early 1998 - there'll be more news about them in Volume 7 of Tales of Crossdressing.

We need your help - why not explore your deepest fantasies by writing a story yourself? Join our sorority of talented readers who have already contributed to Tales of Crossdressing. In this edition, you will find the second part of 'Dressing up David,' an excellent story by Jenny Turner, with artwork by Dianne. (The cover illustration is also by Dianne.) I am most grateful for their contributions. Please do keep sending in your work!

Best wishes,

Kate Lesley
The Story so far...

As a ten year old, David enjoyed dressing up in his sister's pink party frock and being treated as a girl. He had no idea what an effect it would have on his later life...

The year 1990.

David applied the handbrake and switched off the engine of the car. Friday evening! It had been a hard week at school, his pupils had been difficult and he was looking forward to the weekend. He got out of the car, locked it, and walked up the path to the house. David was unmarried and lodged with Diana Briggs. He didn't know if she had ever been married, but she lived on her own, which was why she had room for a lodger. She was about the same age as David and he found her very attractive, although in the year he had been living in her house he had never made any approaches towards her. She seemed just a little too cold and remote when they talked about relationships and friends.

As he closed the front door behind him Diana called out from the kitchen, “David, can you come here a minute?”

David went to the kitchen where she was busy preparing dinner for them both.

“A parcel came for you which I opened by mistake,” she said. “It was
from the same club as I use and I naturally thought that it was for me.”

David felt himself getting hot. He undid his tie and collar and said nothing.

“I was surprised at the contents,” she continued. “Is the dress for your sister, or someone else?” She emphasised the last words.

David just did not know what to say. She had guessed quite correctly that the clothes were for him. What a fool he had been to have them sent here; he should have had them sent to the Post Office for collection. What to say?

Diana saved him the trouble. “They are for you aren’t they - I think that you’re a transvestite. Am I right?”

He nodded. “Oh hell!” he thought, “now she’ll tell everyone and that will be the end of my job. I suppose she’ll want me to move out as well; she probably thinks I’m queer.” He could visualise the headlines in the local paper, “MASTER WISHES TO BE MISS”.

“I think it’s a very pretty dress, and I think it will suit you.”

David was “gob-smacked”. Had he heard right?

“Why don’t you go and try it on?” she continued. “Dinner’s nearly ready and you can wear it for that.”

So far David had hardly uttered a word, and now he was even more lost for words.

“You mean that you don’t mind?” he eventually stuttered.

“Of course not, silly - now go and get dressed. Do you wear makeup when you dress?”

“Only if I go to a TV club or meeting where I can change there. It takes me quite a while to put it on.”

“Don’t bother now then, just put on your dress and anything else you need and come down. I promise I won’t laugh - well, not very much anyway!”

David took his parcel and made his way up to his room. His mind was still in a whirl. His most closely guarded secret was now known to someone else. Someone he would never have told in a month of Sundays.
He entered his room and closed the door behind him. She wanted him to go downstairs wearing a dress but with no wig or makeup; could he do it? His mind went back to that Saturday afternoon when he was a boy. He had managed it then, so why not now? Yes! He would show her what he looked like in a dress.

He went to the wardrobe and took out a large suitcase and unlocked it. Inside were all his female clothes. He didn’t have a great many but what he did have were very good quality. He quickly selected a bra, corset and a pair of French knickers. Stripping down to his panties, (he never wore male underwear), he fitted the corset around his waist and pulled it tight. The bra with his false breasts went on, and then the knickers, over his panties. He liked to keep himself tucked away when dressed up. He found a pair of tan coloured stockings and gently pulled them up his shaved legs, fixing them at the top with the suspenders from his corset. He had ordered a new petticoat to go with the dress, so he gently unwrapped it and gave it a shake. It needed ironing but it would do for now. It was a white cotton waist petticoat, very full and with a deep lace trim at the hem. He stepped into it and pulled it up to his waist. Yes! It would show under his dress. The dress was a shirt waister in pale blue with a small floral design all over. He had fallen in love with it the moment he had seen it in the catalogue and knew that he had to have one. He unfolded it and dropped it over his head. The sleeves were short and it buttoned up the front; it also had a belt of the same material with a small buckle. He arranged the skirt over his petticoat, did up the buttons and then the belt. It fitted perfectly. He quickly found a pair of white sandals and then thought about his hair. It wasn’t short by any means, so he brushed it into a feminine style.

“Are you dressed yet?” came the call from downstairs. “Dinner is ready.”

“Coming.” He replied.

With one last look in the mirror he opened the door and made his way down the stairs. Diana was in the kitchen and he braced himself for the teasing laughter which was to come.

She entered the room. “That looks very nice.” She said almost
casually. “Give me a twirl.”

David felt almost deflated by her reaction but quickly recovered and spun himself around. In doing so, the dress lifted, showing his underwear.

“My word, you do take this seriously don’t you? Lift up and let me see what you’re wearing.”

He lifted up the hem of his dress showing his petticoat, knickers and suspenders.

“Wow! I had no idea you had these clothes but I reckon they look better on you than they would on me. Now come and have dinner and we can talk about it.”

As they sat down she passed David an apron. “Put this on to keep your dress clean, you don’t want to spoil it the first time you wear it.”

He did as he was told and tied the apron around his waist. Once again his mind went back to his childhood; everything seemed to be happening all over again.

Over dinner, they discussed David’s need to dress up, what clubs he belonged to and where he went. David, for his part, was intrigued to know how she had guessed that he was a TV. Surely it wasn’t just the dress?

“Oh no! There have been several clues - plucked eyebrows, hairless arms and legs, a pair of panties down the back of your radiator and also the smell of a very feminine perfume at times. I knew that you never had a woman in your room so I just put two and two together.”

As dinner progressed David found himself wondering how Diana had such a wealthy knowledge about transvestism. She seemed to know all the answers. He asked her, but she just said that she had read about it in women’s magazines.

After dinner David changed back to male clothes and they sat in the lounge drinking coffee.

“Why don’t you dress up for me properly
“tomorrow?” asked Diana. “You know, make-up, wig, the lot. I have to go shopping in the afternoon so you can do it then.”

David felt his stomach turn. Was she really inviting him to dress as a woman? “Okay!” He added nonchalantly, “tomorrow afternoon, but I need some new make-up first.”

“That’s okay, we can get it in the morning and I’ll also buy you a new set of underwear.” She paused. “I think this is fun - don’t you?”

“Let’s see what tomorrow brings,” murmured David. He was trying not to show his excitement, but inside he was doing hand-stands. They spent the rest of the evening talking and watching television. At about 11:30 David announced that he was going to bed. Diana agreed that she would go as well. As they stood on the landing, she turned to him and asked, “Do you wear a nightdress in bed?”

“No!” he laughed, “I was always afraid that you might come into the room.”

“Wait here a minute,” she said, and disappeared into her own room. She returned carrying two garments which she thrust into David’s hand. “Wear these if you want to, they should fit you.” She then gave him a kiss on the cheek, said goodnight and closed her door behind her.

David walked into his own room in a trance. He was in love. There was no doubt about that. He looked at what she had given him, a night shirt in white satin and a full-length dressing gown which was a wrap around style with a tie belt. It was also white, with a Chinese floral pattern. He could feel himself getting excited, not only because of the thought of wearing the nightdress in bed but also because they belonged to Diana, and her body had been inside them.

He quickly got out of his own male clothes and put on the gleaming white nightshirt, enjoying the sensuous feeling of the cold satin against his skin. Looking in the mirror, he saw the large mound that showed his excitement. How he wished that Diana could have dealt with that as well. Still, maybe in the future!!

He put on the dressing gown and went into the bathroom, enjoying the feeling of the material rubbing against his legs.

David eventually went to sleep that night, dreaming about the day to
come and what might follow after that.

He awoke in the morning with an unfamiliar feeling. He realised that his nightdress was twisted around him. He climbed out of bed and straightened himself out. “Today’s the day,” he thought. “I must get myself in the right mood.”

There was no sound from the rest of the house so he put on his dressing gown and went downstairs to make a cup of tea. Knocking on Diana’s door, he received a sleepy, “Come in.” He entered and put the mug on the bedside cabinet.

Diana sat up. She was totally naked. David could only stand and stare at her firm round breasts. “What’s wrong, haven’t you ever seen a pair of tits before? I see you’re wearing the clothes I gave you, do they fit?”

David could only nod. He mumbled something about getting dressed and beat a hasty retreat. Back in his own room, he sat on the bed and thought about the little scene that had just played out. Was Diana being purposely provocative towards him? If so, what should he do next? David had never had much to do with women, mainly because he was afraid they would find out about his dressing up. But this was now something different. Diana knew about him and seemed to be egging him on.

He had a shower and slowly started to get dressed. French knickers with a matching camisole top, plain white blouse which could pass as a shirt, a pair of women’s cord slacks and a male crew-neck jumper. He generally wore this type of clothing at the weekend; it made him feel that he was dressing as a woman even though it didn’t show to the rest of the world. He wondered if Diana had noticed in the past - she had certainly never said anything.

He was eating his toast when she appeared dressed in a very similar manner. “Are you ready to go shopping then?” she enquired.

“I think so,” replied David.
They set off in his car and headed for the nearby town centre. It was only a five mile drive and didn’t take very long. Once they had parked, Diana was off, dragging David behind her. “Come on slow-coach, the shops will be full before we get there.”

She made for a small, rather expensive lingerie shop. Without hesitation she opened the door and went in. David held back a bit, feeling more than a little embarrassed, but eventually he followed her into the shop. It was quite a small shop but with a large stock of good quality underwear. There was only one middle aged lady serving behind the counter.

“I’m looking for a matching set of underwear,” began Diana, “French knickers, bra and a full slip.”

“Are they for you?” the assistant enquired.

“No, for - ” she paused and looked at David. “A friend. They’re a present.”

The shop assistant looked at David and smiled. “And what size is your friend?” she asked, with a heavy emphasis on the word friend.

“Size 16-18; what size bra does she take, David?”

He tried to look uninterested, “Oh! About a 40B I think.”

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The assistant laid out several sets on the counter. “What colour did you have in mind?”

Diana looked at David, who shrugged his shoulders, then said, “I think she might like the turquoise set or the yellow one.”

“I like the turquoise,” added Diana. “I’ll take that one please.”

The woman wrapped it and took Diana’s credit card. “If it doesn’t fit her please don’t be afraid to change it, will you?” she smiled at David as she handed the package to Diana.

Outside the shop he leant against the wall. “She knew, didn’t she; she knew they were for me?”

“Oh! I don’t know, she may have guessed, but it doesn’t make any difference, does it? She doesn’t know you. Anyway, you now have very pretty underwear to wear this afternoon. Now, what else do you need?”

“Some make-up. I usually get it in Boots.”

They bought what he required without any further embarrassment and went to a café for a cup of coffee.

“How long do you need to get ready?” asked Diana.

“About three hours if I do it properly.”

“Okay, we’ll go back home now and then I’ll disappear until four o’clock.”

David drove them home. Diana got into her car and drove off leaving David standing at the gate with his parcels under his arm. He looked at his watch - only 12:15 - lots of time to get ready. He took out his key and let himself into the house.

He forced himself to have some lunch, even though he was too excited to eat.

Firstly, what to wear. He went upstairs and took out all his female clothes. He really didn’t have a great deal of choice. He had a pretty cream blouse which he decided to wear with a calf length floral skirt and matching “rust” coloured jumper. He always felt comfortable and confident when wearing this outfit, especially with his brown lace-up
For those that don't know,
The Beaumont Society is the largest membership organisation for
cross-dressers in the world. It's primarily a self help and social group
which offers support for members and their families when needed.
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boots. Having laid all his clothes out on the bed, he unpacked his new underwear and stood for a moment, stroking the gleaming turquoise satin. He could hardly wait to wear it.

He ran himself a bath and took the liberty of using some of Diana’s bath oils. He had never dared do this before in case she smelled the perfume. This time it didn’t matter. Lying in the scented foam, he took his razor and removed all the hair from his body, with the exception of a small patch around his crotch. He washed his hair even though he was going to wear a wig. He was just immersing himself in his female role.

After drying himself he rubbed his hands over his body; it was so smooth, it felt wonderful. He applied a liberal amount of talcum powder, (Diana’s again) and went to get dressed.

He picked up the new bra and put his arms through the straps, reaching behind him to do up the hooks. It fitted beautifully. Inserting his false breasts, he adjusted the shoulder straps so they hung right. Next a pair of
tight fitting panties to hold everything back in place. He hooked his corset around his waist and pulled the laces tight, giving himself a very pronounced waist and the image of wider, feminine hips. Stepping into the French knickers, he felt goose-pimples erupt all over him as he pulled them up, the satin cold against his smooth skin. He pulled them right up until the waist band was snug around his cinched in waist. Taking the petticoat, he dropped it over his head, once again revelling in the sensation of the material over his skin. He adjusted the top over his breasts and went to look in the mirror. The underwear was wonderful, it really did fit. He lifted the hem of the slip to show the deep lace edge of his knickers. He was almost in a dream.

TransEssex International is a voluntary self-help network dedicated to serving the needs of Transvestites, Transsexuals, their families and friends. It hosts the UK's biggest TV/TS group party each month, runs friendly HelpLine services and publishes a wealth of useful information. For a full info-pack and sample copy of the world's best transgender magazine, send a cheque or Postal Order for £7.55 to: TransEssex International, P.O. Box 3, Basildon, Essex SS14 1PT

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Transliving       http://www.transliving.co.uk
Trans Prisoner Support (TRAPS) http://transtiff.homestead.comTransPrisonerSupport.html
UK Angels         www.theangels.co.uk
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Female hormones can be obtained online from:

InHouse DrugStore :

http://www.inhousedrugstore.co.uk/transgender/transgender.html

There can be risks attached to hormone therapy in both men and women and therefore it is definitely inadvisable to take any form of hormone product unless it is medically prescribed.

Transsexual Women’s Resources (Anne Lawrence)

http://www.annelawrence.com/regimens.html
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Our second series of TALES OF CROSSDRESSING is in a new, glossy 72 page format, featuring the usual variety of good quality TV/TS fiction, book reviews, etc.

In Volume 7 of TALES OF CROSSDRESSING:

The Wedding A young man has to take the place of his sister at her wedding: ‘The ivory satin dress was very full and had a long train with embroidery and pearls. Handing me a pair of white satin shoes with four inch heels to put on, Jenny made me stand while the other girls lowered this creation over my head and settled it in place over my underskirts…’

Sisters A genetically engineered virus turns Ken into an exact copy of his attractive and voluptuous wife.

One Tiny Mistake A boy’s envy of his twin sister leads to years of secret cross-dressing. This beautifully-written story has a humorous and unexpected climax, when the young man finally plucks up the courage to venture into town dressed in full feminine finery...

Jackie and Melanie Take Charge (Part One) Kevin can’t believe his luck when two attractive, sophisticated women pick him up and take him back to their hotel room in Bangkok. But Kevin has fallen into a complicated web of intrigue woven by two formidable female academics. Their researches into the psychology of gender take on a practical turn when they inveigle Kevin into dressing as a girl.
Jackie and Melanie Take Charge (Part Two)
Kevin is transformed into Laura, an attractive blonde:
‘You know,’ said Melanie, ‘Kevin has the cutest knees;
I can’t wait to see him again in a skirt and high heels...’

Dressed for the Party
When his own clothes are soaked in a thunderstorm,
Sandra persuades her boyfriend to wear some of her friend’s clothes to go to the party. There’s just one problem - her friend is a girl...

Fit and Feminine Colin stays at a health farm with a difference - all the guests are men who are dressed completely as women. Find out what happens when Colin meets the lovely she-male Christine, whose breasts are real and magnificent...

Trouble for a Twin John and Jane are twins. They exchange clothes for a prank, which goes wrong when John’s grandparents mistake him for his sister and force him to continue dressing as a girl....
In Volume 9 of TALES OF CROSSDRESSING:

**Tiger** After recent sex-change surgery, Claire (formerly Andrew) goes to convalesce with her great grandfather, Gerald Childs. Old Mr. Childs reminisces to his new great granddaughter about his days as a captain in the merchant marine on the great pre-war passenger liners. He recalls particularly a personal steward or ‘tiger’ of his by the name of Frost, nicknamed ‘Freezer’, who liked to wear women’s clothes...

This beautifully written and unique tale has everything - adventure on the high seas, romance - and a thoughtful and realistic analysis of family and social attitudes to cross-dressing and transsexuality over several generations. It is actually ‘several stories within a story’, which are revealed like a series of Russian dolls...

**The Piano** A young man is so besotted by the beauty of his new piano teacher that he finds himself obeying her every whim - even when she makes him wear a bra. As he falls more and more completely under her domination, the bra is followed by panties, then black lace suspender belt and stockings, until finally she has him dressed completely as a girl...

**Jealousy on Ice** George looks enviously at the frilly, sequined dresses worn by the girls at the skating club. He resolves to join the club - as a girl. George becomes Gina, and meets a tall blonde girl called Trudy. Soon Gina and Trudy are lovers and skating partners; but who will wear the white satin skirt on the day of the competition...?

**In the Club (Part One)** Chris has been made redundant, and when his friend Tony tells him of a position at a cocktail bar and club, he jumps at it. There is just one catch - Chris has to dress as a girl...
In Volume 1 of TALES OF THE MAID:
The Last Straw (Part Three)
The sizzling sequel to the story featured in Tales of Crossdressing Vols. 4 & 5. Denise is given lessons in her new role as an ultra-feminine she-male maid and sex-slave: ‘And your clothes? From tomorrow, you will be permanently kept as Denise. There’ll be a little explaining to do to the neighbours and at work. But don’t worry, I intend to make sure everybody knows the truth. There’ll be no silly tales about a visiting friend or a husband who walked out on me. Everybody will be told the simple, inescapable truth. You’ve decided to become a girl. Denis is now Denise. And that goes for travelling, for visits, for everything you do socially. We’ll have to get your name changed, but that’s all. I want everyone in the whole world to know that my husband is a beautiful transvestite.’

My Girl Mike thinks it’s a joke when Diana hands him a powder blue nightie and white satin bra and panties to wear. He soon discovers that his new girlfriend is deadly serious in her plan to feminise him completely...

Mistress Renée’s Sissy Maid Academy (Part One)
Mistress Rita decides she wants Bonnie to be her permanent sissy maid, and sends her to Mistress Renée’s Sissy Maid Academy for intensive training....
In Volume 2 of TALES OF THE MAID:

Sissy Maid Academy (Part Two)
Sissy Bonnie starts her maid training and learns all the ways to pleasure her mistress.

Darren's Dilemma
Tranny Darren gets more than he bargains for when he goes to the home of his forceful female boss.

The Last Straw (Part Four)
Denise is to live permanently as a woman - she is taken shopping to buy her new clothes and to the hair salon to have her hair done in an extravagantly feminine style...

Also in this issue:

8 Page colour special featuring our Maids Photo Gallery
Mistress Amanda's Letters Page.

The second issue of Tales of the Maid features more full colour pages than ever before.
TALES OF SISY SCHOOL focuses on stories about petticoat punishment and boys who are sissified and dressed as girls by mothers, sisters, aunts, governesses or teachers.

In Volume 1 of TALES OF SISY SCHOOL:

Petticoat Academy for Delinquent Children: A Student’s Diary
Miss Jackson uses petticoat punishment and gradual feminisation to discipline and rehabilitate delinquent boys; in some cases the feminisation is complete. Daily life at the Jackson Academy is described through the diary entries of one of the pupils.

An Aunt’s Dilemma - Her Petticoat Solution
Patrick is often teased and picked on at school - even by younger children. Aunt Karen concludes that Patrick’s real problem is that he is a sissy, and decides that the only way to deal with him is to transform him from nephew into niece...

School for Sissies (Part One) The first part of this glorious tale traces the early life of Françoise Quesnay, born a boy but from the age of five raised as a girl by her mother, the formidable Lydia Quesnay.
In Volume 2 of TALES OF SISSY SCHOOL:

School for Sissies (Part Two)

Yes Mummy - Jim has always been fascinated by female clothes. While his wife Ann is at aerobics class, he cannot resist trying on her new nightie. Ann and her mother return early from the class and catch him wearing the nightie; they decide to feminise him and dress him as a school girl.

Yes Mummy

School Swap

Angelique
Wartime circumstances force a mother to turn her son into a girl...
My eyebrows were plucked into a feminine shape. I was taught to sew; and I was frequently ‘invited’ to don a little frilly apron and do the washing up. I resisted, how I resisted being thought of as a girl!

Letters - Petticoat Punishment: Letter from a Mother
Madam Amanda's Letters Page

Features - The Bow Belle Sorority: Who's a Pretty Sissy Then?

Photo Specials - Sissies Photo Gallery