

***New Special
Electronic Edition***

Inside:

***How Stephen became
Stephanie***

Pretty in Silk

***The Lady of the Lake
(Part Two)***



Tales of Crossdressing

Volume Two

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COMING SOON

YOUR FIGURE IS FILLING OUT NICELY NURSE HOPKINS, SINCE YOU'VE BEEN TAKING THE HORMONES. WE'LL MAKE A GIRL OF YOU YET.

I HOPE I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING....



IN VOLUMES 3 & 4 OF
**TALES OF
CROSSDRESSING**

**NEW GIRL ON THE
WARD**

*the story of a boy's
transformation into a
female nurse*

**Mother's New
Daughter**
*a mother changes her
son into a girl*




IN VOLUME 4:
**VIRTUAL
REALITY WOMAN**

No Sucking Up in the Shower

Hello there again girls, and what a great pleasure it is to welcome you to Volume 2 of *Tales of Crossdressing*. It makes me feel quite moist just to think of you.

Originally this editorial ran to three pages. You really don't want to hear all the sucking-up and thanking I was going to do to the people who have responded with such generosity and kindness to our first edition. Neither do you want to know that we now have readers throughout the U.K., and also in Europe, America, Australia, and South Africa. So I'll not mention any of that.

Let me just say that I feel like this  about the success of our launch.....

You are probably wondering what I really look like. Well this is what I look like in the shower:

Some babe, eh?

And now for a special thank you to those of you who bought the first edition of *Tales of Crossdressing*. Without you, there would be no Volume 2. So a special **Thank you** to you all, particularly those of you who subscribed for two editions. ***Please do renew your subscription***, if only to keep me from selling my body on the streets.

love,

Kate Lesley



Our Editorial Policy

You can also do without the long and tedious analysis of our editorial policy which I originally included. Let me just say this:

This

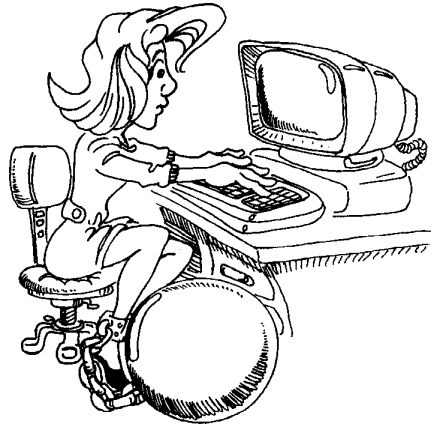
Stories about enforced crossdressing, dominant females, petticoat discipline, sissyfied boys, etc., are very popular, so we make no apology for including these themes in Tales of Crossdressing. There is likely to be one or more 'forced to be a girl' stories in every edition of the magazine, so those of you who enjoy these tales have many treats in store!

We are also prepared to publish stories which have more serious intentions and explore a range of TV/TS thought and experience, if there is anyone out there who would like to contribute such material.

Whether you fancy yourself as a serious writer, or just like exploring those gorgeous fantasies we all wish would happen to us, why not have a go at writing a story?

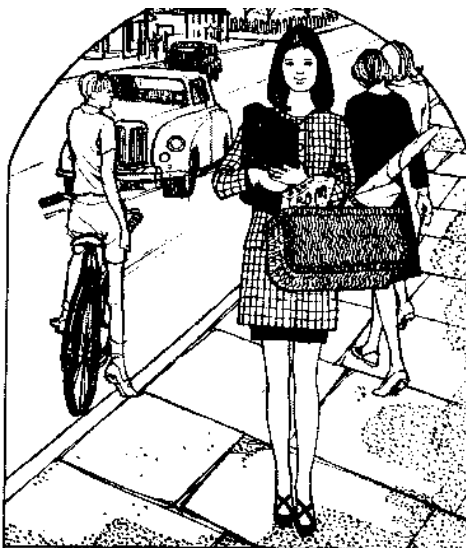
We're also in need of illustrators who can do black and white line art illustrations to accompany stories. If you're a bit artistic, why not send in a drawing?

And now let's get on with the stories.....



How Stephen became Stephanie

by
Kate Lesley



The story of a young supermarket trainee manager who is changed into a check-out girl and part-time maid

Chapter One

It all started that night, after we'd been to the film together. I'd been admiring Sarah for some months, and had finally plucked up the courage to ask her out. I was working as a trainee manager for a large supermarket chain - at that time I was based in one of their superstores in a suburb of Sheffingham. I'd done a degree in marketing and business management at Sheffingham University, and started with the company straight after graduating, having passed their management selection procedures. I lived in landlady accommodation arranged by the company, near to where I worked.

Sarah was a stunning girl in her mid-twenties - glossy light brown hair cut in a bobbed style to reveal her fine neck. She had startling blue eyes and long, slender legs. As the branch's personnel manager, she had to look smart at all times, and wore beautifully tailored business suits -

jackets sculpted to accentuate her slim waist and short skirts which showed off her legs. She was a real ‘power dresser’, and had quite a commanding manner to match her appearance, a self-confidence which underscored her responsible position within the store.

It was with some trepidation, therefore, that I asked her whether she would like to go to see a film with me. I was elated when she agreed, and even more pleased when she invited me back to her flat for a drink, after the film. I remember the film was ‘Fatal Attraction’. I can still recall how she held on to me tightly during some of the violent, climactic scenes in the film, her small fingers clutching at my hand, her long nails pressing into my palm.

Her flat occupied the first floor of a large, bay-windowed Victorian house. It was well decorated in a simple style - whitewashed walls, pannelled doors stripped to the bare wood, a large, intricately patterned Moroccan rug on the floor.

‘Make yourself comfortable,’ Sarah said, indicating a cream coloured leather sofa. She went into the kitchen, returning with a bottle of red wine and two wine glasses. She poured the wine, handed me a glass, and put an ‘Enya’ album on the CD player. I sunk back into the soft leather of the sofa, allowing the wistful music to wash over me. I felt very relaxed, as if I had known Sarah for years, but at the same time I was conscious of a sense of anticipation; part of me was waiting for something to happen, something inevitable. We chatted in a desultory way, and discovered that we had much in common; our tastes in music, books, and films closely coincided.

We listened to several more CD’s - Bruce Springsteen, Dire Straits - and then some Tina Turner; by this time we’d finished the wine and were drinking Scotch on the rocks. Sarah had kicked off her high heels and was curled up on the sofa next to me. I felt her nuzzling into my side and turned towards her; she looked up into my face with her ravishing blue eyes, slipped her slim arm round my neck and drew my lips down onto hers. My eyes closed as I drank in her nectar in that first long kiss, and inhaled her sweet aroma; at length, to my disappointment she gently broke away from me and stood up, but still holding my hand. The next

thing I knew, she was leading me through to the bedroom.

‘You can’t drive home now, you’ve had too much to drink and it’s too late anyway,’ she whispered to me; ‘you’re welcome to stay if you want (she raised her eyebrows archly and gave me a wicked grin as she said this, leaving me in no doubt as to her meaning) - but there’s just one little thing I’d like you to do for me. I really can’t stand to have hairy skin next to mine. It’s a bit of a phobia, I suppose. Would you mind terribly going into the bathroom and shaving the hair off your legs and chest?’

I was a little surprised at the request, but I think if at that moment had she asked me to walk with bare feet across a bed of hot coals, I would not have refused. I was more than a little drunk, and very much in the mood for spending the night with Sarah.

‘Okay,’ I shrugged, and she presented me with a Bic disposable razor in one hand and a Ladyshave electric razor in the other:

‘Take your pick,’ she said. I took them both and put them on the end of the bed. She walked into the bathroom, calling back over her shoulder:

‘I’ll run a bath for you - that’ll soften your skin up and make it easier.’

I sunk into the hot perfumed bubbles, and began to dream of Sarah’s soft skin and slim waist, and the way her hair smelled clean and swung when she turned her head to give a tantalizing glimpse of her finely shaped ear-lobes.

After soaking in the bath for a few minutes, I shaved off the hair on my legs and chest, as she had asked. I looked at the hair sprouting in tufts from my arm-pits; somehow it looked unsightly now, and I decided to take this off as well.

‘Here, you can wear this,’ she said, passing me her silk dressing gown as I emerged from the bathroom, wearing only a towel.

I leave you to imagine the bliss of her embraces, the sweet tenderness of her young body, the feel of her soft skin on mine, as she gave herself in love to me.....

The following morning I awoke before Sarah, and decided to make a cup of coffee - to tell the truth I had a bit of a hangover, and was suffering from the usual dry mouth and raging thirst. I couldn’t find my clothes anywhere, and so slipped into Sarah’s dressing gown again, while I

padded through to the kitchen to put on the percolator. I found croissants in a bread bin and heated them up under the grill until they were brown and crispy. I put the coffee jug, cups and hot croissants on a tray and carried it back to the bedroom. Sarah was already awake, propped up on pillows, with the duvet pulled modestly over her. She pushed the hair out of her eyes as I came in, a movement which caused the duvet to slip down, uncovering her small, firm breasts, on which the nipples were rosily standing out. She noticed that I was staring at them and blushed, then giggled mischievously:

‘Ah, maid service! You know, you don’t look at all bad in that dressing gown. You’ve got nice legs.’

I glanced at myself in the mirror door of the wardrobe, and was momentarily taken aback by what I saw - the nakedness of my shaved legs, the shape of me in a woman’s bath robe.



After we’d had the croissants and coffee, she said to me:

‘You know, as it’s Sunday, we could spend the day together if you like. You needn’t hurry back to your landlady, unless you prefer her company to mine.....’

Of course, I did not demur; I was grateful for the opportunity to spend more time with this ravishing young woman.

‘Well then, seeing you in my dressing gown like that has given me an idea. Are you game for a bit of fun?’

I raised my eyebrows and asked her what she had in mind.

‘Your legs look so nice and shapely in their shaven state, let’s see how they’d look with these on ’ - she tossed me a pair of charcoal-coloured tights from a drawer.

‘And perhaps you’d better put these on first,’ she said, handing me a

pair of lace-edged panties, 'you can hardly wear your striped boxer shorts under tights.'

I slipped into the panties and began pulling the tights over my feet.

'No, not like that,' she said, 'let me show you.' Having first put on a pair of black silk panties, Sarah chose a pair of diaphanous black tights from the drawer, sat on the edge of the bed, and carefully gathered them up, rolling the nylon hose gently up one leg at a time until over her knees, then stood up and with a deft movement pulled the tights on over her thighs and buttocks until the gusset was neatly in position under the crotch of her panties. The sheer fabric of the tights stretched smoothly between her legs, emphasizing the rounded femaleness of what lay beneath.....

'Come on then, get on with it!' she exclaimed, and I realized where I had been staring for some moments. I sat down and rolled on the tights as she had shown me, thinking of nothing at all, carried along by the sensuality of the situation and my carnal longing for her. I suppose the situation was a little strange, but I continued to do as she asked, as if my will had leaked away and I was under her express command.

'Look, why stop now?' she asked, 'let's go a bit further.' The next thing I knew she was fastening a bra onto my chest, and passing me a waist-slip to put on. I stepped into the slip and noticed that it had a lace-edged slit opening from the bottom hem, an inverted V which revealed my nylon clad legs above the knee. She slipped silk handkerchiefs, gathered into conical shapes, in each bra-cup.

I used to be quite a bit plumper than I am now,' she said, 'and I've kept some of my old clothes in case I put on weight again. I think this skirt and top should fit you, if you'd like to put them on.' She passed me a green cotton skirt with a tiny blue flower motif, and a matching jacket-style tailored top with the waist gathered in by a bow at the back.

'Now shoes. My flat mate is quite tall - I suspect her feet are about the same size as yours.' Sarah went into an adjoining room and returned with a pair of high-heeled court shoes in navy calf. 'She's away this weekend; I'm sure she won't mind if we borrow these.' She put them down on the carpet in front of me and I slipped into them - they were a

perfect fit.

‘Now sit down here,’ she commanded, indicating a fluffy-topped bedroom stool in front of the dressing table. As I sat down she swung the dressing table mirror up and over so that its back was towards me. ‘I don’t want you to see how you look until I’ve finished. I’m going to have to do something with you eyebrows, to begin with,’ she announced.

‘Hang on a second,’ I replied, but before I could object further, she was busy plucking away at my eyebrows with tweezers.

‘Ouch! That hurts,’ I protested.

‘Beauty was never achieved without a little suffering!’ she replied chirpily. When she had finished my eyebrows she ordered me back into the bathroom, telling me to give my face a close shave. I tottered into the bathroom, unfamiliar with walking in high heels. The feel of the skirt on my legs, the way the tights moved against the silky slip underneath the skirt, the constraint of the bra - all felt so strange, and yet not unpleasant.

I peered at myself in the mirror of the bathroom cabinet; Sarah had apparently forgotten that I would see myself in this mirror - she need not have bothered to turn round the mirror in the bedroom. What a strange sight I was - my face still recognizably my own, a slight shadow of whiskers on my cheeks and chin, but my eyebrows completely feminized - plucked and raked into fine arches. Surely it would be noticed when I was back at work on Monday? What was Sarah doing to me? Why was I allowing her? I seemed to have no will left. I got on with shaving, and observed when I had finished that my face no longer looked so strange. With now smooth skin and shaped eyebrows, my face looked distinctly feminine - I was rather taken aback to see how feminine. My features are small and my beard, as I am fair-haired and fair-skinned, has always been light - after a close shave it did not notice at all.

Even my hair looked androgynous; in these days when cropped or even shaven hair, in the style of Sinead O’Connor, is not unknown for women - my hair, which was of moderate length and naturally wavy - could easily pass muster as a feminine style. But why was I thinking like this? On some impulse I had taken a brush from the shelf and was fluffing up my hair a little, before I realized what I was doing. I put the brush down,

feeling confused by what was happening to me, and returned to the bedroom.

Sarah told me to sit down again on the dressing table stool. She lightly touched her fingers against my face, and whispered:

‘Hmm. You have lovely soft skin; your complexion is just like a girl’s.’

She began smoothing on some foundation: ‘Fortunately we won’t need too much of this; we can go for a more natural look.’ Sarah next applied a little blusher, some creamy eyeshadow, and a touch of mascara to my upper lashes.

‘Some girls would die for lashes as long as yours,’ she announced. She completed my make-up by outlining my lips with a lipliner pencil and filling them in with a dark burgundy shade of lipstick.



Then she put a blonde wig on my head, styled in the same straight bob as her own hair, and brushed and teased it out until she was satisfied. Finally, she clipped two small imitation gold and pearl ear-rings to my ear lobes, and ordered me to stand and take a twirl before the mirror doors of the wardrobe. I twirled and stared in amazement at the attractive blonde girl I saw in the mirror! Could this really be me? I looked at my trim legs and slender ankles in the tights and high heels. I looked at the way the green flowered jacket was tailored so that it nipped in at my waist, and how the padded-out bra underneath created the effect of a gently swelling bosom. I appeared to have feminine curves in all the right places. I sat down again on the stool; Sarah turned round the dressing table mirror and I gazed in astonishment at my face - the face of a well made-up young woman.

‘Yes, you’re certainly wasted as a male,’ announced Sarah, ‘you make a lovely girl - very pretty - better even than I expected. How do you