

New Electronic Edition

Inside:

The Last Straw

Denis/Denise is reduced to an ultra-feminine sex-slave by his/her dominating mother-in-law....

Virtual Reality Woman

Andy puts on the Virtual Reality suit and becomes Laura, experiencing sex as a girl at the hands of Madam Cynthia....

Dressing up David

The effects are lasting when ten year old David wears his sister's pink party dress



Tales of Crossdressing

Volume Five

Tales of Crossdressing

Volume 5

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Editorial

Hi there, girls.

I hope you are all well and haven't stumbled in your stilettos, snagged your tights or smudged your mascara lately.



Tales of Domination

I have had several letters from readers saying how much they are enjoying '**The Last Straw**', in which Denis/Denise is reduced to an ultra feminine sex-slave by his/her dominating mother-in-law....Well, you have further treats in store in this issue. (The second part of 'The Last Straw begins on page 5)

The story explores the area of domination and submission. It is no use pretending that transvestism does not have its erotic side, nor that questions of domination and submission, or assertion and passivity do not arise. These are important themes in male and female sexuality, and we can't ignore them. *Why else would stories in which the hapless male is forced, by a powerful, dominant female character, to dress as a girl, be so popular? Why do so many TV's fantasize about being maids?*

Cynthia Payne, the madam of Tooting, had a number of clients in high-powered occupations who occasionally wanted to feel powerless and subservient, to be ordered about and have all the decisions made for them. It is probable that all of us, whether male or female, have dominant and submissive sides to our personalities. In the post-feminist society in which we now live, women can perhaps give expression to both polarities more easily than men. The popularity of feminine domination or 'fem-dom' stories suggests that men have a need to ex-

plore the submissive, passive aspects of their personalities, as many find it hard to do this in their daily lives.

Unexpurgated Tales

'**Virtual Reality Woman**' (which continues in this issue on page 39) also reconnoitres the dominant woman theme. It contains some erotic material and graphics which are, well - *graphic*. They are only line drawings, and remember, the story is set in virtual reality - we are not suggesting that this has ever happened, or that you should try it at home! Our aim is just to push at the boundaries a little, to boldly go.....

Galactic Girls Rise to Dominance

Has anyone noticed what is happening to the women in Star Trek? In the original series, the girls were mainly scantily-clad pussy-cat types who toyed with Captain Kirk. Even Uhura wore a short skirt, and in one episode, kissed the Captain. It was life, Jim, but not as we know it. *The Next Generation* made a more promising start by featuring the combative security chief Tasha Yar - a model dominant woman - but lost its nerve when she was killed off by a blob after a few episodes, leaving us with counsellor Deanna Troi and Dr. Beverly Crusher, both in traditional nurturing, caring roles. *Deep Space Nine* introduces the assertive second-in-command Major Kira and the quasi-transsexual science officer Jadzia Dax - whose delicious female body is inhabited by a symbiont life-form which previously had a male host. Finally, in *Voyagers*, a female Captain struts her stuff on the bridge - the stern Kathryn Janeway, an archtypal dominant woman. At this rate, by the fifth series, women will be well on their way to ruling the universe.....

Kate Lesley

THE LAST STRAW

by

Christina Shelly

Part Two

Continuing the story of Denis/Denise's transformation into an ultra-feminine sex-slave by his/her dominating mother-in-law.....

Denis is out of work and his mother-in-law teases him unmercifully about his utter failure as a man. One morning she arrives and announces that as he doesn't seem up to the role required of him, she is going to put him into skirts: "If you can't behave like a man, then it's time you started to behave like a woman, a particularly sissy, submissive type of woman.....Put simply: we've decided to feminise you. A complete transformation.."

She tells him to strip, orders him into the bathroom, and shaves off all his body hair. Now read on.....

Samantha, this dark angel who has suddenly taken over his life, stands back and admires her handiwork, a satisfied smile on her face. As he studies his hair depleted body, she returns to the wash basin and cleans the razor. This is then put back in the pink bag and a bar of soap produced. She returns to him and hands over the soap.

"Now have a thorough wash, and use Helen's shampoo to do your hair. You've got ten minutes."

With this sharp command, she walks out of the bathroom. As the cruel clicks of her heels echo around him, he meekly steps over to the shower and turns the temperature control tap to medium. Once satisfied the water is predictably warm, he steps under the mild wall of water and

allows it to quickly soak his freshly shaven body. The physical experience of warm water on his now silky smooth skin is quite startling. It is like feeling for the first time, as if his sense of touch has suddenly been retuned to a long denied level of intense awareness. Initially this is quite unsettling, but gradually the soft caress of the water against his pink, exposed skin becomes rather pleasant. He finds himself soaping his body with a new curiosity, examining each shaven section and pondering how just the removal of a few pieces of hair can make a man's body seem distinctly feminine.

He soaps himself thoroughly, as ordered. The scent of the soap is a delicate rose and his body is quickly engulfed in this sweet, girlish aroma, an aroma that remains strong even after he has rinsed himself with an equal precision and set to work washing his thick, blonde hair with his wife's shampoo.

By the time Samantha returns, he has had the good sense to step from the shower and begin to dry himself. Her entrance is announced by the now familiar click of heels, but as he stands with his back to her on the edge of a cloud of damp steam, he does not actually watch her re-enter the room.

"Good!" she snaps. "You're showing a bit of initiative - who would have thought it possible."

He turns. A helpless gasp of astonishment escapes his lips. She has removed the jacket and dress and is now standing before him in a stunning black satin panelled basque, black stockings and high heels, her marvelous figure displayed in all its mature but undeniably shapely glory. Her eyes burn with a black comic cruelty and her wicked smile broadens as his own eyes widen with shock and desire.

"Is there anything wrong Denise?" she teases. "I thought I'd slip out of those stuffy clothes. I'm sure you won't mind. After all, we're just girls together."

He nods, dumbstruck, his arousal once again physically obvious. She then marches past him to the wash basin and takes a large tin of female talcum powder and a can of body spray from the toiletries bag. She quickly covers his already scented body in the pungent powder and then

adds to this a cloud of powerfully scented feminine spray, concentrating on his under arms, chest and genitals. Soaped, powdered, perfumed, he struggles against the overwhelming odours of femininity and the fierce excitement inspired by the close presence of Samantha's luscious, semi-clad form.

She insists he dry his hair more thoroughly. He obeys with evident ill temper. When finally satisfied, she leads him from the bathroom back to the bedroom. Once in the bedroom, the first thing he notices is that the leather bag has gone and in its place on the bed is a startling array of feminine undergarments and a beautiful pink dress, a superbly intricate, teasingly girlish pink satin dress with a high, white lace frilled neck, long, lace frilled sleeves and, around its short hem, layers of thick lace petticoating. A dress for a little girl, a deliberately babyish but also incredibly sexy garment made for only one purpose: his humiliating feminisation.

He finds himself staring at the lovely, delicate dress with something approaching desire. Yet not just a desire born out of the attraction to a sexually arousing garment. This is a desire *to wear* the garment, a sudden, shocking need that is automatically cast out of his mind by his sense of masculine identity, a defense mechanism created by years of careful, but perhaps not quite successful socialisation.

Samantha watches his reaction to the clothes on the bed. Her ironic, cruel smile never alters. For her, this is the crucial point: here she will discover if her suspicions about Denis are justified.

"Georgeous, isn't it?" she says, quietly, casually.

"Yes," he murmurs in reply. "Very."

"It'll look great on you."

These words claw him back from the brink: his eyes widen in humiliated disbelief and he steps back from the bed.

"There's no point in resisting it, Denise. I know you can't wait to put it on."

"That's not true!" he exclaims. "You know I've got no choice!"

She laughs bitterly, steps closer to the bed and takes up a white pantie girdle, an ornately decorated, thick elastane panelled undergarment with

a very high waist. “Put this on first - it will cover up that so called manhood of yours.”

His eyes fill with a mixture of anger and uncertainty. Hesitantly, his face beetroot red with embarrassment, he takes the garment from her and stares at it in total disbelief.

“Come on!” she snaps. “I haven’t got all day: there’s work to be done!”

And so he steps into the soft, thick pantie girdle, then pulls it up his freshly shaven legs and over his surprisingly muscular thighs. During a few minutes of amusing struggle and rather feminine wiggling, he manages to pull the undergarment up over his genitals and position its sturdy, rubber reinforced waist section around his stomach. The girdle is a perfect fit, gripping his waist snugly, completely obscuring his genitals and lower torso in taut, smooth elastane. He stares down at this complete concealment and sighs with pathetic defeat, his face coated in a film of humiliation and, maybe, something else.



“It’s you, Denise,” Samantha jokes. “Now stand still while I add the waist cincher.”

He watches with some trepidation as his lovely tormentress takes up a black, lace trimmed garment from the bed and holds it out teasingly before him.

The cincher is essentially a mini corset made from satin and leather with a series of silver hooks and eyes sown into its curved back panels. Samantha makes him raise his arms above his head and then wraps the cincher around his waist. He gasps as she pulls the two ends of the cincher together at the middle of his back, forcing the air from his lungs and pushing his already insignificant stomach even further inward. This has the effect of exaggerating the width of his chest and forcing him to stand far more upright than he usually would. Suddenly the lazy slouch which has characterised his helpless submission to fear and anxiety for the last two years is gone. He stands upright, braced and stiffened, a new “man”.

“Now that’s much better,” Samantha exclaims. “A vast improvement in your posture. I should have done this months ago.”

He feels the combined restraining power of the girdle and the cincher

overwhelm his weak, under-exercised, powdered and perfumed body, and tries once again to repress a sense of disturbing yet quite genuine excitement. Samantha's accusations spin in his mind as the arousal caused by this restraint increases. Perhaps she is right, he thinks. Perhaps...

"I chose the tights especially: the most delightfully feminine pair I could find."

She is holding a pair of white, patterned tights before him now, gossamer thin, yet firm enough to hold an intricate design of beautiful white roses. Tights designed to add to the theme of this dressing, the theme she has teased him with on more than one occasion, and which has been more than hinted at during the preparations for this transformation: the sissy girl, the ultra-feminine, dainty, yet appallingly sexy adult baby boy-girl come servant; a strange conglomeration of submissiveness and sweet, helpless femininity; a widening abyss of infantile excess into which he is being plunged by his powerful, determined and beautiful mother-in-law.

He takes the tights from her. He takes them and is immediately returned to those lonely afternoons spent secretly dipping into Helen's clothing drawers, feeling pair after pair of sheer black nylon tights and remembering how wonderful they had felt against her warm, firm, willing skin. A sickening, ecstatic fetishism, a fetishism he thought was rooted in his wife's absence, but now...

"Sit on the bed if you find it difficult. Roll them up and slip in one foot at a time, then draw them up your legs. Quickly, Denise; don't just stand there like a half-wit!"

He sits on the bed, feeling the cincher and pantie girdle tighten around his body as his backside sinks into the soft mattress and silky sheets, a far from unpleasant sensation. He rolls the delicate legs of the tights into two soft, white nylon bowls into which he carefully places each foot. Then he nervously draws the tights over his feet and ankles, one at a time. The feel of the sheer, ultra-soft fabric against his freshly shaven skin is almost overwhelming. He fights an audible gasp of pleasure as he guides the hose up over his shins and knees; he is plunged into an erotic realm of feminine

softness and beauty and cannot believe the intensity of the arousal the film of delicate, gentle nylon inspires. As he draws the tights over his thighs, he feels his sex strain desperately against its pantie girdle imprisonment. Any doubts he may have about his reaction to this feminisation disintegrate under the startling pleasure imparted by the heavenly caress of this gorgeous fabric.

“It’s rather...nice,” he mumbles.

Samantha laughs, then suddenly becomes rather stern. “Yes, no doubt. But it’s rather nice, *what?*”

He looks up at her as he stretches the tights over his upper thighs and pantie girdled lower torso. “It’s rather nice, mummy,” he says hesitantly, yet without resistance, without the embarrassment this word, this confession of utter submission, has previously inspired.

He positions the tights around his waist and gets up off the bed to examine his legs in more detail. The tights fits perfectly. They also reveal the surprisingly shapely lines of his long legs to perfection.

“Well,” Samantha teases, “you seem to have a particularly fine and very feminine pair of legs. Most women would envy you.”

He blushes, but more out of pride than embarrassment. He runs his hands over the sheer fabric enveloping his shaven skin. It feels wonderful! There is no escaping that simple fact.

“And I thought this was going to be rather tricky,” she says, taking a pair of spectacularly frilly lace and silk knickers from the bed. “But I should have realised, Denise: you’re a born she-male. This is *you*, what *you* really are. It’s just been waiting, latent, repressed; waiting for the moment when the right person...Well, it seems I certainly am the right person. You’ll thank me for this.”

She hands him the knickers. Without command or instruction, he draws them over his beautifully hosed legs and positions them expertly. This is followed by a moment of true spectacle: the production from beneath the bed of a pair of gleaming, red patent leather stilettos, flawless, heels 5 mountainous inches, on each toe a lovely diamond butterfly.

“The piece de resistance as far as those splendid legs are concerned,

I think.”

She places the shoes at his feet. He stares at them in utter wonderment. How often he has watched heavenly Helen slip into heeled shoes and admired the erotically enhancing effect they have on her own superb legs? And, maybe not so subconsciously, how often he has envied her the pleasure of this enhancement?

He steps forward and, with a feminine tentativeness, places his right foot into the corresponding shoe. The second follows quickly. Like everything else Samantha has prepared, the shoes fit perfectly. He feels exquisitely elevated, made obviously taller, but also more graceful, more of himself and the world, more...complete. Yet this is his first time in heels and his untrained balance produces a few precarious wobbles. He gasps, reaches out instinctively for support. Samantha grabs his arms and steadies him.

“Just relax,” she whispers. “Find your centre of gravity and calm down. Let the shoes become part of you.”

He follows her advice and tries to dispel the natural trepidation the heels produce. It is difficult, but that is part of the fun. A look of fearful concentration lighting up his face, he takes a tentative step forward. Then another. Suddenly, he is walking in the heels, or rather carefully mincing, as the shoes seem to beautiful goddess who has suddenly seized and transformed his existence. Her perfect face is covered by a mask of intense concentration, the slightest smile on her full, red lips, a knowing sparkle in her golden brown eyes. Now he wants her like he has never wanted any woman. And with this want comes a strangely unreal guilt, a feeling of betrayal that doesn't seem to matter, an automatic response, a programmed reaction. Somehow, he feels it is not so bad to desire this woman, his mother-in-law, and that this response is part of her plan for him, and therefore surely acceptable by his equally beautiful wife.

She works quickly, with an expert combination of grace and speed. It only takes a few minutes to transform his hair into a carefully shaped ornament of blonde curls that highlights the naturally feminine curves of his face.

“Not perfect, by any means,” she says, “but it'll do until we can get you

to a good hairdresser.”

He finds her self-criticism somewhat harsh, and is about to tell her so when she takes up a pot of foundation cream and pours out a little of the dark tan liquid onto her elegant fingers.

“Now, keep very still while I apply this.”

She quickly covers the whole of his face and upper neck in the cream, her fingers cool, careful, gentle, a gliding caress of erotic silk. He watches the few masculine lines of his facial structure disappear. His face is softened, toned down, made even more effeminate. And now he can begin to see what she is seeing: the beginnings of a rather pretty girl.

And after the foundation, comes the wonderful experience of having Samantha apply a blood red lipstick to his lips. As she guides the soft red tip over these once embarrassingly feminine lips, her own face is only an inch or so from his. How simple it would be to reach out and touch her, yet how dangerous.

The lipstick is followed by a peach eye shadow, black eyebrow and eyelash highlighter and the slightest touch of peach blusher. Then Samantha stands back to study her work and he finds himself facing someone else, an attractive, sensual lipped young woman.

Samantha’s smile of satisfaction quickly changes to a smile of surprise. She is obviously taken aback by the success of this crucial part of Denis’s feminisation, but not as much as Denis. For him, this lovely creature is a fundamental challenge to his already badly dented sense of masculine self. Suddenly, the thing deep within him, the thing that has always secretly worried and, at some unconscious level, excited him, has been fully revealed. The thing that Samantha had seen so clearly in his breakdown and subsequent descent into utter neurotic apathy: the woman in him. Or rather, the powerful, poorly repressed feminine side of him.

“You look wonderful,” Samantha whispers. “I’m very impressed. This is far more....”

Her voice trails off. She tells him to get up and come back to the bedside. He carefully raises himself to his high heeled feet, grabbing one last look at “his” new face, and then very carefully minces over to the bed.

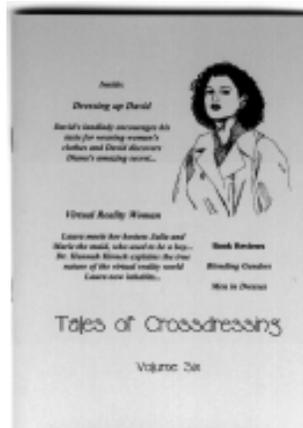
*The adventures of Laura in Virtual Reality will be continued in
Volume 6 of **Tales of Crossdressing***

In Volume 6 of TALES OF CROSSDRESSING:

Dressing up David (Part Two) *Diana, David's landlady, encourages his taste for wearing women's clothes. Diana has her own secret, which is finally revealed in this sensitive account of the developing relationship between two very unusual 'women'...*

Virtual Reality Woman (Part Three) *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...*

Volume 6 also contains reviews of two important books: 'Blending Genders' and 'Men in Dresses'.



*Introducing Fantasy Fashions,
our New Costume Service...*

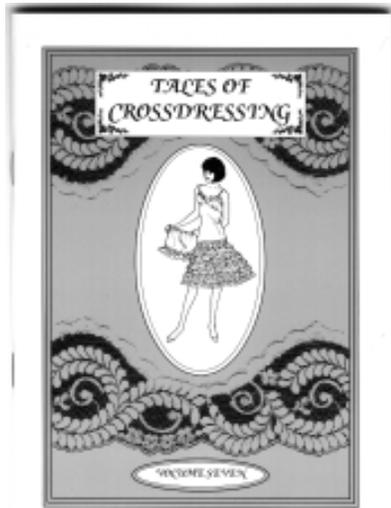
We have launched our own line of feminine clothing. Our outfits are made to measure, so you know they will fit you. Our garments are designed and manufactured in the U.K. by our own team of fashion designers and costumiers, using only the best quality fabrics and materials.

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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.*

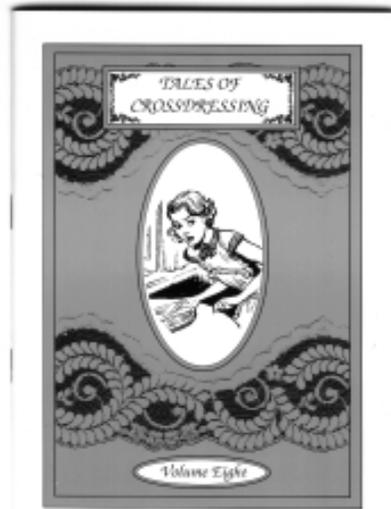
One Tiny Mistake *A boy’s envy of his twin sister leads to years of secret cross-dressing. This beautifully-written story has a humorous and unexpected climax, when the young man finally plucks up the courage to venture into town dressed in full feminine finery...*

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.*

In Volume 8 of
TALES OF CROSSDRESSING :

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...'

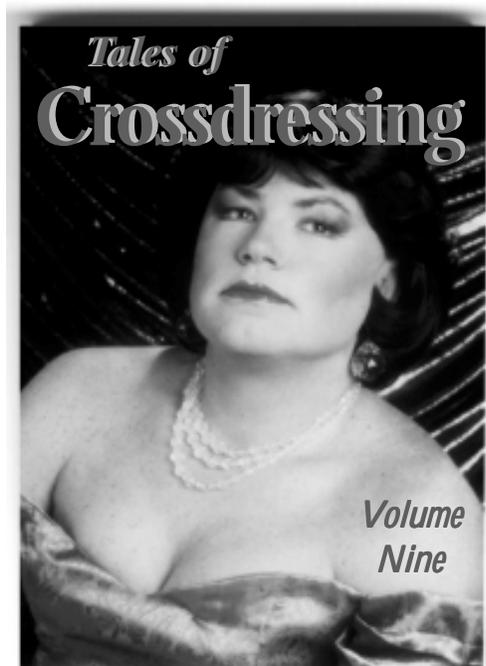


Dressed for the Party

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...*

TALES OF THE MAID specialises in 'femdom' material - stories about maid training, enforced crossdressing, dominant women who feminise men and transform them into she-males, etc.

**In Volume 1 of
TALES OF THE MAID :**



The Last Straw (Part Three)

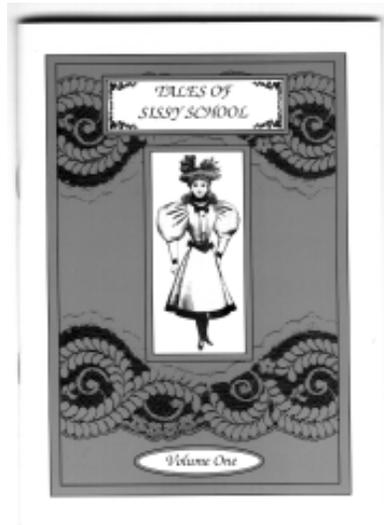
The sizzling sequel to the story featured in Tales of Crossdressing Vols. 4 & 5. Denise is given lessons in her new role as an ultra-feminine she-male maid and sex-slave: 'And your clothes? From tomorrow, you will be permanently kept as Denise. There'll be a little explaining to do to the neighbours 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...

Tales of the Maid Vol. 1 includes a special full colour four-page centre feature on 'The Erotic Art of Enforced Feminisation' - these astonishing images are not available from any other publisher in the U.K.



TALES OF SISSY 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 SISSY 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.

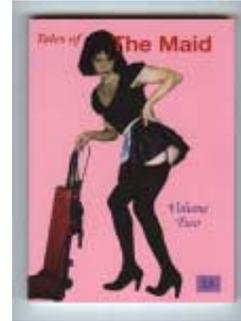
An Aunt's Dilemma - Her Petticoat Solution

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 THE MAID:

The Last Straw (Part Four) *Denise submits to further humiliations as her feminisation is completed in this final highly erotic episode: ‘Seamed black tights are the work norm, to be worn with five inch high, stiletto heeled, black patent leather court shoes, thick layers of frou-frou petticoating and a tight, very short maid’s uniform of soft, gleaming black satin. Over the lovely dresses have been secured a variety of spectacular silk pinafores, each edged with more intricate inches of French lace.’*



Mistress Renée’s Sissy Maid Academy (Part Two) *Sissy Bonnie starts her maid training and learns about the hierarchy of Sissy Maids: ‘Sissy Novice Girls wore white Maid’s uniforms; Third Class Girls wore Powder Pink; Second Class Girls wore Baby Blue and Senior Girls wore the traditional Black and White uniforms. All wore panties with the word Sissy embroidered on the front...’*



*In Volume 2 of
TALES OF Sissy SCHOOL :*

School for Sissies (Part Two) *Lydia Quesnay uses petticoat punishment to curb the unruly behaviour of Françoise’s two young male cousins, and goes on to found a school specializing in the corset-training and feminisation of boys....***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...***School Swap** *A boy comes out of the showers to find his clothes have been swapped for a girl’s school uniform, complete with white ankle socks, girls shoes, lace-trimmed slip and satin bloomers; he has no choice but to go home in the outfit...*

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