

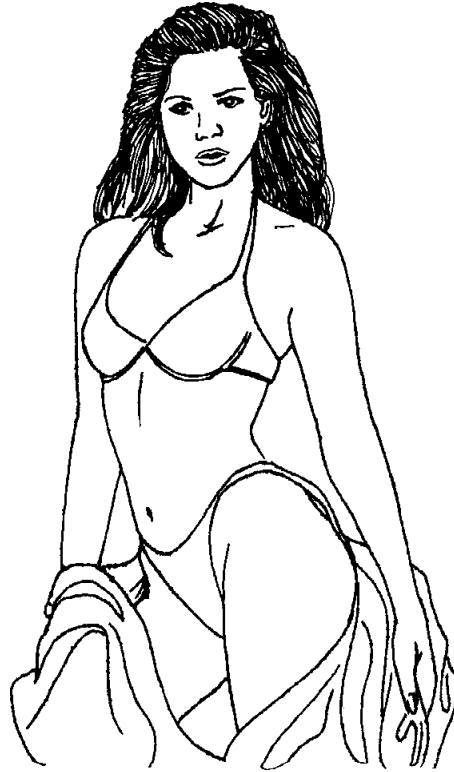
***New Special
Electronic Edition***

Inside:

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*

***How Stephen
became Stephanie
(Part Two)***



Tales of Crossdressing

Volume Three

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Volume 3

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Short smart frock and high-heel camp

Hello there, girls. Here we are together again for the third flocculating edition of our little magazine. Is it really that time of year again, I hear you say? Yes, Autumn is upon us, when the evenings begin to darken early and all you beautiful girls will be slipping into your skirts and frocks, brushing your wigs and getting your bristols in position, ready to sally forth and totter out once more on your high-heels to terrorise gangs of drunken youths and football hooligans! And what a good job you do, I'm sure, as ambassadors and missionaries for our our skirt-wearing sisterhood.

Put some of those football hooligans and muggers in skirts and that would soon stop their nonsense, that's what I say! All that macho rubbish! Never mind the 'short sharp shock' and boot camp - a bit of short smart frock and high-heel camp would do them more good. Petticoat discipline and a few lessons in lipstick and mascara would soon sort them out. I can't think why the Home Secretary doesn't think of it.

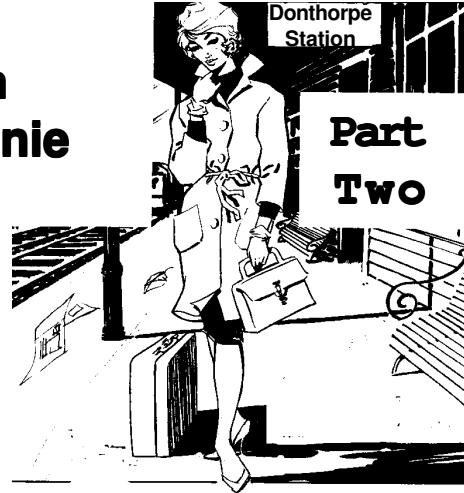
Just a reminder that we publish the magazine twice yearly, in the Spring and Autumn of each year. We'd like to bring out the magazine more frequently, as I know some of you can hardly wait for each new edition, but I do have a day job as an international fashion model and film starlet, and this of course takes a lot of my time.

I try to reply to your letters as soon as I can, but please be patient as I am sometimes away in some exotic location for a picture shoot or film test. We international models and media types do have such a busy life, you know. I haven't actually shared a dressing room with Cindy Crawford yet but I did once sit on a lavatory seat still warm from her divine bottom. Gives new meaning to the invitation to kiss my arse, doesn't it? An invitation I should like to extend to a certain Shire constabulary who nicked me for speeding recently when I was returning from an all-night orgy given by the Chief Constable. And you should have seen his wig, my dears! I think he must have borrowed it from a judge.

Ho hum, c'est la vie, je suppose. And now for some more of the stories you love to read, you naughty, naughty girls! *Kate Lesley*

How Stephen became Stephanie

by
Kate Lesley



The story so far.....

Stephen, a young supermarket trainee manager, is invited back to Sarah's flat following a date, where he spends the night and they make love. The following morning she persuades him to dress as a girl. He looks so convincing that she takes him out dressed to a nearby pub for lunch and insists that he spends the day as 'Stephanie'. They agree to keep what has happened a secret. Stephen is puzzled by Sarah's behaviour at work, where she is the supermarket's personnel manager; she remains aloof and largely ignores him for some weeks.

Meanwhile, Stephen notices one or two strange things happening at his lodgings. He finds female underwear put away with his own clothes. Bras, slips and even tights 'unaccountably' find their way into Stephen's clothing drawers. Gradually, Stephen comes to realise that Mrs. Clarridge is mounting a carefully planned campaign to manipulate him into wearing girl's clothing. Things come to a head one Saturday morning, when Stephen can find no trousers to wear and Mrs. Clarridge persuades him to wear one of her daughter's dresses. Mrs. Clarridge explains that she has been missing her daughter, who is away at university, and confesses that she has been trying to get Stephen to

dress as a girl so that she will feel as if she has still got a daughter about the house.

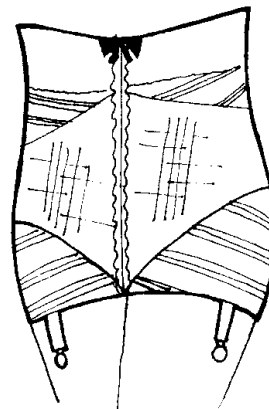
More of Stephen's male clothes disappear, until he is wearing female underwear all the time. At weekends and in the evenings, he is kept completely in skirts. Stephen notices that Sarah is more friendly towards him at work, and wonders whether she knows what is happening to him at his landlady's. He begins to suspect a conspiracy.

Mrs. Clarridge takes Stephen out dressed as a girl and introduces him as her niece. He finds now that he has no difficulty in passing and being completely accepted as a girl.

Mrs Clarridge said it was like having another daughter, and that she really enjoyed my company when I was 'Stephanie'. She too had decided to call me by this name and chose to refer to me as Stephanie even when I was wearing my male work clothes on a week day morning, as if my male persona was the masquerade and we both knew that I was really a girl.

I felt ashamed - surely my behaviour wasn't very 'manly'? - and at the same time excited and exhilarated by what was happening to me, as if an important part of my personality was finally being drawn out, and some deeper need attended to. I could no longer deny my urge to become more feminine, an urge which was growing stronger each day.

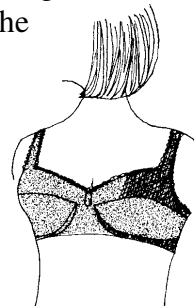
Most inexplicable of all, I began to notice changes in my body. At first I thought it was just my imagination, and that I was putting on weight because of all Mrs. Clarridge's good home-cooked food. But it was *where* I was putting on weight that disconcerted me. After a few more months I was no longer in any doubt. My waist was of course much smaller, because Mrs. Clarridge insisted that I wore a corset at all times about the house, and she continued to lace me in tightly. By this time she had taken several inches off my waist, and in fact had fitted me into a smaller corset, a white garment of strong elasticated material, with laces at the



back, little frills around the bra-cups, and a silk bow with a flower motif at the centre of the cleavage. This garment she referred to as my 'little mistress' - 'Don't forget to put on your little mistress,' she would remind me as soon as I arrived home from work, and then she would come into my room when I had got it on and lace me up firmly at the back. By this means she had managed to reduce my waist to about 26 inches, a not unreasonable waist measurement for a girl, as she regularly pointed out. I had to agree with her that the outfits she made me wear, the dresses, skirts and blouses she had 'found' for me (I suspected she was buying them) - always looked better with the slim, feminine waist she had been able to give me by insisting I wore the corset.

But the change was not just in my waist size; I noticed that my hips were broadening out and becoming more rounded, and even more surprising - I was definitely developing breasts. By this time I could already fill an A-cup bra without resort to any padding.

How could this be? It was scarcely possible, but the cleavage of my swelling bosom, which the corset forced up and made more pronounced, was now all my own! Soon, it would be impossible for me to conceal the changes in my body under the male clothes I wore for work - and what would happen then?



Chapter Four

The answer came suddenly, when Sarah called me into her office one morning.

'Sit down,' she ordered, imperiously. 'I am speaking to you now as your Personnel Manager, not as your friend or former lover; you've forfeited those roles for ever by what you have allowed us to do you. When I say 'us' I mean myself and Mrs. Clarridge, who has been following my instructions throughout. Yes, Stephanie (that will be your name permanently from now on - I have the deed-poll papers here for you to sign, so that it becomes legal), Mrs. Clarridge and I worked hard at

your transformation, which has been accomplished for your own good. I sensed that it was right for you, that weekend you came to my flat - you loved me making a girl of you. A normal man just doesn't put up with those things. So I could see what was inevitable for you - what you wanted, though you didn't know it yourself, then. I put my plans for you into motion, and now we have come to the moment that I am sure you have been longing for, and you must understand that there can be no turning back, Stephanie. When you leave here, you will return home to Mrs. Clarridge's, where you will put on female clothing - I gather you dress as a girl there all the time now, anyway. Mrs. Clarridge will dispose of your remaining male things - although I don't suppose there's much left, from what she tells me. You will then be taken to the hairdressers's, after which you must make your way to your new lodgings in Donthorpe. It's about forty miles, and you'll have to go by public transport, dressed as a girl, of course, but that shouldn't present any difficulties to you, given the advanced training in femininity you've received. We've chosen to relocate you in Donthorpe because it's far enough away to make it unlikely that anyone there will have known you in your former life. You will live as a girl and work as a female cashier at the supermarket near your new lodgings - I've spoken already to the Personnel Manager about you. You have forfeited your management status as well as your male gender. You must now be satisfied with your new role in life, as a girl. I am sure you will soon get used to it - you know it's for the best.'

I sat there, unable to reply, trying to grasp what was happening to me, wondering if I should protest, and feeling as if I might burst into tears at any moment - though whether they would be tears of shame or joy, I couldn't say. As I watched Sarah go to a cupboard and get out two female cashier's uniforms, I sighed inwardly in resignation, accepting my destiny. This was what I had come to - the reality of my



new future. I had been moving for months, as if in a dream, towards this point, amazed at myself - a little disgusted, perhaps, at how easily I had been relinquishing my manhood - and yet at the same time yearning for this. Now there was no turning back.

‘Here are your uniforms,’ Sarah said, ‘which you can take with you.’ She handed me two neatly folded blue pinafore dresses, two white blouses, and a lapel badge with ‘Stephanie Donaldson, Cashier’ printed on it. ‘Remember you must wear navy or plain light tan coloured tights, and only a little make-up is permitted. I have booked you into a private clinic in Donthorpe for a course of electrolysis treatment, to remove your remaining facial hair; until this is completed you may have to wear a little foundation - although looking at you now, your complexion already looks positively girlish. You obviously never had much facial hair in the first place. Just as well you have decided to give up trying to be a man - it just wasn’t right for you and you were never going to make much of one. It’s so obvious that you should be a girl.’ I did not comment.

‘A couple of other points we have to make to female employees: earrings are against company regulations - only sleepers may be worn. Your shoes should be black or navy blue pumps with low heels. This is practical anyway, as you may be on your feet shelf-filling some days, and that’s pretty tiring in high heels. Only clear or pearl nail varnish may be worn - no crimson nails at work, please. Well, I think that’s everything. Now just sign this, to authorize your change of name (she passed me the deed-poll document to sign). Have you anything you want to say, Stephanie - or any questions?’

I shook my head. Everything seemed to have been decided for me - my fate was sealed.

‘Oh yes,’ concluded Sarah, ‘there is one final thing. Once a month, on a Sunday, I should like you to make your way over to my flat so that I can see how you’re progressing. We’ll start from this Sunday. Come promptly at 9.00 a.m.’

And with that, I was dismissed.

NEW GIRL ON THE WARD

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

Part One

I had always had a 'thing' about nurses. Yes, it's partly the uniform - can there be a male in existence who isn't turned on by what nurses wear? The black stockings; the blue dress with crisp white collar; the waist-cinching belt; the little cap with the hair pinned back under it; the sensible low-heeled shoes.....But it's not just what nurses wear, it's how they carry themselves and what they represent. That air of brisk, no-nonsense efficiency, combined with the caring, compassionate manner - there is something in the nature of nurses which reverberates deeply in the unconscious fantasies of all males. Nurses represent female power - the caring, cosseting power of the mother figure, who knows what is best for us, and will take a firm line with us when necessary. When we go into hospital, we hand over daily control of ourselves to nurses; they do all the things for us which our mothers did when we were young children - they feed us, comfort us, make our beds, plump our pillows - even wash us and attend to our bodily functions. Although there are certainly plenty of middle-aged nurses, over-weight nurses, nurses with big noses, nurses with bad complexions and greasy hair and little moustaches - in our fantasies at least, nurses are attractive young women with slim waists, bright smiles and gentle hands. Nurses, in short are angels - but



sexually unattainable. Beneath those crisp blue uniforms we know that there are firm female bodies, but we can only lay in our sick beds and dream about them.

This is how I used to think of nurses, never dreaming that one day I would be wearing that blue uniform myself, feeling the eyes of male patients on me, admiring my black nylon-clad legs, trying to look up my skirt when I bend over to make a bed. I know what women have to put up with now, how men try to undress you with their eyes.

I know this because today I am Nicola Hopkins, S.R.N.; but I haven't always been called Nicola. This is my story:

I was born Nicholas Hopkins, the second child and first son of my parents. My sister, Pamela, is two years older than me. I still see Pamela occasionally, but I never see my parents, now. They wanted nothing to do with me, after I became Nicola.

I had a fairly normal childhood, I suppose. I was brought up in one of those amorphous suburbs of south-east London, one of those non-places which came into existence during the 1930's, consisting of streets of semi-detached houses, a parade of shops and a station. I attended the local primary school uneventfully, and scraped through the eleven-plus to get to a mediocre grammar school, at which I passed some 'O' levels and a couple of 'A' levels - enough to get me into a polytechnic in a northern city to study engineering. It was while I was in digs during my second year, sharing a big old red-brick Victorian house with some student nurses, that events began to unfold which brought me to my present situation.

I had a bed-sit on the second floor of the house, an attic room with a gable window which looked out over the slate roofs and smoking chimneys of the city. I was lonely. At night I would lay on my bed, listening to the street sounds below, the drunken voices when the pubs closed, the car doors slamming and engines revving; and the sad, distant lowing, like lost souls, of the fog-horns on the great river.

I attended the lectures and tutorials in the day, returning to my attic room at night, to listen again to the sounds of life going on around me. I wasn't enjoying my course, and I didn't much care for the other students, among whom I had not managed to make any friends.

The landlord, Mr. Tuttle, had warned me that the other two floor of the house were occupied by student nurses, explaining that the house often acted as an overflow for St. Bride's, the hospital about a quarter of a mile away, on the main road. The nurses' residential wing next to the hospital was not big enough to accomodate all the student nurses employed at the hospital.

I didn't mind at all sharing the house with nurses, although I was the only male in a house of four women. Sometimes it was hard to find a bathroom free - but this was the only drawback, as far as I could see.

My co-tenants were Laura, Tracey, Eleni and Melissa. These girls had plenty of boyfriends, got stuck into the booze at every opportunity, smoked marijuana as well as cigarettes, dressed casually, fashionably, or in a tarty or wacky way to suit themselves, and generally believed in having a good time when they weren't at work. Although I'm sure they were good, caring nurses at work, they didn't take the academic part of their nursing studies too seriously, left doing essays and assignments as late as possible, missed lectures when they had hangovers, and copied each other's notes shamelessly.

I listened to the sounds of these young women getting on with their lives - sometimes giggling and shrieking; often quarrelling; occasionally, quietly weeping, when one of them had been let down by a boyfriend. I envied their matter-of-fact lust for life particularly; the way they just got on with living, loving, losing and winning; I envied too the cheerful female companionship they all shared.

I lay on my narrow bed, looking at the peeling flock wallpaper and the cobwebs in the corner of the room, trying to read some engineering text book, but really listening to the sounds of their lives, thinking how empty and dull and grey and lonely was my own existence.

I felt as if I was still waiting for my life to begin.

I didn't dare ask any of them out for a date, for fear of being ridiculed; they seemed to accept my presence among them without taking any cognisance of my gender. They took a casual, sisterly interest in me, but there seemed to be an unwritten rule that anything of a romantic or sexual nature was out of the question. It was partly a matter of age. Most of their male friends were several years older than me; I was viewed as little more than a half-grown boy. Their romantic interests were definitely directed towards what they considered to be 'real men'. I apparently didn't qualify as a 'real man', not just because of my youth, but also, I suspected, because of my puny physique. I was five feet five inches tall, small-boned and slight, with wavy dark brown hair and not much in the way of beard growth. Two of the girls were actually bigger than me; one of them - the black-haired and hirsute Greek girl called Eleni - even had more of a moustache than I could have produced.

So there I was sharing a big old house with four student nurses, a house awash with girlish laughter and bitchiness and femininity. There were tights and stockings and bras and panties and lacy slips drying on every rail and radiator around the house.

Now, you will be expecting at this point that I'm going to begin to tell you about some innocent pretext arising which caused these four lovelies to force me to dress up as a girl - a fancy dress party, perhaps. Then, if this followed the normal pattern of transvestite stories, I would comment: 'And that is how it all began...', and before you could say pantygirdle, I would be launched on the inevitable path towards girlhood.....

But I am sure you are not so unsophisticated as to believe such fantasies. As this is a true story, dear reader, I'm going to tell you what really happened:

One lonely evening, with nothing better to do, I crept out on to the landing and borrowed a pair of tights which had been draped over a radiator to dry. The girls had all gone down to the pub, and I was alone in the house. I took the tights back to my room and stripped off my jeans; then I sat on the bed and rolled them on, one foot at a time, as I had seen Tracey doing through the open door of her room one morning. I had been waiting to get into the bathroom (which was occupied as usual); her room was nearly opposite, on the other side of the landing, and her door was open far enough for me to be able to observe her without being seen myself. Tracey was one of the more extrovert of the nurses, a chestnut-haired beauty with a bubbly, infectious laugh. I'm sure Tracey hadn't realised I was able to see her getting dressed, but I doubt whether it would have bothered her even if she had known. The girls were quite unembarrassed about appearing in front of me half-clothed, on their way to the bathroom or whatever; it was almost as if they looked on me as one of them, as 'one of the girls', even then.

Having carefully rolled on the tights one foot at a time, I gently eased them up the rest of the way until they were snug over my crotch. They were black tights, as worn by nurses at work. I went over to the mirror on my wardrobe door and surveyed the effect. My legs looked surprisingly slim and shapely, but I was not impressed by the appearance of my Y-fronts underneath the the panty part of the tights.

Listening to make sure no one had come home, I crept back out onto the landing and found on another radiator a pair of lacy black panties - and for good measure - a matching bra. I began to wonder what was happening to me - what on earth was I doing? I had never had the inclination to try on girls' clothes in the past, but I seemed to be governed now by some sort of strange compulsion. I could hardly breathe, and I could feel my heart thudding in my chest. I felt I was doing something that was taboo and deeply wrong, something that might well prove to be dangerous and destructive to my peace of mind - and yet I couldn't help myself. If you are a true transvestite, you will have experienced these feelings.

I returned to my room and stripped naked. With shaking hands, I pulled on the panties and struggled with the bra until I had got the clasp done up; then I rolled the tights on again. I surveyed myself in the mirror, and gasped in ecstasy to see how feminine my body looked, turning to look at myself from one side, then the other. Of course my hips were too narrow and my chest was too flat; I couldn't do much about my hips, but I could at least try the effect of padding out the bra cups. I tried a sock in each, which looked decidedly false, and eventually found that a more natural contour could be achieved by making a conical shape from a wad of tissues, although I had to make sure that the tissues didn't show above the line of the black lace edging the bra cup. I was surveying my handiwork again when I heard the lock of the front door go, and the next instant, the clatter of high heels on the floor tiles below and the sounds of tipsy girlish giggling. I realised there was no time to strip off and replace the underwear I'd borrowed, so I lept into bed, praying that the girls wouldn't notice what was missing from the radiators. Of course they didn't notice - they were too drunk to do any more than get to their rooms and fall into bed; so I was able to replace the undies I'd borrowed without anyone knowing.

From that night onwards I was hooked. It was as if something had snapped in my personality; or perhaps it was more like something falling into place. I just couldn't help myself. Whenever the girls had gone out and I was alone in the house, I would search round the radiators and drying rails until I had found some suitable female clothing to put on. It had started with underwear - panties, bras and tights - but soon I was progressing to slips, skirts and blouses. I wanted to make my feminine image ever more realistic - to go just a bit further each time, and see the effect in the mirror. I let my hair grow and tried the effect of washing it and fluffing it up with a brush in different styles. As it was thick and wavy, I was soon able to produce a style which looked quite feminine.

None of us locked our doors in the old house; some of the doors were unlockable, and we trusted each other anyway. I was dying to try on a pair of girl's shoes, and eventually the temptation to go into one of the

girls' rooms and borrow a pair was too great for me. Melissa's room was on the same landing as mine. I passed her door numerous times every day. Melissa was a big-boned, friendly girl with light brown hair which she wore in a bob; she was an inch or two taller than me, but I guessed that we had feet of about the same size.

One Saturday night, when all the girls were either on duty at the hospital or out socializing, I crept into Melissa's room and selected a pair of medium-heeled navy-blue court shoes from the bottom of her wardrobe. I carefully noted their exact position before I took them, so that I could replace them without Melissa noticing that they had been moved. I was about to close the wardrobe door when I noticed the row of dresses, skirts and blouses hanging on the rail. I couldn't resist having a closer look at what was on the rail. I put the shoes down for a moment and flicked through the clothes hanging there until I came to a gorgeous clingy velour dress in a navy-blue which seemed to match the shoes. I undid the zip at the back enough to slip it off its hanger, put it over my arm, and picking up the shoes, returned to my own room. My heart was pounding fit to burst!

By this time I had taken to wearing female underwear under my male clothes during the day. I had bought myself several bra and panties sets from Marks & Spencer and Debenhams, together with packets of tights in different shades. I quickly took off my jeans and shirt and slipped on the velour dress over the black panties, tights and bra I was already wearing. I put a spare pair of tights folded into something resembling a boob shape into each bra cup, then zipped up the dress at the back. It fitted me well, although it was a little tight under the arms. I slipped my feet into the court shoes, fluffed up my hair and scuttled to the full-length wardrobe mirror to view the effect. I was disappointed. My figure looked quite good and I was pleased with how feminine the shoes made my legs and feet look - but there was something wrong with my face. Of course - how silly of me! I needed some make-up!

I took off the dress, had a very close shave, doing my arms and arm pits as well, and then went back into Melissa's room. I looked at the scatter

of cosmetics all over her dressing table, wondering what I needed. I saw a tube which said 'No. 7 foundation base, honey tone, for natural cover.' I removed the top, squeezed a little onto my finger, then smoothed it onto my cheek, studying the effect in the dressing table mirror as I did so. Yes, this seemed to be what I needed; I worked the creamy substance over my face and neck, noting the results with approval. What should I do next?

On Melissa's bed was an issue of *Cosmopolitan*. I picked it up and leafed through its contents until I came to the 'beauty' pages, which gave make-up tips. After carefully reading these, I realised that I needed a powder to 'fix' the foundation. I looked around the dressing table until I found a blue powder compact; I took out the pad and gently patted powder onto my nose and around my cheeks and neck. Finally, I put on some eye-shadow, mascara and lipstick, trying to follow the tips I had read in the women's magazine. I fluffed my hair up again, found some pear-drop clip-on earrings, and hurried back to my room. I slipped the dress back on and went again to stand in front of the mirror.

And this time - oh yes! I was delighted with the results. For what I saw in the mirror was a young brunette girl in a navy-blue dress - I could hardly believe that it was me. I swayed from side to side, minced a little, pouted, and so did the girl in the mirror. Oh what bliss - *I was the girl in the mirror!*

I was so enraptured and enthralled by my feminine appearance that I didn't hear the soft click of the front door latch below. By the time I heard the footsteps on the stairs it was too late! The next moment my bedroom door opened and in walked Tracey and Melissa. When they saw me, they looked embarrassed and Tracey said:

'Oh sorry, we were looking for Nicholas.' They hadn't recognised me!

Melissa added:

'He's a bit of a dark horse is our Nicholas - he kept you quiet; we never even knew he had a girl friend.' Then I suppose the penny dropped, as Melissa must have recognised what I was wearing; the next moment she said:

'Good lord, that's my dress - and it can't be - I do believe that's

Nicholas wearing it.!

Just then there was the noise of the other two girls arriving home downstairs. The next moment Eleni and Laura burst into the room.

‘Oh here you are,’ said Laura.

‘Who’s this?’ asked Eleni.

‘This,’ said Melissa, ‘is our little house-boy, Nicholas, and he, or perhaps I should say *she*, is wearing my dress and shoes.’

‘Good heavens!’ exclaimed Laura, ‘why ever is he doing that?’

They all looked at me expectantly. I had no idea what to say. I could feel my face flushing crimson under the foundation.

‘Perhaps he’s not so much a house-boy as a sissy-boy,’ suggested Eleni.

‘A she-boy,’ added Laura.

Suddenly I could bear it no longer. I sat down on the bed and burst into tears. Melissa sat down beside me, put her arm round my shoulder, and said:

‘Come on Nicholas, we’re only joking; we’re just a bit surprised, that’s all. I don’t even mind you wearing my dress and shoes, though it would have been nice if you’d asked me first. Why don’t you tell us what all this is about?’

Tracey pulled up the only chair in the room, swayed a little, and sat down; Laura knelt down on the floor, patted my lap and said: ‘It’s alright love, tell us in your own time.’

Eleni said: ‘Hang on, before you start, I’ll go and make some of my special coffee.’

When we were all sipping Eleni’s strong, sweet, Greek coffee, Melissa asked gently:

‘Do you want to be a girl, then; is that it?’

‘I don’t know,’ I replied.

‘It’s okay to say,’ said Laura, ‘we’re all girls here - and you’re among friends, you know.’

I thought about Melissa’s question. Did I, in fact, want to be a girl? An inner voice in me answered at once: Yes - oh yes! I felt my whole soul and heart and being crying out in affirmation.

Some of our original series (***Tales of Crossdressing Volumes 1 - 6***) are also still available to collect in the original printed magazine format - while stocks last - or can now be downloaded in **electronic format** from our website, complete with all the original illustrations:

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Thank You

Thank you to those of you who have sent in stories. I certainly hope to publish some of them in forthcoming editions of *Tales of Crossdressing*.

Keep the tales rolling in!

More Thanks

It has also been lovely to hear how much you are enjoying the magazine. It *does* make a difference. The magazine wouldn't exist without your support. You'll be pleased to know I haven't had to sell my body on the streets yet!

Best wishes,

Kate Lesley

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