

# TITILLATING TV TALES

## "HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT"



*HOW COULD A GUY HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT...  
MAYBE ALL IT TAKES IS A CHANGE OF GENDER?*

**VOLUME 17**

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Volume 17

For LULU.COM

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**By Lauren Wood**

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“The remarkable thing about a great dress is that it is really  
a good value, in spite of all the husbands  
who say it is a waste of money!”

# “HIDING BEHIND A SKIRT”

By Lauren Wood

## Chapter I

Ted and Vicki sat in their seats trying to restore circulation to their arms and legs before the movie began. It was easily the coldest night of the winter so far. The Godfather III had been playing for less than a week and the line to get in had been long. As a result, they were both chilled to the bone by the time they finally entered the theatre. Vicki was especially chilly, as she had not planned, nor dressed to stand outside in line on a cold winter night. Vicki had hoped to spend the night in a warm, romantic restaurant. In trying to prepare for that and to look as attractive as possible for her date with Ted, Vicki had worn a rather skimpy outfit, one which was designed to do things other than provide warmth.

Vicki's little red dress was made of a light and clingy wool jersey material and although it had long sleeves, it had a low cut, scoop neckline and a short full skirt. Her lacy white pushup bra, matching high-cut bikini panties and half-slip didn't help a bit, nor did her sheer pantyhose or her very high-heeled pumps. Vicki sure wished she had at least worn boots. Her feet were freezing! Her black coat was made of wool, but was only knee length and her silk scarf and black kidskin gloves helped to make a very pretty outfit but just couldn't ward off the cold for as long as it took them to get into the theater. One small blessing, it wasn't windy, so her hair stayed in place and she didn't have to contend with an unruly skirt. At least she still looked good!

Vicki had been more than a little disappointed when Ted had suggested they go see the latest installment in the Godfather saga. Besides hoping to go to a nice

restaurant, she was afraid this story about gangsters would bring back bad memories. But Ted had wanted to see it very badly, he had been talking about it for weeks; and after all, it was only a movie, so she had reluctantly agreed. However, the wait in the freezing line hadn't helped convince her she had made the right decision.

They settled into their seats and slowly warmed up. Soon, Vicki could feel her feet again and was finally able to stop shivering. After a few minutes, Ted helped her out of her coat and draped it over her shoulders. She wished that he would at least put his arm around her! He was so chatty and happy to be seeing this movie before any of his friends, he wasn't thinking about anything else, not even her. His good mood was contagious however, and Vicki couldn't brood for too long about her spoiled plans for the evening. After all, Ted rarely imposed his desires on Vicki, usually deferring to her wishes. By the time the lights went down and the show was about to begin only her fears about the story itself prevented her from completely sharing Ted's upbeat mood.

All went well at first. Vicki was actually beginning to enjoy the lush story of this powerful but corrupt family until the first murder took place. When Vincent Corleone cold-bloodedly shot a young man who had broken into his apartment, all the suppressed memories of the events which had so changed her life began to bubble to the surface, first in a trickle but soon in a flood.

By the time of the scene in which all the Mafia dons are massacred, Vicki was a virtual basket case. It was like she was seeing her worst nightmare happening over and over again right in front of her. Once the last of the mobsters had been so gruesomely destroyed, she was sitting erect in her seat with her head down and her legs pressed tightly together. Her shoulder length, blond hair formed a beautiful curtain that couldn't quite block out

the horrors being shown on the screen and in her mind.

The tears were dripping from her eyes and the snot was running from her nose.

Vicki had been there! She had lived a situation so similar to what was being shown and so frightening that it had changed her life forever! She thought she had learned to live with the horror, to block it from her memory and to protect herself from the all-consuming fear; but clearly she hadn't. Had all the hiding in Vicki's life been for nothing?

Oh God!!! She hoped not!

How long had it been?

## Chapter II

Victor DeVito was just seventeen years old on that fateful spring night. He and his father had gone on a rare evening out together. His mother's birthday was in two weeks and they had gone to the mall together to try to find appropriate gifts. This was often difficult for this beautiful, fashionable but fussy woman. So far, they had come up empty.

Victor was thinking about how seldom he spent quality time with his father. He had known for quite a while that his father was somehow involved in the "underworld." He was old enough to have heard of the "mob", but what he knew about it was more from movies and television than from his own family life or experience. He had no idea that his father was close to the top in his "family" or that he was currently involved in a major, sometimes violent struggle to take over control of the city's racetrack gambling business.

Despite being old enough to have been inducted into many crime families, Victor had never even been informed

about or introduced to his father's business. His mother was the reason. She readily tolerated her husband's shady activities. After all, it resulted in considerably more than just food on the table. Her palatial house, extensive designer wardrobe and beautiful jewelry were testimony to this. But she was Norwegian, not Italian, and when it came to her son, her attitude was very different. When Victor was very young she had extracted a promise from her husband that Victor would never follow in his father's footsteps. Because he loved his beautiful but high-strung wife so dearly and because he, like many underworld figures, hoped his only son would someday make his mark in the legitimate world, Bruno DeVito had made and kept this promise.

Victor's mother had been ever vigilant over the years to make sure Victor was not exposed to his father's way of life in any way. He had lived a very sheltered and structured life. He attended an all boy's school, played no sports, belonged to no clubs or engaged in any after school activities. He had absolutely no experience with girls. As a result, he was rather immature, both physically and emotionally, for his almost seventeen years. Physically, he was rather short. While not fat, he was soft and pudgy with a rather pear shaped, "hippy" physique. He was not at all worldly or assertive in most areas, as one might expect from the high school age scion of a wealthy and powerful family. Rather, he relied almost exclusively on his mother for direction and guidance. One exception, he had learned to dress stylishly and impeccably from his mother who was compulsive in this area. Even at seventeen, he often wore expensive suits, custom made shirts, \$100 ties and hand-made shoes! Both mother and son were neat to a fault. He was vain and self-centered about his appearance and was happy with the polished impression he presented since it was the one area in which he had poise and confidence.

He loved his father, but because Bruno was a very busy man and because of the restrictions his mother imposed, they did not have a particularly close relationship. In fact, it seemed that Victor hardly ever saw his father. He spent most of his time at school or in activities orchestrated and supervised by his mother and he had no real close friends. His mother was so protective that she dominated his life. That was why Victor was so pleased to be out shopping alone with his father on this beautiful evening. Victor loved to shop. Clearly, Bruno was pleased as well. He was in a very good mood and the tension that he usually seemed to be under, particularly over the last few weeks, appeared to be much relieved. It was obvious that he enjoyed time with his only son.

After spending a few hours horsing around at the mall, not only looking for presents, but looking at computers, which Victor wanted very badly, and also at woodworking tools which Bruno loved to work with but for which he never had time; they decided to stop and get an ice cream cone before going home.

It was getting late and the stand was almost deserted. Victor got banana, his favorite, and his father got chocolate, a rare self-indulgence.

They were just walking back to the car slurping their ice cream, laughing and feeling closer to each other than they had in a long time when it happened. The event which would change Victor's life forever...

Victor could see the two tough looking men moving casually towards them as he and his father walked slowly back to their car. He didn't think anything of it, presuming they were just a couple of guys out to get an ice cream. However, his father was quickly on the alert, instinctively recognizing, from years of experience, that these men posed a threat to him and his son. Bruno didn't want to do anything to frighten Victor. He quickly looked

around to see if there were any bystanders or a way to escape. There were none, so he simply got them both moving a little faster towards the car while at the same time unobtrusively angling himself between Victor and the approaching men.

It was too late!!!

Bruno DeVito had made a fatal mistake and he knew it. While enjoying this all-to-infrequent evening with his son, he had let down his guard. A man in his business could never afford to do that and he would now pay the ultimate price. It was over for Bruno and he knew it, but maybe he could still save his son. He had to try! He put his arm around Victor, keeping his own body in a shielding position. The gesture both communicated his love for his son and urged him into a run towards the car.

As two more men stepped from between parked cars, Victor began to become aware of what was happening. He could see the shotguns the men were bringing out from under their jackets. He looked one of the men right in the eye as he began to aim his gun. He would never forget the smile of almost casual evil on the man's face. Now panic did set in!

Things seemed to move in slow motion from then on. Victor's father pushed him to the ground and under the car as they reached it. He turned to face his attackers just as they opened fire.

It was horrible!!! His father was hit again and again by shotgun blasts, not ten feet from Victor! The carnage was terrible. His father was almost blown to pieces, and blood splashed from his body as he spun around like a top. Victor knew immediately that his father could not possibly survive. He was covered with his blood, warm and sticky. Surely he was to be next. Victor lay under the car weeping and waiting for death. What little courage he possessed

seemed to be leaking from his eyes with his tears. He would do anything to remain alive! Wasn't there some one who could help and protect him?

It was over as quickly as it began. Everything was suddenly perfectly quiet and crystal clear. Victor peered out and could see a police cruiser screeching into the parking lot, the doors flying open. His father's killers were running toward the street, trying to get away. A middle-aged woman, who Victor had not noticed before, was running in the other direction. Apparently, she too had been a witness to the massacre. Victor looked back at the fleeing gunmen. As he did so, the one he had seen before turned around, giving him a last, almost hypnotic look at that evil face before he disappeared into the darkness.

The next thing he remembered was a policeman clutching his shoulder and asking if he was all right. He could hear the wail of another siren in the distance. He could see that the other officer had caught the running woman and was trying to comfort her. The killers were nowhere to be seen. His father's body lay in a red heap next to the car.

Victor fainted.

### **Chapter III**

When he opened his eyes, Victor had completely lost track of time and had no idea where he was. Had he dreamed it all?

Slowly, he became conscious that his clothes were covered with sticky, drying blood. At first, he wondered if it was his own, but he felt no pain. A policeman was speaking to him and he was lying on a cot in what appeared to be a hospital emergency room. Another officer was talking to a woman sitting in a chair a few feet away.

He could barely understand what was being said to him. He was in shock and a haze seemed to have descended over his mind. Victor reacted uncomprehendingly and mechanically to whatever was going on around him. This condition would not clear up entirely for several weeks.

Slowly, over several hours of police questioning, gentle but persistent, the story began to emerge. Victor learned that his father was in fact dead, as he had suspected. On top of that, when his mother had been told about Bruno's death, always high strung, she had come mentally unglued. She was hospitalized, under heavy sedation and the police had no idea if or when she was likely to recover. Victor was almost paralyzed with fear! What was he to do? Where could he go? He needed his mother to tell him what to do. He had never been on his own before! He had witnessed his father's murder and now he was alone!

Meanwhile, the police were persistent. They needed a description of the killers. Could Victor help?

He would never forget that one face!

First he tried to describe him to a police artist. When the picture that resulted proved unsatisfactory, he spent more hours looking through mug books at pictures of known hit men and other violent criminals. Victor's mind didn't seem to be working just right. All the faces in the books were beginning to look alike and they were all scary. Then, there he was! That evil face practically leaped from the page. There was his father's assassin! He shrank back in terror even from the man's picture!

The police knew the man well. They said he was a "bad actor" who was a suspect in numerous gangland murders and had been arrested and tried on several occasions but had never been convicted of anything. It seemed, for one reason or another, witnesses never showed up in court to testify against him. This time will be different, the police

assured Victor. They were particularly confident after the woman, who turned out to be the one from the ice cream stand, also identified the same picture as one of the men who had shot his father. They assured Victor that with two eyewitnesses, they could put this guy away forever. At the time, that seemed perfectly reasonable to Victor. He was quite happy when they told him he would have to remain in police custody. Where else was he to go?

However, Victor was about to have a sobering lesson on the workings of the American criminal justice system. Things started to go badly soon after the accused man, Bobby Green, was arrested with surprising ease two days later. The police had assured both Victor and the other witness that no bail was possible and that Green would be behind bars from "now until he died." Even after Victor and the woman stood in open court and identified him as the killer; bail, albeit high, was granted. The judge said, since Green had no previous convictions and had references from prominent city officials, there was no reason to withhold bail. Despite the objections of the prosecutor and the police, he was on the street in less than an hour. No trial date was even set.

While Victor didn't understand everything that had gone on, he and the other witness were terrified by the killer's release. Even then, the police assured them that they would be well protected. They were in absolutely no danger, according to the police. They even allowed the woman to go home, providing police officers to guard her around the clock. Since Victor's mother was still hospitalized and showed no signs of improvement, and because the police were aware of his connection with the criminal world, they kept him in protective custody. He went to stay in a police "safe house." There were always several officers there to guard him, so Victor felt reasonably safe, at first.

The first attack was made on Victor. A lone gunman somehow got into the house. He was just opening the door to Victor's room when he was discovered. A furious gun battle erupted, ending only after the gunman lay dead, almost at Victor's feet. Two policemen were also killed in the fight. Almost comatose with fear, Victor was moved to another, safer "safe house."

Before the police could even react, came a similar attack on the other witness, this time much more successful. The woman, her husband and a police officer were all shot in the head. The killer got away cleanly.

Victor was now the only witness. It was now becoming clear to him why the witnesses at Bobby Green's trials never showed up. Victor was terrified!

The last straw was another attack on Victor, again unsuccessful. During the action, Victor got another look at that evil face. Bobby Green had come for him in person!

Even the police were no longer confident that they could protect him. Obviously, there was a leak in the department somewhere. Someone connected to the mob was providing information to the bad guys. They had to think of some other, less predictable way to protect Victor. They all knew he was getting so frightened that it was only a matter of time before he decided not to testify, even if he wasn't killed. If it hadn't been his father who had been killed, he probably would already have made that decision. They brought him to the police station, figuring that was the safest possible place.

Soon after they got there, they began to see the error of their decision. If someone was leaking information, maybe even a cop; eventually Victor would be a sitting duck, even in the police station. Who knows, a cop might even take him out! They had to find another way...

Several officers and Victor were sitting around the day room, trying to think of something, when one of the officers burst out that he had a great idea!

It was accomplished quickly. Victor simply disappeared from police headquarters. Only the few cops in the room at the time had any idea what had happened to him. All of them had sworn silence. If there was no informer among these few, maybe they could pull it off.

Victor was to disappear and go into hiding, without obvious protection, where no one would think to look for him. He would hide out at the home of Officer Frank Dwyer who had thought of the idea. He was also the cop who had first arrived on the scene the night Victor's father was murdered. He had already saved his life once and had kind of taken Victor under his wing. Officer Dwyer was married, had a daughter a little older than Victor and lived in a house in the suburbs. His situation seemed best for the plan to be a success and he was willing. Once the plan was quietly discussed among the officers and agreed to, Frank called his wife to ask her what she thought about the idea. She had in turn discussed it with their daughter. Both had agreed even after Frank reminded them of the danger. They even added a few wrinkles to the plan that they thought would make it a little safer. Frank didn't even tell Victor or the other cops about them. You never know...

As they drove out of the city, Victor was dazed with fear. He was not happy about the failure to keep him safe so far. He wasn't sure this plan would work any better. But then again, he was so frightened he didn't think there was any alternative so he did what he was told. He just hoped it wouldn't last too long. He hoped the whole episode would soon be behind him and he could go back to his mother and a normal life. Little did he know what was really in store for him.

## Chapter IV

After a very secretive exit from the police station, Officer Dwyer drove like a crazy man! First going one way then the other, he doubled back several times. He made every effort to assure they weren't followed. Even so, when they got to his home, they drove directly into the attached two-car garage. Victor assumed it was Dwyer's wife and daughter who came into the garage and got into the front seat of the station wagon parked in the second parking slot. No one said a word. Meanwhile, Victor and Frank quickly walked around the inside of the house, turning on lights and making it appear to anyone who had managed to follow them that Victor was settling in for an extended stay. They didn't even stop long enough for Victor to go to the bathroom. He was told to get down on the floor and to crawl back out to the garage. Once there, he hopped into the back seat of Mrs. Dwyer's car and lay down on the floor covered by a blanket. They then opened the garage door and drove casually out with Frank waving goodbye as if they were simply off to the mall or supermarket.

They drove in silence for about half an hour before Mrs. Dwyer finally said it was safe for Victor to get up. If all had gone well, they would have created enough confusion to make their getaway a clean one. It was only then that they introduced themselves and told Victor that the plan had changed a little. Rather than staying at their house in the suburbs, they were going to Mrs. Dwyer's aunt's house in a small town about 200-mile upstate. Her aunt had recently passed away and left her the house. The beauty of this new plan was that no one, not even the other police officers knew about this house. Even Frank had never been there. It stood to reason that they would all be much safer there.

The drive took about five hours and after a quiet start, Victor found that Mrs. Dwyer was friendly and supportive. He found he liked and trusted her almost immediately. He even calmed down enough to notice that her daughter, Diana, was a lovely girl, tall and slim but with a curvy figure, long brown hair and a simply beautiful face. She was a knockout! Despite her beauty, she didn't seem to be at all stuck-up and she quickly put Victor at ease, at least a little. Although Victor had no experience with girls, he knew a good thing when he saw it. By the time they arrived at the house, they were all beginning to become quite good friends.

While they didn't think anyone had managed to follow them, they still had Victor sneak into the house. No one was to see him if possible at least until they had become acquainted with the neighborhood and a few changes had been made. This was hardly a calming situation for Victor. It was an old country farmhouse and was quite isolated, but Mrs. Dwyer figured they couldn't be too careful until they had taken some additional precautions. As a result, while some of the neighbors noticed the arrival of some strangers at the old house, no one saw Victor arrive. His disappearance was successful, at least for now.

The house was a beautiful, three bedroom two-story affair. It was decorated in an artsy/craftsy country style, was in perfect condition and had obviously been well cared for. It was clearly a comfortable place to live. Victor felt a little better about staying there, at least for a while, rather than at another police safe house. At least this place was neat and tidy. If only no one learned he was here...

Even after they had looked around a little, they were still very cautious as far as Victor was concerned. They told him to stay away from the windows and would not even let him help bring in the luggage. Mrs. Dwyer and

Diana struggled with the many suitcases that filled the back of the station wagon. Victor couldn't understand why they had brought so much stuff. How long would they be here after all? Then he remembered how much his mother always packed, even for a weekend.

They had brought enough food to eat a hearty supper, but clearly a trip to the market would be one of their first priorities. But they were satisfied for now. The kids were required to clean the dishes and restore order to the kitchen. Afterwards, Mrs. Dwyer called them into the living room. She had lighted a fire in the big fireplace and the room was pleasantly warm as they took seats in the various comfortable chairs. The fire had a tranquilizing effect on Victor and he sat quietly gazing at the flames for a long while. They were all drowsy from the long day. Finally, Mrs. Dwyer broke the silence, explaining why she had asked them to come in.

She began by reminding Victor that although things were calm now, he was still in a very dangerous situation. What's more, she and Diana were also very much in danger because they were involved in hiding him. He had to agree with her reasoning and he thought how much he appreciated what they were doing for him. She explained that they could try to stay hidden in the new house and town, but that there were no guarantees. If they were found, it was very likely that all three would end up dead. They needed to take extraordinary measures to protect themselves. This sent a shudder down Victor's spine!

Mrs. Dwyer was quiet for a few minutes. She just sat there looking at Victor in the flickering firelight. She was trying to gauge how he would react to what she was about to ask him to do. Looking at him, she knew that her additions to the original plan would work. She knew it was the right thing to do. The question was, would Victor see it that way too?

At last she felt the time was right. "Victor, we've done a lot to try and make a safe hiding place here, but there are a few more things I think we should do to make sure we all stay completely safe." Again Victor thought about his appreciation for their efforts. He also thought about how scared he still was. Neither he nor Diana said anything so Mrs. Dwyer continued, "I think Victor DeVito should disappear entirely until the trial." She paused again, "and be replaced by Victoria Dwyer."

Victor had no idea at all what she was talking about. All he could think was that he had already disappeared. That's what this was all about, right?

"Who the heck is Victoria?" was all he could blurt out.

"You don't understand, Victor. I mean I want you to be Victoria. I want you to disguise yourself as a girl while we are here. No one has seen you yet. You can be my daughter. You are small, with the right bone structure.... I'm sure you could pull it off. That way, even if someone is looking for you, even if they follow us here, they won't be looking for a girl. You...and we, all of us, will be a lot safer if you do this. It won't be so bad. I promise you we won't make you do anything really girlish. You won't have to go to any dances or anything like that, if you don't want to!" she laughed, trying to lighten the atmosphere. "It's only for a short time. Will you do this to help protect us all?"

Victor was speechless! He couldn't believe she really meant it. Was she kidding him? Did she really want him to dress like a girl? No, he could see by the hopeful look in her eyes that she wasn't kidding. He could also see that she was still frightened. So was he! He wavered. He certainly didn't want anything to happen to these ladies. Glancing at Diana he thought, "Especially to her!" He could see the look of encouragement in her eyes as well. He wished his mother was there to tell him what to do. But, Mrs. Dwyer was very much like his mother... Slowly

he thought to himself, "How bad can it be? I can always just stay in the house. No one will see me anyway!" He had to admit that it was a good plan.

As if reading his mind, Diana said, "Oh, Victor, will you do it? It won't be too bad. You might even have some fun and I'll bet you'll learn a lot about girls. It could help you when you start dating." she chuckled wickedly.

"Would I have to wear a dress?" Victor asked, his resistance dwindling. With that, his fate was sealed.

Mrs. Dwyer took charge immediately. "Don't think any more about it tonight. Just think of me as your mother. I'll take care of everything and tell you exactly what to do. But let's get a good night's sleep before we do anything else. Okay?"

## Chapter V

They began as soon as they woke up the next morning. Victor was very nervous even though he had agreed to go through with this. He sat fidgeting anxiously in a kitchen chair while Mrs. Dwyer carefully explained what she was going to do.

"We won't have to do too much," she reassured him. "But I will have to fix your hair and work on your face a little. And we will have to get rid of all the hair on your legs and under your arms. I think you'll be quite pretty!" Victor groaned, but didn't resist.

It turns out that Mrs. Dwyer had worked as a beautician before she was married. It didn't take her long to get deeply involved in what she called Victor's "makeover". She enjoyed using her old skills and she considered Victor quite a challenge. Diana was excited by what was going on as well.

First they had him strip down to his underpants. Ignoring his attempts at modesty, they covered his entire body with a thick, smelly cream, explaining that it would dissolve his body hair and soften his skin. He had to leave it on for about 15 minutes, then they let him get into the shower to wash it all off. What little body hair Victor soon disappeared down the bathtub drain.

The two women were very pleased with the results. Even Victor was amazed at the change. His skin seemed as soft and smooth as a baby's, but what struck him the most was that his body looked somehow more naked, more sensual, without hair. He raised his arm and looked at his now hairless armpit. It looked so different! Well, this was certainly no big deal. It wasn't at all unpleasant and the hair would grow back! Right?

Without talking much about this, Mrs. Dwyer urged him on to the next step. She sat him down in a kitchen chair again and explained that she was going to change his hair a little.

"A girl's hair style only needs to be slightly different from a boy's," she explained. "But by framing her face, it makes all the difference in the world in creating a pretty, feminine appearance. Wigs and falls are too obvious and too hot to wear all the time, so I'm going to cut and set your own hair in a style that will be accepted as feminine. It will take a little while, so be patient."

Victor's light brown hair was quite short on the sides, a little longer on top. He didn't think there was any way it could be made to look very feminine, so he wasn't overly concerned, particularly when she first trimmed it back even more. Then she began to apply some smelly liquids. He didn't even worry when she began to wrap pieces in aluminum foil, then wound these pieces around narrow little curlers. She left the sides almost entirely alone, merely brushing the hair up and back. As she had

promised, it took a long time before she was satisfied. Even after getting all the curlers in, she covered his hair with more liquids, sprays and gels.

Finally, she got out a funny looking old-fashioned hair dryer. She put a pink plastic hood arrangement over his hair then connected it to the dryer using a hose. She turned it on.

"It'll take at least an hour to dry, so just try to relax." Mrs. Dwyer advised. "While that's happening, I want to work a little on your face." Again she explained that sometimes there are very subtle difference between a girl's face and a boy's. "Mostly the difference is in the eyes and the mouth, so I'm just going to change your eyebrows a little and make a couple of other small adjustments. It will be especially easy since you don't have a beard yet."

"Would you like to help?" she asked Diana, handing her a pair of tweezers. Diana was thrilled to get involved and quickly began plucking Victor's eyebrows. In about 15 minutes, his brows had been shaped into delicate, feminine arches; making his eyes appear much bigger and softer.

Mrs. Dwyer took over again. She very carefully applied a black, creamy substance to his eyelashes, both the upper and the lower, using a small stiff brush. She seemed to be working on one lash at a time and it took a long time. When she was finished with that, she darkened and shaped his brows a little, using the same materials. Last, she used what looked like a pen to draw a fine black line on Victor's eyelids, just above his lashes.

When she showed Victor what they had done in a mirror, he could clearly see a difference. His eyes appeared much younger, bigger, more defined and more wide-eyed. They certainly did look more girlish than before, but they weren't too bad. Since he could wash it off any time he

wanted, he thought he could live with them for a while.

"That's about it," said Mrs. Dwyer. "That wasn't so bad, now was it? All we have to do now is brush out your permanent."

She checked under the hood to see if it was dry yet.

"Just a few more minutes," she advised. While she waited, she took a little bottle of what looked like iodine, and using a small paintbrush, she carefully covered his lips with the brownish liquid, let it set awhile, then wiped it off. Again, the results were not dramatic. His lips just appeared to be stained a little darker, as if he had just eaten a bunch of blackberries. His mouth was a much better defined and obvious feature of his face and looked a little fuller and poutier than it usually did. But, what the heck, it would all wash off, right?

Victor couldn't see what she was doing when Mrs. Dwyer began to work on his hair again, gently unrolling the hair from each of the rollers. When she was done, the top of his head was covered with springy little curls. She took a stiff brush and began brushing them out, working from the sides and back up to the top. She also arranged the front into neat curved bangs, covering his forehead. The sides and back were smoothly swept up and the top was covered with tight soft curls. When she was done, she sprayed the whole thing rather heavily with hairspray.

"Voila!" she sang, "But don't look yet. I want you to see the entire effect at once. It hasn't been too bad so far, has it?"

Victor was still wearing nothing but his underpants and he felt a little embarrassed about that, but he had to admit, nothing that had been done to him so far was particularly unbearable.



**“Wigs and falls are too obvious and too hot to wear all the time, so I'm going to cut and set your own hair in a style that will be accepted as feminine.”**

"Now, we need to get you dressed," said Mrs. Dwyer, urging Victor to his feet.

This was the moment that really worried Victor. "I don't really have to wear a dress or high heeled shoes do I?" he almost pleaded. "I really don't want to do that!"

"I guess we can find something else if you're truly concerned about it. I don't understand your problem though, lots of girl's clothes, especially dresses and skirts are not only attractive but fun to wear. You might even find you like them. But don't forget, you have to look like a believable girl or we're all in trouble, so you will have to make some compromises."

Victor was not inclined to argue. He figured he could just stay in the house the whole time anyway. No one would see him, no matter what he wore. He was really only resisting on principle.

"Do the best you can," was his only reply. They walked into Victor's bedroom.

One thing that had happened to Victor since his father had been killed was that he was so nervous, he had virtually stopped eating. As a result, he had lost quite a bit of weight in the last few days. It was mostly all baby fat. He was still soft and un-athletic, but was much thinner than he had been.

"First, you will have to wear a bra," began Mrs. Dwyer, not pulling any punches. She lifted a delicate pink garment from a suitcase on the bed. Victor blushed furiously at the thought of wearing this feminine garment, but before he could argue, she held up her hand to silence him.

"Any girl your age would have developed a figure and would absolutely be wearing a bra. For you to be seen without one would be a dead, and I do mean dead,

giveaway that you aren't really a girl. This is an absolute must!"

She placed the silky little bra over his arms and over his shoulders, then fastened it in place. It was tight. The cups had built in padding and were shaped like small but perfect girl's breasts. Mrs. Dwyer did some final adjustments to the fit, fixing the straps, making sure the cups were placed correctly and manipulated some of the fatty soft flesh from his chest into the cups. She also put an additional small pad into each cup.

Victor's pudgy chest looked perfectly natural, just like any girl his age, even showing an obvious valley between the new mounds. You simply couldn't tell they weren't the real thing.

"Now we have a bigger problem," said Mrs. Dwyer, once she was satisfied with the bra. "We have to do something to make sure there is no unfeminine bulge in your panties, particularly if you don't want to wear skirts to give yourself a little camouflage. Even a hint of male equipment there would be even more of a giveaway than no breasts."

Victor was totally befuddled that she considered this a problem, but he still didn't want to wear a skirt.... Mrs. Dwyer was not at a loss however. She reached into the suitcase and brought out a pair of what looked like regular girl's underpants that matched the bra he was already wearing.

"Put this on!" she ordered shaking the garment out and handing it to Victor.

His hands trembled as he took this very feminine article of clothing. While it looked very delicate, in reality it was quite sturdily constructed. It was more of a small girdle than a pair of panties. He still wasn't sure how this little girdle, or whatever it was, would conceal his sex

organs.

Mrs. Dwyer answered that unspoken question. "When you put it on, tuck yourself back between your legs. This will hold you in place."

Victor blushed at her oblique reference to his private parts, but he did what he was told. He turned his back to once again preserve his modesty, slipped off his own underpants, then tried to quickly pull the control garment on. It was very tight and was a little difficult to get over his hips. He also had to stop to tuck himself back. As a result, he stood there for a while, in front of the two women, struggling to get into a pair of girl's panties, with his soft, broad rear waving in the breeze. He felt very foolish! Finally, he pulled it all the way up into place. Once that was done, it fit perfectly.

The results were hard to believe! There was no sign at all of his masculinity. Victor now had the smooth, gently mounded pubic area of a real girl. It was incredible! The panty had high cut legs that made his slim, hairless legs look very long. It also had a high and very tight waistband that cinched his middle and gave him a hint of a typical feminine hourglass figure. Coupled with the bra, he appeared in every way just like any other pretty girl wearing beautiful lingerie.

Victor couldn't get a look at himself in a mirror, so he really didn't know how he looked. What he could see was beginning to worry him though. He felt he looked too much like a real girl. Did they have to go this far? He also had another feeling. Inside the restrictive panty, he was beginning to stiffen with excitement. He hoped Diana couldn't see it. Why was this experience so stimulating?

Tucked back between his legs, he was too uncomfortable to become fully erect and Mrs. Dwyer didn't give him much of a chance to dwell on his reactions, but

this was worrisome. Maybe, despite the danger he was in, this wasn't such a good plan after all.

Mrs. Dwyer and Diana were rummaging in the suitcase and looking in the closet, bringing out various items of clothing to create Victor's outfit.

"Since you are so reluctant to wear a dress, you won't have to. At least for now." she said as she handed him the first item.

"Thank goodness you and Diana are about the same size! There will be plenty of things for you to wear. We will have to get you your own lingerie and a few other things though."

The outfit she got Victor into consisted of a pair of very full white sand washed silk shorts, which came to mid-thigh. It was almost a skirt really, except for the split legs. He also wore a teal colored, silk tank top and a three-inch wide, brown leather belt to emphasize his waist.

He still couldn't see how they looked on, but Victor couldn't believe the delicacy and softness of these clothes. This was something he could relate to, having always been fascinated by fine clothing. The almost weightless silk felt exquisite next to his soft, hairless skin. It felt so good, he almost forgot both that he was wearing girl's clothing and that his life was in great danger. His crotch began to get tense again.

Over the top of this, Diana had him slip into a long, oversized cotton sweater. It was the same color as his top, had three-quarter sleeves and a wide, scooped neckline which was so wide that the straps of the tank top were exposed a little. Diana pulled the sweater to one side, exposing one shoulder. Next came a pair of delicate, brown leather sandals with flat heels. The outfit was done.

It was time to meet Victoria, to see the results of all

the changes. Diana led him to the full length mirror on the closet door...

## Chapter VI

When Victor gazed at himself in the full-length mirror and saw, for the first time, the combined effect of all the little changes that Mrs. Dwyer had made in his appearance, he was stunned!

Although never a big, macho type of guy, Victor never in his wildest dreams imagined he could become so feminine...so female! Despite the agitation he felt, looking calmly back from the mirror was a very pretty and sexy young woman who looked about 17 or 18 years old. She was tall and slender, with an obvious bust, a narrow waist and long slim legs. Surprisingly, her short, curly, blond hair was much lighter than Victor's had been. Her face, framed by the short hairdo was lovely. She had big, almond shaped eyes with thick black lashes, a button nose and full sexy lips which looked as if they were ready to be kissed at any time. Victor had a quick flash on what it would be like to kiss those lips! This girl, the girl Victor had become, was undeniably attractive and every inch a female!

Victor had three basic reactions upon seeing the changes that had been made in him. First, that he shouldn't be able to look like this. He was terribly embarrassed that he was such a sissy. He shouldn't have a pretty face or a girl's hairstyle! He shouldn't have a bust or slim hairless legs and soft thighs showing beneath what appeared to be a skirt! Most assuredly, he shouldn't be wearing these beautiful girl's clothes at all. But he couldn't deny that he looked great as a girl and this triggered his historical vanity. The beginnings of a smile turned up the corners of his mouth.

That led to Victor's second reaction, one of arousal. Once again, he began to grow hard, but was thwarted by the tight, confining panty girdle. He became flushed and had difficulty thinking straight. Obviously, this reaction to his situation made Victor very nervous. Why was he reacting this way? Was he reacting as a boy to the pretty female image in the mirror or, more ominously, to the feminine feelings resulting from his "makeover"? Victor felt like he should try to escape, to run away from what was happening to him, from what he couldn't understand!

But the feeling that emerged last and, in the end, strongest was a much needed feeling of safety. Victor had been on an emotional roller coaster of fear and anxiety since his father's death. While he had sometimes been able to push this to the back of his mind, until now, he had been in constant fear for his life. Looking in the mirror, he suddenly felt totally safe. It was a very pleasant feeling and overrode the other, more disconcerting reactions.

The reason for this complete emotional reversal was that, looking in the mirror at the attractive image there he had absolutely no doubt that he looked like a girl! A girl with no hint of masculinity, nor any hint of Victor! He felt completely safe because he knew no one looking for him could possibly recognize this beautiful girl as Victor. Truly, he had become Victoria.

Truly, he was hidden!

In a way, when he thought about his situation, it really wasn't so unpleasant to be dressed this way. Instead, it actually felt good! It felt good to finally be safe, no matter what the reason. He suddenly felt as light as a feather, a great weight had been lifted from his shoulders.

Victor turned to the mirror and smiled. He felt so good he posed in what he imagined was a girlish way and admired the result.

"Victoria certainly is attractive," he thought happily, then blushed furiously at the thought.

\* \* \* \* \*

Although Victor still had difficulty thinking about himself as Victoria, he rapidly became accustomed to his new clothing and appearance that first day. He found he was much more conscious of his body dressed this way than he had ever been as a boy. The clothing, made of soft, silky fabrics and loosely cut, was undeniably comfortable and sensual. He soon forgot the tightness around his chest caused by the bra and other "control" garments. More surprisingly, he quickly got used to the discomfort caused by the tight panty girdle compressing his manhood back between his soft thighs. His pliable body rapidly adapted to the shape dictated by his foundation garments. His crotch area became a little numb and he suffered no discomfort at all in a short while. Normally, like most men and boys, Victor was constantly aware of his manhood, his sex organs; but now, dressed as a girl with his crotch numb, he somehow lost conscious contact with that part of his body. For some reason, this made it easier for Victor to accept that he now was dressed and looked like a pretty young woman. He was still excited emotionally by the sensations he was undergoing, but not sexually.

There were still several surprises in store for Victor as he found to what extent he would be required to assume the role of a teenage girl.



**His pliable body rapidly adapted to the shape dictated by his foundation garments. His crotch area became a little numb...**

The first surprise came that night. Victor had made it through the day all right. By bedtime he was quite comfortable in his silky outfit and had even been able to respond without anger or embarrassment when Mrs. Dwyer or Diana instructed him on the way a girl walks or sits or holds her arms. They said these things as if it was perfectly normal to be teaching Victor the feminine arts. He tried to be as cooperative as he could, but it just didn't seem quite right. Throughout all this, he kept telling himself that it was only temporary, that he was now

completely safe and that he could take it all off any time he wanted to.

As a result of this thinking, it came as quite a shock when, while getting ready for bed that night, Victor found that what he thought was makeup on his eyes and lips, didn't come off no matter how much he scrubbed. He climbed in and out of the shower then washed his face three time trying to get it off. Mrs. Dwyer casually informed him that she had died his lashes, lids, brows and lips with indelible die. It would take weeks for it to wear off. Not only that, he found his new hairstyle was in fact a permanent. It dried right into the same feminine shape after his shower.

He had trouble sleeping that night, thinking about all the changes that had been made in him in just a single day. Could he get through with this without permanently affecting his personality? Was it worth it? He couldn't stop worrying that he shouldn't feel so comfortable dressing and looking like a girl. Would any other boy in the world be willing to do this even to save his own life? What made it even worse was that Mrs. Dwyer had demanded that he wear his masculinity concealing panty even to bed! Wasn't this taking things a little too far?

He had resisted a little, having no idea why he had to be so perfectly feminine even in bed. She really didn't give him a good answer, falling back on his mother's age old demand: "Because I said so, that's why!"

Over the girdle he wore a pair of pink, striped silk shorty pajamas and was sleeping between ruffled satin sheets. During the night his hand frequently drifted to his crotch area, unconsciously seeking to find a reassuring sign of masculinity there. Instead, it found only a slight mound, which was smooth and soft. His hand would quickly draw away, only to return again later.

"Oh well," he thought, "At least I'm safe!"

The rest of that first week was quite uneventful. Victor's outfits were all quite feminine but, true to her word, Mrs. Dwyer didn't make him wear any skirts or dresses. Every day he wore a panty girdle and a matching bra. It seemed that each day more of the soft flesh of his chest filled the cups of his bra. The only time Mrs. Dwyer let him out of the control panty was when he went to the bathroom or when he bathed. Otherwise, he had to wear it 24 hours a day.

The second day he wore white lingerie. Over that he slipped into skin-tight white leggings made of cotton and lycra. For a top he wore an oversized, pink cotton shirt which was long enough to just cover his broad bottom. Another day he wore denim jeans with a high waist cut full through the hips and with pleats in front. Paired with them was an emerald green silk camp shirt. His other outfits were similar. All were very attractive.

Aside from several trips to the store by Mrs. Dwyer, They all stayed in the house. Victor was pleased that they had no visitors. He could just imagine representatives from the Welcome Wagon or some such organization arriving and being forced to have tea with a bunch of women who thought he was a girl. That he didn't think he could handle!

Diana spent almost all her time with him and this made Victor quite happy. Despite his feminine appearance, he still found Diana very attractive and continued to think about her as a boy thinks about a girl. He wanted her to like him and to be near her as much as possible.

"Maybe she likes me," he thought, "And when this is all over, perhaps we can go out on a date." He decided to do as much as he could to please her in hopes that his wish

would come true.

Diana, of course, had no such thought. Although she did like Victor, she was amazed at how easy it had been to make him into a girl to all appearances. She now saw him as a sort of girlfriend, not as a potential boyfriend. She thought of him as Victoria, not Victor. He was a spectacular sissy, a boy who looked completely like a girl! It soon became her goal to see just how much she could bring out his femininity. Of course, to please her, Victor was only too willing to do whatever she asked.

They spent most of their days with Diana demonstrating for Victor how to sit, how to walk, how to talk, how to dress as a female. She had him practice these things over and over again. In short, she wanted him to behave, really to think, as a female and she didn't spare a minute in his education. Diana had him practicing for hours, day after day. He really got into it, until almost without his realizing it, these movements and mannerisms became natural and unconscious. Victor didn't know it then, but he would actually have had to think about what he was doing in order to behave like a boy again. While he didn't really like doing these things, he did want to please Diana and to spend time with her. So as long as no one else saw him, he figured it would be okay. His mind was proving almost as pliable as his body in adapting to his new feminine life.

Although he didn't know it, Victor's comforting anonymity was about to come to an abrupt end. He would soon have to become Victoria, not only in his mind, but in the minds of the residents of his new town as well!

## Chapter VII

During the week, Victor was surprised to notice that both Mrs. Dwyer and Diana seemed to be changing there

appearances as well. They changed their hairstyles dramatically and Mrs. Dwyer even colored hers a reddish shade of blond. They also made changes in their makeup. It soon became a little competition among the three of them to see who could change their appearance the most. The result of these changes, along with his transformation to Victoria, was that by Saturday night of the first week, it would have taken a very close examination, even by Officer Dwyer, in order to recognize any of the three of them as the same people who had left the city only a few days before.

On Sunday morning, Victor got his biggest shock so far!

As he sleepily made his way to the kitchen, wearing his satin shortie pajamas, he could hear Mrs. Dwyer and Diana talking excitedly.

As he made his way to the coffee maker, Mrs. Dwyer brought him fully awake, even before he had his first cup of coffee!

"Hurry up Victoria, you sleepyhead. We have to get ready for church."

"Church?" Victor mumbled in confusion. "What do you mean we have to go to church? I thought we were hiding out so no one can find us!"

Mrs. Dwyer's face took on a sterner look as she said, "We are hiding out, but in this family we go to church on Sunday. Every Sunday! Besides, we are hiding out in disguise, not in some cave or attic. Anyway, we would only draw attention to ourselves if we holed up in this house and never went out. People would become curious and would begin asking questions and looking for answers. If we mingle in the community, as if we have nothing to hide, we will soon blend right in and be quickly forgotten. In any event, we ARE going to church and we are going to

wear our Sunday best! Now, have some breakfast. We have to get ready." Victor could only imagine what she meant by getting ready.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Do I have to dress as a girl, even for this?" whined Victor as they marched him into Diana's room.

"Of course you do, silly!" they both chorused.

"You must dress as a girl all the time," she said, as if talking to a small child. "You ARE Victoria! You will be introduced as my daughter Victoria at church. You will become part of the community as Victoria. So you better get used to it! The sooner you start thinking of yourself as a girl and as Victoria, the better. Remember, if you slip up and are discovered as a boy we might all soon be dead!"

Victor was a little concerned with the finality of what she was saying, but he had no good rebuttal to the argument, so what could he say? He felt anxiety begin to mount as he thought about facing the outside world dressed as a girl.

First, they had him get into the shower with instructions to wash his hair and to make sure he was completely smooth and free of body hair. This was quickly accomplished. As he got out of the shower, the two women, completely ignoring his embarrassing nudity, towed him dry. They stroked his soft, smooth skin; even in intimate places, checking for stubble and dusting him with scented powder. Satisfied, they handed him a matching braselette and panty set in a pale pink satin trimmed with white lace. They stood by supervising as Victor stepped into the tiny panties and drew them carefully into place. His private parts were so soft and shrunken from humiliation and so well trained from wearing a girdle, he had no trouble tucking them back out of sight between his soft, creamy thighs. They stayed put, even without a control

garment.

Diana helped him into the brasette. It was very tight and she had quite a struggle getting the hooks closed in back. Victor had to stand on tip toes, hold his arms over his head and suck in his tummy. When the task was finally completed, the results were amazing! Victor's soft, pliable body was molded into a completely convincing female shape. He had a well defined waist and curved hips. There was no sign of masculinity, even at the smooth junction of his soft thighs. He even appeared to have breasts, small but well shaped, caused by the flesh displaced by the tight foundation settling into the built-in bra cups.

While Victor had been wearing feminine outfits for several days, they were now beginning to get into new territory! Diana handed him a pair of very pale stockings and told him how to roll them on and how to fasten them to the garters hanging from the brasette. Victor had never worn nylons before. He found the sensation of rolling them onto his hairless legs and then the pressures from their tight gartering to be almost unbearably pleasant! He felt weak in the knees! He loved the sensation the nylon gave him when he moved his legs over one another and he made a conscious effort to keep his legs close together to cause this to happen more often.

Finally, his lingerie was completed by a short, pink chemise which was slipped over his head. This garment had pretty white lace at the bodice and hem. It duplicated exactly Victor's new found curves and emphasized his new bosom. It fell only to about the middle of his thighs, just below his stocking tops.

Victor sat at Diana's vanity, looking at himself in the mirror as she worked on his hair. He was absolutely stunned by his appearance in these dainty garments! He looked more like a girl than ever before! How could this

be? And worse, why was he beginning to like how he looked and felt? Were they giving him drugs too? Was the stress of this whole situation causing him to lose his mind like his mother? He felt he had to be very careful not to let the women know the effect these things were having on him. Boys shouldn't like these things and they might think he was a pervert or something! Little did he know, his feelings were obvious from the enraptured look on his face.

His hair was quickly dried and brushed into his short feminine style. More new ground was broken when Diana began to apply makeup to Victor's smooth, delicate face.

"Aren't you going too far?" he asked without feeling, as he watched his face made very pretty with just a little foundation, mascara, powder, blush and lipstick. Unconsciously, he ran his tongue over his newly reddened lips. They even tasted yummy!

Victor sat fascinated, looking at his face in the mirror. He didn't even notice when Mrs. Dwyer left and then returned carrying a beautiful pink dress.

When Victor did see the dress, he almost swooned. He was both horrified and fascinated, appalled by the fact that he was going to have to wear a dress; but secretly eager to see what he would look like in what he considered the ultimate badge of femininity!

Before he could even think, Mrs. Dwyer was lowering the delicate dress over his head, being very careful not to muss his hair. When she had it in place the way she wanted, she zipped the long zipper in back. The dress fit Victor like it was made especially for him. It was a pink lace sheath that hugged his body closely, but was not at all restricting. It had little cap sleeves and the lace neckline was deeply scooped both front and back. The skirt was short and slim, reaching only to mid-thigh, just a

little longer than the lacy hem of his slip. To finish the outfit, Diana had him step into a pair of bone colored pumps with heels about three inches high.

Intellectually, Victor thought he should feel humiliated to be such a sissy, to be wearing these beautiful, feminine and sexy clothes. But he didn't! He was so stunned by what a lovely and realistic girl he made and by how wonderful his new clothes looked and felt; he couldn't think of anything unpleasant at all about this experience.

He was so absorbed by his own reflection in the full-length mirror, and he didn't even notice Mrs. Dwyer and Diana leave to get dressed themselves.

The next thing he was conscious of was Mrs. Dwyer standing beside him.

"Victoria...Victoria..." she called, gently rousing him from his reverie. "It's time to go to church."

She handed him a clutch purse, which matched his shoes and, like a robot, he dazedly followed her out of the house towards the car, unconsciously walking on high heels as if he had done so all his life.

Victoria managed to handle the walk down the center aisle of the crowded church. He felt like every eye in the place was on him and that every person there could tell he was a boy dressed in girl's clothes. Luckily, Mrs. Dwyer didn't insist that they walk all the way to the front. They found a vacant pew about half way down and slipped quietly in and sat down. Diana quickly reminded Victoria to sit carefully lest he reveal "too much of everything" in his short dress.

If the truth be known, most eyes in the church were on the three women as they entered and walked down the aisle. But certainly not because they thought Victoria was anything but what he appeared. No, these people were

just naturally curious about three newcomers to their congregation. The men were particularly interested in these three very attractive women. The young men especially craned their necks trying to get a good look at Diana and Victoria. As boys usually do, they checked out every detail from head to toe and wondered about the parts covered by the dresses. These two definitely passed inspection!

Diana reveled at the obvious stir they had created, but Victoria interpreted any attention paid to him as suspicion about his true sex. He was extremely glad to finally get settled in the pew, more or less out of sight. He paid little attention to the service, spending the time trying to be as inconspicuous as possible. He kept his head down and his eyes glued to the hem of his dress, fascinated by his smooth, nylon covered thighs emerging below. He hoped that they would soon be out of there and back in the safety of the house.

When the service finally ended, Victoria got ready to make a hasty exit. He took a couple of deep breaths to calm his nerves, figuring that he only had to make it out to the car and he would be safely hidden once again.

However, Mrs. Dwyer had other ideas!

Instead of going home, they were heading for the post-service coffee hour. Victoria was being herded along by Mrs. Dwyer and Diana despite being almost paralyzed with fear. When they reached the cafeteria, Victoria found himself in the midst of perhaps 100 people and the three newcomers became even more the center of attention. After all, the purpose of this social hour was to get acquainted with new members of the congregation. Everyone seemed to want to meet the new "women."

Victoria had no choice but to behave like a proper young woman as one after another, beginning with the

minister, the adults walked up to the trio, introduced themselves, welcomed them to town and were in turn introduced to Mrs. Margaret Connors (Mrs. Dwyer's maiden name) and her two daughters, Diana and Victoria. They were asked a few questions, mainly about what brought them to town and how long they planned to stay, then made small talk for a few minutes. No one appeared to notice anything unusual about Victoria. On the contrary, the townspeople fawned over both he and Diana, making much about what pretty and well-behaved young ladies they were. Victoria's only reaction was a very real and unaffected imitation of shy, blushing girlhood. However, one result of this encounter was that he became completely convinced that his masquerade was entirely successful. His true sex, let alone his identity, was indeed hidden.

As Mrs. Dwyer was drawn into deeper conversation with the minister and the others, Diana and Victoria gradually retreated from the center of attention. They soon found themselves towards the back of the room in a group of seven or eight girls about the same age as them. They were cordially welcomed into this group as the prevalent small town attitudes of friendliness and inclusion overcame even typical teenage standoffishness. Once again, Victoria was accepted for exactly what he appeared to be, a pretty teenage girl.

Victoria blended in perfectly. Although shy and quiet, he was quickly drawn into exploratory conversations with the other girls. He didn't lie very much, telling mostly the truth about his background except of course about his true sex and nothing about his father's fate. He had soon met Janet, Karen, Monica, Linda and Sue. They quickly christened him with the nickname Vicki and it stuck.

Other forces began to work at this point. Victor had lived a very sheltered life and had few friends. As a result,

when he was so quickly and warmly welcomed into this group of girls, it was very pleasant, despite the circumstances. He found he really liked being part of a group. He liked talking and listening to kids his own age, even if they were girls and even if they were talking about somewhat foreign things like his favorite color, the dresses they were wearing, his hairstyle and Karen's new shoes. Now, he not only felt hidden, but also warm and accepted. He appreciated the attention. This was an altogether new and comfortable environment, one, which he decided he would very much like to preserve.

As happens when a group of attractive young girls gather, the boys started circling in. By this time, Vicki had no doubt of the security of his disguise after having undergone and survived the close scrutiny of his new girlfriends. He found the boy's hesitant, start-again stop-again approaches to the girls, including himself, a little revolting but mostly rather amusing and at the same time flattering. It was not long before he had met Ted, who offered to get Vicki a cup of coffee, and Jeff, who approached him using the transparent and good-humored line that he worked for the church newsletter and had the job of interviewing all newcomers to the congregation. Both boys were friendly and funny and Vicki, having never heard a "line", did not find the experience at all unpleasant.

As a result of all these events, Vicki went home in a much better frame of mind than he had arrived in and with the first real friends of his life.

The pleasure of being a member of a group for the first time and the pride he had always taken in his appearance soon became the dominant forces in Vicki's life. As the isolation that had ruled his life, not only since his father's death but also throughout his childhood, was broken; he took his first tentative steps into a new social life. It

rapidly became unimportant that he was doing so as a teenage girl. What was important was that these kids liked and accepted him that he fit in. Because of this, his attitudes began to change rather radically. He didn't think much about the past or the future, only about the present.

Soon, he began to think of himself as Vicki. As the girls began to invite him to their homes, to go shopping, to just hang out; he tried more and more to be like them, to be one of them, to perfect his feminine image. He became interested and knowledgeable about the same things his girlfriends were interested in: how they each looked, how to put together an attractive outfit, hair, makeup, nails, jewelry, and who was dating who... As a boy Victor had been a fastidious and fashionable dresser. Now this trait kicked in to his feminine persona. He became very particular about how he looked and what he wore, carefully coordinating outfits from lingerie to shoes to earrings. He had surprisingly good taste in feminine clothes. In fact, he soon became a fashion leader among the group of girls he chummed with. Even the attention of the boys didn't bother Vicki much, and there was a lot of that. He rationalized that it went with the territory he was living in and was only a tribute to his attractiveness.

Vicki spent the next few weeks coming to terms with the strong attraction of his new feminine social life versus the guilt and anxiety he felt as a boy dressing and acting like a girl. Slowly but surely, however, the positive aspects of his femininity overcame the resistance his masculine psyche put up to try to protect itself. This was helped along by the constant encouragement of Mrs. Dwyer and Diana along with the very pleasant reinforcement provided by his new girlfriends. Soon, he no longer felt that he was in disguise. The only concern Vicki felt about the situation was a nagging fear that the whole thing would be ruined by the revelation that he was really male.

He was determined to try all the harder to prevent that from happening.

Vicki spent a pleasant summer actively trying to be as feminine as possible. His days were filled with girlish pursuits. He slept late almost every day, then spent hours picking out an outfit, performing his daily beauty regimen then getting dressed. After a light breakfast, he usually headed for the mall, either with his girlfriends or with Diana and Mrs. Dwyer. After endless hours shopping, looking for a great skirt, the most flattering bra or the perfect pair of earrings, he returned home exhausted.

He would often slip into bed, wearing nothing but a bra and panties for a quick but refreshing nap. After supper, he would put together another outfit for the night of riding around with the girls and sometimes the boys, looking for "action". "Action" for these girls was wherever the young people happened to be gathering that night; at MacDonald's, the arcade or perhaps out at the lake for a beach party and bonfire. This inevitably led to a lot of good-natured interplay with the local boys, which Vicki found rather innocent and a lot of fun.

As the summer progressed, he even became concerned with not having big enough breasts or a small enough waist and about the beginnings of his beard. He confided these concerns to Diana and it was not long before he was willingly taking birth control pills she gave him on a daily basis. Diana assured him that they were just like vitamins and would just help to make him a little "rounder".

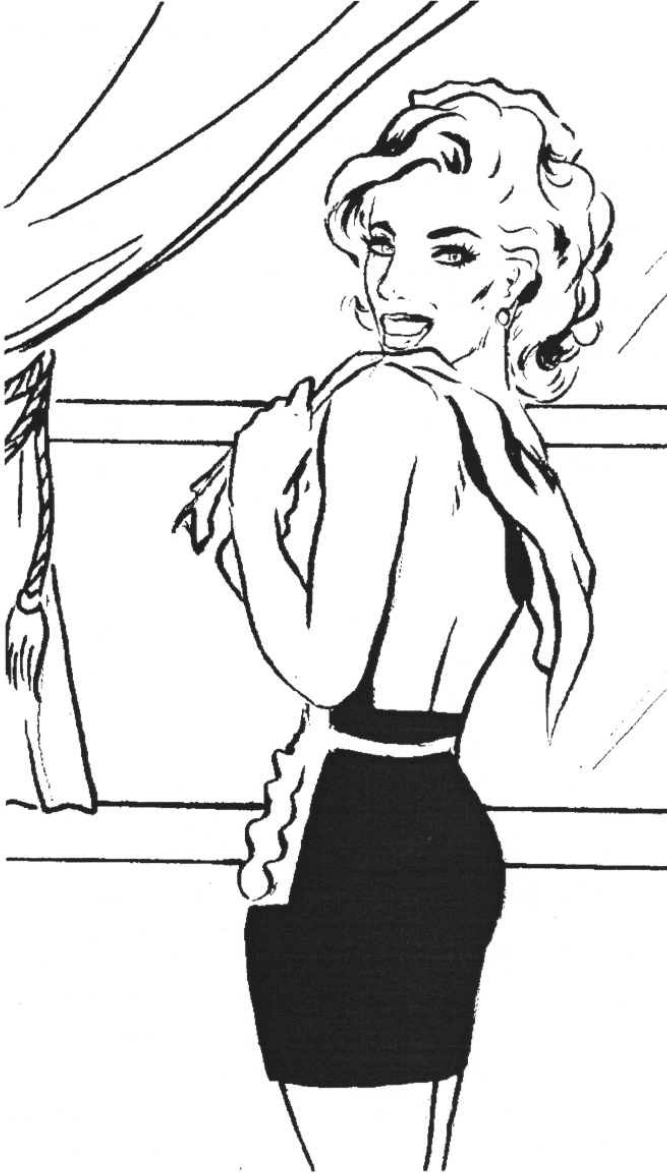
Eventually, of course, this idyllic interlude in an otherwise dangerous situation had to end, no matter how pleasant it was. Reality reasserted itself when they received word from Officer Dwyer that it was time to return to the city. Bobby Green's trial date had finally been set and Victor must reappear to testify against him. Officer Dwyer cautioned everyone not to reveal how or

where Victor had been hidden to anyone. Since the scheme had worked so well, it might be possible to use it again in the future for some other frightened witness.

## Chapter VIII

Vicki felt strange putting on men's clothing again after so long wearing skirts. The fabrics felt coarse and heavy to his soft, sensitive skin and everything seemed to button on the wrong side. It was especially odd not to be wearing a bra to support the small mounds that had begun to appear on his chest. The clothes didn't seem to fit properly, especially around the waist and in the hip and chest areas. Victor was a little concerned about the jiggle in these areas when he walked. Overall, the transition back to masculinity wasn't too difficult even if he was reluctant to get his hair and nails cut back to more "manly" proportions. When he concentrated, he could make himself move in a masculine fashion, but it was difficult.

They returned to the city ten days before the trial in order to prepare the testimony. But they stayed hidden in a downtown hotel. No attempts were made to get at Victor, so apparently his arrival had not been discovered. At first Victor was okay. He was making progress learning to be a man again. He seemed calm and confident about being able to testify and was convinced that Bobby Green would be found guilty and executed, putting an end to this sorry chapter of his life.



Vicki felt strange putting on men's clothing again after so long wearing skirts. The fabrics felt coarse and heavy to his soft, sensitive skin and everything seemed to button on the wrong side.

However, as the trial date got closer and closer and as he rehearsed his testimony with the prosecuting attorneys, Victor became more and more nervous about actually going through with it. He would have to face Bobby Green! This nervousness manifested itself increasingly by Victor reverting to femininity. Girlish gestures and mannerisms became frequent as the stress level rose. When going over a particularly testy area of his testimony, Victor would unconsciously compose himself from a masculine slouch to a demure, feminine sitting position; with feet and knees together, bottom back and hands folded in his lap. Then he would carefully cross his legs at the knee in a perfectly ladylike fashion. Unconsciously, Victor was reverting to the only circumstances that had made him feel safe in recent months as Victoria. Slowly, as the nervousness subsided, Victor would resume a more boyish demeanor. But these incidents were happening with increasing frequency and the prosecutors were beginning to wonder about their star witness. They were particularly perplexed because they had no idea what was going on since they knew nothing about Victor's disguise. They just hoped he could make it the few more days until the trial without losing it entirely.

At last the big day arrived. At first, all went well as Victor appeared to have settled down and was able to give a letter perfect account of the fateful night. All the rehearsal had paid off. He was somehow able to summon the courage to bravely point at the standing Bobby Green and identify him as the man who had killed his father. Things did unravel a little during his cross examination by the defense lawyer. Victor looked and felt like a helpless child as the lawyer viciously attacked him in every way possible. But despite numerous tears being shed, along with several flashes of overt feminine behavior, Victor managed to barely hold on and stuck to his story that Bobby Green and no one else had been

responsible for the horrible murder of his father right before his eyes. The defense could not shake him from that basic point and his behavior actually gained sympathy from the jury.

At last it was over! Both the prosecutor and the defense made long and eloquent summations, and then the case finally went to the jury.

The deliberations took longer than expected. The lawyers interpreted this as a bad sign. There was always the possibility that someone had gotten to the jury. Again Victor's anxiety level increased and again his feminine mannerisms became overt. Finally, word came that the jury had reached a verdict. They all trooped back to the courtroom. Victor was on the verge of hysteria and didn't think he could make it, but was persuaded that he had to go this one last time. He practically had to be supported as they made their way to their places.

Silence fell on the courtroom as the jury filed in. The strain of determining whether a man lives or dies was etched into their faces. It seemed to take forever for them to slowly make their way to the jury box.

"Have you reached a verdict?" intoned the judge, finally breaking the silence and the spell.

"We have, your Honor," answered the jury foreman with equal formality.

The court fell silent again and Victor held his breath, feeling that his life hung in the balance on the next words to be spoken.

"How say you?" asked the judge.

"We find the defendant guilty as charged."

In a heartbeat it was over! With that one word, "GUILTY", Victor felt total relief. He could resume a normal life, at least as much as was possible with his

father dead and his mother institutionalized.

But his relief was short lived indeed!

Before the echoes of the verdict had died in the courtroom, Bobby Green had broken away from the court officers and charged almost all the way to Victor before he was tackled. His evil face took on so hateful an expression that all around him retreated lest his gaze fall on them.

From behind those who now restrained him, Bobby peered at Victor, his accuser. "Your life isn't worth a damn!" he screamed. "Don't think this is over just because I'm going to jail. I'll still get you! You're dead, do you hear me!!! You can't hide from me, I have my whole life with nothing to do but plan a way to get you. You're dead! You'll never live to be a man!"

The courtroom was in bedlam! Police, lawyers and spectators were milling around in confusion while various individuals tried to restore order, most notably, the judge.

"Order in the court! Order in this courtroom!" he bellowed, banging his gavel for all he was worth. Ever so slowly, order, if not calm, began to return to the scene. Finally, the policemen who had pinned Bobby Green to the floor dragged him to his feet and out of the courtroom screaming threats every inch of the way.

At last the room became quiet. It was not until then, as everyone was resuming their seats, that Mrs. Dwyer noticed that Victor was missing!

"Where is Victor?" she screamed!

At that point others too noticed that Victor was gone. The courtroom erupted once again. Everyone naturally assumed that Bobby Green had somehow made good on his threat and engineered Victor's disappearance.

Officer Dwyer, along with the other police, quickly swung into action. Some went to question Green, but most

quickly acted to seal and search the building. Mrs. Dwyer and Diana were quietly sobbing, dreading the worst. Officer Dwyer was more optimistic, figuring they couldn't have gotten far this quickly. For more than an hour the building was searched and searched again. There was no sign of Victor or any indication of what had happened to him.

Next, the police put out an all-points bulletin for Victor as well as for all of Bobby Green's know associates. For good measure, they also put one out on everyone known to be connected with Bruno DeVito's crime family.

The Dwyer's went down to the police station to monitor developments and to wait, being unable to think of anywhere else to look for Victor. Hours later, there was still no sign of Victor, nor any clues from the bulletins. Even the most optimistic police now began to fear the worst. Soon, they began to openly speculate that his body would probably never be found. Some even seemed to imply that Victor had it coming to him because he was Bruno DeVito's son.

Hours later, totally disheartened and exhausted, the Dwyer's slowly drove the dark streets towards home. They were all three numb with grief and fatigue. No one said a word. It had all been for nothing. All they had put Victor through and all they had done to protect him had been for nothing.

When they got to the house, some of the lights were on. They didn't think anything of it, figuring they had left them on that morning. All three headed immediately to bed.

When Diana walked into here room, she almost turned and ran. Someone was there! She immediately assumed it was someone Bobby Green had sent! But before she could act or even call out, she recognized who it was!

Sitting at Diana's vanity table was Victor, or more accurately, Victoria! He sat facing the mirror methodically brushing his hair. He was wearing a white lacy push-up bra, matching sting bikini panties, a garter belt, pale lace-top stockings and a pair of black high-heeled pumps. His face was completely and beautifully made up and he was working on styling his recently trimmed hair into a feminine style. He looked stunning!

At first, he didn't seem to be aware that Diana had entered the room. For a few moments, he just continued to brush his hair, gazing intently at his own reflection in the mirror. Finally, he put the brush down, fluffed his hair with his hands once or twice, pursed his lips to check his lipstick and turned around.

"Oh! Hello, Diana. What kept you out so late?" said Victor, as if nothing at all had happened!

"MOM! DAD!" screamed Diana as she backed against the door and fainted dead away.

\* \* \* \* \*

Victor appeared to have completely reverted to Victoria. He was in every way feminine and beautiful in a female way. At first, he couldn't seem to understand why the Dwyer's were making such a fuss about it all. In fact, he was so out of touch with reality, they were worried that Victor's ordeal had caused him to have some kind of nervous breakdown like his mother.

Slowly, as everyone began to calm down, including Victor, reality began to seep into his thinking and into his conversation. Though it was very late, they sat in the living room talking for a long time. Victor had donned one of Diana's short, frilly robes and sat at the end of the sofa, his slim, smooth legs tucked underneath him and his arms around his body, hugging himself just as a girl might.

Finally, Victor was able to admit to the Dwyer's and to himself that he had been in the courtroom that day and to explain what happened when Bobby Green had erupted.

"I was so frightened, I just couldn't stand it!" Victor began hesitantly. "I thought he was going to get me after all. I panicked so badly, I thought I was going to be sick. But everyone was running right past me, trying to get to that awful man, I just found myself at the back of the crowd. I couldn't stand it! I felt I just had to get out of there. Since no one seemed to be paying any attention to me, I just backed out of the room and made my way out to the street.

"When I got out there, I really couldn't think of anywhere to go. For some reason, your address popped into my head, so I got a cab and came here. The back door was open, so I came in and sort of...made myself comfortable." Victor giggled nervously, unconsciously patting his hair, straightening his robe over his thighs and looking around for a mirror.

While Victor was able to regain some grasp of the events of the day, he did not in any way relinquish his feminine appearance or behavior. Even his speech remained in the feminine register.

Mrs. Dwyer gently questioned Victor about why he was dressed in women's lingerie and wearing makeup.

"This is the only way I feel safe now." he explained hesitantly. "After being so scared when my father was killed and with my mother sick and all...I felt so safe and secure...so comfortable living as Victoria while we were at your aunt's house..." He trailed off for a while.

No one else spoke, waiting for him to continue.

"Anyway, I just couldn't calm down, so I thought maybe if I tried to become Victoria again...maybe I'd feel

better. I went up to Diana's room and one thing led to another." He made a limp wrist gesture with his hands, indicating the things he was wearing.

"Please forgive me Diana for borrowing your things without asking." he murmured shyly.

By this time, everyone was so drained and tired from the day's events. They decided there was nothing to be gained by further conversation, so they went to bed. Vicki and Diana went to Diana's room and sat side by side quietly removing their makeup. Vicki removed his shoes, stockings and garter belt and slipped into one of the twin beds wearing only his lingerie. he was asleep almost immediately.

Nothing much happened for the next couple of days. Vicki slept most of the time, having borrowed a pretty pink nightgown from Diana. When he was awake he maintained his feminine persona to perfection, borrowing lingerie, skirts, tops and other things he needed. He did not leave the house even once. None of the Dwyer's challenged him on this, figuring it was best just to give him a little time.

After a few days, Mrs. Dwyer felt it was time to ask Vicki what he had in mind and to urge him to get on with the rest of his life.

One afternoon, when just she and Vicki were in the house, she asked him to come into the kitchen for a cup of tea. Vicki looked gorgeous..... like a young fashion model, in a lovely outfit which made him look slightly older than he really was. He was all in yellow, wearing a yellow raw silk, unconstructed blazer over a yellow silk tee and a very short and very slim yellow skirt. He wore nude pantyhose and yellow pumps with three inch heels. Vicki looked in turns fresh and pretty then sultry and sophisticated in this dramatic ensemble. Topping off the look, Vicki had

his now short and only slightly curly hair in a new style, brushed up and off his face, which was expertly made up to look perfectly natural. His eyes were done soft and his mouth was a slash of red, creating the focus of color on his face.

Vicki was clearly pleased with the way he looked and presented the image of a proud ingénue who is not quite sure what to do about the beauty she knows she possesses.

Mrs. Dwyer had to admit to herself that Vicki was indeed a young fresh-faced beauty.

Gently, she began to question him, reluctant but knowing she must destroy the mood. "Victor," she intentionally used his masculine name despite his feminine appearance. "It's been fun having you stay here with us and you are welcome to stay for as long as you like, but I was just wondering if you have any plans..."

It didn't take much prodding for Vicki to begin to unburden himself. "Oh Mrs. Dwyer! I just don't know what to do!" began Victor in a rush, fidgeting with his hair then the hem of his skirt. "I know I should begin thinking about the future, but I feel so good here and things would be so bad for me everywhere else, I just can't seem to do it.

"I like you and Diana and Mr. Dwyer so much and since I don't have a real family anymore, except for my poor mother; I guess I want to find a way to stay with you. I've enjoyed being your daughter so much...even though I know it isn't right. Plus, up to now, I've been so frightened by that horrid Bobby Green, the only way I feel safe is when Victor disappears and Victoria is born."

Mrs. Dwyer remained quiet, creating a silence that Victoria felt compelled to break.

"To be totally honest, I really like living as a girl. Aside from the events surrounding my father's death, my life

has never been better. As a boy, I never had any friends. I was very lonely. But while we were in hiding, my girlfriends were all great to me! They really made me feel welcome and like I was truly one of them. It really was fun!

"Besides, I've always liked wearing nice clothes and looking good! I like girl's clothing. I even like how my body looks now. For some reason, it seems to be changing. Maybe it's from wearing feminine clothing all the time? Whatever the cause, I'm definitely softer and curvier than I was before and I feel good, especially when I'm wearing a pretty dress! I love wearing stockings and high heels!

"I guess I realize that it can't go on forever, that I'm not really a girl and that I shouldn't feel this way. But I guess I just want it to last for as long as possible."

At this point, Mrs. Dwyer felt she should make her feelings known. This whole thing was going too far. The boy definitely needed guidance.

"You do make a very lovely girl, Victor. And I do want you to be happy. But I'm not sure this can go on. What about finishing school? What about getting a job? What about a wife and children? Don't you want these things? It would be very difficult for you to live a normal life this way, wouldn't it?"

"I guess you're right." replied Vicki, more thoughtfully. "I guess this will have to end." He stood and performed a little pirouette to indicate he meant his femininity. "But it will be very difficult going back to being just a boy!" He sat down, carefully crossing his legs and arranging his skirt, totally feminine in every way.

"It sure will be!" thought Mrs. Dwyer, marveling at his fresh-faced beauty. Out loud she said, "It has to be done."

They chatted on for most of the afternoon, slowly but

surely working Vicki around to the full acceptance that he must become Victor again, permanently. Late in the afternoon, and not without some reluctance, they decided that if it had to be done, it would be best to do it immediately. Finally, with a heavy heart, Vicki started to make his way upstairs to remove his feminine clothing for what he was sure would be the last time.

Suddenly, the afternoon quiet was shattered when the front door banged open! Mr. Dwyer rushed in with his gun drawn! He quickly moved into the house in a crouch, ignoring Mrs. Dwyer and Vicki. He looked around anxiously aiming his gun here and there as if he expected someone else to be there, someone dangerous!

"Frank! What is it?" screamed Mrs. Dwyer.

"It's Bobby Green! He killed a guard and escaped! There's no doubt he'll soon be looking for Victor and for us! I thought he might already be here."

## Chapter IX

Vicki had no difficulty settling back into the upstate New York town where he had found safety and satisfaction as a young woman.

The Dwyer's arrived and settled into the small town as the Connors, the name they had used before. In fact, the Dwyer's had, for all intents and purposes, disappeared off the face of the earth through the efforts of the Federal Witness Protection Program. Frank Connors (Mr. Dwyer) was the new sheriff in town and had moved into the old family homestead with his wife Margaret and his two beautiful, teenaged daughters, Vicki and Diana.

In truth, the whole family was happy to be away from big city life, none more so than Vicki who could now resume his quest for peace of mind as a small town girl.

Soon it was as if his life had always been so. His girlfriends welcomed him back into their ranks and he was soon reveling, as would any pretty teenaged girl, in short sexy skirts, tight revealing sweaters, dances, parties and all the resulting attention from the boys.

Vicki had continued to take his "vitamins" which Diana had "prescribed". As a result, his body had continued to change. His figure was now a totally feminine 35-24-36 and he completely filled a B cup. He was very proud of his sexy body and liked to show it off in somewhat revealing outfits.

Masculinity and his past life became rather distant memories to Vicki. He embraced Mr. and Mrs. "Connors" as his parents, Diana as his sister and his femininity as if each of these things had always been so.

It wasn't long before Vicki's femininity became so perfect, both in body and mind that the subject of "boys" began to assume a bigger and bigger part of his life. His girlfriends couldn't understand why Vicki didn't date and who urged him more and more in that direction.

Vicki resisted the whole business as much as possible. Even though he felt secure and comfortable in his femininity and although he didn't feel that there was anything wrong with the idea of his dating another boy, he was even curious about it; he knew that this would be going too far, he was sure to be found out. He was able to successfully avoid outright dates with boys, but he often found himself in social occasions with both sexes present. For instance, he went to lots of parties and dances with his girlfriends. Since he was becoming more and more attractive with every passing day, numerous different boys were constantly hitting on Vicki. He was the quite frequent recipient of clandestine "feels" and the occasional stolen kiss. He found all the attention very pleasant indeed! The boys of this small town considered a date with

Vicki the ultimate male accomplishment.

After awhile, the pressure to cross this barrier was becoming too great! Vicki was trying to find a way to make it look like he was dating without actually doing it. He now felt he simply couldn't get involved with a guy, that it was just too dangerous. But maybe he could accept just one date...

Eventually, he gave in and accepted a date with Ted, the boy he had met that first Sunday at the church social. Vicki reasoned the best way to make things look normal was to actually start dating to make it look like he was interested in boys. However, he vowed he would never go on more than one date with any one guy. Ted was a very good-looking guy, tall and athletic; but most important to Vicki, he seemed to be a gentleman. He wasn't as aggressive as the other guys constantly after Vicki, and therefore, it seemed reasonably safe to accept his first date with him.

The Connor's (Dwyer's), even Diana, had some serious reservations about Vicki going out on a date. But they couldn't think of any way around it either if he was to appear completely normal and not attract undue attention. Mr. and Mrs. Connors reluctantly agreed that it would be all right, at least this once. Mrs. Connors did sit Vicki down and went through a crash course in how a girl controls a date so that things don't get out of hand. Vicki blushed furiously throughout this very frank lesson about kissing, roving hands and other things in which neither Vicki nor Victor had any experience whatsoever.



Strangely, while out on his date with Ted, Vicki felt more like a boy than he had in months. He had carefully selected an outfit which he knew was very pretty but which wasn't intended to be sexy at all. He wore a cream colored, long sleeved shirtdress of crepe de chine. It had a notched collar, a surplice bodice that bloused slightly over the belt of the knee length skirt of stitched down pleats. He wore cream pantyhose and bone colored shoes with two-inch heels. As he hoped, the dress was stylish and feminine, but didn't show much skin to give Ted any ideas....

But it was wrong! He had taken things too far! He was uncomfortable with everything that was happening. Instead of feeling attractive in the pretty outfit, he felt somehow perverse and ashamed to be such a sissy and to be fooling Ted into thinking he was a girl, something he was not. His only thought was to find a way out of this impossible situation.

Ted was a very nice guy however, and a charming and attentive date. If he could sense Vicki was having misgivings, he wrote it off to normal "first date" nervousness and worked all the harder to put them both at ease. It worked! Vicki was so charmed by Ted's attention, he soon forgot about his reservations. He found he liked being doted upon, being guided and protected, having everything paid for and generally having his every wish granted by this handsome young man. In some ways, Ted replaced his mother and father in taking care of him and telling him what to do. He found this very comforting. Besides, as he had suspected, Ted was a perfect gentleman and made no efforts to bring sex, Vicki's worst fear, into this idyllic evening.

"Maybe this dating business is okay!" he thought as the night passed as if it were all a dream, a very pleasant dream.

By the time Ted delivered Vicki to his front door at the appointed hour of 11:30, Vicki was more than willing to submit to Ted's rather stiff maneuvering for a goodnight kiss and embrace. After all, he had been kissed by a boy before and lived to tell about it! The night had been a lot of fun! Ted was a nice guy and he deserved it!

After that success, Vicki felt comfortable going out on more dates. While most of these outings were reasonably pleasant, some were quite sticky and threatening. Vicki continued to feel he could not go out with the same guy twice. That would really be pushing it!

However, this didn't take into consideration Ted. Not only was Ted persistent in pursuing another date, but in all honesty, Vicki had to admit he found himself wanting to go out with him again. None of his other dates had matched up. Given the circumstances, it didn't take long for Vicki's resolve to crumble.

One thing soon led to another and it wasn't long before Vicki and Ted were pretty much an "item". They were soon seeing each other often and exclusively. While their relationship became somewhat more physical, they did spend lots of evenings "parking" and "making out", Vicki was adamant and had managed to see that things went no farther, though he had to admit he found these encounters enjoyable and exciting. While Ted was somewhat frustrated, he liked Vicki so much he was willing to go along, at least for awhile. So it went through the fall and winter, up to that fateful night when they went to see the Godfather III on that cold winter evening.

## Chapter X

Vicki sat there sobbing for quite a long time. Ted was unable to penetrate the emotional curtain she had closed around herself. Vicki's main feelings were those of fear, remorse and self-loathing.

"How could I have done this to myself?" she muttered inaudibly, feeling repulsed at the totally feminine creature she had become.

"I'm a boy! I'm a boy! I'm a boy..." The thought repeated in desperation over and over in her mind.

"I'm so frightened! What is to become of me?" she moaned aloud. In her mind, Vicki was reliving all the events that had occurred over the last year. From her life as Victor, her father's murder, her mother's breakdown,

the attempts on her own life, her first transformation to Victoria, Bobby Green's trial and her life since as Vicki. Everything was in a confused jumble. It was too much! She could make no sense of it and without that she didn't know what to do next! One thing she thought she knew, her current situation was wrong. She somehow had to find a way to become a boy again. Vicki remained lost in her thoughts as the film flashed unseen on the screen and as Ted tried to break through to her.

Finally, awareness of the world around her began to return to Vicki. First she began to hear Ted's attempts to find out what was wrong.

"Vicki...What's wrong? Are you all right?" a pause, then, "Sweetheart, please snap out of it!"

Vicki found herself in Ted's arms looking up at the concern obvious on his troubled face. With a start, she tried to extricate herself, remembering what her dreamlike experience had been about. She had to escape. She shouldn't be here dressed as a girl in the arms of a man! But Ted was too strong for Vicki in her weakened, disoriented state. He gathered her into a protective embrace, trying to comfort her though he had no idea what was wrong.

Slowly, the panic drained from Vicki as Ted's warmth and concern began to penetrate. At first reluctantly, she settled into the comfort of Ted's arms. As she did so, the fear began to leave her and the light began to return to her clouded eyes.

Seeing this, Ted could sense that Vicki had returned from whatever faraway journey her mind had taken her on. Ted lowered his face to Vicki's, looking closely for any indication of continued difficulty. When he saw none, he touched his lips gently to Vicki's. Warmed and excited by this touch and sensing no resistance, he kissed her long

and deeply, pulling her more closely into his embrace.

All the sensations of safety, comfort, and contentment that had sold Vicki on the feminine role began to flood back into her. The doubts and fears that the movie had triggered seemed to evaporate in an instant. She wanted to dress in pretty clothes and to live as a girl! She wanted to be with Ted! She pressed her soft body closer to Ted, not caring about the consequences should she be found out. Sure there would be problems, but everyone had problems. There had to be a way. Love...yes love; her love for this beautiful lifestyle, her love for the Dwyer's who had helped her so much, and her love for Ted who clearly cared for her, would somehow find a way.

Ted, sensing a new responsiveness from Vicki, pushed his advantage. Feeling hidden by the darkened theater, he caressed Vicki's beautiful body, cupping her soft full breasts and feeling her nipples expand and harden against his palms. He then placed his hand lightly on Vicki's leg above the knee. He ran his hand along the smooth nylon clad thigh, working in and up...

Vicki was almost lost in these new and pleasurable sensations assailing her body and mind. She wanted more! She was almost lost, but not completely. She was on a roller coaster ride of emotion. Now she had never felt more feminine... This had to stop! She was very close to discovery...

Gently, she began to disengage herself, restoring her clothing and bringing things to a gradual halt. While disappointed that Vicki wouldn't go farther, Ted was very pleased at the progress made this night. She was so beautiful! He wondered what had been her problem. There was so much he didn't know about her. Everything seemed all right now. More than all right!

Without a word, the couple decided it was time to

leave. The crisis had passed and the ending of the movie was much too bleak and hopeless for Vicki. Ted had entirely lost interest despite this being the one movie he absolutely had to see. They slowly made their way from the still dark theater and out into the cold night. Vicki was filled with conflicting apprehension and contentment. The passion of the theater had subsided and she knew there would still be problems, lots of problems! She caught a reflected glimpse of herself in a store window as they walked by. How pretty her outfit looked pleased her. Somehow, everything would work out. She was warmed by the thought. Vicki was sure of one thing, her life in hiding was difficult, but it was also wonderful and it must continue! After all, Bobby Green was still out there somewhere!

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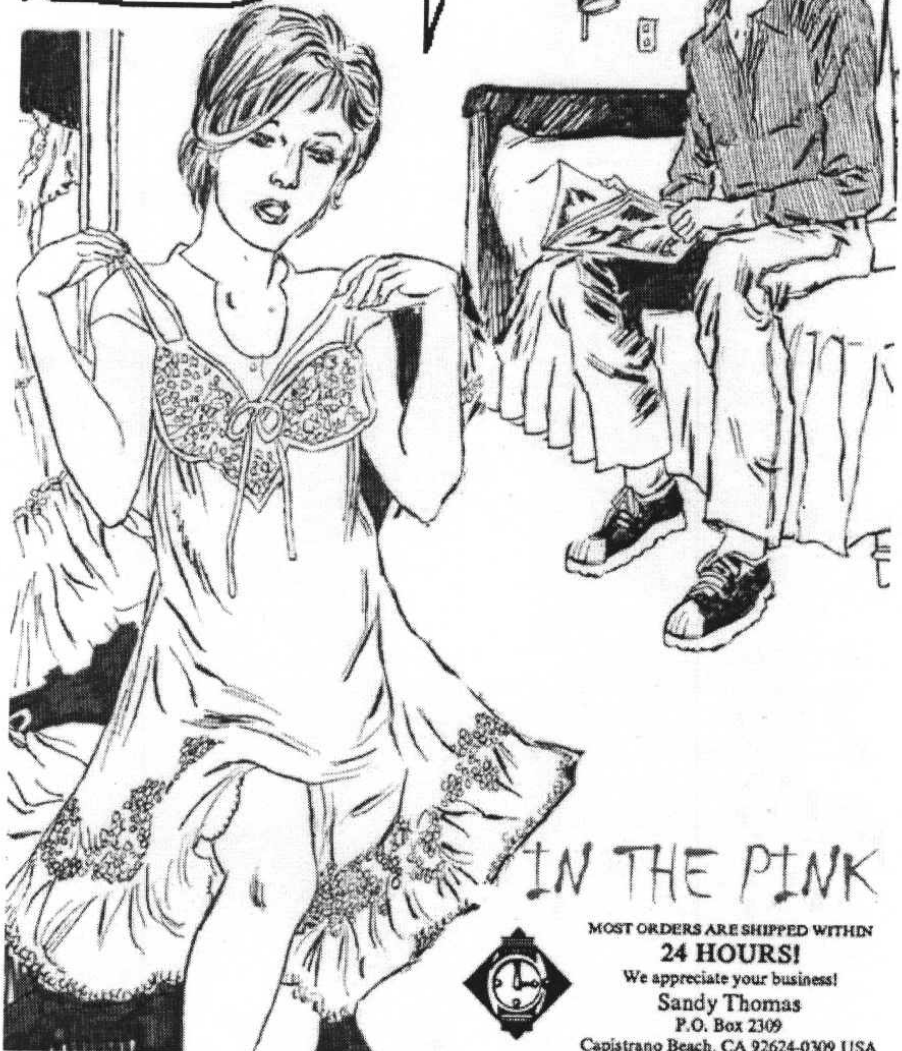
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