

# TV FICTION SERIALS

MAGAZINE

VOLUME ONE OF FOUR

## AN AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

By C.V.

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Special thanks to Alice Trail

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## PART ONE OF FOUR

### BOOK ONE

The station was empty. After a 4,000 mile trip from America to England, Jack Simon expected his Aunt or some member of the family to be there. He asked the only porter if he had seen anyone. But the porter was unsympathetic to this American, a young man still in his teens. He could not help him. Jack Simon sat down on his large suitcase in very low spirits. He looked around the bleak, dark station. The countryside spread before him empty of man or dwelling in every direction.

What on earth would he do if this was the wrong station? He had been met at Southampton and he had been put on the train and given his ticket. His labels had been marked "Mr. J. Simon" and the name of this station outside of London. That was all!!

He had very little money. It began to rain. He got up and started pulling the heavy suitcase towards the little station house. It was little more than a room with a ticket window. As he came up to it, he saw the only door shut and when he turned the handle he found it locked. Something like panic seized him. Looking around, he was just in time to see the porter disappearing on a bicycle around a distant bend in the road. The rain beat on the small room overhang. He felt the chill of evening coming on. Desperately, he tugged at the door.

A chill of fear touched him. He even felt like crying. "I'm a teenager," he thought, "and, I'm not a sissy! I will not cry!" He tried to quell the feeling of panic, as he prayed someone would come.

Just then the sound of a car came to his ears. His heart jumped with relief. Then he realized that he was alone. What if it was a crook? "I'm almost a man," he repeated, and again listened to the approaching sound. Fear fighting relief, he watched as it rounded the bend and approached. With the wipers sweeping, it was difficult, but he could just make out that it was only a woman, and his fears subsided. Delighted now, he recognized his Aunt as she drove up and parked by the station.

Getting out, for a moment she looked him up and down, then clutched him in her arms. He was so glad to see a rescuer, he forgot a boy's reluctance at being embraced. But as she wrapped her arms about him, he was surprised to find her kissing him like a girl full on the lips. He was too relieved to question it, but he did stiffen his lips in boyish reaction.

As they tugged the suitcase into the car, his Aunt explained that the gardner's boy had taken the car on an errand and was late returning, hence the delay. Reassured, Jack relaxed onto the front seat. His Aunt turned the car expertly and looked closely at him.

"He was very naughty," she said. "Donna gave him a good caning, so he'll watch his step the next time." She watched his face. It was a picture.

He remembered his cousin, Donna, as she was several years ago. Jack was surprised at the idea of Donna "caning" the gardener's boy. It was funny like a feudal English idea.

"Donna is grown since you met as children," she added.

Jack considered Donna must be eighteen. He tried to think of an American girl of eighteen doing that, and he wondered if the boy was small - but old enough to drive. He put it out of his mind, wondering vaguely if a girl like Donna had been able to force the boy into a convenient position, or if it was expected of him to submit to the lady of the house.

"Terry is nearly a young woman now," his Aunt said chattily, "she has grown too."

Jack wondered about his cousin Paul.

As if reading his thoughts, Aunt Julia remarked, "Paul is very changed too. He's almost out of his teens."

Jack wondered if Paul was still as wild and as big a bully as when he was a child.

"I made the children wait at home," his Aunt said as they bumped into a winding driveway. "They have to get the house in order for your arrival." She smiled at him, and Jack relieved and tired, smiled unknowingly back.

The house, dark and large, loomed up. The door at the top of the steps was open and a tall beautiful girl was standing inside. Jack recognized his cousin Donna despite her grown up looks and those funny "English" clothes!

A boy came out from the door at the side of the steps. It was not Paul. This boy was about twenty years old and hefty. He had a great wad of hair and wore it "English" style. Jack thought, "He needs a barber!"

"Take the case," Aunt Julia told the boy, "and tell them to air all the clothes." Her tone told Jack this was one of the servants. He nodded, smiling at him, as the lad stepped forward and carried off the

heavy suitcase with a stiff walk.

They went quickly up the steps into the house. Jack looked at his cousin as she looked him over. In school, she would have made good talk in the locker room. Like her mother she embraced him, and again, he was embarrassed by her pretentiousness, her tight embrace, and her kisses. Almost rudely, he stepped back and brushed his lips with a sleeve. She laughed at his shyness.

"Wonderful to have you here!" she said.

Pleased with his cousin's reception, he missed the tone of her remark. As he followed his Aunt and Donna into the drawing room, he noted how much of Donna's legs showed in her short dress.

Standing before a large fire were Terry and Paul. They had changed. Though Terry wore juvenile clothes, she looked very grown up. She was no longer smaller than himself. She was as tall or even a bit taller.

She too embraced him, but a little more roughly than Donna. Jack noticed, and he pulled his lips away before they touched hers.

After Terry, Paul stepped quietly forward, and the two boys hands gingerly. Jack remembered that Paul was about a year younger than himself. He was about the same size, but certainly seemed subdued and quiet to what he had been when last they had met. Could it be that his English schoolboy clothes had a subduing effect on him, wondered Jack. Paul wore the traditional clothes of a schoolboy, white shirt, school tie, blazer, short grey flannel pants, and knee stockings with turn down tops. Gosh, thought Jack, he is wearing knee pants like a little boy!

Jack was relieved of his wet topcoat, but he refused the offer to go and change just yet. In his youth, his hunger was more urgent.

They were soon sitting down to dinner. Jack was closely questioned by his cousins, and their pleasure to have him visit made him feel good. Terry was a bit of a tease, and he was amused at her little mischievous smile.

The talk turned to plans for the morrow, as Aunt Julia said they must let him rest soon.

"What about the St. Andrews meeting tomorrow?" asked Terry, smiling again.

"You didn't know you were related to a noted Scottish family, did you?" Aunt Julia asked.

Jack had no idea. "Scottish" only vaguely conjured up bagpipes and Highland games with men in skirts.

"We wear the MacLure tartan, you know," Donna informed him.

Jack felt he should be very impressed, but the information was of little interest to him.

"How could we bring Jack without a kilt?" Terry asked her mother. She sounded concerned.

Jack was not in the least anxious to wear a Scottish kilt, but politeness restrained him from saying so. They all seemed to be very concerned.

"Maybe he could borrow one of Paul's old kilts," Donna suggested.

Paul spoke from the other side of the table. "My dress kilt is clean and pressed."

"Good," said Aunt Julia "You can use that, although it's usually for evening occasions."

She sounded relieved, though Jack felt anything but enthusiastic. They had all taken for granted that he would wear a kilt. He thought of what the fellows back home would have said if they saw him. But this was England and a Scottish meeting. Being a guest, he could hardly refuse to wear the skirt, or kilt as they called it.

A wonderful dessert put these things out of his mind. They talked until Aunt Julia announced, "Time for bed."

Somewhat to his surprise Terry, not Paul, was told to show him to his room. When they reached the bedroom, Jack thought he knew the reason for Terry being his guide. For the bedroom was pink and daintily set up like a girl's. It probably belonged to her, but she had given it up for his visit. The impression was emphasised as Terry briefly looked in a few drawers and in the closet.

"Good night Jack," she said on leaving.

Jack looked around for his case, then remembered it had been taken downstairs. On the bed were a pair of his pajamas, and when he touched them he found they were dry and warm. Exhausted, he was soon asleep.

He awoke. The sun was bright, for the shades had been drawn up. He sat up and looked around. The room had been tidied up. He should have wakened. His crumpled trousers had been taken off the floor. No doubt to the inevitable drying and pressing downstairs. He wondered how long he would have to wait for them. A slight pang of annoyance came over him as he recalled that he was to wear the Scottish skirt today. Otherwise, he was looking forward to his first day in England.

He got up, and there across the chair lay the kilt. He pulled off his pajamas and grabbed the freshly pressed undershirt left for him across the back of the chair. Seeing no underpants, he pulled on the shirt lying beneath the undershirt. It was not one of his own. It was very short, only reaching to his waist. Strange, but probably what had to be worn with a kilt, he thought.

He looked at the kilt, and wished he could tell his Aunt he preferred to stay at home, rather than wear the kilt to the St. Andrews meeting. But, the thought of his rather forceful Aunt changed his mind. He would try it on anyway. He would get the underpants in a

moment. He gathered the kilt up and awkwardly tried to figure out how to put it on. After a few tries, he figured how. By the aid of a mirror, he fastened it around his waist. Looking at his reflection, he saw that socks were needed. He looked about and found them with a pair of heavy looking shoes, which to his surprise, fit him perfectly.

He put his foot on the edge of the chair to put on the second shoe, and for the first time he noticed what had lain under the kilt on the chair. Silk panties! They were plain white, but quite obviously girl's panties. They had elastic at the waist and around the leg openings. He had heard jokes about what Scottsmen wore under their skirts. . .now he knew!

Being a red-blooded American boy, he was very reluctant to put on a girl's underwear, whether it was customary or not. He picked them up with distaste and stared at them disgustedly.

At that moment Aunt Julia swept cheerfully into the room without knocking. Jack hoped she had not seen his expression. Embarrassed, he stood holding the panties as his Aunt looked admiringly over his kilt and blouse. "Don't worry about your kilt. It suits you fine," she said, "Now get into your knickers. We shall have to make haste."

"Knickers," she called the panties. This was an American word for a young boy's trousers! He was very intimidated and disturbed by his Aunt's frank gaze. Memories of his Aunt's strictness crossed his mind. She remained standing there, and allowed him no privacy! Slowly, and completely against his will, he awkwardly put them on. Aunt Julia, to his immense embarrassment, assisted him to balance as he maneuvered the panties over his shoes. This was like being a little child again! Once they were over his ankles, he freed himself politely from her grasp. He could do nothing about her watching as he pulled up the panties and adjusted them beneath his kilt.

Without ceremony, his aunt propelled him out the door. She didn't even give him time to wash. Jack did not exactly find that a hardship!

As they walked, Jack experienced what freedom of movement a skirt gives. He was also aware of his exposed legs. The free swinging kilt gave him a sensation of not being covered. It felt as though even his girls panties were visible. He took very short steps. Added to his discomfort was the prospect of coming down the stairs and meeting his cousins. Would Paul be in kilts? Did he have to wear panties too? Jack could hardly bear the thought that another boy would be aware of the panties he wore, but he was consoled at the thought that he was wearing Paul's kilt.

As they came down the stairs, he hesitated. There in the hall stood Terry waiting with that little smile on her face. Terry pretended not to notice Jack's embarrassment, but still, his face burned bright red.

In the breakfast room, Paul was sitting at the table with Donna.

To Jack's relief, Paul also wore a skirt.

Donna finished breakfast, commented on how well Jack looked in a kilt, and went with Terry to get ready. Aunt Julia sent a maid in with breakfast and left the boys to get herself dressed.

To cover his embarrassment, Jack assumed a rough hearty manner and ate noisily. Paul looked into his plate, barely moving. The room was heavily draped and was quiet except for the sound of Jack's eating and an occasional gruff remark.

Paul was very still, but inevitably, he had to reach for the toast. His chair creaked slightly in the silence, but Jack came aware of another sound that made him turn beetroot red. He had heard such a sound before and recognized it instantly. It was the squishy sound of taffeta and the slightly crisper sound of starched lace rubbing against it! His sister wore taffeta panties occasionally, mostly for square dancing. There was no mistaking the sound. Jack said nothing. He thought of Terry's smile. She probably purposely refused to lend any panties for Paul except elaborate laced taffeta. That would be Terry. The thought flashed through Jack's mind. Poor Paul might even be wearing a taffeta petticoat under his kilt besides the taffeta panties! How awful for him! Those brawny Scots on the movies at the games, did they wear dainty lace panties under their kilts? Jack grinned at the thought.

As Jack continued to munch loudly, Paul assumed the squish of his taffeta undies had not been noticed. Nor could Jack feel entirely reassured. Seated, his kilt felt even less protective. His panties were warm, but his legs felt freer and cooler than with trousers. These sensations kept him tense despite his rough manner. No doubt Paul had his own thoughts.

The girls returned before Jack and Paul had finished breakfast. They were dressed in kilts as well, but what struck Jack was that their shirts and footwear were identical to his own. He did not yet know that this was common at such meetings of the society. He even felt more awkward, and he could not help noticing Terry's mischievous looks. She knew about the panties and obviously enjoyed his humiliation.

Aunt Julia was soon ready. Jack was given one of Paul's velvet "Dress" jackets to go with his kilt, and to his greater embarrassment, a lace stock was pinned at his collar. There is no secret about these styles of costume for boys at Scottish Association meetings, nor is there any stigma. In fact, Jack was shortly to see many boys at the meeting with lace cuffs as well as at their throats. But to Jack, this was strange and embarrassing. If he imagined he would have no more shocks, he would be a surprised boy in a very short time.

All were soon ready, and they left by a side door to get in Aunt Julia's Rolls Royce. Jack wondered why his Aunt had not come to

the station to meet him in this. He was excited at the prospect of getting a ride in a Rolls. This would be something to tell friends at school back home.

Behind the wheel sat the servant boy who had taken his suitcase on his arrival. Now the boy was in a chauffeur's uniform. Paul held the door for Aunt Julia to get in the car, and she was followed by Terry and Donna. They settled in the back seat. Paul indicated the fold down seats facing the back seat. As Jack sat down in the low fold down seat and faced his cousins, he realised his knees were almost as high as his cousins'. Yes, Terry was lying back luxuriously and seemed to be looking directly at his knees. He turned red with embarrassment at the thought that his girl's panties might be visible. On Terry's face was her quiet, innocent smile. Jack squirmed. The chauffeur sat alone in the front seat.

Donna tapped the arm rest imperiously to call the chauffer's attention. "All right John."

Jack presumed this was the famous English snobbery manner. He looked over his shoulder to the chauffeur as he started the "Rolls". The boy looked nervous.

Then Donna added maliciously, "You had enough practice yesterday, didn't you John?" In a flash Jack realised this must be the gardener's apprentice! "He was taking a lesson yesterday when your train was arriving," she told Jack. "He learned a lesson all right, didn't you John?"

Jack was overwhelmed with embarrassment. Not just for the boy, but at the thought of a boy being treated that way by a girl. To his surprise, John answered heartily, "Yes Miss!"

As they bumped along, Jack forgot about the panties he was wearing as he surveyed Donna with a new awe! Certainly the hefty John would hardly be easy to cane. Jack was staggered at the thought of having to obey the imperious Donna, especially taking a caning from her for punishment. He felt an uneasy qualm in his stomach.

Soon, they had arrived and were among the crowds of cars in a small village. Jack saw other boys in kilts and felt less self conscious.

Terry insisted on taking his arm. Jack was unable to figure exactly why it irked him, but he let her. There were many boys at the gathering, but Jack noted a dearth of boys his own age. Most were young or around eighteen, and he began to feel self conscious again. Particularly with Terry piloting him along arm in arm. Thoughts of a sudden breeze lifting his skirt and exposing his plain little panties really bothered him. However, there was much to be seen, and he soon became immersed in watching the Highland dancing.

At such affairs, the performers are on a platform centered in the very midst of the audience and about three feet above the floor or ground. They were roughly at Jack's eye level, after he sat down

carefully.

Jack noted there were many boy contestants lined near the platform, and it was embarrassing to think that swirling around would certainly reveal what they wore under their kilts at such a level. He was embarrassed.

Terry pressed his arm and whispered, "Would you like to compete in the dancing competitions?"

Such a thought took him so much by surprise that he replied angrily, "Certainly not. You wouldn't catch me getting up there!"

So loudly had he spoken that several people turned to look at him. He wondered if this was because of his accent or the way Terry was regarding him.

He watched as three young boys ascended the platform and started to dance a reel. Amazed, he watched. They seemed completely unembarrassed. Their kilts whirled out, but strangely one only caught glimpses of shadowy recesses under the swiftly swirling kilts. They even seemed deliberately to kick their knees high as though it were an important feature of the competition. Still their underwear remained difficult to glimpse, as the dance was very fast.

They finished and bowed. Then a boy came up to dance a slow jig. Jack watched, open mouthed, as the boy danced carefully with several slow swirling movements. Often the kilt seemed to hover in the air, and there was no question about glimpsing what he wore under his kilt. His underwear was plainly, even lingeringly revealed. Jack saw they were wool and white, and like the panties his sisters often wore for athletic events with a band around the legs. He could only marvel as the boy unconcernedly again and again revealed the simple panties.

As events proceeded, Jack was reduced to a perspiring embarrassment as boy after boy danced and minced through their dances. Some of the Highland costumes included lace ruffles at neck and wrists, others velvet jackets of all colors. Jack found the underwear equally varied. Several of the younger boys were in little white silk 'knickers' like his own. Some had on little shiny silk shorts, and others with lace at their neck and cuffs had on shorts or drawers of linen, also lace trimmed!

Jack experienced some strange emotions as boy after boy danced skilfully in skirts and often in girl's drawers or panties. But, after his first red faced embarrassment, he began to accept this as customary for this part of the world. Some of the boys were, of course, Mother's darlings all right, but no more than in school at home. He even forgot about his own panties and enjoyed his first day with his cousins in England.

Terry kept whispering the names of many of the competitors and giving some snide remarks and comments on their clumsiness. Jack

was more annoyed by her manner of whispering as between girl friends than at what she was saying.

Soon they were going to other exhibitions and meeting many people. Aunt Julia told Terry to look after Jack. He enjoyed many tasty snacks and some of the exhibits. He recognized some of the boys he was introduced to as competitors in the dancing. He looked at them curiously, enjoying the fact that they had been shown on the stage, high kicking and in girls undies while his own panties remained hidden beneath his kilt. He noted all skirts seemed different. One boy had on a grey tweed skirt like some girls he was with. Another wore a pale purple skirt and a heavily laced blouse identical to the girl beside him.

At school back home, after a boy had been rebuked in front of his class, he would try to cover his embarrassment with a joking 'rough' manner. Jack met many boys who acted just that way, and he guessed that they too were unhappy about having to parade about in kilts.

After meeting some boys and being introduced, Terry whispered in his ear, "Are the legs of your panties bothering you?"

Jack nearly died with shock. Beetroot red, he stepped back. The group seemed not to have heard. She took his arm and led him, still utterly shocked, just behind a large stack of mineral water cases. Before he could open his mouth to say anything, she lifted her kilt and showed him how to pull the tight elastic legs of the panties down. Staggered, Jack automatically obeyed the gesture. Reaching under his kilt, he also put his fingers under the leg elastic of his panties and eased them down.

Then he dropped his kilt, realising with a blush what he had just done. He rushed back from Terry to the group. Not noticing the continuing conversation, Jack was too upset to answer any questions. An even more uncomfortable result was that the tight elastic had been bothering him, and now it felt more comfortable.

Terry came back to his side and said, "That feels better, doesn't it?"

Still the others went on conversing and not noticing. Jack wanted to get away, but the indifference of the boys caused him desperation.

He guessed it was customary after all. Certainly he felt the legs of his panties were now more comfortable. At the back of his mind, a wildly disturbing idea was taking shape. Would the luscious exciting "knock-out" Donna lift her skirts and demonstrate to him how to arrange his panties! He felt mixed up but excited.

Jack had little time to think further about this, as the subject of his thoughts joined them with Paul and his Aunt Julia. They must have noticed how confused and upset he was, because they suggested a short recess for lunch. To get to the lunch room, they had to take a flight of stairs. Jack found himself ahead of Donna and behind Paul.

The stairs were steep, and Paul was just the right distance to provide an easy view of his underwear. Jack's suspicions at breakfast were thoroughly confirmed, and he could not help comparing the boy's frilled and laced knickers with the simple panties Terry had just disclosed to him. He wondered if Paul needed to adjust the legs of his elaborate panties occasionally. Not only did Jack get a view of Paul's frilled panties, he also saw the lacy hem of a white petticoat under the boy's kilt. How awful for Paul!

Reaching the top of the stairs, Jack turned to find Donna smiling at him. Again he reddened at the thought of a girl seeing his predicament.

Somehow he was feeling less concerned now about the skirt and underwear he had to wear. This still worried him, but somehow it was all so public, so taken for granted. And, so many other boys were dressed the same way, how could he really protest or object. He was under his Aunt's direction, and he guessed what his mother would say if he suddenly became disrespectful or disobedient.

As they sat at lunch, the girls would whisper together and Terry would sometimes giggle and look over at him. Jack squirmed at the thought of what they might be saying about him and the clothes he was wearing.

Soon Jack was too deeply involved with satisfying his hearty appetite, and not until he had polished off a huge ice cream dessert, did his thoughts return to his experience with Terry. What bothered him the most, was the cheeky way Terry treated him as an equal and not as a boy. The day passed quickly, and except for those embarrassing moments, was interesting and pleasant.

If dressing in the kilt had been his only unusual experience, Jack might have gone home at the end of the summer with about the same attitude about girls as when he arrived. But this was definitely not his only experience.

They returned home tired and Jack was extremely glad to go up to his room. Terry again led the way. He was beginning to feel contempt for the girl who showed her interest in him with such openness. She left him and wearily he pulled off his clothes and looked for his pajamas. There were no pajamas, nor were his suitcase or clothes in the room.

He wanted to go downstairs and complain, but he was too weary and decided to sleep in his underwear. Absent mindedly, he caught himself adjusting the legs of his panties for comfort, and he grimaced as he passed his reflection in the mirror. He was hardly in bed before he was asleep. Had he foreseen the fight he and Terry would engage in the next morning, he might not have fallen asleep so easily!

When he awoke, the sun was streaming through the windows. He got up, but none of his clothes, nor the kilt and jacket, were about. He

desperately wanted something to wear, to cover or even better, to replace his embarrassing panties. He was uneasy wandering about the room in his undershirt and panties. Nervously, he adjusted the legs of the panties, noting the deep red mark left by the elastic. He would be glad to get back into boy's trousers, even though the experience of wearing a Scottish kilt had been novel!

To his deep disgust and embarrassment, Terry walked into the room without knocking. She carried a different colored kilt on her arm, another of the brief shirts, and, more annoying still, another pair of girl's panties.

"You didn't knock!" he exploded and stared at her as she laid the kilt, blouse, and panties on the chair. Then with rude sarcasm, as she said nothing, he shouted, "Get my pants. I don't want THOSE!" He realized how sharp his tone was, and he regretted it, but only in a small way.

"Why?" asked Terry pausing.

"Because they are too much like skirts! Boy's don't wear skirts!" It relieved him to get this off his chest.

"Is there something wrong with kilts being like girl's skirts?" Terry asked.

He missed the threatening tone in her voice. "Yes!" he said.

"Girl's clothes would not be good enough for you, eh?" She said deliberately.

Jack snorted with contempt. "That's right!" he said angrily. His anger changed slightly to nervousness, as he watched Terry approach him. His apprehension grew as she came slowly toward him. He was still confident, but he also feared certain possibilities. He was a guest. He was a boy. His training at home had been strict about striking a girl.

She came close. The fact that he was still wearing girl's panties, disconcerted him. Terry seemed much bigger than he thought. He felt more uneasy as she came still closer.

"Will you put on these clothes?" she asked.

He could not mistake the threat in her voice. Staring back into her determined eyes he shivered slightly, but stiffened at her touch. "No!", he said and noticed how faint it sounded. He added more determinedly, "Certainly not!" Then, shaking with annoyance, he shouted into her face, "No, I won't put on those girl's panties!"

Before he quite realized it, she had twisted his arm behind him and tossed him face down across his bed.

Surprised into action, he jumped up and confronted her. His face was red, and he started to sweat for some reason he could not comprehend. He realised this was serious. Forgetting all his training, he swung his fist at her. She caught his fist in mid air and with a quick judo move had his arm over her shoulder. With a smart heave, she

threw him to the floor. Horrified, Jack struggled to get to his feet, but before he could act, she was on top of him.

He had not shouted out, and at this point he was very glad that he had not alerted Paul or Donna. They might have arrived and seen him being humiliated by a girl. To his horror, he felt her hand grasp his wrist and twist his arm painfully behind him. He had to writhe over on his face to relieve the intense pain. Desperately he struggled. He was breathing hard, and his arm and shoulder throbbed with pain.

In a hoarse whisper, he said, "Let me go!"

Terry released him, smiled, and looked calmly at him. Slowly stalking him, she again caught him by the arm, and twisted it behind him as before. Using her advantage, she roughly guided him over to the frilled vanity stool in the corner of the room. When he began to struggle once again, with a quick thrust she seated herself on the stool and pulled him across her lap. She took the wooden hairbrush from the vanity and brought it solidly across his thin panties.

Jack almost yelled at the sharp pain but stopped himself in time. He wanted no witness to the humiliating treatment he was undergoing.

With little trouble, she held him in place and generously applied the back of the brush to his silk covered buttocks. Finally, to his relief, he felt Terry releasing her grip. He tried to twist around and get his hands on her, but she tightened her grip and once again brought the brush down sharply across the seat of his panties, which were certainly no protection at all.

Again, Jack had to fight back a yell.

Finally, she stopped and let him relax on her lap.

"Why are you doing this to me?" he sniffled.

"Mother says you are to wear the kilt today, and I'm to see that you put it on," she ordered. The brush whirled once more and another stab of pain shot through his bottom.

His Aunt's orders? Did she really want him to wear a kilt? No matter, when he got free, he would teach this girl a lesson she wouldn't soon forget!

She released him, dumping him onto the floor, and stood back. Stiffly, he got up and suddenly made a lunge at her.

In a flash, he found himself face down across her lap again. How had she subdued him so quickly and so easily? He gritted his teeth as she brought the brush down hard. The searing pain brought tears to his eyes.

"You are being disrespectful," she said as she raised the brush again.

"Please!" he gasped, but she drew the brush down across his panties again. "Please!" he repeated. The pain was becoming more important than his bravado. "Please!" he gasped once more. His

voice rose as he helplessly watched her raise the brush again.

"You must learn to show respect!" she said, and again he felt the brush through his thin panties. For a second, he almost wished he had frills and lace on his plain panties! "Will you behave?" Terry asked, and the brush descended before he could reply.

"Yes! Yes! I will! I will behave!" he blurted out. As she paused, he could not stifle a sob. He had forgotten his desire not to alarm the household.

To his horror, she started to pull down his panties. He dared not resist even though he was horrified. Paying no attention to him, she drew them off. "Do you want your fresh panties now?" she asked.

He was speechless with embarrassment at being undressed before this young girl barely a year older than himself. The hairbrush hit his bare behind with a sudden painful shock.

"Yes! Yes! I want the panties!" he yelled.

She was enjoying humiliating him, and she seemed anxious to leave another weal across his red striped bottom. "Give me the panties, please! I'll put them on! Just don't hit me again!" he blurted out, now thoroughly subdued.

She released him, but continued to handle the hairbrush threateningly.

Jack hesitated and looked at the fresh panties lying on the chair. He wiped away a tear. "You could have told me that Aunt Julia wanted me to wear the kilt," he said between gasps. He was trying to salvage some small vestige of his self esteem. His hands caressed his tender, burning, bare buttocks.

"You certainly showed your contempt!" she hissed, "but perhaps you learned a valuable lesson."

His hesitancy almost prompted her into action again. Realizing the possibility of further painful use of the brush and the apparent strength of Terry, he went to the chair. He looked down at the panties on the chair as she circled him impatiently. Afraid to do otherwise, he picked up the humiliating panties with contempt and awkwardly pulled them up to his waist. At least his nakedness was now covered! After he put on the blouse and kilt, Terry got clean socks from a drawer and handed them to him. As he put them on, she gave him his shoes. They were tight, but he got into them. He realized that she thoroughly enjoyed humiliating him.

He mentally compared his submission to a girls orders. At high school, some of his teachers had been extremely bossy, and it had been humiliating to submit to their orders. Yet, the boys had submitted, with rare exceptions, to their teachers, even when the intention had obviously been to lower them in the eyes of the other students. In particular, the boys had resented being belittled before the girls. He turned red at the thought of his friends back home at school. There

was some consolation in the thought of how far away they were! He realized some relief by telling himself that he was obeying his Aunt's orders, not Terry's! Her success in being victorious over him stung, but not as much as the hairbrush she wielded!

Terry watched him and grinned as she moved toward the door. To accept her orders was maddening despite the stinging weals on his buttocks. Jack was almost tempted to take a chance and attack her. Prudence prevailed; however, and a still grinning Terry left the room.

"You are expected to breakfast," she called over her shoulder.

He heard her footsteps going down the stairs. Jack decided he was not going downstairs in the kilt, even though hunger had begun to stir within. He wondered if Paul had heard the struggle and the strapping, and it occurred to him that he was much stronger than Paul. This thought set his mind on so distressing a route that he tried to put Paul out of his mind. Desperately, he searched the room for his own clothes, but the drawers were full of dainty panties and other articles of girl's underthings. The closet only had an array of frocks and dresses. These things were even worse than what he was already wearing.

If he did not come down to breakfast soon, maybe Terry would return and take him forcibly before Paul and the others. He shuddered and his hand massaged his tender behind through his soft panties. Aunt Julia might be angry too, he sighed. He had better go down to breakfast. Afterwards, he would do something about this humiliation.

So Jack went down to breakfast in his panties and kilt, but if he thought this would be the end of the matter, he grossly misunderstood his Aunt.

She shrewdly decided this would be no time for lenience. After breakfast, she took Jack to her room and lectured him about punctuality and his duties as a guest. He wanted to protest about wearing kilts, but to do this now seemed fussy and ungrateful. For boys to wear kilts and panties was apparently the custom around here. Paul was still in kilts, and no doubt in much more girlish panties as well.

Aunt Julia disconcerted him somewhat when she took a hairbrush from her dressing table. Embarrassed, Jack felt her lift back his kilt. He stood with dismay while she pressed the back of the brush gently against the seat of his panties, warning him to behave in the future!

He was greatly relieved when she tossed his kilt back into place without using the brush as had Terry, yet he was still mortified at her treating him like a small boy. He wondered about the worth of staying in this house.

Aunt Julia watched him closely and decided the time to relent a little had come. "You and Paul may go to town this morning, and perhaps you would like to see a film."

After a few days, Jack's young mind was soon immersed in the

myriad of exciting activities of the rather well to do Aunt Julia and her family. He was even getting used to wearing a kilt with panties underneath all of the time. His kilts were kept pressed and changed every couple of days, and he found a fresh pair of panties laid out for him each morning.

Such pressures brought to bear on a young man soon lead to changes of attitude. His conduct towards the two girls lost all its boyish aggressiveness, and he soon learned to obey the commands of his Aunt with an alacrity he had never shown to his mother back home. The threat of another hairbrush spanking was not so important as the possibility of his cousins getting to know of it. On the other hand, he obeyed Terry for fear of another working over by a girl his own age!

His experience in his Aunt's room, and the bout with Terry changed his views in other ways. Paul's quietness, compared with his wildness when they were young, he now understood much better. However, he did not realize the extent of the change in himself. If any of his friends had seen him the way he promptly obeyed orders by his Aunt, or a girl barely a year older than himself, they would have laughed outright. If his teammates on the basketball team saw him in a kilt or the panties laid out for him each morning, they would have shown both annoyance and disgust. He would have been teased and taunted unmercifully.

In these early days in this foreign land, he sought every means to salve his self esteem. He especially told himself he was in England and owed it to his Aunt to behave and follow the local customs.

Paul avoided Jack's company as much as possible, and was very careful to avoid rough play or anything indeed which might display the rustling garments he wore under his kilts.

Face saving for Jack soon included teasing Paul as his cousin Terry often did. So far, the panties left each morning for Jack were plain and without frills or lace. He guessed and occasionally glimpsed that Paul's panties were more elaborate, ornate, and girlish. Teasing Paul salved Jack's hurt pride, but he was not prepared for an event which made his kilts seem almost masculine in comparison.

Paul seldom gave trouble, and there were usually lots of pleasant and interesting things to occupy them. However, on very wet days, when they were indoors all day, tempers sometimes flared. It was



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raining heavily when the event occurred and perhaps was not by accident.

If Terry was too much present, Donna was usually too distant to stimulate Jack's imagination. He often grinned to himself at the appearance of the gardener's assistant, but he tired of trying to imagine how Donna had gone about giving such a big boy a caning.

Paul annoyed Donna by accidentally tilting a large raspberry dessert over her dress. Jack had been amazed at the calm she showed as she brushed away the mess on her knees. She stood up in silence, as they all watched. Still silent, she beckoned Paul to follow. She turned and walked deliberately out of the room. Jack watched Paul follow her. This was no surprise under the circumstances, but he wondered at the ease with which Paul followed. Jack knew he would have been very afraid, especially after his experience with Terry.

Aunt Julia seemed quite undisturbed, as though confident in Donna's judgment. Jack wondered if this meant the cane for Paul, but he did not dare ask. Disturbed and embarrassed, he kept his head down and concentrated on his dessert.

Before long, Donna and Paul returned. As the door of the dining room swung open, Jack's breath was taken away at the sight of Paul. He was now wearing the stained dress, and a ribbon was tied in his hair. His face, elaborately covered with powder and lipstick, was a study in humiliation.

Jack was amazed and embarrassed. His stomach felt hollow with a fear he could not analyze. Paul sat down, smoothing his skirt beneath him, and Jack guessed a cane had indeed been in operation. The behavior of Aunt Julia and Terry was as though nothing had happened. Their attitude was a perfect caricature of English reserve.

Following their lead, Jack kept silent and tried to swallow the dessert still before him, though it churned inside him. Seeing another boy his own age so completely feminized disturbed him deeply. This was so traumatic to Jack that he felt as if the ground were pulled from under him. His boyish values toppled around him. He could not even think of the possibility of going through such an experience himself. Such thoughts were too awful to contemplate.

The meal continued with few outward signs of Paul's humiliation. After dinner, Jack watched Donna with a fearful fascination. Once, she leaned over and adjusted the ribbon in her brother's hair. Jack pretended not to see, as Paul winced.

They were sitting around the drawing room now for coffee. Out of the corner of his averted gaze Jack observed that Paul sat primly with his knees together like a girl. This had to be something he was ordered to do. Silently, Jack swore to himself he would never submit to such humiliating treatment.

Terry and Aunt Julia rose and went into the dining room. Jack

heard the door close behind them. His was tongue tied and could not think clearly at the horror of Paul's exposure. He had never known a sister with the power to punish a brother, much less force him into one of her dresses. Numbly he sat with a coffee cup in one hand. During this time, there was a tense silence in the room.

Donna's voice made both boys jump as she suddenly laughed and looked at Paul's dress. "Pauline!" she said brusquely, "you must show Jack how nicely you curtsy!"

Jack's heart almost stopped. He wondered if this was a horrible dream. Paul got up with considerable reluctance. Jack felt that not even with the threat of a caning would make HIM curtsy, especially at the command of his sister.

He watched fascinated as Paul, holding the hem of his stained dress in his fingers, crossed his black pumps and bent the front knee in a deep curtsy towards Donna. Jack was appalled at Paul's apparent efficiency. Hours of practice were evident by his actions.

Donna rose and walked to the piano. Jack watched as Paul's eyes dilated in horror.

Donna smiled. "We will do a slow reel, shall we?", she asked Paul. Dazed with fright, Paul stood before Jack as he had seen so many of the dancers do. Donna thumped out the music, and Paul began to do the reel. Jack watched red faced as Paul executed the steps and Donna hummed with the music.

"Knees up," she would say on each turn. As Jack had watched the boy in skirts twirl, he now watched Paul dance. He was never more embarrassed as he knew what Donna intended should be revealed.

On the slow turns, Paul's dress and petticoats rose above his heavily laced girl's panties. In the frills on the legs of the panties, were several bows of ribbon. Jack silently was grateful he had never been given anything nearly so ornate to wear under his kilt. Donna speeded the music until her brother was jerking his knees up like a puppet and twirling his skirts to his waist.

"Now!" said Donna, and gave the piano a final bang. Paul kicked high and fell back breathing hard on the settee. He was exhausted and perspiring. "Come now, Pauline!" Donna chided, "Is that any way for a little girl to sit!" Hastily Paul drew in his knees, sat up primly, and adjusted his skirt over his thighs.

"What do you think of her performance?" she grinned at Jack.

He was open mouthed speechless at this exhibition of Donna's bullying. He cowered in his chair and told himself HE would never obey a girl like that.

"Time for bed, I think!" said Donna, much to Jack's relief.

As they walked to their rooms, Jack avoided talking to Paul. It was a nervous silence broken only by their footsteps and the rustle of

Paul's girl's underthings.

Still dazed, Jack got into his room. It was not surprising that for the first time, he looked with some foreboding, at the dainty appointments of the room. Some urge brought him to the drawers he had once glanced through so casually. He dipped his hand into the soft frilly garments.

These were what Paul was now wearing, these girl's panties and dresses. A vision of Donna, very different to the locker room version he had prepared for his friends back home, came into his stunned mind. He fondled the panties and slips as his thoughts raced. These were what Donna was wearing, panties like these. The idea of Donna in panties and brassiere excited him strangely. He even imagined her demanding that he dress in these frilly garments. These thoughts greatly disturbed him, and he shook them away. No girl would ever make him wear dresses! Of that, he was certain.

As he began to take off his kilt, he realized that he was already wearing skirts, no matter what they were called. He was also wearing girl's nylon, silk, and taffeta panties, however plain they were! This disturbed him even more as he climbed into bed. But he soon fell asleep with the consoling thought that the kilt was customary in this part of the world. He was wearing the kilts at the request of his Aunt, and that was different from being forced to wear them. As he dropped off to sleep, his last thought was, yes, that was the important difference. . . that was the difference. . .

On the morning following Paul's demonstration, Terry came into Jack's room bearing a clean, pressed kilt. The tartan was the vivid yellow and white of the dress MacLure. When she called Jack, he woke with a start. Upon seeing his cousin Terry, he bolted upright in bed. No doubt memories of another occasion came to him, and he was uneasy after the events with Paul and Donna.

His eyes opened wide as he saw the bright colored freshly pressed kilt. She laid it carefully across the chair, crossed to the dresser, and rummaged in the drawer. Jack gazed in horror at the pale violet panties she selected and draped over his kilt. They were of soft nylon with lace and little ribbons woven on them.

Seeing his wide eyed gaze fixed on the frilled panties, her voice hardened. "Please dress quickly, and when you're ready, go over to Paul's room. Tell him Donna does not think he's been punished enough yet. She says he is to wear the waist cincher, blouse, and gym frock!" She gave him a meaningful look and glanced at the chair. "Don't delay!" she said over her shoulder as she walked out of the room.

He knocked at the door, and Paul bade him to enter. Jack was surprised to find Paul at the wash basin drying his face with the towel. He was nude! He was not even wearing his pajama trousers! Jack was

puzzled, for it was unusual to bid someone enter his room when he was naked and did not know who it might be! Then Jack's eyes roamed around the bedroom, and he noticed on the bed a long white nylon nightgown. He began to understand. Paul's punishment had continued through the night hours in that Donna had made him wear one of her nightgowns. Still the unspoken question on Jack's face was why Paul had said, "Come in," when he was undressed.

Paul saw where Jack's eyes rested, and he understood. He seemed to sense Jack's unspoken question and offered an explanation. "I knew it must be you Jack. The girls never knock on the door. They just barge right in!"

"Golly," thought Jack, "before I would let a girl enter without knocking. . ." Then blushing himself, he realized Terry had done just that!

Seeing the nightgown on Paul's bed, and recalling the swish of stiff lace under Paul's kilt and in obedience to Donna's commands, Jack more or less understood.

"Terry said you're to wear a gym frock today!" He omitted Donna's part in the edict. He wanted to see Paul's reaction. To his surprise, Paul calmly went on drying himself.

"I suppose they want me to have on the corsets too." Paul remarked as he proceeded to pull out a drawer, and took out a pair of dark blue bloomers. From another drawer, he withdrew a soft undervest with a little ribbon threaded through the neck. He pulled them on and stood before Jack in the girl's vest and bloomers. Still surprised, Jack had remained. He wanted to ask Paul why he would consent to this humiliation. Paul seemed to sense the other boy's thoughts.

"It would mean the CANE if I didn't obey them!" he muttered in embarrassment. The emphasis he put on the word "cane" made it perfectly clear how terrible Donna's cane could be. Jack recalled the gardner's boy as he turned to leave.

"You'd better stay and help me," Paul said loudly.

Jack hesitated. He wondered what a gym frock looked like.

Paul took a small white corset from a drawer, and lowering his bloomers, pulled it around his waist. The laces hung loose at the back, but he proceeded to pull them tight. Jack was amazed at the experienced way he pulled the laces, and it began to dawn on him in what way he was expected to be helpful. Paul moved to the door of the closet with his back to Jack.

"Tighten these, please," he said over his shoulder. Reluctantly, Jack started to pull up the laces.

"It's the same as a football boot," he commented, trying to appear natural. The laces now seemed tight to him. Paul gasped slightly, then reached for a bar across the closet doorway.

Jack pulled and tugged the laces tightly. "That okay?" he asked. The corset was beginning to make Paul's waist remarkably small.

"Tighter. . . tighter. . .," gasped Paul.

Jack didn't understand why Paul wanted the strings so tight, but he grasped the strings tightly and hauled on them. Somehow, he hoped Paul would beg him to stop, but Paul only hung there. Jack was getting nervous. What if a rib cracked. Paul's waist was so narrow now, it seemed as if one could span around it with the fingers of one's hands.

Jack stopped. He was perspiring, and he stared in awe at the tiny waist he had just given Paul.

"Ouch. . . Aah. . . Oh! That's just right. You ARE strong!" gasped Paul as he lowered himself slowly and pulled his blue knickers up to his narrow waist.

Jack could not help noticing how his cousin's waist now looked like a girl's.

Paul got out some plain black stockings, and after a little search, drew the attachments of the corset from under the legs of his bloomers. With much squirming, he attached the stockings. He got out a plain blouse. It looked like a shirt, but came only to the waist which had elastic in it. After pulling on and lacing his black shoes, Paul went to the closet and came out with a dark blue smock like dress.

Jack continued to watch avidly and excitedly and came to realize that Paul was putting on an English schoolgirl's uniform.

"Give me a hand with this," Paul requested.

Jack was embarrassed, but he helped Paul put the dress over his head. So, this was a 'gym frock'. He had seen them often since he came to England. He almost laughed, but remembering the hideously cruel corset, he felt sorry for his cousin. Paul was putting a sort of belt around his waist and tightening it with a bow. It must have come somewhere between the top of his bloomers and the bottom of his blouse because it seemed to make the gym frock flare out.

Paul took a comb and began to expertly arrange his hair. He wore his hair long as did many English boys. It was not difficult to comb it forward on his forehead and down by the sides, partly covering his ears. Jack was very disturbed by the girlish appearance that was gradually coming over his cousin. It started doubts in his own mind. Paul was engrossed in his task, and with a couple of final touches, he turned from the mirror. His walk, as he went to close his closet and the bureau drawers, however still showed him a boy. Jack was speechless.

"What kind of panties are you wearing," Paul asked casually as he was tidying up his room.

"None of your business!" Jack said furiously.

"They rustle! I'll bet you are wearing the green silk panties with

the pretty white flowers.”

“They’re violet,” Jack blurted out before thinking. He was angry toward Paul now and would gladly have given him a good punch, but he suddenly remembered Aunt Julia’s rule against fighting and shuddered.

“Violet? You must have a new pair!” Paul exclaimed. “Anyway, they’re better than these old knickers.”

Jack failed to see how they were “nicer”, and he wished Paul would shut up about his panties. It was not natural for boys to talk about their underwear, let alone girl’s undies!

“Come on,” said Paul as he pulled open the door. “Let’s go eat.”

Jack recalled he had not yet had breakfast. He realized that despite the rustling panties his cousin had forced on him, he was still a boy and was very hungry.

At breakfast, Jack felt deeply disturbed. The occasional rustle of his panties under his kilt did nothing to improve his condition, nor to rid him of his embarrassment.

To make matters worse, he occasionally saw that knowing smile come across Terry’s face, and this upset him more than anything else.

The next morning, Jack decided they wouldn’t make a sissy out of him and vowed to rebel. He would refuse to wear kilts or panties anymore. He would tell his Aunt. If necessary, he would tell her he no longer wanted to stay in England. They would not make a sissy out of him, even if it meant returning to a dismayed mother and sister!

He looked around the room, but he did not expect to see any sign of his trousers. There on the chair was his kilt and a fresh pair of panties. He did not want to risk another tussle with Terry before straightening things out. He decided wear the kilt just this morning, but he would wear nothing under it, rather than put on any fancy panties.

He was soon headed down for breakfast with nothing on under his kilt. He felt uncomfortably bare! Donna and Terry were already at breakfast when he arrived. He was greeted and sat down nervously. His boyish hunger soon put other things from his mind as he waited for the maid to bring in his breakfast.

A maid finally entered, but to his annoyance merely brought him an order to go to his Aunt Julia’s room. He got up from the table and rather nervously followed the maid out of the room. Now, he would tell his Aunt he wanted his pants back. He would plead with her nicely, and maybe she would relent. He did wonder if she would get him the necessary tickets to return him to America if he decided to leave. What would he do if she refused? A moment of doubt assailed him, and he was still hungry!

He knocked gingerly on his Aunt’s bedroom door, and as he did so he recalled the last time he had been in there! His demands seemed

less sensible now! He gulped and went in. His Aunt was standing, and he felt a certain weakness in his knees. She was looking sternly at him. Perhaps he had better not ask for his trousers just now!

"You certainly are misbehaving very badly this morning," his Aunt remarked briskly. Somehow she knew of his immodest behavior. It was as if she could see right through his kilt at his bare skin. He could feel the blood rushing to his face. "You know Terry, Donna, or Paul might find out accidentally that you omitted your knickers!"

His blushes deepened. What if his Aunt sent him home with this story? What if his sister found out? What if it got around to his friends?

"Jack!" his Aunt said in a kind level tone. "Perhaps after a good spanking, you should be sent home. . .?"

Jack's heart sank now that he was face to face with the possibility. It seemed a much less attractive escape, and he imagined his mother's annoyance. He began to wish that he had put on the panties. He eyed the hairbrush on the dressing table but could say nothing. He did not know what to say or how to act.

His Aunt knew how to press her advantage. "Go to your room and dress properly." she said very deliberately. Jack paused open eyed. "Quickly!" she added. "Perhaps I will be lenient when you return here."

He left the room quickly. He knew exactly what he was going to do, even though his every boyish instinct fought against it. In fact, he was wondering whether ruffles would protect him! When he got to his room, he went straight to the drawer where Terry had found the ornate violet panties. Even while he put on an elaborately frilled pair, he told himself this was just for protection. Inside himself, he felt Aunt Julia would like these more. He certainly wanted to please, as the memory of the last time she had bent him over her knees, both frightened and embarrassed him. Feeling a little better protected with the many frills on his panties, he hastened back to his Aunt. The idea of simply refusing to obey her came to his mind, but the possibility of Donna assisting her mother put the idea right out of his mind.

His Aunt was seated in the middle of the room in front of a mirror. Jack, though he was well into his teens, he dreaded going across his Aunt's knees. It had been a long time since Terry had whacked his behind, but the memory was still clear.

He was very anxious not to irritate his Aunt. Instead of waiting to be told, he went over to her and without a word, he went over to her and bent down and lay across her knees. He waited, tensing the muscles of his bottom. He felt his kilt being slowly lifted and spread over his back. There was a long pause. The pause was so long, he turned to look up. Then, he saw their reflection in the mirror.

Bitterly, he observed himself! Hero of the Junior High, lying

across his Aunt's knees like a little child! Jack, basketball star, in frilled girl's panties with a Scottish skirt raised and draped over his back! The blood raced in his veins as anger and fear struggled within him.

His Aunt raised her hairbrush and he tensed for the blow. The brush landed with a loud smack that rang in the quietness of the room.

"Ouch!" gasped Jack

Aunt Julia observed his expression in the mirror. As he tensed for each blow, she watched him and brought the back of the brush down on the dainty frills of his panties.

Again and again, he felt the sharp pain as the brush landed. He was glad he had some frills to help protect him. After a dozen smacks, however, the panties seemed little protection. She was certainly giving him a good hard spanking! Finally, she looked at him in the mirror and said, "You're a good boy, but you behaved disrespectfully. You must strive to dress and act correctly in the future."

Jack turned a red face twisted with pain to look at her in the mirror. He dared not move. To his immense relief, he saw her reach for his kilt and felt it being replaced over his panties. She moved to help him rise. As he stood, he reached under his kilt to massage his aching seat.

His Aunt sat watching.

As he drew in his breath, his face contorted in many expressions of anguish.

"Go to your breakfast." she told him in a kind voice.

He escaped quickly from the room. He was now very glad he had kept from tears despite the whacks of the hairbrush. Still massaging the seat of his panties, he headed for breakfast. He tried hard to look unconcerned for the benefit of his cousins, as he opened the breakfast room door warily. To his relief, Terry and Donna had left. Paul was starting his breakfast and surprisingly was still wearing the English schoolgirl's uniform.

Jack blushed at the idea of Paul asking which panties he had on today, and he was reminded of his resolve earlier that morning not to wear panties ever again. However, his hunger soon put all other thoughts from his head.

Paul talked between bites and informed him they were being taken out today. He was very enthusiastic and Jack slowly forgot the aching pain in his panties and began to look forward to the trip.

Jack nor Paul was given no time to alter their clothes before they left the house. Paul was even given a girl's school hat with a wide brim to wear.

Jack felt very uncomfortable as they got into the car. This was the first time he would be outside the house in such ornate girl's panties. Even though his kilt hid them very effectively, he dreaded tripping or a sudden gust of wind revealing them! He could not

understand Paul's calm lack of concern. The hat helped conceal his identity but not to close scrutiny. He was also depressed by the fact that Terry wore short pants and Donna wore riding breeches. His Aunt wore a dark summer dress, very severe and unadorned. Also strange was the costume of the chauffeur. He wore the regular uniform of dark blue buttoned up jacket and peaked cap, but he too was in kilts.

Jack had never been in a situation like this before, and he was beginning to realize that appearances in England were often deceptive.

Before long, they arrived at the scene of the aviation exhibition to which they were bound. Jack felt quite sick when he got out of the car. There were many English boys at the exhibition, but none were in kilts. He felt sickeningly self conscious at the many stares he got from boys of his own age and could hardly bear it when he saw some girls giggle and point. Wearing kilts was obviously uncommon in England. Worse than that, he wondered what what they would think if they could have seen his dainty panties. He found himself, instead of Paul who walked with complete serenity, drawing the many glances. Few, if any, even guessed Paul was anything but an ordinary schoolgirl. Jack even found himself envying Paul's disguise.

Terry insisted on walking beside Jack. The contrast of the girl in short pants and the boy in skirts, drew added attention.

Jack was immensely relieved when they left the exhibition. They went to a nearby estate where horses were offered, and Donna enjoyed showing her skill. Jack was extremely self conscious at the thought of getting up on a horse in front of their hosts, but he finally succumbed to the temptation to go for a gallop with Donna. As there were few people about, he was beginning to enjoy himself despite his flapping kilt. In fact, he was becoming immune to the stares and surreptitious giggles of the people not with their party. However, he did not realize that this adjustment was taking place. As the day wore on, he became more immersed in the proceedings and less and less conscious of his swinging kilt and the ticklish scratching of his panties.

They went to a movie and briefly to an English carnival. The strange sights and the rush of experiences almost put all thoughts of his effeminate costume out of Jack's mind. Even Terry beating him at the rifle target practice range failed to bother him too much. However, he still noticed how people stared at his novel costume.

Soon after dinner that evening, Jack asked permission of his Aunt to go to his room. She readily approved. Leaving Paul, Donna, and his Aunt, Jack slipped quickly upstairs to his room. He undressed, got into bed, and fell asleep. He was exhausted but deeply disturbed.

His aunt and her daughters knew, of course, that it was one thing to force Jack under pressure and threats of punishment put on skirts

and pretty frilled panties. It was quite another thing; however, to make him desire to wear girl's skirts and dresses!

Once Jack realized the difficulty of simply going home, and once he understood that his Aunt could and would punish him unless he behaved as she wished, then his boyish attitude underwent a definite change. His awareness that his cousin Terry was able to bend him into any position she might care to try, further affected his feelings about dressing as required. Though it was more subtle, his reluctance was also sapped by the vague possibility of meeting Donna at the other end of the cane. Paul's reverence for the instrument left a strong, if unsated, influence on Jack's attitude.

His kilts were now hung in the closet, and he himself was left to select one each morning. He drew fresh panties from one of the drawers and noticed, with some regret, that no longer were any plain ones available. He also took out the blouse he needed, and was reconciled to the slip on pumps left for his use.

Paul still wore the schoolgirl gym frock and knickers, as he called the dark blue panties. Jack wondered if this was still required as a continuing punishment. But in fact, Paul went about in the schoolgirl uniform as if he were unaware of it, and Jack soon ceased to be surprised. In fact, he even wished he could wear Paul's plain 'knickers'.

That night in his bedroom, Jack looked at the dresses in the closets and at the rows of shoes. Somehow, he realized that if he was confronted by his Aunt or even Donna and they ordered him to put on those girl's clothes, he would obey. Not for Terry though. It was a bleak moment.

Jack was almost out of his teens too, but his experiences and what he had seen and heard were removing all of his resistance. Nor was this any accident, as Paul told him later. Paul described to him how he tried to guess just when he would bend to the will of his mother and sisters. He had tried, he said, to guess exactly when Jack would put on a girl's full costume.

Under the circumstances, it was not surprising that his reaction to his first petticoat was more docile than that of any unprepared boy. His Aunt came into his room one morning and laid out on the chair an elaborately frilled and lacy pair of drawers, somewhat old fashioned, and, to his utter distaste, a very light puckered silk petticoat with ribbons and dainty lace edging.

She looked at him noting the surprised expression and waited for any comment. Jack looked up, but finally, as though accepting the inevitable, dropped his gaze. With a final warning to hurry, his Aunt left the room.

He stared miserably at this new touch of girlishness. As he washed, he looked in the mirror. He was gratified to see no trace of

girlishness reflected. They might force these kilts with panties underneath on him, and even get him into a girl's petticoat, but they could not make him look or feel less boyish. This was his sole consoling thought as he pulled the ruffled panties up his legs. These panties were long too. They came down almost to his knees. Realizing that they would reach almost to the hem of his kilt, he pulled them as high as possible. The petticoat, he put on before he put on his kilt. It felt soft and delicate, and to his relief, it was so fine and did not puff out his kilt as he feared it might.

He looked at his reflection in the mirror. To him, there was no noticeable difference. His kilt hid the elaborate petticoat and the long frilled drawers. He turned his waist quickly to and from and saw with dismay that any quick turn or hasty movement would show the frilled edge of his drawers and the lace hem of his petticoat. He decided to move with the utmost decorum when anyone was liable to be watching him.

Little did Jack know how commonly this device had been used by Victorian mothers to suppress wildness and boisterousness in their boy's behavior at home. Queen Victoria herself started the fashion by dressing all the little princes in kilts!

Jack was feeling nervous as he went down the stairs to the breakfast room.

He walked into the room and suffered a great shock. For in the room and now staring at him and his kilt, were three boys and a strange lady. His Aunt and Terry were also there.

There was a long silence as the lady and the three boys gaped at his unusual apparel. They looked as if they thought he was wearing a skirt. He stood stiff as a post. Then, they began to realise that it would be a kilt, though they were puzzled as to why an American boy should be wearing a kilt. Introductions were very formal. Jack experienced shock, anger, and embarrassment in quick succession.

"How do you do?" the lady said politely on being introduced by Aunt Julia.

"Mrs. Knowland brought her three nephews over for a visit," his Aunt explained. "This is John. . ."

Jack, conscious of his petticoat and drawers, moved stiffly forward and shook the boy's hand.

"John is your age," Aunt Julia commented before moving on to the others. "This little boy is Edward," she said.

Jack put out his hand, but the boy no more than eleven years old, was blushing scarlet and would barely look at him.

Aunt Julia gestured to the third boy, "Here's William, Jack."

The boy glared at him with cold contempt, and it was with the minimum civility that he shook hands. "How do you do," was all he said, but his tone of voice spoke volumes.

“What a lovely kilt,” Mrs. Knowland purred. “Now John, wouldn’t you like to have a beautiful kilt like that?”

John merely glared and reddened slightly.

She went on. “I asked William if he would like one, but he said ‘No’, but now that he sees what they are like, he might change his mind.” She smiled at Aunt Julia, then turned to William. “Would you like to have a kilt like Jack’s?” she asked.

“Oh no!” he said quickly.

“Why?” Mrs. Knowland asked.

Without hesitating, William spoke up. “It’s too much like a girl’s skirt!” He expressed what was in all their minds, and both John and Jack blushed to the roots of their hair.

Terry could not miss this opportunity of further embarrassing the boys. “You mean, even if your Aunt told you to, you wouldn’t wear a kilt?” she asked William.

“No, I wouldn’t!” said William emphatically.

John, perhaps to smooth things over, remarked that kilts were worn by many boys in Scotland.

Jack hardly felt this any compliment to him, and he wondered with a shudder, what they would think if they could see the dainty petticoat and panties concealed under his kilt.

Terry smiled at John. “Mrs. Knowland,” she said, “John would look very nice in a kilt. Paul could lend him one if you would like.”

John’s furious blushes were eloquent expression of his feelings. “No thank you!” he said with emphasis.

At that moment, Jack found himself again the center of interest as his Aunt Julia beckoned to him to sit down on a nearby chair. Automatically, Jack sat down before he realized it would expose what he had hoped would remain concealed.

To his intense dismay, he saw that William at least must have glimpsed the lace hem of his petticoat, for his eyes could not conceal his amazement.

William again took a sly look at Jack’s knees and said, “I wouldn’t wear kilts or a girl’s dress, and certainly not petticoats!”

Edward could not remain silent. He too had caught a glimpse of some lace under Jack’s kilt. “Do boys wear knickers and petticoats under their kilts?” he asked openly.

“Hush Dear!” Mrs. Knowland scolded. “It’s naughty to discuss undies in public like that.” She put her finger to her lips.

Jack was grateful Mrs. Knowland had thus excluded that from the conversation, and it was a measure of how far he had been brought that his acute embarrassment was tinged with pangs of hunger, for he had not yet had any breakfast.

However, Mrs. Knowland had still much to say. “I am sending the boys to Mrs. Hadler’s Academy this year. I think those all boys

schools are not good for manners!”

The boys groaned in unison. Apparently, they did not find the prospect a pleasant one. Terry and her mother exchanged glances which Jack noted.

A light snack was then brought in for the visitors, and Jack was glad to get something to eat. After the snack, Mrs. Knowland suggested John let Terry show him about the house. He went very reluctantly. Jack was told to take William into the garden.

The two boys walked in silence for a while, then William could not suppress his curiosity. “You’re American. Do you wear kilts over there in the colonies?”

“No,” Jack explained. “But, Auntie insists I wear them here.”

“You have to wear petticoats too?” William exclaimed angrily. Not waiting for an answer, he burst out. “Auntie wouldn’t make me wear petticoats or a kilt!” He paused, then inquired, “You wear knickers as well, do you?”

“Sometimes.” Jack said brusquely.

William laughed, and they continued their walk in silence. Jack was horribly conscious now of the swishing of his frilled drawers.

William wanted something to be clearly understood. “No one could make me get into a dress, kilts, or girl’s knickers,” he said emphatically.

Jack was very relieved when the Knowland’s visit, as well as the teasing and derogatory remarks of William and John, came to an end.

Petticoats and beribboned panties now formed a not uncommon part of Jack’s attire. He had begun not to bother about this peculiar style of dress for a boy, as he was becoming accustomed to dressing this way. However, he sometimes grew angry at the way his clothes were slowly being changed to those of a girl. What kind of boy was he if all he had to wear were skirts, petticoats, and panties with frills of lace!

Slowly, Jack forgot the strangeness of his clothes, so that he was not overly upset when Aunt Julia announced another visit by the three Knowland boys and their Aunt.

They arrived soon after lunch, and Jack noted they no longer wore long trousers. All three of the boys were in short trousers. William reddened immediately as Jack stared at his mode of dress, but he was tight lipped and silent. He apparently did not like being dressed as a young boy because he had so recently been that age.

However, Jack could guess that their Aunt would take no nonsense from them and would insist both on their obedience as well as their dressing to please her. Only Edward, the youngest, seemed quite unconcerned.

Aunt Julia asked little Edward if he would like to come and dress up. Jack could well imagine her intentions. Edward immediately

answered he would love to, and Jack noted the angry contemptuous looks his brothers gave him.

"Come along with us, Jack," Aunt Julia stated in a matter of fact tone. "How about a pretty dress of organdy?" she asked Edward smiling.

Edward was undressing quickly. "You mean with petticoats and everything?" he asked and quickly stripped to his underwear.

"Take this," Aunt Julia ordered, handing him a girls undervest with frills and lace on the collar. She turned to Jack and said, "Help him!"

Already Jack was blushing. He was employed in the task of dressing another boy in as a girl!

Aunt Julia brought out a small corset and said, "Jack, help Edward with this!"

Jack looked at it distastefully, as Edward pulled it around his waist. "Go on," he said, "tight as you like."

Jack started pulling the laces. To cover his embarrassment, he pulled harder till Edward was gasping.

"No, no," he finally cried, "No more. I can't breathe!" Jack relented and only now realized how far he had gone. He could easily have joined his fingers and thumbs on either side of the boy's pinched in waist.

Aunt Julia looked pleased. "Here's a pretty pair of panties for Edward," she cooed, and handed Jack a dainty pair of girl's panties. He helped Edward into them.

"Oh, they're lovely!" the boy gasped, admiring his reflection in the mirror.

Jack gave up trying to analyze his emotions.

"Here Jack! Take these petticoats and see that they sit right," Aunt Julia said, producing two light fluffy garments from a closet.

"Beautiful!" Edward declared, adding to Jack's bewilderment. "They're so full! What fun! Aunt Julia, will the dress have a flare?"

"Wait and see!" she said smiling.

Jack clumsily helped him into the petticoats. Small ribbons at the waist had to be tied, and he saw how the corset made them flare out. He was certainly learning a lot about girl's clothes.

Aunt Julia brought out from the closet a light pink dress with many bows and frills. It was organdy, and Edward looked delighted. "Oh! It is beautiful!" he said clasping his hands ecstatically.

Jack wanted to rush out of the room, but Aunt Julia gave him a steely look and said, "Jack! Give Edward a hand with this, and be careful!"

Jack tried holding the dress like a petticoat. "No, no!" Edward said, "It goes over my head, not like a petticoat." Jack tried again, and the dainty frock enveloped Edward's head. "Open the back,

quick!" came the voice muffled by the dress. His arms were in the sleeves, but Jack had not unfastened the catches at the back of the collar.

"Be careful!" his Aunt admonished, as he struggled awkwardly with the little buttons. This made him even more nervous. Finally, the dress slipped down into place. Jack now had the added embarrassment of helping Edward fasten the top of his stockings to the little ribboned suspenders of his corset.

Edward got into a pair girl's shoes and his hair was arranged with a large ribbon bow. It was something a baby girl would wear, thought Jack, as he puzzled at Edwards calm acceptance of these things. Edward kept admiring himself in the mirror. Even Jack found himself admiring the effect as Aunt Julia added a great wide ribbon around Edward's narrow waist. Hastily, he put such thoughts away.

Aunt Julia looked knowingly at Edward, and there was a meaningful silence. Edward giggled and looked down. Aunt Julia smiled, and told Jack to return to the others downstairs. Mystified by the secrecy, Jack made his way back to the drawing room. They were all there much as he had left them, but there was an awkward silence apparent. Jack wondered what had been the subject of the conversation.

The looks Jack received from boys in the room, he hardly noticed. For topping all other emotions, was his feeling that he had betrayed boys in general. What did seem ghastly at the moment was the thought that he had helped to mould another boy into the form of a girl. It is true he had been acting under his Aunt's directions, but nevertheless he had helped put Edward into girl's clothes!

Dimly, he became aware Terry was asking him a question. "William says he would not get into a girl's clothes except for a school play. John says the same. Do you agree with them?"

Jack saw the two boys looking contemptuously at his blouse and kilt. He answered angrily. "Of course! Boys shouldn't be dressed as girls." He thought of Paul and turned crimson.

Terry turned back to the boys and said, "William, if you had to dress for the school play, you would have to go out on stage before a whole audience. What would be wrong with getting into a dress when you're at home? John wouldn't tell the other boys, I'm sure!"

William was looking angrily at John. "I don't like dresses. I wouldn't do it for anyone."

The boys tensed as Terry rose to her feet. She looked down at John. "Would you dress in girl's clothes?" she asked.

Silently, John shook his head. He seemed frightened at the prospect of dressing as a girl.

"Why?" Terry asked in a steely voice. "Girls dress in short trousers and sweaters like a boy. They wear slacks, too!"

"It would be embarrassing," said John.

"Why?" demanded Terry.

"Girls are inferior to boys!" John blurted out, then seemed to shrink in his chair.

"Indeed!" said Terry, with icy calm. There was a silence. Jack and William felt like giving a boyish whoop of agreement, but both kept quiet.

It was at this precise moment that Aunt Julia led Edward into the room. Stark horror showed on the faces of his two brothers. Jack fell back, hardly enjoying this display of his handiwork. Terry looked gleeful. Under his brothers' gaze, Edward blushed and examined his shoes. His own Aunt was delighted, and he soon basked in the security of her protection. He was certainly the center of attention.

To the intense discomfort of his brothers and of Jack, the women soon induced Edward to play the little girl. He gestured and minced.

The boys all stared at this performance, and for some reason Jack found his embarrassment change to a chilling feeling of fear.

Edward enjoyed the situation, but his expression changed when his Aunt whispered something in his ear. For a moment, he looked anxious and embarrassed. "Go on Dear," his Aunt encouraged him, "model your pretty clothes."

Reluctantly, Edward walked toward his brothers. "Aunty told me to show you how pretty my undies are," he muttered. Nervously, he lifted the hem of his dress. Jack could understand his feelings as the little petticoats were revealed. He hesitated, and looked again at his Aunt, who nodded encouragingly. The boy picked up his petticoats to show the very dainty pretty panties, frilled and covered with little ribbons.

The two brothers were too embarrassed to speak. Jack swallowed hard as something was plain to him which he hoped they had not noticed. The panties ran smoothly between Edward's legs. All signs of masculinity had been eliminated. Aunt Julia must have undertaken that task!

As Edward dropped the petticoats and dress, Aunt Julia turned to his Aunt and said, "He shouldn't do that unless the other boys are dressed too!" A cloud of apprehension descended on the faces of the two brothers. "Even then," Aunt Julia continued, "they should only do so in private!"

Jack breathed a deep sigh of relief. He would not care for William or John to see his panties, even if they had guessed what he was wearing.

After teasing and playing some more, Edward was allowed to change back to his short trousers and blazer. The other boys were very glad when their departure was announced. Before they left, their Aunt had confided, rather loudly, to Terry that the boys would soon be

going to their new school. She added that the discipline was firmly believed in at the school. The girls laughed!

The next morning when Terry entered Jack's room, she placed an envelope on the dressing table. She giggled at him and said, "You may be interested to see some of the photos we're thinking of sending to your pals in America."

"How do you know who they are?" Jack gasped.

"Your Mother told us," she replied simply, and opened the envelope. She spread the contents on the table before Jack's astonished eyes. Fourteen photographs of himself lay there. Some showed him stepping into his panties, others showed him adjusting his petticoats about his waist, while others showed him fully dressed in his blouse and kilt. A shudder ran through him. His friends would not think this a kilt featured in his attire. To them, it would appear as a skirt, and there would be no way of explaining his panties and petticoats. The room seemed to swim around Jack.

Terry broke the silence. "These will be very interesting for your friends in America," she added cheerfully.

The photos were all taken from one viewpoint. There must be a peephole in the adjoining bedroom. He felt like blacking out. He heard himself pleading as though from a distance. He found himself going on his knees before Terry, pleading and begging.

She looked at him calmly and contemptuously. "Get up," she ordered. "We will hold on to these for a while, but you'll have to be a very good. . . GIRL!"

Jack froze at the word 'girl'. He could guess what Terry had in mind, but any way out would be better than the horrible possibilities of the photos circulating around his school back home! Jack had to give in. He would do as he was told. He would obey this vindictive girl. As he watched the expression on her face, his heart sank. She was enjoying the situation, but her smile was hard. Memories of the morning she had overpowered him and forced him into his first pair of panties came clearly to his mind.

"Jacqueline!" she said, and paused for the name to sink in. "Get into a fresh pair of panties!" He squirmed at the name, but he hastily complied. "You might like a full slip," she teased as she drew a pink satin slip from a drawer. "Hold up your hands," she requested.

"Please, no!" Jack protested feebly, but she stood waiting till he reluctantly raised his arms. The slip slid easily down his arms, and she tugged the soft garment into place. The satin felt strange, and the narrow shoulder straps felt awkward. He blushed at the thought of being forced to wear a girl's slip.

"Here, put on this blouse," Terry said, handing him a rather frillier blouse than usual. Jack could hardly conceal his irritation as he stepped into his kilt and fastened it about his waist.

He watched disgustedly as she rummaged out a pair of school-girl's black stockings! "Look Jacqueline, a good pair of schoolgirl stockings for you!"

He wanted to hit her but instead drew a deep breath. Gritting his teeth, he let her pull the stockings on his legs.

"Now your hair, Jacqueline," Terry said, pushing him onto the seat at his dressing table. He watched as she combed his hair forward and over his ears. He was beginning to realize how long it had been since his last visit to the barber. He was aggravated to see Terry's handiwork gave his face a very girlish appearance.

Satisfied, Terry allowed him to stand up. She seemed pleased with the effect, while he glared at his reflection. His girlish hair, the fancy blouse, the kilts, and finally the schoolgirl stockings made him look almost completely feminine.

He clenched his fists in anger and frustration. Attempting to fight ju-jitsu would be futile, not to mention foolish and painful, as he had already found out.

Carefully, she picked up the envelope on the table and walked toward the door. "Don't delay coming down to breakfast." She fluttered the envelope. "It would be a nuisance for Donna to come up here and fetch you!"

Jack burst into tears and sobbed brokenly. He knew he was defeated. He hated for Paul to see him dressed like this, defeated like this. But, he felt consoled that Paul had often been similarly treated. He loathed the servants and his Aunt to see him. But rather they, who took it as a matter of course, than his school friends and his sister who would not view the photographs so tolerantly. He knew he would have to go downstairs soon. He realized he was left no real alternative. He wept until he visualized Donna coming up the stairs with a cane.

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He then bravely pulled back his shoulders and headed downstairs!

They were all sitting in the breakfast room when he entered, but beyond the most trivial salutations, no notice was taken of his girlish costume. Awkwardly, he sat down. He could feel the soft satin of his slip caress his skin.

Paul was friendly and casual, almost affectionate. This relieved Jack, as he had expected teasing or jeers from him. Indeed, Paul was behaving in a sisterly fashion. They did not go out anywhere that day, for which Jack was extremely grateful. By bedtime, he had frequently forgotten the clothes he was wearing.

As they went to their rooms, Jack found Terry following him in. "Jacqueline," she said, wagging a finger at him, "you delayed too long getting down this morning!" She selected a hairbrush from the dresser, sat down, and pointed to her knees saying, "Do I have to fetch you, or will you come over here yourself?"

Jack groaned, and went to her side, looking down at the girl who once before had overwhelmed him and who had the incriminating photographs. He swallowed his pride. Better not make the spanking any more painful, he thought. Gritting his teeth, he lay himself across the girl's knees.

He had been bullied, forced, blackmailed, and threatened into his present position. Terry did not hesitate to lift back his kilt and satin slip to expose his panties for the back of the hairbrush. The panties were small protection, Jack found as he felt the first smack of the hairbrush.

He tried to hold still as Terry brought the hairbrush down again and again on the seat of his panties. She had no intention of giving him a hard spanking but enough to show him who was in charge.

Jack found himself, after a few more stinging whacks, standing before his cousin trying to rub away the pain in his panties. Terry looked him over. Then, with a grin and without further word, she departed.

Jack listened to her footsteps grow fainter down the landing. He stared at his reflection in the mirror, and suddenly he felt a strange tingle of excitement. His reflection looked much more like a girl. He lifted the edge of his kilt and his satin slip which felt soft and exciting against his skin. His panties came into view and his excitement reached a pitch he had never before experienced. He shuddered again at the thought of the photographs. He felt sure she would not send them to his friends if he behaved. . .like. . .like Jacqueline!

They were trying to make him like Paul and little Edward, Jack thought. Well, he would show them! He might be forced to wear all these girlish things, but he still meant to remain a boy. He still would make the basketball team next year, and he would take Norma to the prom. He would get a short crew cut, and he might even make the

second football team. He would show these vindictive women! He fell into his bed and slept soundly.

Before long, Jack found himself wearing tartan dresses instead of kilts. At first it was just another humiliation, but like everything else, he reluctantly accepted this new indignity. There were even some advantages to the tartan dresses instead of the kilts, as they made him appear to be a girl instead of a boy in a dress, to any observers.

Terry enjoyed training "Jacqueline". She forced him into training bras, a tight waist cincher, and long nylon stockings. She made him shave his legs and taught him to wear high heels!

His Aunt and the girls of the house did not fail to notice his evolution. They showered him with affection. He was petted and spoiled when he acted as decreed, and yet, he was spanked more severely when he disobeyed them!

Jack found it strange one day when Paul said that he hated being kept in the plain clothes of a schoolgirl while he was given dainty frocks, soft lovely slips, and pretty panties.

Jack blushed, then laughed. "You mean you don't mind being dressed up as a girl! You're more concerned with what kind of dresses you wear?"

"I don't like these old heavy knickers or the gym frock," Paul whispered. He glanced behind him, then went on. "Don't tell them, but I like the little girl dresses with frilly wide panties. They're so easy to wear!"

Jack thought of his tight panty girdle and the tug of his long stockings. He was soon reconciled to the fact that he would not risk running away, and also that he would have to wear girl's clothing for the time remaining before the end of his vacation.

If one finds Jack's behavior more submissive than seems credible, he should know that it was at this point that his Aunt cautioned him. She pointed out that she might request that he stay for the entire school year, instead of returning him home at the end of the summer, if he misbehaved. She warned him that unless his behavior was most obedient for the time remaining, he might well be held over in England for a full year.

Terry took every opportunity the occasion offered. Never was a girl supplied with such a tame young man. Jack obeyed every whim, every hint, with a readiness that most parents or governesses could only dream about! Boys, once tamed, will obey orders with greater exactness than most girls could manage. Jack was prompt. Jack was quick to learn. Jack obeyed any order without question. He would endure, without moving, the most severe caning. In short, Jack was hardly recognizable from the free and easy American boy who had first arrived at the home of his Aunt Julia.

Terry came into his room one morning carrying a stiff little corset

and several other garments unfamiliar to Jack. Feeling quite helpless, Jack went to bathe while Terry busied herself about the room.

Terry insisted he get out of his underwear. She handed him a small flesh colored patch of thick silk with three long ribbons. She tied two of the ribbons around his waist, showing the blushing youth exactly how to place the patch. Puzzled, Jack followed instructions, placing the silk piece exactly before his private parts. Then, Terry reached between his legs and tugged the third ribbon tightly, until painfully his masculinity was evenly concealed. Jack learned how to adjust the third ribbon himself quite rapidly when it was necessary to unfasten it.

She made him put on a little undervest, then put his arms into the shoulder straps of the corset. Jack had never experienced so extreme a constriction around his waist, as when Terry gradually tightened the laces of the corset. Terry gave his bare behind a sound slap when she had finished tightening the laces. She got him to reach up and grip the top of the closet door, so that she could tighten the corset still further.

Jack's waist ached abominably. It felt as if it was gripped in giant pinchers. She let him stand down gradually, and the pain around his waist increased until he thought he would faint. He wriggled helplessly and squeezed and pressed in every direction. He discovered how much slimmer his waist had become and found that his flesh had been squeezed up to almost fill the cups of the corset in front. While downwards, his behind had been pushed out girlishly. His heart sank as he realized how easily she had altered his appearance.

She tightened the shoulder straps until the cups filled even more, and his shoulders were pulled down and rounded. Terry then led him to the mirror to show the boy his new shape. She grinned at Jack spitefully, as he grimaced at his reflection, then roughly brought him to the bed and forced him to sit down on it. He then experienced the effect this produces. He wanted to scream with the pain of the corset biting his waist. She presented him with long nylon stockings and watched with amusement at his agonized struggles to put them on.

Terry straightened his stockings for him and showed him how to attach the dainty little suspenders of the corset to the stocking tops. She chose a lacy little pair of panties, which he drew up reluctantly covering the silk cache sex!

Jack stared at the small shoes with high heels, which she picked out. He protested, but she insisted he put them on. Standing, he experienced extreme pain. Trying to stay balanced, made it even worse. Humiliated beyond endurance at the sight of his feminized legs, he sobbed bitterly.

He had often looked longingly at girls, seeing a ruffle of frills flare out under their skirts. At dances particularly, he and the other

boys would watch excitedly as girls displayed their frilly petticoats. He felt differently now as Terry advanced with two gloriously frilled petticoats which he had to step into. He had to draw them up himself and tie them carefully at his waist. They flared out at his hips, his narrowed waist helping to create the illusion of a girl.

Terry selected a bright print summer dress with frills at the collar and the short sleeves. Jack watched with extreme disgust as she gathered the dress up and held it for him. He put his arms up and felt the flimsy material slither down over him.

The dress flared out nicely over his bulky petticoats, fitting him tightly at the waist and over the training bra she had forced on him.

"Now for your hair, Jacqueline," Terry said. "Sit here."

She was indicating a low chair with its back to the mirror. His petticoats tickled his knees and thighs, and when a frill of his petticoats peep from under his dress, he blushing pulled the fluffed hem of his skirt down over it.

Terry spent quite a bit of time brushing and combing his now long hair. Over his temple on each side, she pinned a cute white bow. She, however, did not stop there, adding makeup, eyebrow pencil, mascara, powder, and finally pink lipstick; just enough for a young girl.

"There Jacqueline. . .now look at yourself. . .aren't you pretty?" she said, pushing him before the full mirror.

Jack gasped, putting his hand girlishly over his mouth. "I look like a real girl," he exclaimed.

"You sure do," Terry agreed, "and now, you must make sure that you behave like one." She added a dainty charm bracelet on his left wrist and a thin golden chain necklace with a little gold heart attached that showed just above the white frill on the neckline of his dress. "Now," Terry added, "let's go down to breakfast, . . .and make sure you walk and move nicely."

Jack could not do otherwise. The high heels and his paining feet made his hips wiggle delightfully and his stride small and fluid.

"Turn your elbows a little so the palm of your hand is almost forward," she instructed further, "and keep those wrists limp." She picked up the hairbrush as she spoke.

Jack obeyed quickly and made an excellent imitation of a pretty girl, although maybe just a little stiff.

"I want you to walk like that always," Terry commanded. "If I catch you walking boyishly, I'll ask Donna to give you a good caining. She's a lot stronger than I, as you know."

Jack nodded, and said softly, "Alright. . .alright!" He did not feel like arguing with that tough girl waving the hairbrush. As a matter of fact, he did not feel like doing anything anymore of which Donna or Terry disapproved. He vowed to go to any lengths to keep those photos out of the hands of his friends and his sister.

Anyone seeing this pretty young girl walking so daintily down the stairs would not have believed that this was the spirited American boy of only a few weeks ago.

With all the practice Jack had, he was soon walking daintily all the time without thinking.

At the breakfast table, Aunt Julia smiled benignly at him. "You look very nice this morning, Jacqueline. . .make sure act as nicely as you look."

Jack noted with secret chagrin that Paul no longer wore his schoolgirl uniform but was dressed in an ordinary kilt with a man's shirt. He also wore regulation boy's stockings and shoes. Paul was obviously happy, but Jack could see a look of sentiment and commiseration in his eyes.

Donna gave Jack a friendly nod as she watched him sit, neatly arranging the skirt of his colorful gay dress beneath him.

Terry, who had followed him in, said, "Doesn't Jacqueline have a neat waist, Mother?"

Involuntarily, Jack's hands went to his small compressed waist, where the pressure was almost unbearable. It even took most of his appetite away, which was most unusual for this strong growing boy.

"Yes," Aunt Julia replied. "It's superb. . .even better than yours, I think." Then to Jack, "I want you to wear this corset night and day, Jacqueline, so your figure will adjust to it more quickly."

"But. . .Aunt Julia. . .it hurts something awful!" he objected strongly.

"Oh. . .that's alright. Such a strong boy can stand a little discomfort, can't he? Anyway, it won't hurt for long. You'll be adjusted to it in no time."

From her tone, Jack knew better than to object further.

During breakfast, Paul talked excitedly about some cricket game or exhibition he planned to watch with his friends. "Can Jack go with us?" he asked.

"Jacqueline. . .you mean," Donna interrupted. "You had better remember. . .or it will be back into gym frocks for you. Jacqueline is now his correct name."

Jack hoped, that if he were allowed to go along, that he could do so in his boy's clothes and be divested of his dress. But, was he ever wrong!

"There won't be any girls there. . .won't Jacqueline feel out of place?" Aunt Julia responded.

Paul replied, "Yes, some of the boys bring their sisters."

"Well, alright then. . .Jacqueline can go along with you, if she wishes."

Jack almost jumped from his seat. "Please don't make me go like this. . .PLEASE, Aunt Julia!"

"Well, . . . either you go as you are. . . or you stay home." she said calmly.

"Oh please, Aunt Julia. . . please. . . I'll wear kilts if you want, but please don't make me wear this DRESS!"

"I thought you hated kilts," Terry said grinning.

Jack blushed. "Oh no. . . I'll wear them. . . gladly. . . please!"

Aunt Julia was firm. "No, I've decided that you must be dressed this way for a while to make sure that you behave correctly and obediently. . . DO YOU understand? And, that's final! Or, do you want me to send those photos to your friends in New York?"

The threat of blackmail served its purpose! Jack hurriedly and in great confusion shoutED, "Oh no. . . oh no. . . please. . . I'll do as you say, I'll do anything you say, . . . really, I will."

"Alright," she smiled, "that's fine. You're learning. Now, do you want to go with Paul to the game?"

Jack was silent for a minute. He loved sports and wanted very much to see the game. However, the idea of going with Paul and his friends where there would be almost all men and boys, in this dress looking completely like a girl, was too horrible to contemplate. Finally, with everyone's eyes upon him, he said, "I think I'll stay home."

"Good!" Aunt Julia replied. "It's just as well, because I've decided for you to take over from Terry the flower decorations for the house. That's a nice occupation for a girl. Terry will show you where the vases are and how to arrange them. It will be your job from now on to see that there are fresh flowers in every room, and the mornings, you can enjoy some gardening and weeding as well. This afternoon, Donna can teach you how to do needlepoint. It's not good for young girls to laze around the house with nothing to do. She will also assign you some sewing, and from now on, I want to see your hands busy with your sewing project, whenever you have nothing else to do. Is that clear?"

Blushing down to the frill of his dress neckline, Jack nodded. Heavens, how terrible that would be, having to learn more girl's work! Even Paul never had to do that. This was absolutely unfair. Yet, what could he do. . . what could he say? He was three thousand miles from home and had nowhere to go. . . no one to turn to. . . To make matters worse, he was under strict instructions from his mother to behave and obey Aunt Julia, no matter what. Complaining in a letter would not help. . . not the way his mother had spoken to him. Anyway, he knew they were traveling, and the mail would not reach her for weeks. Anyway, he did not doubt for one minute that she would do as she had threatened and mail those horribly incriminating photos to America.

With a sad heart, he watched as Paul was picked up in a car full

of his friends. Jack was quick to notice that all of them wore long trousers. How he envied them, as he watched from his hiding place near the front door. He could not risk being seen by them, not in this dress!

Terry joined him saying, "Come on, Jacqueline, I'll show you your new job."

He followed her, almost envying her clothes. She wore a pair of very abbreviated shorts that showed her bare legs, a simple white open necked blouse, and brown loafers. She led him to a cupboard in the hall where he found vases of all sizes and description in different colors.

Terry eyed him critically. "You really should wear garden clothes... instead of this frilly dress. But, we don't have time to change now."

Going to another cupboard, she took out a green and white striped denim garden apron and proceeded to tie it on him. "There, that will protect your pretty dress. I used to wear it when I was a lot younger," she added, shaming Jack even more. "See how handy it is," she said, pointing at the two large pockets in front of the apron. "That's for garden cutters and other tools."

She led him to the garden shed, and Jack froze when they found the gardener there.

"Thomas, Jacqueline will take care of the cut flowers for the house from now on."

Thomas looked at the cute girl dressed so sissily, not realizing that this was Jack, the American boy staying the summer with the family. Tipping his hat politely, he said, "Yes, Miss." Handing Jack the scissors, he said, "The daisies are in full bloom, Miss, also the Salvias and the Bachelor Buttons. That will give plenty of cheerful colors."

Jack nodded blushing as he put the cutters in the pocket of his apron. He followed Terry mincingly in his high heels toward the flower beds on the south side of the house.

Terry, seeing the short steps he was forced to take, said, "You can't do gardening in those fancy shoes. Here, exchange shoes with me. I know these loafers will fit you."

Soon, Jack was cutting away with Terry watching and instructing him to make sure to get long stems and the freshest blooms. Jack handled the flowers daintily, and with his arms loaded with cut flowers, he made a beautiful picture of femininity as he entered the house. Terry showed him how to arrange them tastefully, put enough water in the vase, and get the correct shape and color vase as well. He copied her work, and he was amazed at how quickly he caught on.

"You have a real flair for this," Terry said in an encouraging tone.

"You might learn to enjoy doing this every day."

More than an hour passed before all of the rooms were supplied with fresh flowers. There was the living room, the dining room, the hall, the study, and the bedrooms, including his own, but not Paul's.

"Boys don't appreciate flowers," Terry explained with disdain, needling Jack as often as she could, and whenever she saw an opportunity, which was frequent.

When they were finished, Terry led him back to the garden shed. Finding the gardener, she said, "Thomas, Miss Jacqueline likes to do gardening. She wants to help you with the weeding."

"That's real nice Miss. I sure can use some help. With all the rain we have had, I am way behind. The weeds are rapidly taking over." Thomas handed Jack some tools.

Terry showed him where to begin, and said, "If you keep at it a couple of mornings every week, you'll soon have all the beds looking well tended." She pointed to all the flower beds surrounding the spacious well manicured lawn. "If you get behind, your task will be that much harder," she explained, leaving him to his assigned chore.

Immediately, Jack went to work. He found the crouching very painful with his tight corset, so he went to the gardener to ask for some jute so he could kneel and not harm his nylon stockings.

The fresh air and the effort gave his face an attractive glow, and he made quite a picture of a pretty girl hard at work and seemingly enjoying tending the flowers growing in such abundance.

He became so absorbed in the work that he forgot all about his dress. Yet, he was forcefully reminded of it when he heard voices and footsteps approaching. He looked over his shoulder and saw Terry coming down the path with. . .heavens. . .two of the Knowland boys, William and John. Shamefully, Jack got to his feet and straightened out his skirt and apron.

Both of the boys were dressed in short trousers. Their waists were very narrow, and their subdued manner showed that they were very tightly corseted. Still, they looked with disdain at Jack and the way he was dressed.

"Jacqueline is a girl now," Terry said proudly. "Doesn't he look beautiful?"

"Do you like being a girl?" asked John, the boy nearest to his own age.

Jack started to say, "Of course not!", but he hesitated as he saw Terry watching him closely with a tout face. So, instead, he said, "I'm a boy. . .no matter what I wear."

"That's what we are planning to work on," Terry said firmly.

"I see," said John, shaking his head. "Do you like gardening as a girl?"

Again, Jack hesitated. Finally, he came out with, "I don't mind

too much.”

“Mother says he is going to be a girl for the rest of the summer,” Terry explained. “He’ll be learning a lot, real fast. You’ll see!”

“We came to tell you that lunch is ready,” John said.

“Put your apron in the shed Jackie, so it will be handy tomorrow. . .and make sure to put the tools away neatly. Thomas dislikes a mess in his domain. And, oh yes, let’s change shoes again,” she said stepping out of Jack’s high heels.

As the boys watched, Jack shamefully took off his apron exposing his pretty frilly summer dress, with his very narrow waist and prominent bosom.

Contempt showed in the eyes of both boys until Terry said, “Keep staring and maybe your aunt will dress the two of you prettily also.”

Realizing that this could very well happen to them also, the boys walked quietly toward the house.

Mrs. Knowland, Aunt Julia, Donna, and Edward were all waiting for them in the dining room. Mrs. Knowland said, praising his dainty clothes. “That dress is very becoming to you. Don’t you like it much better than those horrible trousers?”

Seeing Aunt Julia’s foreboding eyes, Jack replied, “Yes, I guess, Mrs. Knowland. It’s just feels so odd now.”

“You’ll get used to it, dear.”

Jack was relieved to see that Edward wore a girl’s play suit. He seemed to enjoy it as he was being fussed over by the women. Jack came in for his share of the praise also as they tried to encourage him and make him feel at home in his girl’s clothes. He again found that he could not eat much because the pain from the constriction of his corset increased with each bite of food.

Aunt Julia noticed that his face was contorted with discomfort. “Why don’t you take a short nap, Jackie Darling? You look a little tired.”

“It’s this corset, it hurts something awful,” he explained.

“Well, if you lie down for an hour or so, it will help ease the discomfort,” she said.

So, after lunch, Donna took him by the hand and led him to his room. She helped him out of his dress and petticoats, and gave him a beautiful yellow ankle length nylon nightgown with ruffles and lace to wear over his corset and bra.

After tucking him snugly under the covers, she closed the door, leaving him furious at being put to bed for an afternoon nap like a little child. But soon, the fresh air and exercise of the morning made him fall into a restful sleep.

When Donna woke him, it was four o’clock. “Oh, you did sleep, Darling. I can tell by your flushed cheeks. Look, we have a pretty afternoon dress for you to wear for tea,” she said, holding up a light

blue short sleeved dress with a medium square neck and a flaring knee length skirt. She tied the same petticoats on him that he wore that morning, and he shivered as the soft dress slithered around his form and was zipped up the back. After combing and brushing his hair into a feminine style, she clipped small gold earrings to his lobes and repaired his makeup. This time, she used bright red lipstick, shaping his mouth into a luscious, inviting form.

"Now you look like a grown up lady," Donna said, as he had an opportunity to study himself in the mirror.

He felt a strange feeling creeping up his spine and under his panty girdle. He had to agree with her. He did look like a pretty teenager, especially after he put on the matching blue high heeled pumps.

"You know, you should have been a girl. . .with your shapely figure. . .and those legs," Donna smiled.

"Please don't say that," Jack murmured. "I'm not a girl."

"Well, you should have been. Now, let's go downstairs, and I'll teach you your needlepoint, like Mother said.

Still blushing, Jack proceeded her down the stairs, trying to remember to move from his hips and hold his arms in the feminine fashion Terry had instructed him.

Donna could not help smiling as she saw this formerly arrogant ungainly boy so completely turned into a girl while being forced to cooperate and submit. They would make a girl out of him yet!

In the living room, Donna unwrapped a very large white linen tablecloth and a box containing rolls of yarn, in all different colors. "You're to follow this blue stenciled design and cover it neatly with small cross stitches. You may choose the colors yourself, but I suggest that you apply the natural colors of the flowers with green for the stems. Imagine. . .won't your mother be happy when you bring back this present, and you can honestly say that you did all the embroidery yourself with your own little hands? Won't she be thoroughly pleased?"

"I guess so," Jack replied lamely, after ample consideration.

She showed him how to thread the needle and did a few stitches for him. As she handed him the large cloth, his inexperienced hands made it open up completely so that the ends slipped onto the floor.

"Careful now Jackie. You want to keep it spotless and dainty. Don't drag it on the floor, and don't let your clothes touch it too much. Make sure to wash your hands every time before you work on it, and. . .oh yes, I'll give you something to wear to protect it and your dress."

Jack went to the bathroom to wash his hands, and when he returned, Donna was waiting for him.

"Oh no. . .oh no. . .not that, please," he said in a pleading voice.

"Oh yes," Donna replied. "All girls wear one when they do their sewing and needle work. It's an ages old custom."

Without further ado, she popped him into the cutest, frilliest pinafore, buttoning it up the back and tying the strings in an attractive bow. It had large ruffled epaulets all around the arm holes, back and front and also around the hem line. The skirt of the pinafore was four inches shorter than his dress, and the white contrasted very nicely against the blue dress.

Disgustedly, Jack sank back onto his chair, remembering to gather his skirts under him.

Donna took up a book and started reading. However, her full attention was not on the book. She looked up often, watching with a smile as the boy with inexperienced hands worked at his new girlish occupation.

After an hour or so, Jack began to get the knack of it.

A little after six o'clock, they heard the loud voices of several boys outside, and they knew Paul's friends were bringing him home. Jack, with a red face, immediately put down his work and started out of the room in search of a hiding place.

But, Donna would have none of it. "You just sit there, young lady! There is nothing to be ashamed of."

"But. . .but, they'll see me!" he pleaded with tears forming in his eyes.

"Well. . .all they'll see is a pretty girl doing her work. Remember how nice you looked in the mirror? I'm sure they will appreciate meeting such a pretty girl."

Jack sighed with relief when only Paul entered the house while his friends drove away in the car.

Paul stopped short when he saw Jack in his freshly starched, oh so feminine, apron. He started to say something but stopped, seeing how his cousin was uncomfortably blushing and was obviously terribly embarrassed. After only a moment's hesitation, he decided to act as if everything were perfectly normal, and nonchalantly said, "Hi Jacqueline, what are you doing?"

Donna smiled at Jack's anger at being called by this feminine name by his boy cousin and even more for for having been caught by him while performing this feminine task.

Paul did his best to smooth things over, after all, he had been through similar things himself. "It's nice, but boy you have a lot to do yet," he said, holding out the cloth until it was extended full length.

"Jackie will get it finished, alright," Donna said. "She's planning to spend all her free time on it. . .aren't you Darling?"

Jack nodded, still blushing deeply.

Paul decided to change the subject and enthusiastically started describing the game he had just seen. He stuttered a moment when he realized that he was explaining everything like he would to a girl who knew nothing about sports.

Jack noticed it too. Heavens! Paul, his own buddy, had thought for a moment that he was really a girl.

Aunt Julia and Terry entered the room followed by Sarah, the maid, who was pushing the large tea cart. Aunt Julia, seating herself, said "How are you coming along Jackie?"

Jack held up his work. He had finished only part of one little flower, with about twelve hundred to go yet. He blushed deeply as he saw Sarah standing there taking it all in with large unbelieving eyes. Could this neatly pinafored girl doing needlepoint really be that rowdy Yankee boy, Jack??

Aunt Julia saw her staring. "Yes Sarah, it is Jacqueline in her proper dress. Doesn't she look nice?"

"Oh yes, Madam! She is very pretty." Sarah smiled, obviously greatly in favor of the boy's transformation.

"She will receive further training in the months to come. You may leave the tea things. Jackie will serve the tea from now on."

Jack cringed when he heard that, especially when he saw Terry's smirk and the surprise on Paul's face. Even Paul had never been asked to do this feminine chore.

"Come on, Dear. . . start pouring. I'm thirsty," Aunt Julia ordered.

She spoke with such a demanding tone that told warned Jack against making a scene at this time. While his actions were docile and obedient, he was seething inside. He vowed to himself to take this up with his aunt later. Imagine. . . further girl training. . . whatever did she mean by that? He controlled his anger, and straightening his skirts, he walked to the tea cart and poured five cups. All eyes were on him making him even more nervous. Nevertheless, he managed without spilling anything, and he remembered to serve Aunt Julia first.

"Very nicely done, Jackie dear," Aunt Julia said. "It's almost like you have done this many times before."

Jack served everyone their tea, then presented the tray containing sandwiches, cookies, and cake. After the others were served, he took his own cup and sank down on the couch where he had been working. Every time he sat, his corset bit into his flesh something awful. It also limited his appetite, and he merely nibbled on a sandwich.

Just as he finished his third bite, Aunt Julia remarked, "Jackie, I saw that you were trying to walk nicely, but you must remember to sit correctly as well. Always keep your knees and ankles neatly together. Once you get used to sitting correctly, you'll do it automatically and effortlessly. Then, you won't have to think about it anymore nor worry whether a man or boy can peep under your skirt. Modesty and good manners are very important for a girl. You will see, as we will be working hard on your deportment in the coming weeks."

Jack closed his legs, remembering that Paul also had been taught

to sit that way when wearing a gym frock. He envied his cousin now as he sat nonchalantly in his chair with his right leg resting on his left knee.

"Now, that's perfect. . . I'm proud of my pretty niece," Aunt Julia praised him. "Tomorrow, we'll go shopping together and get you some clothes of your own."

Jack was stupefied. "You. . . you mean. . . girl's clothes for me. . . dresses and skirts?"

"Yes, of course, and some nice underthings too. You can't expect to borrow Terry's things forever. Now, can you Dear?"

"But. . . but. . ."

"No buts. . . no ifs," Aunt Julia said firmly. Then, she immediately turned to converse with Donna. This gave him no opportunity to object further and left him crushed and helpless. Knowing it was expected of him, he refilled the cups and offered the food tray around again. When everyone was finished, he was told to gather the dishes and neatly stack them on the tea cart for Sarah to take away.

After tea, he had nothing to do but take up his needle work again. The others read a book or amused themselves in some other way. He was bored to death with this silly work, but they made him keep at it until it was finally time for dinner.

When Jack stood up, he started removing his pinafore. Aunt Julia, Donna, and Terry frowned in unison. Terry said, "Why are you taking it off, Jackie? It looks so cute on you, and you will need it again after dinner. Keep it on. It will prevent your staining my pretty dress."

Usually, after dinner, he had played games with Paul; chess, checkers, or scrabble. He soon learned that this was now a thing of the past. Aunt Julia made him work on his tablecloth again, which he did obediently. Tears, which he manfully tried to hold back, welled up in his eyes.

Paul was forced to take up a book. He obviously missed his playmate, but dared not mention it to his mother or sisters.

That night, Donna helped him undress and prepare for bed. She made sure he wore the same beautiful nightgown. As another indignation, she also made him put his hair up in curlers. He was very clumsy, and his inexperienced fingers kept slipping and ruining his tight curls.

Donna slapped his face several times, as she was a very impatient teacher.

With his hair finally satisfactorily in curlers, she had him remove his makeup and cream his face for the night. Making sure his corset was good and tight, she tucked him in for the night. She kissed him goodnight and left the room. He tossed and turned restlessly for a long time, trying to find a position where his corset would hurt the least.

The next morning, Terry woke him, saying, "Wake up lazy

bones! It's getting late."

So used to following her orders already, he did not hesitate to step out of bed, even though his feminine nightgown made him feel terribly ashamed. However, Terry acted as if nothing was unusual and sent him to the bathroom.

When he returned, Terry supervised his dressing. He was horrified when she fastened a full sized daintily laced bra on him and padded it out with inserts filled with a viscous liquid. When he looked down, he saw that he was better endowed than Terry. His silk patch was covered with very brief pink panties, giving him a smooth front. Then came a white short sleeved blouse open at the neck, followed by a cute play suit. It was pink denim with very abbreviated shorts attached to a bib top which covered his bulging bosom. The straps went over his shoulders and crossed in the back to fasten to the tight waistband, showing his small neatly corseted waist.

She made him take the curlers out of his hair, and styled it into an acceptable pageboy; the ends in a flip curving out. This style made his hair look completely girlish. After making him do his own makeup, she said, "You must quickly learn to do this for yourself. Makeup and hairstyles are very important to a girl." She put a matching band around his head saying, "This will keep your hair out of your face while you are gardening."

Pink girl's stockings and pink sneakers completed his outfit. Terry studied him carefully, then smiling broadly said, "Yes. . .that's very nice. You certainly are a leggy girl. Just wait until the boys see you."

Jack blushed sharply as he stood before his mirror. He was terribly confused at seeing his own girlish reflection. "Was this really him? No. . . Jack had completely disappeared. This was the new girl, Jacqueline. . . a young female. . . almost without a flaw." Strange emotions raced through his veins, and his mind was a whirlpool of conflicting thoughts and emotions. Somehow, he felt excited. . . keyed up. . . hankering for something. . . he knew not what.

In a daze, he followed Terry downstairs where the family was already gathered in the breakfast room. Terry noticed with a grin that her charge was taking small mincing steps, although he wore sneakers. Everyone was happily surprised at his cute pretty appearance, and the compliments were many. Even Sarah, the maid, giggled approvingly.

Jack was twice as embarrassed when he saw that Paul was still dressed completely as a boy, albeit in short pants. Why was that? Did they want to embarrass him deliberately, by the contrast?

His appetite was still minimal, and he felt depressed. He had fallen into an emotional valley after the elation he had experienced upstairs in front of his mirror. What was happening to him?????? And,

why?????? Why did he feel so strangely different in these clothes?

Once breakfast was over, Terry saw to it that he took care of the flowers and tended the garden. She left him alone as he quietly pulled the weeds, spaded, and smoothed the soil. His corset was very uncomfortable and his clothes felt as if they were too tight. Still. . .at least they were airy and cool.

Several times, he caught the gardener, Thomas, watching him with smiling, approving eyes. He remembered looking at the girls in school that way and began to get an inkling what those girls must have thought and felt. It made him blush deeply, knowing that he was displaying all his charms, and there was nothing he could do about it.

After lunch, Donna made him take a bath in scented water and shave all over. Even though he had not too much hair on his arms and legs, his skin felt strangely smooth and soft.

She laced his corset as tightly as she could and helped him dress. Over his tight panty girdle, panties, nylons, and well filled bra, she helped him into a pink turtle neck blouse and a navy blue pleated miniskirt. She hung a long pendant chain necklace with a large golden cross around his neck, placed two golden slave bands on his right wrist, and a girl's watch on his left.

"You had better take good care of this. It's my own watch and is very expensive," Donna warned him sternly. She finished his makeup with a little mascara to bring out his lashes and pink lipstick to match his blouse, combed his hair loosely over his ears, had him put on three inch pumps, and presented him to his aunt, ready to go shopping.

"But, I can't go like this. . .not in the stores!" he objected. It did not come out nearly as vigorously as he intended.

"Of course you can," Aunt Julia beamed. "You look more like a girl than Terry, with your figure. Just make sure to move elegantly and behave modestly like a young lady."

She gave him a pair of white gloves to wear and a small handbag to carry over his arm. "Come on. . .out we go!" she said grabbing him by the arm and pushing him out the door.

When they alighted from the car in the middle of the crowded city, Jack felt absolutely undressed. . .almost naked. . .with that short skirt flaring out and exposing so much nylon. The only thing he could do was to act completely like a girl. Aunt Julia smiled happily when she saw how hard he was trying. . .and how well he succeeded. But, Jack's eyes kept darting left and right nervously to see if anybody noticed anything, or whether he was attracting any undue attention.

They spent almost two hours in at least six different stores, selecting clothes, lingerie, stockings, and trying on shoes, dresses, skirts, sweaters, and blouses. Jack became terribly tired from walking all that time in his high heels. When he complained, Aunt Julia took him to a tea room, where he could rest for a while.

“You’ve been a good girl,” she praised him. “That was really a lot of fun, wasn’t it?”

Jack did not reply. With his short skirt, he did not need to be reminded to sit with his legs pressed neatly together, and his tight corset forced him to sit up straight with a nearly perfect posture. He was bothered terribly when he noted the many males admiring his prominences, which were all too obvious, under the tight turtle neck blouse. And, he was unable to disguise them. . . even though he tried by playing with the pendant that hung so stylishly between the attractive bulges.

When the waitress had taken their order, Jack could not overcome his surprise at how well he had passed as a girl. No one seemed to have the slightest doubt and had accepted him completely as a young woman. How was that possible? He had always thought himself completely masculine with male activities and was an active boy amongst his peers.

Yet, here he was dressed as a girl. . . and yes. . . secretly almost proud of his appearance and the admiring glances he received. Yes. . . everyone really thought he was a girl. While he had been shy and afraid of discovery that afternoon, there had been moments when he had completely forgotten his skirts. He felt hate welling up at his aunt’s pleased smile. He had seen her watching how his flared skirt swayed seductively from his hips. And, now again, she was watching with an expression as if to say, “I told you so.”

He was glad when they finally arrived home, loaded with packages, with many more to be delivered over the next few days. Aunt Julia went with him to his room and showed him how to put his new things neatly away. He felt so strange handling these delicate things, which were now his own. With his own clothes still missing, he now had nothing to wear but girl’s clothes, and they were “his”. What were these women trying to do to him?

As he finished putting away his last pair of stockings, Aunt Julia put her arm around his shoulders and led him to the full length mirror. She allowed him to look at himself for a while in silence. Then, she said, “Isn’t it nice that I have such a pretty niece? Aren’t your legs shapely under that short skirt? See how eye catching and pleasing your figure is? Admit it. . . aren’t you happy to be so good looking?”

Jack would not admit anything. Turning this way and that, he said, “But why. . . why do you want me to look like a girl?”

Aunt Julia did not hesitate a second. “Because you should have been a girl. . . can’t you see that? Only a very short time in your skirts, and already, you act and sometimes feel like a girl. . . I could tell in the store. Of course, some of the old boy comes through occasionally, but we’ll all be working hard at erasing that. And, erase it we will. You must think of yourself as a girl. . . all the time. . . and, I’ll help

you all I can. . . I promise. Now, get to your needle work," she ordered, leading him by the hand toward the living room.

Somehow, Jack felt different after his experiences of that day. . . and especially that afternoon. The day's outing and the conversation with his Aunt had changed something within him. He knew not what, having no knowledge that he was being carefully and cleverly prepared for an increasingly feminine future.

When she called him her "pretty niece", he had a strange feeling of WANTING to be her niece. As he walked beside her, feeling his short skirt swirl about his legs, the bra inserts moving with every step, and his hair swirling around his face, he certainly felt more like a niece than a nephew.

In the living room, Aunt Julia watched him carefully. As if in a trance, he voluntarily tied on his frilly white apron and picked up his sewing basket in which he had neatly folded the tablecloth the day before. He worked at this extremely feminine task until tea time, when the family gradually started to dribble in.

Terry could not wait till Jack described all the clothes they bought, and Donna was quite surprised at the terms he had learned during his shopping trip. He mentioned shirring, yokes, inset sleeves, as well as some of those funny pastel colors like salmon, lavender, sea green, etc. He even sounded happy and excited as he described each item of his new wardrobe in great detail.

Jack, again, was expected to serve the tea, and he did it even nicer than the day before. He performed this chore as if he had done it all his life.

Even Paul watched with surprise. Whatever possessed his cousin to act so convincingly like a girl? But, Paul soon forgot this strange thought, as he enthusiastically told them about the six soccer matches they had arranged with a neighborhood team during the next three weeks.

His mother interrupted him. "It's nice for you to have your activities, but I don't want you to forget Jacqueline, dear. Remember, she is our guest. It would be nice if you took her to some outings, and of course, you should play tennis with her. We bought a nice tennis dress, didn't we Sweetheart?" she said, addressing Jack.

Jack blushed deeply as he remembered that very short sleeveless number with the frilly white panties underneath.

When he tried it on, the shop girl had said, "She looks absolutely delicious in it."

Aunt Julia had smilingly agreed, saying, "The boys will love to watch her play."

As Paul thought about having to take his cousin out, it was hard to tell who was more disturbed. Paul, with the idea that he would have

to this boy in skirts in tow. . .or Jack, thinking how silly he would feel walking or playing tennis with Paul, while dressed as a girl.

"I bet I can beat either of you in tennis," Terry said.

Aunt Julia interrupted, "I don't approve of betting between girls! Ladies do not bet. You'll just have to play a friendly game with each other, and that's that."

After dinner, the family spent the evening together with Jack still working, more neatly now, on his tablecloth.

The next morning, Jack was again dressed by Terry, this time in a similar short play suit in light blue satin like material. The pants fit tightly over his girlish bottom, and the garment did not distract one bit from his charming figure. His long bare legs were shod in white ankle socks and blue sneakers.

Just as he was walking toward the garden shed, a car with Paul's friends drove up. The boys all eyed this pretty girl in her revealing play suit.

Jack quickly hid in the garden shed, but to no avail. A few minutes later, he heard Paul's voice, "Jackie. . .Jackie. . .come here. . .the boys want to meet you."

He stayed rooted to the spot until Terry found him. Dressed exactly as himself, she pulled him by the hand out into the open and toward the car where the boys were waiting. "Don't be so shy, Jackie," she admonished the struggling boy. "A girl should be happy to meet some nice boys."

They found Paul standing with the group of boys looking for them. He said, "My friends insist that I introduce them to you, Jackie."

Copying Terry's provocative stance, Jack stood there as the boys approached. He hardly heard their names as he shook hands with them, remembering to keep his hand limp. Speaking in the highest voice he could muster, he said, "Hi."

Paul's friends sensed that this girl was somehow different and stand-offish. She was awfully pretty though, as they admired her narrow waist, long slim legs, and curvy figure. Nobody knew what to say next, so the boys climbed into the car with a "Hope to see you again".

"She does not seem very friendly," Jack heard one of them complain, as he and Terry waved them good bye. Jack could not hear Paul's reply.

"There. . .see Jackie. . .that was not so hard, now was it? You'll have to try and be more friendly though. Smile nicely when you meet boys. A smile will make you prettier, and. . .with your looks. . .you'll never want for boyfriends or escorts. You'll see!"

Jack just stood there with his legs neatly together, but his body was reeling from shock. Heavens. . .he had behaved like a girl, and

none of the boys had even the slightest suspicion of his little deception. To make matters worse, for a second there, he had actually WANTED Paul's friends to like and admire him. What had been even stranger was that they looked more at him than at Terry. Was it because he was more attractive, or was it because he was the new . . . girl. . . on the block? He was sure he didn't know the answer to that complicated question.

Terry left him alone with his thoughts. The encounter with the boys kept his mind busy while he arranged the flowers and weeded the garden. What bothered him the most was that he had felt so different from the boys. He had the distinct impression that he was no longer one of them. Why was that? Formerly, he had never doubted his identity. He thought like other teenage boys and had rough aggressive spirits and activities. But now, he felt somehow different. Was it just the clothes he was wearing, or his awareness of his bosom that was changing his identity? The fact remained that he now felt more comfortable looking on from the outside than being a part of the action. Try as he would, he could not solve this puzzle.

During lunch, Aunt Julia had another surprise for him. "Jackie dear, I have made arrangements for some special exercises for you. With your needle work and sitting most of the day, you're not as active as a girl your age should be. I have asked a friend of mine, a Mrs. Thornsby, to help you. She used to teach physical education at a girl's school. It's only an hour or so every day after lunch, except for weekends, of course."

"Can't I exercise here. . . please?" he asked hopefully.

"No Dear. . . for exercise to be effective, you need the supervision of someone who knows what she is doing and how to accomplish the needed changes as quickly as possible."

"In what way do I have to change? What has to be changed?" he asked, getting scared and having all sorts of terrible visions.

"Oh. . . you'll see. . . she'll teach you to move more gracefully and attractively. You'll have ballet and ballroom dance lessons and such things," Aunt Julia replied rather lightly and vaguely.

So, still in his play suit and sneakers, Donna walked him to Mrs. Thornsby's. She smiled when he did not object to going into the streets the way he was dressed. That was not because he liked the idea. To the contrary! He did not dare object out of fear that Donna would expose him as a boy if he defied her. This fear was paramount in his mind as he walked along nicely in step with Donna's feminine gait.

Mrs. Thornsby greeted them at the door. When they were inside, she introduced them Jack to her daughter Ellen, who was dressed in teenage fashion, in a sweater and skirt.

She merely nodded and said, "Hi".

"Be good, now," Donna warned as she left.

Mrs. Thornsby did not waste any time. She made him wear ballet slippers and forced a little tutu on him, over his play suit. "The skirt will remind you to move gracefully," she explained.

Jack felt like a fool as right out on the terrace, she made him do dancing exercises. All the people on the street could see him using the terrace railing as a bar. Seeing his teacher's terse face, he decided not to argue. Obediently, he kicked his legs, moved his arms about, and learned to control his movements. Mrs. Thornsby made him do them over and over again, constantly counting, one. . .two. . .three. . .four. . .five. . .six. . .seven. . .eight. After a while, Jack began to sweat as he used muscles he never even knew he had. When she noticed he was getting tired, Mrs. Thornsby taught him the six ballet positions, and made him practice until he had them down pat.

"You're doing very nicely for a boy," she said.

His next lesson was on how to curtsy. She demonstrated the procedure by using Ellen as an example, and made him practice, holding the skirt of his tutu, until he almost went through his knees.

"Good. . .now remember to always do that to your aunt and all older persons," she said as she took off his tutu and told him to put on his sneakers.

Finally, Mrs. Thornsby said. "You may go home now, Jackie."

Painfully, Jack walked slowly back home. He was nearing the Kerr house when he finally realized with a shock that he was walking all alone on a busy street dressed as a girl. He also found himself to be the subject of admiring and smiling looks from all the males. He blushed deeply as he approached a group of boys who stopped and started a cat whistle while watching his every move. He wanted to crawl in a hole and disappear, but there was nothing he could do but brazen it out and act believably as a girl. Somehow, he dug up the courage to straighten his figure and lift his chin. Looking straight ahead, he minced passed them while moving for all he was worth like a girl. He swung his arms wide like Terry had showed him.

It seemed ages before he finally reached his aunt's house. When he entered, he was still wondering how it was possible that everyone thought he was a girl. It never occurred to him that his attractive abbreviated play suit in light blue, the matching blue band around his hair, his bulging bosom, and yes, the way he walked just left no room for other assumptions.

"You look a little tired, Dear," Aunt Julia said, as he entered the living room. She looked at his white face, his makeup somewhat the worse for his experience and the resulting perspiration.

"It was horrible, Aunt Julia" he said. "She made me dance like a girl!"

"Now, now Dear. . .just believe that your Aunt knows what is

best for you. Take a nice long hot bath in the tub. Then, you will feel better and be your old self again.”

“All my muscles hurt,” he complained further.

“That’s only for the first few times, Dear. The hot water will soon cure that. How did the lesson go? Did she teach you to curtsy?”

Jack just nodded.

“Show me!” she commanded.

Prettily, he bent his knees, remembering to keep his torso straight as Mrs. Thornsby had taught him, and holding out his arms as if holding make believe skirts.

“Fine,” his aunt beamed. “Now always do that when you enter or leave my presence or want to speak with me. Also, to all other adults. It is such a pretty way for a girl to show her respect and obedience to her elders.”

“But, Terry and Donna don’t do it,” he objected.

“No. . . Donna is too old, and Terry is such a tomboy,” Aunt Julia sighed, “but that is no reason for you to omit it. . . do you understand?”

Jack could tell by the tone of her voice that she meant what she said, so he just muttered something between his teeth as he started to leave the room.

“Hold it young lady. . . what did I just tell you?” she demanded while blocking his way and looking sternly at him.

Jack knew he had no alternative, so he dipped nicely saying, “Yes, Aunt Julia.”

“That’s better!” she smiled broadly, leaving a thoroughly subdued, confused boy standing there.

In the bathroom, he filled the tub, and for the first time all day, he relaxed in the nice hot water. Feeling his muscles revive, he became so relaxed that he fell asleep.

He was abruptly awoken when Donna entered the bathroom without knocking. “I thought I’d find you here, Jackie,” she said staring at him as he desperately tried to block her view with his hands. “Hey. . . you forgot to put bathing salts in,” she said. “Remember, a girl always makes sure she smells dainty and nice.”

With a broad grin, she bent over the tub and poured a generous portion of bath salts and skin conditioner over his folded hands. Having thoroughly embarrassed him, she left him alone again.

Jack relaxed once more. As the odor of the sweet perfume invaded his nostrils, he thought that girls sometimes had little enjoyments that boys never dreamed of. Finally, he felt completely revived. After drying and powdering his soft pink skin, he went back to his room, where he found Donna waiting.

“You have to look especially pretty tonight, Dear. We are having guests for dinner.”

Jack saw that he was to wear his new fancy underwear that Aunt

Julia bought for him on their shopping trip. Black frilly panties went over his front patch, which Donna seemed to enjoy pulling extra tight today. As she was placing the liquid inserts into the cups of his pretty black bra. A short black corset was tightly laced until he could hardly breathe, but he was rapidly growing accustomed to the tight constriction of his middle. Next came two bulky white petticoats. Over that, he slipped into a black clinging slip with plenty of lace over the bra and at the hem, but flaring nicely over his petticoats. Flesh colored nylons and black high heeled pumps completed his underwear. As he stood there in a daze, she helped him into a beautiful black velvet dress. It had a high, demure, square neckline, offset by a lace pleated collar all around, which was identical to the lace cuffs on the three-quarter length sleeves.

When Donna zipped up the back, she said, "Why, it's a perfect fit for you. . .not a wrinkle anywhere."

She brought out a long haired wig, that Jack had never seen before, and carefully placed it on his head. She brushed and combed it, so the long strands hung loosely over his shoulders and some in the front as well. Then, she tied a wide white ribbon with a pretty bow right on top of his head. His jewelry consisted of a single strand pearl necklace, which looked strangely alive against the pure black velvet background, matching clip-on pearl earrings, and a double strand pearl bracelet for his right wrist.

After liberally applying a fine perfume on him, she enveloped him in a makeup cape. She worked on his face for a long time, plucking his eyebrows, putting on mascara, eye shadow, rouge, coloring his lips into a rich, red, sensuously inviting mouth, and painting his fingernails to match his lipstick.

Finally, she was finished, and Jack was allowed to walk to the mirror. What he saw reflected there was such a surprise, he lost his breath. There, in the mirror, stood a young girl as attractive and pretty as any he had ever seen. Her blue eyes wide with surprise, her figure divine, and her skirt flaring just above her knees revealing shapely legs. The most confusing thing was the uncertain age of this beauty. From her well developed curves, her nice legs, and obvious makeup, one might think she was a college girl. But then. . .with the childish hair bow, the demure high neckline, the long loose hair with its pretty ribbon, and the longish sleeves, she could just as well be thirteen.

"Can't you take the ribbon off, please Donna?" he pleaded anxiously.

"No Dear. . .it gives you just the right touch. Maybe when you exercise diligently, and develop in the right places, we'll let you wear a cocktail dress with a lower cut, like me."

"LET me wear a cocktail dress," he thought. "MAKE me wear ANY kind of dress would be more like it! I didn't ask for any of this

girl business! It was all their crazy idea.”

“But first,” she continued, “you must have something to show for it. And . . . oh yes. . . I heard you have learned to curtsy nicely. From now on, I want you to do this for me and Terry as well, and of course, all of our guests, always.”

Jack blushed. Were they really planning to make him like little Edward? He would just have to refuse. . . outright.

He lifted his chin in indignation, but before he could express his anger, Donna said, “You know what will happen if you don’t. . . if you miss just one time?”

He was defeated, and his belligerence evaporated. He swallowed his pride and curtsied politely for her saying, “Yes Donna.”

When he came downstairs, he learned that tea time had passed already. He must have spent more time in the bath than he realized.

Aunt Julia smiled broadly upon seeing his attractive appearance. “Jacqueline. . . you’re the prettiest little girl I’ve seen in a long time, and I’m happy to have you for my niece.”

Jack, remembering his orders, neatly curtsied to her holding his skirt elegantly in his fingers. “Thank you, Aunt Julia,” he said in a soft sweet voice.

“Very nicely done,” she praised him.

As he sat on the couch, he saw Paul dressed in his best blue suit with long trousers, white shirt, and a neat tie. He looked very manly, and Jack blushed as he noticed Paul staring at him, like any boy would look at a pretty girl. Oh, why had he been singled out to be a girl, while Paul was allowed to return to his pants? Why???

Terry was also dressed prettily in a black velvet dress almost exactly cut like Jack’s, except hers had a scooped neck and short sleeves, also cuffed with lace. Also, her skirt was down to her ankles, like Donna’s and Aunt Julia’s. She also had her hair put up in a very grown-up fashion that made her look like she was nineteen. Although pretty, she now exhibited an air of sophistication which Jack had not known she possessed. The effect was to make him feel like her little sister.

While they were waiting for the guests to arrive, Jack was told to work on his embroidery and was arrayed in a new, freshly starched, especially frilly, organdy, ruffled pinafore with cross straps and a large bow that was tied neatly in the back.

“It looks marvelous on you over that black dress,” Donna beamed.

Jack, blushingly knew they had made him look like a little girl, once again, but why? What was wrong with the women in this house?

Shortly afterward, the guests arrived. Jack nervously got up, ready to leave the room to look for a place to hide.

“Where do you think you are going, young lady?” Aunt Julia

asked him in a sharp voice.

"I. . ." He sank back on the couch, not bothering to finish his reply. He knew it was silly to try to escape the humiliation they planned for him, and he prepared to face the music. "May I please take off my apron," he asked pleadingly, almost in tears.

"No. . .whatever for?" Aunt Julia said. "You look perfectly presentable in it."

As Sarah led the guests into the living room, everyone rose, and Jack followed their example, straightening his skirts as he rose.

Jack paled as he saw a man and a woman entering the room followed by three boys who he estimated to be around eighteen. But worse, from their clothing and accents, he could immediately tell that they were Americans. He did not know what to do or how to act, so he stood frozen to the spot.

Introductions were made, and finally, they came to Jack who was obviously the youngest, and therefore the last. Everyone's eyes were on him as Aunt Julia said, "This is my niece, Jacqueline."

Terry had to nudge him before he could move. Blushingly, he curtsied to Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, and then to each of the boys as their names were repeated. Imagine him curtsying like a little girl to some boys his own age, he told himself. Why, he was as much of a boy as they!

Each boy replied with a polite smile, "How are you Jacqueline?" in their broad American accents.

Jack could tell from their eyes that they were unaccustomed to having a girl curtsy to them, nor seeing one in such a childish apron. Apparently, they thought it some strange continental custom and politely tried to ignore it or accept it as normal.

Mrs. Armstrong came over and kissed him, saying, "Why Jacqueline, you are adorable. Oh, how I wish I had a pretty daughter like you, whom I could dress in beautiful clothes and things. I just love your sewing apron. . .it must make you feel so dainty."

Jack murmured politely, "Thank you, Mrs. Armstrong," again dipping nicely.

Mrs. Armstrong kissed him again saying, "And such perfect manners too. . .simply delightful!"

Everyone was trying to find a seat. Robert, the oldest, made a beeline for Donna. The other two boys settled with Terry and Paul, obviously considering Jackie too young to be worthy of their attention.

Sarah came in to serve the sherry, and again, Jack was humiliated when he was given a glass of lemonade. Had Sarah done this deliberately, or had Terry or Donna put her up to it, he wondered?

Seeing that he was left to himself, and out of forced habit, Jack took a seat alone, picked up his tablecloth, and started to work on it.

He didn't realize how cute he looked, sitting there in his dress and pinafore with his nylon covered knees exposed for all to see.

This promptly brought Mrs. Armstrong to his side. She put her hand on his skirt and said, "What are you making, Jacqueline?"

"I'm embroidering a tablecloth. . .for Mother," he replied, showing her the work.

"Oh. . .it's beautiful. . .will she ever be pleased," Mrs. Armstrong gushed.

Aunt Julia said, "Jacqueline is a Yankee too, you know. She is my sister's daughter and is staying with us for the summer."

"Oh yes. . .where are you from, my dear?" she asked as if really interested.

"We live in Greenwich, Connecticut," Jack replied, all the time trying to keep his voice as femininely soft as possible.

"Isn't that a coincidence!" Mrs. Armstrong exclaimed. "We live in Bedford, New York, right on Greenwich Road. That's only fifteen minutes away. Maybe we'll have a chance to visit each other when we get home. I so enjoy the company of a pretty girl every now and then. I always seem to be surrounded by men and boys."

Jack grew hot under his lacy collar. Heavens! Suppose the Armstrongs did visit and discovered his masquerade. Then his sister. . .his friends. . .everyone. . .would find out about his girlish summer. He swallowed several times. . .

"Where do you go to school, Jackie? And, what grade are you in?"

"Greenwich High," he replied. "I will be a senior this year."

Mrs. Armstrong was surprised. "You must be very clever to be a senior at your age. How old are. . .or do you mind telling me?"

"Older than I look," Jack whispered blushing fiercely now. He knew, that now, everyone would find out how childishly he was dressed.

"Why. . .you're as old as Peter," Mrs. Armstrong exclaimed, looking questioningly at Aunt Julia.

"She's young for her age," Aunt Julia explained. "Her mother always agreed with me that there is plenty of time for a young innocent girl to grow up."

Mrs. Armstrong sensed Jack's embarrassment, and put her arm around him before saying, "Gee. . .that's too bad. The sweet teens can be such fun for a girl. Well. . .we'll be staying a month in England. I'll see that Peter escorts you and makes sure you have a real good time. Peter, come here!"

As the young boy went over, a little uncomfortable, his mother said, "I want you to get better acquainted with Jackie. . .she's your age, you know."

Peter was a little annoyed at getting stuck with this little girl,

dressed so childishly in her white pinafore. But gallantly, he sat beside Jack on the couch, opposite from his mother.

Jack politely put away his needle work after carefully folding it.

Mrs. Armstrong made sure that the kids, who were both shy, started talking with each other, then left them to their own devices. Soon, they were talking animatedly about school and other things of interest to American kids. Peter was happily surprised that this girl knew so much about baseball and football.

Jack almost gave himself away when he enthusiastically described a college football game that had been particularly exciting last fall.

Peter was astonished. "How come you know so much about that game. . . girls usually don't care about sports."

"I. . . uh. . . my uncle took me to that game at Yale," he sputtered, which was true.

Aunt Julia was watching Jack like a hawk, trying to hear as much of the conversation as possible, and was ready to intervene at any moment. After a while, she could see that her niece was acting confidently, and seemed to have forgotten about his skirts and girl's role. He became so natural and relaxed that even she was fascinated by it. She also noticed that he was talking more with his hands now. Wasn't it amazing what a few weeks without pockets could do for a boy?

When Sarah announced that dinner was served, Aunt Julia made Jack actually happy when she whispered, "Now that we have guests, you may remove your apron for dinner."

As the others headed for the dining room, he quickly took it off.

Peter had politely waited for him, and offered his arm to escort Jack to the table. "Wow. . . now you look so womanly without that frilly white thing," Peter said.

"My aunt makes me wear it," he explained softly, "and I hate it."

Jack was seated between Peter and Hank. Both boys proved to have excellent manners judging from the way they pushed in the chairs of the ladies and engaged them in conversation. Jack was hungry, and he envied the boys their large portions. Sarah served him what she felt was enough for a girl. He could have eaten twice as much, and he would have been very much annoyed except that he realized how painful his corset would get if he ate more.

After a while, when everyone had their wine glasses refilled, the party became quite lively. Everyone was happy and were getting along nicely with each other.

During dessert, Terry asked, "May we dance after dinner, Mother?"

"Yes. . . if the boys want to," she replied, looking at them.

Both Robert and Hank were enthusiastic, but Peter whispered to Jack, "I'm not a very good dancer. I've only had a few lessons."

"Neither am I really. I've never danced," he said with a blush, meaning as a girl, of course. He was trying to prepare his probable partner for disaster.

Peter looked at him in surprise. "I thought girls always liked dancing."

"My mother doesn't approve. . .she thinks I'm too young," he added, remembering to wipe his lips carefully, so as not to stain the napkin and to leave his lipstick intact.

After coffee, cordials were served by Sarah in the living room, and again, Jack was skipped.

They decided to dance in the large center hall, which was floored with a beautiful inlaid parquet of different colored wood and polished to a high smooth gloss.

Donna took Jack by the arm, and said, "Come Jackie, let's fix you up a little and give Terry a little competition." She smiled at the idea that a boy would be giving her sister competition. Would Terry ever be mad!

In Jack's room, she took the childish hair bow out and tied his hair in a long ponytail with a smaller black velvet bow with streamers hanging attractively down his back. She repaired his lipstick, using a darker shade of red, and added darker mascara and eyeshadow. Then, she put a thin silver chain around his waist. It contrasted luxuriously with the black velvet, and its tightness made his waist seem smaller and his bosom stand out even more.

"There, there," she said, "let's see what the boys think of you now."

As Jack straightened his skirts in front of his full length mirror, he was amazed at how just these few touches made him look grown up. His appearance was no longer that of a child but that of a real grown up young lady. He blushed when he noticed how his curves were accentuated, and said to Donna, "Terry won't like this one bit."

"We're definitely going to have some fun," Donna agreed. "Try to make the boys pay attention."

"How do I do that?"

"Come on. . .don't be stupid! You used to be a boy. You know darn well what they will be looking at."

Jack blushed, and Donna could see that he was still mystified, so she explained, "Just watch Terry and me. You'll see. Swing your skirt, wiggle your hips, and keep your shoulders back, like you have been doing lately."

Donna repaired her makeup and hair, and together, they went downstairs.

Everyone noticed the change immediately. Mrs. Armstrong

beamed, "Why Jackie, . . . you're beautiful. . . you're a grown up lady."

The boys and their father eyed Jack's improved figure with practiced appreciation, and by the way Hank and Peter vied to sit beside him, Jack knew he was succeeding. Also, from Terry's jealous looks, he knew he was giving her some unwanted competition in the beauty department.

As the music began, Hank took Jack's hand led him to the dance floor. Jack was quite familiar with the rock and roll music and the modern dances. Terry was stuck with Peter, who was smaller than her, and it was obvious that she was very unhappy with her dance partner.

Jack discovered that dancing as a girl was not much different, but his swinging skirt and high heels sure did make him feel differently. He copied some of the wider hip and leg movements from Terry and Donna, and soon was enjoying himself, tossing and turning with the wild rhythms. He noted, with blushing pleasure, that the boys were sure watching.

Later the older folks wanted to join in, and some ballroom music was played. Jack found himself embraced by Robert who was an excellent dancer. Several times he stepped on Robert's toes, for which he apologized profusely. Those high heels must really have hurt, but Robert smiled forgivingly.

"You're doing fine," Robert said, pressing him even closer to him, practically lifting him off his feet.

Jack felt a strange sensation with his bosom pressed against Robert's chest and his small waist was captured in Robert's strong arms. This unusual feeling seemed to envelop him completely, and he let himself go. This allowed Robert to take full control of his body, make the decisions, and lead wherever he pleased.

Still later, as a waltz played, Mr. Armstrong came over to dance with Jack. "Why Jackie. . . you have a lovely small waist," he complimented.

Armstrong Senior proved to be an excellent dancer, and Jack became lost in his arms. He lost all control of his body and was swept away by the elegant moves of his partner.

As Aunt Julia passed by in the arms of Robert, she beamed at how attractively Jack's skirts swirled around him, just showing peeps of his frilly petticoat. When Jack saw her looking, he glanced down and was shocked to realize that the boys were sure to be enjoying their glimpses of the frillies underneath his knee length skirt. He was terribly embarrassed, but he knew he was helpless to prevent their admiring stares.

Later, he blushed even more when he found himself wishing for long evening skirts so he could hold them elegantly in his free hand like Terry, Aunt Julia, and Donna. As time passed, he finally became

used to dancing as a girl. His ponytail also made him feel very feminine as it swung and brushed his face softly at each turn.

Finally, everyone needed a breather. Jack remembered to make a nice curtsy to Mr. Armstrong saying, "Thank you, kind sir."

Jack was agonized to see that the "men" were offered drinks, while he was seated with the women. The boys, except Paul, were served Port wine, and the women were offered cordials. . . except for Jack, who blushing had to accept a glass of milk from the grinning Sarah.

At that moment, Terry got her revenge. She grabbed his pinafore, which lay neatly folded near his tablecloth, and said, "You had better put this in Jackie. . . you don't want to ruin your pretty dress, do you?"

Angrily, he turned to Aunt Julia with an urgent unspoken request in his eyes.

"She's right Darling. This IS your best dress, you know." Aunt Julia said firmly.

Terry helped him put the pinafore on and tied the strings in back for him. When she finished, and before Jack could move away, she yanked the black ribbon from his ponytail allowing his long hair to once again hang free over his shoulders in juvenile fashion.

He could have hit Terry just then, as she gave him a teasing smile, but he knew better than to make a scene with guests present. Lowering his head down, he obediently took his seat.

Did he imagine it. . . or was it a fact that the boys lost interest almost immediately, now that he looked like a young girl again?

He blushed so much with shame that Mrs. Armstrong noticed and tried to relieve his embarrassment. "You look so cute in this nice apron Jackie. You really should wear one all the time."

Even Donna grinned when he politely curtsied saying, "Thank you Mrs. Armstrong."

After the Armstrongs left, it was clear that Jack made a hit with Mrs. Armstrong. When she said her goodbyes, she had kissed him fondly.

Jack politely curtsied to everyone, then went with Terry and Donna to the front door to wave at the departing car.

Aunt Julia stroked his hair. "You behaved beautifully, Jackie. I'm very proud of you. You were pretty, modest, sweet, and remembered your curtsys. Now, to bed with you."

Donna supervised his undressing and saw to it that he put the curlers correctly in his hair and creamed his face after removing his makeup. She tucked him under his blanket, kissed him on the cheek, and left him alone.

Sleep would not come soon for Jack. He lay there in his soft nylon nightgown thinking how he had been forced to play the role of a girl all evening and how he actually WANTED them to believe he was a

girl. The thought, that they might have discovered he really was a boy in disguise, made him warm all over. That was the reason he had tried so hard to behave like a girl, he rationalized. What he really couldn't understand was why NOBODY had seen that underneath his pretty dress and makeup, he was really a boy!!!!

He HATED keeping his knees together; HATED being forced to sit up so straight in his corset showing off his padded bosom; HATED his dresses; HATED his panties, slips, and bras; HATED his tight corsets that limited his food intake. In fact, he HATED everything about being a girl and wanted desperately to return to being a boy. However, he realized that he was helpless in this endeavor because his boy's clothes locked away. . .he knew not where. As he thought this over, tears welled up in his eyes. He lay there in his bed humiliated to the core, thinking that everyone. . .everyone. . .thought he was a girl and accepted him as one. The sky was falling in on him, and he knew he was about to cry. . .just like a girl. He just could not stop himself. He could not stop the flow of tears. Giving into this strange emotion, he put his hands to his face and cried into his soft pillow.

Only a psychologist would have realized that Jack's crying spell was the result of a subconscious struggle of the mind of a healthy growing boy suddenly converted into an equally healthy, very pretty girl. His ordeal was bound to cause emotional conflicts and repercussions.

The next morning, Terry helped him dress in his now usual bra, modesty patch, panties, soft clinging slip, corset, and flesh colored nylons. She selected one of his new street dresses for him to wear. It was a tight fitting, demure long sleeved, blue and purple flowered dress with a flaring skirt. She brushed and combed his hair into a soft roll at the back of his head, leaving his ears free. With makeup, she erased all of the boyish features from his face. Placing a dainty thin gold band around his right wrist, she announced him ready.

"Mother wants to take you to church," Terry said, handing him a pair of elegant white pumps with three inch heels.

"To church?" Jack asked in a panic, thinking about his exposure to an awful lot of strange people. "But, we've never been to church!"

"Sometimes, we go," Terry replied. "You'll like it. Girls are always more interested in religion than boys, you know."

Aunt Julia was very cheerful at breakfast when she saw how gracefully her nephew seated himself at the table. "You look very nice dear," she said. "I'll be proud to show you off to my friends and the pastor, and I'm sure you will be invited to some of the socials for young people."

Jack nearly choked on his milk, but he managed to control his feelings of distress and disgust, as he softly said, "Yes, Aunt Julia."

He was the only one to accompany his aunt. She pinned a small

white hat in his hair, and gave him a pair of short gloves and a small white handbag to carry his things.

He felt so strange entering the Rolls Royce as he saw the gardener's son, who acted as driver, all decked out in a frilly blouse and his Sunday best kilt. They avoided each others eyes, and Jack seated himself with relief, thinking that the other boy was just as embarrassed as himself.

The church was a delightful old English chapel, situated on a hill overlooking a lake. Cars on and off discharging passengers in their Sunday clothes, mostly women.

"Remember your curtsys," Aunt Julia warned as they neared the entrance where numerous people were exchanging greetings. His aunt seemed to know everybody, and Jack blushed at the many curious stares he received as a strange newcomer.

Aunt Julia led him to one of the front pews. During the service, he copied her every move, trying to figure out beforehand when to stand and when to kneel.

The Pastor was an elderly man with a kindly lined face, bushy white eyebrows, and penetrating grey eyes. His sermon was "Children Of Today". Aunt Julia nudged Jack several times, in a too obvious manner, each time the Pastor said something that appropriately applied to him. The speaker stressed the importance of respect, obedience, and deference to one's elders.

Jack blushed every time she hit him with her elbow. Still, it was a restful place, and he sat quietly in his thin clothing with his gloved hands resting lightly in his lap. His corset forced him to sit up straight and attentively. In the past, before he had been forced to spend hours on end at his needle work, it had been almost impossible for him to sit quietly for any length of time. Therefore, was it strange that he could now sit still for so long? His only moves were to occasionally pull his skirt down, as it had a tendency to ride up on his thighs.

Finally, the sermon was over, and the last hymn was sung. As the harmonious sounds of the old organ filled the chapel, they turned to leave the pew. Many friends of Aunt Julia's stopped to speak, and Jack was duly introduced each time as "my niece Jacqueline, from America". He received many compliments on what a sweet, pretty girl he was.

Suddenly, Jack paled. Coming out of a pew near the exit was Mrs. Armstrong, Peter, and Hank, both dressed in neat dark blue suits. He prayed they would not see him, but no such luck. Mrs. Armstrong was already waving at him. He tried to smile as he nodded to her and then to the boys.

Upon reaching them, Mrs. Armstrong embraced him tightly. She was obviously very happy to see him. "I love your outfit Jackie. That dress matches your eyes perfectly," she said as Jack politely curtsied

to her and the boys, who shook hands with him. Jack lowered his eyes, not feeling like them at all.

"Great to see you, Jackie," said Hank. "We were just going to phone you girls to ask if you would like to play tennis with us this afternoon."

Jack looked at Aunt Julia, hoping against hope that she would have an excuse. But no, she promptly accepted, saying, "That would be lovely, wouldn't it Dear?"

Jack blushingly nodded as he heard her say, "Jackie can borrow Donna's racket, and we just bought her such a cute tennis dress."

In the meantime, they had reached the exit where the Pastor stood greeting his flock. When it was Jack's turn, the gentle old man looked him deep in the eyes and said, "Well, what pretty young lady have we here?"

Jack curtsied, blushing deeply under the stare of the older man, feeling badly about deceiving this friendly man of God.

"How long are you planning to stay," the pastor asked, after Aunt Julia explained who he was.

"For the rest of the summer, Sir," Jack replied in a soft shy voice.

"That's nice. . . I hope you can attend some of our youth functions. Can you?"

Aunt Julia answered for him. "Of course, she would like to very much. She's looking forward to making some nice friends over here."

"Good. We have a sewing circle for young girls on Thursday evening and Choir practice on Tuesday evening. We also have a dance every other Saturday."

"That will be wonderful, won't it dear?"

Jack cringed with fear at the news of all these new exposures to people his own age. He gnashed his teeth and managed a sweet, barely audible, "Yes Aunt Julia."

The Armstrongs walked with them to the car, making arrangements to pick the girls up at three that afternoon. The gardener's son attracted the attention of the Armstrong boys. They just could not believe their eyes, seeing a young man in that sissy outfit.

Jack, in his haste to follow Aunt Julia into the car, clumsily lost his hat when he hit his head on the top of the door. He quickly pulled the pins out and put it on the seat beside him Aunt Julia shook her head at him in disapproval.

Jack became quite warm and took off his gloves while Aunt Julia chatted through the open window with Mrs. Armstrong.

Peter looked in the other window and asked, "Can I take your picture, Jackie? Mom gave me a camera for my birthday, and you would be the perfect subject to try it out on."

Jack wanted to refuse and looked to his aunt for an excuse, but she was still engaged in her conversation. So, unable to think of a

good excuse, Jack stepped from the car. Peter took his hand and led him to a railing behind the church where there was a beautiful, restful view of the lake. Peter asked Jack to pose there, and he proved to be quite a fussy photographer as he tried for the best angle, light and background.

Jack, already finicky at having to pose again as a girl, only wished he would hurry. Wishing he had remembered to bring his purse and mirror to check his appearance, Jack felt with his hand to determine if his hair was neatly in place. He placed his hand on the railing and looked down at the ground, and just as he kicked at a small stone, the snap was taken.

"It will be real beautiful with that background," Peter said happily. After taking several other shots, he was satisfied and said, "I'll send you a copy if they turn out good. . .okay?" he added.

"Yes, that would be nice," Jack said sweetly, glad that the ordeal was over.

Peter again took him by the hand, and in step, they strolled back to the car where they found the others waiting for them.

Jack felt so confused with the strange emotion he experienced at being led so docilely by his escort, a boy his own age. Peter seemed to enjoy touching him, and Jack meekly let him take his hand as if he no longer had a will of his own. . . as if he WANTED, or EXPECTED to be led, and by this boy.

"I took some photos of Jackie," Peter explained. "I think they will turn out real good."

"That's nice," Aunt Julia said. Then frowning at Jack, "Where are your gloves, Dear? No proper lady goes out on the street without her gloves."

"I. . ., I was hot, and I just took them off for a moment," Jack said lamely, "and then Peter wanted to take the pictures."

"Well, put them right back on, now!" she ordered.

Jack blushingly complied and girlishly kneaded the gloves over his fingers, feeling terribly ashamed at having been admonished and reprimanded like a little girl in front of Peter and Hank. He was very glad when the car finally pulled away with everyone waving goodbye.

At home, coffee on Sunday after church was the usual routine. Afterward, Jack was told to work on his embroidery. "You must make sure it is finished when you go home," Aunt Julia said.

He resented very much having to sit there quietly in his frilly, dainty pinafore, while Terry and Paul played table tennis. He had pretty well mastered this type of activity, but it still annoyed him. He wanted to be more active. Otherwise, he no longer minded as it was restful, and he no longer felt strange doing embroidery. As a matter of fact, he often wondered about his mother's reaction when he gave it to her and told her that he did it all by himself.

After lunch, Terry supervised his change. She made sure his bra was good and tight and in the proper place. His white frilly bloomer panties went over his modesty patch. When she zipped him into the pure white tennis dress, he felt terribly exposed. The flaring pleated skirt was so darn short, and his arms felt so bare in the sleeveless, square necked dress. White ankle socks and girl's sneakers, completed his costume.

Terry double checked to see that his hairpiece was pinned on tightly to his own hair. Then, she put a broad white band around his head and tied a small ribbon on his ponytail with the ends fluttering prettily down his back. Her task completed, she watched as he repaired his makeup.

Eyeing his pretty red mouth, she said with a smile, "Jackie, you look just too sweet for words. Wait downstairs while I change."

As he walked into the living room, he blushed at Terry's compliment. He sensed that she meant it, and the idea that he looked so attractive, pleased him. It was strange how these girlish outfits changed his movements as well as his attitudes. His body was more fluid, his arm swing more graceful, and his walk more dainty and mincing.

Aunt Julia and Donna gushed over him when they were confronted by this frail, thinly clad figure in white.

Finally, Terry came down, also dressed in white, except that her dress had a high round neckline. She handed him Donna's tennis racket and a small terry cloth towel. "We can put our things in the bag with the tennis balls," she said. "Do you have your lipstick, compact, and comb?"

Jack nodded in response.

The Armstrong car, driven by Robert, was on time.

Aunt Julia had to smile as she watched the girls walk toward the car. Jack's waist was almost as small as Terry's.

Hank and Peter were in the back seat, and the girls squeezed in with them. Both boys were obviously pleased with this arrangement and put their arms around the girls waists. For a moment, Jack wanted to push Peter's hand away, but thought better of it as he saw how Terry made no objection and even seemed to enjoy the closeness.

When the tennis match started, Jack felt very strange. Donna's racket was lighter than his own, and his bosom bumped up and down whenever he ran, bent over, or jumped. However, the dress was delightfully light and made all the movements free and easy, especially because of the absence of sleeves.

Only the harness of his bra felt tight around his chest. Once or twice, he had to move the elastic of his frilly tennis panties when they felt too tight on his thigh. He tried to do it when the boys were not watching. Terry; however, saw him and smiled knowingly as he

exposed his feminine ruffles.

They played doubles, Terry with Peter, and Jack with Hank. Everyone was a fairly good player. As Jack entered into the competition of the game, he forgot all about his short dress and frilly panties. He and Hank slowly inched ahead and finally won the first game 7-5.

Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, also dressed in tennis clothes, came to watch. Jack played a strong boy's game as they also won the second game 6-3.

Then, they had a rest, while Mr. Armstrong played Robert.

Mrs. Armstrong made Jack sit next to her and complimented him on his game. "You play as well as the boys, Dear," she said, making Terry smile half-heartedly. She obviously hated to have lost against Jack.

When the set was finished, Robert winning easily from his father, Mrs. Armstrong said to Jack, "Come on, let's take on the men."

They lost against Mr. Armstrong and Peter, as Mrs. Armstrong grew tired rather quickly. "Phew," she said, blowing the hair from her eyes. "But, there are things that we girls can do better, aren't there, Dear?"

Jack just nodded shyly. He knew that Mrs. Armstrong had taken a strong liking to him, a feeling which was reciprocated.

She put her hand around his waist, and said, "Let's get some cool drinks, Jackie dear. I sure need some liquid refreshments, and I'm sure you and the boys do too."

As they filled the glasses with lemonade, Mrs. Armstrong remarked, "Gee, it's so nice to have a girl to help me. The boys hardly ever bother. It doesn't even occur to them. I do make Peter help sometimes, but he's all thumbs."

Jack didn't know what made him say it, but looking at Mrs. Armstrong, he smiled and said, "Well, maybe you should train him a little. Aunt Julia makes Paul do these things."

Mrs. Armstrong smiled, "I can see Peter now in a cute little apron." Then, her face turned thoughtful as they walked together back toward the court, each carrying a tray.

Jack had secretly hoped to play a game with Terry, but he realized that she would be mad if she lost to him, so he decided not to bring up the idea. As the afternoon progressed, Jack forgot all about his abbreviated outfit.

He even got used to the occasional stares of the boys who were fascinated by his bouncing bosom, exposed thighs, and frilly panties. After a while, he found it easier to ignore them than to worry about them.

When it was time to go home, everyone agreed that it had been loads of fun and that they should do it again soon. Mrs. Armstrong kissed Jack goodbye, after he neatly curtsied to her.

Donna wanted to know all about the afternoon, and Aunt Julia's eyes sparkled as this attractive girl in white excitedly told how they had won a doubles game against Terry and Peter and had played a good game "against the men".

Jack was told to take a bath and change for dinner. To his surprise, no one came to help him dress. He had to choose his own lingerie and put it on himself. While he had no difficulty with his bra, he did have quite a struggle to lace his corset by himself. For some reason he did not understand himself, he wanted it as tight as possible. He felt great satisfaction when he finally made the ends meet, and still it did not feel too uncomfortable and gave him a nice waist.

He chose to wear the same dress he had worn that morning to church, thinking the boys had liked him in it. For a fleeting moment, he thought, "Why is that important?" The hairpiece was too much trouble, so he brushed and combed his own hair into the girlish pageboy as Terry had done it many times. Blushingly, he realized that here he had dressed himself like a girl, and he was brushing his own hair into a girlish style. The nightly curlers had done their job well as the ends flipped out nicely, framing his face softly. After repairing his makeup and lipstick and adding some eyeliner and mascara, he was satisfied.

When Aunt Julia came in and saw him, she was all smiles. "Very nice, Jackie. . . now, touch up your and eyebrows a bit."

She watched as he followed her instructions carefully and properly, then powdered his face, giving him a young smooth healthy smooth complexion.

Rummaging through a drawer, she found a cute black velvet hairbow. "Now pin this in your hair, Dear. It will give your hairdo a nice feminine touch."

Again, he surprised himself as he experimented to find the correct place where the ribbon would look best, and pinned it into his hair without any fuss as if he had done it all his life.

"Your small waist deserves a tight belt, Dear," she said, giving him a red patent leather belt, which he buckled firmly, liking the way it accentuated his narrow middle.

Arm in arm, they watched his reflection again. They saw a demure, well dressed, very pretty young girl. His aunt praised him lavishly, noting the complete absence of any masculinity. "Now, we know you should have been a girl, don't we?" she said, hugging his waist. "You have made excellent progress. I'm so happy to have such a pretty niece, Jacqueline dear. It's too bad your mother and sister are not here to admire you. They would be so happy to see you like this."

The smile disappeared quickly from his face. "Oh no! Please don't tell them," he begged. "Please. . . Aunt Julia. . . please!" he said in a shocked voice. "You must never tell them! I would be so

ashamed.”

“Alright, I promise not to tell them if you will promise to behave nicely and correctly as my niece for the remainder of the summer.”

“Oh yes Aunt Julia, I promise! I’ll be your niece! Just don’t ever tell them. I could never stand the embarrassment if they knew about my living and dressing as a girl.” he said in a sincere voice. At the same time, he realized deep inside he did not mind being her beautiful niece as long as no one else knew.

The next week, Jack’s feminization progressed at breakneck speed. He was praised and fussed over when he behaved sweetly and properly like a girl, but the very moment he stepped out of line, made a masculine movement, or used rough speech, he was severely castigated by Donna or Terry. The carrot and the stick. . .the fear of punishment versus the rewards of praise. . .did its work. Through their valiant efforts, his masculinity was gradually driven from him. He was losing the strength to fight the sometimes subtle, sometimes rough efforts of these designing women. What young boy in his position could have resisted such an onslaught on his masculinity?

Aunt Julia made him do all kinds of feminine tasks, like helping Sarah, the maid, set the table. He learned to do it properly and to take pride in decorating it prettily. She made him help him help in planning the menus, hand out the linen to the servants, and go grocery shopping with Sarah. She had Sarah teach him to iron and made him help with repairs, sewing on buttons, and reinforcing straps all the while wearing his pretty frilly pinafore.

On Sarah’s day off, she made him do some light housework like dusting, cleaning, or putting his own room, or sometimes Paul’s in order. All of these activities were designed to make him feel completely feminine. He never thought to complain or argue and began to think this was now the proper activity for him. Often, he saw Donna smile at him as he passed by carrying a basket of laundry or a pile of neatly ironed things to be put away. She loved to watch the ruffles of his pinafore fluttering as he walked by in his small girlish steps.

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