

TV FICTION SERIALS

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VOLUME THREE OF FOUR

AN AMERICAN BOY IN ENGLAND

By C.V.

Editors:

SANDY THOMAS, Renee ,
Special thanks to Alice Trail

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PART THREE OF FOUR

BOOK THREE

Jack's aunt was as hard as nails. Since his arrival, she had delighted in forcing her will upon him by requiring him to dress and act like a girl. However, she received much greater thrills when she placed him in embarrassing situations. The Daynors' arrival had given her many opportunities in this regard, and she was not about to squander them.

"Jacqueline!" she demanded in a harsh voice as her face twisted into abject rage, "How dare you question my authority! You should know better than to make demands or try and assert your will! All you have accomplished by your silly tirade is to solidify my resolve in this matter. You must realize once and for all that you are to obey and do exactly as you are told in this house. To punish you for your insolence, I will require you to play tennis with Tim and Paul in your cute tennis dress. I'll make absolutely certain that you go by driving you there myself!" When she saw he was about to object again, she added, "If I hear another word, I'll take you to the jewelers and have your ears pierced. Then, maybe you'll to understand that we intend for you to be a girl! Do I make myself clear, young lady????"

Jack just sat there contemplating his fate. His lip was quivering, and he was barely able to keep his tears under control. He was completely unnerved and defeated by her fiendish threat. To make matters worse, he knew she wasn't bluffing!

Paul showed concern and pity, but he knew enough not to interfere. He sure didn't want to end up in a tennis dress like his American cousin!

Even Terry was feeling sorry for Jack, judging from her sympathetic expression.

Aunt Julia stood up, and said, "Paul, you call Tim, and I'll call the Armstrongs." Turning to Jack, as if nothing had happened, "Take care of the flowers as usual, dear," she said in that steely voice that meant the subject was closed.

As everyone left the table, Jack just stood there in complete misery, putting his hands on his arms and softly sobbing in the knowledge that there was nothing left but abject surrender. He knew only too well that his aunt would do exactly as she had promised. . .and more.

Sarah came in to clear the table. "Come on, Miss Jackie," she said. "I have to put the dining room in order."

Silently, and in a daze, he walked out, unconsciously fingering his earlobes, as if that would keep them from being marked. From pure force of habit, he went to the garden to cut the flowers for fresh arrangements in the house. His mind remained numb as he went from room to room, making an attractive picture in his cute shorts with an arm load of beautiful flowers.

An hour later, he was called by Donna, and he knew it was time to dress for tennis. As a last token of resistance, he pretended he had not heard her. That was not much of a token, as it turned out, but it was all he dared. Even that was promptly put down as she grabbed him by the ear and unceremoniously and painfully pulled him toward his room.

After he pulled on his frilly tennis panties, Donna zipped up the back of his freshly ironed crisp little tennis dress. He already wore white ankle socks so, he just changed into white sneakers.

Donna, who couldn't let one last chance to humiliate him, said, "You don't need to wear much makeup for tennis, but make sure to wear plenty of lipstick and check it often. Your lips must be attractive and inviting in case Tim wants to kiss you after a hard fought match.

With a red face and a heavy heart, he followed Donna to the car. He flushed all over again when he saw the nasty leer of the gardener's son at his short feminine attire.

When Aunt Julia got into the car she said, "We'll drop you off at the Armstrong house dear. That will give you time to gab a while with Hennie and see if she needs any help. We'll pick up the Daynors and join you as soon as possible."

As Jack stepped out in the Armstrong's driveway, he realized that Cathy would probably come too. She also attended Greenwich High. How horrible and how helpless he felt. He knew there was nothing he could do to prevent this inevitable and humiliating confrontation. With a hanging head, he entered the Armstrong house. He found Hank in a sleeveless pink top with a flared matching pink skirt. The tight white belt around his middle really showed off his figure.

"He must have lost weight already," Jack thought. "I know he's tightly corseted, but he looks so slim and pert."

"Good morning Hennie. . .why aren't you dressed for tennis?"

"Oh hello Jackie," Hank replied blushing, when he saw Jack looking him over from top to toe. "Do I look alright?" he said turning

around on his toes, swirling his skirt outward.

"I'll say you do," Jack answered in real admiration.

"It's unbelievable that you have worn skirts only a few days." Jack could not help staring at the way Hank held his arms. He even had a gold bracelet dangling from his left wrist, and his hairpiece left his hair falling loosely over his shoulders in a casual manner. Jack also noticed some pretty rings on Hank's well manicured hands.

"I think I'm beginning to feel like a girl now," Hank said softly.

"I can see that," Jack replied with feeling. "That will make things much easier for you. I mean. . .if you feel like a girl, you will naturally behave convincingly, and you will be fairly safe from discovery."

"I'm not sure it's that good for me. . .I worry about it a lot. After all, I'm supposed to be a boy, aren't I?"

Jack knew exactly how Hank felt. He had been unable to solve that problem for himself, so he did not reply. When he saw Hank's frowning concerned face, looking at him for help and sympathy, he said, "Well, it won't be for long. Anyway, worrying doesn't help one bit. As long as you have to be a girl, you might as well let things run their course and try to make the best of it."

As Hank took him up to his room, Jack could not help notice how fluid Hank had already become in his movements. His posture was rapidly changing, and he carried his arms in a feminine manner.

"How was yesterday at Mrs. Thornsby's," Jack asked.

"I was the only one there, and she kept me an hour longer. I seemed to please her a little more."

"I can see by the way you walk that you're learning fast," Jack replied.

Hank put his new tennis dress on the bed. It was just like Jack's except the skirt wasn't pleated.

"Go ahead and change," Jack said. "The others will be here soon." When he saw Hank's embarrassed hesitation in dropping his skirt, he nodded and urged him to hurry.

"Don't you feel funny to have me change in front of you?" Hank asked with a blush. "I know it sure makes me feel strange."

Jack also blushed. The truth lay on the tip of his tongue, but at the last moment, his courage deserted him. He merely remarked, "No. . .not at all. After all, you're a girl now too. . .and as long as you keep yourself modest, I really don't mind."

Jack zipped Hank up in the back and helped him tie a white ribbon in his hair to make a nice ponytail and keep his hair out of his face. When Hank stooped to put on his white ankle socks, Jack noticed his bra straps showing and checked his own to make sure they were neatly tucked away.

Finally, Hank was ready. Jack did not like his friend's heavy eye makeup for morning wear, and certainly not while playing tennis,

where it might streak from the perspiration. He decided not to criticize him because he knew he needed all his self confidence. Jack knew! He did wonder why Hank had put on all that makeup. What was he trying to do. . .look prettier and more sophisticated?

Meanwhile at the Daynor's hotel, when Tim saw his sister in her short sleeveless tennis dress, he had a horrible thought. "Mother! Do you think they will make Jack play tennis in a dress like Cathy's?"

Mrs. Daynor looked her pretty daughter over thoughtfully, before speaking. "Son, you must realize that Jack's aunt is a very strong willed, determined woman, and she has taken full control of every aspect of your friend's life. For whatever reason, since you last saw Jack, she has subjected him to a very detailed and exhaustive program of feminine training. If she wishes him to wear a dress to play tennis, and I strongly suspect she will, then I can assure you, that is exactly what he will wear. So, if he is wearing a pretty short dress, don't act surprised, and don't tease or make fun of him. I suggest you treat him as if he has always been a girl to spare his feelings. I'm sure you can imagine how he must feel having to dress and act like a girl in front of his best friend and others who have known him as a boy."

"I sure can!" Tim said. "At least, I think I can. I just can't figure out why that horrible woman wants him to be a girl."

"I don't care what you say," Cathy spoke up. "He is very pretty, and he makes a much better girl than boy."

"You're as bad as his aunt," spat Tim. He didn't want his mother and sister to know, but he couldn't help wondering how Jack would look in a tennis dress.

Jack's thoughts switched to Tim as well. When he heard a car stop in the driveway, he knew his friend had arrived and would soon see him in this cute abbreviated dress with its ruffled bloomer panties. He flushed at the humiliation of it all, but what could he do? Maybe he should tell Tim about Hank, to divert the attention from himself. He blushed at this terrible idea because that would sure be mean to Hank, who was trying so hard to be a real girl. Was this a sign that his mind was beginning to work like a girl's? A man certainly would never betray a friend. He felt ashamed that such a thought could occur to him. "Let's go downstairs," Jack said abruptly, trying to hide his reluctance.

Both boys checked their appearance in the mirror as they had been taught to do, and Jack, following Donna's instructions, repaired his lipstick. They looked so much like pretty girls that Hank, with surprise in his voice, said, "You know. . .I just don't understand how I can look so completely like you. . .like a girl, I mean.

"It's because you're wearing the same dress and hairdo," Jack

reassured him. Then, before he could stop himself, he repeated that phrase he had heard only too often, "Maybe you should have always been a girl."

Hank looked at him in shock, because that was exactly what Anne had said.

The Daynors were welcomed by Mrs. Armstrong and the boys. Robert and Peter were introduced to them. When it was Tim's turn to greet Hank, he blushed sharply and extended a limp hand, which Tim grasped with an admiring smile.

As Tim approached Jack to greet him, he looked him over curiously from head to toe. He couldn't believe this very pretty girl with long blonde hair, red lips, and wearing a short tennis dress could be his long time friend Jack. He hadn't noticed last night, but now, he saw that Jack's legs had been shaved and were very attractive as they extended beyond his pleated skirt. Seeing Jack's padded bosom rise and fall as he breathed, Tim thought, "How far have these crazy women gone in turning him into a girl?" Suppressing a desire to question him in front of the others, he elected to shake hands with Jack naturally and as a matter of course. Jack was shamed further when Tim, following his mother's instructions, said, "Hi Jackie. . .you sure look cute in that outfit."

Jack quickly whispered to Tim, "Be careful, the Armstrongs think I'm a real girl. I would be devastated if they found out. Please don't give me away."

Tim merely nodded.

Aunt Julia grinned, as she had been watching this exchange very closely.

Hank was terribly shy, and wished his skirts were longer. He felt almost nude in this thin, sleeveless dress.

When Paul greeted Hank, he put his hands on his shoulders as if to give him courage and put him at ease. This made Hank feel much better. At least no one was making fun of him. Terry again kissed him on the lips, and whispered, "Don't worry, we didn't tell them anything."

In the first game, Paul and Hennie to played against Tim and Jackie. In the beginning, both Hank and Jack were very self conscious with so many people were watching them. There were Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Daynor, the Armstrong boys, and Cathy. Hank was especially embarrassed by his bouncing bosom, which did not escape Tim's attention.

The pairs were evenly matched, and soon, they were absorbed in their game. Everyone had to give their maximum effort to make a point. Whenever Jack or Hank had to serve and jumped to hit a smashing serve over the net, their ruffled panties were exposed for all to see.

Aunt Julia smiled with delight when she saw the boys were oblivious to this girlish display.

Mrs. Armstrong saw her interest and said, "Julia. . .remember how our tennis outfits looked when we were their age?"

Aunt Julia nodded. "Yes. . .but this is sure more eye catching and attractive. I think Tim missed two points looking at Hennie."

The players were now concentrating fully, and they played an exciting match. When Tim, after an especially long volley, managed to make the decisive point, making the score 7 - 5 in favor of Jack and Tim, Jack completely forgot himself and his short dress. He started jumping around shouting, "We won. . .we won. . .we did it Tim. . .we won!"

Only too late did he realize that his little pleated skirt was waving up and down with him. He crimsoned as he quickly smoothed his skirt back into place. Heavens. . .he had acted and looked like a pretty cheerleader at Greenwich High. Tim made things worse by hugging him like he would his girlfriend instead of shaking hands like he would with his best friend. Tim was acting as though he now thought of Jack as a girl.

Hank had been equally preoccupied. Without thinking, he followed Paul's example and jumped over the net to congratulate the winners.

His mother gasped. "Hennie! Where are your manners? A girl does not act so immodestly. Shame on you!"

Hank became just as flushed as Jack, and mumbled, "I'm sorry Mother." Then, dropping a nice curtsy, "I guess I forgot myself for a moment. I won't do it again."

Both boys in skirts were quite subdued now as they sat with their knees together watching Terry and Robert play Peter and Cathy.

As the match neared its end, Mrs Armstrong said, "I had better get something cool for everyone to drink."

Mrs. Kerr said, "Let the girls fix it. . .you just take it easy."

Obediently, Jack and Hank stood up and went into the house. While they were busy getting out the glasses and opening some lemonade, Cathy came walking in. "Mom says I'm to help too."

When Hank excused himself for a moment, Jack seized the opportunity to whisper to Cathy, "Careful what you say. . .Hennie and her family think I'm a real girl. I told Tim earlier."

Cathy acted a bit surprised. "So do I," she said. "I watched you the whole game, and not for a second could anyone tell you're really a boy. I just could not believe my eyes. I think you're a girl who has always masqueraded as a boy."

"Cathy,. . .please don't say that. . .it. . .it's. . .too horrible. . .please!"

"Well, it's true!" Cathy said brusksly, "no boy could look so

pretty, like you did yesterday in that beautiful dress, or the way you acted today in that cute outfit on the tennis court. Why you make a more attractive girl than either Terry, Hennie, or I. From now on, I'll think of you as my girlfriend."

"It's those darn ballet lessons Aunt Julia makes me take," Jack defended himself.

"Don't tell me you're taking ballet?" Cathy laughed out loud. "I would just love to see you in your tutu."

Hank caught that last remark as he reentered the kitchen. "Are you telling Cathy about Mrs. Thornsby's lessons?" he asked.

"Yes, and they are terrible. You had better be glad you don't live in this country," Jack added. "Everyone here treats us teenage girls like little kids."

"You've seen the frilly pinafores they make us wear, and those silly curtsys," Hank said with feeling. "Every time I drop a curtsy, I feel so young, obedient, and respectful. To make matters worse, it's already becoming a habit with me."

"With me too," Jack said. "I'll have to watch myself back home."

"When are you coming home?" Cathy asked.

"The first week in September, and will I ever be glad to get away from this places!" Jack replied.

When Hank left the kitchen to fetch some paper napkins, Cathy giggled, "How do you like wearing pretty dresses, doing embroidery, and taking ballet like a girl?"

Jack's face turned red as fire. "Please don't tease me Cathy. I feel awful having to dress and act like this all the time. Especially now, in front of you and Tim. I begged Aunt Julia not to make me come here to play tennis in this short dress, but she insisted and gave me no choice."

"How long has this been going on?"

"Every since I first arrived here. Aunt Julia hid all my clothes and bought me a lot of girls' things. I have no choice but to wear them and do whatever she says. You see how they treat me, making me do housework and all these girlish chores. Believe me, I've had my fill of wearing skirts. I can hardly wait to get back home and into my own clothes."

"I wonder how you'll look back in boy's clothes. You know, you sure have changed a lot in a very short time. You're so much a girl now. I can just picture you with your long blonde hair and trim figure prancing around Greenwich High in long trousers holding your arms that way. I think you should come home as a girl and stay the way you are."

"Don't say that. . . don't even think it. . . for heaven's sake!" Jack implored her.

"But, it's true! Besides, I like you this way. . .so don't worry doll, I won't give you away," she said, kissing him on the cheek.

Jack's scared and concerned face was a sight to see. Hank returned, and Jack blushed fiercely, wondering what he could be thinking.

Mrs. Armstrong invited everyone for lunch, and because of the large number of people, Hank and Jack were pressed into service helping Anne. Jack was annoyed that Terry and Cathy were not asked to help too. He surmised that Aunt Julia had a strong hand in this. Hank was now Mrs. Armstrong's daughter, so it was understandable that he had to help, but why did she pick on him all the time? Nevertheless, he was soon serving the others, neatly attired in a colorful apron over his tennis dress.

Hank took a quick shower and returned in a fresh white, sleeveless, linen dress with a large red and blue vee decorating the front. He also wore an attractive chain around his middle, showing his tightly corseted waist. When he put his ruffled pinafore over it, he looked exquisitely feminine.

The older women looked very pleased as the boys in skirts graciously moved about their business, as if they had done this type of work all their lives. Anne was pleased with her girlish helpers and, as Queen of the kitchen, issued her orders. Also, guess who ended up helping with the dishes?

When they finally joined the others on the terrace, the girlish boys heard that more terror was in store for them.

Paul and Tim wanted to go swimming that afternoon.

"Good idea. . .let's all go!" Terry said enthusiastically.

Before Jack could think of an excuse, Hank said in a most anxious voice, "No! It's too cold!"

"Nonsense dear," Aunt Julia said. "It will be very refreshing after your tennis match."

"But, I just took a shower," he continued to object fervently.

His mother interrupted him, "Don't be a spoil sport Hennie dear. Everyone else thinks it's a good idea, so you can just come along with us."

Seeing Jack was also about to air his objections as well, Aunt Julia stared at him with that steely expression that boded no back talk. He had come to know that stare all too well. "You have never worn your new bathing suit, have you darling?" she said sternly. "I think it's about time you got it wet."

Jack blushed deeply, partly in anger and partly picturing himself in a girl's bathing suit in front of Tim. How could he get away with such a thing? Would it hide everything? Apparently, Aunt Julia thought so.

Hank was in the same dither. He remembered that ruffled, light

blue, two piece suit only too well. He just knew it would mean disaster and discovery for him.

Mrs. Kerr did not give him much time to think. "Go fetch your suit and towel Hennie, you can change at our house."

In another few minutes, everyone was on their way to the Kerr house. The chauffeur was driving Aunt Julia's Rolls, and Robert was driving the Armstrong's car. Both Hank and Jack were remarkably quiet from fear and worry.

At the house, Aunt Julia said to Hank, "Come dear. . .you can change in my room.", and led him up the stairs.

With reluctant steps, Jack went to his room followed by Donna. She looked at him sternly, and told him to undress. . .completely! When he was naked, Donna dangled a strong, rubber, skin colored supporter before his eyes. "It's going to be a tight fit darling. . .but it'll sure do the trick."

Jack blushed and turned away from her as he pulled the tight garment on. Where the dickens did the Kerr's get all these things? Had they had made Paul wear them? He had an awful time getting it over his hips, but once everything was in place, not the slightest bulge could be seen.

"I also worked on your suit," she said, pointing to the built in bust pads as he stepped into the tight fitting garment. The suit was fairly low cut in front, virtually backless, and had a front zipper.

As Jack looked in the mirror, he was baffled by the natural girlish outline. His bosom appeared completely natural and moved with his every step. He was quick to notice that they were quite a bit heavier than his usual pads, and he blushed as he cupped them in his hands.

"These inserts have a heavier liquid in them so they're more like the real thing," Donna explained. "They feel just like mine. . .see," she added, cupping her own breasts and then his. Jack started to compare also, but she warned him away with a playful slap on his hand, "Oh no you don't! That's reserved territory."

After he repaired his makeup and lipstick, she handed him a short red and white striped terry cloth beach jacket with a belt around the middle to keep it closed. With his red bathing cap in one hand and a towel in the other, he followed her downstairs.

"It's good that you have kept all that nasty hair off your body," she said. "Aren't you glad everything is so smooth now? Imagine how embarrassed you would feel if your friend Tim saw ugly hair on your pretty body."

Jack nodded listlessly. He was still in a daze from seeing himself looking so completely feminine with hardly any clothes on. Was he really so much like a girl, that with just two little aids, he could look so much like one? What would Tim think of him now?

Hank was undergoing similar treatment at the hands of Aunt Julia

who gave him a rubber supporter like Jack's. When he pulled it up. . .with much effort and groaning. . .the rubber fit his figure as if it were part of him. Mrs. Kerr helped him into the halter part, knotting the strings tightly behind him. "We must get you some better inserts," she said cupping his phony breasts, "but in the meantime, these will have to do. They look pretty good in that cute suit."

After putting on his bottom, Hank was also given a terry cloth robe.

Tim and Cathy followed Terry to her room where Cathy borrowed one of Terry's suits. Tim was given Jack's trunks. "Jackie can't wear these anymore. . .you might as well keep them for your own," Terry said handing him the trunks. "You can change in Paul's room."

That comment, about his friend, caused Tim to raise his eyebrows, and sputter, "But what about Jack? Isn't he going with us?"

Terry, still wearing her short tennis dress, took Tim's hand, led him to her bed, and sat beside him. Looking into his eyes, she became very serious and said, "Jack is very much like any girl now. Can't you see that? He's not just pretending anymore. Haven't you noticed how he walks, sits, and acts like a girl?"

Tim nodded, "You mean he wants to wear a girls suit?"

"As a girl, Jack would look and feel indecent in boys' trunks with no top. Life will be much easier for you both the sooner you begin to think of him, treat him, and react to him as a girl!"

Tim fell silent. This was a strange situation, and he did not trust himself to say the right thing. He wondered if Jack would still look like a pretty girl while wearing nothing but a girl's bathing suit.

That question bothered him until he saw Jack downstairs in his feminine bathing suit and short robe. At that moment, all his questions were answered. "Okay, Terry was right," he thought watching Jack sit girlishly and cross his smooth knees. "Jack really is very girlish now. Attractive at that! Yes, he could treat Jack like a girl if that's what he felt like. . .no boy could possibly look that good in a swimsuit and not like some male attention!"

Soon, everyone was sorting themselves into the two cars for the trip to the pool. Jack ended up in the Rolls with Cathy beside him, while Tim and Paul rode together in the Armstrong's car.

When they arrived at the pool, Donna said to Jack, "Remember to behave and move like a girl. You have no skirts to remind you, so watch it!"

Jack didn't reply. The tight supporter, which was most uncomfortable, was sure enough of a constant reminder, and so were his bouncing breasts. Donna helped him tuck his blonde hair under his cap. Hank was trying to do it himself after he saw the sign: "Ladies must wear bathing caps." Donna had to help him as well.

The pool was quite crowded, on this nice warm sunny day, with young people. They were shouting, running, and jumping into the water. Thus, making it hard for the older people to enjoy themselves.

Both Hank and Jack were understandably hesitant to remove their beach coats, but Donna, who had been following them, soon had them divested of this covering, leaving them exposed in their lovely suits. Together, they walked toward the terrace side of the pool where Mrs. Kerr found an empty table. From force of habit, and his ballet training, Jack moved appealingly. His girlish walk and posture had now become natural to him whether or not he wore skirts.

Robert and Peter, who were already in the water, smiled at Jack with obvious admiration. "Come on in Jackie. . .the water is fine." Peter was especially entranced by this pretty, shapely girl who was so appealing in her tight suit.

Jack blushed at Peter's all too obvious stare, but it became much worse when he saw Tim's mouth fall open. He could almost hear Tim thinking, "How could this well developed girl be my friend Jack? Why, she is cuter and more feminine than Cathy, my own sister! She really is a girl!"

Jack, sensing these thoughts, wanted to crawl under the ground. From pure embarrassment, he did the next best thing and dived into the pool, remaining under water until he was clear at the other end.

Hank was no better off. A deep blush covered his face as he saw his brothers looking unbelievably at him in his cute, two piece, light blue suit. The front was absolutely like a girls', and his breasts stood out prominently, under his halter, belying his real sex. He didn't know how to stand loose and natural, so he became stiff and self conscious.

Tim shouted, "You're not afraid of the water, are you Hennie?"

Hank shook his head, and his face turned pale. His bright red lipstick was contrasting sharply with his white bathing cap giving him an appealing expression.

He heard Robert say to Peter, "Sis sure is a doll. . . isn't she?"

That was too much for Hank, so he followed Jack's example and dove into the water, making a less than graceful splash. Now, at least, no one could stare at his figure.

Paul and Cathy followed suit, while their mothers waded in from the steps at the shallow end of the pool. As had happened with the tennis, Jack and Hank were soon in their element, enjoying the cool water and exercise, and temporarily forgetting how they were dressed. The cool water was somewhat soothing to the discomfort caused by their tight supporters.

The group had a swimming race which Robert won easily, with Tim second. Jack and Hank came in last, behind even Terry and Cathy. They threw a ball around which turned into a sort of water polo game, with the sides of the pool substituting for a goal. The game

as a lot of fun, except that Jack was a little annoyed with Peter who was taking a few liberties. He managed, at every opportunity, to cop a quick feel of Jacks rounded full breasts or his protruding buttocks.

Once, Jack hit him hard on the hand as he remembered trying the same tricks on Cathy in the pool at home, as well as her reaction. He had always enjoyed the feel of her as they playfully wrestled and tried to dunk each other. Had Cathy also felt this disgust? He wondered! Was a girl supposed to accept this sort of thing, these male liberties. . . as a sort of confirmation that she was attracting the boys. Or, did she accept it only from a "special" boy? That thought made him even more uncomfortable. Imagine! The thought, that he was supposed to be happy just because a boy was physically attracted to him, was repulsive to him.

After a while, the girls began to tire, and Jack amazingly was fatigued as well. That must have been a side effect from his summer of forced inactivity and girl's work. He was bothered when he saw that Tim and Paul were still fresh as a daisy. Looking around for Hennie, he found her already spread out on a large towel, soaking up the sun. Jack fell down beside him, and with a deep sigh, relaxed.

Hank whispered to him, "Jackie, will you please untie the strings of my suit in the back? I'm afraid that if I sunburn, the white of the straps will show on my back for a long time."

Jack started to lean over, thinking how strange it was that Hank had thought of this. As Hank rolled over on his front, Jack reconsidered. "You had better not, Hennie. . . you have those things in front to worry about. They might fall out, then what would the people. . . or Tim. . . think. . . if they saw them?"

Hank blushed deeply, then agreed with a sigh, "I guess you're right Jackie. . . oh. . . how did I ever get into this mess?"

Jack gave attention to the matter of the sun's telling marks also. He thought of covering himself with his beach jacket, only to find that Aunt Julia had appropriated it to sit on. There was nothing he could do but let the sun do its mischief, while hoping the marks would be gone by the time he returned home and to school. As he lay on his back, he felt the warm sun starting to burn. He knew the outline of his girlish bathing suit was being indelibly etched on his skin. The high round neck and the sides just covering his breasts would be an obvious white stand out for a long time to come.

After an hour and a half, the sun was much lower in the sky and was no longer a threat to mark the femininely clad boys. Everyone was refreshed and started playing ball on an adjacent lawn. Again, Hank and Jack quickly forgot their revealing attire and their bouncing bosoms as if it were a part of them. Hank forgot himself so much in the excitement of the game, that he began to move and fight like a boy.

Terry overheard Mrs. Daynor say, "Look at Hennie. . .she is quite a tomboy."

Knowing that if Mrs. Daynor noticed others would also, Terry quickly went to Hennie and whispered a warning in his ear. Soon afterward, Hank stopped playing and went back to his towel, wrapping it around him as if his very life depended on it.

The boys were becoming much rougher, and were obviously enjoying the close contact with the girls. The game finally deteriorated into a catch as catch can, with the boys chasing the girls. Peter caught Jack, and as Jack was trying desperately to escape Peter's clutches, he felt like a female being hunted by a male. In this, he gained a new insight into how a girl must feel in this sort of situation. However, he really did not want to be caught, like many girls real would. Nevertheless, his movements were already so ingrained by training and habit that he took shorter steps, allowing Peter to ensnare him with little trouble.

"Please. . .don't do anything," Jack pleaded as Peter familiarly put his arm around his shoulder, cleverly trying to make his hand reach Jack's prominent bosom. Jack frantically turned around but could not completely avoid Peter's attempt to kiss him on the mouth.

Peter, anxious to show this girl who was master, grabbed Jack's wrists and pushed him on the grass in a spread eagle position. He placed his knees on Jack's arms and sat up to flex his biceps. "There young lady, you're mine now!" Peter said triumphantly.

Jack felt weak and helpless. He knew he had been captured by a stronger more aggressive male who was taming him for eventual submission.

Fortunately, Mrs. Armstrong looked their way just in time. She cried, "PETER. . .behave yourself. . .no horseplay, you hear. . .treat that poor girl gently." Then, to the other women, "I think it's time to go."

As they left for the cars, Mrs. Daynor invited the young people to drive back to London for dinner and perhaps a movie.

Terry quickly declined, not wanting to go with these Americans.

Hank, feeling that further exposure that day would be tempting the gods, also found an excuse. He put his arm around his mother, and said, "I want to stay home and keep Mom company tonight." He was rewarded with a loving smile and a hug.

Peter and Robert decided to stay home as well.

Aunt Julia said to Jack and Paul, "It's alright with me if you two want to go."

Tim pushed the invitation, "Paul, please join us. . .we will have a lot of fun."

Jack felt a little put out. Here, his best friend was asking Paul, a boy he had just met, and ignoring him, his best friend. However,

Cathy quickly atoned for that. She put her arm around Jack's waist, smiled and said, "Please accept Jackie. The boys will talk to each other, and I'll be all alone. I would love to have a girlfriend along this evening."

Aunt Julia answered for them both. "Alright, you two may go. Jackie has not been out of the house very much lately. Mrs. Daynor is awfully nice to ask you Jacqueline, don't you agree?"

From his aunt's reference to him as "Jacqueline", Jack knew he had no choice other than to accept the invitation and go along with the Daynors dressed as a girl. He blushed and said, "Thank you Mrs. Daynor. I would love to come. . .if you want me this way." His hand waved from his breasts down his bathing suit.

"Of course dear, you are perfect. I agree with your aunt. You definitely are much nicer now. You're so soft spoken, polite, and naturally well behaved. Having you along with us will be wonderful for Cathy."

The Armstrongs, who had not understood one iota of this exchange of remarks, said goodbye and went on their way. Aunt Julia's limousine was large enough for everyone, although Paul and Tim had to sit in front with the chauffeur.

At the Kerr house, everyone changed back into their clothes. Tim and Paul changed in Paul's room, while Mrs. Daynor and Cathy changed in Mrs. Kerr's room.

Before they separated, Tim's mother called out to Jack. "Don't dress up too much Jackie. . .we're planning on a small simple restaurant and the movies. You don't have to make yourself too glamorous."

Jack went to his room, and just as he was tying on his modesty patch, Donna came in. "I have the perfect dress picked out for you to wear tonight, Jackie," she said, holding up a simple, but nicely styled pale yellow dress, with short sleeves and a buttoning front. "This is really a daytime dress, but it's just right for what Mrs. Daynor has planned. It's not too formal nor too sporty."

Jack, not wanting to wear any kind of dress on an outing with his best friend, spat out at his determined cousin in an irritated voice, "Alright! Alright! Don't you think I know about dresses by now? I don't need a lecture!"

Angrily, Donna shot him a glance. "Don't be so fresh with me young lady! You're far from being a real girl yet. Remember that old saying: 'A BELL IS NO BELL UNTIL IT IS RUNG'. Well, that applies to girls too. A girl is no girl until she is loved. So you see, you have a long way to go."

Jack blushed deeply. What a horrible thing to say. He knew full well what she was hinting, but THAT would never happen to him! Not unless it was with a girl! He knew he felt a strong attraction for

Cathy, and only this afternoon had he consciously realized how happy he was to see her again.

Donna motioned him to hurry up, and he shrugged his shoulders. He knew he had to wear the dress she had brought in, although he would have greatly preferred a sleek dress with a back zipper.

She hooked his beautiful lacy bra for him, making sure his inserts looked just right. Next came matching panties, a very soft snow white nylon slip with lace over the bodice and at the hem, flesh colored nylons, and open toed shoes of off white leather that perfectly matched his dress.

"I'll do your makeup tonight. I know you are very good at it, but somehow it's always easier and better if someone else does it. And of course, I do have more experience with hair and makeup," she added with a teasing smile. She really gave him the works, including mascara, eye shadow, and bright red lipstick. "Now for your hair," she said. "The swimming cap ruined your own blonde set, so we'll use your long hairpiece tonight. After all, you want to look your prettiest for your date with your best friend, don't you?"

She smiled when Jack turned red again. Why did she have to pester him and tease him so all the time? Her intuition always told her exactly what would humiliate and shame him the most. Why did she enjoy it so?

After pinning his hairpiece tightly in place, she brushed and combed its long tresses until they had a healthy sheen. She arranged it to hang freely over his shoulder in a soft wave that had an unmistakably girlish appearance. The simple vee neck of his dress required some dressing up, so she found a colorful silk scarf which she arranged elegantly around his neck. Fresh red nail polish that matched his lipstick and a wide golden bracelet, set with semi precious stones, finished him off.

"Now, your best friend will be real proud of you," Donna teased again. "Oops. . .we forgot your ears." She clipped two small gold hoops to his lobes, saying, "Too bad your ears aren't pierced like Mother suggested. Otherwise, I would have some real pretty pendants for you to wear."

She sprayed him liberally with a nice perfume and let him walk to the mirror. As Jack studied himself, he could not believe his eyes. He had to admit that he looked good. . .actually pretty. No, it was much more! He was beautiful! He could not deny it. His aunt and cousins had done their job well. There was not a trace of Jack to be found. Only Jacqueline reflected in the mirror. His wide open eyes, with their tasteful makeup, had a softness in them that betrayed how he really felt in this dress.

He saw, not just an ordinary girl. He now had. . .what did his

mother call it again. . .oh yes. . .“breeding”. She always told him and his sister that there were certain people you immediately feel comfortable with, because of their manners and their looks. This was not something one could buy or learn. One was born with it, and now he knew he had it. He could no longer fight the strong feminine feeling that pervaded him.

Thoughtfully, he walked downstairs, completely surrendering to this wondrous feeling of femininity.

Donna followed him, all smiles at the way he swayed his hips. She was completely satisfied with the transformation of her American cousin. . .the way he looked. . .the way he moved, and she strongly suspected. . .the way he felt.

When Jack entered the living room, everyone was ready and waiting for him. As all eyes turned toward him, he instinctively stopped to pose, his left leg slightly bent in a most graceful stance. Everyone was breathlessly silent for a moment. They were obviously admiring this stylishly dressed, beautiful girl. . .and Jack basked in their admiration despite himself. Standing there, he felt completely and thoroughly feminine.

Cathy was the first to speak. “Why Jacqueline! You are absolutely gorgeous! In fact, you’re perfect!” She kissed him on the lips, and her praise was so honest and without jealousy, that he blushed deeply. This was partly because of his shy pleasure and partly because her caress made the blood race through his veins and caused discomfort below.

Mrs Daynor made things worse by saying, “She’s right Jackie. You’re very feminine and make a very pretty girl. I don’t think you should ever change.”

Tim just sat there staring with such honest admiration and infatuation, that it made Jack blush all the more as he elegantly sat on the couch beside Terry.

Terry nodded approvingly, but some jealousy could be detected as she admired his nice dress. She was also displeased that Tim was so obviously impressed.

Donna and Aunt Julia both wore large grins with that, “I told you so,” expression, while Paul just sat. . .silently taking everything all in.

“Jackie,” Aunt Julia said, in a matter of fact tone, “while you were dressing, we decided that Paul will serve as a guide for you and your guests from the colonies tomorrow. He can show you many points of interest. That way you won’t be bothered by the large crowds as on the professional tours. After they have the next day to themselves, we will give them a formal going away dinner the following evening. Won’t that be nice?”

Knowing better than to dispute or argue with his determined aunt,

Jack meekly stated, "Yes, Aunt Julia."

As the tones of their conversation picked up, Jack let the swirl of words flow over and around him. He felt so strangely feminine and so completely girlish, that he himself could hardly believe he had ever been a boy.

The Daynors made preparations to leave, giving Jack a chance to observe his best friend Tim as he rose to say goodbye. Try as he might, Jack could no longer identify with his friend, who was acting so manly in his long trousers.

He even had the same feeling looking at Paul in his neat blue suit. The full realization came to him now that he really was different from them. A denial would be meaningless! The truth was, he no longer felt like them. . .like a boy. . .not even in his mind.

Cathy woke him from his deep thoughts by taking his arm and pulling him to his feet.

Mrs. Kerr gave them the car to use for the evening so the driver could bring Jack and Paul home after the movie. Jack took his handbag and white gloves, wondering if he should wear a hat, but decided against it.

Jack found himself smiling and thanking Tim for holding the car door open for him and the other the women.

While the others discussed what movie they would like to see, Jack sank back into his thoughtful state. He was experiencing great difficulty understanding his strange feelings and emotions. He knew he should be unhappy about being forced to wear dresses and act like a girl, especially in the presence of the Daynor family who knew his real sex. But, the truth of the matter was, he felt as if he was dressed as he should be for his altered state of mind. He absent mindedly stroked his long hair as he thought over his strange situation. Everything was all so natural, like it had always been a part of him. He was actually pleased with his appearance and the way the others had admired him.

He vaguely remembered a teacher at school trying to explain a quotation he had once heard. "No person is either so happy, or so unhappy, as he imagines." That clearly applied to him now, except that he was somehow feeling both emotions at the same time. Was that possible? Could a person be both happy and unhappy at the same time? Could a person be a boy and a girl at the same time? Did he feel happier as a girl. . .did he? He just could not get himself to admit that awful truth.

Their arrival at the Daynor's hotel interrupted his chain of disturbing thoughts. As he exited the car and followed Mrs. Daynor and Cathy across the crowded sidewalk and into the heavily populated hotel lobby, he was completely aware of his skirt swirling around his knees, but he did not feel shy or even self conscious.

The knowledge that he was a girl now had replaced all those other emotions as he, with perfect posture, head high, and with a soft smile on his face, entered the elevator. He had decided to accept himself as he was, and the fact that his best friend Tim was with him, made no difference. He would accept the admiring glances from the males as a matter of course due every pretty girl.

The only thing that mattered to him at that moment was what Tim could be thinking of him, but Tim was ignoring him. Did he despise him? He looked at Tim, but he was showing no feelings one way or the other. He appeared to have accepted Jack as a girl, and with the knowledge that she was a "looker", let her precede him into the elevator. Tim was more interested in his new friend Paul at the moment as they chatted loudly about some new airplane they had seen from the car.

Mrs. Daynor went to her room, while Cathy dragged Jack along to hers. "I want to change and look as nice as you," she said. Without further ado, she stepped out of her dress and slip, acting as if he were just another girl. When she saw his embarrassment, she admonished him. "Never mind Jackie. . . I told you that you were my girlfriend from now on. I am perfectly comfortable with you here. . . and anyway, you saw me in my bathing suit. Panties and a bra aren't very different, are they? Anyway, I know you are wearing the same things. . . so there!"

Jack blushed but did not confirm or deny her accusation.

Cathy continued. "By the way, how did you get such a nice figure?"

"Falsies mostly," Jack said, a fiery red now.

Cathy shook her head. "You'll never be a boy again. . . just mark my words."

"Cathy! Please. . . don't say that! It's too horrible to even consider, and it makes me nervous and worried."

"Oh. . . alright then, but I'll just enjoy it while it lasts. It's just too bad we have to leave London so soon."

She put on a pretty afternoon dress of navy blue linen, and like Jack, she fastened a colorful scarf around her neck. As she was brushing her hair, she let it flow loosely over her shoulders. With a shocking blush, Jack realized she was trying to copy his style.

That made him wonder. Did he really he really look so stylish and fashionable? He stood before the mirror again and studied himself. Yes. . . he did look good. This is how he would want his girlfriend to look.

Mrs. Daynor entered without knocking. Perhaps it had occurred to her that maybe Cathy should not change in Jack's company. She sighed with relief when she found Jack helping Cathy pin a little bow in her hair. She should have known better. Jack was a girl now too.

“Isn’t it nice, Cathy dear, to have such a nice girlfriend here in London?”

Cathy nodded. “It sure is, Mom, and I think she’s swell! I sure hope to see a lot of her when we get back home.”

Mrs. Daynor ignored that last remark, and Jack did not know what to say either, so it just lay there between the three of them.

“The boys are waiting downstairs, so let’s go, Mrs. Daynor said.

Jack put on his gloves again, and Mrs. Daynor looked approvingly at the two appealing young girls she followed to the elevator. She was amazed that they walked identically and that it was impossible to tell the boy from the girl. As a matter of fact, and she hated to admit it, Jack’s legs were a little shapelier than her daughter’s. She wondered, “How is this possible?” She tried to picture Tim in skirts, but decided he would look ridiculous. Maybe there was something wrong with this boy, although she thought it strange that she had never noticed any difference or effeminacy in him.

Because of Jack’s naturalness, everyone soon forgot completely he was not what he appeared. They had a very pleasant dinner at a small Hungarian restaurant near the hotel.

During dinner, they discussed what they wanted to see on their sight-seeing tour and tried to choose a varied program of cultural and entertaining sights. There was somewhat of a hassle, before a compromise was reached. Cathy and Tim wanted to see entirely different things. Eventually, a plan was agreed upon.

The theater was not far from the restaurant, and they decided to walk the ten blocks or so because the weather was nice and they had plenty of time. Cathy took Jack’s arm in a girlish gesture, and stiff armed, they walked behind the boys. Mrs. Daynor smiled and closely followed the parade.

Cathy’s closeness excited Jack in a strange new way, like he wanted to touch her all over. Then, with the realization that they were dressed exactly alike, and he was, to all appearances, a pretty girl like her, made that pleasant feeling disappear. This caused him to feel annoyed, dissatisfied, and very disappointed.

Their heels clicked in unison, and together, were the object of many admiring glances and an occasional wolf whistle. Cathy was obviously enjoying herself and giggled when they were the recipients of an extra interested bold look or a provoking smile. Jack, in his elegant yellow dress, was caught up in her amusement. Several times, he dared to flutter his eyelashes or smile back at a boy, tossing his head as if to call attention to himself.

Mrs. Daynor, walking behind them, was watching the antics of the two girls. She, knowing that Jackie was a boy, could not believe her eyes. She would have sworn that both of them were real girls as they stepped along so femininely.

The movie was entertaining enough to absorb everyone's attention. Afterward, it was time to go home. Cathy gave Jack such an emotional good night kiss, that his blood did not stop racing until he was washing off his makeup in his bedroom. He felt a strong attraction for Cathy. . . a new feeling. . . deeper than anything he had ever felt before. He could not wait until he would see her again the next day.

Later in bed, he lay awake thinking about all this. He was disturbed that Cathy liked him in skirts. Would she like him as much in pants? He tried to convince himself. Wouldn't any girl prefer her escort in manly trousers? Of course she would! With this on his mind, he made a decision. He just had to find out! Tomorrow. . . yes. . . tomorrow morning, he would "tell" Aunt Julia he wanted his trousers back. In fact, he would insist on it! He did not care if she would punish him! At this time, his feelings about Cathy were more important to him than anything else.

All night, he dreamed about her lush soft body and its exquisite touch, how they had walked so closely together, how seductively she had looked at him, and. . . how she had kissed him. Especially, how she had kissed him!

When he awoke the next morning, he saw spots on his pretty pink nightgown. He vaguely realized that dreaming about Cathy had something to do with it. He hoped that Donna nor Aunt Julia would notice it. He was going to make sure and put it in the laundry hamper himself.

As he became fully awake, Jack remembered his resolution of last night to get back into his trousers. He decided straight away to go down to breakfast in his negligee and ask his aunt for his own clothes before he lost his nerve. He did put on his bra and panty girdle because he realized that very little was hidden by the diaphanous gown. He was also trained well enough that he fixed his face and brushed his long hair. He had never dared to go down in his negligee, but Donna and Aunt Julia had occasionally eaten their morning meal dressed that way. His outfit made him look terribly feminine, of course, as the pink ribbons and long flowing skirt were very appealing.

Only Terry and Paul were waiting in the breakfast room. Paul immediately asked with concern, "Why aren't you dressed Jackie? Remember, the Daynors will be here at nine. Hurry and get dressed! You know Mother never allows us downstairs that way."

"I. . . I don't care!" Jack said stubbornly. "I want to get my own clothes back. I don't want Cathy to see me in skirts again. . . EVER! I want my trousers. . . now. . . right away!" He said it in a firm tone of voice they had not heard from him in more than eight weeks.

"What's this about trousers?" Donna asked, entering the room.

"None of your business!" Jack said in such a bold tone of voice

that he even surprised himself. "I want to discuss it with Aunt Julia!" he added, throwing all caution to the wind.

"Now Jackie!" Donna said in a mean tone of voice. "I have been very patient with you. . .but this sort of behavior, I will not tolerate! Imagine using such a harsh tone of voice to an older person, without even saying 'good morning', and you forgot your curtsy as well. You deserve another punishment. Apparently, you need another lesson from the cane!

Jack paled, feeling his bravado drain quickly away with the mention of Donna's cane.

Aunt Julia entered the breakfast room and had just heard Donna's admonition. She asked, looking at Jack with a withering glance, "Has our Jackie been a naughty girl again? What's the matter now? And, why aren't you dressed properly, young lady?"

Jack wanted to capitulate then and there, but his thoughts and feelings for Cathy spurred him on. "I want you to give me my clothes. I'm going to London with Paul to see the sights, and I don't want Cathy to see me in skirts again. I think she likes me. . .and I want to be her escort. . .not her girlfriend." The last words were spoken in a much softer tone of voice, and he practically cringed under Aunt Julia's angry pulverizing stare.

Donna started to laugh, but remained silent.

Aunt Julia just stared at her nephew in his girlish bedroom costume.

Finally, Jack could not bare to meet the steely glare of her eyes any longer, and meekly, he lowered his eyelashes.

"So you want your trousers back?" she said coldly. What about your hair. . .your figure. . .all the money we spent on your clothes. . .corsets. . .ballet lessons. . .and the hairdresser?"

Jack just stood there feeling awfully small and somehow ungrateful, his spine having turned into jelly. He was almost at a loss for words, but he finally found his tongue. "I. . .I did not ask for all that! It was your idea. . .you made me wear all that stuff."

"Well. . .of all the ungrateful wenches," Donna exclaimed, sounding as if Jack had committed the sin of sins. "After all the work we did to make her look so pretty. . .to teach her how to dress attractively. . .to behave correctly like a girl. . .and now she talks to us like that."

"Yes," Aunt Julia agreed. "Whatever has come over you Jackie?"

"We ought to have her ears pierced like we promised," Donna said. "That would teach her not to demand her silly pants back."

"That might be a good punishment for her insolent behavior," Aunt Julia agreed.

Jack was, by now, jelly all over, but he could not give in now. He

paled and started to shiver. He knew he had lost control of the situation, which was small wonder. . . a young boy against two grown up dominant women. All he could do was repeat in a whisper, "May I please have my own clothes back. . . Aunt Julia. . . please?"

His Aunt ignored his question as if it was just too silly to entertain. "Let's have breakfast first. There is not enough time for you to get dressed first. For this one time, you may eat with us in dishabille, but, don't you ever dare to come down again without being properly dressed. Imagine showing yourself like that to a young man Paul's age!"

Terry and Paul had been quiet during this heated exchange. They were surprised at Jack's bravado, and later, at the fairly mild reaction of their mother.

When breakfast was over, Aunt Julia looked at Jack, and said, "Well, if it's trousers you want, I'll let you wear them today, although I don't they are suitable for a young girl at all. You go get ready dear. Of course, I insist you wear your proper undies. . . bra, corset, and your panty slip combination.

"But my bra will show through my shirt. . .," Jack objected.

"Of course it will! How else can one tell you're a girl?" his aunt asked dryly.

"But," Jack started in a horrified voice.

Before he could object further, Aunt Julia came over and slapped his face. As tears flowed freely down his cheeks, she said "Don't you understand yet that you would look foolish in trousers now. . . in boy's clothes. . . with your pretty face, small waist, and cute figure? Now hurry up. . . or you'll really get it. I'll be in your room in a minute."

The steely tone in which she gave this order told Jack that she was not fooling. Her first relatively mild reaction had been a phony front. He knew he could not fight her, and he had few doubts that he would have to pay dearly for his behavior and fresh remarks.

Listlessly he went upstairs, drying his tears with the skirt of his nightgown. As ordered, he put on his panty slip and rolled on his nylons. While he was lacing in his corset, Aunt Julia came in. Jack sighed in resignation when he saw the costume she carried.

She took the corset laces from him and violently pulled them tightly. He was already used to having it completely closed in back. Even though she was rough, all she could do was lace it in as far as it would go. As she tied the strings, she said, "This corset is far too loose. I'll go shopping for a smaller one while you're in London."

With a last desperate attempt, Jack tried again. With a pleading expression, he asked, "Can't I please wear my own clothes just for today????? . . . Please????? . . . Aunt Julia????? . . . Please?????"

His tearful plea, and the look in his eyes, would have melted almost anyone's heart, but it did not phase Aunt Julia's. She had laid

down the law, and she knew that no compromise would be possible if she was to reach her goal; the complete feminization of her nephew.

“They won’t fit you anymore. . .and I have told you that you would look ridiculous in them now. So, hurry and get dressed. We have no time to lose.”

Jack had no alternative but to put on the red and green sleeveless silk blouse and the moss green pants she provided.

When Aunt Julia zipped up the back, no sign of a bulge could be seen. She tightly buckled a wide leather belt to accentuate his narrow waist, and with a satisfied smile, studied the girlish image her nephew presented. She helped him into the knit jacket, the same color as the pants, and arranged his hair outside the collar.

She even had green and brown loafers. “These will be more comfortable. You will have to walk a lot, going to museums and getting around London,” she said as she brushed his long tresses. She made sure his hairpiece was pinned on tightly and let it hang loosely over his shoulders.

Jack let her have her way, knowing that further objections would be useless. The outfit did fit well and was cozy and comfortable. As he walked over to the mirror, he felt some satisfaction that at least he was wearing pants. . .for the first time in many weeks. However, when he saw his reflection, he knew he was only kidding himself. He looked exactly like a girl. . .even in trousers. . .the way the jacket fit. . .the closed front pants. . .his prominent bosom all too obvious, as the jacket was left open to show all his feminine characteristics.

Aunt Julia watched as he finished his makeup, grinning with satisfaction when she saw how expertly he had become at this exclusively feminine task.

Just as she sprayed perfume on his hair, bosom, and wrists, Paul knocked at the door. “The Daynors are here. Are you ready Jackie?”

“Yes. . .she is all set to go,” Aunt Julia replied.

Jack followed her out the door. He saw Paul looking at his outfit and then at him. The look in Paul’s eyes confirmed that he had again been cheated out of his rightful clothes. Although he was in pants, he still looked completely like a girl. Again, he had been bested by the tyrant women of this household. When he realized he was to be confronted by Cathy, dressed this way, a weak thought of rebellion reared its head, only to be followed by a lame sense of resignation. What could he do? As it was, he knew he would be severely punished in Aunt Julia’s own good time.

When Cathy came forward to greet him with a fervent kiss on his red lips saying, “Oh Jackie. . .you look scrumptious! Oh what a darling outfit,” he felt all doubt and resentment drain away. As long as she accepted him this way, maybe he could live with it for another day. He saw that Mrs. Daynor, like Cathy, was wearing a stylish

pantsuit. He figured then that she and Aunt Julia had probably discussed what they would wear today, and Aunt Julia had planned this outfit right from the beginning. His bold rebellion had been for naught.

Off they were, for a busy day. Again, they had the use of Aunt Julia's car and chauffeur.

Roaming all over London, they visited many places of interest with Paul acting as guide. Tim had his camera and was busy as a beaver snapping pictures of all the sights.

During a short rest along a quiet spot near a speedway, Tim said he wanted to take a photo of Jack.

Jack objected violently. "Suppose someone at home were to see the picture?"

Cathy was insistent. "No one could possibly recognize you. Besides, I want to have a souvenir of you Jackie. . .just as you are now. . .please?"

She teasingly drew her finger around his face, ear, and neck, making him feel like molten wax. So, Jack posed nicely, his hair windblown and loose over his shoulder, right hand on his hip, and his left hand on his thigh. His ballet lessons really showed as he stood there naturally, attractively, his head slightly cocked, and his legs parted. All in all, he made a very attractive feminine pose.

Cathy said, "Smile for us Jackie.", and the shutter clicked.

While they were walking around the Parliament building, Jack had a chance to talk to Cathy alone, away from the others. "Please Cathy. . .don't tell anyone at school about me playing girl here. . .please? You know I have no choice. Please don't tell anyone."

Cathy looked teasingly at him. "Maybe you will come back home as a girl. . .then I won't have to tell. Everyone could see for themselves how pretty a girl you are. Maybe I'll show the picture around and set you up with some hot dates when you get back!"

"Don't tease me," Jack begged. "Of course I won't come home in skirts. That would be crazy!"

"By them, who knows? You may feel so much at home in your dresses and skirts. . .that you won't be able to go without them. Aren't girls' clothes are so nice and soft?" she asked, gently caressing his silken blouse tight over his bosom.

"Don't Cathy. . .the others will see you. Please help me?"

"Alright silly. . .I won't give you away," she said with a meaningful smile.

It wasn't until parting time that Jack had a chance to speak of his problem to Tim. Even then, he had to speak in front of the others. "Please Tim. . .don't tell anyone at home about me wearing dresses and skirts. . ."

“And panties and bra and girl’s bathing suit and. . .” Tim went on, then, getting a whiff of his friend’s nice perfume he added, “Don’t worry. I won’t tell anyone. I think your aunt is crazy. Anyway, by the time you come home, we’ll have forgotten all about it. . .you you’ll be having babies!”

“I won’t forget,” Cathy said vehemently. “I’ll never forget how cute Jackie looked when we first met and when he poured tea for us in that pretty dress with the cute pinafore over it.”

“Please Cathy,” Jack begged. “Stop!”

“Well. . .it has been a lot of fun having you as a girlfriend.” Then turning to her mother, she added, “I really like him much better this way. I wish he would stay a girl always.”

Mrs. Daynor smiled at Jack and said, “I understand dear. . .you would be too embarrassed. I won’t say anything to anyone either. But Jackie, dear, you had better find a way to get back into your trousers soon. The longer you spend doing everything as a girl, the harder it will be to change back.”

Jack blushed deeply. He understood what she was trying to say. Tears started to form in his eyes. Why did she have to mention that horrible thought in front of Tim, Cathy, and Paul?

Cathy did not make things any better when she said, “When you come home, you can always borrow some of my clothes, and we can be girlfriends again.”

“I don’t think that is what Jack has in mind. I’m sure he would much rather wear his own outfits, I mean clothes.”

“What a sight that would be,” Tim remarked. “Imagine Jack running around Greenwich High in a miniskirt!”

“Jackie looks nice in short skirts,” Cathy argued. “I saw you staring at his legs on the tennis court.”

“You do have nice legs,” Tim said to Jack. Then seeing how terribly uncomfortable Jack was at this turn of the conversation, he closed the subject by saying, “Don’t worry! In a few weeks, you’ll be home, and everything will be alright. It’s just too bad you can’t come with us to Paris in two days.” Mrs. Daynor cut off any further talk by saying, “You kids had better get back home. It is getting late, and we can’t keep the chauffeur waiting all night.”

Tim’s mother kissed Jack like she would any girl, making him blush all over again.

Cathy gave him such an affectionate goodnight hug and kiss, Jack feared he might explode right then and there. For a moment he forgot he was dressed like a girl, even though he wore pants, and kissed her back. However, he withdrew quickly when he realized that it would look awfully odd in that crowded lobby if two girls were seen kissing each other like that!

Fighting back an almost overwhelming desire to kiss the pretty

girl he knew to be his best friend, Tim uncertainly took one of Jack's manicured hands in both of his, looked deep into his prettily made up eyes, and joked, "See you tomorrow night Jackie. Wear something pretty!"

Paul and Jack wished the Daynors a pleasant evening and left their friends. When they entered the car, Paul naturally and courteously held the door and helped Jack enter first.

On the way home, Jack remarked, "I sure hope they don't tell anybody. . . about my being a girl here, I mean."

"I shouldn't worry if I were you," Paul consoled him. "They are your friends, aren't they?"

Jack nodded and lapsed into a thoughtful silence. Today had been fun. . . if only he hadn't looked and felt so much like a girl the whole time.

"We will be very busy today, Jackie," said Aunt Julia during breakfast the following morning. "You have an appointment at the hairdressers, and we must shop for a new formal gown for you to wear tonight. I'm sure you'll want to look your prettiest for your friend Tim. Oh yes, we also must buy you a smaller corset and lace you into it before we purchase your new dress."

"A new corset?" Jack gasped. "But Aunt Julia, my old one is just getting comfortable."

"Exactly my point, Jacqueline!" she answered in a tone he knew would accept no back talk. "I want you to show your friend Tim just how feminine you can be."

Jack's morning was very routine. He put out the flower arrangements and worked on his table cloth until just before noon, when he was told to dress for his trip to the city.

As soon as they had finished eating lunch, Jack and his aunt ventured into the family Rolls Royce, as usual driven by the gardener's boy, for their shopping trip.

Their first stop was at the corset maker's where Jack was fitted into a corset that had already been made according to his measurements. It was at least two inches smaller than his old one, and it squeezed him unbearably when it was forcibly closed around his middle.

"Now you have an attractive waist for your boyfriend to admire, Jackie," Aunt Julia beamed proudly. "Aren't you pleased?"

"We must buy you a beautiful formal for tonight," Aunt Julia said as they entered one of the exclusive dress shops, "Since your friends are here, I've decided to buy you a very special dress that you will probably want to keep as a memento of this special evening."

Jack had his doubts, but he knew nothing was to be gained by arguing with his determined aunt.

Aunt Julia instructed the clerk of their needs, and the reluctant

Jack was obliged to try on dress, after dress, after dress. The selection was narrowed to two very fashionable, attractive gowns after a seemingly endless ordeal. One was an electric blue cocktail dress with very narrow straps that was actually designed for a woman several years older than Jack.

It was very low cut at the bodice and so tight through the middle that it wouldn't have fastened if his waist hadn't been pinched in by his new corset. The full skirt was held out by its own net petticoats and ended two inches above his knees. As he walked and turned, the skirt swirled out to reveal a lot of thigh, much to his chagrin. This however, was finally rejected by Aunt Julia in favor of the other.

The chosen garment was a full length green creation with a full length narrow skirt that severely restricted his stride. The low cut bodice and arms were covered by pale green transparent chiffon and did little to hide his apparent breasts.

How could he possibly face Tim and Cathy in this terribly feminine dress? He was terrified by the thought! What would they think of him? "I can't wear this dress to a party with Tim and Cathy, Aunt Julia!" Jack wailed in desperation. "It's too bare!"

"Don't worry about that, dear," Aunt Julia purred. "With a nice necklace and earrings, you will look perfect for our dinner party. Tim will be very impressed with you in this dress, and Cathy will probably be jealous of your beauty. Just you wait! However, this dress does cry out for new shoes and a matching purse. You'll also need new panties, garter belt, and a strapless bra. First, let's go to the shoe department while you still have on the dress."

A few minutes later, Jack found himself fitted with pale green satin covered slippers with pencil thin four inch heels that were at least an inch higher than he was accustomed to wearing. As he rose to his feet, he almost lost his balance, but his aunt, who was watching closely, grabbed his shoulder to steady him.

"I can't walk in these shoes, Aunt Julia," Jack said in a panic. "Can't we get a pair with a lower heel?"

"Stop your nonsense Jacqueline!" said Aunt Julia, with a threat in her voice. "You are being unnecessarily difficult. You will quickly adjust to the added height and take pride in the way these shoes enhance your pretty legs. Just wear them around the store while we shop for your other things and you'll see I'm right."

His fate was sealed. Aunt Julia instructed the clerk to send his old shoes to the dress department, and he tottered off behind her in his new stilt-like heels and long tight skirt to shop for lingerie.

As most of Jack's feminine under things were in pastel colors, he was amazed when he saw the brilliant colors that were available. Aunt Julia accompanied him to the dressing room and had him try on several strapless bras under his new dress. She helped him adjust his

new jelled inserts into the cups of each until they found one that was "just right". Choosing panties, bra, and garter belt in the appropriate color was only a matter of finding the correct sizes, as many styles and colors were available.

Jack changed back into the skirt, blouse, and heels he had worn into the shop while his aunt paid for his new ensemble. They both left with an arm load of parcels.

The chauffeur then drove them aunt to the hairdressers where they were once again greeted by a smiling Mr Marceau.

Jack's was taken immediately to have his hair washed, while Aunt Julia gave explicit instructions for his new hairstyle and makeup. "I want you to incorporate her hairpiece with her own short hair and sweep it up, like so," she said, pulling his hair up to demonstrate. "She is attending a dinner with a very special young man tonight, and she wants to look her charming best. Her hairstyle and makeup should give her the appearance of being more sophisticated and a bit older than her actual years, while remaining refined and lady like in keeping with her breeding. Give her a manicure, and completely re-do her makeup to accomplish the look I have described. Are my instructions clear?"

"Oui Madame!" Mr. Marceau answered in a reassuring voice. "Your wishes will be carried out to the letter."

Aunt Julia smiled as she tried to envision her nephew facing his best friend in his new clothes and hairstyle. "Very well," she answered. "I will return later to collect her."

When she returned some time later, Aunt Julia found Jack staring dumbfounded into a bright makeup mirror. Even though he was still wearing his plain skirt and blouse, his beauty and elegance were astounding. His hairpiece was incorporated with his own hair and was swept up and pinned in the very enticing style she had requested. And his makeup. . .his MAKEUP. . .was breathtaking! His eyebrows had been further thinned, his eyes were stunningly made up with blue eyeshadow, false eyelashes, and dark mascara, his lips were painted fuller than usual in a very brilliant red, and his long pointed nails were polished to match his lipstick. He did indeed look at least four or five years older!

Seeing his aunt and rushing over to her, he pleaded, "I look like a woman! I can't let Tim and Cathy see me like this and in that new dress! I can imagine what they must think of me now, but this. . .this is going too far. Please, don't make me go through with this, Aunt Julia!"

"Don't be absurd Jackie," his aunt chided him. "Any girl would love to attend a dinner in such a beautiful dress with your lovely hairstyle and perfect makeup. Let's hear no more of your nonsense!"

Jack was given a small case containing his new makeup, lipstick,

and nail polish to be used later for touch-ups.

Jack didn't see Donna or Terry when he and his aunt finally arrived home, and he assumed they were in their rooms getting ready for the dinner. Aunt Julia, noting the time, hurried him to his room to get dressed. "Take only a sponge bath dear," she instructed. "A soaking bath would ruin your hairdo, and we would have to waste time replacing your corset as well. You know your new dress won't fit without it being completely closed. Get yourself ready, and I'll be in to check your appearance shortly."

He was completely dressed, even to closing the back zipper of his dress, when his aunt came into his room and found him twisting, turning, and examining his appearance in his full length mirror. As he stared at his pretty image, he experienced mixed emotions. On the one hand, he secretly liked the way his makeup, hairstyle, and long restricting skirt made him appear older and more sophisticated. On the other hand, he wondered what Tim would think when he saw how feminine he had become.

Aunt Julia could very well imagine the confusion that clouded his mind, as she watched him staring trance like into his mirror. Momentarily, she brought him back to reality by saying, "I'm pleased that you were able to completely dress yourself, Jackie. Now, let's have a look at you."

Holding his arms out and up, he turned before her as he had done for himself in the mirror.

She gave him a very detailed visual inspection before purring, "You look fabulous Jackie!" Producing a gold necklace and pendant earrings decorated with real emeralds to match his dress, she continued. "Now for your jewelry. Turn around, and I'll fasten your necklace."

The necklace and earrings were very beautiful. Because of their weight, Jack knew they must be very expensive. These earrings were heavier than any he had worn before, and to prevent them from falling off, Aunt Julia screwed them uncomfortably tight onto his lobes. When she stepped back, his hands, with their bright red nails flew immediately to his aching ears. "I can't wear these earrings, Aunt Julia," he said in a pleading voice. "They're much too tight!"

"Nonsense!" she responded. "You have to learn to put up with a little discomfort to look attractive like any girl. You'll see how you forget the pain when you see how they enhance your beauty."

Was that the kind of thing Tim's mother was talking about?

Standing back for another critical look at her erstwhile nephew, she said, "I was right all along, wasn't I Jackie? You really should have been a girl! Even you can't deny that now, not even to yourself." When Jack did not answer, she continued. "Freshen your lipstick with a heavier application, put on some of that captivating new perfume

Mr. Marceau gave you, and you will be the most enchanting young girl in all of London.” When he completed his assignment, she put her arm around his chiffon covered shoulders and said, “I’m very proud to have you as my niece, Jackie. You are very lovely.”

Her praise and affection averted his fears away from the impending meeting with Tim and Cathy for a moment, but they returned quickly as his aunt said, “It’s time for our guests to be arriving, and we should go down to greet them.”

Fully aware of higher than usual heels, his heavy makeup, the constraint of his long skirt, and the tickle of the dangling earrings on his cheeks, Jack hesitantly followed his aunt out of the room and down the stairs.

When the two entered the parlor, none of the guests had arrived, but Donna, Terry, and Paul were waiting for them.

All three were speechless at the complete and total feminine appearance of their American cousin. Not one iota of the boy who had visited from America earlier in the summer remained. They could only stare in total awe as he pranced uncertainly into the room.

Finally, Donna, who was wearing a seductive, tight, low cut, black, full length dress, mostly for Robert’s benefit was able to regain her composure. She rushed over to Jack, smiled sincerely, and said, “Jackie, although you always claimed to be a boy, I knew you were really a beautiful girl, and tonight my lovely cousin, you have proved me right.”

Terry was instantaneously jealous upon seeing Jack in his stylish, eye catching dress. She was wearing a yellow party dress that she had worn before and felt positively plain beside Jack. Her makeup was on the conservative side and by no stretch of the imagination could her look compete with the glamour of her boy cousin. Temporarily forgetting her competition for the boy’s affection was, in reality, a boy himself, she thought, “I’ll bet Jackie dominates the boy’s attention, and when Robert sees her, and Donna too, he won’t know I’m alive! Oh, why wasn’t I allowed to get a new dress and hairdo like Jackie?”

Jack, unaware of Terry’s feelings, had worries enough of his own, and these horrible fears were realized when the door bell sounded. He knew the moment of truth has arrived. His every instinct told him to run, to get away, but he knew Aunt Julia was standing behind him, effectively blocking any escape attempt. All he could do was stand his ground and shamefully face his friends. Why, oh why, did Donna and Aunt Julia want to embarrass him so in front of his friends who knew he was a boy?

Paul, who had yet to speak to Jack, answered the door and escorted the Armstrongs and the Daynors into the room.

When Tim saw his blushing friend in this elegant dress and heels,

with his elegant jewelry, flawless makeup, and exquisite hairstyle, he became confused and excited simultaneously. How could this beautiful creature be his best friend? No boy could appear so delicate or so beautiful. No way! Like Jack, Tim's mind became a jumbled mass of confusion and contradiction. On the one hand, he wanted to grab his friend and help him get away from the influence of his domineering aunt, while on the other hand, he felt an almost irresistible urge to capture this gorgeous being tightly in his arms and kiss her passionately on her luscious red lips. Was there something about his friend he had missed during the years of their friendship? "How can a boy possibly look so beautiful and so sexy?" Tim wondered as he stared at Jack.

Cathy, unlike her brother, did not hesitate to rush over to Jack and hug him affectionately. "Jackie, you look stunning, and that dress is. . .is. . .simply you!"

Jack blushed to his toenails, but before he could respond or compliment her in return, Peter came rushing over to his side smiling broadly and said, "Jackie, you are gorgeous. I know you will be very popular tonight, but I hope you will save several dances for me. Slow ones, if you know what I mean," he finished with a suggestive wink.

Hennie, who made her entrance on the arm of her proud older brother Robert, was wearing a long red dress with a back walking slit. The heels of her red pumps weren't quite as high as Jackie's, but her makeup was perfect, and her hair was swept up and back in an attractive style. She too had obviously attended a beauty salon that afternoon. However, she was feeling self-conscious about her attire because she was aware that most of those present had known her as a boy.

Everyone made small talk for a while, and soon, dinner was served.

There was a mad rush of competitors bidding to sit beside Jack at the table. They consisted of Tim, Cathy, Peter, and surprisingly, even Paul. He finally ended up sitting between Peter and Tim. Peter, the only one of the group who didn't know Jackie was really a boy, rudely pushed Cathy aside to win the honor of sitting on Jack's right. Tim managed to beat out a less aggressive Paul to sit on his left.

Several times during the meal, Peter's left hand crept over to caress Jack's thigh underneath the table. Jack, thoroughly embarrassed and not wanting the others to know of his plight, discretely pushed Peter's hand away each time. Peter, on the other hand, enjoyed his little "game" and continued to play with Jackie's legs throughout the meal.

After dinner, when the group adjourned to the drawing room for cordials and dancing, as Peter had suggested, Jack found himself to be a very popular dance partner. Peter, Paul, and even Robert sought

to whirl about the floor with the lovely Jackie in their arms. The only one to avoid her was a very confused Tim.

Donna was burning with jealousy at the attention Robert was paying to Jackie, and for the moment, she regretted doing such a thorough job of turning him into a beautiful and sensuous lady.

Cathy, on the other hand, was thrilled by Jack's elegant appearance. She wished she could take him in her arms and hold him close for a slow waltz. Knowing this was impossible since they were both girls, she did the next best thing. She sat beside her brother who, unlike the other young men, had shunned his beautiful friend. "Why don't you dance with Jackie?" she asked.

"She's so beautiful. . .so sexy. . .so different," Tim said as he watched Robert glide effortlessly about the floor with his best friend. "She doesn't look or act anything like the Jack I remember. Neither he nor I were ever much good at dancing, but look at Jackie. She's great. . .and so light on her feet.

"Why are you referring to him as a girl?"

Tim looked down and turned red. "Since we went to dinner and to the movies the other night, you know when he wore that pretty yellow dress, I've had trouble thinking of him as a boy. The way his aunt makes him dress, it's easier to think of him as a girl."

Feeling almost as sorry for her embarrassed brother as she did for the feminized Jack, Cathy said, "I'll bet he thinks the reason you are ignoring him is because you are disgusted with him for dressing as a girl."

"No, I. . .I don't feel that way," Tim sputtered. "I don't feel that way at all! I know he wears dresses because his crazy aunt makes him."

"He has no way of knowing that unless you tell him," she said in a serious tone. "Go ask him. . .or her if you prefer, to dance, and tell him how you feel. Let him know that, as his friend, you aren't abandoning him."

Tim was very unsure of himself, but following his sister's instructions, he asked Jack to dance. He was reluctant to speak for fear of saying the wrong thing and hurting his friend's feelings.

Jack was feeling much the same as Tim, but because of his experiences of the past two months, he was better equipped to deal with embarrassing situations. "You must think me a terrible sissy," he said as he expertly followed his friend's lead.

"Oh no!" Tim responded immediately. "I asked you to dance because I wanted to let you know that I don't blame you for what is happening and to assure you that I won't tell anyone at home. I just don't understand how you can look so beautiful and act so much like a girl. If I didn't know better, I would. . ." He let his voice trail off.

"I don't wonder that I look and act so much like a girl," Jack said,

feeling slightly relieved by his friend's words. "Aunt Julia makes me wear girl's clothes all the time. She even makes me practice talking, walking, sitting, and dancing like a girl. I have to do girl's chores and things like putting on makeup and styling my hair. If I don't do all these things obediently, she punishes me by taking me out in public where I have to try really hard to act like a girl to keep people from finding out I'm a boy. Can you imagine how embarrassing that would be? I guess, by trying so hard to do things her way to avoid those awful punishments, acting like a girl sort of became a habit."

"She sure did a good job on you!" Tim said. "In that dress, you're prettier than any of the real girls here tonight."

The dance ended, and Tim escorted Jack back to his seat. When Tim left to get them a cool drink, Robert came over and asked Jack to dance again.

When Donna saw Jack gliding across the floor in Robert's arms again, she became infuriated. Rage, spurred by jealousy, burned in her eyes as she stalked back and forth, waiting impatiently for the dance to end. The instant the music stopped, Donna grabbed Jack and wrenched him from Robert's grasp. "Come along to the library, Jackie!" she steamed. "We need to have a talk."

With a firm grasp on his wrist, she propelled him roughly out of the room almost causing him to trip and fall in his tight skirt and high heels. When they reached the library, she unceremoniously shoved him inside and slammed the door behind her. Jack prevented himself from sprawling across the floor only by grabbing onto a bookshelf to steady himself.

Donna wasted no time in verbally attacking her hapless victim. "Who do you think you are Jackie? Just because you are a girl now, don't think for a minute I'll let you get away with trying to steal my fiancée!"

"What do you mean?" he asked fearfully, not understanding her meaning.

"Don't act naive, you brazen hussy!" she demanded. "You have been dancing with Robert and leading him on all evening just to spite me, so don't play 'Little Miss Innocent'. I have worked hard to teach you to be a proper and gracious young lady, and this is the thanks I get!"

Jack, who knew he had not purposely done anything to entice



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Robert and certainly nothing to upset the spiteful Donna, looked down at his feminine costume, nervously shuffled his feet and said, "But Donna, I haven't. . ."

"Don't you dare 'But Donna' me!" she stormed, cutting him off. Then, jabbing her finger repeatedly into his chiffon covered chest for emphasis, she continued the tirade at her intimidated cousin. "If I see you dancing with him again, I'll cane you so hard you won't be able to sit for a week! Do I make myself clear?"

From prior knowledge, Jack knew further explanations or excuses would be fruitless, for Donna was in no mood for excuses. Believing abject surrender to be his best course of action, he lowered his head and said, "I'm sorry Donna. I guess I just got carried away. It won't happen again."

Cathy saw the intimidated and fearful look on Jack's face as he followed Donna back into the ballroom, and she suspected what might have happened. In an attempt to sooth Jack's feelings, she rushed over to him saying, "Let's powder our noses Jackie."

Jack followed her into the bathroom, and as soon as the door was closed and locked behind them, Cathy threw her arms around him and kissed him hard on his red lips. Because of his affection for her, he put his arms around her and passionately returned her kiss.

"Cathy, you don't know what you do to me," he said breathlessly when they separated.

"Maybe not," she purred, "but I sure know what you do to me. I would give anything to get you off to myself for a couple of hours. That was fun, but we had better fix our makeup and get back out there before anyone gets suspicious. Most of them know we're really not two girls."

The party broke up shortly thereafter because the Daynors had to catch an early airplane to Paris. Jack was glad Robert hadn't had a chance to ask him for another dance, because he would have had to invent an excuse to refuse him or face Donna's wrath.

As they were saying their goodbyes, Tim pulled Jack close, kissed him gently on the cheek, and whispered in his ear, "Don't let all these crazy women get you down, Jackie. September will be here soon, and we can put all this foolishness behind us."

"Why did he kiss me?" Jack wondered to himself with disgust. "In spite of what Tim said when we were dancing, does he really think of me as a girl?"

His thoughts were cut short when Cathy embraced and kissed him again and said, "I look forward to seeing you in Greenwich soon Jackie, and I'll love you no matter how you're dressed."

The last weeks in August flew by quickly, but nothing changed for Jack. He became so thoroughly enmeshed in feminine routines

that most of the time he forgot he was ever a boy. As a matter of fact, so had all the others, and that did not make things any easier for him.

Jack and Terry wore only attractive dresses or skirts, while Aunt Julia continued to hold a tight rein over both of them. She filled their vacant moments with useful needle work and similar girlish pursuits.

Donna, especially, continued to watch Jack closely and constantly, and she made sure he was punished immediately and severely for any infrequent lapse in behavior or respect.

The Armstrongs and Kerrs had become close friends and visited often back and forth.

Hank had plunged so deeply into the role of his mother's daughter that the Armstrongs completely adjusted to the fact that they now had a girl in the family.

Mary Armstrong continued to suffer that strange delusion, and while her depressions were milder and less frequent, she still insisted Hennie was her daughter. She had forgotten completely that she ever had a second son named Hank.

She never mentioned that name anymore, and that sometimes worried Robert. Knowing his mother had always wanted a daughter, he wondered whether she might be consciously taking advantage of the situation. "No loving mother would do this thing to a son, if she were in her good senses," he reasoned. So, Robert worried less, especially when he saw how completely Hank had resigned himself to being a girl. He sometimes appeared to have a good time with Terry and Jackie. This being the case, Robert shrugged off his concerns, hoping this strange situation would bring no serious harm and, hopefully, would soon end. He could not help watching with fascination, when he saw Terry, Jackie, and Hank teasing each other back and forth. They even sometimes sat gabbing like school girls about clothes and their handiwork.

Hank's mother, following Aunt Julia's example, had taken her daughter well in hand, insisting that she wear one of her cute ruffled pinafores at all times when in the house. "You look so sweet in them dear. . .and anyway, most of the time you are doing something that requires protecting your pretty dresses."

Hank, still fearful of his older brother's earlier threats, had not argued too much. After all, Terry and Jackie wore them as well. Apparently, all English girls were supposed to. Unlike Jack, Hank was well motivated to be a girl. He reasoned that, after all, he did it to please his mother, and he enjoyed her special affection. This made his attitude so cooperative that his progress in conversion to femininity, if possible, was even faster than Jack's.

Anne, the maid, helped him whenever she could, and whether he needed help or not. She was determined that Hank was to become a "proper girl", as she called it. Of course, she always had the selfish

motive that with a girl in the house, she could count on help. She became very clever in maneuvering Mrs. Armstrong into situations where she had no alternative but to order Hennie to help. Anne also made a habit of carefully checking Hank's appearance, making sure he kept himself dainty, fresh, hairless, and soft. She often helped him with his hair and taught him to become proficient at washing and styling it. She even suggested that he offer to do his mother's hair to gain more practice. She encouraged him to admire, care for, and enjoy his pretty soft clothes. Hank was learning fast! One morning, she caught him sitting prettily on his ruffled vanity stool in his girlish bedroom. He was fingering the delicate lace of his lovely nightgown, and admiring his smooth legs as he stretched his toes out like a ballerina.

Of course, the continued lessons at Mrs. Thornsby's helped tremendously. Hank now moved with the same graceful posture and smooth walk as Jack. He even appeared to take pride in looking and acting as much the pretty natural girl as Terry and Jackie, his close girlfriends.

Peter, the least thoughtful of the boys, quickly came to accept his new sister as a matter of fact. One day, he came into the house with mud spots on his jacket and pants. "Sis. . . could you help me get these out? Mom would be so mad if she sees them," he asked his pinafore clad brother.

So naturally girlish did Hank feel already, that he treated Peter's request as normal. As a matter of course, he went to get a damp cloth and carefully wiped the spots clean, while scolding his younger brother, telling him to be more careful with his good clothes.

Terry, Jackie, and Hennie were quickly becoming inseparable, giving Aunt Julia and Donna a chance to watch and enjoy Hank's progress as a girl. With mounting glee, they compared the constant feminization of their own kindred, Jack, with Hank's.

Both "girls" had been to several church socials, and Hank was already losing his initial shyness as he copied Terry and Jackie. He eventually found himself enjoying the occasional dancing with his corseted waist captured in the arms of a handsome young man. Knowing all the dance steps. . . and having become proficient in them at Mrs. Thornsby's, gave him a sense of accomplishment. This pride in himself almost made him forget that he should be the one who led the girl around, and certainly not the reverse. Yes, Mrs. Thornsby certainly knew her business!

In his infrequent letters to his mother, Jack had, of course, never mentioned his forced feminine dress and activities at the hands of his aunt. Replies from her were equally scarce, except for post cards from the various foreign places she and his sister were visiting. They came

from all over, Bahamas, Rio de Janeiro, Curacao, and Vancouver.

In his last letter, he had rather urgently inquired whether arrangements and reservations had been made for his return trip. So far, no reply had been received.

Jack thought often of Cathy. . .and he longed to go home, primarily for this reason, although, of course, the fervent wish to be able to resume his own clothes was foremost. . .always. Still, the two wishes and feelings were somehow intertwined. He realized that if his intimate relationship with Cathy was ever to flourish, he would have to wear the pants. . .and she the skirts. She would just have to forget all about that girlfriend business.

He felt as if struck by lightning when he finally received a letter from his mother saying she was extending her travels for a few more months. She said that, under the circumstances, she thought it best for him to stay at his aunt's at least until Christmas. "We intend to visit Hong Kong and Indonesia. I am sure Aunt Julia can make arrangements for your schooling there on a temporary basis. We hope to be in Europe in December, and perhaps we can celebrate Christmas together. We could then go home the first week in January in time for you to enroll in school."

He was completely in the dumps after reading the crushing news, he sat in his room with his head in his neatly manicured hands. What could he do? He certainly did not want to stay here! All kinds of ideas went through his head as he desperately tried to find ways and means to leave this house. Suddenly, he had an idea! He would ask to stay with the Daynors until his mother returned. It would be wonderful to stay at Cathy's house! He could have fun with Tim as well. Of course, he would have to get his mother's permission, and that would be hard. She had written that she was taking a cruise to the Caribbean Islands and could not be reached for several weeks. If only he could manage that solution!

His face pale with disappointment and concern, Jack came down to dinner. He noticed that Aunt Julia and Donna were watching him closer than usual, and he straightened his skirts, making sure everything was in order. He kept quiet during dinner, letting Terry and Paul do all the talking. During a pause in the conversation, Aunt Julia brought up the subject. "I also had a letter from your mother Jackie. Isn't it nice that you can stay a while longer with us?"

Jack grimaced, not knowing what to say. He had become too polite and submissive to come right out and say he abhorred the idea. Still, he didn't feel he could lie and say he was truly happy either.

He just sat in silence until Donna reprimanded him. "Have you lost your tongue, young lady? Don't you know it is impolite to leave an older lady's question unanswered?"

As everyone looked at him, he screwed up all of his courage and

said, "I . . . I really can't stay here and miss school that long. I would get too far behind. I think I should ask Mom whether I can stay at Tim's house for a few months . . . till Christmas. They live in Greenwich too. . . not far from our house."

"That's out of the question!" Aunt Julia snapped brusquely. "Your mother has entrusted you to my care, and I'm not letting you stay at some stranger's house where you haven't even been invited. In any event, I have already written your mother that we will enjoy having you with us until she returns at Christmas."

"But, Tim is no stranger. . . and you have met Mrs. Daynor yourself. I'm sure Mom would let me stay there for a while. I'll write and ask her myself."

"Not another word about this absurd idea! You will stay with us until your mother comes to pick you up, and that is final!" Her voice was so firm and cold that Jack did not dare argue further. "We'll have to figure something out for your study and schooling though," she added.

"Jackie can go to Langley School with me," Terry said enthusiastically.

"But that would mean?" Paul injected, with horror in his face. He stopped in mid sentence and bit his tongue. The idea that his cousin would be sent to a girl's school. . . in a gymfrock. . . was too offensive and too horrible to contemplate. . . even in this crazy household.

"Of course, he would have to wear our school uniform. . . like the other girls," Terry said gleefully.

Jack jumped up in consternation. "I can't go to a girl's school. . ."

His aunt interrupted him, forcing him to stop in mid-sentence. "Just sit down, and don't get so excited Jackie. I know you could never get away with that. . . even if you were a day student. I saw how you looked at Cathy. No, you still have too much boy in you to expose you to a bevy of young girls all day at school. It just would not work. You haven't learned enough yet. We'll just have to think of something else."

Paul helpfully suggested the obvious. . . and normal solution. "He could go with me to school. I'm sure she. . . er. . . he would fit in well enough, even though our courses are somewhat different."

Donna said, "I can just see Jackie, in her pretty skirts, going to a boy's school."

"But, I could wear. . .," Jack started, his voice in a high pitch of excitement.

Aunt Julia cut him off abruptly, knowing what he was hoping for, but not giving him a chance to say it. "Out of the question! Just put that idea out of your pretty head. We are not about to waste three months of hard work, effort, and training, getting you dressed and

learning to be a girl nicely. We will just have to find some other solution.”

Jack dropped his head in resignation. His face turned very pale, and tears streamed down his cheeks, streaking his makeup. If his aunt had her way, he would be in skirts for at least another four months. Then, with a shock, he realized his mother and sister might see him in December. “But Aunt Julia,” he begged, “I don’t want Mom and Sis to see me like this. You promised you wouldn’t tell them. . .you know you did Aunt Julia! I would rather DIE!” Jack was getting agitated, and a knot was tightening in the pit of his stomach. There was no doubt that he meant what he said. The ultimate humiliation would be for his sister to see him dressed and acting so completely feminine.

“Yes, I know. . .,” Aunt Julia hushed him. “But, Christmas is a long way off, and a lot can happen before then. We won’t look that far ahead just now. Just don’t worry your girlish mind about these things. Your aunt will take care of everything and do what she thinks best for you.”

The next afternoon, he was invited for tea at the Armstrong’s. He wore a front buttoning sleeveless linen dress with a scarf around the neck, giving the simple outfit style and elegance, as well as color. It was an old dress of Donna’s that now fit him perfectly. He was not fond of it at all, because of the silly buttons; however, as usual, he was given no choice at all in the matter. This dress was similar to the one he had worn to dinner and the movie with the Daynors, except it was a very light pastel blue, had a shorter skirt, and no sleeves.

Peter, again, asked him to pose for a photograph. He had already taken a number of pictures of his sister Hennie and had some film left. Good heartedly, Jack agreed, posing in the garden with his hands in the pockets of his dress.

A few days later, Mrs Armstrong and Hennie came for tea. Hennie wore a delightful new dress of dotted polyester with white collar and cuffs. He was really making progress in the makeup department because his face was beautifully done and his hair was kept neat by a barrette over each ear. His mother was obviously proud of her beautiful and elegant daughter.

Jack noticed Hank’s very small waist and graceful movements. One could hardly tell that this was really a boy as he curtsied expertly for Aunt Julia and Donna. He then held an accomplished feminine pose so they could admire his new dress.

Hank’s mother told that she had to lace him tighter than ever for this dress to fit properly. “Isn’t her figure divine,” she asked.

When Jack found himself wishing that he had a beautiful dress

like that, he blushed in confusion. Imagine him. . . a boy. . . admiring and WANTING a dress!

Mary Armstrong told Aunt Julia that she had made arrangements for the boys to go to school. Robert had been lucky enough to be accepted as a student at Oxford, and Peter was going to a boys school in Sussex. "We must find a place to live, as our lease is up, and we have to find a school for Hennie," she heaved a sigh. "Hennie doesn't want to go to a girl's school, and she is absolutely adamant about it. I just don't understand.

Aunt Julia said helpfully. . . with a wink to Hank, "Well, maybe she is so used to a coed school, that she is spoiled now. However, there are few coed schools here for young children."

Everyone looked at Hank who blushed sharply. Especially when Terry said, "It must be heavenly to have boys around school for dances and dates. You sure are lucky in America."

Aunt Julia then told the Armstrongs, "Jackie will be staying for another four months or so, and she doesn't want to go to a girl's school either."

"Would it be possible to find a tutor for them?" Mrs. Armstrong asked.

Aunt Julia sat thinking.

Donna suggested, "Why don't we ask Mrs. Thornsby if she knows someone? She used to be with several girl's schools, and she must have lots of connections and friends."

"That's a very good idea," Aunt Julia responded. The girls could have their own governess, and get proper supervision and instruction from someone who has experience with such things. That would be very good for Terry also.

Both of the boys shuddered involuntarily when Mrs. Thornsby had been mentioned.

"Please Mom. . . not a private teacher. . . please let me go back to Langley where all my friends are," Terry pleaded.

"You became entirely too fresh before Jackie came here, and you are still much too independent for a little girl, young lady. A school is for learning. . . not for fun," Aunt Julia said firmly. "When we find a good governess, she will see to it that you girls learn proper deportment, manners, and everything that a future lady of the house must know."

Hank and Jack wiggled even more in their chairs. Now what terrible things were going to happen to them? Hank was especially worried. How terrible it would be having to learn the same things as the real girls.

As the plan was discussed, the mothers became more and more enthusiastic.

"Hennie can come over to our house every day and join the classes," Donna said.

"I know something even better," Aunt Julia said. "Why don't you and Hennie move in with us when your boys leave for school? Then she can benefit from the same close supervision."

Mrs. Armstrong hesitated. "That would be such an imposition on you. I would not think of it. We will start looking for an apartment soon."

Aunt Julia insisted. "We'll set the four rooms of the East Wing aside for you. You can bring your maid, Anne, with you, and if you insist, we can even arrange to have you pay rent if that makes you feel better. Actually, with three young girls in the house, we won't need two maids." Standing up, she said, "I'll call Vera Thornsby right now."

Terry, Hank, and Jack looked at each other, as they were obviously worried. They had heard and read enough about a governess who, in stories, ruled her household with an iron hand. She would leave no stone unturned to make her charges into proper, well behaved, well educated, prim misses ready to take their rightful place in society as wives and mothers.

Even Terry hated to contemplate the changes which would occur. . .let alone the two worried boys. What could they do? Suppose the governess discovered they weren't really girls? What would she think? What if she were told the secret in advance? That would be even worse!

If our skirted boys had even a small inkling of what was in store for them, they would have run away as fast as they could. . .as far as they could. . .dresses and all.

But, fortunately, the future is a mystery to us mortals, helping the human being to carry his burden. . .day by day. . .suffering little by little by little with always the hope that "tomorrow will be better".

Aunt Julia entered the room. "We're in luck," she said. "Vera has heard of a lady who used to be the Headmistress in a posh Swiss finishing school for young society ladies. She retired last year and now finds life in England so dull, that she is actively looking for a new opportunity. She prefers something that will allow her to experiment with her educational ideas. Mrs. Thornsby is getting in touch with her and will ask her to contact us as soon as possible."

The details were discussed, and Mary Armstrong finally accepted Aunt Julia's invitation to move into the large Kerr mansion when the boys left for school. There were many arrangements to be made, and time passed quickly. Donna announced that it was time for Terry and Jackie to start preparations for dinner.

"You will have dinner with us, of course," Aunt Julia insisted.

"But the boys?" Mary Armstrong objected.

"Hennie can call them to go ahead and eat. Your maid is there, isn't she?"

"Yes. . . and she would have dinner ready by now," Mary replied.

Hank obediently went to the telephone and called Anne, who sounded annoyed when he gave her the message.

All three girls were pressed into service by Donna as before. Soon, they were busy in their cute matching pinafores, looking like they had always done this sort of thing.

Aunt Julia entertained their guests during dinner with stories about her governess when she was a young girl. "It sounds amusing now, but I can assure you, it was far from funny then."

She told how she had been laced to the limit, wore corsets day and night, and a backboard most days to keep her erect. She mentioned saddle straps, harnesses, and other torture devices used to make the young girls of her time into a stereotype of what was then considered the utmost in beautiful, simpering, sweet Victorian girlhood.

"But, all that has changed nowadays, of course," Mary Armstrong said, when she saw the fearful look in her daughter's eyes.

"I guess they use different methods now," Aunt Julia agreed. "In any event, we'll soon find out, won't we?"

Late that night, the Armstrongs were driven home, where they found Peter and Robert playing chess.

"You're late Mom," Peter complained. "Where have you been all day?"

"Well, we hope to have found a solution for Hennie's schooling," she replied. Sitting with her eldest son, she gave him the details.

Robert looked at his new sister, as she sat demurely in her pretty dress, listening politely to her mother's explanation.

Peter unthinkingly said, "I'll bet you're glad you don't have to go to a girl's school, Hennie."

Robert kicked his dumb brother hard in the shins for that dangerous remark.

Hank saved the day by saying, "I'll be close to Mother this way. She won't be left alone while you two are away at school."

Mary Armstrong put her hand on her daughter's arm. "Yes Darling. . . I am so glad you will be staying with me."

Robert remained thoughtfully silent. He was carefully contemplating the repercussions of this latest turn of events for Hank. How would it work having a governess, who no doubt would tolerate only girlish behavior? What would this mean for Hank? He looked at his pretty sister, sitting there so correctly. . . like a real girl. . . his padded bosom softly prominent in his tight fitting stylish dress.

Their eyes met for a painful moment, and Hank lowered his head

shyly, his hair falling forward around his face. Distressed by the embarrassment he felt under the stare of his older brother, he took a dainty hankie from his sleeve to wipe away a tear that was rolling down his cheek. He could readily guess what Robert was thinking. . . . "How in heaven's name is it possible that Hank has become such an elegant, natural girl. . . . in such a short time."

On an impulse, Robert moved to sit beside Hank on the couch. He put his hand on Hank's shoulder, carefully chose his words, and said with understanding, "You don't have much of a choice Sis. . . . but think. . . . it will be such a comfort for me to know that you will be with Mother. I'm sure you will take good care of her while we're away, and I know you will not neglect your studies. . . . even though a governess will be teaching you."

"But!" Hank started, then stopped just as abruptly. He could not mention all his misgivings and forebodings with his mother present. He just had to make it look easy and as a matter of course.

He never had a chance to talk further with Robert about this as his mother put her arms around his shoulder, and said, "Let's go to bed dear. . . . we have had a busy day, and there is a hectic time in store for us, seeing that the boys get packed and moving our own things to the Kerr house."

"Yes Mom," Hank said softly, and passively let himself be led away.

Mrs. Armstrong kissed her boys good night. Only when Robert almost kissed him as well, did Hank realize how much he was being accepted as a girl by his own closest family!

The next morning, Hank woke up early. The weather was dreary outside, and he heard the wind beat against the windows. He lay in bed, letting his thoughts run along with the developments of the last few weeks. He wondered if this was really helping his mother, and how long it would it last? What would the future bring him? As he thought over his situation, he became aware of his fluffy soft hair on his pillow and the clinging caress of his long nylon nightgown. How was it possible that his life had changed so completely in just a few short weeks?

Then, he remembered that it was Anne's day off. He had heard his brothers walk downstairs some time ago, so dutifully, he got up and dressed. Feeling chilly, this English house always seemed drafty, he chose a beige knit sweater over a tartan wool skirt. He experienced that strange feeling again, when he looked in the mirror while taking the curlers out of his hair. The sweater fit him tightly, and he was embarrassed at the way his padded breasts pushed forward. Still, at the same time, he was also pleased by the effect. They seemed so right and made him naturally attractive. His clothes appeared to be proper and fitting for him. He decided not to use the hairpiece, as his own

hair, when parted in the middle, already looked completely feminine, with the flips turned to the outside.

Downstairs, he found his brothers sprawled in their chairs, leafing through the morning paper. "Good morning Sis. . . I'm famished."

Hank laughed at the way his brothers had picked up some of the fancy English words. At home, they would have used "hungry" or "starved".

"I guess I'm elected to make breakfast then?" he said looking at Robert for some sign of understanding. Gee, the least they could do was ask him nicely to prepare their breakfast for them. Not getting any reaction, he turned slowly toward the kitchen, feeling put upon.

Robert sensed his despair and paid him a compliment. "You look very nice Sis. . . you're a real sweater girl."

Hank looked back at him, blushing deeply. Then realizing that his older brother was trying to be nice to him, he said softly, "Why thank you, Robert. . . you just say that so I will make your favorite pancakes."

"No. . . really. . . you look so simple and natural in that outfit. . . all girl. . . real girl. . . if you know what I mean," he added.

Without reply, but feeling the eyes of both his brothers on him, he walked femininely toward the door. He walked with short steps and with his hips swinging as Mrs. Thornsby had taught him. This was already becoming habit, and he did it without thinking.

In the kitchen, he tied on a white, gathered, organdy apron. As he had promised Robert his pancakes, he started making the batter. Then, he prepared bacon and eggs as well. After all, his brothers had said they were hungry.

After a short time, Peter came into the kitchen. "HMMMMM Sis, everything sure smells good. Robert sent me to ask if you need help with anything."

"It's about time!" Hank replied. "You act like you were the Shah of Persia, used to being served by his slaves."

"You're such a pretty slave," Peter joked, eyeing his apron clad brother who was working so efficiently.

"It's almost ready. You go ahead and set the table, but be sure to use the breakfast cloth, this time," Hank added.

Carrying the food to the dining room took several trips. When he finally joined his brothers, he forgot to remove his apron. He was amazed at how much his brothers ate. He had always had a good appetite, but because of his tight corset, he could no longer eat nearly as much as before.

Again, they left the table deliberately, leaving him with the clean up and dirty dishes. He was a little annoyed, but then sighed and thought, "Well, after all, they are boys."

Hank sank in his chair when he became acutely conscious of that

thought. He received a shock every time his mind accepted his person as a girl. . .different from his brothers. A female. . .who's duty it was to do all these household tasks without complaining and as a matter of course. If his own mind kept accepting himself as a girl, how could he expect others to react differently? Whatever was happening to him?

Eventually, he forgot his worries, and automatically started the clean up. He then prepared breakfast for his mother and took it up to her. Later, he straightened out the house. Every time he passed a mirror, he became aware of his prominent bosom and small waist. He received a push toward that inner feeling of femininity, every time this happened.

Meanwhile, at the Kerr house, things were developing quickly. Aunt Julia had received a telephone call from Cora Vincent, stating that she was interested in the position of governess. Aunt Julia mentioned at lunch that she would have a meeting with her that afternoon in London.

With much concern in his voice, Jack asked, "Will you tell her about me. . .I mean?"

"I know what you mean," Aunt Julia grinned. "I'll see first what she is like and what her ideas are. She sounded very nice and efficient over the phone. Usually governesses take complete charge of their pupils and supervise them from morning till night. If they're really interested that is. . .and like the family they work for. Then, they really put their heart in it. I well remember my governess. At any rate. . .she will find out sooner or later, so we might as well tell her about you and Hennie up front. Then, she will realize right from the start that she has her work cut out for her."

Donna said with enthusiasm, "I can't wait to see what she is like and what her methods are. I hope she uses the cane also. She smiled and poked her elbow into Paul's ribs, as he happened to be sitting beside her.

Paul listened to all this with opened mouth. Imagine. . .his cousin. . .a rough boy only three months ago. . .being educated under the control of a governess. . .and trained to be a girl. But for the grace of God, this might be happening to him! He was glad his mother no longer permitted Donna to boss him around. He could really understand Jack's depressed, worried mood as he sat there blushing, with barely suppressed anger.

Jack was completely browbeaten and presented a perfect picture of dejection as he sat there in a stylish knit jumper and blouse that fit him perfectly. The grey and white sculptured jumper had a red band around the low scoop neck and the arm holes. His had neatly combed his own hair into a pageboy with the flip brushed to the inside and a fringe of bangs over his forehead. No touch of Jack could be seen. He

looked like a perfect girl in his stylish dress and his pristine white blouse with flaring sleeves.

Paul also saw that Terry was not happy about the new governess. She was going to miss her girlfriends and the careless light hearted atmosphere at her school. Another thing that bothered Terry very much was that she was to be treated exactly like the two make believe girls. No doubt, she would be expected to set an example all the time. She felt so silly, having to compete against these two boys in skirts, especially since Jack sometimes exhibited more feminine traits and mannerisms than she. How could she have allowed them to turn the tables on her this way and let Paul escape? She felt a strong sense of envy toward Paul, who had now completely outgrown her domination. He now treated her as his little sister who was helpless, weak, and needed protection, and she was older than him!

In an effort to get back at Paul, Terry said, "Why can't Paul have his lessons here with the governess also? We would enjoy having a boy around us."

Paul rose to his feet in anger, then regained his seat when his mother said, "No, that would be ridiculous! Paul is a young man and belongs in his own school with male teachers and companions. You would not want your brother to learn sewing and things, would you?"

Before Terry could reply, Jack really got his dander up. Half rising from his chair, he started, "But. . .but, what about me?"

His aunt cut him off right there, before he could utter another word or objection. "You be quiet Jackie! You're a girl now. . .we know it. . .you know it, and everyone you've met here, including your friend Tim knows it! So, don't you argue! I think you have secretly developed a liking for your new clothes and status. You now act completely natural as a girl. You can't begin to compare yourself with Paul. He is growing into a strong young man who, at least, acts like a male."

Jack opened his mouth again, but shut it in the same breath when he saw his aunt's icy stare. In frustration, he angrily stood up, and, from force of habit, put on his green and white striped garden apron. He stamped outside, in a huff, to cut some Mums, which were just coming into full bloom. This activity calmed him somewhat, and the diversion was good for him.

That afternoon, Mrs. Armstrong and Hank arrived with the boys. Terry and Jack had been sitting quietly in the living room, talking and working on their needlework. Robert and Peter thought nothing of the girls wearing their childish pinafores, now that Hank wore them every day at home.

Hank explained that Aunt Julia had called from the city and invited them for dinner, so she could tell them about her meeting and interview with Miss Vincent. Mrs. Armstrong had asked whether it

was alright to bring the boys also. They would be leaving for school soon, and she wanted to be with them as much as possible.

Jack was surprised when Hank showed interest in his progress on his tablecloth, commenting knowledgeably on the colors and stitches.

Hank was dressed in a young looking sweater dress with the new layered look. It had a red pleated flaring skirt, and he wore matching red sandals with dainty ankle straps. His hairpiece hung loosely over his shoulders, framing his face softly and casually, and his makeup was perfect.

Hank talked to Paul, who showed him an illustration from a book he was reading. As Hank sat there, on the arm of a leather chair holding the book on his lap, Jack could not help thinking the oft repeated phrase. "Yes. . .yes, Hank really should have been a girl."

Except for the less than tasteful way he rested his left leg, Hank looked completely feminine and completely natural in his girlish dress. Mrs. Armstrong sure had gone all out in outfitting her daughter. Jack had not seen him twice in the same dress. He surprised himself with that thought. Again, here was proof that he was thinking as a woman. He noticed what other girls wore, critically judged their appearance in their dresses, and remembered what they had worn on previous occasions.

Mrs. Armstrong saw Jack looking at Hank, and said, "Come on Hennie. . .don't sit so carelessly. That's not proper for a girl. Hurry up and take a chair. . .quickly now!"

Hank blushed deeply at the admonishment, but he got up, curtsied nicely to his mother, and said, "I'm sorry Mom." He sank gracefully into a chair, arranging his skirts neatly, and remembering to hold his knees and ankles primly together, like Jackie and Terry. He hung his head in shame. Why did his mother always have to scold him in front of the others?

Aunt Julia came home late, looking pleased as punch.

Mary Armstrong asked, "How did it go, Julia. . .did you have any luck?"

"I'll tell you all about it at dinner," Mrs. Kerr replied. "I want to freshen up first, and Sarah tells me that she has been waiting on me to serve dinner."

With three pinafore clad helpers, dinner was on the table in no time. After the soup dishes had been removed by Terry and Jack, who returned with the main courses, and after everyone had been served, all present looked expectantly at the hostess.

"Well, we are all set," she began. "Cora Vincent. . .Miss Vincent to you girls. . .is a very nice person, kind looking, understanding and firm. At sixty two, she is still very active, and she is aching to get back into harness. We got along famously, and fortunately, she has

the same ideas about bringing up girls as myself. As a matter of fact, she is a little old fashioned in her methods, but I think that's all to the good. Mrs. Thornsby used to work under her, and I had the distinct impression that she taught Vera all she knows about handling young girls."

Jack and Hank trembled when they heard that.

Terry did not look too happy either. She had heard more than enough about Mrs. Thornsby from Jack.

Aunt Julia continued. "Miss Vincent is a very cultured person with an excellent education and is very intelligent as well. She speaks four languages fluently and is also very musical. She thinks that every girl should master at least one musical instrument and learn to sing as well. She believes that a busy girl is a happy girl, and she plans full days for you three. . .even on weekends."

"Did you hire her, definitely?" Mrs. Armstrong asked.

"Yes I did. I knew you would approve of her. She will be staying here, but she isn't planning to make the girls into homebodies, Aunt Julia continued. "I think she is somewhat of a feminist herself, but does not believe in freedom for her female charges. The girls will be getting plenty of cultural outings, concerts, opera, museums, historical sites, and other places of interest."

"Gee. . .I wish we had that in our school," Paul butted in.

"Well, if you wish, you can stay home and learn with the girls," Donna said with a big fat smile.

That shut Paul up immediately. He stole an anguished look at his mother, but fortunately, she ignored the interruption.

Hank was wriggling in his chair with the obvious question foremost in his mind. "Did. . .did you. . .uh. . .tell her about me?" he finally asked. He was very nervous and was trying to ask his question without giving away his secret to his mother, or worse. . .upset her. From the corner of his eye, he saw Robert giving him a warning glance.

"Yes Hennie. . .of course I did. I felt it was only fair to tell her that it was not going to be easy to make you three into proper ladies. You're so different," she said with a wink at Robert. "She will have her hands full turning you American girls into proper English ladies. But don't worry, she did not even bat an eye." Aunt Julia looked at Mary Armstrong, then went on, choosing her words with great care. "She has had a lot of experience teaching what she calls 'backward girls', and she assures me that she has been very successful with their training."

Jack asked in fiery consternation, "You mean. . .they. . .she. . .those—backward girls had to learn all the things the. . .others were taught?"

“Of course—and more. She told me that after a year, one could not tell them apart from the ‘regular’ pupils. She has had American girls in her school also, and says they were the most difficult to handle at first.”

Mary Armstrong had a vague look in her eyes, as she did not understand what the conversation was really about. After a short while, she said, “Well. . .we have no ‘backward girls’ here, so that does not concern us. And, she should not say that American girls are backward. If anything, they are too forward,” she concluded with a smile. “I know my Hennie needs closer supervision, and I’m glad we have found someone so eminently qualified to teach her. I really appreciate everything you have done Julia. You’ve helped us so. . .offering your home and all.”

“Nonsense!” Aunt Julia replied. “We are just glad everything has been resolved satisfactorily and so easily. I’m sure you would have done the same thing. . .and more, if we had been in similar difficult circumstances in the colonies.”

“What are you planning to use as a classroom?” Donna asked.

“I thought to open up the three rooms off the center hall, upstairs. Terry’s and Jackie’s rooms are near by, and Hennie’s room will be just around the corner. Miss Vincent can use two of the rooms as her suite and the other as a classroom. . .or whatever arrangement she prefers.”

Robert, Peter, and Paul had been silently enjoying their dinner, as Sarah was an excellent cook. Robert, however, had on occasion, glanced at his new sister, seeing him alternately blush and pale with anxiety. He wished he could help Hank, but there would be nothing he could do. He would be far away at school. Hank would just have to learn to become a good girl pupil and aim to please his governess, without any moral support from his brothers.

“When will she begin?” Mary Armstrong asked.

“September tenth. . .the day after Jackie’s birthday. She said she had to get text books and some special equipment for the school. She will pay us a visit Saturday to inspect the rooms and meet the girls.”

The next few days were awfully busy ones for Jack and Terry. Sarah took full charge of them as they cleaned the rooms in the east wing for the Armstrongs and the school quarters for Miss Vincent. Sarah decked them out in large coverall flowered aprons, with a scarf around their hair to keep the dust out. It was hard work, and Sarah a strict task mistress, as they were put to work mopping and waxing the floors, washing the windows, polishing the furniture, and hundreds of other things.

Sarah would permit them no rest until all the rooms shone like they were newly decorated. When they were finished with the Armstrong’s rooms, they had to start all over with Miss Vincent’s suite.

Each night, Terry and Jack flopped in their beds, dead tired and with aching muscles. One good thing for Jack was that he had been excused from Mrs. Thornsby's lessons and exercises.

Finally, Friday before noon, the last details were finished. Clean curtains had been hung, and the rooms were ready for occupancy. At lunch, Aunt Julia treated the girls to a glass of sherry before Jack's favorite dessert, strawberries with whipped cream.

Donna could not help kidding Jack. "You had better watch your waist, young lady. Think of all those calories!"

Aunt Julia defended him. "She has worked very hard this week and must have lost a few pounds. Then turning to the girls, she said, "Why don't you two take a walk this afternoon. You haven't sniffed any fresh air all week, and the weather is so nice."

Paul said, "We're playing Obling School this afternoon at Ashwood Park. Why don't you come and watch our game?"

Terry was enthusiastic. "That would be fun! You had better make sure to win for us."

As usual, Jack's preference was never asked. However, he would like to get out in the fresh air for a change, even if that meant in skirts. He knew he would suffer watching Paul and his friends playing ball, while he sat in the cheering section with the "other" girls.

Soon after lunch, they walked out. Terry wore a red and white, diagonally checked Kodol dress. Jack wore a turtleneck combination dress with a long sleeved jacket and a skirt matching Terry's dress. He wore his blonde hair loose in a casual style that made him look much younger.

Terry remarked on that as they walked sedately toward the park. "You know Jackie, you're like a chameleon. You seem different with every outfit you wear. Last Sunday at church, you looked absolutely elegant and stylish. Now, you look much younger and sporty."

Jack blushed, not knowing what to say.

"But don't worry. . . I like you. . . no matter what you wear or how you look," Terry said, putting her hand on his arm.

"Even if I wear trousers?" he added quickly.

"Well. . . I wouldn't go that far," Terry said teasingly.

They were silent the rest of the way, each busy with her own private thoughts.

Meanwhile, at the Armstrong house, they had been equally busy. Hank had been put to work sewing name tags on Peter's underwear and socks. Some of the socks needed darning, and Anne showed Hank how to do that properly and neatly. Then, there was the ironing, packing, and getting everything ready for the boys to take with them to school. The rest had to be ready for their move to the Kerr house the following week.

One morning, after Hank had dressed in a blue lined shift dress

and covered his hair with a scarf to keep it clean and out of the way, he met Robert in the upstairs hall, still in his pajamas, pale as a ghost. "What's the matter with you Robert," he asked.

"I guess I have the flu or something. . . my stomach has been upset all night, and I feel rotten. I think Peter has it too, because I heard him fussing all night."

Hank knocked at Peter's door. Now days, he was always careful to knock. A girl could not just enter a boy's room without warning. Inside, he found Peter in bed, a pail beside him. He looked awful as well. "Do you want anything Peter?" he asked.

"Maybe I'll try some juice. I'm so thirsty."

"Okay, I'll get you some," Hank promised.

Downstairs, he told Anne that his brothers were sick.

"Oh dear. . .," she said, "just when they're ready to leave for school. You had better go and check their temperatures in case we need to call a doctor. The thermometer is in the bathroom cabinet."

Hank nodded and went to Robert's room. "Can I come in Robert?" he said softly.

Robert had gone back to bed, and when Hank came in with the thermometer, he quickly grabbed it and placed it in his mouth. Hank looked at the clock, and while waiting for the five minutes to pass, he straightened out his brother's room, wondering why boys were always so careless with their clothes and things.

"It's time Robert," he said.

Robert handed Hank the thermometer, not feeling up to looking at it himself.

"You have 101.5," Hank remarked. "You had better stay in bed until the fever is gone. Can I bring you some breakfast?"

"Just tea and toast. . . and a large glass of orange juice, please."

When Hank told Anne that Robert had a fever, she said, "That doesn't seem too serious, but you'll have to nurse them today, dearie. Maybe we had better dress you as one." She gave him one of her large cooking aprons with straps over the shoulders, crossing and buttoning in the back to the waistband. It fit him well. Anne smiled and said, "There. . . now you are a proper nurse. Did the boys want anything to eat?"

"Just some toast and juice. They say you should drink a lot when you have a fever."

"That's right," Anne nodded. "You would sure make a good nurse some day dear."

Carrying a tray carefully upstairs, Hank entered Robert's room, after first knocking on the door with his foot. He approached the bed with the starched skirt of his apron swishing and crackling.

Robert looked gratefully at his former brother, and said, "Ah. . . thank you Sis. I'm already beginning to feel better knowing that you

are taking care of me.”

Hank put the tray on the bed and helped Robert sit up, fluffing his pillow for him so he could sit better, then smoothed his blankets. Although he was very sick, Robert could not take his eyes off this gentle girl, who took her nursing duties so seriously and naturally. Hank became aware of his brother's stare and smiled embarrassingly, making him appear even more attractive.

“I can't get over how real you look Sis. . . I can't tell you from a regular nurse.”

Hank's face turned serious, but he did not reply.

“Do you still mind very much having to wear dresses, aprons and such things?” Robert asked between sips of juice.

Hank hesitated for a moment. “Well. . . I really did at first, but I'm sort of getting used to them now. At first, I felt so awkward and ashamed. I even got angry whenever you and Peter called me Sis, but I have even gotten used to that now and accept it as an affectionate nickname. Most of the time, I forget I'm wearing skirts. I feel natural like. . . like I was born to dress this way and do all these things,” he added, waving his arm toward the tray. “That worries me a great deal, and I always get nervous whenever I'm around Mom. I'm afraid I'll do or say something to give myself away and hurt her.”

Hank touched his hair in a feminine gesture. He had taken the scarf out and brushed it into a soft pageboy style, with the flips out.

“Well. . . so far you have carried it off beautifully Hank. Let's hope it won't last much longer.”

“I'm really scared of that governess,” Hank admitted with a frown, his apron crackling as he sat on the edge of the bed.

“You just do as she tells you, and everything will be alright, I think.”

“I'll sure try,” Hank sighed. “Well, I'll be back soon, I want to get Peter's breakfast and take his temperature.

I'll see you later.”

Dutifully, he carried another tray to Peter's room. His younger brother accepted his outfit as a matter of course, but at least he had the courtesy to say, “Thank you Sis.”

When he saw that Peter was not eating much, he brought out the thermometer after cleaning it with rubbing alcohol. “We had better take your temperature also,” he said.

When he took breakfast up to his mother, she asked right away, “Why are you wearing Anne's apron Dear?”

“The boys have a little bug. . . and Anne told me I have to nurse them today, as she has no time. She is busy trying to get everything ready. She gave me this to wear because it has no frills or ruffles.”

“You're following nicely in your mother's footsteps dear. I was trainee nurse's helper during the war, you know.” After a short pause,

she added, "Would you be interested in going to nursing school some day?"

Hank was overcome with confusion and shock at this question. What could he say? What in heaven's name was she thinking and planning for him? "I. . .er. . .no mother, I don't think so. . .I never liked hospitals. . .they are so smelly and sad."

"Well. . .alright, but when you finish high school and college, I want you to do something useful." She said smiling happily, "It will be wonderful if we can get you admitted to Vassar. . .then we can go together to reunions and things." After savoring that thought for a few moments, she continued, "You had better start thinking of what you would like to do later. Maybe secretarial school or something like that. Well. . .anyway, there is no hurry, is there? You are only in your teens. It's nice of you to take care of your brothers so well. You know Grandma used to say that a nursing uniform becomes a young lady most of all."

Hank just nodded, while she chatted on. Finally, she started eating her breakfast, giving him a chance to leave. "I'll be back later for the tray, Mom," he said as he left the room.

The gist of his Mother's remarks remained with him all day as he went up and down the stairs, bringing refreshments to the boys. He carried lunch, tea, asked how they felt, and even tried to cheer them up a bit. In between his thoughts, his mother's suggestions remained with him. Only now did he realize she was formulating long range plans in her mind. So far, he had only admitted to himself that this would only be for a few weeks, or months at the most.

He decided to talk it over with Robert, "Mom saw me in this apron. . .and asked whether I wanted to go to nursing school."

"Well, you would make a dandy one," Robert said lightly.

"Please Robert. . .be serious. . .what am I to do? You and Anne said this would only be for a short time. It's already been three weeks, and Mom thinks it will go on forever. There is not one single sign that she will ever admit the truth to herself. How can we convince her that she doesn't really have a daughter?"

"It's a problem, I know. . .and I have been worrying about it too. I have also noticed that you don't mind being her favorite child right now."

Hank blushed, but did not reply.

Seeing that Hank was really worried, Robert became serious again, "Maybe Mom should see a psychiatrist. I tell you what. . .I'll have a long talk about it with Mrs. Kerr before I leave for school. She will be able to advise us what to do. . .alright?"

That made Hank feel a little better. At least, his brother had been thinking about his problem also. "Yes, that is a good idea. . .please don't forget now. You're a real nice brother," Hank said, feeling

grateful for his brother's moral support. As if by impulse, he bent down and kissed Robert on the forehead without realizing what he was doing. When he saw Robert's surprised and somewhat irked face, he blushed deeply and all but ran out of the room, his skirts rustling behind him.

That left Robert wondering about the rapid and complete changes in his brother's behavior and attitudes.

Hank and his mother had not been over to the Kerr house that week. Donna had called and told them how hard the girls were working, cleaning the rooms that were going to be opened for them and for the school.

Anyway, the Armstrongs had enough to do themselves. Robert and Peter felt much better the next day. Apparently, they had experienced one of those twenty four hour bugs.

Friday morning, Julia Kerr called and invited Mary and Hank over for tea and to inspect their new quarters.

"Let's do some shopping Hennie," Hank's mother had suggested. "The weather is so nice. Then, we could walk to the Kerr's from the shopping district, later."

"Alright Mom," Hank agreed. He already knew this usually meant some nice new things for him. He had quickly learned the joys of choosing something nice. . . pretty lingerie. . . a stylish skirt. . . or a colorful fall dress. Although he had washed and set his hair the night before, he chose to wear his long hairpiece. At first, he couldn't make up his mind what to wear but finally settled on a sheer afternoon dress of a silky synthetic material. It was navy blue with white polka dots and a deep flirty flounce at the hem. A strip of blue and white applique of Grecian design banded his waist. The cuffs on the long sleeves were similarly finished. He liked this dress because it did so much for his figure.

In a large department store, disaster happened! Hank's mother had sauntered off ahead, while he stood before a rack of dresses. He was trying to find something that struck his fancy. A young man. . . maybe about twenty two, approached him with a shy smile, and said, "Miss. . . I wonder whether you could help me?"

"But, I'm not," Hank started to say, blushing and in his soft voice.

"Yes. . . I guessed. . . but you see. . . I'm buying some lingerie for my wife as a present. She is about your size. . . I thought maybe you would not mind helping me pick out something especially nice?"

Not seeing his mother anywhere around, and unable to find an excuse, Hank thought that helping this young man, so obviously out of his element, would do no harm. He said, "Sure. . . uh. . . what were you looking for?"

"I was thinking of something nice, soft, and lacy. . . something

really attractive. It's for our first anniversary," he explained.

Hank went with him to the lingerie department near by. Seeing how terribly embarrassed the young man was, he explained his problem to the clerk. "I think he needs something in a size fourteen."

The girl showed him some nice nylon slips and beautiful nightgowns, but he just couldn't make up his mind. At last, he took a blue nightgown, which had lots of see through features, and held it up in front of Hank. Hank was terribly embarrassed, of course, but nevertheless managed a friendly smile.

Suddenly, Hank's mother approached. "Hennie!!!! What do you think you are doing?"

He tried to explain. "I was just trying to help,"

She cut him off abruptly. "Imagine! Modeling such intimate apparel for a strange gentleman. Don't you have any modesty at all?"

The man tried to help, and began, "I just asked her. . ."

"Sir!" Mary Armstrong raised herself full length. "I am not in the habit of talking to strangers, and my daughter has been taught this also. You. . .you. . .should not be in this department anyway. Can't a woman have privacy in a store these days?"

The clerk stood there open mouthed at this violent reaction to such a harmless occurrence, which could be so readily explained.

The young man did not take all this lying down either. He said angrily, "I have just as much right to be here as you. . .I'm a customer also."

"You have no right to accost my daughter. . .a young girl. . .and nightgowns yet! A man your age should be ashamed!" With that remark, she yanked Hank's arm and pulled him away.

Hank was blushing for all he was worth. "Mom. . .please," Hank whispered, "everyone is looking." He was completely shocked by

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this strong reaction from his mother to such a little incident. He did not feel he had done anything wrong. Did his mother believe a young girl shouldn't talk to a strange man at all?

When they were out of earshot, she took him to a corner and gave him a scolding such as he had not received from her since he could remember. She acted like he were a regular lady of the evening.

"I have tried to teach you proper behavior and modesty all of your life, and the moment I turn my head, I find you flirting with a strange man old enough to be your father. . . showing him an indecent nightgown yet! You should be thoroughly ashamed of yourself, a well bred young girl like you! You have at least three or four years to go until you learn how to behave towards young men and how to keep them at a distance. Under no circumstances should you speak to a stranger without being properly introduced, and then I want to be consulted first! Oh, what should I do about you? After all I've done for you. . . buying you nice clothes and all!

"But Mom. . . I was not doing anything wrong. I was just"

"I know what you were doing. . . and it was definitely wrong! You were flirting and carrying on with a complete stranger. . . like an ordinary hussy!

After this admonition from his mother in public, Hank nor his irate mother was in a mood to shop, and they left for the Kerr's.

About a half mile from their destination, they met Terry, Jackie, and Paul returning from the soccer match.

"Hi girls. . . Hi Paul," Mary Armstrong called out. "Have you been out too in this nice weather?"

They all responded happily that they had been to the game had a wonderful time. Paul, as the only apparent male present, invited the Armstrong's to walk along with them to their house.

Paul politely took the box from Mrs. Armstrong and remembered to walk on her right side. The three girls walked in front.

At the house, Hank and the girls curtsied for Donna just as Aunt Julia came into the hall to welcome her guests. She kissed Hank like he was a girl, saying, "Hennie Dear. . . you are positively darling!"

During tea, Miss Vincent's visit, for the next day, was discussed. As she would arrive at eleven, Hennie and his mother would make sure to be there before then.

Terry, Hennie, and Jackie sat together on a large comfortable couch, whispering about what their governess might be like. "I hope she's not like Mrs. Thornsby," Jack said with real conviction.

"Does she really have to watch us and be with us all day?" Hank asked.

"That's what Aunt Julia said," Jack replied. "I really hate the idea of having someone supervising and nagging from morning till night."

“How terrible,” Hank sighed.

Terry, who obviously had less to fear and therefore was not as worried, said impishly, “Let’s hope she, at least, takes a long afternoon nap.”

At six o’clock, Hank and his mother were driven home, and he sat correctly beside his mother on the back seat, knees and ankles properly together, hands in his skirted lap.

When they arrived home, Mary Armstrong said sternly, “Go to bed this instant Hennie, without your dinner, and think about what you have done! I will expect a profuse apology from you in the morning. Now go!

When Robert asked what had happened, his mother responded, “I caught her flirting with a strange young man in the lingerie department!

Robert looked at Hank with a question on his face.

“I was not flirting. . .,” Hank started to argue. “I’m not int. . .,” He caught himself just in time. It sure would be dangerous to state that he was not interested in boys or men at all.

His mother; however, ignored his remark, and asked Anne to serve dinner.

The next morning, Hank dressed in a red double knit, sleeveless jumper like dress that looked like a two piece affair, but was really one piece and had its own color coordinated jacket. He did not like the sleeveless idea and always wore it with the jacket. He felt a bit like he was wearing a boy’s jacket again, but the flaring bright red skirt swinging around his knees, soon brought him back to the reality of girl’s clothes again.

In an effort to put the day before behind him as quickly as possible, Hank went directly to his mother’s room. She was dressed and seated at her vanity, putting on her makeup. He stood before her with his head and eyes lowered and began his practiced apology. He promised never to repeat his misdeed.

She stood up, hugged him tightly, and told him to forget the incident but to always remember the lesson she taught him. The moment became so tender that they wept in each others arms and professed their mutual love. They dried their tears, repaired their makeup, and went down to join the others.

After breakfast, Peter insisted on taking some more pictures of Hank with his new camera, which he had loaded for his trip to school. Hank, at first, demurred, but his mother, who had joined them said, “Now Hennie. . .it would be so nice for the boys to have some late photos of their pretty sister to show to their friends.”

Hank blushed deeply at that remark, but resignedly went outside where Peter posed him against a giant oak, which grew in the back yard.

“Now, let Peter take one without the jacket Dear. Your nice figure will show much better.”

With the greatest reluctance, he removed his jacket and handed it to Anne, who had come out of the kitchen to watch the proceedings and to have her picture taken as well.

Hank was terribly self conscious, trying to strike a good pose, like he had once seen Terry, with one hand on his hip. Try as he might, he still looked awfully stiff.

Robert, who had an inkling of what his brother was going through, tried to help. “Hey Hennie. . . I heard over the radio that you won the sweepstakes. What are you going to do with all that money?”

Hank could not help breaking into a broad smile. When he did, the shutter clicked immediately.

Peter also took pictures of Anne, his mother, and Robert.

Hank could not help admiring Robert, as he stood there, so manly in his blue shirt and slacks. “He looks much older and has changed in the last few weeks. That must come from his new responsibilities now that Dad is no longer here and because of Mom’s condition,” Hank thought.

Looking at Robert pose, Hank felt so completely different in his dress with his bare arms showing. He might as well have been from another planet, he was so different. He was also aware that Robert was not the only one who had changed.

Hank put his jacket back on when the photo session was finished, and Peter was satisfied. Robert drove them over to the Kerr house, where everyone was waiting and ready for them with the mid morning coffee.

Paul was out playing soccer somewhere, and Terry and Jackie sat in their usual place on the couch, working away on their embroidery. They were both dressed in a simple sweater and skirt set, Jack in pink and Terry in light blue. Their frilly crisp pinafores only partly hid their appealing figures.

Miss Vincent could not have been more prompt. The clock was still striking eleven when the taxi drove up. Sarah answered the door, and ushered the visitor into the living room. The girls rose politely, although Jack had to nudge Hank, and looked nervously at the new arrival. They saw a grey haired lady dressed in a black high buttoned suit with a scarf just peeping out above to give it a tad of color. With sharp eyes peering from behind her dark rim glasses. . . a faint smile appeared around her mouth, as if it hurt her.

The girls were introduced to her, each curtsying nicely. Miss Vincent seemed to approve of the demure pinafore d English appearance of Terry and Jackie, but her smile disappeared, as quickly as it came, as she studied Hank in his sporty outfit and wispy shoes. “So, these are the young ladies I am to train,” she said. “You may sit down

girls," she added with a nod of her head.

After Aunt Julia explained that Hennie and Mrs. Armstrong would be moving into the house next week, Miss Vincent quizzed the girls about their education, grades, courses they had taken, and other general subjects. Her questions were sharp, to the point, and penetrating. She made the girls feel as though they were taking an examination. Terry came out best, as Jack and Hank felt like idiots and were unable to answer many of her questions. As victims of the American school system, they showed such sketchy and superficial knowledge of mathematics, physics, and literature that Miss Vincent frequently shook her head, making no effort to hide her disgust.

"I don't understand how the Yankees could ever get anyone to the moon, when their children hardly learn anything in school," she said nastily.

Hank and Jack blushed in anger when they heard their country and school system slighted like that. Even Mary Armstrong felt the necessity to defend the schools at home. "Our schools are better than you think. . . even though the students take fewer courses and have more freedom than in Europe," she argued.

"YES !!!!!!!," Miss Vincent said.

The way she said it made Donna grin. Her meaning could not be missed. She really meant, "I've read about your schools, and as far as I'm concerned, they're little more than baby sitting institutions.", and it meant more than that!

In an effort to smooth over the awkward moment, Aunt Julia said, "Would you like to inspect the classroom and your apartment?" When they left the room, she added, "Well, what do you think of your pupils?"

"I'll have to work hard on them. . . especially the two boys," she replied, "but they seem to be suitable and pliable subjects. Jackie, in particular, should develop into a charming girl."

"Don't forget that Hennie has been in skirts only a few weeks," Aunt Julia reminded her.

"Oh. . . well. . . in that case, she has made good progress. They will have to learn a lot though. . . and you can rest assured that they will!" she finished in a firm, cold tone of voice.

Miss Vincent approved of her suite. "Very nice," she said, "you have a lovely home."

She had a lot of requests for the classroom. Aunt Julia agreed with all of her requests and stated that everything would be taken care of within the next week. Miss Vincent requested regular school desks with straight backed seats, a desk for her, a blackboard, a list of books for each girl, and other incidental supplies.

They sat in Miss Vincent's sitting room as Mrs. Kerr made notes. Miss Vincent looked straight at her employer, and said, "You do

agree that I must have a completely free hand in all matters, dress, behavior, and especially in discipline. Does Mrs. Armstrong agree with this also?"

"Yes. . . I have told her that our methods are quite a bit different and more strict than in her country. I will talk to her again and warn her that caning is not unusual and is to be expected."

"It's not the caning I'm talking about. . . that does not always help, especially with 'backward' girls."

Aunt Julia acted as if she was not particularly interested in knowing what those methods might be. She did remind Miss Vincent of the peculiar problem with Hank's mother believing that he was her daughter. Then, she filled her in with the details of his recent training. "I think Hennie will probably drop out very soon."

"She might. . . and then again, she might not," Miss Vincent replied. "Her mother wanted a daughter very badly, and for so long, that such a fixation is usually very deep seated. Even after the shock of her husband's death has worn off, she may not consciously wish to admit that she made a daughter out of her middle son. At any rate. . . we may convince her that it is really better for Hennie to remain a girl. His appearance indicates that he really should have been born female."

"Yes. . . just like Jackie," Aunt Julia agreed.

Miss Vincent continued. "Anyway. . . after a few months of my training, there really is no going back. I know. . . from experience. None of my 'backward' girls ever went back to wearing trousers, as far as I know. Quite a few of them still correspond with me, you know. And, that brings up the question of their figures. For the best results, I have found it absolutely necessary for them to take my special pills on a regular basis. It makes these 'backward' girls more sedate, submissive, and cooperative. Do you agree?"

Aunt Julia hesitated for quite a few moments, but in the end her conscience, never very active anyway, was quickly silenced. "All-right, do whatever you think necessary. . . but I don't want to know about it. I can't consult Jack's mother right now. . . and I don't want to be in a position to have to tell her things like that."

Miss Vincent looked as if she could not possibly understand such weaseling, but she shrugged her shoulders saying, "If that's the way you want it. I believe it to be absolutely necessary and unavoidable. You will be very happy with the results in a very short time. Also, I must compliment you. You have done a very good job with Jackie."

"Thank you Miss Vincent," Aunt Julia smiled. Then with a frown, "Under the circumstances, I can't tell Mary Armstrong about the pills either. In the first place, she wouldn't understand what I was talking about. His older brother is too young, ignorant, and inexperienced to make such a decision."

After agonizing over this problem for a time, she said with a sigh, "Well. . . you have so much experience in these matters, if you think it best. . . go ahead."

"I KNOW it's best. . . and, for best results, it must be done my way," Miss Vincent said firmly.

Aunt Julia, anxious to get off this delicate subject, rose and said, "Shall we join the others? Lunch should be ready soon."

Downstairs, the girls stood and politely curtsied when the two women entered the room.

During lunch, Miss Vincent proved to be an excellent conversationalist. She had many amusing stories to tell about her school in Switzerland. The girls loosened up a bit, but never had a chance to say much. Miss Vincent acted as if she agreed with the axiom that children were to be seen and not heard. Near the end though, she had some more questions for them and gave them an inkling of her program.

Miss Vincent explained that her aim was to make her pupils into all around girls by developing their minds, souls, bodies, as well as their general appearance. "I want my girls to go to a hairdresser every week," she said to Aunt Julia. "Any woman can be beautiful if she really wants to and works hard."

Mary Armstrong looked doubtful and said, "But, I go to the hairdresser myself only once or twice a month, at most."

Miss Vincent gave out with one of her, "YESSSES!!!!!!!!", that spoke more than a hundred pages of fine print.

Donna could barely hide a smile.

Her tone also made Mary Armstrong uncomfortable, as she touched her own hair unconsciously.

When lunch was over, Miss Vincent decided. . . businesslike as she was. . . that she had finished what she came for, and stood up to leave. With one of her half smiles, she said, "Well girls. . . I think we will get along fine. . . as long as you do as I tell you. . . EXACTLY. . . I'll see you on the tenth. And, oh yes," she said turning to the mothers, "I insist that the girls wear some kind of school uniform during school hours. It reminds them that it's school time and that they are children who must learn whatever I think they need to know. I don't think those English gymfrocks are suitable at all. I want something becoming, that makes them feel pretty. I'll give it some thought, and why don't you girls think about it as well. We will be able to work on them maybe in dress making and sewing class."

The girls merely nodded, as if in a daze.

"I hope you will have a happy time in our home," Aunt Julia said pleasantly.

"Oh yes," Miss Vincent replied. "I always manage to make myself at home wherever I am, Mrs. Kerr."

That statement made even Aunt Julia speechless for a moment.

Everyone was quiet when Miss Vincent left. The girls, especially, sighed with relief.

Aunt Julia was engrossed in her own private thoughts, as she sat there with her head resting on one hand. She could not help wondering if she was carrying this thing with her nephew too far. But, when after a while, she saw him giggling with the others about what uniforms they wanted for school, she shrugged her shoulders and thought, "Que Sera Sera".

Jack, Terry, and Hank, probably from reaction to the pressure they had experienced under Miss Vincent's questioning, were trying to find some humor in what they had heard, and each of them were trying to hide their worries. Miss Vincent was not to be taken lightly. That was clear as the sun in the sky.

Terry suggested that she wanted hot pants for her school uniform.

Donna, who had taken fashion design in school, and had a certain flair for drawing, had been busy with a pencil. "Here, I have a good idea for a uniform," she said, holding up her drawing.

It showed a prim girl, with Jackie's features, a wasp waist, and a long black dress with large voluminous ankle length skirts. The hair was done in a neat bun, and the dress had a high white collar and white cuffs on the long sleeves.

"That looks like a photo of my great grandmother," Jack said with a laugh.

Mary Armstrong said, "You girls had better give it some serious thought. It would make a good impression on Miss Vincent if you had agreed on something suitable. She would be pleased if it was in accordance with the ideas she expressed. You will have to wear it a lot, you know. Of course, she will have to approve the final design."

"Her ideas are probably too old fashioned," Terry said with a straight face.

Hank laughed. He knew just what she meant.

Jack was the one who took Mrs. Armstrong seriously. "If we suggest something. . .could you draw it for us Donna?"

Donna, who was busy on another drawing, nodded. When she was finished, she showed her new design. "How's this?" she asked with a grin.

"Oh no!" Terry groaned.

The sketch showed a girl, this time with Hank's features, in a very short childish dress, with ankle socks, and Mary Jane shoes. Over the light blue dress, was the cutest heart shaped pinafore. The girl also had a large ribbon in her hair. It looked like a ten year old except for the extra prominent bosom, which told otherwise.

Aunt Julia suggested a nicely styled flannel jumper in grey or navy. "You could wear it with a fresh white blouse every day," she

said.

“But a jumper is almost like a gymfrock, and Miss Vincent said that she did not like that,” Terry said.

Jack said, “she is probably thinking of some kind of dress.”

After a few moments of silence, Mary Armstrong concluded, “Well. . .you girls don’t have to decide today. We will all think about it. First, we have to get the boys to school and get our moving done. I have an idea. Since the boys will be leaving Monday morning, why don’t you all come over for dinner Sunday night and maybe some dancing afterward?”

“All of us? That’s quite a crowd,” Aunt Julia objected.

Donna said, “It would be nice. . .after all. . .we won’t see Peter and Robert until Christmas.”

“Alright,” Aunt Julia said, knowing that Donna was not giving Peter’s departure one sliver of thought. “It would be enjoyable. After all, we have three girls to help your maid.”

“Yes,” Mrs. Armstrong smiled. “Hennie has been a good helper for Anne. I think it’s so good for a girl to learn something about housekeeping while she is young.”

After tea, the Armstrongs left for home, as they wanted to spend the evening with the boys.

At the Kerr house, Aunt Julia suggested a game of monopoly. “You have plenty of time to finish your tablecloth dear,” she said to Jack. “You can let it rest for tonight anyway. Next week, I’ll let you girls take it easy because I have a feeling that after September 10, you’ll have very little free time.”

The game was fun, and in the end, it was a battle between Donna and Paul, both of whom had aggressively bought property to the limit of their resources. Their gamble had paid off, but Donna won in the end. She would not let a mere boy have the pleasure of beating her, so she really played to win.

Sunday morning brought a warm day for September. The sky was blue, and there was hardly any wind to rustle the browning leaves. The Kerrs all went to church, where they met the Armstrongs. Hennie was adorable in a high necked white shift with a panel of sheer lace in front between the shoulders. She wore a white hat decorated with black ribbons, black gloves, and black heels completed her attire.

Jack thought Hank wore a bit too much rouge. . .but it could have been that he was blushing because Aunt Julia had complimented him so profusely on his appearance. He also noted that Hank’s arms were girlishly fragile and nonmuscular. Maybe he had lost weight during the last few weeks, Jack surmised. Or. . .maybe. . .this was more proof that Hank should have been born a girl.

“Please don’t dress up for dinner tonight,” Mary Armstrong asked. “I promised the boys that it would be a comfortable evening

without ties and jackets. They did not want to dress up on their last evening. If the weather holds like this, we plan to eat on the terrace, if you don't mind.

"That sounds delightful," Aunt Julia said as they parted.

At tea time, Terry asked Jack, "What are you planning to wear this evening?"

"I don't know yet. They said something about dancing, so I don't want to look too sloppy or too informal. I guess I'll wear the same dress I wore to church a couple of weeks ago. . .you know, the one with the peasant trim. The boys said I looked very nice then. . .and did they ever look!" he added with a grin.

"I had planned to wear something sporty," Terry said, "but I think you're right. . .I had better wear a dress."

Jack was silent for a moment. The thought occurred to him that Terry had actually asked and taken his advice on girl's clothing. Imagine. . .as if HE were the expert! He felt himself turning crimson when he realized that, here he was discussing dresses exactly as a natural girl would. Girls were always interested in that sort of thing.

At the Armstrong house, Hank had a lazy afternoon. He had slipped into an abbreviated play suit, and lolled on a lawn chair with a book. He had not felt like joining the boys for tennis. They could both beat him any time nowadays, and it embarrassed him to show off his legs in that short thin tennis dress.

When the Kerr family arrived at five o'clock, they found Hank in a pretty blouse and skirt outfit under his pinafore, setting the table. The terrace faced the privacy of the back lawn where it was most pleasant, not too warm and not too cool. It was just one of those perfect early fall days. Peter was busy carrying and arranging the iron grill work terrace chairs some easy chairs around a low glass top outdoor table.

Donna sank into one of the easy lounge chairs, sighing to Robert, "Isn't the weather unusual for this time of year?"

Robert said, "I don't know. . .this is my first September here, you know."

Robert poured the sherry, which Hank served neatly, making sure that there were sufficient coasters and napkins for the peanuts and crackers. The talk was free and easy, mostly about the boys going to school in a new environment, and amongst the girls, of course, about the new governess.

The young ladies had to help serve dinner. Anne was in a bad mood because of the "nonsense", she called it, to eat out on the terrace, so far from the kitchen. In addition, Mrs. Armstrong had given her notice that morning. She was very unhappy to leave this family, and especially Hennie. A close relationship had grown be-

tween the maid and Hank, because of the help that she had frequently and cheerfully given him. She had always been ready with advice and aid to "Make you into a proper girl", as she called it.

Hank, in turn, had always gladly helped her with the many chores. He knew that he had no alternative but to play girl, so he showed his gratitude for her cooperation by helping her in turn. So often, he had to ask her about what to wear, how to fix his hair, and many other things concerned with his transformation. They chatted together during the long hours in the kitchen and while cleaning the house. She really helped a lot with his compartment, making him feel less self conscious and shy. It was therefore small wonder that Hank was sorry to see her go. He had come to rely her a great deal. Now, without her, he would be on his own and would feel lost in his new enforced femininity.

It was Anne who had suggested his outfit for tonight; a colorful checked long sleeved blouse and a nice box pleated skirt, its camel color matching some of the shades in his blouse.

"With your nice looking legs, it's good to have a skirt on the short side," she had said, looking approvingly at his nylon covered, smooth, well shaped gams. She also encouraged him to try false eyelashes, and when he messed up, she helped him put them on correctly. She suggested he wear his long blonde hairpiece because it made him look really attractive. With one of his mother's rings and some eye shadow, he looked every bit as pretty as Jackie.

He felt comfortable and natural in this outfit, even when he saw Paul's eyes following him. He managed to ignore this unwanted attention, as he knew it only meant that he was pretty enough to pass as a girl. Paul knew he wasn't really a girl, so his staring probably meant nothing more than surprise, admiration, and curiosity.

During dinner, Robert poured the wine, and the girls chatted amongst themselves. Everyone had long since accepted Jackie and Hennie as girls, which in turn made them feel feminine and able to completely identify with the real females, Terry, Donna, and the mothers.

Hank, in his pinafore, did most of the serving and carrying to and from the kitchen. On his way to the kitchen for more vegetables, he saw a half bottle of wine. Taking the bottle and two glasses with him to the kitchen, he poured one for himself and one for Anne. He served her neatly on the tray saying, "To your everlasting health Anne. . .and thank you for helping me so much."

Anne was so touched by Hank's thoughtful gesture, that she embraced him tightly and kissed him firmly on each cheek. "You're a good girl. . .you are," Anne whispered, wiping her eyes. "You're much nicer than most of the real girls I know. You deserve a better fate as a boy than you're getting."

Hank looked gratefully at her. "Well. . . it won't be for long, Anne. . . Robert said so himself."

Sadly, she replied, "I sure hope so. . . I do. . . for your sake." To hide her feelings, she turned and started to rattle the pots and pans.

Along with the vegetables, Hank placed a large layer cake on the tray. Although Anne had baked the cake, he himself had decorated it with his own little hands. The words outlined in whipped cream said: "HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS ROBERT AND PETER".

When he proudly deposited it on the dinner table, he smiled at his older brother, and said, "We'll light some candles on a cake when you return for Christmas."

"Let's drink to that," Donna said loudly. She had obviously imbibed a bit more wine than is fitting for a lady.

Aunt Julia shot her a nasty frown.

Robert asked, "Did you bake the cake yourself, Hennie?"

Hank blushed and replied, "No, . . . I just did the decoration."

After dinner, Terry and Jack helped Hank and Anne with the dishes and clean up. As the night was warm, they decided to dance on the terrace, which was dimly lit by a last quarter moon and the light streaming through the french doors from the dining room.

Paul, Peter, and Robert politely asked every female in turn for a dance. One time, this left Donna and Hank sitting out. Suddenly Donna snatched him out of his chair and forced him on the dance floor. She, of course led. The dance playing was a wild waltz.

"We can't sit this out just because you happen to wear skirts," she said with a grin to her partner.

Hank, minding Mrs. Thornsby's lessons, turned and swirled, his pleated skirt flaring out to show the dark tops of his nylons.

Donna praised him highly. "You're the best girl dancer I have had the pleasure to lead. You are really fleet footed and graceful, you know."

Hank blushed deeply at her compliment, but, nevertheless, was glad when she escorted him back to his chair, pushing it in for him. While he was very glad the waltz was over, he still was glad the Thornsby woman had taught him so well.

When it was Robert's turn to dance with Hank, there was only a little hesitation in his older brother's eyes. That was because he was sensitive and didn't want to hurt Hank's feelings by asking him to dance. Hank looked so completely authentic as a girl, that Robert soon forgot he was dancing with his brother as he took the small waist in his arms and went into an old fashioned foxtrot. "I have been watching you dance Hennie, and you do it beautifully."

"Mrs. Thornsby's lessons," Hank replied modestly.

"It must be awfully hard for you on those heels," Robert remarked.

“One gets used to them. I don’t feel or notice them anymore.”

“While I was dancing with Mrs. Kerr, I talked to her about your . . . er. . . our. . . problem,” Robert began. “She promised me that she will look after you while I’m away. If she thinks Mom needs medical help, she’ll try to arrange for it. . . if Mother agrees. She doesn’t think it is anything serious, just some confusion caused by the severe shock. She agrees that it should wear off before long.”

“I sure hope so,” Hank sighed. “That governess gives me the shakes.”

“Will you promise to write me often and let me know how you and Mom are doing?” Robert asked in earnest. “I’ll be worried about you and thinking of you often, you know.”

Just then, the dance ended. While Peter changed the record, they walked back to their chairs. Hank said, “I know, and I appreciate it. I hope I won’t let you down, and thanks for understanding,” he added with a shy smile that made his face look soft and attractive.

Robert looked down at him and patted his shoulder, in an encouraging gesture.

Before he thought about what he was doing, Hank stood on his tip toes and kissed Robert lightly on the cheek. “Come back as soon as you can, please,” he whispered.

Robert kissed him lightly back, just as he would a real sister, saying, “Peter and I are very grateful for what you are doing. . . and you are doing it so gracefully and convincingly.”

Mary Armstrong had seen a slight smile on Aunt Julia’s face, as she was obviously fascinated by the display of affection between the two brothers, and said, “The boys are very fond of their sister, you know.”

“I can certainly see that,” Aunt Julia said, with a strange thoughtful look in her eyes.

As Hank sat out the next several dances, he wondered why Jackie had not asked him to dance. After all, Donna and Terry had asked him. Maybe she was waiting for him to ask her, but he felt funny asking a girl to dance while he was wearing skirts himself. So, he didn’t approach Jackie. She probably thought of him as a girl now and didn’t want to dance with another girl. He could well understand her reasoning, after all, he himself found it disgusting if two boys danced together. Still, when he had danced with Robert, he had not felt like a boy at all, but like a real sister. Jackie was always so shy; not at all strong and domineering like Donna and Terry.

Peter did not show even the slightest hesitation at dancing with his skirted brother. At least he did not appear so to Hank. Peter, then Paul asked him to dance.

Hank came to realize that the admiration in Paul’s eyes indicated that he now thought of him as a girl. Paul, who knew Hank as a boy,

was now accepting him as someone of the opposite sex. Fortunately the dance was of the modern variety where the partners don't touch each other very much, but merely gyrate facing each other. He was glad that he would not have to surrender his waist to Paul. That would have been more than Hank could take at the moment.

When the time came to part, Peter and Robert were kissed by the Kerr women. Hank noticed that Jack hesitated for a moment before following Terry's example. She really must be shy, he thought and gave it no further consideration. Hank saw that Donna kissed Robert too long and too fervently. She was not very feminine about it either.

Donna and Robert had developed a friendly but rather competitive relationship. Robert was not about to let Donna dominate him one minute, like she did his brothers. He made a conscious effort to make her feel her place as a woman. This in turn, infuriated her, but at the same time, strangely attracted her to his masculinity.

That night, when Hank undressed, he had to admit that it had been a pleasant evening after all, even with the dancing and all.

Monday morning, Peter and Robert left for school. Robert had seen to it that his younger brother had complete and correct directions to his school. Peter was quieter than usual. Going to a strange boarding school in a foreign country would be quite a change for him. Mary Armstrong tightly embraced and kissed her youngest child. Peter was so subdued and preoccupied, that he forgot to withdraw when his new sister kissed him goodbye in a most natural manner.

Hank felt pretty sad himself to see his brothers go.

Robert, who initiated a brotherly embrace when he said goodbye, made Hank's eyes even more moist.

"So long Sis. Take good care of Mother for us."

Hank could only nod. He felt so emotional about his brothers leaving. Not only was he close to tears because he would be left alone, but also, because he was forced to stay home. . .in skirts. . .and study under a governess. It was all so humiliating!

Hank was unusually quiet and thoughtful after they watched the car turn out of the driveway and disappear from sight. Here he was. . .a girl. . .his brothers gone. . .and only heaven knew what the future might bring. The responsibility of knowing he was now the only child around to help his mother over her shock and depression, weighed heavily on his narrow shoulders. The awareness that he had been so darned emotional when he said goodbye to his brothers, just like a real girl, made it clear to him that his mental makeup was rapidly changing.

He had almost cried, and he could not understand his emotions. He had never felt anything like this in previous years when he and his brothers had been separated for camps or vacations. At those times, they had not even bothered with a simple handshake, and now,

he had kissed them. What was making him do these things? Was it because he knew he would be lonely without them? He finally forced these questions from his mind with the thought that maybe his father's death had affected him emotionally more than he thought.

He could not accept or admit that maybe the clothes and the way he was treated as a girl, that made him respond as one. All of these questions remained unanswered. . .but they popped up often in his thoughts as little actions and incidents made him more and more aware that he was a girl now.

Fortunately, he was kept quite busy getting ready for the move. Still, now that he was alone with his mother at the dining table each meal, he missed the cheerful and active conversation of his brothers. They always had so much to talk about. . .their sports. . .and their friends. . .while he, as a girl, stayed home all the time, except for his outings with his mother. Therefore, he had nothing to talk about except his clothes, his needle work, and such things. It was amazing how quickly he had lost his former interest in sports. As with tennis. . .he now felt that this was really the domain of his brothers, who were so much more aggressive and good at competitive games.

Mary Armstrong, because of the absence of her sons, came to rely more and more on her daughter, which, of course, exerted a strong feminine influence on him as well. A young man dressed and treated completely like a girl, all day and night for weeks on end, just could not resist feeling like a girl mentally. Every time he looked in a mirror, that feminine feeling was reinforced over and over again. His appealing attractive looks made him ever conscious and careful of his grooming and comportment.

That afternoon, as he was getting his toiletries together and packing, he rested his head on a purple pillow and looked at all those things, lotions, perfume, liquid makeup, mascara, lipstick, nail polish, and what not all. These things. . .which he now used every day. . .but had not known they existed only a month ago. They sure made his face soft and glowing. He looked at his hands with their long well groomed nails. He liked to wear his mother's ring as it made his hands look so attractive.

The many and constant feminine tasks, which he was now expected to perform, gradually became normal to him, adding to the strong emotional force, changing this boy mentally and emotionally into a girl.

At the Kerr mansion, Aunt Julia kept her promise to let the girls enjoy their last week of relative freedom. She had suspended the lessons at Mrs. Thornsby's for Jack and Hank, saying that Miss Vincent would supervise their deportment in the future. She would decide on the improvements they needed.

Donna had been in a bad mood for the last few days, and Jack

wondered if Robert's departure had something to do with it. She was nasty and mean to Terry and especially to Jack.

Wednesday afternoon, Donna agreed to take Terry and Jack to the city, as she had some shopping to do. The weather was getting colder outside, and Jack chose to wear his beige coat dress, which had a front zipper and was easy to put on. He dressed it up with a scarf at his neck, as he had become quite clever at using accessories to give his clothes additional flair and elegance. He wore his long hairpiece with the long shiny strands flowing freely over his shoulders. He always felt safer from detection with such long locks than with his own hair, which was shorter.

Terry wore a brightly colored dress with long sleeves. She made Jack look almost dowdy, especially since her outfit made her look younger.

"I want to do some shopping for Jackie's birthday," Donna said. "Why don't you girls take in a movie? I'll meet you on the corner of Picadilly at five o'clock."

Terry gave Jack an arm, and together they stepped along. . .to all appearances, two pretty girls. Occasionally, they would stop in front of a dress shop to admire a pretty outfit or some seductive lingerie.

Terry told Jack this summer had been the nicest that she could ever remember. "It's been real fun having you for company, even though Mom treats me like a little girl now."

Only half in jest, Jack said, "What's much worse. . .she treats ME like a little girl!"

Terry laughed. "Well, just remember the words of the song from 'Gigi'. Thank heaven for little girls. . .they grow up into. . ."

Jack would not let her finish, as he was too horrified with the implications. "Stop it! Please!"

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