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“BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS”

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"If men had periods, they would brag about the size of their tampons!"

“BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS” THE CHRISSY INSTITUTE I

BOOK 1

SILK, SATIN, AND LACE

By Alice Trail and Kristy Love

New Schools

Agatha sat on her favorite rocking chair pondering the character of her niece and nephew, Antoinette and Julian, for whom she served as guardian. Sixteen-year old Tony, as she preferred to be called, was playing pickup basketball with a group of boys while Julian, two years older, was playing tennis with friends. Therein lay Agatha's concern. Tony preferred rough sports, while her brother enjoyed more sedate pursuits. Agatha, being respectable, eccentric, absent-minded, and easily confused couldn't understand why Julian didn't aspire to be a football hero and a man's man like his father. To her, this wasn't natural!

Also, to Agatha's chagrin, Tony had always been a tomboy who seldom wore makeup and kept her hair short. She even shunned silk, satin, and nylon in favor of course masculine fabrics like cotton and denim. Also, she was extremely proud of her athletic ability and was driven to be her absolute best. Her greatest ambition was to beat her brother at tennis! Preferring girls in pretty dresses decorated with lace and bows and with long hair in feminine curls, Agatha hoped her niece would outgrow her boyish ways.

“Those children need special training to teach them their proper role in society,” Agatha mused as she thumbed through the brochures on her lap. The decision for Julian was easy. Since she felt he needed

structure and discipline, 'Patton Military Academy' was ideal. The selection for Tony was harder, but finally, she became fascinated by a school called the 'Chrissy Institute'. It guaranteed to convert the most headstrong, rowdy boy into a prim, proper, and refined young lady.

"Obviously a typo," Agatha grinned, "They must mean tomboys!" The photographs of current students and recent graduates intrigued her! They all wore dresses or skirts, subtle makeup, attractive hairstyles, and heels. They really differed from the girls in brochures from other schools where slacks and shorts were the norm. "This is the place!" she decided, feeling smug with satisfaction that she had made the right choices.

As one might imagine, Tony was very upset with her aunt's decision! "I'm not going to some girl's finishing school," she flatly stated.

"You will go where I send you, young lady!" Agatha stated in an adamant tone. "I am your guardian, and I control your finances until you turn twenty one."

"If I can't go back to my high school, I would rather go to military school with Julian!" Tony countered,

"Girls don't go to military schools!" Agatha snapped indignantly. "It isn't decent and proper."

"I don't see why not. The courts have ordered military schools to enroll girls."

"You certainly won't be one of them! I've had enough of your tomboy ways and I'll see to it that you become a lady, in spite of yourself."

Dejected, Tony thumbed through the literature from the two schools and suddenly realized something her aunt had missed! The Chrissy Institute was for boys, not girls! Its sole purpose was to train boys to dress as girls and become proper young ladies! Whoever heard of such a thing?

To her surprise, the brochure stated, "Most girls of today go around in slacks, jeans, or shorts with their hair mussed and with little or no makeup. You will never see one of our 'girls' dressed in such a slovenly manner." As she read on, she spotted a paragraph that warned, "With very few exceptions, the boys who are enrolled at the

Chrissy Institute are adamantly opposed to dressing as females or otherwise participating in our program. Therefore, it is imperative that all new students be kept ignorant of their pending fate until their arrival on our campus.”

“Aunt Agatha!” Tony gasped, “This place is...” she paused as a sinister plan formed in her devious mind.

“What dear?”

“Nothing. I was just thinking about the school.”

“I’m happy you’re getting excited about your new school, dear. I was afraid you would be upset with me.”

“I was at first, but after thinking it over, I’m sure everything will work out to the best!” Tony smiled.

Julian was likewise disturbed that he was to attend a military school instead of beginning his first year of college. “You are too carefree,” Agatha informed him. “Discipline and hard work will do you good. I won’t hear another word on the subject!”

Tony finalized her plans during the following days. She broached the subject of girls in military schools at every opportunity, changing it slightly each time. If a General was quoted as saying, “Girl soldiers! What’s next? Boys wearing skirts?” Tony would tell Aunt Agatha he said, “Girls have become soldiers, so it’s time for boys to stay home, wear skirts, and keep the home fires burning.” Soon, the old lady was completely confused!

“I’ll fill out the applications to our new schools if you like,” Tony offered with a scheming expression.

“If you don’t mind, dear. My eyesight is failing so.”

Tony laughed as she wrote the name Julian Martin on the Chrissy Institute form and ‘Julia’ for his ‘preferred’ feminine name. “Having to wear dresses for a while will serve him right,” she smiled deviously as she filled in her brother’s vital statistics. “I hope I can cut it at that military school!”

Under special treatments requested, she fiendishly checked every item and wrote, “Do everything necessary

to convert my nephew into an exquisite and refined young lady.”

Agatha signed the forms without reading them and Tony hurried off to the Post Office. She made a point of intercepting the acceptance letters; then she informed her aunt that the respective schools had accepted her and Julian.

“We must go shopping for some nice dresses, lingerie, and accessories before you go off to school,” Agatha said when Tony told her the news. “We’ve never shopped together and I am so looking forward to it!”

“The instructions say that neither of us should bring more than a few personal items,” Tony smiled. “All our clothes and uniforms will be furnished!”

“Oh poo! I was so looking forward to going shopping with you.”

“Why don’t we play one last set of tennis since you report to school tomorrow?” Tony suggested to her brother on the eve of his departure.

“When does your term start?”

“In a week. Come on, give me one last shot to beat you.”

“Okay, but it’s a waste of time. You know you can’t beat me.”

Tony was determined to beat him before he left for school. In a bold effort, she made the game close. However, in the end, she lost. As they walked home in their white shorts and knit shirts, Julian gloated over his victory, “This just shows what I’ve always said. Girls can’t beat boys at sports.”

Tony boiled angrily. “Just you wait, Mr. Smarty Pants!” she thought with a sinister smile as she tried to envision him in a dress, makeup, and heels. “Just you wait!”

Since Agatha wasn’t feeling well, Tony drove Julian to his new school. She announced their arrival into an intercom and when the gate opened, she followed the road to a building marked ‘Administration’.

“Doesn’t look like much of a military school to me,” Julian mused as he observed the tall ivy covered walls that surrounded his new school. “Where are the marching columns, the sound of drums and bugles, and the shouting drill instructors?”

“So far, so good,” Tony smiled as her brother joined several other boys entering the building. “I wonder if they’ll actually be able to get my macho brother to wear girl’s clothes? If they do, I’d give anything to see him prancing around in a skirt and heels like those boys in the brochure! Oh well, I’ll have fun interacting with the guys at Patton until Julian finds a way out of this predicament!”

The Chrissy Institute

A mildly attractive woman in her late thirties stepped forward when Julian announced his name at the counter, “Hello. I’m Ms. Blair, your counselor. Come along, and I’ll show you to your quarters.”

“A woman counselor in a military school?” Julian wondered, “What’s the world coming to?”

They passed open rooms with boys about his age inside. “This is your suite,” Ms. Blair announced. “Each student has a separate bedroom with a private bath. You will share the common sitting area with your roommate. He hasn’t arrived yet, so take whichever room you like.”

“This looks like a girl’s room,” Julian scoffed as he took in the pastel shades. The carpet was pink, the wallpaper was decorated with flowers, and the sofa was adorned with large pink roses.

“Nevertheless, it’s a boy’s room,” Ms. Blair explained. “Settle in and we’ll get started first thing tomorrow morning.”

“I still say it looks like a girl’s room,” he muttered as he observed the coral bedspread, ruffled curtains on the fake window, and lace edged skirt on the vanity bench. Everything screamed girl! “This sure is strange for a military school, especially one with the reputation of Patton!”

Suddenly, there was a loud noise in the hallway. The door burst open, and a tough looking guard shoved a boy into the room. The boy's wrists were cuffed to a waist chain, but he resisted with all his strength as the guard forced him into the other bedroom.

A few minutes later, the officer came out with the shackles in his hands. Turning around, he shouted, "There's an alarm on the door and I'm in the room across the hall. I'll have no further trouble from you." He stormed out and slammed the door to the suite.

"I'm Julian," Julian offered his hand to the other youth, "What's with the fuzz?"

"Carlos!" the boy spat while they shook hands. "That son of a bitch brought me here from Juvenile Hall!"

"Wants to make a man out of you, huh?"

"A man? At this place? You're kidding!"

"It is kind of frilly for a military school," Julian agreed.

Carlos laughed, "Where did you get that military school crap? This is a girl's finishing school for boys! We're not here to become men. The bitches who run this place want us to wear dresses and learn to be 'refined' young ladies!"

"You're pulling my leg. How can they do that?"

"I don't know and I don't intend to find out! I won't be here long enough to put on a dress."

"Me neither if that's what they think! There has been a mistake and I'm going to correct it right now. I've got to find Ms. Blair!" He threw open the door only to hear a loud bell.

"Get back in there!" the officer snapped, "I don't want any crap out of you either!"

Quickly closing the door, Julian sighed, "I guess I'll wait until dinner to see Ms. Blair."

"That Clancey is an asshole!"

"He brought you here to make you wear dresses? Why?"

"I beat up some younger kids at Juvenile Hall. The Warden claimed I was the ringleader, so she sent me

here to break my spirit. I'll show them spirit. I plan to escape the first time they look the other way. I'll be out of here before they get me in a dress! Just you watch!"

At lights out, Julian and Carlos found satin sheets on their beds, but they were too concerned over the prospect of wearing dresses to complain. They didn't notice the soft music playing over the intercom as they drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, a voice on the intercom told them to get dressed, but not shave. Half an hour later, Ms. Blair entered their room and instructed them to follow her. Julian hurriedly declared, "There's been a terrible mistake! I was supposed to attend military school. My sister was to come here! Call my aunt. She'll tell you!"

"I doubt that since this isn't a school for girls," Ms. Blair replied skeptically. "Still, we had best check it out. Officer Clancey, please escort Cindy to the assembly room while I accompany Julia to Administration to check his claim."

"This can't be right!" Julian gasped as he reviewed his entrance form and saw the words 'Make my nephew as feminine as possible and teach him to be a proper lady' in Aunt Agatha's handwriting. Tony had written the note after practicing the old lady's shaky writing until she was virtually perfect. "Let me call her!" Julian cried. "I have to find out why she did this horrible thing to me."

"Very well, but this will end it," Ms. Blair scowled, "Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes! Just wait and I'll show you!"

Tony was expecting a call about Julian's enrollment and when the phone rang, she answered it quickly to avoid waking her aunt. "Aunt Agatha is asleep, but I handle her affairs. Can I help? No, there is no mistake. Aunt Agatha believes that if girls are allowed to attend military schools and fight in combat, boys should stay home, wear dresses, and assume the traditional female role."

"There has been no mistake," Ms. Blair informed Julian.

"Let me speak to her! What do you mean there hasn't been a mistake, Aunt Agatha?" he roared into the phone."

"This is Tony. Aunt Agatha is having one of her spells."

"Tony! You've got to talk to her! These crazy people want me to wear dresses!"

"I have tried to talk with her, but she's out of her head," Tony lied. "She's totally confused. You know how she gets sometimes. When I returned from taking you to school yesterday, she showed me some articles about girls attending military school. In her daze, she thinks they were written about me and that I'm the one going to Patton. She mumbled something about girls going to war and boys wearing dresses. She won't listen to reason. I'm afraid you have to stay there and make the best of things until she comes to her senses."

"Keep trying, Tony! Please!" he begged.

"You can count on it," she lied. "I'll have to go to that awful military school if she doesn't come around by the weekend!"

"I never thought I would actually want to go to a military school," Julian moaned as he cradled the phone. "I sure hope Tony can talk some sense into Aunt Agatha!"

"Come along," Ms. Blair instructed, "Your class has already started."

"That was easier than I imagined," Tony beamed inwardly. "Maybe I can delay my enrollment in that silly finishing school if I can keep Aunt Agatha in the dark. Too bad Julian has to become a 'lady' in my place, but we all have to make sacrifices from time to time!"

Julian followed Ms. Blair to a room filled with boys and a number of women in black leotards like her.

A woman standing at the front addressed the group. "I am Ms. Hale, Director of the Chrissy Institute where you are enrolled to become proper young ladies."

Instantly, shouts of "I'm not dressing like a girl!" and "You're not putting dresses on me!" filled the room.

Ms. Hale held up her hands. When the uproar slowly died down, she continued, "The issue is closed. Your fate is sealed! Each and every one of you WILL wear dresses and you WILL learn to present yourselves as proper young ladies! There are twenty-four of you and twelve counselors, one for each pair of roommates. Each woman is skilled in martial arts and you will be spanked or otherwise punished if you cause trouble. We have ways to deal with you, singularly or in groups, if you resist, refuse to cooperate, or try to escape."

"I don't care what you say. I'm not wearing a dress!" Carlos spat.

Clancey stepped forward. Tapping a club in his palm, he looked at Ms. Hale and asked, "Having trouble?"

"Not yet," she replied. Carlos remained silent, but hatred and rebellion burned in his eyes.

Julian looked at the other nervous boys in the room. Most had short hair, several had manes that grew to their necks, and a couple had longer locks tied into ponytails. To his astonishment, one boy was wearing a dress!

"Let's introduce ourselves before we go further," Ms. Hale announced. "Stand and curtsy to your fellow students when I call your name. We will start with Bob Dunn who is wearing a dress already." The boy in the dress turned bright red at being identified by name. Slowly rising to his feet, he took his skirt in his fingertips and politely dipped to the class.

"Thank you, Becky. You may be seated," Ms. Hale continued as the red-faced boy took his seat. "Becky's stepmother discovered him trying to rape his stepsister. He and his father agreed for him to undergo our sensitivity program in lieu of jail."

"I didn't try to rape her!" Bob protested. "That bitch was coming on to me! She and her mother turned everything around! Neither Dad nor I knew this sensitivity training meant I would have to wear dresses. It all started when my stepmother made me wear her snotty daughter's clothes after Dad left on a business trip!"

"Becky has been wearing dresses for a couple of weeks now as punishment for his dastardly deed," Ms. Hale stated.

"Dresses aren't all he's wearing!" a voice declared, "I'm his roommate and I saw his bra, panties, and slip!"

When the laughter died down, Ms. Hale proclaimed, "Don't be so callous. The rest of you will be dressed in a similar manner by the end of the day." Immediately, a roar of protests bordering on revolt arose from the audience. The counselors restored order only after a display of martial art skills.

"Please stand and perform a curtsy as a polite gesture of respect when I call your name," Ms. Hale continued as if nothing had happened. "In alphabetical order, we have Jim Arnold!"

Slowly a short, slightly built, red-faced boy rose to his feet and made a slight dip. "Oh no, Missy," Ms. Hale corrected, "Grasp your imaginary skirt in your fingertips and curtsy nicely like Becky."

The other boys snickered and laughed at Jim's new name. The boy sitting beside him sneered, "Missy? Gawd, what a sissy name!"

Jim scowled at the boy, but he reluctantly pinched his fingers together at his sides, raised his arms as if he were holding a skirt, and dipped politely. "Much better! Take your seat, Missy. Now, we have his brother, Ted, who will be called Cissy," Ms. Hale continued.

"Cissy? You can't name me 'Cissy'! Please!" the boy who had just ribbed Jim screeched as he jumped to his feet.

Jim laughed out loud. "Who's got the sissy name now, little brother?" he taunted.

Names were called one after another. Each boy was forced to perform the shameful curtsy after being told his feminine name. Midway through the list, she called out, "Julian Martin!"

Blushing brightly, Julian slowly stood, grasped his imaginary skirt, and curtsied as best he could. "Very nice, Julia," Ms. Hale complimented before calling Carlos Mendez.

Carlos refused to stand and perform the feminine curtsy until Clancey stepped forward and jabbed him in the ribs with his club. With hatred in his eyes, he stood, quickly held his arms out, dipped, and took his seat.

"Oh no, Cindy!" Ms. Hale renounced, "That won't do. We do not accept halfhearted efforts at the Chrissy Institute. All movements and gestures will be repeated until you do them correctly and naturally! Now do it again. Pinch your skirt in your fingertips, raise it to the sides, and slowly dip." After three more tries, she was finally satisfied and called the next name.

The other boys were given undoubtedly feminine names like Buffy, Betty, Cathy, Lori, Judy, Mandy, Marci, Muffy, Nancy, Polly, Stephanie, Susie, and Wendy. When the list was complete, Ms. Hale advised, "From now on, you will refer to yourself and your fellow students by the names you have just been given or you will be punished."

She then launched into a seemingly endless set of rules, regulations, and dress codes. "If you fail or refuse to abide by these rules, you will receive demerits. The two with the most demerits at the end of each day will serve as dishwashers for dinner that evening, and breakfast and lunch the next day. The next two highest will act as waitresses. Now, it's time to get you dressed all pretty and feminine. Those of you in rooms one through six, follow me. The rest will go to the beautician. You will exchange places when the first group is dressed."

Julian dejectedly fell in with the second group only to hear Carlos shout, "I'm no sissy! I don't care what you crazy broads do! I'm not wearing a dress!"

"Looks like we'll need your help after all, Officer Clancey," Ms. Hale acknowledged.

At her word, Clancey jammed the end of his club into Carlos' stomach. When the startled boy doubled over in pain, the determined guard cracked him on the back of his skull. Then he dragged the dazed Carlos kicking and screaming behind the group. Seeing how the tough delinquent was treated, Julian and the others followed

mekely with thoughts of wearing dresses weighing heavily on their minds.

They entered a room that looked and smelled like a beauty salon. "Sit here," Ms. Blair ordered Julian.

"What is this?" he demanded, pointing at the imposing machine next to his chair.

"You will have electrolysis of your facial hair. Sit quietly or you'll be restrained."

"This is a mistake!" Julian cried to deaf ears. Despite his pleas, for the next two hours, two young women attacked his light beard with a vengeance.

As Julian and the others rubbed their tender, stinging faces, the first group entered the room blushing brightly and wearing dresses as promised. Many had red eyes and tear streaked cheeks, but they were wearing dresses just the same!

"All right girls, into the beautician chairs," Ms. Hale ordered the new group.

Adding to their humiliation, when the boys sat in the reclining chairs, their unfamiliar skirts rode up their thighs, revealing nylon slips with wide lacy hems. In a totally feminine move, they quickly pulled their skirts down to hide their embarrassing lingerie before something else showed. Only Bob was adept at concealing his undies from curious onlookers.

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EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.

"This can't be happening to me!" Julian exclaimed. "I'm supposed to attend Patton Military Academy. My sister was to come here. Making boys wear dresses is crazy!"

"Your enrollment was confirmed by your guardian!" Ms. Blair snapped. "Now come along like a good girl or I'll use my strap."

The twelve boys became even more distraught when their instructors told them to take off their clothes. "Here?" they gasped, "In front of you and those other women?"

"We have seen boys without clothes, including the twelve in the previous group. Now take off your clothes or we'll remove them for you!"

When the boys were completely naked, a counselor took quick measurements, called out the numbers for another to record, and sent them to one of twelve tables around the room. 'Julia' and 'Cindy' stood at adjacent tables with Ms. Blair to help them dress. Handing each a pair of plain white nylon panties, she said, "Let's go girls!"

Julian was so anxious to cover himself with anything; he quickly stepped into the soft feminine panties. Ms. Blair gave him a matching bra. "Why do I have to wear that?" he asked, "I don't have breasts!"

"To give you a feminine shape, of course!" Ms. Blair snapped. "Reach back and insert the hooks in the eyes. You have played with bra clasps before if you are any kind of boy."

Occasionally, a boy would protest that he shouldn't be made to wear panties and bra, but a solid swat of a wide leather belt on his nylon-covered buttocks would jolt his attention back to the task at hand. After fifteen minutes of practice, the instructor stated, "That's all for now, but you must practice fastening your bra in your room tonight. You will be punished if you don't show significant improvement by tomorrow. Now, place the inserts in the appropriate cups of your bra, lean forward, and adjust them until they feel comfortable. These beauties are products of the latest technology. They

have the weight and feel of normal healthy breasts. They jiggle like them too!" she ended with a chuckle.

Julian and Carlos were trying to adjust to the weighted tightness that quivered about their chests when Ms. Blair handed them white nylon slips like those displayed beneath the skirts of the boys in the salon. "Why do I have to wear that?" Carlos queried.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth than Ms Blair smacked him severely across his buttocks with her leather strap. "Stop complaining about every item of clothing you are instructed to wear, Cindy. Get into your slip now or I'll instruct Officer Clancey to give you another taste of his club!"

Illustration # 1:

Fearing Clancey more than the clothes, Carlos slowly inserted his arms into the slip. He shivered as the soft fabric floated over his body. Wiping a tear from his eye, he paid close attention as Ms. Blair showed him how to adjust the straps to make the silky garment hang evenly.

The intimidated Julian was given a pink linen dress with a full knee length skirt. "It doesn't fit right," he complained as he tried to raise the zipper over his padded bra.

"You have it on backward!" Ms. Blair corrected. "It fastens in back like your bra!"

While Julian corrected his error, Carlos slipped into a pale green dress with a straight mid-thigh length skirt.

At the next table, the two Arnold boys were being introduced to their first dresses. "Why is my dress identical to Ted's?" Jim pouted. "We're not twins!"

"You soon will be! Your grandmother wants you to become twins in appearance," their counselor replied. "Twin girls often wear identical outfits, especially when they are young like you two."

"We don't want to be girls, let alone twins...!" Ted exclaimed.

"What do you mean by 'young girls'?" Jim interrupted.



“Get into your silky lingerie girls, or
Officer Clancey will give you a
reason to obey!”

"Your grandmother has instructed us to train you to become 14 year old girls," Ms. West smiled. The 'cat' was out of the bag!

Twin girls? Fourteen years old?" Jim screamed. "I'm nineteen years old and I'm not a girl!"

"And I'm seventeen!" Ted cried. "We aren't twins! We aren't girls! We aren't fourteen! And you're not naming me Cissy!"

"At the Chrissy Institute, you are twins and you will wear what we tell you!" she stated with finality. "Also, you will use the names selected for you by your grandmother or you will be severely punished! Now, get into your pretty dresses. If I have to use my strap, you'll be crying like young girls. You can be sure of that!"

Each boy was given white slippers with flat heels to wear without socks when his dress was correctly adjusted. "All right, girls," Ms. Hale announced with a smile, "Now that you are properly dressed, let's join the others for lunch."

In the dining room, the boys were very self-conscious and ashamed in their dresses. No one would mistake them for girls with their short hair and coarse appearance. After lunch, they were drilled in walking and standing in skirts. Also, they were taught to take small steps, hold their arms at waist level with limp wrists, place each foot in front of the other, and swing their hips. Lapses were rewarded with smacks from leather belts. The quick and painful punishments had even the resolute Carlos paying attention and following instructions.

When the women were satisfied with the boys' progress, they showed them how to sit correctly as 'ladies'. "Brush your skirt beneath you, sit with your knees together, adjust your skirt over your thighs, and fold your hands in your lap. You will feel the strap if we see you sitting with your knees apart like a tramp at any time, day or night, in or out of class. After a few swats, you'll quickly learn to sit correctly whether or not you're wearing a skirt!"

After two hours, the distressed boys were led to a large room filled with feminine clothes. "This is our Mall

where you will shop for a few basic items to get you through the next few days.”

Each boy was given a list of items to 'shop' for that included six pairs of panties, three bras, one slip, two half-slips, two camisoles, one teddy, one long nightgown and two babydoll nighties, all with matching negligees. There were also a dozen pair of nylons, two garter belts, two skirts of different lengths and styles with matching blouses, two dresses, and three pairs of shoes that coordinated with their previous 'purchases'. In addition, one pair of the shoes had to have at least 3-inch heels!

The boys were in awe as the instructor said, "Here are your sizes. Your counselor is available when you need assistance."

"Do we have to?" Julian whined, "We've been doing girl's stuff all day. Haven't we done enough?"

"We've just started!" Ms. Blair sternly declared. "Start in the lingerie department and don't forget to walk, stand, and sit as you have been taught." The boys had never been so humiliated as when they stood before the lingerie counter in their dresses and stared at the silky feminine garments displayed before them.

"That's no way to select panties!" an instructor spat, jolting the stunned group back to reality. "You must caress them with your hands and rub them against your face to determine if they are soft enough. The same goes for your slips, teddies, camisoles, and nighties! Don't be shy. You're already wearing like items under your pretty dresses, so get busy!"

The boys were totally mortified as they fondled the silky lingerie under the watchful eye of their counselors. They quickly discovered that all the feminine lingerie was soft, silky, and embellished with lace. After selecting the lingerie of their 'choice', the boys were devastated by an order to strip to their bra and panties to try on blouses, skirts, and dresses.

Carlos had never been more shamed then when he saw the grinning Clancey watching with a broad smile! After selecting their new feminine wardrobes, the boys were led back to their rooms and instructed to neatly

store the recently acquired frilly items in their closets and drawers. After an extremely light lunch, they hoped for a big dinner, but once again, they were disappointed.

When Carlos complained that he was still hungry, Ms. Blair curtly replied, "Girls must eat small portions of low calorie, low fat food to maintain attractive figures."

"I'm not a girl!" he spat.

"That's obvious by the way you're sitting with your knees apart and your slip showing," she countered. "Look at Officer Clancey. He's getting an eye full!" Hearing her words and seeing the amused Clancey, Carlos jerked upright, adjusted his skirt, and pressed his thighs together as he had been taught.

While sitting with the instructors at dinner, Clancey observed, "You got that delinquent Carlos and those other boys in dresses, but they don't look very much like girls with their short hair and the way they move."

"This is only the first day," Ms. Hale chuckled. "Mark my words, you'll see a noticeable difference with each passing day. In a few weeks, you won't recognize them as ever having been boys, even though you watched the whole process."

The boys thought they would have a respite from their enforced femininity after dinner, but it wasn't to be. As soon as they entered their room, they were ordered to strip for a bath.

"I take showers," Julian replied in a matter-of-fact tone.

"These rooms don't have showers. As a lady, you will take long soaks in the tub! I'll show you how to prepare your bath."

"I know how to run water in a tub!" Julian snapped.

"Do you know the amount of Soft Skin Bath Beads or the optimum water temperature required to tighten your skin, Miss Smarty Pants? No?" Turning to Carlos, she said, "Officer Clancey, will you supervise Cindy's undressing? I'll be with you when I have Julia situated."

Carlos glared at her. Despite his efforts to the contrary, Clancey easily propelled him out of the room. As Julian sat in the warm soapy water, Ms. Blair handed him a pink lady's razor and instructed, "Shave your legs, underarms, and chest. I have to go help Cindy."

"Shave my legs? I'll do no such thing!" Julian wailed.

"Then, I'll send Officer Clancey in to give you a hand!" Ms. Blair harshly declared as she made her way toward the door.

Julian changed his mind at the thought of having another male see him naked and force him to shave his legs. "N...no!" he cried, "Don't send him in here! I'll do it! I'll do it!"

When Clancey laughed at Carlos' predicament, Carlos spat, "Does he have to be in here?"

"Unless you agree to cooperate."

Carlos blushed brightly and said, "Okay, I'll do what you say, but get him out of here!"

"Wait in the sitting room, Officer Clancey," Ms. Blair advised with a smile and a wink. "I'll call out if our little Cindy causes trouble."

"I've never shaved my legs before," Carlos exhaled in defeat, "I don't know how."

"Start at the ankles and work upward. Be careful to not cut your pretty legs. I expect to see results after I check on Julia!"

She supervised Julian's progress at performing this feminine ritual before instructing him to wash his hair with 'Luxurious Locks' Shampoo. When their baths were completed, the boys were instructed to apply moisturizing cream over their entire bodies and pay close attention to their freshly shaved legs. They massaged moisturizing cream into every pore of their neck and face after slipping into soft nylon babydoll nighties. Like the night before, soft music played in the background as they drifted off to sleep.

The next morning, Julian was disconcerted to see his reflection in the mirror in his nylon nightie and negligee.

He noticed several bare spots in his sparse beard that he knew were the results of electrolysis. How long before it was all gone forever?

Ms. Blair was waiting for him when he finished his morning preparations. Once again, she instructed him to undress in front of her. She gave him a waist cinch garter belt and told him to thread the garter straps beneath his panties. "Gather your nylons in your hands and carefully knead them over your leg to avoid runs." When they were on, she told him to stand and tightly attach them to his garter straps. "Put on whichever of your new outfits you like while I help Cindy," she stated, leaving him on his own.

Julian didn't want to wear any of his new feminine clothes. Despite his aversion to dressing as a girl, he felt compelled to thread his arms through the straps of a bra and fasten it behind his back like he had practiced. With a blush, he filled the cups with the realistic jelled inserts and dropped a soft white nylon slip over his head. He had more skirts than dresses, so he decided on a green and yellow tartan skirt with tiny pleats and a matching cashmere sweater. He blushed upon seeing his image in a mirror. The sweater molded tightly to his body to display his prominent 'breasts'! He started to change, but Ms. Blair came in at that moment to inspect his 'look'.

"Always thoroughly cleanse and moisturize your face before applying makeup," the instructor advised the femininely dressed boys. "When your face is clean, cover it with liquid base to give you a smooth ivory complexion. Make sure to cover all blemishes."

The lecture droned on with instructions on the application of blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, and lipstick, subjects the boys cared nothing about. That all changed, however, when they were instructed to put their lessons to use and apply feminine makeup and lipstick to their own faces! After a morning of intense makeup instruction and closely supervised practice, the disheartened boys were given an assortment of cosmetics to keep in their rooms and wear at all times. They

were allowed to eat lunch only when everything was properly put away, their rooms neat, and their makeup was credible.

After lunch, they were given lessons in hair care and the basics in creating a feminine hairstyle. Complaints were heard when they were taught to roll their hair, but the loudest disturbance came when they were advised that they would have to sleep in the uncomfortable curlers.

None of the boys slept very well with the strange and sometimes painful pins in their hair. Many looked on with bleary eyes the next morning when their lessons were on removing the pins and rollers and brushing their newly formed curls. Needless to say, groans were heard when they were told that they would have to sleep with their hair up in curlers every night and brush it out every morning!

The 'girls' of the Chrissy Institute fell into a routine of learning feminine traits, body movements, and makeup arts. Practice, practice, practice, was the adage they heard time and again!

"How are our sissies progressing after two weeks of feminine training?" Clancey asked Ms. Blair.

"Remember that they weren't sissies when they arrived," Ms. Blair smiled, "To answer your question, they still detest wearing girl's clothes, but as you can see, they are slowly becoming more cooperative."

"They sure look different!" he acknowledged. "When they first arrived, they looked like boys, no matter what they wore. They walked with long strides and sat with their knees apart. Now, even the ones with short hair look and act like girls. Tomboy girls maybe, but girls just the same. Even that hood Carlos is kind of cute with makeup and curly hair. What have you done to make that mob so compliant and cooperative?"

"Don't tell them, but they receive subliminal messages in their sleep and it's paying dividends! I've seen them sitting before a mirror holding a tube of lipstick, detesting the very idea of putting it on. Then powerful

messages like 'since I have to dress as a girl, I must make every effort to look sweet and feminine' will invade their minds. In minutes, their lips are full, red, and femininely attractive. Come, let's have a look at the monitors."

Clancey watched as Julian sat at his vanity in a soft lace edged nylon slip as he creamed his face for the night. Afterward, he plucked a few stray hairs from his brows. "Julia has made nice progress since he stopped complaining about being here by mistake and started concentrating on his lessons," Ms. Blair explained. "See how he sits properly with his knees together and his slip neatly adjusted over his thighs. He's never sure when he's being watched, so to avoid punishments, he has to be mindful of his feminine comportment at all times. That's how the system is designed and I've never seen it fail."

"How about Cindy? I never thought that hooligan could look so feminine. Hell, he's almost pretty!"

"See for yourself," Ms. Blair replied, pointing to another set of monitors.

Clancey was astonished to see the once obstinate Carlos sitting on his bed in a sheer babydoll nightie with his right foot on a towel to prevent spillage while he polished his toenails bright red to match his lipstick. "Has he come around?" he gasped in disbelief at the scene before him.

"The answer is an unqualified NO if you mean has he begun to like the feminine lifestyle and manner of dress we imposed on him! Oh, he accepts the reality of having to wear dresses, but I strongly suspect he's trying to lull us into complacency by pretending to be cooperative. If we relax our guard, he'll make a break for it, just you watch. I've seen cases like his many times."

"Thanks for the warning. I'll keep a closer eye on him."

"He's much easier to handle knowing you are willing to physically force him to comply with our rules and dress codes," she stated. "He hates being forced across my lap by a man while I raise his skirt and administer

a sound spanking on his despised panties. Keep teasing him about what a sissy he is. The degree of his defiance will help us determine if, and possibly when, he plans to attempt an escape. As you can see, we have an ace in the hole. The nightly transmissions are making him obedient despite himself. Our training and the discipline we impose, plus the feel of silk, satin, and nylon on his ever softening skin, is having a dramatic effect on his psyche.”

No detail was too small or too insignificant to be overlooked by the counselors. The boys' 'undies' were inspected several times daily to make sure they were wearing the proper items and wearing them correctly. “Julia!” Ms. Blair shouted one morning during high heel practice. “Are you wearing proper panties and slip with that short pleated skirt?”

Julian thought he was dressed as instructed, but he hesitated momentarily to consider his attire. When he was slow to reply to her terse inquiry, she pointed a finger in his face and snarled, “You had better be or you’ll have difficulty sitting for a week! Get over here for a lingerie inspection!”

He blushed brightly and stood by submissively while she raised his skirt to inspect his silky feminine undies. When she found his delicate underwear was complete and properly worn, she asked, “Why did you hesitate to answer?”

“I...I wasn’t sure...”

“What do you mean you weren’t sure? A lady is always cognizant of her clothes and how she is wearing them. In the future, you will be punished if you fail to correctly describe your clothing. Now take small steps, place each foot directly in front of the other, and swing those hips!”

“Cindy!” Ms. Blair’s voice rang out sharply after she let Julian off with the stern warning, “Why aren’t you wearing a slip with that skirt? You know it isn’t lined!”

“It’s black,” Carlos uttered in a meek defense, “No-body can see through it.”

“I saw through it when you walked past the window! No lady makes such a wanton display of herself! Get across my lap! I’ll give you a reminder for the future.”

Knowing she would call Clancey if he didn’t obey and not wanting the taunting officer to see him spanked again, Carlos hesitantly raised his skirt and took the all too familiar position. After applying several stinging swats to the sniveling boy’s thin nylon panties, Ms. Blair spat, “You have five minutes to get yourself properly dressed, repair your makeup, and apologize for your defiant behavior.”

Carlos ran to his room as fast as possible in his skirt and heels. He quickly removed a black nylon half-slip from his lingerie drawer, stepped into it, and adjusted it beneath his skirt. After a quick makeup repair, he hurried back to his determined mentor just in time to avoid further punishment.

Mandatory pajama parties were scheduled to keep the boys’ attention focused on their rigorous feminine training and to sharpen their skills in procedures such as personal grooming, clothes coordination, makeup application, and hair styling. Boys wearing silky nighties and negligees would gather to help each other perfect their techniques in creating feminine images. This had a tremendous effect! Aside from acquiring the desired skills, the reluctant ‘girls’ grew accustomed to being seen and seeing other boys in frilly lingerie.

Illustration 2:

Lori and Marci had rooms next door. They, along with Becky, usually joined Julian and Carlos for these pajama parties. The events that landed them at the Chrissy Institute never failed to arise. “I could kill Mom for sending me to this awful place,” Lori scowled. He had long billowing hair like Julian, a cute, feminine face, and a slim body that made him the envy of some of the heavier boys.



"I can't get the hang of putting on lipstick," Julian complained. "It's easier than applying nail polish without smearing it," Carlos growled . "Especially on your toes!"

"Mom always wanted a daughter, but she couldn't have more children after I was born. When I was young, she made me wear frilly dresses and soft under things while Dad was at work. I told him and he made her stop. I did wear a dress one Halloween after that, but I wore my briefs, instead of the panties Mom bought. I also wore a tee shirt over my padded bra, instead of the silky camisole like she wanted. On other occasions, she tried to persuade me to wear skirts, but I always refused. Maybe she wouldn't have sent me here to become a girl if I had appeased her by wearing a dress occasionally!"

"Why didn't you just refuse to come here?" Julian asked.

"Mom tricked me!" he muttered. "I got behind in my studies while Dad was sick. She said I should attend prep school for a year to catch up. I guess I was mistaken to trust her, but how was I to know a place like this existed! I swear, I had no idea...!"

"Dad sent me here!" Marci scowled. "He wimped out to his female boss and I ended up here wearing dresses!"

"What happened?" Carlos gasped, not believing a father would send his son to a place like the Chrissy Institute where he would have to wear girl's clothes and learn to be a lady.

"I was a pretty good baseball player in high school, but I wasn't offered a college scholarship because of my small stature," Marci reflected sadly. "After graduating from high school last spring, I played in a summer league to sharpen my skills."

"How did that land you at the Chrissy Institute?" Julian asked.

"My trouble started when Ms. Gilder, the CEO of Dad's firm, saw me play. Her company is one of twelve organizations with a girl's baseball team that competes in a corporate league. All the bigwigs get together and bet serious money on the games. She hadn't had much luck of late, so after the game, she told Dad I would make a valuable addition to the team."

"She wanted you to dress like a girl and play on her team? What did your Dad say?"

"He told her that Consolidated and Amalgamated tried it the year before and got caught. Not only did they have to refund the money; they were fined twenty five thousand dollars each. After that, Ms. Gilder seemed to forget the idea, but a week later, she told Dad she had found a place that could make me virtually undetectable as a boy.

He was skeptical, but since she was his boss, he agreed to give her plan a try. I begged to stay home, but Dad was afraid of losing his job, so he physically forced me in the car and brought me here."

Julian and Carlos also described the events that led them to the Chrissy Institute. The other boys knew Becky's story, but he too went into more detail. Julian was a little taken back by Becky's constant simpering and giggling while telling his story. He seemed to be a down to earth, bright guy when they spoke during the first week of training, but lately, he seemed incapable of speaking two sentences without femininely covering his mouth with his brightly colored fingers and giggling. Julian wasn't the only boy to comment on this change in Becky's personality.

Visit by a Family Member

Six weeks after arriving at the Chrissy Institute, Julian was getting ready for dinner. He was sitting at his vanity in black nylon panties; matching lace edged slip, padded bra, garter belt, and sheer nylons. As he applied the finishing touches to his evening makeup, he made sure his blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara were correct before checking his bright red lipstick and matching long oval nails. Satisfied with his makeup, he slipped his feet into black suede pumps with narrow 3-inch heels. He dropped a slinky black patterned tunic dress with a thigh length skirt over his head and secured the back zipper. Satisfied with his 'look' as he turned before the mirror, he sat at his vanity to put the finishing touches on his hair. Soon his rapidly growing golden blonde tresses were brushed into a ponytail, giving it a soft feminine appearance. After clipping gold buttons

onto his lobes, he slipped a wide gold bracelet onto his left wrist.

"Girls go through so much to look nice," Julian grimaced as he joined Carlos in the sitting area of their suite. "I would never have gotten dressed in time for dinner if I hadn't done my nails earlier.

"I know what you mean," Carlos agreed while raising his skirt to adjust his nylons.

Suddenly, a voice on the intercom snapped them from their reverie, "Julia! You have a guest at reception."

Not wanting anyone to see him in his feminine clothes, hairstyle, and makeup, he asked, "Who is it?"

"Someone in a military uniform who claims to be your sister," the voice returned in a skeptical tone.

"Tony? Here?" he wailed while looking at his stylish dress. "I can't let her see me like this!"

Seeing tears forming in his friend's eyes, Carlos took him in his arms to comfort him, something he had never done to another boy before arriving at the Chrissy Institute. "I can't let Tony see what a sissy they've made of me," Julian cried, "I just can't!"

"Maybe they'll send her away if you don't go out there," Carlos speculated.

"I hope you're right," Julian sniveled, "I'll give it a try."

The feminine appearing boys sat silently, hoping against hope that Tony would go away. Just when they dared think their plan might work, a stern voice boomed over the intercom, "Julia! Your sister is waiting! You know it's rude and unladylike to keep a guest waiting. Get out here immediately or face the consequences!"

"That's Ms. Blair!" Carlos exclaimed. "They must have summoned her when you didn't show up. You had better hurry. That wench won't hesitate to warm your panties even with your sister watching! Dry your eyes with this hankie before you ruin your mascara."

"I'm sorry for the delay," Julian sniffed as he checked his feminine appearance in the full-length mirror, "I'll



"You simply must get Aunt Agatha to listen to reason, Tony!" Julian cried. "Look how they make me dress at this awful place!"

be right there.” Deciding everything was intact, he sighed, “Wish me luck, Cindy.”

“Wow!” Tony thought upon hearing Ms. Blair’s terse command, “With a voice like hers, she would make a good drill instructor at Patton!”

Julian dejectedly made his way down the corridor with his skirt swirling saucily about his nylon-covered thighs and his heels clicking rhythmically on the tiles. He mused, “I wonder if Aunt Agatha came to her senses and sent Tony to take me away from this crazy place? She’ll sure be sorry when she learns how these bitches make me dress and act!”

He envisioned Tony in a straight white knee-length skirt, blue jacket with gold braid, and a saucy cap like those worn by Navy Waves. He ever shocked when he saw her standing beside Ms. Blair in long dark pants and a white military jacket that closed at the neck. Her hair was close cropped. Nothing about her looked remotely feminine. With the new ‘twins’, Missy and Cissy, looking on in total astonishment, he wailed, “Tony! What happened to you?”

Illustration # 3:

From the beginning, Tony was skeptical that anyone could get her brash brother to wear a dress, so she was overwhelmed to see him looking so pretty and feminine. His once scraggly light brown hair had grown considerably and was now a lovely golden blonde shade. It was arranged about his face in a distinctly feminine style that displayed his sparkling earrings. Seeing her diabolic scheme working better than she dared hope, she suppressed a smile and adopted a look of disbelief before saying, “What happened to me? What happened to you?”

“I told you they wanted to make me wear dresses,” he grimaced while pressing his bright red lips together in a girlish pout. Holding out his hands in resignation, he added, “What did you expect?”

Noticing his long red oval nails, Tony conceded, "I had no idea you'd look so nice in a dress or move so much like a girl!"

"We have to learn feminine gestures and mannerisms. They punish us if we don't use them all the time," he sighed. "I've practiced so much, they're becoming habit. When do I get out of here? I can't take this crap any longer!"

"I wish I knew!" Tony lied. "You know how confused Aunt Agatha gets. Well, she hasn't come around. I have as much to gain as you to get away from this military crap! They shaved my head and I have to do everything the same as the guys."

"Dinner is served," the receptionist informed the pair before they could pursue their conversation.

Julian took Tony's arm and pulled her toward a door, but the all too familiar voice of Ms. Blair resounded from behind him. "Julia! Is that the way a lady is escorted by a gentleman?"

"This is not a gentleman, she's my sister!" he protested.

"In that smart military uniform? I think not! Now comport yourself as a lady or suffer the consequences for being insolent, disobedient, and unladylike!"

Julian was horrified that Tony might see him punished. He knew he would have no choice but to lift his skirt and lie across her lap for a sound spanking on his exposed panties if Ms. Blair demanded, even in the presence of his sister! He slowly moved to Tony's side and whispered, "Offer me your arm and escort me like a gentleman would a lady. I have to obey her or I'll miss out on my bowl of rabbit food. I swear, they're starving us around here."

"You do appear to have lost weight, but it looks good on you in that sexy dress," Tony observed. As she offered her arm to her distraught brother, she gleefully thought, "This is better than I planned! Only two months ago, he was oblivious to authority, now he's completely browbeaten by this brazen bitch." Unable to resist a verbal

barb, she said, "You sure look cute in that sexy dress and hairstyle. Do blondes really have more fun?"

"Please don't tease me, Tony," Julian implored. "It's not my fault I have to wear dresses and comport myself as a lady."

"I wasn't teasing," Tony lied. "I was just complimenting your lovely appearance. Who would have thought you could look so sweet and feminine? What if Aunt Agatha wasn't off her rocker when she sent you here?"

"Don't even think that!" Julian whispered tersely. He knew full well that Tony was teasing, but he had to keep his voice low so his resolute mentor wouldn't hear. In his shame and humiliation, he became totally aware of the soft fabrics caressing his body as he placed his manicured hand on Tony's arm and followed her lead. Tears filled his eyes, but he fought them back with a staunch resolve not to cry and let his sister see what a sissy he had become.

Ms. Blair watched with amusement as the pair walked arm in arm. She was pleased by Julian's 'natural' feminine gait. His skirt and heels forced him to take two rapid steps to his sister's one, causing his derriere to sway in a distinctly feminine and provocative manner.

When they reached the dining hall, Julian directed Tony to a table where Carlos, Lori, and Marci were sitting. After introductions, a boy in a short pink waitress uniform came over to take their orders. Tony was given a different menu to the consternation of the others. They were further upset when she ordered a 16 ounce steak and a large potato loaded with butter and sour cream while they had to be content with a small portion of broiled fish and a tossed salad with fat free dressing.

"What's with him?" Tony asked when the waitress departed. "I thought you were being taught to be ladies, not waitresses."

"That's Becky and he's being punished," Carlos explained with a blush. "He wasn't making satisfactory progress becoming a lady, so he has to spend a week as a waitress. When it's over, he can decide which role he prefers. My money says he concentrates harder on his

lessons to become a lady. I do after a stint in the kitchen.”

“We don’t have facilities for men, but since Tony is your sister, she can sleep on the sofa in your sitting room,” Ms. Blair informed Julian after dinner. “However, I don’t want you ‘girls’ parading around before her in those short babydoll nighties you love so much. You will show modesty by wearing long gowns covered by negligees at all times. She can lounge in your room while you remove your makeup, roll your hair, and perform your nightly beauty rituals. Cindy may join you in the sitting area, but he must not leave his room without proper makeup.”

“Oh, Ms. Blair,” Julian sobbed. “Having to wear dresses is bad enough, but with Tony here, I feel like a total sissy! I’ll die if she sees my feminine room with all my clothes, lingerie, and makeup! Please don’t humiliate me this way.”

“You will dress and comport yourself as a lady at all times, no matter who is here. Besides, you’ll forget your embarrassment quicker than you might imagine.”

“But Ms. Blair...”

“Don’t worry,” she comforted, “Remember how up-tight Mandy was when he met his aunt and cousins in that pretty dress last weekend? He was over his reservations about them seeing him dressed as a girl in no time. He soon took pride in showing them his pretty blouses, skirts, and dresses. Jennifer, his roommate, said Mandy couldn’t suppress a smile when his guests commented on his silky panties, slips, and nighties in his lingerie drawer. He even taught his cousins to style their hair and change their makeup to look more sophisticated and attractive.”

“Has Mandy started to like wearing dresses?”

“Not on your life! He pleaded to be allowed to return to pants, but he accepted his fate like a lady when his aunt firmly vetoed the notion. When his family left, he accepted his fate and affectionately kissed them good-bye. Now, back to your room and get busy, or you’ll find yourself across my knee!”

Tony was doing pushups when the boys entered the sitting area dressed for aerobics the next morning. She was wearing only cotton briefs and an athletic bra that flattened her small breasts. She continued her workout instead of trying to cover herself. Having been seen in less by 'masculine' boys over the past five weeks, she thought, "Why should I be concerned about these sissies? They probably wear lacy nylon panties even for exercise!"

"Want to join us for aerobics?" Julian asked.

"No thanks," Tony replied while observing that these 'girls' wore light makeup and their hair was brushed into neat ponytails. "I've already had a good workout. What I need now is a run and a session in the weight room."

"We don't have a weight room, but there's a nature trail out back that can be used for jogging. It's about a mile long and pretty steep in places. You'll have to be careful."

"I need a shower!" Tony exclaimed when she entered Julian's room after her run. She was carrying a pair of cotton briefs and an athletic bra like she had worn earlier.

Julian had just dropped a full-skirted pink dress over his head and had the skirt raised to tug down his lace edged nylon slip. "No showers here," he lamented, "You'll have to settle for a bath. Did you have a good run?"

"Ten laps," she panted, "I ran a few extra because you 'girls' don't have a weight room."

"Ten laps and you did them voluntarily?" he gasped while ignoring her ridicule. In a supreme effort to change the subject, he said, "That military school must have really whipped you into shape! I'm always exhausted after one lap."

Tony showed no signs of modesty in front of Julian when she exited the bathroom in her bra and cotton panties. She stepped into a pair of camouflage fatigues and pulled a matching tee shirt over her head. After putting on her boots, he was still brushing his blonde

tresses. "You take forever getting ready," she scoffed. "I've taken a shower and gotten dressed and you're still primping."

"You're a girl!" Julian scowled, "You know how long it takes to put on makeup and do your hair!"

"No, I don't," she scowled, "I never liked wearing all that stuff on my face and I kept my hair short so it wasn't a bother. Besides, you're prettier than me."

"You have to convince Aunt Agatha to let me out of here, Tony," Julian beseeched, ignoring her taunt, "You just have to! I can't take this feminine crap much longer." After applying a second coat of bright red lipstick, an act in total contradiction with his statement, he took a final look at his feminine appearance, straightened his skirt, and said, "Let's go to breakfast."

"Why do you dress so nicely for breakfast?" Tony asked as she escorted him toward the dining hall.

"This isn't dressy around here. It's 'Saturday casual'," he replied with a blush. "If you're still here tonight, you'll see what 'dressed up' means in this place!"

"I saw tennis courts while I was running. Can we use them?" Tony asked Ms. Blair.

"Of course," she smiled. Turning to Julian, she added, "Be sure to play in accordance with your lessons."

Julian knew she was referring to the way he should dress and comport himself, not how he was to hit the ball. With a bright blush, he lowered his eyes and sighed, "Yes, Ms. Blair."

Julian had just removed his dress and was hanging it in his closet when Tony entered his room without knocking. "Nice panties!" she exclaimed upon seeing her brother's silky feminine briefs for the first time. "I wanted to ask what you were wearing under that sexy dress last night, but I didn't want to embarrass you. Now I know!"

Looking down at his pink nylon panties, padded bra, lacy waist length camisole, sheer nylons, and 3-inch pumps, Julian blushed at being caught so scantily dressed. "They make me dress like this all the time. Now do you see why I have to get out of here?"

"I never went in for the soft silky stuff, but it really looks great on you!"

"Thanks," he replied with an involuntary smile and a slight curtsy. He blushed brightly and wondered why he was pleased by her words. No longer embarrassed, he faced her in his silky undies and beseeched, "Please don't tease me."

"I'm not teasing!" she insisted as she stepped out of her pants, "You look better as a girl than I ever did. What's the big deal? I've seen you in dresses and a see-through nightie. Why shouldn't I see your pretty pink panties?"

"Because boys aren't supposed to wear dresses, see-through nighties, or lacy nylon panties," Julian blushed.

Ignoring his comment, Tony watched as he finished dressing by pulling a chic pink and white tennis blouse with narrow shoulder straps over his head. He easily raised the back zipper, stepped into a short pleated skirt, adjusted it about his waist, and checked his appearance in the mirror. He sat at his vanity, covered his face with cream, and began removing his makeup.

"What are you doing?" Tony protested, "I thought we were playing tennis!"

"I have to redo my makeup first," he explained.

"Why?"

"My makeup was for indoor, not outside activities. You should know that."

"I never wore enough makeup to learn," she sighed, "Just hurry!"

Tony reflected on his actions as Julian performed his task, "I never would have believed anyone could make my once brash brother dress and act so femininely! Why does he try to look like the perfect girl next door all the time if he hates wearing dresses, frilly undies, and makeup? I just have to make sure Aunt Agatha doesn't find out about my deception and send me here! If one of us is destined to wear all this soft sissy stuff, I don't want it to be me!"

"I'll only be a jiffy," he said as he attacked his makeup. When he was satisfied that his face was clean, he applied a coat of moisturizing cream before restoring his liquid base, blush, eyeliner, light mascara, and pink lipstick.

Tony was mesmerized as he quickly and efficiently performs his feminine ritual as if he had done it for years. She caressed one of the nylons he had removed as he expertly applied and blotted his lipstick. "Wow! I never wore anything so soft and silky, not even to the junior prom!" she thought.

After Julian fashioned a neat ponytail and secured it with a rubber band, he held out a pink satin ribbon and asked, "Will you tie this in my hair?"

Tony admitted, "I don't know how. I never wore ribbons and bows."

"How can a real girl not know how to tie hair ribbons?" Julian wondered. With a sigh, he walked into the sitting area with his short pleated skirt swirling about his smooth hairless thighs. Seeing Carlos, he asked, "Cindy, will you please tie my hair ribbon?"

Like Julian, Carlos was 'conditioned' to respond in the affirmative when asked for assistance by another 'girl'. Despite himself, he rose to his feet, adjusted his skirt, and accepted the ribbon. As proof that he had learned his girlish lessons well at the Chrissy Institute, he neatly tied a large bow with streamers floating onto Julian's shoulders in a very feminine manner.

"Are we finally ready to play tennis?" Tony asked in an exasperated tone.

"Almost," Julian replied as he returned to his vanity and replaced his hoop earrings with pearl studs. He slipped his feet into white socks and turned down the tops to reveal pink flowers. He slid his feet into pink and white sneakers and tied neat bows.

"Now?" asked Tony.

"Another second. I just have to pack my bag," Julian responded. Taking a pink utility bag from his closet, he filled it with a large fluffy pink towel, a compact with a mirror, a brush, comb, liquid makeup, blush, eyeshadow,

eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, and a large container of hair spray. "Okay, let's go," he exhaled.

"What about your racket?" Tony asked.

"Oh yes!" he exclaimed with a bright blush. Bending at the knees to prevent his skirt from riding up to reveal his panties, he retrieved his racket and its pink cover from the floor of his closet and placed it in his bag.

Tony was flabbergasted. "He spent more than an hour getting ready to play tennis, as if perfect makeup and hair are more important than the game! How could this place have affected him so much?"

"I wish I didn't have to dress like this to play tennis," Julian sighed as he and Tony walked onto the court.

"What's wrong with your outfit?" Tony asked as if she really didn't know. "You look cute."

"You know what's wrong!" he huffed.

"We're dressed very much alike," Tony maintained, "We are both wearing panties, bras, and tennis tops. The only difference is your skirt and my pants."

"She didn't mention that my panties and bra are soft frilly pink nylon, while hers are plain white cotton, or that boys aren't supposed to wear these things!" Julian fumed inwardly.

Illustration # 4:

Julian fell behind early in the match. He was bothered by the bouncing inserts in his bra and concerned about exposing his silky pink panties. Due to inactivity, his game was rusty and he was weak from substantial weight loss. He led a sedentary life except for aerobics and an occasional run designed to firm his body and eliminate muscle tone.

On the other hand, Tony was on top of her game from a strenuous training regimen and frequent matches with agile, athletic boys at the military school. She easily achieved a long awaited victory, defeating her feminine brother, 6-2, 7-5, 6-3.



"You really look cute and feminine in that chic tennis dress," Tony smiled.

Tony was ecstatic at having beaten her brother at tennis for the first time, but she was astonished that he seemed to care more about his appearance! She watched unbelievably as he patted his perspiration away with a towel and spent almost ten minutes repairing his makeup. Only then did he congratulate her on her victory. Even then, he hedged by saying, "I was off my game, but I'll get my revenge when I get back into pants."

"Off your game, my ass! I beat you fair and square!" Tony scoffed in a sarcastic tone. She was overjoyed that she had beaten her older brother after trying all her life, and she didn't intend to let him off lightly. "You lost because you moved like a girl and hit the ball like a sissy!"

Illustration #5:

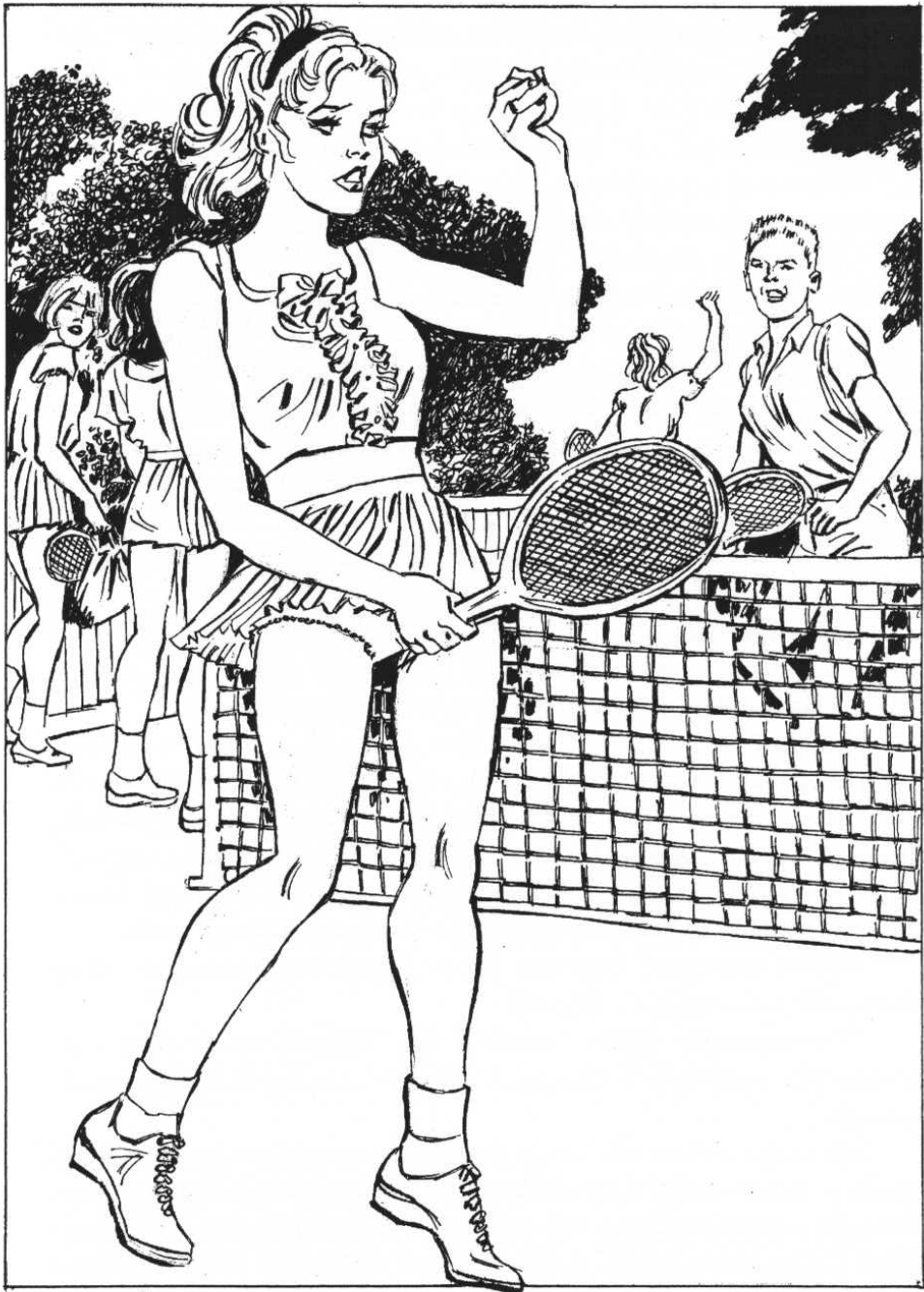
"I'm not a sissy!" he insisted as a bright blush covered his features, "I was moving carefully because I didn't want my short skirt to fly up and expose my panties."

"I'll have to take your word for that, my sissy brother. Unlike you, I've never worn a skirt to play tennis and I certainly never played in elaborate pink panties like yours!" Unable to respond to his sister's admonition without bursting into tears of shame, he blushed brightly and remained silent.

Tony watched his short skirt swirl about his trim attractive thighs as they walked back to the dormitory. She thought, "He says he doesn't like dressing as a girl, but he primps like a prom queen. Hell, he even pouts like one!" Turning to Julian, she twisted the barb deeper saying, "I guess you're right. Girls really can't beat boys at sports! When you were a boy, you said I couldn't beat you because I was a girl. Now that you're the girl, I beat you hands down."

"I'm not a girl!" he dissented.

"All evidence to the contrary," she laughed tauntingly, "Look in the mirror and tell me if you're a girl or just a sissy who wears skirts and soft frilly panties, even to play tennis!"



"You hit the ball like a sissy," Tony taunted.
"You should try wearing a short skirt like this and
try not to show your panties when you
jump around!" Julian huffed.

“Okay, you win! You beat me at tennis! I’m wearing a skirt and panties, but I’m not a girl or a sissy! You know I only wear these clothes only because those crazy women make me. Please stop teasing me about the way I have to dress!” Julian sobbed as tears filled his eyes.

“If you cry, you’ll really be behaving like a sissy!” Tony admonished without agreeing to stop teasing him about his clothes or that she beat him at tennis.

In his room, Julian was still upset about his embarrassing loss to his younger sister and her verbal degradation of his masculinity. Still as he undressed, he seemed unconcerned about her seeing his feminine undies. Unknown to either of them, his ‘programming’ made it seem normal to undress in the presence of a girl, even if she did look like a boy!

When he removed his bra, Tony noticed that his chest was swollen and that his nipples and aureoles were darker and larger than normal. His chest looked like hers when she went through puberty. She shrugged it off as irritation from constantly wearing a bra.

“Hasn’t Tony already seen enough of my ordeal?” Julian grimaced, distressed by the thought of her seeing him dressed to the hilt in feminine finery. After taking a routine scented bath, he sat at his vanity wearing soft white nylon panties, padded bra, and matching thigh length slip, and he set his hair with a curling iron.

“Why are you curling your hair?” she asked, “You slept on rollers last night!”

“It was limp after tennis,” he replied as if this was perfectly normal. “I thought I’d give it a little body before lunch.”

An hour later, Julian exited his room wearing a pale yellow dress with a mid-thigh length gathered skirt that moved saucily about his nylon-covered thighs. His hair was styled in a neat coiffure that softened his features, and his makeup was subtle, yet femininely attractive. Despite his trepidation about Tony seeing him dressed this way, he was subconsciously pleased with his appearance.

"You look great!" Carlos exclaimed when Julian joined him and Tony in the sitting area. Carlos was attracted to this girl who looked and acted like a boy, but he was extremely nervous and self-conscious of his feminine appearance as they beside each other on the sofa. Carlos was sitting up straight with his hands folded in his lap while Tony was leaning into him with her arm over the top of the sofa and across Carlos' shoulders. Obviously, Tony found this feminine looking boy to be most attractive.

"Both of us look great, for girls that is!" Julian exclaimed. "That's why we have to get out of here, and soon!"

"I'm not dressed nearly as nicely as you two ladies, but I would be honored to escort you to lunch," Tony stated, indicating her slacks, knit shirt, and sneakers."

Both boys knew she was teasing, but despite themselves, they beamed with pride instead of being angry or embarrassed.

In the dining hall, Tony ordered two cheeseburgers, large fries, and a double chocolate shake. "I'm starved after my run and our tennis match," she said.

Again, Julian and Carlos had to be content with a small salad and lemon flavored water.

"Since I must continue wearing dresses," Julian sighed dismally. "I have to go shopping and get all prettied up for tonight. We dress for dinner on Saturday. Ms. Blair said she might have a tuxedo that should fit you. I'm sorry I can't be with you this afternoon."

"Don't worry," Tony assured him. "There are several games on the tube."

"Football," Julian moaned. "I haven't watched a game all season. Dinner is at seven."

"Wow!" Tony gasped when Julian and Carlos sauntered into the sitting room wearing elegant cocktail gowns. "I never would have thought boys could be so beautiful!"

"We've been preparing all afternoon," Julian sighed.

“Yeah,” Carlos agreed, “Every Saturday is the same! We select our gown, shoes, and jewelry for the evening, as if we want to wear any of them! Then we get facials, manicures, and feminine hairstyles. They even wax our legs!”

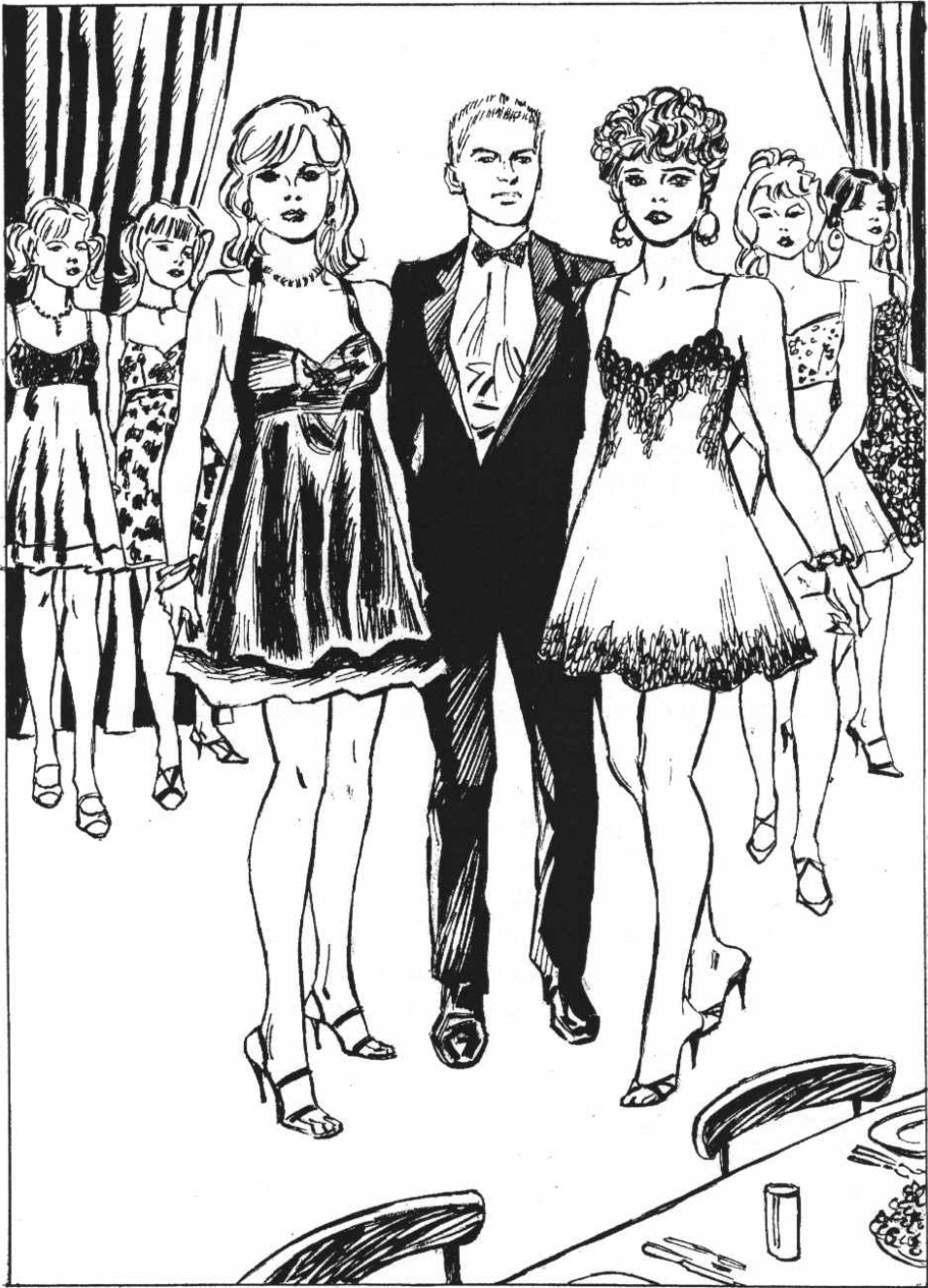
“Nobody could possibly suspect these lovely creatures are boys,” Tony thought as she admired the visions standing before her. Both wore lovely cocktail dresses, but she couldn’t take her eyes off her former macho brother. “Who could have foreseen that switching entrance forms would lead to this!” To her astonishment, Julian wore a short, red, silk cocktail dress. His makeup, blush, eyeliner, and eyeshadow were heavier than that worn during the day, but perfect for evening. Dark mascara separated and lengthened his lashes, his lipstick was bright red, his long oval nails were polished to match, and his hair was styled luxuriously to flow sensuously about his head and face.

Tony smiled as she strolled along the corridor in her tuxedo with Carlos and Julian in their sexy cocktail gowns on each arm. She felt strong, aggressive, and in control as she listened to the clicking of their stiletto heels on the tiles amid a strong aura of alluring feminine perfume. Unable to suppress a smile of triumph, she watched the seductive sway of their hips with intrigue. She held their chairs as would a gentleman and watched with amusement as the two boys smoothed their skirts and sat like the ladies they appeared to be.

Illustration # 6:

The next afternoon when Tony was leaving, Julian knew he had to stay at the Chrissy Institute and continue wearing dresses until Aunt Agatha came to her senses. Wearing a soft white polyester dress replete with pink flowers, he sadly kissed her on the cheek, something he never did when he dressed as a boy.

“I’ll have another talk with Aunt Agatha,” Tony falsely promised as she brushed her short hair back and secured a beret atop her head.



““These ‘girls’ are too pretty to be boys!” Tony thought as she escorted her brother and his roommate to the dining hall.”

"Thanks Tony!" he sighed. "Make it soon! Please!"

"As tough as it is to keep pace with the guys at Patton, I'm sure glad I didn't enroll in this place!" Tony thought. "These people are good! Imagine what they would have done to me, a real girl, if they can turn a macho boy like Julian into a sissy coward in just six weeks!"

A week after Tony's visit, Missy and Cissy Arnold were taken from the Chrissy Institute. They weren't told where they were going, but everyone assumed their Grandmother had come to her senses and took them home to resume masculine lives. They left wearing little girl dresses and their hair in 'angle wings', but they claimed it was their last time in girlish clothes before resuming boy's clothes.

Two weeks later, they returned wearing the same dresses as when they left. The differences were the bandages that covered their faces, noses, chins, and throats. They even sported intense black eyes!

"What happened?" Julian gasped when he saw them at the admissions desk. "Did you get into fights with the guys back home?"

"We didn't return home!" Missy whined. "We've been in the hospital since we left here."

"Hospital?" Julian stammered, "Why?"

"They did surgery on our faces and throats," Cissy whispered. Neither could speak above a whisper, and they appeared very subdued and fatigued. Julian politely stepped aside and allowed them to be escorted to their room without further inquiry.

A few days later, the 'twins' returned to normal school routines with most of the bandages removed. They still had two giant black eyes and bandages still covered their nose and throat.

A week later, the bandages were removed, and the pair appeared at breakfast wearing identical 'Alice in Wonderland' dresses, red slippers, and their hair pulled back into the most feminine ponytails, held with bright red satin ribbons.

To everyone's amazement, they looked like identical teen girls. Their noses had been reshaped to cute little feminine nubs, their eyes enlarged to seemingly fill half their faces, and all wrinkles were removed. Their voices had returned, and they now spoke in the high lilting pitch of young girls.

A collective gasp arose from the other students when Missy and Cissy joined them. "Y...you look identical...exactly the same," Carlos gasped when they joined he and Julian at their table.

"We know!" Missy whined in his high pitched, girlish voice. "The doctors not only made us look identical. We look and sound like adolescent girls."

"I'll say!" Julian gasped. "Your eyes look twice as large, and your chin and nose are so petite!"

"To make matters worse, we think Grandmother is planning something even more drastic and permanent," Cissy stammered.

"What could be more permanent than what they've done?" Carlos gasped.

"We don't know," Missy whispered so no one could overhear. "She talked with the doctors about something, but we couldn't make it out."

Both Julian and Carlos were aghast at the two apparent twin girls seated across the table. Missy and Cissy had arrived as boys looking similar as brothers, but now it was impossible to tell that they weren't cute twin sisters.

Escape

One evening, a few weeks later, Carlos summoned Julian into the bathroom, turned on the water to scramble any listening devices, and pleaded, "Please help me. I know you don't want to get in trouble, but all I ask is that you sneak down near the dining hall and scream real loud. You know, like you've seen a mouse or something. I rigged the gym door so it wouldn't lock, so I'll be long gone by the time they figure out what's happening!"

"I don't know, Cindy," Julian quaked.

“Come on! You’ve vetoed everything I’ve wanted to try since we got to this hellhole. Do this for me, please. Look what happened to Missy and Cissy! I’ve got to get out of here before those crazy bitches turn me into a real girl too! We both know they’re doing more than making us dress and act like girls. I haven’t had a hard on in ages, and at the rate my tits are growing, I won’t need padding in my bra much longer! From what I can see above that low cut blouse, neither will you!”

Julian knew Carlos was right. The soft mounds on his chest were growing rapidly. “You’re right,” he moaned. “My breasts are already as large as Tony’s. I’ll never be a man if they grow as large as Mom’s!” A plan formed in his mind, and he whispered, “Okay Cindy, I’ll do it.”

Half an hour later, Julian screamed as loud and shrill as he could. “Eeeek! Eeeek!”

“What’s the matter, Julia?” Ms. Blair gasped breathlessly as she ran up to him.

“I...I...” he stammered.

“This is a diversion!” Clancey shouted as he saw through the ruse. “Cindy is escaping! All guards to the dormitory!”

Everyone rushed away in a panic, and Julian silently made his way to the front entrance, sneaked out the unguarded door, and hurried away from the Chrissy Institute. While the others were on the trail of the fleeing Carlos, he flagged down a car.

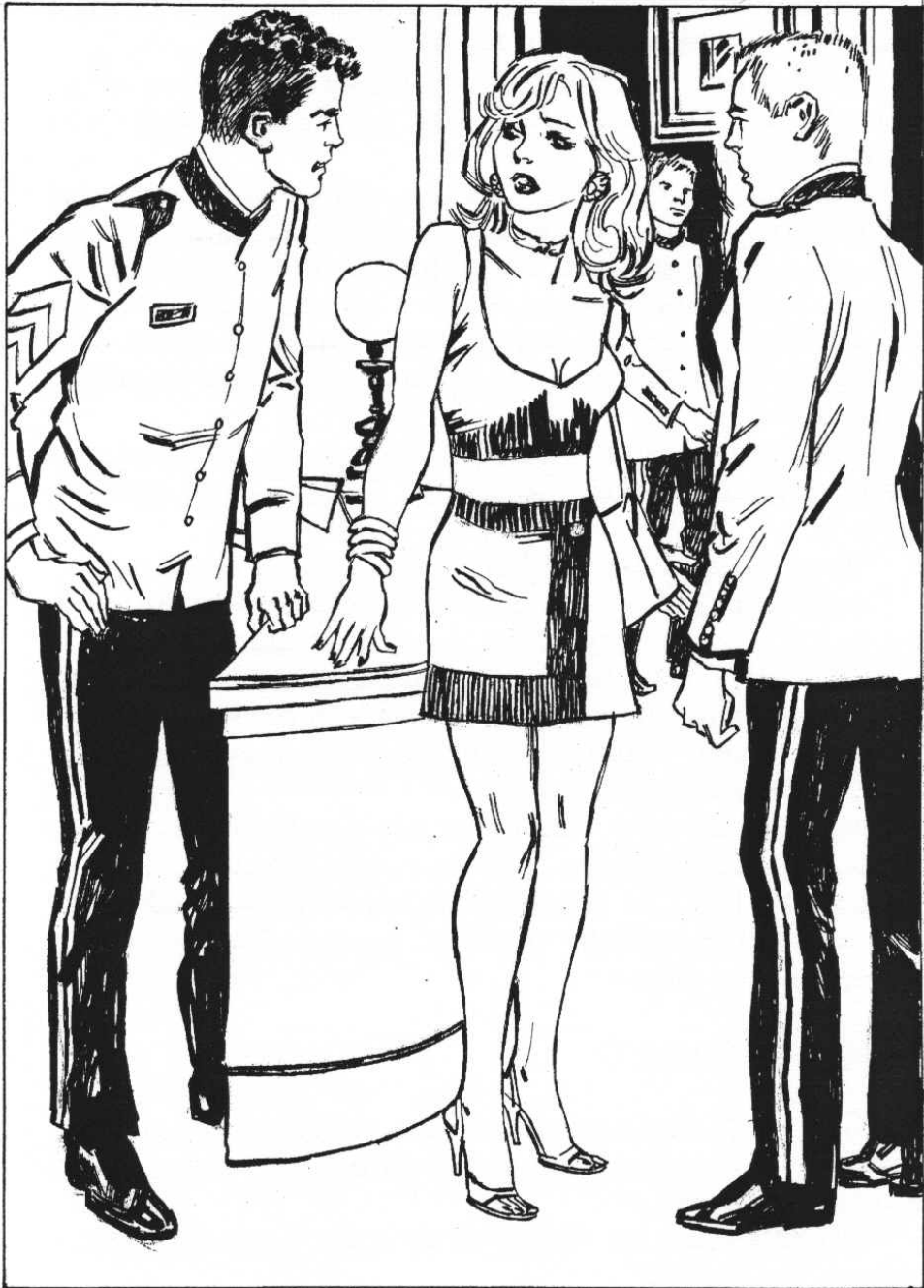
The middle-aged male driver asked, “Where to, young lady?”

Hearing his kind voice, Julian realized that he was on the street in a dress for the first time. Realizing he looked like a girl, he gathered his composure, smiled at the man, and answered in his most feminine voice, “Patton Military Academy.”

“Got a boyfriend there?” the man queried.

“Yes sir.”

“You in trouble?”



"Please, don't tell anyone I'm a boy
who wears dresses!"

Understanding that the man was asking if he was pregnant, he blushed and replied, "No sir."

"Still, you aren't very smart if you're running away from home. The first place your parents will look is at your boyfriend's."

"Thanks for the ride," Julian smiled as he stepped from the car. Quickly, he checked his hair and makeup before entering the military school for the first time. He didn't want to be recognized as a boy in a dress, so he assumed a feminine demeanor. Walking easily and naturally in his 3-inch pumps, he approached the Duty Sergeant.

"I'm Sergeant Ross," the young man announced in a deep voice filled with authority. "May I be of service, Miss?"

"Tony Martin, please." Julian purred in a soft voice.

Sergeant Ross was obviously impressed with Julian's femininity as evidenced by his broad smile. "Just a minute, Miss," he stated as he pushed a button on the intercom. "Martin, you have a visitor in the front lobby!"

"Thank you," Julian smiled, his white teeth gleaming prettily between full red lips.

When Tony saw Julian in his pretty dress, heels, makeup, and feminine hairstyle, she rushed over and gave him a hug. As they embraced, he whispered softly in her ear, "Please Tony, don't tell anyone I'm a boy while I'm wearing a dress!"

Illustration # 7:

"Okay, but don't let on that I'm different either!" she countered. "You don't know how tough life is for girls at military schools."

"Probably not as tough as it is for boys at a girl's school," he sighed.

"Why are you here and in a dress of all things?" she asked, not believing her formerly macho brother would go outside in anything so feminine.

"I sneaked out when they weren't looking. They confiscated my pants, so dresses and skirts are all I have to wear. I came here to see if you had convinced Aunt Agatha of her terrible mistake. I just have to get out of that crazy place. I try to resist, but they're succeeding at making me into a girl. A real girl!"

Tony looked him over and mused, "He sure looks, acts, and talks more feminine than he did only a couple of weeks ago! His hair is several inches longer, he speaks in a higher voice, and he flashes his long red nails like a girl!" Observing the prominent growth exposed by his low cut dress, she thought, "Gawd, look at those tits! He really is turning into a girl. He's probably wearing a push up bra, but still, his boobs are larger than mine!" As tears filled his eyes, she warned in mock sympathy, "Don't cry, or you'll ruin your makeup. Look, I'll keep talking with Aunt Agatha and do whatever I can." To herself, she added, "to keep you in pretty dresses, silky lingerie, attractive makeup, and high heels!"

"Thanks Tony," he sighed as he took a lacy hankie from his purse and carefully dabbed his tears to avoid mussing his makeup.

Suddenly, Ms. Blair and two other instructors from the Chrissy Institute burst into the lobby shouting, "There you are Julia! We've been so worried. You know better than to leave the campus unescorted or without permission. Terrible things can happen to a girl alone on the streets. Come now, let's get you back where you'll be safe."

Julian wanted to yell that he wasn't a girl and that he could take care of himself, but he was afraid to reveal his true gender in the presence of the desk sergeant. As the two instructors grabbed his arms and pulled him toward the door, he squealed in a feminine pitch. "Please help me, Tony! Talk with Aunt Agatha!" He tried to dig in his heels, but they slid easily on the highly polished floor. Despite his resistance, he was forced toward a waiting van.

Tony watched through a window as the robust women forced her feminized brother into the van. In a

supreme effort to escape, he kicked frantically, causing his skirt and slip to fly in all directions. As she observed his lacy panties and the dark tops of his nylons, she chuckled deviously and thought, "I believe he hates wearing soft feminine frillies as much as I do. Better him than me!"

"What was that all about?" the sergeant asked.

"A little misunderstanding," Tony smiled. "My brother is enrolled at the Chrissy Institute to become a lady, and he just sneaked away for a visit."

"Brother? Him? Her?"

"Oh yes," Tony smiled. "That's my brother."

"You've got to be kidding!" Ross gasped. "She's one of the loveliest girls I've ever seen. She can't be a boy!"

"Nonetheless, he's my brother," Tony smiled.

"But why...why does he want to wear dresses and look like a girl?"

"Believe it or not, he hates wearing girl's clothes! See how he's struggling to get away from the guards? Don't misunderstand. He isn't a sissy, or at least he wasn't in the beginning. He thinks he's enrolled at there by mistake, but he's there because I switched the entrance forms. That's how I got to attend military school. Anyway, if you think he's gorgeous, you should check out his roommate. Now, there's a foxy boy! The place is full of pretty feminine sissies."

"Uh...yeah!" Sergeant Ross stuttered. "Where did you say he was from?"

"The Chrissy Institute," Tony answered. "We have a dance there next month."

"I see," he nodded after checking his calendar.

"I'll introduce you to him at the dance if you like," Tony smiled.

Ross readily agreed. That girl was the sexiest thing he had ever seen, boy or not. How could his roommate be prettier or sexier? His heart pounded with the thought of holding this gorgeous creature tightly and whirling him about the dance floor.

When the group arrived back at the Chrissy Institute, Ms. Blair sternly ordered, "Go to your room, Julia! It's late, and we're tired from chasing you all over town. I'll see to your punishment tomorrow!"

As Julian walked to his room, his mind was filled with dread. "What will they do to me?" he wondered. "I've stood up to them with tantrums, but I've never done anything like running away." Hoping his punishment would be reduced if he diligently performed his feminine rituals, he set about making himself soft and pretty. "I wonder if they caught Cindy," he reflected as he soaked in a bath laden with scented oils.

He patted his body dry with a fluffy towel, stepped into a fresh pair of silky tap panties, and slipped into a soft pink terry cloth robe. He covered his body with moisturizing lotion before massaging and kneading the estrogen based creams into his growing breasts. The thick liquid was allegedly to alleviate itching, but its main purpose was to accelerate breast growth!

"I look like a girl even without makeup," Julian moaned as he perused his features in his vanity mirror after creaming his face. "My hair will look better if I wash and roll it tonight. I don't relish sleeping on curlers, but maybe Ms. Blair will go easier on me if I look my feminine best." He replaced his robe with a long nylon nightgown. "I still don't understand why transparent negligees must be worn for modesty when they don't cover anything," he reflected as he slipped into a pretty one that matched his soft gown.

"What will I wear tomorrow?" he mused as he shuffled through his closet. "I need to look as sweetly feminine and innocent as possible." With that in mind, he selected a sleeveless pink dress with a short pleated skirt and a long sleeved white polyester blouse. "My pink pumps with 3-inch heels will be perfect with this dress."

Julian was very nervous the next morning as he readied himself for the day. He removed his nightgown, clasped a bra behind him, filled the cups with inserts, and pulled a short white nylon slip over his head as if on

automatic pilot. Sitting at his vanity, he removed his curlers and brushed his lengthening tresses into an attractive feminine style that softened his facial lines. He did his makeup and lipstick in a pink shade. He added eyeliner, mascara, and a hint of eyeshadow. Then he slipped into his dress, expertly fastened the back buttons, and carefully stepped into his shoes. He finished by adding another coat of pink polish to his nails. His short pleated skirt swirled merrily about his nylon covered thighs as he walked into the sitting area where Ms. Blair, Officer Clancey, and Carlos were waiting for him.

Carlos was wearing a short black dress with a straight skirt accented by a red silk scarf about his neck, a red belt, and red 3-inch pumps. "I guess Cindy and I will be punished together," he thought as he noticed that tears had replaced the usual fire in his roommate's eyes.

"You look very nice, Julia," Ms. Blair smiled. "I can't conceive of anyone so attractive running away from his femininity."

"Thank you, Ms. Blair," Julian replied with a polite curtsy. "I'm sorry I..."

"You should be sorry, young lady!" she spat. "We were so worried for your safety! You must be punished to prevent that kind of behavior in the future. Don't you agree?"

Julian shuffled his feet and toyed with his skirt as he summoned his courage. "I wanted to ask Tony to talk with Aunt Agatha again," he managed to whisper. "You won't let me use the phone, so the only way I could contact her was to go over there. I'll never be a man again if I stay here much longer."

"Man indeed!" she shot back. "I've never heard of anything so ridiculous! Look in the mirror, and tell me if you see anything remotely masculine!"

"Not in the dresses, silky lingerie, and makeup you make me wear! That's why I had to see Tony."

"Your situation is unchanged since you saw her! What have you gained by your insolence other than two sets of freshly pierced ears like your compatriot here?"

"Pierced ears," he gasped, looking at Carlos and seeing the reason for his dejection. Peeking from beneath his curls were unmistakable gold and diamond studs in his earlobes! "Please don't mark me as a girl for life by piercing my ears," he begged. "I promise not to run away again."

"Don't be a crybaby," Ms. Blair chided. "Cindy didn't whimper when we pierced his ears. Be a good girl like him."

Julian wanted to prevent Ms. Blair from piercing his ears, but he didn't know how. She had forced him to dress and behave as a girl despite his protests, so how could he stop her from performing this dastardly deed that would mark him for life? He thought of fighting, a natural reaction for a boy, but his long oval nails cut into his hand and prevented him from making a fist. "I can't beat them," he wailed. "They'll only make my punishment worse if I resist. Lowering his head in surrender, he slowly walked to his destiny with his short pleated skirt swirling saucily about his nylon covered thighs. Half an hour later, he left the salon with tears in his eyes. Not only was he dressed completely as a girl, he now wore studs in his freshly pierced ears.

"Remember to turn your studs several times each day to facilitate healing," Ms. Blair advised. "Just think how you'll dazzle the guys at the Fall Dance in a long silk gown with sparkling pendants dangling from your ears! The boys won't stand a chance!"

"Boys? Fall Dance?" Julian managed to whisper.

"Of course! We invite the boys from the military school to our annual dance. Won't that be fun?"

"I'm a boy!" he exclaimed with disgust, "I can't dance with other boys! Besides, I don't know how to dance as a girl!"

"Other things have changed, so will that!" Ms. Blair smiled. "Don't worry your pretty head about that. You will be as graceful and light on your heels as any girl!"

The Dance

A few days later, the boys were fitted with feminine pumps with 4-inch stiletto heels, and their dancing lessons began with a vengeance. After wearing 3-inch heels for the past two months, most of them had little difficulty adjusting to the additional height. They were told to wear them full time, not just for dancing lessons. Next, they were introduced to narrow full-length skirts for dance class, causing more than one boy to stumble and fall as he was twirled about the dance floor by one of the councilors. They were required to wear these skirts full time as well to help them learn to move more gracefully.

The boys were forced to hold their forearms at waist level and place one foot directly in front of the other for balance as they minced about in their stilt heels and ultra-tight skirts. This is the time when even the most stubborn boy learned to walk in a feminine manner. Imagine the frustration of a group of boys who ran, jumped, and played ball only a few months ago, now forced to dress as girls and mince along with limp wrists and strides no longer than ten or twelve inches!

Because they were new to their task, the boy's dance lessons began with the waltz and slow music. Councilors in leotards and sneakers would lead them about the floor, all the while cautioning them to follow, and under threat of a spanking, not to lead! "Melt into the arms of your partner close enough to feel his body and anticipate his moves," they were told time and again.

No one minded dancing close to the female instructors, but they complained bitterly whenever Clancey took them in his arms! A few hard smacks of a leather strap across the back of a tight skirt and thin nylon panties quickly calmed the dissenter. He soon found himself dancing close to, and following the lead of the only 'man' available. This was especially traumatic for Carlos who felt the strap more than once when instructed to dance with his despised guard.

As the nightly subliminal messages did their job, the 'girls' grew more comfortable with the thought of danc-

ing with boys, and they accepted their stilt heels and long tight skirts as normal attire. Also, with constant practice under the watchful eye of their dedicated mentors, they quickly became very graceful, both on and off the dance floor.

A week before the dance, the boys were taken to the boutique, a large room that contained every type of feminine clothing imaginable. There they were to select their gowns. They nervously eyed the many racks of feminine finery. Ms. Hale stepped onto a dressing platform and said, "I am very pleased with the progress most of you have made thus far in your training to become proper young ladies. Therefore, you will no longer be required to wear your hobble skirts! You can wear any dress or skirt you choose, but continue to wear your 4-inch heels because you still need practice in them with different style skirts."

Relieved to be rid of their restrictive skirts, the boys gleefully stepped into the skirts they had spurned only weeks earlier. Comments like "I'll wear the shortest, fullest, most comfortable skirt in my closet!" was heard as the bare-breasted boys milled about in soft panties, sheer nylons, and stilt heels, trying blouses, skirts, and dresses. As the councilors watched this giggling group, they knew from experience that this was the time most boys under their tutelage forgot that boys didn't wear skirts ... of any style!

Action filled the Chrissy Institute as preparations for the dance reached a fever pitch. With Ms. Blair's help, Julian chose a silk gown with a long flowing skirt that was split to mid thigh. The top had sleeves off his shoulders and dipped in the front to cover his breasts, yet show significant cleavage. Whenever he walked, and especially when he sat, the light material fell away to reveal his long slender legs.

"Remember, ladies always sit carefully to not show the dark tops of their nylons when wearing such revealing fashions," Ms. Blair cautioned.

Julian wanted to yell, "I'm a boy! I can't be a lady!" Experience had taught him the folly of such a response. Instead, he lowered his eyes, blushed brightly, and promised to try very hard to keep his skirt arranged in a ladylike manner.

Once their gowns were selected, the boys became apprehensive about wearing these sexy feminine creations and dancing with other boys. In spite of these masculine reservations, they paid special attention to the classes on evening makeup and hairstyles. They even concentrated so intently in dance class that only Carlos complained about having to dance with Clancey.

During a pajama party a few days before the dance, the main topic of conversation was boys and how they, the Chrissy Institute 'girls', would feel floating about the dance floor in their arms. Instinctive masculine attitudes clashed with intense feminine training. As one might imagine, the result was a myriad of mixed emotions.

"If one of those boys tries to get me out on the dance floor, I'll claw his eyes out!" Carlos snarled while flexing his fingers and calling attention to his long red, oval nails.

"Had you rather no one ask you to dance after all the lessons and practicing, not to mention the effort required just to get ready?" Marci asked skeptically.

"Yeah," Lori joined in. "Look me in the eye and tell me that your greatest wish is to be a wallflower at the dance after all we've been through!"

"You bet your sweet ass it is!" Carlos spat. "I don't want to be here, I don't want to wear dresses, and I don't want to dance with boys! Believe it! Don't tell me you're looking forward to dancing with other boys after all the bitching you did about your mother sending you here to dress like a girl!"

"It's true," Lori blushed, "I am eagerly anticipating the dance and being held tightly by 'real' boys. I don't know how to explain my feelings, but it's more than the clothes. I think the stuff they give us to make our boobs



“...unless that cute Sergeant Ross asks me,” Julian tittered. “Oh, Julia, did you see lots of cute guys at the academy?” Marci giggled.”

grow is affecting my attitude about men and boys. Anyway, I think the dance will be lots of fun.”

“Not for me!” Carlos spat as tears of frustration filled his eyes.

“How about you Julia?” Marci inquired.

“We’ve gone to a lot of trouble to get prepared for this dance, but I’m not crazy about dancing with boys either. Unless...”

“Come on Marci,” Lori declared. “Let’s go to a room where girls are honest about their true feelings.”

Just as Lori and Marci reached the door, Julian finished the sentence Lori had cut off. “...that Sergeant Ross I met at the academy asks me. He’s a real hunk!”

“What did you say?” Marci gasped as he and Lori turned in disbelief at his change of attitude. “Oh, tell us Julia! Did you see lots of cute guys over there?”

“The place is crawling with them,” Julian smirked, knowing he now controlled the conversation. “You wouldn’t believe...”

Illustration 8:

Everyone was told to wax his legs a day or so beforehand because of the expected mad rush on the day of the dance. Manicures and pedicures were to be taken care of in advance, although a fresh coat of fingernail polish was to be added an hour or so before the dance.

As predicted, the salon filled with feminine appearing boys’ only minutes after opening. They all wanted their hair and makeup done early to gain every possible minute for dressing and primping. Some of the boy’s hair was still short for a girl and they were given weaves. Real hair that matched the color and texture of their own hair was entwined to give them luxurious, shoulder length tresses.

When Carlos returned from the salon, he rushed into Julian’s room as fast as possible in his stilt heels. “Look at my hair Julia!” he cried while shaking his head to emphasize the dark bouncing curls that tickled his neck.

"I'm ruined! With this hair, my red dress, heels, makeup, manicure, and long pendants in my pierced ears, no one will believe I'm a boy or that I ever have been much of one! If they do, they'll think I'm a complete sissy!"

"Don't cry Cindy," Julian cooed as he took his dejected roommate in his arms to console him. "You'll never get ready on time if you ruin your makeup."

"Thanks Julia," Carlos sighed as he dried his eyes with a lace hankie and headed toward his room. "I don't know how I would get through this awful dance thing without you."

Julian sat at his vanity in white silk panties and garter belt while he kneaded sheer nylons over his smooth legs. His mind filled with confusion. One minute he was obsessed with perfecting his feminine image, the next he was humiliated at the thought of dancing with 'real' boys! "What will they think of me?" he wondered. "Will they laugh and call me a sissy like Cindy says? Will they refuse to dance with me, or will they think I'm pretty and feminine? Oh, why doesn't Aunt Agatha come to her senses and get me out of here?"

Like real girls, Julian and Carlos assisted each other with buttons, zippers, necklaces, bracelets, broaches, and so forth. They even offered informed opinions on each other's appearance. Of course, Ms. Blair had the final word.

The dining hall at the Chrissy Institute had been made into a makeshift ballroom by placing tables around the perimeter of the room, leaving the center open to serve as the dance floor. Counselors, acting as disk jockeys operated a stereo in one corner of the room, and soft music flowed from strategically placed speakers. The fragrance of alluring feminine perfume filled the air, and stilt heels clicked nervously on tile as the 'girls' anxiously awaited the arrival of their 'dates'.

At last, a column of handsome young cadets made their entrance. They were all wearing blue jackets decorated with gold buttons, braid, and chevrons. Their

white trousers sported a faultless crease, they wore highly polished shoes, and every one had very short hair. Most of them had to be ordered to attend, knowing that they would be dancing with boys in dresses. However, after only a short period of hesitation, they began circulating and pairing off much like they would with real girls at seeing the beauty of the 'girls' in attendance.

Julian was extremely apprehensive about meeting these boys in his elegant gown, and he shrank to the rear of the group. Suddenly, he heard a familiar voice from behind, "Your hair is a longer than when I last saw you, Julia."

Turning quickly, he saw Tony and another cadet. "T...thank you," he shyly stammered.

"It looks very nice," Tony complimented. "I think you should consider always wearing your hair like that."

"If you can talk sense into Aunt Agatha, I won't be here that long."

Ignoring his comment, Tony introduced the cadet beside her, "This is Tim Ross. He was the desk sergeant the night you ran away. Remember? Tim, my brother Julian."

Humiliated at being introduced as a boy, Julian slowly extended his hand and uttered just above a whisper, "Nice to meet you Tim, but please call me Julia while I'm dressed this way."

Illustration 9:

"The pleasure is all mine, Julia!" Tim gushed excitedly. Noticing Julian's long, bright red, oval nails, he took the proffered hand, but, instead of shaking it, he raised it to his lips. His nostrils were filled with the scent of delicate perfume as he gently kissed the back of Julian's hand. Standing erect, he asked, "Will you permit me the honor of this dance, Miss Martin?"

Julian wasn't expecting this kind of respect from a boy who knew his real gender, but then, he didn't know the extent of Tim's infatuation with him since their brief



"It's wonderful to see you again, Julia," Tim gushed. Other cadets were pairing off with the Chrissy Institute 'girls', including Tony with Carlos.

encounter at the academy. He smiled, executed a polite dip, and breathlessly sighed, "With pleasure, sir."

They were one of the first couples on the dance floor. Julian was very nervous, and even though a slow waltz was playing, he maintained a reserved distance from Tim.

After the dance, Tim politely thanked Julian, led him to a secluded table, and held a chair while he sat. The young cadet was quick to notice when the light fabric of Julian's skirt fell away to reveal a long expanse of nylon covered thigh. "How could a tough girl like Tony have such a beautiful and sexy brother?" he wondered.

Julian didn't notice, but Tim wasn't interested in any of the other 'girls', so he watched patiently while Julian danced with several other cadets before asking for another dance.

Ms. Blair was closely monitoring the situation, and when she saw Julian purposely maintaining a distance between himself and Tim, she caught his eye, held up her hands, and slowly brought them together. Julian recognized her gesture as an order, and he moved in close to Tim.

Mistaking Julian's move as one of affection, Tim slid his hand up the smooth silk gown to caress his partner's soft bare back. Not surprisingly, given the extent of his infatuation with his dance partner, he became sexually aroused. Like many males before him, he fell under the spell of the feel of soft skin, the fragrance of beguiling perfume, and the enchantment of the beauty in his arms.

Julian felt the lump in Tim's pants and jumped back in panic. The same thing had happened to him when he had slow danced with girls, so he fully understood the impact of the situation. "I'm a guy despite the way I'm dressed!" he whispered urgently in Tim's ear. "How can I possibly affect you that way?"

"I can't help it," Tim sighed while turning bright red. "You're so beautiful, so sexy. I've thought of no one else since that day when I saw you at the academy. My dream has been to hold you in my arms, to..." his voice trailed away.

"We had better sit this one out," Julian proclaimed cynically as he turned and walked off the dance floor. He just couldn't believe another boy could be so enamored with him.

Tim and Julian were surprised to find Tony and Carlos at their table locked in a passionate embrace with her hand slipped under the soft red satin of his skirt. As they approached, Tony broke off their kiss, but kept her hand between Carlos' thighs. She smiled and exhaled, "This roommate of yours is one hot number, brother dear."

Julian still didn't like being referred to as a boy while he was dressed in this elegant, feminine manner, but he couldn't deny his real gender. "At least they are of opposite sexes and not two boys like us," Julian bemoaned as he smoothed his skirt and sat in the chair Tim was holding. "Hot romance blossoming here?" he asked in a teasing tone.

"Mind your own business," Tony smiled. Turning to Carlos, who sat in obvious ecstasy, she asserted, "Come on cutie. Let's hit the dance floor and give these love birds some privacy!"

When Carlos and Tony began dancing, he melted into her arms and pressed his body against hers. He appeared to be reveling in his feminine role despite his former macho life, his violent protests against having to dress as a girl, and his escape attempts. As proof, when Tony's hand slipped down from his waist to caress his buttocks through his soft satin gown and silk panties, he thrust his pelvis forward to make firm contact with hers.

"What's going on?" Julian asked when he and Tim were alone.

"Looks like they're having fun and enjoying each other," Tim replied.

"I mean with us!" Julian snapped.

"You have me under your spell," Tim blushed. "I can't help myself. You're so beautiful, so bewitching. I've never felt this way about anyone, male or female." From the corner of his eye, Tim noticed that Julian's split skirt

had separated and revealed his smooth nylon sheathed thighs. In a bold move, he began caressing and stroking them as Tony had with Carlos.

Illustration # 10

“How is it possible for another boy to find me so enchanting?” Julian wondered as he gently took Tim’s hand and removed it from his thigh. Despite these doubts, Tim’s amorous words and sexual advances caused the nipples of Julian’s budding breasts to tingle, and he felt a warm inner glow. He had never felt this way. Never! He slowly took Tim’s hand and replaced it on his thigh. Lowering his eyes, he softly asked, “Do you really think I’m attractive? As a girl, I mean?”

“Attractive? No! You’re beautiful, gorgeous, stunning, sexy, provocative, and ravishing! You’re so lovely, I don’t have the words to adequately describe your beauty.”

Enthralled by Tim’s romantic words, Julian’s heart fluttered in feminine ecstasy, but he was still suspicious of Tim’s motives. “You can’t mean all those things,” he sighed breathlessly while praying he meant every word.

Tim declared, “A month or so before this dance, I volunteered for guard duty this weekend to avoid being placed on the attendance list. The very thought of dancing with boys in dresses repulsed me, but that changed when I saw you at the academy. As proof, I’m one of the few volunteers here tonight. Except for Tony, most of the others are here under orders.”

“They appear to be having a good time in any event,” Julian observed as he parted his thighs slightly to allow Tim’s roving hand to slide higher.

“Not half as much fun as I’m having,” Tim smiled as he put his free arm around Julian and pulled him close. Julian’s mind was filled with confusion as their lips met for their first kiss. Part of him knew kissing another boy was wrong, but his programming and the feminine hormones coursing through his body overpowered him.



"You have me under your spell," Tim whispered as he felt Julian's soft, smooth thigh.

When they came up for air, Tim sighed, "Oh Julia, now I know why a boy like you would come to a place like this and let his sister attend military school."

"A boy like me? What do you mean, a boy like me?" Julian screeched and leapt to his feet, allowing his flimsy skirt to fall back into place. His eyes filled with tears as he turned and ran as fast as possible on his stilt heels.

Jumping up, Tim rushed to catch his fleeing partner. He took Julian forcefully in his arms, looked deeply into his eyes, and pleaded, "Oh Julia, my darling! I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"Let me go!" Julian spat as he struggled to free himself.

Tim responded by pulling him closer and kissing the tears from his cheeks. "Oh my darling," he implored. "I was paying you the highest compliment, not scorning or deriding you. Believe me, I would never purposely say anything to hurt you. Honest!"

"You said, 'a boy like me', as if I'm different," Julian sniffed as mascara laden tears streaked his makeup.

"You are different. You're beautiful and sexy! That's all I meant," Tim insisted as he pulled Julian close and kissed him again. At that moment, he wanted nothing more than to make love to the lovely creature in his arms, but a crowd had gathered to observe the commotion.

When they parted, Julian sniffed, wiped his cheeks with his hand, and said, "I must look a mess! I have to visit the powder room, but don't go away. I'll be back in a flash." He kissed a very surprised Tim again and hurried away without another word.

"Looks like you need a cup of punch to cool off, young man," Ms. Blair declared as Tim stood by, totally bewildered.

"I think you're right," he mumbled as he walked away in a supreme effort to hide the lump in his pants. Julian had promised to return quickly, so Tim positioned himself so he could watch the dance floor and the door of the 'powder room'. His eye caught Tony and Carlos gyrating wildly to a lively tune. As Carlos turned, twisted, and

twirled easily in his stilt heels and in perfect time with Tony's lead, his red satin split skirt swirled about to reveal his smooth thighs and the dark tops of his nylons.

Half an hour later, Julian finally returned with his makeup repaired. Once again the beautiful 'girl' mesmerized Tim, and he couldn't help attempting another kiss. Julian pulled back saying, "You'll smear my lipstick. I just spent five minutes getting it right!"

"Let's dance then," Tim smiled as he thought of seeing Julian's skirt flying merrily about to reveal his sexy nylon covered thighs. To his delight, he was not disappointed, as the next couple of tunes were very lively. During a slow dance that followed, he observed several couples easing quietly out into the hallway and he asked, "Where are they going?"

"Out for some fresh air!" Julian replied as if stating the obvious. "Haven't you ever wanted to be alone with a girl?"

Getting the message, Tim shyly asked, "Would you like to step out for a breath of air?"

"I thought you'd never ask," Julian purred with a sly smile.

They spotted other couples embracing in doorways and dark corners as they made their way along the corridor. Tim steered Julian beside a large plant, pulled him close, and kissed him passionately. He slid his hands under both sides of the bodice that covered Julian's budding breasts, quickly located the small mounds, and rolled the small nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

Illustration 11:

Julian squealed with delight, having never felt anything so exhilarating. He was overcome with an overwhelming desire to return the sensation. Before the events of this tantalizing evening, he had never considered touching another male in an intimate way, but in the throes of his passion, his hand instinctively moved to Tim's erect member.

Tim had been in a constant state of arousal all evening, and at the instant of Julian's touch, he erupted into his trousers. "Oh, Oh!" he exclaimed, quickly removing his hands from Julian's bosom. "Excuse me, I have to visit the restroom." Releasing the object of his passion, he hurried down the hall to the bathroom designated as the 'Men's Room' for the evening.

Julian went back to the ballroom. With a dazed expression, he ambled over to the punch bowl instead of waiting in the hallway while Tim cleaned himself.

Surmising the reason for his confusion, Ms. Blair asked, "Have you been a naughty girl, Julia?"

"Oh, Ms. Blair!" he sighed. "I didn't... I don't... I've never... Not with a boy... I'm not..."

"There, there," the older woman soothed. "Calm yourself and keep in mind that a lady isn't necessarily a prude. She is, of course, discreet, careful, and selective. She also understands that men and boys are very whimsical. Freshen your makeup, and hurry back before your young man returns and moves on to another flower. He is no longer horny, and he might not wait like last time."

Ms. Blair was wrong. Tim still had eyes for no one but Julia as he proudly guided his 'lady' onto the dance floor. Soft, slow music played during the last hour of the dance, allowing the couples to get very intimate. When the dance ended, quiet whispers and gentle kisses were exchanged in the front lobby. The cadets reluctantly made their exit with promises to write the lovely 'girl' with whom they had spent the evening.

After the cadets departed, Ms. Hale announced, "The hour is late, and you all had a good workout tonight. Therefore, tomorrow's aerobics are suspended, and you may stay in bed until awakened by the intercom."

Feeling more like 'Cindy' and 'Julia' than ever before, Carlos and Julian chattered away like magpies about their dates as they walked back to their room. Cindy was talking about Tony, and Julia gushed about Tim. Both 'girls' were talking at the same time, neither listening to the other, but it didn't seem to matter!



"How could I make a another boy excited like this?" Julian wondered."

Julian's mind was a mass of confusion. As he hung his dress carefully in his closet, he happily thought, "Tim really thought I was pretty and feminine in this dress, and he liked the way it showed off my legs."

He massaged his budding breasts and rolled his nipples between his fingers as Tim had done. However, euphoria accompanied disgust as he remembered his brazen fondling of Tim's maleness and the resulting mess. "I'll bet he thinks I'm a slut!" After a moment, his mood swung back, and he mused, "If Tim was disgusted with me, would he have danced with me the rest of the evening and kissed me goodbye so passionately? I wonder if he'll write to me like he promised." With these conflicting thoughts, he chose a full-length black nylon nightgown he had worn previously only when directed to do so. "I would have worn this gown to make me look sexy if Tim had spent the night," he thought as the soft gown slithered over his body.

The next morning, the intercom awakened the 'girls' saying, "Wear a negligee over your nighties, and report for breakfast in thirty minutes."

Four months previously, thirty minutes was more than ample time for Julian to get ready for breakfast. All he had to do then was take a quick shower, jump into his pants, pull on a shirt, brush his teeth, and comb his medium length hair. Now, he screamed inwardly, "Thirty minutes! I can't get ready in thirty minutes!" Jumping out of bed in a panic, he pulled on his negligee and rushed to the bathroom. After a hurried bath, he hurried to his vanity to apply his makeup and brush his recently permed tresses.

Sliding his feet into fluffy black bedroom slippers with elevated heels, he made his way out the door just in time to greet a smiling Carlos who was wearing a long white nylon nightgown, matching negligee, 3-inch slippers, subtle makeup, blush, and bright red lipstick. After exchanging compliments on their feminine bedroom ensembles, they hurried to the dining hall.

As instructed, the 'girls' were wearing their sexiest nighties after the long awaited night with the cadets. Some were long, some extremely short, and all could be clearly seen through their transparent negligees. Most surprising of all, not one appeared to be self-conscious or embarrassed by the way he was dressed. Instead, happy smiles and lilting lighthearted chatter filled the room.

"As you can see, the ballroom is cluttered and in need of a thorough cleaning from top to bottom," Ms. Hale announced when everyone had finished eating. "That means you must sweep and mop the floor, wash, iron, and put away the table cloths, and replace the tables to their normal positions. The kitchen is a total mess and must be thoroughly cleaned as well. Return to your rooms, change into the attire of your own choosing, and return here in one hour."

"Attire of their choosing?" Clancey scoffed in disgust after being aroused at the sight of the boys in their seductive nightgowns and negligees. "Get ready to see our 'girls' in warm-ups and sneakers!"

"Ten bucks says you're wrong," Ms. Blair challenged. "My money says not one of those beauties will be wearing anything remotely resembling pants when they return."

"I hate stealing your money, but you're on," Clancey chuckled.

True to Ms. Blair's prediction, the boys filed into the dining hall in attractive housedresses, lacy pinafores, refined makeup, neat feminine hairstyles, nylons, and at least 3-inch heels. With very little lost effort, they threw themselves into their chores in a determined manner.

Illustration 12:

"I feel as though I've been beamed into Stepford," Clancey sighed in awe as he handed over a bill. Skirts whirled about, showing glimpses of lacy petticoats, and heels clicked merrily on the tile as the 'girls' efficiently

performed their duties. "How did you know this would happen?"

"Experience and faith in our methods," Ms. Blair laughed. "They want to look attractive in case their young men return. They're doing domestic work to please him. Believe me, you'll see a much improved attitude from our 'girls' from now on."

End Book 1

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..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE FOXIE #16	10.00
..... MANNINGUEIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
..... IDEAL MARRIAGE #13	10.00
..... CHARM SCHOOL #12	10.00
..... ACCEPTANCE #11	10.00
..... FASHION MODELS #10	10.00
..... TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9	10.00
..... CHRIS TO CHRISSE #7	10.00
..... CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5	10.00

MAKEOVER TV FICTION

..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00

OTHER GREAT STORIES:

..... TRANSFORMA COMIC	10.00 ea.
..... #1 or #2 or #3 or #4 or #5 or #6	
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP NEW	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00

TOTAL ORDER _____
 STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only) _____
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max) _____
 (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate--up to 10 books) _____
 TOTAL ENCLOSED _____

**SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:
 SANDY THOMAS ADV.
 P. O. BOX 2308, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

VISA or MC exp /

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____
 CITY _____ ST _____ ZIP _____
 I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 9-08

PRINT IN INK FOR U.S. MALE CITIZENS ONLY

1 NAME

First

Mrs. Miss Ms. FEMININE NAME
(if none, add an "X" after first name)

Last

2 RESIDENCE

(Number - Street - Apartment No.)

City

County

ZIP Code

3 STATE WHY YOU WANT TO LEGALLY BE TREATED LIKE A WOMAN

(if necessary, just talk about your favorite dress)

4 DO YOU WISHED TO BE FORCED TO WEAR LINGERIE BY THE U.S. GOVERNMENT

(if yes, which arm of the government do you want to do the enforcing)

IRS FBI CIA HUD FAA DOL NASA
(circle one)

5 MALE OCCUPATION

EXPECTED FEMALE OCCUPATION

6 BRA SIZE CUP SIZE REAL CUP SIZE

EXPECTED FEMALE SALARY
(Round to \$2K, \$4K, \$6K, \$8K, \$10K, \$12K)

7 TYPE OF WOMAN YOU PLAN TO BE:

HOUSEWIFE

MAID

SEX KITTEN

ALL AMERICAN GIRL

A WOMAN OF FASHION

INTELLECTUAL TYPE (use form 4527K, then throw it away)

FEMME FATALE

Other (Specify) _____

10 I prefer materials in:

NYLON

SILK

LACE

LATEX

OTHER

OPTIONAL SURVEY: Can you help in the following area(s)

Housekeeping

Secretary

DEPARTMENT OF LINGERIE
AFFIDAVIT OF REQUEST TO WEAR LINGERIE

11 ARE YOU ON SANDY THOMAS' MAILING LIST? Yes No

If no, fill out the form below!

Ask about our special product!
Let me know which stories you like the most!

SANDY THOMAS' ADV.
P.O. Box 2308 Capistrano Beach, CA 92024-0308 USA

PLEASE ADD ME TO YOUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST!

NAME:.....

ADDRESS:.....

CITY:..... STATE:..... ZIP:.....

I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD!
EVERYTHING SENT FIRST CLASS IN UNMARKED ENVELOPE.



READ THIS STATEMENT AND WARNING PRIOR TO SIGNING

I am a citizen of the United States and at least 21 years of age

I certify under penalty of perjury under the laws

governing lingerie and its purchase

that the information on this affidavit is true and correct.

WARNING

Perjury is punishable by imprisonment in an ill

fitting corset and cotton CK underwear.

12 SIGNATURE—Sign on line in box below.

Date

30 0 483529

13 If someone like a wife or girlfriend has made you fill out this form, check here!