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“BECOMING LADIES”

By KRISTY LOVE & ALICE TRAIL
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"Bachelor: A man who's saved a woman from"
a lot of grief!"

BECOMING LADIES THE CHRISSEY INSTITUTE II

BOOK 2 BECOMING LOVERS

By Alice Trail and Kristy Love

Home for the Holidays

Tony knew she could no longer keep Julian's feminine escapade from Aunt Agatha when Christmas vacation arrived. "Oh well," she thought as she entered her aunt's house. "Attending military school and competing with the guys was fun while it lasted!"

"Julian, you look so handsome in that smart uniform!" Aunt Agatha enthused upon seeing her niece. "I knew military school would make a man of you!"

"Maybe I can pull this off after all. Besides, I'm in too deep not to try," Tony reflected as she embraced her aunt. Gathering her courage, she replied, "I'm Tony, not Julian!"

"Tony? What are you doing in that uniform?"

"Don't you remember? You agreed with the generals who said girls could compete with boys in a military setting if given the chance. You were right. I've done all the physical exercises along with the boys and I'm at the top of my class academically."

"Oh my! Where's Julian if you went to military school?"

"He went to that finishing school you selected to make him into a lady. You said if girls become soldiers, boys have to wear dresses and keep the home fires burning. Don't you remember?"

"I do seem to recall something about girls, military schools, and you wanting to attend one, but I don't remember sending Julian to finishing school," Agatha

sighed. "I've been awfully confused lately, but surely I wasn't that addled."

"Maybe you'll remember if you look at the brochures," Tony suggested as she retrieved them from a desk drawer. "Look! It guarantees to convert the most head-strong, rowdy boy into a prim, proper, and refined young lady. When you saw that and the pretty dresses the boys are wearing in the photographs, you decided that the Chrissy Institute was the perfect place for Julian. Surely, you remember that."

"Those are boys?" Agatha gasped.

"Sure! It says so right here."

"I...I thought they were girls and that you were going there, not Julian! Oh my, I must be more forgetful than I thought. Oh well, I don't think we should worry. Julian is far too much his father's son to ever wear a dress. Besides, he certainly could never look as beautiful as those...uh...boys."

"Don't be too sure. A bunch of us from Patton went over there for a dance several weeks ago."

"Did you see him?"

"Yes, but I didn't recognize him at first. He was all decked out in this long silk gown with stilt heels and perfect makeup. His hair had been bleached golden blonde and was styled with elegant curls. You won't believe it, but his ears had been pierced, and he wore long sparkling pendants in them. Believe me, he was every bit as gorgeous as those boys in the brochure!"

"Goodness! I never would have thought he would wear dresses, let alone look pretty. How could I have misjudged him so?"

Tony took a moment to carefully consider her words in an effort to conceal her role in the ruse that sent Julian to finishing school. "He says he hates wearing dresses

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and frilly undies, but I'm not so sure based on what I saw!" she falsely contended.

"What do you mean?"

"His room is decorated in pink with lace all about, and he wears the softest nylon, silk, and satin undies. Not only that, he takes forever to make sure his clothes, hair, and makeup are just so! He even insisted on wearing a totally cute tennis dress and pink nylon panties when we played. If you ask me, he secretly loves wearing all that silky stuff, despite his claims to the contrary."

Agatha was in deep turmoil the next day when she and Tony arrived at the Chrissy Institute to take Julian home for the holidays. Would he be angry with her for sending him to a school that required him to wear dresses and comport himself as a lady, or did he secretly like to wear girl's clothes like Tony suspected?

Tony, of course, knew the answers to all those questions ... and more! To confuse her aunt and make the bizarre situation appear normal, she wore a sport shirt, jeans, sneakers, and one of Julian's jackets. With her short hair, bushy brows, absence of makeup, and long striding walk, she looked totally masculine!

When Agatha and Tony entered the lobby of the dormitory, they saw dozens of happy, chattering girls and women greeting one another and saying goodbye to others. After a moment, Tony spotted Julian and Carlos. "There they are!" she exclaimed while taking her aunt's arm and leading her over to them.

"They? They who?" Agatha wondered as they approached, what appeared to be two pretty young girls, one blonde and one brunette.

The blonde was wearing a red silk dress with a fitted bodice and full skirt that fell almost to her nylon covered knees, and she moved about easily in red 3-inch pumps. Curly bangs crossed her forehead, and her hair was styled in a ponytail with curly tendrils floating over pierced ears decorated with large hoops. Subtle

makeup, blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara enhanced her beauty and complimented her full red lips.

"You may not recognize him, but this is Julia and his roommate, Cindy," Tony said.

"Julia?" Agatha gasped as she looked over her nephew. "This girl looks like you! Are you telling me she's Julian?"

"You sent him here to wear dresses," Tony replied, absolving herself of suspicion. "After seeing the photos of the boys in the brochure, how did you expect him to look?"

Illustration 13:

"Oh, Aunt Agatha," Julian sighed with a bright blush as he extended his hand and revealed his long red nails. "Please take me away from this awful place. These awful people make me wear dresses and comport myself like a girl!"

"Oh Julian," Agatha cried as she took him into her arms and inhaled his sensuous feminine perfume. "I must have been out of my mind to do this terrible thing! Can you ever forgive me?"

"I'll forgive anything if I can get out of this frilly stuff and back into pants!"

"You can wear anything you like as soon as we get home, my darling!" Agatha wailed as she hugged her feminine appearing nephew. When she felt soft breasts beneath the bodice of his dress, she held him at arm's length and asked, "Are those real breasts, and what happened to your voice. You sound like a girl?"

"Some of it is me, and the rest is padding, but this is my real voice now," he squeaked. "I can't remember when I last use a male voice. It must have been when I ran away to see Tony."

"Ran away?" Agatha voiced concern.

"It's a long story, Aunt Agatha," Tony injected. "I'll tell you about it later."



“Aunt Agatha, you simply must get me away from this awful place!” Julian greeted his aunt. “Look how they make me dress!”

Agatha again embraced Julian, still aghast at the radical changes that had occurred in her nephew in such a short time.

While her aunt and brother wept in a tight embrace, Tony turned to Carlos and said, "Wow Cindy! You sure look hot!"

"Thanks Tony," he blushed beneath his makeup, but before he could respond further, she took him in her arms and kissed him passionately. They had fooled around when they met on previous occasions, but nothing like THIS! He tried to push her away saying; "This is weird."

"What's wrong with a boy and girl kissing?" she whispered without releasing him.

He hesitated only a moment before emitting a sigh and melting into her arms. Her logic was impeccable. They did appear to be of opposite sexes even if their apparent genders were reversed! Tony guided Carlos into a corner after realizing they were being watched. Satisfied with that hint of privacy, she began massaging his nylon-covered buttocks through his skirt and soft nylon slip. This time, instead of pulling away, Carlos parted his mouth slightly to receive her tongue and instinctively thrust his pelvis forward. When they finally parted, he was dizzy and off balance. Never had he felt so helpless and out of control. "Wow!" he gasped as he held onto Tony to keep from falling off his heels. "What was that?"

"A kiss," Tony beamed. "Haven't you been kissed before?"

"Not like that!"

"Have you ever had a girlfriend like me?"

"No way," he answered with a sigh.

"What are you doing for the holidays?"

"Nothing," he sighed. "Clancey is afraid I'll run away, but where could I go dressed like this? At least, I won't have to face my old gang in a dress. Still, it sure will be lonesome around here with everyone gone."

"Maybe I can visit. We don't live all that far away."

"Oh, would you?" Carlos enthused while swaying from side to side to make his skirt swirl about his nylon covered thighs. "That would be peachy!"

"I'll call you," Tony promised as she took Carlos in her arms and kissed him goodbye. Seeing her aunt was ready to leave, she lifted several of her brother's bags, saying she would return for the rest. When Julian said he would get them, she scoffed, "You can't carry these heavy bags in those heels! I'll get them while you escort Aunt Agatha to the car."

Julian couldn't wait to get out of his dress and soft lingerie when he got home. His bags in the car contained only feminine attire, makeup, and beauty aids, so he left them to Tony. Jumping from the car, he ran to his room as fast as possible in his skirt and heels. Wasting no time, he lowered the back zipper and let his dress fall to the floor. Rushing to his underwear drawer while still wearing his silky red half-slip, panties, bra, garter belt, nylons, and heels, he retrieved a pair of jockey briefs and a tee shirt.

Tony shoved the door open and lugged a packed clothes carrier and a heavy suitcase into the room before Julian could gather more long awaited masculine clothes. In an instinctive effort to cover himself, he squealed, "Tony! You should have knocked! I don't want you to see me like...like this! Get out so I can change into boy's clothes!"

"What's the big deal?" she taunted. "I've seen you in your scanties before. Besides, you should hang up your pretty clothes before you change. You know how easily they wrinkle."

"I don't care if they wrinkle!" he spat. "I'm not wearing them again."

"Spend your holidays ironing, and see if I care!" Tony chided with a smile as she noticed the conspicuous cleavage spilling from his lacy bra. Seeing a confused expression cover his feminine appearing features, she added, "Get started while I bring up your other things."

Julian was unable to ignore the intense training he had undergone during the past months. No matter how badly he wanted to change into pants, he simply HAD to keep his feminine clothes neat and wrinkle free! As if in a trance, he opened the clothes carrier and began hanging the dresses, skirts, and blouses in his closet alongside his masculine things.

When Tony returned with his remaining luggage, she watched in awe as he moved gracefully about in his shimmering slip. He amazed her as he bent from the knees to keep the hem of his skirt parallel to the floor or brushed the soft garment beneath his legs before squatting to arrange his shoes, heels mostly, in his closet. She was further astonished when he moved his briefs, tee shirts, and socks aside to make room for the abundance of soft pastel panties, slips, bras, camisoles, and nylons he had brought along.

"I don't know why Ms. Blair insisted on me bringing so much feminine stuff home," he sighed when everything was finally put away. "I'm sure not going to wear any of it now that I don't have to! Okay, I've put everything away, get out of here so I can change!"

"You haven't unpacked your cosmetics," Tony objected. There's makeup of every description, along with creams, lotions, and potions for every conceivable purpose. I can't believe you used all this gook."

"They made me! You know that!"

Illustration 14:

"This case is filled with combs, brushes, a hair dryer, scads of plastic rollers, hair spray, bobby pins, hot curlers, and a lot of other stuff," she continued as if he hadn't spoken. "You have to put it all away since the bags have to be returned to the Chrissy Institute. That is, unless you plan to return."

"I'm not going back to that awful place!" he spat as he neatly arranged the feminine items on his dresser.

"What about Tim?" she asked while he worked. "Have you heard from him?"



"I can't believe you wear all this stuff," Tony chided.
"You know they made me!" Julian contended.

“He wrote to me, but I was too embarrassed to answer.”

“Why? I thought you two made a wonderful couple. Didn’t you have a good time at the dance?”

“I was...was ashamed. I...I kissed him and ... and... Oh, I just couldn’t face him after that.”

“Suit yourself, but I think he’s a neat guy.”

Illustration 15:

When the last bag was empty, Julian grimly ordered Tony out of his room. Presuming she had seen her brother in feminine clothes for the last time, she kissed him on the cheek and sadly left him alone. “Aunt Agatha will probably insist on me becoming a lady after the holidays, but this has been a wild ride,” she thought with a smile.

As soon as Julian was alone, he sat at his vanity...uh...dresser in his lacy red bra and silky half-slip and began to remove his makeup. A warm feeling and a pleasant thought swept over him. “At long last, I can wear pants and be a boy again. I’m finally free of feminine clothes, hairstyles, and makeup!”

He peeled off his slip, bra, panties, garter belt, divert, and sheer nylons after brushing his blonde tresses into a semblance of a masculine ponytail and tying it back with a rubber band. When he stepped into his first cotton jockey briefs in months, he found them surprisingly heavy and tight around his hips. Ignoring the fit, he slipped into a tee shirt. With an effort, he stretched it over his budding breasts.

Being resolute in his mission to dress as a boy, he became concerned but didn’t despair when the buttons of his sport shirt wouldn’t close. With a shrug, he discarded the shirt in favor of a loose fitting sweater. However, desperation overwhelmed him when he ripped his jeans while trying to pull them over his wide, hormone induced hips and fleshy buttocks. Completely frustrated in his foiled efforts to wear male clothes, he cried, “They changed the shape of my body at that awful



"What lovely lingerie you wear!" Tony sneered.

Chrissy Institute! I can't dress as a boy even when I'm away from there!" With that, he fell across his bed and burst into tears.

He had grown accustomed to the frustrations associated with wearing feminine clothes and makeup over the past four months, so he slowly composed himself with a thought induced by his programming, "I guess I'll have to wear some of my feminine things until I can get some clothes that fit. I swore I wouldn't, but I have to wear something! Maybe wearing skirts for a few more days won't be too bad."

Discarding his torn jeans, he removed a loose fitting white skirt out of his closet, stepped into it, and pulled it up over his cotton jockey briefs. When he tried to fasten it at his waist; however, the overpowering thought filled his mind. "When wearing girl's clothes, I must make every effort to look and feel pretty. I simply can't wear jockey briefs with a skirt. It just isn't done!" Almost as if in a trance, he took off the briefs he had dreamed of wearing for so long and replaced them with matching soft white panties, bra, garter belt, nylons, and silky slip. He easily fastened the back buttons of a red silk blouse, fastened the skirt about his waist, and stepped into the red 3-inch pumps he had worn on the trip home.

"There's so much to do to make myself look like a girl," Julian thought as he tied into a feminine ponytail with a floppy red satin ribbon. "Maybe it's worth the trouble for this chic Christmas look." With that thought, he applied blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, bright red lipstick and matching nail polish, although in a subtler shade than he had worn earlier.

Tony had been smug in her deceit when she coerced Julian to prance about in his slip to store his feminine clothes while she watched, but she was saddened that he would no longer wear them. Aunt Agatha had decreed that he could wear anything he wished, and that was that. Thus, Tony had no doubt that he would choose jeans, tee shirts, and cotton briefs instead of pretty dresses and soft, silky lingerie. Thus, when he appeared

in his feminine guise, she gasped, "I...I thought you wanted to change into pants!"

"My shirts and jeans don't fit," he admitted with a blush. "I have to go shopping."

"Shopping?" Agatha gushed at hearing the word. Shopping was her favorite pastime, and she hadn't heard the part about his jeans not fitting. Tony had never shared her interest in this feminine pursuit, so she was understandably delighted to hear the word from Julian's red lips. "We'll go first thing tomorrow. All the stores are having wonderful sales!"

"I guess I can wait one more day to wear boy's clothes," Julian thought that evening as he pulled a pink full-length nightgown over his head and let it float gently over his body. After slipping into a matching translucent negligee, he sat at his dresser to remove his makeup and roll his hair as if it was the most natural thing in the world. As he wound a strand of blonde hair around a large pink roller, he mused, "I would need a decent vanity with a lighted mirror if I had to continue dressing as a girl."

The next morning, Julian came downstairs wearing a green silk blouse that was sheer enough to allow a generous view of his bra and slip, along with a gray, wool, above the knee length skirt, and sensible black two inch pumps. His blonde tresses were brushed into a neat feminine style with curled bangs caressing his forehead. He wore light makeup, eyeliner, and bright red lipstick that matched his long oval nails. His accessories consisted of gold hoop earrings; a triple tier gold necklace, and several bracelets. "Good morning, Aunt Agatha," he smiled as he kissed her on the cheek.

"You look very nice," Agatha beamed, assuming he was dressed as he wished to be.

Looking at his soft feminine blouse with his prominent breasts protruding, Julian uttered, "Thank you." Despite himself, he was pleased with her compliment.

"What would you like for breakfast?"

“Just a glass of juice. I have to watch my...my...” his voice trailed off, and he wondered why that thought occurred to him since he was returning to pants and his life as a boy within a matter of hours.

“Oh, you young girls and your figures!” Agatha exclaimed as if she now thought of him as a girl. The very idea caused him to renew his blush.

When they were ready to leave, Julian put on a beige suede jacket he had brought home from the Chrissy Institute and grabbed a purse that matched his outfit. He had transferred his necessities into it earlier, even adding a spare tampon from force of habit. He was ready to go after checking his appearance in his compact mirror, refreshing his lipstick, and blotting it on a tissue.

Without a thought as to how he would feel buying boy’s jeans, shirts, and underwear while wearing a dress, Julian absentmindedly followed his aunt into a store that featured women’s clothing. “I might as well let the old girl buy some things for herself,” he thought as he slowly gravitated toward the teen department. I can’t change until we get home anyway.” For some reason, completely unknown to him, he began holding skirts, blouses, and dresses up to himself before a mirror to see how they looked. “Why am I doing this?” he wondered. “Don’t I have enough feminine stuff already?”

He was admiring a short wool hounds tooth skirt when Agatha approached and said, “That skirt would look lovely with your long slender legs. Why don’t you try it on?”

“This soft white blouse and matching vest will really set it off!” the clerk enthused before Julian could explain that he had all the skirts and blouses he needed or wanted. Trapped because he didn’t want to betray his real gender to the clerk, he reluctantly agreed to try it on. As fate would have it, the skirt was shorter than the one he had worn into the store, and about two inches of his lacy nylon slip showed beneath the hem.

"Don't worry about that, Hon!" the clerk bubbled. "We have a nice selection of slips that won't show with that short skirt. Step right over here."

While Julian hesitantly looked over the soft frilly slips, Aunt Agatha gushed, "Look! They have matching panties and bras too! Why don't you buy sets in white, pink, yellow, and powder blue? Who knows how many dresses and skirts you might purchase at these prices!"

He wanted to say he had rather purchase jeans, shirts, and jockey briefs than dresses, skirts, blouses, panties, slips, bras, and nylons. His problem was that he couldn't complain without giving his secret away. In an effort to save face, he dejectedly made the suggested purchases. After all, Aunt Agatha was paying! As his aunt had predicted, he was coerced into buying another skirt, three blouses, two dresses, a cashmere sweater, and several pairs of nylons. "What will I do with all this feminine stuff after I get home and change into pants?" he wondered as they left the boutique burdened with packages.

"Maybe now I can buy some jeans and shirts that will fit," Julian thought as he walked to the car to deposit his feminine purchases. Happy to rid himself of the burden before shopping for boy's clothes, he was oblivious of his skirt blowing wildly in the stiff wind. Girls know the folly of wearing full skirts on windy days, but he was new to the game, and the result was obvious. In his innocence, a group of boys who were hanging out, got an eye full of lace edged slip and nylon encased thighs as he passed by.

Illustration 16:

When Julian re-entered the mall, he was detoured again as Agatha excitedly guided him into a jewelry store to look at necklaces, bracelets, and earrings. "I'm so thrilled to have a lovely niece to share my interest in nice clothes and fine jewelry," she gushed while holding a pair of elaborate pendants up to his ears. "These would

look great if you had another set of holes for diamond studs.”

“But Aunt Agatha...” he protested.

“These studs are 1/4 carat each and they are on sale,” the clerk advised. We offer free piercing with a purchase. If you like, you can wear them home.”

“What a wonderful idea!” Agatha gushed. “And these pearl studs will go perfectly with this triple tiered necklace!

Again, Julian couldn’t complain so he soon found himself with a second set of holes in his ears, and he was wearing diamond studs in them.

Next, Agatha maneuvered him into a shoe store, and despite his objections, she bought him three pairs of women’s pumps. They were in different styles and colors, but all had at least 3-inch heels. When he finally suggested buying jeans, she sighed, “I’m afraid that will have to wait for another day. My body won’t hold out like in the old days.”

Julian was crushed! Not only would he have to dress as a girl for at least another day, he had a whole batch of new feminine clothes he was expected to wear. He also had a fresh set of holes in his ears!

When Tony returned home, she found Julian puttering in the kitchen. He was still wearing the dress and heels he had worn shopping. However, a lacy apron now covered them! “I thought you were changing to jeans,” she said.

“We didn’t get around to buying any,” he sighed. “Aunt Agatha must still be delusional because all she wanted to buy me were girl’s things. Look! She even insisted on having my ears pierced again!”

Tony gasped at the diamond studs penetrating her brother’s ears above his attractive gold hoops. She had a sinister idea as she gazed at his stylish dress, feminine makeup, long blonde tresses, long red oval nails; attractive nylon encased legs, and the easy natural feminine manner he moved about in his heels. “I wonder if Aunt Agatha plans to send him back to the Chrissy Institute and let me return to Patton! If I can keep him in dresses



"I can't seem to keep my skirt from fluttering about and showing my panties," Julian moaned as another stiff breeze gave the boys a treat.

throughout the holidays, I'll bet I could convince her he belongs in them!"

"Aunt Agatha exhausted herself at the mall," Julian said as he placed a pot of tea and a bowl of soup on a tray. "She's resting in her room, and I think she'll feel better tomorrow if she doesn't have to get up for dinner."

Julian found Tony watching a football game on television when he returned, and he sighed in resignation, "Football I haven't watched a game all year. I don't even know who the top teams and players are."

"Make us a sandwich, and I'll catch you up while we watch the game," Tony asserted.

Instead of complaining that boys shouldn't do domestic work, Julian's bright red lips formed a bright smile, "Sounds like a plan!" Presently, he handed Tony a tray containing a sandwich, a handful of chips, a soft drink, and a glass of ice. After getting a tray for himself, he sat on the sofa and began watching the game.

"He used to drink out of the can," Tony thought. She sat with her ankle resting on her opposite knee to stabilize her tray while Julian sat with his knees together and his skirt adjusted primly across his nylon encased thighs. She happily mused, "Look at him! He really has adapted to a feminine demeanor and comportment. Sending him back to the Chrissy Institute may be easier than I thought!"

Julian ate only half of his sandwich and a couple of chips. He tried to concentrate on the game, but his mind kept drifting to the shopping trip, his recently pierced ears, and the feminine clothes he had purchased at his aunt's insistence. "I'll bet I would look good in that black wool dress we bought," he pondered. "It's kind of short, but no one would notice my black slip showing if I wore dark nylons. Anyway, who cares if they did! A hint of black lace can be kind of sexy!"

Tony watched as Julian removed his heels, folded his feet under himself, and adjusted his skirt over his thighs like a girl. He appeared to be deep in thought, and he obviously wasn't paying attention to the game. She wondered about his coy smile, but chose to remain silent.

Hearing a noise outside, she selected that moment to return her tray to the kitchen, and when the doorbell rang, she called back, "Answer that, will you?"

Julian slipped his feet into his pumps, brushed his skirt into place, and opened the door without thinking about the way he was dressed. Immediately recognizing the tall, handsome, well-built visitor, he diverted his eyes and gasped, "Tim! What are you doing here?"

Tim looked at Julian in awe, his eyes filled with desire, "Please don't send me away, Julia. You didn't return my calls or answer my letters. Tony says you don't want to see me, but please let me apologize for whatever I've done to hurt you or made you angry."

"I didn't want you to see me like this...in a dress," Julian sighed just above a whisper.

"You're lovely in that dress, so beautiful, so sexy! Please let me come in to talk...just to talk."

Julian, pleased by Tim's compliments and his apology, absentmindedly opened the door and allowed his suitor to enter. "Tony and I were watching the game. I suppose you could join us for a while."

Tim was so taken by Julian's feminine persona that he had to use all his self-control to resist taking this lovely creature in his arms for a passionate kiss. "God, you're so beautiful!" he proclaimed as Julian smoothed his skirt and resumed his seat on the sofa.

"Hello Tim!" Tony smiled as she shook hands masculine style with their guest.

"Why didn't I shake hands with him?" Julian wondered as Tim presumptuously sat beside him.

"What brings you over, as if I need to ask?" Tony asked to conceal that she had asked Tim to come over as part of her plan to keep Julian in skirts. "Have you eaten?"

"No, but that's okay."

"You can have the rest of my sandwich if you like," Julian offered. "I'm not very hungry."

Tim grabbed the sandwich and gulped it down, not waiting for a second invitation. As Tim finished off the

chips, Tony suggested, "Make your guest another sandwich. Can't you see he's starving?"

Julian felt put upon by his sister's remark, yet he dejectedly made his way to the kitchen. "At least, I'll get away from Tim for a few minutes," he thought. "While he eats, maybe I'll have a chance to change into something less dressy. Oh, why didn't I insist on buying some jeans and things while we were at the mall?"

Tony winked at Tim and whispered, "Get in there, and do your stuff! I've done my part by getting you two together. You have only yourself to blame if it gets screwed up now!"

Tim, finding Julian in the kitchen busily preparing his food, approached the object of his affection from behind and kissed the nape of his neck.

Despite himself, Julian was pleased with Tim's aggressive maneuver, but he controlled his emotions and made no response. Tim, taking this as encouragement, kissed the other side, causing chills of pleasure to run up Julian's spine. Before Julian could respond further, Tim turned him around and kissed him passionately. Julian felt the warm feeling he experienced at the dance when Tim pulled him close and caressed his buttocks through his skirt, slip, and panties. He melted into Tim's arms and passionately returned the kiss.

The two sat close together on the sofa as Tim ate and watched the game. When he was finished, he put his arm around Julian, pulled him close, and kissed him gently on his lips. "Thanks, that was great."

His hand slowly moved to Julian's exposed, nylon covered thigh, but Julian removed it and whispered, "Don't! Tony is watching!"

Not wanting to risk getting his lover angry again, Tim held Julian close, pulled his head onto his broad shoulder, took a whiff of captivating perfume, and replied, "Okay, let's just get comfortable and watch the game."

Julian was unable to concentrate on the game. Feeling secure in Tim's arms, he drifted off to sleep. Realizing what was happening, Tony decided to leave the

lovebirds alone. She noticed that a light was on in Aunt Agatha's room. Knocking lightly, she entered and found her aunt sitting up. "Is anything wrong?" she asked.

"Oh no, I feel much better, thank you," Agatha smiled.

Seeing her aunt in better spirits, she had a sinister idea and asked, "Want to see something cute?"

"What is it?"

"I'll show you, but you'll have to be very quiet." She led the old lady into the kitchen and turned off all the lights. Sneaking into the den, she nudged Tim and pointed at her watch, indicating it was time to leave.

While the two watched from the dark, Tim gently shook Julian awake, kissed him tenderly, and said he had to leave. At the door, as they shared another passionate goodnight kiss, he caressed Julian's buttocks once again, causing Julian's right leg to rise to knee level.

Back in her room, Agatha sighed, "I don't understand. Julian said he wanted to return to pants, but he's worn nothing but dresses and skirts since he got home. I wonder what's going on with him."

"Julian's affections for Tim proves you were right. Certain boys should stay home and wear dresses so girls can go off to war. He didn't change into pants because Tim was coming over, and he wanted to look pretty and feminine for him."

"What should we do?"

"I think the last thing we should do is tease or ridicule him. Instead, we should assure him that he is very pretty, and that we don't think less of him because he likes to wear dresses, soft lingerie, and makeup. To the contrary, we should do everything possible to help him build confidence in his feminine persona. Of course, that might include a bit of positive pressure now and then."

"How do you mean?"

"Oh, he might pull some kind of macho stunt like complaining that he shouldn't wear dresses, or that he wants to change into pants to impress us," Tony proposed. She wanted desperately to convince her aunt

that Julian really liked dressing as a girl and to negate his inevitable future complaints. "When he does, we should say he's too pretty to wear pants, or otherwise pass his suggestion off as preposterous. If he persists, we should buy him a frilly blouse, a piece of jewelry, or sexy lingerie he might secretly want to wear for Tim. You saw them kiss just now, so you know he likes his new role."

"I suppose you're right," Agatha sighed thoughtfully.

"Also, I think we should refer to him as Julia to reinforce his feminine identity," Tony added, tightening the screws.

While the two women talked, Julian was in a state of euphoria from his romantic encounter. In a trance, he prepared a hot bath laden with scented crystals and bath oils. Knowing Tim would prefer his legs soft and smooth; he shaved them without further thought. After his bath, he plied his entire body with moisturizing lotion, and as he massaged the estrogen laced cream into his budding breasts, he smiled and thought naughtily, "This would feel so much better if Tim was doing it instead of me." Despite his vows never to sleep on curlers again, he rolled his hair to complete his beauty ritual. Finally, he slipped into a full length white nylon nightgown and matching panties.

Julian's amorous passion was gone the next morning when he awoke, and he was ashamed of his sissy actions the previous evening. Hesitant to put on a dress or skirt, he pulled on a translucent negligee, and after removing his curlers, brushing out his hair, and applying a hint of makeup, blush, eyeliner, and red lipstick, he went down to breakfast.

"Good morning, darling," Agatha gushed as he entered the kitchen. "My, but don't you look nice. Would you like some coffee?"

"Yes, thank you," he replied in a soft voice. "How are you feeling?"

"Much better, thank you. All I needed was a good night's rest. I'm ready to hit the malls again."

"You can't do it today!" Tony enthused as she entered the kitchen wearing jeans, a sweatshirt, and sneakers. "We have a court reserved at the club. This is for the tennis championship of the family since we split our last two matches!"

"I can't play," Julian protested. "I don't have anything to wear."

Agatha perceived this as a perfect opportunity to offer forceful, yet positive, enhancement to his psyche as she had discussed with Tony. After all, he was wearing a long nightgown, matching negligee, makeup, and a feminine hairstyle of his own volition. "Yes, you do!" she enthused. "I saw a cute tennis dress in your closet."

"That's right!" Tony agreed. "You wore a dress the last time we played. Remember? Hurry and get dressed. Our reservation is in two hours."

Julian was incapable of arguing with their logic. Besides, he did want to exact his revenge on Tony for beating him the last time they played. In his room, he stripped off his soft nightie and prepared himself to play tennis in a dress once again.

While Julian was getting ready, Tony called the Chrissy Institute and asked to speak with Cindy. Carlos was very happy to hear from her, but he was sad because he still wasn't allowed to leave the campus.

"Will Clancey let you out for a date?" Tony asked.

"Are you asking me for a date?"

"Only if you can go out, silly!"

"Let me ask. I'll be right back!" he enthused. A few minutes later, he sadly proclaimed, "I can't leave the grounds." Then, with a soft voice, he pleaded, "If you come over with a movie and a pizza, we could spend some time in my room together."

"Sounds like a plan!" Tony boomed. "I'll be over around seven if you promise to look really hot for me."

"I'll sure try," Carlos promised as he got excited at having a date with his handsome dance partner. The fact that she was a girl, who looked and acted like a boy, made the event even more thrilling! Rubbing his nylon

covered thighs together; he experienced the warm feeling inside that he had come to enjoy.

Julian came down wearing a pair of red warm-ups under his short white skirt, a matching medium weight jacket, and sneakers. His makeup and bright red lipstick were perfect. His neat ponytail, tied back with a red satin ribbon, really enhanced his feminine appearance.

Tony wore a gray warm-up suit with Patton Military Academy emblazoned across the top. Julian wanted to object when she picked up his equipment bag and racket, but she placed her hand on his back and guided him toward the door. Adding to his anguish, she opened the car door and held it open while he got inside and adjusted his skirt.

At the court, they hit a few balls to loosen up. When the match was about to begin in earnest, Tony walked to the sideline and began removing her warm-ups. Julian decided he should do the same, so he reached under his skirt and lowered his pants. He noticed that Tony's legs were covered with dark hair as if she had never shaved them. He blushed with shame when he remembered that he had shaved his legs the night before.

Tony was clearly the superior player from the first serve as she hit ball after ball past him before he could react. He scored an occasional point, but he never won a game. In the end, she won the set 6-0, 6-0.

"I guess I'm no longer any competition for you," Julian puffed as he applied fresh makeup on the sidelines. The unaccustomed exercise had clearly taken its toll on his feminized body to the extent that he couldn't endure a third set.

Tony was hardly winded, and she teased him saying, "I told you sissies couldn't beat girls at sports."

"That does it!" Julian spat. "I'm getting out of these feminine things as soon as we get home, and I'm not wearing them again!"

"I thought you didn't have any pants that fit," Tony said.

"I can wear these warm-ups!"

"Tim called earlier, and I invited him to dinner," Aunt Agatha injected when the quarreling couple entered the house.

"What can I do?" Julian whimpered in a tiny voice very near tears. "I can't wear these warm-ups if Tim is coming over!"

"Why don't you go upstairs and take a long hot bath to relax?" Agatha soothed. "When you feel better, slip into that red wool tunic dress we bought yesterday. You'll look lovely, and you would be dressed for the season as well."

Dejectedly, Julian made his way to his room thinking, "I can't seem to get out of dresses no matter what I do."

"Are you dining with us?" Agatha asked Tony after Julian was went to his room.

"No, I have a date with Cindy, Julia's roommate," she replied. "You remember him?"

"Is he one of the boys who will stay home in dresses when you soldiers go off to war?"

"Yes, and he's one of the prettiest! If soldiers are to survive, they have to know someone special is waiting at home. Cindy is the one for me."

"Cindy!" Agatha sighed inwardly. "What a sissy name for a boy!"

Tony knew Julian was depressed, confused, and angry, but given his interest in Tim the night before, she also suspected his emotions were in turmoil. "The longer I can keep him in dresses, the better are my chances to return to Patton and avoid all those frills," she thought deviously. "From his reaction, Tim is the key. I just have to be sure and strike while the iron is hot!"

"I don't want Tim to see me in a dress again," Julian cried when Tony came to his room. He had removed his

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jacket and warm-ups and was wearing only his short white tennis dress.

Tony soothed, "I know you like Tim very much. He says he likes you too, but face the facts. He only knows you as a girl. If you greet him as a boy, he will probably ridicule you and call you a sissy for wearing dresses on the other occasions he's seen you. On the other hand, if you wear those warm-ups, he'll think you don't care enough about him to look your best. I think you should do as Aunt Agatha suggested. Take a hot bath to relax and slip into something pretty and sexy to keep Tim interested."

"I guess you're right," Julian sighed as he reached back, unzipped his dress, and let it fall to the floor as if they were both girls.

Julian had not returned when Tim arrived, so Agatha answered the door and introduced herself as 'Julia's' aunt. The two got acquainted and had a nice chat while they waited.

Julian made his entrance wearing a red skirt and an ivory silk blouse with long billowing sleeves. Upon seeing Tim, he forgot the travails of the afternoon and glided effortlessly into the room on red three-inch pumps. The tiny pleats of his skirt swirled sensuously about his thighs as if they were alive, thanks to his many hours of practice walking in skirts at the Chrissy Institute. Bright red lipstick and matching nails enhanced his feminine image and coordinated his ensemble. The long pendants he had purchased the day before dangled from his ears, and his new holes sported the sparkling diamond studs Aunt Agatha had insisted on. Easing into Tim's arms, they shared a passionate kiss.

"You youngsters visit while I finish dinner," Agatha suggested as she made her exit.

"I don't know how it's possible, but you get more beautiful every time I see you," Tim complimented as he sat beside Julian on the sofa. "Your legs are so sexy, I can barely keep my hands off them."

"I shaved them last night just for you," Julian purred.

Tim put his hand on Julian's nylon clad thigh and eased it upward. "Stop that!" Julian whispered as he gave the back of Tim's hand a playful slap.

"Here, I'll show you how to position that," Tim smiled as he 'adjusted' Julian's skirt high on his thighs, revealing the dark tops of his nylons and the lacy hem of his soft slip.

"You're so bad!" Julian purred as he raised his luscious red lips for a kiss without making a move to reposition his skirt.

As they embraced, Tim's hand fondled a budding breast. Julian felt pleasure and excitement he had never before experienced as Tim rolled the nipple in his fingers. "Stop that!" he gasped, barely able to control his emotions.

"You don't like it?"

"I love it, but Aunt Agatha might return," he sighed as he lifted himself slightly, brushed his skirt back into place, and adjusted it modestly across his thighs.

Sure enough, Agatha came in shortly and called them to dinner. As the still excited pair made their way to the table, Tim put his hand on Julian's behind and caressed his buttocks through his skirt, slip, and panties.

"You're totally bad," Julian whispered to prevent his aunt from catching on to their playful antics.

After dinner, Agatha retired to her room leaving the youngsters in the living room to watch television and free to continue their playful sex games. Although they were alone, Julian was hesitant to let Tim go much farther than before. His skirt was as high as possible, and Tim's hands roamed freely over his legs and budding breasts, but he refused to allow any of his clothes to be removed.

When Tim asked the reason why, Julian said, "I must remain decent in case Aunt Agatha returns."

Frustrated, Tim took Julian's soft manicured hand and placed it on his throbbing manhood. Julian's own member no longer functioned in such a manner because of the powerful feminine hormones flowing through his body, and he was caught completely off guard by Tim's

bold move. He tried to pull his hand away, but Tim held it firmly in place and pleaded, "See how you affect me? You won't leave me like this if you care for me at all."

"I...I can't," Julian sobbed as tears filled his eyes. "I...I'm not a real girl. It's not right..."

"My darling, Julia," Tom cooed as he kissed the tears away from Julian's cheeks. "I didn't mean to upset you. Please forgive me." Julian's hand remained in place massaging Tim's erection, and not surprisingly, Tim erupted in his pants once again. Realizing what had happened; he jumped up and ran to the bathroom.

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Illustration 17:

"That's the second time I've done that to him," Julian thought as an amused expression covered his feminine features. "Even so, I shouldn't behave in such a brazen manner with another boy!" Removing his makeup from his purse, he freshened his look. When Tim returned, he said, "That was wrong! I think you should go."

"But darling!" Tim protested. "Everything is all right now. We could..."

Agatha heard their raised voices, and she sneaked down to take a peek. By the time she arrived, Julian had convinced Tim to leave, and from her position in the dark, she saw them kissing in the doorway. She watched while Tim kneaded Julian's skirt and slip to his waist and began caressing his buttocks through his soft nylon panties. To her surprise, Julian returned Tim's kiss and



"Oh, Julia, see how you affect me?" Tim moaned as he caressed Julian's growing breasts with his wandering fingers.

made no move to protect his vanity. Agatha returned to her room instead of remaining to watch this mutual display of affection.

From the moment of Tony's call, Carlos had been trying to decide what to wear, how to fix his hair, his makeup, and numerous other things. He narrowed his choice of outfits to two, but he couldn't decide which would look best on him. "Oh, I wish Ms. Blair and some of the girls were around to help with all these details!" he anguished.

Desperate, he conceived an idea. "I'll ask Clancey! He's a man. He'll know which outfit looks best on me," he thought without considering his own gender. Clancey had seen him in his scanties many times, so Carlos ignored the fact that he was wearing only a bra, skimpy panties, garter belt, nylons, and sling pumps. Grabbing the two outfits, he hurried across the hall.

"What do you want?" the burly officer snarled when Carlos entered his room after knocking.

"I...I've never gotten ready for a date as a girl. I don't know which of these outfits I should wear," Carlos whined in a tiny voice. "Will you help me, please?"

"Why should I? You go out of your way to make my life miserable!"

"I promise to be more cooperative in the future if you help me now."

"You had better!" Clancey growled in a tone void of patience or compassion. "Okay, show me what you have."

Holding each outfit and turning this way and that, Carlos asked, "What do you think?"

"Let's see the white skirt by itself," Clancey offered, seemingly interested for the first time. When Carlos complied, he stated, "Yes that one, definitely. You aren't very well endowed on top, but you have nice legs. Wear the short skirt to show them off."

"Oh, thank you! You don't know how much I appreciate your help."

"Just remember, you promised to be obedient in the future."

Carlos knew he had said cooperative, not obedient, but he was too excited to argue. "I will, Clancey," he squealed. "I promise!"

"If you aren't, I'll turn you across my lap and warm your panties like Ms. Blair does. Now, get out of here!" As Carlos ran across the hall, Clancey observed his bouncing bosom and swaying nylon covered buttocks. "No one would believe that simpering sissy was a robust gang leader only four months ago," he reflected. "I wouldn't either if I hadn't seen his conversion with my own eyes!"

Clancey escorted Carlos to the entrance when Tony rang the bell. He took the movie cassette, large pizza, and bottle of ginger ale she brought and said, "I'll take your packages so you can escort your 'lady' to her quarters."

Tony took Carlos in her arms and kissed him passionately. "Wow! You really DO look hot!" she enthused when they came up for air. "Let me look at you," she admired the vision before her while holding him at arm's length.

Carlos was wearing a black satin blouse, the short white skirt, ultra sheer nylons, and black pumps with stiletto heels. His makeup was dark for evening; his eyes were exquisitely embellished with eyeliner, mascara, and gray eyeshadow. His lipstick was dark red, exactly matching the polish on his long oval nails, and his dark hair was swept up and loosely pinned in place to top off his feminine image.

After they entered Carlos' room, Tony put the food on the table and took her lover in her arms. Her hands caressed his buttocks and pulled him closer, and in their passion, they forgot about the food and the movie. Tony was delighted to have a submissive male wearing soft feminine clothing, even though she seemed intent on divesting him of it.

Soon Carlos was stripped to his bra, garter belt, nylons, and a lacy white teddy, even though she re-

mained fully clothed. "Ms. Blair would be angry if she saw you now," she teased into his ear as she nibbled on the lobe. "Julia says she insists you ladies always wear slips."

"Sometimes a lady has to know when not to be too much of a lady," Carlos giggled seductively.

The next morning, Tony found Julian sitting at the breakfast table, staring at a cup of coffee. To her surprise, he was wearing a full-length pink nylon nightgown and a translucent negligee. His makeup was light, and his hair was styled up and secured with a clip. "What's happening?" she asked while pouring herself a cup of the hot brew.

"I'm so confused," he moaned, "I want to look pretty and feminine when Tim is here. I feel so safe and secure when he holds me in his strong arms, but when I'm not with him, I feel like a sissy in these clothes. Oh, what's to become of me?"

"I don't know what they did to him at that Chrissy Institute, but it sure works!" Tony thought as she inhaled her brother's tantalizing perfume. "I expected him to do anything to get out of skirts, even wear the pink warm-ups he wore to tennis. After all, they do fit, and they ARE pants! Instead, he's all dolled up in his feminine frillies like before. I don't know what it is, but something about being with Tim makes him forget his desire to wear pants, and that's may be the key to keeping him in skirts so I can return to Patton!"

With a sinister smile, she asked, "Have you bought Tim's Christmas present?"

"No, I...ha...I hadn't thought..." Julian stammered.

"I know what he would love!" she gushed. "I saw a painting of General Patton on a white horse in that art shop in the mall. Tim could hang it in his room and think of you every time he looked at it!"

"I guess I could..."

"Would you be a doll and pick up something for me to give Aunt Agatha? Tony imposed. You're much better at that sort of thing than I am."

"I suppose, but..." he sighed, wondering if she meant he was better because he wore dresses or because she thought of him as a sissy. "I MUST get some jeans and things that fit while I'm at the mall," he steadfastly resolved.

Agatha joined them and asked, "How about doing some Christmas shopping?"

"Sounds great!" Julian exclaimed since he had already planned a trip to the mall. "I'll get ready while you eat."

"Wow!" Tony thought as she watched her brother walk away in a flutter of nylon. "It sure doesn't take much to get him started. He must be more girl than I imagined!" Turning to her aunt, she observed, "He sure likes the feel of nylon on his body."

"He likes the feel of Tim's hands on his body too," she agreed. "I watched them kiss goodnight, and they really got into it. You and that general may be right. Some boys may be meant to stay home in pretty dresses while girls go off to war. A pretty boy like Julia sure would give a handsome girl like Tim a lot of incentive to return home."

"This is great!" Tony thought in a supreme effort to maintain her composure. "Aunt Agatha thinks Tim is a girl because we attend military school together! That's why she didn't object when she saw them kissing. I definitely must encourage that line of thought!"

An hour later, Julian appeared in a straight charcoal gray skirt and matching jacket. His soft gold polyester blouse had a cowl neckline buttoned in back, and was translucent enough to show the outline of his lacy bra and slip. He wore dark nylons and walked naturally in black suede three-inch pumps. His blonde mane was brushed into a cute style with bangs that complimented his makeup and bright red lipstick. With each movement of his head his gold hoop earrings and diamond studs presented a definite feminine image.

Julian and Aunt Agatha agreed to shop on their own during the morning and meet at the cafeteria for lunch. This left Julian on his own, and his first mission was to

buy some masculine jeans and shirts. However, he remembered Tony's suggestions as he passed the art shop and went inside. Locating the portrait of General Patton, he took it to the counter.

"For your boyfriend?" the young clerk asked.

"Yes," Julian replied without offering any specifics.

"He must be a hunk to deserve such a neat gift."

"He's not bad," Julian cooed with a sly smile.

"I'll bet," the girl pouted. "Foxy babes like you always get the cream of the crop."

Not appreciating her comment, Julian sarcastically replied, "I only want the one. You're free to go after the rest."

After taking the portrait to the car, Julian thought, "This straight skirt restricts my stride, but at least it doesn't blow all over the place in the wind. Say, that's an odd thing to think. I shouldn't wear skirts at all. Oh well, I'll be out of them soon. I'm heading straight for a men's shop!"

At the men's store, Julian spotted a rack of leather bomber jackets like Tom Cruise wore in *Top Gun*. He thought, "Tony would like one of those, even if she isn't returning to Patton." A strange thing happened while paying for the jacket. He forgot his mission to purchase masculine clothes for himself! All he thought of was, "I must get something for Tony to give Aunt Agatha."

He looked for a shop that carried clothing for older women. Finding one, he selected a flannel nightgown and a pair of bedroom slippers for his aunt and a matching fleece robe for Tony to give her. Noting the time, he thought, "This took longer than I figured. I have to hurry or I'll be late for our luncheon. I'll have to buy my jeans later."

"I don't want to over exert myself like I did before," Aunt Agatha announced at lunch. "I think I should go home after we eat. By the way, I have some nice surprises for you and Tony."

"Oh no!" Julian thought dejectedly. "I should have bought my masculine clothes when I had the chance."

Now I'll have to wear dresses and soft lingerie for at least another day!"

The holidays passed swiftly. Tim was over almost every night, while Tony spent her evenings with Carlos. Julian regretted that, in a weak moment, he had invited Tim to join the family for Christmas as they exchanged gifts. He wanted to be out of skirts by then, but he was unable to do so with Tony's manipulations, Aunt Agatha's 'fatigue', and the power of the nightly messages he had listened to night after night. Thus, as the four gathered around the tree, he wore a plaid, mid-thigh length skirt, a matching vest, a yellow nylon blouse adorned with lace, and black suede pumps.

"Our guest should open the first gift!" Tony announced.

"I'll open the one from Julia first," Tim gushed in agreement.

"It was really a lot of trouble to wrap," Julian blushed.

"Oh Julia, this is great!" he enthused when the paper was ripped away. "A lot of the guys have paintings of the general, but not like this! I'll treasure it always!" Gleefully he planted a lingering kiss on Julian's bright red lips.

When Julian opened Tim's gift, he saw a triple tier pearl necklace and matching stud earrings. Only slightly disappointed to receive such a feminine gift, he gushed, "Oh, thank you, Tim. I'll think of you every time I wear them." Leaning over, he returned Tim's kiss.

"Put them on," Tim encouraged. "Let's see how they look."

"It's Aunt Agatha's turn!" Tony exclaimed while Tim fastened the necklace around Julian's neck. "This is from the two of us, although Julia hasn't seen it yet."

Everyone looked on curiously as Agatha opened a box that contained two identically framed 8 by 10 photographs. One was of Tony in her military uniform, resplendent with brass buttons. The other was of Julian in a chic blue and white print dress with lace at the bodice, sleeves, and the hem of his knee length skirt. His

makeup and hair were sedate, giving him a very wholesome, 'girl next door' appearance. "Oh, thank you children! I'll cherish these always," she gushed.

Before Julian could say anything, Tony grabbed a package and ripped the paper away. Seeing the bomber jacket, she almost burst into tears as she enthused, "Oh, Julia! This is great! How did you know exactly what I wanted?" She looked very masculine as she marched about in the jacket, jeans, and short hair. "Before I forget," she added. "I have a special gift to Tim from Julia."

Seeing the framed photographs, Tim exclaimed, "These are great, Julia! I was jealous when your aunt got that beautiful picture of you, but look! I have TWO!" The first was of Julian in his gown just prior to the dance. In the other, he was wearing a pink tennis dress with a short pleated skirt that showed his trim legs to full advantage. "The guys will really be jealous when they see these pictures of my girl!" he added with a broad smile. "I'll bring you one of me in my uniform!"

When Julian opened his gift from Aunt Agatha, he was astounded beyond belief! Inside the beautifully wrapped package was a luxurious set of lace embellished, pink silk lingerie. To his utter dismay, it included a full-length nightgown, a matching translucent negligee, a mid-thigh length slip, a B-cup bra, and three pairs of panties! Being very careful not to snag the delicate fabric with his long oval nails, he held up a pair of the elaborate panties for all to see. In virtual shock, he gasped, "Oh Aunt Agatha, why did you buy me such expensive lingerie? You know I'm returning to pants as soon as I get some that fit!"

Illustration 18:

Disappointed by his lack of enthusiasm for her expensive gift, Agatha sighed, "Oh my. They're hand-made from the finest imported silk, and since you have worn other less expensive lingerie since returning home from school, I felt sure you would love them."

His instinctive reaction was to shout, "Why on earth would a boy want to wear feminine lingerie?" Instead, discretion brought on by the influence of many subliminal messages prevailed, and in an effort to soothe his aunt's feelings, he sighed, "They are soft, sensuous, and beautiful, and if I planned to continue dressing as a girl, I'm sure I would enjoy wearing them. It's just that I plan to become a boy again. Maybe you can return it to the store."

"Return it, my ass!" Tony silently schemed as she looked on with villainous determination. "If he returns to pants, it's off to finishing school for me. I have to devise a way to get him to wear those frills and make Aunt Agatha think he likes them in the bargain. I just have to!"

"Humph!" Agatha dismissed his feeble attempt at contrition with an unforgiving shrug. "Don't try to tell me you prefer the feel of nylon over pure silk!"

Glancing down at the long expanse of nylon encased thighs that showed below the hem of his skirt, Julian blushed in the knowledge that he had worn nothing but nylon panties, slips, camisoles, teddies, nighties, and stockings for the past four months. "Please try to understand, Aunt Agatha," he pleaded.

Tim was mesmerized with the fantasy of his lover wearing the delicate feminine items in the box, and he could only stare in silent horny stimulation.

Observing Tim's dreamlike state, Tony developed a cunning ruse in her devious mind. "Say, I'll bet I could convince my sissy brother to wear his new silk undies for a special date with Tim if I play my cards right! Let's see..."

After Christmas, Julian made numerous attempts to return to pants, but Tony always found a way to thwart his efforts. With one excuse or another, she kept him away from the mall, and she conspired to have Tim come by every day. Her deceit combined with Julian's 'programming' and compelled him to look his feminine best

in anticipation of these visits. Sure enough, while he was preparing for a special 'date' she convinced him to wear his silk panties, bra, slip, and the stockings. As a subtle barb, she cautioned, "You aren't accustomed to wearing silk hosiery, so keep a constant watch to make sure your seams are straight all night."

"Thanks Tony, I'll try and remember," he replied with a blush as he remembered the sexy scenes of women adjusting their nylons in movies he had seen. "I wonder if Tim will think I'm sexy if he sees me raise my skirt and straighten my seams?" he mused with an inner glow.

Agatha sometimes unknowingly put up roadblocks to Julian's returning to pants as well. With Tony influencing her thoughts, her own observations of his actions, and seeing him in nothing but feminine clothes and makeup, she slowly became convinced that he liked wearing skirts and looking pretty as a girl. In her mind, her suspicions were confirmed a few days before school was to resume. Entering Julian's room without knocking, she almost fainted at the scene before her. His hair was up in curlers, his face was covered with a blue facial masque, and the skirt of the long silk nightgown he shunned only a week earlier was at his waist while he massaged moisturizing lotion into his smooth recently shaved legs. Gathering her composure, she said, "It's time to start packing for your return to the Chrissy Institute, Julia dear. Would you like me to help?"

"Oh no!" he cried as he jumped to his feet and allowed his soft gown to fall into place. In accordance with his 'programming', he hurriedly slipped into the matching silk negligee, although it covered very little. As the impact of his aunt's statement gradually sank in, he implored, "Please don't send me back to that awful place, Aunt Agatha! I don't want to be a girl. Really I don't!"

After an exasperated sigh, Agatha grimaced, "That's what you say, but your actions prove differently. Not only are you prettier than most girls, you're plying your body with cremes and lotions to make yourself even softer and lovelier. Look! Your hair is rolled for the night, your face is covered with a beauty masque, and



"Why did you give me these sexy panties, Aunt Agatha?" Julian moaned. "Did you forget that I'm a boy?"

you're creaming your freshly shaved legs. Not only that, you're wearing the silk gown and negligee you pretended not to like when I gave them to you. All these things are in direct contrast to your words, so don't expect me to believe this foolishness about pants!"

"I really do want to wear pants," he sniffed.

"I've heard that for almost three weeks, but I've seen not one scrap of evidence to support that claim. You have a room full of masculine clothes, but wear nothing but dresses, skirts, and soft lingerie."

"My old clothes don't fit," he countered.

"Maybe not, but you've been in the mall several times, and you could have purchased any clothing you wanted or needed in the correct sizes. During those shopping trips, did you buy jeans, shirts, and jockey briefs? No! All you bought were skirts, blouses, silky undies, jewelry, and enticing perfumes to charm your boyfriend. You even had your ears pierced a second time. Don't deny it because I've seen the way you behave when you're with Tim. And look! You even have a photograph of him by your bed!"

"Oh Aunt Agatha, I don't know why I do all these feminine things," he sobbed as he indicated his silken ensemble and fingered his pierced ears. Tears ran down his cheeks as he tearfully admitted, "Most of the time, I feel as though I'm on automatic pilot, and I have no choice but to wear dresses, skirts, soft lingerie, and makeup. As for Tim, he's so strong, handsome, and virile. When he's around, I feel flighty, frivolous, and fickle like a girl, and I can't help wanting to look pretty and sexy to attract his attention."

"My point exactly!" Agatha contended. "By your own admission, you confirm that you are best suited for a traditional feminine role. My advice is to accept your feelings and learn to love your femininity. Put a smile on your pretty face, return to school, and learn to be a proper lady for your handsome young soldier."

"Oh Aunt Agatha, can't you see?" Julian wailed as he clutched his negligee tightly about his soft smooth body and inadvertently drew attention to his ever-growing

feminine breasts and rounded hips. "If you send me back to the Chrissy Institute, I'll never be a man. Those instructors will change me into a total girl, and I won't be able to resist them. Look what they've done to me already!"

"I'm sorry dear, but I've given your situation a lot of thought. Taking everything into consideration, I think it best that you to return to school to fulfill your destiny and become a lady," Agatha explained as she took him lovingly in her arms. "Look, your figure is developing nicely, and by your actions, it's obvious that you belong in pretty dresses and soft silky lingerie. Go ahead and have a good cry. You'll feel much better. Girls always do."

"What about Tony?" he sniffed.

"She's returning to military school, of course. Male or female, we need strong, robust individuals like her defending our country!"

Sitting at his vanity in black nylon panties, slip, and bra to apply his makeup and brush his curly tresses into a neat feminine style the next morning, Julian made a silent vow, "I'll show Aunt Agatha that I'm serious about returning to pants! When the mall opens, I'll be there to buy some masculine clothes, and I won't be put off this time. By noon, I'll be in pants, and my life as a sissy in skirts will be over!" Without considering the disparity in his words and his actions, he put on a dark gray dress with a fitted bodice and a tight mid-thigh length skirt. With his bright red lips in a determined pout, he stepped into a pair of black suede pumps with three-inch heels.

Being unaware of his subliminal programming, Agatha could only stare in awe at his 'chosen' manner of dress. After their frank conversation the night before, she expected him to be wearing pants to establish his 'intent'. In total disappointment, she watched the way his tight skirt restricted his stride and caused his hips to swing seductively as he moved effortlessly about in his heels.

After breakfast, Julian repaired his makeup, added a spritz of feminine perfume in the strategic areas,

checked the items in his purse, and announced that he was going shopping for masculine clothes.

"What about Tim?" Tony asked, suspecting that would delay her brother's return to pants and give her time to think of a way to once again thwart his efforts. "Didn't you say he was coming over this morning? I thought you were all dressed up for him, not to go shopping."

"Oh, that's right!" Julian shrieked. Tony's statement reminded him that the reason for his elaborate beauty ritual the night before when was to prepare for Tim's visit. With his renewed determination to return to pants, he had forgotten. Hearing the doorbell, he placed his hand over his mouth, revealing his long red fingernails that perfectly matched his bright red lipstick. "Oh no, he's here already!" he cried as he ran for his room as fast as possible in his tight skirt and heels. "Let him in while I get ready!"

He looked perfectly fine to me," Agatha sighed. "I don't know why he had to go rushing off like that."

Thrusting her shoulders back military style and assuming the most masculine stance she could muster, Tony brushed her short hair back with her hand and said, "You know how frivolous girls are. They want to look perfect for their sweethearts. Can't you see? Julia is like a girl in every way. That's why he wants to look pretty for Tim and why he doesn't really want to wear pants."

"I suppose you're right," Agatha sighed in bewilderment.

When Julian returned to meet Tim, he looked totally different. He had not changed his dress, but he added a wide red belt that drew in his trim waist and emphasized his budding breasts and rounded hips with every step. When Tim approached to kiss him in greeting, he placed his hands on Tim's broad shoulders to hold him at bay and cautioned, "Don't, you'll smear my lipstick!"

Despite the rebuke, Tim's eyes shined in admiration for the lovely feminine image that was HIS GIRL! Feel-

ing a pleasant stirring in his loins, he suddenly became very horny.

When her feminized brother never made it to the mall to purchase masculine clothes, Tony smiled in sinister triumph.

In the days that followed, as Agatha watched Julian obediently pack his enlarged collection of feminine clothes, jewelry, and cosmetics with only a token protest, she shook her head and sighed, "He was never a rugged sportsman like his father, but I never thought of him THAT WAY! No matter what he says, his actions speak for themselves. He really does like dressing as a girl. I suppose that general Tony told me about was right. Some boys really are best suited to wear dresses and wait at home until their soldier-boy lovers return from war."

As for Tony, she was ecstatic about her pending return to the rugged life at Patton. "I'm sorry Julian has to wear all that sissy feminine stuff and learn to be a lady, but better him than me!" she mused.

The night before he was scheduled to return to the Chrissy Institute, Julian invited Tim over for a farewell tête-à-tête. They had little privacy with Tony and Agatha in the living room, so in a bold move, Julian invited Tim to his room for the first time.

Tim tactically peeled away Julian's blouse and skirt to reveal his silk slip while stripping his own clothes away. He had free access to Julian's firm breasts for the first time when he unhooked his lover's bra and cast it aside. He was breathless at the scene before him. He tried to remove Julian's soft silk panties, but Julian could not, would not, allow Tim to see or touch his wilted genitals. He was ashamed because they were so small, useless, and inadequate compared to Tim's ample endowment. That aside, the pair had a mutually satisfying rendezvous.



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Back to School

Tony accompanied Julian and Aunt Agatha to the Chrissy Institute, as she wanted to see Carlos one more time before she returned to school. When they arrived, the lobby was crowded with returning students and their families.

"My goodness!" Agatha exclaimed. "So many lovely young girls. Are they all boys?"

"The ones wearing stylish dresses, chic makeup, and suave hairstyles like Julia are boys," Tony replied. "Those in slacks, jeans, and sweat shirts are sisters, cousins, or girlfriends."

Julian was wearing a white tunic dress with a straight mid-thigh length skirt over a silky blouse and three-inch suede pumps, and he blushed brightly at Tony's description of him and his classmates. When he spotted his roommate; however, he forgot his embarrassment, and squealed, "Oh, there's Cindy!"

As Julian rushed to greet Carlos, Tony smiled at the way his posterior swayed seductively and the back-walking slit in his skirt displayed several inches of lace edged nylon slip with every stride. In her conceit, she basked with pride at having escaped the frilly feminine fate that lay in wait for her hapless brother.

While she and Agatha looked on, Julian and Carlos greeted each other with affectionate hugs and kisses, something they would never have done before their stint at the Chrissy Institute. "I thought you would be in pants by now," Carlos whispered. "What happened?"

"I'll explain everything later," Julian replied in a hushed tone.

"Cindy is so precious, Aunt Agatha! I can't wait for you to meet him!" Tony gushed as she took Carlos in her arms and planted a hard kiss on his ruby red lips. When they parted, she said, "This is Cindy. Isn't he beautiful?"

"You are very lovely, Cindy. "I can certainly see why a robust girl like Tony would want an attractive young man like you waiting for her," Agatha remarked as Carlos blushed brightly beneath his makeup.

While Tony and Cindy got reacquainted in a corner of the lobby, Agatha watched as Julian made his way among the arrivals, greeting them with hugs and kisses as he had with Cindy. As she watched the arrivals, two well dressed young girls caught her attention when one of them pleaded in a high pitched voice, "Please Grandmother, don't send us back to this awful place. Making us wear dresses and pretend to be little girls is a terrible punishment for stealing a few hubcaps! We'll never be boys again if we stay here until June."

Illustration 19:

"Boys indeed!" the woman huffed as she took the sobbing boy in her arms to console him. "You did a lot more than steal hubcaps. Now don't cry. You'll ruin your makeup, and you just spent the better part of an hour getting it just right. Anyway, we've been all through this. You know we decided it best that you two return here to continue your studies. You've made so much progress at becoming pretty, sweet, and feminine."

The other cried, "You decided! We didn't have a choice when you sent us here to wear dresses and skirts last fall. We still don't!"

"That's right, and we don't want to be sweet and feminine either!" the first agreed.

At that, the woman's features turned hard. She declared, "If you two don't mince over there and greet your friends like proper young ladies, I'll turn you across my lap for a sound spanking on your pretty panties right here in front of them!"

Lowering their heads in defeat, the two boys dried their eyes, checked their makeup in compact mirrors they carried in their purses, forced a faint smile onto their freshly painted lips, joined hands like adolescent girls, and obediently began to mingle with their returning classmates.

"Aren't those boys too young to be here?" Agatha asked.

"That's Missy and Cissy," Julian replied. "Don't worry, they're older than they look. One is nineteen and the other seventeen, but they look so much alike, I forget which is which. They're here because their grandmother wants them to become twin fourteen year old girls."

"Whatever for?"

"She says to teach them a lesson. As the story goes, their parents lost control of them, and they became juvenile delinquents. The court awarded guardianship to the grandmother until they become twenty-one. Believing they needed to live in a sedate environment, she forcefully dressed them as girls and brought them here. Also, deciding that they needed to be under her supervision for a longer time than her authority would last, with help from the court, she legally reduced their ages. Now, they have to re-live their youth as girls and remain under her control for the next seven years."

"Oh my," Agatha gasped.

Julian made a final plea to be spared another session of feminine training before Tony and Aunt Agatha left, but his aunt stood firm in her resolve. "You make a much better young lady than Tony ever did. You enjoy shopping for pretty clothes, and you spend hours primping to make yourself beautiful for your handsome fiancée. You may have been sent here by mistake in the beginning, but face it Julia, this is where you belong."

Julian pressed his red lips together and grimaced, "Oh, why didn't I find a way to get some masculine clothes that fit when I had the chance?"

On the drive to Patton, Agatha wondered why Julian hadn't dressed as a boy during the holidays if he really did want to return to pants like he said. All things considered, she decided he was doing what he wanted despite his adamant denials. Looking at Tony in her smart military uniform with her short hair and robust demeanor, she thought, "I'll never understand this modern world. Imagine, girls going off to war while their boyfriends stay home in dresses, soft lingerie, and makeup!"



"Please, Grandmother, don't make us return to this awful school!" the twins pleaded, "They'll make us into real girls."

With their forced return to the Chrissy Institute, the boys finally reconciled themselves to dressing as girls and learning to become young ladies. The phrase, "A person either is or is not a lady. One cannot simply act like a lady," rang in their ears.

As their feminine training reached a fever pitch, estrogen intake was tripled, stricter diets were imposed, every calorie and fat gram was precisely counted, and aerobics lasting an hour or more became a daily routine. All these things combined to help them quickly round them into soft feminine contours. Also, shaping garments, such as waist cinch garter belts, panty girdles, and uplift bras became routine wear. Of course, like real girls, some of the boys developed faster than others had, and like real girls, that became a source of alienation and resentment. Imagine, a boy being jealous of another because he had wider hips and bigger boobs!

The boys began paying closer attention to their beauty rituals and made certain their hair and makeup were always perfect. Instead of the plainer garments they previously favored, they now chose the silkiest panties, slips, camisoles, teddies, and nighties. They also began wearing chic fashions featuring tight tops, low necklines, small waistlines, and short form fitting skirts that displayed their budding assets. For example, if a boy had large breasts, he would choose tight, low-cut tops that showed lots of feminine cleavage. On the other hand, if he were a bit flat chested, he would favor short skirts that placed emphasis on his long trim legs.

Illustration 20:

Tricks designed to attract the attention of boys were taught. They learned to cross their legs and accidentally raise their skirt by a couple of inches to show more leg and the dark tops of their nylons. If a hint of lace edged slip showed as well, so much the better!

The counselors toned down the competition saying, "Ladies don't flaunt themselves like hussies! We're pleased to see you embracing your feminine persona, but



"The Chrissy Institute 'girls' giggled and gossiped as they learned their beauty rituals."

you must remember to be subtle and demure instead of catty and spiteful to your sisters.”

Along with the others, Julian and Carlos seemed to forget they were boys who shouldn't be wearing girl's clothes, and they worked hard at perfecting sexy feminine images. They took great pride in displaying the photographs of Tony and Tim on their vanities, like the others who had sweethearts on the outside. Whenever they dressed, applied makeup, or changed hairstyles, they would wonder if their 'significant other' would like their new appearance. As promised in tearful good-byes, they wrote often, sprayed the envelopes with alluring perfume, and longed for the day they could once again melt into the strong arms of their handsome lovers.

Every so often, Tony would visit Carlos at the institute. Each time their greeting became more intimate. Obviously, a serious affair was budding between the two.

Illustration 21:

Missy and Cissy were taken to a hospital and were gone for three weeks. They returned to the Chrissy Institute in wheelchairs and weren't able to walk until a week later. When asked what had happened, they wouldn't talk about where they had been or what had happened.

“I'm sure you two will have no trouble blending in at your new school next year,” Ms. Hale declared. “Your grandmother has enrolled you in the eighth grade at Saint Catherine's School for Girls starting in the fall term.”

A few months earlier, they would have screamed and hollered at her statement. Even a few weeks earlier, after Christmas vacation, they would have protested vehemently at being forced to live their teenage years over as girls. Now, the two apparent teenage girls blushed deeply at her statement, dipped polite curtsies, and replied in unison, “Yes, Ms. Hale. Thank you.”



"I can't believe you are really a boy!" Tony gushed as she took her feminine boyfriend into her arms."

Graduation

The counselors were relentless in molding the boys into feminine images, and the results were incredible! Each had arrived as arrogant, pompous, and scruffy boys, and every one of them was there against his will. Despite their best efforts, none were able to resist their training or escape from the premises. After nine months of intense feminine training, potent estrogen therapy, and nights absorbing subliminal messages in their sleep, drastic and telling changes had been effected on even the most stubborn of them. Even Carlos, the former tough delinquent and gang leader, was now focused only on perfecting his feminine image.

The Chrissy Institute was alive with activity as twenty-four students and twelve supervisors scurried about preparing for the gala and traditional Graduation Ceremony. No outsider would remotely suspect that the flighty girls in various stages of feminine undress were anything but the lovely lasses they appeared to be.

"Oh, Julia, you have to help me," Becky whined in a helpless tone as he scrambled into Julian's bedroom wearing only a bra, silky tap panties, garter belt, sheer nylons, and 3-inch pumps. "I simply can't choose between these two lovely gowns." Becky had arrived at the Chrissy Institute, a boy in a dress, falsely accused of raping his stepsister. In the beginning, he fought his imposed femininity along with the best, but despite his efforts, he rapidly evolved into the most feminine, bimbo airhead at the Institute.

Julian shook his head in wonder at the giddy feminine creature before him and silently exclaimed, "What a wimp! I'll bet he wouldn't return to pants if he had a choice. How could a boy change so radically?"

"Please help me Julia!" Becky whined in a small voice.

"Both gowns are gorgeous," Julian sighed, knowing this giddy boy wouldn't leave until a choice was made for him.

"I know," Becky sighed. "I want to wear them both, but even I know that's impossible."

"Just make a choice," Julian stated the obvious. "What do you think?"

"Well..." the flighty boy pondered. "The red satin is low cut and form fitting, but it's full length. I'm sure it would have the boys drooling over my figure. On the other hand, the green silk is short and shows my legs. Ohhh! I just can't choose," Becky whined and shook his head, causing the pile of golden curls atop his head to sway to and fro. "Help me Julia, please!"

Illustration 22:

"The red dress will show a lot of cleavage," Julian noted, playing to the prominent assets that spilled from Becky's strapless bra. "It has a slit down the front, so you'll show your legs whenever you walk, sit, or dance because the soft fabric will fall away and display a lot of nylon covered thigh when you sit. You will have the best of both worlds. The red, definitely!"

"Yesssss!!!" Becky sighed, relieved that he was spared a difficult decision. "Thanks, Julia. You're a doll!" he squealed. Jumping up, he kissed Julian on the cheek and ran down the hall in a flurry of silk, giggles, jiggling boobs, and a seductively swinging nylon covered derriere.

The other boys were amazed by how fast and well-formed Becky's breasts had grown. They now appeared as mature C-cups and were the envy of more than one boy. Julian's breasts had also grown, but they were only a B+ cup, nothing like Becky's beauties! He had been aghast when he first realized he was growing real feminine breasts, and he tried to hide them, to press them into his chest, to deny their existence. Now, they were impossible to conceal, especially in the low cut feminine fashions and push up bras he was forced to wear.

Julian never thought he would be in a position to advise another boy on which beautiful gown to wear to a festive dance, especially if he was wearing one as well! Shaking his head at the retreating figure, he returned to his own preparations. Not just Becky, but many of

the boys looked to him for guidance. He wasn't the oldest, but he usually had the right answers about clothes, fashion trends, and especially boys!

Shortly, there was a shy knock on Julian's bedroom door. Thinking it was Becky returning for more advice, he growled tersely, "Yes Becky, what is it now?"

The door slowly opened and Carlos shyly peeked in. "I...I'm sorry to disturb you Julia, b...but can we talk for a minute?" he stammered meekly after hearing the ire in his friend's voice.

"Cindy? Of course, girl. I always have time for my roomie," Julian smiled. "I thought you were Bimbo Becky coming back to ask what color lipstick he should wear with his red dress."

Despite his attempt at humor, Julian was unable to get over how timid and reserved Carlos had become since his romance with Tony had blossomed. Even more startling was how he threw himself into perfecting his feminine image, and how fastidious he had become about every detail involving his feminine clothes, makeup, and comportment. What had Tony done to tame this former delinquent? Still, Julian knew the problem ran much deeper. Whenever he was nearly convinced that Carlos had given in to the Chrissy Institute, he would see a fire flash in Carlos' eyes when one of the counselors insisted he do something no boy would willingly do. He knew that deep beneath that fluff, paint, and submission still beat the heart of a rebel!

"Julia, would you help me with this waist cincher?" Carlos asked in a tiny voice. "You know Ms. Blair insists on the tiniest waists, and she'll have a tizzy if I can't get into my gown. It's not possible unless this accursed contraption is completely closed. My waist hasn't responded as well as yours, so I'm only down to 23 inches." That old flare came to his eyes momentarily, but was quickly suppressed beneath a meek, air of submission.

Julian smiled, "I know what you mean. I hate those garments from hell too. I just hope Tim likes my slim 22" waist, even if I can leave my cincher off only on occasion."



"I simply can't think straight anymore," Becky whined.
"I feel like some flighty blonde bimbo. Julia, please
help me choose the perfect dress."

"I know what you mean," Carlos sighed in agreement as a mischievous smile crossed his lips. "I'm shopping for a new girlfriend if Tony doesn't appreciate my new figure after all the hell I've been through to look hot and sexy for her!"

"Enough fairy tales," Julian asserted with a grin of his own, not believing a word he was hearing. "Come on, let's get to it. Reach up and grasp the top of the door. We still have a lot to do before we're ready for the graduation ceremony."

"Don't remind me," Carlos pouted as he tripped along in his panties, strapless bra, nylons, and heels. His nylons hung loosely at his thighs without the support of the cincher garters. The innocent looking garment didn't look sturdy enough to survive handling by a baby, yet it was an instrument of immense pain and torture. Carlos held onto the door while Julian wrapped the garment about his waist. He emitted a soft moan as the strings were slowly drawn together at his spine and tied off. "I thought they banned these things with the inquisition," he gasped. "Women of today don't wear them!"

"Maybe not, but girls at the Chrissy Institute certainly do," Julian sighed. "Don't worry. You won't be the only one at the dance wearing a cincher."

"That doesn't make me feel better or ease the pressure," Carlos groaned as he threaded the garter straps beneath his panties and tautly attached them to his nylons. He had been a robust and fit young man only months earlier, but now he was out of breath from the effort of bending to garter his nylons. "I'll pay more attention to my fat grams in the future," he panted.

"You'll have to if you want to avoid being squeezed in half by that awful thing," Julian reflected as he ran his hands over his own slender, silken clad form. "Remember what Ms. Blair says, 'A moment on the lips, forever on the hips!'"

The rest of the afternoon was a rush as Julian prepared himself for graduation and the opportunity to finally leave the Chrissy Institute and return to a masculine lifestyle. In his staunchest resolve, he vowed that

nothing would keep him out of pants after this night. Interrupting his preparations was a constant stream of students primping for this special event or just wanting to gossip.

Tradition dictated that the parents, sponsors, and selected guests be invited to the graduation ceremony. After the festivities, the boys from Patton would join the 'girls' from Chrissy for a final dance before both schools dismissed for the summer. This gala event was also the time for parents and sponsors to see for themselves the magical influence of a year at the Chrissy Institute on their charges. The gymnasium was configured for the graduation ceremony with two sets of chairs, one for the students, the other for guests.

At precisely 6 PM, all the guests were seated. The twelve counselors sat behind the podium as Ms. Hale addressed the gathering, "Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the Chrissy Institute. Tonight, we complete another successful year at our unique institution, and I trust you will be pleased with the results of our efforts. The official graduation exercise will last approximately two hours, after which, the hall will be cleared for the graduation dance. You may stay for the dance, but I think the girls prefer some time on their own to say goodbye to their friends and dance partners. We suggest that you return at 9 AM tomorrow to pick up your charges."

There was a murmur amongst the hundred or so guests present. The crowd consisted mostly of women and girls, with an occasional man. "We start with the traditional entrance of the students," Ms. Hale announced.

The doors opened, and a procession of twenty-four gorgeous girls paraded into the hall, two by two. The guests emitted a collective gasp as these boys, dressed and trained to look and act like typical girls, quietly paraded to their seats in their lovely gowns. A couple of students glanced at the assembled crowd, trying to spot

their sponsors, but they obviously had been instructed to look straight ahead and not disrupt the procession.

Illustration 23:

Members of the crowd whispered and sometimes not too quietly. "Is that my Billy?" or "Where's my David?"

A man sitting next to a strong looking woman and a teenage girl whispered, "Who are these girls? I thought we were here for Bob's graduation."

"Shush dear," the woman responded. "You'll see him soon enough. Don't interrupt the ceremony."

Once the 'girls' were seated, Ms. Hale announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, our valedictorian is Buffy Spellman, who will tell us what the past school year has meant to him."

Buffy walked to the podium with a definite sway to his hips as his long, tight fitting, black gown hugged every curve. "Ladies and gentlemen, my name is Buffy Spellman, and I'm a Chrissy Institute 'girl'. I arrived as an obnoxious boy named Bert. Over the past nine months, I came to realize what a terrible boy I was and how much pain and sorrow I caused my parents. Now, I'm a girl and a better person..." Buffy started to sob, and he brought a lacy hankie to his eyes to dab away the tears.

The man who had asked about his son had a puzzled expression on his face. "Did she say she used to be a boy?" he whispered to his wife. "How can that be?"

"Shush dear," she whispered, "We'll discuss it later."

Buffy continued for another half-hour, telling of his experiences at the Chrissy Institute and how they effected him, never far from bursting into tears.

When he finished, Ms. Hale returned to the podium, "Now the girls will sing a rendition of a song close to their hearts. Girls..."

The twenty-four students stood as one. One went to the piano while the others removed music sheets from their tiny purses. Ms. Hale took the lead, and with a



"Ladies and gentlemen! Let me introduce this year's class of graduating girls," Ms Hale announced.

sweep of her arms, the girls started singing, 'I enjoy being a girl!' Some had high lilting voices; others were alto, while a couple were a little deeper. They could all carry a tune, but a few struggled with the words. Surprisingly, the rendition was quite well done, and the mix of voices was just right to do the song justice.

"Now it's time for each graduate to receive his diploma and for each sponsor to greet his or her pupil," Ms. Hale continued, quite pleased with the boy's performance. "Our first students are the Arnold twins."

A beaming elderly woman stood up on the guest's side of the room while two young teenage girls stood from the student's side. The three converged at the podium. Ms. Hale said, "Mrs. Arnold, may I present your twin granddaughters, Missy and Cissy."

"Oh, aren't they adorable," Mrs. Arnold gushed, looking at the lovely fourteen year old girls standing before her in matching Alice in Wonderland dresses, white stockings with pink fringes, and white shoes with 2-inch heels. Their long blonde hair was styled in 'Angle Wings' befitting young girls just entering puberty. Peaches and cream complexions and light pink lipstick highlighted their large green eyes.

"Oh, but which is which?" the elderly lady gushed. "They look so much alike."

"Introduce yourselves to your grandmother, girls," Ms. Hale ordered.

"My name is Missy, Grandmother," one girl shyly whispered while dipping into a polite curtsy.

"I'm Cissy," the other sighed, also curtsying.

"Oh, they are everything I ever dreamed of and more," Mrs. Arnold tenderly hugged her newly christened granddaughters.

Illustration 24:

"Girls," Ms. Hale continued, "As a graduation present, I present you with your new birth certificates.



"Why, you have become the perfect twin girls I always dreamed about," their Grandmother gushed.

Both of you were officially born as girls' fourteen years ago. Isn't that wonderful?"

The two hesitantly took the offered papers and briefly examined them. Everything Ms. Hale said was true. They were officially twin fourteen year-old girls. Tears appeared in their eyes, but they knew it was far too late to cry or protest. "Thank you, Ms. Hale," they said as they dipped polite curtseys in unison to their grandmother and headmistress.

As the three exited the stage and returned to their respective seats, Ms. Hale continued, "Next, we have Miss Rebecca Dunn."

"It's time to greet your son, dear," the formerly irritated woman smiled at her husband. "Let's accompany him at the podium."

"What? Who is this Rebecca person? What does she have to do with my son?" the confused man quipped as he slowly rose to his feet.

From the other side of the room, Becky giggled as he slithered to the podium in a tight fitting, long red evening gown that showed his prominent C+ cup breasts to full advantage. His long blond hair was piled on his head and ringlets streamed down both sides of his face. His hips swayed from side to side as he climbed the stairs in open-toed 4-inch red velvet pumps that exposed his bright red toenails to advantage.

When the trio met, the man wore a puzzled expression, and a satisfied smile covered the face of the woman. A ditsy titter emitted from the lips of the girl, and she giggled, "Hello Daddy."

"Daddy?" the man asked, still not comprehending the events unfolding before him. "Who are you calling Daddy, young lady?"

"Look again dear," the woman stated. "You wanted to know what Rebecca had to do with your son, Bob. Well, they are one and the same. Meet Becky, your daughter, who used to be your son!"

"Daughter? My son?" he gasped as he began to comprehend.

"I was your son once, but I doubt if I can ever be a son again," Becky giggled. "Don't you agree?" He then smiled seductively and wiggled his magnificent breasts in front of his father.

"Bob?" the man roared, "Say it isn't so!"

"I'm afraid it is so, dear," his wife confirmed.

Illustration 25:

"But...but he was to undergo sensitivity training in lieu of prison!" he roared. "Not this!"

"This is a sensitivity course, dear. Can you imagine him accosting another innocent young girl now that he looks like one of them?"

"B...but Bob, my son is to carry on the family name and take over my business" he exclaimed, feeling faint and holding his hands over his chest.

"I don't think I can do either of those things now Daddy," Becky tittered in a soft lilting voice. "I wouldn't know what to do with a business, and I'll have to take the name of my husband when I marry. Anyway, can you imagine me with the responsibility of having to make business decisions? I like money, but I have no idea how to do anything but spend it. My husband's job will be to make lots of money to keep me happy, pampered, and lavishly dressed."

"What are you saying? What about the company?" his father gasped.

"Oh, don't worry Daddy. I might come by the office occasionally to check out the cute guys. Are there any real dream-boat hunks among your rising executive types that might be husband material?"

"Bob was intelligent and the head of his class, but you've turned him into an empty headed bimbo!" Becky's father ranted as he considered the implications of his son becoming a giddy, man crazy girl. In his bewilderment, he fainted dead away on the stage.

"Oh my!" Ms. Hale said.

Feeling his pulse, the man's wife said, "Don't worry. He'll be all right. I guess the shock was just too much. I would appreciate someone helping him to his chair."

Becky was no any help at all. He fluttered about, saying "Oh me! Oh my!" while two men from the audience helped his father.

The other graduates and parents giggled at the spectacle and wondered, "What could top that?"

As the other boys took the stand along with their guardians, some of their sponsors were pleased with the changes in their 'sons', while others, like Becky's father, were clearly shocked. Not surprisingly, all the meetings were spectacles in their own right.

At last, Julian was called to the stand where Agatha and Tony met him.

Ms. Hale said, "When Julia first arrived, he claimed to be here by mistake. He said he was to go to Patton while her sister here was to attend our school. Everyone can see how ridiculous such a claim was, and it remains so to this day. Julia has blossomed into one of the prettiest, most vivacious boys ever to graduate from the Chrissy Institute. On the stand with him are his aunt and sister."

Tony, standing proudly beside her feminine appearing brother, had changed considerably since Christmas. She was now broad of shoulder, tight of chest, narrow of hips, and strongly built, the epitome of young 'manhood'. Even the light mustache growing on her upper lip contradicted the idea that she was female. Julian was taken aback at how masculine his sister now appeared, and despite himself, he felt as though they had exchanged genders!

Agatha took the microphone. "I have been quite befuddled lately, and in my confusion, I thought I sent Julian to Patton Military Academy and Tony to the Chrissy Institute. As you might imagine, I was really perplexed when I discovered that he ended up here. At first, I thought it was because of my confusion, but I now believe that I knew what I was doing all along. It is now obvious to me that Julia was meant to be a young lady



"That can't be my son!" Becky's father shouted.
"Say it isn't so!"

and Tony a young gentleman. Therefore, I have taken steps to rectify the confusion of genders that has existed.”

A thrill raced up Julian’s spine as he thought, “Oh boy! Aunt Agatha is going to set everything straight. I can finally return to being a guy!”

“I had the courts change all of Julia and Tony’s records to reflect their proper genders,” Agatha continued. “As a result of my efforts, Julia is now my 17 year old niece, and she will enroll in high school this fall as a senior coed. Tony is now my 19 year-old nephew who will assume his rightful place as the man of the family. He has been accepted at State University where he will pursue a career in investment banking. At last, I will have someone in the family to take charge of my holdings and investments.”

Julian was completely flabbergasted! “This can’t be!” he gasped. “This is all a mistake! I wasn’t supposed to come to the Chrissy Institute in the first place! I can’t be a girl, and certainly not a high school coed! I graduated two years ago! Tony is my younger sister! How can she usurp my position as man of the family and assume my life? Why am I being forced to become a girl?” Julian felt weak in the knees, and he buckled a bit before Ms. Hale put her hands on his soft shoulders and steadied him.

Illustration 26:

“Our little Julia seems to be a bit shaken by my action, but I’m sure she will recover when she has had time to consider the facts,” Agatha advised. “Also, I’m sure her fiancée, Tim Ross, will help her adjust to her new life.”

Julian was so confounded that he had to be helped to his seat by Ms. Blair.

Agatha returned to her seat, but Tony remained on the podium as Ms. Hale once again assumed the microphone and announced, “Our next graduate is Cindy



"This is a terrible mistake!" Julian gasped. "I wasn't even supposed to even attend this school!"

Mendez. Officer Clancey and Tony Martin are here as sponsors and interested parties.”

As Carlos slowly made his way to the podium in his tight dress and heels, Clancey took the microphone and addressed the audience, “Because Cindy was an obnoxious and undisciplined juvenile delinquent gang leader, he was sent here to learn respect and obedience. Amid shouts of profanity and defiance, he swore time and again that he wouldn’t wear dresses, makeup, or soft lingerie. As you can see by this lovely image of demure femininity, that proved to be a superficial vow. Despite his initial hostility and bravado, he become one of the prettiest and most popular ‘girls’ at the Chrissy Institute.”

After a chorus of ooohs and aaahs, Clancey continued, “Therefore, due to his remarkable improvement in both attitude and appearance, I am pleased to announce that the juvenile authorities have made a precedent setting decision. They have issued him a conditional pardon and provided him with employment as a junior clerk in the State Parole Office until his probation is completed. In addition typing, filing, and fetching coffee for his supervisors, he will assist in selecting from two to five boys from juvenile detention to attend the Chrissy Institute each year. During this time, he will be released into the custody of Tony Martin, who has agreed to accept responsibility for him during his rehabilitation. Good luck to you both.” With a sincere smile, he shook hands with Tony and after an affectionate embrace, kissed the confused and awestruck Carlos on the cheek.

Being puzzled by Clancey’s announcement, a vacant expression covered Carlos’ face, and his mind whirled. “Will I be allowed to return to being a guy while I work at the parole office? If I’m being released into Tony’s custody, will she let me wear pants? What kind of traitor would help select other boys to come here where they would be forced to wear dresses and learn to be a lady? Not me! If they think I was rebellious in the beginning, I’ll show them...!”



“Wife?” Carlos gasped, “But I’m supposed to be the husband!”

At that moment, Tony interrupted his thoughts by taking the microphone and proclaiming, "Thank you Officer Clancey. I will do my best to take care of Cindy and see that he is always pampered and beautifully dressed." Removing a small box from her pocket and turning to Carlos, she announced, "Before all these friends and witnesses, I declare my love for you and ask you to become my wife."

"Me, a wife?" Carlos shrieked. "I'm returning to pants when I leave here! I should be the husband ... the man of the family! You should wear dresses and assume your proper position as my wife! Not the other way around!"

Illustration 27:

"Don't get all excited, Cindy darling" Tony cooed as she took his soft hand with its red tipped fingers in her hand and slipped a diamond engagement ring into place. "You'll learn to love the pampered life I have planned for you."

Carlos was speechless, and he felt totally helpless when Tony took him in her arms and sealed their love with a kiss. After all, she had never seen him in pants. Would it be so bad to continue wearing dresses, soft lingerie and makeup to make himself pretty and desirable to his strong, virile hunk of a husband? "Is this what is meant by love, honor, and obey?" he wondered as he melted into Tony's embrace "In spite of my previous objections, maybe it won't be so bad after all."

The graduation ceremony continued, and as originally announced, it took nearly two hours to complete the official functions. Finally, the last student was introduced to the last sponsor. Ms. Hale announced that



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the official ceremony was over, and the festivities could begin.

A sigh of relief rose from the twenty-four 'girls'. Each had met his fate this spring afternoon, and not one would ever be the same as a result!

"Well, Marc," Marci's father said when the two met for the first time since Christmas. "League play starts next week, and I'll bet the mortgage nobody suspects you're a boy. You'll be a cinch for the Most Valuable Player award at season's end if you've been practicing your pivot on the double play like we discussed."

"Don't be silly, Daddy!" Marci admonished in a soft lilting voice. "I can't play baseball. Not now! I won't be able to wear short shorts or mini-skirts if I scratch my thigh sliding into second. Besides, I might break a nail!"

"What have I done?" the man wailed in soul-searching torment. "What have I let that scheming bitch do to my son!!??"

To Carlos' surprise, Clancey came over for a final farewell. After a heart felt embrace and kiss on the cheek, he said, "Congratulations on your engagement. I wish you and Tony all happiness and bliss. Just be sure to invite me to the wedding. You are one bride I wouldn't miss kissing for the world!"

"Is it possible that we have become friends after all we have been through," Carlos wondered as he smiled and happily assured Clancey of his invitation.

"I know you haven't had time to consider which boys you will recommend to be sent here to follow in your footsteps next fall," Clancey chuckled. "I understand that there are some real hard cases in custody now, including your old gang rivals, Mario and Armando. They might make pretty girls, don't you think?"

A sinister smile crept across Carlos' pretty features as he considered Clancey's intriguing suggestion. "Maria and Anita, huh?" he sighed in deep thought. "Oh, I don't know. Those bastards... excuse my French. I mean, if I sent them here, they might find happiness as a lady like I have, and frankly, they don't deserve that kind of break in life. If I could turn them into something

like waitresses, maids, hairdressers, or bimbo receptionists in low-cut blouses, tight mini-skirts, overdone makeup, and stilt heels, I might..." his voice trailed away, as he was obviously in deep thought. "But then, they wouldn't be ladies, would they?" he added wistfully.

Ms. Blair, who happened to overhear, said, "That is not only possible, it's entirely probable. In fact, there is a subsidiary of the Chrissy Institute whose purpose is directed to that very end. In fact, that is where you were to be sent. Your enrollment was changed only because of overcrowding conditions over there."

"You mean, the boys I select for feminization will be trained to fill low level jobs or to serve as domestics?"

"Most, if not all," Ms. Blair assured him.

"Maybe this won't be so bad, after all," Carlos grinned deviously as he kissed his former strict mentor goodbye.

As the guests filed from the hall, a line of cadets entered. The smiles on their faces stated that these guys were extremely happy to be there. They didn't have to be recruited to attend this final dance as many of them were going steady with Chrissy Institute girls. The cadets attacked the chairs with a vengeance, and soon, the hall was cleared. Soft music began playing, and the graduation dance was underway!

The girls stood in a group to the side as the cadets paired off with them. They giggled amongst themselves and shyly averted their eyes as, one by one, they were whisked away in the arms of a handsome young cadet in his military uniform. Before long, all twenty-four girls were paired on the dance floor.

Cindy clung tightly to Tony's arm, and Julia snuggled close to Tim. Even Missy and Cissy found boys near their age. Two young freshman cadets, no older than 15, had paired off with these adolescent girls and whisked

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them out onto the dance floor. The smiles on the faces of the young 'girls' showed they were beginning to accept their new lives and the feminine role their grandmother had chosen for them.

Becky had two boys chasing after him. He was dancing with one while another waited on the sidelines with drinks. He had a whirlwind of cadets circling all evening. His gorgeous breasts and long lovely legs was the honey that attracted so much attention. His prominent assets and airhead, giggling personality kept them interested.

Illustration 28:

Julia snuggled into Tim's arms, buried her head in his chest and whispered, "Oh Tim, they made me into a girl, so I guess there's nothing wrong with us being a couple after all."

"There never was, Julia darling, there never was!" Tim assured him.

"Yes darling," Julia moaned. "Whatever you say."

Illustration 29:

The twenty-four students had grown close over the past nine months. Each had resisted, then given in to the constant pressure, painful spankings, and subliminal messages to become frilly and feminine. Now, they looked, acted, and felt like teenage girls. After tonight, each would go his way, and not one would return to boyhood. All of them; however, would remember the common bonds and friendships formed during their year at the Chrissy Institute!

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