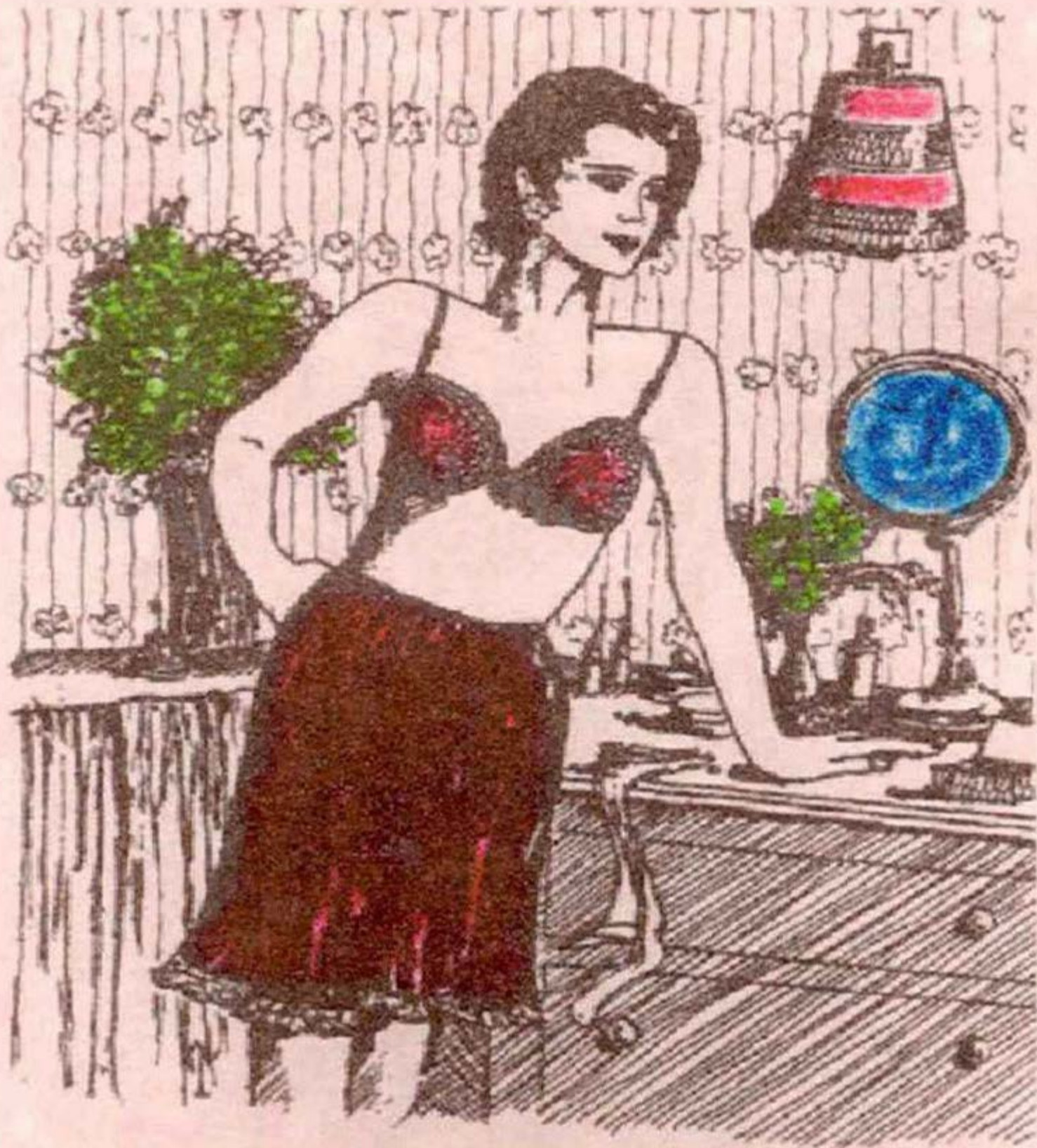


TV FICTION CLASSICS

# "CHEERLEADER MASCOT"

TWO BOYS FIND OUT THEY ARE  
THEIR FRATERNITIES NEW MASCOT-  
GIRL CHEERLEADERS!



Volume Six

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

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# **TV FICTION CLASSICS MAGAZINE**

**Volume 6**

## **CHEERLEADER MASCOT**

***SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING***



***P.O. Box 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624***

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# CHEERLEADER MASCOT

By Sandy Thomas

I guess my life might have been different if Dad hadn't been killed in a plane crash when I was 11.

Mom remarried a state senator about a year later and their busy schedule didn't leave much time for me. So I was sent to boarding school and my summers were spent in camp and I was lucky if I saw my mother other than around Christmas and my birthday... if it fell on a weekend.

My father had left a substantial insurance trust fund for my support and education and with this legacy, I entered college at the age of eighteen and was rushed by the campus academic fraternity, Chi Pi Pi. My reputation as a "brain" had preceded me. This group of guys made an effort to get men who were academically advanced, which was why our fraternity was generally known as Sigma Nerd.

Our image had become a major problem and our president, Ralph Smith, called a meeting after dinner one night to discuss the matter.

"Our ratty old tiger is just about worn out," he said. "I'm opening the floor to suggestions for a new fraternity mascot. C'mon guys, what do you say?"

"How about a Lion?"

"A Snake?"

"What about a Bear?"

"You men can do better than this. Be creative. Let's find something we can all get into. It doesn't have to be an animal."

"How about the Red Socks," I said. "We could all wear red socks?"

"Wait a minute! Wait just a minute," my friend, Lee said. "Why don't we grab a cheerleader and make her the mascot? All the other fraternities have animals. If we get a cheerleader, we'll be unique!"

Everyone laughed as other suggestions were written down, and then we took a vote. Lee's cheerleader idea got the most votes. Ralph said, "Maybe this could work, anyone know one or two of the cheerleaders?"

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Lee volunteered to talk to a couple of girls that he knew on the Pep Squad, but he reported to the membership a few days later, that he had come up empty handed. It seems that the cheerleaders thought that it might be okay to be a frat *Sweetheart*, but it was degrading for a *modern woman* to be a mascot of any kind.

At our next meeting, Ralph was angry. "Lee, you blew it when you approached those cheerleaders. What did you say that put them off our idea?"

"It's not my fault, Ralph." Lee replied. "I can see why the girls might not want to be a *mascot*. It is a little degrading to be an 'object' instead of a *person*, isn't it?"

"Any girl could do it," a brother said. "She doesn't have to be a real cheerleader. Brother David's mom owns that uniform and dress store across town, she could get us a cheerleader outfit. This might even work out better. She'd be with us at the games and dances, not tied up with the official school stuff. We could even have a special insignia made for the front of her sweater?"

We all voted in favor of finding a girl to be our special cheerleader and the next week we searched the campus for likely candidates.

The school newspaper wrote a series of articles about our search. Unfortunately, they were written by a feminist who thought our cheerleader mascot idea was degrading to women. If we didn't find a beautiful girl now we would be the laughing stock of campus.

At the next meeting Ralph read the list of girls who had said that they were willing to help. One was a P.E. major who looked more like a tackle for the football team and the other looked like she was secretary/treasurer of the Anorexic League!

"Is this it?" Ralph asked incredulously. "In one week all you guys could come up with is Miss Russia and the winner of the Olive Oyl look-a-like contest? No wonder we've got such a nerdy reputation."

The silence was deafening. We all looked at one another realizing that if we wanted to overcome our nerdy image that we would have to come up with something different. Something daring.

A voice shouted from the back of the room, "Ralph, how about you?" We all roared.

"Oh sure, all six feet of me in a mini-skirt. We have to figure some way out of this trap. Maybe one of you could dress like a cheerleader and we'll take some pictures and say we found one, or better yet...two. Any volunteers?"

More silence. Someone yelled, "It should be someone small and thin." Everyone looked around the room. I tried not to look at anyone, because I was one of the smallest. I was barely five, seven and small boned.

"How about Lee Roberts, he'd make a great girl."

The crowd agreed to the amusement of all including me. Lee was somewhat considered a sissy. Pampered by his mother, his white clear skin, short fragile statue and longish light hair gave him the appearance of a girl in boy's clothes.

Then disaster struck. "Now for the second cheerleader," Ralph said.

"Chris," someone yelled. Again they all agreed.

Ralph calmed down the crowd. "This is a big request of two fine brothers, so before I ask Lee and Chris to do this; I want a vote of support. First, I recommend that if they agree, we give them the best room in the house, my room for a month. Second, we make a plaque in their honor for this deed. They are getting this fraternity out of a big fix. Let's have a hand for the two of them."

The group went crazy and ended with a series of cheers. "Hip Hip Hooray!"

"Chris, Lee, it won't be for long, just a couple of pictures. What do you say?"

What could we say but, "OK."

Friday, while we were at school, the brother's moved us up to Ralph's top floor room. When I opened the door there was a banner reading, "Welcome Chi Pi Pi cheerleaders to your new home." On each bed was a new cheerleader sweater, skirt, bra, and panties.

The room was bright and very large with a private bathroom. When Lee arrived, we had a discussion about this whole thing.

"Why us," Lee complained, "Anyone could have done it for the pictures."

"I sure like this room, besides everyone seems sincerely appreciative of our help."

Ralph stuck his head in the door. "OK guys, go shave your bodies and put on those outfits. You have two hours."

"Hey," Lee complained, shaving my legs wasn't part of this deal. Can't we just wear pants or something."

"No, the brothers have put a lot of time and effort to make this perfect. We expect you to do the same...shave everywhere! At least neither of you have beards yet. Don't worry about your hair. Two hours!"

We shaved and felt amazed at the feeling of nakedness. Without hair, Lee's body almost looked like a young girls.

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His hips were a little big for a boy. I also had a soft appearance; probably because I didn't have many muscles and didn't play sports. Our hair was on the longish side; probably another reason we were chosen. Then again, anyone could wear a wig.

Lee said, "Can you help me with this?" He stood there, (clad only in pink panties), wrestling with a pink padded bra. He couldn't get it hooked behind his back. As he turned his back, I couldn't help noticing how feminine his hips looked in the panties.

He helped me with my bra, then slapped me on the rump, "Great ass, girl!" We put on the white pleated skirts, tight angora sweaters, bobby socks and girls sneakers.

We both felt naked as we left the room. A crowd of the brothers whistled and made comments. To our surprise, they whisked us out the back door into a waiting car. We crossed town and stopped at a closed beauty parlor's back door.

"What's this all about?" I asked.

"Just some professional help on make up and hair."

Inside, Ralph introduced us to David's mother, Mrs. Brown, who owned the dress shop next door and had arranged with the owner of the beauty shop to open for us. Mrs. Brown's late husband had been a Chi Pi Pi brother and she attended all our functions and generously donated money towards the running of the fraternity house. Four young beauty operators gathered around. Each took notes as they stared at our faces and hair.

While Lee and I changed into smocks, the girls conferred with Ralph and Mrs. Brown. We couldn't hear what they were saying, but Ralph and the other guys started to chuckle.

The girls surrounded us and started washing our hair and filing our nails. They put a relaxing mask over our eyes so we couldn't see what was happening. Several hours went by, and except it wasn't uncomfortable until they started plucking my eyebrows.

"Ouch," I screamed. "Please, not too much."

"You even sound like a girl when you complain," the operator said. "I know it hurts a little... but think of how attractive you'll be when their gone. Now you know what we girls have to go through to look attractive."

Then they took us into an area without mirrors and applied makeup. The brothers stayed outside at the owners request. After dressing in our cheerleaders outfits they brought us a mirror and allowed us to see each other.

My mouth dropped. Lee looked convincingly like a teenage girl with his hair lightened and permanently curled. Light teenage makeup with pink lipstick that matched the new long permanent acrylic nails they had applied. He shook his head and his curly hair danced around his neck.

The first shock was that our delicately arched eyebrows gave us a permanently girlish expression to our faces. Nancy, one of the operators said, "Don't worry about the eyebrows, later we'll give you some pencils to fill them out. She giggled then added, "If you want, we could tie a lovely ribbon in your hair. Girls love attractive hairdos!" Lee and I turned crimson red.

We looked at each other in disbelief. He was attractive as a girl. My mirror also reflected femininity. My hair had also been cut not just combed into a girls hairstyle. The color was also different though darker than Lee's.

Nancy went to the outer salon and announced, "Gentlemen, the new cheerleader mascots of CHI PI PI." When we walked in, the boys went berserk, not in a nasty way, but telling us how beautiful we looked, etc.

Ralph turned to Mrs. Brown and said, "I think this is going to work."

"You haven't seen anything yet," Mrs. Brown said. "For the rest of the weekend until we take the pictures, you are all to treat Chris and Lee as girls, understand?"

"Hey, I thought we were taking pictures tonight," I asked.

"No," replied Ralph. "Not until Sunday. I figured we needed that much time to get you guys together. Guess I was wrong, you both look adorable. Well, you now have two days to get even better."

Mrs. Brown said, "Let's go next door and get a few more outfits. Now boys, walk this way." Lee and I followed her to the dress shop next door, both of us trying to walk with a sexy wiggle, the way she did.

At the dress shop, we were measured and each given an entire wardrobe: cheerleading outfits, street clothes and lingerie. These clothes fit us better than the ones we wore to the shop. We now owned everything a college coed would have in her wardrobe.

I promised to return the clothes on Monday.

Mrs. Brown said, "Keep them or give them to your sisters. They're old stock. You boys should always wear these, at least until the pictures are taken." She held up a couple of training bras.

## Chapter One\_\_

Back at the fraternity house Ralph called a meeting. As every one filed into the room no one could figure out who the two girls were. Then someone said, "It's Lee and Chris!"

The room roared. Ralph said, "Get up girls and meet your audience." Lee and I went into the crowd and the men surrounded us, touching our perfumed hair and clothes. With the three inch heels we were almost as tall as some of them.

"Let's keep them as girls," someone yelled. I turned toward the voice and blew a kiss in good natured fun. Lee was smiling too. This was fun, like being a star or celebrity. We sat and sexily crossed our nylon covered legs at the knee like women do.

Ralph called the meeting to order. "I guess you can see we have two of the prettiest girls around as our cheerleaders. Lee and Chris have been great sports and I expect you all to help. Until Sunday when we take the pictures, I want you all to treat them like girls in every way. No teasing! Help them be girls, open the doors, you know."

We had a party for a couple hours. I felt funny to be with the guys in a dress. One guy asked, "Chris, what are you wearing under your dress? Panties?"

"Yep, everything a girl wears," I said smugly. "The things your girlfriend won't let you near."

"No!" His eyes widened, "You mean real girls underwear? Aren't they uncomfortable?" Before I could answer, another group pulled me over to them. They all showed interest in how it felt dressed in girl's clothes.

When the party was over, we went to our new room. All our male clothes had been removed. Clothes from Mrs. Brown's shop replaced them. Lacy nylon nightgowns laid on the bed. Lee laughed, but I was angry. "How could they do this to us?"

Lee laughed again and said, "Let them have a laugh. We'll get even. If they want girls, let's give them girls. It's only for the weekend?"

## Chapte Two Pictures Sunday

On Sunday night, a professional photographer spent



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several hours taking pictures of Lee and I in many different outfits and poses. I had no idea modeling was hard work. Lee was so tired that night he didn't even remove his makeup before going to bed.

It started quietly enough but during the first week a controversy broke out. We tried to be "one of the guys" but the photos were to be the fuel for a battle that would all but erase Lee and my anonymity.

Some of our cheerleader pictures appeared in the school newspaper along with another editorial which attacked Dean Wilcox for perpetuating the sexist stereotype that men do the work and women only serve as support. It was true the football team had a fully staffed sports injury facility. When one of the cheerleaders had been injured doing a choreographed flip, she had to go to her own doctor and pay for therapy.

In response to the article, Dean Wilcox made a statement: "Men's sports produce revenue for the school and create alumni support, therefore allotted most of the sports budget. The only duty of the cheerleaders is to root for our team."

Unfortunately, more of our pictures were printed in the school newspaper. The one of me jumping, with my skirt flying and panties showing created quite a stir. They appeared just before a big football game with State College.

The cheerleaders went on strike and did not show up for the game.

Sally the head cheerleader held a news conference in which she said, "We're tired of Dean Wilcox and his lip service. He thinks Cheerleading is only a support sport. We work hard but have no budget. We demand the Dean to make cheerleading a recognized sport just like the men's sports. We want all the benefits of the men's sports; full scholarships, school money for coaches, uniforms, and those high paying part-time school jobs. We work just as hard as the football players."

Our team lost the big game.

Dean Wilcox was later quoted as saying, "The cheerleaders don't need any school money, they have fund raisers. Last year they sold lot's of cookies and coffee mugs."

Sally was furious and called another news conference. "Cheerleading is not just a wriggle and a yell, it's an art. Our cheerleaders are gymnasts and dancers. We're a part of the athletic program not just ornaments on the sidelines. CHI PI PI's parody of our program, makes our cheerleaders out to be a bunch of dizzy blondes. Cheerleading takes as

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***"EVEN OUR ROOM TOOK ON A FEMININE LOOK "***

much will and stamina as anything the football players do."

The school newspaper again ran pictures of us. This time a sexy shot of Lee fluffing his hair.

Dean Wilcox's reply, "I'm not making any value judgments, but we can't support all sports. What's next? Rodeo?"

His words were twisted in the town newspaper to say, "I'd support rodeo before cheerleading."

Then the s#@t hit the fan. Dean Wilcox was reprimanded by the college trustees. He had to apologize to the cheerleaders. He also had to cut the budget of his beloved football team and allocate money for the cheerleading as a sport, much to Sally's satisfaction.

She was quoted as saying, "Let the football players sell some cookies next year."

I guess it was sort of "kick the dog." Dean Wilcox was angry, and since he couldn't take it out on the cheerleaders he took it out on CHI PI PI. Since we were a college chartered fraternity, he had the right to do spot inspections. He wanted to find out who the girls were that caused him all the trouble, the ones living in the CHI PI PI house.

A spot inspection was held and he spotted us right off even in men's clothes. He couldn't miss us with our curled hair, thinned eyebrows and long nails. He left in a huff but the results of his anger were soon evident.

He called a meeting and decided to punish the fraternity by taking away our charter. After negotiations, Ralph was able to settle on making the punishment fit the crime. Lee and I were to dress as girls on weekends. Dean Wilcox originally wanted us dressed full time but decided that would disturb his school. Also this punishment would humiliate the fraternity more than pulling its charter.

Somehow this edict seemed to smooth all the ruffled feathers. Sally had what she wanted. The paper's editor seemed to drop the subject for something else. The only feathers that were ruffled seemed to be mine.

Ralph came to our room after the ultimatum. He shyly said, "You guys okay...I just came by to let you know how sorry I am that you two are taking most of the punishment. I hope that you won't have too much resentment against the fraternity. I'm sure when this is all over, you'll be fine men. Until then, everything you need is on the fraternity budget. We've assessed the members a fee and have a special fund for clothes and beauty appointments. Sure you two are OK?"

Lee said, "Sure, it's not that bad."

"I don't know," I said. "It's just that I'm growing up, and I hoped to be dating the coeds, not be one. I'll miss running around with the guys."

Ralph thought, then said, "It's hard to find a place in society. But you two have the stuff to make it. I'm sure that soon, you'll have the poise of a couple of natural coeds. The

brothers will take you to the games and stuff. Your sacrifice makes all the fraternity brothers proud, and we are indebted to you.”

During the next couple of weeks, I began to worry about Lee. He was spending a lot of money on clothes at Mrs. Brown’s dress store. We were only dressing as girls on weekends. There were other changes too.

At first we fought it. But when we looked in the mirror, it reflected feminine images. Even our room took on a feminine look. Our closets were full of dresses, and makeup sat on our dressers. Nylons hung from the shower curtain. We were girls only on the weekends but it was too much trouble to put everything away. Even without polish, our nails grew long and well groomed, which made us carry our hands differently, elegantly.

### Chapter Three

The Christmas holidays drew near, and a telegram arrived from my mother informing me that because of an emergency trip to the Caribbean with the senator, she wouldn’t be able to see me at Christmas.

Lee’s mother, Mrs. Roberts was coming to see him. She was a very wealthy young widow. I hoped that she would put an end to this foolishness by talking to Dean Wilcox and get us back into our own clothes. I couldn’t believe that Dean Wilcox was making us dress as girls even on Christmas weekend. Lee begged me to go with him to pick his mom up at the airport on Saturday.

On Friday, we both had our hair done, so we would be perfect. We looked completely girlish.

Saturday, Lee dressed in a pink sweater and skirt set, with nude colored nylons and black medium high heels. I wore a short red skirt and a white blouse, black nylons and black 3 inch pumps.

Mrs. Roberts was in her early forties, but looked thirty. She was a very stylish dresser, and very feminine in her mannerisms and outlook on life. In fact, most of the fraternity brothers thought she was a real fox.

When he saw his mother get off the plane, tears came to Lee’s eyes. She was wearing a red business suit with an eggshell silk blouse. She was looking everywhere for her son and finally caught Lee’s tearful eyes.

“It’s me mom,” he cried. “It’s me.”

When she hugged him her shocked expression turned to compassion. She turned to me. Lee said, “That’s Chris,

mom.” We told her the whole story of the mascot plan, and how they dressed us up and the outcome.

“Please help us.” Lee pleaded. Go to the Dean and make him drop this stupid punishment.

To our astonishment, she wasn’t angry at Dean Wilcox. “Lee, you’re grown up now and you’re responsible for your actions. I’m sure Dean Wilcox knows what he’s doing, I assume he feels the punishment should fit the crime. You guys don’t look that bad, rather cute. You’re just lucky that you’re small. This punishment could have been very embarrassing. Lee, you’re also lucky you have a friend involved like Chris. You could have been by yourself.”

“Please mom, couldn’t you do something,” Lee again pleaded. “This is embarrassing. Couldn’t you talk to Dean Wilcox?”

“No, but I’ve a couple ideas that might help. We’ll talk about it later.”

Her acceptance of our punishment didn’t help. Our fate sealed, we knew we were going to dress as weekend girls for the rest of the year.

We celebrated Christmas Sunday night in her hotel room. To my surprise, she bought us both many gifts. We each opened a box. We blushed as we discovered baby-doll nightgowns, Lee’s in blue, mine in pink. Both of us received feminine gifts; three silk dresses, two skirt and blouse outfits, hot rollers sets, matching robes, three lacy slips and a makeup collection.

But that wasn’t all. We both blushed as we opened a big box full of lingerie. Over twenty pairs of frilly panties and matching bras in various colors. I asked, “How did you know our size?”

“I called that shop you told me about and they gave me your sizes.” She added, “If you have to be girls, at least you’ll be well-dressed. I love shopping for a new daughter. Open the rest.”

The next box contained several pairs of high heels; pumps and sandals in black, blue and red. Another box contained leather mini-skirts, in black and red.

She said, “I doubt if my mother would have let me wear skirts that daring...but you boys have great legs. Open the pink box.”

Lee’s mother was very rich so I didn’t feel bad taking these things. The pink box contained panty hose and nylons in all colors. There were several garter belts at the bottom.

“You’ll love the open feeling of garter belts. Not many girls wear them anymore, but they’re for when you want to

be sexy.” We reddened at her suggestion that we might want to be sexy as girls.

The last box contained jewelry, a girls watch, a dainty necklace, and earrings. We put on our new jewelry and realized the earrings were for pierced ears.

“I thought I told that salesgirl clip-ons. They were real expensive; we’ll take them back.”

Lee’s mother came to town almost every weekend for several months. It made us happy to have her in town and get out of the fraternity. On the weekends that followed, Lee and I developed our feminine personalities with Mrs. Roberts help. She gently feminized us, suggesting how girls always do this or that. Such things as touching-up our lips or pointing out a nail polish chip.

One weekend, we took back the earrings and the clerk said, “These are too expensive for clips-ons, your girls might lose them. Why don’t we pierce their ears. All the girls have pierced ears now.”

Mrs. Roberts thought piercing was a good idea; Lee agreed. The saleslady used a piercing machine and before we knew it, Lee had permanently pierced ears. A shudder swept through me as thin, feminine gold earrings dangled from Lee’s ears. The clerk told him how to keep them clean and warned not to remove them for two weeks. I wouldn’t do it so she exchanged my earrings for a pair of cheaper clip-ons.

Later, Lee was embarrassed. During the next week, he removed his earrings several times: One of his ears became slightly infected, so his mother took him to a doctor. The ear cleared up quickly, but every night he’d go into his purse and take out a cardboard container of pills and swallowed one. He said they were a special vitamin to make his hair grow.

Our hair did grow, and we had bi-weekly appointments at the beauty parlor to have it done. It was getting so long that it now hung around my shoulders. Lee’s seemed even longer. I asked Nancy at the parlor to cut it shorter.

She said, “Sorry Chris, orders from Ralph. We’re not to cut any more than needed. You’re not afraid of the guy’s calling you a sissy, after you’ve been dressing as a girl every weekend for months now?”

I nodded.

“What we can do is give you a permanent, which will make it look shorter but you can blow dry it straight when you want to look feminine.”

She took a strand of my hair and wrapped it around a

big pink curler. She quickly added more until my head was completely covered. Then a smelly lotion and 30 minutes under the dryer. As she removed the curlers, it fell in attractive curls flipped up at the ends. Over the last couple of months I became more comfortable in the beauty salon. I don't think I realized that with each visit, I lost a little masculine identity. A curl here, an eyebrow there, the manicures.

When I looked in the mirror, I almost fainted. My hair looked shorter, but large curls bounced with every turn of my head. Nancy said, "It will be a bit fluffy for a couple of days." From that day, my hair never did look very manly. But the fraternity wanted it long. I couldn't wait until summer so I could cut it.

The next Friday, Lee's mother flew us to New York City for the weekend. It was Lee's birthday. We always took great care to look feminine during visits with her. She never teased us and always treated us like girls. She seemed to love buying us feminine clothes and we had fun shopping and going out to dinner.

Mrs. Roberts said she had a surprise for us. "Saturday morning I made an appointment with a foundation garment maker. A doctor friend, recommended we have some special garments made by this expert designer. They're special garments for boys in your position. You boys are going to love what she can do for you."

Mrs. Sargent's shop made special garments for special problems. The shops glass display cases were full of dainty lingerie, corsets, girdles and long line brassieres.

Boys," Mrs. Sargent said sternly, "Go remove all your clothes and I'll be in to measure you. Everything must fit exactly." I immediately disliked her cold manner.

We undressed and were both embarrassed as we stood looking like girls from the neck up but boys from the neck down. Mrs. Sargent entered our cubicle carrying several garments. She measured and prodded our waists and said to Mrs. Roberts, "Their quite pliable to the constriction at their age. You'll love the effect these garments will have on them. Most boys become exceedingly modest, demure and ladylike, in just a couple weeks."

Mrs. Roberts asked, "Will they be that way permanently?"

"No, but it might take awhile to recover, because these garments restrain a boys virility. They're encouraged to walk with a girlish posture and stride. They'll even sit femininely. After a few months, most forget how to walk

like men.”

I looked at Lee’s mom and said, “But we do okay now.”

“Chris, trust me. This will help you to become more natural and confident. Right, Mrs. Sargent?”

Mrs. Sargent nodded and brought out the garments out of their boxes. They were like g-strings only she called them “Trainers.” Lee volunteered to go first. She took his manness and put an ice bag on them.

Lee asked, “What’s that for?”

Mrs. Sargent laughed, “Haven’t you ever been swimming in a cold lake?” A wide elastic belt was hooked around his waist, and severely tightened. It took several inches off Lee’s waist and pushed excess fat down to the hip area. She then took his shriveled maleness and put them between his legs. A pink sheath *cache* strap went from the front between his legs and through the waist band then hooked to one end of a spring operated device behind Lee’s back.

Mrs. Sargent asked, “Are you ready?” Lee nodded. She pulled the trigger on the device snapping all excess up tightly. She adeptly hooked the back together and removed the spring device.

Lee’s eyes bulged as the crotch strap was suddenly tightened- totally squeezing his organs into a vee between his legs. He screamed, “It’s too tight!”

Mrs. Sargent commanded, “Don’t be a sissy, it fits perfectly, you’ll get used to it in no time. Now walk across the room.” She was right. His tense new stance was very feminine. It forced him to take little steps and forced his rear out in back. A gentle girlish sway appeared at the hips. She ordered him to sit down on a small stool.

“I can’t,” he complained, “it’s too tight.” Mrs. Sargent ignoring his complaints, forcefully pushed him down on the stool. He gingerly remained uncomfortably seated.

“The sensitivity will go away, in an hour or two,” Mrs. Sargent comforted then commanded. “Chris, don’t be shy,

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come over here.”

I had just seen my buddy visually neutered and it was now my turn. Lee just sat silently in the corner, in a daze. I wanted to say “no” but Lee had let her do it to him. I thought, “What’s the harm, I’ll just take it off later. Mrs. Sargent strapped on the waist part of the garment. It felt like I was being cut in half by the belt. She iced, then carefully positioned my manhood.

She said, “Are you ready.” Before I could reply, she pulled the trigger, and my manhood disappeared, I almost felt like throwing up. This harmless looking garment with its strong pressure compressed my maleness to nothingness. I now couldn’t walk without a sway to my hips. There was no sign of what this garment was suppose to be hiding. I was sexless, that is male sexless.

Mrs. Sargent snickered to Mrs. Roberts, “They’re naturals. Some boys faint. Both have very supple figures, and the proper control is essential for curves here.” She ran her finger lightly over my thighs. “At first, the extreme pressure induces a period of apprehension, which turns into cheerful contentment as the garment takes control.”

She continued, “Now boys, there are three stages. Here’s the instructions. You wear that “Trainer” for a week. Then you’ll be ready for the “Negotiator” which you will wear for a month. Then the “Constrictor” which you will wear for as long as you dress as girls. Some of my customers even ride horses without any discomfort.

“I can’t walk like this on campus,” I said. “We only dress as girls on the weekends. Besides, how can we...you know...go to the bathroom.”

“You can unfasten it easily, just undo the buttons on the back.”

I felt for the buttons at the back to satisfy myself I could undo them.

Mrs. Roberts added, “Chris, even on weekends, girls want shapely figures. Won’t you try it for a week, if Lee will?” I nodded. We painfully walked around the room in only our panties for about an hour. Mrs. Sargent wanted to make sure they seated correctly.

In about an hour, the pain went away and wasn’t terribly uncomfortable as long as we walked carefully. The unyielding pressure of the crotch strap forced us to sit naturally with our knees and ankles demurely together.

I heard Mrs. Sargent whisper to Mrs. Roberts, “These garments will bring on some subtle attitude changes, which form a foundation for the boy’s feminine image of them-

selves. Make sure they continually wear the garments for next several days-some boys get bewildered and then rebellious.”

Rebellious, yes. I was getting out of this restrainer as soon as possible.

After that we went to a ritzy beauty parlor. Lee’s mom told the operators what to do, we both received a permanent wave. When she unrolled our hair, I was in shock. They had also colored my hair, I was now a red-head. My long auburn tresses curled and waved down to my shoulders.

But worse yet, they bleached Lee’s hair a California blonde. I couldn’t believe that Lee’s mom did this to us without asking. She said, “The brighter colors gives you a younger look, I thought you’d like it.”

Lee looked like he was going to cry, “Mom, everyone is going to laugh at me.”

“Blonde’s have more fun.”

Before we left the operator gave us our color formulas so we could have our hair touched up at home. I flushed at the thought of returning to the fraternity house.

Later, we went shopping and Mrs. Robert’s couldn’t wait to buy us some new panties. “Your panties will fit you now perfectly. Don’t you love the streamlined look of your new shape.”

In bewilderment, I just nodded.

When we returned to the hotel, I took Lee aside, “I can’t stand another minute of this garment, I’m taking mine off.”

“Gee,” Lee replied, “Mom spent a lot of money on these things. At least wait until later. She might check.”

That night we celebrated Lee’s birthday. He received mostly feminine gifts. Subscriptions to Seventeen and other girls magazines, lingerie, a breast developer (as a joke), and a mink coat.

Mrs. Roberts gave Lee a large yellow box and said, “I think you will find this dress very exciting.” It was a very feminine doll waisted, white polka dotted silk dress. “Lee, I guess I only have a daughter for a short time, so I’m going to spoil you.” She giggled, “I’ll make you so gorgeous, you might not want to be a boy again.”

Lee blushed. His mom smiled and said, “Don’t worry honey, I still blush when someone tells me I’m attractive.”

That night at bedtime, I didn’t remove the garment because Lee’s mother tucked us in bed. “Sleep well my girls.” I put my hand between my legs and felt nothing except my baby-doll panties. I tossed and turned for a while, it felt strange to have nothing between my legs.



***LEE'S MOM SAID, "YOU'LL LOVE THE OPEN FEELING OF GARTER BELTS."***

Lee's mother was so nurturing, I wished my mother was like her. Her support through this difficult punishment was deeply appreciated, but I didn't understand why she would encourage her son and I to be so girlish?

The next morning, the "cache" garment seemed to have molded itself to me. I no longer had the pressing need to

remove it. I decided to leave it on for the weekend. Lee and I even made a \$25.00 bet that the other would remove the garment first. I hate losing bets, but I didn't know what winning this one would cost me.

When we arrived back at school, the fraternity brother's couldn't believe it was us.

## Chapter Four

I was determined to win the bet-as was Lee. We wore the garments constantly. It's relentless pressure seemed to take away our energy-we even ate smaller meals because of our controlled waist lines. Our natural posture was girlish in the way we walked and sat.

By the end of a couple weeks, we had lost some weight and seemed to become more docile and frail. It was so gradual, I didn't even notice. My 27 inch waist became 24 inches. My new body shape seemed to take the hard edges out of my life. The new roundness of my body was a reflection of a new attitude.

In the past, I ran about always busy with something or some project. But now Lee and I sat in our room for hours at a time. We'd read, talk about school or do our nails, sometimes barely moving for hours. My grades improved with this new focus. Our trousers were loose at the waist, tight at the hips, so around the room we wore skirts and t-shirt dresses.

We barely thought about sports such as football anymore. Lee and I became like brothers, or should I say sisters; helping each other with our hair, discussing our clothes, doing our nails, even wearing each other's dresses.

Even the composition of our room took on a new look: feminine makeup everywhere, nylons hung in the shower, slips and lacy bras scattered about, and dresses hung over chairs.

My mother called. She felt badly, but had to cancel her plans to spend the summer with me; some national crisis-actually a foreign trip, but she promised to visit at Easter.

Lee's mom had asked me to travel with them this summer to a resort in the mountains. I accepted and looked forward to the summer break and the chance to get out of girls clothes.

But the next week, Lee came to me and said, "Mom asked me to spend the summer with her as a girl. She said it would be more fun and since we've been dressing as girls, why not?"

“A girl all summer! Are you crazy? You promised I could go too, and I don’t want dress this way during the summer. It’ll be too hot, what with the padding and all.”

“Oh, we still want you to go. But you’ll have to go as a girl. You can’t dress like a boy, and share a room with a girl, can you?”

“I guess not, but I like to swim and stuff.”

“Well, I guess I can tell you now. Remember that doctor I visited for my ear infection. He’s making it so I can be more feminine during the summer. Those pills I’ve been taking are female hormones. Mom thought it wouldn’t hurt if I was a little softer and had a few curves. They’re already taking effect. Take a look.”

He opened the front of his shirt and his nipples were swollen and sticking out about 1/2 inch. Lee said, “At first, I just noticed the swelling, then my nipples became sensitive and grew larger. I go to the doctor every couple weeks then a month before summer he’s going to do something to help me be more comfortable and feminine for the summer. You should go to him too.”

My hand went to his nipple; it felt so soft to the touch. “I don’t know, it seems so drastic. Don’t you want to meet some girls this summer?”

“My mom says I’ve got lot’s of time for that. She says that we’ll have fun and hopes you go.”

It was either summer school or go with Lee as a girl. I decided to go.

As the weeks went by, Lee’s body changed, and so did the way he carried himself. Most people wouldn’t have noticed it, but I did. His chest area, even when dressed as a man, looked soft and he seemed to carry his arms differently as he walked.

A couple of days later, Lee said that he had a little surprise for me—a doctor’s appointment. I resisted and said, “I don’t want to go to any doctor that specializes in feminizing boys.”

But Lee said, “C’mon, it’s just an appointment. Besides you don’t want to look like a string bean next to me, do you? The doctor is just going to offer some suggestions on how to make us more comfortable for the summer. No big deal.”

“I like being a boy. I don’t want my body feminized.”

“Just come with me for the education.”

I don’t know why I went to the doctor; I could have dressed without hormones.

The doctor was a very beautiful woman. She explained there were lot’s of men cross dressing everyday, and there

were procedures to help them. She said, "The pills Lee received won't make any great changes, just make him more comfortable and add an inch or two, here and there."

I was startled, "I don't want breasts, if that's what you mean? I only came to look...I mean...find out things."

"Well, Lee's been on the therapy for about a month and he only has slightly budding breasts. It depends on a lot of aspects, but depending on your test results and hormone levels, you probably won't gain more than an inch on the bust and hips. You'll still need padding but you'll be more contented dressed as a girl. If you like your new appearance, come back before the last month of school, and I'll give you a strong long acting injection. Then, you'd probably need a bra by late June and be fully developed by mid July. Let me give you a few tests."

After the tests, Lee said, "Chris you'll love your new appearance."

"Oh no, I don't want to," I cried. "We'll look silly with breasts. All the guys will laugh."

"The guys are only going to laugh if you're flat! C'mon I'll hold your hand."

The doctor gave me some pills. "I've made them a little more potent than Lee's, because you've less time to blossom."

On the way home, Lee handed me one and said, "Take one and see what it's like." I did. The next morning, I was sick to my stomach; Lee said it was a side effect and would go away. It did. Lee convinced me to take them daily.

By March break, my body had changed a bit. I'd gained an inch around my hips, and my nipples were surrounded by a softness. I saw the beginning of cleavage. I wouldn't be sharing the showers in the locker room for awhile. The hormones caused a pudginess of my behind and legs, everything was rounder. At this point I wanted to stop taking the hormones, but Lee encouraged me to continue, one day at a time.

We continued to wear the "cache" garments and had graduated to the "negotiator." It was also disabling for awhile until we got used to it. One morning, after a shower, I was hooking it up. Mrs. Sargent was right, this formally constraining garment now was comfortable. I wondered if it stretched or if I was losing sensitivity. I hoped it was the former. Some of my clothes had to be taken in at the waist but my hips seemed to be broadening.

Our fingernails had grown, and were now even longer and more graceful looking. All the little changes were

beginning to add up.

I was relieved when my mother called and canceled our Easter plans. She said, “You know how important being a Senators wife is, my time just isn’t my own.”

In April, Lee and I went to the doctor’s for our final examination. As we sat in the waiting room Lee said, “I hope he doesn’t keep us waiting long.”

I asked Lee why he always referred to Dr. Stephens as a *he*. Lee admitted that Dr. Stephens was a man. I couldn’t believe it.

Inside, we both undressed. Because of our weight loss, we both looked thin and delicate, almost fragile. You could count our ribs. Our pouting small breasts had erect bloated nipples. Our slim waists flared into hips that showed a promise of fullness. Our bodies now looked like those of teenaged girls.

The doctor gave us physicals and gave us a clean bill of health.

I asked if the tenderness of my nipples was normal.

“The tenderness will go away. That’s the effect of the pills. But the swelling won’t. I told you that you might experience, shall I say, embarrassment. It’s a little late now. Your secondary sexual characteristics are changing to a female’s. Are you sorry you have them?”

I didn’t know how to answer. It was all so different.

After the exam, the doctor told us our alternatives. “You both are developing nicely, you can continue with the pills and be slightly more feminized over the summer or a estrogen pellet injection, that would slowly release a strong dose of female hormone for the next 4-5 months. This implant will suppress your maleness for the next few months. Hormonally, you would be girls.”

Every nerve in my body tingled with anxiety. What was I doing even thinking about converting my figure to that of a young lady?

The doctor continued, “There are surgical things we could do also but not now. I like to make sure the boy’s like their new roles first. Maybe for next summer. Okay, who’s first?”

Lee laughed and said excitedly, “I will! Then I’ll be the first to develop.”

Dr. Stephens helped Lee up on the examination table, then prepared the pellet implant injector. I didn’t say anything, mostly out of shock. My good friend was submitting to having his body feminized. I couldn’t believe he wanted it.

As the injector penetrated Lee's buttock, he smiled at me and said, "Chris it doesn't hurt at all. We're going to have such fun."

I hesitated, "I don't know, it seems so permanent. What if I want to be a boy again?"

Dr. Stephens interrupted, "It's up to you Chris, but you'll see that this method will produce positive results and not be permanent. You're going to be a girl all summer, right?" I nodded. "No current girl friends, right?" I again nodded. "You'll have more enjoyment this summer and be more secure and comfortable."

I mumbled, "I don't know."

"Oh Chris," Lee added, "it feels wonderful. I can almost feel my breasts getting bigger. You said, you liked the sensation in your breasts, how about it?"

The doctor said, "You think about and I'll prepare the injector."

Lee got off the examination table. I stood there in a daze thinking about how to get out of there.

The doctor approached me with the needle. "What do you think?"

"I just don't know."

Lee smiled and said, "C'mon, it didn't hurt. Right doc?"

"True, let's try this. I'm going to insert it in your hip, just a little. If it hurts or you change your mind, I'll just pull it out, Okay?" I nodded and the Doctor inserted the needle about half an inch.

"Did that hurt?"

"No." I closed my eyes and gritted my teeth as the doctor inserted the needle fully.

The doctor's right hand caressed my thigh. "There we are. Since the needle's in, how about just a tiny bit?"

"Oh my! Okay," I whimpered, "but not too much. OK?" Tears flowed from my eyes as a feeling of helplessness overcame me. The doctor injected about half the cool contents.

"That's enough to help, but not if you want to be "thoroughly" comfortable. Don't you want the rest and make it official?"

I nodded. I felt the rest of the injection permeate my hip. Lee embraced me, our exposed nipples touching. "We'll have such fun, you'll see."

I turned away and moaned, thinking of what would eventually happen to my body. I felt like crying. What had I done.

"Here's a prescription for an ointment, the doctor said.

Just rub it on your maleness twice a day. It'll help make you less sensitive."

I cried, "less sensitive? I don't want that! It won't make me smaller. Will it? The guys kid me in the showers now."

"It depends, Chris. Most boys who dress as girls find that they are more comfortable if they're small. Right Lee?" Lee nodded. "If you continue to wear the training devices and use this ointment, by the end of summer, you probably won't have to wear the cache garment to be flat in front. I think you should see a video produced about a transgendered boy a few years ago."

We entered a small waiting room and the doctor turned on a video tape machine. The first part showed a normal boy, about 18, swimming. He appeared normal in every way. The second part, an interview with the mother and son.

Mother: "If he wants to be a girl, then let's turn him into one."

Son: "But mom, I just tried on your slip. It wasn't a big deal. It did felt good but..."

Mother: "You said you liked it when we dressed you up fully and you encouraged me to buy you those dresses and lingerie. Right?"

Son: "I guess so. It was just a joke. I don't want to be your daughter for the summer..."

The next part showed a doctor's examination of the boy.

Doctor: "Note the slight development of the breasts and softening of the skin. At his age, a beard won't develop until discontinuities of the hormones. We are going to inject the pellet today a month before summer."

Next came a series of weekly photos of his development. Week by week, this boy became more girlish and feminine. His breasts grew as did his hair. His organs seemed to get smaller with each picture, or it could have been because his hips widened.

The next part showed a sexy girl walking down the beach in a string bikini. With each step, wide hips swung from side to side and the bikini top shimmered with softness. It was that boy; it was also Dr. Stephens.

Dr. Stephens turned the light on. Lee and I looked at him in amazement. He came over to us and sat on the table in front of us. Smoothing the skirt of his white uniform around his hips, he said, "Now you understand why I know how you feel, and the conflicts. Feel free to ask me anything. I've been through it all. You're in for some unique experi-

ences cross-dressing, especially adorable kids like you. Enjoy yourselves, but be careful, especially around men.”

I said, “I don’t like men, I like girls.”

The doctor nodded. “That’s fine Chris, but you’re a girl for the summer. Trust me, it’s better that way, at least in the beginning. I’m married to a girl. The neighbors think we’re sisters. But there is no getting around men if you’re in skirts and have figures like you’re going to sprout.”

Before we left the doctor produced a spatula and brushed a preparation on the back of our throats. “This will make your vocal cords tighten and raise your vocal tone.”

We left. My mind was in a whirl.

It was a week later when I woke and knew something was different. I felt my tender nipples through the pink nightgown I was wearing. They didn’t seem any bigger.

The next morning, I had the same feeling. Then it struck me. No sexual urge. For years, I always woke with a sexual pressure and now it was missing. The sensation seemed dulled down there. It wasn’t a bad feeling, in fact I felt great. My body seemed to take on a new awareness—a sensitivity.

My color perception was much more keen as was my sense of smell. I liked sleeping more. I just laid in bed in a euphoric almost intoxicated state playing with my hair.

I asked Lee later about this. He laughed, “I guess we’ve been chemically neutered and the our maleness put to sleep. We’re on our way to being girls for the summer.”

My whole body felt differently. More luscious. The next weekend, I was putting on a simple knit dress. As I lifted it over my head, I caught a glance of some extra flesh on my chest. My bra now seemed to stay in place better. It used to have a tendency to ride up.

We started to look feminine even in our male clothes. With the weekly sessions at the beauty parlor our hair shone and stayed curly. We tried to keep our hair looking male but the minute a wind would hit it, instant curls.

One morning, I watched Lee getting dressed for school. He was applying the ointment to his manhood. He said, “You don’t seem to be using the ointment the doctor gave us. It’s part of the training, you know.”

“I don’t want to be small, we’re men. If you’re not careful your going to make it so no woman will ever want you.”

Lee was struggling into the tight “Constrictor” for the first time. He struggled with the garment for a few minutes. I could tell it was going to be awhile getting used to this new garment. “I don’t know about you but dating girls is out of

the picture for me this summer and I don't want any bulges showing. I recommend you start on the Constrictor. You're going to look silly at the pool in a skirt."

After he left, I took the tube of ointment and put some in my hand. It felt cool, I applied it to my small manhood. It had a coolness like menthol and got cold on application. The coldness caused everything to shrivel up. I forced my organs up like the doctor showed us, and slipped on a "Constrictor" which held everything in the correct position. I took a deep breath and attached the crotch strap. I was in agony for about an hour before the numbness set in. I guess you can get used to anything, besides, it seemed like the right thing to do. I knew I was now contributing to my feminization, I just didn't think ahead about the consequences.

With each passing day, the mounds on my chest expanded and became more shapely and firm. I began to realize that they were now a part of my body.

From Friday to Sunday we were the cheerleaders. It seemed that the good natured teasing we first got turned into real respect. I guess it was the sacrifice we made, or maybe that we waited on the upper class men like slaves. I tried not to hang around them, but Lee seemed to like it. We would be watching some sport and a guy would say, "Somebody get me a beer."

Lee would jump up and say, "I'll get it, any of you other men want one?" In a few minutes, he'd bring beers, frosted glasses and a snacks for all, serving them on napkins. When they were through he'd clean up.

Most of the time I'd sit there, but often Lee would turn to me and say, "C'mon Chris, help me serve the boys."

There seemed to be a never ending line at our door, asking us for help; like to hem something, or how a certain coat looked with a certain pair of pants. They started treating us like real girls. Lee liked it; I hated it.

Even when dressed as a boy, they would help. Not like a friend, but like a man to a girl. When my car was broken, two of the brothers, Sam and Joe stopped me from fixing it. I could with no trouble, but they wouldn't let me. Joe said, "Chris, let us do that for you and you can fix us some lunch." I fixed them lunch and took it out to them. They were under the car and I saw my reflection in the car window. I was carrying the tray like a waitress and had forgotten to remove the apron I had put on in the kitchen. The wind whipped at my hair. Because I was going to work on the car, I had a t-shirt and jeans on. The t-shirt clung to my

breasts like it was wet and the women's cut jeans ran smoothly between my legs and clung to my small waist and wide hips. They'd seen me in dresses many times, but looking so feminine in pants surprised even me.

I stood watching these men helping me. It gave me a feeling of power. Physically, I was feeling weaker lately, but I felt good. When finished, they ate lunch and asked me if I wanted to go with them to an out-of-town track meet this weekend. I said, "Sure. Why not."

Joe said, "Ask Lee if he wants to go too?"

Lee wanted to go, but didn't know what to wear. I suggested jeans and sweaters.

"No," Lee said, "These guys want to take the cheerleader's."

"No," I said, they want us to go as boys, in pants. I was in pants when they asked me."

We got into a heated argument and settled it by Lee calling Joe and Sam's room.

"Hi Sam, this is Lee. I'd love to go to the trackmeet. What shall we bring and wear?" Lee smiled at me. "No need to wear the cheerleader outfits...just skirts and blouses for the meet and something dressy for dinner later." Lee winked at me. "Spend the night? I know it's a long drive. Let me ask Chris."

Lee put his hand over the receiver and said with a sneer, "See!" Then back to Sam. "We'd love to ...we'll bring our nighties. See you soon."

"See, they want us dressed as girls, ha ha," he giggled girlishly.

Saturday morning I packed for our trip to Northeastern University which was about 150 miles north. It surprised me how much more I had to pack for just one night; makeup, nail polish, nylons, perfume, bra's, slips, hair clips, all items I'd never packed before. Lee came out of the bathroom wearing his negligee and asked, "What are you going to wear today? I think I'll wear my white mini-skirt and striped cotton top."

Lee's hair was now below his shoulders, and a white lace ribbon held it back in a ponytail, over his shoulders in schoolgirl style. Large hoop earrings swung against his



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cheeks. He looked so feminine.

I asked, "Why don't we wear pants? That way we won't embarrass Joe and Sam. They might get embarrassed by being with us in dresses."

"Naw. They're taking us because we're cute and feminine. Only the four of us will know we're boys. Trust me, they don't want to be with a couple of sissy looking boys. They know we can act like attractive girls. Wear something real feminine and girlish, they'll love it."

I still wasn't sure so I went down to the boy's room dressed in my jeans and a cotton shirt to see when we were leaving. When I saw Joe, he said, "We're leaving in an hour. The weather's supposed to be hot, so wear a short skirt or something cool."

I just said, "OK."

Back at the room, Lee was getting ready, ironing his blouse and skirt, dressed in only a tiny white lace bra and silk panties. He laughed, "This skirt is so short, do you think I should iron my panties?" I just shook my head.

At the meet, when the guys went to get refreshments, some of the boys cast us flirting glances. Lee giggled. It made me feel uncomfortable. Suppose one of those men found out we were boys, and accosted us?

About half way through the meet, a big thundercloud burst and sent torrents of rain down suddenly. It was a long run to the car, through a muddy field. It was quite a picture, the boys running ahead while Lee and I followed, holding our skirts up with one hand so we could run faster. We were all soaked by the time we were in the car. Lee was in the front with Joe. Lee's hair was a mass of wet curls, his makeup a mess. Mine was the same. Our wet light colored blouses had become transparent and clung to every curve. Our lightly padded lace bra's showed our nipples.

As the boy's got out of their wet jackets, Lee in a very feminine gesture, slipped off his heels and lifted his skirt; rolling his wet, dirty panty hose off his smooth legs. I followed suit with the same action to the stares of Sam.

Sam said, "Sexy legs." He reached over and ran a hand over my smooth knee, then added, "Joe, we better get these guy's into some dry clothes, they don't have much on."

I don't know about Lee, but I felt naked. I wondered if the boys noticed that our curves were mostly our own and not padding.

On the way to the motel, Lee and I touched up our faces, a little mascara, rouge for our cheeks and a touch of pink lipstick.

The boys checked into the motel while Lee and I stayed in the car. Lee was in the front seat fluffing and brushing his hair. I said, "Hope they remember to get twin beds. Shouldn't we go register for our room?"

The boys came back and said, "OK, who wants to room with whom?"

I jumped in, "I'll room with Lee."

"But then I have to room with Joe," Sam said, "I always room with Joe. Let's do something different?"

Lee said, "Yea, Chris you sleep with Sam, and I'll sleep with Joe...I mean room with Joe."

So Sam carried my bag to our room. Our room was on the same floor as Lee's but down the hall. The room was cheery and had two king-sized beds.

We had a couple of hours before dinner, so we dried off and watched some television. I was going to try to be manly around Sam but he knew I was only doing this for the fraternity. I decided to let him see how much of a bother it is to dress as a girl. I came out of the bathroom wearing only sheer panties and a bra. Sam was on the bed watching every move. I went to my suitcase and slipped a frilly full slip over my body. I rolled a pair of pair of sheer nude nylons up my legs and attached them to a white garterbelt.

I usually wear panty hose but felt like putting on a show for Sam. I could feel his eyes watching my every feminine move. I decided to put on my highest heels as an added show of our "sacrifice." I added makeup and blew dry my hair which was very long and curly now. Then I stood up and swirled around making my slip flare out and said, "Sam, which dress should I wear? I brought three." I held my red silk wrap coatdress up to my breasts.

"I can't tell until you put them on. Better yet, how about a fashion show?"

I changed into the red dress and walked to the bed, "what do you think?"

"Something missing? Music!" He got up and turned on the radio to some disco music. "Now sell that dress."

I danced around for a minute and then slowly stripped of the dress, turning my back as I slid the dress off my shoulders and threw it in his face. The second dress was a sexy blue evening dress that clung to my hips. I danced around for awhile, then grabbed a towel off the bed and twisted it up and danced with it. I snapped it at Sam and to my surprise it caught him sharply right on the leg.

Sam grabbed another towel and we started chasing each other around the room snapping each other. It was obvious

that Sam enjoyed this game and it got rougher. I was suddenly serious about escaping Sam's clutches. I felt like a female, hunted by a male. I didn't want to be caught, but with the tight skirt and high heels, I had to take shorter steps. He caught me trying to climb over the bed. Sam had little trouble tackling me by my hips.

I pleaded, "Please... don't do anything." Sam turned me over holding my arms down over my head, his knees on my arms. I could tell Sam wanted to show me who was the master. "There young lady," Sam said triumphantly. "Say, I'm sorry Mr. Sam, I won't do it again."

I said it. Then he said, "Say, Sam's so strong and I'm so weak. He is my master."

I said, "No." Even though I felt helpless and weak, knowing that I knew I'd been caught by a stronger, more aggressive male. He wanted me tamed to submit.

"Say it, and I'll let you up." He held my arms down over my head with his and straddled my waist.

"You're hurting me!" I said thinking he would get up.

"Say it first," Sam said, watching my pert breasts that seemed to quiver as I struggled. He added, "Wow...how did you get such a curvy figure."

I blushed as he eyed my twin small breasts. I guess you just get used to the clothes, you know the bra's and all. Please let me up."

"Say it first...but I see a valley, a real valley, I mean cleavage above your bra."

"Sam's so strong, I'm so weak. There I've said it, let me up."

Sam shook his head, and reluctantly let me up. I stood up and smoothed out my dress and smoothed some non-existent wrinkles out of my nylons.

Sam said, "You were always such a shrimp in men's clothes. I think it's going to be tough for you to be a boy again."

His words made me nervous and worried. I thought the same thing about Lee, but until now thought I wouldn't have any trouble.

After dinner, I felt so funny going back to our room. It was different rooming with Sam. Sam was curious and asked if I wore nightgowns to bed? I said, "Wait and see." You should have seen his eyes when I waltzed out in my full length blue nightgown and matching negligee. Nothing more than I wore every night with Lee. I felt embarrassed that now, without a bra my breasts showed under the gown. I also had gotten into the habit of wearing my cache sex most

of the time.

Lee bet me a new dress, by the end of the summer he would have bigger breasts than me. Imagine two boys betting to see who would be the most feminine.

## Chapter Five

Our bodies continued to changed and by finals we had to wear tight undershirts to hold back our puffy sensitive nipples. At first, the enlargement was hardly noticeable, but to our embarrassment still showed. They had a unyielding substance, a distinct tender mass of tissue, beneath the nipple area and refused to be hidden.

Mrs. Roberts came to town every weekend during the last month of school; she prepared us for a summer of further feminization. The training included shopping expeditions for feminine items: lipsticks, nail polish, lingerie, face creams and nightgowns.

Lee seemed to enjoy every new girlish experience. I just went along, mainly trying to avoid summer school. Mrs. Roberts noticed my lack of enthusiasm and said, "Chris, you'd better learn to enjoy this experience and erase all signs of your masculinity. It would be a disaster if you were read as a boy."

Realizing I had no choice, I studied at being feminine, but was still terrified at surrendering my masculinity, not realizing how much was already gone.

Lee and I learned to keep our voices high, which wasn't hard since neither of our voices had changed much; also to use feminine words in our conversations, such as "darling, cute and adorable."

At school our open secret caused most student to more or less ignore our rapidly developing girlish ways.

### Summer Vacation

My mother would have died, if she knew what I was spending my summer trust money on: dresses, lingerie, bikini's and high heels. Those clothes just seemed to fit me better.

The day we were leaving, Lee and I stood in front of the mirror after doing our hair and makeup. We watched the reflections of our new figures; figures that girls dream of having. My hand followed my figure from the nearly filled lace bra cups down to my narrow waist and full hips. Lee looked sweet in his pale yellow bra and panties. These curves were all ours. We turned from side to side. It was

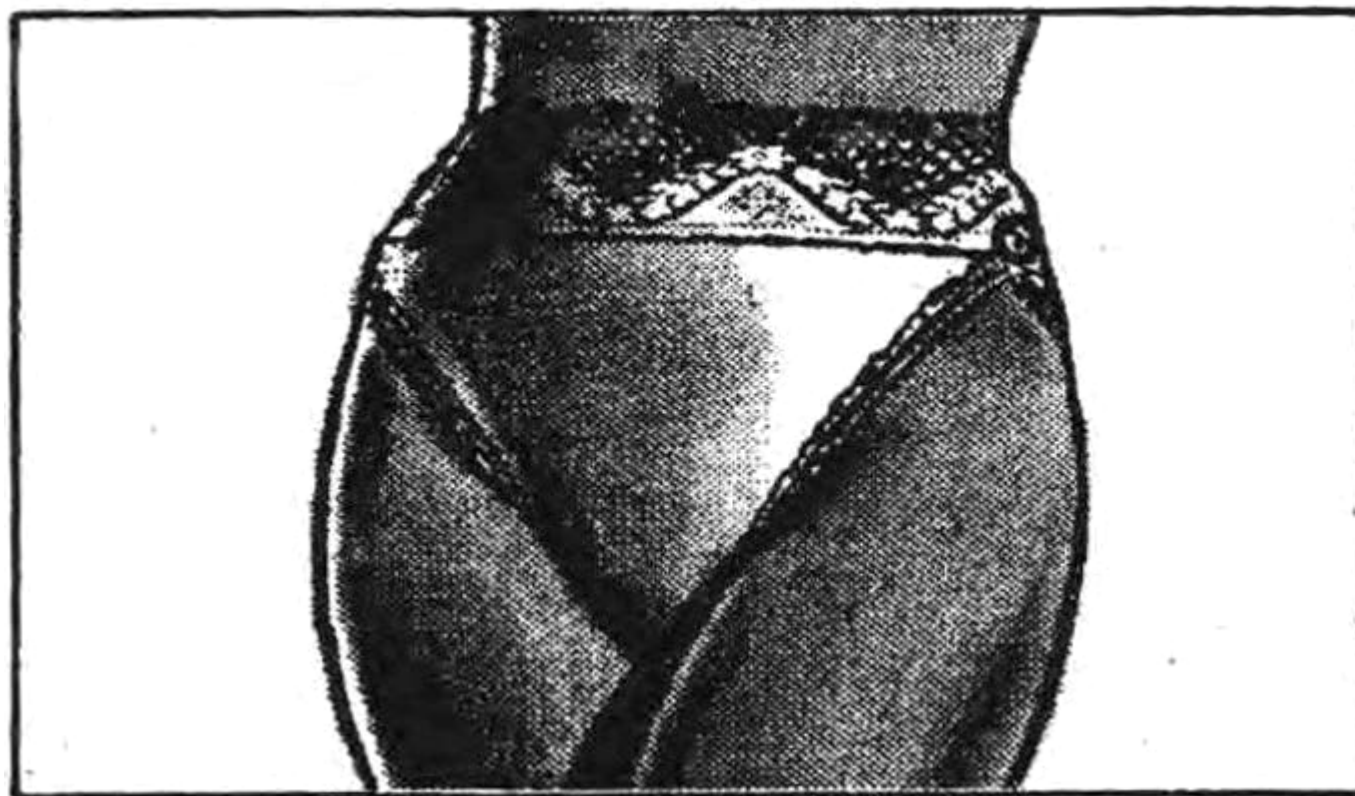
unbelievable how our bottoms stuck out in such a feminine fashion. I reached over and pinched Lee's ass. He giggled, "Chris, you have the cutest figure!" Then added, "And it's all yours."

Our postures were now completely feminine, we both walked with dainty little steps. I walked over and removed my bra. My breasts now stood out boldly and jiggled when I walked. For the first time that day, I went braless. My breasts weren't fully developed but they jutted out unmistakably feminine. I put on a red silk blouse that moved with my breasts and a matching red tight skirt.

Mrs. Roberts, picked us up and we drove to a summer resort upstate. She said that since there were only a few places to shop, she had done it all for us. The trunk of her car was full of boxes.

Later we unpacked. I felt strange to be without a stitch of male clothes anywhere. We opened the boxes that Mrs. Roberts had brought from New York.

Mrs. Roberts said, "I hope you like what I bought, a sweetheart sales girl at one of the stores helped me pick it out. I thought some of it was a little racy for your age but the sales girl said, "Feminine dressing is in. Everything is in delicate colors, patterns and materials." If you are sure of your femininity, you'll want to show it. Open the striped box first."



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It was like Christmas again. It contained new bra and panty combinations. Mrs. Roberts said, "I know you boys are still developing so most of the bras I bought have stretch lace cups; they're supportive, yet will still fit if you gain an inch or two more like the doctor said. Most boys do as their virility is overwhelmed by the female hormones."

Lee and I both blushed. It suddenly struck me that unlike at the fraternity house, here I would be a girl all the time.

She gave us a new wardrobe; several tank sundresses that were very short, sassy shorts and tops, even a couple pair of spandex pants. Mrs. Roberts commented, "The sales girl said those pants will hug your shape like a second skin and show off every curve."

Lee and I both just looked at each other when we opened the box containing a form fitting mini skirt and matching body suit with a scoop neck. His in peach and mine in baby blue. Mrs. Roberts said, "Those outfits will turn a few heads!"

I thought, "Doesn't she realize that we're boys and the only heads we're going to turn are other boys? Why does she keep calling us boys? I guess so we won't forget?"

There were several bikini's and swimsuits. The black tank suit had a low scooped back and sides with high-cut legs. Mrs. Roberts said, "I chose all the bikini's so you boys can wear your modesty devices. With your new development you should be able to wear the most daring bikini's."

She took out her Polaroid camera and snapped a couple of shots of us together. "It'll be wonderful to have pictures of your vacation to show the guys at the fraternity house."

I looked at Lee sitting there so correctly...like a real girl...his bosom softly prominent in the blue tight fitting knit dress his mother gave him for Christmas. The photo showed two elegant, well dressed, attractive young ladies. We both looked so demure and natural. Mrs. Roberts smiled, "You boys are going to cause a lot of commotion at the pool this summer."

It was a restless night. I couldn't get comfortable in the new hotel bed. My mind was racing, concerned about my decision to dress as a girl all summer.

The next morning I woke up early. It was a bright, sunny day that promised to be hot. I stayed in bed thinking about the developments of the last couple months. I wondered what the day would bring. This was the first day of my summer as a girl. A summer of acting like, and doing girl-like things.

I became conscious of my fluffy soft hair on my pillow and the clinging caress of my long nylon nightgown. How could I change so much in such a short time?

I looked over at Lee who was still sleeping. He seemed to be sleeping restfully in spite of the pink curlers his mother put in his hair the night before. The baby doll night gown had ridden up around his waist and the panty bottoms clung to his sleek feminine curves. I quietly slipped on a robe and went into the sitting room of the suite.

Mrs. Roberts was reading the newspaper. Good morning, doll face, "she said. "We'll go get some breakfast when Lee wakes up. Are you having fun so far?"

"Sure," I said, "Thank you for the clothes, you've made me feel like part of your family."

"I appreciate your friendship to my son. I can't imagine him going through this alone. I'm going to make this summer a lot of fun for you. Besides it's fun for me too, like having two daughters. You are both going to remember this summer. Instead of wasting the summer growing into strong boisterous young men, you two will develop the charm, poise and naturalness of young ladies."

She continued, "There's nothing wrong with it and I'm going to encourage you both to become as feminine as possible. That's why I encouraged Lee to go to that doctor. It's better to be feminine than effeminate. If you have any questions about how a girl would act or feel, feel free to ask me."

Lee entered the room and walked to the small kitchen, still dressed in his baby-dolls, his hips wiggling, taking small steps which was now natural. He pored some coffee and sat down with us. I said to Lee, "Mighty sexy legs, kid."

He laughed and said, "Well, we're all just girls," puffing up his chest. His nipples moved under the translucent gown. We all laughed.

After breakfast, we went for a walk with Mrs. Roberts. She took us to the activities desk and made us sign up for several summer classes; ballroom dancing, aerobic's and sewing. We both nixed the horseback riding classes.

I noticed that Lee's arms looked fragile and un-muscular lately. When I mentioned taking the aerobic's class, he said, "That's a good idea, with all the weight we've lost, we could use some toning."

At first, Lee and I had our apprehensions about wearing girls swimsuits to the pool. We decided to wear one piece suits. Lee's was a blue one and mine red. We looked in the mirror, surprised by our girlish outlines. Our bosoms

weren't full but seemed to move with our every step. Even with little on, our look was still feminine.

Arriving at the pool, I reminded Lee to behave and move like girls since we didn't have skirts to remind us. Lee didn't say anything. The tight cache garment was enough of a reminder, as were our swelling breasts. Lee put his hair up. I put mine in a ponytail with a red ribbon.

Lee said, "Its time to see if everything will stay together when wet." The men watched Lee and I wiggle to the pool edge and sit down. How could this cute young girl be my buddy Lee? We dangled our smooth shaven legs in the water, our red toenail polish glistening in the water. The sun was hot and soon we were enjoying the cool water. A couple of college boys on vacation dove in and threw a volleyball to us. Soon, we were having a volleyball game.

I whispered to Lee, "We should be like them." Their muscles were strong and a summer tan beginning. One of them studied my every move. I blushed at the obvious stare.

Lee noticed him and giggled, "He's flirting with you." I giggled too. After volleyball, the boys kept strutting by, talking to us in a flirtatious way. You couldn't fault them, we looked cute in our swimsuits, the front absolutely smooth like a girls and our bosoms, eye-catching. Imagine men getting titillated by thinking we're girls.

While laying in the hot sun, it dawned on me—we were going to get a sun tan. Tan lines that would be etched on our skin for a long time. I always wore a sun screen to try avoiding burning. It didn't help, I quickly developed a golden tan.

## Chapter Six

The days passed quickly, and our fear of discovery diminished with each successful social encounter and admiring glance received from young men. Everyone treated us like girls.

The weekly appointments at the local beauty parlor continued to take their toll on our appearances. One day, Mrs. Roberts noticed our eyebrows were bushy and called the beautician. An appointment was made for Lee and I to have them plucked by a specialist in eyebrows. After several painful weeks of treatments, we found out what electrolysis meant. The electrolysis transformed our eyebrows into thin arches that gave our faces a girlish surprised look and feminized us more.

Mrs. Roberts hadn't told us that it was permanent. Without makeup, I tried to make a manly expression, but

the mirror reflected a young girls face. I complained to Mrs. Roberts.

She said, "Chris, they look gorgeous, besides bushy eyebrows aren't attractive on men either. It looks like the the electrologist did get a little carried away. You can always use eyebrow pencil to darken them later."

I didn't worry much. It was difficult to tell how feminized they were since most of the time, I was wearing makeup. Lee seemed to like his thin arches, and began to wear extra eye makeup to show off his alluring eyes and high cheek bones.

After several weeks of dance lessons, we were ready for the July Fourth summer dance.

I came out of the bathroom, and Lee went in. Mrs. Roberts had picked out our clothes. A new evening dress was lying on my bed, neatly laid out with the slip, panties and a strapless lace bustier. Lee had one too. I picked up my dress. It was a black off-the-shoulder gown with a fitted narrow skirt and a big bow at the small of my back. I slipped on the panties and struggled into the bustier, having a little trouble snapping the back.

Then it struck me. Here I was, a young man getting dressed in a terribly feminine evening gown, and able to fill out all the curves. Afraid for a minute, my cheeks burned. I had no other male clothes so it just meant another dress. I slipped on black textured hose and 4 inch black evening pumps with rhinestones on the toes.

The dress fit like a dream. The whole garment seemed held up by my breasts, and out by the black bustier. I looked beautiful. When I shook my head, my long curls caressed my bare back and shoulders. I tried to imagine what it would be like attending a dance next year in a mans suit and tie, but failed.

Lee dressed as his mother and I watched. I laughed as he struggled getting the skirt over his hips.

"I must be putting on weight," Lee gasped. "My weight's down but it's seems so tight in the hips."

"I thought I noticed you spreading a little," I remarked sweetly but a little coyly.

Lee glared at me as he smoothed the dress down. It clung to every curve. Over the last month, our secondary female sexual characteristics blossomed and flourished. Our bodies had developed a new softness. Our hips widened and our skin developed a velvety, delicate softness. We even had little bellies that added to the feminine shape.

Lee's yellow dress floated around his nipped waist with

full frothy skirts and clung to his plump posterior. His legs were shapely in sheer black nylons, perched on stilt heels. The bodice was daringly low cut.

Running his fingers over his blossoming breasts, Lee said, "Mom, this dress does something for these. I don't know why you buy me such femininely sexy dresses."

Mrs. Roberts commented, "If you got it, flaunt it."

Lee said, "But I don't want to dance."

"You boys make absolutely marvelous young ladies, and young ladies love to dance. Every man will want to dance with you two. Let's go, I promise you'll have fun."

After more primping and the approval of our makeup from Mrs. Roberts, we left for the dance. Our faces flushed by the knowledge that we both looked and felt like attractive young females.

At the dance, there was a short organized fireworks display. Afterwards, Lee and I allowed a couple of gentlemen to take us out on the dance floor. Shortly, we were whirling about in their arms.

During the lessons, I thought I would never get used to dancing backwards. Our dance teacher explained, "It's a matter of trusting your male partner and relying upon him to guide you in the right direction. You must give up control to your partner." I was now totally comfortable. After several dances, I sat down with Mrs. Roberts, who was watching Lee out on the dance floor.

Lee's partner swirled him so quickly that his full skirt flared, showing his lacy panties. Mrs. Roberts clapped at their fancy moves, then whispered, "Lee dances better than most of the real girls here. You do real well also."

I still didn't understand Mrs. Roberts. Here was her son, courted and dancing with almost every man in the place, as was I. Mrs. Roberts couldn't seem to take her eyes off Lee as man after man lead him around the dance floor. Each stealing a touch, caressing his waist and holding him tight during the slow dances. Mrs. Roberts had a look of pride on her face. She pointed and said, "I think Lee likes that fellow, he's been dancing every slow one with him."

Lee was dancing real close with a fellow, Mike, we had met at the pool. It almost looked like Lee was asleep on his shoulder. Mike's hand was on the small of Lee's back, the other holding his hand close in.

Later while I was dancing, I saw Mike escort Lee, arm in arm out to the garden for an apparent breath of fresh air. I was dancing with an older gentleman, George, who said, "Say, it's stuffy in here. Let's take a walk outside and get

some air? Maybe we'll see some fireworks."

I blushed and lowered my long lashes, "I don't know if I should?"

"Come on, lot's of couples do it," he persisted.

He guided me out the french door onto the patio, and said, "Let's take a stroll in the gardens." I followed mincing along through the garden path. As we passed a couple seated on a garden bench, I realized what this walk was about. The couple was in a mad embrace, scarcely looking up to acknowledge our presence. I hoped these weren't the fireworks, George wanted me to see.

We sat in a dark spot, hoping to see a rouge firework explode. George's arm slipped around my small waist and pulled me close. A moment later, I found myself in a fiery embrace, George's lips trying to find mine.

"Please you mustn't," I said, as I felt George's hand on my knee gently lifting the hem of my dress. I pushed him away and stood up. "I think we should go back to the dance."

George apologized, telling me I was just too attractive and he lost his head. The thought of his intentions sent chills up my spine. What if he had discovered my secret?

It was another fifteen minutes, when Lee and Mike returned from the garden. Lee looked a little ruffled. He immediately grabbed his purse and went to the ladies room to freshen up. I followed Lee into the ladies room and found him at the mirror fixing his hair and makeup. He smiled and winked when he saw me.

"That garden's a dangerous place," I said, fluffing my hair. "Did you have your hands full?"

Lee giggled, "Mike's a gentleman and very polite but wanted to fill more than my hands. I wish I hadn't worn such a low cut dress." Barely concealed by the top of his dress, Lee puffed his chest out flaunting the cleavage of his newly sprouted prominences.

At the end of the dance, Mrs. Roberts and I waited by the door while Lee said good night to Mike. Mike kissed him on the cheek.

Knowing that Mike was still by the door watching, Lee walked over to us with the sexiest wiggle ever and said, "Mom, can I go to a movie with Mike tomorrow?"

"Okay, if you're sure you sincerely want to date a man," Mrs. Roberts said.

Lee ran over to tell Mike it was OK. I was in shock. Mrs. Roberts had just encouraged her son to date a man. The worst part was Lee wanted to go. Earlier that evening, I had turned down several offers for dates.

Mrs. Roberts whispered to me, "I think it's okay if you boys go on some dates. At least for this summer, there's not much masculinity left in either one of you and there's enough femininity to excite an army. Tomorrow the three of us will have a talk."

The pleasant evening over, Lee and I talked while we undressed and struggled out of our gowns and lingerie. Lee bubbled, "I had so much fun, everyone was friendly and sociable." He hung his dress up in the closet. "Everyone liked my eyes. Mike said, I had the prettiest eyes he's ever seen. Do you think he's handsome?"

"Sure," I said. "For a *man*. You seem to forget, we are too."

A look of depression came over his face. "I know. Maybe it's the hormones, or the constant wearing of these restraining devices. I trusted Mike. He made me feel attractive and feminine. I guess I forgot. How am I going to get out of this date with Mike?"

"I don't know." We put on our night gowns and went to bed, but I couldn't sleep. My legs ached from dancing in heels all night.

The next day before we went to the pool, Mrs. Roberts sat us down for a talk. "So Lee, you want to go out with Mike?"

Lee turned red, "I guess it's a crazy idea. I'm going to call him and cancel our date."

"You'll do nothing of the kind," she said sternly, "You two are girls this summer and that includes dating men."

I interrupted, "But we're men too?"

"Not this summer. You two would look silly if you showed up at the pool in men's swim trunks." She pointed to us both sitting there in our swim suits, the tops full and wide hips with nothing showing between our legs. "I want you two boys to experience all the things girls experience, and that includes dating."

"But we're boys," I pleaded, then added, "We just look like girls. It's not right."

Mrs. Roberts laughed, "Your transformation began with the hormones but the true metamorphose is the influence of you being treated as young ladies by everyone. By the end of summer your male mentality will have shriveled to nothingness. So for now, forget it."

I knew what she was talking about. Around men, I became very shy, blushing at the slight suggestion that I was alluring or cute. I no longer had my male attributes to be proud of. I wasn't strong, handsome, tough or even

confident. I was nurturing, dainty and awkwardly romantic in my interests.

I secretly had become competitive with Lee. I wanted to be beautiful and get more attention.

"Now about dating men; *the rules*. If a guy gets too fresh, just tell him you're having your period. I'll give you both some things to carry in your purses. You both know what that means, right?"

We both nodded. "Now that's out of the way, how far should you go? On the first date maybe a kiss, and then just a little farther each date to keep him interested."

I felt humiliated and wished I could vanish.

Mrs Roberts continued, "Once it sinks in that the guys don't want to hurt you, I think you'll find it an interesting encounter. You'll gain a new confidence."

Later, Lee spent all afternoon getting ready for his date with Mike. I was out at the pool talking to the lifeguard. He asked me out. I said maybe later in the week. When I came back to the room, Lee sat there in only his panties and a bra and reading a girls magazine. Mrs. Roberts was curling his hair.

Lee said, "Chris, I wish you were going, I'm a little scared. I've got butterflies in my tummy."

Later, I watched Lee prepare for his date. He slid sheer black nylons up his smooth legs and tightly gartered them to a black six ribbon elastic garter belt. Lee said, "Nylons do a lot for a persons legs, don't they?" He walked over to the full length mirror swinging his hips in a pretentious fashion, turning back and forth to primp and smooth imaginary wrinkles from his skirt and blouse.

I sat on the bed watching. I shook my head and said, "If the guys at the fraternity house could see you now."

Lee turned crimson, "I want to look cute, you know?"

That night Lee came home about one o'clock, and quietly entered our bedroom and undressed. I was still awake, and asked, "How was it?"

Lee smiled, "I'm going out with him again. He's so generous with me, he always pays the bills." Lee slipped on his enticing pink baby doll gown.

I said sarcastically, "When are you two getting married?"

Lee stuck his tongue out at me, and giggled, "You never know." He turned off the light. The next day a dozen red roses arrived for Lee from Mike. From that moment, Lee's stride took on a new self-confidence.

I didn't want to date but Lee started going out almost every night so I didn't have anything to do. I nervously

accepted a dinner date. After a couple dates, I began to relax and enjoyed the attention. I liked not having to pay.

## Chapter Seven

By the middle of July, the hormones had taken their full toll of our masculinity. Our figures were trim and well-groomed young female's. Our breasts indisputably feminine. But these were the chemical changes, there were more. The months of feminine training and activities dulled our interests in boyish activities. Our completely girlish mode of living, learning, talking, moving and hygiene also influenced our personalities and our thinking. Now that we were dating men, a new type of pressure exerted us to perform in a feminine manner. I no longer felt uncomfortable out on dates.

One day when we were alone, I asked Mrs. Roberts why she seemed to enjoy seeing Lee and I behave like girls.

She said, "Lee and I were never very close, you know, losing his father so young. I was still young, so I dated. I guess Lee never understood why his mother would date anyone after his father passed away. Now Lee needs me and we seem closer than ever before. I like having a daughter, even two. This summer is the best we've ever had together. I almost hate for it to end."

Mrs. Roberts encouraged us to dress femininely in sexy, lowcut dresses, garter belts, and spiked heels. She was always there with her camera taking pictures as we left with our dates. I wondered what those guys would have done if they discovered that their sexy dates were a couple of feminized boys.

Did I like it when the boys ask me out or looked at me admiringly? I guess I took pride in looking attractive. It must be terrible for homely girls to see complete disinterest in the eyes of the opposite sex. Sometimes I would cringe at the thought, of my exhibiting feminine charm, which attracts the males.

Lee reacted differently to male flirtations, he would smile back with a feminine look that said, "Come and give me a try if you're man enough."

That is until one night we double-dated with a couple of new fellows, Jim and Dan; twins whom we had met at the pool.

Since we were going out with twins, Mrs. Roberts thought it would be cute if we dressed like twins. We had

fun shopping that afternoon trying to make sure our outfits matched perfectly.

That night we bathed in perfumed bubbles and in dressing gowns, prepared together. Lee liked putting on makeup. We applied identical colors of base, eye shadow, mascara and red lipstick; the reddest I had ever worn. We each did the others hair with hot rollers and added matching black lace ribbons for that girlish touch.

We wore red silk dresses with black sequined belts and high-heeled pumps. Lee smiled at me as we adjusted sheer black stockings to our black lace garter belts. From the matching black panties, bras, to our jewelry, we looked identical. We both knew that neither was the same boy with whom went to school. We were like a couple of Barbie dolls that lost control to the point that neither had a clear idea what was going on with our identities.

We added a few items to our matching purses and we were ready 15 minutes early. Abruptly, both of us had time to think about our actions.

I said, "I hope we didn't overdue this thing. I'm afraid that we might have our hands full if they find us too cute."

Lee giggled and licked his colorful lips, "Maybe not only our hands."

"No, I'm serious, we look like the type of dates men would call hot. What are we going to do?"

"We've had fun being twins so far...let's play it up to-

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night. You do whatever I do and I'll do whatever you do. When you put on lipstick, I will too. We will walk the same and talk the same. What do you say?"

"Ok, but let's come home early."

We added matching perfume. Mrs. Roberts showed us how to reach into our bra cups and pull up extra flesh; which would show with our scoop necked dresses. She said, "Men say they like small breasted women, but they look at the full busted ones."

Lee primped in the mirror until our dates arrived. Mrs. Roberts said, "You both look ravishing. Be home before one o'clock."

Lee looked up from applying lipstick and moaned, "Aw mom, we're big boys now, can't we stay out a little later." He then realized what he had said, and we all laughed.

Lee introduced Mrs. Roberts to Jim and Dan, the twins. Both were about 30 years old, over six feet tall and handsome. They had done a chewing gum commercial as identical twins. At first glance it was difficult to tell them apart.

First stop was a cocktail lounge for drinks to get to know each other. Lee was very animated and flirted with both men while I was a little quiet. He had been out more than I and seemed more comfortable.

The men were very impressed that we had dressed as twins. Jim said, "I can't tell who I like the most."

Lee said, "We can't tell either, tonight, we'll just have to share."

Jim said confidently, "By the end of the evening you'll know. OK?"

I was getting nervous with Lee's flirting, but the men loved it.

So every hour the men traded places, it was like a new date every hour. We went dinner dancing at an exclusive nightclub. It was real dark in our booth. By eleven, we'd finished dinner and had several drinks. The boy's paid the dinner bill. (Lee whispered to me, "Aren't you glad we're not boys.") We left and walked down the street to a nightclub.

Inside, we all were enjoying ourselves. I think Lee had lost track of whether he was with Jim or Dan and didn't seem to care. He clung onto both equally and danced close. In the booth, he shyly put his arm over Dan's shoulder and played with his short hair with his long red fingernails.

I was having fun but was nervous that the men were *too* interested. I could tell that they preferred Lee's seductive

familiarity. After dancing, Dan put one arm around Lee's small waist and pulled Lee against him. Lee adjusted his skirt, giving both men a view of his shapely legs and garters. Dan's hand caressed Lee's legs through his skirt. At first, Dan played with the fabric, but soon was playing with the hem of Lee's panties and garters through the dress.

Lee looked up to say something. Dan's lips searched for Lee's and held him tightly. Lee tried to pull away, but Dan seemed to enjoy the struggle, holding Lee's body closely against his. Sparked by the excitement, Dan moved a hand to the hem of Lee's skirt and slid it up to get a good view of stockings and panties. I watched in shock, then felt Jim's hand roam to my nylon clad knees and began to ease his way up my skirt, hoping he would get lucky too. I felt naked and vulnerable, as he slid his hand up my legs. I thought of the times I slid my hand up girl's legs, and the disappointment of her stopping me.

Their fingers started playing with the hems of our black lace panties. Almost in unison, Lee and I pleaded, "Don't! Stop it!" I added, "What type of a girl do you think I am?" If he only knew.

We pushed them away. After pulling down our skirts, we told our dates the evening was over, and they drove us home. On the way home our dates apologized and hoped we could go out again sometime.

Lee, like myself, allowed the customary good night kiss. Men seemed to claim the privilege of kissing their date goodnight, and I didn't mind too much except for the older ones with mustaches. I guess girls have to kiss men even if they don't like them, it was a price Lee and I had to pay for being taken out.

But Lee took it differently, he burst into tears when we entered our room; this fellow scared Lee by being too aggressive. What did we learn? First, we shouldn't have worn sexy dresses and garter belts on a first date. Second, don't get too friendly. Mrs. Roberts stayed up to smooth Lee's nerves.

Mrs. Roberts comforted Lee saying, "It's alright doll. Let's face it, your personality is warmly feminine and that quality ignites some men's passion. You two boys are creating quite a stir among the men."

She continued, "They think you're playing hard to get. If you think you can be flirty, and not have boy problems, you're wrong." She went on to explain the details of what some women do to relieve the tension. We both sat there beet red.

## Chapter Eight

I just got back from aerobics when the telegram arrived and my heart started to pound. Telegrams always meant disaster, like when my father was killed. This one was no exception; my mother was going to visit a couple days while on her way back to Washington.

As I read the telegram, Mrs Roberts saw the panicked expression on my face. She said, "What's wrong dear?"

My voice squeaked, "My mothers coming tomorrow. I've got to get some boy clothes."

"Now Chris, your mother will understand; I did. You look beautiful the way you are. Besides, just putting you back in men's clothes isn't going to make you a man. What if someone saw you; like a boy you went out with? No, you're going to have to meet her as a girl."

Meeting mom at the airport was not like Lee's event. When she realized it was me she looked embarrassed.

I told her the story and at first she was angry, "I told you to get a haircut last visit. I'll speak to Dean Wilcox next week and get this thing settled. Tomorrow we're getting you some boy's clothes. That Mrs. Roberts must be crazy."

"But mom, they'll take disciplinary action against the frat, maybe even take away their charter. The guy's are counting on Lee and me."

As we entered the car, she watched me modestly pull my skirt down. She said, "I guess it's all my fault, no male role model when you were young. Heaven knows, I haven't had the time. You have no idea how important my role as a Senator's wife is to the state."

I wanted to explain all the circumstances, but she just wanted to take the blame; at least she wasn't mad at me.

Back at the hotel, as we walked to the room, a young sexy girl in a seductive mini-skirt swayed through the lobby. I yelled, "Lee, over here, come meet my mother."

A little moan escaped mom's lips.

My mother and Mrs. Roberts had a long private talk and when they finished, Mom called me in. "Come here, dear," she said in a compassionate tone. "You've had a rough time lately."

"After talking to Mrs. Roberts, I see you are better off this way, what with your figure and all. Your new clothes do seem to fit very well. Next week, I'm going to call that doctor and find out what we can do about your figure."

That night, after dinner we went to the disco. Mom watched me dance in my new white linen dress that barely reached my knees. She turned to Mrs. Roberts and whis-

pered something, then turned and smiled. A moment later, a gentleman asked her to dance and soon we all were out on the dance floor swinging to the band. We all laughed and giggled like a bunch of school girls.

The next day, we laid out by the pool. Mom looked me over, from the smooth front of my bikini bottom to my full round hips, and long legs to my very evident full breasts. Amazed by the shape of my body, mom whispered, "Why did you do this to yourself? You're not wearing any padding, are you Chris?"

"No mom." I shyly blushed. "The clothes do fit better...I mean...it's summer and hot and all."

"They are attractive," she added, "But I foresee you having some problems because of them later. You have become quite a beautiful young lady; I doubt if you're going to be able to fully cover those curves with boy's clothes."

"Aw mom, I'm still your son. All I have to do is dress in my male clothes again and I'll be masculine again."

About then, one of the twins, Jim, came over to talk to me. We chatted for a minute when my mother interrupted, "Manners?"

"Oh, mom, this is Jim. Jim this is my mom."

They talked for a minute; our conversation ending with Jim asking me to go to dinner next week.

After he left, mom said, "I think he likes you, have you been out with him?"

"Only once," I blushed and told her the story.

Mom shook her head, and said, "You've become quite a sissy, haven't you? The lifestyle of a girl seems to fit you well. Do you think you can ever achieve masculinity again?"

Tears came to my eyes (a feminine reaction). "I hope so. I think it's the clothes that are curtailing my masculine activities."

The next morning, mom said, "Chris, since you've developed secondary female characteristics, you might as well learn to take care of your new assets. I'm sorry I called you a sissy yesterday. That term is for effeminate men. You have been almost completely feminized. It's hard to believe; it seems natural for you, my son, to be in a dress and lingerie. You appear so feminine and innocent."

That afternoon, we went shopping at a department store for new school clothes; girls pant suits and jeans were the only thing that would fit. She gave up and bought me a dress too.

Later, we went into a jewelry store and she bought me a delicate gold ring; one that looked like an engagement



***"IT'S TIME TO SEE IF EVERYTHING WILL  
STAY TOGETHER WHEN WET."***

ring. She said, "This will help you keep the *boy's at bay*, just tell them you're engaged." The ring sparkled on my slender red manicured finger. I felt ashamed of my soft hands.

Mom picked out a beautiful pair of earrings and said, "These would look wonderful on you."

"They are beautiful, but they're for pierced ears."

The sales clerk said, "We can pierce them here."

Mom took me aside and whispered, "I want you to have your ears pierced. It's your only visible masculinity left, we might as well emasculate you completely. We can't have anyone reading you as a boy. It's an election year, you know. Just relax darling-it'll soon be over."

"But mom, it's permanent."

"Hush," mom said as the clerk prepared the needle, "Now hold still or the hole won't be in the right place."

"Please don't," I cried.

But the clerk ignored my pleas and I cried out again as I felt a jab of pain. Then another.

"There, it's over," the clerk said. "You have a lovely set of pierced ears."

A wave of horror swept over me.

"Let's see how this pair of earrings look now," the clerk said. "Hold your head straight, miss."

"Do they always feel so strange," I asked.

"All the girls say that at first. You'll get used to them quickly."

I found myself gazing in amazement at the sight of gold earrings dangling from my ears. "Oh, they make me look different."

I took a deep sigh, feeling a little unsteady on my heels. The young girl in the mirror with dancing earrings was me. Mom handed me a lipstick to freshen my lips and we left to walk to our car. "Thanks mom for the support, I appreciate it."

"Support hell, I'm embarrassed by you...my son, wearing dresses, lingerie, even a bra. Do you realize what would happen if the media got a hold of this story...your step-father would never get re-elected. Look at yourself."

My feminine charms were attracting the glances of pass-

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ing males. I was embarrassed by their looks of interest. I wanted to cry.

She told me that at first she had intended to help me become masculine, but realized that it would be easier to help me become more of a woman. She said, "I think you have a better chance becoming a normal girl than a normal boy; at least for the time being. But remember you're not a real girl, so watch what you do."

She left later that day with more comments that made me wonder if I would ever be fully a male again. I was left to my agonizing thoughts of my girlishness and what I could do to revive my male instincts..

## Chapter Nine

Lee got a call that Sally, the head cheerleader was coming up to visit us for a day. She and Lee were close friends. I was embarrassed at the thought she knew we were spending our summer as girls. We had a great time at the pool. Sally never mentioned our predicament.

That night, Lee had a date so I took Sally out to dinner.

We had mostly small talk. It was pleasant to visit someone from school. She didn't bring up my feminization until we were back in her room.

"Chris, What have they done to you? I seems like only last month I saw you and you had all the characteristics of a male."

"Gee Sally, I couldn't help it. You know how mad Dean Wilcox was at CHI PI PI. I guess it was just easier this way."

"Have they totally emasculated you? You have pierced ears, breasts, full hips and long hair. Don't get me wrong, you look like a lovely girl, but how are you ever going back as a boy?"

I sat in humiliation, my long nailed hands resting in the lap of my skirt. "I don't know."

She continued, "Those shapely legs...lift your skirt and show me."

I stood and modestly lifted the hem, slightly.

"Come on, lift it more, let me see more."

Seeing I was shy, she pulled the dress up higher.

"What lovely legs," she smiled and pulled the skirt higher. "Even your thighs are soft and shapely like a girls. You're even as smooth as a girl between your thighs. What luscious panties. What's this?"

"That's my control," I said with tears coming to my eyes. "I'm not a sissy."

"Of course not dear, you're like a real girl. I think I like you this way. A lot of my girlfriends wish their men were more understanding of their femininity. It's hard to find a man who will take the feminine role."

"Sally, please don't tease me."

"I'm not," she replied, as her hand slipped higher on my thighs. "I think it's a wonderful hobby for a boy. I hope you'll continue next semester at school."

Sally gently unbuttoned the top my blouse and slipped her hand into my bra. Her fingers encountered my nipples and the fullness of my breasts. She gasped, "They're flawless, unquestionably ladylike." Then she giggled, "They're tit-illating."

I realized that she wasn't teasing me and was sincerely turned on. As her hands toyed with my nipples, I had sensations not unlike the feelings I used to have around girls. These feelings were different, a comfortable nurturing arousal. I matched her explorations with similar responses.

Sally whispered to me, "Let's get out of these clothes."

My maleness was ready to be awakened and my passion couldn't have been more ravenous. In other words, everything worked perfectly. I was in love with Sally.

At 4 A.M., we said a passionate good-bye and I promised to see her the first night back on campus.

I must have looked bedraggled when I came in at 4 in the morning. Lee turned on the light and said, "You look like someone assaulted you."

I smiled and said, "You bet, and I loved it. Go to sleep."

## Chapter Ten

As it neared our last month of vacation, a few things bothered me. One was that Lee and I were golden tan, however we had completely feminine tan lines. We changed the style of our bathing suits often but our breasts were virgin white. Without clothes, we still looked like we had on a girls bikini.

Another thing, our breasts didn't recede-our figures remained feminized. Our ample round hips that looked marvelous in skirts, were going to look appalling in men's pants.

As the time got closer to school starting, I was becoming concerned. With only two weeks of summer vacation left, Lee and I were still feminine in our bodies and actions. I went to Mrs. Roberts and asked what we should do.

"Maybe you should both stay as girls," She laughed. "I hate to see the clothes go to waste."

"The clothes," I cried, "We're men, we can't be girls."

"Why not? Very few women are born feminine. What's wrong with femininity? Over 50% of the population is feminine and you two are naturals. What's wrong with a couple of boys finding that they are attractive and more interesting in a women's role. Why can't boy's aspire to femininity? Women aspire to power, a masculine trait."

We looked out the picture window. Lee was out on the pool patio having lunch with Mike. Lee looked up towards us and waved. He brushed a strand of blonde wavy hair behind his ear. His tight, low cut blouse amply displayed his fully developed breasts. The hem of his mini-skirt rested comfortably high on his thighs, showing long smooth legs that ended at a pair of high heeled pumps.

"Lee sure looks happy," I said as we watched.

"Chris, he loves the female role. Haven't you notice how he chooses ultra-feminine panties and lace bras? I think Lee's mind has changed to an almost completely feminine outlook. What's the big deal?"

The next week, Lee and I took a walk in the garden. We each wore sundresses with full skirts. I said, "What are we going to do? We have to be at school in a few days."

"Well, I guess you'll work something out," Lee said almost in tears. "I'm not going back to school this year. Mom's taking me on a trip to Europe. A chance to see the new Paris fashions..."

"What's wrong with you Lee? Has your mother, gone wacky? We're boys. Almost men. I should have never let you talk me into the hormones. I feel feminine too, but look where it's leading. Like you're friendship with Mike, you're always trying to please him. What if you got carried away. What would happen to your identity then? Don't you want to meet a girl, get involved and be a man?"

Lee brushed his hair back in a feminine manner. "Chris, I like girls, but I feel comfortable the way I am. I've enjoyed this summer. Next year, it's going to be difficult switching back. It'll be strange walking around without my *cache* garment. I've gotten used to looking streamlined down there. I like showing my smooth nylons when I cross my legs and my skirt rides up. I'm going to enjoy it a while longer."

## Chapter Eleven

I sat down with Lee and his mom and said, "Next week



***"THESE ARE PRETTY - BUT THEY'RE FOR  
PIERCED EARS."***

I have to go back to school. I'm going to try to be a man tomorrow. Will you help me?"

Lee nodded, "I guess so. It's been so long since you've worn male clothes, I hope you can walk without swaying your hips. I'm glad I'm not going back."

The next morning, Mrs. Roberts got some men's clothes from the local department store. "Try this on," she said. Men's jockey shorts were the first male clothes I'd worn in months.

"How do they feel?" Lee asked. "Want your panties back?"

Mrs. Roberts said, "You need a bra, or something to hold back your breasts. No men have a figure like yours. I bought you a sport running bra."

I snorted, "No! I'm going to be a man; no bras. This has gotten out of hand."

"Now don't make a fuss," She said, "Try it on and I'll get a mans wig and some shoes...we'll see how you look."

As Lee put the bra around my chest, the cups were full. He then tightened the straps slowly to flattened my chest.

Mrs. Roberts left shutting the door behind her. Lee and I were left alone with the suit. It was a handsome suit, I thought as I slipped up the pants. I had some difficulty getting them over my hips, but made it. I was struggling with the zipper when Mrs Roberts came back in. She helped me get the zipper up.

The pants clung to my full, rounded hips. Because there was now a 12 inch difference between my waist and hips, the waist was too loose. We discussed letting the rear out a little, afraid I might pop the zipper.

Mrs. Roberts said, "I thought this might happen-I don't think you're going to like the solution." She opened a drawer and pulled out a girdle. "This will take a few inches off your hips and give you a less curvy figure."

I moaned. I now needed a girl's girdle to have a boyish figure. I put it on. It was almost as tight as the cache garment, so I was back to a flat front. The pants did fit better. I had to admit that my figure looked more masculine.

Mrs. Roberts pinned up my curls and then slipped the mans wig over it and straightened it. "I hate to see you cut your own hair until we're sure this is going to work, we'll try the wig first."

Lee said optimistically, "You're going to be a hunk when we're done!"

I didn't reply. I observed myself in the mirror. "Maybe I won't look that bad after all," I said as I turned in front of the mirror. The top of my pants were still loose around my waist. They clung to my buttocks and slightly rounded tummy. I felt so confined and trapped. Every time I moved the wool suit scratched my skin.

Mrs. Roberts circled me slowly and looked me over carefully. "After the hair on your arms and legs grow, you'll look better."

Lee smiled and replied, "We could try a mustache, that would help, but it could take awhile since you don't shave anymore. Don't worry, someday the hair will grow back. Let's try the socks and shoes."

I had forgotten to remove the polish on my toes so it looked strange poking my red tipped toes into masculine socks.

Then I tried on one of my shoes, but it was too big. Mrs. Roberts brought out a pair of her men style loafers, and they fit me perfectly. Even these shoes felt so heavy compared with my girlish sandals. I looked mannish but not masculine.

My longish locks hidden by a mans-style wig, makeup, foundation, mascara, blush, and lipstick removed, transformed me into a man. The rest of the afternoon was spent remembering, "What a man does, and what a man doesn't do."

I laughed, "Wow, I feel so short without heels."

Mrs. Robert's said, "You'll be fine. Drag your feet a little. You practice and don't worry, you'll be a fine man. Don't forget to remove your polish!"

I practiced for hours walking like man. All I had to do was wear the clothes, and it would all come back to me. Right?

I felt embarrassed, and sorry for myself. I longed for a hairy chest, a mustache, any sign that I was meant to be a man. My high voice, smooth feminine face and petite stature made me wonder if I would ever be much of a man. I just hoped the female hormones hadn't permanently stopped my masculine development.

## **Chapter Twelve**

"Wear that blue suit you had on yesterday."

I reddened and protested, "But I can't go out with you like this."

"Everyone was going to see you soon anyway, so what the heck." Mrs. Roberts said firmly. You look somewhat like a man and if you watch your movements, nobody will guess you haven't been for a while.

I was in my mans suit, when I walked into the fraternity.

The brothers had planned a celebration for my return. They all seemed genuinely unhappy about Lee not returning.

After a drink, Ralph took me aside. "The words out...you and Lee spent the summer as girls. I want you to know the brothers and I understand. After all, we got you into this mess. We all took a vote and it was unanimous that we want you to dress as a girl again this year and be our mascot. How about it? We'll give you your old room?"

I was speechless but stuttered, "Oh...Okay."

"Ralph continued, "How about changing into something sexy...you know, we have a lot of freshman pledges coming later. I want you to help us pick out the future CHI PI PI cheerleaders."

"What?" I said. "A new cheerleader mascot."

"Sure," Ralph explained. "We're always going to have two of the brothers dress as girls during the weekends. Dean Wilcox will go mad. Revenge is so sweet. We're counting on you to help pick two freshman who can be as feminine as you and Lee. Now go change into something comfortable. Your room is ready for you."

I wanted to object but didn't. I went and changed into a black chiffon mini skirt dress-very low cut. It had a daring neckline that showed my softness above the cups of my bra. It was nice to get out of that girdle. I much preferred the specific restraint of the cache garment.

In a second, I was again a woman; my training took over and it felt natural.

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When I walked in the meeting the room went silent. Everyone stared and stopped talking. In the back of the room, I heard someone say, "Are you kidding, that's a brother? A guy?" Another said, "That's not a guy, I've never seen such smooth legs on a guy." Still another said, "No guy has a chest or hips like that either." There were a few wolf-calls and whistles. The crowd started talking again.

Sam came up and said, "Chris, you've truly changed this summer. There's something real different. It's a glow. Maybe it's the tan?"

Another brother said, "Yea, I think it's his voice. His voice even sounds like a girl's now."

"No," said Sam. "It's your figure, you've gained some weight. You look terrific now as a woman."

Ralph came over and got me. He wanted to introduce me to some of the freshman. He whispered, "Keep your eye open for candidates. There's a couple here that almost look like girls. Try to sell them."

I decided if they wanted me feminine, okay. A cluster of men grouped around me. They asked a lot of questions like, "Do you enjoy looking like a girl." Or ogling at my cleavage, "Is that all you?"

There were several of the freshman pledges who made good candidates for cheerleader training. There was Jamie, who was only five-foot-five in height and weighed about 125 lbs. He was a bit loud, nothing a hormone shot couldn't fix.

The best was Dana. His hair needed growing out but his face was pretty with small features and his figure displayed some secondary feminine characteristics which could be encouraged.

I watched Ralph pursue them and several others for the fraternity. Little did they know their potential fate if selected to be our mascots. It was going to be my job to feminize and train them.

When I went to bed that night, I thought of Lee. I missed our friendship. I couldn't wait to see him next summer.

The first thing the next morning, I made a doctor's appointment to see why I hadn't changed back. I was a picture of femininity; ruby-tipped pointed breasts, voluptuously rounded hips and thighs, and shapely legs.

The doctor asked me to remove my cache sex garments. After much effort I stood there naked. The doctor said to the nurse, "Now you can see the value of severe figure training." I sat on the examination table, my smooth knees and ankles pressed tightly together. My small manhood hidden between my fleshy thighs.

My pulse and blood pressure were taken, and the doctor pronounced me in perfect health.

"But what about these," I said, pointing to my twin prominent and sensitive nipples. The doctor felt the breast area."

"As sensitive as a girl's. Chris, you should love having such provocative breasts."

"Yea, but I have to be a boy now. I can't go around with a figure like this forever. You have to do something to de-feminize me."

"I can give you a male hormone injection, however, I don't know if you'll like the side effects. Hair will grow everywhere, muscles get fat, etc. You don't seem to understand. It's not just your body. Your body changes have influenced your mind slowly over the last several months. If you want to re-learn the male role, it won't happen over night."

"You mean it'll just take time?"

"Maybe. Some boys unconsciously choose to be feminine. You make a very attractive girl. Can't you suppress your male image drives and realize you will be more comfortable as a young lady?"

"I know I'm small for a man but I like girls and want a family someday. I only get attention from men now."

"Chris, open up your mind. Lots of women would like a sweet soft mate rather than a macho man. Just because you're feminine doesn't mean women won't like you. Being feminine means you'll get attention from men but you can still be a woman without men. You think about it for a couple of weeks and if you want, I'll de-feminize you. But that doesn't mean you'll be masculine. I also could give you light doses of female hormones to keep you feminine, without killing your male sex drive."

As I dressed I thought of Lee. He was the perfect picture of femininity. I slipped on my lace slip, my bulging bra showing the last several months of full development. I easily hooked my bra, pulling the straps tight, making my breasts even more prominent.

I thought, "At least I have a healthy body, even if the bulges are in the wrong places."

The second night back at school, I had a date with Sally. You can't imagine how I was looking forward to seeing her. That night I tried to be a man.

Sally and I went to a drive-in movie. I thought it would be a safe and dark place for her to get to know my male side. Once parked, I asked Sally, "Well, what do you think of me

as a man?"

"Honestly Chris," she whispered, "Without make up, your face is a little drab. I don't mean you don't look attractive this way, it's just with makeup, your smile and eyes are striking."

"Yea, but at least you're with a boy and we can touch and hold hands." I took her hands in mine. Her hands felt soft like mine; they looked almost the same the only difference, I'd removed my nail polish from my still long nails.

Sally held our hands up together, and said, "You do have attractive hands, I bought a new red polish today you'll love. I'll let you borrow it." She gave me a look that said, "You're a girl too."

"Sally. I'm a boy, remember?"

"Sorry, I forgot, but I like you as my girl friend too; you're going to be a girl sometimes, right? Don't you enjoy being a girl?"

Confused, it seemed that Sally liked me as her girlfriend more than boyfriend.

We hardly watched the movie. Sally was nice, very nice. She seemed nervous about my apparent effeminate looks. She sat there in her light silk dress I watched her nylon covered legs and remembered how I enjoyed the naked feeling of a skirt and nylons. Her breasts were small, not even as big as mine. Her perfumed hair brushed her shoulders reminding me of my time as a girl. I knew I was as attractive as Sally.

Sally was warm but wasn't as passionate as on our first date.

The next morning I gave up. I knew at least for the time being I'd be a boy but for Sally, I would be a woman too. Would she want be to be a full time woman? There was no clear answer.

## Chapter Thirteen

The next night I sat alone watching television. It was the first night in months with nothing to do. I watched the news and considered my options for the night. Do I spend the evening femininely working on my nails and complexion, or do I watch a football game?

Since I was all alone, I decided to paint my nails a bright red, then took a long perfumed bubble bath. The next thirty minutes were spent on my face: lipstick, foundation, mascara, and rouge. I did my hair in a sophisticated up-swing

style. I slipped on a black garter belt and pulled on my black sheer nylons. Next I wiggled into a pair of skin-tight french high cut black panties; they had an inch-wide elastic waist at the top and took two inches off my waist. I adjusted the black sequined garters and slipped on a pair of black patent leather ankle strap heels. Then I surveyed the effect in the mirror. So far so good.

Leaving off my bra, I put on an off the shoulder spandex tank top, and finally a black leather skirt, knee length, with a five inch slit up the back. Then I put on a locket that dangled down into my cleavage and a pair of long dangling pendants in my ears. I called Sally to go out shopping. I'll never forget the brothers faces, when I left that night, a full wiggle in my hips and a jiggle at my chest.

Sally was openly warm and exhubcrant to my image and we went shopping for a while. She watched me intently when I coolly broused in an feminine boutique and then purchased a sexy pair of high cut lace panties as easily as if I were buying a newspaper.

We shopped for awhile longer then stopped in a restaurant for dinner. A fellow named George, came up and asked if he could join us. Sally winked at me and accepted. The conversation was light and enjoyable; all of my actions and reactions were feminine.

After dinner, I excused myself to go to the ladies room and "accidentally" dropped my lipstick. Before George could react, I bent over, at the waist, to pick it up with my back to him. This caused my already short skirt to rise and reveal my hose and garter tops. I'm sure from the grim on his face that he enjoyed the full view of my bottom. I blushed when George again smiled. At this, Sally also rose saying that she needed to go too, leaving a perplexed and smiling George behind us.

In the lady's lounge we were luckily alone as she grabbed me and crushed me to her, our breasts bulging between us. she planted a long passionate kiss on me, with the passion that had been missing the night before. She then broke and beamed a smile that warmed me from the tight curls on my head to the red nail on my toes.

"Oh Chris," she gushed, "I love you! You're so...so swish!" Again she kissed me warmly. "But above, all, I love you just the way you are!"

We broke then and I looked at my smugged lipstick. Glancing at her I saw that our lips were smudged with each other's colors. I quickly repaired mine as she did hers.

“Sally, does this mean you prefer me this way?” I gestered down my feminine appearing body.

Her smile was again warm and assuring. “My dear, I love you this way. Last night, as a man, you were missing something that I saw and loved this summer. I know you’re a man where it counts. But, for me, I prefer you as you are tonight, a woman who is more self assured, confident and secure than that man had ever been, I sure.

My heart pounded. I then had my answer to the question of the night before. There would be no male hormones for me, at least for now. I loved Sally too, and wanted her to be happy. I’d be back to see the doctor, that I knew. Since everyone on campus knew of my punishment last year, I might as well express this side of me more openly. I was no longer worried what the brothers thought and best of all, I had accepted me for myself.

## **The End**

### **EPILOGUE**

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Does Chris find happiness with Sally? Does he live as a girl the entire schoolyear and does he find replacements?

Will Dean Wilcox take this lying down?

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