

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"VIRGIN VOWS"

*A yearly tradition for the twins,
Randy and Rose, turns to terror when
Randy is asked to wear a prom gown.*



Volume # 8

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VIRGIN VOWS

By Brenda Ann R.

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'VIRGIN VOWS'

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VIRGIN VOWS, the story begins.

VIRGIN VOWS

By **BRENDA ANN R.**

CHAPTER 1:

Mom and Dad had four children, but Mom gave birth only twice. That's right, two sets of twins. First came my older brothers, Eric and Ed. Both stand slightly over six foot and must weigh in the 220's. There isn't an ounce of fat on either one. Macho? You bet. Both lettered 2 years in football and basketball, and Eric lettered in baseball also. Real men's men, they took to fishing and hunting before they were eight years old. The thrill of the hunt, and the bagging of big game trophies made them the apple of Dad's eyes. At age 18, real men, the kind that would make a father proud.

Two years later, my twin sister, Rose, and I, Randy, were born. Rose is a very pretty girl with long auburn hair and green eyes. She is a trim 115 pounds and stands 5' 5". Unfortunately, I am very similar to Rose. I am 5' 6" and weigh 125 pounds. My features, like Rose's, are somewhat delicate. I can't count the number of times that someone would say, "he's so delicate and pretty. He should have been a girl."

It wasn't easy growing up as a slightly built boy. In grade school I was labeled a sissy on the playground and I was the victim of every bully who wanted someone easy to beat up. In high school, the kids became better, and just accepted the fact that I was now, and always would be, a small built male. There would be no athletic letters for me, but I was an excellent scholar and developed many friends of both sexes, and I participated in many clubs and social activities. I guess Dad was proud of me too, but in a very different way than he was proud of Eric and Ed. Dad adored Rose and I felt that Mom adored not only Rose, but me also.

I sensed that she wished that Rose and I had been sisters, although she never said as much.

Mom had a hobby. Every year, starting at birth, Mom had professional pictures taken of us twins on, or near, our birthdays. She would have the color pictures blown up to 8 x 10's, framed, and hung on the wall of her hobby room. We were always dressed alike to emphasize the "twins" that we were. Mom had nineteen pictures of Eric and Ed and sixteen pictures of Rose and I. In two weeks, Rose and I would have our sixteenth birthday and Mom would have another photograph for her precious collection.

Did I mention that we were always dressed alike? I guess I did, with the exception of our birth pictures in which we wore only our birthday suits. Rose and I were always dressed in the costumes of a boy, or in a unisex costume. After all, it's ok for a girl to dress as a boy, but its certainly not acceptable for a boy to dress as a girl...or is it? This is where the story begins!

I was relaxing in our TV room watching an old western. Rose was reading one of her romance novels. Mom walked into the room, carrying a cup of fresh brewed coffee. She sat down in her old recliner and began to look at the morning newspaper. It was a habit, since she had done this every day for as long as I could remember. Mom suddenly looked from her paper, apparently remembering something that had almost slipped her mind. "Hey you two, its almost time for your birthday. You haven't told me what you want to wear for your birthday photograph this year, and if you don't come up with an idea soon, I'll have to pick something out myself."

"I don't care," I murmured, and I didn't. In the past Mom had dressed us as sailors, baseball players, clowns, cowboys, super heros, and such. In the last two years she did away with costumes and dressed us in matching slacks, blazer type outfits. Anyone who saw the photos would know that Rose was a girl, but she definitely was dressed in a boy's outfit.

"Well, I do! I have an idea of what we should wear this year," Rose spoke up.

"You have our attention, dear." Mom said to her.

Rose hesitated, looked at me, and then directly at Mom. "We should wear formals, beautiful formals, covered with

lace, strapless, and very full. We could look like two girls getting ready for the Prom."

Mom laughed. "That's a cute idea Rose, but I don't think I want a picture of Randy looking like a boy dressed as a girl on my wall. After all, these are my memories you know."

"But what if Randy looked like a girl, like my sister," Rose continued, "He wouldn't look like a boy at all. You could have a gag picture for just one year where you had twin daughters instead of a boy and a girl. It would be fun. Come on Mom!" Rose begged. She then reminded Mom that she had dressed in pants for the last fifteen pictures and after all fair would be fair, if only for one year.

"I think you've gone bonkers, Rose, I'm not going to dress as a girl. Even if I did, it would look stupid. I would look like a boy in a silly dress." I growled at Rose and felt that the subject was closed.

"All right you two, stop squabbling," Mom said in a firm voice. "Randy, Rose has a point. She has always dressed as a boy and for a one time thing, maybe it would be cute to dress you as a girl." I frowned and Rose clapped her hands and giggled. Mom raised her hand and continued on. "Rose, Randy has a point also. If he looked like a boy in a dress, it wouldn't make a very good picture. You wouldn't want to ruin the picture, would you?"

"No," Rose replied feeling that the battle was over and that she had lost. My confidence grew, but Mom wasn't done. "Rose, I will go along with your idea if you can prove to me, before hand, that you can make Randy into a believable girl."

"What do you mean, Mom?" Rose asked, her voice becoming excited again.

"Just what I said. You take a shot at making Randy look like a girl. Dress him up, make him up, then show him to me. If I think that he looks okay as a girl, you two will have your pictures taken in beautiful formals just as you requested."

"Now wait a minute, I have something to say about this. I'm not going to dress up like a girl. No one's going to put a skirt on me and paint my lips and....." I didn't get finished.

"I don't need your permission to do anything, you need mine. Rose has my permission to try to make you into a presentable girl and you have my permission, or shall I say my order, to sit passively and allow Rose to try to make you look like a 'sweet sixteen' girl. You will allow her to put

makeup on you, put you into some feminine clothes and present yourself to me so that I can see if you make a believable girl or not. If you don't look like a girl, then that is the end of it. No formals, no Prom girl pictures." Mom stated.

"And if he does look like a girl?" Rose urged, already knowing the answer. "And if he does, I will see that you two will have two of the most beautiful prom dresses ever worn by teenage girls. You will have your pictures taken in them. That's final," Mom stated, giving me her best 'don't even say it look'.

"When can we start," Rose asked. "Right now. Your father and brothers have gone fishing and won't be home for at least 3 hours. You won't have a better opportunity," Mom said.

I agreed with Mom on her last statement. I certainly didn't want to be dressed as a girl in front of Dad or my brothers. I figured that Rose could try her little experiment and when it failed, I could get out of the makeup and clothes. All of this would be over with a good hour before they returned home. I decided to cooperate to make the ordeal go faster.

"Come on Randy, let's go to my bedroom so that I can turn you into my sister. I've always wanted a sister you know. Now I'm going to have one." Rose excitedly said.

"Only for an hour or two, and I won't look like your sister. I'll look like your brother in....say where are you going to get clothes to fit me anyway?" I asked.

"My clothes," Rose beamed, "Your aren't that much bigger than me and I have some clothes that are a little too large for me. They should fit you perfectly." she replied. I just groaned and walked into Rose's bedroom. She closed and locked the door.

"OK, take off all of your clothes and put this on." she started. Rose held up the bottom half of her polka dot bikini.

"I'm not going to wear that," I snapped.

"OK, then go nude. I want you in the bathtub so that I can shave off all of your body hair." she responded.

"Isn't that going a little far. I mean, how about letting me put on a dress, parade in front of Mom, and end this facade." I cried adding, "There is no way I am going to let you shave my legs."

"OK, I won't shave your legs but you have to do what I say. Mom said that you have to cooperate and you better do it or else." Rose said.

"Or else what," I asked.

"Or else I'll tell Mom that you are not cooperating like she said you had to and she will come down on you like a ton of bricks. You know that she will believe me." she replied.

Rose was right. Mom would believe her. She always did. I guess having two boys made her treasure Rose more. While twins, I was still just one of those uncontrollable boys like my brothers. No matter what I did or how hard I tried, 'Rosie' did better. Her grades were better, she was better liked at school, everything!

I remember trading homework at school with her once. A book report. She got a 'A' on 'my' paper when the highest



I had ever gotten before was a 'B'. Her paper earned me a 'C'.

It seemed like there was nothing I could do to be as good as her. I was always wrong. . . she was always right.

"No, I don't want to be a girl," I was saying but had always wondered if just 'being a girl' would have made such a difference in my life.

I pictured myself as a girl playing baseball with the guys. How shocked they would be that I could even hit the ball. When we played coed, they never even expected the girls to have a hit or even catch the ball. I'd swing and connect with the ball—it flying over the outfielder's heads.

They had moved way in because I was a girl. I run that girlish gait, my hair flying as my long hair flipped off my cap. I'd. . .

"Earth to Randy...Hey, what are you day dreaming about?" Rose's voice brought me back to reality. "Nothing," I said.

"Yes, you were. You were thinking about how pretty you are going to be wearing a dress." Rose giggled and teased. "I've always wondered what you would look like as a girl. I decided that it would be very easy to turn you into a girl and I made up my mind that someday I would do it. That day has come, *Sis*."

I glared at Rose. She continued undaunted, "Between us *girls*, I think that you will enjoy this."

"Go to he#8*, Rose," I blared. "I don't want to dress as a girl. I'm only doing this because I have to. Let's get it over with."

Rose held up the bikini bottom. I went into her bathroom, took off all of my clothes and slipped on the bikini bottoms, then returned to the bedroom. "Ummm. Good thing we're not taking the pictures in bikinis. You bulge a little in a most unfeminine way." Rose stated while emphasizing the "little."

She added, "Maybe Mom will let you have your 'little' one cut off and you can really be my sister?"

I didn't even laugh but she thought it was funny.

We went back into the bathroom and she put a smelly substance all over my legs, torso, and arms. I had never seen it before. . . a pink bottle of something called 'Lady Smooth.'

"Let it set for five minutes, then take a hot shower." she stated. I assumed it was a skin softener and did as I was

told and as the stream sprayed over me and as I washed off my body, all the hair covered by the solution came off. "What the he#!," I yelled.

Rose yelled into the bathroom, "I told you that you wouldn't have to shave your legs!"

I would not have to shave my body. The drain was clogged up with all the hair, although I did not have a particularly hairy body.

The sight of my body hair around the drain was causing my stomach to feel like a thousand butterflies were flying about.

"Clean out the drain and throw the hair away." Rose chirped, "You will like the next part far more. Oh, your body is perfect. Petite and...and so smooth."

My body was smooth, but that was not what Rose was talking about. You see, I have small girlish preteen breasts. They were small but distinctly feminine. Mom and Dad had taken me to the Doctor to find out what was causing their development.

Dr. Kurtz had told them that I had a slight excess of female hormones, but not to worry, since my testosterone would eventually kick in and overcome the female hormones. That was two years ago and the fattiness had not gone away. I could wear a normal shirt and nothing showed, but if I wore a T-shirt, the hint of breasts would be outlined. I once overheard two girls talking on day. They were laughing about me entering a wet T-shirt contest and wondered if I would get arrested if I didn't wear a top at the beach. I hadn't worn a t-shirt since, nor have I gone to the beach.

I was embarrassed as I stood in her room. I wanted to cover my breasts so that Rose couldn't look at them. "Ok," Rose said, "You'll like this." She filled the bathtub with warm water and added perfumed bubble bath.

"No, I won't. I'm going to smell like a Rose," I complained. When she wasn't looking, I ran my hands along my smooth legs and over my chest. I hated the feeling. It was only a few years ago that I started to gain a little hair and began to catch up with the other boys my age. Now I was all smooth like a baby or worse yet...like a girl.

Rose ran her hands over my leg and said, "Who knows, maybe you will want to keep them hairless?"

"No way," I sharply replied, "Only girls are hairless."

"Put your feet on the ledge, Randy, or should we pick a new name for you? After all in half hour or so you won't look like a Randy. You'll look like a Sue or Karen...how about Ann?" I didn't comment, choosing to ignore her comments. Rose dried my feet and picked up a bottle of nail polish that she had brought with her. "I'm going to paint your toe nails. Do you like the color?" It was a bright red. Helplessly I watched as my toe nails turned red. "We'll do your fingernails when you get out of the tub. Don't put your feet back into the water for awhile."

A few minutes went by before Rose returned to the bathroom. She was carrying a pair of black lace panties, a short lace mini half slip, and some dark pantyhose. "Ok, beauty bath is over. Dry yourself off and put on these panties and the pantyhose," she stated. She then showed me how to roll the pantyhose over my legs. She then instructed me to put on the slip and return to the bedroom.

I did as I was told, noting how my red polished toes looked through the black sheer hose. The black panties felt so different than those I wore when I was younger. Those were little girls panties. These panties were, well, more dignified, or sexy, those of a young lady. I felt strange and more than a little embarrassed. I stepped into the black lace mini slip and pulled it up to my waist. From the waist down I looked like a girl. Oh well, no matter, she couldn't turn the rest of me into a girl.

"Nice figure, you look good," Rose smiled, as I stepped into her bedroom. "Sit down at my makeup table and very soon, you will be beautiful." She took away the mirror that lay on the makeup table. I don't want you to see yourself until I'm finished. Now just pretend that you are a girl and that I'm your beautician. You might as well enjoy it as you can't get out of it anyway," she stated. She was right. I had no intention of slowing down the process of her efforts to beautify me. My father and brothers would be home soon.

Rose went into a flurry of activity. She started by putting on some fake finger nails. They were painted the same color as my toenails. She had me take off my watch and had me put on one of her delicate watches. She added a ladies ring and three bracelets on the other arm. She then tilted my head back, applied powder and rouge, painted my eyelids blue, added mascara and fake eyelashes. She painted my lips a bright red (the same color as the nail

polish), and put clear lip gloss over the lipstick to give it the wet look.

She took a long auburn wig out of her closet and placed it on my head. The color and style were the same as her's. I could feel the wig brush my shoulder blades and the bangs in front were just above my eyebrows. She combed the wig until she was satisfied with the look. She added two small clip on hoop earrings. "Looking good, looking very good," Rose said while looking me over.

She went to her lingerie drawer and brought out a lacy white bra. At this point I was too dumbfounded to mount any protest. I found myself standing with arms outstretched watching as Rose slipped my hands through the shoulder straps of the snow white, lace cupped brassiere.

Then Rose turned me around and said I could put my arms down. Simultaneously she pulled the elastic band of the brassiere snugly around my chest. My hands brushed against the smooth silkiness of the mini-slip I was wearing.

She filled the bra cups with tissues to give me a "better figure." Next came a white satin lace blouse. She had me slip it on and she buttoned what seemed like thirty buttons up the back. The long sleeves ended at my wrist in an explosion of lace. The padded bra had done its trick. I was "stacked."

"Yes, yes that's right for you. Now slip this on," she said as she handed me a black flared mini skirt. I put it on and found that it was only an inch or so longer than my slip. The skirt was a good four inches above my knees.

I stepped into the black leather pumps that Rose had put out for me. The heel was short, only about an inch high. I was grateful for that, as I was going to have trouble walking in these anyway. Rose fluffed the wig over my blouse and said, "I guess you are ready....Ann. Turn around and look at yourself."

I gingerly turned around in my low heeled pumps and looked into the full length mirror. Looking back at me was a stacked teenaged girl with long shapely legs peeking out of a very short skirt. She had a slender waist and shapely bottom. Long auburn hair surrounded her face which was expertly made up with exciting eyes and sexy full lips.

This was not me, but it was. I looked like the kind of girl that I would have liked to pick up and go necking with up on Beacon Hill. It couldn't be me. I brushed aside my hair and so did the girl in the mirror. I touched the hem of my

skirt and so did she. I did look like a girl, not like a sissy in a dress as I had suspected.

"Well...er..Randy... I mean Ann. Do you think you make a believable girl?" Rose asked.

"No, I look like a boy in a stupid girl's outfit," I lied. I couldn't get over what a complete transformation Rose had done on me.

"Well, come on, let's go," she said. "Go?" I replied. "Yes, let's see if Mom agrees with me or with you. Let's get her opinion on whether you could pass for a girl or not," she stated.

I swallowed hard. How could she not say I made a passable girl. In fact, I looked very similar to Rose. Maybe Mom would say no. I wasn't passable anyway and maybe she had just been humoring Rose to get her off of our backs. That's it. This would all be over in a few minutes. She could never be serious about putting me in a prom dress anyway.

Rose and I walked downstairs and my heart sank as we went into the living room. Mom had laid down the catalogue that she had been reading. It was a Howell's formal rental catalogue. The advertising read: Rent a formal for a day or weekend. No need to buy a dress that will be worn only once. Prom dresses, wedding gowns, bridesmaid dresses, ladies evening wear.

It had a picture of two beautiful women on the front, one in a strapless formal gown and the other in a June bride's dress. Howell's was in Fort Maine, a five hour drive from Cranston, where we lived. Apparently Mom was serious about the Prom dress idea. Maybe she would think that I wasn't a good enough looking girl to go through with it.

"Mom," Rose called. "Come in here and see *Ann*." Mom walked towards the living room and she would soon see me in my skirt, blouse, and curls. She was about to judge if I was to have my photograph taken in a strapless gown. She entered the room. She didn't have to say a word. I knew that she had made an instant decision.

CHAPTER 2

Mom's eyes surveyed me slowly. A mother looking at her son wearing a skirt, blouse and high heels. Her son wearing a shoulder length girls wig, his face made up and his nails painted red. I could feel my face flush. Was she ever going to speak, or was she just going to stare at me?

Finally she spoke. "I really didn't think that Rose would have any trouble turning you into a girl. I've always thought that you should have been born a girl and now I'm convinced of it. You look like Rose's twin. It's amazing."

Rose squealed with delight. "Then it's decided. We're going to have our pictures taken in formals?" she asked.

"Yes, why not," Mom replied. "You two will have your sixteenth birthday picture taken as twin girls in beautiful formals. Randy, what a shame you can't be a girl forever. You seem more...er...natural this way. Do you ever wish that you were a girl?" she asked.

"No," I yelled as my heart sank. I knew that I had lost, and that at on at least one more occasion I would again be attired as a young lady. The truth of the matter is that I had thought about what it would be like to be a girl. Actually, the idea was most threatening. I wasn't the most macho guy to begin with. I did my best to convince others that I was a macho stud, just like my Dad and brothers. My small build and girlish breasts sometimes betrayed my attempts to be the 'big' man.

"So, I'm going to have to dress as a girl and have my picture taken with Rose next week?" I grumbled. "Yes, you are," Mom replied. "OK. Now that that's been decided, Rose, let's get this makeup off and let me get back into my own clothes," I exclaimed.

"No, you're not going to change back just now," Mom said. "I want your father and brothers to see you dressed like this."

My heart was pounding like it would pop out of my chest. "NO! I can't let them see me dressed like this. I would be mortified. They treat me like a sissy already," I shouted.

"If they treat you like a sissy anyway, what do you have to lose?" Rose calmly stated. "Show them that you are at least a pretty little sissy."

"Enough Rose," Mom said, "Randy, they are going to see you in the picture in your formal anyway. If your Dad has any serious reservations about letting me take these pictures of you, I want to know now. I don't want to waste money for a deposit on the formals if he is going to object too much. I figure that the best way to convince him that these would be cute pictures is to let him see you as a girl."

I felt like dying. I couldn't let Dad and my brothers see me like this. "Well, let's get you ready for your introduction to the boys, as their daughter and sister," Mom said.

"What do you mean," I said. Mom replied, "For the next hour or so Rose and I are going to teach you how to walk, talk, and sit as a girl. I can't have someone that's so pretty being so awkward." She didn't make the suggestion a command, but it was one.

Rose and Mom did just as they said they would. By the time the men were expected back, I was not only looking like a girl, but acting like one as well.

"Ok, Rose, this is what we'll do," Mom said. "You hide in the hallway and we'll have Randy sit on the couch. I'm sure the menfolk will mistake Randy for you. Stay hidden until you think its alright to make an appearance." Mom loved this, so did Rose. I didn't.

My only hope was to turn this all into a big joke. I was sure Dad would go through the roof at the suggestion of "pictures" of his son in a dress. I would do it "camp"...clown it up.

Mom had me sit on the end of the couch. I tucked my legs under my rear end just as Rose would have. I had slipped off my shoes. My short flared skirt exposed a lot of leg. I was given a women's fashion magazine to read. I sat there waiting like a woman waiting to go to her last supper. After what seemed like hours, the front door opened and the deepness of male voices announced the arrival of the men.

"Hi Ma," Dad smiled at her. Eric and Ed expressed their greetings to Mom and told her how they had just missed a 10 point elk. Eric was the first to walk into the living room and as he hurriedly walked by said only "Hi Rose." Ed just glanced at me and hurried by to catch up with Eric. Dad was the first one to engage me in conversation. "Rose," he said to me somewhat annoyed, "I thought that I told you that I didn't want you wearing that skirt anymore. It's too damn short."

Before I could reply, Rose stepped into the living room and said "Yes, you did Dad, but I'm not wearing it. Randy is and you never told him that he couldn't wear it." Dads eyes widened and he looked back and forth at Rose and I for what seemed like an eternity. My face was beet red.

"What the . . . Virginia!" he yelled at Mom. "What's going on here. Why is Randy dressed like that? His voice was loud and a bit agitated. The noise brought my brothers back into the living room. They just looked at Rose and I, but didn't say anything. I didn't either.

"Howard, Eric, Ed," Mom addressed the three of them, "Rose and I decided that it would make a cute picture to dress Randy as a girl for this year's birthday picture. It would be something fun and different to do and something to draw a chuckle years from now when Randy's a husband with children of his own.

"Do you mean when he's a wife and has children of *her* own," Ed asked laughingly.

Dad wasn't so sure. "Are you serious? You want to dress my son up as a girl and have his picture taken?"

"Yes, I think it will be fun," Mom responded.

"Please Dad, say its ok," Rose pleaded. "Remember the year we were clowns?"

Dad turned to me and asked, "Are you wearing panties and a bra under all that?"

I nodded. My brothers started to laugh their heads off.

Dad shook his head in wonderment but said, "Alright, I don't care. If you girls want to play dress up and have your picture taken, that's up to you, but I have one question. What does Randy think of this?"

"He let us do it, didn't he?" Rose asked. Mom gave her that "shut up" look and Rose did just that...she shut up.

Mom came to my rescue, "To be fair, Howard, Randy was strictly against this and fought it all the way. The only reason he did it is because I said that he had to."

Dad seemed to accept what Mom had said and seemed relieved that his son had been forced into femininity and had not done so on his own.

Eric asked me "Randy, have you had a sex change operation. I didn't know that they could be done so quickly." Before I could respond Ed said "Well I hope that this is permanent. I like you better as a girl. This way I don't have to defend my sissy brother."

"Shut up!" The words were firm and they were spoken by Mom. None of us ever challenged Mom, not even Dad. "Well, now that everyone has had a good time, I'm going to change," I said, breaking the silence in the living room. I stood up and slipped into my high heels. I then noticed both Eric and Ed looking at me like they did every time an attractive girl would go by. I started towards the stairway.

"No. Don't change yet," Dad remarked. "Rose did a lot of work to turn you into her twin. It would be such a waste for just us to see you. Let's go out for dinner and you're going

to go as say, what do we call you when you are dressed like this?"

"Ann," Rose replied, "call him Ann, its such a pretty name, for a pretty girl."

"I'm not going out dressed like this," I replied.

"Yes, you are. I'm hungry," Dad said, and his voice made the statement final. I was going to go out of the house while wearing a skirt and it wasn't even Halloween.

Everyone backed Dad up. My brother snickered thinking this was all a big joke. . .all at my expense.

Rose gave me a pair of her patent black skimmer shoes, saying, "You haven't mastered the heels yet and we wouldn't want you falling and having to be taken to the hospital now, would we?"

Everyone laughed. Everyone was going to enjoy seeing me dressed like this.... being exposed in public.

Rose handed me a light pink jacket and a black purse to carry. "It's a little windy out," she explained, "You'll need the purse for your lipstick, comb and stuff," she giggled.

The family climbed into the four wheel drive van. It was set very high and it was very difficult stepping into it without my skirt running up almost to my bikini panties. Everyone seemed to notice. "Now you see why I don't want you wearing your skirts so short," Dad said to Rose.

"Yes, Dad, but how come you let Randy wear his skirts so short?" Rose giggled. Once again everyone had a good laugh. I was shaking.

The ride was short. I was very conscious about my bare legs and the lacy blouse. I held the hem of the skirt down which made my red nails very obvious to all. When we arrived, the wind was kicking up. I asked Eric to carry my purse so that I could use both hands to keep my skirt and slip from blowing over my head. This was the first time that I realized that both Rose and Mom had on jeans. Out of the six of us, I was the only one wearing a skirt.

Dad went to the hostess counter and obtained a table for us. I was very aware of the clicking sound of my shoes. I was sure that everyone was staring at us and that they were seeing through my disguise. As it turned out, no one was paying any attention to us. I was passing as a girl.

I ate a light meal, maybe because of my nervousness, probably because that is the way girls eat. I looked at other girls and women in the restaurant and realized that tonight I was one of them. I wished that my skirt was a little longer,

but the tablecloth covered my legs during the meal. My parents and siblings called me "Ann," "she," and "her" during the dinner, they weren't going to expose me in girls clothes.

After dinner Dad paid the bill and we waited for him in the entrance. "Hi, Rose," a tanned six foot boy with a lean build came over to us.

"Oh, hi Jim," she responded. I didn't think that Rose liked Jim.

"Who is the chick with you?" Jim asked, "She's got to be family by her appearance." Jim was looking right at me.

"Oh, that's Ann...uh..she's my cousin from Wisconsin," Rose said. Jim was about to pursue the conversation when Dad came into the room.

"Let's go," he said as he tucked some bills into his wallet. Rose made no attempt to introduce Jim to Dad or anyone else.

As we walked to the van, Rose explained, "He's a creep. He takes girls out for what he can get from them."

I settled into my seat and adjusted the lap belt. My "night out" was over and I had passed. "Ann, where's your purse?" Rose asked.

"Oh, I must have left it in the restaurant," I said.

"Well, go get it," Dad said.

"Can't someone else go?" I pleaded. I was talking to a stone wall.

I walked through the lot, up the covered walkway and back into the restaurant. My purse was there just as I had left it. It wasn't as hard to walk through the restaurant this time. The male eyes on my legs and bust told me that I was passing and would not be found out. I was walking down the covered walkway when a rough hand grabbed my wrist. It was Jim and his breath smelled of alcohol. "Hi, my little sweet. How's about a tour of our fair city?" he smiled in a lecherous way.

"I don't think so. My family is waiting for me." I responded trying to pull away. He pulled me into his body. He whispered, "I would like to get between those beautiful legs of yours and the way you are showing them, I'll bet that you would like that too."

"Get away from me," I shouted. I pushed him, but it just seemed to excite him. He pulled me back into his body. He slid one hand across my rear and made an attempt to grab my breasts. All of a sudden he released me and took a step backwards.

"Is there a problem here?" Eric said.

"No...we were just talking" Jim said nervously.

"Then talk to someone else, scum ball!" Eric replied. "I saw what you were up to. I should turn you over to the cops. Get out of my sight, you make me sick." Jim left at a fast pace that turned into a run.

"Thanks Eric," I gratefully said. "No cops though," I pleaded.

"No problem. Us knights are always rescuing maidens in distress," Eric smiled. So now I was a fair maiden, I thought. On the way home I thought about what could have happened to me if Eric had not arrived on time. It's no wonder that girls sometimes think of men as nothing but animals. I was grateful that Eric didn't say anything to anyone.

That night I sat in Rose's room and she removed my makeup and nail polish. "Do you want to wear one of my baby doll pajamas?" she asked. She was serious. I did want to, but I said no. "I'm your brother not your sister, you know."

"Did you like being a girl tonight?" Rose asked seriously.

"Of course not," I growled, "Can't you get it through your head that boys dress like boys and act like boys. Boys do not dress up in girls clothes. They don't like it."

"I think you did." I heard Rose say softly after I had left the room. She was right.

CHAPTER 3

The next couple of days were kind of quiet as far as my dressing as a girl and going out for dinner went. I hoped that the matter of the prom dress pictures had been dropped and I sure wasn't going to bring it up. That all changed on Monday.

I had just walked in the door after school and Rose greeted me anxiously. "Come into the TV room. Mom wants us to pick out our prom dresses from the Howell's catalogue," she said excitedly.

"You pick them out Rose. I really don't care what kind of dress I'm going to wear. I only care that I have to wear a dress at all!" I shot back.

"Come on. Take a look anyway," Rose chided, "Think of it as an adventure. An adventure that you'll never get to do again in your life," she said.

"Alright," I sighed, "let me see the catalogue." I thumbed through page after page of wedding dresses, formals, gowns,

and prom dresses. I wouldn't have said it to anyone in the world, but the idea of wearing a creation of ruffles and lace as pictured in the catalogue frightened me. The idea of being in public so attired concerned me even more. I now knew that I could pass as a girl. What kind of a man was I?

"I really don't care, Rose, you pick," I said indifferently.

"Aw, come on. Which dress do you think is the prettiest or the sexiest? What would you like to see your girlfriend dressed in?" Rose insisted. I thought back two weeks ago to the Cranston High Prom. I wore a black tux. Mary Anne Tucker was my date. She was lovely in her dotted white taffeta dress. The dress had a black midriff with a back zipper. It was strapless.

Mary Ann was stunning. The skirt ended just above her knees. Her shoulders were soft and she showed a little cleavage, just enough to drive me crazy. It was my intention to dance the night away with her then go to Cranston lake and further explore those twin mounds peeking from the top of her dress. I wanted to bury my tongue in her mouth until she couldn't stand it anymore. A motel...Why not a motel? Not a parked car. We did go to the lake where she allowed some mild petting, kissing and fondling, but she cut me off when she realized that I was losing control of my emotions.

"Randy..Randy. Where are you?" Rose was saying, "Your mind drifted off somewhere?"

"Oh yeah. I was thinking about the prom with Mary Ann." I replied. "Well, which dress do you want to wear?" she asked.

I pointed out a dress that was really exciting, but I didn't let on to Rose about my feelings. "This one, I guess, but who really cares?" I asked.

"That one? Really?" Rose said as if she didn't believe what she had heard. The dress was fuchsia, strapless with a tight bodice and shirred into layers of ruffles that got shorter in the back. It was topped off with a big bow in the back made of taffeta.

"You would wear that??" Rose asked in disbelief. "It's very pretty and daring, even for a girl. I would love to wear that dress too. Oh, then that's it. I can't believe that we both want to wear the same dress," Rose cooed. "Now admit it, isn't this fun," she challenged.

"No," I responded. "I didn't see any *masculine* dresses in there or I would have picked one of them for us to wear!"

Rose giggled and took off. I heard her and Mom talking in the kitchen, but couldn't quite make out what was being said. Mom did say something to the effect that, "he doesn't know what he may be getting himself into in that dress."

Mom called me into her sewing room and they took various measurements of me, writing them down on a Howell's catalogue order form. "I'll call these measurements in and see if they have two dresses that fit the two of you," Mom said, "I just can't believe that you picked a dress like this, Randy. It's ultra feminine and quite daring. But if that's what you want," Mom's voice trailed off as she started dialing the phone.

It was only a few minutes later that Mom said, "Ok, girls. Fuchsia taffeta gowns it will be. They will get them back and we can pick them up Saturday morning. The photograph studio will see you at 4:00 in the afternoon." Rose couldn't contain her excitement.

A short time later, Mom and Rose left to go shopping. I gave the dog a walk and imagined how I would look and feel wearing that dress. I was watching TV when they returned carrying sacks and boxes. "Come up to Rose's room Randy," Mom said. I did as I was told and felt a sense of uneasy excitement. I didn't really know why.

Rose closed the door behind us. "I don't know when Dad and the boys will be in and this is only for us girls," Rose smiled.

"Take off your shirt and pants, Randy," Mom said. "We need to know if this is going to work." Mom took a strapless pushup bra out of one of the sacks. She placed the cups on the bottom half of my girlish breasts and pulled the bra tight and snapped it shut. I had cleavage.

The fact that my breasts were somewhat fatty anyway and with the pushup bra, the effect was that my breasts looked like those of a teenage girl. I was humiliated standing before my Mother and sister wearing a bra and appearing to have real breasts. I blushed.

"Pretty sexy, Ann," Rose said. "Well, this will definitely work," Mom said. "You wanted to look like a sexy girl in a sexy dress and that's just what you will look like. I worry about you too, Rose. All those boys will be wanting to hit on the two of you and I can't say that I blame them," Mom said with a touch of concern in her voice.

"What boys? What are you talking about Mom?" I nervously inquired.

"Oh,...ah..er...just those that will see you at the dress shop and studio," Mom stuttered, "You may have to walk a ways from the parking lot to the studio, or to the motel."

"Motel? What motel? No one said anything about staying all night," I questioned. "Well, Randy, it's a five hour trip each way. I don't want to leave early Saturday morning and have to drive home that same night," Mom explained.

"I guess that makes sense," I replied. It would be a long tiring day.

"Ok, now take off your shoes," Rose said as she pulled a box out of another bag. "Here's the white, satin open-toed pumps that we will wear with those darling dresses." I was startled that the heels were needle thin and were three inches high. Rose had me put on some nylon anklets and then she slipped the shoes on my feet.

"Walk around and see how they feel," Rose said. I did manage to walk in them, but I was very unsteady and wobbly. "He's going to need a lot of practice before Saturday," Mom said. "Yes, I agree but that shouldn't be a problem. He can practice every night after school starting on Wednesday night."

Mom concurred.

"I can't..." I started to protest, but Mom held up her hand and stopped me in mid speech.

"You can and you will. Your Father and brothers are leaving on a fishing trip Wednesday afternoon and there will only be the three of us in the house. It will be us three girls for the rest of the week," she said.

"What do you mean by 'us girls'?" I inquired.

"Well, Randy, you are going to spend the entire day Saturday dressed as a girl in public. The practice will give you a chance to start feeling comfortable in dresses and makeup," Mom casually replied. "Each day after school, you will come straight home and Rose will assist you in dressing up and making up so that by Saturday you will not only be comfortable in female attire, but you will look forward to wearing it...I think," Mom finished.

"I could not believe it. All of this practice just to take a dumb picture," I said to Rose after Mom left the room.

"Mom doesn't think it's a dumb picture. You know how important those pictures are to her," Rose said quite seriously. "Uhh, Randy, there is one more thing I picked up for you to wear under your dresses, particularly the prom dress which is pretty slinky," Rose said looking slyly away.

"What is it, Rose, matching Fuchsia panties?" I said.

"Actually," Rose replied, "the panties I picked out for you are pink bikini style, but what I was going to show you was this."

"What is it?" I said not recognizing the garment. "Well, its called a cache and ...well, it will hide your manhood entirely," Rose said blushing, "it goes under your panties and no maleness will show."

Rose was really embarrassed now and it was my turn to enjoy her embarrassment instead of the other way around. "Go into my bathroom and put it on," Rose said as she collected herself.

I did as requested and found that the small flesh colored cache was very tight and difficult to pull up my legs. When I finally got it to my waist, I felt pressure on my manhood, but it wasn't unbearable. I pulled up the pink bikini panties that Rose had given me and I took a long look in the full length mirror. I was shocked. From the neck down I now looked like a girl wearing her bra and panties.

"Rose," I hollered as I opened the door, "did you really need to see me in this?" Rose's eyes told me that she was both surprised and pleased.

"If you had your wig and makeup on, no one would think that you were anything but a cute girl, even though you are only in just a bra and panties. Come over here. I'll do your makeup and find you a cute dress to wear," she said.

"Not on your life," I replied. "Dad and the boys will be home soon and I can't let them see me again dressed up like a girl. Dad probably would insist that I have a sex change and Eric and Ed probably would volunteer to do it for him."

Rose laughed at that thought and said, "Hey, we girls have much more fun than you boys. You'll get to see this weekend." I wondered what Rose meant but didn't ask. I returned to the bathroom and changed back into my own clothes. I handed Rose the sack filled with my false femininity and told her good night.

"Enjoy your Tuesday, Randy," Rose said, "it will be Ann for the rest of the week." I knew that and I really was not looking forward to Wednesday afternoon.

Mom and Rose were true to their word about my 'femininity training' as they called it. The minute that I walked in the house, Mom directed me to Rose's room to get started. "I have homework," I protested. "You can do it in a skirt and blouse," Mom responded. "I want you to do as Rose says and

I don't want you giving her any grief." Mom's message was strong and clear.

"Come in," Rose's voice pleasantly answered when I knocked on her door. "Oh, my sister is here or soon will be," she said with a giggle. "To the showers," she ordered, "I want your entire body shaved smooth just like mine is."

"But I did it only last Friday," I protested. "Hey a girl has to be prepared at all times. You never know when you'll meet a hunk and you wouldn't want any stubble on your legs now, would you?" she said laughing. She was really enjoying herself.

I did as I was told. My body was totally smooth. I dried off and put on the cache, bra, and a pair of white satin panties that had been left in the bathroom for me. "Paint your toenails," Rose commanded, "just leave your toes painted and you won't have to do them each night after you come home from school." She didn't insist that I paint my fingernails.

"We'll do that Saturday. It's too much trouble to do that every night," she explained. She had me put on a red tight fitting straight skirt, a grey silk blouse, and a pair of her red high heels.

"You are going to wear high heels every night," Rose explained to me as I stood there wobbling in the shoes. My legs looked pretty good in the silken nude pantyhose.

"Why, what's the big deal about high heels?" I asked.

Rose responded, "You're going to be in high heels a lot come Saturday and I want you to be able to walk femininely in them."

"What...a block or two to the studio? That's no big deal," I responded.

Rose thought for a few seconds then said, "What if you twist your ankle and fall? Would you like to go to the hospital in your prom dress? How would you like it if a nurse took off your dress and discovered that 'Ann' was not all she seemed to be?"

"You're right," I said and decided to take my high heel lessons seriously.

I spent Wednesday night in the red skirt, grey blouse and red heels. By the time bedtime came I had learned a lot about walking, sitting and acting like a girl. I knew I could never get used to being a girl. In a few days my adventure would be over. Mom and Rose thought that I

hated what was happening to me...So why did they seem to enjoy watching me so?

During the day I returned to my boy's clothes so that I could go to school. I was a total male during the day..well, except for the red painted toenails.

Thursday I wore a black jumper and a white ruffled blouse. I had black pumps to complete the outfit. I was starting to get accustomed to the long wig brushing against my shoulders. My ears ached with the clip on earrings and I wore lipstick and makeup all evening. I was surprised at the red ring that my lips left on glasses and cups. But true to their commitment, I now was able to walk very well in the heels.

I sat properly with my knees together as I had been instructed. I even once did it at school in the cafeteria. My friends looked strangely at me and when I realized why, I made a "sissy" joke sequence about my sitting position. Everyone laughed and the matter was forgotten.

That Thursday night Mom took us "girls" to the mall. We went into many fashion stores and looked at women's clothing. At first I felt paranoid, but after awhile I felt that my secret was perfectly safe and that I was accepted by all as the girl I appeared to be. Mom told me to pick out an outfit that I would like to wear on Friday night. She said that we would go out to dinner and then to a movie of my choice since I was being such a good sport about this whole thing.

I chose a two tiered drop yoke jean skirt and western style blouse with a ruffled front. I, a boy, had just chosen a skirt and blouse for myself to wear.

Friday night I rushed home from school and went to Rose's room. I had taken my shower and was putting on my makeup when Rose came in. "What's this?" she declared. "You can't wait to turn yourself into a girl anymore?"

I blushed and sort of told her, "Well, if I have to do it, I might as well do it good," I said. She wasn't convinced that I didn't really like it.

Rose also wore a jean skirt, but I didn't think that it was as cute as mine. The night flew by. Dinner was good and I enjoyed being treated like a lady by the waiter.

This time I checked out the young men who were checking Rose and I out. I wasn't as embarrassed as I had been the first time. I was pleased. I know that Rose noticed this, but she didn't say anything. I liked my nyloned legs being

shown to all who cared to look. I looked around the restaurant at all the people....I looked at the opposite sex--the men. It was like I was a real girl now.

Tomorrow I would journey to another city. I would be a girl this weekend, or at least during the day on Saturday. I would wear my sexy Fuchsia strapless dress and I would be a sexy teenage girl.

That night when we got home from the movie, I went to Rose's room and took off my makeup. I removed my clothes and was sitting at her makeup table in bra and panties when she came in, smiled, and held up a red baby doll nighty and asked if I wanted to wear it to bed. I answered affirmatively and took the nighty back to my room. I lay there in the dark feeling the soft nylon against my body. I rubbed my smooth legs and smelled the lingering odor of the perfume I had worn earlier.

I thought about the boy who made a pass at me while we were standing in line at the movie. No one had ever been that aggressive with me. He came right up and told me I was pretty and asked if I would go out with him. What would it have been like if I had said yes and gone out with him? What would it be like to be treated like a girl by a boy?

Before I fell asleep, I heard Rose telling Mom, "I think he may go for it, Mom. He certainly liked all of the attention that he was getting tonight." I thought to my self that I would ask them tomorrow what they meant by "go for it." I looked at my perfectly shaped red fingernails. I thought that they were pretty. Rose had done them before we went out this evening. There was no school tomorrow to force me back into being a boy.

CHAPTER 4

"Come on sweetheart," I heard Rose chime through my bedroom door. As my mind cleared, I looked down my baby doll P.J. clad body. I ran my hands over my smooth legs and thighs noting the long red polished nails as I did so. So this was my big day - Queen for a day - I thought as I rolled back the covers. Even my toe nails were red. What a way for a boy to start his day.

I opened the door to spot a wide awake Rose. She was dressed in a lavender minidress with a low cut neckline. She showed a lot of leg and cleavage. She was definitely stacked, but then a brother shouldn't notice things like that

about his sister. What I noticed most is that she had styled her long auburn hair to match the style of my wig.

"Like it?" Rose cooed. "Today we really will look like twins." She looked me up and down and said, "from head to painted toe." She then chided me to hurry so that we could be on the road by 5:30. That would put us in Ft. Maine by 10:30 or so.

Rose handed me a black and white print flair skirt and a black silk blouse. Another bag had sheer nude pantyhose, black bikini panties, and the flesh colored push up bra. "Put these on and come to my room so I can do your makeup," Rose said matter of factly. To Rose, it seemed, it was no big deal for her brother to look exactly like her. To her it was like I'd worn dresses and skirts all of my life. I thought about the soft taffeta prom dress that I would be wearing later in the day and I started moving much slower. I was afraid of that dress. I could admit that, at least to myself.

I was sitting at Rose's makeup table as she applied the final touch of gloss to my already red lips when I heard Mom at the door. "Are you girls about ready?" she asked. "Coming Mom," Rose answered. She looked at me, her creation, and said, "You make such a pretty girl, Ann. I don't think that you should ever go back to being a boy."

"What do you suggest, Rose? That I go to France and have a sex change operation?" I queried.

"You don't have to go to France silly. You can have a sex change operation at any number of hospitals in the U.S.," Rose said looking me straight in the eye.

"Let's cut this silly line of talk," I said. "You get a sister for a day. No more." I was able to smile this time.

"I packed your bag for you, Randy...Ann" Rose said, proud of her work. "You don't need to pack a thing."

"Let's go then," I said. I walked down the stairs carrying a single bag and, oh yes, my purse which I was now getting accustomed to having with me. My skirt touched the top of my knees as I descended the stairs. My breasts, under the frilly black blouse, appeared to be real.

Mom was waiting for us at the car. "Randy looks fine," Mom scowled, "Rose, must you always wear such short skirts and plunging necklines? You look like a tart," she declared.

"Mom, it's Ann, not Randy... you can't slip up today of all days," Rose said ignoring Mom's fashion commentary.

"Oh yes, right. Ann it is. It's hard to remember to call my youngest son Ann. It's also hard to look at this teenage girl in front of me and know that he's my son. I'm sure that he will be a hit tonight...er...this afternoon," Mom stammered.

"What do you mean tonight?" I questioned.

"Oh, nothing," Mom said not too convincingly. "It was just a silly slip of the tongue. Let's go."

The trip to Ft. Maine was relatively blase, not much happened except that Rose drew an unusual amount of attention from some truckers at a truck stop where we stopped for breakfast. I was a little jealous that she attracted all the attention, but then she was dressed to draw attention. It then dawned on me that I was jealous of my sister for drawing more male attention than I. Did I want men to look at me??? But I wasn't a girl, or was I? At least for today I was, and I was going to make the best of a humiliating situation, no matter what. I would do what any real girl would do, no matter what the situation.

"Hey, they're only sixteen or seventeen," I heard one of the truckers say. The others agreed and directed their attention elsewhere. They had been looking at me also. I was relieved. On the way out to the car Rose whispered in my ear, "We really turned them on, didn't we?" I smiled, but didn't say anything. My sister was pleased that she and her brother, dressed in drag, were able to 'turn on' some old men.

We arrived in Ft. Maine shortly after 10:00 a.m. and found our motel in a matter of minutes. After checking in, Rose and I freshened our makeup and we were ready to find the Howell's dress and gown rental store. Mom got directions from the motel desk clerk and we were on our way. We arrived at Howell's about thirty minutes later. It was hard for me to figure out why I was so aroused at the thought of going into this store filled with young women, trying on gowns and formals and wedding dresses. I guess it was that I to was now a girl and in minutes I would be trying on the ultra-feminine gown that I had seen in the catalogue.

A young woman in her early twenties came to wait on us. "Can I help you ladies?" she inquired pleasantly.

"If you only knew," I thought. "Yes, we have two prom dresses put away for the girls. They're the Fuchsia, taffeta, strapless gowns, catalogue #1303," Mom replied.

"Oh, yes," the girl responded. "Beautiful dresses. I'll get them for you and let you try them on. I certainly hope the

size is correct because with the Ft. Maine prom tonight, almost everything else is rented out. Are you girls going to the prom?" she questioned.

"Oh, silly question," she said without waiting for an answer. "Where else would you be going in these beautiful dresses? There are two lucky guys out there somewhere. They are going to have a treat tonight when they see you lovely twins." She then went to get the dresses.

"Ha! She thinks that we're going to the prom tonight," I laughed. Neither Mom nor Rose responded to my statement. I even thought they look a little uncomfortable and even looked away from me.

"Here you go," replied the salesgirl handing me a dress and giving the other one to Rose. "Or was the other dress for you, Mama?" the girl laughed as she looked at Mom.

"No," I thought, "the two dresses are not for the two women here, but one was for the young girl and the other for her brother." I shivered. Here I was in a formal shop, 250 miles from home, already dressed as a girl and about to try on a prom dress. How did I let this happen to me?

The salesgirl went with Rose to assist her with her dress. Mom went with me to a separate dressing room. "Take off your clothes, Randy...er. Ann," Mom said.

I did as instructed until I had stripped down to my bra, panties and hose. "Well, here it is" Mom said. "The gown that you picked out. Try it on."

Again I shivered as Mom handed me the ultra feminine gown. I loved the feel of the material as I held it in my hands. "Unzip it first," Mom said. My heart pounded as I unzipped the gown and stepped into it. I pulled it up my body till the top of the dress stopped at my breasts. "Hold it there," Mom said.

I did as I was told and Mom zipped up the back of the dress. The material pulled close to my body, the top caressed my somewhat exposed breasts. Mom straightened out the skirt portion and then had me step into my white pumps. "Turn around," she commanded. Again I did as I was told.

"My son," she exclaimed softly, "is showing cleavage, wearing a sexy dress, showing soft shoulders and looking every inch like a real girl. Perfect makeup. You're not a young man....you're a young man's dream," she exclaimed.

I blushed. A young man's dream, I thought. "Can I look in the mirror?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, its just outside the dressing room," she replied. I walked slowly to the mirror. I turned around and looked. I started by looking at the floor and moving up. I checked out the new pumps and trim ankles, then went up my body to the bottom of the dress, a full 3-4 inches above shapely knees and legs.

The cache device had done its job. No male bulge showed. My waist was trim and flat. I almost gasped when I got to the top of the strapless dress. Two curvaceous mounds emerged from the top of my dress. My white shoulders were small and smooth like a girls should be, my face was impeccably made up with red pouted lips. This lipstick would have to be changed prior to the picture, I thought, but I was definitely a knock out. I looked just like Rose, who was a gorgeous girl.

About that time Rose appeared. We looked like two bookends except that she had bigger breasts than I. We looked at one another and she threw her arms around me. "We're going to have so much fun tonight," she exclaimed. "You're going to love it and I'm going to love you in this costume."

"W..What are you talking about, Rose?" I demanded. She looked embarrassed and said, "I'll tell you later. Well.. what I meant was you parading around downtown Ft. Maine wearing this sexy dress in the middle of the day. My brother in a gown. I can't wait to have our pictures taken," Rose said.. "I'll have a souvenir of my sister to keep forever."

"Oh," I replied. "I feel confident that nothing will happen even if we do have to walk a block or two. I can pull it off."

I went back to the dressing room and removed the sexy dress. I slipped into my plain girl's clothes. "How boring," I thought. "Oh, well, I could wear that luscious dress one more time and then I would have a picture to keep of me in it thereafter. I made a mental note to ask Mom for an extra picture for me to keep. Maybe some day I would show that

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picture to my wife and kids...nah...no way. I wouldn't show that picture to anyone.

I was about to admit to Rose and maybe to Mom that I had enjoyed this past week as a girl, but definitely not to anyone outside the family nor to Dad or my brothers. If they found out about this and that I liked it, I'd never live it down.

We left Howell's and went to lunch, then back to the motel. We had a couple of hours before our pictures would be taken. I took a short nap. It seemed like a very short nap before Rose was knocking on the bedroom door. "Come on sleeping beauty. Let's go get those pictures taken," she said.

I yawned and got up. I still had on my panties and makeup. When Rose came into the unlocked bedroom door, I remarked half kiddingly, "Don't you think that you should knock?"

"Why? There's only us girls here and this girl has to get that girl (pointing to me) ready for the time of her life," she said laughingly. "First into the tub and shave your entire body smooth. You will enjoy it since I added scented salts to it," she continued.

I was relaxing in the tub with the bubble bath covering my nudity when Rose entered unannounced. "Hey," I said, "What about my privacy?" I exclaimed. She responded, "You need privacy only from boys. Us girls don't mind seeing each other nude!"

"Well, then take off all of your clothes, Rose," I answered. She blushed and said, "You are all covered up with the bubbles. I don't see a thing. Give me your hand." She used what was left of the nail polish remover to strip the polish off of my fingernails. She then produced a bottle of wedlock Fuchsia nail polish and proceeded to redo my nails saying, "to match your dress."

I finished my luxury bath and stepped into the cache device. It was certainly needed now to hide my maleness. I thought of the soft clinging dress I soon would be wearing. I would be wearing it not only in this room, but in public in broad daylight. I hoped that everyone would think I was a girl. I bet that not one in a thousand boys would have that thought today.

I put on my sheer nude hose and some sexy black bikini panties. I slipped on my pushup flesh colored bra which produced some pretty realistic looking breasts. Rose looked pleased as I obediently sat down at the makeup table and

waited for her to do my face. She applied mascara, eyeliner and blue eye shadow. She turned my cheeks into a blend of pink and red.

She then handed me a tube of Fuchsia lipstick saying, "do this yourself, Ann, I may not always be around to help you." I didn't understand her comment, but obediently began to apply it to my lips as I had seen her do many times. I did a very good job.

"Now this," Rose said handing me a lip gloss. My lips looked wet, just like my nails.

I next placed the wig onto my head to complete the feminine image. "Now for the dress," Rose teasingly said while holding it up to my lingerie clad body. "You really want to wear this dress don't you?" she asked seriously.

"NO way," I said to her. "I hate the way it feels, the way it looks and I hate dressing as a girl."

"Com' on," she questioned, "You haven't had ANY fun?"

"Maybe a little. Now you know, are you going to tell everyone else?"

"Oh no...no way!" Rose squealed with delight. "I've always known that you should have been a girl. I only wish that you could be my sister forever."

"Well, I can't, but I can for another couple of hours anyway," I replied. We hugged each other.

A short time later we were both attired in our prom dresses. The look was perfect. Two sexy teenage girls wearing matching dresses, exposing long slim legs under short skirts, and promising exciting delight with partially exposed breasts. "Well, let's go girls," Mom said impatiently. "We have only twenty minutes to get to the studio."

We walked through the motel lobby and across the parking lot. I felt a hundred eyes looking at Rose and I. The ride to the studio was short and Mom found a parking spot about a block from the studio.

Rose and I walked side by side at a brisk pace. Some construction workers gave us wolf whistles and a car load of boys went around the block twice in order to get a second look. "Those boys want your body," Rose whispered to me so that Mom couldn't hear.

"They want yours, too," I whispered back. "And you're the one with the big boobs."

"Yours aren't too bad either," she returned. Mom didn't hear, or at least pretended not to hear. I'm not sure that

she wanted to hear her son and daughter talking about their boobs and boys that wanted to feel them.

The picture session went very well and quickly. In about twenty minutes we were leaving the studio. Mom paid the man and gave him mailing instructions. We had posed together in probably a dozen positions. Two teenage girls in their prom dresses. The photographer had remarked that it was too bad that we didn't have our dates come with us so they could be in the pictures. "Maybe next time," Rose commented.

As we walked back to the car, I turned to Mom and asked, "Did you...uh...get an extra picture for me?" I was embarrassed as I realized what I had just done. I had told Mom that wanted to remember my day as a girl without actually having said it.

"We'll get the proofs in about a week, Ann. You can order as many pictures as you like," Mom said knowingly.

I was quiet on the ride back to the motel. Both Mom and Rose noticed it.

"Why so quiet, Ann?" Mom asked.

"Oh, nothing. Well... I guess it's silly, but..." I replied, "you know I spent most of a week getting ready for these pictures. I guess that I'm glad it's over."

"Won't you miss your days of skirts and blouses and pretty legs and pointed nail," Mom asked me?

"A little," I said, as I blushed deeply. "Don't tell anyone," I pleaded.

Mom looked at me like a mother looking at her daughter. "You should have been a girl, Ann. I've always believed that. You're too pretty and feminine to be a boy," she said.

"Oh, not that you can't be a boy," she continued, "but I have to tell you honestly that I've enjoyed dressing you up this last week. I like you as a girl and no, I won't tell anyone that you've been dressing as a female. As far as your father and brothers are concerned, you hated this day and the way you were forced to dress. Your secret is safe," she assured me.

"Oh, look here, Ann," Rose said while picking up a box after we entered the motel room. There were two boxes and I looked at the other one. It was a corsage of pink and blue carnations. The card read, "To Ann, Love Brad."

"What is this?" I asked. "Who is Brad and why is the corsage for me?"

Rose was taking her corsage out of the box. She sniffed the flowers and said, "Aren't they beautiful? They match, you know." She showed me her corsage and indeed they were identical.

"It's time to tell him, Rose," Mom said.

"What.. what's going on?" I demanded.

"Brother dear," Rose said softly, "I want you to totally enjoy being a girl. You see, you don't have to take off your dress now. You're going to wear it tonight. You and I are going to the Fort Maine prom in our dresses."

"Ridiculous," I said. "No way! Girls don't go to the prom stag. We can't go to the prom, look around, then come back home."

"We aren't going stag, Ann. We aren't going to go look around and come home." Rose continued, "We have dates for the prom tonight."

"Dates! Dates? What do you mean we have dates?" I demanded. "What is a date?"

"Calm down, Ann." Rose said. "A date is when a person of one sex goes out for an evening of fun with a person of the opposite sex. In your case a young man named Brad."

"I don't believe what I'm hearing," I shouted.

Mom interrupted by saying, "Sit down and listen, Ann. Rose, tell your brother the whole story." I sat down.

"Do you remember Julie Smith, who I used to run around with?" Rose started. I nodded, remembering the skinny blonde girl with blue eyes. She had been Rose's best friend until her family had moved to Ft. Maine about three years ago. "Well, Julie called me last week and asked if I could

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possibly come to Ft. Maine this weekend. She wanted me to double date with her and her boyfriend, Ken, and go to the prom. I told her that we were coming to Ft. Maine anyway and that yes I would go out with them. My dates name is Calvin, Cal for short, and he's supposed to be an absolute doll," Rose continued.

"Fine. But what has that got to do with me?" I asked impatiently.

"Well, I told Julie why we were coming to Ft. Maine," she continued.

"You told her that I was going to dress as a girl and have my picture taken?" I asked, not believing what I was hearing.

"Yes," Rose said shyly. "Julie said that she hoped that she could see you in your prom dress. She knew that you would be cute. Anyway, Friday, Julie called me and asked how you looked as a girl. I told her that you looked exactly like my twin and that you presented yourself perfectly as a girl. No one could tell that you weren't a girl. Even your voice hadn't changed yet. Your voice is like a girls you know."

"Go on," I said in my girls voice as Rose called it. She was right, though. When I answered the phone at home I was constantly mistaken for a girl.

"Well, Julie thought that...well... Julie wanted to know if I thought whether you would be willing to continue to wear your dress and go to the prom with a friend of Cal's named Brad."

"Brad's girlfriend had to go out of town at the last minute on a family emergency. There were no other girls left to ask out. I knew that you were looking forward to wearing your prom dress since I had noticed that you enjoyed the attention that males gave you when you were dressed as a girl. I felt that you might go for it. I told her yes... I said that you would go to the prom as a girl..as Brads date," Rose finished.

She had stated her case and now she was waiting for me, the jury, to come back with a verdict. "No! No! No! I can't go, Rose," I said, "Dressing as a girl is one thing. Going out with a boy as a girl is another."

"Please, I really want you to do it," Rose pleaded. "You look awfully pretty in your dress."

I glanced down my body, noting the cleavage and observing my silken legs. I felt the taffeta clinging to my body and as I changed positions, the dress made a rustling sound. I

loved the feel of the material, I liked the feminine rustling sound. I remembered something that I had promised myself earlier in the day - "I wasn't a boy in a dress, I was a girl for today anyway, and I was going to have fun being a girl no matter what the situation!" Could I do it? Could I really play the girl's role while on a date with a boy?

Rose started telling me about Brad; almost like I was a real girl and I would be interested in a boy.

I asked, "Does he know I'm a male masquerading as a girl?"

"Oh, no! He mustn't find out either," Rose said seriously. "He thinks you're a beautiful sexy girl, that's all he'd better ever think of you!"

"No sh... uh fooling," I said. "I doubt whether Brad would be thrilled to know that he and I had the same plumbing."

"You won't have any trouble convincing him that you are a girl," Mom said. "Not if you don't have sex with him, that is."

"No, way," I said sarcastically. "I'm not like Rose."

Mom shook her head. "Maybe this would be good for you. You will know better what girls go through and have a little respect for your sister."

Whoops, I had said the wrong thing. "How do you know that Julie thinks I'm passable as a girl?" I asked. "Because she watched you modeling your gown in Howell's earlier today," Rose responded. "She gave me a thumbs up sign after she saw you in it. Oh, and as for Brad, he is a senior, 6' 4" tall, 220 lbs., and co-captain of the football team. He's supposed to be a dream, also," Rose continued. I knew that her hopes for a yes answer were high.

I looked Rose straight in the eye. "Rose, if I get found out, I'll never forgive you."

"Oh, Randy, thank you, thank you, thank you!" she exclaimed as she threw her arms around me.

"Calling me Randy tonight might be a giveaway," I scolded her.

"Oh, yes Ann, Ann, Ann. Oh, we're going to have so much fun," she could hardly contain herself. "Let's freshen up our makeup. Julie and the boys will be here soon," Rose said dragging me to the makeup table.

As I touched up my own lipstick, I thought to myself, "What have you done. You've agreed to dress as a girl and go to a prom with a boy." Tonight I'd have to be the passive partner, I won't make any romantic gestures and I won't put

any moves on my date. On the other hand, I would be the recipient of those moves. I hoped that I could handle being a boy's plaything. I wondered if I might even like it. It's a good thing that I had on the cache device.

CHAPTER FIVE:

I was dressed and made up to the "T", and Rose was ready also. We sat on the couch and watched the evening news and waited for the knock on the door. "Randy," Mom asked, "do you have enough money in your purse to call me or to call a cab? That is, if you need to. If your young man isn't a gentleman...well you know what I mean." Rose laughed at Mom's uneasiness.

"I can't believe you are encouraging me to do this. Do you think that he will try to molest me," I asked Mom. Rose giggled.

"You never know," Mom replied seriously. "As far as he's concerned, you're an attractive girl, in a sexy outfit, and from another town."

"Well, so is Rose," I replied. "Yes, but she has had a few years experience in dealing with boys. You.. you've had only a few days dressing in girl's clothes and you've not had so much as a thought in your head of what a young man expects of his girl."

The reality of what I was doing was beginning to sink in. "Well, I guess I should laugh, giggle, and dance a little," I replied.

"And what if he tries to kiss you goodnight?" Mom queried.

Panic swept through me. "No way!" Dressing up as a girl was one thing, being kissed by a boy was out of the question.

"Aw Mom, quit scaring him," Rose said. "I'll keep an eye on him..er..her. Brad is supposed to be a very nice boy. I'm sure nothing will happen." I could tell that Mom wasn't so sure.

There was a friendly knock on the door. The waiting was over. I took a deep breath. I was terrified. Did I now know how a girl felt as she was about to go on her first date?

I felt ludicrous wearing a dress, my face made up and long curly hair. I looked at mother with a "SAVE ME" look.

Rose answered the door and allowed a pretty blonde girl to enter. She was wearing a full length yellow bouffant

gown. Rose and Julie hugged each other. "It's so great to see you, Julie," Rose said.

"You too," Julie replied. Julie stepped aside to allow three young men dressed in traditional black tuxedos to also enter the room.

Julie came over and gave me a hug, also. I returned the hug in a similar feminine fashion. "It's nice to see you, Julie," I said. I knew that she was studying the total feminine me. She was checking for flaws or tell tale signs of missed masculinity. Finding none she smiled and said, "Ann, you're lovely. You were such a tomboy while we were growing up. You probably wore pants far more often than dresses," Julie teased with a wink.

"Yes, that's probably true," I said embarrassed as Julie smiled at me knowing how close to the truth that she really was. She winked at me indicating that this would be a secret between us girls.

Julie greeted Mom with another hug and a quick "good old times discussion." The three boys stood silently, smiling, as the women folk did their thing. I tried to not look at them, hoping that they might go away. They didn't. They were all tall, clean cut athletic looking young men. 'Hunks' I guessed a girl would say. I wondered which one was mine. "Ahem," the blonde young man in the middle muttered.

"Oh, I'm sorry," Julie said, "It is just that I haven't seen Rose, Ann and their mother for so long."

Julie looped her arm through the blond boy's arm and announced, "This is my boyfriend, Ken. Rose, this is Cal, your date for the night."

"Ann," she said, pulling me towards the last boy, "This is Brad, your date for the prom." I blushed as Brad took my hand and held it. My fingernails were long and painted. My hand looked soft and feminine in his.

"You're every bit as beautiful as Julie said you would be," Brad said. He seemed pleased with his auburn haired bombshell. I knew that he was thrilled with the amount of cleavage that I was showing. I guess I was feminine enough to intrigue him which I found disheartening. No boy wants to realize that he can be so easily mistaken for a girl.

I hoped that he didn't take this as a sign of better things to come later in the evening. I took another deep breath and hoped that I hadn't taken on more than I could handle. If Brad got too aggressive, I doubted whether I could do much to stop him. He was a good eight inches taller than me and

probably weighed a hundred pounds more. There wasn't an ounce of fat on his muscled body.

I looked over towards Rose and saw that she and Cal were hitting it off well. We told Mom 'goodnight' and arm in arm we three young couples crossed the parking lot in the cool evening breeze. I felt very unsteady walking in my high heels on the rough pavement. I looked down. My feet looked utterly feminine in the delicate, high heeled slippers, which showed off my toenails tipped in a crimson pink polish.

Brad took my arm to steady me. I took a controlled breath and let it out slowly, hoping not to faint.

"A Limo," Rose exclaimed as a uniformed chauffeur opened the door as we approached the car.

"Yes," Julie explained, "It's for you, Cal, Ken and me. When the boys rented it, we didn't know that Brad and Ann would be joining us. We'll meet them at the dance."

"I have a surprise for you, Ann," Brad said trying not to show his excitement.

"What is it?" I said feeling distressed at being separated from Rose.

"Here," Brad said proudly opening the door to a brand new red Thunderbird convertible.

"Wow, its beautiful," I exclaimed. "Is it yours?" I asked.

"No, I rented it for tonight," Brad said. "I wanted tonight to be special for my mystery girl. I hope that you like it."

"Oh, I do," I said as I sat on the white bucket seat and swung my legs inside the door. I really did like the car. This must have set Brad back a lot. He obviously had high hopes for a memorable evening. I was sure I wasn't going to forget it.

Brad closed the door and went around to the other side. I reached over and unlocked his door. "Wow, thanks," Brad said. I realized that he was looking down the front of my dress. I had accidentally exposed my breasts far more than I intended to. Brad was appreciative of my unintentional sexiness.

We rolled out of the parking lot and drove down a tree lined road. "I don't bite, you know," Brad said with a laugh. I knew what he wanted. I couldn't be too weird. I slid over next to 'my man', just as any girl on a Prom date would do. Brad put his strong arm around me and I felt uncomfortable snuggling up to him. The radio was playing 'If you could see me now' and I thought of Dad and my brothers. I

blushed, but it was dark and Brad didn't notice anything unusual. It was going to be a long evening.

We arrived at the Ft. Maine high school about twenty minutes later. The chauffeur was letting the other two couples out of the car. I noticed that Rose showed a lot of leg as she slid out of the car. I guessed that I must have done the same thing when Brad opened the door for me. I was real nervous now and didn't look forward to being surrounded by other boys and girls being fully accepted as a girl.

The six of us entered the gym through a Jungle theme entrance. A smoking volcano was at the front of the gym. The stage was in front of the volcano with the band already playing. Grass huts had taken the place of the school cafeteria tables. It was a beautiful theme. A lot of work by a lot of people had gone into the planning and construction of the set. The six of us sat in one of the huts near the volcano. The boys went to get 'us' girls drinks (lemonade).

"Well, what do you think?" Julie asked me.

"About what?" I questioned unsure what she was asking about.

"About Brad, silly? Isn't he a doll?" Julie replied smiling at Rose.

"He's very good looking," Rose encouraged. "He's a hunk, Ann. You have only been dressing as a girl for days and you already have a man. Not many of us girls get a date like him on our first time out."

I nodded but didn't say anything as the boys were returning. I knew that they had been talking about us girls. Boys always did that. There were boasts, bets, and hopes expressed as to how far each would get with their respective dates. I wondered what Brad had said about me.

"Madam?" Brad smiled as he held out his hand to me, "Shall we dance?" I inwardly cringed but took his hand and he led me to the center of the dance floor. It was a slow dance and Brad held me close to him. I could smell his after shave lotion and I assumed that he could smell my perfume. I was afraid being so close I might not pass but it went smoothly. Could it be this easy for a boy to become a girl?

It was easy to follow him. He was very strong and smooth. Also he was very popular as practically everyone at the dance engaged him in conversation at one time or another during the night. I was a little angry with him when an occasional girl cornered him for a dance. I was not

only looking like a girl, but I was beginning to feel like one. On two occasions I accepted a dance with other boys when Brad was off somewhere or another.

Brad disappeared late in the evening and was gone for about fifteen minutes. When he returned, there was a lipstick smudge on the corner of his lower lip and its color was not the same as my lipstick. This was my chance to end the evening early. "Take me home, Brad," I demanded. Now I was not only a girl, but a jealous girl. Was this how men treated girls?

"Why? What's the matter?" Brad asked with surprise in his voice.

"Well, if I weren't around, you could spend more time with her." I said with phoney tears in my eyes. "Her? Who is 'her'?" he asked. "The girl with the red lipstick," I replied. Brad wiped his mouth with a handkerchief removing the red evidence.

"I'm sorry," he said. "It was nothing." I stood up, picked up my purse and told Brad that I wanted him to take me home. I made a mental note of the cab money in my purse if he said no.

"Ok," Brad said with a shrug.

"Goodnight, Rose, Julie," I said as I brushed by the two couples.

"What's wrong, Ann?" Julie said. "Nothing. I just want to go home." I replied.

"It was Susan," Brad said. "We were just talking and she kissed me."

"Oh," Julie said knowingly, "Susan again. I thought that you two were through with each other. No wonder Ann wants to go home. I doubt that you stopped with only one kiss. Don't ever count on me to fix you up again, Brad." Julie said angrily.

"I'm sorry," Rose said softly. "I'm sorry that your evening was ruined. Do you want me to come with you?" She was sincere.

"No, of course not." I replied. "You enjoy yourself and I'll see you in the morning."

"Ok, if you're sure. I'll be late because we're going to the after dance party. Tell Mom not to worry because the party will be chaperoned by parents. It will be late though," she stressed again.

I smiled at Rose. She was a *real girl* with a real boy. I had no business trying to be something that I wasn't. It was strange though, my having emotions just like a girls.

"Have fun, Rose," I said as we left. I really meant it. "Are you going to take me home, or am I calling a cab?" I asked Brad.

"I'll take you home," he said in resignation. "It's the least I can do."

We were again driving down the tree lined freeway, only this time it wasn't fun. I sat as close to the passenger car door as I could. Brad parked the car at the back of the motel parking lot. "Let's talk a minute," he asked.

"Why? Isn't Susan is waiting for you," I said angrily. It was strange to have such power over a man. I was enjoying seeing him squirm.

"No, she's not. She's with someone else," he said softly. "Let me explain," he asked holding up his hand to stop my protest. He went on, "Susan and I were going to get married at one time. She had my child, in another state. Her parents made her give it up for adoption. We're not in love or anything like that. She's going to move to Virginia after graduation. It was a goodbye forever kiss."

I felt terrible. I could have asked for an explanation before exploding like I did.

"Forgive me?" He asked putting his arm around my shoulder and pulling me over close to him, my dress riding dangerously high on my thighs.

"I'm sorry," I said.

"It's Ok, you didn't know. If I had been in your place, I would have been angry also." He held me tightly.

"You have to see Ft. Maine from inspiration point. It's quite beautiful at night," Brad said.

"I don't know. It's late and it's not on the chamber of commerce tour?" I asked with a tease.

"Private tour only," he reciprocated. "One guy and one girl only."

"But what about the Prom? Let's go back," I asked.

He looked at his watch and said, "Too late, their playing the last dance now."

"And the after party?" I asked.

"Sure. We'll stop at the point for just a moment and then go to the after party," he replied.

"Alright, for a minute," I agreed. I had heard lines like that before, maybe even used one once.

As we drove up the dark winding road, I thought "This is *deja vu* in reverse." Everything was exactly like my previous prom two weeks earlier. Exactly the same, only this time I was the girl, not the pursuer of the girl. Tonight my date wore a black tuxedo as I had previously done and I wore a dress as my previous date had.

If it was the same, it was my breasts and legs that were attracting my date to me whereas last time I wanted to feel Mary Ann's body. It was I who now wore lipstick and nail polish, dangling hoop earrings and a thin gold chain around my neck.

I smelled of perfume while Brad smelled of after shave lotion. His arms, legs and probably his chest were hairy, my body was perfectly smooth. He wore size 12 men's shoes while my feet were in size 5 high heel pumps. I knew that he wanted me, as a man wants a woman...I didn't know what I was going to do. Shivers of turmoil cursed through me as Brad intently drove down the trail.

Brad parked the car on the overhang overlooking the city. He didn't have to pull me close to him because I had remained in his arm. He shut off the car engine. "Beautiful, isn't it," he whispered in my ear.

"Yes, it is," I agreed. I shivered a little as he turned his body towards me. He encircled my body with both of his arms. I was his captive. I couldn't move, even if I wanted to. "GAWD," I said to myself horrified. "He's going to kiss me. A man's going to kiss me."

Brad looked into my eyes and said, "Ann, you're about the most beautiful girl I have ever seen." Suddenly he pressed his lips hard against my painted lips. His hands covered my back and he pulled me even closer to him. Eventually he released my lips from his. "Did you like that?" he asked.

I had lost my breath. Truthfully I whispered, "you caught me off guard." How could I escape his arms that were holding me. I hoped he wouldn't do it again. But he did.

This time I felt his tongue boldly part my lips and plunge deeply into my mouth. No wonder girls get turned on when this happens to them. Brad pushed his tongue into my mouth and his embrace became even more passionate.

My feminine clad body was pressed against his hard male form. My heart was beating like it would jump out of my chest. I was afraid I couldn't stop his advances. I felt

Brads hand creep up my leg. He was dangerously close to the bottom of my panties.

I wanted him to stop, I knew that I couldn't let him find my secret. If I were a real girl, I probably would have ended up getting pregnant in the front seat of that T-bird.

I stopped Brad's hand with my own, then I realized that his other hand was grabbing the top of my dress and he was about to kiss the softness of my breasts. I stopped that advance also. I knew that the girl controlled any sexual contact. I borrowed a line I had heard from Mary Ann, "I'm not that kind of girl. One more kiss, then lets go to the party."

Brad yielded to my request. I noticed that he was sexually aroused and his arousal was directed at me. I had sexually turned on a boy but had taken control of the situation.

Disappointed, but agreeable, Brad started the car and headed for the party. Rose and Julie were really surprised we were back. I knew that I could handle anything else that would come up tonight and actually enjoyed the evening.

On the way home I laid my head on Brad's shoulder and hummed "if you could see me now."

CHAPTER 6

At the motel, I undressed and jumped into bed. It was a bizarre feeling to have spent the evening as a girl. It almost felt instinctive to put on a nightgown and jump in bed.

It seemed like my head had just hit the pillow when Mom's voice awakened me. "Come on you two," she shouted at us. "We need to get on the road." I could hear Rose stirring in her room. I groaned and looked at the clock - 7:00 A.M. My head had just hit the pillow two hours earlier.

I crawled out of bed and looked at myself in the mirror. I was wearing the flimsy red nylon baby doll nightgown. My actions of the previous evening seemed foreign. I had gone to bed as "Ann" and awoke as "Randy". I thought about my date last night and was embarrassed by my girlish behavior.

At least this is my last time in girls clothes, I thought. I hadn't even removed my makeup when I got home. "Well," I thought, "I will remove the makeup and nail polish, put on my jeans and t-shirt and go back to being Randy.

"Rose," I yelled to her. "Would you bring me my clothes. The ones you packed?"

"In a couple of minutes," Rose's tired voice replied. I finished cleaning off the makeup and looked at my nails. "Oh, and Rose I need the nail polish remover also," I said. I thought that I heard a faint 'Oh-no', but decided to ignore it.

I lay back on the bed and thought about my night as a Prom girl. I was a little worried about my girlish attitude and jealousy with Brad's little encounter with Susan. It seemed like when I dressed as a girl, I began to think and feel like a girl. Well, no matter. It's all over with now I decided.

I thought about the after party. It was fun, games and all, eats, and the usual things. I was totally accepted as a girl. It was kind of anti-climatic after my encounter with Brad in the parked car. He was a gentleman for the rest of the evening. He kissed me only one more time and that was after he took me back to the motel. It was a long hard kiss on the lips and he held me close to him. It seemed to last for over 5 minutes, but probably was only for a minute or so.

I felt so girlish in his strong arms. He broke off the kiss when Rose and her date showed up. Rose had seen the embrace and kiss. I believe that she had thought that Brad and I had been making out between the Prom and the after party, but she didn't know for sure, but this she knew for sure. She and I had entered the motel together after she had kissed her date goodnight.

"Well, here's your jeans and t-shirt," Rose said to me breaking into my daydream, "but I have bad news for you," she continued.

"Now what could that be," I asked.



"I felt silly, unsure whether to act like a girl or boy."

"We ran out polish remover last night," she replied, "and also....."

I interrupted her "We'll borrow Mom's car and get some from the store. What's the big deal?" I questioned.

"The big deal is that its 7:00 Sunday morning and the only place open is the truck stop. I doubt whether they carry nail polish," Rose shot back at me.

"Oh man," I thought. I could cover up my toenails with my socks and shoes, but my fingernails..? Maybe I could just stay in the car and conceal my hands from passing motorists till we could get some nail polish remover.

I was about to suggest that when Rose interrupted again. "There's more. I forgot to pack your shoes. You have your choice of black skimmers or your high heels. Sorry."

"Sorry! I bet you did it on purpose," I accused.

"I did not," she responded. "It's just that you've been in girl's clothes for almost a week. I didn't think of these things."

"What's taking so long in there," Mom asked from outside the door. I explained the nail polish and shoes problem to her.

Mom looked at Rose and sighed. "Ok," she said. "This is what we'll do. Randy will have to put his wig back on and some makeup. He'll wear your jean shorts and t-shirt, but he'll look like a girl in boy's clothes, but then girls wear boy's clothes all the time. We will be in Rhinehart about 10:00. I want to visit your Aunt Betty. When we get there, you two can go to the mall and buy some cheap tennis shoes and polish remover. You will then stop at a highway rest stop where he can remove his makeup, nail polish and change shoes. After he changes, the two of you should come back for me and visit with your Aunt Betty. She should spend some time with her niece and *nephew*." She emphasized the word 'nephew', then she turned and left.

I sighed and reached for my clothes. I could put on my makeup after dressing. To my surprise, there was a pair of lacy panties, the bra, and a fresh pair of pantyhose. I looked towards the door. Rose just shrugged as I held up the panties. "I can't remember everything," she shrugged as she left the room.

I put on the clothes. The t-shirt emphasized my "boobs," caused by the bra and the shorts my legs. From the neck down, I looked like a girl. I finished my makeup and put on my long auburn wig. Now I looked, as Mom said I would,

like a girl in men's clothing. I guess I'd have to be "Ann," for another few hours, even though I had planned on returning to being Randy this morning.

I was taking our luggage down the stairs when I discovered a fringe benefit of being a girl. An older man stated that that wasn't woman's work and took the suitcases downstairs and placed them in the car trunk. He was a chauvinist, but a nice one.

The trip to Rhinehart was uneventful and we arrived there shortly before 11:00. We let Mom off at Aunt Betty's and took off for the mall. Rose had to drive as I certainly couldn't take the chance of being stopped and having to show my male driving licence. Rose wheeled into the rest stop and looked at me with a mischievous grin.

"Let's go into the ladies room," she said lightly. I really felt nervous about going into women's bathrooms, but then I really hadn't had any choice for the last few days. When we got inside, Rose removed from a paper sack the black flair miniskirt and white blouse that I had worn the first night.

"Here, put this on. It'll be your last chance to be sexy for awhile," she said smiling. "Mom told me last week that she didn't want either one of us wearing this skirt again. I won't tell if you don't. You've got great legs and they shouldn't be hidden under jeans.

I started to complain but she said I looked stupid being partially dressed in boy's clothing.

I took the skirt and blouse into a stall and changed. I was getting used to the feel of a skirt. I was now used to showing my legs and I loved the lace of ruffles on the satin blouse. It was going to be hard to lie to Rose anymore. She knew that I wasn't resisting as an average boy would.

"Wow! You look really good, Ann," Rose said when I came out of the stall. I was pleased and she knew it.

We had a girl to girl talk as we continued on to the mall. "You know that Mom can't, or won't, support your dressing anymore. I think that she likes you as a girl, but she has used her only excuse for getting you dressed in lace and frills. She will contend that she wanted you in a dress only for the 'cute' picture," Rose explained.

"I know," I replied. "I guess this will be it."

"It doesn't have to be if you don't want it to be," she said, not taking her eyes off the road. "I loved it even more when I forced you into going out with a boy," she smiled. "I know

that you and Brad were making out, and I don't mean the goodnight kiss. I mean between the prom and the after party. Your were gone almost an hour, you know," she finished.

"I know," I replied uncomfortably. "Did you like it Randy..er.. or Ann? Did you like dressing as a girl, dating a man and even making out with a man?" Rose asked.

"Y..NO! I didn't Rose. And please don't tell anyone," I pleaded.

"I won't." Rose said softly, "It's our secret, as long as you do what I say. I intend to dress you up again. I like having a twin sister. If you resist, I'll tell our brothers and they'll tell Dad."

I grimaced back at her, "Ohhhh." If she promised not to tell anyone, I agreed that when the family was gone I would occasionally dress as Ann and that maybe we could even go out if the opportunity arose. She promised we wouldn't share our secret with anyone else.

We arrived at the mall and it seemed that Rose parked as far away from the entrance as possible. "Last chance to show off those legs for a while," she said with a smile when I asked her why we had parked so far away.

The wind was blowing again and I had to hold my skirt down so I wouldn't expose my lacy maroon panties. The boys (and men) were appreciative of the brisk wind. I was receiving so much attention that I turned red. Rose took off shortly after we entered the mall. "You pick up your shoes and I'll get the nail polish remover," she said walking away. "I'll meet you at this bench in a few minutes."

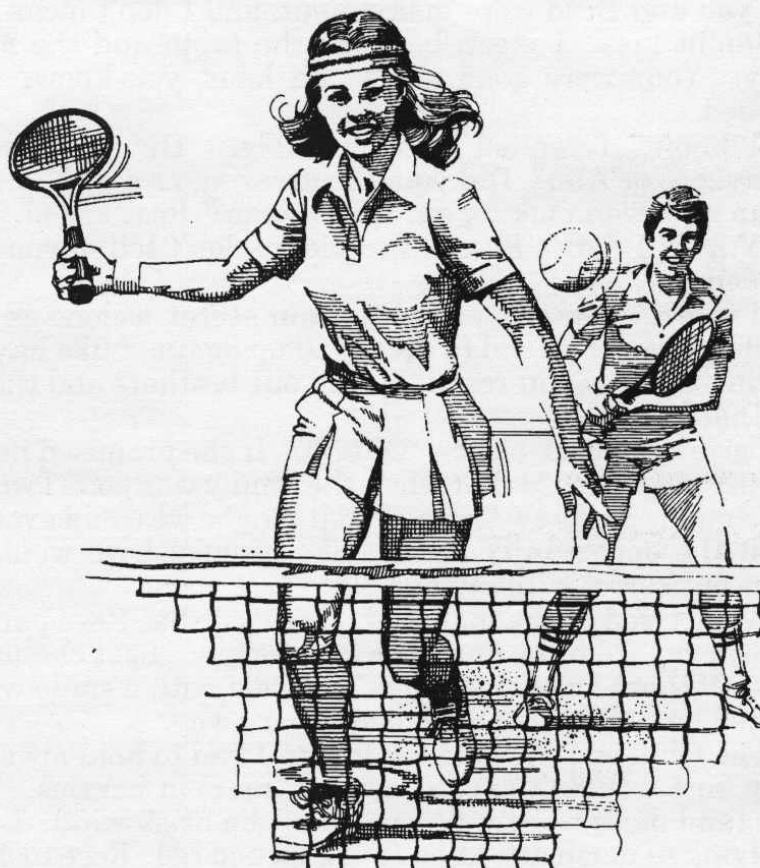
I picked up the shoes and sat down on the bench. I received a lot of male attention while I sat there. One teenage boy tried to put the moves on me. "Hey, baby, like I'm Guy. You new around here?" he said while trying to look up my skirt.

"No, I'm just visiting," I replied, making him go away.

Rose returned and we left the mall. "That guy was trying to hit on you, wasn't he?" Rose asked. Didn't she ever miss anything?

"He was a creep," I replied.

The ride back to the rest stop was entirely too quick. After twenty minutes at the rest stop, I emerged as Randy. A Randy with panties and panty hose, but nothing that showed. I looked at my dull, colorless nails and at my plain face in the car mirror. The jeans felt rough against my



*"Boy were they surprised. I seemed like I could
rrun faster in a skirt."*

smooth legs. Only a slight hint of preteen breasts showed under my t-shirt. I wished that Rose had packed a regular, bulky mans shirt.

"I like you better as Ann," Rose said. "Here's a little something that I got for you." She gave me a delicate ankle bracelet that said "Ann," on it. "You will have to wear it underneath your socks."

Rose and I hugged one another. "Let's go Randy. You drive," she said. I smiled at her. We visited with Aunt Betty for almost two hours. I think Mom was relieved when Randy showed up. I drove the rest of the way home. My drivers licence was now in my billfold, not in my purse. I wondered when the next time would be that Rose and I would be left alone at home. I would miss "Ann."

CHAPTER 7

The years rolled by nothing much changed between Rose and I. We graduated from high school and we both went our separate ways. Rose to Clifton college to become an RN and I to State University to get a degree in accounting. Eric and Ed had graduated from the university and after failing to get pro football contracts, both had joined the Marines. Both were now 1st lieutenants after a stint in officers training school.

Mom had collected her "twins" pictures on our 17th and 18th birthdays. On the 17th birthday I wore a dark blue 3-piece suit and Rose a pretty floral gown. I was envious. On the 18th birthday, we wore our graduation gowns. Funny thing, neither Dad or my brothers ever saw or asked about the Prom picture.

The picture was prominently displayed on Mom's "twins" wall in the sewing room. It was rare that anyone was invited into her private room. Mom did give me a 5x7 picture of that event filled time. We really looked like sisters and we really were pretty too. I treasured that picture and kept it hidden in my socks drawer.

Rose and I had only a couple more "dress up" nights during our last year of high school. Mostly when she needed someone to 'double date' with.

The most unforgettable was when Rose and I went to visit my Aunt Hazel in California. Since my Aunt worked nights and weekends in a restaurant, we had lots of time to ourselves.

She quickly made me into 'Ann' again and we had a busy social life as girls. I'll never forget playing tennis with a couple boys we met at the park. They couldn't keep their eyes on the ball because of our short skirts.

Rose reprimanded me later saying, "You're a girl now. . .let the boys win!"

Luckily Dad never found out. He would have killed me.

When we both went to college, the dressing stopped because the opportunities to do so were rare.

In Rose's senior year she met Don, a medical student. They fell in love and lived together that year and after graduation, they got married. Rose had landed herself an M.D. Don was a mover and had his own practice. Rose was now an RN and the only nurse in the family owned business.

After Rose and Don started living together, I had only two opportunities to dress as Ann. I had graduated near the top of my class and received my degree in accounting. Shortly afterward, I had moved to my own apartment. I got a job at our local bank and I worked my way up from line teller to teller supervisor in just over a year.

Things picked up shortly after Rose got married. She introduced me to Mindy, a beautiful blonde girl who had graduated with her. Mindy was a fashion designer. Our relationship was a whirlwind and after only six months, we were engaged to be married. I was totally masculine now and believed that 'Ann' was gone forever. I did keep my Prom picture and the ankle bracelet.

Mindy and I announced our engagement and my folks arranged a 'family' party to celebrate the event. Eric and Ed would be there along with Rose and Don and my parents, of course. I was somewhat nervous about my family meeting Mindy, but she wasn't nervous at all. She was very self confident, yet very feminine.

We matched up very well as I was somewhat on the passive side, while she was somewhat assertive. People joked about Mindy wearing the pants in her family. I laughed with the others but the statement had more meaning to me. Mindy and I arrived early on the day of the party. Dad and my brothers had gone to a gun show, but were expected back shortly. Rose came alone because Don had an emergency at the hospital.

Rose and Mindy were having a great time remembering "old" college days. Mom seemed to like Mindy very much.

"Mindy, how would you like to see my 'twins pictures?'" Mom asked, "I have pictures of my two sets of twins from the day they were born through their eighteenth birthdays. I'm sure you will find some of them very interesting."

"I would like that," Mindy replied.

My blood froze and I broke into a sweat. "I'll go with you," I said thinking maybe I could hide the Prom picture.

"Oh, no. It's just for us girls," Rose replied, holding up her hand to stop me. "I'll point out any special pictures that you would want Mindy to see. Any requests?"

"No...none," I said sitting down on the couch.

The girls came back about twenty minutes later. Nothing was said about any prom pictures. The party went on and was a great success. Afterwards I dropped Mindy off at her townhouse. We petted for a while, had a couple of drinks

and watched TV. It was time to go and we embraced for our final goodnight kiss. Mindy whispered in my ear as she gave me her last kiss of the evening, "you make a really cute girl."

"Huh," I said breaking away from the embrace. "And fuchsia is definitely your color," she purred.

"Oh, no," I said. "you saw 'that' picture."

"Of course," she responded. "How do you not notice a picture of two girls together when the other 17 pictures were of a boy and a girl? Rose told me all the details of why the picture was taken."

When I started to protest about being forced to do the picture and that it was 6 or 7 years ago, Mindy put a finger to her mouth to shhhh me. "I don't care about why or how long ago it was taken," she said. "I think that you were very pretty then and I think that you would be very pretty now. Sometime in the future, I want to dress you up like a girl. Maybe Halloween. It'll be fun and I know that you'll let me, won't you?"

She didn't wait for an answer. She kissed me hard on the lips and held me tight. "Good night," she said smiling and closed the door. I left wondering just how much Rose had told her.

CHAPTER 8

Mindy and I continued our normal pattern of dating, dinners, movies, concerts, trips to the mountains, tennis, and dancing during the next few weeks. I figured that she had forgotten about her request for me to let her dress me as a girl. I was wrong.

On our Friday night date prior to a three day weekend, Mindy revived the subject. "Randy," she said a little shyly. "You know that we're going to spend the day together tomorrow, don't you."

"Yes, I know," I replied.

"Well, so that we can have more of the day together, I want you to take this tube of cream home with you tonight and uh... rub it all over your body, from your head to your toes.. Wait twenty minutes, then take a shower under a brisk spray.. You'll find that..uh.. that it will remove all of the hair from your body and you won't have to shave at all," Mindy stated.

I was blushing furiously. "But..I don't," I started to say when she interrupted.

"I want to see what you look like in a dress. As a matter of fact, I made a dress for you to wear. We'll spend the day as two girlfriends," she continued nonstop. "You did promise me..you know." She was looking at me for an answer.

"No.. I don't remember....but, well, alright," I replied, "if you think that this will be a fun thing to do. I guess I can go along with it for a day," I replied.

"Oh, Randy. Thank you!" Mindy sighed putting her arms around me and giving me a long embrace.

"What about all the other things?" I asked.

"What things? she asked. "Girl things..you know. Wig, makeup, etc." I asked.

"No problem," Mindy smiled at me, "I have everything that we'll need."

"How do you know that everything will fit?" I continued.

"I'm a fashion designer, remember? I can visually take your measurements," she answered, "And to be certain I called Rose and got her measurements. She had told me that the two of you wore the same size clothing."

I blushed at that. "It's not like we wore each others clothing," I said. I then left promising to return around 10:00 the next morning.

Back at my apartment, I stripped naked, wet my body slightly with warm water, and applied the white cream all over my body. In twenty minutes, I jumped into the shower and let the water remove the cream and my hair from my body. I rubbed my body hard with a wash cloth to remove any remaining stubble. I then stared at myself in the bathroom full length mirror. I saw a smooth, shaven body. Ann is back, I thought to myself. I wondered why Mindy wanted to feminize me. I really didn't care since I was looking forward to the next day with her.

The next day, I awoke early. I thought about shaving my light beard, but realized that I didn't need it. I only had to shave every five or six days and I had shaved yesterday. Besides, the cream had helped along those lines. I jumped into my golf shirt and started to put on a pair of shorts, but decided against it as I didn't want to show the rest of the world my hairless legs. I put on some jeans which made my legs tingle.

The drive to Mindy's place took only a few minutes. "Hi Mindy," I greeted her at the door.

"Hi, Randy. Did you do it?" she asked. I raised my pant leg in reply.



"It took a while to get back my swing. I hated the way the men watched my rear."

"You did, you did. Oh, this is going to be fun," she said unusually excited. "Come on. Let's get started. I'm going to turn my knight into a princess," she stated excitedly.

"I'm glad you didn't say queen," I grinned.

"Well, let's see," she went on ignoring my statement. "Here, go into my room and put this on," she said handing me a pair of pink bikini panties and a sack. I looked into the sack and saw two feminine pieces of clothing. They included the lace pushup bra that I had worn six years earlier and the cache device.

"Rose gave them to me along with your old wig," she said in answer to my questioning look.

"Rose's old wig," I corrected. "Well, yes, but its the one you wore when you had your prom picture taken," she insisted. "Here!"

I sat on Mindy's bed and stripped naked. I had always wanted to be naked in Mindy's bed, but this wasn't exactly what I had in mind. Red-faced, I put on the cache device and the pink panties. My hips were fuller and the cache tighter giving me an even more 'muted' look.

"How swish!" Mindy commented on my neutered appearance. "Continue," she said with a wave of her hand.

I stood up and picked the bra from the bed. I was all of a sudden aware of my breasts again. Mindy had never seen me naked or even without a shirt. My breasts had grown even larger over the last few years. My oversized nipples were now the size and shape and belonged on a small teenage girl's breasts. I tried to cover my breasts with my hands and the bra.

"How cute," she said, "covering your boobs just like a woman. I think that you are going to fit into this role very easily," she said as she pulled my hands away from my chest. I turned red.

"I have a little hormone problem," I said. "I'm going to the doctor to get some male hormone shots. They will go away."

"You will do no such thing," Mindy stated. "I like them." She cupped my breasts and lowered her mouth to the mounds. She licked and kissed them until I was feeling great tightness but the cache didn't give me away.

"You liked that, didn't you?" she asked.

I nodded.

"Well, I've got a big surprise for you," Mindy said. "If you're a good *girl* today, I'll be a very good girl tonight."

"Now, how do you think your sweet little breasts will look through this?" she asked as she held up a sheer black babydoll pajama. "And how do you think my breasts will look through this?" she asked holding up a short blue sheer dress type nighty.

"What do you mean?" I asked, not sure of where Mindy was leading.

"What I mean is that if you maintain your feminine self all day long, I'll sleep with you tonight," she answered.

I was shocked. We had petted before, but we had never made love.

"You mean that you are going to let me make love to you tonight?" I asked.

"What do you think???" Mindy replied flirtatiously. She was now the one embarrassed. "I'm turned on right now, but we have *things* to do."

"But Mindy. Only you should dress in sexy lingerie, not me!" I stammered.

"Well, if you don't want to spend the night with me, you don't have to," she said.

"Oh, I do, I do," I said quickly.

"Good. Then we'll do it my way," she continued in a confident voice. "I want you in ribbons and lace for our initial night together."

"Okay, if it's fun for you," I said.

Mindy snapped the bra on me and saw that the padded push up cups gave me the affect of full breasts. "Just like the picture," she said. "You know that if you had your wig on and some makeup, you wouldn't dare go to the beach without a top. If the local boys didn't ravage you then the police would pick you up for indecent exposure."

I laughed and told her that I didn't think so, but that I was ready to wear a bra today if that was what she wanted adding, "What should I wear?"

She smiled and had me slip back on my golf shirt pulling it over my head until the bodice hugged my breasts. I looked at her with a questioning glance.

"Here," she said handing me a pair of her pink golf shorts which I quickly put on.

The shorts clung to my other curves. This was the first time that I noticed how small my waist was. My hips flared somewhat like a teenage girls. I now looked entirely like a girl, even though I was wearing shorts.

Mindy was pleased. Apparently I had fulfilled her expectations. "You're stunning!" she exclaimed. She liked my sexy breasts, trim waist and shapely legs. The shorts were loose legged and high above my knees. She put the wig on and did my make-up. I hardly resisted.

"Let's go play golf!" Mindy said.

"I can't go out in public like this," I protested. "Yes, you can," she countered, "you'll just have to change your shoes." She handed me some white low top bobby socks and flats.

"Ok, but I hope nothing happens," I said.

"No one is ever on the course this late," Mindy said convincingly. "Remember later," she added.

I had played golf at the local public course many times with Mindy but this was a first. My swing was completely off until I got used to the 'extra considerable frontage' and the tight shorts. We only played nine holes because two men joined us on the sixth hole at Mindy's invitation. I was scared to death. I have to admit it was fun to see their faces when I teed-off from the much forward 'ladies tees'. Mindy and I giggled as they tried to keep up with my scores.

It's funny. As a man I was only a fair athletic but with the 'ladies' advantage I was great. I had to admit it to myself, I liked playing sports as a girl, especially with men.

My score was the lowest to the frustration of the men. Mindy and I laughed all the way back to her place where she picked out a couple dresses for us.

Both dresses were strapless. Although they were different, there were a lot of similarities.

I rolled smoke colored hose over my legs. I loved the nylon feel and the way they made my legs look.

"Here, try these on," Mindy said handing me a pair of white pumps. I slipped my feet into them. "Well, we don't have to stay in the bedroom," she stated. We went into the living room and I sat down on the couch while Mindy went to get some ice tea.

"You even know how to sit like a lady," she commented when she returned with the tea. "And you walk just fine in those heels."

"I guess it's like a bike," I laughed. I had not forgotten my lessons from six years earlier.

We went out onto Mindy's patio. I could feel the wind on my bare shoulders. I had to brush the hair from my eyes. I could feel the wig touch my shoulders. I crossed my legs and sat back to drink my tea. All in all, I was feeling pretty good. Being like this somehow made me feel 'closer' to Mindy.

Mindy left for a few minutes and returned with a bottle of red nail polish that would match my lipstick. She polished my nails only after I made sure she had remover. I wasn't about to make that mistake again.

Even though they weren't real long, they were shaped perfectly and the color was applied flawlessly. "Let's go for a walk around the lake, Randy," Mindy suggested, "it's not very far."

I walked back inside straightening my dress just like a woman would. For the first time, I noticed that one could

see the color and outline of my pink bikini panties through the dress. "Mindy, I'll have to change panties," I pleaded, "you can see through this dress."

"No, silly. That's sexy," she replied. "Haven't you noticed that a sexy girl will do that?"

"No," I answered with a shrug. "I guess that if I was going to be a sexy girl, I would have to let everyone know what kind of panties I wore."

The walk around the lake took longer than I thought it would. We met various walkers, joggers, etc., and even an mounted police officer. Everyone was polite and friendly. I was aware of obvious male stares aimed at Mindy and me. An hour later, we arrived back at Mindy's home. I thought that there was a lot of cars parked around her place. I found out why when I opened the door. To my horror, I saw about twenty people in her house and on the patio. Mindy smiled at me and announced to the group, "This is Ann, my girlfriend from college."

She then left me to fend for myself as various people introduced themselves to me. I could smell the barbecue smoke from the grill. The gals had filled the fridge with containers of food. I had been tricked into attending a party while dressed like a girl. Alright, I thought, I can play this game.

I went out to the patio to where all the men were. I sat down, crossing my legs seductively, and let my skirt ride up my legs. Ok, Mindy. Watch this, I thought. I then dropped an earring on the ground and bent down to pick it up, exposing as much breast as I could. Three or four of the men rushed to get it for me. The look in their eyes told me that my effort had not been in vain. The party lasted well into the night and it was after midnight before the last guests left.

I had flirted with several of the men during the night. To my dismay, so did Mindy. I eventually ended up sitting with the other women. The talk was of fashion, men, makeup, babies, pregnancy, etc.

After everything was cleaned up, Mindy asked me to shower upstairs and she would do the same downstairs. "Put on fresh makeup," she said, "I know that you know how to do it." I did as she directed and put on the black babydoll nightgown. What a way to make love to your fiancée for the first time, I thought.

Mindy appeared in a few minutes. She was naked underneath the pale blue material. She crawled into bed and we embraced. Her tongue searched the inside of my mouth. "Take off that ridiculous cache," she said, "I want you to look like a woman, but I want to feel you as a man." We made mad passionate love for the next couple of hours. It was great and a little different. Mindy was the aggressor. Almost like she was making love to a girl.

"You know that you were acting like a hussy tonight," she whispered later. "I thought that you might be leaving with Dale. He was hot for your body."

"No way," I said embarrassed. "Nothing was going to happen!."

"What would you have done if Dale would have grabbed you like this," she said pulling me close to her, "and then what if he forced his tongue into your mouth like this?"

I was embarrassed. "I wouldn't have let it happen," I replied. "You couldn't have stopped him," Mindy said. "he's much bigger than you and much stronger. He could have taken you if he had wanted to."

"Well, fortunately he didn't want to," I said. "And what about you and Paul?" I asked accusingly. "I saw you and him flirting and holding hands."

"Don't worry about him," Mindy said. "He's an old, old boyfriend. I love you," she said with a giggle. "I saw you looking daggers at Paul. I thought that maybe you would hit him with your purse or something. You were so cute in your sexy dress, looking so feminine and trying to be so masculine."

"What would you have done if I had kissed him?" Mindy asked.

"Did you? I countered. "Oh, just a little peck" she responded. "Maybe the four of us can double date sometime and see where it leads to," she suggested.

She was kidding of course...I think. This talk seemed to be making her hot and I wanted to encourage that. She kept her promise. I was in love with Mindy. Soon we drifted off to sleep in each others arms.



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CHAPTER 9

I awoke before Mindy, not early mind you, but shortly before 10:00 A.M. Mindy lay beside me in her sheer wisp of nothing. I looked at myself in my filmy red baby dolls, painted finger and toe nails, and a face of messed up makeup and an entire body devoid of hair. I had made love to my fiancée almost all night while dolled up like a sexy young thing. I was half pleased, half revolted about my attire. I should be hairy chested, hairy legged, and wearing boxer shorts or nothing at all. Still, it was a great night and, after all, it was Mindy's idea, not mine, to do this "girl" thing.

I slipped out of bed and went into the bathroom. I removed all the makeup from my face and took the polish off my finger and toe nails. I changed into my jeans and shirt and went back to being Randy. I prepared a continental breakfast of coffee, juice, and croissants. Mindy came into the kitchen just as I was finishing making the coffee.

"Oh, gee, you've changed already," she pouted. "I thought maybe we could make love the rest of the morning."

"We can," I replied, "I can do it dressed as a male, also."

"Ah...no. Not right now," Mindy replied. "Besides, my folks will be coming over in a couple of hours." She sat down at the table and buttered her croissant. "What a great night," she declared. "I love you so much, Randy."

I can't wait to do that again...but, after we are married. No more treats like that till then. I still want to wear white and we're both just going to have to wait till then," Mindy said closing the matter.

"But..that's still three months away," I responded wishfully.

"You'll live," she laughed.

We had finished our breakfast and were finishing off the coffee when I brought up a subject that I thought needed to be addressed. "Mindy, I think we need to play true confessions," I said.

"Fine, go ahead and confess," Mindy replied.

"No, I mean you..at least first," I stated. She shrugged in a "go ahead, ask away" gesture.

"Mindy," I said in earnest, "how did you know that I would be willing to dress as a girl? How did you know that I could pass as a girl at the party? And why did you trick me into attending your barbecue in a dress?"

"Whoa! One question at a time," Mindy shot back. Then she went on. "For two years Rose and I were roommates and best friends at college. Rose had your family picture with the whole family on her night stand. She had the prom picture on a dresser also. She told me that the girl with her was a close cousin. I always thought that Rose and her cousin were very pretty and very sexy in those fuchsia knockout dresses. I had looked at both pictures many times. One time I noticed that Randy (in the family picture) had a small boomerang scar above his right eye. I also noticed that 'cousin Ann' also had an identical scar above her eye. Both Randy and Ann were the same height and weight. Their facial features were also identical. Finally I realized that the girl in the picture was not cousin Ann, but in fact brother Randy in a dress."

"Go on," I said curiously. "Well, one night after a party, I asked Rose if the second girl was really her brother. At first she denied it, but later after I pointed out all the similarities, she admitted that my conclusion was correct. She then swore me to secrecy, which I agreed to."

Mindy finished, "I was fascinated by the boy who became such a pretty girl. Why did he do it? I asked Rose. She then told me about the twins pictures and how she and your mother conned you into the feminine clothes. She told me about the 3 - 4 days that you dressed as a girl. She told me that you had a date with a boy in Ft. Maine and actually spent the entire night wearing that dress and being a boys date. She said that you actually acted like a girl and that no one ever suspected that you were a boy. One thing she never told me, did you kiss your date?"

My face flushed. "Rose has a big mouth. She shouldn't have told you those things," I responded.

"Were they all true?" Mindy pressed.

"Yes, it was just as Rose said," I answered. "I put on that dress and didn't feel like a boy in a dress. I felt like a girl," I said sheepishly. "But that was six years ago."

"To go on," Mindy continued, "when I found out that you were the other girl, I became immediately interested in you. I don't know why. The thought of dating a boy who liked to dress as a girl and looked good doing it appealed to me. I don't know why, but the idea of changing a hairy legged macho male into a sweet, feminine creature turns me on. I asked Rose to fix us up and she agreed. I asked her if she thought you would let me dress you up and she said she

thought that you would like to do it. The barbecue was not fair to you, but I'm glad that it worked out. I just had to see you act as a girl around people," Mindy finished.

"But Mindy," I interrupted. "Most girls want a macho, all American, barrel chested guy."

"I'm not most girls," Mindy responded. "I like you. I like you just like you are...a male...a male to all of those on the outside...to our friends....to our relatives... I like you playing softball, basketball and all those sports. You can fix the car and repair the furnace, but when I want a girlfriend, I can turn you into a soft, sexy girl. I have the best of both worlds," Mindy said seriously.

"You want to dress me after we're married?" I asked.

"Maybe," Mindy replied. "Sometimes I think it would be fun to be two girlfriends instead of a husband and wife all the time. Will you be willing to do it?" she questioned.

"I don't know. If you really want me to. I don't want others to know though," I declared.

"Your secret is safe with me," she promised. "Now its your turn."

"For what?" I asked.

"For true confessions," she responded. "I was truthful with you. I want you to be truthful with me."

"Ok, go ahead," I said.

"Well, do you enjoy dressing as a girl and being mistaken for one when in public?" she asked.

I blushed again. "Not really," I said trying to be as honest as possible. "I like the feel of girls clothes, the makeup, but I'm no wimp."

"I know," she said softly. "I think that we're going to have a great marriage. But, you didn't answer one of my questions," she went on.

"What was that?" I asked.

"Did you kiss your prom date?" she demanded.

"I had to," I answered red faced.

"Did you like it?" she continued.

"Ah..I just shut my mind down and let it happen. I couldn't avoid it," I said defensively.

"That's not true. You did like it," Mindy said giggling.

"No way!" I demanded.

"Oh, I can just tell," she responded obviously pleased. "That will make dating just that much more fun."

"What? What do you mean?" I asked.

"Oh, nothing!" she stated clearly letting me know the subject was closed.

We never made love again, nor did ever she suggest I dress up again before our marriage. We had a lot of terrific times though.

CHAPTER 10

Mindy and I were married on June 8th. The marriage was going very well. We settled into married life. My job at the bank was a bit boring but paid okay.

My birthday was on September 8th, exactly three months after our wedding. She gave me a new sports coat and some other needed clothes on the morning of my birthday, but during the evening she told me that she had one more present.

There was a certificate for a complete physical exam at a doctor friend of hers. She said, "I had lunch with him last week. I want a healthy husband!"

A week later Mindy and I went and I had the exam. The doctor gave me a clean bill of health but commented on my gynecomastia. While not real large, they were distinctly female in shape and size. He gave me some vitamins and I think a B-12 shot saying, "That should help!"

I noticed that Mindy was a bit flirtatious with the doctor. Mindy wore a white lace minidress. The outfit always attracted a lot of male attention but she was exhibiting a bit too much leg to the doctor. I'm sure he had seen it all before...being a doctor and all. Mindy however loved all of the male attention she could get.

I learned later that she used to date the doctor in College. He was a friend of Rose's husband and she almost married him. I was jealous but didn't make too much of it. After all, I was the one who got her.

I was her husband and nothing could change that! Right?

The End.

For more of Randy and Mindy's adventures, see Contemporary TV Fiction volumes # 6 , #7 and #9.

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IN THE PINK Part 43



"It all happened so quick. My wife had warned me not to wear the leopard striped dress to the zoo."



ARE YOU
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ARTIST?
OR JUST A
"GAL" WITH
SOME IDEAS
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE
BEST IDEAS
START WITH
SOMEONE JUST
SCRIBBLING
DOWN A FEW
SCENES TO A
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I'D LOVE TO SEE
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This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer. A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON , THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 & 47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 & 49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS &

BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this?

Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money!

Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady!

His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE

MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels!

Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet... can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

PRETTIER IN PINK II

Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

MAKE-BELIEVE GIRL

A summer in the big city turns a guy's life upside down! Illustrated.

WHAT SISSIES WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

WHAT GIRLS WANT

There's nothing like a bunch of sissy clothes to make a tough guy feel like a sissy...and then girl's clothes to make him feel like a girl! Illustrated.

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT

ILLUSTRATED

SCHOOLED TO BE GIRLS

A new sub series of the PPI. A detailed Puyal drawing on nearly every page spread!

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This series will follow the lives of various students of the Sylvan School where boys are taught to be proper young ladies...Great illustrations on early every other page.

#2 VAN: THE BRIDE!

Van causes some trouble and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl! This book has a great Puyal illustration on nearly every two pages. Wonderful escape reading!

#3 BOB: PANTY THIEF

Bob steals panties and is sent to the Sylvan School to be trained as a girl!

BILL'S HUMILIATION'S IN PANTIES

Eight volumes with illustrations on every other page.

A long story about a young man being punished. He thought he could take anything until the girls took over.

HENRY'S VACATION IN PAINTIE-FIVE BOOKS

A most classic tale of Henry and his Aunt. Almost every other page of this tale is illustrated with finely drawn pictures of every stage of his embarrassments. A must for collectors!

SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

drawings of male maids and pithy text by Carole Jean facing twenty-six classic full-page male maid drawings by Juan.

BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

NOW HE'S LOUISE & THE BERIBBONED GANG

"Now He's Louise & The Beribboned Gang", 'Louise and Beribboned' are two classic Petticoat Punishment stories from forty years ago. I updated the text and hired Adam to illustrate it.

THE SARAH SCHOOL

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CraveX - A Wife's Revenge". This (largely) original Petticoat Punishment tale with a twist or two was fully illustrated by Adam.

TV SERIALS MAGAZINE

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LEARNING TO BE A DAUGHTER #2
BECOMING A DAUGHTER #3

A three part series. After a problem with a girlfriend, Justin is sentenced to 9 months of dressing like a girl. His mother decides she doesn't mind having a daughter! She makes him a daughter!

THE APARTMENT OF FEMININITY
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

This VERY long story is about a landlady who rents a room to a cross dresser and finds him to be the perfect boarder. . . She soon rents to others and forces them to live as girls!

PUNISHED IN PINK
BOOKS-ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR

His rich aunt and her maid discipline Gale. His unruly behavior is stopped by a sentence in girl's clothes. He meets many others like himself!

SANDY THOMAS MAGAZINES
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BOOK#1)

Man learns how to live the life of his sister. Fully illustrated, comic book style. Also includes "Tebby, Teen TV.

I BECAME A GIRL (COMIC BOOK#2)
Learn how his girlfriend turns a boy into a girl from several stories of his exploits. Also IS THIS THE END OF NIGHTMAN? Another super hero adventure.

I BECAME A SUPER BABE (COMIC
BOOK#3)

Tebby, teen TV goes shopping the super hero adventure of Impressive Girl!

I BECAME A PRINCESS (COMIC
BOOK#4)

Male Chauvinist becomes a girl and another man wakes up to find out he's now a Princess!

I BECAME A TEEN-AGE GIRL (COMIC

UNDERSTANDING CROSS-DRESSING.
A discussion from many points of view about cross-dressing and the men who do it and why. Perfect for someone trying to understand life options. By Virginia Prince.

FROM MAN TO WOMAN

BOOK #5)

The continuing saga of Tebby.

I BECAME MY TEACHER

A wonderful fantasy comic with a Tebby lead story and amazing illustrations and transformations. Completely illustrated.

THE SISSY SERIES

SISSY MAID QUARTERLY - #2 - #3 - #4
-#5

Informative guide to the unique lifestyle of the sissy servant. From uniform reviews, etiquette, and obedience. from curtsies, gaffs, to aprons. . . it's all here! Large magazine size. #5 has pictures!

THE SISSY MAID ACADEMY-PARTS
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WHERE THE SISSIES COME FROM

A fashion editor is curious about the trained sissy maids she's seeing everywhere. You'll learn about the training and preparation necessary to work in a young woman's household.

THE SLIP

A new writer! A new style! Racy and one of my best-not for the weak at heart. This will only be sold direct. Limited edition! An incredible read! A frilly little slip can get a sissy into a bit of trouble!

THE SECRETARIAL SLIP

A sissy finds his new secretary job a bit more than he can handle.

NON-FICTION BOOKS

THE TRANSVESTITE AND HIS WIFE.

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A non-fiction biography of someone who was my mentor and changed my life: Virginia Prince. This is a frank and honest biography by Dr. Richard Docter of Virginia's life; most of which was spent living as a woman. She published Tranvestia in the 60's and has been a leader of the TG movement. Fascinating

reading.

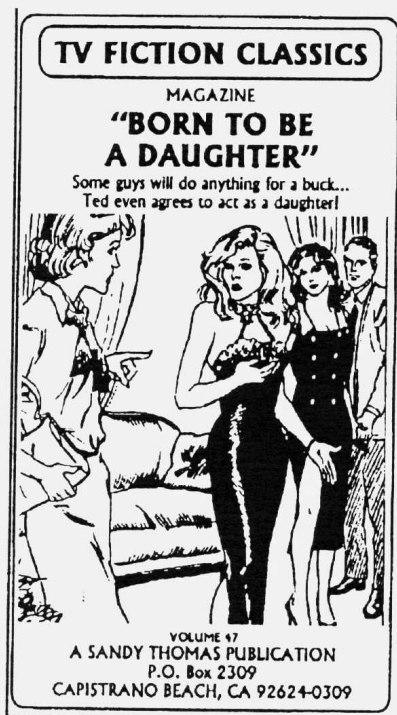
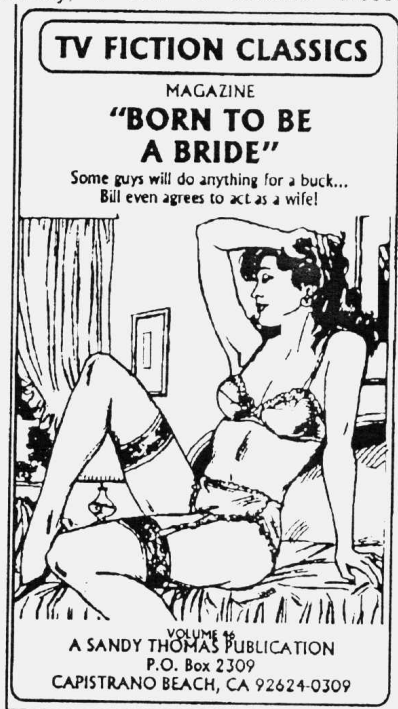
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