

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"FEMININE BUDDY"



Kit may walk, talk, look, and act as a voluptuous young woman, but his eyes showed that he was still fighting his enforced feminization. Kit was still there, hidden beneath Kitten's exterior.

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**CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION
VOLUME 55**

Feminine Buddy

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*“LIFE SHOULD BE LIVED LIKE
A CALVERY CHARGE. You can only go forward...”*

Feminine Buddy

Alice Trail

Kristi Love

My name is Jake Benson, and this is a true story about my buddy, Kit Parker. We lived across the street from each other since grade school, so I know the whole story, or at least most of it.

In our early years, we were about the same size, but I gradually became taller, heavier, and a much better athlete. By our senior year in high school, I stood 6' 2", weighed 190 pounds, and was the quarterback on the football team. Kit, on the other hand, was scrawny and underdeveloped with thin bones and small features. He stood about 5' 7" and tipped the scales at no more than 140 pounds. Needless to say, he was not on the team.

Thick, unkempt dirty blonde hair framed Jake's nearly hairless, heart shaped face. His lips were full, eyes large, and he still looked like a young boy! His parents were killed when he was eight years old, and since then he had lived with his Aunt Helen and her daughter, Linda, who is a year younger than Kit.

While Kit was plain, Linda was a budding beauty with a figure to match. She was about the same height as Kit, but the similarities ended there. She was a foxy cheerleader with strong ambitions towards being a high fashion model.

Being good students, Kit and I wanted to attend top colleges, but neither of our families had the money for tuition. I jumped a free ride when State University offered me a football scholarship. Kit and I would be separated for the first time with me going to State, but we vowed to remain friends no matter what. He would take a few evening classes at Community College, and I would see him during semester breaks.

Kit's aunt really had a hard time supporting two teenagers on her salary, but I never heard her complain. She remained frugal and encouraged the youngsters to take odd jobs wherever they could. As for Kit, he had an early morning paper route and an afternoon and weekend job at the local pharmacy. He ran the soda shop, stocked the shelves, swept the floor, took out trash, and whatever else needed doing around the place.

Unlike my so-called friends, Kit wasn't jealous of my free ride to college. Conversely, he was almost as happy about my scholarship as I was! "Just like in high school, you'll make a great college quarterback," he smiled. "I'll brag to everyone that the famous Jake Benson is my best friend!"

The turning point in Kit's life came in late March of our senior year of high school. Spring Break had just started and we were at his house for an after school snack.

As we munched on milk and cookies, his Aunt Helen came into the kitchen. Obviously upset she exclaimed, "Oh, Kit, thank goodness you're home! I was supposed to take Linda to the modeling tryouts tomorrow, but I have to work. You know how much we need the money, so you'll have to drive her."

"You want me to drive Linda to the city in *your* car?" Kit scowled. "You never let me drive in the city alone before. This must really be important."

"Don't get smart with me, young man!" she spat. "You know this is important. Linda has been practicing for this event all her life, and tomorrow is her big day. If she is successful and gets a modeling job, she can make a lot of money. You *do* know how badly we need the money?"

"I have to run my paper route and work at the pharmacy."

"I'll ask Mr. Moore to get someone to fill in for you at the soda fountain," she answered calmly. "If you get an early start, you'll have time to deliver the papers before you leave."

"Fine!" he growled, "Linda's tryout is a no miss affair. Your work is important. But my job can wait!"

"My job *is* more important than yours! It is full time, and I make a lot more money than you do at that part time job at the pharmacy. This is not a request. You *will* take Linda to the tryouts, young man!"

"Okay, but Linda will owe me big time!" Kit fumed as he glared into his empty glass.

"Oh come on, buddy," I smiled in an effort to make Kit feel better. "Spending the day ogling a bevy of hot teenage chicks at a *babe* competition can't be all bad."

"Maybe not," he grinned. "I hadn't thought of it that way."

When I saw the Parker's car in the driveway the next evening, I called to see how Kit's day had gone. Maybe he wanted to hang out and give me the lowdown on his personal *Babe Watch*.

Mrs. Parker answered and curtly replied, "Kit can't talk right now, Jake. We're having a family discussion."

"Family discussion, my ass!" I thought as I heard Kit and Linda shouting at each other in the background. "Sounds more like a free for all!"

An hour went by before I decided to go over to see what was up. Any fight...uh...*discussion* should be over by then, so I was surprised to hear Linda screaming through obvious tears as I approached the front door, "I hate you! I *hate* you! That job rightfully belonged to *me*, and I would have gotten it too...if *you* hadn't been there!"

"But, I didn't *do* anything!" Kit barked back. "I swear! I just sat there. She picked *me*. This is *crazy*!"

I never heard such an outpouring of rage from the Parker home. Whatever was going on had to be *big*! Needless to say, I left without knocking on the door.

The Parker car was gone the next morning, so I figured things had calmed down. I called, but got no answer. Thinking Kit might be at work, I called the pharmacy, but Mr. Moore sounded quite upset. He said Kit had quit without

notice and he had to stock the shelves himself. I tried to reach Kit all day, but no one was home.

Kit wasn't at school on Monday, but while returning home from baseball practice, I saw his aunt drive him into their garage. "Hey, Kit!" I shouted, but he apparently didn't hear me. Hurrying home, I showered, grabbed a bite, and rushed across the street.

"Jake!" Linda smiled, letting me in. "We're just having a snack. You're welcome to join us, of course."

"Thanks, but I already ate. Is Kit around?"

Ginning impishly, she called with a sarcastic tone, "Kitten, dear! Your snack is ready!"

"Set the table, Linda!" Mrs. Parker scolded. Then smiling at me, she said, "Make yourself at home, Jake. He'll be right down."

Just then I heard feet bounding down the stairs and I looked up. "**Jake?**" Kit exclaimed in a strange tone as he stopped at the door. "Why are you here?"

"To see you, buddy!" I declared with enthusiasm. "Believe it or not, I missed seeing your ugly face all weekend. Where have you been?"

"Well...I...ah...you see," he stammered, turning red with embarrassment, "It's just that..."

"What's wrong?" I gasped as I scanned his clothing, a silky white shirt with frilly lace around the neck, a pair of pink shorts, and pink sneakers. "And, what the hell are you *wearing?*"

"You may as well tell him, dear," his aunt said in a patronizing tone. "After all, he's your best friend and he'll find out sooner or later."

Wringing his hands, Kit looked down with a blush and sighed, "They want me to be a model, Jake. I got the job Linda was trying to get!"



*"Kit, why are you wearing those girly clothes," I gasped.
"Our Kitten is preparing to be a model," Linda sneered.
"Modeling what?" I cried. "Girl's clothes?"*

"Model what?" I asked, as I looked closer at his sissy outfit. "Girl's clothes?"

"Tell him or I will!" Linda sneered.

"With hand cupped over his mouth, he mumbled, "They want me to be a unisex model."

"Huh?" I shook my head.

"I'll translate," Linda chirped sadistically. "Unisex is in, so your best friend will be wearing slightly effeminate things on the runway and at home while he practices. It's all the rage in New York and Paris!"

"What?" I gasped. "What kind of effeminate things?"

"Let's take a walk," Kit suggested.

"Be sure to take a wide sweep around the neighborhood so everyone can see your sissy blouse and sexy pink shorts with no fly and the back zipper," Linda taunted with a sinister smile as we were leaving. "If they look closely, they might see something else too!"

"I forgot about my clothes," Kit sighed with a blush, "Let's just go to the back yard."

"Suit yourself, buddy," I said. "Now what kind of effeminate things will you be modeling?"

"Like what I'm wearing now, I guess," he sadly confessed. "I have a lot to learn, but these are the type things Wanda bought for me over the last couple of days."

"Wanda?"

"Wanda Duncan, she's the woman who *discovered* me. Since I'm under eighteen, Aunt Helen signed my contract. They're allowing me to graduate from high school, but I have to train every evening and during weekends. I hope you don't hate me for getting in this crazy business."

"How did you go about getting a modeling contract?"

"I was just sitting minding my own business, checking out the chicks, and waiting for Linda, when out of the blue,

Wanda runs up to me shouting, "*You're exactly what we're looking for!*" Then, she had me stand up, turn this way and that, and walk across the room. In no time, she said she wanted to put me under a modeling contract and sent the girls away."

"Unbelievable!" I grunted. "All those hot chicks and she picked *you*! Why?"

"All I know is that I've never had so many gorgeous chicks mad at me! Wanda said they were just jealous because she selected me instead of them."

"What about this Wanda?" I asked.

"She's my *agent*," he sighed. "She owns a modeling agency in New York. She says models with my potential only come around once in a great while. She says I have the potential to become a top unisex model, big money and all!"

"You're joking?" I gasped. "My buddy, Kit Parker, a runway model! Level with me. Exactly what are unisex clothes?"

He looked down, blushed, and sighed; "I'll be wearing girl style clothes like silky blouses, soft sweaters, dressy and casual shorts, clunky shoes, Capri pants, scarves."

"Not skirts or dresses, right? You're not going to be a girl model are you?"

"I hope not, but I don't know everything yet," he sighed."

"What about your aunt? Is she going for this?"

"She's thrilled at the prospect of all that money!" he threw up his hands. "She wanted Linda to get the contract, but she's happy that one of us got it. Linda is still mad as hell though."

"Some things guys just don't *do* for money!" I asserted.

"I know, but a little makeup and a bit of padding can do miracles. Wanda showed us photos of other unisex models, and they look *fantastic*!"

"Makeup?" I spat. "I can't imagine you wearing makeup!"

"Me neither!" he laughed, "But Wanda says all show people wear makeup, even John Wayne." As I rolled my eyes, Kit became serious. "It's a done deal, Jake. Aunt Helen signed the contract yesterday, and Wanda took us shopping for my new wardrobe immediately afterward. Now, I have to wear this sissy stuff and train to be a model!"

"Train?" I sneered. "What does that involve? Walking down runways?"

"Just reading some books, a few exercises and such for now. No big deal, at least, not yet."

"I still think you're making a huge mistake!"

"Maybe, but it's not my mistake," he sighed. "Aunt Helen signed me up, and because of the money, she intends to make me adhere to the training program. Hopefully, I'll make loads of cash and chalk it all up to experience."

"Some experience, wearing girl's clothes and makeup!" I spat as I noticed him pulling his silky top down in an effort to hide his slightly bare midriff. To his sorrow, the top was designed that way, and his struggles were in vain. "Will you have to wear that sissy stuff to school?"

"No," he blushed. "Wanda says I can wear my regular clothes to school, but she insists that I change when I get home so I'll get used to this style clothes as soon as possible."

As we walked back toward the house, I noticed a line under Kit's tight shorts across his buttocks. 'Panty lines or do jockey briefs make the same lines?' I wondered. Being embarrassed to broach the subject, I chose not to ask my buddy if he was wearing girl's panties under his sissy shorts.

After school the next day, I saw Kit and yelled, "Hey! Over here! Want to go for a sundae?"

"No can do," he sighed in a weary tone. "Aunt Helen is waiting out front in the car. Training, remember?"

"Yeah!" I teased. "My best friend will be on the cover of Seventeen Magazine looking like a *chick*!"

"Come over after dinner," Kit said ignoring to my quip. "I should be able to catch a break by then."

I got preoccupied with my studies that evening, so I didn't get to Kit's house until about nine. Calculus homework was a killer. I had to pass or I would lose my scholarship.

"Kitten is in his room," Linda sneered when she answered the door. "Go up. I'm sure he won't mind."

"Hey, pal!" I chimed, barging into his room. "What's up?"

I couldn't believe my eyes. Kit was brushing his hair while sitting at a brand new vanity with a pink finish and a lighted mirror! Caught in an embarrassing act, he sheepishly grinned, "Hi, Jake. I thought you'd call first."

"What's this primping crap?"

"I have to brush my hair 200 strokes each morning and evening," he sighed. "Wanda got me this vanity and said I should sit on this padded bench while I brush to help improve my posture."

He handed me a book titled, "*Hair care: What every model should know*". It was filled with photos and illustrations of hundreds of feminine hairstyles and grooming techniques. "These are girl's styles," I observed. "Where's the unisex stuff?"

"If they wanted burly men, they'd get them," Kit blushed. "Unisex is in between. For some reason, they want my gender to be in question."

"How much money?" I asked.

"The exact figure depends on how well I perform," he said as he continued to sit stiffly erect and gently glide the thick bristles through his dull blonde hair. "While I'm in training, Aunt Helen gets a check each week that is several times more than all my jobs combined, plus the agency pays for my clothes."

"Some clothes!" I declared as I looked over his purple shorts and silky lavender crop top that bared his midsection.

Kit didn't say anything as he laid the brush aside, but surely he knew how shiny his hair gleamed after just a few feminine brushings! "Pretty neat," I huffed. "Soon you'll be able to put it up in a French Braid, like here on page 23!"

"Stop it, Jake. Models have to work really hard, whether you believe it or not."

"So, come on back to the male race. Contracts aren't binding on seventeen year old kids."

I didn't sign the damn contract, Jake," he huffed. "Aunt Helen did, and as my guardian, she insists that I carry out its provisions. What else can I do, run away from home?" He had a point.

Kit pointed to a stack of books from his new collection. '*Gait and Posture*', '*Strutting Your Stuff*', '*Skin Care Guide*', '*The Art of Cosmetic Application*', '*Manicuring Manual*' to name just a few! "You have to read *all* these?" I asked in disbelief.

"And practice what they preach!" he blushed. "Linda quizzes me on everything. She also makes sure I use the skin creams, bath oils, body powder, and all that other stuff that's supposed to make my skin soft and pliable."

Glancing around the room, I spied girlish cosmetics atop the vanity, but one item stuck out in particular. "You sick?" I asked, indicating a brown plastic medicine vial.

"Vitamins! Wanda got them to help keep up my stamina. We models have to adhere to strict diets and exhausting exercise routines, so I'll need all the energy I can muster."

The weeks before graduation were the time of my life! Cruising with the guys, picking up girls, and partying almost every night. I would have had more fun if Kit had been around, but he was stuck at home. He was supposed to be learning to be unisex, but when I went by his house, he was always learning girlish things. I guess he already *knew* how to be a boy!

I had some time on my hands Saturday afternoon, so I stopped by to check on Kit. Before I rang the bell, I heard a lively tune coming from inside the house, and a loud feminine voice, calling cadence. "One, two, three, four! Lift those legs high! Get those knees up! One, two, three, kick!"

Linda answered the door wearing a royal blue spandex leotard with lavender tights, leg warmers, and headband. "Jake!" she called out over the din of a thumping disco beat. Her milky white skin glistened with perspiration. I couldn't help but ogle her magnificent bust, well developed beyond her years!

After a pregnant pause, I asked, "So...uh...where is Kit?"

"We're exercising in the den!" she shouted. "Come in."

"Linda," Kit whined from the other room as he shut off the music. "Let's quit. I'm pooped!"

I was intently focused on Linda's curvaceous body and didn't notice Kit enter the foyer until he yelped, "**Jake!**"

I looked back and gasped back, "**Kit!** What the hell are you *wearing?*"

"I...ah...it's...ah..." he stammered shamefully. Folding his arms across his chest, he uselessly attempted to hide his outfit, pink leotards with white tights and leg warmers. To match his sissy leotards, he was wearing a pink headband and twin pigtails tied off with tiny pink satin ribbons!

"Oh, I get it!" I grinned, letting him off the hook. "That's unisex training, but aren't those pigtails and pink bows a bit much?"

"My outfit was Linda's idea," he sighed with a blush. "When she bought them, I thought the blue was mine, but when we do aerobics, she makes me wear the pink. I complained, so she taught me how to braid my hair as punishment for arguing with her. Now, she makes wear it this way whenever we exercise."

"His braids are so *adorable* and he's become quite proficient at tying them off with those cute little pink ribbons," Linda gushed.

I didn't need to ask for verification that Linda's words were true because Kit's burning cheeks spoke volumes! With a self-satisfied smirk, Linda added, "See how well he's doing? Before long, you won't be able to tell if he's male or female. That's just what Wanda wants!"

When Linda left, Kit scowled, "She's still jealous of me for getting the modeling contract! Come up to my room."

As my friend ascended the stairs, I noticed that same line under his tight leotard that I had seen under his shorts, and I wondered, "Could Linda be making Kit wear panties?"

His breathing quickened and face twisted as the door closed behind us. "So...ah...Jake...what's happening?" he stammered as he nervously paced the floor.

"You tell me, Kit. You're the recluse!"

"What choice do I have?" he scowled. "Linda makes me stick to the program and Aunt Helen backs her up. She has a few spare bucks for the first time in ages, and she won't let anything change that."

I noticed his hands glisten in the room's dim light as he flayed them about as he talked. "Kit," I asked, "What's on your fingers?"

"Nail polish," he cringed while flashing his hands at me. "Another of the unisex things I have to do. Wanda says I have to wear it to strengthen my nails. Linda lets me wear clear polish to school, but only if I apply three coats. I'm always afraid someone will notice, so I ball my hands into fists or jam them in my pockets most of the time."

"Ecch!" I groaned.

"I *hate* what they're making me do!" he scowled. "How would you feel if it was happening to you?"

"I'd hate it!" I replied sympathetically.

"Then don't condemn me," he pleaded in a tearful voice. "And, please don't abandon me. You're my best friend. I would be all alone and at their mercy if you walk out on me."

"Okay, okay!" I declared. "I don't like this sissy feminine business, but I promise to stick by you."

"Oh, thank you," he whimpered as he collapsed atop his bed and sobbed into his pillow.

"Come on, man," I soothed. "The world is not ending just because you have to wear a few girlish things and learn to be a unisex model. Hang in there, and everything will work out."

"I wish I was as sure as you," he sighed as he dried his eyes.

"Talk to your aunt," I advised. "Surely, she'll understand that she's asking too much of you."

"No, she *won't*!" he insisted as he unconsciously smoothed his hands over his pink spandex clad legs. "She believes this is just too good an opportunity to pass up."

"What about Linda?"

Linda is vindictive! In her eyes, I took the modeling job away from her, and she wants revenge. She gets away with it because Wanda is paying her to conduct my training at home. That's why she was leading my exercises when you came in. She insists that I put my hair up in a girlish style and wear this leotard to punish and embarrass me! When I complain to Aunt Helen, she just shrugs and says Linda is carrying out Wanda's program."

"Hang in there, kid," I encouraged. "You'll make it!"

"I have to take a bath and wash my hair," Kit said. "Please wait until I return before you leave."

"Sure, I'll just look through some of your *"How To"* books while I wait."

I scanned about his room. Looking over the array of cosmetics on the vanity, I couldn't help wondering if he used them. Lifting one at a time, I read the labels. To my surprise,

there was cleansing cream, moisturizing cream, facial masque, hair spray, liquid base makeup, blush, eyeliner, mascara, various shades of eyeshadow, several tubes of lipstick, and bottles of nail polish in different shades! I couldn't but wonder if Kit knew how to use all that feminine stuff!

I picked up a book titled, *'Hair Styling Made Easy'*, and sat at his vanity to thumb through it. Not surprisingly, I got bored and lay across his bed to relax. The bed being soft and comfortable, I quickly dozed off.

I awoke when Kit returned. "Don't be shocked," he droned while pointing to a white turban wrapped about his head. "My hair dries best this way." I didn't say anything because it wasn't the towel that stunned me, but rather the fluffy pink robe he wore!

"I have lots to do, but you can stay and talk," he nervously invited as he brushed the robe beneath him and carefully wrapped it about his thighs as he seated himself at the vanity and fiddled with a manicure kit. Seeing him remove the clear varnish from his nails was a relief, at least until he began to file and buff them! He looked up at me and smiled, "I'm thrilled that you'll still be my friend when I'm unisex. That means more than you know."

"What's with you, Kit?" I inquired. "Can't you just go through the motions with this feminine crap?"

"I've tried, but Linda can tell if I do anything half way, and as incentive not to slack off again, she makes me start over. It's easier to do this sissy stuff the way she wants the first time than to do it two or three times. She's constantly looking for revenge!"

"Revenge? I'd think she'd want you to *fail*."

"I wish!" he pouted. "She badgers me constantly. Brush your hair, do your nails, exercise, read the manuals...bla, bla, bla!"

Speak of the devil, just then, Kit's door flew open and Linda barged in without knocking. "He's so pretty in pink,"

she chided. "Aren't his nails growing out so nicely, and don't you think they could belong on either a boy or a girl?"

Blushing crimson, Kit shrank in shame. His fingers looked much more like a girl's to me. Sickened by the sight, I realized he was right. Linda *was* out for revenge, and she was taking sinister pleasures from the femininity she was forcing upon him!

"Let's have a look," she teased as she tugged the turban away from his still damp tresses and flicked a curly tendril back and forth. "That conditioning shampoo Wanda provided is really doing the trick! Your hair has never been thicker, and it's growing at breakneck speed!"

I was shocked to see mass of hair cascade about his head like a dull blonde waterfall! "How did your hair get so long in so little time?" I gasped.

"Special ingredients," Kit meekly peeped. "Proteins, vitamins, gelatin, and..."

"A secret hormonal mixture!" Linda butted in with an obnoxious smile.

Blushing furiously, Kit meticulously stroked his damp hair, deftly maneuvering the brush about his scalp with those feminine looking hands. His ladylike actions were totally disturbing!

"Pretty!" Linda bragged, touting her cousin's tresses. "Has Jake seen your sexy legs?" When he hesitated, she commanded, "Show him, unless you want a confrontation here and *now*!"

Kit cringed. I could tell he was trying to find the strength to refuse his cousin's damnable order. I couldn't fathom what kind of agony he was going through or the extent of the control Linda had over him as he slowly turned to face me. His lips pouting abject misery and his eyes filled with tears, he hesitantly parted his robe and extended his right leg.

"They're *shaved*!" I yelped. "His legs are shaved! That's *feminine*, not unisex!"

"So are his underarms," Linda grinned. "Take a feel, Jake. Your friend's legs are as smooth as any girl's!"

"Ah...no, thanks," I stammered. Poor Kit must be living a nightmare! "Why did you shave your legs like a girl?"

"Linda made me," Kit acknowledged in a tiny voice. "I tried to refuse, but..."

"Oh it was quite a scene there for a while, but after a tearful confrontation, sweet Kitten here finally saw the wisdom of following my instructions," Linda chuckled. "Would you like to see something else?"

"Linda, *please*!" Kit begged.

"Okay!" she declared in an imposing tone. "I won't give away *all* your beauty secrets, but you had better get busy!"

Having had enough evil fun, she started to leave, but before going, she couldn't resist one last taunt, "Remember, sweetie, we're on page 64 tonight. I'll check on you later!"

Once the door shut behind Linda, I gasped, "I never imagined you going through all *this*! Your life really must be hell!"

"Linda was just showing off for you," he dolefully replied. "Actually, she's a big help. Without her, I wouldn't be making nearly as much progress."

I watched as Kit leafed through one of the modeling manuals, opened his vanity, and removed a box of large pink plastic curlers! "Page 64, I presume," I observed while shaking my head.

"The set will be gone by school time Monday," he managed a slight smile as he spritzed some gel on his hair. "

"I still don't see how you put up with all this sissy feminine stuff!" I scowled as I watched him roll a long strand of thickened hair onto a pink plastic curler and secure it with a Bobbie pin. "If I were you, I would run as far and as fast as I could!"



"Shaven legs and underarms? Kit, this is more than unisex, this is down right girl sex," I gasped as he revealed his smooth legs.

"Our Kitten is making fantastic progress," Linda cruelly grinned.

"I can't," he sighed. "Aunt Helen took me in when Mom and Dad were killed. Although raising me put a hardship on her, she never complained. I can't just walk away and leave her holding the bag. Besides, where would I go?"

Kit's attitude scared me. Maybe he would earn enough money to make all this worthwhile, but I had my doubts! While he rolled his hair, I made a trip to the bathroom, and I was taken aback as I closed the door. A pair of silky pink panties was draped across the towel rod to dry, and the room reeked with the aroma of feminine cosmetics. "Surely, Linda isn't making Kit wear panties!" I gasped inwardly as I noticed how closely the color matched the leotards he had worn.

Kit blushed when I returned, but he didn't mention the panties. After rolling his hair, he sprayed it with a setting gel, placed a pink net over the curlers, and we went to the kitchen to play Monopoly. This wasn't our first game, but it sure was the weirdest! Kit, as usual, dominated play, but I would have done better if he hadn't been wearing a pink bathrobe with his hair up in curlers!

"Who's winning? Linda asked as she sauntered into the kitchen. Without waiting for a reply, she leaned over to inspect the board, her ample bosom tantalizingly close to my face.

"Guess?" I huffed, indicating to my dwindling cash supply and fighting to keep my libido in check. "I'm about ready to fold."

"Don't quit," Kit insisted while placing another house on Park Place. "Anything can happen in this game."

"Just like in life," Linda observed while handing Kit a bottle of nail polish with a pink cap. "I try for a modeling job and my male cousin gets it!" Before Kit could defend himself, she stepped behind him and said, "Let's have a look at your hair." Maybe I'm imagined it, but I thought I saw an expression of fear cross Kit's face.

After carefully removing the net, Linda looked over Kit's effort and observed, "You did fairly well in front, but you

missed a couple of tendrils in back. I'll fix it this time, but if Jake weren't here, you'd go back to your room and start over. There, that will do for now. I'll be back in an hour, and if your nails aren't done perfectly, you *will* start over. Jake or no Jake!"

"She's still pissed!" I shook my head. "She's even ordering you to end our game!"

"No, she isn't," sighed Kit while anxiously biting his lip as he placed the bottle on the table. "She's just saying that I have to be done with my nails in an hour."

"Polishing your nails? But you just took that stuff off!"

"And now I'm putting it back on," he sighed in resignation. "Linda will be really angry if Wanda isn't satisfied with my progress."

I was shocked as Kit deftly glided sparkling pink enamel on his nails like I'd seen my mother do a million times. This was a dainty feminine skill, and he had mastered it in just a few weeks! Wagging his hands loosely in the air, he impatiently awaited his nails to dry. "Would you mind rolling the dice, moving my piece, and doling out my money for me, Jake?" he sighed. "I don't know why, but the second and third coats take longer to dry."

"No sweat," I smiled, trying to ignore his feminine gestures. "Snake eyes, you go again. Say, isn't that a different color than you were wearing earlier?"

Grimacing, Kit reluctantly displayed his hands, but he didn't curl his fingers back like a guy. Instead, like my Mom, he held his outstretched hand palm down. "Ravishing Pink," he blushed. "I was wearing Mother of Pearl White this afternoon."

"At least it's not bright red!" I laughed in irony.

"Some consolation, but I think that's only a matter of time," he moaned. "I've seen photographs of unisex models wearing bright pinks and dark reds on their nails and on their *lips*!"

"Lipstick?" I gasped. "They expect you to wear *lipstick*?"

"I already do," he blushed. "If you look closely, you'll see that I'm wearing pale pink lipstick, a bit of blush, and a hint of eyeliner. Linda makes me wear it at home, but in hope that you wouldn't notice, I put it on lighter than usual while you were in the bathroom."

"I didn't, but now that you mention it..."

"Linda noticed too when she brought the nail polish and inspected my hair," Kit sighed. "Now, she'll come up with some bizarre punishment because I didn't carry out her orders."

"What about the panties hanging in your bathroom?" I asked, broaching a subject that had been on my mind since I had seen them. "Yours?"

"Yes, Linda makes me wear panties all the time," he sighed with a blush.

Bankrupt, I admitted defeat long before Kit was due for Linda's inspection. This perked him up, but only for a fleeting moment. Sadly, he waved goodbye, displaying his sparkling nails as I headed for home. I had to help my friend, but the more his dilemma racked my brain, the more I was a loss at how!

The next day, I saw an unfamiliar sports car in the Parker's driveway. "Must be that Wanda Duncan!" I muttered angrily. "I ought to go over there and kick her butt!" Thinking more rationally, I realized I was a pretty persuasive guy. Perhaps I could talk some sense into her.

"Jake!" Mrs. Parker greeted me. "It's so nice to see you!"

"Yes, Ma'am. Where is Kit?"

"You're so sweet to support him, especially now when he needs your friendship so much," she smiled while ushering me into the den.

"Jake, is it?" the flamboyantly dressed woman with bright red hair and immaculate makeup asked confidently. "Our Kitten has told me so much about you!"

Taken aback by her boldness, I gulped, "You're Ms. Duncan?"

"Call me Wanda," she winked, firmly shaking my hand. "My protégée will be down momentarily."

"That Wanda is something else, huh?" Linda beamed. "I hope I look as good when I'm fifty. You arrived for the best part, Jake. Just wait until you get a load of your buddy today!"

"You're *exquisite*, darling!" Wanda gushed from beyond the den. "Hurry, everyone is anxiously awaiting your debut!"

"*Kit?*" I choked as I looked into the foyer. "What the *hell?*"

"*Jake!*" he panted, stopping dead in his tracks. "What are you doing here?"

"Why are you wearing a *dress?*" I demanded.

"Doesn't that full skirt and roomy blouse with its soft billowing sleeves make Kit look unisex?" Linda gushed.

"Hell no!" I declared as I gazed intently at my buddy who was wearing a sleeveless yellow dress over silky white blouse. "It makes him look like a *girl!*"

With a smile, Wanda injected, "He has to learn how to be totally feminine so he can be either masculine, feminine, or in between at will. That's what unisex is all about."

Kit bowed his head in shame and blushed for all he was worth, and his lashes fluttered in a valiant effort to hold back tears. His hot pink lipstick, blush, eyeliner, and mascara were painfully obvious, big, bouncy curls brushed onto his neck, sheer nylons sheathed his smooth hairless legs, and he walked a bit shakily atop yellow sling pumps with two-inch heels. The feminization that had been forced upon him was *unbelievable!*

"Show Jake what you've learned, sweetheart," Wanda grinned devilishly. "Walk to the sofa and sit beside him."

With his eyes reflecting humiliation and tortured anguish, Kit was unable or unwilling to move. "Now!" Linda declared in an emphatic tone as she clapped her hands together like a shot.

Linda's sharp reprimand jolted Kit out of his momentary defiance, and he leapt into action. With forearms at waist level, hands dangling limply at the wrist flashing shiny pink manicured nails; he sauntered to the sofa with overlapping steps.

"Kit!" I blurted. "You walk like a girl!"

Desperately trying to maintain his poise, Kit ignored my outburst. Daintily smoothing his skirt beneath him, he pulled it down as far as it would go and adjusted it over his nylon-covered thighs as he sat beside me. He forced a smile, but his dour expression conveyed his true feelings.

"That's right, sweetie," Wanda chimed. "Keep those knees pressed together. There's a male present, and we don't want to give away too many feminine secrets, do we?"

While I inhaled the aroma of Kit's alluring feminine perfume, the two elder females gleefully congratulated Linda on her success in training my buddy to impersonate a girl. To my surprise, Wanda turned to me and asked, "Is the person sitting beside you a boy or a girl?"

Unable to constrain my anger, I snapped, "He's my buddy, and he's a boy no matter what you crazy people make him wear!"

"Yes, I sense it too," sighed Wanda. "Even in his pretty dress, heels, and makeup, he's still too much of a boy."

As the three chattered, I whispered, "What the hell is going on, Kit?"

"I have to be a girl sometimes to be unisex," he sniffed. Dabbing tears from his reddened eyes, he pleaded, "May I be

excused?" No one answered his whimpering request, so he hurriedly scampered out of the room.

"Enough!" I wailed. "Kit is no model. Let him quit this crazy feminine nonsense!"

"You're *so* wrong!" Wanda countered in a calm voice. "He's perfect! Be patient and before you know it, our pretty Kitten will glow with success!"

"In a pig's eye!" I spat while bounding up the stairs two at a time. "Hey, pal," I whispered, softly rapping on his bedroom door. "Open up. It's me." The latch clicked and the door opened to a darkened room. In an upbeat tone, I asked, "Where are you, pal? I can't see you."

"Here," Kit sniffled from a dark corner. His fluffy curls were now a disheveled rat's nest, and his makeup, mascara, lipstick, and eyeshadow were smeared streaks across his face where he tried to wipe it off with his manicured hands. "I feel like such a sissy!"

"They've gone too far this time," I angrily declared. "Wipe all that gunk off, get into some pants, and let's get the hell out of here!"

"I can't, Jake," he whimpered. "I have to stay here and show Wanda what I've learned."

Kit's pathetic plea tugged at my heartstrings. "Okay, as long as you know I hate what they're doing to you!"

The next day at school, I ran into Kit while heading for lunch, and I was stunned to see that he looked normal, right down to his ponytail! "Hey, pal!" I called out cheerfully, "Want to grab some chow?"

"I guess," he shrugged gloomily.

As usual, I left the serving line with my tray overflowing, but all Kit took was a banana and carton of skimmed milk. "Come on and eat," I joshed. "Even this slop isn't *that* bad!"

"I'm not hungry," he sighed. After a pause, he confessed, "That's a lie. I'm *famished*. This damn diet is driving me crazy!"

"Eat something, man," I encouraged. "You're nothing but skin and bones. You can't afford to lose anymore weight!"

"I wish!"

"Here," I smiled, offering him some of my burger and fries. "Go ahead. I won't tell a soul."

"Shhh!" he whispered frantically as he nibbled on his banana. "Linda is around here somewhere, and if she saw me eating fatty foods like that, I would have hell to pay! Besides, my stomach has been really queasy of late. I think it's those damn vitamins."

Leaving the cafeteria, we headed for our lockers to grab our books for our next class. Trying to come up with a way to ease the mounting tension between us, I joked, "I'll bet you're happy to be back in jeans!"

"I guess, but I can't forget that my legs and armpits are shaved and..."

"And what?" I asked.

"I've said too much," he gasped as he winced in humiliation.

"Tell me," I insisted, "I'm your friend."

"This way," he declared pulling me into the boy's washroom. As he began checking the stalls, he said, "I need to be sure we're alone before I show you. Lean against the outside door so nobody can get in."

It was a strange request, but I did it anyway, figuring things couldn't get much weirder. "Okay!" I barked. "What's the big secret?"

Unbuckling his belt, he let his jeans drop to the floor and asked sarcastically, "Aren't these cute?"



"I may be all boy on the outside," Kit moaned, "but beneath I'm all sissy! Look at all this silky lingerie they make me wear!"

"No way!" I panted as I looked at the sleek beige tinted nylon stockings that encased his smoothly shaved legs. "Nylons!"

"And panties!" he spat as he pulled his shirt to his waist. "They're so damn silky, and they swish against my jeans when I walk. The noise is driving me nuts!" Before I could open my mouth, Kit raised his shirt to his shoulders, and added, "How about my undershirts?" To my surprise, he was wearing a silky white camisole with a touch of lace at the bodice.

Curious, I ran my fingertips up the shimmering white nylon to its thin satin straps. "Gosh," I gasped, "Wearing that stuff would give me the willies!"

"Tell me about it!" he groaned.

"I thought you only wore that sissy stuff at home!"

"I've had to wear panties and camisoles under my clothes to school since this unisex stuff started," Kit admitted with a blush. "Linda added the nylons and garter belt as punishment for not applying my makeup as she instructed the other night, and for not letting you win our game."

"Let me win? But you won fair and square!"

"She says girls and sissies always let boys and men win to inflate their ego."

"But, you're no sissy!"

"Maybe not in the beginning, but I'm not so sure now," he sighed. "What kind of boy shaves his legs, curls his hair, and wears feminine lingerie, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish? I feel like such a wimp! Anyway, I told you Linda would devise some innovative way to punish me. She always does!"

"Wow!" I groaned. "Is she always this vindictive?"

"Most of the time she's worse. I had to beg her to allow me to wear socks over my nylons this morning. At first she flatly refused, but she finally agreed to let me wear a pair of her pink socks if I promised to keep my toenails polished bright red from now on. I had to agree because I would be totally

blown away if my pants crept up and someone saw my nylons. Thank goodness Aunt Helen got me excused from gym!"

Feeling sorry for him, I held the door closed long enough for him to adjust his clothes and buckle his belt. "See you later, huh?" I waved as we made our exit.

The next Saturday morning, I was strolling through the mall after buying a pair of running shoes. I was doing a little window shopping and checking out the babes I met along the way when I saw Linda coming out of a trendy women's shoe store. "Hi, you buying shoes too?" I greeted while holding up my bag.

"Hi, Jake!" she smiled. "I'm glad to see you. I was just going to customer service to borrow a cart for our purchases, but would you help us carry them to the car?"

"Proud too, ma'am," I gallantly replied in a fake western drawl while reaching to tip my imaginary hat. "Buying so many shoes that you need a cart, huh?"

"Kitten is," she smirked. "Come in and see."

I was shocked! My buddy was wearing a mid-thigh length denim skirt, a pink sleeveless blouse that protruded with twin mounds of his padded bra. Shimmering white nylons encased his smoothly shaved legs. His makeup, bright pink lipstick, dark mascara, and feminine hairstyle were plainly obvious as he tottered about in a pair of stilt heels.

"What the hell, Kit?" I gasped as I watched the store manager and two clerks anxiously assisting him. "Wearing this girly stuff around the house is one thing, but wearing a *skirt* out in public where someone might recognize you is crazy! Have you lost your mind?"

"I know, and I'm scared to death," he sighed with an air of exasperation. "I wanted to wear pants or even girl's slacks, but Linda insisted that wearing pants to try on high heels was totally inappropriate."

"And you went along with that bull?"

"I didn't have a choice," he lamented. "If I hadn't quit arguing when I did, she would have made me wear a frilly lavender chiffon dress that is so sheer you could see my *bra*! I would have had to wear a slip to hide my panties. I would have died of embarrassment if anyone I know saw me!"

"Try these, sir," the store manager requested, cutting me off. "Even though the heel is slightly higher, you might find them a tad more comfortable."

"She *knows* you're a guy?" I pantomimed.

"Oh yes! Linda saw to that when we first entered the store. She came right out and told them I was a unisex model trainee under contract to the Duncan Studio in New York and that I wanted to purchase a large assortment of women's shoes. When she showed them Wanda's list, I could see the dollar signs rolling in their eyes. That's why I have so much help!"

"Linda said she needed a cart. How many shoes are you planning to buy?"

"Thirty pair if they have all the brands, styles, colors, and heel height in my size that Wanda put on that damn list."

"Thirty pair? I only own four pairs of shoes to my name, and that includes these!" I gasped in disbelief as I held up the shopping bag containing my new sneakers. "*Nobody* has thirty pairs of shoes!"

"I *will*!" he grimaced as he sat with his knees together in an effort to keep his short skirt in place and avoid revealing his panties while he tried on another pair of feminine shoes.

More than an hour later, Kit had all of the shoes on the list except for three styles. "I'll order them and call you as soon as they come in," the manager assured him.

"Great!" Kit muttered under his breath. "Another trip down here in a skirt to try on high heels."

"For that remark, you can wear these home!" Linda snarled, holding up a pair of pink sling pumps with three-inch heels that matched his blouse.

"I'll wear my other shoes," Kit stammered, indicating the pink skimmers he had worn to the mall.

"Do you want to have a confrontation *here* and *now*?" Linda hissed angrily.

"Lay off him!" I demanded, unable to hold my tongue any longer. "Haven't you done enough to him for one day?"

"N...no, it's okay, Jake," Kit sighed. "Don't create a scene. I'll wear the shoes."

"All right!" Linda smirked triumphantly. "Freshen your makeup and slip into your pretty new shoes while they ring up the sale."

I watched Kit blush as he took a feminine compact out of his purse. Looking into the small mirror, he applied eyeliner, mascara, blush, and lipstick to freshen his feminine appearance.

"He must have done that a lot to be that efficient," I mused as I watched him deftly apply the feminine cosmetics.

Minutes later, our trio walked down the mall, Linda and I wearing shorts and sneakers, and Kit in his skirt, heels, and makeup. I carried two large shopping bags containing six shoeboxes each, Linda carried a bag with three boxes and the shoes Kit wore to the mall, and Kit carried my new sneakers.

Linda watched with sadistic amusement as Kit nervously minced through the mall with his heels rhythmically, yet hesitantly, clicking on the tiles. He was noticeably fearful that he would meet someone he knew.

Luckily, we made it out of the mall without incident, but as we started across the parking lot, we were blind-sided by Joey and Phil, two of my football teammates.

"My, my!" Joey exclaimed, "What do we have here?"

"Luscious Linda, a foxy new chick, and our hero quarterback who never shares his good fortune with his friends," Phil joined in as he checked Kit out with approval.

Kit's eyes reflected the terror he was feeling. He wanted to run away, but realized that he couldn't get far from these nimble athletes in his skirt and heels.

"Smile!" Linda hissed at Kit under her breath. "It's your only chance."

"Going to introduce us?" Joey chided in a sarcastic tone as a forced smile crossed Kit's features. "I know you won't share, but that's the least you can do after all the times we saved your sorry ass."

"Joey and Phil, my cousin, Kitten," Linda introduced.

"Oh Kitten, my Kitten," Phil faked a heart attack. "Watch out for this guy. He can't even be trusted to share his good fortune with his friends."

"Yeah!" Joey agreed, showing no sign of recognizing Kit as he and Phil headed off toward the mall. "See you around."

"Whew!" Kit exhaled as he took the keys from his purse and unlocked the trunk so I could store the packages. "That was too close for comfort!"

"Don't just stand there quivering in your panties. Be thankful that I pushed you to practice your feminine mannerisms and makeup techniques!" Linda scoffed. "If not for me, your sissy butt would be toast about now!"

"How are you traveling, Jake?" Kit asked without acknowledging Linda's taunt.

"*Feet*, a mode of transportation discovered by the Army!" I grinned. "I jogged over here."

"Would you mind driving us home?" he stammered. "I'm not sure if I can drive in these heels."

"Sure," I agreed, holding out my hand for the keys and headed for the driver's door.

"Not so fast, Jake!" Linda admonished. "Hold the door while your '*foxy chick*' gets in the car! *She* has to learn to accept chivalrous social amenities from polite gentlemen. As for you, my model cousin, sit, hold your skirt firmly to keep it

from riding up, and swing your knees into the car like I showed you."

Even I could see that Kit's performance was far from graceful or feminine. "Something else to practice," Linda grumbled as I started the engine.

When we reached the Parker residence, I opened the trunk and started unloading the bags of shoes that now belonged to my buddy. "Jake!" Linda snarled in an impatient voice as she walked up to me. "Your lady is waiting for you to open *her* door!"

"Crap, Linda!" I declared, my voice showing my irritation at her harassment of Kit. "Why don't you get off his case?"

"You saw when he got in the car!" she spat back. "Would Kitten's performance have fooled Joey and Phil if they were still here?"

Realizing that she had a point, I opened the door and allowed Kit to get out of the car. "No, no, no!" Linda scolded as Kit's skirt rode up and exposed a hint of lace from his slip. "Let me show you!"

When I walked by them with the shoe bags, I heard her say, "Now, try again."

"Out here, where the neighbors can see?" he gasped.

Sure enough, when I returned from taking the parcels up to Kit's room, he was diligently practicing entering and exiting the car in his skirt and heels where the neighbors and everybody could see him.

As I made my way across the street, I thought, "This has to stop, but how? What could I do to help my buddy." No matter how hard I pondered the subject, no solution was forthcoming.

One afternoon, I went by Kit's to check on him. After seeing his outfit at the mall, I was only slightly surprised to see him wearing a tight white cashmere sweater over an obviously padded bra, short navy blue skirt with tiny pleats

that moved charmingly about his thighs, dark blue nylons, and two-inch pumps.

"Wearing a skirt and a bra even when you're home alone with no one to make you?" I observed. "What gives?"

"Training!" he sighed dejectedly. "I have to learn to walk, sit, stand, and move properly in skirts."

"Wow!" I exclaimed as I noticed the large thin hoop earrings caressing his cheeks. "Are your ears pierced?"

"Yes," he blushed. "Linda had them pierced at the jewelry store and bought me several pairs of earrings before we went to the shoe store last Saturday. I was wearing little gold keepers when you saw me. I'm surprised that you didn't notice."

"What about at school? Did anyone notice the holes in your ears with your hair up in that ponytail?"

"I cover them with liquid makeup," he sighed. "If anyone noticed, they didn't say anything. Come up to my room. We can talk while I finish my makeup."

I couldn't help but notice a distinct hip wiggle that caused his short skirt with its tiny pleats to sway seductively about his swaying buttocks and nylon covered thighs! "You don't have to pretend to be a girl when I'm the only one around!" I rebuked as he sat before his lighted vanity mirror, crossed his legs at the knee, and adjusted his skirt.

"Come on, Jake!" Kit scowled. "You saw what I have to wear under my clothes to school, and you know I have to wear dresses, skirts, and makeup at home. Feminine posture and gait are a must for models, so I have to practice like crazy to keep Linda off my back!"

"Okay, okay!" I raised my palms in mock surrender.

"This is where I left off when you rang the bell," he said as he picked up a curved wand and started adding dark mascara to his already feminine appearing lashes. Replacing the wand in its bottle, he opened a metallic cylinder and focused on his image in the mirror. With remarkably deftness, he smoothed

glistening red lipstick across his lips, pressed them together, and blotted with a tissue.

"Almost done," he droned, as he added rosy blush to his smooth cheeks with a soft brush. "There! How do I look?"

"A lot like Linda," I confessed. "Sorry, pal. I just call them like I see them."

"Could be worse," he chuckled, "I could look like *you* in a skirt!"

The joke cleared the air for the moment, and we shared a hearty laugh. Even though Kit was all dolled up with makeup, wearing a skirt, and using practiced feminine mannerisms, he was still my best friend. "Does Linda mind you wearing her nice dresses and skirts?" I curiously inquired.

Suddenly, all the color drained from Kit's face, and our light moment ended. Even the blush on his cheeks couldn't hide his embarrassment as the truth fell on me like a ton of bricks! The dress he had on when Wanda was here, the skirt he wore at the mall, and the one he was wearing now were all *his*! Wanda had bought him a supply of dresses and skirts, and Linda was making sure he wore them! "I'm sorry, I didn't mean..."

"That's okay, Jake," he sighed in an exasperated tone as he opened his closet. "You might as well know. I have lots more."

I couldn't believe my eyes when I saw the vast array of dresses and skirts of different styles, lengths, and colors. There were also an extensive accumulation of colorful sweaters and blouses of every style and fabric imaginable! "Yours?" I gasped in disbelief.

"You've never been embarrassed until you've had to stand around in a bra and slip to try on dresses, skirts, and blouses in a women's boutique when the sales ladies and customers know you're a boy," Kit whimpered as he opened the top drawer of his dresser.

I almost gagged when I saw the vast display of panties, bras, and garter belts in every imaginable pastel shade. Beside them was a large supply of nylon stockings and pantyhose. The next drawer contained lace-edged slips, half slips, and camisoles, again in varying styles, lengths, and colors. The third was filled with silky nighties, and diaphanous negligees. "Lingerie!" I spat disgustedly. "All this stuff is yours and you *wear* it?"

"Yeah," he sighed while blushing and looking downward to avoid my gaze.

"You have more silky girlish things than my Mom!"

"I have more than Aunt Helen and Linda too," he admitted sheepishly. "Linda only has a few nice dresses and skirts for church and other dress up occasions. She sleeps in cotton panties and my old tee shirts, but she makes me wear silky nighties."

"Where's your guy stuff?"

"Linda filched what she wanted and made me pack the rest away except what I need for school," he admitted with a blush. "I was left with only two pair of jeans, a few shirts, and a pair of sneakers. Can you imagine not being allowed to wear jockey briefs and tee shirts?"

I faltered as cold sweat beaded along my brow, "That doesn't seem unisex to me," I observed. "What's happening?"

"Wanda wants a boy who looks feminine, a boy who looks at home in the clothes of either gender or anywhere in between. That means I have to be as at home in dresses, skirts, and silky feminine underwear as I am in pants."

Before I could reply, Linda charged into Kit's room. Anger flaring from her eyes, she screeched, "Why are you standing around showing off your precious silky undies when you're supposed to be practicing your feminine lessons? I know you love them, but your delay has put you at least thirty minutes behind schedule. If I were you, I would get busy!"

"I'm sorry, Linda," he stammered, "We were talking, and the time just slipped away."

"Jake, I think you had better leave!" she insisted harshly.

"Yeah, okay," I agreed as Kit rushed to his vanity mirror to check his hair and makeup. He was standing before his lighted vanity mirror in his skirt and sweater hastily applying another coat of lipstick to his luscious red lips as I said, "See you later!"

"Bye, bye, Jake," he simpered girlishly.

As I bounced down the stairs two at a time, Linda really came down on Kit. No wonder he's afraid of her! As I reached the landing at the bottom of the steps, I heard Linda's shrill voice scolding my friend once again. I decided to hang around to see what I could learn about this bizarre situation.

"I warned you about dawdling!" Linda shrieked. "You know the drill, so bring that hairbrush over here and lie across my knees this instant!"

"But, I was only talking with Jake!" Kit explained in a tiny helpless voice.

"Are you coming over here, or do I have to come get you?" she demanded in a harsh tone.

Apparently, Kit came to her, because I heard her say, "Good! Now, get that skirt up to your waist, and be careful not to wrinkle it! You know how difficult ironing those delicate materials can be!"

I sneaked back up the steps and couldn't believe my eyes as I peeked through the door. My best friend was lying across his younger cousin's lap with his skirt at his waist, and she was harshly spanking him on his silky feminine panties! As the blows fell in quick succession, he squealed girlishly, "Please, Linda! I'm sorry I dawdled! I'll make up the lost time and do better at my feminine lessons! I promise, I *promise*!"

Linda may have been hired by Wanda to conduct Kit's feminine lessons, but her diabolical smile as she viciously laid

the hairbrush on his silky nylon panties, showed that she was thoroughly enjoying her task!

"Look at you!" Linda shrieked when she finally allowed Kit to get to his feet. "Your tears have ruined your makeup! Take it all off and start over. As an added punishment, change into your navy pumps with the four-inch heels and make a dozen round trips down the stairs, through the den, kitchen, dining room, and back here. Those shoes go with your prissy little skirt, and you need the practice in heels!"

"Twelve laps in those spikes?" Kit sniffed through his tears as he brushed his skirt back into place and checked for wrinkles. "Please, Linda. Those stilts are so terribly difficult to walk in, especially on the stairs!"

"Be sure to carry your forearms at waist level with your wrists limp, place one foot in front of the other, and seductively sway your hips!" Linda demanded while ignoring his plea. "If I hear another word of protest, you'll carry a book on your head!"

"No, Linda! Please!"

"Then, get busy!" she commanded with triumphant leer. "I want to see your sissy butt sashaying down those stairs in your skirt and heels with perfectly applied makeup in thirty minutes or we'll have another confrontation!"

"So, *confrontation* is a code word meaning spanking," I mused as I watched Kit scurry to his closet, slip the stilt pumps onto his nylon covered feet, and mince daintily over to his vanity with his hips undulating sexily. Gingerly smoothing his skirt over his enflamed buttocks, he gingerly sat at his vanity and began removing his makeup. Knowing he was really in for it the rest of the evening, I quietly sneaked out of the house.

The next day at school, I cornered Kit and asked, "Why do you put with all that crap from Linda? Letting her spank you is taking this unisex business way too far!"



"I promise to practice diligently to become a sweet, prissy girl!" Kit cried as Linda's paddle rained down on his pantied backside.

"How did you know about that?" he gasped with a blush.

"I peeked through your bedroom door last night. I saw and heard everything. Why do you give in to her like that?"

"It started when Wanda hired Linda to oversee my in home training," he admitted. "Saying hands on training, close supervision, and strict discipline would accelerate my runway debut, she convinced Aunt Helen to give Linda authority to spank me if I didn't follow her instructions."

When Aunt Helen agreed, the first thing Linda ordered me to do was lower my shorts and lie across her lap for a spanking on my panties. With them watching, she really poured it on. I would have agreed to anything to get her to stop!"

"What *did* you agree to?"

"I promised to wear whatever Linda dictated, and to faithfully follow her beauty, exercise, diet, and training program. I also agreed to accept spankings or other disciplinary measures she deemed necessary."

"Wow!" I gasped. "Sounds like Linda has you where she wants you. She can exercise her vengeance and punish you at will for stealing her modeling job."

"She did at first," Kit grimaced. "She had me across her lap several times a day just to prove she could. Lately, she only spanks me if I'm insolent, disobedient, or slow to carry out her instructions, like I was last night."

"What types of punishments, other than spankings, does she use?"

"She ordered me to wear panties and camisoles under my clothes to school when I challenged her authority in the beginning. Once when my skirt got wrinkled during a spanking, she made me remove my dress and stand in my bra, half-slip, nylons, and heels while I ironed it. She did that to embarrass me, but mostly, she just gives me extra training assignments designed to make me more feminine."

From Kit's descriptions, Linda was truly angry and resentful about him getting the modeling job, and had become very vindictive towards him. To make matters worse, she had him at her mercy; only she didn't appear to have any! To avoid additional painful and humiliating punishments, Kit now talked about dresses, skirts, panties, bras, slips, nylons, high heels, feminine hairstyles, makeup, and cosmetics as though it was normal for him to wear them!

When finals week finally arrived, almost a month had passed since my visit to Kit's house when I saw him spanked. He understood the difficulties I had with his training, so he didn't fault me for restricting our friendship to school.

At first, he tied his hair in a unisex ponytail, but lately, he didn't wash out his curly feminine sets. At times, he just banded his lengthening tresses with girlish scrunchies instead of rubber bands, probably at Linda's suggestions! His nails were manicured, polished, and filed to tapered points just beyond his fingertips. With his cuticles pushed back, they sure didn't look manly!

He went from slumping in his seat to sitting primly erect with his knees firmly squeezed together, his head tilted upward, and his hands folded, palms down with his nails curled under on his desk or in his lap. His walk changed to a feminine glide as his weight shifted from his heels to the balls of his feet. He even carried his books clasped to his chest instead of under his arm!

To everyone else, Kit was basically the same guy, except with longer, better kept hair, but what they couldn't see drove me crazy! Only I was aware of his dilemma! Only I knew he was wearing silky girl's panties, lace edged camisole, and nylon stockings under his clothes. Only I heard the whispering of nylon against denim as he walked. Only I was aware that his voice was an octave or so higher!

"Hey, Kit, wait up!" I called, running to catch up with him after school. "How did finals go?"

"All right, I guess," he sighed softly in a voice no more than a whisper. "Math was tough, but I aced French."

"Is it too late to quit this unisex business?"

"Way too late."

"I'm worried about you, buddy. Even at school, you walk delicately and swivel your hips!"

"It was bound to show," he sighed. "Linda is relentless! She drills me every night until I drop. To keep me off balance, she changes the height of my heels without warning. On the bright side, Wanda is thrilled with my progress."

"You can turn this girlish stuff off, can't you?"

"I'm not sure," he whimpered. "Linda makes me wear dresses, skirts, and makeup at home all the time. I have to use creams, lotions, and powders to make my skin soft and smooth like a girl's. I sleep in silky nighties between satin sheets. I sway my hips when I walk! I brush my skirt beneath me, adjust it across my thighs, and sit with my knees together. I can't get in or out of a car like a boy, without doing so consciously."

"Wow!"

"Repetition has made all that into a habit. Most of the time, I feel as though I'm only pretending to be a boy at school. I have to concentrate to sit and walk like one, and even that's hard to do with my feminine undies, polished nails, plucked brows, curled lashes, and hellish gaff!"

"What's a gaff?"

"A damnable gadget that Wanda came up with," Kit explained in an irate tone. "It pulls my genitals back between my legs and eliminates masculine bulges in my tight dresses and skirts. With it on, I have to sit to relieve myself like a girl. When I complained, Linda just shrugged it off saying, '*what's the big deal? Your panties don't have a fly, so you have to sit anyway.*' I swear, Jake. I don't have a chance!"

"I'll see you Friday at commencement, right?" I asked hopefully.

"Sure," he smiled.

"There's a party afterwards, and..."

"I can't go, Jake," he pined. "I have to go to New York with Aunt Helen and Wanda. I won't be back until Sunday night."

"Why?"

"It's part of my training. That's all I know."

"Too bad. I'll miss you, pal."

"Me too," he sniffled, becoming teary eyed. "Promise to stop by when I return."

"You got it!" I smiled. As I watched him scratch his chest again, I teased, "You got fleas?"

"It's these damn camisoles," he cringed. "My nipples must be allergic to nylon and lace because they're swollen and itchy."

I winced when he shook my hand. His grasp was the weakest I'd ever felt from a guy. His skin was buttery soft, smooth, and far less muscular than before. Everything was wrong!

Commencement was a blast, as were the parties! Boozing was a big mistake, but what the hell, high school graduation happens only once! Besides, I paid! My hangover was awesome! Lying sick in bed the next morning, my thinking didn't clear until late afternoon. I was back to my old self by Sunday evening, so I went over to welcome Kit home.

Mrs. Parker smiled, "He's resting, but I'm sure he would love to see you. Just be quiet in case he's asleep." Tiptoeing up the stairs, Mrs. Parker quietly led me to Kit's bedroom. A small voice inside my head told me something wasn't right! "Shh," she warned, "he's had quite a traumatic weekend. Try not to upset him. Kitten, Jake has come for a visit."

"Oh good," Kit whined as though in dreadful pain from beneath a layer of blankets. "It was terrible, simply terrible!"

"What was?" I asked cautiously.

I saw his shiny red lips and matching long feminine fingernails. "Look at my hair!" he whined as he gently tugged forward a long thick braid tied off by a red satin ribbon. "They dyed my hair golden blonde and gave me bangs. Now I can't help looking like a girl!"

I shook my head in denial and gasped, "Looks great! Do blondes really have more fun or are they just dumb?"

"Dumb, I think!" he scowled as he tossed his blankets aside to expose his lithe, hairless body and shiny red satin babydoll nightie. Without another word, he bolted from the bed, grabbed a sheer diaphanous negligee that matched his nightie but concealed nothing from the foot of the bed. Quickly slipping it on, he scurried to the bathroom. I knew those gurgling sounds all too well. As I had done the day before, Kit was puking his guts out!

When he shuffled back, his face was white as a ghost. He crawled back into bed after removing his negligee. The hem of his short flimsy nightie slipped up to his waist to reveal the red satin panties that matched his gown.

"Been partying, too?" I chuckled while keeping quiet about his ultra feminine bedroom ensemble or asking why he had worn the negligee when it didn't hide anything. "I know what you're going through, pal. Boy, do I!"

"No you don't!" he whimpered. "I haven't been drinking!"

"What's wrong then? Nail polish, hairspray, and silk don't make people sick."

"I think it's because of these!" he whined, raising his arms to show me two small bandages just below his hairless armpits.

"Cut yourself shaving?" I asked sarcastically.

"Don't be absurd, Jake!" Kit scowled. "This is serious. After we left the beauty salon yesterday, Wanda and Aunt

Helen took me to a lady doctor and made me strip for an examination. I had to pull my panties down for a shot that knocked me out. When I awoke, these bandages were in place, and I've been nauseated ever since. The doctor said I will be queasy for a week or ten days, and then I will start to glow." Burying his head in his pillow, he sobbed softly like a girl.

In an effort to console him, I placed my hand on his upper arm. I was shocked to feel virtually all of his muscle tone gone and his skin soft as a girl's! We didn't talk much after that, but I could tell he appreciated my visit. "Wow!" I yelped. "It's getting late, and I have to get up early to go fishing with Dad. The trip is my graduation present, and I'm looking forward to spending time with him on the lake. I'll be back Saturday, and we can get together."

"I'll be gone," he pouted. "Wanda is taking me to New York on Wednesday for a month of training!"

"Have a great time in New York. We'll hook up when you get back!" I gushed.

"Sounds wonderful," he smiled. "It's a date!" Heading home, I wanted to believe everything would be fine, yet Kit's parting word '*date*' unsettled me for some reason.

The walleye were really biting, and Dad and I had a *ball*! When we got back, I had to report for freshman workouts. When I returned home, a State football booster hired me as a trucker's helper for the remainder of the summer so I could make a few bucks. The work was hard, but it helped keep me in shape. The result was that I didn't see Kit for six weeks.

I saw Linda in the driveway when I returned home. "Long time, no see!" she coyly taunted from across the street. "Guess who has been asking about you?"

"Gosh! Tell him I'm sorry. There was football, my new job..."

"Kitten has been, oh how shall I say, very preoccupied as well, but I know he's anxious to see you!"

"How is he?"

"Drop by and see!" she winked impishly before turning and strutting away with an exaggerated hip sway.

As I stood in her wake, my thoughts turned to Kit. I could kick myself for ignoring him for so long! After a quick shower, I ran on over to see him.

"Jake, what a pleasant surprise!" Mrs. Parker smiled. "Is Kit expecting you?"

"I suppose," I replied. "I saw Linda..."

"Well, make yourself at home," she drawled suspiciously.

As I sat in the den, I could hear muffled arguing from upstairs. There were three voices, yet none sounded like Kit! "I won't...I won't...I *won't*!" a distinctively girlish soprano shrilled loudly. "I hate you, Linda. I simply *hate* you!"

Moments later, Linda peeked into the den. "Sorry for the delay, Jake," she smiled. "We won't be long now."

"Linda is right, you can't hide forever," Mrs. Parker reasoned. "Your friend is waiting for you, and he has seen you in a dress before. Go in there and greet him!"

Moments later, Kit minced toward me in a silky mint green mid-calf length dress that molded to the contours of his body from bodice to hem. The tight dress, combined with his four-inch stilt heels, severely restricted the length of his stride.

"Gawd, Kit!" I blurted despite myself. "That can't be you!"

"It's me," he softly whispered in a high-pitched girlish voice, his darkly lined and mascara-laden eyes pleading for compassion. Flashing long radiant red fingernails that matched his pouting full crimson lips, he smoothed his skirt beneath him and sat in an easy chair, gracefully crossing his hampered legs at the ankle.

"Gosh, man!" I gulped. "What have you gotten yourself into? This can't be unisex! You look one hundred percent like a chick!"

"I know," he sighed.

"Hey, you're still my pal!" I said, feeling guilty for not visiting him for so long. Maybe I could have helped him stand up to that Wanda, his aunt, and his vindictive cousin, but whatever it might have been escaped me.

"Sure," he said shyly.

Looking him over, I noticed that his features were much more delicate than I remembered. His hands, wrists, and arms were small and dainty. Too stunned to speak, I stared at his brilliant honey blonde hair hanging thick and straight to his shoulders. His lengthy bangs fell to his thinly arched brows, and his padded breasts rose and fell with each breath.

Standing, he tensely sauntered across the room. His long tight skirt restricted his stride, making his hips undulate like a girl. "Look at me! I weigh only a hundred and fifteen pounds, my chest is all puffy, and my nipples burn like crazy. They call this unisex training?"

"Being a model is just a dress up game, isn't it?"

"I thought so at first, but Wanda says I won't succeed at unisex until I have a feminine outlook that allows me to find the middle ground. She's training me to think like a woman, not just act the part!"

"That's stupid!" I exclaimed. "What does the way a person thinks have to do with posing for a camera?"

"I don't know, but Wanda says femininity can't be faked. Since Aunt Helen is only interested in the money, she agrees with her. Aunt Helen *always* agrees with her!"

"How do you learn to think like a woman?"

"By living as one," he sighed in resignation. "It's supposed to grow on me by dressing as a woman, by being treated as a woman, and by having the aspirations of a woman. It's awful! To make matters worse, Linda drills me in feminine gestures, mannerisms, comportment, and voice inflections every waking hour! My voice is at least two octaves higher. I've

practiced speaking into a recorder and playing it back so many times, I couldn't use my old voice if I tried!"

"Aw, it's just a bit softer, but I hear the real you just fine," I lied to cheer him up. The fact was that his voice was so high and airy that I enjoyed its sweet feminine modulation.

"Come up to my room. I'll show you some of the other crap I have to put up with," Kit tensely invited as he ran his long slim fingers through his luxuriously long hair and unconsciously tucked it behind his ears.

Cringing, I saw that Kit's ears were now *double* pierced! To my surprise my buddy was wearing diamond studs in the top holes and large thin gold hoops in the lower ones. I was deeply concerned about what I'd see in his room, but I nevertheless agreed to accompany him. After all, he was my best friend, and he was pleading for my understanding and support.

As I followed him toward the stairs, I couldn't help ogling the outline of his panties and bra through his tight dress, and the way his slim waist flared into sexy curved hips with no padding!

At the stairs, he paused for a moment to grasp his long skirt in the fingertips of one hand and raise the hem to his knees. "I despise these damn hobble skirts, but Wanda says I have to wear them to improve my feminine glide," he hissed while holding on to the banister with his other hand for support as he slowly made his way up the steps. "Believe me, they are torture to wear!"

Looking down at the source of his problem, I spied several inches of pristine white nylon and lace from his exposed slip. "I would hate what you're wearing underneath as bad or worse!" I declared without thinking,



"Hobble skirts are such a pain to wear," Kit moaned. "I can't help mincing when wearing them."

"Mincing is the least of your problems, buddy," Jake observed.

"Another of Linda's ideas," he groaned. "She knows I hate wearing the girl's clothes needed to learn to be a unisex model. Being vindictive, she's always coming up with ways to humiliate me by making me look or feel more feminine. She convinced Aunt Helen that I should always wear a slip under my dresses and skirts to make them hang just right."

"Your aunt went along with that?"

"Of course!" he grimaced. "She says a person feels more confident if their clothes fit well and hang nicely. She concluded that wearing silky slips under my dresses and skirts would accelerate my training, so I've had to wear them ever since!"

"That's hard to believe," I replied.

"Aunt Helen is in this strictly for the money! She goes along with every idea or suggestion Linda and Wanda come up with to make me look, act, or appear more feminine. To her, what's the cost of a few dozen slips if it will help increase my modeling fees down the road."

"Just keep fighting them. You'll win in the end," I assured him, though I didn't believe my own words. A few *dozen* silky slips, my ass!

When we reached the top of the stairs, Kit brushed his skirt back into place and made sure his slip was out of sight. Wistfully looking down the stairs, he sighed, "I used to bound up and down those steps two and three at a time without thinking. Now I have to hitch up my skirt, hold onto the banister and carefully take the steps one at a time to keep from falling. These damn stilt heels I wear all the time don't help either!"

"I don't see how you stand it," I sympathized. "Why don't you just stop?"

"Sometimes I get so fed up with all this swishy feminine stuff I want to run away, but all I do is cry," he declared just above a whisper. "When I do, no one cares. They just say a girl feels better after a good cry. Besides, where would I go if I ran away? Especially looking like *this*!"

"I never thought of it that way," I admitted.

"Get ready for a shock when you see my room, Jake," Kit warned. "Wanda decided that it was inhibiting my feminine development, so she redecorated it for a *fastidious young lady*."

As we walked side by side, I noticed that his tight skirt and stilt heels made Kit take three rapid steps to my one to keep up. He didn't complain, but I slowed my pace so he wouldn't be in a dead trot. I wasn't sure what a *fastidious young lady* was, but when we entered his room, my eyes nearly popped from my skull! "Kit! This place is so..."

"Feminine!" he sighed dejectedly as he leaned against a corner post of his satin and lace covered canopy bed. "I can't believe all this is mine. At least the mattress is comfortable."

"Mattress, my ass!" I exclaimed. "Look at this place! Pink satin sheets, a pink and white quilted bedspread, lavender striped wallpaper, wicker furniture with pink and white cushions, a full-length mirror, lace edged curtains, and your pink-lighted vanity from before! Hell, I'd rather sleep on the hay in a barn!"

A tear appeared in Kit's eye, but he didn't reply. From his deeply saddened frown, I quickly surmised that he wanted my approval of his room, not my scorn. At least, he wanted my acceptance like I had done concerning his dress, heels, makeup, and pierced ears. At that moment, I felt greater sympathy for him than I thought possible to feel for a person! He must feel all alone having to wear dresses, learning to comport himself as a girl, and living in this exceedingly feminine environment! Now he thought his best friend had rejected him!

In an effort to inject damage control, I said, "I'm sorry I said that, Kit. I am just shocked. I'm sure your room isn't so bad when you get used to it."

"That's okay," he sniffed while drying his eyes with a lace hankie. "I felt the same way the first time I saw it."

Looking for a way to change the subject, I pointed at a small bookcase in the corner of the room and asked, "Still reading that 'how to' stuff?"

"Sort of," he sputtered in a flustered tone. "Fashion magazines keep me abreast of styles and trends. You wouldn't believe how quickly women's fashions change,"

"How about the romance novels?"

"That's another of Linda's ideas," he sniffled. "She says that reading about women's lives and identifying with the heroine will help me understand..."

"I know, I *know*!" I blurted out, throwing my arms up in frustration. "How to feel as you swish around in your cute little dresses, skirts, makeup, and high heels!"

"Don't hate me, Jake!" Kit pleaded. "I detest what I'm doing...what they make me do. I feel trapped. I don't know how to stop them. I've tried..."

"Just get out if you want out!" I declared.

"I only wish it were that simple," he whimpered as tears filled his eyes. "I've tried standing up to them by refusing to wear a lot of the stuff they wanted, but I always lose out. I can't seem to protest or resist Linda's orders without ending up across her lap for a sound spanking. I feel like a doll who dresses and behaves as they please." Kit curled up on his bed, weeping into his pillow like a young girl.

"Feel better?" I smiled when he sat up and dried his eyes.

"I'm okay, but I must look a sight with my makeup all streaked and smeared," he sighed demurely in an airy, far away voice.

Before I could reply, Linda came bounding into the room without knocking. I was quick to notice the different images portrayed by her in shorts and Kit in his long tight dress. "Come, Kitten dear," she smirked, "Wanda is joining us for dinner, so we *must* look our feminine best!"

Kit, seemingly powerless to defy his bossy cousin, obediently rolled off the bed, dutifully brushed his skirt back into place, and asked, "How much time do I have?"

"Barely three hours, so you had better hurry," she replied with a devious smile.

"Three hours is barely enough time to change clothes?" I gasped in a voice filled with skepticism.

"Men!" Linda scoffed. "What do you know about getting ready? All you have to do is shower, shave, and brush your hair. Thirty minutes tops and you're ready. Kitten has to remove his makeup, cream his face, take a soaking bath, moisturize and powder his body, curl his lashes, apply makeup, put his hair up for evening wear, and get dressed. Three hours is *minimum*, and if he had to redo his nails, he wouldn't have nearly enough time."

"Wow!" I gasped in disbelief at the extent of femininity being forced on my friend.

"I'll help you undress," Linda jeered as she began lowering the back zipper of Kit's dress.

Not wanting to embarrass my friend further, I mumbled, "I have to go. See you later."

"Stay, Jake!" Linda insisted while pulling Kit's dress off his shoulders to bare his lacy padded bra. "We're all buddies. Come, Kitten, give Jake a peek at your sexy undies!"

The look in Kit's eyes showed that his humiliation ran deep. He wanted to rebel, to stand up for his masculinity, but he was unable to defy or even argue with his determined cousin. "It's okay with me if you want to stay, Jake," he whimpered demurely.

"That's the right attitude, Kitten!" Linda smiled. "As a sweet young girl, you shouldn't be embarrassed to be seen in your pretty lingerie by your friends. After all, you two are buddies with nothing to hide from one another, right?"

"If you say so," he sighed with a bright blush.

With full intent to shame Kit, Linda made the simple process of undressing him into a genuine striptease! With lingering tugs, she slowly peeled the dress off his arms, down to his waist, and finally to the floor. "Now for your slip," she instructed as he stepped out of his dress and tossed it into a basket in his closet.

I knew I was making a huge mistake, but I stayed because I felt as though Linda was daring me. Unable to take my eyes off Kit, I watched as he obediently hooked his thumbs in the waistband of his long slim half-slip and sent it cascading to the floor. He was down to the basics, bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, and stilt heels as he stepped out of the puddle of nylon at his feet. He urgently crossed his pencil thin arms, trying to hide his bra-covered chest. Squeezing his legs together only accentuated his narrowing waist, widening hips, and shapely thighs!

"You're so thin!" I gulped. "There's almost nothing left of you!"

"Thin is in! Linda beamed. "Soon, he'll be a perfect one hundred and ten pounds."

"A hundred and ten *pounds*!" I exclaimed. "He won't be anything but skin and bones at that weight."

"Wanda says a hundred and ten pounds is his perfect modeling weight," she huffed.

"Please, Jake," Kit whined in an effort to change the subject, "Haven't you seen enough? Would you mind terribly if I asked you to leave?"

My friend's pitiful plea made me sorry him. Clearly, he was at ease stripping to his silky feminine undies in Linda's presence, but not mine. "Sure, Kit," I proclaimed in the most confident tone I could muster. "Catch you later."

Just as I was leaving, Mrs. Parker entered the room. Seeing Kit in his feminine scanties, she scolded, "Linda! Your cousin isn't a doll or a play toy. How dare you act so cruel toward him with Jake here!"

"Sorry, Mom," she simpered, feigning regret. "Guess I got carried away."

"Indeed you did!" she declared. Turning to me, Mrs. Parker asked, "Jake, would you mind leaving? Kitten has lots to do before he's ready for dinner. Speaking of dinner, why don't you join us at eight?"

Realizing that joining them for dinner would at least make it appear that I hadn't abandoned Kit in his hour of need, I smiled and replied, "My pleasure, Mrs. Parker."

"Be sure to wear a coat and tie," Linda pronounced. "We're dressing for dinner."

As I left, I glimpsed over my shoulder and watched Mrs. Parker and Linda carry on over Kit like he was a little girl. All he could do was cower with shame in his silky feminine undies!

On the way home, my empathy for Kit turned to raw fury. He had quit fighting for himself, and he had to get solace from somewhere. I pledged to stand by him, but I didn't have a clue as to what to do to help him in his bizarre situation!

At home, I decided to put Linda's theory to the test. I showered, shaved, brushed my teeth and hair, and got dressed in my slacks, blazer, and tie. I even shined my shoes, and sure enough, the whole process took less than thirty minutes! "Poor Kit," I thought. "He's probably styling his hair with a curling iron, applying lipstick, kneading sheer nylons over his smoothly shaved legs, or something else just as bad. He's probably in a tizzy about whether he'll be ready on time!"

"Hello, Jake," the familiar voice of Wanda Duncan greeted me at the door of the Parker residence. "What do you think of our Cover Girl?"

"Cover Girl, my ass!" I spat. "Kit is supposed to be a unisex model, but you're turning him into a girl against his wishes. He hates wearing silky feminine lingerie and

prancing around in those awful long skirts and stilt heels! I think you're ruining his life!"

"You couldn't be more wrong!" she sneered. "I'm creating a new life, a new image for him that others only dream about!"

"You're crazy!" I avowed. "No guy dreams about being a sexy chick!"

"Let me tell you, young man!" she steamed. "He'll soon be a top model for young girl's clothes as well as unisex apparel, and those abilities will drastically increase his marketability. The demand for his services will be enormous, and he'll be able to virtually name his own fee!"

"Money or no money, what you're doing isn't natural. He's a guy and..."

"Oh, how lovely, sweetheart!" Wanda gushed toward the staircase ignoring my concerns. "I couldn't be more pleased with your progress!"

"*Kit?*" I gasped as I ogled the beautiful creature before me.

"Doesn't he make a charming girl?" Linda beamed with a sadistic gleam in her eye and an intimidating lilt in her voice.

The center of attention was my poor, pathetic friend all decked out in a positively gorgeous full-length black cocktail dress with a scoop neckline and decorated with sequins! Adding to his apparent *beauty*, his blonde tresses were piled high atop of his head in a kind of swirl and held in place with an elaborate pearl band. With his hair *up*, his ears were uncovered, and pearl studs were evident in the top holes of his pierced ears while elaborate pearl pendants dangled from the bottom holes and caressed his cheeks with every movement.

To finish off his *look*, he wore a fitted three strand pearl necklace and a matching bracelet on his left wrist that called attention to his long oval red fingernails. His makeup was a darker shade than before; his red lipstick was applied much heavier. Dark eyeliner, thick mascara, and blue eyeshadow

adorned his feminine appearing eyes, and the aroma of an enticing feminine perfume encircled him.

"Kitten has become quite a stunning creature, hasn't he?" his aunt boasted.

Throughout this scrutiny, I tried reading Kit. His glamorously painted face, elegant hairstyle, and elaborate jewelry aside, he expressed not an iota of emotion, only charm, *learned* charm.

"So sweet of you to come back and have dinner with us, Jake," Kit said in a high smooth feminine tone no louder than an airy whisper. "I had forgotten how handsome you look in a coat and tie." Then to my outright astonishment, he offered his hand with a bright smile.

My initial reaction was to take his hand and shake it man style, but his wrist was limp and his red tipped fingers were pointing passively downward. I could do nothing but take his hand in mine and raise it to my lips! Lowering his hand while continuing to hold it in mine, I said, "You have outdone yourself tonight. You are more beautiful than I imagined any guy could be. I had no idea..."

"Thank you, Jake," he replied in a soft tone. "You don't know how much that means to me."

Linda also wore a cocktail dress, but hers wasn't nearly as elegant or dressy as Kit's. Hers was royal blue with a chiffon skirt that swirled just above her knees, and her heels were at least an inch shorter than his.

After a few minutes of small talk, Mrs. Parker inquired, "Jake, will you please escort our Cover Girl to the table since you are the only male present?"

"With pleasure, Madame," I smiled as I offered my arm to Kit. As we walked side by side toward the dining room, I observed, "Your skirt is longer, but your dress isn't as tight as the one you wore earlier. Why are you taking such short steps?"

"With women's fashions, what you don't see is often more significant than what is evident," he dolefully admitted.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm wearing a long black nylon hobble slip under my dress that restricts my stride like my tight skirt did earlier," he sighed with a hint of despair. "It's hidden, but like most feminine tricks, the desired task is accomplished."

"Clever of these women, huh?"

"You might think it's clever, but it's an outright nuisance to me!" he scowled under his breath. "You should try walking in one of the damned things sometime and see how clever you think they are!"

"No thanks," I declined as I seated him at the table. "I'll pass on that one."

To my delight, the table was laden with a delicious roast garnished with potatoes, carrots, and onions, along with the customary salad and bread. I took a generous portion of everything, heaping my plate full. After wolfing down a few bites, I said, "Everything is delicious, Mrs. Parker. Thanks for inviting me."

"I'm pleased that you like it, Jake," she replied with a smile. "It's been so long since I've seen a healthy young man eat, I had almost forgotten how ravenous you all can be."

"Oh no, there's Kit!" I insisted while looking over at his plate. Seeing only a pear half atop a lettuce leaf and a glass of lemon flavored water, I gasped, "Is *that* all you're eating, Kit?"

"Five more pounds to lose to reach that ideal modeling weight!" Linda smirked. "Models can't consume tons of calories and fatty foods like you have on your plate."

"They've been starving me for months to get me down to a hundred and ten pounds," Kit sighed as tears welled up in his eyes. "I think my skin and bones alone weigh more than that!" I agreed with Kit, but saying so would only bring more scorn on him, so I held my tongue.

After dinner as I was preparing to leave, Kit walked me to the door, mincing beside me in his dress and heels. "Please visit again soon," he purred. "Your friendship is the most precious thing in my life." This was all wrong! Kit never talked like that, especially to me!

I was teamed with a trucker on an interstate haul. The first leg went without a hitch, but we broke down in Yuma on our return and had to wait three days for parts and repairs! When I got home, Linda called and said Kit wanted to see me. I was kind of tired from my trip, but I said I'd be right over since I hadn't seen my buddy for almost two weeks.

"Come in, Jake," Linda greeted me at the door with a sinister smile. "Kitten is waiting for you in his room. Go on up."

The door to Kit's room was partially closed, but it wasn't latched, so I pushed it open and entered without knocking. Knowing he always wore skirts at home, I expected to find him dressed in some feminine manner, but I was totally blown away by the scene before me! My buddy was wearing a silky teddy under a virtually transparent pink negligee that was secured at the waist by a sash. The lower half was parted, and he was massaging lotion into his smooth hairless legs! "What the hell, Kit?" I gasped.

"You should have knocked, Jake!" Kit exclaimed as he quickly pulled his negligee over his legs as if it would conceal them. Then as if by instinct, he raised his manicured hands to his head to try and hide the large pink plastic curlers that secured his blonde tresses. His expression reflected total humiliation!

"I'm sorry, I didn't think," I replied as I looked over the blue beauty masque covering his face. "Linda said you wanted to see me."

"She just wanted to embarrass me," Kit sighed as he parted his negligee and resumed massaging the cream into his legs. "Wanda is taking me to New York for two weeks.

Linda isn't invited and she's mad as hell! She's already spanked me twice for no reason, and now she invited you over to see me like this without telling me."

"Why the negligee? It's too sheer to hide anything."

"Linda insists I wear one when I'm in my undies or nighties," he sighed. "She says it is not prudent for young girls and sissies to flaunt themselves about in their scanties. It does keep the chill out."

"What's that for?" I asked, indicating the lotion.

"I just shaved my legs and I have to moisturize them so they will be soft and smooth. Want to feel?"

"Go ahead, Jake, give his legs a feel," Linda blurted from behind me. "They're smoother than mine."

"I had rather feel yours!" I smiled.

"That'll be the day!" she countered.

"Why don't you get off his case and let him be a normal boy?" I inquired in a venomous tone. "This unisex business has gone far enough. He hasn't done anything to you."

"He's going to New York to train for a job that should have been mine!" she avowed while smacking Kit's hairbrush across her palm. "Now get out of here and let me prepare him for the journey before I double his punishment!"

I looked over at Kit to see if he wanted me to stay. "Go ahead, Jake," he sighed as he pulled his soft negligee over his thighs. "She'll do this sooner or later, so I might as well get it over with."

"Okay pal, if that's the way you want it," I said. "I'll see you later."

"Bye, bye, Jake," Kit mewed in a soft voice as I closed the door behind me. This time, I didn't stick around for the finale!

In early August, I returned from my last cross-country haul. School was a month away, but I was due on campus for

pre-season football drills in two days! I hadn't seen Kit for a while, so I ran over to his house. I fretted over the shape I'd find him in!

"Good evening, Jake," Mrs. Parker smiled as I caught my breath. "Please come in."

"Is Kit around?" I panted.

"Of course, I'll call him. Oh sweetheart! Jake is here!"

Moments later, a svelte beauty with a pixie nose glided into the room atop stilt heels and took my breath away. A billowy white silk blouse just diaphanous enough to show her bra and lace embellished slip sheathed her petite bosom, a tight black and white patterned skirt fit snugly over narrow yet shapely hips, and ultra-sheer nylons encased her smooth sleek legs. Patting a stray tendril of rich golden blonde shoulder length hair into place, this vision's full red lips parted to flash a wide toothy smile, yet she didn't utter a word!

"Linda?" I hesitantly asked, thinking she had lost a ton of weight. Not getting a reply, I asked again, "Linda? Is that you?"

"No, Jake!" her sweet voice replied, "It's me, *Kit*! Don't you recognize your old buddy?"

"*Kit*?" I gasped in disbelief, "What have they done to you?"

"Wanda had his teeth capped," Linda beamed with a devious grin as she entered the room. "Smile, Kitten dear," she baited.

Obediently, Kit grinned broadly, but the anger, frustration, and dismay that reflected in his eyes told his true feelings about what had been done to him.

"Isn't his smile the prettiest ever?" Linda sneered.

"Y...yeah," I sputtered, "You look great as a chick, Kit, but what happened to your *nose*?"

His full lips pursed into a pout as he pointed two elegantly long, French manicured fingernails at his face. "Rhinoplasty," he winced, "They gave me a nose job!"

"You're so lovely, darling!" Mrs. Parker smiled at her feminized nephew.

"Oh, Aunt Helen," Kit whined, "please, don't say that!"

"But it's *true*," she insisted. "Why shouldn't I be proud of my beautiful nephew?"

I looked for an out. "Gosh, it's late," I said, pretending to check my watch, "Mom's got dinner waiting and..."

"Nonsense, you'll eat with us," Mrs. Parker smiled. "You and Kitten go up to his room and catch up on your chit chat. I'll call you when dinner is ready."

Before I could refuse, Linda clasped Kit's hand in mine, pushed us toward the stairs, and jeered, "I'm sure you two old friends have a lot to discuss!"

Kit had less trouble ascending the stairs in his tight skirt and heels than he did in the hobble skirt he wore during my last visit, but nevertheless, he hiked his skirt to reveal a fragment of his lace-edged nylon slip. Was that from habit? Would he always lift his skirt before ascending stairs or was he doing this to tease me? Questions about his systematic feminization flooded my mind.

Not surprisingly, his room looked just as feminine as the last time I saw it. He sat daintily in an easy chair, and when he sexily crossed his long shapely legs, his tight skirt crept up to reveal an expanse of nylon-clad thigh. Delicately folding his manicured hands in his skirted lap, he nervously hung his head in shame.

"I don't believe it!" I bellowed, flailing my arms in frustration. "You're worse off than ever!"

"It was inevitable," he pouted while staring into space. "The pressure is just too intense. Linda is constantly on my case! Act more feminine! Swing your hips when you walk! Check your hair and makeup often! Sit with your knees

together! Adjust your skirt across your thighs! Speak in a soft sweet tone! Think like a girl! There's always something new to learn. The weird thing is, I seldom feel out of place lately."

I admitted to myself that he didn't look out of place either. He had changed so much in the last few weeks. His hair was styled in a way that softened his face. He carried himself as a woman, looking nothing like a guy in a dress. From his teased hair to his stilt heels, he presented the image of a sexy girl in her late teens! "I've lost you, Kit. My best friend is gone!"

"Don't be deceived by appearance," he insisted. "Just because I've given *in* doesn't mean I've given *up*!"

"Oh, sure!" I sourly smirked, "Tell me you aren't wearing those stupid pads in your bra to make you look voluptuous!"

"Huh?" he asked with a bewildered expression.

"You're wearing a padded bra to look feminine and sexy, admit it!" I insisted.

"I'm wearing a bra, but it isn't padded...like you mean," he blushed. "Remember the vitamins I was taking and those inserts they put under my arms? Well, they both contained compounds that nullified my body's production of testosterone and flooded my system with estrogen. As a result, I started growing breasts and my hips are rounding out. Look," he squeaked, as he slowly turned before me in his tight skirt and heels. "I'm a B-cup, and my ass is to kill for, or will be!"

"I'll say!" I gasped as I watched him strut across the room with natural feminine poise and grace.

"Look at this," he said handing me a large photo album. "My portfolio is priceless!"

I was breathless as I flipped through the album! Kit was pictured with feminine makeup, wearing dresses, skirts, blouses, and bikinis. There were even some of him wearing nothing but a bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, and heels! Page after page, the camera captured his provocative poses, his full pouting lips, and sullenly focused doe-like eyes.

Everything combined to convey a haunting aura of sexy feminine sensuality!

"Damn it, Kit!" I scowled, slamming the portfolio shut. "This feminine crap is bogus! Why did you let them cut off your nose?"

"That was Wanda's idea," he sighed. "She says I'm more marketable this way. That means more money, so naturally, Aunt Helen went along with it." When he started to cry, I wiped his tears away with the back of my hand. "Soft, huh?" he sadly pouted as he pulled my free hand toward his face and gently stroked my fingers against his hairless cheek. "Well, it should be after all the face masques and moisturizing creams I've used."

"Oh Gawd!" I gasped as my fingertips traced his baby smooth chin in search of stubble. "There's *nothing* there!"

"I can never grow a beard, Jake," he nervously admitted. "Wanda had my facial hair permanently removed during hours of torturous electrolysis. Damn, that needle stung!"

"Damn!" I scoffed while leaping to my feet.

"Don't be angry with me," Kit begged pitifully while his lithe body shook like a fragile leaf.

"Sorry, man," I apologized, "I'm not angry with you, but this modeling thing has gone overboard."

Suddenly and without warning, Kit threw his slender arms around my broad shoulders and buried his pretty head against my brawny chest! "Hold me, Jake," he pleaded tearfully as he urgently dug his long nails into my back.

I didn't know how to respond. Guys just don't hug other guys! Yet our closeness seemed to have a calming effect over him. His pent-up tension faded and his svelte body went limp. As I inhaled the aroma of his alluring feminine perfume, my reaction was completely opposite! My muscles tensed as his amazingly girlish bosom pressed against my rib cage, and I felt a stirring in my groin. Moving slightly away from my

friend so he wouldn't feel the swelling in my pants, I desperately wished for this lingering embrace to end!

After what felt like an eternity, his aunt softly rapped on the door and called out, "Come on, you two! Dinner is ready!"

"Coming, Aunt Helen," Kit trilled while winking at me. "Thanks, Jake," he sighed sweetly while blotting mascara soaked tears from his cheeks. "I know I can always count on you."

"No problem. That's what friends are for, right?"

A big, white, toothy grin spread between his full red lips. Nimbly repairing his makeup, he hummed a merry tune.

I couldn't watch Kit pretty himself up. Gazing out the window, I lost track of time. Feeling a tug at my sleeve, I found Kit's arm intertwined with mine! "What the hell?" I barked as he guided me toward the door. "Kit, are you mad?"

"On the contrary," he hurtfully pouted. "I was just showing my appreciation to a dear friend. You've been so sweet to me."

"Sweet? Guys don't call each other sweet!"

"Sorry, Jake," he peeped, biting his pink glossed lip. "Please understand what I've been through! Sometimes I feel as though I'm on an emotional roller coaster. My body gets puffy and I cry at the drop of a hat." This was beyond me, yet what could I say? With sufficient space between us, we left his room and headed downstairs.

I convinced Mrs. Parker that I was expected home for dinner, but she insisted that I stop by later for dessert. When I returned, I was peeved to find Wanda at the door. "Good evening, Jake," she purred, "Long time, no see!"

"Yeah, time flies when you're having fun," I jeered, showing only contempt for her and her evil web that had ensnared Kit.

In the den, Linda and Mrs. Parker sat on the couch, while Kit stood in the corner facing the wall. I noticed that he had changed into a tight fitting red print skirt and frilly long

sleeve blouse. They outlined his figure from his protruding breasts to his tiny waist to his rounded derriere to just above his knees. Looking like a prom queen, his red lipstick and golden blonde tresses complimented his outfit and red four-inch pumps to give him an aura of lovely feminine intrigue!

The moment Kit turned and our eyes met, his feminized body tensed, becoming rigidly stiff. "Please, Wanda, may I stop now?" he pleaded anxiously. "This is embarrassing with Jake here!"

"Continue, dear," Wanda insisted, "I'm sure Jake would love to see the progress you've made toward becoming a model."

"Leave him alone!" I shouted, trying to rescue my friend from further shame. "Come on, Kit, let's get the hell out of here!"

"Not so fast!" Wanda barked. "You may be friends, but *she* is under contract to *me*! What I say goes!"

"*She*?" I scoffed. "Kit is not a *girl*! He's a guy, no matter how you make him dress and behave."

"Relax, Jake," Mrs. Parker calmly interjected. "He'll be a professional model soon. Most people will think he's a girl, so it's essential that he become accustomed to feminine pronouns."

Linda tersely remarked, "Unless you want to press the issue, sweetie, you'll get on with it. We don't have all night!"

Kit's eyes showed fear and trepidation as he sensuously moved out of the corner and strutted across the room, sensuously swaying his hips with feminine seductiveness.

"*That's* runway modeling!" Wanda beamed happily. "I can hardly believe his marvelous progress in so short a time! In the beginning, I didn't think he'd get beyond unisex modeling, but I was so wrong!"



Kit may walk, talk, look, and act as a voluptuous young woman, but his eyes showed that he was still fighting his enforced feminization. Kit was still there, hidden beneath Kitten's exterior.

Kit gracefully turned after stopping momentarily. His limp wrist fluttered rhythmically, and his rounded hips undulated with genuine female sensuality as he retraced his steps and returned to the corner!

"Hot, huh, and, you ain't seen nothing yet!" Linda beamed, her cruel smile filled with malice.

Under Wanda's watchful gaze, Kit marched through a rehearsed modeling routine. His capped teeth flashed brightly behind bright red lips as he smiled prettily and struck one feminine pose after another.

"That's a wrap!" Wanda finally said. "You were beyond superb, darling. The camera will eat you alive!"

At that, Kit's warm sexy smile abruptly faded and he gasped, "May I be excused?"

"Certainly, dear," Wanda replied. "You weren't planning on dessert anyway. Got to keep our girlish figure, don't we?" Kit's doe-like eyes widened, and tears started to form. Not wasting a moment, he swiftly scampered from the den.

"Don't leave now, Jake," Wanda smirked as I got out of the easy chair. "The evening is still young."

I wanted to give that bitch a piece of my mind, but for Kit's sake, I held my tongue. Following my friend, I was glad to leave the den and that awful Wanda! The door to his girlish room was shut. Inside, I heard his muffled sobbing. "You okay?" I asked, tapping on the door.

"Come on in, Jake," he sniffled.

His lithe body twisted atop his canopied bed made me wish I hadn't come up. "Kit, I'm really sorry," I sighed.

"Don't be sorry," he whimpered. "I'm fine until I see you and the memories return. I got myself into this mess, but I need you to help keep me sane."

I tried to comfort him. Sitting beside him, I gently put my hand on his delicately rounded shoulder. His drenched eyes gazed at me in wanton desperation. Unnerved, I abruptly withdrew my hand.

"Don't stop," he begged, blotting tear-streaked mascara from his hairless cheeks. "Your touch is so comforting, and I desperately need your friendship."

Shaking my head, I ran my fingers the length of his frail arm and sighed, "There's not much of Kit Parker left!"

"I know," he admitted in a tragic tone. "It's like I'm two people. Kit isn't allowed to surface, so Kitten is slowly taking over my life. I can't stop her."

The stress of his confession cut to my heart like a knife. Drawing him close, I hugged his fragile, feminized body. "I swear, Kit," I said, "I won't abandon you." I meant well, but I never felt like a bigger ass for making promises I might not be able to keep!

"Don't go, Jake!" Kit cried, his doe-like eyes desperately pleading.

"Got to go, buddy," I insisted. "Tomorrow I start football practice. Good luck with your modeling career."

"Please write me when you get settled," he pleaded in a pathetic tone, "I need your support to maintain my sanity."

"Will do."

Kit's eternal optimism warmed my chilled heart. "Break a leg," he whispered as I closed the door to his room.

I hoped to leave the house unnoticed, but just my luck, Wanda met me in the foyer. "You're a real sport, Jake," she grinned warmly. "Your friendship with Kitten and your presence here tonight is much appreciated."

"Then give him a break and let up on this feminine crap you're putting him through!" I spat as I made my exit.

Kit's predicament left a heavy load on my mind. Awake in bed, I wondered about him, his future, and what shape he'd be in when I returned.

I became absorbed in college life, between sports, school, new friends, joining a fraternity, and babes. It was late

October when we had an open date and I was able to return home. I hadn't corresponded with Kit, probably from denial of my impotence to help him...or maybe not wanting to know what atrocity Wanda and Linda had inflicted on him while I was away.

I felt guilty going to Kit's house after so long an absence, but he is my friend, even if a very feminine one. Mrs. Parker answered the door with a friendly smile. When I asked for Kit, she told me that he was modeling in New York. Obviously quite successful if the new furnishings in her house were any indication. She gave me his address and asked that I write him. She said he often asked about me, but she had nothing to tell since I hadn't written or phoned. I broke down and scribbled a short note about school, football, my fraternity, and girls, without really saying much.

A week later, I found a slip in my mailbox indicating I had a special delivery letter. I picked up a fancy pink envelope doused in an enticing feminine perfume with the Duncan Studio's New York address in fancy gold script. I was sure that that bitch, Wanda had intercepted my letter to Kit and was sending me evidence of some outrageous and humiliating thing she had done to him. I carefully opened the envelope as the spicy perfume filled my nostrils.

"Wow!" I gasped as I viewed the contents and saw a glossy glamour photograph of Kit. The letter was from him, *not* Wanda, and it was written in a delicate feminine script. Before reading the letter, I stared in awe at the photo, which he had signed, "*To Jake, My Special Friend, Love, Kitten*"

His signing as Kitten left me confused and bewildered. The photo only showed him from the shoulders up, but what I saw was *breathtaking*! His makeup, dark eyeliner, mascara, blue tinted eyeshadow, and dark red lipstick were impeccable, as was his modern evening hairstyle! Diamond studs and long dangling diamond pendants decorated his pierced ears, while an elaborate diamond necklace and a diamond tiara in his blonde tresses gave him a look of feminine elegance.

What he wrote was innocent enough, but his use of uniquely feminine words like, 'dreamy', 'lovely', 'pretty', 'scrumptious', 'to die for', and 'too cute for words' unnerved me! Instead of berating me for not writing sooner, he expressed sadness over the loss of our visits and excitedly bubbled about his growing popularity as a model.

"I'm in such demand for assignments that I hardly ever have a day off. I guess Wanda was right all along about my potential because I'm one of the fastest rising models in the trade. The money is really rolling in, so Aunt Helen couldn't be happier. Linda; however, is definitely green with envy."

I was sitting on my bed staring at the photograph when Steve, my roommate and the middle linebacker on the football team, came bouncing into the room like a gorilla. "What are you staring at so intently?" he grinned.

He didn't believe me when he saw the photograph with its intimate signature. "You and that dish? Give me a break! She's gorgeous!"

"Eat your heart out!" I jibbed in return.

With classes, exams, and sports consuming my time, my letter writing tailed off. By Christmas break, it stopped altogether. At the start of spring term, I was just Jake Benson, student. With no football, I arrived on campus early to get a head start.

"Got your face in a book, again?" Steve sniggered, staggering home after a night of drinking. "You'll go blind, man!"

I just smiled, but seeing a curled magazine beneath his arm, I laughed, "The same to you! A sports rag, no doubt."

"You mean this? Heck no. Here, catch!"

Steve flung the magazine right at me. "A *fashion* magazine? What gives?"

"Some weird chick left it at the bar. I took it because the pictures are *awesome!*"

"Tell me about it!" I chuckled, ogling the cover.

"Check out the hot babe on page 88. She's a *knockout*!"

Steve watched my reaction as I flicked ahead. "I'm giving up math for this, so it had better be good!"

"Isn't she your friend? The one who sent you that photo last fall?"

"Uh...yeah, that's...uh...Kitten, my friend. Say do you mind if I keep this?"

"Enjoy!" Steve laughed. "I'm going back to the bar!"

I ripped out the section with Kit's photo layout, cursing, "Damn you, Kit! You're too weird...and sexy too!"

His blonde mane had grown incredibly long, stretching almost to his tiny waist. Alluringly posed, his red lips pouted coyly as his ultra-svelte figure modeled a see-through black lace dress that made it obvious he wasn't wearing a bra!

From cover to cover, I scanned the magazine, searching for other photos but only found one other. Posed among three other girlishly built models, Kit wore a babydoll nightie. The caption read, '*Something warm to come home to*', and it *was*! His bosom created remarkably deep cleavage, his nipples making little points at the front of his gown, and his front was as flat as the other girls!

Unable to shake Kit from my mind, I did something foolish...I wrote to him! It was only a 'hello, how are you' letter, but I did mention the magazine photos.

The following week, I got his reply, another perfume-laden letter! Kit's writing had always been messy, yet now nobody would think that a guy inked the delicate, swirling script!

My heart raced and hand quivered as I unfurled the flowery stationary. A second, smaller, envelope dropped from between the sheets of scented paper. Putting it aside, I began to read.

"Dearest Jake, I simply adored your letter..."

I shuddered aloud. I'd better stop here! But I didn't. By the time I finished reading, my emotions surged, leaping from anger, to shame, to total confusion!

Part of me wanted to believe Kit was still an all-American guy, but whatever was happening to him in New York was sure taking a hefty toll!

He finished the letter by saying, *"...and Jake, darling, the other girls and I will be in your city next month for a benefit show at the Ritz. Can we get together?"*

Love Always,

Kitten

P.S., darling, I've enclosed a few photos. I know you'll appreciate their artistic value. Always yours, Kitten!"

"GAWD!" I gasped. "NUDES!"

Kit's pert bare breasts and petite feminine curves adorned each astonishing photograph. I desperately searched for signs of his manhood, but his willowy figure and endlessly long hair discretely and strategically hid detection of anything unseemly. Even more shocking was that the sad, far off stare I'd seen in previous photos was gone. Now, his lovely heart shaped face clearly looked like that of a young woman! I sadly realized my plan to get my buddy back to his old shape was a pipe dream.

I immediately wrote him back, thanking him for the wonderful photos, and saying I was looking forward to seeing him in a month.

His next letter said he and a group of models would be here for three days, and they had a free evening. If I was interested, he would bring them to my fraternity for a party, a spring bash, if you will.

At first, I was very leery of being seen with Kit by my fraternity brothers, but I realized from the photos that nobody, but nobody would take Kitten, the girl in the photos,

as my buddy, Kit. I advised him that I would set everything up with my fraternity brothers.

I told the brothers that a bevy of New York models wanted to party with us. After the whooping and hollering subsided, I explained that these girls were cultured and refined and that we didn't want to come across like a clan of backwoods hillbillies. They were reluctant to agree until I said, "Any chance of these girls ever returning will be lost if we come off as a bunch of deviants from the movie '*Animal House*'."

That got them thinking, and they almost eagerly agreed to clean up their act and present themselves as gentlemen. I believed that would happen for about a microsecond, but decided it would be enough if they at least started the evening as gentlemen. The rest would take care of itself.

Constantly asked why a bunch of beautiful sexy models wanted to spend the evening with us, I patiently explained that one of them was hot for me. To be honest, I had no clue why Kit volunteered to bring his fellow models to our frat. It was enough that he was willing.

Finally the big night arrived. The thirty fraternity brothers were on their best behavior as a small fleet of limousines pulled up in front of the house. Until that moment, I don't think they really believed real models would show up. Still, they got dressed up just in case.

All their doubts evaporated; however, when the first girl stepped from the front limo wearing a long clinging evening gown and holding up a bottle of champagne in each hand. A loud whoop rose, as the brothers knew this would be an evening for the ages if the other girls looked anywhere near as stunning as this foxy chick! For pulling off this caper, I would be famous. My name would be legend in the fraternity annals!

The next girl was a gorgeous fiery redhead in a tight short silver miniskirt that barely covered her curvaceous, well-formed buttocks. A short top covered her ample breasts,

showing substantial cleavage and left a wide gap about her midsection that exposed her tattooed navel. She too was wearing the highest of heels, setting off very slim attractive legs.

Kit stepped out wearing a tight, full length, strapless, bright red satin evening gown that clung to his every curve and showed his ample breasts and attractive cleavage to advantage. His dress had a front slit to just above mid-thigh to accent his long slender attractive nylon sheathed legs with every step. His blonde hair was set in an attractive style and hung below his bare shoulders. His pixie face broke out in a huge smile when he saw me.

My mouth dropped to my pants! Kit, my high school buddy, was absolutely gorgeous! As I descended the steps to greet him, he rapidly tripped up the sidewalk in his four-inch heels toward me. His resplendent breasts bounced with every step as he flayed his hands with their bright red nails in the air, and his hips swayed seductively. He jumped into my arms and squealed in delight, "Jake ... Oh, ***Jake!*** I've missed you so much!"

"I..." I was speechless, tongue-tied by the vision of beauty hugging me. As I twirled him about, his skirt separated to show one leg bent at the knee and the other just above the ground.

After this most surprising greeting, Kit gushed, "Let me introduce the girls! This is Cheryl. Picture her in the tiniest bikinis. Diane, the queen of lingerie..." He finished with the smiling redhead in the hot silver miniskirt. "Finally, this is my best girlfriend, ***Dana***. As you might imagine, ***no one*** looks better in hot pants or a micro-miniskirt!"

Steve nearly lost it right there in front of everyone when Dana extended her soft hand in greeting. "It's a pleasure to meet you," he stammered, taking in her loveliness.

"Why thank you, Sugar," she said in a throaty sigh as she felt Steve's arm muscles. Lowering her smoldering eyes, she gave him a look that would melt the hardest heart and

sighed, "I must say they build college boys nicely these days. Come on, big boy, let's dance."

"But there's no music..."

"Who cares?" Dana whispered in a slightly husky voice. "We'll make our own."

Steve was beside himself as he took this lovely creature and began leading her through the steps of a slow waltz as though an orchestra was playing a soft slow tune. As a finale, he raised his hand and led her through a slow turn designed to give him a good look at this gorgeous redhead. "To hell with college boys," he smiled, "If you want to talk about 'built', check out our guests for the evening, and present company is *definitely* included!"

Kit had brought twelve of the most gorgeous girls in the world to party at our humble frat. At first, the bevy of beauties overwhelmed the brothers, but being adventurous college dudes, it didn't take long for them to come out of their stupor and start socializing.

When the girls excused themselves to the powder room, Steve came over to me with a sheepish grin. "Jake, I owe you an apology," he admitted, "Until I saw Kitten bounce into your arms, I thought you sent those photos to yourself. I see that you were crazy like a *fox*. You take care of your friends better than any guy I've ever known. You are tops with me!"

I saw no reason to stick around and watch Steve get shot out of the saddle by this gorgeous redhead when the girls returned, so I invited Kit to come inside and look around. "We actually cleaned up the place, but in the end, we thought a backyard barbeque and keg party might be better to break the ice," I explained as we entered the house.

Kit didn't let go of my hand, sticking to me like glue. Although he was friendly with all the guys, he made it clear that I was the only one he was interested in being with.

To be truthful, although the girls were gorgeous beyond words, I hadn't seen Kit for so long, all I wanted was to be alone to talk with him. "How are you?" "What have you been

doing?" "You look so...so gorgeous!" "I loved the photographs." "What about the nudes?" The questions just kept flowing from my mouth.

Giggling in a very girlish tinkling laugh, Kit purred, "Thanks for the lovely compliment. I'm doing *wonderfully*! I'm the model Wanda promised I'd become, and I'm in constant demand."

As we ate, I told him about school and football. While the others sat about in small groups, we sat alone and talked about our lives.

When the sun got low in the sky, someone turned on the CD player, and small groups started dancing on the patio. Kit was asked to dance a few times, but when he refused those requests to be with me, the brothers took the hint and left us alone.

"Dance with me, Jake," Kit whispered in my ear. "I want to dance with my best friend."

At that moment, any thoughts of Kit being my old buddy evaporated. He was what he appeared to be, what everyone at the party thought, a gorgeous girl! Hesitating only a little, I took his soft hand in mine and led him to the patio.

A slow tune was playing, and without hesitation, Kit melted into my arms. He pressed his soft breasts against my chest and his smooth nylon-clad legs against mine. "It's been too long, Jake," he sighed as he wrapped his arms about my neck.

"Too long?" I asked, placing my arms about his small waist. From habit, I let them slide down onto his satin covered buttocks.

"Yes, and that feels great," he cooed as he lowered his head to my shoulder. I'm a girl now, Jake. We can still be the best of friends, but I can never be your buddy again."

"I suspected as much," I whispered in his ear. "I've seen how you act, how you react, how you move, and the way you

have developed into the image of a lovely young woman. Is any of Kit left?"

"Very little if any," he sighed. "I certainly can't find much of my old self. I don't feel like Kit, I can't think like Kit, I don't look like Kit, and by choice, I don't dress like Kit. Despite my objections in the beginning, I have truly become Kitten!"

"And that's fine with you?"

"Look, Jake," he reasoned as he snuggled closer, "I don't like what Linda, Aunt Helen, and Wanda did to me, but, even with a few college courses, Kit would have ended up in a dead end job struggling to make ends meet. Kitten, on the other hand, is on her way to being rich and famous. I've had to accept who I have become."

"And, just who is that?"

"No matter what I wanted and fought for when all this started, I am *Kitten Parker, Glamour Model!*"

"What happened to Kit Parker, *unisex* model?"

"Oh, I do a unisex gig from time to time, but those clothes haven't really caught on like I was led to believe," he sighed. "The real money is, and always has been, in women's fashions."

"And, you're okay with wearing dresses and pretending to be a gorgeous chick?" I asked

"I'm not pretending, Jake, I *am* a woman. The clothes, the feminine lessons, and the hormones have mentally changed me into a woman. I can't return to being Kit, not with a body shape like *this!*"

I inhaled his bewitching perfume and felt his soft body cuddle close to mine as we danced in silence to the slow melody. During a lively tune, I was amazed at how gracefully he moved in his long skirt and stilt heels. I had worried and planned so long to rescue my buddy, but now I knew rescue was no longer possible. Kit was gone, and only soft sweet Kitten remained.



Kitten seductively allowed her skirt to separate to expose her long, gorgeous legs. "Do you like what you see, Jake?" she cooed.

As we left the patio, I saw Steve snuggling close to Dana, their lips touching from time to time, and his hands roaming over her luscious body. "Steve didn't strike out after all," I commented. "He and Dana seem to be hitting it off really well."

"Yes, I can tell that Dana finds your friend quite attractive, Jake," Kitten smiled. "However, I don't think he knows what he's getting himself into."

"Meaning what?" I questioned; unable to tear my eyes away from the expanse of nylon encased thigh as Kitten's long silky skirt fell away.

"Like what you see?" Kitten smiled, skillfully changing the subject as she caught sight of the way I was staring at her abundant cleavage and exposed slender nylon-clad thighs.

"I'll say!" I gasped. "You have become a very sexy woman! Any man would be a fool who thought otherwise."

"I was hoping you would be pleased with my new image," she cooed discreetly. "I tried on dozens of dresses before I decided this was the one to impress you with my blossoming femininity."

"No thoughts of dressing as a guy?"

"Not one. I wanted to impress you with my femininity."

"You picked the right dress if you wanted to show everything you have without showing everything you have," I smiled with approval.

"That was the idea, more or less," she giggled girlishly.

"You've gained weight," I observed as I looked over her protruding breasts, rounded hips, exposed legs, arms, and shoulders. "At one hundred ten pounds, you were skin and bones, but now, you're voluptuous!"

"A few pounds," Kitten admitted. "When I finally reached one ten, they encased me in a horrendously tight waist cinch and fed me fatty, high calorie foods for a few weeks. A thin layer of fat appeared beneath my skin to make it soft and pliable. Since my waist was severely restricted, the added

weight settled in my breasts and hips. Combined with my estrogen therapy, this is the result. What do you think?"

"Breathtaking, but I had no idea they could do such things to change plain looking boys into beautiful girls!"

"Neither did I until I met some other models who started out in unisex and became feminine. By then, it was too late for me."

"What about your aunt and Linda?" I asked. "What do they think about the new you?"

"As you might expect, Aunt Helen is ecstatic with the money pouring in, but Linda will always be jealous of my success."

"Is she enjoying her senior year of high school?"

"Oh, didn't you know? Linda is out in Colorado at some Institute where they specialize in training boys to become girls. Besides unisex models, they teach boys to be school girls, wives, cheerleaders, secretaries, hairdressers, maids, or whatever feminine image his sponsor desires."

"What kind of boy would want to do something like that?" I gasped.

"Very few on their own accord, but these boys don't have a choice," Kitten admitted. "After Linda's success with me, Wanda said she was a *natural* at training boys to be girls! As a result, Linda attends high school and takes martial arts classes out there. The rest of the time, she trains a man to be a bimbo receptionist. He's fighting a lot harder to retain his masculinity than I did, but no matter how much he resists, he'll lose in the end. Linda is relentless in her efforts, and Wanda says she is equal to the challenge. No doubt, she will subdue him in the end."

"Do you think Linda can make this man look and act as much like a woman as you?"

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"Oh yes!" Kitten declared emphatically. "I can just picture him mincing about his ex-wife's office in a miniskirt, low cut blouse, overdone makeup, long fingernails, and spectator pumps. He hates every minute of it, so Linda is training him to flirt with the male clients as an added humiliation."

"Who would do such a thing to a guy?"

"Apparently, he had some trouble with the mob, so his wife supposedly enrolled him in the program as a means of hiding him from the gang. She took over his company while he is in training. Unfortunately for him, his wife found that she enjoys the power that comes with running the company, and she decided that she didn't want her husband to return. Besides, she has learned to enjoy being a single woman with money. I'm afraid Debbie, her ex-husband, is going to return to his company as a bimbo receptionist when Linda is through with him. One of his jobs will be keeping his ex-wife's appointment book, including her dates with his former rivals."

"Wow!" I gushed."

"That place has an unbelievable waiting list for admissions, so after finishing high school, Linda will be training several boys at a time to be girls, and making decent money in the bargain."

I envisioned Linda holding a hapless boy across her lap with his skirt at his waist while she applied a sound spanking to his exposed panties. Several other ill-fated boys in cute dresses, silky undies, feminine makeup, bright red lipstick, and chic hairstyles look on in fear and dismay. If, as I suspected, Linda hated and wanted to punish all males because of her belief that Kit cheated her out of her dream career, she had truly found her niche in life!

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"I feel sorry for those boys, but on the bright side, Linda won't be here, yelling at me, or whacking my tender ass with that damn hairbrush," Kitten sighed with obvious relief. "My life is much less traumatic without her ordering me around!"

Back to the matter at hand, our party was a resounding success. It didn't start to break up until well after midnight when the girls announced that they had an early *shoot* the next morning and needed at least a couple of hours of beauty sleep.

Some phone numbers were exchanged, but most of the guys didn't hold out much hope that anything would come of it. After all, these were big city models that consorted with the rich and famous. Why would they remember a bunch of college dudes? Steve was the exception!

He and Dana seemed to actually connect. Kitten and I came up on the two of them just before midnight, where they were squeezed into a dark corner, playing deep, throaty tongue tag. They were so into each other that neither knew or cared that we were there.

"Steve is in for the biggest surprise of his life if he pursues Dana very far," Kitten declared.

When I questioned why she would say that, Kitten covered her mouth with brightly colored fingernails, and giggled, "Oh, Jake! Dana is a *boy*! Like me, he started out as a unisex model and got caught up in the glitz and glamour of modeling!"

"Impossible!" I gasped as I watched Steve slide his hand under Dana's top to fondle a well-formed breast. She moaned in ecstasy when he rolled her nipple between his thumb and forefinger, but she deftly pushed his hand away when he reached for the hem of her short skirt.

"It's *true*!" Kitten smiled as I looked on in disbelief.

"How about the other *girls*?" I gasped. "Are they boys too?"

"No, Dana and I are the only ones who used to be boys," Kitten smiled.

"*Used* to be?"

"Technically, Dana and I are still males, but look closely, do you see anything remotely masculine about either of us?"

"No, but shouldn't we tell Steve about Dana being a...a...?" I choked.

"If you do, he's sure to make a scene and ruin the party for your fraternity," Kitten cautioned. "Don't worry, Dana will tell him what he needs to know when the time is right. Dana and I are trained in the art of teasing men and leading them on. We specialize in keeping them close enough to be interested, but we make sure to remain just out of their reach. Men always want what they can't have, so we tease them and keep them lusting after us. If they only knew what they were chasing!"

"I'll say!"

As the girls were saying their final farewells and were climbing into the limos, Kitten mewed, "I had a *wonderful* time, Jake, and I hope to see you again soon."

"Me too," I declared as I helped her into the limo and watched as her long delicate skirt separated in front to give me a last look at her long, sexy, nylon clad legs. As I admired her lovely feminine body, I pondered, "I never wanted this to happen, but despite my wishes, my old buddy has become the most gorgeous *girl* in town!"

Back in our room, Steve was floating on clouds as he clutched a crumpled note with an address, phone number, the lipstick imprint of bright red lips, and the fragrance of an expensive French perfume. "I owe you, Jake," he sighed as he held the note to his nostrils and inhaled the sensuous aroma. "I owe you *big time*!"

"Just don't get carried away," I sighed, knowing I would not be the one to tell my smitten roommate the intimate

details about his dream *girl*! Besides having a violent temper, he outweighed me by fifty pounds!

"I go for that sexy redhead in a big way, Jake!" Steve declared in a giddy tone. "I've been around the block a few times, and I'm telling you, this girl is *different*!"

"She is that," I agreed under my breath. "She definitely is *that*!"

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