

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

DRESSES & TRESSES



*"Bobby has three problems...
His mother, sister and their desire to
put him into dresses!"*

VOLUME 60

A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

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Dresses & Tresses *By Alice Trail*

For lulu.com

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Published by
Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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QUOTE BOARD

“Some days are a total waste of good makeup!”

DRESSES AND TRESSES

By Alice Trail

Dear Ms. Sandy Thomas,

Please stop! Stop publishing those little pink books that tell about men and boys being forced to wear dresses and pretend to be girls. You are giving atrocious ideas to devious women who otherwise would never think of such things. The lives of many males are being turned upside down as they are being cheated out of their masculinity. I know because that is what happened to me!

The turnabout in my life started one rainy day when I was twelve years old. My sister, Beth, and I were bored, so for something to do, she forced me to dress in some of her clothes. I was a boy who liked to play ball and other rough games, so I hated wearing the dresses, silky panties, and other girlish stuff she put me in. She was five years older than I and bigger and stronger, so no matter how hard I fought, I ended up as her 'dress up doll'!

When I complained, Mom laughed saying, "Playing occasional dress up games with your sister is harmless. Besides, you look cute in her clothes."

Beth assumed she had Mom's approval, so our dress-up games became more frequent. When Mom would come home from work, she would find me wearing one of Beth's old dresses or skirts.

When I was fourteen, Mom presented me with my 'first' dress! It wasn't the first dress I had ever worn by a

long shot, but it **was** the first dress of my very own. It was a green and yellow plaid ‘jumper’ that featured a mid-thigh length skirt with tiny pleats that swirled merrily about my thighs with my every movement. To ‘model’ my new dress, Beth presented me with silky panties, a matching slip, a white cotton blouse, and white pantyhose. “Mom, since Bobby has his own dress and silky undies, shouldn’t he have a girl’s name when he wears them?” she teased.

“Please no, Mom,” I pleaded while toying with my hateful skirt. “Wearing this dress is horrible enough without having a girl’s name!”

“That’s a good idea, sweetheart!” Mom ignored my plea. “If he had been a girl like I wanted, I was going to name him Rebecca and call him Becky.”

“Robert to Rebecca, Bobby to Becky!” Beth exclaimed. “I like it, and I *love* having a little sister!”

Beth also gave me several baby-doll nighties she had outgrown, and with Mom’s full agreement, insisted that I sleep in them. Along with the nighties, she also gave me numerous other undies. Not only did I have a dress and blouse hanging in my closet, I had a generous supply of panties, slips, camisoles, and nighties in my drawers! I only hoped my friends wouldn’t find out about my girlish wardrobe!

The next time I asked Mom for money for a haircut, she said, “You should let your hair grow a bit.” When I protested that wearing girl’s clothes was bad enough, and I didn’t want to let my hair grow long, she soothed, “You would look better in your dress if your hair was long enough to style as a boy or a girl. Give it a try. Grow it down to your collar, and you’ll see what I mean.” Her **suggestion** to let my hair grow sounded, in fact, like an **order**.

One day, Beth and I had an argument about my wearing girl's clothes. Wasting no time, she ran to Mom and claimed; "Bobby says he won't wear his dress anymore, and after all that money you spent to make him pretty and girlish!"

When Mom came into my room, she found me in a foul mood and wearing jeans, which was becoming more rare despite my protests against wearing dresses. Assuming Beth told the truth, she sat beside me, gently put her arm around my waist, pulled me close, and cooed, "What's wrong with my pretty Becky? Why are you refusing to be a good girl and wear your cute dress?"

"I said I didn't **want** to wear it," I sniffed, not wanting to bring her into my argument with Beth.

"Mommy knows," she soothed, "you're tired of wearing your dress all the time, aren't you?"

"Yes," I sobbed, thinking she was about to stop Beth from making me wear dresses altogether.

"Come," she said, taking my hand and leading me to Beth's room. "Bobby is getting tired of wearing the same dress all the time, and that is a legitimate complaint. You would hate it, and so does he!" Just as I thought I was about to receive a reprieve from wearing dresses, she added, "Let's go through your old things and see if we can find some things to put variety into his wardrobe."

Despite my arguments that I didn't want to wear **any** dress, I soon had two additional dresses, three skirts, four blouses, and two sweaters hanging in my closet beside my original dress, and I was wearing a white short sleeved dress with a straight mid-thigh length skirt! Then I had to help Beth box up some of my boy clothes to make room for my new girlish things! Since I received lots of silky panties, slips, and nighties,

we packed away all my jockey briefs as well, leaving me to wear panties full time, even under my jeans to school!

“Now my sweet Bobby has lots of pretty clothes to wear whenever he likes!” Mom gushed. “Besides your new dresses, you can mix and match your skirts, blouses, and sweaters to create numerous looks. You shouldn’t tire of them for quite some time. However, since you immodestly display your panties when you bend, I think Beth should give you some comportment lessons to teach you to discretely manage your short skirts.”

That’s the way it was! Beth taught me to girlishly walk, stand, and sit. She scolded me unmercifully if I didn’t comport myself in the sissy girlish way she insisted on even if I was wearing pants, which wasn’t very often at home. Gradually, I began to adopt the mannerisms she stipulated. In fact, they became so ingrained in my muscle memory that I sometimes caught myself walking with limp wrists, hips swaying, or sitting with my knees together at school! Whenever that happened, I would quickly assume a boyish gait or manner of sitting, hopefully before anyone noticed.

“Now that you wear dresses like a girl, it’s time you learned the feminine art of applying makeup,” Beth informed me. “You’re old enough to wear cosmetics, so whenever you wear a dress or a skirt, I expect you to wear makeup, lipstick, and nail polish in addition to your girlish hairstyle. Sit at my vanity and I’ll start teaching you.”

I’ll never forget the humiliation I felt the first time I pressed a tube of lipstick against my lips and smoothed on the pink color! The sensation was the same when I brushed matching color onto my fingernails, but it wasn’t as intense.



“OKAY! Please stop! I’ll wear the dresses and try to be a good girl! He screeched in pain as his determined sister deftly applied the hairbrush to his panty clad bottom.

Mom liked the way I looked with makeup, so after a conference with Beth; she bought my own liquid base, blush, powder, eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume. Makeup lessons became part of my afternoons, nights, and weekends, and I was never without it during my 'dress-up' sessions. I had to be really diligent to make sure it was completely removed before going to school each day. There was nothing I could do about the silky nylon panties under my jeans, but I lived in fear that some remaining trace of overlooked makeup would expose my dress-up 'games' to curious onlookers.

When I complained, Beth agreed to limit my wearing makeup to weekends and nights when I didn't have school the next day if I would allowed her to pluck my brows. Having my brows plucked seemed the lesser of two evils, so I dejectedly sat while they painfully became thin feminine arches. I hoped against hope that my schoolmates didn't notice.

While wearing makeup that I applied, Beth made me pose for photographs in my dresses. Before long, she had accumulated a large album that she threatened to show my friends if I didn't 'dress up' whenever she wanted. I was caught in a vicious cycle! If I didn't wear dresses and skirts, she would show the photos to my buddies. If I did wear them, she took more photos for her blackmail package!

One day, I rebelled against dressing as a girl, which proved to be my undoing. Despite my efforts to stop her, she roughly pulled me across her lap, flipped my skirt to my waist, and viciously spanked me on my silky panties with her wooden hairbrush until I agreed to obey her!

When I complained to Mom, she merely shrugged and said, "I'm surprised she hasn't spanked you sooner. You can probably expect more spankings in the future if

you don't become sweet, demure, and obedient while she teaches you to apply makeup and manage your skirts like a lady."

You guessed it! Beth took Mom's nonchalant response as permission to spank me whenever she wanted, and boy, did she ever want! After that, a day seldom passed that I wasn't across her lap with my skirt at my waist for at least one sound spanking on my panties!

I was really looking forward to playing baseball that spring, but just before sign-ups, Beth said, "I think you should give up rough boyish sports to work on your blossoming girlish persona." When I refused, she threatened, "If you register to play, I'll show your photo album to your teammates and tell them you're wearing panties under your uniform."

What could I do except let the deadline pass without signing up? I was one of the better players, so my friends wanted to know why I didn't register. Unable to tell them the real reason, I said I was just tired of baseball, but I was totally dejected when they grabbed their bats, balls, and gloves and ran to the practice field after school every day while I had to go home to wear dresses, skirts, and girlish makeup! "Now that you aren't wasting time playing ball, you can spend more time as my sister!" Beth beamed when we got home after school. "Let's have fun making you all pretty!"

Having lost my shame at being undressed or wearing scanty feminine undies in Beth's presence, I hesitantly stripped to my panties and fastened a bra around my chest while she watched. After slipping into a soft silky slip, and a dress with a short pleated skirt, I brushed my hair into a neat girlish style with bangs low

on my forehead, and I was ready to play whatever girlish game she had in mind.

By summer, my hair had grown over my ears and down onto my neck. I pleaded with Mom to let me get a haircut, but she smiled and said, "Let's not be too hasty. I read in one of those little pink books from Sandy Thomas Publications that boys become more docile and respectful of others if they grow their hair long and wear dresses for a time. If you are self conscious about your hair, you can wear it in a ponytail or some other boyish style at school or when you go out in public."

"Please, Mom, don't do this!" I begged. "I'm a boy! It's not right to make me wear my hair long and girlish. Everyone will laugh and call me a sissy!"

"Didn't you hear what I said?" she scowled. "You can wear it in a boyish style if you want! Beth will teach you to care for it as it grows. Now, let's hear no more on the subject!"

All I could do was mope away in self-pity! I had to sleep in soft girlish nighties; I had been forced to wear panties full time for over a year; I had been denied the opportunity to play ball with my friends; and as a result, they stopped coming around. Beth took advantage of that to make me wear dresses and perform some girlish endeavor practically every minute I was home! Now, I was destined to have long girlish hair, and I was helpless to prevent it from happening!

One day at breakfast, Mom said, "I'm sorry I spoke harshly to you about your hair the other night, Becky. You **have** become a bit shaggy, and you could do well with a professional trim. Beth made an appointment with for you with Susie, who does her hair."

"You'll just love Susie!" Beth gushed. "He's a bit swishy in his sexy uniform dress, makeup, bright red lipstick, long polished fingernails, shoulder length blonde hair, and high heels, but he knows all the latest teen styles and is really good at creating them!"

"You want me to go to a male hairdresser who wears dresses, makeup, and high heels for a haircut?" I gasped. "I won't do it! I won't go to someone like that! I..."

"Don't be so pompous!" Beth rebuked. "After all, with you wearing panties, the two of you will have something in common." While I blushed, she added to my shame by saying, "Come to think of it, I think you should wear one of your cute skirt outfits so you two can really bond!"

Blushing anew, I sighed, "I would be too embarrassed to wear a skirt in public."

"Embarrassed or not, you'll wear a cute skirt and top for your appointment unless you want your friends to see your girlish album!" Beth snapped. I looked at Mom, but she smiled and nodded in agreement!

I was rigid with fear of being recognized as Beth drove me to her hairdresser. I was wearing my usual panties, a training bra that tented out my crop top blouse that bared my navel, a miniskirt, and girlish two-inch heels. Although I still had a boyish haircut, Beth made me wear blush, eyeliner, mascara, lipstick, and nail polish.

I blushed when I was introduced to 'Susie', the male hairdresser in a dress. His blonde hair caressed his shoulders, his makeup was subtle, his lips were brilliant red to match his long fingernails, and large hoop earrings graced his pierced ears. "Beth was right," I thought while watching his feminine *wiggle* as he led me to his cubicle. "He *is* prissy, and he walks like a

woman in those heels. I hope I don't get as swishy from wearing these girlish clothes before Mom and Beth let me return to pants!"

"Why do you wear dresses and style women's hair?" I asked Susie while he washed my hair.

"Don't have a choice, really," Susie sighed in a high lisping voice as he massaged my scalp with his long red fingernails. "I owed the mob a bunch of money, and when I couldn't pay, they sent their goons after me. To help me hide, my wife disguised me as a woman and put me to work here in her salon. The goons still come around occasionally looking for me, so to stay alive; I wear dresses and take orders from my wife. At home, she makes me do most of the cooking, cleaning, washing, and ironing."

"Wow!" I exclaimed as he patted my hair dry with a fluffy pink towel. "That must be rough."

"That's not the worst of it," he scowled as he combed my still damp hair forward and trimmed my bangs low on my forehead. "Since she made me into a blonde, everybody thinks I'm a bimbo. I assure you; having to apply makeup and style my hair every morning is a bitch. Shaving my legs and underarms is no fun either."

At the end of the day, my feet are killing me from walking around in these damnable heels!"

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"We aren't the only two guys wearing panties. There's more than you might imagine," Susie said as he brushed, combed, and teased Bobby's hair into a saucy girlish style.

“Why do you wear them?” I asked. “The other stylists are wearing comfortable sneakers.”

“My wife insists I wear heels to make my legs more attractive,” he sadly lamented. “Sometimes I think I would have had it easier if those wise guys had caught me. At least, my punishment would have been over when my broken legs healed! This way, it continues day after day after day! I can’t go out for a drink with the boys or put a bet down on the ponies, and my wife is constantly on my back for me to make myself look more feminine to escape detection.”

When this frustrated man in a dress finished cutting my hair, he walked over to a cabinet. I saw the lacy hem of his pink nylon slip through the side slit of his skirt. ‘Life must be really traumatic for a man who has to dress as a woman full time and take orders from his wife,’ I thought. ‘At least, I can wear my boy clothes in public, even if I do have girlish panties underneath.’

“How about you?” Susie asked. “Why are you dressed as a girl?”

“My Mom and sister make me,” I sighed indicating Beth who was smiling brazenly at me from across the room. “I’ll bet you never thought you would give a girlish hairstyle to a boy in a dress!”

“Actually, there are more males in panties and skirts than you might imagine. Hardly a week goes by that I don’t work on at least one such hapless man or boy in a dress. A few of them enjoy it, but most of them don’t. How about you?”

“Do I like wearing dresses?” I gasped. “Of course not! If I had my choice, I would be playing ball instead of sitting here in a skirt having my hair done!”

“Welcome to the club,” he sighed. While I pondered Susie’s words about other men and boys in skirts, he

massaged some kind of lotion into my hair. When he was finished, he said, "Let that set for a while." I asked what it was, but he ignored my question saying, "I'll be back in fifteen minutes and tell you about it." When he returned, my scalp felt as if it was on fire. Wasting no time, he led me to the sink and washed that damnable lotion from my hair. After patting it dry with a pink towel as before, he used a blow dryer and a round brush to fluff it out.

I almost didn't recognize myself when I looked in the mirror after Susie finished his work. I was a blonde, and with my makeup, anyone would surely think I was a girl! "Why did you do that?" I gasped. "Boys don't have hair this color!"

"That's the color Beth ordered," Susie replied in a somewhat cowed voice. Showing me the instruction sheet, he said, "See? It says, 'Light California Blonde'." As I jumped up to complain to Beth for turning me into a blonde, he added, "Wait. I have to show you how to brush your hair into a boyish style and back to a girlish look before you leave."

When Susie finished with my hair, Beth swooned, "Oh, your hair is beautiful!"

"I can't have hair this color!" I protested. "I look like a girl!"

"Didn't Susie show you how to brush it into a boyish style?"

"The **style** doesn't matter!" I insisted. "Boys don't have hair this color. With this shade of **blonde**, I'll look like a girl, and everybody will call me a sissy regardless of the style!"

"This is the shade Mom and I discussed," she insisted calmly. "Take it up with her if you don't like it. I think Susie did a great job on your hair, so I made an

appointment for you in two weeks to have your roots touched up.”

Sure enough, when we got home, Mom carried on over my sissy hair color as though nothing was out of the ordinary for a boy to have hair this style or color. “Oh, Bobby!” she gushed. “That’s a **wonderful** color for your hair! I can’t wait until it grows longer and thicker!”

“But, Mom!” I raved in a panic filled voice. “Boys don’t have this hair color, and I’ll look like a girl for sure when it grows out longer!”

When the guys started laughing, I tried to maintain a positive attitude as I explained that my shaggy blonde mane was my ‘surfer’ look for the summer. I must have pulled it off, because after a few jokes and comments about girls, most of them went away laughing and saying, “Cool!”

“I may have fooled my friends about my blonde ‘beach do’ for now, but what will they say when it grows longer?” I complained to Beth.

Running to Mom, she lied, “Bobby said he would take a pair of scissors and cut his hair rather than let it grow out long and blonde!”

Mom charged into my room and demanded, “What’s this about you planning to cut your pretty blonde hair rather than let it grow into an attractive unisex style?” When I was slow to deny Beth’s false accusation, she snapped, “If you dare cut your lovely hair, I’ll see to it that you wear a pink ribbon in whatever is left until it grows back!” I sat in my dress and watched Beth revel in my humiliation from her lie. I could only blush and promise not to cut my hair.

On my fifteenth birthday in mid-August, Mom 'suggested' that I wear something 'nice' and fix my hair in a neat girlish style. With that in mind, I chose a white cotton sundress with spaghetti straps and a full mid-thigh length skirt to wear over my usual panties and slightly padded bra. After brushing my golden bangs low on my forehead, I styled my ever-lengthening hair into a neat feminine flip, slipped my feet into white skimmers, and went downstairs. When Mom noticed that she could see through my skirt in the light, she sent me back to add a half-slip to my girlish ensemble. I complained that the weather was too hot for all that nylon, but my argument fell on deaf ears.

Just before lunch, a van pulled up to the house and two burley men brought in a pink vanity with a matching bench, and at Mom's direction, carried it up to my room. It featured a lighted mirror, and when the men turned the lights on to make sure they worked, one of them turned to me and said, "Now, young lady, you have your own vanity to do your hair and makeup just like Momma and big sister!"

I wasn't surprised to receive only feminine gifts. Beth gave me a silky pink lingerie set that included three pairs of fancy nylon panties, two bras, a full lace embellished slip, a matching half-slip, and a camisole. These things cost quite a lot and I thanked her with a bright blush. Mom gave me three sets of earrings, small gold hoops, gold studs, and pearl pendants, plus a three strand pearl necklace. I wasn't overly upset until I noticed that the earrings were for pierced ears!

"I can't wear these!" I exclaimed. "My ears aren't pierced!"

"You missed part of your gift," Mom calmly replied. "Have another look in the box."

She was right! Amongst the crumpled wrapping paper was a certificate for a free ear piercing at the jewelry store where the earrings were purchased. "I can't have my ears pierced!" I protested. "Not both ears! No boy would!"

"As punishment for that unladylike outburst, you will wear one of your pretty dresses or skirts to the jewelry store, present this certificate, and ask to have your ears pierced!" Mom stated in a matter-of-fact tone. "I paid good money for your gifts, and I'll not have it wasted just because you're an ingrate!" No matter how much I apologized and pleaded with Mom to change her mind, she wouldn't relent.

Blushing and hoping against hope that no one would recognize me, I walked through the mall in a red satin blouse, a short white skirt with tiny pleats, red pumps with three-inch heels, and a red leather purse over my shoulder. Of course, I was wearing makeup, lipstick, and nail polish, and my blonde hair was brushed into a neat girlish style. When Mom and I arrived at the jewelry store, she instructed me to go inside, present the certificate, and ask to have my ears pierced.

My only consolation, as I entered the store was that I had gotten this far without being recognized. Removing the certificate from my purse, I handed it to the clerk without speaking. After examining it, she had me follow her into a back room.

While measuring my lobes, she asked, "Only one hole per ear?" When I nodded 'yes', she said, "Okay, but most girls your age have at least three sets of holes."



"Oh, look at Bobby!" the girls squealed. "He's wearing a skirt and heels...like us!"

"We just had his ears pierced," his mother explained holding his long blonde tresses back so they could see.

She apparently took my humiliation from wearing a dress in public as fear. She cautioned as she picked up the piercing gun, "Don't worry, sweetie. This won't hurt a bit." Moments later, I had holes in my ears that sported the small hoops I received from Mom.

When I joined Mom in the corridor, she insisted on checking my new 'holes' and the small hoops secured in them. "Remember to turn them several times a day to prevent infection," she advised. "In four or five days, you should be able to wear more elaborate rings and pendants. Let's go home and show Beth."

We almost made it out of the mall when Julie and Kathy, two of Beth's friends, recognized Mom and came running over. After they chatted a moment, Julie asked about my identity. Before Mom could reply, Kathy gasped, "It's Bobby!"

"It is Bobby!" Julie giggled. "Oh Bobby, you look totally cute in your skirt, blouse, makeup, heels, and with your girlish hairdo and earrings!"

"Totally!" Kathy agreed. "That shade of lipstick is **you**, but why are you dressed that way?"

I was embarrassed beyond words, and when I couldn't speak, Mom said, "Bobby, or Becky as we call him when he's dressed as a girl, has been playing dress-up with Beth for years. Today is Bobby's birthday, and he got some earrings for pierced ears. Not wanting to change out of his pretty skirt outfit, he begged me to take him to the mall to get his ears pierced so he could wear them." Brushing my hair back with her hand to expose the small hoops in my recently pierced ears, she added, "See for yourself."

After a few more questions, which Mom answered with lies about how I loved wearing pretty dresses and soft silky undies, Julie and Kathy ran off giggling and

chattering about telling everyone about how cute I looked in my skirt and blouse.

"Oh, Mom!" I cried with tears filling my eyes. "Why did you tell them I like to wear dresses? You know I only wear these clothes because you and Beth make me! Now, they'll tell everyone, and I'll be branded as a sissy for life!"

"Would you rather have them think a mere girl could force a strong boy to wear dresses and comport himself as a girl? Would that have made you look more like a he-man?"

Almost without thinking, I brushed my short skirt beneath me as I got into the car and seethed, "I would rather not have been forced to wear a skirt, especially not to the mall! Then I wouldn't have to worry about what people will say when they find out! If I had to have my ears pierced, why couldn't I have worn pants?"

"What's done is done," Mom replied nonchalantly. "We'll just have to deal with the situation from here."

"I can't believe your complacent attitude! You and Beth have ruined my life, and all you can say is we'll deal with it?"

"Don't worry, sweetheart. I'm sure things will work out for the best."

My tears had streaked my makeup by the time we arrived home. Without worrying about who might see me in my skirt, blouse, and heels, I bolted from the car and into the house as soon as we arrived.

"I know all about it," Beth sobbed. "'Kathy called from the mall and said word about Bobby wearing skirts is spreading like wildfire. Now we'll have to stop playing dress-up. I've lost my sweet little sister forever! Oh, Mom! Why did you make him go to the mall dressed like

a girl? You didn't have to embarrass him that way. He could have worn pants to have his ears pierced!"

"You always take him to the hairdresser's in dresses and skirts!" Mom snapped. "What's the difference?"

"I always make sure none of our friends are there, and I don't embarrass him by exposing him as a boy in a dress!" Beth countered. "That's the *difference*!"

"Okay, let's think this through and not be hasty," Mom calmly cautioned. "Bobby, go to your room, repair your makeup. Beth and I will prepare a snack, and we'll talk over our options when you return."

"Repair my makeup?" I gasped not believing what I was hearing. "I can no longer wear girl's clothes! Why don't I just wash this goop off my face, take off these stupid clothes, and put on some pants?"

"You would still have to wear panties," Mom reasoned. "We have a lot to consider as a family. Now, do as I say!"

"Unless you want a sound spanking on those pretty panties I gave you for your birthday, you'll hop to it and do as Mom says!" Beth snapped. "Change into your black mini and yellow nylon tee top. Your satin blouse, pleated skirt, and heels are much too dressy to wear around the house."

My short pleated skirt swirled about my nylon encased thighs as I dejectedly left. 'That outfit Beth wants me to wear is not appropriate for a boy,' I fumed, not daring to let her know what I was thinking. 'The skirt is ridiculously short, and the tight top accentuates my padded bosom as though I'm proud to show it off!'

In my room, I removed my skirt and blouse and hung them in my closet along side my numerous other girlish clothes. 'Oh, why do I have to repair my makeup and

wear a skirt after I was seen looking like a girl at the mall?" I inwardly sobbed as sat at my new vanity wearing my soft lace embellished white nylon slip, panties, bra, and pantyhose. As I wiped the ruined mascara, eyeliner, and eyeshadow from my face with cleansing cream, I thought, 'I should be allowed to return to pants immediately instead of changing into another skirt and blouse! Now, I'll have to come up with a good excuse to tell the guys why I wore a skirt to the mall and had my ears pierced!'

I pondered the subject as I stepped into a pair of yellow nylon panties, fastened a matching bra behind my back, and filled the cups with my pads. Morosely, I pulled the yellow tee over my head and fastened my skirt at my waist. From past experience, I knew it wouldn't get longer, no matter how much I tugged at the hem. I replaced my feminine makeup, freshened my lipstick, and slipped my bare feet into girlish skimmers. I was hard pressed to come up with a believable excuse for going to the mall in a skirt that would satisfy my friends, especially since I quit baseball, grew my hair long, and dyed it blonde! Maybe Mom could find a way for me to save face.

"There's my pretty sister!" Beth beamed when I returned to the kitchen where she and Mom were sitting at the table with sinister smiles. "Don't you look sweet in that short skirt and stylish top!"

"You never wear skirts this short!" I snapped. "In fact, you hardly ever wear skirts at all! Why do you make me wear them? After all, I'm a **boy**!" After smoothing my skirt and seating myself at the table, I took a long drink of my juice. Seeing the smug look on their faces, I casually observed the lipstick stain on my glass and asked, "What's up? You two look like the cat who swallowed the canary."

"After logically accessing your situation, we have decided that you should begin dressing as a girl full time," Mom explained.

"I can't wear dresses full time!" I gasped in disbelief. "I'm a boy! I would be a laughing stock! All my friends...everyone would ridicule me, call me a sissy, and...and worse! I can't do it! I have to change into pants, and the sooner the better!"

"Look at this logically," Mom countered calmly. "You have many more dresses and skirts than pants, and you don't even *own* a pair of boy's underwear. You have blonde feminine hair, and you girlishly mince about most of the time, even when you wear pants. Look at how you're sitting with your knees together in a girlish manner."

"I have to sit this way to avoid a spanking, especially in this short skirt Beth made me wear!" I wailed. "Woe be unto my bottom if either of you see my panties!"

"You're an expert at applying makeup and styling your hair like a girl," Mom ignored my protest. "Beth and I just spent a lot of money on your birthday gifts, not to mention the cost of your new vanity. You were recognized wearing a dress at the mall where you went to have your ears pierced, and, your friends will soon know of your secret dress up games. Therefore, the only way for you to save face is to dress as a girl full time."

"Oh no, Mom!" I cried. "I hate dressing as a girl! The only reason I have more dresses than pants is because that's what you buy and make me wear! I move and handle my skirts like a girl because Beth makes me practice every day, and she spansks me if I don't do everything in a prim girlish manner. This dress-up game has gone too far! I'm a boy, and I can't wear

dresses and skirts full time! Don't even *think* such a thing!"

Just then the doorbell rang. Beth went to answer the door while I fretted over Mom's absurd suggestion (order) that I dress full time as a girl. A few moments later, she returned and excitedly exclaimed, "Come look at this! You won't believe it!"

Mom and I quickly followed her. When we reached the door, Beth opened it just a crack so we could see outside. It wasn't wide enough for anyone to see inside, but I saw my friend Jack, Julie and Kathy from the mall, and maybe forty or fifty others, both boys and girls, behind them on the lawn!

When she opened the door a bit wider, Jack stammered, "Hello, Beth. We heard Bobby wore a dress to the mall and had his ears pierced. Is that true?"

"What's it to you?" Beth sneered.

"He's been acting sort of like a sissy with his long blonde hair and prissy ways since he quit baseball," Jack stated in a matter-of-fact tone. "He's been acting like someone who wanted to dress up like a girl. We just want to see if it's true."

"It's true alright!" Kathy declared. "Julie and I saw him!"

"Wait here," Beth said as she closed the door. Looking at Mom with a devious grin, she said, "All of Bobby's friends are here, along with a lot of others. What better time for his *coming out*?"

"An excellent suggestion," Mom enthused. "Alright, young lady. Go out there and tell your friends that you like wearing girl's clothes and that you have decided to wear them full time in the future."

"I can't go out there dressed like *this* and tell them *that!*" I tearfully declared, indicating my tight top and short skirt.

"If you don't tell them you like dressing as a girl and that you will be wearing dresses and skirts in the future, Beth and I will tell them you have begged us to dress you as a girl for years. Now, get out there and tell them how much you love wearing soft silky girl's clothes. If you don't, Beth and I will show them your photo album and your feminine wardrobe of dresses, skirts, and undies! You can say we're lying, but with you in that stylish skirt and top, who do you think they'll believe?"

I gasped. "Everyone will call me a sissy...or worse!"

"I suggest you get used to that because your fate is sealed," she scoffed. "You will wear girl's clothes wherever you go, whatever you do, even to school," she scoffed. "I want to test the ideas from those little pink books from Sandy Thomas."

"Will you go out with me?" I sighed.

"That's not a good idea," Mom replied.

"I'll go!" Beth grinned. "I'll tell them our version if you don't admit your love for girl's clothes like Mom said. Let's go, sissy boy!"

I never wanted to do anything less in my life, and I wished the earth would open up and swallow me. I wanted to die as Beth's hand on my back pushed me out the door.

Jeers arose from the gathered crowd, cameras clicked, and video cameras whirled as Beth stepped beside me and held up her hands for quiet.



"Those boobs look real?" someone in the crowd yelled, causing Bobby to blush in shame. He announced, "I'm going to be a girl for a while".

When the chatter died down, she placed her arm around my waist to prevent me from fleeing, and announced, "As you can see, the rumors are true. Bobby, or Becky as he wishes to be called, has been wearing dresses and skirts for quite some time, mostly at home."

"That's not the outfit he wore at the mall!" Kathy shouted. "He was wearing a red satin blouse, a white pleated miniskirt, nylons, and heels. That's a cute outfit, and that short skirt is to die for, but it's not the same! How many girl's clothes does he have?"

"Now that Bobby's secret is out, he wants to tell you in his own words," Beth ignored Kathy's question. "Go ahead and tell them, sweetie."

I wanted to protest, to deny, run away, and disappear from the face of the earth. I blushed from the top of my head to the tip of my toes. I was speechless! All I could do was look down to avoid eye contact with the crowd assembled on our lawn.

Beth jabbed me with her elbow. "Tell them, or I'll tell it my way!" she whispered so only I could hear.

Looking up at my friends, our neighbors, and my schoolmates, my blood rushed to my face. "I like dressing as a girl. I've been dressing up in Beth's clothes for years. I've decided to start wearing dresses for a while."

"How long?" someone yelled.

"For a while..."

"From now on..." Beth added.

"You look pretty good for a boy in a dress!" Jack scorned. "I see you've shaved your legs. Are you wearing silky girl's panties dripping with lace too?"

"When I hesitated to answer, Beth hissed under her breath, "Tell them you wear panties full time, and don't leave out the part about baseball!"

"I...I've been wearing panties full time for over a year, even under my jeans," I hesitantly admitted. "I quit baseball because I didn't want anyone to find out about my panties or my shaved legs."

"I can't believe I was friends with such a sissy!" Jack scoffed as he turned and walked out of my life and away from our friendship.

"Nice figure!" someone called from the crowd. "Are the boobs real, or do you just wish they were?"

I was completely taken aback by the taunting question. I quickly and instinctively raised my hand to cover my chest. Before I could reply that my bra was padded, I saw a teasing gleam in Kathy's eyes as she asked, "How many dresses do you own?"

I glanced at Beth who returned a stern glance that said I had to reply. With great resolve and a bright blush, I ignored the heckler's question about my breasts and replied, "I have only two pairs of jeans, a few tee shirts, one pair of sneakers, and no boy's underwear of any type. My closet is filled with mostly dresses, skirts, and blouses. My drawers are filled with panties, bras, slips, camisoles, nighties, garter belts, nylons, and pantyhose. In the days to come, you will see me wearing them."

As taunts rose from the crowd, I heard insults like, "What a sissy!" and "Hey, sissy boy, come here and show us what those red lips are for!"

Turning to Beth, I snapped, "There! Are you satisfied? Have I been humiliated enough to satisfy you?" Without further comment, she opened the door and pushed me inside.

Taking me in her arms, Mom tried to comfort me by saying, "There! That wasn't too bad, now was it?"

"It was awful!" I screeched. "I've never been so humiliated in my life!" Yanking away from her, I ran to my room, threw myself across my bed, and burst into tears. I must have cried myself to sleep because I awoke after dark and found Beth boxing up my few remaining items of male clothing. "What are you doing?" I asked as I pulled my impossibly short skirt down to cover my exposed panties.

"Since you'll be dressing as a girl full time, you won't be needing these things," she reasoned. "I'm just getting them out of the way to make room for your pretty dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, and things. Oh, I'm so excited to have a full time sister!"

Feeling totally helpless, I buried my face in my pillow and started crying all over again.

Don't you see, Ms. Thomas? Can't you understand the utter humiliation, shame, and despair I felt? My friends had seen me dressed as a girl, and I was doomed to wear dresses and skirts full time! Please, can't you see that you simply must stop publishing those little pink books?

The next morning, I was seated at my vanity in my panties, bra, and slip doing my hair and makeup under Beth's supervision when the phone rang. "Oh, hello, Kathy," she said while I applied a second coat of lipstick. "No, that wasn't a joke. Bobby really has been wearing dresses in secret for quite some time, and he really will be dressing as a girl full time for a while. What's he doing now? He's finishing his hair and makeup. What are we doing today? Well, rumors about my sweet

brother must be all over town, so I thought we might take a stroll to let everyone see how cute he looks in dresses. How does he feel about that? To be honest, he's quite distraught to be going out in public in a dress. I know he was seen in skirts twice yesterday, but still, he's very apprehensive. Mom and I believe the best and quickest way for him to get over his anxiety is to courageously dress as a girl and face his fears head on. Oh no, I don't mind if you and Julie join us. Okay, we'll see you at the hangout in an hour."

"Why did you tell Kathy you were taking me to the hangout dressed as a girl?" I complained when she hung up.

"You'll be wearing dresses and skirts everywhere you go from now on. What's the big deal?"

"She'll tell everybody, and a crowd will be waiting there to laugh at me like they did yesterday! I can't go out dressed like this!" I exclaimed, indicating my soft silky nylon slip.

"Of course you can't," she replied with a hint of sympathy in her voice that made me think I was getting a reprieve from appearing in public dressed as a girl. To my sorrow, she burst my bubble by holding up a short frilly pink and white dress and saying, "Going out in a slip is totally inappropriate no matter how pretty or elaborate it is. However, you can wear this over it!"

"I don't mean just my slip! I can't go out wearing any girl's clothes with everyone knowing I'm a boy! I would be too humiliated!"

"You are going out with me, and you will be wearing this pretty dress!" she emphatically stated. "I can force you across my lap, flip the lacy hem of your silky slip to your waist, and give you a sound spanking on your silky panties to convince you to go with me. Of course, your

tears would ruin your makeup, and you would have to do it over. On the other hand, I could tell Mom that you refuse to wear this cute dress she bought for you. Which will it be?"

I was defeated. One way or another, I was doomed to wear the dress to the hangout and no telling where else! Silently, I took the dress from my smiling sister. Being careful not to muss my recently formed curls, I pulled it over my head and adjusted the full skirt so my slip wouldn't show. I inserted small hoop earrings into my pierced ears and fastened a dainty chain with a small heart shaped pendant around my neck. After sliding my feet into skimmers with a slight heel, I checked to make sure my purse contained all the 'essentials'. Regardless of my sentiments to the contrary, I was ready to meet the world in a dress once again.

'I should be out there playing ball with them instead of going out in a dress!' I inwardly fumed when Beth drove past the park where a group of boys were playing ball.

"Would you like to stop and sit in the stands to watch those cute boys?" she asked.

"No way!" I panicked. "Since you made me go out on the lawn in that short skirt, everyone knows I have to dress as a girl! If I go out there, they'll stare at my legs, try to look under my skirt, and tease me about wearing panties under my dress!"

"You'll find yourself out there being ogled by those rough and tumble boys if you aren't on your most ladylike behavior! What's it to be?"

Knowing whatever I said would only land me in deeper trouble, I turned red from anger, frustration, and humiliation, but I remained silent.

"You look so cute!" Julie exclaimed with a smile when we joined her and Kathy at the hangout. "You should have been a girl all along!"

"He has," Beth grinned. "I've been dressing him in my things for years."

"You should have let us in on the secret," Julie smiled. "We don't have little brothers to dress up in our clothes."

"I have an older brother, but he's far too macho to wear my clothes, even if they aren't way too small for him," Kathy giggled.

I blushed under their comments. I was totally embarrassed when former friends, acquaintances, and schoolmates made cutting comments. Even with Beth present, they called me a sissy, faggot, and worse! Unable to stand no more, I begged her to take me away from there.

"Alright," she agreed. "We'll cruise the mall for a while, but freshen your makeup, repair your lipstick, and check your hair before we go."

"Cruise the mall?" I gasped while reaching into my purse for my compact. "I can't go there! That's where Julie and Kathy first saw me in a skirt!"

"Don't worry, they'll be with us this time," Beth countered as I produced a tube of lipstick and applied the color to my lips. "If you want to be a girl, you have to learn the art of shopping, while discretely checking out the boys, of course."

"I don't want to check out any boys!" I spat. "Wearing dresses doesn't make me like boys!"

"But they'll like you when they see how you wiggle those cute buns under that swingy skirt, sweetie!" Kathy snickered.

I quickly found that Kathy was right. Even the boys who knew of my deception paid more attention to me than to the three pretty girls with me. Surely, they didn't think I was the most attractive of the group just because I was wearing a dress! They must have been watching because they knew I was a boy. Then, a revolting thought struck me! 'Could they be watching because of the wiggle Beth ingrained into my walk with hours of practice?' I was a mass of nervous confusion!

In the first shop we entered, **Barbara's Boutique**, the clerk saw my distress as the girls held up dresses, skirts, and blouses for me and made comments about how they would look 'on'. After hearing their comments about how I must purchase a few things to increase my feminine wardrobe now that I would be wearing dresses full time, she approached our group and said, "Hello, I'm Barbara, the owner of this boutique. Is this the boy I heard about who has decided to dress as a girl full time?"

"Yes," Beth beamed. "This is my brother, Bobby! Isn't he precious in his dress with his curls and makeup?"

"I must say that he isn't anything like I expected, " Barbara admitted. "I envisioned a clumsy, awkward boy trying to look natural in a dress, but he's simply dainty, isn't he?"

I blushed at being called dainty, but what could I say? After all, I was wearing a dress!

"We carry the latest top-of-the-line styles designed to enhance our customer's image and give them confidence," Barbara smiled at me. "Have you found anything you like?"

"He likes this lemon yellow dress with the short straight skirt," Kathy gushed. "Do you have it in his size?"

"I'm sure we do, but let's take a few measurements to determine exactly what that is." Producing a tape, she measured my neck, shoulders, arms, padded bust, waist, hips, and even my legs. After consulting a chart, she checked a few size tabs, pulled one of the yellow dresses from the rack, and said, "Step into our dressing area, and try this on."

To say I was embarrassed as I removed my dress before these four amused females would be a gross understatement. I hesitantly removed the yellow dress from its hanger, thinking it would at least cover my embarrassing feminine undies.

"Hold it," Barbara cautioned. "Remove your slip first. It's too long for that dress and some of the others you'll want to try as well."

I had never been so embarrassed as when I was down to only my silky nylon panties and padded bra! I rushed to pull the dress over my head to cover my embarrassing undies, and I was surprised by how well the dress fit. In the past, whenever I got a new dress, skirt, blouse, or sweater, Beth or Mom bought it without my being there. Sometimes they fit, but mostly, they just hung on me like a sack. Now, I had been measured, and this dress fit me perfectly.

"Is this your first dress fitting?" Barbara asked as I turned before the full-length tri-fold mirror as instructed. When I nodded yes, she gushed, "As incentive for you to shop here in the future, you can have your entire first purchase at a 25% discount. Just tell the other girls where you bought your cute stylish ensembles."

Beth said we had to take advantage of such a generous discount, and I couldn't believe all the girlish things she bought me! Besides the yellow dress, we

purchased two more dresses, three skirts, half a dozen blouses I could mix and match, not to mention an array of panties, slips, bras, camisoles, pantyhose, nylons, nighties, robes, and negligees!

As we left the boutique, she, Julie, and Kathy raved about how much money we saved, not the huge amount we spent! When I pointed that out, they said that if I was going to dress as a girl, I had to learn to think like one.

At other shops, we bought shoes with varying heel heights and other things including several shades of liquid makeup, lipstick, nail polish and eyeshadow, dark mascara and eyeliner, perfumes, moisturizing and bleaching cream, and hair care products that, besides the normal pins, curlers, sprays, and tapes, included my own set of hot rollers and blow dryer! The four of us were heavily laden with packages as we made our way through the mall to the car.

Mom and Beth constantly drilled me on every imaginable aspect of femininity, and they severely chastised me if I made even a slightly boyish move. Once when Mom and I were out shopping, she stopped at the druggist. To my utter surprise, humiliation, and embarrassment, she led me to the display of feminine hygiene products. While I deeply blushed, she said, "You are now old enough to experience a feminine menstrual cycle. In fact you should have started observing it more than a year ago. Female bodies give off a flow of excess fluids on a regular basis, and yours is about to start."

I had heard the girls whispering about their 'period' and about which ones had 'started', but I didn't really know what they were talking about. Now, at least symbolically, I was about to experience this exclusively

feminine ritual. "What do I do?" I whispered as I nervously adjusted my skirt. Another embarrassing feminine penance was being forced upon me, and I was helpless to resist.

"Simple," Mom said louder than I thought prudent. "The '**curse**', as we call it, usually occurs during the same phase of the moon and lasts for six days. We experience light flow on the first and last days, so you can wear panty liners or light day pads. Heavy flow takes place on the other days, so you will wear maxi-pads in your panties. They have adhesive on the back and wings on the sides to make them adhere to your panties and not slide around. In the old days, we had to wear a belt to hold our pads in place." That said, she handed me a box of panty liners and a box of maxi-pads from the shelf.

"When will my period start?" I asked with a blush as I accepted the boxes to take to the cashier.

"Let's see," Mom said as she checked a calendar in another display. "Next Tuesday is the new moon. I think that is the perfect day for you to begin your first period. We'll buy a desk calendar that shows the phases of the moon, and you can make a red dot with nail polish or lipstick on the date of the new moon to remind you of the day your period starts each month."

"Why not just say the first of every month?" I naively asked.

"Not that you have noticed, but the phases of the moon don't fall on the same date or day of the week. Neither does the feminine menstrual cycle. Your period will change days and dates just as it does with real girls."

I was embarrassed out of my mind as I placed the exclusively feminine items on the counter for the clerk

to ring up. Even though I was wearing a skirt, a blouse poked out with my slightly padded bra, makeup, lipstick, and had a short curly girlish hairstyle, I was embarrassed beyond belief as I placed the exclusively feminine products on the counter.

"Having a cycle like us real girls, sweetie?" she smirked mischievously. Like everyone in the community, she knew I was dressing full time as a girl, and she couldn't resist teasing me. I didn't know if I was more humiliated by having to buy the feminine napkins or that the clerk knew I, a boy, would be wearing them!

I was deeply blushing when I came down to breakfast the following Tuesday. "What's wrong, Bobby?" Beth asked. "You seem upset."

"My first period started today, and I'm wearing a panty liner in my panties," I sighed just above a whisper.

"Great!" Beth happily exclaimed. "My little sister is a woman now! Let's go shopping for something to commemorate the occasion. I know! We'll have your ears pierced again so you can wear studs and fancy pendants or hoops at the same time! Every time you insert earrings in your second set of holes, you'll remember you got them on the day of your first period." I tried to protest, but Mom thought it was a good idea and shooed us out the door.

A few days before school started, Beth decided my hair was long enough for a new style. She took me to the hairdresser and to my surprise; Susie rolled my hair tightly on large rollers, applied some kind of setting lotion, and put me under a dryer. When we left, I had long straight blonde hair that tickled my shoulders.

Beth raved over my new hairdo and vowed to teach me to care for it. After endless hairstyling practice sessions, and the grueling process of putting my hair up in curlers, I restlessly slept with them in my hair for the first of many times. The next morning, I had to remove the curlers, and brush my hair back into the style Susie created the day before. As I applied my makeup, I realized that I now had a new feminine ritual to religiously observe.

I thought nothing could surpass my embarrassment the day I was exposed to all my friends in a dress for the first time on our front lawn, but the first day of school wearing a dress surpassed that by a mile! Not only was my name changed from Robert Andrew to Rebecca Anne on the school roster, the boys teased me about being a sissy and flipped my skirt up to reveal my panties and slip at every opportunity. They said horrible things like no **real** boy would stop playing ball and start wearing dresses. If anything, the girls were worse! They made fun of my dress, my necklace and bracelets, the bow in my hair, and worst of all, they warned me to leave their boyfriends alone. I had absolutely no inclinations along those lines whatsoever, but there it was!

With all the ridicule, even Jack, my closest friend in the past, shied away from me like the plague. I hoped he was afraid of being accused of being a sissy if he associated with me and wasn't disgusted with me because of my dresses. My life became very lonely and traumatic!

When I complained to Mom, she would only say, "According to those little pink books from Sandy Thomas, if you comport yourself as a lady, you will be treated as one." Mom delighted in my humiliation, as she sent me on errands to the grocers, the druggist, or

other shops where I was known as a boy. I was embarrassed beyond words, but being powerless to change my status, I was at the mercy of their scornful insults and humiliating taunts.

One evening at dinner, I complained to Mom that girls wore shorts, slacks, or jeans most of the time, but she required me to wear skirts exclusively. "If you want me to be feminine, why can't I wear clothes like real girls wear?"

"Good point," Mom mused. "Since you want to dress like a girl, I think we could give that a try. Beth, take Bobby by Barbara's after school tomorrow, and buy him a pair of dressy shorts. If they're appropriate, I'll allow him to wear them one day a week, and we'll see how it goes."

At Barbara's, I had to remove my skirt and slip to try on the shorts Beth selected. Once again, I was wearing only panties and a bra while under feminine eyes. After I tried on at least a dozen, both Barbara and Beth agreed on a pair of silky pink and white print shorts. I was more embarrassed in them than the skirt I wore into the boutique because they fit tight across my buttocks and showed a distinct panty line. As they made no pretense of being masculine, the only advantage I saw in wearing them was that I didn't have to be as careful when I sat like when I wore a skirt. Still, Beth insisted that I sit in the same feminine manner with my knees together.

The next day, thinking I would blend in with the girls and be less of an item of ridicule, I wore the shorts and a slightly translucent white blouse to school. Boy, was I ever wrong! With my panty line and the outline of my bra showing, I became much more an object of ridicule than when I wore a dress or a skirt. After that, I chose not to wear the shorts to school.

During Christmas that year, I received another shock when Beth noted, "Despite Bobby's dresses, skirts, hair, and makeup, he is beginning to look masculine. His facial hair is beginning to grow, hair is growing on his legs, arms, chest, and back, and his face is taking on an angular shape. I think we should obtain a supply of feminization products from Under Control, Inc."

UCI is a subsidiary of yours, Ms. Thomas, and it sells products, lotions, potions, and information designed to make boys look and act more like girls! I argued that the reason I was starting to look masculine was because I was a boy, and that's the way I was supposed look. Instead of taking hormones, I should be allowed to stop my enforced life in dresses! I argued, "Why can't I return to pants and my rightful life as a boy?"

Despite my pleas, Mom sided with Beth and decreed that I would be put on an intense regimen of UCI products. With that purpose in mind, she ordered a generous supply of purple estrogen pills to round my body into feminine contours and inhibit hair growth on my face and body, 'Soprano Speak' gargle to raise the timbre of my voice, 'Luxurious Locks' shampoo to make my hair grow thick and healthy, 'Perty Ones' cream to massage into my breasts, and 'Barely There' ointment to shrink my genitals and make them fit comfortably behind my gaff. There were also books, such as 'A Boy's First Bra', 'How to Attract Boys by *Accidentally* Showing a Little Thigh', and 'Feminine Hairstyles for Boys', which explained different feminine skills to boys who dressed as girls, whether by their own choice or, like me, by someone forcing them to do so.

When I had been on the program that you recommended through your staff for a few months, my chest became sore, my nipples and areolas got larger,

and I started to grow feminine breasts. By my sixteenth birthday, my blonde hair was long and thick, and my hips had become round and full like the real girls in my class. To my embarrassment, I completely filled a B-cup bra. I blushed beet red when Mom measured my 'growth' and pronounced that I was an entire size larger than either she or Beth!

During her senior year in college, Beth began seriously dating a new guy. "He might be the **one!**" she gushed when she told Mom and me about him. "His name is Vic. He's very handsome, and he has a very promising future in journalism."

My trauma began when Beth invited him over for dinner so he could meet her family. Realization that she would introduce me as her brother despite the fact that I was dressed as a girl caused me immense apprehension.

My stress reached an even higher level when Mom insisted that I wear an extremely low cut and revealing blouse for the occasion.

"It's difficult to keep a man's attention focused, but if he is still interested in you after seeing your brother's lovely feminine charms, you'll know he is the one," she reflected when Beth mentioned Vic's reputation as a ladies man.

The first problem with Mom's suggestion was that I had never worn a blouse that flaunted my recently developed breasts, nor did I own one. Naturally, that called for a trip to Barbara's Boutique in search of the perfect blouse. Since this was considered to be such an important mission, both of them decided to accompany me.



"I'm bigger than you," Bobby gasped with a blush when his mother announced his new bust size.

"Well?" his mother joked, "Looks like your babies won't starve!"

Naturally, Barbara was glad to see the three of us together. "I think I have just what you're looking for!" she gushed upon being informed of the purpose of our quest. "Go to the dressing area and remove your blouse, Bobby. I'll be right there with several selections for you to try."

'At least, I don't have to strip to my panties like the other times,' I thought as I removed my blouse and stood red faced before the three women in my skirt with only my bra above my waist.

"Very impressive," Barbara smiled as she observed my breasts bulging out of my bra. "Do you spill out of all your bras like that?"

"Yes," I admitted. "The rate of growth has dramatically increased lately."

"We must properly fit you with a new bra before we concern ourselves with the revealing blouse you require. Remove your bra, and let's take some measurements."

Until that moment, no one other than Mom and Beth had seen my bare breasts. Not surprisingly, I was blushing brightly as I hesitantly reached behind my back, unclasped my bra, slipped it off my arms, and stood before Barbara with my large feminine breasts unfettered and jiggling.

As Barbara took her measurements, her cold hands 'accidentally' brushed against my warm tender flesh, and I shivered with goose bumps. When she was satisfied about the proper fit and cup size, she produced a new bra and said, "This is a push-up model that will produce the 'look' you desire."

I wanted to complain that it wasn't the look 'I' wanted, but experience had taught me the folly of that tact, and I remained silent. However, when the new bra was in place with my breasts properly positioned in the

cups, I had to admit that it was much more comfortable than my previous bra. When I admitted that to Mom, she said I had outgrown all my old bras and insisted on purchasing me six new ones in my new size. One was strapless and three were the push up type, hinting that I would be flaunting my prominent breasts quite often in the days to come! To confirm my suspicion, Mom bought me four low cut blouses in different styles, colors, and fabrics with the promise of more as time passed.

Mom insisted that I wear my new mint green crop-top blouse over my push up bra for Vic's visit. To my dismay, it bared my navel and was cut low to immodestly display my feminine breasts and the deep valley of cleavage between them! Beth chose an extremely short Kelly green kilt style skirt that covered little more than my panties, very sheer self-supporting nylons, and green three-inch sling pumps that bared my neatly pedicured and polished toes.

The short skirt didn't overly disturb me because I had been forced to wear dresses and skirts full time for over a year in every embarrassing scenario Beth and Mom could contrive. That, and painful punishments if I did otherwise, made me an expert at discretely managing skirts, regardless of their style or length. The revealing blouse; however, was a different matter. The scant masculinity that remained within me was completely devastated, and I felt totally exposed. I blushed in shame, and tears of helpless frustration flowed down my cheeks as I peered downward at my brazen feminine display.

"If you've got it, flaunt it!" Beth excitedly gushed as she and Mom smugly admired my shameful feminine display and ignored my distress. "You're much sexier than me, so I want you do me a favor. Come on to Vic

only slightly when I'm present and quite aggressively when I'm not. I'll leave you alone with him on several occasions. I want to see if he will resist your voluptuous body and seductive charms and remain true to me. My friends say he's never been faithful to any girl he dates. If he passes this test, I'll know he's truly in love with me!"

Beth was planning to use me as bait to test her fiancée's commitment! "I can't do that, Beth!" I gasped. "Having a feminine figure and wearing dresses doesn't make me attracted to other guys! I can't do it!"

"Sure you can!" Beth insisted. "Just lean toward him so he'll have a good view down your blouse. Give him a long look at those sexy legs, and you'll have him eating out of your hand."

"How can I help but show my legs in this ridiculously short skirt?" I fumed. "I couldn't hide them if I was threatened with a gun!"

"What's the big deal?" she slyly smiled. "It's not like you've never worn short skirts, and men are such pushovers! Try a spritz of this seductive perfume. It's practically guaranteed to turn males into babbling love sick idiots."

I knew trying to explain that I was a male would be futile, so I allowed her to spray me with the seductive feminine fragrance. It wasn't as though I hadn't worn perfume before either!

Beth supervised my makeup and made sure everything was done according to her scheme. We went downstairs to wait for Vic when she finally deemed my hair, makeup, and jewelry to be perfect.



When Beth exclaimed, "You're a C minus-cup now! If I had it, I'd flaunt it too!" A tear of humiliation trickled down Bobby's cheek.

Beth greeted Vic at the door, and they immediately locked into a long passionate kiss while pressing their bodies close together. When they finally came up for air, Beth introduced Vic to Mom before turning to me and saying, "This is my brother, Bobby, who likes to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl. I told you about him."

"Wow!!!" Vic gasped in disbelief. "He's so beautiful! I envisioned a boy in a dress, not a lovely creature like **this!**"

"Thank you," I blushed under his stare while executing a polite curtsy and thinking, 'Where did that come from?'

"Are you really a boy?"

Blushing deeply, I sighed, "Yes."

What a sissy!" he scoffed.

Sensing his disgust at my feminine dress, I left Vic and Beth alone and helped Mom put dinner on the table. During our meal, Vic was very congenial and forthcoming to Mom and Beth, but he ignored me completely. When I spoke to him, he avoided eye contact and responded with one-word answers.

After dinner, Mom suggested the three of us retire to the parlor where she would serve coffee and dessert. Beth excused herself to the 'little girl's room', leaving Vic and me alone like she promised. Seating myself on the sofa beside Vic, I crossed my exposed nylon clad legs, leaned forward to give him a view down my blouse, placed my hand gently on his thigh, and purred in my sexiest voice, "Why don't you like me?"

"Because you're a fairy. A darling little fairy, but a fairy!" he exclaimed as he jumped up and rushed away from me.

"You have me all wrong," I breathlessly sighed getting up and moving toward him. "I'll show you."

Though he tried to move away, I was standing so close that my breasts were almost touching him when Beth returned. "Oh I'm glad you two are finally getting acquainted!" she gushed happily, playing along with the game.

Wasting no time, Vic ducked away, moved beside Beth, and guided her back to the sofa. This time, he sat beside the armrest and pulled her close, leaving me no room to sit beside him. Sitting directly across from Vic, I purposely turned to face him and crossed my legs to give him a view under my short skirt. I received a discrete nod and smile of approval from my scheming sister.

Our evening was spent more or less that way. Whenever Beth moved even slightly away from Vic, I would slither between them and aggressively come on to him. Beth pretended not to notice my assertive advances toward her fiancée. She smiled shrewdly each time he deftly escaped my clutches and moved back within her zone of 'protection'. This served to demonstrate his affection, and he even began to sincerely dote on her every whim in an effort to stay away from me.

When Beth and I were alone in the kitchen, she whispered, "Have you noticed how shy Vic becomes around you? I think your feminine charms and voluptuous body intimidate him! Thanks for helping me find his true nature."

"Please don't make me do that again," I pleaded. "Pretending to be sexually attracted to another guy is terribly distressing, even if I am wearing a skirt!"

My friends said he has a history of being unfaithful to his girlfriends. They said that no matter how much I

loved him, he would surely cheat on me. Thanks to you, I know he's all mine. Now, I can move in with him without worrying about him straying!"

After Beth moved in with Vic, I thought my life would be easier with only Mom around to make sure I remained feminine and obedient. With Beth gone, maybe, just maybe, I could convince Mom to let me cut my hair and return to pants. Boy, was I ever wrong! Saying, "I've lost one daughter, and I don't plan to lose the other!" she strictly enforced my feminine rituals, appearance, and manner of dress more closely than Beth ever did.

For example, I came down to breakfast one morning in navy slacks that hung low on my hips, and a low cut, pale blue crop top that bared the top of my breasts and exposed my navel. My shoulder length blonde tresses and makeup were neatly done, and I walked easily and naturally in white sandals with two-inch heels that exposed my red polished toenails. For jewelry, I wore gold hoop earrings in my pierced ears and a gold chain necklace with a cross pendant that lay in the valley of my breasts and emphasized my feminine cleavage.

Avoiding eye contact, I shyly sat at the table, and from the corner of my eye, I saw a frown appear on Mom's face. "What is going on, Bobby?" she demanded. "You know you aren't allowed to wear pants more than once a week! Are you trying to hide something?"

"Like what, Mom?"

"You wore those silk dress shorts the day before yesterday, so you should be wearing a dress or a skirt today. Say, did you neglect to shave your legs again? Come here, and let me check!"

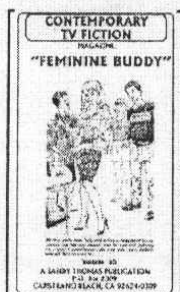
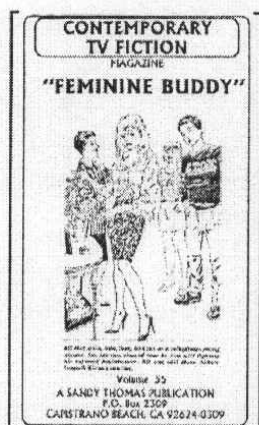
"Please, Mom," I sniffed as tears welled up in my eyes. "Shaving my legs is such a pain, and massaging that awful moisturizing cream into them makes them feel so...so soft and feminine!"

"I'm waiting for you to lower those pants like I asked, young lady!" Mom commanded. When I hesitantly lowered them as instructed, exposing my silky pale blue nylon panties, she ran her hand upward along my thigh, and hissed, "As I suspected! Instead of eating breakfast, you'll get into a hot scented bath and shave that unsightly hair off those pretty legs! You know I won't abide you neglecting your feminine beauty regimen! When you return, I expect you to be wearing a cute dress or skirt, and you'll really be in trouble if a happy smile hasn't replaced that pout on those pretty red lips! Furthermore, it is obviously your time of the month, so wear a pad in your panties for the next six days!"

"But, my period isn't until next week!" I exclaimed. "It's marked on my calendar in red nail polish like you instructed."

"Then this is a freak of nature! Revise your calendar so your future periods occur on the same phase of the moon!"

"Yes, Mom," I sighed as I dejectedly made my way toward the stairs with mascara laden tears flowing down my cheeks, streaking my makeup. Wearing only panties and bra, I poured scented bath salts, oils, and bubble bath into the tub while it filled with steaming water. I unclasped my bra in back, and stepped out of my panties. Feeling totally defeated, I sat in the hot water for a few minutes to allow the stiff hairs on my legs to soften before taking a pink ladies razor and shaving them away.



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"This isn't fair!" I seethed as I carefully guided the razor over my legs to avoid cuts or nicks. "I should be out playing ball with other boys, not shaving my legs so they are pretty like a silly girl!"

After patting myself dry with a fluffy pink towel, I slipped into a white terry cloth robe and returned to my room. At my femininely appointed vanity, I massaged moisturizing lotion into my entire body, paying special attention to my freshly shaved legs. I removed my robe, stepped into a clean pair of nylon panties, threaded the straps of a bra over my arms, and fastened the clasp behind me. After inserting my breasts into the cups, I dropped a soft white nylon slip over my head and let it float down to mid-thigh. Without hesitation, I put on a sleeveless white dress with a straight skirt that fell only slightly lower than my slip, and raised the back zipper.

After slipping my feet into the two-inch heels I wore to breakfast, I brushed my blonde tresses into a neat ponytail and secured it with a white scunchie. I re-did my makeup using liquid base, blush, light eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara, pink lipstick, and a pleasant feminine perfume. For jewelry, I chose silver hoop earrings, a wide silver choker necklace, and a silver girl's watch. Checking my *look* in the mirror, I decided I appeared sufficiently feminine to pass muster with Mom, so I started for the door. Just before reaching it, I thought, "Oh darn! I forgot that awful pad, and Mom will surely check to make sure I'm wearing it!" Returning to my vanity, I removed a sanitary napkin from the box, carefully raised my skirt and slip to avoid wrinkles, and lowered my panties. Being wary of my chore, I cautiously positioned the pad in my panties and tucked my genitals securely underneath. I lowered my skirt and smoothed it back into place before revising my desk calendar. Using nail polish, I crossed out the date with a red X and sighed, 'Keeping a record of my periods

is so embarrassing,' I thought. 'Now, I have to remember to stop whatever I'm doing and change my pads at noon, before dinner, and at bedtime!'

"Now, you look more like my pretty daughter!" Mom beamed when I returned. "Are you wearing your pad?"

"Yes, Mom," I blushed brightly.

"Good! Grab your purse, and let's go shopping for a few things to help you feel more feminine. I think you wore those awful pants and neglected to shave your legs because you were feeling too masculine."

"No, Mom. I neglected shaving my legs and wore the pants because I was feeling too feminine, and I wanted to feel more like a boy again. Please don't buy me any more girl's clothes," I whined while thinking the more feminine clothes I had, the longer I would have to wear them. "I have more than enough dresses and girly things, and I feel too feminine already."

"Oh Bobby! Bobby! Bobby! When will you learn that a girl can never have too many pretty dresses, skirts, blouses, silky undies, shoes, jewelry, perfume, and makeup?"

"Yes, Mom," I sighed in defeat.

"Beth called, and she is all excited," Mom gushed as she burst into my room and found me at my vanity in my slip, plucking a few stray hairs from my brows. "She and Vic are getting married after graduation and moving to the West Coast. Vic has a position as a reporter for a large newspaper. Beth will look a job after they get settled."

"That's great, Mom," I replied, not really knowing how to react...how a girl would react upon hearing her sister was getting married.

"Oh, come on!" Mom chastened. "Let's hear a little enthusiasm. It's not every day that your sister gets married, and you get to be the Maiden of Honor!"

"Mom, I can't be the Maiden of Honor at Beth's wedding!" I gasped. "I'm not even a girl, and besides, Vic hates me!"

"Beth knows full well who you are, and Vic's feelings aren't important," Mom insisted. "The bride calls the shots in her wedding. If she wants her brother to participate as Maiden of Honor, then you should be pleased to oblige! Now, you can help select your dress and those of the Bridesmaids! Your sister needs our help."

I took a moment for that to sink in and reconcile myself to my fate. I had worn dresses in public for the past two years, but this was different! Smoothing my slip beneath me as I sat on my bed, I pondered my situation before asking, "What will Vic's family say when they find out Beth's Maiden of Honor is a boy in a dress?"

"Vic's family? He has no brothers or sisters. There's only his widowed mother and two aunts."

"But, Mom!"

"What? You've worn dresses and skirts in front of people you've known all your life. Now, you're worried about a couple of old ladies you've never met?"

"Will Beth wear a white gown?" I asked, changing the subject. If Mom and Beth wanted me to wear a festive gown in the wedding, I would wear one. No amount of arguing would change that. "I mean she's been living with Vic. She doesn't deserve to wear..."

"Don't be such a prude!" Mom snapped. "All brides deserve to wear white!"

‘I guess that settles that,’ I mused while lowering my eyes in surrender. ‘Beth will wear white at her wedding, and I’ll be her Maiden of Honor in a fancy dress. What else is new?’

The following Saturday, Mom and I met Beth at a local bridal shop to begin planning the upcoming wedding. After two years dressing as a girl, I no longer felt out of place in my short skirt, low cut blouse, makeup, and feminine hairstyle. As the three of us chattered excitedly like magpies about the happy occasion, I was completely at ease in my feminine guise, even though I was the only one wearing a skirt and heels.

We looked through numerous catalogs and stacks of photographs in search of the ‘perfect’ wedding gown for Beth. When it was finally selected, we turned to my greatest concern, the bridesmaid’s dresses. After a diligent search and over my objections, Mom and Beth agreed on a particular gown. It was attractive enough, I guess, but I thought it was totally inappropriate for the occasion. The pale lavender dress was very tight above the waist, and had a low cut bodice that would barely contain my sizeable breasts. It featured a cross strap from the left over the right shoulder, and the skirt was straight and tapered inward from the hips to the ankles. Except for the back knee high walking slit, it would limit the wearer to very short steps in her two and a half inch heels.

Following Beth’s request, three modifications were made to the Maid of Honor’s dress, the one I would wear, to distinguish it from the bridesmaids dresses. One, there would be a transparent overskirt that flared from the waist to below the knees. Two, the skirt would not have a back walking slit. Three, I would wear four inch pumps with a very slender stiletto heels. No

amount of pleading or protesting the impracticality of the selected dress could change her mind. Despite my protests, I would wear it and traipse about atop those stilt heels, and that was that!

Julie and Kathy were among Beth's bridesmaids, and they appeared genuinely happy to see me at the gown fitting. While introducing me to the others as Beth's brother who liked to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl, they ranted about how femininely attractive I had become since I developed. Most of them accepted me for who, and what, I was, but a fiery redhead named Carol huffed that she never heard of a wedding with a guy serving as the Maiden of Honor.

Two years of taunts, insults, and intimation about my wearing dresses and skirts had lessened my embarrassment and hardened me to the previously cutting barbs. Instead of turning away in shame like I did in the beginning, I cattily remarked. "You're just jealous because my dress is fancier than yours." With my head held high, I walked away amid giggles from the other bridesmaids that sealed my acceptance within the group.

Sitting at my vanity in a silky nylon slip as I prepared to dress for the rehearsal, I sighed dejectedly, "I've never been to a wedding rehearsal before, and I don't know what to wear."

Beth, who was hovering in my room like a mother hen, replied, "The thing I miss most from living with Vic and being away from here is missing out on helping my little sister with his pretty dresses and skirts. Let's see what we can find in your closet. Isn't this **fun**?"

"Tons of fun!" I mumbled under my breath.



“You can wear this little number, but that slip is much too long and will have to go!” Beth giggled. “Besides, it’s the wrong color.”

"Wear something cute like this!" Beth gushed excitedly as she held up a short red dress from my closet. "The low cut bodice will show off your figure to advantage, and red three-inch heels will make your legs look great with this short skirt. If you brush your bangs low on your forehead, wear a red hair band and red tinted makeup with bright red lipstick and nail polish; the overall effect will give you a fresh young look. Of course, that slip will have to go. Do you have a short red one?"

"I have a red half-slip, but it may be too long for that dress," I sighed. "It's in my lingerie drawer."

After removing the red slip from my drawer and holding it against the dress, she said, "You're right, it is too long, but that's okay. We can adjust the hem length by rolling up the waistband, and no one will be the wiser. Now, all we need are red panties, bra, and garter belt to complete your ensemble. You're sure to be a hit. Men stumble all over themselves when they see blonde and red together!"

Seeing Vic at the rehearsal, I knew my troubles weren't over. "Still wearing dresses, huh sissy boy?" he taunted looking over my red dress after Beth left the room.

"You know I only dress this way because Mom and Beth make me!" I scowled with a blush.

"If you were any kind of man, no woman, or group of women could make you wear dresses, to say nothing of developing those luscious boobs you're sporting!" he countered with a scowl.

"You don't know...you don't understand..." I blubbered. "Mom and Beth have always made me dress like a girl. I can't just..."

"I understand that no real man would allow himself to be turned into a sissy wimp and made to wear dresses by a bunch of women! Why don't you stand up and be a man instead of strutting around in a short skirt and low cut blouse like a boobette on steroids?"

"I...I can't explain," I sniffed. "You wouldn't harass me so if you understood."

"I'm not harassing you," he insisted. "I'm trying to get you to show some initiative and stop being a dress up doll for your mother and sister. If you would stand up like you had a pair of balls and be a man, I would do more than leave you alone. I'd support you!"

Unable to convey my inability to disobey Mom and Beth, I covered my face with my manicured hands and ran away in tears of shame and frustration. How could I expect a man who had never been faced with forced feminization to understand?

As I dressed for the wedding, I wore pale lavender satin panties, a matching strapless bra, and garter belt. When Mom raised the back zipper on my dress, I gasped, "I'm glad I'm not wearing a slip because there is no room for one under this dress!"

"Don't be silly," Mom laughingly chastised while playfully swatting me on the buttocks. "Your dress isn't **that** tight!"

Just before the ceremony, as I traipsed about in my long tight skirt and stilt heels, Vic pulled me aside and introduced me to his mother and his deceased father's two sisters. "This is Beth's brother, Bobby," he said with a scowl of disgust. "He's the boy I told you about who wears dresses."

"I'm pleased to finally meet you, Bobby," Vic's mother said with a cautious smile while holding out a gloved hand to me. "Victor told me a lot about you, but he neglected to tell me how lovely you are."

"Thank you," I replied in a soft voice as I took her hand.

"How long have you been wearing dresses?" she asked.

"Off and on, most of my life, but full time for the past two years," I admitted with a blush.

"How did you get started?"

"Beth used to dress me in her old clothes, and Mom liked the way I looked as a girl. I guess their game just got out of hand, and now, I wear dresses and skirts full time."

"Sarah and I used to dress Victor's father up in our old clothes and make him play house with us when we were kids," one of the aunts reminisced.

"That's right, Emily," the other agreed. "He even had his own doll, remember?"

"Yes, but he was never as pretty as this one," Emily lamented with a far away look in her eyes. "If he had been..."

The wedding ceremony was a resounding success, and Beth was a beautiful bride. I even found myself caught up in the excitement. When Beth tossed her bouquet, I scrambled for it alongside the **other** girls. In the confused quest for the prized flowers; however, I overstepped the limits of my tight skirt and fell to the ground. To save face, I attempted to regain my feet as if

nothing out of the ordinary had happened, but due to my long tight skirt and heels, I was unable to do so.

To my relief, Brad, the best man, saw my quandary and helped me up. Even then, I had to hoist my tight skirt well above my nylon-covered knees to stand once again. Blushing, I thanked him for his chivalry. "Think nothing of it, ma'am," he smiled.

At the reception, everyone was happily toasting the newlyweds, socializing with friends, dancing, and having a jovial time. To avoid as much of the fun as possible, I removed my chiffon overskirt and became a hostess of sorts. I minced about in my long tight skirt and heels carrying food and drinks to guests, bussing tables, and other domestic tasks.

That's what I was doing when Beth came rushing over. "Come on, Becky!" she encouraged with a happy smile. "Join the fun!" Despite my protests, she pulled me over to Vic and practically ordered him to dance with me. I was not surprised when he held me at a distance so my exploding breasts wouldn't come close to his tuxedo. I had danced as a girl before and been held close by men and boys, but given Vic's attitude toward my feminization; his wary manner was logical and acceptable to me. Needless to say, the encounter was very traumatic for both of us!

When the dance was over, I pulled Beth aside and scolded, "Please don't push men on me! Haven't you humiliated me enough by forcing me to come out here in this revealing dress and introducing me as your brother?"

"I'm sorry," she sighed. "I was just so happy, and I wanted to share my joy with you. I won't do it again."

Despite my conversation with Beth, a short while later, I looked up to see Brad standing before me. He

was the one who had helped me up when I fell, and he was smiling brightly. "May I have the honor of this dance?" he confidently asked.

"I told Beth not to send over any more men to dance with me," I replied in a voice filled with gloom.

"Beth didn't send me," he replied, still smiling. "I know you're a boy, but I asked you to dance because you are the most beautiful girl in the room, and that includes the bride. Now, how about that dance?"

I couldn't resist his smooth charming manner. I don't think any girl could, even if she was a boy. I moved into his strong arms, and he held me close. I melted into his grasp as he merrily guided me about the dance floor in time with the music. Never had I enjoyed a dance so!

Soon several men asked me to dance to both fast and slow numbers. I accepted every invitation with a bright smile, and as they held me tight and whirled me about, not one mentioned that I was anything other than the girl I appeared to be. A couple of them allowed their hands to accidentally slide down onto my silken covered buttocks. One overly inebriated fellow tried to kiss me, but I managed to survive without incident with only smeared lipstick. Despite all my earlier reservations, I actually had I good time.

With the wedding behind us, Vic and Beth moved to the west coast after their honeymoon to start their lives together, and as planned, he worked at a large newspaper. Beth, with her degree in Business and Finance, secured a position with a prestigious investment firm that handled the accounts of wealthy retirees. She wrote that Vic was jealous that her salary was almost double his, but he would just have to live with that fact.

At home, Mom continued to assure that I remained totally feminine in both clothing and demeanor. I constantly wore low cut tops or tight blouses that emphasized my large breasts, so my femininity was never in question. I would stand in the lingerie department of any store and hold up panties, bras, or any other item of silky feminine underwear without feeling out of place or receiving any derogatory comments.

After graduation from high school, I had no plans beyond hoping to be allowed to return to pants. Mom; however, would not hear of such a thing. She said, "Why don't you visit Beth? She'll make sure you remain in your pretty dresses and skirts and continue your diet and hormone therapy. People out west are more open-minded and accepting of diverse lifestyles like yours, so you'll be more comfortable."

"Mom, you can't be serious!" I shrieked, part in anger, part in frustration. "Don't you think it's time we end these sissy dress up games? I'm a boy and a high school graduate. I should be wearing pants and looking for a job!"

"Be serious!" Mom scolded. "How would you look as a male with those large feminine breasts pushing your shirt out? Since you can't hide them, your only logical course is to continue your feminine guise and remain in skirts. Besides, Rebecca Anne is the high school graduate, not Robert Andrew. Check your diploma! That means Bobby is the one with an education and a future! We put these silly arguments about you returning to pants behind us years ago, so stop being absurd. Dry up those tears, repair your makeup, put a smile on that pretty face, and we'll call Beth."

I never could win an argument with Mom. Looking down into the deep valley of cleavage formed by my

sizeable feminine breasts, I shrugged in resignation and submissively went to my room to repair my makeup. When I returned, Mom gave me a hug and happily sighed, "That's my good girl."

Beth and I hadn't seen each other for nearly a year, so she was ecstatic about having me visit. "We'll have a room all fixed up for you!" she gushed excitedly. "Mom sent me some photos of you, and you look great in your cute dresses and skirts! I can't wait to see you in again!"

For my flight, Mom made sure I wore a short skirt and low cut blouse sure to draw attention. At the terminal men looked at me with admiration, lust, and desire, while women glared with scorn, disapproval, and for many of them, jealousy.

As planned, Beth met me at the airport. "I'm so glad to see you!" she gushed with a bright smile while giving me a sisterly hug and kiss. Looking at my cleavage and the exposed tops of my breasts, she asked, "Have you grown since I moved away?"

"I'm a 38 C cup, but the push up bra Mom made me wear makes them look larger," I blushed.

"I agree with Mom!" she shrieked excitedly. "They look great on you!"

"Vickie, we're home!" Beth called toward the kitchen when we arrived at their condo. "Bobby is tired from his long flight, so make us a stiff drink, and serve us in the solarium."

'Did she say Vickie?' I wondered while listening to the undeniable clicking of high heels on the tile floor. 'She didn't mention having a maid.'

Moments later, I was utterly astounded when my former macho brother-in-law minced into the room with

a tray containing our drinks. He had sworn that no real man, him especially, could be forced to dress as a woman. Yet here he was in a short black maid's dress, a lacy white apron, stilt heels, the dark tops of his nylons visible below his short skirt, large hoop earrings, and full feminine makeup including mascara, eyeliner, eyeshadow, red lipstick, matching nail polish, and a short quasi feminine hairstyle!

"Meet my maid, Vickie," Beth introduced her blushing husband with a smile that reflected both triumph and pleasure. "You remember Miss Becky, don't you, Vickie?"

"Yes, ma'am," Vic replied in a soft voice that was higher than I remembered while executing a polite curtsy. Without making eye contact with me, he sighed just above a whisper, "Hello, Miss Becky. I'm very pleased to see you again. Please let me know if you require anything for your comfort."

"Why is he dressed like that?" I gasped in disbelief while looking over my humiliated brother-in-law.

"Our Vickie was a bad boy. Weren't you, Vickie?"

"Yes, Mistress," he blushed.

"Tell me..."

"First things first," Beth interrupted in a voice filled with authority. "Bobby's luggage is in the car, Vickie. His dresses, skirts, and blouses are probably wrinkled from being packed away in his luggage, so be sure to neatly iron them before hanging them in his closet. In fact, you may as well press his panties, slips, camisoles, and nighties while you're at it."

"Yes, Mistress," he replied with a polite curtsy and a bright blush before scurrying away to do her bidding.

"That'll keep him busy for a while and give us time to talk," Beth said as she turned to me with a devious smile. "Now, what did you want to know about our reformed Vickie?"

"Vic chastised me in the past for being a sissy and letting you and Mom make me wear dresses," I sighed. "He told me to stand up like a man and demand the return of my pants. He was adamant that no woman could force him to wear a dress."

"Now I arrive at your home after you've been married less than a year, and I not only find him wearing a maid's dress, heels, and makeup, but he obeys your orders like a servant. What gives?"

"Think back to when I wanted you to come on to him to test his reputation for straying? You practically seduced him, but he backed away."

"How could I forget?"

"Well the reason he rejected you wasn't because of his love for me, but because he knew you were a male, and males in dresses, no matter how sexy they appear, turn him off. He had affairs with three different women in as many months after we arrived out here, and our honeymoon was barely over. My mistake was using you as a bait, instead of a real girl."

"How did that land him in the role of a maid?"



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Bobby was astounded to see his former macho brother-in-law wearing a saucy maid's dress, heels, and makeup.

"He was stupidly carrying on with three women at the same time. They all worked in the same office, but in different departments. Initially, they confronted one another with anger and jealousy, but then they compared notes. To get even, they filed a sexual discrimination suit, claiming rape. They settled out of court, but the seriousness of the charge led to his firing with a no rehire sanction, which made finding work virtually impossible."

"What did you do?"

"I had a long tearful conversation with Mom, and after a while, she got me to listen to reason."

"Made you see the big picture, huh?"

"You got it!" Beth grinned. "I waited while Vic exhausted every possibility for gaining employment, even with the scandal rags. Then with no hope of acquiring gainful employment, he started hitting the bars and coming home late reeking of alcohol and cheap perfume. I told him I was moving back home because I wouldn't support him while he neglected our marriage bed in favor of cheap whoring bar flies. With panic filled eyes, he pleaded with me not to abandon him broke and with no hope of a job."

"Apparently, you obliged him."

"On my terms, at least. I said I couldn't trust him, but because I loved him, I would give him another chance if he would make some drastic changes in his life. When he said he would do anything to keep us together, he was mine! Saying he wouldn't be so eager to pull his pants off before his illicit lovers if he was wearing silky feminine panties, I insisted that he throw out all his male underwear and wear panties full time. That was a very traumatic step for him, but realizing I was serious about leaving, he hesitantly agreed. To keep

him busy, and to take the burden off me, I ordered him to start doing the housework.”

“Obviously, he went for it!”

“After a couple of months, I tightened the screws by ‘suggesting’ that he wear subtle makeup and style his hair in a slightly feminine manner to lessen his natural attraction to women and to further assure his devotion to me,” she continued with a devious grin. “Of course, he refused at first, but when I started packing my bags, he haphazardly applied a coat of lipstick to his lips to prove his sincerity. His appearance was a comical mess, so that led to my giving him makeup and hair care lessons.”

“Like you did with me?”

“You wouldn’t believe how much I missed our dress up games when we moved out here,” she sighed with a far away look in her eyes. “But, now that Vickie’s cute buns are in panties and swishing about in saucy little skirts, life is good again.”

“What is it with you and forcing males to wear dresses?”

“I get off on the power,” she grinned mischievously. “Men and boys think they are so strong and tough, but get them into a wispy pair of panties, wrap a bra about their chest, fasten a skirt about their waist, and they become frustrated, embarrassed, and so easy to manipulate. Forcing you darlings into embarrassing situations that require you to behave in a sissy feminine manner in order keep from being recognized, as a male in skirts is such a rush. I also get thrills from exposing you cuties in public like I did to you that day on our front lawn.”

“That was one of the most embarrassing days of my life,” I blushed as I recalled the humiliating incident just

after being recognized by Julie and Kathy at the mall. "Anyway, I lost all hope of maintaining my masculine pride years ago when you and Mom insisted on me wearing these low cut blouses that display my boobs."

"Vickie hasn't lost all his pride as yet, but it's disappearing fast. What do you think of him?"

"He looks much more feminine than I would have imagined," I honestly admitted. "His hair is still on the short side, but still, it looks quite feminine. From experience, I know only skilled professionals can accomplish that degree of perfection with short hair. Where do you have his hair styled?"

"When Susie did your hair back home in his dress, heels, and makeup, you thought he was unique in that role, didn't you?"

"What does Susie have to do with Vic's hair?"

"Nothing except to make a point. There are dozens of salons out here with at least one male beautician in skirts, some by choice, some like Susie who are totally opposed to the notion. I even found one salon, Maude's Menagerie, where all the beauticians are men in cute little pink dresses with ultra feminine hairstyles. They wear flawless makeup, bright red lipstick on collagen enhanced lips, matching polish on long oval nails, huge elaborate hoops and long dangling pendants in their multi-pierced ears, and they mince about prissily in impossibly high stiletto heels while they work."

"You mean women actually patronize a salon where the beauticians are men in dresses, heels, and makeup?" I gasped.

"Susie's appointment book was always full. That means the girls and women back in Sticksville aren't opposed to having a man in skirts style their hair, and that includes the two of us! In fact, Susie's wife probably

got the idea to put him in skirts and train him to style hair out here where that sort of thing is quite popular.

Women comprise only about half the clientele at Maude's. The rest are transsexuals, transvestites, and female impersonators, along with a substantial number of men and boys who are forced to wear skirts, much the same as you were in your youth, and Vickie is in his current circumstance."

"Let me guess where you have his hair done," I cringed at the thought of a salon filled with male beauticians in cute little pink dresses.

"Maude is a strong-minded no nonsense woman in her forties," Beth continued with a devious smirk without providing the obvious answer to my question. "Using sharp verbal reprimands and painful spankings on their silky panties, she really makes her sissy employees toe the line. If their hair and makeup aren't flawless, if their saucy little pink uniform dresses aren't neat, clean, and wrinkle free, if they have a run in their nylons, if they have a chipped nail, if they are rude to a customer, or any number of other offences, their ears will be ringing, and they'll have difficulty sitting for the next few days."

"You mean that those male beauticians don't want to wear dresses and work in a hair salon? This Maude person forces them to work there while looking their feminine best?"

"You got it. As far as I know, not one of those cuties is happy with his occupation or the feminine lifestyle Maude imposes on them. Even when they are off duty, she insists that they maintain a distinctly feminine guise and manner of dress."

"Wow!" I gasped as I adjusted my short skirt across my smooth nylon encased thighs and remembered how I

used to feel sorry for myself because I thought I was the only male ever to be forced into dresses, silky undies, and makeup, or made to grow large feminine breasts. Boy, was I naïve! "Where does this Maude get men she can control so completely in order to force them into skirts and train them to be swishy beauticians?"

"Oh, they come from orphanages, youth detention centers, parole offices, jails, and various other places. A few hard cases have even been sentenced into her custody by discerning and perceptive female judges. Once she has the unfortunate culprit in her clutches, Maude wastes no time getting him into skirts and down to the Menagerie. Once there, her sissy beauticians give him a complete makeover that includes a feminine hairstyle, makeup, manicure, pedicure, leg waxing, and the start of an electrolysis program that is designed to permanently eliminate his beard and shape his brows into a thin feminine arch for life."

"If these guys hate what Maude is doing to them, why do they stay there and go along with her regimen of femininity?"

"Most try to escape at one time or another, but none have succeeded. Maude locks a metallic ankle bracelet on them that emits an electronic signal that leads her right to them if they manage to get away. I know because I was in her shop when two female police officers brought in one of her escapees, a former gang leader and ex-con with a foul mouth and a real defiant attitude. His parole officer had remanded him into Maude's custody as an alternative to returning him to prison."

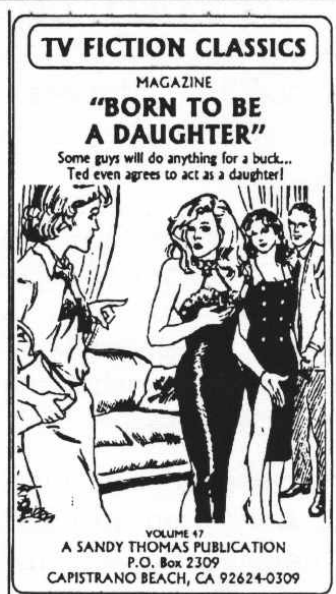
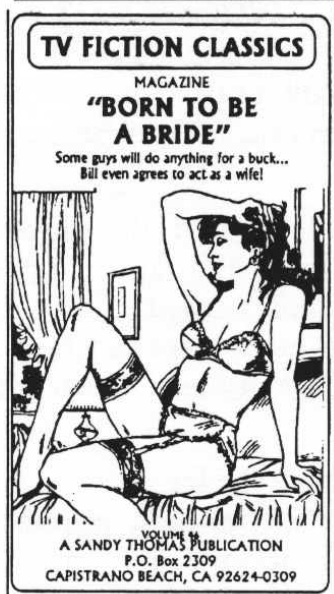
"When I saw him; he looked nothing like a tough hoodlum. His dress was dirty and torn; his nylons were in shreds from crawling about in the dark shadows; his hair was a mass of tangles; his scant remaining makeup

was horribly streaked; and several of his nails were broken. Even though he was in chains, he was spouting loud rebellious profanity and swearing to get even with the ‘crazy bitches’ that were trying to turn him into a ‘queer’.”

“Take this parole violator to the back and guard him closely while my other sissies give him a bath and help with his dress and makeup,” Maude hissed. “He’s all yours once he’s wearing clean undies and a chic dress with attractive makeup and a neat style in his short hair. You can take him back to prison and throw away the key, for all I care!”

“Upon hearing that Maude planned to send him back to prison in a dress, makeup, and heels, his rebellious attitude disappeared in a flash! With panic filled eyes, and his wrists cuffed to his waist chain, he fell to his knees at her feet and tearfully pleaded, ‘Please, don’t send me back to the joint in a dress! My life will be over when those cons see my beardless face, arched brows, pierced ears, and shaved legs! I’ll do anything if you’ll only allow me to stay here! I’ll wear dresses, style hair, and even sweep the floor if you want. Just don’t send me back looking like this!’ His voice trailed off in sobs as he anticipated the horror of his predicament.”

“Maude knew she had him, but she forced him to dig a deeper hole for himself. Before she would agree to let him stay with her, even on a probationary basis, she made him swear to become a demure and obedient sissy beautician; to always strive to look his feminine best in his uniform dresses; to speak in a sweet sissy voice; to cease making threats and using profanity; to be respectful of her and his fellow sissies; and to never run away again. You should have seen that rebellious brute.



CAN'T FIND THE OTHER HALF??

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He was screaming intimidating threats and callous insults one moment, and then the next, he was bawling like a baby and begging to be allowed to become a sweet obedient sissy beautician. Without a single word of objection, he eagerly agreed to Maude's terms and conditions!"

"True to his vow, he has become an excellent hairdresser and a most demure sissy. He's afraid Maude will find fault with his appearance, attitude, or performance and send him back to prison, so he's constantly on the alert to remain properly obedient and feminine. Fear fills his eyes and he nervously checks his hair, makeup, and prissy uniform dress for faults whenever she comes near. Completely broken, he is now

the antithesis of the violent gang leader who was remanded into Maude's custody only months before. Quite a success story in modern criminal rehabilitation, wouldn't you say?"

"Using, silk, satin, nylon, lace, and the threat of prison, Maude completely broke the spirit of this previously tough delinquent and turned him into a simpering sissy wimp who is no longer a threat to society, a feat neither normal society nor harsh prison life could hope to accomplish!"

I envisioned this former gang leader flitting about like a fairy atop stilt heels in a cute pink mini-dress, with immaculate hair and makeup, and quivering with fear whenever Maude approached. If his former partners in crime ever saw him in his swishy role! Of course, trying to prevent that humiliating occurrence is the motivation that keeps him eagerly wearing dresses and striving to become ever more effeminate. A vicious cycle if there ever was one!

"Enough about those sissy beauticians," Beth declared, jolting me out of my deep reverie. "Let's get back to Vickie. To further ensnare him in my trap, I made prior arrangements with Maude to have one of her cute beauticians corner him in a back room at the precise time I was to come by to pick him up. Having no desire to make love with another male, Vickie was fighting bravely for his virtue, but I turned the situation around and insisted he was trying to seduce the sexy male hairdresser. Saying I could no longer trust him, even if he was wearing panties, I insisted that he be fitted with a chastity belt."

"He agreed to that?"

"What choice did he have? Anyway, it was the best move I ever made. In the past, his libido kept him in

trouble, but now, I have that problem under lock and key. Shortly after I took control, I made him to throw out all his male clothes and start wearing dresses full time as a condition for being released from his chastity device from time to time. Previously, he thought he had to have sex at least once a day, but with me in control, he's been celibate for, I don't know, close to a month this time, I guess."

"Is that why he was trying so hard to please you just now in spite of my being here? For the promise of sex some time in the future?"

"You got it. Now the three women he had affairs with at the paper come over every Wednesday evening for dinner and our weekly poker game. Dressed as he is, Vickie has to prepare our meal and serve me and his former lovers snacks and drinks during our game. Once a week, he goes to each of their houses to clean, dust, mop, vacuum, wash a weeks worth of dishes, wash and iron their clothes, change their beds, and any other domestic chores they want done. Since I sold his car, he has to ride the bus both ways in his sexy little uniform, and as you might imagine, that has proved to be quite traumatic for him."

"Is he on hormones like...like me?"

"No way! Hormones would round his body into feminine contours, but they would decrease his virility. He's much easier to manipulate when he's horny and striving to please me in every way imaginable."

Despite the torment Vic gave me in the past about wearing dresses and being too much of a sissy wimp to stand up for my rightful pants, I couldn't help feeling sorry for him.

That was two years ago; Ms. Thomas, and I still live with Beth and Vic. I am now twenty years old, and although I still long for my lost masculinity, I am comfortable and confident in my feminine role. (I guess I really have no choice anymore.)

I am the private secretary to a junior executive of a large insurance company, and even though he and everyone else with the firm knows I am a male, he likes to look at me in my short skirts, low cut tops, makeup, and high heels. Other than the occasional disparaging remark, I am seldom harassed about the clothes I 'choose' to wear, like I was at home when Mom and Beth initially forced me to dress as a girl in public.

As for Vic, he looks more feminine than ever with his long shiny dark hair falling onto his shoulders. He performs his duties as a maid, and on Fridays and Saturdays, the rush days at Maude's Menagerie, he works as a shampoo girl. I think he hates his short pink uniform more than his maid's dresses, or is it the abrasive reprimands and painful spankings from Maude that he hates so? When his mother and two aunts come out to visit once or twice a year, they are fascinated by his feminine appearance and duties he is forced to perform. They say he should have been put in skirts long ago...like I was!

Before I conclude this letter, Ms. Thomas, I would like to tell you of another example of enforced femininity that began during my first visit to Maude's Menagerie. I was waiting for my hairdressing appointment to start when a resolute woman literally dragged a boy in his teens into the salon. He was wearing a pink jumper style dress over a long sleeved white satin blouse, white pantyhose, pink girl's slippers, light makeup, pink lipstick and nail polish. He was trying mightily to escape, but the woman held him tightly by the wrist.

"I don't want a girl's hairdo!" he howled tearfully.

"Stop fretting, Missy," she reasoned. "Your hair is much too short to put in a girl's style."

"Don't call me Missy!" he wailed. "I'm a boy, no matter how you make me dress!"

"We'll see about that!" she snapped. "Anyway, you'll feel much better after we get you a stylish wig and have your makeup professionally applied. Also, since you never do a very good job shaving your legs, we'll have them waxed while we're here." I could tell by the screams of pain and anguish that he was still undergoing treatment when I left the salon. Believe me, I knew first hand what he was going through, both mentally and physically!

About six months passed without me seeing Missy. With so many men and boys being forced into skirts, I had more or less forgotten about him. I was reminded when he came into the salon with a girl who appeared to be maybe two years his junior. He was much more graceful in his mannerisms and the way he handled his skirts than when I first saw him. Because he had changed so much, I probably wouldn't have recognized him if the girl hadn't snatched the light brown wig off his head. As she angrily threw it into the waste basket beside the receptionist's desk, she screeched, "That's it Missy! No more wig! I warned you not to give me any guff about your beauty appointment!"

With an expression of desperation and despair, Missy reached out in vain for the discarded wig, his long pink oval nails glistening in the light. "Please, Sis!" he begged. "I won't give you any more backtalk if you'll only give back my wig! I promise I'll happily go in there and let them make me pretty like a girl. My hair is too short

for a girlish style! Without my wig, everyone will know I'm a boy in skirts! Please let me have my wig back!"

"No way! You'll wear your own hair without a wig from now on, and if people recognize you as a boy because of its length, that's tough! Suffering the consequences of your misbehavior might teach you to be more docile and obedient in the future!"

Missy's eyes filled with tears as he miserably contemplated the humiliation he would have to endure as a result of his younger sister's callous decree. As I looked the hapless lad over in his dress, I knew full well the trauma and feelings of helplessness he was experiencing. To make matters worse, his natural hair, although quite a bit longer and shaggier than when I last saw him, was still its natural non-descript 'dirty' blonde color. My greatest hope for this intimidated and humiliated youth was that Maude's sissy beauticians could create a girlish color and hairstyle for him that would make his true gender less obvious.

The next time I saw Missy was about a year later, and he looked exquisitely feminine despite a sad glint in his eyes. A black leather miniskirt highlighted his trim waist and long nylon encased legs; a red crop top bared his navel; and black sandals with three-inch heels allowed his polished toenails to be seen through his nylons. His hair was now a very attractive light brown, and it fell stylishly straight onto his bare shoulders. Diamond studs and large gold hoops decorated his double pierced ears, and a gold chain about his neck supported a large cross pendant that lay in a deep valley of cleavage and drew attention to his bulging breasts.

Then, it hit me! Missy and I had a lot in common. We had both been feminized and forced to wear dresses against our will, and because of the large feminine orbs on our chest, neither of us could return to our rightful

masculine lives. While being helpless to prevent it, we had both been systematically cheated out of our masculinity!

Oh, Ms. Thomas! Surely you can see the havoc the books you publish are inflicting on a large segment of the male population. With that foremost in my mind, I beseech you. Stop publishing them before more ill fated men and boys lose their masculinity beneath a swirl of skirts, silky lingerie, high heels, makeup, and perfume. For the sake of males who are destined for dresses and tresses in the future, despite their wishes to the contrary, like me, Vic, Susie, Missy, the hapless sissy beauticians at Maude's, and countless others, I beg you. **Please stop publishing those little pink books before it's too late!**

Sincerely,

Becky

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