

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

MAGAZINE

"PURSE STRINGS"



**TIGHT FINANCES FORCE A BOY TO WEAR HIS
SISTER'S HAND ME DOWNS...
WHY WASTE GOOD DRESSES AND HIGH HEELS?
VOLUME 67**

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PURSE STRINGS

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“PURSE STRINGS”

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QUOTE BOARD

What's all this hoopla about gays not being allowed to enter into the institution of marriage? Shouldn't they have the same right to wed and be miserable as straights? I just wonder why so many supposedly sane people want to live in an institution.

PURSE STRINGS

By Alice Trail

“Why did Dad have to marry *her*?” Nick Scott fumed as he watched his father and his new bride drive away for their honeymoon. “Sure Liz is beautiful and all that, but I don’t think he can afford to keep her and that primadonna daughter of hers in nylons! Heck, it took all day just to move their clothes into our house!”

Liz had a daughter, Beth, who a year older than Nick. She was a clotheshorse cut from the same mold as her mother. Beth was a cheerleader and hands down the prettiest and most popular girl in his school. Plus, she had a figure to die for. When she walked by, every male within a city block drooled with desire!

Being a normal boy, Nick was intrigued and aroused to be living in the same house with such a gorgeous creature. To his chagrin, she let him know from the beginning that she might have to live in the same house and tolerate him as her brother, but that’s as far as their relationship would go. Period!

Nick and Beth occupied adjacent bedrooms and shared a bathroom. The worst part of this arrangement was that Nick had to rush into the bathroom whenever Beth wasn’t in there, which was seldom in his mind.”

Nick’s mother had been gone for more than two years, and it had been tough for his father. The two of them got along okay, but a man needed a woman. Still, Nick wondered time and again, “Why did Dad have to marry her? She seems to have him wrapped around her manicured, ruby tipped finger. Now he gives in to her every time they have a disagreement.”

Still all went well at first until the credit card bills started coming in. Nick knew something was wrong when he heard Liz state flatly to his father, “Look Scotty, Beth needs

expensive designer clothes, makeup, and hairstyles for her senior year of high school. Her popularity and social life depend on her being stylishly dressed. She has her heart set on being elected Homecoming Queen. Being popular enough to accumulate the necessary votes takes money.”

“But we’re short of cash just now.”

“We could borrow from your trust to subsidize your salary until your promotion comes through,” she reasoned. “Then, we could pay the money back.”

“No way!” Scott flatly stated. “My grandfather didn’t touch the family fortune during the depression when they were short of food, and I’m not about to raid it for anything as frivolous as clothes. We’ll have to find another way to get by.”

“Okay darling,” Liz cooed lovingly. “I suppose we could cut back on other things.”

“Any suggestions?”

“For starters, you could take your lunch to work, come home directly from work instead of drinking with the boys, and eliminate your weekend golf outings. Nick could get a part-time job, and you could cut his allowance. Things like that.”

From his vantage point, Nick was quick to notice that all the things Liz recommended cutting back to save money involved his Dad and him. No sacrifices were suggested for Beth or her or the huge sums they spent on clothes, makeup, and beauty appointments.

Sure enough, Nick’s Dad came to him the next day and said, “Nick, the family is in a tight financial situation. Until I get my promotion, it will be necessary to eliminate your allowance.”

“But dad...” he started to complain.

“No arguments!” Scott snapped. “You are not alone in this. We all must make sacrifices.”

“Okay...” Nick sighed as he walked dejectedly away. He knew his Dad made a nice living, but they were far from being rich.

The next day, when Nick saw Beth hanging new clothes in the closet they shared, he snarled, “Dad said we weren’t supposed to buy new clothes.”

She sweetly smiled and said, “But these were on sale and I needed a new dress, a couple of blouses, and this skirt. Aren’t they chic?”

“And shoes?” I said.

“Also on sale...”

Nick had promised his father that he wouldn’t cause problems with the females of the house, but this was more than he could take. Running to his father who was reading the paper in the den, he loudly protested, “This isn’t right, Dad! You cut out my allowance and said I couldn’t buy any new clothes, not even for the start of school, and look what happens! Beth goes out and buys a bunch of new clothes the very next day!”

“What’s the big deal?” Liz asked calmly upon hearing her stepson’s complaint. “She needed a few things, and everything she bought was on sale.”

“The big deal is that Beth has a closet full of clothes!” Nick screeched in anger. “Most of my things are either too small or will be worn out by the time school starts. What will I wear to school?”

“You could wear the things Beth no longer wears for the remainder of summer vacation and save your things for school,” Liz suggested, as if that was the most sensible and logical solution to Nick’s dilemma.

“That’s crazy!” Nick snarled. “I can’t wear girl’s stuff!”

“Why not?” Liz questioned. “Jeans are jeans, and shirts are shirts, aren’t they?”

“Yeah, right!” Scott boomed loudly while thinking no son of his would be caught dead in girl’s clothes...shirt and jeans

or not! Holding further comment, he seethed within, “Yeah, that’s right, Nick! Wear Beth’s cast offs. Like Liz says, what’s the big deal?”

Nick didn’t recognize the sarcasm in his father’s comment, and thought he was serious. So instead of arguing, he lowered his gaze and walked dejectedly away. After all, Liz’s comment that jeans and cotton shirts were gender neutral did make sense...sort of.

After Scott left for work the next morning, Liz looked at Nick with a gleam in her eye and said, “Okay, let’s go through Beth’s things to find a few things of hers for you to wear.” When he hesitated, she encouraged, “Come on. You want to prolong the life of your clothes, don’t you?”

“I shouldn’t have to wear Beth’s clothes, budget crunch or no budget crunch,” he scoffed as he dejectedly followed her up the stairs.

Entering Beth’s closet, Liz shuffled through the jeans and shirts Beth no longer wore, and shortly, she came out with a pair of jeans and a tee shirt. “I can’t wear those!” he protested.

“I’m only carrying out your father’s wishes. If you have objections, tell him, not me. Step into the bathroom and try on these things. I want to see how they fit before I look for other clothes for you.”

Looking at the garments she offered, he spat, “Those jeans are pink, and they’re for girls! I can’t wear them!”

“What’s the big deal?” Liz innocently asked. “Regardless of the color, you’ll only be wearing them at home to save your school garments. No one outside the family will see you. Anyway, it’s only until your father gets his promotion, and we can afford to buy clothes in the colors and styles you prefer.”

Reluctantly, and against his better judgment, Nick accepted the items and dismally made his way to the bathroom. After undressing to his jockey shorts, he slipped the shirt over his arms. “This shirt is too short,” he thought while wrinkling his nose at the pink letters CK on the front.

Scowling, he stepped into the pink denim jeans, pulled them up, and fastened them at his waist. "Liz will surely tell Dad this is a bad idea when she sees how ridiculous this stuff looks on me."

Sure enough, Liz had to stifle a chuckle when she laid eyes on her hapless stepson in his feminine ensemble. Instead of laughing at his ridiculous appearance, she frowned, shook her head, and sighed, "Oh no, this will never do!"

"See!" he exclaimed while indicating his absurd attire. "I told you this wouldn't work! This shirt is too short to reach my waist, and these stupid jeans ride low on my hips, so more than an inch of my jockey shorts is exposed!"

"The top is supposed to be short, and the jeans are the latest low rider style. You'll look and feel a lot better when you change into a pair of hip hugger briefs."

"I don't have any hip hugger briefs," he snarled. "I only have three pairs of jockeys, and all of them are worn thin and have frayed waistbands like this. I need new underwear as well as shirts, jeans, and shoes."

"Nonsense!" Liz scoffed. "We can't afford to squander our scant recourses on jockey briefs. You'll just have to wear a pair of Beth's hip hugger panties to prevent your underwear from showing."

"Girl's panties? Get real!"

"You can't go around with frayed underwear showing at your waist. It's not decent. Stop complaining, and wear a pair of Beth's panties. No one will know, not even your father."

"This top and jeans are bad enough! I can't wear girl's panties...I won't!"

"Then you're on your own," Liz sighed while throwing her arms up in mock defeat. "I tried to help you do as your father instructed, but you steadfastly refuse to cooperate. I have no choice but to tell him you refused to wear Beth's castoffs to preserve your good clothes for school like he instructed. I did

my part. You alone are responsible for explaining your disobedience.”

His dad had said that he should wear Beth’s castoffs to save his few clothes for school and to stretch the family budget. That was a horrible prospect, but what else could he do? “Okay,” he sighed when she neared the door. “I’ll wear her stupid panties.”

“I’ll help you comply with your father’s wishes, but you’re on your own if you don’t cooperate. If you want my help, go in the bathroom and remove your jeans. I’ll look through Beth’s drawer for a pair of panties for you to wear and hand them to you through the door. I don’t have all day, so scoot!”

“How did it go?” Beth asked excitedly while her mother rummaged through her panty drawer.

“Better than I hoped,” Liz smiled. “He’s waiting for me to bring him a pair of panties to wear under your jeans. We’ll talk later and plan our next move.”

Nick stepped into the silky nylon panty and pulled it to his waist. After stepping into Beth’s jeans, he looked in the mirror and gasped at his image. His tee shirt bared his navel, and his pink jeans hugged his hips to end high on his calves in a feminine manner. Worst of all, if he didn’t keep his jeans pulled up, the waistband of his panties showed like his jockeys did previously.

“Just as I expected!” Liz exclaimed when Nick stepped from the bathroom. “Except for those ragged shoes, you look perfectly presentable. Beth’s shoes are too small for you, but I think I have a pair of sneakers that will fit and look much better with your stylish ensemble.”

“Dad will to put an end to this crazy plan and find another way to save money when he sees how ridiculous I look in these stupid clothes,” Nick seethed. “These shoes don’t fit!” he cried out after slipping his feet into Liz’s pink sneakers. “They’re too small.”

“I’m afraid you’ll have to make do until we can afford to buy a pair for you in the correct size,” Liz sighed. Then,

putting in a pitch to gain his support in raiding the family fortune, she added, "Your father won't allow us to borrow from the trust, you know."

"That's for real emergencies!" he snapped. "I'll get by with these clothes until Dad gets his promotion."

"Suit yourself," she sighed as she walked away, leaving him alone in his feminine clothes to contemplate his fate.

A bit later, Liz whispered to Beth, "Getting him into your panties, top, and jeans was easier than I imagined, but he's as stubborn as his father. He took that same hard line when I mentioned tapping into the treasure I married into this family for. Like father, like son, I guess. That lovely money came over from Scotland with their frugal ancestors, and it's been growing ever since. Leaving it for future generations must be bred into them! I'll find a way to get my hands on it if it's the last thing I do, but I'll need your help."

"You can count on me, Mom. I'll benefit from our windfall too. Besides, seeing that geek parading about in my old things will be a hoot."

"Yes, but for now all we can do is wait and see how Scotty reacts when he sees how absurd his precious son looks in your things. Who knows, he might give in on the spot and let us bleed off a few thousand for clothes and other *necessities*. If he doesn't, just play it by ear until we have a strategy session. In the meantime, be really nice to Nick. Bite your tongue if necessary, but don't laugh or tease him for wearing your things."

"You can count on me, Mom!"

Nick managed to get through the day, mostly by hanging out in his room playing video games. He never got comfortable in Beth's cast offs, especially her silky nylon panties. Shamed by his appearance, he was encouraged by the thought, "I just know Dad will put his foot down and tell Liz to buy me some decent clothes when he sees how stupid I look,!"

Strange as it might seem, both Nick and Liz wanted the same reaction from his father. Scott's reaction, however, surprised and disappointed them both. When he saw his son in Beth's pink top and jeans with his nylon panties showing above his waistband, he roared, "What the hell is this?"

Taken aback, Nick spluttered, "You said you wanted me to wear some of Beth's things to save money."

When he had said that, Scotty felt his son would never wear Beth's jeans and shirts, and certainly not her *panties!* The sight both angered and disappointed him. "I know, but I didn't say anything about you wearing her panties!" he boomed. "What's that all about?"

"M...my jockeys were frayed. They don't look right showing above my jeans," Nick hesitantly retorted.

"I see," Scott sighed with both sarcasm and disappointment. "Frayed jockey briefs looked out of place with your pink jeans and girly shirt, but silky girl's panties look okay for a boy. Right?"

Looking down at his pink jeans with the silky nylon fabric showing above them, Nick tried once again to make his irate father understand his dilemma. Blushing brightly, he stammered, "My jockeys are all frayed. I was just trying to..."

"Your underwear was frayed, so you wore panties because they look nicer?" Scotty interrupted.

"Something like that," Nick sighed just above a whisper while searching for a way to make his father understand how badly he wanted clothes suitable to his gender. "But Dad, I need..."

"Then throw out your tattered jockeys and wear panties all the time!" Scotty fumed as he threw his newspaper to the floor. "Ask Beth for more of her silky panties! I'm sure she has enough for both of you. Go! Go ask her!"

When Nick was out of the room, Scott turned to his wife and asked, "What's wrong with that boy? Why does he seem so eager to wear Beth's clothes?"

Seeing her husband's anger as a possible way to get him to withdraw funds from his family trust, she lied, "Come to think of it, he seemed rather keen on dressing that way. In fact, it was he who suggested wearing Beth's panties. I've read of boys who like to dress up in their sister's clothes. Believe me, it's not healthy. I know you want to preserve your fortune, but perhaps you should take a few bucks and buy some suitable clothes for the boy."

Scott was disinclined to touch his trust for any reason, and after a moment of reflection, he sighed, "No, I'm sure this is just some phase he's going through. I'm sure it will pass with time like all the other whims kids have these days."

"Damn!" Liz fumed. "What will it take to get that bastard's attention? I need to find a way to get my hands on that fortune!"

Meanwhile, Nick knocked lightly on Beth's door. When he stepped inside, he blushed brightly and looked shyly down. Summing all his courage to carry out what he considered his father's instructions, he stammered, "Uh...Dad says I have to borrow some more of your...uh...panties. Please find some for me that you don't wear anymore."

Beth couldn't believe her ears! Her stepbrother was wearing her clothes and actually asking for more panties! Watching him squirm with embarrassment was a definite trip! Thinking fast while scanning his designer top and pink jeans, she grinned, "Sure, why not? Come to my closet. I'll find some other stuff too."

Nick could only standby and watch while his determined stepsister pulled out several pairs of pants and held them up to him. If she thought they would fit, she laid them on her bed, but if not, she returned them to her closet. Once five pairs of jeans in different colors lay on her bed, she selected tee shirts and blouses and placed them beside the jeans to see if the styles and colors matched or clashed.

When about a dozen shirts and tank tops were selected that he could mix and match with the pants, she said, "I'll get

you a supply of panties, then you can try everything on so we can make sure it fits. Fun, huh?"

"Fun for you maybe, but not for me," he scowled dejectedly as he watched her eagerly shuffle through her drawer and pull out a dozen pair of silky nylon panties in a variety of styles and colors.

While Nick sat morosely in his room decrying his new wardrobe, Liz quietly sneaked into Beth's room and asked, "Did Nick ask for more of your panties?"

"Oh yes," Beth giggled. I gave him a dozen pair of panties and some tops and jeans I was planning to throw out. I can always take them back if that's not okay."

"That was perfect. I gave Scotty the idea that his precious son likes to wear your things, especially your panties. I confirmed his suspicion by saying he asked to wear them. That really set him off. If you and I keep the pressure on Nick to wear your things night and day, and I keep Scotty happy in the bedroom, I believe he's only days away from allowing us to withdraw funds from his trust. Once our feet are in the door, we're home free!"

Nick was sitting miserably in his room while wearing Beth's cast off clothes and thinking things couldn't get worse, when Liz knocked at his door. She entered without waiting to be invited in, looked at her despondent stepson, and said, "Your father is really upset with you. He says you are being selfish by wanting new clothes during our financial crisis. I'd wear Beth's clothes for a while and give him time to cool down if I were you."

"I suppose you're right," Nick sighed, throwing up his hands in resignation.

"The reason I'm here is to throw out all of your frayed and worn clothing at your father's request. Keep your seat and I'll go through your things. He says we will simply get rid of your tattered clothing if you are upset about having to wear them

To Nick's dismay, Liz examined and threw away most of his clothing. "Wait!" he objected when he saw her toss his pajamas on the discard pile with his few pairs of jockey briefs. "What will I sleep in if you throw those out?"

"I'll get you something of Beth's."

That didn't seem too bad because Beth usually slept in a football jersey that fell to mid-thigh. Wearing one of those wouldn't be too bad, even if he would have to wear panties under it. He was sadly disappointed when Liz reappeared with pink nylon pajamas and a yellow babydoll nightie complete with frilled panties. "What's with all this frilly stuff?" he demanded. "Beth sleeps in a football jersey!"

"She has only one jersey, and she refused to part with it," Liz explained. "I didn't know what type sleepwear you prefer, so I brought you a choice. Tell me which you plan to sleep in, and I'll fold the other and put it in your drawer." When he indicated the pajamas, she handed them to him and said, "I'll take your worn out things to the trash." Nick hated wearing the silky pajamas, but he had to admit that the soft nylon felt nice against his skin.

After his shower the next morning, Nick looked in his underwear drawer that now contained only silky nylon panties, and he selected a white pair for the day. There was only one pair of jeans in blue denim, so those were the ones he chose to wear. Having seen Beth wear these jeans with a yellow tee top, he decided to do the same. When he put them on, he discovered that the zipper was on the left side rather than the front, and they had no fly or pockets!

Scott took one look at his son when he entered the kitchen, and with a gesture of disgust, he threw his napkin into his plate and snarled, "I'm out of here!"

Nick wanted to shout, "I'm dressed this way because you made me throw out my jockeys. I don't have any underwear except the panties you told me to get from Beth." But to his sorrow, his father was already out the door.

When Nick complained to Liz about the inconvenience of his ensemble, she explained, “Girl’s don’t need a fly, and since pockets ruin the shape of nice apparel, most of their clothes don’t have them either.”

“But, how do I carry my wallet, comb, keys, and stuff?”

“No problem. I’ll have Beth find a purse she no longer uses,” Liz offered while maintaining a straight face.

“I can’t carry a purse! I’m a boy! What’ll I do if my friends see me wearing girl’s jeans and carrying a purse?”

“No one will see you if you hide in the house like you did yesterday. What’s the big deal?”

When she and Beth met for a strategy session, Liz said, “Both Scotty and Nick think the other is responsible for Nick wearing your clothes. I can’t believe how easy it was to pit them against one another. We’d be on easy street by now if it were as easy to get them to agree to dip into that fund.”

“I would have loved to see the expression on that geek’s face when you took my nighties to him,” Beth giggled. “Come on, admit that you’re getting off tricking Nick into wearing my clothes!”

“Watching Nick prance around in your clothes while thinking his father is demanding that he wear them is a kick. So is listening to that blowhard berate the son he thought was macho. Now, he thinks he’s a sissy who enjoys wearing girlish things, especially panties. The challenging part is keeping them blaming each other long enough for us to get our hands on that money.”

“Does that mean I can’t have a little fun along the way?”

“Just make sure your fun doesn’t interfere with our prime objective.”

“Deal.”

A bit later, Liz found Nick staring at the television in the den. This was strange only because the set wasn't turned on. "What's up?" she asked curiously.

"I'm bored," he replied morosely. "I can't go out dressed like this, and there's nothing to do around here."

"There's plenty to do," she stated sarcastically. "You could help with the housework."

"Doing what?"

"Start by washing the breakfast dishes. Make sure to use plenty soap and hot water."

Taking her cynical comments to be a command instead of condescending as they were intended, he scowled, "Do I have to?"

"Wear the plastic gloves under the sink to protect your hands," she snapped.

Dejectedly, Nick headed for the kitchen. Remembering how to do this from the years since his mother died, he turned on the hot water, added soap, and reached down to retrieve the gloves Liz mentioned. "They would have to be pink!" he scowled while sliding his hands into them. Without thinking while decrying the feminine color of his gloves, he forgot to run cold water into the sink and reached into the sudsy liquid for a dirty pan.

"Ouch!" he squealed when the heat touched his skin. Jerking them out of the sink along with the pan, he splashed hot water on his shirt and jeans, and it quickly soaked through to his panties. He stood in the puddle of water shaking his pink latex clad hands while the pan rattled on the tile floor.

"What's going on in here?" Liz shrieked as she rushed into the kitchen. Seeing her distraught stepson nervously shaking his hands and shuffling his feet in the sudsy puddle, she couldn't suppress a giggle as she asked, "Are you alright?"

“I...I forgot to run cold water in with the hot, and I burned my hands. When I jerked back, I dropped the pan and water spilled onto the floor. I’m okay, but my clothes are all wet.”

“Change into some dry things,” Liz ordered. “You can clean up this mess when you return. Maybe that’ll teach you to keep your mind on your work.”

In his room, Nick removed his wet pants, shirt, and panties and hung them in the bathroom to dry. After a long deliberation, he decided to wear the yellow slacks and white top from the supply Beth gave him. He chose a pair of yellow nylon panties with lace at the waistband thinking they wouldn’t be as noticeable if they showed above his waistband. When the shirt didn’t fit, he stepped into the slacks to cover his panties and knocked on Beth’s door for help.

“The buttons go in the back, silly,” she taunted him. “Lots of girl’s tops do. Turn around and I’ll do them up.”

Nick blushed with shame when he joined Liz in the kitchen having never worn a back buttoning top before. With a bright smile, she added to his humiliation by saying, “I believe you look better in that outfit than Beth ever did! I want you to wear this to protect your clothes when you do housework.”

To Nick’s further exasperation, *this* was a white pinafore style apron with a dressy ruffled hem. The apron and Liz’s compliment about his appearance combined to embarrass him even more. “I can’t wear that sissy thing!” he protested.

“Why not?” Liz innocently asked. “What if it’s a bit frilly? You’re wearing Beth’s clothes, so I want you to wear my apron to protect them. Let me show you how to tie a neat bow in back.”

Giving in to Liz’s off the wall logic, Nick draped the yolk of the apron over his head, and then re-tied it more than a dozen times under her supervision before she was satisfied with the his efforts. “Okay,” she sighed, “The kitchen floor is already wet, so you may as well mop it.”

When that chore was completed to her satisfaction, she said, "Now that you are wearing panties full time, you need to know how to properly care for delicate fabrics. I'll show you how to hand wash your soiled panties and pajamas along with the panties, bras, slips, camisoles, nightgowns, nylons, and pantyhose that Beth and I have worn."

"Get serious!"

"I am serious. Gather all our dirty undies and take them to the laundry room. Call me when you're ready and I'll show you what to do."

A very downcast and dejected Nick made his way to his room to collect his soiled panties and nylon pajamas. With them in his arms, he went into the Master bedroom to collect Liz's things before timidly knocking on Beth's door.

When she saw him in his frilly apron, she was able to keep from laughing out loud only by brightly smiling, and saying, "Oh, that apron looks precious on you." Looking over the silky lingerie in his arms, she asked, "Why are you carrying all that lingerie?"

"Liz says I have to bring all the lingerie downstairs and wash it by hand," he blushed. "May I have yours?"

Beth was only too happy that he volunteered to hand wash her undies, and she couldn't resist pushing the envelope a bit farther. In a voice filled with hesitancy, she said, "I guess you can have them, but you had better not put any snags or runs in them. Besides being extremely delicate, these things are very expensive, and with our current budget crisis, we can't afford to buy replacements for any that you ruin."

"I...I'll be careful," he stammered.

"Let me see your hands!" she demanded as harshly as she dared. After looking them over closely, she sighed, "This will never do. Those calloused hands and rough nails are just waiting to snag the delicate fabrics of my silky lingerie." She squirted lotion into his hands and instructed him to rub them together until it disappeared. "Much better," she smiled while running her hands over his. "Hold still while I file your nails."

“Hey! What’s that stuff?” he wailed when he saw her opening a bottle of nail lacquer after passively allowing her to file his nails. “I’m not wearing nail polish!”

“Don’t be such a wimp! This is clear nail hardener to protect your nails and help you avoid snagging my nice things. You’ll have to take very good care of them if you want to take care of my delicate undies. Sit still while I brush it on. Pay attention so you can do your nails in the future.”

“Cover each nail with three strokes, the first stroke down the center and one on each side. Be careful not to get it on your skin. The technique takes practice. I’ll do the base coat, and when it dries, you can add a top coat.”

When Nick called Liz into the laundry room a bit later, she knew Beth had been up to some good-natured fun by the way he carried his hands. Quick to notice the pink tint and the shine of the varnish, she smiled at the feminine touches she and Beth had imposed on her ill-fated son-in-law. Besides his panties, there were his back buttoning blouse, pink latex gloves for dishes, frilly apron for housework, and even nail polish!

She showed him how to prepare sudsy warm water in the sink and to gently wash the delicate garments as promised. When each item was clean, she instructed him to carefully hang it on a padded rod to drip dry. “You will have to mop the floor after they dry, but clothes made of delicate fabrics are both fragile and expensive. Snags must be avoided at all cost. We hang them to dry to avoid the damage they would suffer under the searing heat of a dryer.”

Nick was learning more about what he previously considered to be feminine unmentionables than he ever wanted to know. That he was wearing panties at the time made the experience even more traumatic. He blushed at the thought as he draped a lavender slip of Beth’s over the rod. He turned even redder when the next item he pulled from the sudsy water was *his* pink panties!

“Good job, Nikki” Liz praised when he finished. Indicating the wet spots on his apron, she asked, “Aren’t you glad you wore your apron to protect your nice clothes?”

“My name is Nick, not Nikki!” he insisted without answering her question.

“Nick, Nikki, what’s the difference,” she shrugged off his objection. “It’s just a pet name.” Then, without giving him time to protest again, she declared, “Let’s make sandwiches and lemonade for lunch. After we eat, I’ll show you how to make the beds and straighten your room.”

Beth couldn’t take her eyes off of her sissified stepbrother during lunch. She was totally fascinated by his cute top, frilly apron, and the way his pink lacquered nails shined when the light struck them. Nick noticed her admiring glances, but all he could do was blush and look down in shame.

When they finished eating, Nick learned that the cleanup was his responsibility when Liz said, “Be sure to wear your apron, and be careful not to splash too much water when you do the dishes.” Nick paid special attention as he washed, dried, and put the dishes away, not wanting to give Liz and Beth a reason to feminize him further.

Later in his room, Liz showed him how to make his bed, clean his room, straighten the closet, and vacuum the carpet. When everything was done to her satisfaction, she suggested, “Let’s check our lingerie. It’s probably dry.”

After feeling the silky garments hanging in the laundry room and pronouncing them dry, Nick placed them in a satin lined basket. He unfolded a built in ironing board from the wall and plugged in the iron.

“Always use the lowest heat setting for delicate fabrics,” Liz instructed when he told her he had never ironed clothes before. “We’ll start with a half-slip, since they are the simplest to iron. Place the slip over the end of the board, and smooth out the wrinkles with the warm iron. Rotate it and repeat the procedure until you are finished. Then fold it

neatly. Be especially careful with the lace hems, as they are very fragile. Next, we'll move on to full slips and panties."

You did great!" Liz exclaimed when Nick finished ironing, and each person's lingerie was stored in his or her drawer. One of your tasks will be to take care of everyone's silky lingerie as long as you wear Beth's clothes and panties. Ask Beth for a nail file and a bottle of lacquer to keep in your room, and be sure to use them every day."

Beth was totally into beauty aids and ways to become more sexy and seductive, so she was eager to teach Nick how to care for his hands when the blushing boy asked for her help. "Check your nails often for rough snags, and file them away as soon as they occur," she advised. "Remove and replace your polish every three or four days, sooner if a chip occurs. Also, cream your hands morning, night, and when they've been in water. Here are bottles of polish, remover, and hand cream, plus a file to keep to your room. Don't hesitate to ask for my help if you need it."

Nick was stunned as he walked away with the feminizing products that his alluring stepsister had given him. He absentmindedly placed them on his desk knowing she fully expected him to use them.

"What the hell is this?" Scotty snarled to Liz after seeing his feminized son setting the table for dinner in his yellow pants, back buttoning blouse, frilly apron, and shiny pink nails.

"Leave the boy alone!" Liz snapped. "You're the one who told him to wear Beth's castoff clothes because you were too proud to draw money from your trust and buy him clothes appropriate for a boy. He volunteered to help with the housework, and he's doing a great job. He's simply wearing an apron to protect his clothes while he works. What's wrong with that?"

"He didn't have to wear such a frilly one!" Scotty scoffed. "I still can't believe my son would wear all that girly stuff and willingly do housework!"

"He's wearing Beth's things to stretch the family budget like you told him!" Liz responded pretending to defend Nick's girlish clothes and nail polish. "He has a real knack for housework, and I welcome the help. Try being nice to him for a change?"

Scott looked at his son during dinner and bit his tongue in disgust. Taking his wife's advice, he said, "I know it's hard on you to have to wear Beth's old clothes. I appreciate you helping Liz with the housework. You look nice in your apron with your nails manicured and polished to protect the delicate lingerie you hand washed and ironed. Our financial crunch will be over when I get my promotion, and this will all be behind us. Keep up the good work. You'll see that I'm right."

Nick found out that 'keeping up the good work' meant housework! Not only did he have to wear Beth's clothes and his frilly apron, he had to keep his hands soft and feminine and help Liz with the cooking, cleaning, dusting, and everything else that went into keeping a house clean. On top of that, Beth expected him to make her bed and clean her room every day. This was in addition to his taking care of their delicate lingerie. No wonder he quickly became proficient at these chores!

Liz saw Nick moping about one day when the weather was quite warm, and asked what was wrong. "I'm hot, and this apron makes it worse!" he exclaimed.

"Why not change into a pair of shorts?" she asked. "They would be cooler than those heavy jeans."

"I don't have any shorts," he scowled. "You threw them out with my other tattered things."

"Well, you can borrow a pair from Beth."

"I can't wear Beth's shorts!"

"Why not? You wear her tops, jeans, and panties."

Nick's worst fears were realized that evening when his father saw his apron hem falling below his shorts and asked in a disbelieving tone, "Are you wearing a *skirt*?"

Turning bright red, Nick insisted, "I'm wearing shorts. I put them on to keep cool. My apron falls below them." He turned his back to his father so he could see his shorts.

Eying the lavender girl's shorts with the zipper in back that his son was wearing, Scott spat, "You should shave your legs if you insist on parading around like a sissy girl!"

Again missing the sarcasm in his father's voice, tears filled Nick's eyes and he fled from the room in shame, the skirt of his apron bouncing saucily about his bare thighs. He threw himself on his bed, he sobbed, "This is getting out of hand! Wearing Beth's clothes is bad enough, but now I have to shave my legs! Why won't Dad withdraw money from the trust to buy me some decent boy's clothes?"

A little before bedtime, Nick dejectedly went into the bathroom and removed his clothes while the tub filled with warm water. He covered his legs with lather and shaved them as best he could. Never having done this before, he cut, nicked, and scraped them time and again. After his bath, he put on a pair of his panties and pajamas before going to bed.

As he lay in bed, the combination of his hot bath and warm weather caused his legs to sweat profusely. When salt from his sweat ran into his self-inflicted wounds, they began to sting and itch to distraction. He tried rubbing his legs through the soft nylon of his pajamas, but the slight relief he experienced was very brief. "Beth should know what to do," he thought as he knocked on her door. "She shaves her legs all the time."

Beth came to the door looking very sexy in her usual mid thigh length football jersey that showed the motion of her unfettered bouncing breasts. After hearing his tale of woe, she gave him a jar of moisturizing cream and advised, "They'll stop stinging if you massage this into them and get rid of those hot nylon pajamas.

"What could I wear instead?"

"The babydoll nightie I gave you, silly."



"Are you wearing a skirt?" Scott roared at his femininely dressed son.

"My apron is hiding my shorts," Nick miserably responded.

"Well...you mastered your housework quickly," Scott huffed and left the room.

“I can’t wear that sissy thing.”

“Why not?” she asked in the most sincere voice she could manage. “No one will see you. You want your legs to stop stinging, don’t you? Swallow your masculine pride, and get comfortable!”

“I’ll do anything to stop that damn stinging.” His legs felt much better as he massaged the cream into his freshly shaved legs. At last, he was able to go to sleep.

The next morning, Beth shook Nick awake saying, “Get up, sleepyhead. Lots to do today.” When he sat up and threw his legs over the side of his bed, he realized that his short gown had bunched up at his waist. Jumping up, he quickly pulled it over his panties. Seeing his panic, she chuckled, “Don’t be silly! I’ve not only seen those panties you’re wearing, I’ve worn them! Hurry and get your shower and don’t forget to moisturize your legs afterward.”

He realized he had no more shorts to wear, so he asked, “Can I borrow another pair of your shorts?”

“Of course!” she exclaimed with a grin “I’ll put a pair on your bed while you shower.”

After his shower, Nick saw the white girl’s shorts lying on his bed, so he opted for white nylon panties. Then he massaged the cream into his legs like Beth instructed. He knew they were tighter in the rear than the ones he wore the day before when he stepped into the shorts and zipped the left side, but he didn’t realize how this caused his panties to show through the thin material.

Just then, Beth came into his room carrying several pairs of shorts. Holding a red pair to his waist, she said, “These will do nicely. I’ll put them in your drawer.” Nick now had a more than ample supply of girl’s shorts in varying colors, including red, yellow, pink, baby blue, peach, orange, and lime green, effeminate colors all.



“Don’t you look just too cute in my nightie,” Beth giggled as Nick climbed out of bed.

“Please don’t make fun,” Nick whined. “You know I have to wear this nightie because my boy pajamas were to worn out to wear.”

Liz couldn't help smiling when she saw the outline of her stepson's panties showing through the thin fabric of his shorts as he went about his housework. His apron covered the front, once again making it appear that he was wearing a skirt. So amusing was the sight, she couldn't stifle a broad grin as she watched him dutifully wash the breakfast dishes at the kitchen sink.

Not surprisingly, Scott noticed these same things when he returned home that evening. He glared at his son with disapproval, but when he was alone with Liz, he growled, "What is it with that boy? He seems to become more feminine by the day! He even shaved his legs, for Gawd's sake!"

"You told him to shave them, remember?"

"I was being facetious! Surely he knew that!"

"Maybe so, but that's all the excuse he needed to justify his actions. You are forcing him to wear Beth's things to save money, but the longer he wears them, the more he will enjoy the experience, and the more feminine he will become. My advice is for you to end this clash of wills before he turns into a complete sissy. Take a few dollars from the family trust and buy him some clothes appropriate for his gender while you still can."

"No way am I going to touch that money! He can tough it out a while longer. I'll get my promotion soon, and then we can buy him all the pants and other things he wants." Nick was doomed to continue wearing Beth's clothes.

Gradually, Liz assigned him many household duties besides hand washing and ironing soiled feminine undies and doing the dishes. He was given responsibility for washing and ironing the entire family's clothes, ironing them, making the beds, vacuuming, and dusting.

Liz did the cooking, but she stuck Nick with setting the table, serving the meals, and cleaning the kitchen. In accordance with what he thought were his father's wishes, he wore shorts with his aprons for housework and slept in the silky babydoll nightie Beth provided. When he complained

that he needed a haircut, Liz said that she would give him a trim, as there was no money in the sparse budget. As he sat with a towel around his shoulders, she trimmed his hair into a slightly feminine style. He complained, but she merely shrugged off his concern saying that was the best she could do, but Beth would show him how to care for his longer tresses.

Over the weeks that followed, Nick became more or less accustomed to his lengthening hair, feminine attire, and household duties. Scott became angrier every time he saw his son efficiently doing housework in skimpy feminine tops, shorts, and aprons with smoothly shaved legs. One evening, he really blew his top when Nick served dinner in a waist apron that wrapped all the way around him, fell to mid-thigh to cover his shorts, and looked like a skirt, which was exactly what Liz had in mind. "With legs like those, you should wear skirts all the time!" Scotty angrily snarled.

His father's crass comments took Nick's appetite away, and he merely pushed his food around on his plate while contemplating his humiliation if he had to wear skirts. When he finished in the kitchen, he went in the den where his father was watching. Blushing brightly, he asked, "Dad, do I really have to wear Beth's skirts?"

"What's the big deal?" Scotty chuckled inwardly at his son's apparent belief that he was serious about making him wear skirts. He couldn't resist taking the joke a step farther. Assuming the sternest demeanor he could manage under these humorous circumstances, he growled, "You wear aprons longer than your girlish shorts while doing your housework, so doesn't wearing skirts make sense? Now, hop to it!"

"You know he'll turn up in a skirt tomorrow, don't you?" Liz asked as Nick moped to the kitchen to remove the apron that was the source of his humiliation.

"I was smiling when I said that he'd have to wear skirts," Scott scoffed with a chuckle. "He knew I was joking. No way did he take me seriously."

“If you say so, sweetheart,” Liz purred while moving close and giving him a passionate kiss. If her plan to get her hands on his family trust was to succeed, she knew she would have to keep him happy and satiated in bed. That was a given! She would deal with Nick wearing skirts later.

Nick didn't sleep well that night with the prospect of having to wear skirts weighing heavy on his mind. He was a mass of nerves the next morning. Not wanting his father to see him without a skirt and think he was being disobedient, he stayed in his room until after Scott left for work. In the kitchen, he silently cleared the table, slipped into a frilly apron, tied a fussy bow in back, pulled on pink plastic gloves, and dutifully began washing the dishes.

Liz saw her stepson's anguish, and suspect the cause, so she decided to let him stew for a while before offering to help. Her thoughts were cut short when she heard a loud crash coming from the kitchen. Rushing in, she saw him in his girlish shorts, tee top, apron, and pink gloves, looking very distraught. He had apparently thrown a plate onto the tile floor, smashing it to bits. “Oh, Nikki!” she gushed in a sincere sounding, yet phony, voice of concern. “What happened, sweetheart?”

“It's not fair! It's not fair! It's just not fair!” he shouted in anger.

“What's not fair?” she asked placing a compassionate hand on his shoulder.

“It's not fair that I have to wear skirts!” he wailed with tears streaking his cheeks. “I'm already wearing Beth's clothes, shaving my legs, and sleeping in her nighties! Hell, I'm even wearing her panties! I can't wear skirts. I just can't!”

Taking him in her arms, she soothed, “I understand and I'll do whatever I can to help you. Clean up the mess you made and finish the dishes while I find a solution.”

“Thanks,” he sighed as he dried his tears with his apron skirt.

While her distraught stepson finished his work, Liz went to Beth's room for a strategy session on the next step in their goal to acquire the trust. "What do you have in the range of skorts, culottes, or the like that Nick can wear to calm him a bit and make his stubborn father think he's wearing a skirt?" After a quick search through her closet, Beth removed a garment, laid it on the bed, and bubbled excitedly, "What do you think of *this*?"

A bit later when Nick was finished in the kitchen, he found Liz. "Have you found a way to keep me from having to wear a skirt?"

"I think you'll just love my idea!" she gushed, "Come to Beth's room. I'll show you."

Beth was sitting at her vanity brushing her hair when he entered her room. Nick observed, "You sure brush your hair a lot."

"Two hundred strokes every morning and two hundred more every evening, but the results are worth the effort," she grinned. "The procedure will work wonders with your hair. You should give it a try."

"Look at this!" Liz exclaimed holding up a pleated tartan garment. "With this on, it will be the perfect way to fool your father into thinking you're wearing a skirt."

"It *is* a skirt!" Nick declared. "How would that fool him?"

"It's a Scottish kilt. Men in Scotland wear kilts, don't they? Look at the label. It says Kiltie. Step into the bathroom, remove your shorts, and try it on. No big deal."

Nick was skeptical about her claim, but he took the kilt and did as she said. He noticed that the hem fell to about four inches above his knees, and was longer than his shorts. Problem was that it was made of a coarse material that irritated his soft hairless thighs because of the lotion he massaged into them.

When he emerged from the bathroom, Liz asked, "What do you think?"

“It scratches my legs,” he complained.

“That’s natural,” Beth stated reaching into a drawer. “It’s made of wool, and wool is a bit scratchy. I can stop that.” Handing him a red nylon half-slip, she said, “Put this on under your kilt.”

“I can’t wear that!” Nick exclaimed blushing as red as the slip.

“Why not?” Liz asked in an innocent tone. “No one will see it, and it’ll stop the itching.”

“But it’s a slip!” he wailed. “I can’t wear a girl’s slip!”

“The itching will prohibit you wearing your kilt if you won’t wear the slip,” Liz reasoned. “I suppose we had best start fitting you with skirts. I thought a kilt was the perfect solution to your problem, but if you’d rather wear skirts, so be it. What do you have for him, Beth?”

“Okay, I’ll wear the damn slip!” Nick snapped. “I’m already wearing a skirt and panties, so I may as well go all the way!” Angrily he snatched the silky slip from Beth, stepped into the exclusively feminine garment, pulled it up under his kilt, and with a bright blush, adjusted it at his waist.

As he lowered his kilt over his embarrassing slip, Beth lied, “Not only are you wearing a manly kilt, you can fool Scott into thinking it’s a skirt. Besides, you look very macho in a kilt.”

Despite his beautiful and sexy stepsister’s compliment, his image in the mirror betrayed her words and prevented Nick from believing that he looked masculine in any sense of the word. He replaced his apron, went back to his housework, and tried to pretend nothing had changed. Despite his aversion to wearing a skirted garment, he had to admit that the soft nylon of his slip felt a lot nicer against his thighs than the scratchy wool of his kilt as he moved about performing his chores.

"What the hell are you wearing?" Scotty boomed in disbelief when he got home from work and saw his son dutifully going about his household chores.

"A kilt," Nick replied while trying to sound convincing. "I'm sure our ancestors wore them in the old country."

"Maybe so!" Scott snapped while giving his son a thorough once over. "But I'll bet they didn't wear silky slips with lacy hems under them. What's this all about?"

"You said for me to wear a skirt, but I wore a kilt instead. The wool scratched my legs, so Beth gave me a slip to wear underneath to make it more comfortable. That's all."

Not believing what he was hearing from his son, Scott snarled in frustration, "Then wear a slip under your dresses and skirts everyday for all I care! While you're at it, curl your hair and wear lipstick! Do a good job with it or I'll turn you across my lap, flip up your skirt, and warm your panties with my belt."

As Nick fled from the room with his skirt and slip flying wildly about his thighs, Scotty looked at Liz and fumed, "I can't believe my son would enjoy wearing that sissy crap!"

"It's your fault for giving him the opportunity to wear Beth's clothes," she cajoled while feeling he was close to breaking on the subject of raiding the family trust. "If you had bought him the things he wanted when all this started, he wouldn't be wearing a skirt now. Not only that, he thinks you just gave him permission to explore even deeper into femininity. Ten bucks says he'll show up in a dress with a girlish hairstyle and lipstick tomorrow."

"No way, not Nick! Just wait, you'll see!"

"You're so wise," she purred as she moved into his arms for a passionate kiss. When they came up for air, she said, "Give me time to slip into something a bit more comfortable, and come upstairs for some fun and games."

Before going to their room, however, she made a quick stop by Beth's room to give her some shrewd instructions that

were designed to make Nick appear more feminine and help them gain access to the family fortune they so desperately sought.

Beth found Nick lying miserably on his bed, his kilt and slip riding high on his thighs. She produced several clothes hangers and a stack of folded garments. "I brought you a few of my old skirts, dresses, and slips," she smiled. "I also have a few camisoles if you want them."

"What's a camisole?" he gasped. He really had no desire to learn more about feminine clothes, but he could think of nothing else to say. He didn't want any more feminine clothes, even though his father ordered him to wear them. He watched in awe as his sexy stepsister stored the slips in the drawer with his panties and hung the dresses and skirts in his closet.

"A camisole is like the top half of a slip," she informed him with a smile. "They are soft and silky and kind of nice to wear under scratchy wool sweaters, but they're a must under see-through blouses and tops."

"I don't have any sweaters or blouses like that, so I don't need any camisoles, thank you," he snapped.

"I'm just trying to help, so don't get your panties in a bunch," she snickered as she removed his last remaining pair of boy's jeans from the closet. "Say, these are nice! You don't mind if I try them on, do you?"

"Hey, those are mine!" he protested as she stepped into his jeans and pulled them up to her waist without waiting for permission.

"What's the big deal?" she asked in a sincere voice. "You're wearing my things, aren't you? Anyway, if you'll let me wear them, I'll show you how to put your hair up in curlers. We can do your makeup in the morning, that is, if you want my help." When he remained silent, she said, "Take a soaking bath, wash your hair, and slip into your nightie. I'll give you a hand when you're ready." He was stunned as she disappeared through the door in his jeans without giving him a chance to object.

Alone, he removed his kilt, slip, panties, and girlish top. After his bath, he washed his hair, put on his babydoll nightie, wrapped his head in a towel as best he could, and with a shameful blush, knocked on Beth's door. "Here, let me show you how to wrap your head turban style like mine," she volunteered when she saw his damp tangled locks. After a few attempts, he became moderately successful in securing the towel as she wished. "Okay, let's get started," she said.

Nick was more embarrassed than when he looked in the lighted vanity mirror and saw his reflection in his silky babydoll nightie with his hair secured in a towel. Even worse, his underarms and legs were shaved smooth!

"Thoroughly cleanse and moisturize your face before we start on your hair," Beth said when Nick started to remove his towel, and she produced a variety of cleansing lotions and pads. When his face was clean to her satisfaction, he used moisturizing lotion, paying special attention to the area around his eyes.

Then, she began plucking his brows with a vengeance. "What are you doing?" Nick protested when he felt the pain of his brows being yanked out.

"Be still!" Beth ordered. "I have to thin and shape your brows and roll your hair tonight if your makeup is to look natural tomorrow. Just brushing your hair and doing your makeup will take loads of time in the morning."

"I don't want to curl my hair or wear lipstick, and I sure don't want to wear your dresses and skirts," Nick sighed.

"Explain that to your father," Beth said, shifting the blame for her stepbrother's feminization. "You look cute in my castoffs, and you'll soon learn that there's a lot more to applying makeup than just smearing on a little lipstick. Now, sit still and let me work, or go tell your father that you refuse to wear skirts and makeup. Makes no difference to me!"

"N ... no, go ahead," Nick sighed as tears filled his eyes. The thought of confronting his father while wearing a babydoll nightie would take more courage than he could

muster...especially after being seen in a skirt with his slip showing!

Despite the humiliation, he managed to sit still while Beth plucked his brows into thin feminine arches. Only by focusing on his discomfort was he able to remain calm in his panties as being near his sexy stepsister's sensuous body and inhaling her alluring perfume was quite traumatic.

"Remove your towel, and I'll show you how to roll your hair," Nick's sexy stepsister smiled when she was finally satisfied with his brows. Unable to do otherwise, he watched as she combed his damp tresses, sectioned off a portion, rolled it onto a pink curler, and secured it with a pin. After two more curlers were likewise attached, she said, "Now it's your turn."

Nick seemed to be all thumbs as he attempted to perform the unfamiliar task of putting his hair up in curlers, especially since Beth was so critical. Time and again, she made him loosen a curl because it wasn't perfectly formed. His arms were totally exhausted from being held over his head by the time his head was a mass of pink curlers.

"How long does my hair have to stay up like this?" he asked as she pulled a lace edged net over his tightly secured tresses.

"All night, silly," she snickered. "You'll have to sleep with your curlers in. All girls do it."

"Get real!" he seethed. "I'm not a girl, and I can't sleep with this crap in my hair!"

"Your curlers will be uncomfortable for a while, but you'll get used to them before long," she smiled. "Take your bath and get dressed before you call me to help with your hair and makeup in the morning."

"What should I wear?"

"Good question! Let's see." After shuffling through his new supply of dresses and skirts, she pulled out a mint green and white housedress and said, "This will do nicely for starters. It has a gathered mid-thigh length skirt to give you room to

move around while doing housework, but it isn't lined. Be sure to wear at least a half-slip. If there isn't one the right length, put on a longer one and roll up the waistband until it hangs just above the hem of your skirt all around. Now get to bed and get some rest."

Beth pulled the covers over him and surprised him by gently kissing him on the cheek. He became fully turgid in his panties as her soft hair tickled his face and he inhaled her sweet perfume. As he turned on his side to hide his embarrassment, he quickly learned that curlers are most uncomfortable, and he couldn't find a position where they didn't poke his scalp or pull his hair.

Nick spent the most restless night of his young life! He usually slept until the last possible moment, but the faintest light of dawn streaming through his windows gave him the only excuse he needed to get out of bed. While taking a long soaking bath, he decided to shave his legs. They didn't particularly need shaving, but the task gave him an excuse to prolong his relaxing bath.

While patting himself dry with a fluffy pink towel, Nick noticed the neat rows of curlers adorning his scalp, and fumed, "I can't believe Dad is making me wear dresses, curl my hair, and wear lipstick! This is insane! What does lipstick and curly hair have to do with preserving my clothes for school?"

Feeling dejected, Nick slipped on a pair of light green nylon panties. He laid his dress on his bed and placed several silky white half-slips on it to find one the correct length. After adjusting the selected slip at his waist, he neatly folded the others and placed them in his drawer. Unsure on how to proceed, he pulled the dress over his head and adjusted it over his body as best he could. Unable to fasten the rear buttons, he decided to leave that for Beth.

"Is it morning already?" Beth sighed sleepily as she sat up in her bed.

"You told me to wake you," Nick stammered. Beth's top had ridden up to expose her panties. He couldn't resist staring

at them. Finally he said, "I couldn't button my...my dress in back."

"I'll do it for you. Turn around," she said, jumping out of bed. "Let's have a look!" she bubbled when her stepbrother was secured in her dress. "Oh no, that will never do!" she frowned after a quick inspection. "The front is all baggy, causing your skirt to hang incorrectly."

"Okay, I'll change into some shorts," he sighed innocently.

"That's not what I meant," she smiles. "If you wear a bra, and we pad it out, that should solve the problem."

"I can't wear a bra!"

"Of course you can! Let me unfasten your dress and lower the top to your waist. Wait here while I find a suitable bra." Nick was in a daze as he stood before her in his panties, half-slip, and dress at his waist with his hair still in curlers.

Quickly searching through a drawer, Beth produced a bra with lace-embellished cups, held out the satin straps, and said, "Slip your arms through here, and I'll fasten the clasp in back."

When his bra was secured, she produced a pair of pads and said, "Give these a try. I wore them to enhance my figure in a few pageants when I was younger. No one guessed my secret, not even the eagle-eyed mothers of my competition."

"I'm not a girl," Nick sighed, tears filling his eyes as he watched Beth insert the pads in the cups of his bra. "I don't need a bra, and I shouldn't have to wear a dress! It's not right for Dad to make me wear girl's clothes!"

"That's still not right," she ignored his complaint. "I'm much larger than I was then, and those pads don't fill out your dress nearly enough to make your skirt hang right. Let's put a pair of panties behind each pad. There, that's better! Now sit at my vanity and remove your curlers. I'll do your hair and makeup, and show you how to do it in the future."

"Don't bother!" Nick spat as he looked down in disgust at the protrusions poking out the front of his dress. "I won't be

wearing this girly stuff after today. Dad will surely tap the family fund and buy me new pants when he sees how ridiculous I look in this getup!"

"Maybe so, but in the until then he wants you to wear my clothes and makeup. Look, I have to practice for the pageant, and you have lots of housework to do, so lets remove those curlers. We don't have all day."

Nick stood before the full-length mirror as Beth showed him how to remove each curler. He was surprised that it took much less time to remove the curlers than it did to put them in. In a few minutes, his hair was a mass of auburn curls. "Now sit at my vanity while I show you how to apply your makeup," Beth instructed.

Over the past days, Nick had gotten accustomed to having aprons swirl saucily about his bare thighs, but that was nothing compared to the sensation created by a soft silky nylon slip!

When Beth saw him plop down at the vanity, she screeched, "No, no, no! A skirt becomes impossibly wrinkled when you sit in a skirt without smoothing it under you. Stand up, and let's have a look."

"What does it matter how I sit?" he scowled.

"It matters because you're wearing *my* dress!" she angrily declared. "I'm being nice enough to loan you one of my nicest dresses, and I'll not have it permanently creased because you sit improperly!"

When he stood and turned his back to her, she said, "Just as I feared. Go iron it this minute before those wrinkles set in! I'll shower and get dressed while you're gone."

Nick had never heard of garments being permanently wrinkled by improper decorum, but then he knew very little about feminine clothes. He dejectedly headed for the door, not wanting to risk upsetting Beth further. After all, this *was* her dress, and he *did* have to wear it for the day.

When he reached the laundry room, he realized that he would have to undo the buttons at the back of his dress, a task he had never done before. Because of necessity, he managed, but only after a valiant struggle.

Hearing Nick moving about, Liz peeked in to check on him. "Oh my, what has that daughter of mine been up to?" she wondered as she tried to keep a straight face while viewing the formerly arrogant boy in his padded bra and silky half-slip with his hair in neat rows of pink curlers. "What's up?" she asked as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"I wrinkled Beth's dress by sitting improperly, and she said I had to iron it before the creases became permanent," he sighed, more concerned with his task than how he was dressed. "I see what she meant because they are really hard to iron out."

"Try sprinkling a little water on the wrinkles," Liz instructed with an amused smile at the scam her daughter had run on this unsuspecting lad. "Then run the iron gently over them. That usually works if the wrinkles aren't set in too deeply."

Despite his aversion to wearing a dress, Nick was elated that Liz's solution worked. After he pulled the dress back over his head, he asked, "Will you button up the back for me?"

"Why do you need me? You fastened your bra, didn't you?"

"Beth did it for me," he blushed. "I couldn't reach the clasp, like I can't reach the back buttons of this dress."

"Okay," Liz sighed in her best imitation of exasperation. "I'll do it for you this time, but you have to practice fastening your bras, dresses, and blouses in back."

"Why? When Dad sees me in this dress, he's sure to come off the hip and buy me some pants."



"You are becoming quite proficient at ironing your delicates," Liz complimented Nick, while admiring his bra and half-slip.

"I shouldn't have to iron dresses. I'm a boy, and I shouldn't have to wear such girlish clothes," Nick moaned.

“Maybe so, but until he does, you must learn to do it yourself,” Liz insisted with veiled amusement while buttoning Nick into his dress. “Beth and I don’t have time to dress you every time you fasten your bra or choose to wear a back buttoning dress or blouse. Understand?”

“Yes, I understand.”

Seeing a way to feminize her naïve stepson further, Liz smiled, “You know, those sneakers of mine you’ve been wearing are much too bland to wear with that nice dress. Let’s look for something a bit dressier.”

“I don’t need any dressy girl’s shoes!” Nick objected. His protest fell on deaf ears, and he soon entered Beth’s room walking tentatively in a pair of sandals with one and a half inch heels that matched his dress.

“Nice shoes,” Beth smiled seeing him totter on the unfamiliar heels.

“Your Mom says they are a must with this dress, whatever that means,” he sighed. “I can barely maintain my balance.”

“Mom is right,” she assured him. “You’ll be walking like a pro in no time if you take shorter steps and place one foot directly in front of the other. Turn around so I can make sure you ironed all the wrinkles out of your skirt.”

Nick blushed brightly at her reference to the skirt he wore as *‘his skirt’*, as he slowly turned and allowed her to inspect his handiwork.

After careful scrutiny, she praised, “Very nice, but remember the trouble you caused yourself the next time you decide to sit improperly in your skirt. Now, let’s brush out your hair and apply your makeup.”

As Nick walked to the vanity, he found walking as Beth advised easier, but he wasn’t aware of the seductive sway his hips adopted as a result. This time he made sure to smooth his skirt before sitting, but still, all was not right.

“Keep your knees together when you sit in a dress or skirt to remain modest,” Beth giggled. “Guys love to look up skirts

to get a glimpse of lacy slips and silky panties." Nick turned red as he pressed his knees together.

She combed his hair into a cute feminine hairstyle. "Now let's do your makeup. I'll do the left side of your face. After you do the right, I'll fix your boo-boos and give you tips to avoid them in the future."

"Future, my ass!" Nick grimaced as he viewed his rapidly escalating feminine image in the vanity mirror. "I'm not a girl, and it's not fair that I have to wear dresses and makeup and curl my hair!"

Suppressing a smile that would betray how much she enjoyed dressing him as her life size doll, Beth said, "You'll have to take that up with your father. He's the one making you wear my things. I'm just trying to help you...if you will let me. If not, you're on your own. Go ahead and do a sloppy job. You'll probably enjoy lying across Scott's lap with your skirt at your waist for a sound spanking like a little girl!"

Nick thought quickly about Beth's words. Not wanting to chance that horrible scenario, he turned bright red and stammered, "No. Please help me. I was just upset about having to wear all this girlish stuff. I would be totally wiped out if Dad spanked me...especially if you and Liz were watching!"

"I'll help, but only if you ask me nicely and stop complaining," she skeptically replied.

Lowering his head at the thought of wearing makeup becoming a daily occurrence, he pleaded, "Please help me apply my makeup and teach me to do for myself in the future. I promise not to complain."

"You'll also practice fastening your bra and back buttoning blouses and dresses until you can do them yourself?" Beth asked, twisted the knife. "I don't want to dress you every day."

"Yes, yes! I promise. Just help me. Please?"

"Okay, start by massaging moisturizer into your entire face, including your nose, eyes, ears, and down onto your

neck.” All he could do was blush and adjust his unfamiliar skirt over his smooth hairless thighs.

After Nick moisturized his face, she applied makeup to the left side while giving advice. Starting with foundation, she progressed to eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, blush, and lipstick. After doing her part, she watched while he did the right side of his face, correcting his errors and offering helpful tips.

When they were finished, Nick gasped in disbelief at his ultra feminine image as he viewed his reflection in the vanity mirror with the horrifying thought, “Surely Dad won’t make me wear dresses and makeup like this until he gets his promotion. That could take months or even ...”

His thoughts were interrupted when Beth said, “Okay, now I’ll show you how to remove your makeup.” He was momentarily relieved until she added, “Then you can apply it yourself a few times. With practice, you’ll soon be skilled at makeup, hairstyling, and coordinating outfits like a real girl.”

Nick had no wish to learn these exclusively feminine pursuits, but he was afraid to complain for fear that Beth would stop helping him. The only comment he dared muster was, “When Dad sees me like this, he’ll surely put a stop to this insanity and buy me some boy’s clothes.” Still, he obediently removed his makeup and replaced it several times under her watchful eye. In the end, he did fairly well with the exception of his eyeliner and mascara.

After seeing his cooperation and thrilled that her tactics had worked so marvelously, Beth suppressed a smile and said, “Okay, let’s take a break and do some fun stuff. Take off your dress, and let’s see how you look in the other dresses and skirts I gave you.”

“Do I have to?”

“No, you don’t *have* to,” Beth feigning anger. “I just thought it might be fun to try on your new dresses and skirts. Maybe you would rather keep practicing your makeup techniques. I didn’t know you enjoyed it that much.”

"I'm sorry," he sighed, hoping to stop her from abandoning him. "I'm just on edge. If trying on your dresses will be fun, let's do it."

"Cool! First, try this sleeveless pink minidress with the straight skirt. It has always been one of my favorites!"

Nick was astounded by what he saw after pulling the dress over his head and raising the back zipper. Beth had removed her slacks and top and stood before him in only her bra and panties. Seeing how he was looking at her, she chuckled, "What's the big deal? We're just girls here. You're wearing the same things. Playing dress up will be more fun if we do it together."

Nick, being a normal boy, felt a stirring in his panties when he saw Beth in hers. She was just teasing and didn't permit anything sexual. To quell his hopes, she said, "Down boy. The only way you'll get into these panties is to wear them."

His hopes dashed, Nick was soon trying on every dress, skirt, and top in his wardrobe, including the skirts and tops in numerous combinations. When she finally tired of the game, Nick was wearing a white nylon blouse and a black and white print skirt over his bra, panties, and slip.

"Stay dressed as you are for now," she instructed. "You can undress and practice fastening your bra clasp after lunch. For now, remove your nail polish and apply this red to your fingers and toes. It exactly matches your lipstick."

"Why do I have to polish my toes? Dad didn't say..."

"Oh, don't be a prude! Your toes are exposed in those sandals, and no self respecting girl would dare to be seen with her toenails not polished."

Nick sighed in defeat and looked dolefully at the bottle of red polish he would soon be using. With the clear or slightly pink color on his nails, he could pretend it wasn't there, but bright red would be impossible to ignore or deny! Even worse, it was made to match the lipstick he was forced to wear.

“Surely, this is not what Dad wanted me to do!” he sadly reflected while applying the bright color to his nails.

Just as Nick was starting to polish his toenails, Liz popped in to see how her plan to feminize her stepson was progressing. She couldn’t help smiling with satisfaction finding him sitting with his skirt high on his thighs and the lacy hem of his slip showing. “Polishing your toenails is easy because you can use your right hand to do both feet,” she said as she watched him apply the bright red color with the long brush strokes he had learned while doing his fingernails over the last weeks.

When he finished his task and the polish was finally dry, Beth said, “Okay, remove your makeup and fingernail polish. Then, do everything yourself so we can see what you’ve learned.”

When he finished, she instructed, “You’re making progress, but you still need practice. After you change back into your green dress, wear these heels I got from Mom. They have open toes to show your pretty nails.”

“I can’t wear those!” he gasped while staring at the 3-inch pumps she held. “I could never walk in them!”

“Sure you can. All you need is a practice.”

“You look very nice in your dress, makeup, and my heels,” Liz beamed when Nick walked unsteadily into the den. “Much nicer, in fact, than I ever imagined a boy could look in girl’s clothes. Your makeup is a bit ragged around the eyes, but that will improve under Beth’s supervision. You know, I believe you should have been a girl.”

“Don’t even think that,” Nick shuddered as tears filled his eyes at the thought. “Surely Dad will understand how I feel when he sees me like this. He has to let me buy some pants and stuff, he just *has* to!”



“Careful not to smear the polish on your toes. See how the cotton keeps your toes separated so you control where the polish is applied,” Liz instructed.

“I was never supposed to wear nail polish,” Nick moaned. “Surely Dad will relent and buy me boy’s clothes now.”

“Don’t cry or you’ll ruin your mascara,” Liz warned, handing him a tissue. “Dry your eyes gently. Now that you’re wearing makeup, you’ll have to be very careful not to streak or smear it, so don’t wipe your face. Just blot the tears away. A good tip is to always keep a few tissues in your purse, along with your makeup for emergencies.”

“I hate carrying that purse.”

“Silly boy!” she chastised. “The skirts and dresses your father wants you to wear don’t have pockets. How do you plan to carry the things you’ll need like money, keys, and makeup without your purse?”

“I don’t know,” he stammered as he dropped his hands to his skirted lap in resignation to the increasing femininity being forced upon him. “I just wish I didn’t have to wear all this girly stuff and that Dad would take some money out of the fund...”

When Scott came home, he was infuriated to see his son scurrying about in his neat green dress, full feminine makeup, and heels. Believing his son liked wearing Beth’s things and looking like a girl, he scowled, “I guess you look well enough, but your lipstick and eye makeup are sloppy. Get Beth to show you how to do it properly.”

“You heard him,” Beth snickered. “Let’s go.”

As soon as Beth and Nick were out of sight, Liz started in on her unsuspecting husband. Still, all Scott would do was express disgust that his son wore dresses and makeup so willingly! He couldn’t see that his insistent refusal to tap the family fund for money to purchase boy’s clothes was the reason for Nick’s femininity.

A few weeks later, Liz and Beth were scheduled to leave for a beauty contest that featured a \$1000 cash prize for the winner. Scott was against risking the sparse family resources on such a risky venture, but Liz used her feminine wiles, along with lots of steamy sex to bring him around. In the end, she and Beth left for the beauty pageant on Wednesday and were scheduled to return Sunday.



“Pirouette so I can see how your dress looks,” Scott growled.

Wanting to please his dad, Nick did as instructed, although he blushed bright red at displaying himself before his father while completely dressed as a girl.

Before they left, they instructed Nick to perform his morning and nightly beauty rituals, dress and apply his makeup neatly, keep the house tidy, and prepare his father's meals. "He will be very angry if you don't dress and comport yourself as he dictated," Liz cautioned in a blatant attempt to scare her stepson into remaining in his feminine guise while she was away. This would enhance her chance to gaining control of the family fortune. Unfortunately for Nick, he fell for the deception. As a result, he resolved to do everything to keep his father happy.

As soon as the women were out the door, he changed into a nice pink and white housedress, freshened his makeup, brushed his hair into a neat feminine style, and approached his father to ask if he required anything.

Giving no thought to his son's feelings or state of mind at having to wear Beth's hand me down skirts and dresses, Scott scowled, "Turn around and let's see how you look in your dress."

Blushing brightly, Nick grasped the hem of his skirt in his fingertips. Holding it out, he turned his body back and forth like he had seen females model their pretty ensembles.

Scott believed Nick liked wearing dresses, so he somberly viewed his son's feminine actions that exposed a hint of lace edged slip when he held out his skirt. He grunted, "Very pretty. Now bring me a beer and sandwich, and then get back to your housework."

When he returned with his father's snack, he girlishly lowered himself from the knees to prevent his skirt from riding up to reveal his slip as he placed the tray on the coffee table. Despite his fear of discussing his dressing in girl's clothes with his father, Nick summoned all his courage and stammered, "I don't want to wear Beth's dresses. Can't you please buy me a pair of jeans and a tee shirt? They wouldn't cost much. I could get by with them for the rest of the summer."

Scott was caught off guard by his son's request, and he wasn't quite sure how to respond. Considering everything and

looking over his feminine appearing son with his apparent sincere expression, he said, "I'll think about it."

"But Dad...!"

"I said I'd think about it!" Scott boomed, cutting him off. "Now get back to work!"

After that confrontation, the two avoided one another as much as possible for the remainder of the day. When the dinner dishes were done and the kitchen clean, Nick went to his room to be alone in his despair.

While reading the evening paper and watching television, Scott began to wonder, "Could Liz be wrong about him liking to wear dresses? I'll call her."

When he reached Liz on her cell phone, they briefly discussed her trip and forthcoming activities. He then discussed the purpose of his call, telling her about Nick wanting to wear pants.

"Oh, don't let that concern you," she shrugged. "He is worried about what you think about him wearing dresses. It's only natural for him to try to make you think otherwise when the two of you are alone." Having a good idea what was going on in Nick's room, she took a huge risk and suggested, "If you want to make sure, go to his room and discuss the situation man to man, father to son. Satisfy yourself of his true feelings before you decide on a course of action."

"That's what I'll do," Scott thought as he hung up the phone. "I'll have a talk with him and clear the air on this touchy subject. After all, we were very close till I married Liz and he started wearing dresses."

Finding Nick's door slightly ajar, Scotty took a quick peek inside, and the scene that greeted him took his breath away. His son was wearing a short yellow babydoll nightie, the hem of his skirt riding high on his thighs, revealing his smooth recently shaved legs. A heavy application of beauty cream covered his face, and a mass of neatly arranged pink curlers covered his head. He watched in silent awe at Nick's long oval

fingernails glistened with fresh polish as he massaged moisturizing lotion into his recently shaved legs with.

Red faced, Nick leapt to his feet to allow his skirt to fall back into place when he saw his father. Before he could speak however, Scott stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind him.

In the hall, Scott, totally unaware of his role in Nick's feminization, seethed, "Liz is right. The boy is a sissy, and he likes all this feminine crap! Why else would he sleep in silky nighties, curl his hair, shave his legs, and put that goop on his face and legs? He wants to look pretty like a girl! That's the only possible explanation. Damn! Damn! Damn!"

Nick was taken back by his father's action. He was performing his feminine beauty ritual per what he thought were his father's wishes. Was he not feminine enough? The question lay heavy on his mind and he lay awake into the night trying to determine what he had done wrong.

The next morning, to assure that he didn't repeat his mistake, whatever it was, Nick wore his prettiest housedress on over his panties, bra, and slip, and made sure his hair and makeup were as femininely attractive as he could manage. Still not knowing what he had done to displease his father, he wore a wary expression as he scurried about the kitchen preparing breakfast.

Scott was wondering about many of the same things, but from a different perspective. Finally, he agreed with Liz. The boy, being hesitant to admit his love for feminine clothes, requested jeans. So, when Nick asked if he had decided if he could buy pants, Scott said, "Our financial crisis is still dire, so for the time being, you should continue wearing Beth's old things. My promotion should come through soon." Nick was devastated by his father's decision, but having no boy's clothes, he knew he had no choice but to continue wearing dresses.

To the surprise of neither Scott nor Nick, Liz and Beth returned proudly displaying a jeweled crown and a trophy proclaiming her as Rose Queen.

Nick's greatest embarrassment was that they were both wearing shorts, making him the only one in a skirt. Not only that, but he wore more makeup than they.

The next day while Scott was at work, Liz, Beth, and Nick were sharing a light lunch. Looking at her stepson, Liz said, "You might be surprised to learn that you aren't the only boy who wears dresses. There was a boy in the competition for Rose Queen."

"Yes," Beth chimed in. "His name used to be Larry, but it's Lisa now! He was so beautiful that I was afraid he might win, boy or not! You can imagine my relief when he was named second runner up, leaving only Julie Carter and me to contend for the crown. I relaxed then because I could beat that bitch with my eyes closed."

"Now, Beth," Liz cautioned. "We must remain ladies."

Ignoring Beth's comment, Nick gasped in disbelief, "A guy was second runner up in a beauty contest with a bunch of pretty girls? Does he like to wear dresses?"

"I had a long talk with Lisa's mother and asked that very question," Liz said. "She assures me that he hates wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl."

"If he hates wearing dresses, why was he dressed as a girl and competing in a beauty contest?" Nick asked as he looked at his own dress and noticed his long oval polished nails.

"According to Lisa's mother, he started running wild after her divorce four years ago, so she put him in dresses to quell his macho spirit. A regimen of strict charm, comportment, and ballet lessons molded him into a very graceful young lady that no one would suspect of being a boy. In fact, his feminization has worked out so well that she has decided to keep him in dresses until his twenty-first birthday. Then he can decide whether he wants to return to being Larry."

“Here’s Lisa’s picture in his evening gown,” Beth gushed while handing Nick a glossy color photo.

“Poor guy,” Nick sympathetically sighed as he stared at the photo. “Wait a minute! You’ve been putting me on! This is a girl! Look at her boobs in that low cut dress!”

“Nevertheless, you are looking at a boy,” Liz assured him.

“But, how...?”

“His mother gave him implants two years ago. Since then, she’s had him on a strict regimen of estrogen to enlarge and maintain them,” Beth gushed. “Hence, his nice rack!”

“Beth!” Liz playfully scolded. She held out a flesh colored garment to Nick. “His mother suggested I give you this.”

“What is it?” Nick asked.

“It’s a gaffe to hold you in,” she explained. “You can wear the tightest skirts with no sign of a masculine bulge.”

Before he could say that he didn’t want to wear tight skirts or any kind of skirts, Beth held out silicone breast forms and gushed, “Lisa’s mom sent these to you too. Lisa used to wear them, but he has his own now. They’re the most realistic prosthesis on the market. Not only do they have the shape, weight, and feel of the real thing, they are B plus cup like me, so they’ll fill out your bras perfectly.”

“They’re so big and so heavy,” Nick held them in his hands.

“You’ll both look and feel like a real female with these in your bra and your gaffe holding you in, Nikki,” Liz beamed. “Put them on, and then come back so we can have a look.”

With great difficulty, Nick pulled on the gaffe and positioned his genitals as directed. He was extremely uncomfortable, but he admitted that no masculine bulge could be seen in his panties or skirt.

The breast forms were another matter. Once firmly attached with the seams concealed, looked like the real thing. They protruded farther than his bra had previously and were

much heavier, causing his bra straps to dig into his shoulders. Worst of all, they bounced and jiggled with his every movement. This would definitely take some getting used to! Both Liz and Beth were thrilled with his new *look*.

Two months passed with Nick wearing his gaffe, breast forms, and Beth's clothes. During that time, he became skilled at applying his makeup, brushing his hair into the latest girlish styles, and managing his skirts. He even grew accustomed to everyone, including his Dad, calling him *Nikki*.

Nick began to worry as the end of summer neared with his Dad still not promoted. Without the promotion, would Scott dip into the family fund to buy him some jeans, tee shirts, cotton underwear with a fly, and sneakers for school? The alternative was too horrible to contemplate!

One day, Scott bounded into the house with the enthusiasm of a teenager who had just received a blowjob from the *head* cheerleader (pun intended). "Lon Dugan wants us to have dinner with him and his wife!" he gushed excitedly. "He's president of our coastal division, and if he likes us, I'll become his executive vice president with a huge increase in salary! The icing on the cake is that the perquisites include a car and a country club membership! We have to leave in two hours, so put on your spiffiest duds and prepare to make a good impression."

"I can't go, Dad!" Nick exclaimed while looking down at his dress and rapidly rising and falling *breasts*. "I don't have anything to wear but dresses!"

"Oh pooh, Nikki," Beth asserted as if she didn't get his point. "Your housedresses aren't nearly sophisticated enough to wear to a fancy dinner at an expensive restaurant. Come to my room and I'll help you find a spiffy after five dress and help you with your makeup."

In truth, Scott was so engrossed with the prospect of his long awaited promotion that he forgot his son had no

masculine clothes. Taking a thoughtful puff on his cigar, he mused, “Beth is right. We don’t have time to buy you a suit. You’ll have to wear one of her dresses.”

“I can’t do that! I *won’t!*” Nick declared in a voice they had not heard from him in ages. “You made me wear Beth’s things to save money and help the family, but this is where it stops. I won’t humiliate myself by wearing a dress in public. I won’t! I won’t! I *won’t!*”

Scott, totally confounded by Nick’s sudden and adamant resolve that he wouldn’t go out in a dress, gasped, “I thought you liked wearing Beth’s things. You didn’t stop with just wearing her slacks and panties. You progressed from shorts, to dresses, skirts, bras, slippers, nightgowns, nylon stockings, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, curling your hair, and shaving your legs without a word of protest! If you hated wearing dresses like you claim, why didn’t you speak up before now?”

“You’re the reason!” Nick declared with the anger he had suppressed for months. “You were always sending me to Beth to ask her to help me do something new to make me look more feminine! It’s not going to work this time! I’m not wearing a dress out to dinner tonight, and that’s that! Besides, what would your boss think if your son showed up in a dress?”

“Don’t worry about that,” Scott explained. “He doesn’t know the gender of my children. All I told his secretary was that there would be four of us for dinner so she could make reservations. Now get up there and help Beth find a pretty dress for you to wear.”

“No!” Nick shouted. He seldom challenged his father or refused to obey him, but the thought of going out in a dress was too horrible to consider. Standing firm was the only way he could maintain whatever small amount of masculine dignity that remained after dressing as a girl for the past three months. “I won’t do it!”

“Yes, you *will!*” Scotty boomed. “This is my dream job. It’s two steps above my current position. I’ll not allow you to jeopardize this chance to achieve my life’s ambition!”

With tears filling his eyes, Nick sobbed, "You would probably get fired instead of promoted if your boss were to see your son in a dress. Think about *that!*"

"Then it's up to you to convince him that you're a girl. You've had lots of practice, and with Beth's help, you should do fine. Besides, Mr. Dugan is interviewing six or eight potential candidates," Scott explained. "He'll be concentrating on business records, employee performance records, and budget figures. By the time he's finished, he won't remember which candidates had girls or boys. Do me a favor, just for tonight. Please?"

In an effort to keep the peace and to advance her scheme to get her hands on the Scott family fortune, Liz intervened. "Nikki, I agree with your father. You've worn dresses and skirts for the past three months to help the family save money, and frankly, you look quite nice and convincing in them. You've taken to skirts like you were born to them. You don't need to worry about being detected as a boy. Run along and get dressed. We don't have much time."

"No, I *won't!*"

Having had enough of his son's insolence, Scott lost his temper and boomed, "I've had it with you! Get upstairs and get ready or I'll turn you across my lap, flip up your skirt, and give you a good dose of my belt on your silky panties. I'll treat you like a little girl if you insist on behaving like one!" When Nick opened his mouth to protest further, but Scott cut him off with an angry retort, "One word and you'll find out how serious I am!"

Nick did not doubt that his father was serious. Trying to regain his composure, he wiped his tears away with the back of his hand, smearing his mascara, eyeliner, and makeup more than it already was. Dejectedly sniffing back tears of frustration and humiliation, he lowered his head and followed Beth toward the stairs. Entering her room with the prospect of having to go out in a dress, he sobbed, "I should never have started wearing your things!"

“Strip to your panties and bra, Nikki,” Beth ignored his protest. “After we select your dress, you can take a quick bath while I coordinate your undies. No time for modesty, so hurry! I need to shower, dress, and do my hair and makeup too.”

“I can’t do this, Beth,” he moaned as he peeled off his slip and stood before her in his panties and bra. “Why is Dad making me do this humiliating thing? Everyone will know I’m a boy wearing a dress!”

“No they won’t,” Beth assured him while noticing how well his gaffe held him in, showing no sign of a bulge in his panties. “After we are introduced, that man and his wife will only be interested in Scott and Mom. They will ignore us if we remain quiet and polite.”

“I hope you’re right,” he sighed with a blush as he slipped the first dress she provided over his head to give it a try. “Otherwise, I’ll die of embarrassment!”

The next two hours were a flurry of activity and a lot of trauma for Nick. This was especially true when Beth told him that black panties and bra were a *must* with the dress he had *chosen* for the occasion. Actually, Beth and her mother had selected his dress for the evening. It was a black tight fitting after-five style with lace at the bodice and a straight skirt that fell to about four inches above his knees. With it, he was to wear dark nylons and black pumps with three-inch heels.

“It’s a good thing you practiced feminine grace and comportment, walking in heels, and applying evening makeup when you helped me prepare for the Rose Pageant,” Beth smiled as she saw how easily and naturally Nick walked in his heels. “Now hurray. We don’t have much time.”

“It’s not right for Dad to make me go out to dinner in this dress!” Nick groaned as he checked his hair and makeup in the full-length mirror. As he added a coat of lipstick, he declared, “If that Mr. Dugan recognizes me as a boy, Dad won’t get that promotion, and we still won’t have the money to buy pants. I may even have to wear dresses to school!”

"All the more reason for you to comport yourself as a proper girl during dinner," Beth stated. "You've been wearing my things for three months, and I agree with Mom that you were born to wear dresses and skirts. Just pretend nothing is out of the ordinary, and you'll do fine. Now get busy with your hair. We don't have much time to make ourselves gorgeous!"

As time for their departure neared, Scott impatiently pleaded and prodded his charges to hurry, seemingly to no avail. "Girls!" he spat in disgust, forgetting that Nick was his son. "The way they primp and preen, it'll be a miracle if we're on time for the most important meeting of my life!"

Meanwhile, Nick was sitting at the vanity in a padded bra, panties, garter belt, and sheer nylons while applying his feminine makeup. As he raised the lipstick tube, he felt a sinking feeling in his stomach much like the first time he applied the feminizing color. The only thing that kept him from quitting was the humiliating thought of lying across his father's lap dressed as he was for a painful spanking.

Nick blushed brightly as he viewed his feminine image in the full-length mirror. He was thoroughly confused as he viewed his girlish reflection. Had Nick completely disappeared and his place taken by this pretty girl, Nikki...a young female almost without a flaw? These and other strange emotions raced through his body. His mind was a whirlpool of thoughts and fears. "Why does Dad insist on me going out to dinner to meet his boss while wearing this dress?" he sighed.

When the trio was finally ready, Liz had a look of elegance in an attractive white dress with a swingy just above the knee skirt that would ride up when she sat to display her attractive thighs. Beth was radiant and sexy in a red and white blouse with low cut bodice and a tight extremely short white skirt. With her revealing ensemble, long blonde tresses, makeup, and bright red lipstick, she demonstrated the skills learned while becoming a beauty queen. Nick felt almost plain by comparison in his elegant black dress.

The apparent feminine beauty before him momentarily took Scott's breath away. He gasped, "You're beautiful, *all* of you!"

"Nikki was born to wear dresses," Liz beamed with a dazzling smile and a wink at her blushing stepson.

"Mom's right, Nikki," Beth gushed. "As lovely as you look, no one will suspect you're really a boy. I'm glad I don't have to compete against you in a beauty contest. Okay, Scott, we're ready." Nick's fate for the evening was sealed.

During the ride to the restaurant, Nick thought his stepsister was a bit obvious in her short skirt and low cut top, but he remained silent. He only hoped that her flashy look would cause onlookers to ignore him.

Seeing Nick struggle with his skirt to cover as much of his nylon sheathed thighs as possible, Beth advised, "You'll only succeed in drawing attention to yourself if you constantly fuss with your skirt. Relax. It's short to show off your pretty legs. Besides, mine shows a lot more."

"Yes, but your legs are a lot prettier than mine, and I shouldn't be wearing a skirt," he grimaced, yet resolving to take her advice and ignore his skirt riding high on his thighs.

After the Scott family was introduced to the Dugans, they were led to a table in a dimly lit room and seated at a round table with place settings for seven. Nick wondered about the extra chair as the men sat together. When Liz sat beside Scott, Mrs. Dugan came around and sat next to her saying, "We can get acquainted while the men discuss business and ignore us."

Nick nudged Beth and indicated for her to sit by Mrs. Dugan so there would be less chance of him being detected as a boy. That left the vacant chair between him and Mr. Dugan, giving him a small measure of assurance. He breathed a sigh of relief when Beth's prediction that the adults would concern themselves with one another and ignore the *children* came true.



"Nikki, may I introduce my son, Todd," Mr. Dugan said.

"Wow!" Todd gushed. "Where have you been all my life?"

"If only you knew," Nick silently thought, while delicately taking Todd's outstretched hand in greeting.

"I have died and gone to heaven," Todd said.

The men talked business, while the women became acquainted, discussing social activities and shopping opportunities available on the coast.

Nick's bubble burst a few minutes later when a handsome teenage boy with a bright smile approached the table and said, "Sorry, I'm late, especially when I kept two lovely ladies waiting."

With a bright smile, Mr. Dugan rose to his feet and introduced, "This is my son, Todd. Todd, meet Mr. and Mrs. Scott and their daughters, Beth and Nikki."

Nick's heart leapt into his throat when Todd sat in the vacant chair between Mr. Dugan and him. If he could have mustered the strength, he would have jumped up and fled when Todd took his hand, raised it to his lips, and smiled, "Ah, Nikki. You are indeed lovely, and that perfume is positively enchanting."

"Thank you," Nick managed to stammer in a soft voice.

And you too, Beth," Todd added while repeating the continental gesture, kissing the back of her hand.

Todd maneuvered his chair between the teenage beauties, forcing Nick to sit beside Mr. Dugan. Mistaking Nick's fear as a sign of shyness, he was intrigued even more with the beauty of the lovely creature sitting beside him. Most girls on the coast were blonde...in more ways than one...so this beautiful brunette enthralled him. Intimidated by Beth's daring manner of dress, he decided to concentrate on the more demure and ladylike Nikki.

While Nick was confused and embarrassed, Beth was infuriated that this handsome young man preferred a boy in a dress to her true feminine beauty. With the adults absorbed in their own conversations, Todd decided to hit on Nick, leaving Beth in uncharted territory. She felt alone, ignored, and jealous as never before! Further infuriating her, the more she flaunted her beauty and sexuality, the more attention Todd paid to Nick. "What's was wrong with him?" she seethed. "I've won at a dozen beauty contests!"



Todd was stricken by Nick's feminine beauty. He imagined Nikki wearing sexy outfits for him on future dates, and determined that he would meet this stunning girl again, and Todd was not a guy to be denied.

As the two families said their goodbyes after dinner, Todd leaned forward, kissed Nick on the cheek, and whispered in his ear, "You are indeed lovely. I hope to see you again."

Nick was so totally embarrassed that the best he could manage was a slight smile and a sigh just above a whisper, "That would be fun."

In truth, he was elated that the evening had come to an end without him being discovered as a boy in a dress. "If only Todd would hit on Beth and leave me alone!" he thought with a forced smile on his lipstick enhanced lips.

"You comported yourself quite nicely, Nikki. Todd was quite taken with your beauty and femininity," Liz complimented him in the car on the ride home. "You were born to wear skirts."

"Todd totally ignored me!" Beth scoffed. She was in total agreement with Nick that she should be the object of Todd's affection. Furthermore, she was upset that no one seemed to notice or even *care* how she felt!

Scott was thinking of his conversation with Mr. Dugan and had more or less forgotten that his son had worn a dress for the occasion. Liz's compliment reminded him of his son's sacrifice to the occasion. "Yes, you did well. Wearing a dress to dinner wasn't that big a deal, was it?" he asked in an attempt to ease the tension in the car.

"I could never do anything like that again," Nick sighed.

At home, he went directly to his room, undressed, put on his customary nightie and sat at the vanity to remove his makeup. Knowing he would have to dress as a girl the next day, he also creamed his face and rolled his hair.

As he lay in bed, all he could think of was how much he hated having to wear girl's panties, bras, slips, dresses, and skirts. He fell asleep with the thought, "I'm a boy, no matter what I have to wear!"

The next morning being Saturday, Nick slipped on a plain yellow cotton housedress with a mid-thigh length skirt over

his panties and bra. After applying light makeup and pink lipstick, he went down to prepare breakfast for the family, his assigned chore since he began wearing Beth's old clothes.

While they ate, Liz and Beth discussed the events of the previous evening and Todd's infatuation with Nick. Scott, however, had a one-track mind and was obsessed with his chances to gain the promotion he had sought for so long. He brought up each event of the previous evening and wondered how it might become a factor in his favor.

As they were finishing their meal, the phone rang. Hoping it was one of her friends Beth leapt up and rushed to answer it. A few moments later, she returned with a pout on her pretty face. Looking sadly at Nick, she said, "It's Todd. He wants to ask Nikki for a date tonight."

"A date?" Nick exclaimed. "I can't go on a date with a boy!"

"Not so fast!" Scott cautioned. "Think logically. If you go out with Todd and show him a good time that might give me the edge I need to land this promotion. Accept his offer."

"But Dad..."

"No buts!" Scott snapped. "Do as I say or you'll find yourself across my lap for that spanking on your panties I promised you last night!" When Nick hesitated, he growled, "Don't tempt me! Nothing will stop me from getting this job!"

With fire and anger in his eyes, Nick assumed an aggressive stance with his feet spread and his hands on his hips and glared at his father. "You never stop!" he spat. "Last night, you said I only had to go out in a dress that one time. Now you want me to pretend to be a girl and go on a date with another boy. It's bad enough that you make me wear Beth's dresses to save money, but this is insane! I won't do it and you can't make me!"

Not removing his eyes from his defiant son, Scott spoke in a stern, yet calm voice. "Beth," he said, "Get young Dugan's number and tell him Nikki is busy at the moment. She will return his call shortly."

Without a word or warning, he grabbed Nick by his wrist, roughly pulled him across his lap, flipped his skirt to his waist, yanked off his belt, and began swatting his buttocks with a vengeance.

Nick tried with all his might to escape his dad's grasp. He kicked, flailed his arms, and twisted with all his might, but his father was too strong. All he could do was lie there and endure his punishment. Finally, when he could take no more, Nick wailed through tears of agony, "Okay, you win! I'll wear a dress and go out with Todd! Just stop spanking me, please!"

"You will call young Dugan and accept his invitation?"

"Yes, yes! Just don't spank me again!"

"Okay, dry your tears and give him a call."

After a moment to calm down and to repair his tear-streaked makeup, Nick looked into his father's eyes for compassion. Seeing only staunch resolve, he hesitantly walked toward the phone as a man on his way to the gallows.

"So, you have a date with a boy," Beth teased her distraught stepbrother upon his return. "Where is this hunk taking you?"

"To a movie," Nick stammered while massaging his still stinging buttocks. "Maybe to get a burger afterward."

Seeing this as a way to help accomplish her objective, Liz said, "Beth, Nikki is doing a very courageous thing. Why don't you take him to your room and help him select a nice outfit for his date. Also, give him some tips on how to fend off Todd and protect his secret."

Comprehending Liz's message, Beth smiled and said, "Okay, Nikki, let's go find the perfect outfit for your date."

Seeing his father's determination by the way he firmly clinched the cigar in his teeth, Nick knew his fate was sealed. Lowering his gaze, he followed Beth toward what he feared was his doom.

"I can't believe that boy!" Scotty declared when he and Liz were alone. "He wants to wear girl's clothes around the house,

but he throws a tantrum if he is asked to wear a dress in public. And what's with young Dugan? I thought he would rather date Beth."

Seeing her chance to further her cause, Liz replied. "Perhaps, but I'm not surprised. You were too busy talking business and trying to impress Mr. Dugan to notice how those two flirted with each other all night. Nikki thinks he should protest going out with Todd to save face, but he secretly wants to go. Just be firm with him like you were last night and just now, and things will work out for the best."

"I hope you're right," Scott mumbled under his breath as he sat in his chair and chomped vigorously on his cigar.

Beth went right to work. She was still perturbed because Todd ignored her in favor of Nick, and for revenge, she wanted to cause Nick as much trauma as possible. Quickly rummaging through her closet, she removed a dozen dresses, skirts, and tops for review. After Nick tried them all on, she chose a sleeveless silk lavender top that revealed the outline of his bra along with a tight white miniskirt.

"If I have to wear a skirt, can't I wear a longer one that isn't so tight?" Nick asked. "This one is very sexy. I don't want to give Todd ideas and have him find out..."

"If that's why you're so worried, don't be," Beth smiled in deceit. "Relax. I'll show you a few tricks to fend him off when he gets frisky. I chose that tight skirt to help protect your secret not to humiliate you. If Todd tries to pull up your skirt, simply spread your legs a bit to tighten it on your thighs. Besides, while his attention is focused on your legs, it will be diverted from other attributes that you don't have...if you get my drift."

"You mean he might.... Oh no!"

"Don't go blonde on me! This happens to all girls. If it doesn't, we think there's something wrong with the guy...or with **us**! When he tries to feel you up, and I'm sure this one will from the way he looked at you last night, simply move his hand and tell him you're not that kind of girl. If you keep your

head and be firm, your precious *little* secret will be safe. At least, for tonight.”

“I sure don’t look forward to being felt up by another guy,” Nick sighed in despair while looking down at his exposed smooth thighs and nervously trying to pull his short skirt lower. “I wish I didn’t have to go out with him. I’m a boy too.”

“That’s beside the point. Scott believes his chances for promotion will be damaged if you hurt Todd’s feelings. Remember that he’ll blame you if he doesn’t get that promotion. I’d show Todd a good time while remaining as much of a lady as possible.”

Nick knew all too well what she meant. While he blushed at the thought, she said, “Let’s see what we can do with your hair. Get out of that skirt and top while I get the curlers.”

Wearing only his panties and bra, Nick hung his skirt and top in the closet and sighed, “I can’t believe that Todd actually thinks I’m a girl and wants to take me out on a date.”

Even though Beth was virtually overcome with glee on the inside, she showed no outward notice of his sexy feminine undies as she admonished, “Concentrate on the task of getting ready. Remove your nail polish while I do your hair.”

That started a busy day for Nick. He took a soaking bath with his hair under a plastic cap for protection, shaved his legs, creamed his body, applied a beauty mask, polished his long oval nails hot pink, and slipped a silky robe over his bra and panties before going down to lunch.

Scott became livid once again at seeing his feminized son. He was about to negatively comment on Nick’s perceived sexual orientation when Liz grabbed him by the arm and pulled him out of the room. To further her goal to gain control of the family fortune, she scolded, “Don’t you dare put Nikki down again! You insisted that he go out with Todd as a girl, and he’s trying to look his best to avoid detection. Now act like you appreciate his efforts!”

"What can I say?"

"Not what you were about to say!" Liz declared with feigned anger. "Tell him how grateful you are for what he's doing for you and the family. Be positive. He's your son. Can't you see he's on the verge of tears and near the breaking point?"

Nick was surprised by his father's change of attitude toward him. His father smiled and made polite conversation for the first time since Nick started wearing Beth's clothes. After lunch, he actually took his feminized son in his arms, gave him a hug of assurance, and kissed him on the cheek.

Later, Nick removed his beauty mask and washed his face before applying his makeup. When his foundation, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, blush, and lipstick were flawlessly applied and his hair styled to perfection, Beth cautioned, "Be careful to avoid mussing your hair when you pull your top over your head."

"That can't be me!" Nick gasped at viewing his image in a full-length mirror when he was fully dressed in his top, skirt, and heels. He felt a strange sensation creep up his spine and a tingling in his panties as he stared at the sexy teenage beauty.

"It's you, alright," Beth beamed with pride at her skills that made this boy look like a beautiful teenage girl. "Do you see why Todd thinks you're a girl?"

Nick sighed as he kneaded his nylons over his smooth hairless thighs. "I hope he thinks I'm a girl at the end of our date like he does at the beginning! I shiver at the thought of him finding out I'm a guy like him."

"You're a guy, but not like him," Beth thought as she watched her stepbrother attach pendant earrings and a gold chain necklace. She handed him a designer purse that contained a wallet, comb, hairbrush, compact, and the necessary cosmetics after he finished spraying himself with an alluring perfume. She smiled because the purse contained a tampon and a condom.

Nick's knees wobbled as he descended the stairs, requiring him to hold onto the banister for support. He was accustomed to walking in heels, so they weren't the cause of his balance woes. His mind was racing as all kinds of scenarios of what could go wrong on his *date* flashed through his head!

When Scott saw his formerly awkward son moving gracefully and elegantly in his stylish feminine ensemble, he spat quietly, "Look at that fruit all dolled up in that sexy little skirt! I never thought a son of mine would..."

Liz snapped, "Stop that kind of talk this minute! The boy only started wearing dresses because you were too stubborn to tap your precious family fund to buy proper clothes for him. Now he's dressed as a girl and going out with a boy to help you get the promotion you covet but couldn't get on your own. Be nice to him or I'll tell Todd what you tried to pull. you can kiss that promotion goodbye if the old man finds out!"

"But, sweetheart, you can't do that! We need..."

"No buts, and no we! I can, and I will! This is your fault and has been from the beginning. Wearing a skirt and going out with a boy is not easy for Nikki. This is your doing, so give him the love and support he needs to see it through, or else!"

"You wouldn't!"

Looking him directly in the eye and spat, "Try me!"

After matching her glare for a moment, Scott decided against risking the loss of the promotion he had sought for so long, especially when he was so close. He lowered his gaze and sighed in resignation, "You win. I'll encourage him."

Pressing her advantage, she added, "And you'll take money from the fund to buy him decent clothes!"

"Okay, okay. That too!"

As Nick approached them, Liz gushed happily in her sweet victory, "Nikki, you're so gorgeous! Todd doesn't stand a chance. With your figure, those sexy legs, and the way you move so gracefully, you should have been a girl!"

"Please, don't say that," he blushed. "Not now!"

"She's right," Scott agreed with a forced smile. "Young Dugan is lucky to be going out with such a pretty girl." He handed Nick several bills, and said; "Here's a few bucks to get you by...just in case."

When Nick opened his purse to retrieve his wallet to insert the money, he spotted the tampon and condom Beth secretly stashed there. He started to question her motives, but she put her hand on his saying, "All girls carry a few extras for emergencies. Remember what I taught and you'll do fine."

Before Nick could protest that he certainly wouldn't need either of those items, the doorbell rang, announcing Todd's arrival. Liz greeted their guest. The bright smile on Todd's handsome face revealed his excitement as he politely greeted Liz, Scott, and Beth. Then, he literally drooled with lust at seeing Nick, and he greeted, "Wow, Nikki! You look great."

"Thanks," Nick blushed, following Beth's instructions to acknowledge compliments from his date. She hadn't told him to blush, but he could do no less.

Slyly sidling over to Todd, Beth whispered, "She's very shy. If you want a real woman, you know where to find me."

"I prefer to date ladies, but if I change my mind, you'll be the first to know," Todd retorted with a teasing grin.

"Okay, have it your way, but be gentle with Nikki. She's awfully shy," Beth flirted in return.

"Are you ready to go, Nikki?" Todd anxiously asked.

"I guess so," Nick replied as he picked up his purse, placed the strap over his shoulder, and thought, "I'm as ready as I'll ever be for this fiasco!" Amid calls to "Have fun, kids," and "Don't be too late," the unusual couple made their exit.

Nick's mind was awash with strange sensations as he was guided toward the car, his heels clicking on the pavement. He felt weak and vulnerable as if he wanted or expected to be led and protected by this boy in pants. Was that because he had gotten used to wearing Beth's clothes or because he was

wearing a skirt, makeup, and heels? Or was it because he was scared nearly out of his panties? “Why did Dad insist that I go out with Todd as a girl?” he thought. “What if Todd finds out...? I just have to be on my best feminine behavior. He can’t know, he just *can’t!*”

Months of experience in skirts of all lengths had taught Nick to manage them in most situations, but he had not entered a car in a dress or skirt prior to the previous evening. Even then, no one was watching except his family. Now was very different. He tried diligently to keep his short skirt down on his thighs, but it slid upward despite his best efforts. As he struggled to maneuver it back into the modest range, Todd got a full, unobstructed view of smooth nylon clad thighs.

While Todd walked around the car, he reveled in his good fortune to be dating such a hot sexy babe, even if she was shy. “What movie would you like to see?” he politely asked as he slid behind the wheel.

Another problem! Since Nick started wearing Beth’s clothes, he hadn’t kept abreast of current popular movies. In defense, he stammered, “Whatever. I haven’t been out much this summer. I haven’t seen any of the latest movies.”

“A hot chick like you staying home? I would have thought you would have a date every night. What’s wrong with the guys around here?”

“I guess they don’t like shy girls,” Nick cringed at referring to himself as a girl. Then hoping it might be true, he added, “You might not like me either after tonight.”

“Yeah, right, and the Pope ain’t a Catholic! Me not like a doll like you? No way, Jose!”

“Way.”

“Bull!”

“You’d be surprised,” Nick replied while adjusting his skirt and adding in his mind, “About *lots* of things!”

The couple engaged in small talk as they rode along, helping Nick relax a bit. When they reached the theatre, his

ordeal resurfaced with a vengeance! For starters, his short skirt slid upward as he exited the car, once again giving Todd an eyeful and a sexual thrill. "Oh, why is Dad making me do this?" he lamented as he wrested his skirt into place and walked alongside his *date*.

Taking Nick's aloof manner to be mere shyness, Todd planned his strategy even before they took their seats in the theatre. Before Nick realized what was happening, Todd sneaked his arm across the seat behind Nick and gradually lowered it onto his shoulder. Nick shifted a bit closer to Todd, not wanting to make his date suspicious by appearing to be a prude. Taking that as a positive sign, Todd lowered his hand onto Nick's realistic appearing breasts.

Since his bra was filled with silicone inserts instead of being the real thing, they had no feeling. Nick didn't realize what was happening until he felt Todd's other hand on his nylon clad thighs pushing his short skirt even higher than it had ridden when he sat. Fearing Todd was about to discover his secret, he jerked away and hissed, "Stop that! If you think you can feel me up like a common slut on our first date, you are dead wrong! If that's how you think of me, take me home...*now!*"

Not wanting to risk losing this beauty because of his frisky advances, Todd apologized in a contrite, yet panic filled voice, "I'm sorry. I lost my head because you are so hot, sexy, and desirable. I'll keep my hands to myself. I promise!"

Nick wanted to end this date *now*, but he feared what his father might do if he disappointed Todd and upset his chance for promotion. Conceding, as had become habit of late, he softened his voice and sighed, "Okay, but if you try anything like that again, I'm out of here even if I have to walk home!"

Relieved to be getting a second chance with his dream girl, Todd declared in his most sincere voice, "I promise, hands off!"

After that, it got easier for Nick until Todd put his arm on his shoulder and gently pulled him close. When he started to pull away, Todd whispered, "Please don't make me do life for

one mistake. Relax, put your head on my shoulder, and let's bury the hatchet."

That wasn't too much of a concession as long as his secret wasn't in jeopardy, so Nick adjusted his skirt back to a respectful range and said, "Okay, but no monkey business."

"Your hair is so soft, and I love that perfume," Todd complimented as he ran his hand through Nick's feminine tresses.

Nick had the situation under control, that is, until Todd walked him to the front door. Looking deeply into Nick's eyes, Todd said, "I had a wonderful time tonight. I'm truly sorry about what happened earlier. I thought you were just shy. I missed the fact that you are a lady. I promise, nothing like that will happen again...at least not without your consent."

Before he could respond, Nick found himself in Todd's arms being passionately kissed. When they came up for air, Todd said, "I hope your dad gets the promotion. I would like nothing better than for you to move to the coast so we can go out again, that is if I didn't blow my chance with you."

"I had a good time in spite of your earlier behavior," Nick replied in a noncommittal manner as he went inside.

Leaning against the door inside the house, he sighed, "I'm so glad that's over. Now, I can finally buy some pants and return to being a boy!"

Beth surprised Nick as he started undressing in his room. She entered without knocking. Looking him over with a critical eye, she observed, "You must have had fun. Your lipstick is smeared, and your skirt is wrinkled."

"I slapped him for playing with my legs, but he kissed me before I knew what was happening," Nick declared with a blush while removing his skirt and top. Standing before her in only his bra and panties, he said, "I've had a very traumatic evening. Get out of here, so I can go to bed."

"Okay, we'll talk tomorrow. I want to hear all the horny details about how your skirt got wrinkled and your lipstick smeared. Is Todd a good kisser? Does he have a gentle touch, or is he a snatch and grabber? Details, I want details!"

The next morning, hoping this would be his last in girl's clothes, Nick was mesmerized as he slipped into his panties and bra. As if programmed, he sat at his vanity to do his makeup and brush his hair into a neat teen style. After putting on a peach print housedress and his usual wedgies with a slightly raised heel, he went down to prepare breakfast for the family.

Liz was the first to arrive, and she wanted to hear about his date even before he served her coffee. While they talked, Scott and then Beth joined them, and like Liz, all they wanted to talk about was his date with Todd. "Did you show young Dugan a good time?" Scott asked as his skirted son placed his coffee on the table before him.

"Nikki had a good time!" Beth chimed in with a teasing smile. "His lipstick was all smeared, and his skirt was full of wrinkles when he got home."

"Was not!" was all the blushing Nick could muster.

"Was too! Get your skirt and let them see. I know you're too new at being a girl to iron out the evidence before coming to breakfast."

This information only served to further reinforce Scott's belief that his son liked dressing as a girl and dating boys. Before he could comment, the phone rang, and Beth bounded up to answer it. She returned moments later with a diabolical smile on her face, and announced, "It's Todd for you, Nikki. He wants to know if he can come over after lunch. I guess his call, along with your smeared lipstick and wrinkled skirt, answers the question about whether he had a good time."

"What should I say?" Nick queried. "I don't want to..."

"Say yes!" Scott boomed, cutting him off. "And for Gawd's sake, be nice to him while there's a chance for me to get that promotion."

“I wanted to shop for some boy clothes this afternoon,” Nick whined with a pout like a real girl might do to get her way. “You promised...”

“I said you could buy boy’s things after I secure that position,” Scott insisted, renegeing on his promise. “Shopping will have to wait. We can’t afford new clothes just now.”

Ignoring his protest Beth chirped. “Hurry with the dishes, Nikki. We have to make you pretty and sexy for Todd’s visit.”

“I’ll clean the kitchen,” Liz offered. “I remember the excitement of getting ready to see a handsome man.” Looking at Scott with an amorous smile, she added, “And it hasn’t been that long ago. You girls have lots to do, so get primping.”

Nick cringed at being referred to as a girl, but he appreciated Liz’s offer to clean the kitchen. “Why is this happening to me, and when will I ever get to wear pants again?” he wondered with tear filled eyes as he hesitantly followed Beth toward the staircase.

Exhausting changes of clothes and experiments with makeup and hairstyles later, Nick was finally ready to face his *fiancé*, as Beth kept referring to Todd. Despite his objections, he wore a low cut form fitting red top and a red and white print miniskirt no longer than mid-thigh. His makeup was immaculate, his lipstick and nail polish were brilliant red to match his ensemble, and his hair was in a modern curly style. To compliment his look, stylish pumps with tiny 2 ½ inch heels adorned his feet, a pendant necklace drew attention to his enhanced cleavage, and several gold bangles adorned his left wrist.

When he complained that his ensemble was a bit too flashy and revealing, Beth teased, “Don’t be such a prude. Give your guy a thrill. He’ll be returning to the coast tomorrow, so give him a vision to remember.”

“He’s not my guy!” Nick snapped while Beth giggled at his embarrassment. When she went to her room to change, he looked at his feminine image in the full-length mirror. He

liberally sprayed perfume in all the strategic places, hoping to pass as a girl in the light of day.

As was proper, Nick answered the door when the bell rang announcing the arrival of his *fiancée*. To his surprise, Todd's parents were there as well. Seeing the additional guests, Liz and Scott leapt up to greet them. "We were expecting Todd but not you two!" Scott beamed. "Come in, and make yourselves comfortable."

Holding out his hand, Mr. Dugan said, "I like to see the expression on my employees when I give them good news. Congrats, Scott. The job is yours. Our wives hit it off at dinner, and Todd is totally enamored with Nikki, even if she did put him in his place last night."

"I hope Nikki didn't do anything..." Scott apologized.

"Oh, no! Remember when we were young? There were two kinds of girls. A few you took home to mother and the punchboards."

"Jack!" his wife scolded while the others laughed.

"Well, I guess times haven't changed much," Dugan added. "Todd says your Nikki is a real lady who wouldn't put up with his shenanigans. In fact, Todd and my wife convinced me to select you over Evans, who was my original choice."

Meanwhile in the den, Todd gave Nick a long wet kiss. Looking at the vision in his arms, he gasped, "You look better every time I see you. How do you do it?"

"Beth helped me with my hair and makeup," Nick stammered with a blush. "Thank her."

"Isn't it great? You'll be moving to the coast, and we can see each other all the time! If my luck holds out, we'll even go to the same high school."

Nick had retreated until Todd had him against the bookcase and was kissing him again. "You're one of a kind, Nikki, definitely not like the girls on the coast."

"If you only knew how right you are!" Nick thought as he pushed Todd away. Looking for an excuse to escape his

suitor's embrace, he cautioned, "Careful. Someone might see us."

"I already see you," Beth smiled. "Even if you two lovers are ignoring me."

"Sorry," Todd sighed. "I just got blown away."

Nick hastily repaired his lipstick. When he was satisfied, he took a tissue and removed the red stains from Todd's lips. To do this, he had to move really close, and Todd surprised him by wrapping his arms around his waist and pulling him close. He was slightly immobile with his padded breasts pressed against Todd's chest. Then Todd's hands slid down to Nick's nylon clad buttocks and began gently caressing them through his skirt.

Nick was intent on his task, and a moment passed before he realized what Todd was doing. Despite wanting to end this charade and return to pants, he felt safe and protected in Todd's arms. Wearing feminine clothes and pretending to be a girl was causing him untold psychological confusion.

For the briefest moment, Nick enjoyed Todd's gentle caresses. Suddenly he realized what was happening and tried to pull away. Anticipating such a move, Todd firmly pulled his prey back into his arms and covered his lips with a lingering kiss. This time, Nick was ready. Placing his hands on Todd's chest, he pushed away and slapped his face.

Holding his open palms at shoulder level in an act of surrender, Todd chuckled, "Sorry. You are just so damn sexy. I couldn't help myself. I've wanted to do that ever since I got here and saw you looking so hot. Please forgive me. Kiss and make up?"

"Make up, but no kiss. You've had enough for today. Besides, I have to redo my lipstick."

"You lovebirds better stop the foreplay before you get caught," Beth chuckled.



"You are so darn pretty," Todd gushed. "I can't keep my hands off of you."

"I'm not that kind of girl!" Nick fended Todd's advances.

Todd kept his distance for the most part after that, but he did hold his arm around Nick's waist at every opportunity, but that changed as the Dugan's were saying their goodbyes. Without warning, Todd took Nick in his arms, kissed him passionately, and said, "I can't wait till you get to the coast!"

Scott was on cloud nine after the Dugan's were gone. He had his long awaited promotion and couldn't have been happier. Noticing his moping son, he asked, "Sad because you have to give up your pretty dresses in favor of pants?"

"I can't go to the coast with you, pants or no pants!" Nick wailed. "Not now! If I did, Todd would know I'm a boy and that I went out with him while wearing a dress...and...I...I kissed him! If I go in dresses, he'll find out on his own. You saw how he is, Beth. His hands were *everywhere*! I can't go with you."

"I see what you mean," Liz sympathized. "Perhaps we can help. Remember Lisa, the boy in the beauty contest? Like him, you could have breasts and surgery to create a realistic womanhood that can only be stimulated to orgasm by the insertion of an erect penis or dildo. With your genitals safely tucked away, you could wear dresses and never have to worry about what your dates might find out when they feel you up. I can contact Lisa's mom for the details."

"What?" Scott asked. "Are you talking about turning Nikki into a real girl?"

"No, but we could disguise his masculinity quite effectively. Of course, you would pick up the tab for the operation and a new wardrobe for Nikki since you pursued your promotion at your son's expense."

"Wait a minute!"

"Would you rather I tell Mr. Dugan how you sacrificed your son to curry his favor and get the promotion?"

"You wouldn't dare!"

"And I'll sue for divorce and file for alimony! Then, we'll see how long your precious family fund lasts!"

Scott knew he was trapped. After a long pause, he sighed, "Alright, I'll pay, I'll *pay!*"

"But, Dad, you said I could return to pants after..."

"He can't help you without sacrificing everything he holds dear, his job and that precious family fund," Liz stated before Scott could speak. "No one said you couldn't put your dresses away and wear pants. You can go shopping and buy whatever you want and wear them whenever you like. What's it to be, pants or skirts?"

Both options were equally unthinkable, and Nick wailed, "Why can't I buy jeans and live here while you move to the coast? I could go to Central for my senior year and..."

"Out of the question!" Liz snapped. She was too close to her goal to give in now. "We can't protect you from two thousand miles away. You have to choose either a life in silky lingerie, dresses, skirts, makeup, nail polish, lipstick, and perfume, or a drab life in pants. Of course, in pants, you'll have to tell Todd the truth about your charade. Imagine his reaction when he finds out that you wore dresses and pretended to be a girl. The choice is yours. Sleep on it, and give me your answer at breakfast."

Tears streaking his makeup, Nick cried, "I only wore Beth's things to save money for the family. It's not right to ask me to make such a horrible decision!"

"I'm not asking, I'm telling!" Liz avowed in a tone that left no doubt about her resolve. "I'll decide for you if you haven't decided by morning!"

Noting her determination and the fire in her eyes, he ran to his room as fast as he could in his tight skirt and heels while tears of shame and humiliation streaked his makeup.

What choice did Nick make? Well, that's a story for another day. The important question is, "What would *you* do if you were in Nick's high heels?"

The End

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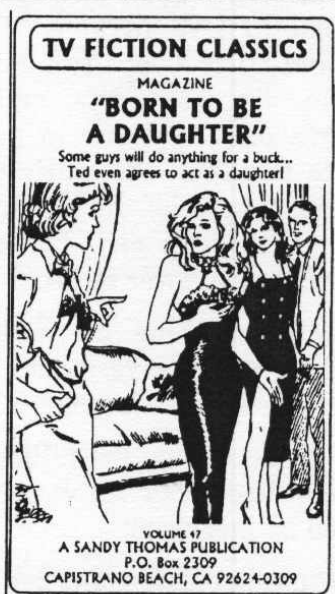
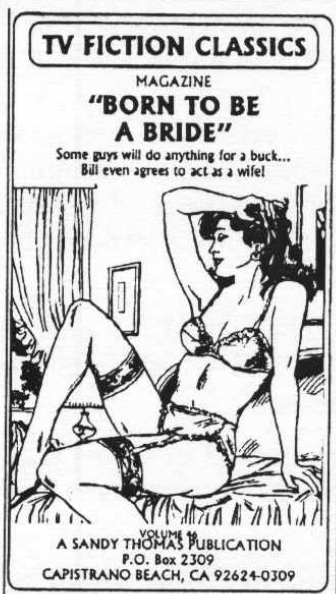
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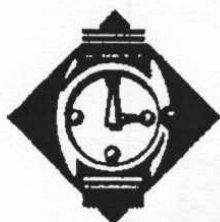
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84 - CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

PURSE STRINGS

IN THE PINK



Gee, Bill! I wish I'd thought of joining the
USO instead of the infantry! Cool uniform!



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