

CONTEMPORARY

TV FICTION

"HER NEW DAUGHTER"



I started Sam on an extensive regimen of girl training. I pierced his ears so he didn't have to wear clip-on earrings, he learned to style his hair, and he spent hours learning how to sit, speak, and walk in high heels.

Contemporary TV fiction #79

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HER NEW DAUGHTER

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CTV #79

Her New Daughter

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QUOTE BOARD

“Behind every man with the future of being THE MAN, are a few women with also the past of being THE MAN!”

Her New Daughter

By Kristi Love & Susan Henkin

Chapter 1

"Sam, you're drunk!!" I growled at my eighteen-year-old son sprawled on the sofa in a drunken stupor!

"What's happening?" he moaned.

He had dropped out of high school two years earlier and has held a few odd jobs since then. None of the jobs lasted long. Sam was listless, jumped from one girlfriend to another, and partied till dawn.

At 5'5" and 125 pounds, Sam is small for his age. He is athletic, but not muscular. Even in my bare feet, I stand 3" taller than him. It bothered him that as his buddies grew tall and strong, he remained short and wiry with a 'baby face'. He envied their deep voices and full beards, while he stayed an alto, and the best whiskers he could grow is a scraggly wisp of a beard. He overcompensates by constantly acting macho, carousing about with girls of questionable character, and drinking until he is sloshed.

He was driving me crazy! He needed a new direction, maybe induced by being so scared! Being a large woman, I was just the woman to teach him that lesson.

I dragged him to his bed, and then prepared a little surprise for the next morning. I would scare Sam's drinking and carousing out of him. What is the name of Sam's high school nemesis who was always ribbing him about his baby face? Bill Harley?

The next morning, Sam crawled out of bed, his head pounding from a royal hangover. He went to his dresser

to get a clean pair of underwear, having thrown-up all over his old pair. “Hey, Mom, where is my underwear?”

“You are wearing new underwear, dear,” I entered his bedroom where he was standing stark naked.

“Mom!!” he covered his manhood, “Privacy, please!”

“Privacy is the least of your worries,” I growled. “Put these on.” I tossed him a pair of girl’s cotton panties. They looked like his male shorts, but were lavender color and without a fly in front.

“What’s this garbage?” he held up the panty.

“It’s your new undershorts,” I explained.

“These are girl’s panties. Get me my clothes!” he shouted. “I’m meeting the guys at the bar this afternoon.”

“You’ll have to cancel unless you want to meet them wearing this skirt,” I held out a denim miniskirt.

Sam was not a wimp. He never showed the slightest inclination towards girl’s clothes, so he really lost it when I told him that he was to wear panties and a skirt until he mended his ways. “No way am I wearing this sissy stuff!!” he shouted and tossed the panty to the ground.

“Then you wear nothing at all,” I stated. “I removed all your male clothes until we come to an understanding.”

“Understanding?” he growled.

“You will stop carousing around and find a job!”

“I’ve been looking for a job, I can’t find a nice girl, and I won’t stop drinking. Going to the bar is the only social life I have. Besides, a few beers are not excessive.”

"You drink a lot more than a few beers. It is either dress in the clothes I provide or leave my house. It's time you got out on your own!"

"I'd leave in an instant if I had the money," he steamed, "And I'm not dressing in those sissy clothes."

"It's either my way or the highway!" I growled. "I'll have the cops evict you if you don't leave peacefully."

"Mom! Why are you doing this?" he moaned.

"I'm tired of your conduct since leaving high school. I've begged you to change your ways to no avail. It's girl's clothes or leave now, buster!"

I wasn't interested in making Sam into a sissy. All I wanted to do was scare him so much he would stop carousing around and act like a man, not a slob.

After more grouching, he reluctantly slipped the panties up his thighs. It never occurred to me to make him wear a bra. He had nothing to keep in place.

It took a few minutes and a lot of grumbling, but he finally pulled the gray skirt over his hips and slipped on a plain white cotton blouse. He finished by putting on a pair of my low heel open toe shoes.

He looked a mess, but that was okay. It would take a lot of work to make him presentable, even as a guy wearing girl's clothes. I didn't expect to go that far. I dragged him to the kitchen and started him cleaning the house. He spent the entire day working indoors while feeling the skirt swish about his legs.

The next morning as he climbed out of bed, he moaned, "Mom, I promise to stop..."

"I've heard that before!" I firmly answered. "You won't pick up many sleazy girls while wearing your

skirt. You will wear what I want, when I want, and you will do all the housework, cooking and dishes until I'm convinced you've learned your lesson."

I had shopped while he slept, and various boxes cluttered his bedroom floor. One contained a blouse and two feminine tops, another contained more cotton panties, and a third contained another skirt. I had him place the contents of each box in his dresser, including placing several pair of girl's shoes in his closet. The shoes included flats and skimmers in short heels, enough to last until I sprang my surprise, which I was sure would sober him up for good.

"Go into the bathroom and cover your body with this hair remover. Don't use it in your hair or eyebrows. The lotion has to set for a few minutes," I announced.

He bitterly complained about the burning caused by the lotion, and after 15 minutes, I let him take a shower. He freaked out when he saw his male body hair rinse down the drain! "Wash your hair and apply my conditioner. Let it set before you rinse," I instructed. "Also shave off that awful beard. Yuck!"

Sam emerged from the bathroom wrapped in a mid-thigh length terrycloth robe. His hairless legs glistened. He sheepishly sat at my vanity as I rolled his long scraggly hair around large pink foam rollers while telling him what I was doing. He blankly stared into the vanity mirror as I worked.

Sam had not pierced his ears and I saw no reason to pierce them for this short stint at petticoat punishment. I handed him a pair of clip-on earrings. He clumsily attached the clips to each ear, complaining at how much they pinched. Every movement caused the clips to tug at his lobes to remind him of how he was dressed.

I plucked his bushy eyebrows into semi-arches that could pass for either male or female. "You will wear a little makeup when dressed. Watch me." I was sure the girl's clothes would shame him into correcting his wayward ways, but a little makeup might help it along.

I had Sam apply light makeup to his face. It took him half an hour to complete his look to my satisfaction. A shade of brown shadow on his upper eyelids highlighted his green eyes. Light lipstick on his lips matched a hint of blush on his cheekbones.

His lavender cotton panties with pink flowers had a noticeable bulge, which I hid with tight panty girdle. The girdle was a constant reminder of how he was dressed.

He finished by slipping into a pink cotton blouse and fastening the column of buttons down the front. The loose fitting sweater hid his flat chest. Sam struggled to pull feminine Capri pants over his hips. A thin brown belt held the Capri's in place. I selected a pair of brown flats for him to wear around the house.

We viewed his image in my full-length wall mirror. The reflection was that of a masculine guy with curlers in his hair, wearing light makeup, a pink blouse, and tight Capri's. It wasn't a flattering image. He didn't look like a girl! At best, he looked like an angry boy forced to wear his sister's clothes. He would be the laughingstock of the neighborhood if he ventured outside looking like this.

He spent the rest of the day sullenly cleaning the house. I hoped he would soon come to his senses and decide to reform his life.

"It's time to get ready for dinner," I said later in the afternoon. "Change into the clothes on your bed." He put away his dust cloth and went to his room to see what I had laid out for him.

I threw two dinners into the microwave and went to change clothes. When I returned, I found the table set and Sam sitting wearing his new clothes, including tight fitting white shorts, light blue blouse, and skimmers. His legs looked quite shapely beneath the shorts. "Put on this pretty apron to keep your cute outfit from getting soiled," I instructed.

After dinner, we spent a few hours watching videos on eye makeup and hairdos, much to his chagrin. I made him wear cotton pajamas covered with large red hearts. He was steaming at being made to watch the videos and having to wear young girl's bed wear.

Every day Sam was required to wear an outfit I laid out for him, plus minimal makeup. By the end of a week, he still boiled at being forced to dress as a girl, but he wouldn't move out, agree to get a job, or stop hanging with that seedy crowd. To my surprise, with each passing day, he seemed to be a little more passable as a girl. His shaping undergarments and the practice applying makeup made him look somewhat feminine.

Finally I decided to spring my surprise. I had him change into a frilly blouse, miniskirt, nylons, and 2" stacked heels. I brushed his hair so it hung to his shoulders. He seemed almost complacent at having to wear these feminine clothes. I was worried that my plan was backfiring.

At noon, the doorbell rang. "Sam, get the door," I stated with a suppressed smile. He did as requested, not considering how he was dressed.



"Sam? Why are you wearing girl's clothes?" Bill laughed. All Sam could do was gasp and run to his bedroom. I was sure that I'd seen the last of Sam's abhorrent behavior.

He opened the door and a period of silence ensued. "Sam, is that you?" Bill Harley, Sam's high school nemesis, stood on the porch.

They hadn't seen each other for three years. Now Sam, fully dressed in girl's clothes, stood exposed to his hated enemy. Bill started laughing, "I knew you were a pantywaist!" In shock, Sam gasped and ran to his room.

I went to the front door. "Mrs. Murphy, why is Sam wearing girl's clothes?" Bill was unable to contain his laughter.

"He is being punished for his slovenly ways," I answered, "Doesn't he look nice?"

Bill smiled, "Punished? Hell, Sam's 18 years old!"

"And living beneath my roof?" I responded.

"Why did you ask me over?" he asked.

"I wanted to embarrass Sam out of his shiftless ways. Forcing him to dress in girl's clothes didn't do the job, so I invited you over."

"Wait till the guys hear about this!" Bill grinned.

"I'd rather that you didn't say anything, Bill. I'll make it worth your while to keep silent. I don't want to ruin Sam's reputation, just make him get a job and stop whoring around." We dickered over a payment. "It's agreed. If you don't keep our agreement, I promise to make your life miserable, Bill."

"I promise, Mrs. Murphy," Bill smiled. "Actually, Sam looked halfway decent, especially with his baby face. But his hook nose gave him away."

After Bill left, Sam came down wearing only his robe. He had removed his makeup. "Mom, how could you? I'll never live this down!"

"Bill will keep his mouth shut, but this will teach you that I'm serious," I stated. I returned his male clothes. The girl clothes were boxed and stored in the basement. I was sure that I had scared Sam straight. His shiftless days were behind him.

The next day, Sam dressed in his male clothes immediately went looking for a job! He returned home exhausted, but with a minimum wage job. He stopped hanging out with his drinking buddies and actually found a nice girl to date.

This would be the end of the story if Sam had learned his lesson! It isn't because he didn't!

Chapter 2

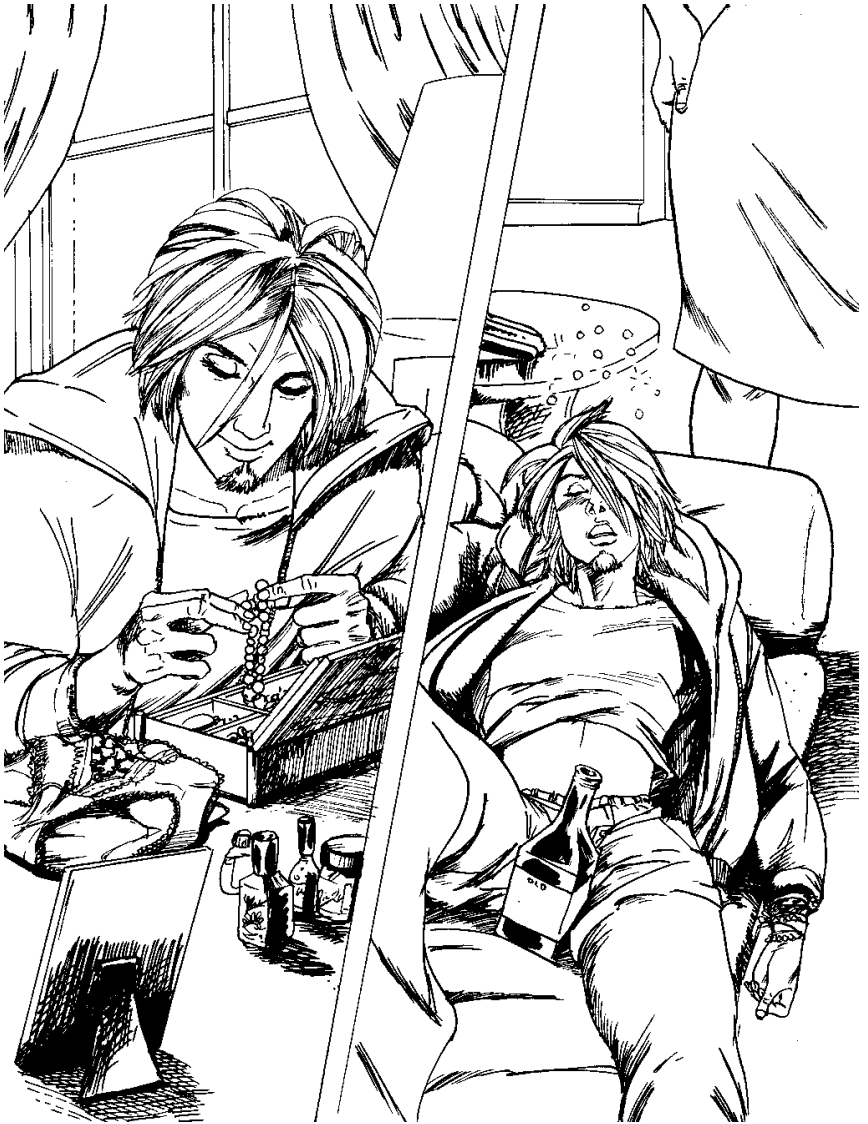
A month later, I came home late and went directly to my bedroom. My jewelry box was pilfered, and some of my most expensive jewelry was missing. I immediately called the cops who quickly showed up. I led them to my bedroom to report my losses. They were about to leave when we heard moaning from the living room. The officers and I went to check.

Sam was crashed on the sofa drunk out of his mind with a whisky bottle lying between his legs. He was grasping a pair of my best black lace panties. A couple of pieces of my less expensive jewelry were scattered next to him. I shook him awake and demanded to know what was going on. He said something about losing his job and his girlfriend dropping him.

"You stole my jewelry!" I shouted. "How could you?" He nearly threw up on me. I grabbed my panty from his hand and the officers stood him on his feet.

"This is your son?" one officer asked.

"Yeah, my son, the thief!" I was really angry.



Sam was sprawled out on the sofa, drunk out of his mind, and I was missing most of my jewelry. I was mad as hell and I wouldn't take it anymore! He would pay!

"Do you want to press charges?" an officer asked.

"Damn right I do!" I growled.

The officers handcuffed Sam and were dragging him out of the house when he sobered up enough to plead with me not to have him arrested. "I'll never survive in jail," he whined.

"You're a thief, and I won't have a thief in my house, even if you are my son!" I growled. I looked at my panty and noticed a large discharge completely ruining it. Obviously Sam found my silky lingerie exciting.

"I'll never do it again!" he panicked. "Please, Mom!"

"He's right about not surviving in jail, ma'am," one cop stated. "His slight frame and baby face will make him a target for every pervert in the joint."

I asked them, "Is there a way of stopping his carousing ways without arresting him?"

One cop said, "We can put him under your protective custody for six months. He will have to do everything you demand. A simple call to us will land him in jail."

Sam asked, "You won't haul me off to jail?"

"We'll look the other way if you do everything your mother asks for the next six months," a cop explained.

"Anything I want?" I asked, a plan forming.

"Short of threatening his life or limb," the cop stated. "We have a record of the theft and can arrest him after just a phone call. We aren't anxious to arrest him, what with overcrowding in the jails, but we will if he doesn't toe the line."

I thanked the officers, got their phone numbers, and escorted them to the door. After they left, I turned to Sam. "Remember what they said. I'll come up with

something appropriate by tomorrow morning. You will do as I say or I will call the cops. If I call them, nothing will save you from serving time. I'm through with your thieving ways! Don't think I didn't notice how you treated my panties." I held up the ruined silky garment for him to see.

I decided to break him of his slothful stealing ways once and for all. I piled the boxes of girl's clothes at the side of his bed so he would stumble over them when he woke the next morning. It was now a war of wills!

I was ready when I heard him stir. "What are those boxes doing here?" he grumbled as he went to his bathroom to do his business.

When he returned, I stood in his room holding pink silky panties and a matching bra. "Guess who is going to dress as girl today?" I asked.

A pale expression came over his face. "You're kidding!" he moaned, holding his head. "I've a splitting headache."

"Your head will clear up once we have your hair in big curlers," I smiled.

"Gawd, Mom, don't even think such a thing," he growled as he searched his dresser for his clothes. "Where is my underwear?"

"I'm holding it. The rest are in the boxes," I stated.

Suddenly he realized where the boxes came from and what they contained. "Oh, no!" he shouted. "You humiliated me once with those clothes. It's not happening again. I'm not wearing any of that feminine nonsense!"

“Remember the police officers from last night, sweetie?” I smiled. “Your ass is mine for the next 6 months. You agreed to do whatever I demand, and I’ve decided that you will dress as a girl? It cured you of sloth the last time, maybe a more extensive session will cure you of being a thief.”

“Aw, mom!” he moaned, “Do I have to?”

“That jewelry was precious to me. You will dress as a girl or spend time in jail with the rest of the trash, but I won’t ask Bill over to embarrass you,” I relented.

Defeated, Sam sullenly agreed to do whatever I demanded as long as Bill wasn’t involved. “I don’t want to do this anymore than you do, son,” I confessed, “but I will not abide your drinking and stealing any longer.”

He followed my instructions to remove his body hair. I hadn’t purchased any new girl clothes, but new clothes were needed if Sam was to dress in girl’s clothes for the next half year.

An hour later, he was dressed from the skin out in the girl’s clothes I selected. He wasn’t any happier wearing them this time than the first time, but I was adamant that he pay penance for stealing from me. He didn’t know that part of my punishment was that he improve his feminine presentation each day. I didn’t want to be embarrassed by my son looking like a lumberjack in a dress whenever he left the house.

Chapter 3

A week after Sam’s 6 month punishment started, I announced, “We are going shopping tomorrow. It will be a big day!”

“Mother, you can’t expect me to wear girl’s clothes out of the house!” Sam gasped.

“Have a nice sleep, dear, tomorrow promises to be an exciting day for both of us.”

I woke Sam up early the next morning to get ready for our shopping trip. He was as nervous as a cat while getting dressed, sure that everyone would realize that he was a guy wearing girl’s clothes and sure that he would be unmercifully ridiculed.

I made him dress in a translucent blouse with lace edging at the sleeves and bib-style upper thigh length flared shorts that hugged his corset enhanced figure and exposed his silky panties whenever the slightest motion opened a side flap. He dressed without a bra, so the bib fit tightly over his chest to show he had no breast development. He wore cute pink trim white girl’s socks and pink girl’s sneakers. He looked like the perfect sissy!

Sam nervously complained the entire way to the mall. I reminded him that he had brought this on himself. He looked like a man wearing sissy clothes, but that was part of his punishment for stealing from me.

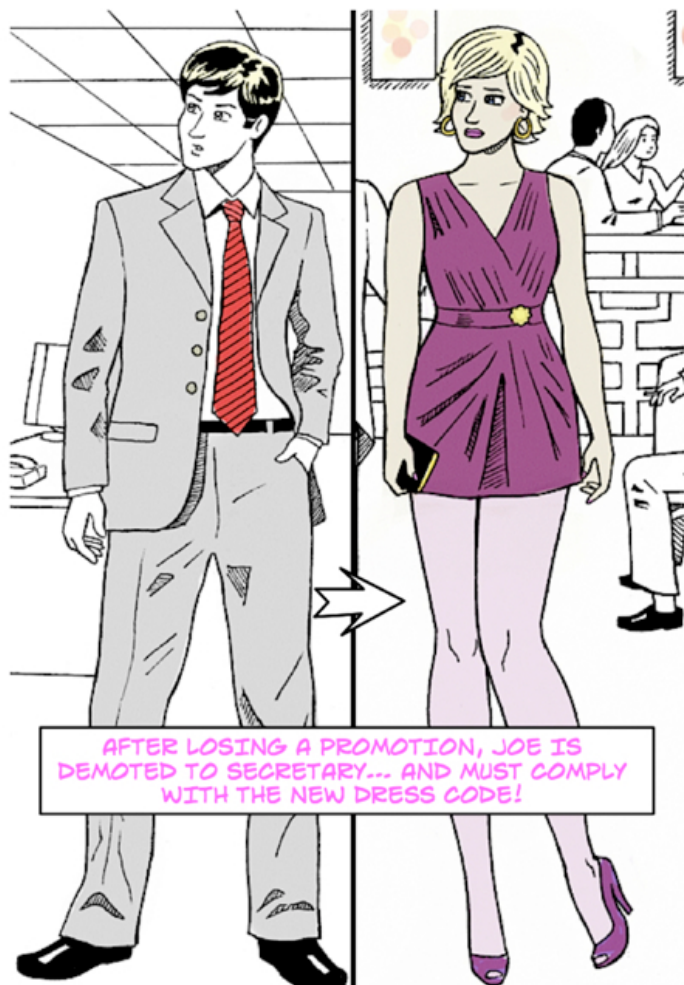
His masculine facial features, including his hooked nose were obvious. His arms showed muscular definition, but his hairless legs were dead-on gorgeous!

He immediately drew attention. Everyone could tell that he was a guy wearing girl’s clothes. He didn’t walk like a girl, striding rather than traipsing. Teenage girls and little kids were particularly harsh, blatantly pointing at him and asking their parent, “why is that boy wearing girl’s clothes?” He was embarrassed whenever I held a sexy bra in front of him. Trying to blend in, he held a white bra to his chest, then quickly returned it to the counter.

Sam was as red as a beet by the time we got home. “Everyone knew I was a guy,” he moaned.

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Sam was mortified at being exposed in public wearing sissy clothes. The teenage girls were especially cruel. “Please take me home, mother,” he whined trying to escape the stares, laughing, and finger pointing.

"You're right! The excursion was to teach you a lesson. Either you work with me to make you more passable as a girl or the next six months are going to be a nightmare."

"You want me to let you teach me to pass as a girl?"

"You won't spend the next 6 months indoors. If you want to stop the pointing and laughing, YOU must work to pass as a girl. I can't do much about your face, except for judicious use of cosmetics, but I can improve how you carry yourself. That may be enough to get you through. You can make your life hell on earth for the next six months or you can make it tolerable. I doubt if it will ever be enjoyable."

He was conflicted. He didn't want to act more feminine, but he didn't want to be a laughingstock either, and he sure didn't want to go to jail. He whined, "I'm a grown man. You can't change my masculine facial features." He was faltering, looking for a way to get through his punishment while retaining his masculinity.

"We'll do our best," I smiled.

Chapter 4 - UCI

I was at a woman's bowling tournament when one of the women chimed, "Girls, you won't believe who I met this weekend. My sister and her son visited from California. Let me rephrase that, my sister and her new daughter visited. Look at these photos."

"That girl can't be a boy?" I asked.

"Yes, that's Michael or rather Michelle," she replied. I looked at another photo of several girls. Michael was dressed in a little black dress. His body looked exactly like the other girls. I turned the photos over and noticed printing. 'Be all you want to be!' 'Under Control, Inc.': (800) 555-MTOF.

A couple of days later, my curiosity got the better of me. I didn't believe the advertisement; nonetheless, I dialed the number. "Good afternoon, thank you for calling 'Under Control Incorporated,'" a pleasant woman's voice answered.

I was speechless. I was sure the number would lead to a dead end. I didn't know what to say. Finally out of desperation, I managed, "Hello, I'd like to order a catalog."

"Are you a first time customer?"

"Yes," I whispered.

"How old is the intended customer?"

"Eighteen," I stammered.

"How may we help him?" the woman asked.

I whispered, "Sam's never worn girl's clothes before I recently forced him as punishment for stealing and being a pain in the ass. I wish he didn't fight me so much. He must learn to comport himself as a girl. Can you help?"

"We have ways for reluctant males to learn how to act as girls. We can modify his thinking so he doesn't fight you," the woman said.

"You can?" I gasped. "That would be great!"

"We can tailor it so he willingly learns how to act as a girl. We can even make him want to become a complete woman," she laughed.

"I don't want to make Sam into a girl," I stammered, "but it would be nice if he willingly worked with me for the six months he is being punished. It must be reversible. I want my son back when his punishment is over."

"We have a CD to reduce his reluctance to learn. Another CD reverses the effects so he returns to being the guy he is today." I ordered both CD's and a catalog. I hung the phone up hoping that I was doing the right thing.

Two days later, I found a package from 'Under Control' on the kitchen table. I could barely control myself as I tore the package open. It was crammed with more items than I ordered. I opened an envelope.

Dear Mrs. Murphy,

Thank you for your interest in our products. We are an exclusive mail order company for special items needed to feminize your husband, son, or special friend. We specialize in control garments and items to help the chosen male become a vision of femininity.

Due to high demand, we have added a department for mother's helping their sons through the difficult times of early development. We have many new items for boys in girl training, but cannot appear as a girl. One special item is a 'Crotch Trainer' that looks like a normal panty. It actually controls his maleness and trains it to conform to a more girlish mold. This avoids embarrassment during early figure training before breasts and hips develop to make the transition impossible to hide.

For questions, call our toll free number (800) 555-MTOF.

Sincerely Yours,

Marsha, Manager, Under Control, Inc.

Inside were a number of books. One was 'Transforming your Son into Your Daughter', another was 'Questions your changing son is going to ask', and the last was 'Mom, I've got breasts'. The packing list had

two CD's, one for making Sam more compliant to my wishes, the second for reversing the effects of the first.

I thumbed through the catalog. The front page included a guide to the products: Red = Reversible, Yellow = Irreversible, Blue = Mental Change, Pink = Physical Change, and Green = Unaware. I matched these labels to my tapes, which were red and green.

I was amazed at the photos of transformed 'men' and 'boys', but equally amazed that they thought I was gullible enough to believe those females were really guys. It was an advertisement ploy to draw gullible people in, but it worked on me, since I had the two CD's. I didn't believe the 'change of gender' capabilities advertized in the catalog. Such products just do not exist!

"Mom, what's in the package? It must be important to be shipped Special Delivery," Sam asked from the living room. I didn't want him to know that the package contained items to make him more compliant with dressing in girl's clothes. "It sounds like a company that specializes in motivational training."

"Yes, dear, the box contains a CD to help motivate you when you search for a job after your punishment is over." I gave him the first CD without labels. "Play this CD when you go to bed."

I returned to the living room to read the insert from the first CD. The first section of the CD was titled – 'Obey'. An example message is: 'I will always obey my mother'. The second section was titled – 'I Want'. The messages on this CD instill a desire in the listener to learn how to pass as a girl. Example: 'I want to learn to wear high heels' and 'I want to learn to walk as a girl'.

I wasn't sure if the CD was for real, so I hid the catalog and books. The other products listed in the

catalog were interesting, but surely the stuff fantasies are made from.

Chapter 5

The next day I wanted to test whether the CD did as advertized, so after Sam was dressed in a cute skirt and blouse, I announced, "It's time you learned to walk in high heels."

Sam growled, "Geez, Mom, I don't want to learn how to walk like a girl."

I was positive the CD was a hoax, but I persisted. "Sam, I want you to try."

To my utter surprise, he lowered his eyes and said, "Okay, mother, if you say so..."

I barely hid my astonishment. He never agreed with me on anything. I took advantage of his compliance before he changed his mind by grabbing a pair of 3" heels from my closet and sitting him at my vanity to slip them on his feet. I am taller than Sam, so my shoe size fit him. He winced as I buckled the straps. "Stand to get used to them," I instructed.

Sam tentatively stood on the heels, his knees wobbling to stay upright. Panic filled his eyes. I told him to walk across the room. He grabbed my arm to steady his balance as he took his first tentative step.

He was about halfway across the room and walking without my assistance, when a heel caught on the rug. He twisted his foot and panicked as he stumbled, crashing to the floor and hitting his face on a chair.

I ran to help him. His face was bloody, especially about his nose. I removed the heels and helped him to the bathroom sink to stop the flow of blood. The fall had

broken his nose, his eyes were bloodshot, and he had a badly bruised chin.

I hurriedly drove him to the emergency room as he applied a cold pack to his face to stop the swelling. We had forgotten how he was dressed. His skirt swayed about his knees as I helped him walk into the emergency room. The doctors scheduled him for an emergency surgery, worried that the fall may have chipped his cheek and chin bones and damaged his eyes. I gave permission for the doctors to do whatever was needed to assess and fix the damages.

The doctors could tell that Sam was a male, in spite of being dressed in girl's blouse, skirt, and lingerie. The staff didn't bring this up at the time, thinking that Sam was a male to female transsexual in transition. They didn't want to embarrass him by discussing it in front of the multitude of people in the waiting room.

I spent the next six hours anxiously awaiting the results of the surgeries. Finally a doctor approached me. "Your daughter is doing fine, Mrs. Murphy. She has a broken nose, chin, and cheeks. We repaired everything. She will look better than ever once she heals."

"I'm sorry, doctor," I stammered. "He's my son, not my daughter."

"We know, ma'am. We assumed from the way he was dressed that he wanted to be considered a female. We try to be sensitive to the wishes of our patients."

"Oh! Uh...yes...of course, thank you..." I stammered, remembering what Sam was wearing when we rushed to the hospital. "When can I see him...uh...her?"

"She's sleeping. Best get some sleep yourself. You can visit tomorrow afternoon."

"Thank you, doctor," I was really tired. "I'll do that."

The next afternoon, I slipped into Sam's hospital room. His face was covered with bandages. "How are you feeling, dear?" I asked.

"What happened?" he coughed. "I remember stumbling and falling, and driving to the emergency room. Why is my face covered in bandages?"

"The doctors had to perform facial surgery. The damage was extensive. You broke your nose, chin, and cheekbones. Bone chips threatened your eyes. You needed immediate surgery. The doctor said that your surgery went great." I didn't tell him that the doctors had mistakenly taken him for a transsexual because of the way he was dressed upon arrival.

"When can I go home? How long will I have these bandages covering my face?" he asked.

"I will take you home tomorrow afternoon. I'll bring some clothes. The clothes you wore here were ruined by the blood," I said.

"Oh Gawd!" he gasped. "I was wearing a skirt and blouse." Feeling his body, he realized that he wore only a hospital gown. "Somebody took off my clothes!"

"The nursing staff," I said.

"Oh my Gawd!" he hyperventilated. "They know my name, they think I'm a freak!"

"Not at all, dear. They are sensitive to gender problems. They assumed you are a transsexual. Nobody will make an issue of it."

"I'm not transsexual!" he panicked. "I'm a guy! I like being a guy! I don't want to be a girl!"

"I know, dear," I soothed. "Nobody is making you into a girl. The doctors only repaired your facial damage.

Tomorrow you leave the hospital. In a few weeks, the doctors will remove the bandages, and this unfortunate affair will be behind us.”

“Does that mean that I won’t have to continue wearing those awful girl’s clothes?”

“No, but nice try,” I smiled. “The punishment for stealing my jewelry will continue.”

“How will I get home? I can’t be seen by these people wearing girl’s clothes!” he was still flying high.

“What difference does that make, dear? They think you’re a transsexual. They’d be surprised if you wore anything else.”

“But...”

“They would think you really strange if you left wearing male clothes,” I reasoned. “You must leave wearing clothes similar to those you wore yesterday.”

“I can’t do that!” he gasped.

“I’ll bring you shorts and a plain blouse. You still must wear your silky lingerie, since that is all you own. Nobody will notice what you are wearing beneath your outer clothes.”

Sam slowly cooled off. He knew that I was right. “Make sure the shorts aren’t the frilly bib-style I wore shopping. Make sure the blouse has no frilly lacy edging, is not transparent, and is a solid color.”

“Yes, dear,” I soothed. “Nobody will give your clothes a second thought.”

The next afternoon, I arrived with Sam’s travelling clothes. He couldn’t see very well, what with his eyes nearly swollen closed. I was still mad about the jewelry

caper, so I wasn't completely honest about the clothes I brought. Nobody else was in his hospital room as I helped him out of bed and into his lingerie.

"This is my silk lingerie," he gasped as he slipped the silky panties up his legs and about his hips. "Why didn't you bring the cotton stuff?"

"It's in the laundry, dear. I'll help you with your bra," I soothed.

"Bra?" he gasped.

"Your blouse won't fit right without it," I stuffed nylons into the cups.

"Slip into this lovely teddie," I dropped it over his head so it cascaded about his upper body. He nearly lost his lunch. "I don't want to wear a teddie!"

"Doesn't it feel nice?" I smoothed the garment against his body. "Let's put on your blouse."

He tentatively felt the white cotton garment and decided that it was acceptable. He reluctantly allowed me to put it on him. It was form-fitting and sexily tented over his simulated breasts.

"Step into these shorts," I said. As instructed, they were not the bib-style shorts he detested. What he couldn't see was how tight fitting they were or their lovely pink color. I wrapped a sequin covered belt about his waist to keep his shorts on, and finished by putting ankle socks with pink trimming on his feet followed by cute sneakers.

I wasn't going to let him off from fulfilling his sentence for stealing my jewelry just because he was hurt. Far from it. I wasn't interested in making him into a girl, but by Gawd, I would have my revenge for stealing from me!

As I checked Sam out of the hospital, a doctor pulled me aside and said, “I’m sure your emerging ‘daughter’ will be most pleased with the surgeries, ma’am. If we can be of further assistance in the future, please contact me.” He handed me his card. He acted like I should know what services he was referring to, but I didn’t have a clue. I didn’t have the heart to tell him that Sam wasn’t a transsexual. I thanked him, sure that Sam would have no further need for his services, since in less than six months, Sam’s dressing in girl’s clothes would be over. I’d have my son back, hopefully sober, and this regretful affair would be forgotten.

Two weeks later, we were in the doctor’s office having the bandages removed. “Your facial surgery was a major operation,” the doctor said. “We had to reconstruct your nose, remove bone chips from your cheeks and chin, and make sure your eyes were not impacted. You will have two black eyes and lots of bruising for awhile.”

The bandages were finally removed, and I gasped. “He seems so swollen, doctor. His face is black and blue!”

The doctor handed Sam a mirror so he could examine the results. “His nose will shrink as the swelling subsides. The discoloration will disappear in a few days.”

Sam gasped when he saw his reflection. “Why do my cheeks seem so puffy?”

“Swelling, plus we inserted small implants to prevent sunken cheeks. They stretched your skin, which removed the crow’s feet about your eyes,” the doctor explained. “We sculptured your chin once we removed the chips.

“Cheek implants? Sculptured chin?” Sam gasped.

“Your chin was quite damaged. We sculptured your chin to make your face more presentable.” Sam was not a happy camper! On the other hand, the doctors did what was needed considering the emergency. “You will be quite pleased with the results once the swelling and bruising subside,” the doctor preened like a peacock. “Your new face will help support your chosen lifestyle.”

“What lifestyle is that?” Sam asked.

“Your decision to change your...” the doctor started.

I interrupted, “We must be going.” I didn’t want Sam to become further upset with talk of his assumed gender change. That would have gotten him really riled.

I led Sam to my car. He did his best to hide his face from passersby. Even I had to admit that he looked gross. I put him to bed as soon as we arrived home, and he laid around the house for the rest of the week as his face healed. During the entire time, he listened to the CD, submerging in its messages.

He started to look better after a week. The bruising about his eyes subsided, the swelling of his lips went down, his cheeks took on a healthy glow, his chin smoothed out and lost its redness, and his nose looked petite. “Makeup will hide the bruises until they heal,” I stated. “It will make you look so much nicer.”

He was reluctant, but relieved when foundation masked his black and blue areas, giving him a smooth complexion. As an afterthought, I applied a little light lip color before he could stop me. Once applied, he didn’t seem to mind. That CD is great!

A few days later, while staring at his reflection, Sam said, “Mom, my nose seems much smaller. My cheeks are almost chubby. Do I look feminine?”

The surgery had removed the masculine hook from his nose and changed the entire look of his face. He did look feminine, but I couldn't tell him that. "You look handsome, son, not feminine," I stated.

"My nose seems petite, my cheeks are smooth and prominent, and my chin is no longer square. I don't look like I used to," he puzzled. "Shouldn't the facial surgery have returned my face to looking masculine like before?"

"You look masculine, a chiseled handsomeness," I lied. "You look at least six years younger. Your age lines are gone."

Sam touched his face, staring deeply into the mirror. "Yeah, you're right, I do look younger. That's one good thing to come from this disaster."

The doctors thought they were doing Sam a favor by feminizing his face. They wanted to help him with his supposed transition. Now my son, who is not a transsexual, looks like a girl trying to act masculine. Everything was getting twisted around itself.

While he studied his reflection, I stated, "It's time you went outside. The swelling has subsided. You need more lingerie, so we will go shopping next week. I'll cover any remaining blemishes with cosmetics."

"Aw, Mom," he moaned. "I have enough girls stuff. Are you still going to insist on my dressing in girl clothes? Haven't I suffered enough?"

"No!" I stated. "The accident was unfortunate, but I won't forget you stealing my jewelry. It's still either the girl's clothes or jail."

"Damn!" he growled. "I can't catch a break! I'd really be harassed in jail with this younger looking face." He was right. His new more feminine face would attract dominant men in the jail like bees to honey.

A flash of fear entered his eyes as he remembered the last shopping trip where everyone laughed at him. "The upside from your facial surgeries is that it may be harder to recognize you as a boy. Being a handsome man is a godsend for making you passable as a girl with the proper use of cosmetics. You must dress properly, but I will help you look natural," I magnanimously stated.

He wanted to vehemently complain that he didn't want to go shopping for girl's clothes again, but he knew I would insist. He reluctantly agreed, but only if I helped him look right. "You wore girl's shorts, a blouse, and minimum makeup the last time shopping. I'll dress you more femininely, so shoppers won't have cause to question your gender," I suggested.

"Such as..." he apprehensively asked.

"A cute skirt and top instead of shorts..." I said.

He wanted to veto my suggestion, but he knew that he was going shopping for lingerie, and it would be better for him if people didn't realize he was a guy, so he bowed his head and reluctantly agreed.

Chapter 6

The following week, Sam hesitantly followed me out the front door to my car in the driveway. He looked to the left and right to make sure nobody was staring at him because of how he was dressed.

He wore a white long sleeve top with a scoop neckline, a tight fitting black thigh-high skirt that barely covered his silky lace panties, delicate looking lace trim socks and princess pumps. His skirt exposed surprisingly feminine legs. A matching handbag carrying everything he needed to pull off his little deception, such as lipstick, touchup makeup, comb, and tampons was slung over his right shoulder.

His growing hair flowed about his shoulders in waves that floated about his head and over his ears, including sweeping bangs to cover his forehead. Along with foundation to cover his fading blemishes, I'd applied eye shadow, a little blush to his pert cheeks, and most distressing to him, red lip color. He looked like a 15 year old girl. His facial surgeries had changed his face so much that anybody who knew Sam before his surgeries would not recognize this young girl as my obnoxious son.

"I'm not sure this is a good idea, mom," he said after finding his seat on the passenger's side. "Maybe we should call this off. I don't need new lingerie."

"Don't be silly," I giggled. "You look lovely. Nobody will know you aren't a pretty girl. Straighten your skirt so it doesn't wrinkle." I started the car before he could open the door and exit.

I drove to the same mall where Sam was exposed to the previous gawking, pointing, and laughing. He was as nervous as a cat as we walked from the parking structure into the mall. He felt his silky slip slide across his legs as his skirt swished about his thighs. He felt the tightness of his bra filled with silk stockings. The taunting would be relentless if he were found to be a man dressed as a teenage girl.

We walked the mall like any mother and daughter, and this time nobody turned to stare, nobody giggled behind his back, nobody pointed in our direction. Everyone went about their business as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

Sam and I entered a lingerie store and started fingering through the merchandise. "What do you think of this panty set?" I asked.

"Uh...it's okay, I guess," he stammered.

“Remember where we are and who we are buying lingerie for, dear,” I reminded him. “Show enthusiasm for the garments if you want to go undetected.”

Sam realized that I was serious. “Oh, no, mother!” he whispered. “I didn’t get dressed like this and risk my reputation just to be recognized as a guy wearing girls clothes.” He immediately started examining the silky garments in earnest. “Oh, mother, I love the feel of these panties.”

“Now that’s the involvement I want to hear,” I encouraged. “Let’s look at some bras and slips, maybe even teddies.”

“Yes mother, let’s do. I want the feel of a white silk teddy against my skin,” he faked enthusiasm.

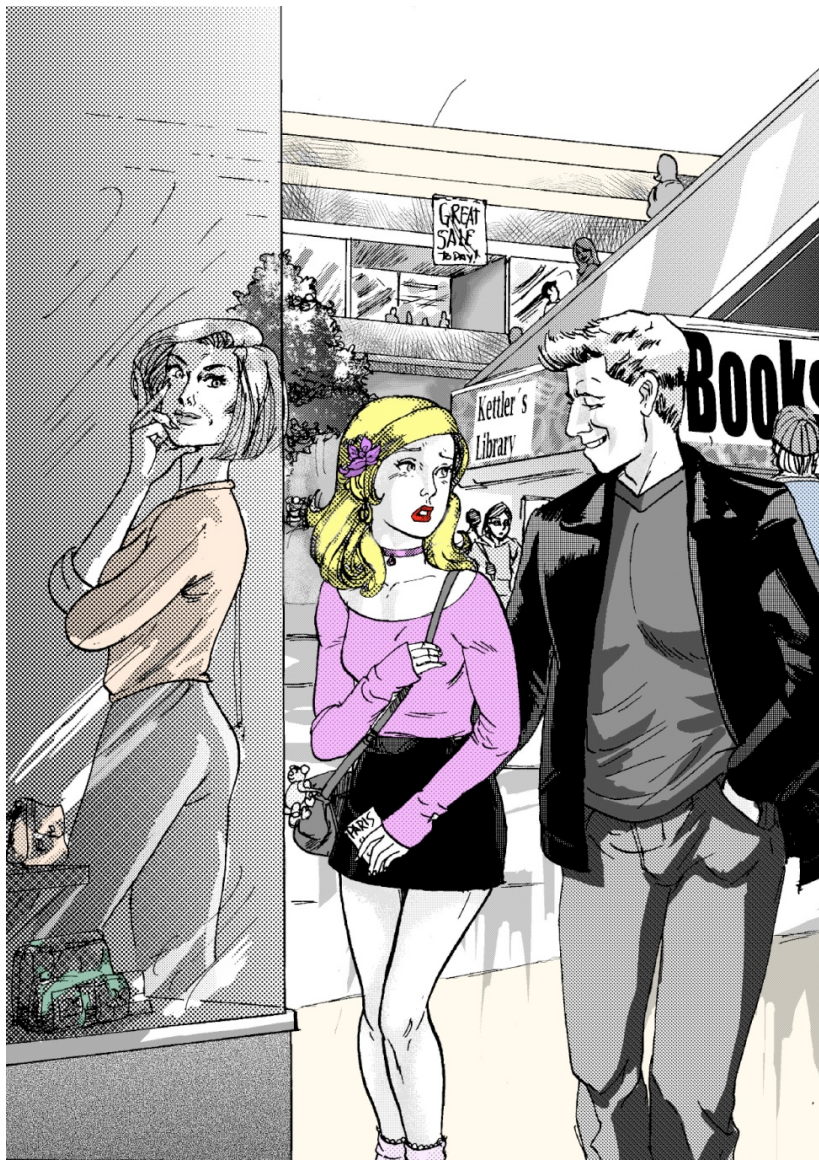
We spent the next hour buying him a nice selection of silky feminine lingerie. We left with pink shopping bags full of the loveliest lingerie.

We were headed back to the car when suddenly Bill Harley emerged from a hardware store. “Mrs. Murphy,” he greeted. “Imagine running into you.” Sam stopped in his tracks. He couldn’t run or hide from Bill, the source of his high school trauma. “Who is this lovely girl with you?”

“Hello, Bill...” I stammered, “Fancy running into you. Let me introduce my 16 year old niece...uh...Molly. She...uh...is visiting me for the summer.”

“It’s nice to meet you, Molly. You are hot looking,” Bill smiled. “Where is Sam? I haven’t seen him since I last visited your house.” He snickered at the memory.

Sam went white under his makeup. He couldn’t speak. His knees nearly buckled beneath him. “Sam is visiting relatives for the summer,” I made up a story. “He was really traumatized by your last visit.”



“OMG!!” Sam gasped when Bill came up to them as they were leaving the mall.

“Hey, doll,” Bill said. “Do I know you from somewhere?”

It was all that Sam could do to not run away in panic.

"He always was a wimp, unwilling to face up to his problems. Molly is a definite improvement," Bill said. "Maybe she will go to the movies with me?" Bill leered at Sam, lust reeking from every pore.

Sam's eyes grew as large as saucers. He was about to faint. "That would be lovely, Bill," I said. "Molly's shy around strangers, but you have to ask her."

"So, Molly, how about a date?" Bill turned to Sam.

"Uh...I...don't know..." Sam was tongue-tied.

"I'll take that as a yes!" Bill cockily grinned. "I'll drop by to firm up a day for our date when I get some free time from work. Mrs. Murphy, may I take a photo of you lovely ladies?" He took a photo with his cell phone before Sam or I could voice an objection.

"Say goodbye to the nice man, Molly," I instructed as Bill started to walk away.

Still in a stupor, Sam mumbled, "Nice to meet you."

Bill didn't notice anything unusual with Sam's voice. In anticipation of this shopping trip, Sam had been working diligently to acquire a feminine pitch. He had somewhat succeeded. His voice, although husky for a teenage girl, was passable as long as he talked quietly.

Once we were out of earshot, Sam nearly exploded. "Mother, what have you done? Bill will come to our house expecting to find this 'Molly' person."

"What was I supposed to say?" I countered. "I was as caught off guard as you. I had to make something up."

"Where did that name 'Molly' come from? Sixteen years old?" he gasped.

"I could hardly call you 'Sam', could I? I didn't want to use a name that would remind him of you, like 'Samantha'. That would be too close to your name. Being

16 years old further separates you from Sam, a full grown man. Besides, you admitted that the surgeries took years off your appearance.”

“He will expect to see ‘Molly’ when he visits,” Sam exclaimed.

“Yes he will,” I agreed. “We have to make sure she is who he finds.” I decided to have fun with this situation. Sam the man would return soon enough. In the meantime, I could extract some revenge for how trashy he treated me over the past few years.

“You can’t be serious!” Sam said as we entered my car. “We don’t know when he is coming by. I’ll have to look and act like ‘Molly’ all the time.”

“You will practice every day so ‘Molly’ will be ready to greet him when he comes by.” I smiled at the fun I was going to have for a few weeks at Sam’s expense.

“You can’t be serious!” Sam gasped. “I can’t be ‘Molly’ all the time.”

“It’s necessary, dear,” I smiled. “I have a lovely ‘niece’ now instead of an obnoxious son wearing girl’s clothes.”

“This can’t be happening!” Sam was near fainting.

“Oh, it is happening, Molly!” I stated, “I’m not your mother now, I’m your Auntie Bess.”

“But...but...” Sam couldn’t voice his objections.

I smiled, extracting a little revenge for him stealing my jewelry. “I’m so happy that my happy-go-lucky son is visiting relatives for the summer.”

“Mother, you can’t be serious!” Sam gasped.

“I am serious, dear!” I said, “I’m Auntie Bess now. You don’t want Bill to realize that Molly and Sam are the same person, do you? He has a photo of you wearing

those cute girl's clothes. He may post it on the Internet if he learns he has been deceived."

Sam moaned. This was getting out of hand. He had to convince Bill that he was a teenage girl or be exposed to all his friends as a sissy. "If it weren't for bad luck, I'd have no luck at all," he moaned.

When we arrived home, I announced, "Since Sam isn't living with me for the next five months, we must change your bedroom to be appropriate for a teenage girl. That means a nice paint job, new wall hangings, and nice girlish furniture."

"But...but..." Sam sputtered.

"Don't worry, Molly dear, leave everything to Auntie Bess. I wouldn't want my darling niece embarrassed by having Sam's old nemesis finding that she is sleeping in a boy's bedroom. Why that might make him put two and two together and realize that my sweet niece is really my obnoxious son. We don't want that, do we?" I cooed.

He reluctantly helped me box up his sports equipment, the remaining pieces of male clothes, distasteful wall posters, and general rubbish. "Mom, leave me some reminders that I'm a guy!"

"Don't be silly, dear," I smiled. "What would a cute teenage girl do with boxer shorts, socks, and t-shirts? You need room for your panties, bras, teddies, silky nylon stockings, and workout clothes."

"Workout clothes?" he gasped.

"You must lose a few pounds, dear," I explained. "I'll sign us up at a local gym for aerobics."

"I can't wear tight fitting girl's clothes to the gym!"

"Why not?? You were outside all day wearing that cute skirt and top. Of course we must do something to

hide your masculinity while wearing your cute gym outfit. I have no intentions of keeping my niece cooped up indoors during her summer visit.”

“I don’t have many girls’ clothes,” he stated.

“You will three days from now, dear. I have a really nice shopping trip planned. We’ll go to another mall, where I will buy my lovely niece lots of colorful, silky clothes, plus dresses and skirts. You won’t need any of this masculine paraphernalia during your stay,” I smiled at my slothful son, soon to be my pretty, graceful niece.

“Momma!” he cried.

“Don’t Momma me!” I forcefully stated. “I’m your Auntie Bess until my son returns after the summer. Remember that if you don’t want Bill to find out about your deception.”

Soon we were stacking boxes in the attic. “Don’t touch these boxes until I tell you!” I ordered. “It’s just us girls living here for the next few months. Understand?”

Bowing his head, he mumbled, “Yes, mother.”

“Who?” I growled.

He thought for a second, then said, “Yes, Auntie.”

“That’s better! If you call me mother when Bill is around, he will surely figure out that you were my son before you became my niece.”

“Isn’t this going overboard?” he said as we sat down for dinner. “I mean, once he comes over, we can tell him not to return, and I can become your son again.”

“Don’t be a silly girl, Molly!” I answered. “Bill was attracted to you. He surely is going to ask you out. You can’t just send him away without an explanation. Get used to it. You are my niece until I say you can become my son again. If you don’t try hard to be the best girl

ever, I may decide to keep you in skirts for a longer time, so don't try my patience!"

"Before we go shopping again, we need to continue your girl lessons," I announced to Sam. "Start with voice lessons, then makeup, and then sitting, standing, and walking. You were lucky that Bill didn't become suspicious. Even your voice didn't alert him. You may not be so lucky the next time."

Not happy, Sam reluctantly followed my instructions on speaking in a higher pitch. We recorded his voice, and then compared it with a normal teenage girl's voice. After an hour of lessons, with his throat sore and his voice a little more feminine, we moved onto makeup. I removed his morning makeup and showed him how to start from scratch to develop the final product. At first, Sam didn't have his heart in it, but after threatening to let Bill find out who he really is, he finally started to willingly participate. By the end of two hours, he had mastered the fundamentals.

During the makeup lessons, I made him describe what he was doing while using his 'feminine' voice, helping to reinforce both lessons. He was exhausted by the time we finished, so we called it a day.

The next morning, before he finished dressing, I approached him from behind with a piercing gun. "All girls your age have pierced ears, Molly. People will become suspicious if a pretty girl like you is still wearing clamp-on earrings." I quickly pressed the device to his right ear and closed the device.

Sam nearly hit the ceiling. "Ouch!" he exclaimed. "I don't want pierced ears!"



I started Sam on an extensive regimen of girl training. I pierced his ears so he didn't have to wear clip-on earrings, he learned to style his hair, and he spent hours learning how to sit, speak, and walk in high heels.

"I pierced your right ear. Only guys have one ear pierced. It is a dead giveaway if I don't pierce your other ear," I explained. Reluctantly he agreed to let me finish, then I inserted little gold balls in each piercing.

I made him wear a canary yellow banded skirt, a pull-over top, pantyhose and 2" heels. I spent an hour showing him how to style his hair. "We'll get it professionally styled next week, but this will work until then," I finished. He did a respectable job of applying his makeup under my supervision.

He finished with an application of pink lipstick. There was panic in his eyes as he brought the brass tube to his lips and tentatively applied the color. He did it twice before it was acceptable.

Defeat clouded his eyes by the time he finished. He saw a cute teenage girl in the vanity mirror, and all rebellion disappeared.

"Come, Molly, you will practice grace and composure today. There is a proper way to sit, stand, and walk as a girl. You must master all of them. When we finish, nobody will guess that you were once a male."

"I'm still a guy, Auntie," he sourly stated.

I giggled at his proclamation. "If you say so, sweetie, but you will have a hard time convincing anyone while looking like you do now."

The week was spent learning girlie lessons. We worked on most things he would need to pass as a teenage girl. By the morning of our shopping trip, he could pass with only a little risk of being exposed.

I carefully supervised his dressing. Sam emitted a slight sensuous moan as soft silky lace embellished panties settled about his hips. "They feel nice, don't they?" Noting his manhood stretching the delicate fabric,

I said, “Drop your panties. We must control your maleness before it ruins your panties and destroys the line of your cute skirt.”

Confused, he did as ordered. It was difficult to argue with me after listening to the CD for the past month. I took his now flaccid manhood and pushed it between his legs before taping it in place. “I must find a better way of doing this,” I said as he settled his panties over his hips. “Now for your pantyhose, Molly,” I stated.

“Do you have to call me that?” he complained. “We are alone. Nobody will hear if you call me by my real name.”

“Molly is your real name until I say it isn’t,” I soothed. “The only way to protect your feminine identity is to make sure we don’t make mistakes. We must refer to each other by our assumed identities at all times, including when we are alone.” Unable to mount a rebuttal, he lowered his head and rolled soft nylon stockings up each of his smooth legs. He finished by sliding silky lace embellished panties about his thighs.

I handed him a lacy white bra that matched his panties. He snapped it about his chest as he had learned, and rotated it so the cups covered his nipples. “This bra is so unnecessary,” he complained as he stuffed the cups with old nylons.

He dropped a lacy white slip over his head and allowed it to cascade over his shoulders and about his body to mid-thigh. He involuntarily shuddered as the silky garment settled about his body. “You will change clothes a lot today, so wear this easy to takeoff top and cute three tier navy blue skirt,” I instructed. He did as ordered without complaint, although I saw smoldering rebellion in his eyes.

After stepping into low heel navy skimmers, I instructed him to do his makeup. "Be ready in half an hour," I said as I went to make a phone call.

He was skittish as we walked to my car. He was sure the entire neighborhood was peeking at us from behind their window curtains. They may very well have been staring, but it didn't matter. They would see Molly for four months, so they might as well get used to it.

I drove to a store off the beaten path. "What are we doing here, mother?" he asked.

"I'm auntie, remember? You need a few adjustments before you can pass as a girl while trying on clothes," I explained.

"Adjustments?"

"Old nylon stockings in your bra won't do for shopping," I smiled, "and your manhood is still stretching your silky panties. We don't want an accident down there, do we?"

"But how...?" he gasped.

"Wait and see," I smiled.

"May I help you?" the store owner greeted us.

"Yes, my nephew is becoming my niece for the summer, and needs help pulling off his charade. U.C.I. recommended you," I stated.

The woman smiled, "I'm sure we can help."

"He needs help with his breasts and in controlling masculine reactions in his panties," I explained.

"We have products that solve both problems," she led us to the back of the store. "Please remove your blouse and skirt, dear. Don't be shy. I've seen it all." Fear

clouded Sam's eyes. He wasn't sure where this was leading, but he did as instructed.

The woman held various swatches against his chest and groin to choose perfect color matches. Once satisfied, she went to a refrigerator and removed a strange looking garment. "Please lie down so I can attach this gaff to your groin," she pointed Sam to a bench.

Literally quaking, Sam did as instructed, not sure what was happening. Under my watchful eye, the woman gently pushed his balls into his body cavity, then inserted his maleness into the garment. Its coolness shrank any stiffness he got from her intimate touch. She skillfully molded the garment about his groin area and held it in place for a couple of minutes. She examined the results. "It takes two minutes to bond. I'll hide the edges with this permanent foundation. Only a doctor will be able to tell that the gaff exists."

"Bond?" he gasped. "How do I get it off?"

"I'll give your mother the release agent, dear," the woman smiled, "but you can wear it without removal if you wish."

"How will I take care of basic functions?" he asked, still grasping at what she had done.

"You do everything as normal, only you must sit," she explained. "You can even bathe with it on."

I took a close look at her handiwork. The match to his skin was uncanny. The garment even displayed lips that looked like a young girls' pussy. I was flabbergasted. "Can I touch?" I asked.

"Of course, if your daughter agrees," the woman answered.

Without asking Sam for permission, I touched the fake 'lips'. "Can you feel that, honey?" I asked.

Tears poured down Sam's cheeks as he nodded. I inadvertently slipped a finger between the artificial lips and Sam gave off a gasp. "You felt that?" I asked.

"You touched his maleness beneath the sheath," the woman explained. "He is quite sensitivity down there."

"Did you like that?" I asked Sam. He nodded.

"Standup, dear," the woman instructed. Sam tentatively followed her direction, embarrassed to stand naked before us women with his manhood hidden.

He stood in shock before a full length mirror. "I never wanted this!" he gasped.

"Lie down again, dear," the woman said as she returned from her refrigerator with two breast forms. "These will feel cool until your body warms them up."

She carefully placed a breast form over the right side of his chest and held it in place. She did the same with his left side. Sam was still in shock over the groin gaff, so it didn't register to him that she applied the breast forms with an adhesive. After hiding the seams, she said, "You can sit up now."

He tentatively did as instructed, slowly swinging his legs from the bench. The breast forms protruded enticingly from his chest. He felt their constant tug and slight sag. "They didn't fall off?" he cried.

"Of course not," the woman laughed. "They are bonded like your gaff."

"I won't be able to hide these? They are huge!"

"They're only a small B-cup, dear," the woman said. "Hardly huge. I could have given you DD-cup breasts. Those would have been huge."

“You look perfect!” I firmly stated. “You won’t need those silly nylon stockings in your bra.”

“But, mother!” Sam howled. “I will never be able to hide them when I’m not wearing girl’s clothes.”

“Don’t be silly, dear,” I firmly stated. “You won’t be wearing boy’s clothes for the next four months. Remember that I’m your ‘Auntie Bess’ until summer is over. Understand?”

I stared at him, expecting a response. “Yes...” he said.

“Yes who?” I sternly asked.

“Yes, Auntie Bess...” he timidly complied.

“Don’t forget!” I finished. “Stand in front of the mirror so we can inspect the final product.”

Sam did as ordered shivering in near shock at my stern voice and all that had happened to him over the past hour. He shyly looked at his reflection and nearly fainted. He looked like a teenage girl, even while naked. He stumbled to a nearby chair, his new breasts swaying on his chest as he tried to gain his composure.

“You look absolutely lovely,” the store owner gushed.

“You now have an extra layer of protection if Bill gets a little frisky on your date,” I stated. “Once you learn your girl lessons, he won’t detect that you were Sam.”

He gurgled, “Bill will never get that far! I’m still a man under these things.”

“You will be hard pressed to prove it, Molly dear,” I giggled. “You look like a developing teenage girl. That’s how I’m going to treat you until this is over.”

He groaned at my proclamation, but didn’t contradict me. “Get dressed, dear. We girls have shopping to do.”

While he dressed, the woman pulled me to the side. "You may want to remove the breast forms and gaff from time to time. Use this solvent," she handed me a bottle that I discretely placed in my purse.

Sam was forlorn as I drove us to the mall. "Why so quiet, sweetie?" I asked.

"I never asked for these," he lifted his breasts, "nor this," he felt between his legs.

"You were the one who stole my jewelry, honey. The police were quite adamant that you do whatever I want, and I don't want to be humiliated by Bill finding out you are my son."

I don't understand why you are forcing me to wear girl's clothes," he frowned.

"Forcing? I remember you as a sometimes slovenly drunk and a fulltime pain in the ass." I was no longer smiling. "I made you wear girl's clothes to embarrass those awful traits out of you. I was successful, but you returned to your old ways when I gave your male clothes back to you, even resorting to stealing from your own mother! Well for the next four months, you will dress in girl's clothes. Maybe it will teach you to treat your next girlfriend right, stop being such a slob, and stop your thieving ways!"

Sam lowered his eyes and apologized for blaming me for his predicament. "I accept your apology, dear. Let's go to the beauty parlor before shopping. You want to look your best at Victoria's Secret buying silky lingerie."

"Oh, no..." Sam groaned, wanting to crawl into a hole and pull the grass over his head. Every turn seemed to bring more humiliation.

“Oh, don’t be such a wuss, Sam!” I said. “I’m not trying to make you into a girl! You will return to being my son in a few months, and this sorry mess will be behind us. I’ll get you an apartment and you can return to your old lifestyle if you wish. On the other hand, you may have learned a lesson and won’t return to being such a carouser, slob, and thief.”

Sam was floored when we walked into the salon and before he could blink, he was swept into a back room where for four hours every conceivable beauty treatment was imposed on him. Of course, I told the salon operator Sam’s situation before I turned him over to their care. I didn’t want to hear screams from the back room when they learned his true gender. His prostheses were good, but not that good!

He was aghast when they strapped him in a reclining chair and an electrologist lased his light facial hair. He struggled mightily to free himself from the chair, but the straps held up to his struggles.

Red faced, he was led to a bench where stark naked he was given a Brazilian cropping of his lower extremities. Tears flowed down his cheeks as his ‘bush’ was trimmed and waxed. Red in face and lower extremities, all his body hair except his now very feminine bush was gone.

Finally, the ladies addressed his long hair, his finger and toe nails, and his eyebrows. Trimming his eyebrows was almost a pleasure compared to his earlier pain. His nerves were a wreck, so he took a needed nap while sitting under the hair dryer. When he woke, he couldn’t help but notice that he now sported acrylic fingernails painted deep red. The women finished by painting his toenails the same color.

I came prancing back into the salon carrying two packages obviously garnered from female boutiques. "Hello, Sweetheart," I cooed, "I did some clothes shopping for you while you were being prettied. I found the loveliest dress and a lacy, silky slip to wear beneath. I know you can't wait to wear such lovely clothes, so I'll unwrap them and you can wear them home."

"But..." he stammered.

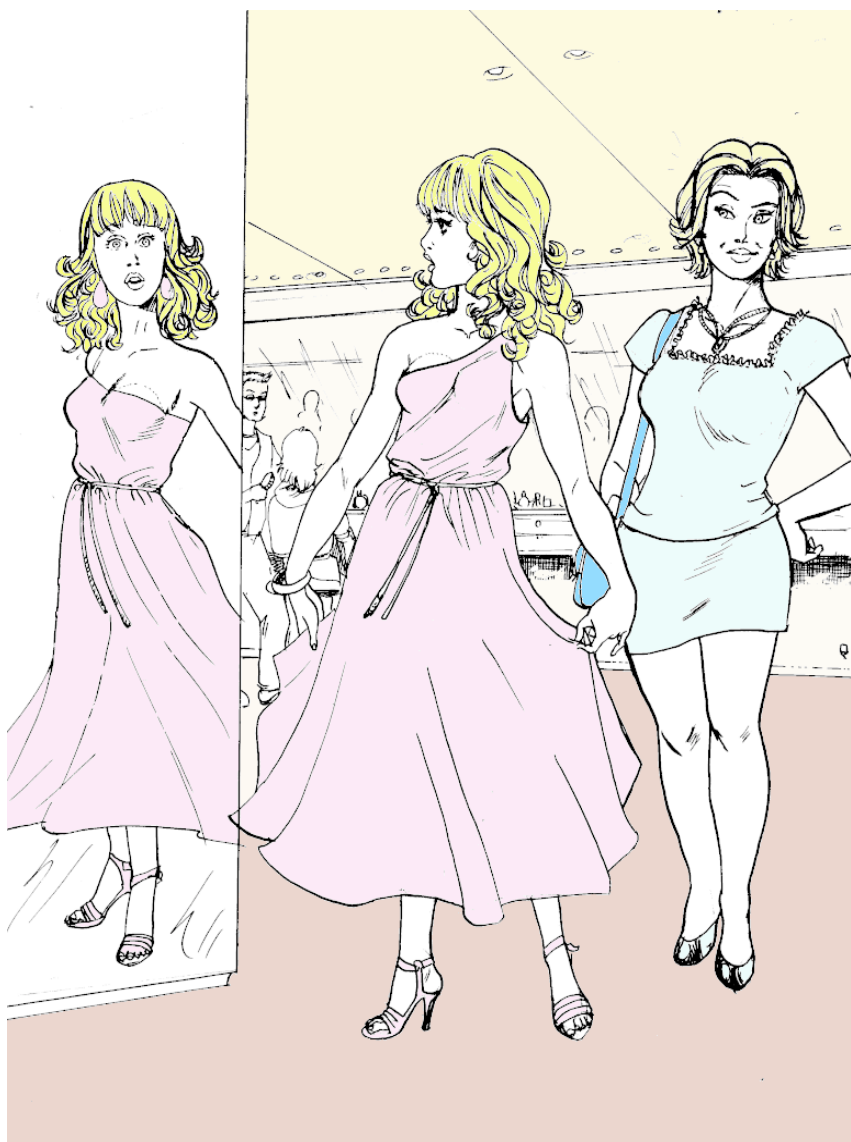
"No need to thank me," I smiled. "You already have on your panties and nylons. You won't need your bra with this dress. Drop this lovely white slip over your head." Stunned, he did as instructed and placidly allowed the silky garment to flow over his hips.

"Isn't this the loveliest dress you've ever worn?" I giggled. "Oh, silly me!" I held my hand over my mouth. "You've never worn a dress, have you? Well there is always a first time for everything."

I dropped over his head a lovely white one-shoulder silhouette dress with elegant pleated accents. The dress hit below his knees, yet left plenty of leg for display. I adjusted the dress and attached the elastic waistband to create a blouson effect.

I retrieved white strapped 2" heels, which he reluctantly stepped into. I knelt to secure the straps. "Walk across the room, dear," I exclaimed. "Remember what happened the first time you tried walking on heels." Fear returned to his eyes. "It will take a few tries before you are proficient."

He did as I instructed, almost twisting his ankle, but finally he started getting the hang of it. While concentrating on walking with heels, a shudder raced up his spine as his silky slip slid over his sensitive skin. Walking caused his dress to flutter about his legs emphasizing his feminine image.



"That can't be me!" Sam gasped at seeing his image in the mirror. "I look like a teenage girl!" "Yes, it's all you, Molly, dear," I smiled. "Except for your prosthetics which give you such a girlish figure and will hide your manhood from Bill's prying hands."

“Oh, darling, you are gorgeous! Come to this three-way mirror so you can see how you look.”

He did as instructed, and for the first time saw his new image. “Eeeek!” he throatily screeched. “That can’t be me! I look like a teenage girl!”

“You almost sound like one too,” I giggled and he nearly fainted. “This is the new you, Missy,” I cooed in his ear, “You’re my darling niece, Molly, for the next four months. Bill will never recognize you as Sam with your lovely body and face. Bill may have been Sam’s bully, but I bet he tries his damndest to become Molly’s boyfriend.” Fear returned to Sam’s eyes.

Chapter 7

Luckily, Sam had time to adjust to his new image before Bill called. His facial redness faded and he became somewhat proficient in heels. Two weeks later, Bill knocked on the door. “Please get the door, Molly,” I said from the kitchen.

Sam now displayed a peaches and cream complexion with the help of a little makeup. He was dressed in a tight fitting top that displayed his new faux breasts to advantage and a cute skirt that fluttered at mid-thigh.

“Ahhh!” Sam gasped, turning chalk white. “Bill!”

“Hello, gorgeous!” Bill gushed. “May I come in?”

“Uhhh! Yes, I guess,” Sam stammered.

“Hello, Bill,” I greeted upon exiting the kitchen. “You remember my niece, Molly.” I had hoped that Bill had forgotten about our meeting in the mall. He was a problem I didn’t want to address.

“I haven’t thought of anything else since we met,” Bill kept leering at Sam.

“You have been at the front of her thoughts too,” I smiled. Sam gasped and stared daggers at me. “Molly wanted to look nice for your visit.”

“She succeeded beyond her wildest dreams,” Bill gushed. Sam nearly lost his lunch.

“Molly, please get Bill a cola,” I said. Sam returned with a cola, then primly sat at the end of the sofa, carefully spreading his skirts to cover his knees.

“How long is Molly visiting?” Bill asked.

“Until I return to school,” Sam answered in a convincing girl’s voice. He stuck to the story we had concocted.

After small talk, Bill asked, “Molly, how about going to the movies with me Saturday night?”

Sam looked at me, pleading with his eyes for me to give him a way to decline the offer. Although Bill wasn’t part of Sam’s punishment, I wasn’t going to give Sam an out. My look told him that he had better accept the offer if he knew what was good for him. “Uh...okay,” Sam softly answered.

“Great!” Bill smiled. “I’ll pick you up at 7 PM. We’ll stop for burgers and a shake afterwards.”

“I’m afraid Molly can’t eat such fattening food,” I piped in. “She is watching her girlish figure. A salad is all she is allowed.”

“I know a restaurant that has a nice selection of salads. I’ve got to go. My job is waiting.”

“Show Bill to the door, Molly,” I instructed.

Eyes downcast, Sam did as I ordered, even thanking Bill for the date request. “I’m looking forward to seeing you on Saturday, Molly,” Bill said on departing.

Once Bill drove off, Sam turned to me and nearly shouted, "What did you do to me! I can't go on a date with that bastard! He harassed me throughout high school. He will make my life hell if he finds out who I really am."

"Then you had better do everything possible to make sure he doesn't find out," I stated. "He harassed you three years ago; surely he has outgrown such childish pursuits."

"He probably traded them in for grownup pursuits like lusting after girls. How will I fend him off if he comes onto me?"

"Those are lessons for tomorrow, dear. I'll teach you about dating boys and having a good time without letting him into your panties," I laughed. "Isn't being a girl fun?"

"Fun!" Sam gasped. "It's hell!"

"Enjoy it because you have four months of lingerie and dresses before you return to being a man."

When dressed, Sam looked like a presentable girl, but he didn't comport himself like one. I convinced him that being with Bill would surely expose his true identity unless he learned how to act as a teenage girl. He willingly spent the next few days learning how to walk, sit, and gesture like a girl. He spent hours sitting and rising from a chair as a girl would, learning the subtleties of makeup, learning how to take care of his hair, and how to interact with a man without being a flirt. His voice was becoming acceptable for a cute teenage girl. It was grueling practice. He was not happy doing what I demanded of him, but he would be

infinitely unhappier if Bill learned his true identity. By Saturday he was able to put on a convincing façade.

I made sure he spent time outdoors interacting with strangers as the girl he appeared to be. One day, I took him shopping for a dress to wear on his date. I demanded that he choose the dress by himself and interact with the saleslady on his own. He was nervous as I led him into the dress boutique. “Uh...I have a date this weekend,” he whispered, “I need a dress.”

“You’ve come to the right place,” the saleslady gushed. “Why are you whispering? Do you have a cold?”

Sam blushed at the woman’s question. “Uh...yes, I’m recovering from a throat infection.” Sam spoke a little louder, trying to sound like a girl.

“What style of dress are you looking for?” she asked.

“I saw this dress in your window display. Do you have it in my size?” Sam asked, gaining confidence when the woman didn’t react to his voice.

“I take you as a size 6, dear,” she said while walking to the display to retrieve the dress Sam selected.

“Yes,” Sam blushed. Never in his worst nightmares did he think he would need to know his own dress size.

The dress Sam selected was a pale green sleeveless V-neck A-line mini. It had a sweetheart neckline, full skirt, and puckering at the bust. I was taken aback by his selection. I was sure he would go with something plain and non-flattering. This dress was anything but. He obviously didn’t realize that this dress was a tease that would get Bill’s motor racing.

The saleslady selected the dress in Sam’s size and color selection, and he and I went to the change room to

try it on. "Why did you select this dress?" I asked when we were out of hearing.

"Why not?" he asked. "It looks nice. I'd like to see it on girls I date."

"Yes, and Bill will love it too!" I smiled.

"Oh no! I didn't think of that!" Sam gasped. "Let's return it so I can select something less feminine."

"Not on your life, sweetie," I grinned. "You chose it, you wear it. Slip out of your skirt and blouse so we can see how it fits you, especially in the bust."

Sam did as I instructed realizing he had dug his own grave. He knew that I would insist that he wear this dress on his date. The dress hugged his every 'curve', exposing just a hint of his 'breasts'.

"Aren't you glad we got you those expensive breast forms, dear?" I asked. "You can show lots of cleavage for your boyfriend."

"He's not my boyfriend!" Sam stated. "Gawd, I wish this nightmare would end!"

"It won't for four months, so make the best of it," I smiled.

He preened before a three-way mirror. I decided this was the perfect dress. While Sam changed back into his regular clothes, I paid for the dress after selecting a few items of sinful decadence for him to wear underneath. A chill raced down my back as I realized that a cute skirt and frilly blouse were now my son's 'regular clothes'.

Chapter 8

The Saturday of Sam's date came quickly, but he sweated bullets each passing day. He was a nervous wreck when I drove him to the beauty parlor Saturday

morning for a makeover for his date. “Are you sure this makeover is necessary?” he whined in his improving voice. “I don’t want to look too girlish. Bill might get the wrong idea.”

“Don’t be a silly,” I giggled. “Every girl wants to look her best on her first date.”

“Not me!” he growled. “I’m not a girl and this isn’t my first date!”

“You could fool me It’s your first date as a girl. You are my niece for the next three months and you will go on this date looking your best.”

I introduced Sam to the salon girls who took him in hand. He didn’t need as much work as during his first beauty treatment, but when we left he looked like a teenage heartthrob. Bill would have a hard time keeping his hands off Sam. That had me worried. It’s one thing to punish my son for being an asshole, it’s another thing to humiliate him by being groped by a horny bastard, for that is what Bill is, and it’s a completely different thing for Sam to be physically beaten to a pulp if Bill discovers Molly’s true identity.

That afternoon, after removing his street clothes, I had Sam lay back on his bed while I inspected his ‘attachments’. Everything seemed in place, although he complained about soreness behind his breast forms. I ignored his complaint as another one of his normal complaints about wearing girl’s clothes.

Finally it was time for him to dress for his date. I revealed his lingerie for the night. First was a pair of virgin white lace embroidered, silky panties that fit him snug about his hips. That puzzled me. It was as if Sam’s ass was growing.

Sam needed help putting on his garter belt. After inserting each garter through his panties, he carefully rolled the most delicate nude color nylon stockings up each leg and carefully attached the garters. I saw a slight clouding of his eyes as his hands smoothed the nylons on his legs to remove wrinkles.

Next was a white lacy demi bra to match his panties. He wrapped it about his chest, attached the snaps, rotated the bra so the half cups were under each breast form, and then gently inserted each breast into its proper half cup. With no bra straps, his shoulders were bare as his dress demanded.

I handed him a silky white nylon half slip which he stepped into and attached at his hips. He nearly swooned as the silky garment caressed his thighs.

It was time for his dress! It would look spectacular. He carefully dropped it over his head and allowed it to flow over his body to sway at mid-thigh. Thin shoulder straps and his bodice held the dress in place, while the sweetheart neckline exposed a little breast.

After stepping into strappy 3" heels, he sat while I ran a brush through his hair to bring it back to the spectacular style given him by the salon operators. "Look at yourself, Molly," I gushed when we were finished.

He did as requested and fainted away! Luckily I had a chair handy so he fainted without ruining his lovely dress. When he revived, all he could whisper was, "I look like a cute teenage girl!"

"Of course you do, dear," I smiled. "Aren't you the luckiest girl to be so pretty for her first date?"

"I don't want to be pretty. I don't want to go on this date..." he coughed.

I helped him up to examine his reflection again. I smoothed his skirt as he stared at the image in the mirror. “You look like a lovely girl going on a date with her boyfriend.”

“Bill is NOT my boyfriend! He’s not even my friend!” Sam growled. “I hate being forced to go out with him.”

“Forced? Nobody forced you, dear,” I said. “You are the one who agreed to this date.”

“It was either that or chance him learning my real identity, which would be even worse,” Sam ran his hand over his dress.

Chapter 9

Bill Harley arrived on time. “Refresh your lipstick, then come downstairs,” I said as I went to greet Bill.

I led Bill to the living room, noting that he looked somewhat handsome in a sleazy way. “Is Molly ready?” Bill leered.

“Of course, Bill,” I said, “but you will treat her right or you will answer to me.” I saw the lust in his eyes and tried to put a damper on it!

“I can’t wait to see her. I bet she has really been looking forward to this date with me!” Bill strutted. He obviously had an inflated opinion of his effect on girls.

“Molly has been anticipating this date, Bill,” I stated, not telling him that the ‘anticipation’ was really fear! “But that is expected of any teenage girl going on her first date with an older boy.”

An upstairs door closed and the sound of high heels clattered on the hardwood floor. “Remember, Bill, you will treat her right,” I warned, seeing him almost lick his lips as Sam descended the stairs.

"No problem, Mrs. Murphy," he sprouted a big smile.

Sam reached the bottom of the stairs and Bill was tongue-tied. "Bill, you remember my niece, Molly," I introduced.

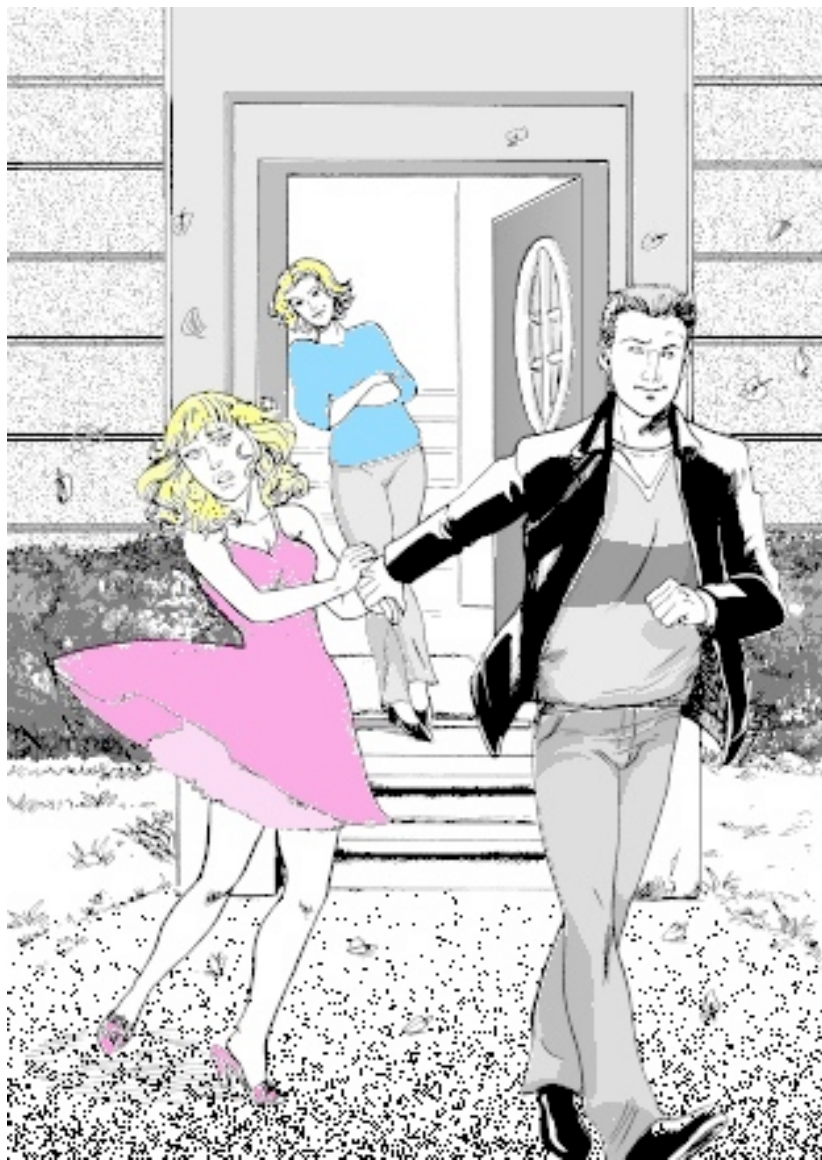
With his light green dress swaying about his nylon covered legs, Sam traipsed on his 3" strappy high heels to where Bill stood in shock and awe. With lowered head and eyes, Sam shyly greeted in his best girlish voice, "Uh...hello, Bill." Sam was scared that Bill would recognize him and start laughing.

"HELLO, Molly..." Bill leered. He obviously didn't see Sam beneath the feminine clothes and makeup.

"Let me take a photo before you leave," I suggested. Reluctantly Sam stiffly stood next to Bill, while Bill puffed out his chest like a peacock.

Bill took Sam's hand. Sam was ready to jerk it away, but that would make Bill suspicious, so he passively allowed Bill to lead. A strained smile painted Sam's face as I took the photos. Sam was paralyzed with fear. Bill acted like God's gift to women.

I cringed as Bill nearly pulled Sam out the front door. Bill hurried to his car while Sam hesitantly followed, looking behind at me with fear written all over his face. A stiff wind whipped Sam's skirt about his nylon clad legs exposing his frilly slip beneath. Bill opened the passenger car door and Sam reluctantly entered after gathering his skirt beneath him, giving me a pleading look through the passenger door window. I sympathized with Sam. For the first time he was facing the outside world without me next to him, and he was facing it on a date with his hated nemesis. It was a prescription for disaster!



Sam's date didn't start out too promising with Bill nearly dragging him to the car.

"You take care of Molly," I told him as they went to Bill's car. Sam looked scared out of his panties at going on a date with his hated nemesis.

Two hours later, I received a phone call from Sam. He was tearfully sobbing as he asked me to hurry to pick him up. My mind raced as I sped to the location where he was waiting. Sam was sitting on a bus bench next to a nice looking teenage boy. Sam rushed to my car as I pulled up. His dress was torn, and he was wearing only one shoe. His makeup was smeared and his hair was in disarray. "Auntie, it's so good to see you! This is David," Sam introduced the boy with him. "He rescued me from Bill."

"Nice to meet you, ma'am," the boy said. "I'm afraid your niece is quite shaken up. She says she's unhurt, but I'd check her out when you get home. I'll be happy to testify if you decide to file charges."

Before entering the car, Sam turned to the boy and thanked him profusely for his help. "I'm not sure what would have happened if you hadn't come to my rescue, David." Then to my complete surprise, Sam reached up and gave the boy a peck on his cheek.

"What happened?" I gasped after we drove away. "Did Bill attack you? Did he learn your true identity?"

"No, he didn't recognize me," Sam tearfully sobbed. "Oh, mother, it was terrible!"

"What happened?"

"I was nearly raped!" Sam was trembling. "He tore my dress, ripped my panties, and molested me."

"What!?" I gasped. "Did he hurt you?"

"Only bruises," Sam continued to sob, "But he terrified me so much I can't stop shaking."

"Let's get you home. You can tell me all about it while you take a long soaking bath."

Half an hour later, I helped Sam to his bedroom and as he removed his clothes, I started a hot bath. I noticed that he was bruised on his arms and legs. “I gasped, “Are you sure you’re okay?”

Shaking his head, he said he was physically okay other than the bruising, but mentally shaken. “I’ve never been so scared in my life!” he whispered forgetting his girlish voice.

We didn’t take off his breast forms and gaff before he entered the bath. We hadn’t removed them since they were first applied, yet everything seemed to function normal. The breast forms didn’t detach, soak up water, or become wrinkled by the steaming bathwater. They acted like normal, floating breasts. He soaked in the heat and started to relax.

As he patted himself dry, I examined his body in detail. I found additional bruising around his breast forms and between his legs. “Gawd, he must have attacked you!” I gasped.

Tears started flowing and he vigorously nodded. “Are you up to telling me what happened?” I asked. Sitting at his vanity, wearing his white pajamas with red hearts, I brushed his hair as he started:

Bill started attacking me almost immediately after pulling away from our driveway, telling me what a ‘fox’ I was, and how lucky I was to get a date with him. I crowded the door of the passenger seat to get as far away as I could from him, but it wasn’t long before he started touching, caressing, and squeezing my left leg. I asked him to stop, but he continued.

When we got to the movie, he helped me from the car, then wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me into him as we walked to the mall. I asked him to stop, but he persisted.

The worst started when we got into the theater. It wasn't crowded, and he chose seats in the back of the theater with nobody nearby. As soon as it went dark, he leaned over and kissed me. 'Stop that!' I gasped. My eyes were as large as saucers. He didn't stop, grabbing me by my shoulders and trying to insert his tongue into my mouth. Luckily I broke free. I was terrified, but couldn't leave since I was hugging the wall.

He sat quietly for a few minutes then his arm encircled me and he pulled me to him. With his other arm, he started stroking my breasts through my dress. I was aghast! What if they didn't feel real? My whole charade would be blown, and he surely would deduce who I really was. I struggled to free myself, and he became more persistent, trying to insert his hand into the bodice of my dress to touch my breasts. Surely he would be able to tell skin from whatever the breast forms are made of. I was sick with fear! I struggled to free myself. I don't understand why, but Bill is much stronger than me. I felt weak and helpless under his assault.

Suddenly he changed his assault, and tried to insert his hand up my dress. I nearly fainted as his hand traveled up my legs to my panties. His hand traveled over my panties, but thanks to the gaff, he didn't detect my manhood. He surely would have detected that I'm not female if he managed to insert his fingers into my panties and touch my gaff.

All the while, his mouth covered mine so I couldn't scream. Just as his fingers were starting to probe into my panties, while I was struggling with all my might to get away, David, a theater employee, came to my rescue. He must have seen me struggling to free myself. He came up the aisle and said, "You will have to stop or I'll have to ask you to leave!"

This distracted Bill and he removed his hand from beneath my dress. “Get lost, buddy!” he growled at the David.

“Obviously the girl isn’t interested in your attentions, sir,” David stated. “Either you stop or I’ll have to evict you.”

Suddenly Bill erupted from his seat ready to take on David. “I said get lost!” he growled as he turned to deliver a blow.

David easily deflected Bill’s blow, and before Bill realized what happened, he was sprawling across the back of his seat from a blow to his solar plexus.

David isn’t a wimp. He stands nearly 6’ tall and is built like a linebacker. He asked me, “Are you okay, ma’am?”

I was so overwhelmed with fear, I could hardly speak. “I...I think so,” I gasped.

“Is this guy your boyfriend? Do you want to stay with him?” he asked.

“NO!” I emphatically stated, trying to straighten my dress. “I want to leave, and without him!” I pointed to Bill.

“Do you want me to call the cops?” David asked.

The last thing I wanted was for the cops to get involved. If I were taken to the hospital to determine the extent of my injuries, the hospital staff would learn my real gender. The hospital staff would tell the cops, and the cops would tell Bill. Bill would deduce who I really am and eventually get revenge.

I was more frightened than hurt, so I said, “No! I’m not hurt, just frightened. I want to get away from him!”

"Okay!" David stated, and dragged Bill down the aisle and unceremoniously escorted him out of the theater. "Get lost, buddy!" David growled. "If I see you here again, I'll personally beat the life out of you!"

I was close behind David as he removed Bill from the theater, trying my best to brush my hair into place. Once Bill was sent packing, David turned to me. "I'm sorry this happened to you, Miss. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I'm terrified that Bill is lurking in the mall waiting for me to leave the theater," I said.

"I'll ask my management if I can escort you until someone picks you up," he said, and went to ask for permission. That's when I called you, mother.

David introduced himself when he returned. "Management is letting me watch over you until your aunt gets here."

I thanked him. It's a good thing David was escorting me because I saw Bill lurking near the theater entrance, but he quickly disappeared when he saw David next to me. While walking me to the bus bench, David said that he is a senior at the local high school during the coming year where he plays football. He gave me his phone number in case Bill tries to harass me.

"You like this David, don't you?" I smiled as I stood behind Sam brushing his hair and remembering the parting peck on the cheek that Sam gave him.

"He's a nice guy, mother," Sam smiled, "No, I don't LIKE him in the sense you were referring to! I'm a straight guy and he's a straight guy. Straight guys don't LIKE other guys like that!"

It was nice to see Sam smile after the terrible experience he had been through. "What are you talking

about, honey?" I innocently countered. "I was merely suggesting that you like this David as a buddy."

"Sure you were, mother!" Sam snickered.

Chapter 10

Sam needed to get away for an extended time to make sure that he didn't encounter Bill again while dressed as a girl. Such an encounter might send him over the edge. I needed a vacation from the trauma of the past few months, so when I got a phone call from my mother asking me to stay with her for a few months, I considered it almost a godsend. She had fallen and broken her foot and needed help around the house. As her only daughter, I couldn't say no. I could get the required leave of absence from work, and money wasn't an issue.

My problem was what to do with Sam. He would be back in male clothes before I got to the airport. I certainly couldn't leave him home while I went to California. The house would be trashed when I returned. He would turn it into 'Party Central' or a crack house. Most certainly anything valuable would be gone by the time I returned. I couldn't take him to mothers. His slovenly ways would aggravate her delicate condition. Besides, I didn't want to let him off the hook by allowing him back into male clothes before his time was up. Oh no! I wanted to teach him a lesson he would never forget! Letting him off early would only reinforce his regrettable behavior.

I remembered an advertisement in the UCI catalog, something about a 'UCI Summer Beach Getaway' for boys dressing as girls. Mother lives in Santa Barbara, a few hours' drive from the resort located in Santa Monica. Sam could attend the resort for the final three months of his punishment while I took care of mother. The catalog

said that as a guest, Sam would have to wear girl's clothes his entire stay. I would drop him off at the UCI resort while he was wearing his girl's clothes, he would have to continue wearing them for the summer, then when I picked him up after helping mother, he would return home as a guy wearing male clothes. There would be no hassle at home with explaining who 'Molly' was. Then I'd lease him an apartment to jumpstart his life on his own. It was a perfect plan! What could go wrong?

The UCI representative said that an opening existed starting the following Monday, just enough time to get the airline tickets, buy a few beach clothes, pack our bags, and be on our way.

The following Sunday, Sam and I embarked for California! Oh my, was our new life just beginning?

If you'd like to see more of this story, write to me:

Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

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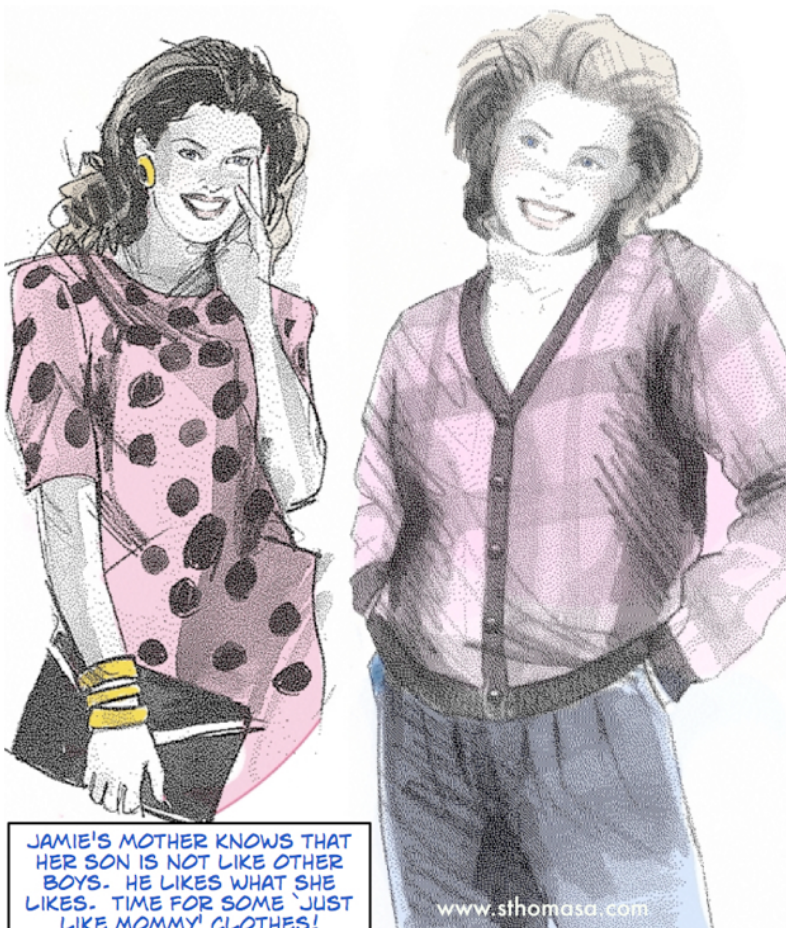
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It's hard to
believe it has only
been one year since
my wife giggled,
"It's really not so bad,
honey. You'll get
used to taking a birth
control pill everyday.
It's simply something
that we both have to
learn to do to not
have a baby."
I had never heard of
that but took the
pills. No one had a
baby but I began to
look like I could....
I worried about what
was happening to
my male parts...for
awhile. But not so
much anymore....

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