

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD II"

Two delinquents are given a choice. . .
Dresses or Jail?



VOLUME 49

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

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VOLUME 49

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD II

**by Bill
with a little help from Alice Trail**

**Illustrations by
ADAM**

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QUOTE BOARD

**"Once my brother has a sex change; does she be-
come my half sister?"**



Mrs. Gates

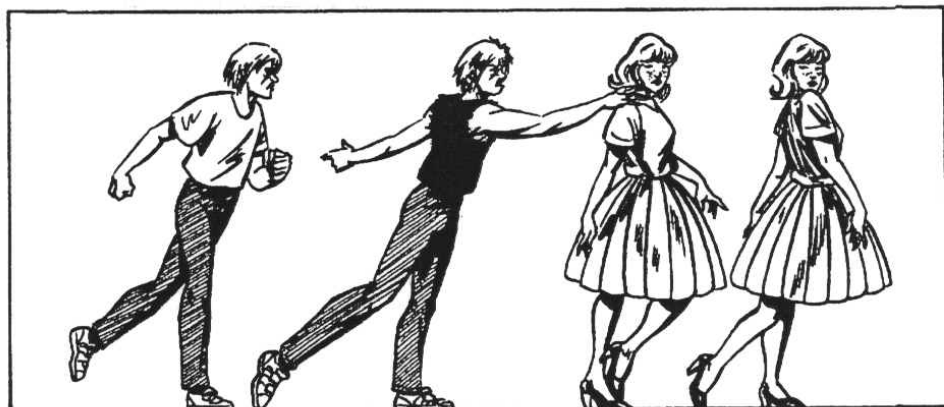


Katie



Lisa Gates

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD



THE PURSUIT



Johnny



Mary Sue



Judge Harris

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD

CHAPTER EIGHT

A few days after Katie's visit, Judge Harris arrived at the farm. She must have told him what Mrs. Gates was doing to us. I hated for him to see me like this, but at least he might end it.

"Judge Harris, meet the girls," Mrs. Gates said.

"Hello Marla, Darla," he said. "You sure look better than when I saw you last."

I blushed under his scrutiny.

"You're doing a terrific job with them," he said.

"Thank you, Judge."

I blushed under his scrutiny.

"Back to work, girls," Mrs. Gates said.

I resumed my vacuuming and Marlon went back to his dusting. I could 'feel' the Judge's eyes on me. I wished I could leave the room or that somehow I could be struck dead. I hoped that if I was Katie would change me back to my own clothes before she buried me.

"They are so obedient and look lovely."

"It took a good deal of training."

"Marla, come here and let me look at you closer," he said.

Marlon stood in front of the Judge.

"You're the one who called me an 'old bastard'."

"I'm sorry, sir," Marlon said.

"You don't seem nearly so tough now."

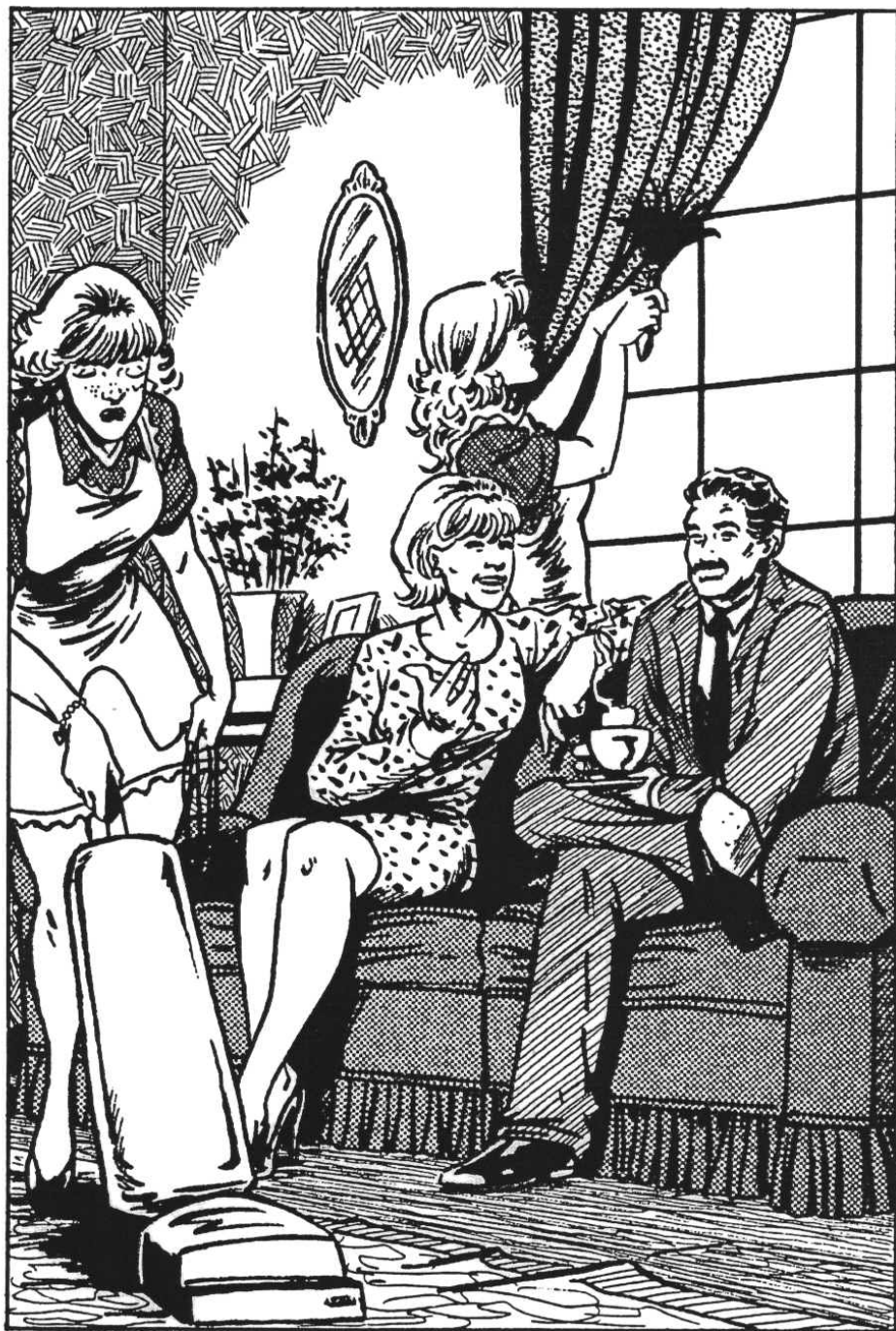
"No sir."

"Let me see just how obedient you are. Lift your dress and show me what you are wearing under it."

Marlon looked over to Mrs. Gates.

"Obey the Judge, Marla."

Cheeks flaming, he lifted his dress.



"You're doing a terrific job with them."

"How lovely," Judge Harris smiled. "You may return to your cleaning, Marla."

Marlon dropped his dress and scurried out of the room.

I followed him to the kitchen.

"He's horrible," Marlon said.

"Don't let him bother you," I said. "You were right. He is an old bastard."

Judge Harris spent the entire afternoon and stayed for dinner. He was obviously amused by our feminine appearance and chores. I was sure he would be of no help to us in ending this torment.

Day after day our lessons continued. Mrs. Gates tried to teach us how to wear girl's clothes properly, how to coordinate outfits, the differences between casual, day, and evening wear, and how to use accessories and makeup to best advantage.

"I can't stand these damn lessons," I told Marlon.

"We have to learn it," he said.

"Why do I need to know this crap?"

"We'll be punished if we don't," he said.

"I'm not going to, and if you show me up, I'll pick outfits for you to wear that will make your boyfriend think you're a slut."

"He's not my boyfriend," he said, but after that he was careful not to do any better than I did.

Finally, Mrs. Gates became frustrated with our progress, "You girls are so slow to learn your lessons that I'm canceling Katie's visit."

"Now look what you did," Marlon said after she left.

"I don't care," I said, "I don't want Katie to see me like this."

"I know what you mean," he said. "Some of what's in my bra is me. Look, I'll show you." He pulled down the top of his dress and bra and removed one of his prostheses.

"Careful, she might come in."



"Some of what's in my bra is me."

"It's just for a minute, look," he said. His chest jutted outward, a small fatty mound with a distended projecting pink nipple.

"My chest is swelling too."

"Let's ask Mrs. Gates"

Her response was to tell us, "Perhaps they are growing to fit their new homes."

We blushed at her reference to our bras.

"This is serious," I said.

"In that case, I have something that may help. Wait here."

She went to her room and brought us each a booklet, 'Having Breasts—What Every Boy Should Know'.

"Read this," she said, "It will answer your all of your questions about your new chests."

I took the booklet and scanned through it. I stopped at a series of pictures showing a boy, flat chested at first, and at each stage of development until full breasted. The pictures and my swelling chest scared the hell out of me.

"What are you trying to tell us?" I asked.

"Your breasts have accepted the fact that you are girls," Mrs. Gates said, "even if your minds have not."

That night in bed I read the booklet and inspected my breasts carefully. It was clear that they were growing. Mrs. Gates must be giving us hormones. The booklet said that they were necessary to achieve the substantial growth we had been experiencing. I couldn't let this happen to me. I decided to escape before my body changed even more. I couldn't run in a dress; Marlon had tried that.

Over the next week, I took one of Mr. Gates' old shirts, and a pair of his jeans from the rag bag. I found an old straw hat on the closet shelf to tuck my hair under.

During times I was alone with my sewing projects, I cut these clothes down to my size and patched the torn places for my getaway. They weren't perfect, but they'd be a lot better than risking being caught in a dress. I planned to hide in the



"Read this, it will answer your questions."

woods for a few days to allow the heat to blow over, so I got some food, and was ready to make my move.

I decided to say good-bye to Marlon. As I told him my plan, an expression of fear came over his face.

"Darla, you can't take that kind of chance," he said, "I won't let you. If you get caught you'll be thrown in jail with those awful people, and they'll . . ."

"Don't worry, I won't get caught, and if I am, I won't be wearing girl's clothes."

"That won't matter," he said. "As soon as the guards leave, the inmates will have your jeans around your ankles and you won't stand a chance. I didn't."

"It's my only way out."

"You can't! I'll tell Mrs. Gates," he said. He ran out of the room, and, a few minutes later, Mrs. Gates arrived.

Boy, did I ever get it. Mrs. Gates found the clothes I had planned to escape in and ripped them to shreds. She assigned me lots of extra work as punishment and to keep me too busy to plan another escape. To make matters worse, she put Marlon in charge to see that I did everything properly.

One day he said, "Johnny tells me I'm pretty in long dresses, but he doesn't like me in mini-dresses. It embarrasses him."

"I know what you mean. When I catch him looking at my legs, he looks down and turns red as a beet. That's why you wear your skirts so long. You don't want to scare Johnny away."

"That's not true," he said. "I just hate those miniskirts, and unless you want me to tell Mrs. Gates that you're not trying hard enough, you'll choose long dresses when it's your turn to pick our outfits."

"What do you do with Johnny anyway?"

"He tells me I'm pretty, and sometimes he takes my hand when we walk."

"Do you like that?"



"You won't stand a chance."

"It's nice having a friend, and he's kind to me. He says that since I look so pretty, he should treat me with respect as he would a girl."

I was astonished at the changes in my brother. Was Mrs. Gates brainwashing him in some way?

Later that day, Mrs. Gates said, "Girls, I have a surprise for you." She handed each of us a strange new garment. It looked and felt like human skin and had real hair that exactly matched the color of our own. It was a perfect replica of a girl's sex organ.

"This will really help," Marlon said.

"I won't wear that," I said.

"That will be a demerit."

"I don't care."

My attitude was so bad that I earned my tenth demerit in hours.

"We're going shopping," Mrs. Gates said.

She took me into an active wear shop, to the swim suit section.

"You need a bikini, Darla."

I looked through them and picked a few two piece suits.

"Come to the dressing room," Mrs. Gates said.

I went into the cubical. "Hand me all of your clothes," she said.

I stripped down to my underwear and handed my things over the door to her.

"The rest as well."

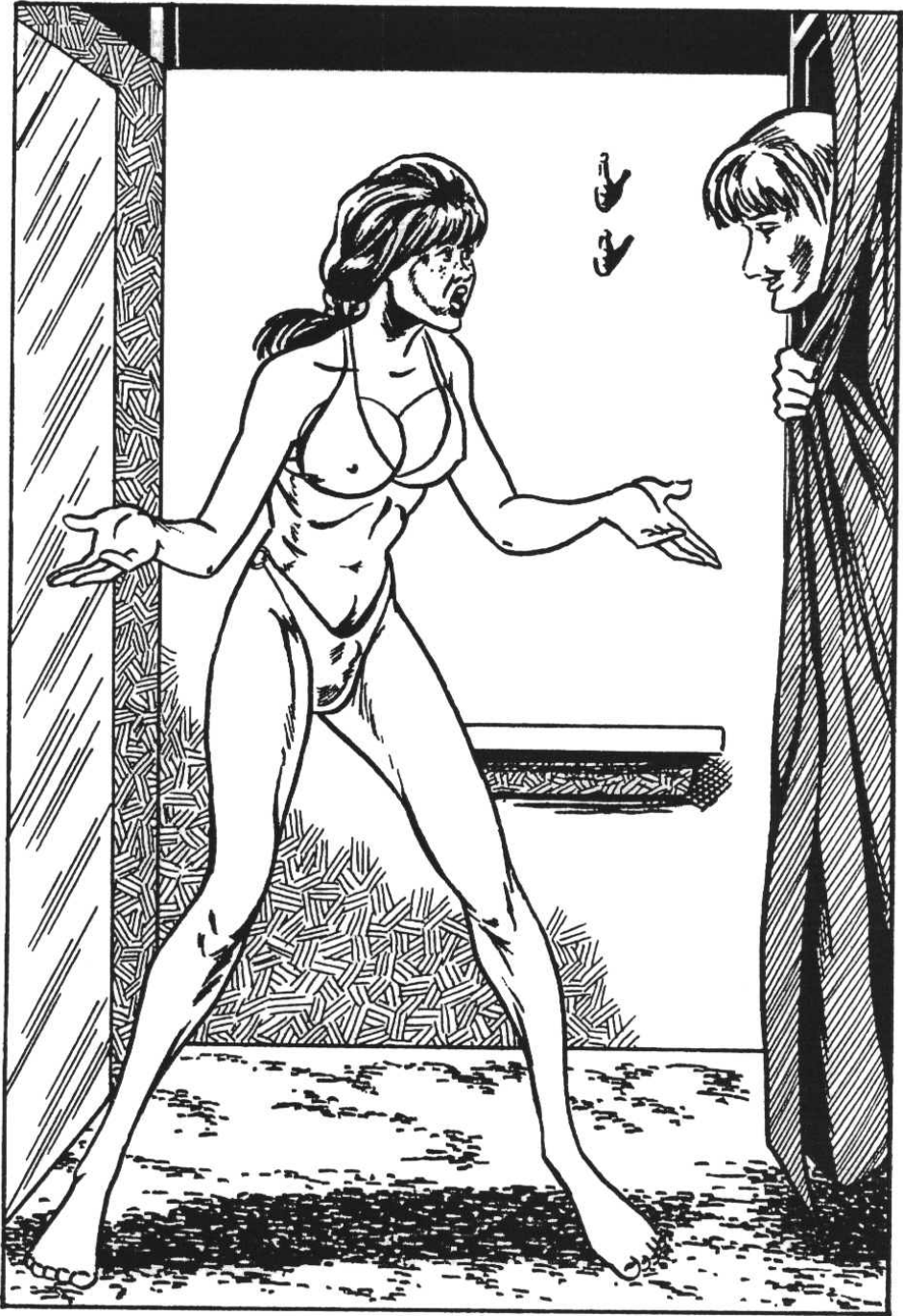
I removed my prosthesis, put them on the chair, took off my bra and panties and handed them to her.

She gave me a tiny white bikini. "Come out and let me see how it looks."

I put it on, inserted my prosthesis and looked at myself in the mirror. The nipples of my falsies stood out prominently, but even worse was the third rise at my crotch.

"This is obscene. You can see everything."

"Perfect," Mrs. Gates said, "Come on out."



"This is obscene. You can see everything."

"I can't."

"Then put this on," she said and passed me the device.

"I told you I wouldn't."

"Our first stop will be the public swimming pool," she said.

"You can't make me go out like this."

"If you're not out of there in two minutes, I'll call the sheriff."

I took off the bikini bottom and pulled on the device. I was astonished to see a very realistic female triangle where my male parts should be. Even after I put the bikini bottom back on I could see a 'V' shaped girl's patch through the thin material. It looked absolutely natural

"Are you coming?"

"Yes," I opened the door, "here I am."

"How darling. You may change out of your bikini, if you keep your device on."

"Please, Mrs. Gates!"

"Here's your dress and undies, dear," she said.

"Please!"

I changed back into my dress and rejoined her. "Lift your dress, dear," she said.

I raised it so she could see my new front.

"Isn't that much better?" she asked.

"Please!"

"You can undress down to your panties and no one will suspect a thing," Mrs. Gates said.

"Please!"

"You may purchase your new bikini," She said. "Anytime you want to wear it out for a swim, just let me know."

I understood the threat. If I ever dared to not wear the device, I'd be out in public in this bikini.

I wore the new device constantly, even in the shower. Mrs. Gates only allowed me to remove it twice a week for hygiene, but I never had it off for more than a few minutes.

Mrs. Gates was adamant that we not be allowed to see or touch our maleness except when absolutely necessary. She said, "Out of sight, out of mind." Not that there was much to see anymore. Everything was shriveled to the size of peanuts and collapsed like a closed accordion. If I tried to make it with a girl, she'd laugh me out of bed. I hoped it was only temporary.

One evening, we were preparing a Mexican dinner, and Marlon had selected a swirling gypsy skirt and an off the shoulder peasant blouse for us. He looked disappointed when Mr. Gates came in alone.

"Where's Johnny?" Marlon asked.

"Something's wrong with the tractor," he said.

"He needs his dinner," Mrs. Gates said.

"I'll take it to him," Marlon said.

He got a couple of tacos, a slice of the apple pie I'd baked, and a thermos of hot coffee.

It was a half hour before Marlon returned. He had grease all over his skirt, blouse, skin and hair.

"What happened?" Mrs. Gates asked. "You weren't fighting again, were you?"

"No," Marlon said. "Johnny had grease all over him. His hands were so slippery that he dropped his cup and spilled hot coffee all over his shirt. I grabbed a napkin and started wiping it off, and that's when it happened."

"What happened?" she asked.

"I was standing very close to him wiping his shirt when he took me in his arms, held me tight, and kissed me."

"Shit!" I said.

"That's a demerit, Darla," Mrs. Gates said.

"I was startled," Marlon said. "I didn't know what to do."

"Sounds like he's treating you as a girl," Mrs. Gates said.

"Yes, he was," Marlon said. "He told me I really did look nice in this dress."

"Yes, you look so sweet," I said.

"Cut it out, Darla," Mrs. Gates said, "Don't tease Marla. You girls clean up now."

Alone with Marlon in the kitchen, I said, "I can't believe you."

"I know I should have pushed him away, but something held me back."

"My brother's a faggot."

"I told you I couldn't wear girl's clothes all the time and still pretend to be a boy," he said. "Since I'm a girl, it's okay to have a boyfriend."

"I can't believe my ears."

"Now that Johnny's kissed me, I feel more like a girl than ever."

"Shit!"

That was just the beginning. Marlon's entire demeanor and even his walk changed. He relaxed his hips and let them roll. He took small, dainty steps and stuck out his chest. None of this was lost on Johnny. The two of them spent as much time together as their work schedules permitted. They went for moonlight walks and sat in the backyard swing several nights a week. Johnny still seemed awfully shy, but he was gradually getting bolder and more affectionate.

Marlon often had us wear the outfit he wore that time Johnny kissed him. We washed that skirt and blouse two dozen times, but the stains remained. Marlon said he didn't care. Whenever he saw them, he remembered how they got there.



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"Johnny kissed me."

CHAPTER NINE

The day for Katie's visit was fast approaching. I was beginning to worry. She hadn't seen the changes that were taking place in my body. My nervousness lead to a number of mistakes and the demerits added up fast.

"Marla, would you like to spend an afternoon and evening out with Katie?" Mrs. Gates asked.

"Oh yes," Marlon said.

"What about me?" I asked.

"I'm don't trust you out on your own yet."

"Why not?"

"You're not doing nearly as well as your sister."

"What do you expect, he's turned into a damn faggot."

"Your sister is 'she', not 'he', and that will be another demerit for cursing."

The day of his outing, Marlon had selected our clothes for us and we were wearing little navy blue dresses with modest V-necks. The dress hugged our feminine curves to several inches below our waists where the skirts burst into swirls of dainty vertical knife pleats and fell modestly to our knees. Navy colored two inch pumps and small matching purses coordinated our ensembles.

He hustled about getting ready. "Maybe she'll take me shopping or out to dinner," he said. "I'll have to take a change of clothes in case we go to a nice place." He filled a bag with things and waited for Katie checking his makeup nervously.

Even his physical characteristics were feminine. The masculine angles in his face had given way to feminine roundness. He had lost several inches in his slim waist and his butt



Marlon checked his makeup nervously.

had swelled noticeably. His makeup was tastefully done, and his bright auburn tresses fell gracefully to his shoulders.

Katie arrived as scheduled. I was permitted to greet her as usual, but soon she and Marlon left for their outing.

As Marlon walked away, I noticed again that there was an obvious change in the way he moved. His hips rolled in a girlish sort of way, and his steps were dainty — no, graceful — no, provocative.

Marlon was so feminine in action and appearance that I almost forgot he was my brother.

I had accumulated almost twenty demerits and I wondered what Mrs. Gates had planned for me.

"Marla will be spending the night out, and so will you," she said.

"Are we going shopping?" I asked. "I don't want to go back to the mall."

"You aren't going shopping. Just sit and wait."

Soon the door bell rang, "Get that will you, Darla."

I opened the door and saw two smiling sheriff's deputies.

"Okay boys, take him away," Mrs. Gates said.

"What!" I exclaimed and jumped back.

The deputies grabbed me and put me in hand cuffs.

"Mrs. Gates!" I yelled as they led me to their car and pushed me into the back seat. They got in front and off we drove. I squirmed about on the seat, my dress hiked up to my panties and my chest stuck out even further than usual because my arms were cuffed behind me.

One of the deputies turned and looked me over. I blushed fiery red as he took in every detail. "She's really fixed you good, kid," he said. "I wouldn't want to be in your shoes when they put you in the cage."

"Please, take me back," I said. "I can't go to jail looking like this."

"Mrs. Gates said she's finished with you."

"God! Please!"

We arrived and they dragged me into the jail. Everyone was staring at me. The sergeant at booking said, "Remember



"I can't go to jail looking like this."

me, tough guy. I booked you and your brother last year. You called me a f—ing pig."

"I'm sorry," I said. "Please give me something to wear."

"You know the drill. We can't give you jail clothes until a judge reviews your case tomorrow."

"Please!"

"Sorry kid," he said. "Charlie, pat him down."

One of the deputies put his hands under my arms and felt down my body to ankles. He did it much slower than necessary and his hands lingered on my hips. Then he ran his hand up my inner legs all the way to my crotch. "He's clean," the deputy said.

"We need mug shots and finger prints," the sergeant said.

Charlie took off my cuffs and I tried to run. It was hopeless as I was surrounded by grinning cops.

"Don't try that again," the sergeant said. Two cops held me as he took my prints and picture. I tried to turn my face away from the camera, but they wouldn't let me.

"Smile pretty," the sergeant said, "I'm putting this picture on the board next to your old mug shot."

They put me back in cuffs and two of them led me into the jail.

"This isn't your night kid," one said. "The cage is full of hard cases and gang bangers."

He was right. The prisoners started whooping and whistling when they saw me.

"I can't go in there."

"It's standard operating procedure, kid," a deputy said. He took off my cuffs and opened the door.

"Welcome, honey," a prisoner said.

"No! For God's sake no!" I yelled. I held onto the bars and they pried my fingers loose and started pushing me into the cell.

"Are you ready to behave," I heard Mrs. Gates say.

I turned and saw her standing there with the sergeant.

"Oh yes! I'll do anything you want."

"Bring her here," she said.



"Are you ready to behave?"
"Oh yes! I'll do anything you ask."

The deputy closed the door to the cage.

"Send her back," one of the prisoners said.

"Yeah, what about us," another said. "You can't just show us a piece like that and then take her away."

"Just a minute, we'll see," the deputy said.

"You said you'd do anything I wanted?" Mrs. Gates asked.

"Yes, anything."

"You'll try your hardest to learn to act and think like a girl?"

"Yes."

"You'll stop teasing Marla?"

"Yes."

"You understand that if you break your promise I can have you back here in an instant?"

"Yes. Please get me out of here."

"Very well," she said. "Thank the deputies for being so helpful."

"Thank you."

"Glad to," said the sergeant. "I hope you don't behave. I'd love to have you back."

Mrs. Gates took my hand and led me out of the jail.

"It's a lovely day," she said, "Let's go for a walk before we go home."

I followed her still in a daze. What would those prisoners have done to me? What had they done to Darwin?

"Shall we go in here?" Mrs. Gates asked.

We had stopped in front of the pool hall that had been Darwin and my hangout. My buddies would be in there!

"Please, Mrs. Gates, I don't want to."

"Don't you think that your friends would love to see how lovely you've become?"

"Please."

"You'd go in if I asked you to, wouldn't you?"

I was horrified at the prospect, but jail would be worse. I lowered my head and said, "Yes Mrs. Gates."

"That's a good girl," she said. "It won't be necessary to-day. Perhaps we can come here another time if you accumulate enough demerits."

I was still shaking when we got home. I was exhausted from all the tension and asked Mrs. Gates if I could go to bed right after dinner. I was asleep before Marlon returned.

The next day, he told me what a wonderful time he'd had. I didn't say a word about my horrifying experience.

He acted like a girl now. Whenever we had an argument, he would either burst into tears, apologize and promise not to upset me again, or run and tell Mrs. Gates. It was disgusting. I hated every minute of this girlish training. However, I applied myself and didn't give Mrs. Gates any excuse to really send me to jail.

CHAPTER TEN

Christmas was approaching and Mrs. Gates bought patterns and material for us to make our own holiday dresses. They were sleeveless, knee length and, in keeping with the season, they were red and green satin.

We trimmed the tree and hung boughs of greenery and decorations throughout the house.

We wore our Christmas dresses with several petticoats and white silk blouses with billowing sleeves. These dresses accentuated our protruding breasts and small waists.

Katie arrived for lunch. After we served and cleaned up, I said, "May I show Katie some of my other clothes?"

"Of course," Mrs. Gates said.

"Me too?" Marlon asked.

"Certainly, dear."

"Katie, would you like to come with me first?" I asked.

"Sure."

I took her to my room and removed my dress and petticoats. "See what Mrs. Gates has done to my body," I said, holding my arms wide for her to get a good look.

"Those breasts look so real."

"That's what I'm worried about. I'm changing."

"How?"

"Some of what's in my bra is me, and I'm growing. Look at this." I handed her the booklet, 'Having Breasts – What Every Boy Should Know'.

Katie looked through the booklet. She found the photos of different stages of male breast development.

"Where are you on this series?" Katie asked.

"Too far. My nipples are swollen like picture three but the fat deposits look like picture two."

"What does Marlon think?" she asked.



"See what Mrs. Gates
has done to my body."

"I think he likes it. Could Mrs. Gates be giving him something that makes him believe he's really a girl?"

"I don't know of anything that would do that."

"All he thinks about is his hair, figure, clothes and makeup. I don't understand what's happening to him."

"She has no right to do these things to your bodies."

Her eyes wandered down to my panties, and she said, "What happened to your-your-you know?"

I looked where she was indicating and a pink flush rose into my cheeks. "Training she calls it. Here, let me show you." I hooked my thumbs in my panties and lowered them to my knees. "This is a replica of a girl's genitalia and the surrounding area. As you can see, it's totally believable. Mrs. Gates insists we wear it."

"How do you go to the bathroom?"

"I can do it, but I have to sit like a woman."

I pulled up my panties, stepped into a plaid wool skirt, put on a sweater and smoothed it over my chest.

I brushed my hair back into place and repaired my makeup.

"You've just got to get us out of here. Things are happening so fast, I don't know how much longer I can hold out."

"What do you mean?"

I smoothed my skirt beneath me and sat beside her on the bed. I crossed my legs in feminine fashion and allowed my skirt to ride up. "I'm not sure, Katie, but I feel myself changing. No matter how hard I resist, I find myself accepting my feminine image in the mirror. It's like dressing in this girlie stuff is doing something to my mind."

"You like the clothes now?"

"No, but I'm getting used to them. I know that means I've changed a lot, but Marlon has changed more."

She nodded.

"Do you remember how we argued during our walk last fall? I could see he was changing then. I fight it as much as I



"Dressing in this girly stuff
is doing something to my mind."

dare, but if Mrs. Gates suspects I'm resisting her training, she punishes me something awful."

"What kind of punishments?"

"One of my punishments was not getting to see you last time. I'll bet Marlon didn't tell you that he told Mrs. Gates about my escape plans."

"No, he didn't. What were your other punishments?"

"Mrs. Gates assigned me extra work and put Marlon in charge of me. He blackmailed me into choosing long frilly dresses when it was my turn to pick out outfits. Until my punishment was over last week, I hadn't worn a miniskirt in so long, I almost forgot how to sit in one."

"I'm sorry Darwin. I didn't know things were this bad. I'll do whatever I can to help. I promise."

"Don't say anything to Marlon. He'd tell Mrs. Gates."

"Don't worry. I won't give you away. What's going on between Marlon and Johnny?"

"Johnny's shy, but I think he has a crush on Marlon."

"How about this little number?" Marlon said as he walked daintily into the room. He was proudly modeling floral print dress. "I made this dress myself. People say I look great in it."

"He means Johnny," I said.

Marlon blushed, "I have matching lingerie with pink flowers that really looks nice."

"You like to wear lingerie?" Katie asked.

"Pretty lingerie helps me feel feminine and ladylike, see." He lifted his dress to show off his panties.

"Beautiful," Katie said.

"Thank you," he said. "I'm trying to make the best of a bad situation. Darla, that skirt is much too short. To make matters worse, you're still wearing your red pumps, and they don't go with that outfit at all."

"Thanks for reminding me," I said. "Katie and I started talking, and I completely forgot."

"All right," he said.

I put on black heels. I knew if I didn't he'd tell Mrs. Gates and it would mean more demerits.



"Pretty lingerie helps me feel feminine and ladylike, see."

Marlon took us to his room. His dresses were hung with care and even his makeup was lined up neatly. A vase of fresh flowers added the color and bouquet of a girl's room. On his bed stand were several booklets; 'Choosing The Right Brasiere', 'Your Walk And Your Future', and 'Exploring Femininity-A Boy's Guide'.

"What are these?" Katie asked.

"Mrs. Gates gives them to us to study," he said.

"You're making real progress," Katie said.

Later that day, Lisa and her husband came for a visit. Marlon and I greeted her with a peck on the cheek.

"I'm so pleased to meet you Katie," Lisa said. "Your sisters have told me so much about you that I feel like we're old friends."

"Thanks, Lisa," Katie said. "I heard you were recently married. I take it that married life is treating you well?"

"Bobby is a handful sometimes, but I love him dearly."

"Is Bob a farmer like your father?" Katie asked.

"Yes, and he and Johnny are good friends."

That night, Katie slept in my bed, while I slept with Marlon. It was weird being in the same bed with him. His gown, swelling breasts and perfume made it seem like I was sleeping with a girl. I moved as far from him in the bed as I could and tried not to think about the fact that I too was wearing a nightgown and I looked and smelled just like him.

In the morning, when Mrs. Gates woke us, our bodies were touching and our limbs tangled together. Embarrassed, I moved away from him. We shared his bathroom and he lent me his clothes so we could let Katie sleep while we made breakfast.

She came down to eat with us then said good-bye.

I gave her a hug and whispered, "Please get us out of here."

CHAPTER ELEVEN

"Girls, I think we should postpone Katie's visit until March," Mrs. Gates said. "Then she can stay overnight like she did at Christmas."

"Why the delay?" I asked.

"A couple of reasons, first, is your lessons. You must learn to think like women, and that's a difficult assignment. Second, Katie recently met with Judge Harris and was extremely distraught. Talking with her in her current frame of mind might cause you unnecessary distress."

"Do you plan to change us completely into girls?" I asked.

"Do you want to?"

"No!"

"It won't happen without your consent."

There was still hope, but what would I do with my breasts? They had grown so much that Mrs. Gates had bought me smaller prosthesis.

"Darla, you ought to think about what you want to do for a living once you leave my care," Mrs. Gates said.

"I don't want to be a housewife like Marla."

"If you're going to be a career girl, you'll have to learn office skills," she said. "There's a training program for secretaries and receptionists at the Community College."

"I don't want to be a secretary," I said. "That's a job for a girl."

"That's what you are," she said. "Would you prefer to learn to be a hairdresser or manicurist?"

"No! But why do I have to go out to classes. Can't I learn at home?"

"You can practice on my typewriter, but you'll need to learn to use a computer and take dictation."

She signed me up for the course.

Monday night was my first class. I was very apprehensive. I asked Mrs. Gates, "What if someone recognizes me?"

"As what?"

"As a boy."

"You're not really a boy anymore. If anyone recognizes you, you can tell them that."

Somehow that didn't make me feel any more comfortable.

There were twenty-two young women in the class. I didn't recognize anyone, but, when the teacher read the roster and I answered "here" to "Darla O'Shea," one of the girls said, "It can't be. It just can't. She's Darwin O'Shea, a boy!"

They gathered all around me

"She can't be a boy."

"Girls," I said.

"She looks so natural."

"Please girls."

"Look at her figure. Are those breasts real?"

"Girls."

"She looks too good."

"Come on, girls."

"Are you going to be a secretary, Darla?"

"Cut it out, girls."

"Are you ever planning to be a boy again?"

"Yes!"

"I don't think you should."

The classes weren't too bad. The girls did continue to tease me and ask embarrassing questions, but mostly they were curious. I could stand it, except when they brought their boy friends to see me. Some of those guys really gave me a bad time calling me a 'sissy' and a 'faggot'. I was in no position to deny it. The teacher sent them away as soon as class started, and I was glad that Mrs. Gates met me when it was over.



"She can't be a boy."

The days passed slowly, but the morning of Katie's long delayed visit finally came. She arrived at ten as scheduled. Mrs. Gates led her into the living room where I was looking out the window from behind the curtains.

"Come look," I said motioning Katie toward the window.

Marlon and Johnny were standing beside an old pickup truck locked in a passionate embrace. Marlon had his arms wrapped around Johnny's neck and was smothering him with kisses.

"What's that all about?" Katie asked.

"It's disgusting. I think Johnny and he are —"

Katie gasped.

"Darla dear, call your sister," Mrs. Gates said.

He came running in red faced and out of breath. "Oh Katie," he said. "I'm embarrassed to say that I forgot about your visit, and I promised Johnny I'd go over to his place this afternoon. His baby-sitter has to leave early, and he wants me to cook dinner and take care of Susie until he gets in from the fields. I'd love to visit with you, but . . ."

"That's all right," Katie said. "We'll have time to visit before I leave. I'll be here tonight and tomorrow."

"That's wonderful," Marlon said.

"Katie, why don't you take Darla to the mall this afternoon," Mrs. Gates said. "Mary Sue called and said she was saving something special for her."

"That sounds lovely. We'll have dinner out and be back at eight."

"That's perfect," Mrs. Gates said.

I changed into a tight red leather miniskirt, sheer nylons, red 3" heels, and a translucent white blouse that showed my amply filled red bra.

Katie and I headed for town. This was the first time I'd been alone with her for any extended period since I started to live with the Gates family.

"I went to Judge Harris," Katie said. "I stormed into his chambers and demanded he take action. I told him Mrs. Gates



"Come look."

was not only making you wear dresses, she was also changing you mentally and physically into girls, and if he didn't do something soon, it would be too late."

"What did he say?"

"He told me that you could leave the farm whenever you wanted."

"Sure, and go to jail. Never!"

"He had his secretary bring in Lisa's file, and he showed me a picture of Larry Gates."

"Who's Larry Gates?"

"It's Lisa," Katie said. "Mrs. Gates changed her son, Larry, into a girl."

"Oh no, she didn't change her son into that - that married woman, did she? Tell me she didn't."

"Yes she did."

"If I'd known that in the beginning, I never would have agreed to go to her farm."

"We didn't know," Katie said. "Everything was happening so quickly then, and we jumped at the chance for you to have an alternative sentence."

"We won't be completely changed into girls like Larry, will we?"

"Judge Harris said Larry had some kind of surgery, and his name was legally changed to Lisa."

"You mean I may be changed into a real girl?" I put my hands over my face and burst into tears.

"There, there," she said putting her arm around my shoulders to comfort me.

I felt utterly helpless.

"Do you want to go to the mall? Katie asked. "Wouldn't you prefer to do something masculine like going to the drag races or to a baseball game?"

"I can't take the chance. Someone would recognize me. Besides, Mary Sue may be expecting me. She loves to tease me about my clothes and breasts."

"You shouldn't wear such large falsies."

I looked into my lap and hesitated before saying, "They aren't all fake. Most of what's in my bra is me. I'm a natural 'B' cup now."

"Oh my God!"

"Marlon's only an A and that has him really upset. He's even tried to make his breasts bigger by using a vacuum pump, but all it's done is make his nipples grow. He does have larger nipples than me."

When we arrived at Stella's, Mary Sue came over to greet us.

"Mary Sue, this my sister Katie," I said. "Katie, this is Mary Sue."

"You were Darwin's girlfriend, weren't you?" Katie asked.

"Yes, but that was before he became a girl himself," she said.

"Come on, Mary Sue, you know I'm no girl."

"It's hard to remember, honey," she said.

"If you don't mind my asking," Katie said, "what do you think of the ordeal Darwin has had to endure?"

"Darwin was an ass-hole. He deserves to be humiliated like this."

"I understand that you've given him a lot of grief," Katie said.

"Tell me the truth. If you weren't his sister, wouldn't you think it was funny too?"

I hoped that Katie would defend me, but she just stood there looking at me with a funny sort of a smile. She didn't say anything.

Mary Sue stepped into the back room and brought out a green cocktail dress. "You'll need to change into this strapless bra," she said, "I hope it will be big enough for you, Darla. I never know what with the way your titties are growing."

I blushed and took the clothes into the changing room. I came out with the shiny green dress clinging to my every curve. This dress said S-E-X, and it looked as if it was made for me. My prominent breasts pushed the front out to nearly obscene

dimensions. It was sleeveless, held up with the slimmest of shoulder straps.

A cute teenage girl in a short skirt came over. If I wasn't pretending to be a girl myself, I'd want to ask her out.

"That's beautiful you have to buy it," the girl said.

"You're right, Mary Sue said, "That dress is beautiful on him."

"Him?" the girl asked.

I suffered as Mary Sue confirmed that I was a man. The girl clutched her hands together and giggled.

"Shall I put it on Mrs. Gates' charge?" Mary Sue asked.

"I don't need another damn dress," I said, terribly perturbed at her for telling my secret.

"Don't swear, sweetie. Do I have to call Mrs. Gates?"

"All right, I'll take it."

"It barely covers your stupendous hooters, girlie," Mary Sue said.

I blushed and retreated to the changing room.

Katie and I wandered through the mall, stopping to try on shoes, looking at dresses and makeup. It felt strange interacting with my sister as a girl.

We had dinner in the mall and arrived home at 7:30. Marlon soon returned from Johnny's.

"Do you plan to change them completely into girls as you did your son, Larry?" Katie asked.

"Her name's Lisa, and she's my daughter."

"Do you plan to change my brothers."

"Each of your sisters must make that decision for herself," Mrs. Gates said.

"When can they be men again?"

"Can you imagine Marla going back to being a man?" she asked.

"I hadn't thought about it that way," Katie said. "I can imagine Marla with a man, but not as one."

Marlon blushed but did not contradict her.

"What about Darla?" Katie asked.



Mary Sue told her I was a man.

"The court will have to decide," Mrs. Gates said. "I can tell you that as long as she stays with me, Darla will be a full time girl."

I dropped my head sorrowfully upon hearing this confirmation of my fate.

"Enough about Darla," Mrs. Gates said, "Marla has made an excellent adjustment. She does Johnny's laundry and goes to his house twice a week to clean up."

"That's very nice of you," Katie said, "but isn't that a lot of extra work?"

"I enjoy housework, and he appreciates my doing things for him. Cleaning his house gives me a chance to get to know his little girl better. Susie and I have become quite close."

"See what I mean?" Mrs. Gates said. "Could you imagine your brother, Marlon, doing the wash for another man?"

"No, I guess not."

"Oh Darla," Mrs. Gates said, "look at the time. You must practice your typing."

"Typing?" Katie asked.

"I enrolled in a secretarial course at the community college," I said.

"You, a secretary?" Katie said

"Mrs. Gates told me I had to learn how to earn a living when I leave here."

"Why secretarial school?"

"Should I have sent him to auto mechanics school looking like that," Mrs. Gates asked.

"Do you like it?"

"The girls are okay, but I don't want to be some man's secretary."

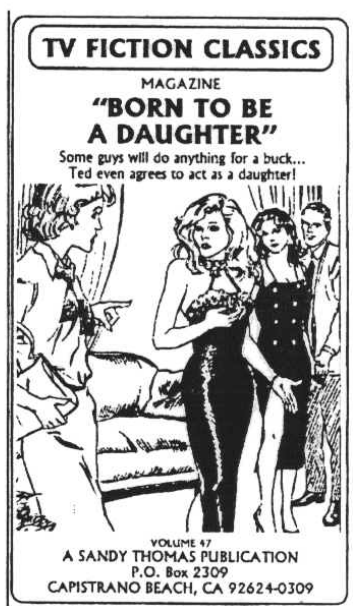
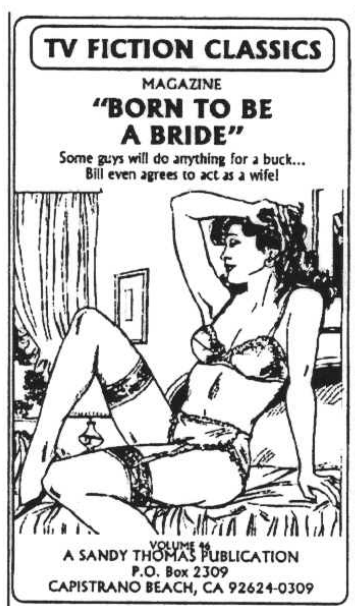
"We'll see," Mrs. Gates said, "You'll need to have a job in order to be put on probation."

Katie slept in my room and I shared Marlon's bed again, his perfumed and nightgown encased body close to my own.

In the morning we had to share Marlon's bathroom. We only had a short time to get ready and our makeup and outfits

had to be perfect or there would be demerits. I tried not to look at Marlon as he showered and dressed, and I hoped he wasn't looking at me. I was uncomfortable having anyone see my naked body, even my brother who had been going through the same damn transformation as me.

Katie had breakfast with us and left about the same time that Marlon went over to his boyfriends house.



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CHAPTER TWELVE

Two weeks later, Marlon came walking into the house in a daze. He looked almost faint, so I took him into my room. He sat on the bed, looked up at me and said, "I'm a goner."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I'm a goner. I'm crazy about Johnny."

"You can't be."

"I can't help it. I'm a goner. He's proposed to me, and it's tearing me up inside."

"How can you marry him? You're not even a girl. You've got to stop it."

"How can I stop it? I can't stop things. Look at me. I'm a goner."

"At least wait."

"What's the use. I'm telling Mrs. Gates."

We went into the living room and he said, "Mrs. Gates, Johnny proposed and I want to say yes."

"Do you really want to marry Johnny?" Mrs. Gates asked.

"I love him so."

"Then let's talk with Katie," Mrs. Gates said, "I'll invite her for dinner tonight. You girls tidy up the house and start cooking."

We performed the now familiar feminine tasks. Marlon was still very shaky. I hoped I could change his mind about this ridiculous proposal.

"Marlon, don't you like girls?" I asked.

"Please call me Marla."

"Why? Mrs. Gates can't hear me."

"There no longer is any 'Marlon'. I told you that I couldn't dress like this and still pretend that I was a boy."

"Okay 'Marla', don't you like girls anymore?"



"I'm a goner."

"I like girls just fine. I like you and Katie and Susie and Laura."

"I'm not a damn girl."

"Sorry."

"I mean don't they appeal to you sexually?"

"I love Johnny."

"This whole marriage thing is unnatural."

"Just let me do my cleaning in peace," Marlon said nervously.

Marlon had recovered by the time Katie arrived. We greeted her with a hug and kiss on the cheek.

"What's the special occasion," Katie asked.

"Mrs. Gates will tell you later," I said.

"Is everything all right?"

"That depends who you ask," I said and rushed back into the kitchen with Marlon.

Nothing was said about the proposed engagement at dinner. Mrs. Gates deflected Katie's questions with, "Let's enjoy the nice dinner your sisters made us. Then we can talk."

After we ate, Mrs. Gates took us into the living room.

"Marla and Johnny have gotten serious," Mrs. Gates said. "They want to get married."

"M-married?" Katie said. "How can they? They can't, you know, can they?"

"I told Marlon the same thing," I said.

"That's a demerit," Mrs. Gates said, "You know your sister's name is Marla."

"That's just the thing," I said, "You may call us girls and make us dress like them, but we are men, and we can't marry other men. It's not legal."

"If Marla really wants to marry Johnny," Mrs. Gates said, "There's a place called The Chrissy Institute where she can become a legal woman."

"Like Lar-Lisa?" Katie asked.

"Yes, if she wants," Mrs. Gates said

"Marla, do you want to become a real girl?" Katie asked.

"I'm afraid I do, Katie," he said, "I don't know how it happened, but I want to be Johnny's wife and Susie's mother more than anything in the world."

"It can't be," Katie said.

"Look at me," Marlon's said. "I'm dainty and feminine because that's what Johnny wants me to be."

"Yes, you do look like a girl," I said. "I look like one too, but I want to be a man again as soon as I can. Why don't you?"

"You don't have Johnny," Marlon said.

"It sounds as if you've already made your decision," Katie said. "What do you want from me?"

"I want us to be friends, as well as sisters. I know I don't need your permission, but I'm asking for your blessing."

"What does Johnny think?" she asked.

"He's in love with me."

"Mrs. Gates, have you discussed this with the Board of Corrections?" Katie asked.

"No, but the mandatory portion of Marla's sentence will be over soon, and then she'll be eligible for probation. I'm sure the Board would have no objection to her getting married then."

"What about Judge Harris," Katie asked.

"He's always said that even though we forced the clothes and hormones on them, we should leave them the choice of their future gender. Now that Marla has asked for the surgery, he'll have no objections."

"All right Marla, it's your life," Katie said. "If this is what you want, you have my blessing."

"Oh Katie, I'm the happiest girl in the world. You don't know how much this means to me. Let's call Johnny."

He arrived in minutes and Marla ran into his arms.

"You've made me your girl, and now you can make me your wife," Marlon said.

They hugged and kissed, Johnny looking somewhat shy and nervous, but very happy.

Marlon disengaged himself from Johnny and ran to me.

"Darwin, can't you accept me too?"

"I guess I can't be the only one fighting you on this."

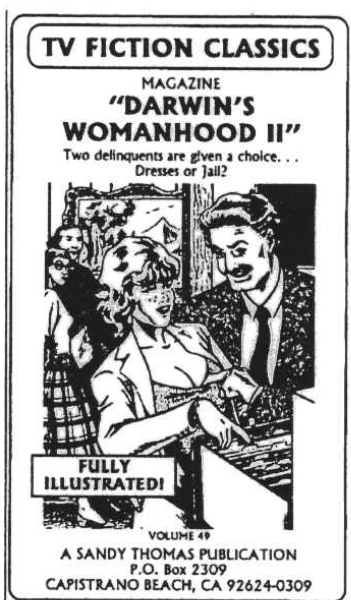
He held my hands and jumped up and down, going around and around pulling me with him. Our skirts were bouncing showing off glimpses of our slips and nylon covered thighs. I felt uncomfortable, but his enthusiasm was infectious.

While Katie talked with Johnny and us, Mrs. Gates made several telephone calls.

"Everything's set," she said. "I have Judge Harris' approval, reservations with the Chrissy Institute and airline tickets. In three days, Marla and I will be leaving for a six week stay. Can Darla stay with you?"

"That's fine, of course," Katie said.

"I've arranged for her to work as an apprentice to Judge Harris' secretary while we're gone. She can cook and keep house for you to pay her way."



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He held my hands
and jumped up and down.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

"Here we are Darwin, my humble abode," Katie said when we arrived at her apartment after driving Mrs. Gates and Marlon to the airport. "I'm excited about your staying with me, and I hope you enjoy it too."

"Please call me Darla. I'd be so embarrassed if anyone overheard you and discovered I was really a boy."

"I'll try to remember."

"Thanks, I'm happy to stay with you but I'm scared about working for Judge Harris."

"Yes, won't you feel strange? After all, you'll be dressing as a girl."

"I've been out in public as a girl many times. Even though I hate it, I know I'll have to wear these things until my sentence is over. What bothers me is I'll be working for a man who knows I'm a boy in dresses."

"Enough of that, let's get you unpacked. Ted will be here soon and we'll make him take us to a nice restaurant."

"I'll be glad to cook something."

"Me? Katie O'Shea, allow you to cook on your first night as a guest in my house, heavens no. I can see I have a lot to teach you about feminine wiles. Lesson number one, never turn down a free meal. Especially if you get to go on the arm of a handsome man."

I smiled ruefully.

"I'm sorry. I almost forgot."

"That's okay."

Ted and Katie shared one bedroom of a two bedroom apartment. We put my things away in the other. Katie noticed a couple of booklets I had with me and started flipping through 'Being The Girl'.

"Do you plan to have surgery like Marla?"

"I want to return to being a man as soon as possible. I just hope all these changes are reversible."

"Let's dress for dinner," Katie said, "wear something sexy. If a woman looks good enough, no man can resist her. That's lesson number two."

I showered and put on my little black dress. It was short sleeved and off the shoulder with a low cut neckline that displayed a provocative view of my cleavage. This sexy dress hugged my sissified body leaving little to the imagination. It ended high on my thighs and had a back walking slit that showed even more. I wore dark nylons and party pumps with gold bows and four inch heels. My jewelry, a gold bracelet and pendant earrings, was simple yet elegant. My hair framed my face in a fiery display of red, and my makeup was a flawless blend of dark mascara, green eye shadow, and dark red lipstick. I checked the last details as Mrs. Gates had taught me and joined Katie.

"Darla, you're beautiful, and that dress is absolutely sinful. Where on earth did you get it?"

"I'm glad you like it," I said.

"There's not much boy left is there?"

"My manhood's been pantied, ostracized and disregarded."

Ted arrived home and seemed happy to meet me.

"This can't be your brother," he said.

"It truly is," Katie said.

"I don't believe it. Are you really Darwin?"

"Call me Darla," I said. "Obviously I'm not much of a guy any longer, so please think of me as a girl."

"That won't be too difficult," Ted said,

"We're all dressed for dinner," Katie said. "Where do you want to take us?"

Ted selected a restaurant that featured a live band and dancing. After the waiter took our order, Ted asked, "Would you care to dance, Darla?"

"I don't know how."

"Just follow my lead."

Ted was a good dancer, and he guided me with little apparent effort. After a few moments, I relaxed in his arms.

When the music stopped, we returned to our table.

"Darla, you dance divinely," Katie said.

"Ted made it easy."

After dinner, I started yawning.

"We better get your sister home before she falls asleep on the table," Ted said.

We returned home. I was asleep in minutes.

I woke early the next morning, prepared breakfast and knocked at Ted and Katie's door.

"Wake up, I made you breakfast to eat in bed."

"Come in, Darla," Katie said. "You shouldn't have done that. We could have gotten up."

"I'm glad you did," Ted said. "That coffee smells great."

"What would you like to do today, Darla?" Katie asked.

"I need to get groceries. I'll make a list while you dress. I have an appointment at the beauty parlor at two o'clock. Mrs. Gates said I could get my hair cut."

"Cut that beautiful hair?" Katie asked. "How much do you plan to cut?"

"Will you go with me? I've never been to a salon before, and I'm nervous."

"Don't worry, it will be fine," Katie said. "I'll go."

"I need to get some work clothes too. Would you like to go shopping afterwards?"

"You don't have to work hard to persuade me to shop."

That afternoon, Katie went with me to the beauty parlor. I was even more nervous than I'd told her. How could I fool a professional beautician. What would she do if she found I was a man? The parlor was full of the smells of women's products. Jennifer was to take care of me. She examined my hair closely.



Ted was a good dancer.

"Hmmm," she said, "average length over fourteen inches. That's slightly long for the latest career styles. Is that your natural hair color and is it naturally wavy, or have you had a perm?"

"The color's my own," I said. "The curls are artificial."

"It's beautiful," she said. "Have you been going to another salon?"

"My sister helps me with it."

Jennifer took me to a chair and washed my hair. Then she began to comb out and cut my wet locks. Her experienced fingers were soon combing setting gel through my hair and methodically setting it with small rollers, covering every inch of my scalp. She placed a soft hooded hair dryer on my head and switched it on. The hood ballooned out as the warm air flowed over the rollers. I glanced at Katie and she winked.

"Next, we'll do your nails and then we can comb out that beautiful hair," Jennifer said.

"Then we can go shopping," Katie said.

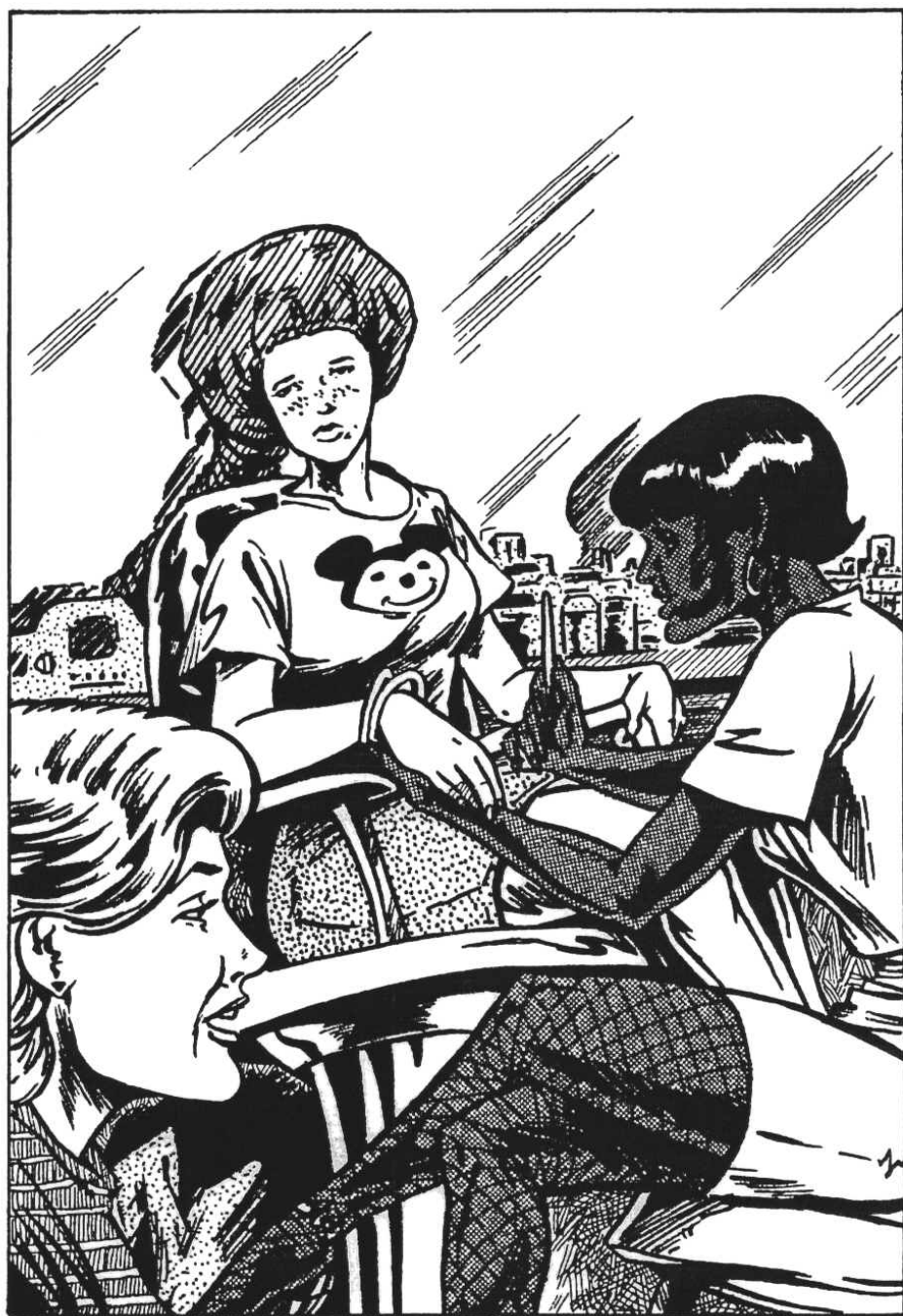
I felt a kind of helpless excitement. Here I was, a boy in a beauty shop with my hair in rollers, and a beautician was doing my nails while my sister looked on and chatted with me as if nothing unusual was happening.

Before I could worry about my situation any more, Jennifer said, "Your hair should be dry by now." She removed the dryer and rollers. My hair fell in tight curls.

Jennifer brushed, combed and arranged my hair into a feminine style, perfect for the office and my job as a secretary.

Now my senses were really spinning. I realized that this young woman didn't know I was a boy. I was happy to avoid the humiliation of being discovered, but worried that I had changed so much.

We went to the mall and Katie helped me select work clothes. I bought three business suits with straight, mid-thigh length skirts, four skirts of similar length, a variety of blouses, several pairs of three inch pumps, and an assortment of accessories.



I felt a kind of helpless excitement.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

I could hardly sleep Sunday night. I was ready for work and had breakfast prepared when Ted and Katie woke. To protect my business clothes, I wore an apron.

"How did you know what time to have breakfast ready?" Ted asked as he sat in his robe devouring bacon and eggs.

"I looked at your alarm clock to see what time it was set for when I made your bed yesterday."

"Efficient too," Ted said, taking a sip of coffee.

I washed the dishes and cleaned the kitchen while they showered and dressed.

My first day at work started well enough. Mrs. Riley was a relic, she had a modern word processor that all the judge's cases were supposed to be typed into, but she didn't know how to use it. She kept it on the small desk, which was now mine, and used an old typewriter. My job was to enter the cases into the computer. Since she had never done it, I had plenty to keep me busy.

The judge arrived after his morning court session with another man.

"Welcome, Darwin," Judge Harris said.

"That's Darwin O'Shea, the one you've been telling me about?" the other man asked.

"The prettiest boy in town, and I made him that way."

I shifted uncomfortably in my seat.

"You seem good with that machine. Do you take dictation?"

"Yes sir."

"Come into my office. I'll see you later Ralph."

I had the result back to him in short order.



"That's Darwin O'Shea,
I made him the prettiest boy in town."

"Great," he said, "beautiful and efficient too."

"Thank you, sir."

He looked me over carefully and his gaze appeared to linger on my breasts and legs.

"Will there be anything else, sir?"

"How do you feel about being my secretary?"

"I wish you wouldn't tell people about me."

"Perhaps we could go out for dinner tonight," he said.

"I'm expected at home."

"I'll call Katie," he said.

We ate at the same restaurant where Ted, Katie, and I had gone the week before. Besides sharing a meal with Judge Harris, I found myself in his arms on the dance floor. He was an excellent dancer, although his hands strayed too far. I wanted to complain, but I had to be careful not to offend him. He had a lot of power over my future.

He opened my car door when we arrived at Katie's apartment and put his arm around my waist.

"Oh no you don't," I said. "I told Katie this was a business dinner."

He fondled my buttocks, gave me a kiss and departed with a, "See you tomorrow."

I found the Judge's caress strange considering he knew I was a boy. I wanted to complain, but I didn't dare.

I found Ted sitting beside Katie on the sofa looking through a photo album. Katie's short skirt had crept up high on her thighs, and she was a bit embarrassed as she adjusted it back into the respectable range. I was happy to see them getting on so well.

"We've been looking at some old photos," Ted said. "You sure look different."

"I know what you mean," I said. "I don't even recognize myself in the mirror."

During the next few weeks, I came to be best friends with my sister. Things would have been wonderful except for my dresses and the Judge. He had many visitors in his office. He



His gaze lingered
on my breasts.



"See you tomorrow."

went out of his way to introduce me to them as 'Darwin' and tell them that I was his boy in dresses. Some of them didn't believe him so he made me confirm it.

He kept pressuring me for dinner meetings. We went out at least twice a week. He also became more affectionate, often giving me dictation on his lap. I suppose what he was doing could be called sexual harassment. It certainly made me feel uncomfortable and powerless.

The day before Mrs. Gates and Marla were to return from California, I was supposed to go to a 'business' dinner. However, dictation started to develop into something more and soon he was unbuttoning my blouse.

"Judge Harris, don't!"

"Call me Jack," he said and continued to remove my blouse.

He pushed my skirt up above my waist, exposing my panties. He buried his face in my bosom. We were a tangle of arms, legs, and bodies.

"My darling little sissy," Jack said. "All you've ever needed is a strong man to take care of you. That's why you were such a failure."

"That's enough!"

I tried to get up, but his strong arms held me firmly in position.

"Let me go."

"I'm not through with you."

I struggled as his fingers played with the waist band of my panty hose. He whispered, "Sweet little sissy boy. Wearing such pretty panties."

"You know I'm no sissy," I said trying as hard as I could to maintain some degree of modesty and composure.

He stroked my brassiere. It was a 'C' cup that I filled to the brim with just a bit of padding. Circular cups, rounded perfectly like a ball were all covered with lace. They looked like little chiffon snowballs on my chest. They were held up by two straps that were also trimmed with lace.

Jack unhooked my bra, freeing my breasts.



Dictation developed into something more.

"Amazing," he said.

Then he stroked them, ignoring my attempts to stop him. He concentrated on my nipples which swelled involuntarily at his touch. "How sweet," he said.

"Stop it!"

He drew down my panty hose, hooked his fingers into the top of my panties and started to pull them down.

I saw something moving. "Oh God!" I said, jerking away and grabbing my blouse.

"Mrs. Riley," Judge Harris said, "I thought you'd gone home."

"Obviously," she said.

Jack's face turned beet red, but he remained silent.

This was the shock of my life. I felt tears welling inside me. I didn't know whether to scream for Mrs. Riley to call the police, or pretend that I had been a willing participant.

"What are you men doing?" she asked.

"What do you want, Mrs. Riley?" Judge Harris asked.

"I've always wanted to travel."

"You can start tomorrow," Judge Harris said, "Consider yourself on an extended vacation."

"I'll need a little cash for incidentals, say \$20,000, and an early retirement contract."

"No problem," said the Judge.

"What about me?" I asked.

"If you tell anyone about this incident, I'll say you came into my office in your underwear and tried to seduce me. Mrs. Riley will back me up, won't you."

"All I see is a sissy faggot in girl's underwear."

"So this will be our secret, or you'll be in prison. Who do you think will believe your word over ours?"

I shuddered at the thought of people knowing about this and thinking I had started it.

"All right, I'll keep quiet," I said.

"More than that," he said. "You'll be even nicer to me in the future. This evening has been very expensive. I expect that you'll do quite a bit to make it worthwhile for me."



"Oh God!"

"How can you treat me this way?"

"I'm sorry my pretty little boy, but you're irresistible."

I started to cry and Judge Harris held me close and said, "That's all right, it won't be so bad. Now get back into your clothes and fix your makeup. No one must know of this."

Before we left, he gave me a package and told me to give it to Marla when she arrived the next day. He drove me home and I ran into the apartment and threw myself on the bed. I lay there in tears. Am I a man or a girl was the question I kept asking myself.

I wondered how it would feel to wear men's clothes again. Katie and Ted were both at meetings, and I decided to try on some of Ted's things. I was terribly nervous as I went through his drawers to pick out things that were once my regular clothing but were now forbidden. I felt like a thief as I took a pair of jockey shorts, a golf shirt and a pair of jeans.

First, I undressed removing even my bra and stepped into the jockey shorts. I found them much too tight around my bottom. They were so uncomfortable that I removed them and stepped back into my panties. Next, I pulled the golf shirt over my head, and, if not for my breasts, it would have fit perfectly. Being knit cotton, it stretched to fit, my breasts were very obvious and my nipples were quite apparent through the thin material. I knew things weren't going very well when I stepped into his jeans and couldn't pull them over my hips.

Just then, Ted came into the room.

"Hi Katie," he said. "Oh my God! You're not Katie."

I completely lost my composure. I brought my hands to my mouth. When I let go of the pants, they slid to my knees.

"Eeek!" I squealed and brought my hands down to cover my crotch. I was wearing sheer white panties, and Ted could see right through to my apparent femininity.

My endeavors to first cover my mouth, then my panties, made my breasts bounce about like two bowls of jelly. The knit shirt did little to hide them or my nipples that were swollen from the exertion and embarrassment.



"Eeek!"

"Oh!" I screeched again, and brought one hand down to cover my breasts while leaving the other in front of my panties. That's how we stood for nearly 15 seconds, each of us looking at the other, neither saying a word. My color rapidly changed from ashen white to a deep red glow. I tried to say something, but the only thing that came out was incoherent.

"Let me help you," Ted said.

"Get out of here!"

He left the bedroom, and closed the door behind him. I removed his shirt and jeans and lay on the bed in only my panties, crying hysterically. After everything that had happened tonight, I just couldn't stop the tears.

After a while Ted knocked on the door. "What can I do?" he asked.

"I didn't want you to see me like this."

"Mrs. Gates did quite a job, didn't she?" he said.

My body was quivering with sorrow and humiliation, and if anything, my sobs increased.

"Here, put this on," he said and opened the door a crack to pass in my robe.

"Thanks."

"It's not your fault, you know."

"Maybe I didn't fight hard enough."

"Look at Marlon."

I gathered up my clothes and retreated to my bedroom.



"Get out of here!"

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The next morning, Katie and I got ready to go to the airport. I dressed in a dark green mini dress and my usual three inch pumps. My perm had loosened and I had styled my hair into a fashionable bob.

Katie wore slacks and a blouse. She looked me over and said, "If you've got it, flaunt it."

"Please Katie."

"Just kidding, Darla."

Marla was actually glowing when she got off the plane. She looked every inch a woman in her knee length tailored skirt, silk blouse, and plaid jacket. She rushed over to where Katie and I were waiting, and we engaged in a lot of happy hugging and kissing.

Mrs. Gates sat in the front seat with Katie for the ride home, and Marla and I sat in the back. She confirmed what we all assumed.

"I'm no longer a male," she said.

Suddenly I remembered the package, "Judge Harris asked me to give this to you."

"What is it?" Marla asked.

"Aren't you going to open it?" Mrs. Gates asked.

"Uh, all right," Marla said running a long polished fingernail along the sealed flap.

She removed a thick set of documents. "I wonder what these are? Oh-Oh!"

"What's all that about?" I asked.

"I-I'm really a female. It's official! There's a birth certificate made out to Marla Ann O'Shea, female. Here's a drivers license also made out to me, with a picture taken the day we left for California."

"You're legally a girl?" I asked.



"I-I'm really a female. It's official!"

"Oh, Darla, there's a marriage license made out for Johnny Thornton and-and-Marla Ann O'Shea."

I was awe struck as I looked over the sheath of papers. "These look official."

"Yes, isn't it wonderful. I can marry, I can be Johnny's wife." Excitedly she gave me a huge hug.

When we arrived at the farm, Marla started for the barn.

"Hold on young lady," Mrs. Gates said. "Change your clothes and put on your pinafore before you go charging off. You've already ruined one perfectly good outfit rolling around in that barn."

Marla hurriedly left to change her clothes. She couldn't wait to tell Johnny the good news.

We resettled at the farm. It was four weeks until the parole hearing and less than two months until Johnny and Marla's wedding. The wedding couldn't take place unless the Board of Corrections granted parole, but if we waited, we wouldn't have time to get ready for it.

Mrs. Gates and Marla decided to go ahead with wedding preparations assuming that we would be granted probation.

Judge Harris agreed to perform the ceremony. Johnny chose Bob, Lisa's husband, to be best man, and Mr. Gates agreed to give away the bride. Katie was to be maid of honor, Lisa and I were to be bridesmaids, and Johnny's daughter, Susie, was to be the flower girl.

The wedding would be at the Gates farm.

During the period when we were frantically making preparations, Mrs. Gates only allowed me to work as a secretary part time.

The Judge's hands were on me constantly. Our teachers had warned us about this type of employer, but as long as I was on probation, there was nothing I could do.

He turned up the heat by asking me to move in with him. The idea of living with another man was strange and frightening, but Mrs. Gates decided that it would be good for my training.



The Judge's hands
were on me constantly.

The Judge really did seem to like me. He enjoyed having me display my feminized body in revealing clothes and bragging that I was a boy. He also kissed and stroked me, but fortunately he didn't go further.

Mary Sue called. A new dress had come in and she wanted me to see it. Mrs. Gates thought I should go to get a break from the constant pressure of preparations.

I didn't care for the dress, but Mary Sue invited me to go for a soda. She was trying to be nice and hadn't teased me at all, so I agreed.

"Darla," she said, "I'd like us to be friends."

"That would be nice."

"Special friends."

"What do you mean?"

"I find myself thinking of you often," she said. "I liked you well enough before, but I'm really turned on by your wearing dresses."

"You know I'm living with Judge Harris."

"Have you decided to have the operation?"

"No, but he also wants us to be special friends."

"That's all right with me," she said, "I'm willing to share you. However, you're much more interesting to me as a boy in dresses than if you went all the way with this."

"I'll keep that in mind."

She gave me a kiss that was more than friendly and said, "I know you're busy with the hearing and Marla's wedding, but let's get together whenever we can."

Tuesday was the parole hearing. Judge Harris agreed to speak in our behalf. Katie and Johnny showed up to give us morale support. Of course, Mrs. Gates was there for obvious reasons.

Marla and I dressed as twins, but very conservatively in mid-calf skirts and white silk blouses.

We sat nervously in the courtroom as the presiding official read the case history and reviewed the parole options. After



"I'm really turned on
by your wearing dresses."

hour of questioning and testimony, they excused us to confer amongst themselves. We went into the corridor to await their decision.

Marla, of course, was Johnny's shadow. I gravitated to Jack who was conferring with Mrs. Gates. "So it's agreed then," Jack said.

"I'm sure we can work something out," Mrs. Gates said. "We'll talk about it tomorrow."

I was about to ask what they were talking about when we were summoned back.

The parole official said, "After weighing all the evidence given today, we are in unanimous agreement that both defendants are worthy of parole. It is the decision of this board that Marla O'Shea be remanded into the custody of Johnny Thornton and that Darw...Darla O'Shea likewise be remanded into the custody of Judge Harris."

Everyone in the audience gave a sigh of relief and Marla and I gave a simultaneous shout of glee. After a few seconds, Katie joined us and the O'Shea 'sisters' had a group hug.

I had one more question for the board.

"Does that mean I can wear pants and become a man again?"

"That will be up to Judge Harris," the parole officer said. "He's the one who'll set the conditions of your parole."

"You're a man in the eyes of the law," Jack said. "However, as long as you're under my supervision, you'll continue to dress as a girl."

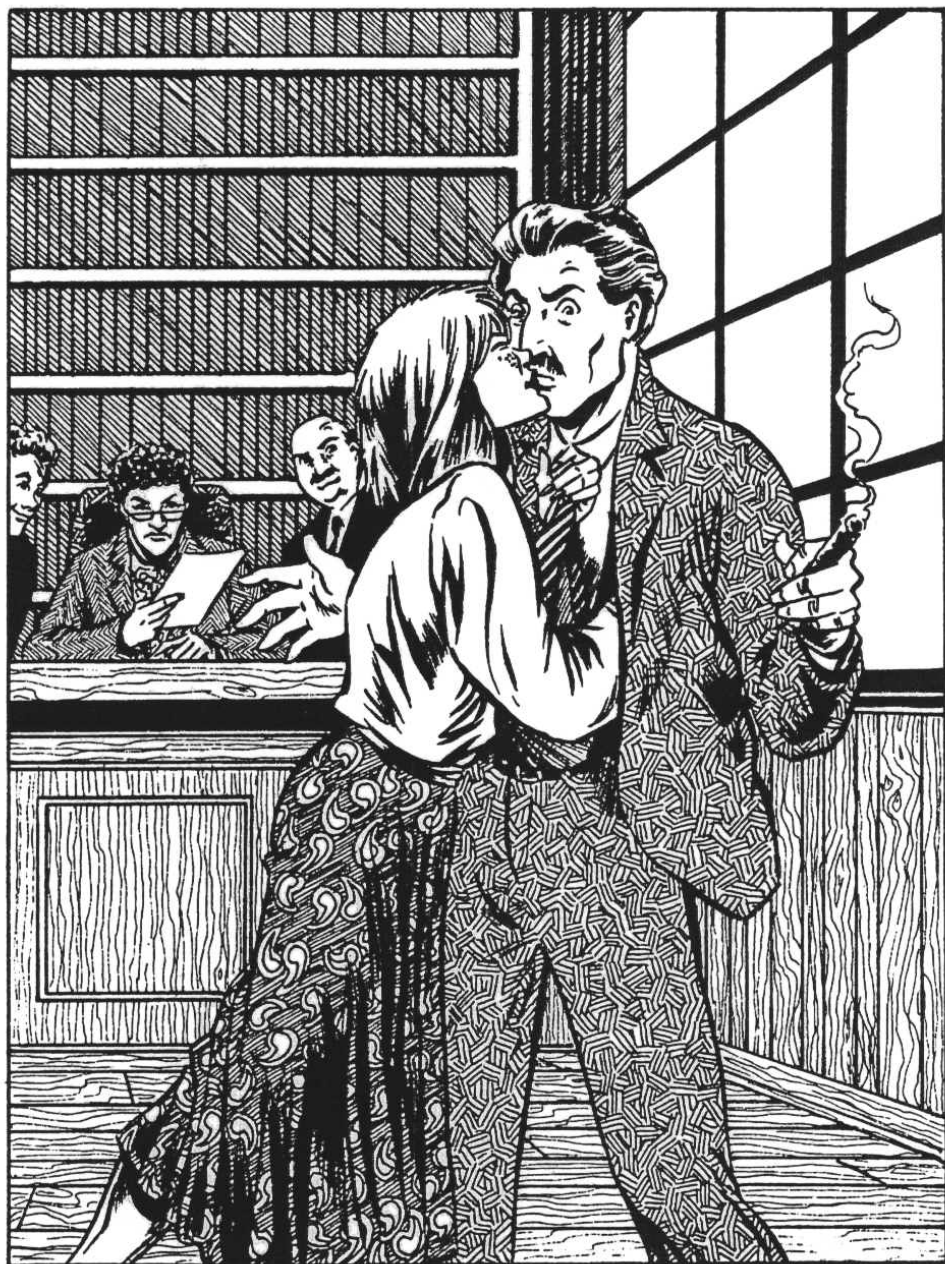
I could see that he was determined to keep me a boy in dresses, but I knew that even in that humiliating state I had power.

"Oh, thank you your Honor," I said and gave him a big kiss right on the lips.

"That's enough of that," he said.

Everyone laughed.

That evening we all gathered at the Gates house for a party. Marla and I had returned to our normal manner of dress. She



"Oh, thank you your Honor."

wore a high waisted black jumper that fell to mid calf and a blouse with dolman sleeves.

I, on the other hand, had on a revealing black crop top with short sleeves that showed much of my bosom, a slim, lime green skirt that ended six inches above my knees, and a matching bolero jacket.

Everyone was in a cheerful mood. When my two sisters and I had Mrs. Gates alone, I asked, "are you sorry that we'll be leaving for good soon?"

"I've been talking with Judge Harris, and he is lining up some new challenges for me."

"What challenges?" I asked.

Johnny came over to us and said, "Marla, don't leave me alone. Girls, why don't you join us for a toast to Marla and Darla."

There wasn't another chance that night to get Mrs. Gates alone to talk.

The next day, everything really shifted into high gear. Marla's wedding was just around the corner and there were a million things to do.

The first thing Marla did was move in with Johnny. She said that this gave her an opportunity to grow closer to Susie before becoming her mother, and, after all, I was already living with Judge Harris and we weren't even engaged.

A week after the parole hearing, Marla and I arrived at the farm to continue to plan the ceremony and to sew outfits for ourselves, the bridesmaids and flower girl. We found Mrs. Gates in the living room with three strangers.

"Girls," she said, "meet Mr. and Mrs. Nelson and their son Edward. They're considering placing Edward with me for the next year."

Edward was a slight boy with shoulder length dirty blond hair that hung in kinky strands about his ears and down his neck. He appeared to be no older than 14.

"Marla and Darla were my wards for the past year," Mrs. Gates said.

"Oh," Mrs. Nelson said, "you're lovely, my dears."

I blushed at her compliment wondering whether this lady knew the whole story.

"Why were you staying here?" Mr. Nelson asked.

"They made some bad choices," Mrs. Gates said. "They were convicted of drug possession."

"No," Mr. Nelson said, "I'd never have guessed. Do you think your stay with Mrs. Gates has made permanent changes in your lives?"

It was all that I could do to hold my composure at Mr. Nelson's question. Finally I said, "My stay with Mrs. Gates changed my life completely."

Marla couldn't hold back any longer. She placed her fingers over her red lips and giggled.

"What do you say, Marla?" Mrs. Gates asked.

"Oh, Mrs. Gates," Marla said, "I have to agree. Our stay with you definitely resulted in many permanent changes in our life-styles."

"That's good enough for me," Mr. Nelson said. "If Mrs. Gates can take two delinquent girls and turn them into such lovely young ladies, I'm sure she can do the same for Edward."

"Yes dear, I'm sure she can," Mrs. Nelson said.

"Edward has a problem with authority," Mr. Nelson said. "He has run away a few times, he's lazy, and he refuses to obey our rules. I was at my wit's end when my wife suggested bringing him here. She says Mrs. Gates comes highly recommended by Judge Harris. I don't know anything about her methods, but if she can produce these kinds of results in only one year, I'm all for it. Give me those papers, and I'll sign them."

We all had to suppress another giggle. Edward just stood there frowning and silent during the entire conversation.

We excused ourselves.

"Do you think they know? I asked.

"I bet Mrs. Nelson does," Marla said.

"Yes, but not Mr. Nelson or little Edwina," I said.

"I sure would like to see that boy in a dress," Marla said.

"I bet you won't have to wait long."

We agreed that we'd be regular visitors to the Gates farm to check on young Edward's progress.

We went back to the Nelsons. Mrs. Gates had her hands on Edward's shoulders, "You will find that if you obey my rules, we will get along fine," she said.

He looked grim. I could just imagine this unpleasant boy in a little girl's dress. This would be fun.

A short time later, the Nelsons drove off.

"Edward becomes my ward for a year starting next week," Mrs. Gates said.

"Do his parents know what you'll do to him?" I asked.

"Mrs. Nelson's always wanted a daughter," she said. "Mr. Nelson doesn't know a thing, except that his nineteen year old son has no discipline or ambition. He's willing to let me take him in the hope that I'll return him a son he can be proud of."

"Won't Edwina be surprised," I said.

"Edward's nineteen," Marla said. "He doesn't look any older than fourteen."

"I may make use of that," Mrs. Gates said.

"How do you think Mr. Nelson will react when he sees his son wearing a dress?" I asked.

"Mr. Nelson is a very busy man who travels a lot. I suspect by the time he knows, it may be too late."

I almost felt sorry for little Edward.

For the next week and a half we were busy preparing for the wedding. Marla was a bundle of nerves the entire time.

I, on the other hand, was the epitome of cool. I had settled into Jack's home, though I talked with Mary Sue on the telephone every chance I got.



I could imagine him dressed as a little girl.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Finally, the day arrived. The wedding was to take place at one o'clock, which gave us time to take care of those final details. Marla was at the house at ten, trying on her clothes and making sure there wouldn't be any surprises with the wedding dress.

Katie, Lisa, and I were there to perform the same function with our dresses and make sure that the men were on time. To our chagrin, they acted as if this were just another Sunday. They stood around the punch bowl talking, but paying little attention to the wedding itself.

Ted was in a dark blue business suit, and I asked why he wasn't wearing his tuxedo. "Mrs. Gates called yesterday and said she had someone else to usher so I could relax and enjoy the ceremony."

"I wonder who she could have found at this late hour?" I asked.

"Beats me," Ted said.

Johnny was certainly handsome in his tuxedo, as were Bob and Mr. Gates. I found myself wishing I could wear one as well, but with my figure, it would have to be custom made.

Marla was fluttering around like a frightened rabbit. She had made a floor length white wedding gown from silk and chantilly lace.

Katie appeared surprised, "That dress is so low cut."

"Why shouldn't I show my assets, darling? I've got a lovely set of breasts and I'm proud of them, even though they've been surgically enhanced."

"You've always dressed so conservatively," Katie said.

"I needed conservative dresses to catch Johnny. Well, I caught him. Now I can wear whatever I want. Besides, Johnny has made it clear that he loves my breasts, so I don't have any reason to hide them."



"Why shouldn't I show my assets?"

Katie helped Lisa and me with our Bridesmaid's gowns. I made lime green floor length gowns for us and a lilac colored one for Katie. Lisa had her blond hair in a French braid with matching green ribbons strategically placed. It really looked lovely.

About noon, everything was a mad frenzy as we four fluttered around trying to get ourselves and each other ready on time. Marla was the worst of all, first giggling, then pouting. Her mood swings dramatized the emotional turmoil she was under preparing for this most important day of her life.

We were almost ready when the door opened and in ran little Susie. "Mommy, Mommy, Daddy wants me to see if you're ready," she said running up to Marla to pull on her skirt.

I could see that Marla was busy, so I stepped in, "Susie, tell your daddy that we're almost ready."

After she left, I commented to Marla on how well Susie seemed to accept her as her Mother.

"Susie and I get along really great." Marla said. "I know I'll have the most wonderful time being her mother and Johnny's wife."

Soon it was time to start downstairs for the ceremony. Marla was becoming more nervous with each minute, so before going down, I pressed her hands in mine and said, "Calm down Sis. Everything will work out. Johnny's lucky to have such a lovely bride."

She gave me a tearful smile and squeezed my hands back. Then, I left her to go check that everything was in order.

The seats we set up in the yard were nearly all full. Mrs. Gates' new ward, Edward, was working as an usher. He was immaculately dressed in a tuxedo, with his well groomed hair tied back in a pony tail.

"Mrs. Gates," I said, "Eddie looks great."

"He does seem to be adjusting. I'm sure I can do wonders for him."

"I'm surprised you have him dressed in such a manly fashion."

"He's only been with me for a short time, and Marla's wedding isn't the place for experimenting and possibly putting up with tantrums. Besides, everything isn't always as it appears."

"Oh?" I said. Just then, Eddie walked by, and I caught the distinctive scent of lilacs. I wondered if she had him in panties yet. She had us in them in less time, but we had the threat of prison facing us.

"Can you meet me for some shopping this week?" Mrs. Gates asked.

"I'd like to, but I'm really busy at work," I said. "I have to catch up after all the time I took off for the wedding preparations."

"If you can take a long lunch one day, you can help me select some clothes for Eddie. I've taken his measurements and a girl's size 14 will fit him."

"You're going to dress him as a little girl?"

"He really is quite a handful. If you could help me introduce him to his new outfits this Saturday, I'd really appreciate it."

I looked over at Eddie. He was frowning as usual. He really was an unpleasant child. That was reason enough for me to be excited about his coming training. I also was glad to have another boy in dresses to take some of the attention from me.

"You can count on me for the shopping and the help next weekend."

"That's wonderful. Perhaps Jack would like to come for dinner Saturday to see the results."

"I'm sure he'd like that."

Marla had finished with her makeup. She arrived downstairs, and we fitted her lace veil on to her head and handed her a bouquet of white roses with long white ribbon streamers. She was gorgeous.

Jack took his position at the makeshift pulpit under an overhanging bough of the elm tree, Johnny and Bob took their places, then the piano and violin players began the Wedding March.

We lined up to begin Marla's walk down the isle. Susie was first followed by us bridesmaids, then Katie and finally the bride walking with Mr. Gates.

Marla looked over at Katie, then at me. She gave us a bright smile showing that, although nervous, she was the happiest woman in the house. At a signal from Jack, we started the traditional march down the aisle.

Marla's red lips smiled brightly, a small tear trailing down her cheek.

I spotted Mary Sue, and she flashed me a smile and winked. I winked back.

Lisa, Marla and I were testimony to the skills of Mrs. Gates who was standing in the front row watching us make this most feminine of marches. As I passed her, I wondered what was going through her mind. I saw tear trails down both of her cheeks. I reached my position near where Marla would be standing and turned to face the crowd.

As Marla walked toward me, I surveyed the audience. How many of them knew that I was really a boy? I supposed most of them did. Suddenly I became aware of the peculiar nature of my situation. I, Darwin O'Shea, was a bridesmaid. Standing in a dress in front of all of these people. I shifted on my high heels and felt my petticoats rub against my nylon covered legs. Would I ever be a boy again?

After the entire procession arrived on station, Judge Harris began the ceremony. He read some verses from the bible, spoke a few words concerning the meaning and sanctity of marriage, then began the words that would seal Marla to Johnny for the rest of her life. "Do you, Marla Ann O'Shea, take this man, John Thornton, to be your lawful husband?"

"I do," Marla said.

"Do you, John Thornton, take this woman, Marla Ann O'Shea, to be your lawful wife?"

"Yes sir, I do," Johnny said.

"May we have the ring?"



I, Darwin O'Shea, was a bridesmaid.

Bob gave Johnny the ring. He took Marla's hand in his and placed the wedding band on her finger saying, "With this ring, I thee wed."

"With the powers vested in me," Jack said, "I pronounce you husband and wife. You may kiss the bride."

With that pronouncement, Johnny reached over and lifted Marla's veil. Marla had tears streaming down her cheeks as Johnny took her chin in his large hand and lifted her lips to his.

I couldn't help wondering how this had all happened. How had we, in the space of a year, gone from being unruly, delinquent brothers to two lovely, well-behaved sisters? Could this be real? Could I ever return to being a man?

Later, after the cutting of the wedding cake, Marla had all the single girls gather so she could throw the traditional bouquet. Over twenty of us gathered for these festivities.

Marla stood on the verandah, turned her back to us and tossed the flowers over her shoulder. Every girl ran for the bouquet with loud screeches. I saw it coming my way and I reached up for it. Just as my hand grasped the lovely flowers, another joined it so that we caught the bouquet together.

There were loud squeals and I looked over at the other girl that caught it with me. It was Katie. "Oh," escaped both of our lips simultaneously, then we both broke down in giggles. Did this mean we would be married at the same time?

Marla was ecstatic at the outcome, and she hurried over to congratulate us. "I'm sure that Tom took notice of you catching the bouquet, Katie," she said. "Maybe he'll take the hint."

Katie giggled with her and said, "I hope so, and soon."

"Who do you think you'll marry, Darla?" Marla asked.

"Come with me a minute," I said. "I have something for you."

We went into the house and I got a large flat package and gave it to her. "Here," I said, "It's for your bedroom."

"You're kidding, you went ahead and did it?"



"You may
kiss the bride."



Katie and I
caught the bouquet.

She tore open the package to display a large picture of her in very sexy lace lingerie trying to get a pair of Johnny's jeans over her full rounded hips. A strap of her overflowing brassiere was falling off her shoulder.

"Promise me you'll hang it in your bedroom," I said.

"You know you must have surgery before you can marry Judge Harris, don't you?"

"He likes me better as a boy in dresses than he would if I was a real girl. Anyway, I don't want to marry him. I want to be a man again, but he's made it clear that he'll never let me return to pants. I'm afraid all this was part of his plan from the beginning."

"Don't people tease you," she asked.

"Yes, Jack likes me to dress as sexily as possible then tell everyone I'm a boy. It's so embarrassing. But I have another problem too. Mary Sue and I have come to be more than just girlfriends. She says she loves me in spite of the changes in my body and the way I treated her when I was a boy. She wants me to move in with her even though I have to dress as a girl."

"You can imagine my confusion. I want to be a man, so I don't want the operation. However, Judge Harris won't let me dress as a man, and I hate being a boy in a dress. Becoming a real woman may be the solution, but that would spoil both my relationships. I don't know. I just don't know."

EPILOGUE

A year has passed since Marla's wedding, and I'm as confused as ever. Judge Harris allowed me to move in with Mary Lou, but despite my expressed desire to return to pants and a masculine life-style, he still makes me dress as a woman and work as his secretary. I have no choice but to wear the short skirts and high heels he prefers; he controls my probation.

He still feels me up on occasion, but not all the time like in the beginning. He seems content to show me off to his friends and colleagues as a perfect example of what can be accom-



"Hang it in your bedroom."

plished when a boy is sentenced to wear dresses and lingerie. Using me, he demonstrates that requiring delinquent boys to dress as girls is more effective and less expensive than sending them to prison, and he's having considerable success selling the idea. To do own his part, he has become quite active in selecting young law breakers for Mrs. Gates to 'rehabilitate'.

I feel like a traitor to my gender as I sort through photographs of recent perpetrators and make recommendations on which of them would make attractive girls. Judge Harris gives them the maximum sentence. Then he offers them the Gates alternative, a shorter sentence to be served on a local farm. Like Marlon and myself, they don't know the magnitude of their decision, and quickly find themselves trapped in dresses.

Sometimes the judge selects a candidate based on his crime and attitude rather than his potential to become feminine. For example, a particularly rebellious boy named Julian was charged with rape. He was about eighteen, and, amid constant profanity, he swore that women who wore makeup and short skirts were asking for it and deserved to be raped.

Although Julian had little chance of becoming an attractive girl, Judge Harris gave him a twenty year sentence. Not surprisingly, he jumped at a chance to spend three years under the tutelage of Mrs. Gates instead of prison. The deputies had to make numerous 'visits' to the farm before he appeared sufficiently feminine to be 'allowed' to escape. After spending a particularly eventful night in jail in his girlish panties, blouse, and shorts, no way did he want a repeat performance. Like Marlon, he had to return to the farm in a dress. To his sorrow, he was dubbed 'Julie' by his 'sisters' and teased incessantly about what they all knew had happened.

Marla works as Mrs. Gates' assistant and helps her teach the recalcitrant boys feminine traits. At first, being reluctant to mete out discipline, she passed the hard cases along to Mrs. Gates. But now, she won't hesitate to twist a boy's arm behind him, pull him across her lap, flip up his skirt or pull down his shorts, and administer a well deserved spanking.

Most surprising to me is that little Susie, Marla's step-daughter, is so obsessed with the femininely clad boys. She teases them about their enforced clothing and calls them sissies. Every time I arrive, she runs over and asks, "Aunt Darla, did you bring us a new sissy?" Imagine how that makes a young boy feel if I happen to have one in the car.

The judge and I visit the farm often to monitor the boys' progress. On one trip Mrs. Gates was having a barbecue, and some of the boys were playing volleyball. All of a sudden, I heard Susie squeal, "Look at the way sissy Edwina's slip shows when he jumps!"

"Yes dear," Mrs. Gates said. "His skirt bounces so high, you can see his panties."

Hearing the comments, Edwina sat on the sidelines with his knees together and his skirt pulled down as far as it would go, which wasn't very far.

Edwina, formerly Edward, was still embarrassed to be in girls clothes particularly since he was the only one who had to dress as a little girl. Susie had great fun with him, often taking him shopping with her and selecting identical outfits for them. Much to his dismay, she usually insisted that they wear their new dresses home, and he had to leave the store holding her hand and dressed just like her. Susie also likes to play jacks and jump rope with him or play house with him and her dolls.

Mr. Nelson still hadn't seen his son, but Mrs. Nelson was a frequent and amused visitor.

Marla saw Edwina's dejection, and to get his mind off his humiliation, she instructed him to serve drinks to the guests. You should have seen him blush beneath his neatly applied makeup when he served me and the Judge.

I have stopped taking hormones and my breasts have shrunk so much that I have to wear falsies to get the 'C' cup the judge prefers. Mary Lou and I have wild and wonderful sex, but sometimes I feel guilty for leaving Judge Harris' home. You see, when I left, he made 'Julie' move in and become his maid. Because of Julie's former attitude about women who wore makeup and short skirts, the Judge calls him Fifi and



Mrs. Gates had a barbecue.
Some of the boys played volleyball.



Edwina served drinks to the guests, blushing under his makeup.

makes him perform his duties in a short French maid's uniform, dark nylons, stiletto heels, heavy makeup, dark red lipstick, false eyelashes laden with mascara, blue eye shadow, ultra long lacquered nails, and heavy pendant earrings dangling from his pierced ears.

Two days a week, Fifi has to ride the bus to the courthouse dressed that way and clean the office. He has confided to me that if he had known what women had to endure, he never would have mistreated them. He's terribly sorry, but Judge Harris says he has yet to learn his lesson. According to him, the only chance Fifi has to get out of his duties as a maid is to 'earn' the right to work as a waitress at the truck stop over by the interstate. As I suspected in the beginning, Fifi doesn't make a very attractive woman. To his credit though, I bet he'll look as good in a short pink dress as most truck stop waitresses. Still, imagine having to smile every time a truck driver slid his hand under your skirt in order to get a larger tip.

Judge Harris says the world needs more male secretaries, hairdressers, waitresses, and maids so the real women can devote their time to being better wives and lovers. He's certainly doing his part in that regard because at this rate, the prisons will be empty and the beauty salons full.



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