

SERIALS

MAGAZINE



DESTINED
FOR
DRESSES

*What will happen
to Terry when he's
drafted to become
a cheerleader!
Part 1 of 3*

**SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
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DESTINED FOR DRESSES

BOOK ONE

**By
Dawn Bell
Sandy Thomas
Alice Trail
and others.**

**Based upon a character in
FATED FOR FEMININITY
Transvestia Revisited #1**

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"DESTINED FOR DRESSES"

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SANDY THOMAS, DAWN, ALICE TRAIL

QUOTE BOARD

**When the Scotsman was asked
what was worn under his kilt;
"Nothing is worn, laddie. Everything
is in fine working order."**

Destined For Dresses

by Sandy Thomas and friends,

BOOK ONE

Terry's stomach was tight. He had never been in trouble before. In fact, he hardly ever did anything worthy of notice but here he was---on his way to the principal's office. His father had died when he was young, and his mother had worked hard to raise him and his sister as a single parent. She had always cautioned her children to avoid trouble because she had no money for fines, attorney fees, and the like. As a result, he got average grades, never made a lot of noise, and stayed out of trouble. His one act of defiance, if it could be so labeled, was to let his hair grow down onto his collar like many boys of his age.

So, why was he now being summoned to the principal's office? His stomach was churning anxiously as he entered the door to the outer office. Surely, he was being blamed for something he hadn't done.

The principal's secretary looked up from her desk and said, "Go right in. Everyone is waiting for you."

Terry's nerves tensed upon hearing her words. "WHAT DO THEY THINK I'VE DONE?" he thought.

The principal was a Mr. Arthur, and no one knew much about him because he was from out of town. He had been a principal for many years, and had an outstanding reputation. Rumor had it that he was a millionaire and only worked for satisfaction. Someone said he made a killing in the stock market in a little penny stock called 'Under Control'. After its dramatic increase in its value, he cashed in. He drove a '71' Mercedes 280SE, 3.5 coupe, and lived in a big house secluded on ten acres. It was complete with heated swimming pool and stable.

When the new high school was being staffed, he applied and was hired as principal. He was married to a beautiful brunette who was known as 'Miss Roberts' at school because of a school board rule against married couples working together. Although five feet six in her stockings, she looks petite standing next to the principal's six foot three. Miss Roberts had a nursing degree, and was employed as a health teacher and school nurse. Her pleasant personality made her an immediate hit with boys and girls alike, and she quickly gained everyone's trust.

Entering Mr. Arthur's office, Terry blinked with hesitation and bafflement at the gathering before him.

Mr. Arthur said, "Terry, come in and sit down. We've been waiting for you."

Terry took the one remaining seat. Looking around as Mr. Arthur shuffled some papers on his desk, he counted five boys besides himself. Terry knew a couple of them from his previous school, but he had never seen the others. Being rather shy and quiet, he didn't have many friends. Having been directed to enter a new school by the school board, also did little to help in that regard.

The school district had recently been redivided and BUSTER CRANFORD High was a brand new school. Everything, including classrooms, stadium, swimming pool, chemistry labs, computer room and gymnasium was new. Because Terry lived on the old district's border, he knew few students from the year before.

Mr. Arthur asked each boy to introduce himself and tell a little about 'who we are.' As they went around the circle, Terry still had no idea why they were there. He tried to imagine why he would be called to the principal's office on the first day of school with this group. As it turned out, the whole group was extremely dull. This gathering very much resembled a 'nerd' convention. On top of that, none of them was very tall or athletic. The only obvious factor in this gathering was that not one of them *was* outstanding in any way.

The first one stood and said, "My name is Larry and this is my first year of school here."

Mr. Arthur interrupted, "Tell us about your extracurricular activities in Junior High."

Terry listened in confusion because he hadn't done anything in Junior high. What was he going to say?

Larry stuttered, "Ah, I did go to one basketball game."

The students, each in turn, introduced themselves. The group quickly realized that none of them had been involved in their previous school's athletics or extracurricular activities worth noting.

When everyone was finished, Mr. Arthur spoke again. He was a smooth speaker. His voice was resonant and impressive, not unlike those Sunday morning television preachers. He told the group he wanted to stimulate a school spirit and inspire a future loyal alumni. His gentle manner was unlike other 'hard as nails' principals the boys had known. His voice was calm and his gaze steady as he told of his vision for winning school teams and infec-

tious school spirit. His voice carried a unique persuasiveness. He spoke enthusiastically of winning teams, motivated students and a peppy school spirit.

His contagious vitality was all well and good, but each boy kept thinking, "WHAT DOES ALL THIS HAVE TO DO WITH ME???" His mellow baritone simmered with barely checked fervor when he asked, "Well? What do you say? Are you all in?"

They all looked at one another and finally, Larry asked while biting his lip, "In what?"

"Oh," Mr. Arthur said, "I guess I got carried away and forgot to tell you why I asked you all here." His voice lowered, losing its steely edge, and he answered in a matter of fact tone. "I have quite a challenge with this school. The seniors have all been transferred here from other schools under duress, and frankly, they don't care a hoot about this one. The football team has never played together, and most of the students don't know one another."

His voice was tender, almost a murmur, and the boys instantly liked him. He continued. "Over the years, I've found that team spirit is not with the football stars, prom queens, or the other athletic and beautiful students. School spirit starts from within the student body and works its way up. Each one of you were chosen because you are average, plain, unexciting and haven't been 'burned out' by being too involved in another school's identity, and none of you have the physical attributes to play sports so, in short, you are perfect."

"Perfect?" Terry asked. "Perfect for what?"

"For the pep squad. I want you 'men' to organize a pep squad and to have rallies, dances, and maybe even lead a few cheers at the ball games. You are all juniors and sophomores, so you have at least two years to get the job done. That job is to create an intense spirit and pride level in our athletic program."

"Isn't that the cheerleader's job?"

"We'll need both," Mr. Arthur announced. "The tryout for the cheerleaders is Friday, and when we find out which girls are chosen, you'll work closely with them. You won't object to working with pretty girls, will you? What do you say?"

What could they say? A rehearsal was set up for Friday after school at the cheerleader tryouts.

Out of over 600 students at BUSTER CRANFORD HIGH, over 40% were girls. Terry figured at least half of those wanted to be cheerleaders, and probably half of those actually thought they had a chance to make the squad. Probably half of those wouldn't try out so. . .

The boys were surprised when only three girls were at the tryout. They needed six minimum. One of the girls told Mr. Arthur, "There was an article in the school paper ridiculing the 'dumb blonde' image of cheerleaders. I don't think the girls want to chance being made fun of at this new school."

"No problem," Mr. Arthur said undaunted, "We always have the pep squad to fill in on the cheers."

The six boys looked at one another and wondered if Mr. Arthur had the ability to pull this school together. Maybe it was too much of a job?

In the next week, the six boys and the TWO girls, (one never showed up again) made up cheers and some rally songs. It's very hard to just come up with cheers that rhyme with BUSTER CRANFORD. You know. . . "give me a 'B', give me a 'U'."

. . .

The two cheerleaders were Betty and Ellen. Both were very attractive and had been cheerleaders at their previous school. That was probably the only reason they were there.

Mr. Arthur was still most supportive and positive. He was at every practice, keeping up the small group's enthusiasm.

To make a long story short, after a major recruiting effort, only five girls would agree to be cheerleaders. Since 'beggars can't be choosers' all five girls were taken to Lee's Boutique, a dress shop owned by Mr. Arthur and Miss Roberts, to be outfitted with uniforms.

The six boys received their pep squad uniforms at the boutique as well. They were very nervous being in a ladies dress shop and were very glad when the ordeal was over. Their uniforms consisted of a pair of long white trousers and a long sleeved blue sweater. The sweater was decorated with a megaphone displaying the letters BC and underlined by the name of the school mascot, BEAVERS.

The girls uniforms were similar. They had a short white pleated skirt for away and blue for home games. Their sweater, with the same insignia as the boys, was sleeveless. Underneath the sweater, they wore a satin blouse with loose fitting long sleeves.

A practice schedule was setup. Fridays at lunch was set for rehearsals and pep rallies were to be held after school before the football games. Because of these rallies, and to call attention to the two squads and the Friday games, Mr. Arthur informed the spirit leaders that were to wear their uniforms to school on Fridays. Mr. Arthur was a born promoter.

The pep squad proved to be a very popular group with the student body, and as soon as word got

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around, five additional boys volunteered their services, bringing the total participants to eleven.

Betty had the most experience of the five girls, and she was elected captain. After the first pep rally, she took Mr. Arthur aside and demanded, "Find us another girl or we are all quitting. All the cheers are made for six. For example, we have, 'Give me a B-U-S-T-E-and no one to take the 'R'."

"Betty, just relax ... don't you know someone you can get to fill out the team?" Mr. Arthur asked.

She shook her head. She had transferred from one of the smallest of the schools divided, and against her will, she had been assigned to attend Cranford High.

Mr. Arthur pondered, "I'll tell you what. The boy's have a large group, and eleven isn't a very workable number. How about if the five of you get together and select one of them to fill in as a cheerleader for the remainder of this year? I believe that would that be a workable solution. What do you say?"

Betty thought over his suggestion for a few moments, and a smile gradually spread across her pretty face. "Yes," she replied thoughtfully. "I think having a boy cheerleader would be neat----just like the ivy league colleges. I'll talk it over with the girls and let you know who we select as our new member."

Later that day, Betty informed Mr. Arthur that Terry Hemm was the chosen boy. He called Terry aside to inform him of the problem with the cheerleaders and his changed status.

"I can't do it, Mr. Arthur," Terry responded.

"Why not, my boy?"

"My afternoon schedule is very tough, and I can't attend lunch practice because I have math class at one."

"I assume you are referring to the rule about 'no class changes' after the first week of school," Mr.

Arthur responded. "If it weren't for your schedule, you'd do it for the school, wouldn't you?"

Seeing no way out, he answered tentatively, "I guess so."

"Well, since I'm the principal and I make the rules, that should pose no problem. Let me see what I can do to work out a better schedule for you. If everything comes together as I expect, we'll be like those ivy league colleges and have a man on the cheerleading squad. Come see me in the morning, and I'll give you your new class schedule."

The next day Terry went by Mr. Arthur's office to find that he'd 'worked out' a new schedule alright. "Scheduling the proper classes for you was tough. There were lots of conflicts, but I finally worked your schedule so you now have the same afternoon classes as Betty and Ellen. Your tough classes are in the morning instead of the afternoon," he said, handing Terry his new class schedule.

As Terry looked over his new schedule, he began to regret his commitment to become a cheerleader. He also regretted that he lacked the courage to just quit and walk out on the whole crazy thing. He knew that few boys would dream of allowing himself to become so entangled in an activity hitherto undertaken only by girls.

On the way out of Mr. Arthur's office he looked down and took a good look at his new schedule. "What? He turned around and before he could say a word, Mr. Arthur interrupted, "That's the only way it would work. . . I know you'll try it. . . for the school." He waved the boy out of his office.

He walked down the hall, his head down staring at the piece of paper that controlled his daily life. What did it all mean?

His new schedule substituted Home Economics for Wood Shop and added 'Secretarial Skills', a course that included typing, shorthand, and filing,

for Business Administration. By accepting this revised schedule, he was making a commitment for the semester.

Terry's jaw dropped when he saw that he had to take his gym class with the girls. There was no alternative since everyone involved in special activities had to schedule gym with his or her group. This included members of the athletic teams, year-book committee, band, and of course, the cheerleaders. State school policy made gym mandatory for all students, and except for health reasons, there were no exceptions.

He was assigned a locker in the girl's gym which was put into the small dressing room used by the instructor. She told him that for appearance sake, and to stifle any curiosity of those who looked in and might wonder what a boy was doing in a girl's gym class, he would be required to wear gym clothes similar to those required for the girls. That is, a leotard type aerobics outfit and the white regulation tennis shoes he wore for cheerleading.

In addition, she had a strict rule that all students with hair longer than five inches, **MUST** tie it back in a ponytail or wear it up some other way. She was not having any accidents due to hair getting into someone's eyes. She wrote a letter to Terry's mother explaining her requirements so she could purchase the correct outfits.

Terry was next shocked to discover that he was the only boy in his Home Economics class.

His situation was not helped by the fact that Miss Dickson, the instructor, was a confirmed feminist and strongly resented any masculine invasion into traditional feminine activities. She had not been pleased with the intrusion of this boy into her previously all female class. She vowed to Mr. Arthur that she would make no allowances whatsoever in her required projects or class assignments for him.



"Terry stared at the piece of paper that controlled his life."

This was accepted by Mr. Arthur who replied, "Of course not, Miss Dickson. I respect your right to conduct your class as you see fit."

Terry looked around uncomfortably at the fifteen female classmates in the room. He instantly regretted this substitute course forced on him by the schedule changes Mr. Arthur had arranged to accommodate his participation in cheerleading. Like in gym, he was feeling very out of place. The room had many work tables with sewing machines, full length mirrors and footstools for standing on while hemming up skirts and dresses. All these things were foreign to Terry.

Since he was a week late starting this class due to his schedule change, Miss Dickson called him aside for an indoctrination speech. This speech gave Terry an ominous feeling that this would be

a totally humiliating experience. She wore an adamant expression as she said, "This year, all students will be required to complete a series of sewing projects. Some are mandatory, others will allow you to express your new skills and creativity. All elective projects must have my concurrence before you start. To facilitate the work, I have teamed everyone in pairs, but one group has three members. Since you are both cheerleaders, I will assign Betty as your partner. This is primarily to allow you to help one another with the hemming of skirts, dresses, etc. Here is a list of the projects you are required to complete."

Miss Dickson handed him a printed sheet which he read with a sinking feeling. The sheet read:

The following are your Home Economics - Sewing class projects.

You must complete them all to get credit for this course. No substitutions are allowed.

Note: Each garment will be graded on design, finish and the fit as worn by the student who made it.

Project 1 - Simple, straight skirt. Hem must be 2" above the knee. Pattern will be provided.

Project 2 - Walking shorts. Back zip design. Full leg with mid-thigh length. Pattern will be provided.

Project 3 - A man's long sleeved dress shirt.

Project 4 - Simple, knee length dress. Pattern will be provided.

Project 5 - Cocktail dress. Student's choice of pattern. This project is to provide you with experience in sewing dressy styles. Once you have selected your pattern and proposed material, you must obtain teacher's concurrence before proceeding.

Final - Floor-length gown. Same requirements as Project 5.

Terry scanned the page twice before laying down the paper. Skirts? Dresses? Gowns? Surely, Miss Dickson didn't mean he was to make those feminine things like the girls and to fit himself yet!

To clear up this misunderstanding, Terry asked, "Miss Dickson, about this project list, surely you don't expect me to make these girl's things! I guess you haven't had any boy students before, so could I substitute pants and things for the items..."

He was cut off in mid-sentence by Miss Dickson. "Certainly not! The list is non negotiable, period! State law makes up the guidelines for this course. Girls are required to make men's clothing, so it won't hurt you to make a few girl's things. Having a boy in my class was definitely not my idea, and I will make no concessions on your behalf! I made that clear to Mr. Arthur when he made the assignment. Therefore, if you continue taking my class, you had better be prepared to make, size, and try on all the items listed. Is that clear? Now, if you have further concerns about this matter, you had best speak with Mr. Arthur. After all, this was his idea. Now, join Betty and prepare to make yourself a skirt. Because of your transfer, you are a week behind the other students."

She brusquely finished and strode back to the front of the room with an air that told him there would be no further discussion on the matter.

When he arrived at cheerleading practice that afternoon, he found the girls eagerly waiting for him. "Now that you are a cheerleader," Betty said, "we don't want people to falsely identify you as a member of the pep squad. Therefore, we have decided to make a minor change in your uniform."

"What now?" thought Terry.

"Instead of your long sleeved sweater, we feel you should wear a sleeveless sweater and white blouse'---I mean shirt like ours," she continued. "At home games when we wear our blue skirts, you can wear blue slacks to match. That won't be too bad, now what do you say?"

"I can't wear an outfit like that!" he argued. "Everyone will call me a sissy."

"Nevertheless," she retaliated, "we all agree and we have already voted. The majority rules, you know. Meet Mr. Arthur after practice, and he'll see you get your new blouse, sweater, and slacks."

That very afternoon, Mr. Arthur took Terry to his shop and picked out several shirts, sweaters and pants. Terry wasn't sure but he thought they might be girl's clothes. They smelled a little like perfume.

Terry squirmed for hours that evening dreading to show his mother and sister, Irene, his new sweater and white shirt, give them the teacher's note about his gym uniform, and to tell them about his typing class and the embarrassing items he would have to make, try on, and wear in sewing class.

As he expected, his mother's reaction was shock, followed by anger. "What are these people trying to do, make you into a sissy? You agree to help them out, and this is the thanks you get? I'll go down there tomorrow, and we'll get this straightened out. Pronto!"

His sister, Irene, on the other hand, took these strange requirements in a different context. Secretly pleased with the opportunity to harass her younger brother about wearing girl's clothes, appeared to consider the request reasonable in light of his new status. "Oh, come on, Mom! Don't be such a prude. Wearing a loose shirt and learning how to sew and type certainly won't hurt him. How many times have you said how much you wished more men knew how to sew buttons and zippers? This is not the fifties."

"Maybe you're right, Irene," Mrs. Hemm sighed. "I guess we could wait a week or so to see what happens."

Irene, who worked as a clerk at a local department store, continued to press her advantage by promising to buy the required leotards and hair ties the next day. "If I play my cards right, maybe I'll get even for all the hell my little brother put me through," she thought to herself.

The next evening, true to her promise, Irene came home with a bag marked "Giselle's Sportswear". Giving the bag to her brother, she told him to go upstairs and try on the two gym outfits she had bought for him. They were both similar in design, made of shiny stretch material with stirrup type pants and leotard step in tops. Each also had a wide elasticized belt and one had a built in support top.

Terry was numb as he tried on the first one which was in a vibrant blue and white color. The other was equally bright, but in pink and white. Not even commenting on the fact that he was being expected to wear a completely feminine outfit, he moaned to his mother while his giggling sister looked on with obvious amusement.

"Irene! Why did you buy pink?"

"That's not pink dear. It's called Fuchsia," she explained, "and here, I got you some matching hair ties." Irene pulled out another small bag and produced several ponytail elastics in pink, white, and blue colors. They were the thick, fuzzy, covered elastic type. Not the simpler type Terry had seen some of the boys wearing.

His sister motioned him into a chair where he dejectedly allowed her to brush his hair. In a few moments she had snapped the elastic in place and teased her brother, "Oh, we'll have so much fun doing each other's hair now."

"Oh, sure!" Terry said and walked over to his closet mirror and surveyed his image. His slimness was impossible to hide in the pink and white stretch aerobics outfit. NO boy ever wore things like this. And his hair. . .it was no longer visible from the front. He reached around and found the braid his sister had sneaked into his hair! "Sis! you weren't supposed to do that," he complained.

"The letter said your hair must be either worn up, or tied back in some way. I didn't know that you wanted me to put it up! Hang on, I'll go get my bobby pins....," she finished and pretended to move to the door.

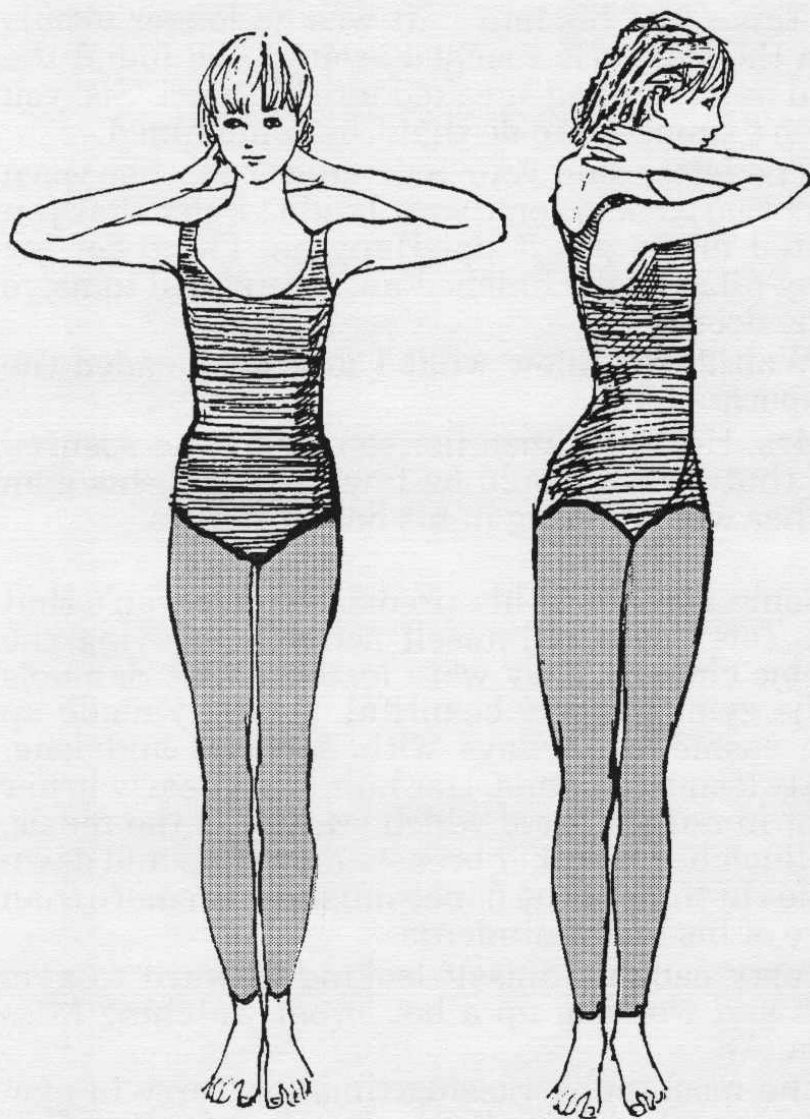
"Wait!!! You know what I meant," pleaded the exasperated lad.

Mrs. Hemm calmed her son down and assured him that things would be fine. After all, his gym teacher was thinking in his best interests.

Some aspects of his predicament weren't that bad. Terry caught himself actually enjoying the aerobic classes. They were lead by Miss Samuels in the gym. She was beautiful, perfectly made-up with cosmetics, always with earrings and long, neatly lacquered nails. Her hair hung nearly to her waist in a thick braid which swayed to the music. To clinch her look, her breasts moved up and down to the rhythms of the dance music much more than those of his fellow students.

Terry caught himself looking forward to gym class and working up a hot sweat watching Miss Samuels!

The most embarrassing time for Terry in gym class was when Miss Samuels called for the girl's to do their 'bust' exercises. Terry had to join them as they crossed their arms and performed their exercises to disco music. "Move slowly and breath rhythmically," Miss Samuels announced, "Now for the 'bust line circles' and then the 'pectoral cramp'. These raise and firm our bust lines."



Terry turned in the outfit, realizing that the elastic material and straps were confining.

He turned purple when Miss Samuels blazed, "Smaller circles, Terry." The class laughed.

Poor Terry! He should have been given an 'A' for effort because his sissy appearance wasn't all his fault. Hair hadn't started growing on his face, or anywhere else in abundance. People had always commented on the smoothness of his skin, and his voice was still one of the few sopranos left in his class. He was a loner and preferred to walk home alone. This caused him to be considered stand-off-ish.

The whole school was aware he was taking a girl's gym, doing girl's push-ups, and even bust firming exercises. This also did nothing to enhance his masculine image among his fellow students.

The aerobics didn't add any muscle to his body but firmed what he had. His wiry frame was thin, he had a feminine squareness to his shoulders, and his arms and legs were soft and rounded. What little weight he had, he carried in his hips.

To avoid the teasing of the other students, Terry immersed himself in his class work and cheerleading activities. Even then, there were many humiliating instances. One of these was the time he spent in sewing class learning about materials, different styles of stitching, cutting cloth according to patterns, and sewing on buttons and zippers. Most often, he found this time more embarrassing than wearing his sweater and shirt at the pep rallies and football games. The shirt he realized had 'darts' and the pants some kind of shiny, elastic material that clung to his legs. They were hard to get into because of the tight, wide elastic waist band.

His plan of seclusion worked fairly well until the day Betty cornered him after cheerleading practice and said, "Terry, your hair is all over the place, and it detracts from the overall image of the cheerlead-

ers. The rest of us think it's about time you had your hair trimmed."

He was entirely agreeable to her suggestion, as he was becoming increasingly self conscious of his shaggy mane. He started to head off in the direction of his usual barber, when Betty and Ellen grabbed his arm and told him they were taking him to a place patronized by all the cheerleaders.

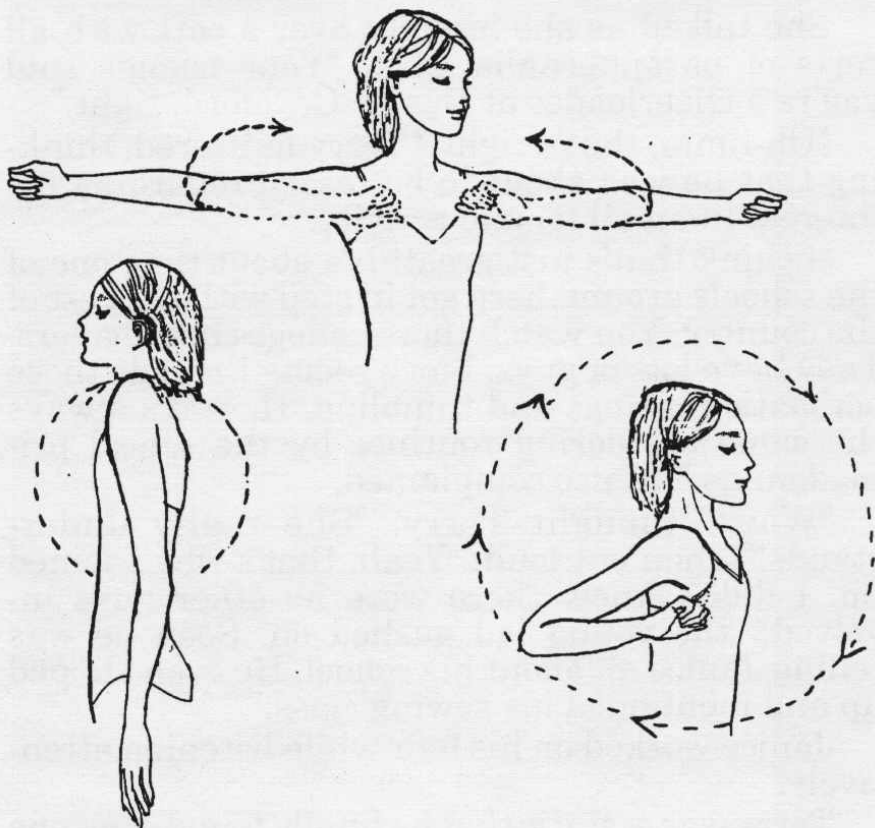
Now, there are unisex hair salons, men's barber shops, and truly fancy feminine beauty salons. The place the girls took Terry was of the latter variety. He felt silly going into the place. It had soft pastel colored walls, and there were lots of beautiful women in all stages of beautification. As far as Terry could see, there was not a single male in the place. The beautiful woman who met them at the reception desk smiled, looked at her appointment book, and pronounced, "You must be Terry Hemm. Right?"

"Uh...yes...but how did you guess?", Terry replied.

"Well, you're the only boy in our appointment book today. I took the call when a Mr. Arthur made your appointment this morning. I'm Evelyn, the manager here. Mr. Arthur has already given me his credit card number over the phone, so you are paid in advance. We're all set to take you. Let's see, I've got you scheduled with Janice. Please walk this way." Evelyn walked sexily into the salon motioning that Terry should follow. Terry giggled, there was no way he could, "Walk that way!"

Betty gave Terry a shove and said, "We'll be back in a little while to give you a lift home...ta-ta...have fun."

The tone of her voice disturbed Terry. How long did she think a haircut would take anyway? He hoped he didn't have to wait for them after he was finished.



Terry did the excercises, of course he had no bust to develop. What harm could it do.

Evelyn introduced Terry to an attractive blonde, probably in her early twenties. "Janice, this is Terry, the boy we discussed this morning."

Terry thought he noticed a knowing look pass between them.

"Oh, yes....I remember. Don't you worry, I'll take good care of him. Hi, Terry. Have a seat." Janice offered him the stylist chair at her work station. Evelyn left as Janice began to tie the plastic shampoo cape around Terry. Soon he was tilted backwards as Janice shampooed his hair. When she was done, she wrapped his hair in a towel and sat him up.

She talked as she brought over a cart with all sorts of paraphernalia in it. "Your friends said you're a cheerleader at Buster Cranford, right."

"Uh-hmm, that's right." Terry muttered, thinking that he was about to be teased regarding his interest in an all female activity.

"I think that's just great! It's about time one of the schools around here got in step with the rest of the country. You watch those college cheerleaders. They have lots of guys. I love seeing them do those acrobatic routines and tumbling. Here it's always the same old boring routines by the school primadonnas." Janice complained.

"Wow!" thought Terry. "She really understands!" Then out loud, "Yeah, that's why I joined up. I didn't know there were no other guys involved," the young lad gushed on. Soon he was telling Janice all about his school. He even slipped up and mentioned his sewing class.

Janice worked on his hair while listening attentively.

Terry was ecstatic that he finally found someone who believed the same way as himself! However, eventually he could tell he was going on somewhat and changed the subject. "You know, Janice, I've been trying to get around to getting a haircut for over a month now. My hair has just gotten too shaggy."

"Oh, I think the length is great and it's very trendy. It just needs some styling and a little trimming of the ends," Janice said as she looked his head over with a professional air. Then, she bent over in a kind of conspiratorial way and said, "What I would suggest, is a body wave. Your hair could look like a lion's mane if you wanted. Keeping this length you could wear it tied back when you take gym and for cheerleading. It would be very chic. You'll have a head of hair like a rock star."

"Hmmmm, a body wave....what's a body wave," thought Terry. He pictured himself with a wild

lion's mane head of hair.....yeah, that would sure counteract the sissy outfits he had to wear....yeah, a lion's mane! "That sounds great Janice, go ahead."

She quickly combed out his wet hair and was soon taking a section of it near his forehead and combing straight out.....then he saw her reach into one of the cart's bins and take a pink permanent wave rod and wind his hair on it.

He gulped, and asked "Is that how you do a body wave?"

"Yes, a body wave is a gentle permanent. It gives body and waves to your hair. You'll be able to set it on big rollers to have a smoother pageboy look. Or, if you like, you can set it on smaller rollers for a curly perm look. That would also look quite nice on you." Janice explained as she sectioned and set more and more of Terry's hair.

In twenty five minutes, the subdued lad stared at his image in the big mirror. His head was completely covered with pink hair curlers. After some very smelly applications of lotions to the rods, then sitting around for 30 more minutes, Janice rinsed his hair thoroughly and removed the rods.

He looked at his hair now. Though wet it was obviously full of waves.

Janice made another suggestion, "Terry, I strongly recommend that we set it now. It's always better to do that every day after a perm for a couple of weeks. That keeps your hair from getting frizzy. Later, the perm softens, and you can set it or leave it to dry naturally."

He didn't reply right away. He trusted this girl, after all, she certainly had the right ideas about cheerleading. He was confident that she would make him look good. So, he sat again for twenty minutes as Janice put some kind of mousse on his hair, then again sectioned it and set each section on large, plastic hair rollers.

Now, he felt really silly. Sure, he had seen men getting perms at the stylists, but not on these kinds of rollers. These, he had only seen when his mom or sister set their hair. Since Janice was so nice to him, he just kept quiet and hoped Betty and the others didn't get back too soon.

Janice finished setting his hair and then led him to a row of hair dryers where he was given some magazines and told to sit under one of the clear plastic hoods as warm air swirled all around his head.

"Sorry," Janice yelled over the roar of the dryer, "All we have is girl's magazines."

He hadn't been under the dryer for more than 5 minutes when he saw Betty and the "troop" return. Of course, they instantly spotted him...in rollers, with a hair net over them, reading of all things a *Mademoiselle* magazine! The smile on Betty's face told him that he wouldn't live this down for a long time!

After 40 minutes, Janice returned and took him back to her work station. The hair net and rollers were removed leaving his collar length hair in a mass of large tubular curls. Working with a brush, hair pick, and hair spray, Janice soon had his hair in very full, soft wavy mass. It did look like a lion's mane.....but, but also...it could also be mistaken for a girl's style.

Janice showed him how he could alter the look by pulling it all back into ponytail...a very fluffy curled ponytail. Well, that again could resemble a girl's style....Terry wasn't sure.

In her exuberance, Janice went on, ignoring the fact that the waiting cheerleaders were craning their necks and giggling while watching Terry's hairstyle variations, "Another look that works really well," she said excitedly as she scooped all his hair up and pulled it to the top of his head, "with this length of hair is just sweeping it up and forming it into a bun at the crown here....my girlfriend always wears hers this way..." she continued as



Terry had never been shampooed like this at the barber shop. It was very sweet smelling and Janice's long nails carressed his scalp.

she slipped a couple of bobby pins in. Betty and company were of course near hysterics at this point. Terry was excruciatingly uncomfortable and at a loss how to politely stop this friendly, if somewhat absent minded woman.

Finally, Janice caught herself, "Oh...I'm sorry, I just got carried away. Your hair is so beautiful, I forgot that you wouldn't be interested in up do's. I don't do many boys."

With that she pulled out the pins and once again formed it into the tousled wavy mass. Finally, Terry was on his way out. He thanked Janice as the girls escorted him out.

She replied as he was near the door, "Remember, you should set it with large rollers for a couple of weeks until the perm softens. On second thought, why don't you come in once a week? I'll be glad to do it for you."

"Uh...thanks Janice...I'll see you." Terry mumbled as Betty ushered out onto the street, smiling proudly at the youth with the perfumed flowing hair that moved luxuriously with his every step.

Terry had been blushing so much of late that his face was lit up like a neon sign. The embarrassment he experienced was to be endured all over again when he got home and faced his sister's cruel teasing.

Seeing her embarrassed brother enter the door, Irene laughed out loud, rushed to his side, ruffled his blonde curls, and chided him. "Well, what do you know! Here's Miss Fluffy, himself!"

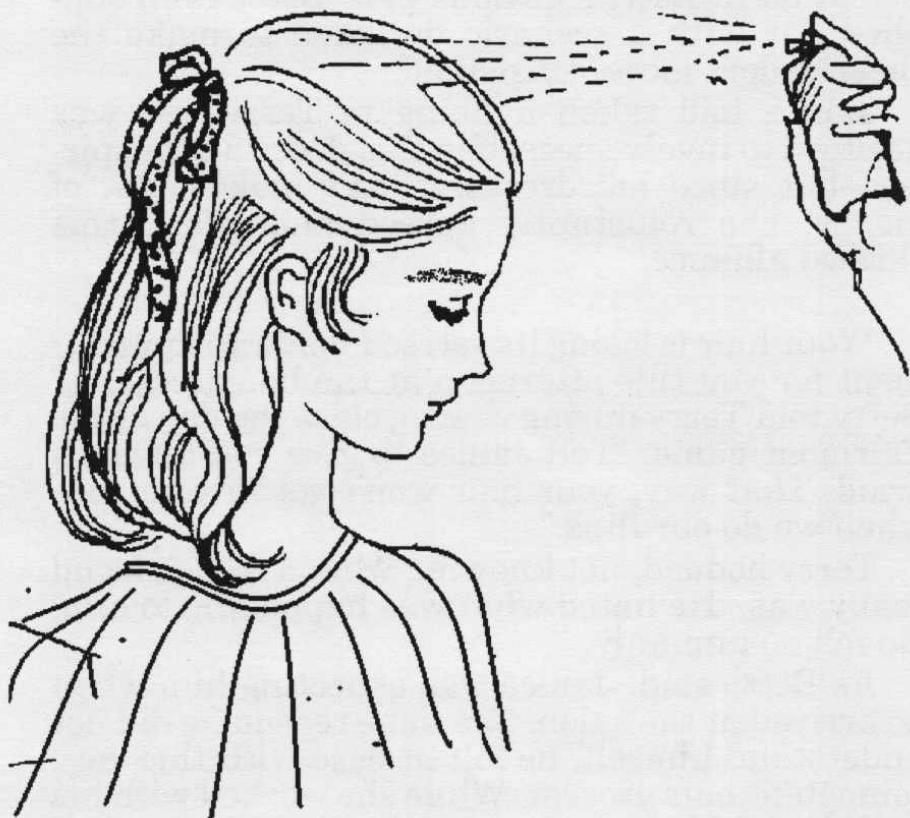
"Irene!" their mother exclaimed, "I think Terry looks very nice."

"Of course Mother, he looks simply adorable. Just utterly, I mean." She put one hand on his hip and fluttered the other daintily as Terry fled to his room.

Of course, wouldn't you know it, Betty just had to call his sister that evening to ask her how she liked his new hairdo.

Terry guessed what else Betty was telling her just by hearing one side of the conversation. "Oh, really, he must have forgotten to mention it That's what I thought. I always set my hair after washing, and I would think he would need to set his as well. Oh, that's no problem, between mother and myself, we have more than enough rollers. Sure, we'll help him for the first few nights, but I'm sure he'll soon get the hang of it and be able to do it himself.... Well, it's been nice talking to you too Betty, bye."

Later over dinner. "You neglected to mention that the hairdresser told you to set your hair after each washing," Irene proclaimed. "If you don't, it will frizz up something awful."



The hair spray got in Terry's eyes. He knew that the other cheerleaders were watching. . .and giggling.

"Irene! I'm a boy. I can't wear hair rollers!" Terry protested.

"Oh, phooey. Didn't you get your hair set today?"

"Well, yes....but that was different." he moaned.

"Sure," Irene interrupted, "There, you were in a public place. But now, you're afraid to set your hair in the privacy of your own home?"

"Well....as long as nobody sees me," he finally conceded. "Damn that Betty anyway!"

Unknown to Terry, Betty had a meeting with Janice, the hairdresser, that would plunge him deeper into femininity. With the offer of a substantial "tip", Janice assured her cooperation and par-

icipation in Betty's devious plot. Betty even supplied her with a scenario designed to make the cheerleaders more 'consistent'.

Janice had taken a liking to Terry and was hesitant to involve herself in this deceitful conspiracy, but since hairdressers don't make a lot of money, she reluctantly agreed and joined this shrewd alliance.

"Your hair is losing its set, so I made an appointment for you this afternoon at the hairdresser's," Betty told Terry during sewing class the day of the Fairmont game. "Tell Janice to give you a french braid. That way, your hair won't get in your face when we do our flips."

Terry nodded, not knowing what a french braid really was. He hated what was happening to him. He felt so unmanly.

As Betty said, Janice was expecting him when he arrived at the salon. For some reason he did not understand himself, he felt at ease with this very competent hair dresser. While she worked with his hair, he told her more and more about his experiences in cheerleading and the other students attitude toward him for undertaking this formerly all girl activity. After styling his hair in the requested style, she showed him how to care for it and to braid it himself if he desired, which he doubted.

She listened politely while he confided about his girlish classes and activities. He told her about his fear of looking funny---like a sissy. Janice occasionally asked a question or made a complimentary statement. When she was finished with his hair, she said seeing how all this bothered him, "Perhaps the reason your classmates scorn you is because you don't present the appropriate image for your role."

"What do you mean?"

"Show business! Whether you realize it or not, you're in a variation of show business. You are

playing a part like an actor, but you aren't wearing the proper makeup for your role."

"Makeup? Boys don't wear makeup."

"That's where you're wrong! All actors in the movies, on stage, and on television wear makeup. I thought everyone knew that."

"What kind of makeup do you think I should wear?" asked the bewildered boy.

"Oh, a little around your eyes, on your cheeks, and a bit of gloss to highlight your lips ought to do the trick."

"I can't do that Janice!" he rebutted. "The guys at school would laugh."

"They are already laughing, so fine," she answered. "I was just trying to help you. Who knows, it might bring out your male facial features? Just don't complain to me any more about how the other students treat you."

He thought over her suggestion for a few moments before answering. She did make sense, in a peculiar kind of way. Finally, feeling he could trust her as he had done with his hair, he threw up his hands in resignation and said, "Alright, maybe you're right. Go ahead. Put makeup on me if you're so sure it will help. What do I have to lose? Nothing I have done helps very much, that's for sure."

Now that she had his confidence, she could go about her assigned task and earn her tip (bribe) money. True to her recommendation, she applied liquid makeup, blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, and bright red lipstick to the hapless boy's face. However, all of this was done in a much more exaggerated manner than she had led him to believe. When she was finished, no one would suspect he was a boy, even though he was still dressed as one.

When he was finally allowed to view himself in the mirror, he was astounded. "Janice!" he almost screamed. "I thought you were going to use just a

little makeup on me! This is way too much. I look like a girl! I can't go to the game looking like this. Everyone will really make fun of me."

Janice was feeling sorry that she had joined the conspiracy to make Terry look like a girl, but she was in too deep to back out now. "Oh, no," she said in a reassuring voice. "Just wait and see. I'll wager no one at the game teases you tonight. When you have on your uniform, you will be dressed and made up in a manner that is completely consistent with the role you're playing. Mark my words. Makeup is so you don't look washed out in lights."

Irene was just arriving home from work when a repressed Terry came out of his room in his uniform with his satin sleeves billowing and his makeup intact. "WOW!" she exclaimed. "You look sensational, little brother. I hope you are gone by the time my date arrives. If you aren't, he might take you instead of me."

"Don't tease me, Irene. I feel badly enough as it is."

"I'm not teasing," she gasped. "You really do look gorgeous. Who did your makeup?"

"Janice at the salon."

"Well, she sure did a perfect job. Remind me to use her the next time I have a real heavy date."

Before long, the doorbell rang. Betty and the other cheerleaders had come to give him a ride to the game.

Betty had told the others in advance that Terry would be wearing makeup, and that they should react as if nothing were out of the ordinary. However, even she was overwhelmed by the image before her. "Terry," she said, trying to regain her composure. "You're gorgeous! I'll venture no one teases you any more."

The other girls were speechless, and not much was said on the way to the football stadium, making Terry feel even more self conscious.

At the game, the six Buster Cranford cheerleaders made their usual high intensity entrance into the stadium, bringing everyone to their feet. Then, the sextet began to mold audience enthusiasm for the next fifteen minutes. Only after the kickoff did people begin to wonder about Terry's appearance, but by then, they had settled down to watch the game.

Only after the attractive cheerleaders returned to their field bench did Mr. Arthur appear to notice Terry's face and hair.

"My goodness, Terry," he asked, "Is that you? Why, you're even wearing makeup, aren't you! What a novel idea! I must say, it really enhances your appearance and makes you look very pretty striking even dramatic."

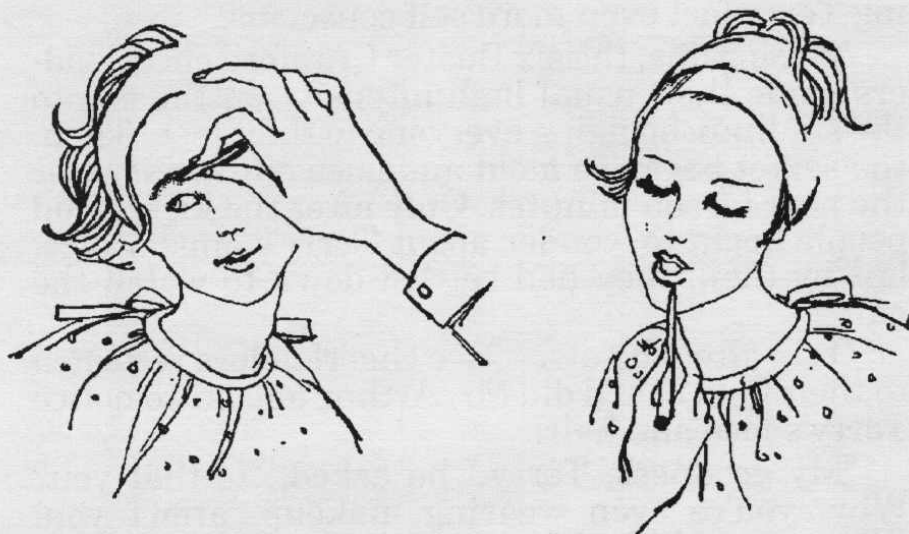
Terry's eyes lowered to his lap, and his makeup covered cheekbones took on an even deeper hue.

True to the predictions of Janice and Betty, no one teased him or made any inference that he was a boy. In fact, the fan response seemed more intense than at the previous games, even though the team ended up on the short end of a 34 - 7 score.

These events combined to further confuse Terry. Janice must have been right about using makeup up to portray a certain image. That must be the reason the students stopped teasing him.

After much thought over the weekend, Terry finally reached a monumental decision. He would refuse to wear his frilly blouse and makeup to any more football games even if that meant having to quit the cheerleading squad.

The following Monday morning when he informed Betty of his decision, she was obviously displeased and said in a spiteful voice, "Before you



Terry complained when Janice started plucking his eyebrows. "Just strays." she said."

try to quit, you had better talk with Mr. Arthur. He went to a lot of trouble to assemble the cheerleading and pep squads. He takes a lot of pride in them, you know. I'll run this by the other girls. They won't be happy either, I can assure you!"

Terry walked away from her feeling much less certain about his decision than the day before. "Mr. Arthur just has to understand," he thought. "He can't expect a boy to wear that silly blouse and makeup like a girl, can he?" His logic appeared sound, he was sure his principal would concur with his conclusion.

That afternoon in sewing class, Miss Dickson informed Terry and Betty that they were to adjust the hem of the skirts they were making in class the next day.

"Remember," she reminded them. "Everyone is to wear a half slip and high heels for their fitting.

There is simply no other way to insure the hem is correctly adjusted."

Terry had dreaded the moment that he would receive those instructions. He had seen several of the girls go through this exercise in the past few days. They would stand on the fitting stools while their partners would inspect their skirt hem for the proper length and fit. He had even gotten over his embarrassment from seeing them remove their skirts, and while sitting in their slips, make minor adjustments to a button, zipper, or hem.

This gave Terry a different problem. Although he had a nearly completed skirt, he obviously did not have a half slip or high heels. He knew his only possible source of supply for these items would be to borrow them from his sister, Irene, and she would tease him unmercifully before loaning them to him.

This thinking could not have been more on target!

"You want to borrow WHAT?" Irene howled when he asked to borrow a half slip and high heels.

"Please Irene," he pleaded. "Don't make me feel worse than I feel already. I have to try on the skirt I'm making in sewing class tomorrow, and I have to wear a half slip and high heels to get the fit right. Please, can I borrow them from you? Please?"

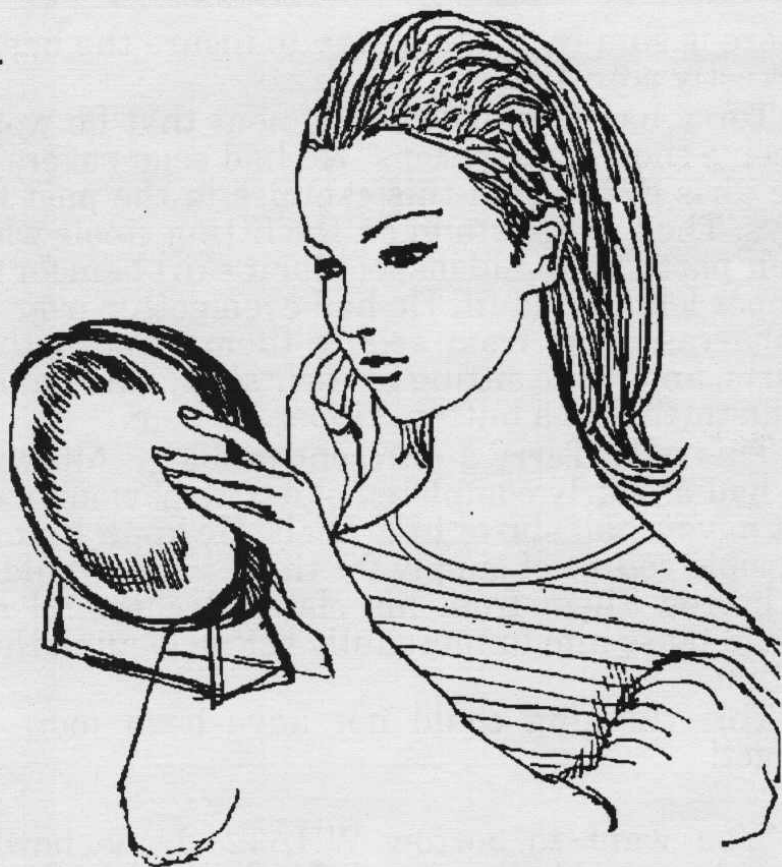
"Do you have your skirt with you?" a still very much amused Irene asked.

"No, it's at school."

"How long is your skirt?" she asked, delighting on the phrase "your skirt".

"Two inches above the knees. Why?"

"Because we must find a slip the proper length, you dummy," she answered. "A girl doesn't just wear a slip. She has to have one the right length for the skirt she is wearing. Come up to my room, and let's find a skirt the length of yours and a slip that will be just right."



Terry looked at himself in the mirror. The arched eyebrows gave him a 'surprised' expression. He also wondered if anyone else would notice the makeup—red lips and all."

In her room, Irene continued to make comments designed to further embarrass her brother by referring to HIS skirt, HIS slip, and HIS high heels. Irene made him try on every skirt she owned over the next hour, trying to find one that was the required two inches above the knee. She found some fault with each in turn.

Finally, when he put on a straight skirt very similar to the one he was making, except hers was green and his was black, Irene said, "Ahhh. Now I know what else is wrong! You have a bulge where

a girl doesn't have one. I'm afraid you will have to wear a tight panty girdle to hide that!"

"IRENE!"

"You don't what the girls seeing THAT, do you?" Irene continued, "They'll laugh and point. And, you are still wearing your jockey shorts. The key is to 'blend in'. Skirts and slips are designed to be worn over panties to give the wearer a smooth fit." Reaching into her drawer, she handed him a panty girdle and a pair of soft nylon hip hugger panties and instructed him into go into the bathroom and put them on.

"But Irene" he started to protest.

Her eyes turned from amusement to anger, and she cut him off saying, "Listen here, cutie! Do you want my help or not?"

"Yes, but"

"Then get in there and let's see if we can get rid of that lump. Now do as I tell you!" she demanded.

At first, Terry thought that the girdle was too small. He struggled and finally got it over his hips. Its tightness took his breath away. "Oh my," he gasp wondering if he could wear this garment all day at school.

When the subdued boy returned wearing the girdle and soft panties underneath his slip and skirt, things progressed much more quickly. After checking that he was now 'smooth and flat', Irene had him wobbling around in a pair of black three inch pumps.

"You had better wear those things for the remainder of the evening to get used to them, brother dear," she said. "If you stumble around like that tomorrow, you'll fall off the fitting stool and hurt yourself."

Irene had him in the dining room setting the table and getting used to walking in his heels when their mother came home.

"Irene!" she demanded. "What have you done to your brother now?"

"Don't look at me Mother," Irene defended herself. "This was all his idea?"

"His idea? What do you mean?"

"School. He has to try on the skirt he made at school tomorrow, and he asked to borrow a slip and heels. I'm just loaning him some of my things and teaching him how to walk in the heels so he won't fall and break his neck."

"Is that true, Terry?" his mother asked.

Although Irene's version of the story was different from his, Terry answered, "Yes, Mother. She was helping me."

Mrs. Hemm looked at her son in the tight skirt and heels, shaking her head. "I just don't know. . ." she moaned.

While Irene was putting his hair up on rollers later that night, she heaped another humiliation upon her brother. "I want you to shave your legs before you go to school tomorrow. I know they don't have a lot of hair on them, but what there is looks really gross when you wear a skirt."

"No way," Terry said, "I'll get ribbed at school."

"No you won't. You don't even take boy's P.E.. just do as I say or give me back my clothes."

From past experience, he knew arguing with his determined sister about the feminine things that were being forced on him would only make matters worse, so he obediently said, "Yes, Irene."

"One more thing," she stated. "You can take your slip and heels to school in a bag, but you should wear your girdle and panties underneath your pants. That will conceal them in case someone looks in your bag. Now, good night and good luck on your project."

"Stand still!" a still angry Betty instructed as she worked at hemming up the embarrassed boy's skirt.

Terry felt like melting into the carpet as he stood barefoot on the stool wearing the skirt he had made. Although he was wearing his sister's girdle and panties, he hoped Miss Dickson wouldn't notice, and he omitted putting on the slip and heels when he changed into his skirt. He was one of five students standing on stools while their partners checked their hemlines. There was one main difference; however, the other students were all girls!

Miss Dickson walked around the various working students like a drill instructor, examining their efforts and pointing out errors. When she came over to where the red-faced Terry was standing she noticed his bare feet and lifted the hem of his skirt. "MR. Hemm," she demanded, "didn't I instruct all ...I mean everyone to be sure to bring half-slips to wear under your skirts AND high heels so that the hems could be adjusted correctly?"

"Uh..yy-yes Miss Dickson." Terry mumbled as the other students stared upon hearing the strict teacher's comments.

"Well? Then why aren't you wearing them?"

"Uh...they're here...in my bag." he stammered.

"Then get them on.....Now!"

"But, Miss Dickson," the embarrassed boy pleaded on the verge of tears, "don't you think this is going too far?"

"I said NOW, young MAN and I meant NOW!" she demanded in a harsh voice.

Sheepishly, Terry stepped off of the stool. As the other grinning students watched him out of the corner of their eyes, Terry picked up the plastic bag that contained his sister's half slip and high heeled pumps and stepped into the changing cubicle. He knew the girls would be watching under the short door while he put on the required embarrassing garments.

He could hear snickers as he stepped out of his skirt, stepped carefully one foot at a time into the lacy slip, and replaced his skirt, carefully fastening the button and closing the zipper securely in back. As he sat down on a chair to put on his pumps, he could again here the giggles from the girls who could see his efforts underneath the door.

He cringed as he opened the cubicle door and walked through the whole classroom to resume his perch in front of Betty. The slimness of the skirt and the height of the heels gave him a very funny, little mincing walk.

The class giggled as he stepped up onto the stool, once again having to hike his skirts up girlishly to allow his legs the room to make that step. He then stood atop the stool, carefully keeping his balance as he now towered three inches higher than before because of his heels!

"Terry...I think the hem is a little too high here, said a still amused Betty. The lace of your slip shows when you walk. I think you will have to move the hem down about a quarter of an inch."

"Okay, Betty," he replied. "I'll do that right. . .," his reply was cut short.

RIIIIIIIIIIG! RIIINNNGGGGG!

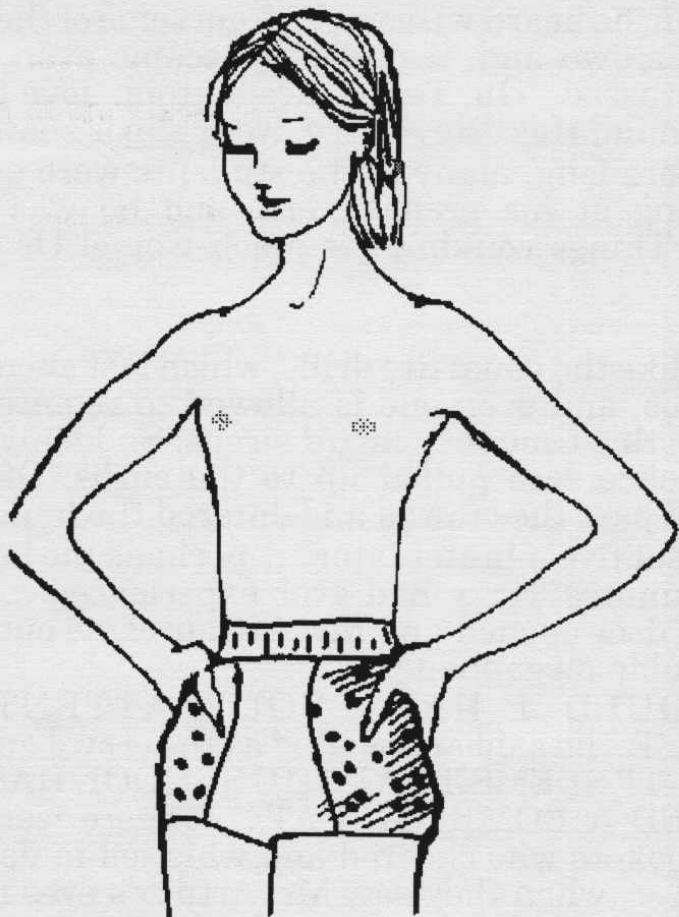
Without thinking, he was about to remove his skirt and lower the hem of his skirt while sitting in his slip, like he had seen the girls do.

"What's that?" Betty asked over the loud and shrill ringing of the fire alarm bells in the halls.

"Oh, no!", moaned Terry.

"ALL RIGHT LADIES, OUT THE DOOR THIS INSTANT!! FIRE DRILL....OUT THE DOOR AND TO YOUR LEFT. USE THE MAIN ENTRANCE. LET'S MOVE IT!" shouted Miss Dickson as she herded the class out the door like a Marine drill instructor.

Terry found himself caught in the rush of girls. He didn't have time to change his clothes. He would have to go outside in his skirt and heels. There was



*The panty girdle was tight!
He had trouble getting the slim silky garment over his hips*

no alternative. He hurried as much as possible, but his slim skirt and high heels forced him to take short dainty steps.

When they stepped out into the main hallway, the sewing class merged into crowds of other exiting students. Within seconds, Terry was aware of many eyes upon him and fingers pointing. As he stood out in front of the school building, he kept his eyes down and tried in vain to hide behind his classmates.

Soon, he heard wisecracks from some of the boys in the crowd and, if possible, became even more embarrassed. "Oh, Terry, nice bottom...love to see it in a mini! Ha!" "Hey Terry...your slip is showing!"

Before long, many of the students were openly laughing at his predicament, and he was near tears. Things couldn't get much worse! Or could they?

Unlike the usual fire drills, which last about five minutes, and everyone is allowed to re-enter the school, this time they heard sirens. Suddenly, several police cars pulled up to the curbs. Officers rushed past the crowds and entered the building.

About five minutes later perhaps the longest five minutes Terry had ever experienced the school door opened and Mr. Arthur came out with a portable megaphone.

"COULD I HAVE YOUR ATTENTION PLEASE." he said and waited as the crowd quieted down. "IT SEEMS THAT THE SCHOOL HAS RECEIVED A BOMB THREAT....." There were the usual jokers who cheered and whistled in delight. However, when they saw Mr. Arthur's eyes roaming the crowds for the sources of these noises, they shut up. He continued "THOUGH I AM SURE THIS IS SOMEONE'S IDEA OF A JOKE THE POLICE ARE REQUIRED TO CONDUCT A COMPLETE SEARCH OF THE BUILDING CONSEQUENTLY, NO ONE WILL BE ALLOWED TO RE-ENTER THE BUILDING UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING."

"If it's still standing you mean!" some brave heckler shouted from the obscurity of the crowd.

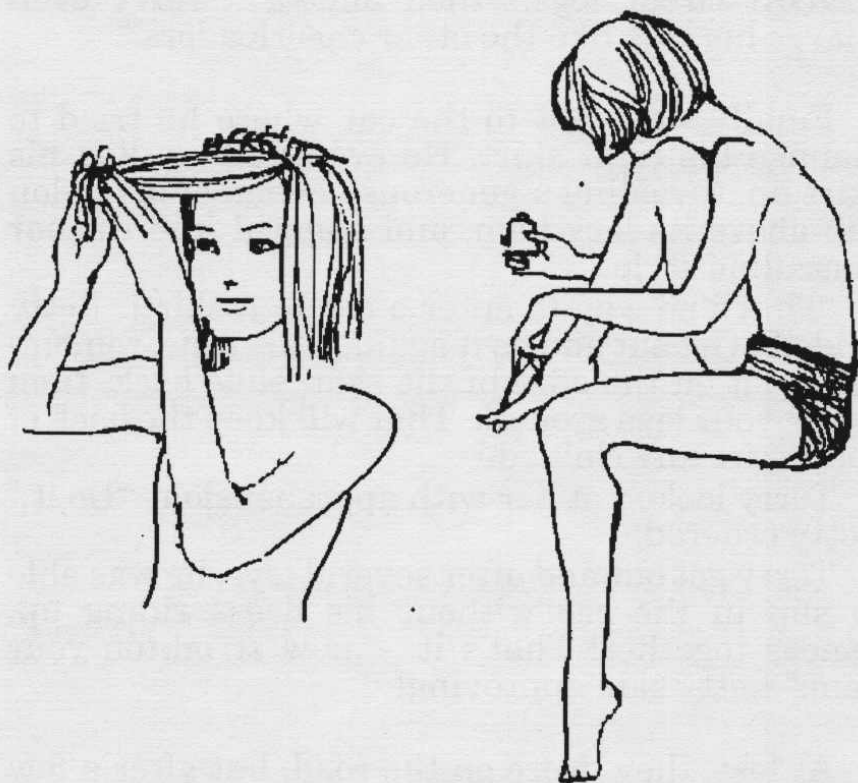
"SO...YOU ARE ALL DISMISSED FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY." He finished and immediately returned inside.

Terry was pale as snow. Betty, who stood beside him put her arm on his shoulder and said, "Gee

tough break kid I guess we'll have to wait until tomorrow to finish the hem."

"Uh...sure." Terry muttered as he found himself standing more and more in the open as the crowd dispersed. Finally, there he was in a skirt and high heels, with no clothes to change into and facing a long walk home through the center of town! He thought of removing his skirt and slip then walking home in his shorts, until he remembered that he was wearing Irene's girdle and panties!

"Don't feel so bad," Betty joked. "I'm not uncomfortable, and I'm wearing a tight skirt and heels." She was enjoying teasing the obviously perturbed lad. "I've got my car here. Would you like a ride home?"



*That night, with his sister's instructions,
Terry shaved his legs. There wasn't much but the
smooth skin felt odd but not unpleasant.
He also had to curl his hair, adding to the oddness.*

"You're not mad at me anymore?" he asked.

"I'm not exactly happy about your decision, if that's what you mean," she responded. "I haven't had a chance to talk with Mr. Arthur or the other girls yet. But hey, I can't stay mad forever. Do you want a ride or not?"

"A ride?! Would I!" he exclaimed with joy.

"Well, come on." Betty said indicating he should follow her to the parking lot. The long walk to the parking lot included at least two stops along the way as lingering groups of guys stopped the pretty cheerleader to chat. Betty, of course, had no qualms about standing there and talking. Meanwhile, Terry was dying as the boys were obviously suppressing their laughter at his attire. One boy said, "LOOK! Great legs!" then added, "Terry even shaves his legs like the other cheerleaders."

Finally, they got to the car where he tried to manage his tight skirt. He eventually pulled his skirt up, revealing a generous portion of his nylon slip above its lacy hem, and stepped into the car masculine style.

"That's no way to enter a car in a skirt!" Betty chided. "Get out and do it again. This time, remember to sit on the edge of the seat, slide back, then swing your legs around. That will keep the back of your skirt unwrinkled."

Terry looked at her with apprehension. "Do it," Betty ordered.

Terry got out and after several tries, he was able to slip in the car without his dress riding up. "Knees together! That's it. . .now strighten your hem," Betty said approvingly.

At last, they were on the road, but after a few minutes, Terry noticed they were heading in the opposite direction from his home. "Betty, where are you going?" he asked.

"Oh, didn't I mention, I'm supposed to drop by the Burger Factory for a Coke with Russ and his friend Kim. We'll only be there for a little while. Anyway, it's early only 2:00. Don't worry, I'll have you home by 4:00.

When Terry indicated he would wait for her in the car, Betty poo-poo'd that idea. "Oh, right it's 97 degrees in the shade, and it'll be 130 in the car in about ten minutes. If you are too snobby to join us for a cool drink in the air conditioned restaurant, then you deserve to wait outside the car."

"Betty, c'mon...I can't go in there wearing a skirt and high heels!" he bemoaned.

"Yes you can! You've been in that skirt for an hour already. At least 400 students saw you in it. If you don't want to look like a sissy, lets try something. I bet the people in the restaurant won't realize you're a boy. They might take you for a flat chested girl, but not a boy. Besides, the people we're meeting are friends of mine from Chevalier High across town. They don't even know you, silly. Here, let me help you a bit," she stated as she pulled a brush from her purse.

"Let's just fix that hair a little. You must be hot and sweaty with that mass of hair on your neck. Turn your back to me." Betty commanded.

Terry was too emotionally spent to resist. Obeyingly, he turned in the front seat with his back to Betty. He felt Betty brushing his hair off his cheeks and to the back. She continued for a few moments and it felt relaxing actually pleasant. Finally, she had it all tightly pulled to the back and up. He heard the sound of an elastic being securely fastened around the base of the ponytail.

He thought she was through and moved to turn around.

"Wait I'm not done yet. A moment ago you didn't want to go with me, now you're in a big rush!" Betty admonished and went back to work.

Terry couldn't tell what she was doing, but he felt his hair being pulled and manipulated slightly for a minute, then another elastic was being snapped on. Finally, she seemed to be pushing his hair against his head in back, then he felt little pokes as something, he guessed bobby pins, were inserted. The finishing touch was a white ribbon over the rubber band.

"There that looks much more appropriate with that skirt and this hot weather. Now turn around."

Again he obeyed, now lost to her demanding tone of voice. He knew what was coming, just like at that football game last Friday night. She had her makeup out and soon was applying blush, mascara and lipstick to his face.

She could tell he was about to cry. She whispered softly, "Just relax. . .trust me, this is the best way."

When he looked at her handy work in the mirror, he gasp, "I can't go in like this. . .I look like a. . ."

"A girl," Betty interrupted, "See how easy it is. Now remember what I told you and keep your knees together!"

"I can't!"

"YOU WILL OR WALK HOME."

As he swung his legs out of the car and walked with Betty toward the restaurant, Terry let his hand drift up to the back of his head and felt the neatly braided bun Betty had pinned his long hair into. He noticed that Betty too had her hair in that style. It was actually quite sexy on a girl!

Terry was totally confused as to how to act. Here he was walking into a public place wearing a skirt, makeup and girl's hair style. He was terrified, but he had no idea how to get out of this strange situation.

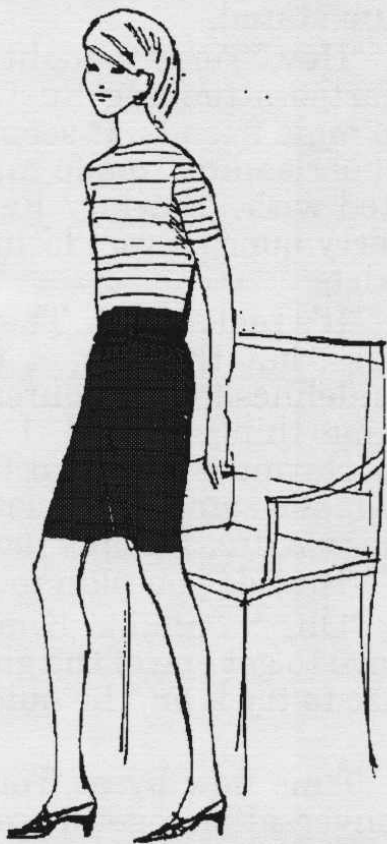
Betty made the introductions around the table. Kim turned out not to be a "Kimberly" as Terry had assumed. Yet, Kim certainly wasn't a jock like his friend Russ either. He had long, dark hair and a soft face. Still, Terry felt Kim was no more masculine in physique than himself. Russ, on the other hand, was huge! As the star tackle on the football team, he was 6' 2" and must have weighed 200 pounds. Of course, Betty introduced Terry as one of her "friends" from the cheerleading squad. She didn't say boyfriend.

Terry just smiled and tried to avoid conversation. Betty seated Terry beside Kim, while she slid in next to Russ.

Russ and Betty had gone together for awhile when she attended Chevalier High, and they were getting back together. Kim was his old buddy from elementary school days.

Soon, Terry found himself in the uncomfortable position of having to carry on small talk with Kim. Speaking softly, Terry tried to make his voice sound like a girl's. To himself, he sounded silly but he didn't realize this made him sound quite sexy.

"I would have guessed that you were a cheerleader because Buster Cranford has the prettiest girls as their cheerleaders," Kim complimented Terry.



Terry couldn't believe he was dressed like this in front of his fellow students.

Betty overheard that remark and gave Terry a knowing look.

Terry told Kim about the fateful fire drill and how he was caught in the middle of a fitting in sewing class.

To Terry's amazement Kim responded, "Really? In Sewing class? I guess I should confess I'm one of only three guys at Chevalier High who takes Home Ec. It's one of those Affirmative Action deals the school board has going. We have too many girls in our district. Are there any boys in your class?"

"One," Terry answered with a red face.

"I guess it's okay. I'm not into sports like these other guys. My other extra curricular is Drama." Kim stated.

"Hey," Terry thought, "this guy is nice." Since he started attending Buster Cranford, he had made no male friends. It seems that his participation in "cheerleading" made him a loner not to be associated with. "Sewing? Really? What do you make?" Terry queried wondering if Kim also was making skirts.

"It's real stupid. They make some boys take the class, but they forget to change the state study guidelines for the course. We all have to make the same things. Well, I started with some casual shorts and a shirt, but they are going to require us to make some girl's clothes too. Next, I guess I'll make a dress for my mom."

"How do you plan to check the fit?"

"Oh, uh" Kim was hesitant, "I guess I'll have to get one of the girls in class who's about her size to try it on," he quickly and quietly added.

Time flew by as Terry and Kim enjoyed their conversation together, and before they realized the time, almost two hours had passed. They were so intent on each other that they didn't hear Betty's joking comment, "Those two seem very interested in each other, don't they."

Before the two couples split up, Betty saw an opportunity to humiliate Terry further, and said, "Hey gang, why don't we double date this Saturday night for the Chevalier dance?"

"Sounds great to me!" Russ chimed in. "Kim, you need a date. You don't mind escorting this pretty young lady here, do you?"

"I'd love to! That is, if she'd like to be my date," Kim added blushing at his presumption that any girl would want to go out with such a sissy as himself, especially a pretty cheerleader.

Terry, at that moment, could literally feel the sad self doubt in Kim's voice. A feeling he had always had, even before he became the school joke. He felt compassion and without really thinking answered, "I'd love to be your date, but I can't because ah."

Betty's wide eyed stare of surprise was brief as she butted in, "Sure she can, I'll help take care of her problem. Okay, Terry? Won't you be Kim's date? This dance is real important."

"Yeah, maybe I guess so." Terry was struck by what he had just done! He had accepted a date with a boy. Sure, it was the friendliest boy he had ever met, but a boy just the same! What was he expected to do? What if someone he knew recognized him? How could he explain to his mother that he was going to a dance. . . with a date in a dress with a boy!

Once they got back into the car, Betty broke out into laughter. "Wow, I had to nearly drag you in there, and the next thing I know you've got yourself a boyfriend and you're going on a date! Boy, you're a fast mover!"

"I can't go I his feelings would have been hurt if I had refused! You set it up!" Terry fired back. The walk to the car had given him lots of time to realize the magnitude of what he had gotten

himself into. "I'll call him and tell him I'm not feeling well cancel out."

"Cancel out?" Betty countered. "And, that wouldn't be cruel? A telephone call will hurt his feelings less than telling him in person? He'll think you were just too gutless to say you wouldn't date a sissy like him in front of his friend. Sure, go ahead and call him good idea! Good idea? You'd really do that, wouldn't you?"

Terry now realized calling Kim to cancel the date would definitely be mean!

"Or," Betty continued to taunt him. "You could cancel Saturday and remake the date for another day. I guess you two WOULD rather be alone," she purred in a suggestive voice. She was thoroughly confusing Terry.

Finally, Terry blurted out in anguish. "Alright! If my mother says it's okay, I'll go with you on the double date Saturday. I won't hurt his feelings and I won't let you trick me into going out alone with a guy," he said with finality in his voice.

Terry knew there was no way Betty could explain this to his mother?"

Betty drove Terry home and came in the house to explain "poor Terry's" problem filled day and current dilemma to his mother.

However, when they arrived, no one except his sister Irene was home. Obviously, she was somewhat surprised, but yet amused, to see her brother still wearing his skirt and heels, with his hair swept into an attractive up do and wearing makeup.

Betty's telling of the fire drill incident brought a devilish smile to Irene's face. The restaurant conversation was related in such a way that made Terry look like a Good Samaritan who felt sorry for the lad because he didn't have a date and because he had failed to see through his disguise. A disguise

Betty admitted she had talked Terry into 'for a lark'.

Finally, Irene had heard out the entire 'story' (very tactfully edited by Betty, who wasn't aware that Irene was as thrilled with Terry's progressing femininity as herself) and said, "I know you are very soft hearted Terry, and I'm sure you did the right thing. I just know that boy would have been very hurt if you had turned him down, or had revealed that he was being tricked. You've gotten away with your little deception so far, but in the future, and especially on your date, you had better watch yourself. By the way, what do you plan to wear on your date?"

Turning red, looking down at the floor, and shuffling his feet, Terry stammered, "I I don't know. I haven't thought about that."

"Well, you had better start thinking about that," answered Irene. "That's one of the first things a girl thinks about when she agrees to a date. How about you Betty, what will you be wearing? I know you have already thought about that!"

"I have this cute little cocktail dress with a halter top, and I think I'll wear my hair up since it's so hot. It also shows



Seeing his face with makeup and his hair up, Terry gasp.

off my dress better." Betty replied. "Oh, and of course bright colored makeup and nails."

"That sounds great! I'll have to remember to buy Terry some nice shades of lipstick and nail enamel. I also agree with your hair ideas. In fact, I haven't mentioned how nice your hair looks up like that Terry." Irene remarked as she walked behind her brother to further inspect his hair. "You should wear your hair up like this more often in this heat."

"I'll tell you what!" Betty continued. "I'll make salon appointments for both of us Saturday afternoon, Terry. After all, we want to look our best for our men, don't we?" she teased.

Terry was in shock. His mother would end all this foolishness.

"Thanks Betty, that's very kind of you." Irene replied.

Terry was amazed at how his family and friends always did the thinking for him. He may as well have been a pet or something. Didn't he have anything to say in matters relating to his own life?

After Betty left, Terry said, "I'm going upstairs to change out of this skirt and heels."

"Wait, don't do that," Irene said. "Wear it at least until mother comes home. I know she would love to see the pretty skirt you made at school. You should also leave your hair up like that for the evening. It will be cooler and it does look very elegant on you."

"But Irene" Terry started to complain.

"Don't 'but' me," she said, cutting him off. "We both know you need me to help you get ready for your dance date Saturday night. Now, if you're going to start complaining every time I ask you to do something I feel to be in your best interest like last night, you can forget me. I'm out of here! You are the one who accepted this date, not me."

As she turned to leave, he quickly reconsidered her request and called out to her. "Irene, wait! You win. I'll do as you ask."

"That's more like the obedient sister I've always wanted," she said smiling. "I'm not really asking for much. Now come on and help me get dinner ready."

"I don't know if I approve of this whole thing," Mrs. Hemm said after being told of her son's strange day. "I've never even heard of such a thing. Are you sure that you want to go through with this, Terry?"

"Of course not I don't want to Mom but I don't know how to get out of it now" he answered with his voice trailing off.

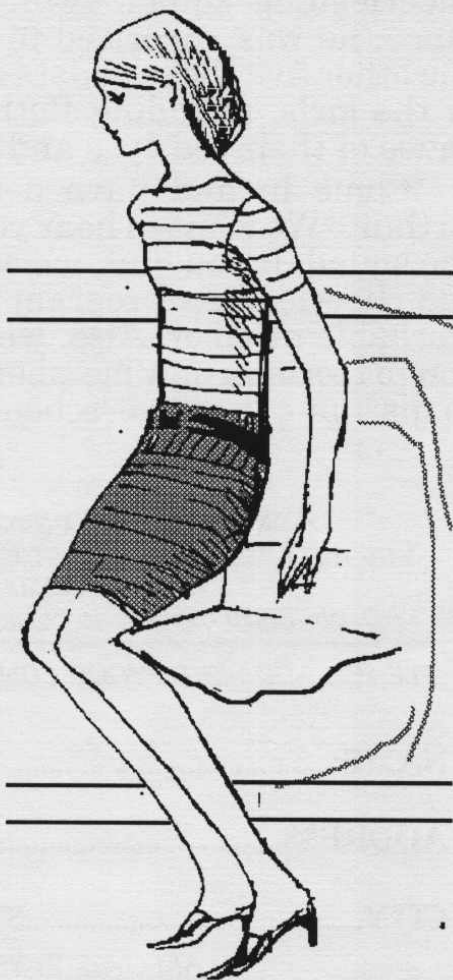
"Oh, come on Mom!" Irene implored. "What can it hurt? He's already a cheerleader and takes girl's gym, for heaven's sake."

"I am, but I'm quitting," interjected Terry.

"Well, since you are quitting, I guess I'll go along with this but not for long. I don't like this business very much, I can assure you both."

Irene was ecstatic, and she squealed with delight. "Oh, Terry! You look so chic in your new skirtand with your hair up, you look much older! Did you do it yourself?"

"No...Betty did it for me." Terry answered, "Now can I change



*"Knees together!"
Betty ordered Terry.*

clothes? Mother has seen me now."

"Oh, alright," Irene conceded. "Those heels are a little high for around the house, but you should practice wearing your skirt for the rest of the evening so that you will be comfortable wearing one on your date this Saturday."

Terry moaned.

Terry was summoned to Mr. Arthur's office after school the following day. He correctly assumed his principal wanted to discuss his decision to quit the cheerleading squad. Still, when he entered the office, he was surprised to find Miss Roberts and the other five cheerleaders as well. He could tell all of the girls, including Betty, had been crying because of their red eyes and streaked makeup.

"Come in and have a seat, Terry," said Mr. Arthur. "We want to hear your reasons for quitting the squad. If you quit, we will be forced to disband the cheerleading program because five is an unworkable number. Also, we're too far into the season to recruit a new member. Now, why do you plan to disrupt our entire 'school spirit' program?"

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"I just can't do it any more Mr. Arthur. I was always embarrassed by having to wear that frilly blouse to school on Fridays and to the football games on Friday night. When I had to have my hair styled like a girl's and wear makeup last week, that was the final straw. This has gone on long enough, too long in fact. Boys aren't supposed to be cheerleaders, and they certainly aren't supposed to wear makeup."

"How about skirts and high heels?" Miss Roberts asked. "You wore a skirt and high heels outside yesterday during the bomb scare, didn't you?"

"Yes, butmy class. . ."

"And you have a date to go to a dance with a boy Saturday night!" Betty said scornfully. "Don't forget that little fact. How would you like us to spread the word about that all over the school?"

"Y....you.....you wouldn't" he stammered. He was near tears, and he knew he was quickly losing control of the situation.

"We probably won't have to," she countered. "Your friend, Kim, is coming to our game Friday night, and he expects to see you out there in a short skirt cheering along side of the rest of us. How do you think he'll react when he finds the pep squad cheering in our absence, or sees you in your trousers? He thinks you're a girl, you know."

"B...but, I...I can't I won't come to the game."

"Yes, you can," Mr. Arthur stated emphatically. "and you will! Because of your involvement with this boy, you have not only put your own reputation in jeopardy, but the reputation of the school as well. In retrospect, I can envision no solution other than the one Betty alluded to a moment ago. That is for you to continue to perform as a cheerleader and maybe even wear a regulation cheerleader's skirt to school on Fridays and to the football games on Friday nights for the remainder of the season."

"But Mr. Arthur, I'm a BOY!"

"Very well," Mr. Arthur responded. "I suppose the final decision must be yours. Your choices, as I see them, are: 1) wear a skirt and perform with the cheerleaders, or 2) quit and let everyone find out that you have a date with another boy. What will it be?"

"Betty. You wouldn't tell?" Terry asked.

"Not until I leave this room," Betty smiled.



*Even the smallest movement with his legs apart
cause discomfort.*

"If those are my choices," Terry responded, "I guess I'll have to have to wear a a skirt, but I don't want to. I will be so embarrassed, and everyone will laugh and make fun of me."

"Good choice!" Mr. Arthur beamed. "I'll make sure no one makes fun of you at this school."

The girls were clapping their hands, jumping around, and crying all over again. However, this time, they were crying tears of joy. In conjunction with their joy, each girl, in turn, kissed the embarrassed Terry on the cheek and welcomed him back to the squad.

"We like you on the squad," Betty said. "It's fun.

"Now that the decision has been made, we must get busy," Miss Roberts said. "Come along with me to Lee's Boutique, and I'll help you get outfitted with your new uniform."

"Miss Roberts please don't make me not a skirt.....maybe pants again?" he sputtered in protest.

She cut him off saying "Let's you and I understand each other right from the beginning. You just said you wanted to wear a uniform with a short skirt like the other girls on the cheerleading squad to keep your 'boyfriend' from discovering your secret, and I agreed to help. If you don't want that help, just say the word, and I'll forget the whole thing. Do you want my help or not?"

"I'm sorry, Miss Roberts," he apologized. "I need help but you just have to understand....."

After a short ride into town, a very red faced Terry followed Miss Roberts into the dress shop. She directed him into a dressing room in the rear of the store and told him to undress while she brought in a few things.

"But Miss Roberts, why do I have to undress to try on a skirt?" he asked. "Can't I just take off my pants?"

She frowned at him and said, "Certainly not! If you just put on a skirt and go out there Friday night, you'll still look like a boy, and everyone, including your Kim, will know. That's not what you want. We both know that. So, before you object again, hear me out. I plan to create an illusion designed to make you appear very feminine and, in the process, protect your identity. I can do that very effectively by using a variety of unique products manufactured by a company called Under Control---along with some special techniques I learned while working with a theater group some years ago. I'm a nurse and a married woman, so there's no reason to be embarrassed by your semi-nudity in my presence. Now, go into the dressing room, remove all your clothes, and I'll be with you shortly!"

When Miss Roberts entered the dressing room, she was carrying a basket containing a variety of boxes and several pairs of panties and bras in different styles and colors. As she had instructed, Terry was in his undershorts and stood before her blushing for all he was worth and desperately trying to cover himself with his hands.

"Very good," she said while looking him over and taking a small flesh colored strap out of one of the boxes. "I see you have decided to enter into this endeavor with a spirit of cooperation. We'll start with this. It is called a 'Shroud', and it is designed to pull your boyiness up and back between your legs. This will accomplish several objectives other than the obvious. For instance, when the Shroud is properly adjusted, you will find sitting with your knees together to be the easiest way to relieve the pressure. Sitting in this manner will quickly become your most comfortable position. You will also learn to walk from the hips with your legs together and develop a fitting provocative walk, among other things. Now, before you put it on, you should thoroughly massage yourself with this cream. It is called 'Abate', and in time it will relieve any dis-

comfort caused by your Shroud. Let's put it on, and you'll see what I mean."

Terry was flushed and scared. The cream was cool and mentholated causing an intense coolness. "Oooaaahhh," Terry sighed.

Reluctantly, after applying the Abate, Miss Roberts handed him the Shroud and turned her back.

He lowered his hands, took the Shroud, stepped into it, and pulled it up. She showed him how to adjust the waist strap to the correct pressure, but when she adjusted the crotch strap by pulling a back strap up briskly, he nearly doubled over in pain. "That's much too tight, Miss Roberts," he gasped.

"Of course it is if you insist on standing with your legs so wide apart," she admonished him. "Remember what I said about keeping your knees together?"

He quickly pulled his legs together, and immediately, a good portion of his discomfort was relieved. She had him bend over and move around.

Handing him a pair of white nylon hip hugger panties, Miss Roberts said, "Put these on, and this part of your disguise will be complete."

He followed her instructions as if in a trance.

"You will quickly adjust to the pressure of your Shroud if you wear it constantly, even under your trousers and at night," she continued. "If you only wear it when you wear a skirt, you will undergo increasing discomfort---even greater than you are experiencing right now."

Miss Roberts continued, "Whenever you take a bath, always remember to use the Abate before replacing your Shroud. Also, panties are softer and much more comfortable than jockey shorts. Since you won't be needing a fly, due to your Shroud, you should wear them every day as well. I have several spare Shroud's here for you, and we'll select an

ample supply of panties and bras to take with you when you leave."

She knew a protest was on his lips, and not wishing to give him time to complain or to reflect further on his predicament, she produced two small breast like appendages and said, "These are called 'Pert-T Breasts'. These are small because your friend Kim saw you the other day looking very flat chested. We can't have you show up all of a sudden looking overly endowed, or he would get suspicious. I hope you don't mind?"

Terry shook his head.

THE END OF PART ONE OF THREE

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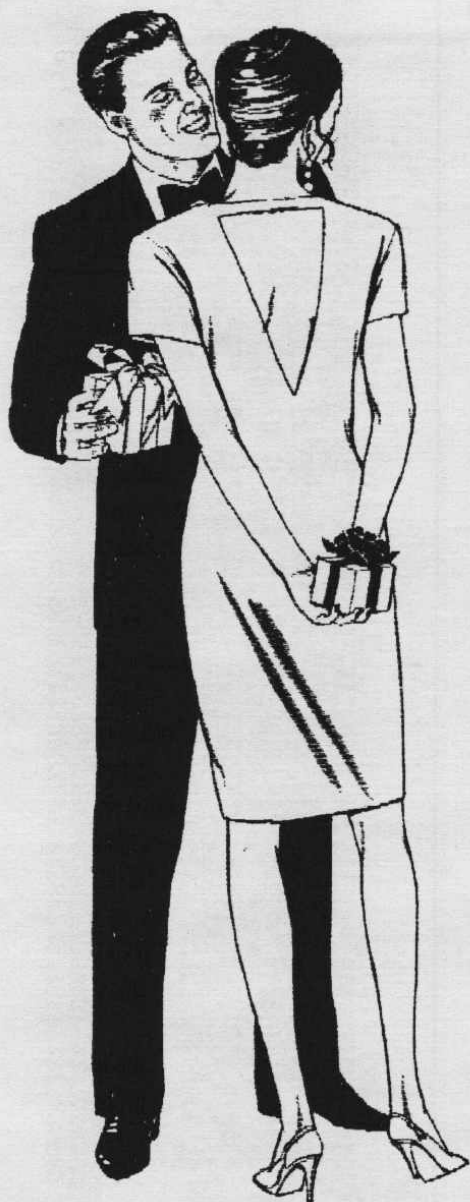
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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD

9-88



IN THE PINK

PART 57

*“Neither boy
remembered why
Jack had first started
dressing up in Fred’s
sister’s clothes.
But both remembered
the date.”*

• • •

*Do you have an idea for a
story?*

a complete story?

A scene?

We’d love to read it.

Send it to:

SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA

92624-0309 USA

NEW BOOKS

MONTHLY!

TO BE ADDED TO OUR CONFIDENTIAL MAILING LIST,

WRITE: SANDY THOMAS

P.O. Box 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

OTHER GREAT SANDY THOMAS BOOKS

TV FICTION CLASSICS

FOUNDATION FOR FEMININITY #1 & II

This is the story of a mother who wants her son to fill in for his sister. It is the best!

ROOM FOR A CHANGE #2

When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance. Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, **MISS-ING PASSPORT**) Shelley loses his passport. The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options:

fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer. A daughter and son, all in one child.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed. Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows

everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

GIRL BY CHOICE #40

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

COED CREATED #42

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

MORE THAN A WOMAN #43

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED

#44 & 45

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity.

Illustrated!

BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 & 47

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 & 49

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 & 51

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

THE GIRLMAKERS #52

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role.

Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

A DRESS FOR DANNY #61

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

BIRTH OF A LADY #67

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58

That's actually their son and father! This

WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-

heeled footsteps?

MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

TOES IN THE HOSE #71

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niecely" FASHION SENSE!

AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND #74

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

JESSE INTO JESSICA I #75 & II #76

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

GOING AS GIRLS #79

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

MISS UNDERSTOOD #82

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83

Matt and Andy help their mothers with

some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

GIRL'S GETAWAY #84

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86

No one wants to get a pink slip at work. These guys get them with LACE! Too good for one book! Many Illustrations.

GIRLISH #87

What boy would carry his mother's purse at the mall? And then what? The women in his life would probably want to do his hair and then what? Great new illustrator!

SWISHFUL THINKING #88

Brad becomes Brandy with his mother's help! Illustrated.

GIRLHOOD #89

While most young men were growing into their manhood, one wasn't.

A PROPER LADY 1 & 2 #90 #91

Boys can be crude and unkempt...but this one was taught to be a lady! Illustrated.

CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

CAN'T CUT IT #1

Medical science solves one man's problem without an operation. The hormone therapy changes his outlook on life not to mention his appearance.

SCHOOLING IN SKIRTS #2

Danny didn't know what Halloween costume to wear. His sister had an idea.

GOING TO THE BALL #3

One man's journey exploring the feminine side of his life.

UNIQUE CONCEPT/FROM FLOOD TO SKIRTS #4

Two wonderful stories of men experiencing the other side of life.

SKIRT FOR A FLIRT #5

Brian didn't realize what a harmless day of flirting at the mall would cost.

EXCHANGING VOWS #6

Randy finds that being a "wife" for a weekend is harder than he thought.

Especially when his own wife is living as the wife of another man. By giving up his male role, does Randy also have to give up his wife?

CHANGING VOWS TOO #7

Randy and his wife move to live as girlfriends. While his wife works as a model, Randi tries to find work...and himself.

VIRGIN VOWS #8

Randy and his twin sister have a yearly picture taken when they're dressed alike.

This year it's in prom gowns!

VOW OF FEMININITY #9

Randy is faced with decisions. Will he stay married to Mindy as a girl?

FRENCH DRESSING #10

Something had to change and Emile was it. A fully illustrated story.

THE NEW GIRL #11

A job is a job...unless it requires too much. Can Stephan be a good secretary?

THE GIRL'S PART #12

From a part in a play to a new role in life. Andy's feminization.

THE BOY WHO BLOSSOMED #13

A young man takes a job in his aunt's flower shop. Everyone mistakes him for a girl...the flower girl.

MY SISTER'S SHADOW #14

He simply had to fill in for his twin sister. A simple task but...it was for her wedding.

HIS FIRST DRESS #15

A tomboy helps Elliot dress in clothes she'd never wear. They teach each other new things!

GIRLIES #16

Two couples find that they have a lot in common. Both husbands like dressing like women! They make plans for spending the summer as mothers and daughters!

HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17

A young man finds out his wife would rather have him helping with her catering business than being a bum at home. DOUBLE ISSUE

MY BOSOM BUDDY #18

Two long time friend's relationship is strained when one gets a job modeling girl's clothes.

HEAD OVER HEELS #19

Glen's mother knew all about raising girls

from bows to the perfect hairdo. What a waste of talent since she only had Glen, right?

I DRESS, THEREFORE I AM #20

After getting caught in his mother's clothes, his mother buys him his own. He finds acceptance and find a new life.

DOUBLE ISSUE

REDTOES #21

Two young couples make a bet. . . Which wife can turn their husband into the most realistic looking girl? How far will they go to win?

TOO MANY SKIRTS #22

A young man joins an all girl band. The only problem is the uniform. . . they all want to wear skirts! But he looks like a girl in them?? . . . DOUBLE ISSUE

FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23

A man gets help with this cross-dressing from another cross-dresser. But is it really help?

JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24

This is a fully illustrated story of a young man who is forced to attend the carnival in frilly petticoats. The drawings in this story are some of the best I have ever seen!

THE PAMPERED SISSY #25

What would you do for millions? Steven's rich aunt leaves him her fortune. . . with one catch. He must become a girl!

DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26

A wonderful fiction book exploring the intimate lives of males facing their femininity. Many different stories with many different motivations. Great!

GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27

Women wearing the pants and men wearing the skirts?? It just isn't done, is it? Would men ever be the ones to wear make-up and be submissive to their wives? Read this and find out!

A LIVING DOLL #28

A mother decides to show her son how to take care of his hair and gets carried away!! When his girlfriend finds out. . .

FEMININE METAMORPHOSIS #29

The story of a young man's transformation into a social and sexy young woman. A new writer with wonderful insight!

CASE OF THE MISSING PANTIES #30

Bill Cates goes to work at a lingerie

company and things start to disappear. What will happen to the person who took them??

CLEAVAGE #31

After helping his seamstress mother with some swimsuit modeling, Shawn finds a hidden interest in girl things. His father has a secret and the fun BUSTS out!

JOINING THE GIRLS #32

Boys will be boys until two boys embarrass a group of girls and they find out boys are sometimes made to be girls!!

JOURNEY INTO WOMANHOOD #33

A young man, femininely distressed as a teenager, finds himself turning into a woman!

TASSELS FOR TOMMY #34

A man marries a stripper. . .she suggests he go into the business too!

A SUMMER GIRL #35

Tory is forced to spend his summer vacation as a girl with his cousin!

HORMONES FOR LIFE #36

It's death or female hormones for this man!

WINDOW DRESSING #37

A young man finds a new job in a department store-as a window mannequin.

FRILL OF IT ALL #38

A wife helps her husband become the woman of his and her dreams.

METAMORPHOSIS & META'

COMPLETED #39 & 40

A transformed girl helps many femininely distressed young men search for the ultimate feminine experiences!

HUSBAND INTO GIRLFRIEND #41

Many wives wonder why they have a husband when a girlfriend would be so much more fun! One wife decides to change her husband! Illustrated!

JUST ANOTHER GIRL #42

When poor Robin's mother finds out he's been cast as a girl in the school play, she wants to make him PERFECT! Illustrated!

SISTERS FOREVER #43

This is the story of two brothers who are forced to be sisters to help a sickly aunt. Ten great illustrations by Puyal! A

summer of discovery!

FEMININE DESIRES #44

A reporter thinks that feminizing his nephew was a good story but before he knows it, the tables are turned on him.

Great illustrations by Puyal.

TAKING HER PLACE #45

David is forced to take his sister's place...in mind and in body. His and his mother share many experiences! Many great drawings by Puyal.

MISTAKEN FOR A GIRL / MISTAKEN FOR A DAUGHTER #44 & 47

Wearing his sister's clothes, Steve is mistaken for a girl. Once seen, he is forced to assume the role of a daughter in a small town. Written by Nikki, a new writer who has a way of getting her heroine into some major trouble! Illustrated by Puyal!

SON TO SISTER #48

The story of a son that follows in his father's footsteps...actually his high heels!

Illustrated by Puyal. A wonderful story.

A DIFFERENT KIND OF MODEL & A DIFFERENT KIND OF BRIDE #49 & 50

It starts out with a young man who helps his sister at a bridal fair by becoming a model. Illustrated by Puyal.

CHICKS RULE! #51

A great story. A dress is only a dress until your wife makes you wear it. A sexy tale of an "understanding wife" who takes her husband places he never imagined going!

SITTING PRETTY & SITTING PRETTY TOO #52 & 53

Gone with his male clothes! We all know that Southern girls are trained to be ladies. But what about the guys? A summer vacation turns these boys into Southern Belles! 88 pages each with special pencil illustrations by Puyal.

GIRLIE GIRL #54

Who wouldn't want to be younger? Or even look younger? Norm's wife has a unique idea!

FEMININE BUDDY #55

Kit gets an opportunity that half the population dream about...the girl half. Illustrated.

PRETTY LITTLE PANTIES #56

Poor Steve ends up at school in his mother's dress. Illustrated.

BECOMING EMMA #57

An accident forces a family to treat Kevin like a girl.

HIS SISTER'S DRESS#58

A delightful story of a guy that is caught borrowing his sister's clothes. As a punishment, his mother and sisters decide he should spend a little time in dresses! Illustrated.

MAKEUP MATERIAL #59

It's really three stories. Two delightful stories of guys facing their budding femininity and one...one very different newsy story of a little town called, ESTRO, Illinois. Lot's of drawings.

DRESSES & TRESSES #60

Bobby has a few problems. All the women in his life seem intent on getting him into dresses. But they'll stop soon, right? Wrong! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

A GIRL NOW #61 & THEY'RE GIRLS NOW #62

This great story is by a new writer. Randal and his friends are put through training that...well, lets say few guts go through. Nearly a year's work by three editors went into making this a masterpiece! Lots of great Puyal drawings!

LEARNING CURVES #63

Life throws a curve at two boys. In fact, it throws two curves their way...With their mother's help and a dance teacher, they learn a new way of life. Illustrated.

MY BETTER HALF #64

After coping with many changes....Rob decides to make a few changes in his life and the way he dresses. Illustrated.

DISCOVERING DRESSES #65

A male teacher learns that there is no substitution for experience in learning. He finds out all about being a woman! Illustrated!

BIKINI BOUND #66

Many, many great illustrations! The story of a boy who has to be a girl on a family vacation. His mother and three sisters make sure he's perfect...even in a bikini!

PURSE STRINGS #67

Tight finances force a boy to wear his sister's hand me downs...Why waste good dresses and high heels?

SISSY'S HISSY FIT #68

If an overbearing father calls his son a "sissy", there is only one way a mother can get back! Great illustrations!

DRESS UP DAY #69

Dressing up for a talent contest helps a young man find a new interest that everyone encourages...except one. Who knows, maybe he'll even get into it? Illustrated.

LAVENDER & LACE I #70

A young man's journey from lavender to lace. Illustrated

LAVENDER & LACE II #71

Sometimes it's the little things in life that create the biggest changes...one youn man's journey from lavender to lace! Part 2. Illustrated.

GIRLFRIENDS TV FICTION

ENDOWED WITH BEAUTY

A boring life suddenly gets out of hand when a CPA's wife gets involved with a hairdresser.

FEMININE PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL II

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL III

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL IV

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

FEMININE PROPOSAL V, THE FINAL PROPOSAL

Stan is forced to accept his wife's proposal...and become a woman.

LUCK BE A LADY

Parents are always hiding things from their kids but for Dad to suddenly start living as a woman! That is just too much...or is it?

A PARTY GIRL

Ryan hated shopping with his wife. All she was interested in was girl things...something had to change! Illustrated!

DRESSING DOWN

Cory had everything: a beautiful wife, great job, and money. So why were things so messed up? A sexy tale of a

couple coping with unique challenges. Illustrated!

HOSTESS WITH THE MOSTESS

What would a wife make a guy do for success? If their restaurant needed a woman...guess he'd be it! Completely illustrated and great fun!

EMPATHY FICTION CLASSICS

QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1

A young man is picked up by a lady...and becomes the dress up toy for her and her friends. Can he escape? New illustrations and editing.

TV TRAINING CAMP #2

What if your wife really wanted you to cross dress? The story of two women turning their husbands into ladies!

TV VACATION #3

Spying on a slumber party gets Tom and Phil into more than a little trouble...It gets them forced into dresses!

BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL! #4

A funny story of a longhaired boy who is recruited to teach the town's most beautiful girls to wrestle. They decide to teach him what they know best! Great illustrations and new additions.

BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5

By the best writer (in my opinion) that Empathy ever had. This is a story that touches everyone and every place. Francis' new wife had a way to make him quit flirting with the girls..."Flirt for a Skirt!" Great illustrations and new additions.

HIS DRESS UNIFORM #6

A longhaired rebel is forced into a parochial school where they wear uniforms. He refuses to cut his hair and wear those geeky boy's uniforms...so he's fitted for one that the longhaired students wear forcing a "Change of Habit!" Illustrated and re-written.

TRANSVESTIA FICTION

FATED FOR FEMININITY #1

"Why not let Lennie compete anyway, of course, he would have to dress as a girl from now on. We could spread the word that Lennie is not a boy, and never was. It might work..."

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY #2

John dresses in skirts to show the girl's at school how they should dress. His mother and father suggest he try it for the summer. Thus "Jane" is born. Many surprises!

TALES FROM A PINK MIRROR #3

Gerald is removed from his all boy school and is enrolled in a school of his stepmother's choice. He is enrolled to learn how to be dainty and feminine.

HIS AND HERS EQUALS THEIRS #4

Joan always borrowed her husband's clothes. To get even, Stephen borrowed hers. Every passing day found Stephen more feminine in actions, dress, and conversation.

IF YOU CAN'T LICK 'EM, JOIN 'EM #5 (DOUBLE ISSUE)

Merrill loses a bet and must dress as a girl for six months.

HE...CROSSED THE LINE! #6

A young couple can only find an apartment that accepts women.

CHRIS TO CHRISSIE #7

A high school prank causes Chris to have to dress like a girl.

MARTIN TO MARION #8 (2 BOOKS)

All three parts of a long story of Martin's experimentation at learning the role of "Marion".

A TALE OF TWO MOTHERS #9

Two mothers teach their sons about being girls.

FASHION MODELS #10

A completely revised story about two boys who become fashion models! Their lives, loves and careers.

ACCEPTANCE #11

Erica's mother tries to stop her daughter from marrying a cross-dresser.

CHARM SCHOOL #12

After an accident, Alex fills in for his wife at their charm school. As a woman!

IDEAL MARRIAGE #13

In search of the "ideal marriage," Richard puts himself in his wife's shoes...also her dress, lingerie &...?

THE BIRTH OF BARBARA #14

Paul and Amy's marriage was falling apart until they decided to switch roles. Paul eventually becomes Barbara.

MANNEQUIN #15

A boy helps his Aunt hem up a dress

she's made and he finds he has a new position around her house.

FEMININE FORTE #16

Andy is forced to take his wife's place in a girl's dance group. Then he got "discovered!"

PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17

Patrick's story of growing up with the women who encouraged his dressing up.

THE MAKEOVER #18

To help his wife, a young man must take her job in a beauty parlor... as one of the girls!

BOYS TO BABES #19

The story of a show where the boys take the girl's parts! Each finds a different way to cope with their new identity.

THE PICTURE ALBUM #20

Over 100 pictures of CD's enjoying themselves "en femme". A historical pictorial.

THE TURNABOUT PARTY #21

Husband and wife go to a masquerade party.

I AM A MALE ACTRESS #22

On a bet, a reporter takes a bet... can he pass as a female well enough to try out for a part.

FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23

Many have asked for more of these wonderful tales from Transvestia. This book has two. "Wrong side of the Track" about a boyfriend who poses as a girlfriend & "Beauty Pageant," the story of a reporter who enters a beauty contest.

RED, WHITE & PINK #24

Two wonderful stories of two young men...one that is running from his responsibilities, the other is doing it for his country. Both end up where most men would dread, in dresses!

MY SUMMER IN DRESSES #25

A summer at the lake turns into a summer of discovery. Joe finds out how the girls spend their summer...in dresses!

TITILLIATING TV TALES

HUSBAND TO SISSY #1

HUSBAND TO SISTER #2

HUSBAND TO SEDUCTRESS #3

This series has been the most expensive to produce with drawings by Puyal on nearly every page. A collaboration of

your favorite writers that took years to finish!

AUNTIE'S REVENGE #4 AND

AUNTIE'S SWEET REVENGE #5

A wonderfully illustrated story of an Aunt who just won't stop buying girlish things for her nephew. He's faced with being a sissy or being a niece!

UNDER HIS SKIRTS #6

A man is forced to take on a feminine role and his wife wants him to be perfect! This is a wonderfully illustrated story of when things just go "too far!"

PRACTICALLY A GIRL #7

Why would anyone want a boy to model brassieres when there are so many girls? Maybe that is the point! Illustrated.

A WILLING WOMAN

How far would you go to help a friend? Would you put on lingerie, makeup and a cute little dress? Illustrated!

GIRLS' THINGS I & II

A couple guys call someone a sissy...there's nothing like a cute little dress and some girls' things for revenge!

THE STORE BRIDE

After going to live with his Aunts, a young man find comfort in his new job...in their bridal shop! Great Illustrations.

PRETTIER IN PINK I

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Based on the classic story of a young man whose mother gets confused and decides he's going to be her daughter! Great illustrations and great fun!

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SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

Over one hundred and twenty hand crafted drawings span these three books.

It answers the question, "What could be worse than being forced to go to school with the girls?" Poor Peter finds out...he's forced to wear their clothes too! Don't miss out on this one! Even one of the drawings by Puyal is worth the price!

BEAUTIFIED BULLIES 1-4

An amazing story with a detailed illustration by Puyal on nearly every two page spread. This series is the story of two young men whose ruffian ways are controlled via petticoats and pretties. There are over 150 professionally drawn illustrations. This is an amazing collection.

THE MALE MAID BOOK OF ABC'S

The Male Maid Book of ABC's, Male Maid' contains twenty-six new Juan

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BOUND TO BE A MAID

Bound to be a Maid, 'Bound' was originally sold in the 1950's as a set of 40 photographs of "VanRod" (Gene Bilbrew) art. Its original title was "Bound Over or Missing Gwen de Lynn". No credit was given to the author whose brief text appeared above each drawing, nor was the publisher named

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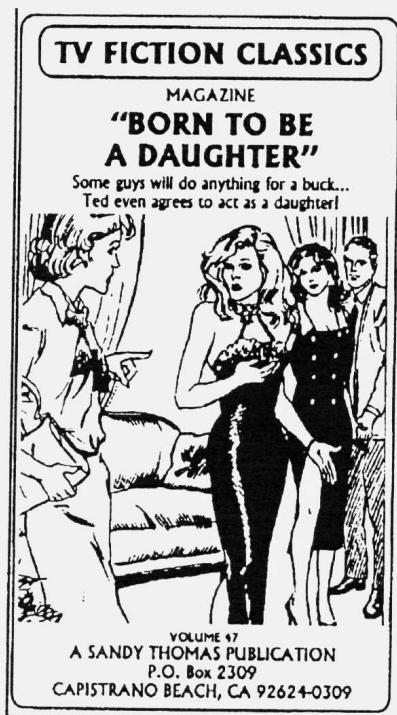
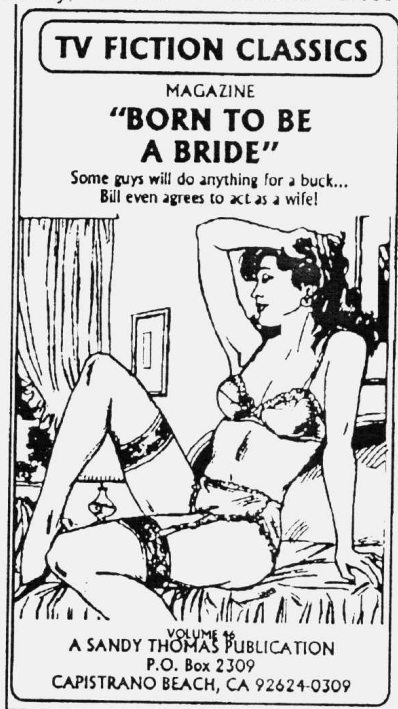
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