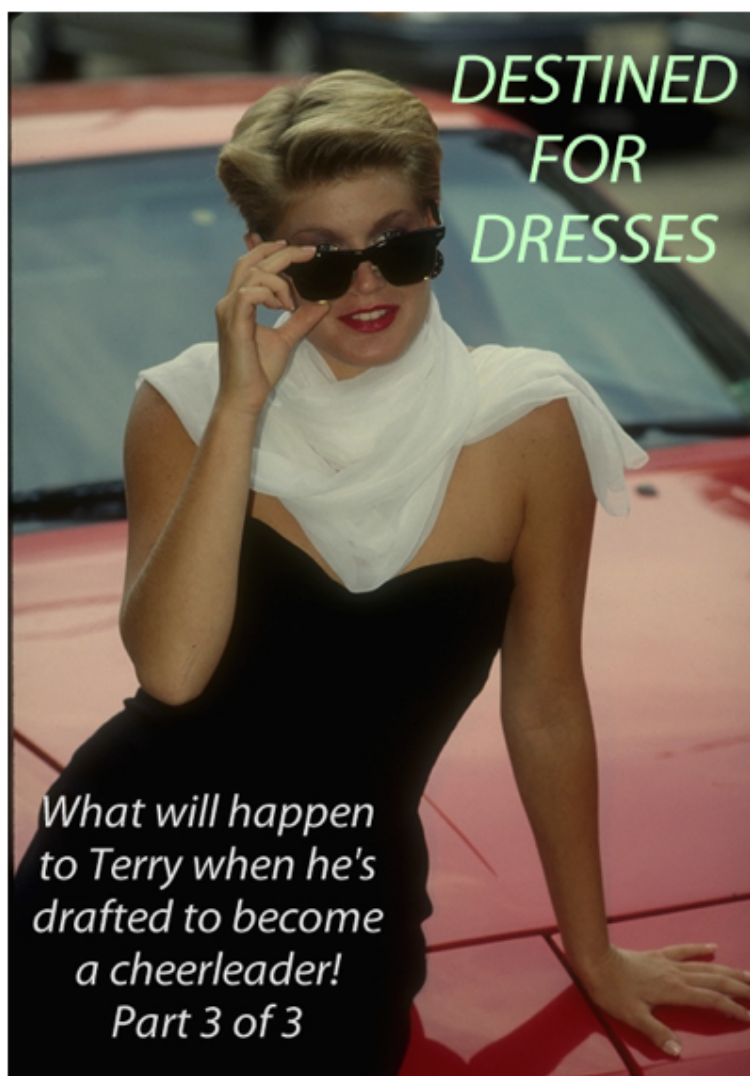


SERIALS

MAGAZINE



DESTINED
FOR
DRESSES

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

**SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING
PO BOX 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA**



DESTINED FOR DRESSES

By
Dawn Bell
Sandy Thomas
Alice Trail
and others.

PART THREE

Based upon a character in
FATED FOR FEMININITY
Transvestia Fiction #1

Published by
SANDY THOMAS ADV.

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"DESTINED FOR DRESSES"

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SANDY THOMAS, DAWN, ALICE TRAIL

QUOTE BOARD

**"I was torn. . .go to Plymouth Rock where the
Pilgrims landed or to Provence Town
and dress up.**

I was caught between a rock and a hard on."

Destined For Dresses

by Sandy Thomas and friends,

PART THREE

We left Terry with a very concerned mother. He was dressing as a girl everyday at school and was 'becoming comfortable.' He was again going to be Kim's date for a dance.

After watching the rapid and dramatic changes in Terry over the past weeks and months, Kim knew his date for the Sweetheart Ball would be very attractive, but even he was astounded by the lovely blonde goddess that stood before him when he called for his date on the night of the dance. "I'll be the envy of every boy in the school," he said breathlessly as he offered his arm to his beautiful companion.

When Terry stepped down to the dance floor in Kim's arms, he was besieged by boys wanting to cut in. After several dances involving numerous partners, Russ came over to Kim and Terry's table for a chat. Terry had never seen Russ as he was that night. The huge boy was acting shy and polite, almost as if he were an adolescent with little dating experience. He even blushed and looked away when he made eye contact with Terry.

They shared light conversation over a cup of punch. As they talked, several boys came over to ask Terry to dance, but a harsh word and a steely stare from Russ sent them away.

When a slow tune was played, Russ asked Terry to dance. Even in his heels, Terry was dwarfed by his huge partner who seemed to be unsure and held him delicately but firmly as if he were fragile and would break. Pressed tightly against Russ's chest, Terry felt something unusual---his nipples seemed to pop out; sensitive and erect against Russ's chest. This was in sharp contrast to the way he had held and caressed Betty when they danced before.

"Terry, I'm sorry about the way I acted before," he said with obvious uncertainty as they moved slowly about the dance floor. "I've given a lot of thought to what you said, and you were right. I was way out of line, and I apologize. You are a class act, and I won't bother you again."

When Russ followed Terry off the dance floor and saw his full hips swinging seductively in his tight satin gown, he wished for all he was worth that things could be different between himself and this lovely girl.

After that dance, unknown to Terry and Kim, Russ passed the word among the other boys at the dance to leave the couple alone and not bother them by asking Terry for dances or by cutting in on them.

The other Chevalier boys had always thought Kim to be a little guy, but now, his stature rose considerably in their eyes. He was dating a beautiful Cranford cheerleader, and he had Russ, their own football hero, for a bodyguard. Maybe this Kim wasn't such a little guy after all.

In spite of himself, Terry ended up having an enjoyable time at the dance, but he still knew there was something wrong with all this.

The next day, being a nice Sunday in February, Terry decided to walk over to Kim's house. He went

to put on a pair of his old jeans and was shocked at the fit. He could barely get them over his shapely hips and the waist was way too big. Afraid the seat might rip from the tension, Terry took out a jean skirt and a blouse. Maybe the walk would clear his mind if he talked with his only friend.

Terry talked about the evening and how much they both enjoyed it. Terry said, "I wish I could find a date...a girl...to take to our sweetheart dance in three weeks. Maybe my reputation as a sissy would go away if I had a girl."

Kim agreed, "It's nice having a friend like you...sort of the best of both worlds---a boyfriend and a girlfriend!"

"Then Kim added, "I wish I could help you out."
..

Kim saw the look in Terry's eyes and said, "NO WAY!"

But there was a way. After a lot of discussion, and guilt--- Kim agreed to be Terry's 'girl' date for the Cranford Sweetheart Dance.

They went to Kim's mother and asked her permission. She didn't like the idea but knew that it was only fair. But she added, "Kim won't be wearing any of those risque dresses."

Terry and Kim made plans. Terry had have to get his suit altered to fit and Kim had to 'become a girl'.

Because of the short time before the dance, during visits, Terry wasn't surprised to find Kim 'trying on' a pretty pink jumper style dress over a long sleeved white silk blouse. He had never seen this blouse or dress before, and he knew Kim hadn't made them in sewing class. "What's going on, Kim," he asked. "Why are you wearing that dress, and where did you get it?"

Kim's face burned with embarrassment. He hadn't planned to tell Terry about his embarrassing shopping trips with his mother but now he was

trapped. "I...I," he started, then blushed all the brighter. "Mother and I bought it over at the mall last week. Mom's suggested I wear these once in a while so I will get used to them," he said in a near whisper. "Ever since I agreed to do this, she's been real funny to me."

"Funny?"

"Yeah, cold," Kim said, "but making me wear these things more often than necessary."

"But that's just until the dance is over," Terry said. "Then, you'll go back to wearing boy's clothes. I wish I could, I don't like doing this, you know."

"Yes, I know," Kim said, still blushing and looking down. "That's why I think I want to help you. Maybe you'll be able to make them see that you are a young man, not a girl."

"Wouldn't you hate to wear dresses to school?" Terry asked in an unbelieving voice.

"Yes, I don't see how you do it," Kim answered. "It's so humiliating even in front of my mother. I had a good time at the dance, but I spent most of the time feeling sorry for you being treated like a girl. I guess I'm going to find out."

"What does your Mom think?"

"She didn't like it at first, and she thought it was strange. She didn't understand how strongly I felt about helping you. Now she okay about it."

After a long talk with Kim, Terry left more puzzled than when he had arrived. Why would Kim, or any boy for that matter, wear girl's clothes if he didn't have to?

Over the next two weeks, Terry occasionally went by Kim's house, and sometimes found him wearing a dress or skirt. By then, Kim had shaved his legs and was learning to style his hair even put on makeup. One time he was in the middle of a manicure.

Terry showed him a few tricks he had learned on these subjects, but advised his friend to go to the



"Terry found Kim 'doing his nails' wearing a cute little print dress."

salon and let Janice style his hair if he really wanted to present a feminine image.

Kim declined for the time being, but kept the suggestion in mind for future reference. Terry looked at Kim's fingernails. He had learned to give himself a perfect manicure---even picked a nice nail polish to accent his dress. His hands looked so dainty polished.

Terry was beginning to wonder about Kim's motives. "I'm wearing a dress to school for the last time," Terry told Kim. "The last basketball game is tonight, and after I work at the boutique tomorrow, I can finally get back to being a boy. I'm finished!"

AT THE BOUTIQUE

"Why don't you pick out some of these lovely spring dresses?" Mr. Arthur asked Terry the next morning. "The weather is getting warmer every day, you know, and with your employee's discount, you can save a bundle."

"Uh, no thanks, Mr. Arthur," Terry answered. "After today, I'm retiring from my girl's life and returning to being a boy. This has been an interesting experience, but it's all behind me now."

"I see," the principal mused. "I see."

Terry's jeans didn't fit very well at all when he stepped into them the next morning. They were very tight across the seat and loose at the waist, but worst of all was his chest! They stood out like breasts and had grown to nearly a B cup size, and there was absolutely no way to hide them under a tee shirt. He felt the unfettered globes bounce with him as he walked to the mirror to view the extent of his problem. Stareing at his wide hips, narrow waist, protruding breasts with their large nipples visible through the thin material of his tee shirt, and his long golden hair, he knew making himself look anything like a boy would be an impossible task.

Finally, he threw up his hands in resignation, took off his shirt, jeans, and the first jockey shorts he had worn in months and threw them into a corner of his room. He would have to buy some new clothes. He had 'grown out' of his old ones. He quickly dressed again in his well fitting girl's clothes, applied his makeup, and brushed his hair. Half an hour later, after putting on gold hoop earrings and a three strand gold necklace, he went downstairs to breakfast wearing a straight purple mini skirt, lavender blouse, and three inch pumps.

"I thought you would be dressed as a boy," Mrs. Hemm said upon seeing her son in his feminine ensemble.

He looked at her in exasperation. "I tried to Mother, but with my long hair and the swelling at

my chest, I couldn't make myself look very masculine. I need some new clothes and a haircut."

"Swelling?" she questioned. "I thought you were wearing falsies."

Terry turned red and looked down. "I do, butthey are getting bigger, maybe from the bras?"

"Let me see!" Mrs. Hemm demanded.

Blushing beet red, Terry removed his blouse and draped it across a chair. Without looking at his mother, he removed his arms from his slip straps and allowed them to fall to his waist while he reached back, unfastened his bra, and allowed his breasts to reveal themselves to his mother for the first time. The cool air caused his nipples to shrivel and point outward. Even the smallest movement caused them to quiver.

"Oh my gawd?" she gasped, "You could feed babies with those."

Mrs. Hemm was astounded at the prominence of her son's breasts, and she was seething. "Something's wrong here! Get dressed. We're going over there right now and get to the bottom of this!"

Upon entering the Arthur home, Mrs. Hemm launched into a tirade accusing Mr. Arthur and Miss Roberts of conspiring to turn her son into a girl without her knowledge or consent.

"Calm down, Mrs. Hemm," Mr. Arthur finally got a chance to speak. "It happens to a lot of boys his age, but the slight rounding out his body could make him more comfortable in his role as a girl."

"That's right," Miss Roberts said, "but apparently Terry's body had an intrinsic feminine makeup, and his own hormones caused his body to blossom far beyond most cases. I can assure you that nothing we did is permanent. In time, his body will return to its original shape."

"How much time?" Terry asked, speaking for the first time.

"Three, maybe four months, I would say," answered Miss Roberts.

"Four months?" Terry exclaimed. "I can't be a girl for four more months!"

"Think about it," Mr. Arthur injected. "If you continue as a girl for the remainder of the school year, no one will tease you because they think of you as a girl now. Maybe your male hormones will cut in by summer. You can return to school in the fall as a boy, and everything will be normal again".

Mrs. Hemm eventually accepted Mr. Arthur's plan as the most logical course to pursue, especially since they had few alternatives. She left the Arthur house with a very despondent son.

Later that same day, Kim's mother passed by her son's room and heard him crying hysterically. Wondering whatever could be the matter, she rushed to him without bothering to knock. He was lying on his bed in a slip crying frantically. She put her arms around him and pulled him tightly to her bosom, talked softly, and kissed him gently in an effort to calm him. At long last, his body stopped shaking, and he was able to respond to his mother's questions.

"I'm scared, Mother," he said through his tears. "Now I know why Terry hates wearing girl's clothes. I feel so funny. Now, Terry is going to be a boy again, and I'll be the one in the dress."

"Things are never as bad as they seem, darling," said his mother softly. "Calm yourself, and you'll see. We could call this whole thing off---but I think it's wonderful you are such a friend. Let's make him as proud to be your date as you were of him."

"I've thought about it, Mom," he sighed. "and I know you're right. Did you know that Terry doesn't wear a padded bra any more?"

"You can't be serious son!"

"I am, Mom! I was crying because I realized how terrible Terry's life as been since he's been in skirts.

I don't have to keep my emotions bottled up any longer. I was just letting go, and I feel much better now. Will you please help me? I want Terry to be proud---that means I have to be beautiful."

"Alright son," she said in resignation. "If being a beautiful girl means that much to you, of course I'll help, but where do we start?"

"The principal and the nurse at Buster Cranford helped Terry when he had to dress and look like a cheerleader. Maybe they would help me as well. We could ask. At least that's a place to start. His name is Mr. Arthur. Will you call him?"

"Alright son," she said kissing him on the cheek. "I'll call him while you wash that streaked makeup off your face."

Mr. Arthur and Miss Roberts were elated by the telephone call. While they had been afraid they might lose Terry to his strong masculine desire, a willing candidate had literally dropped into their laps! "They'll be here in an hour," Mr. Arthur said to his wife.

"Is there anything you can do to help us Mr. Arthur," Kim's mother asked once they were comfortably seated and had cool drinks in their hands.

"What, exactly, do you have in mind?"

"Kim wants to go to your dance as a girl with his friend Terry Hemm; however, I don't share his view that this is a good idea. What do you think?"

"I know Terry experienced a lot of mental stress because everyone knew he was a boy, so perhaps you are right to proceed with caution.

Mr. Arthur added, "Come by Lee's Boutique after school tomorrow, and we'll see what we can do to increase your feminine wardrobe. We also have some foundation garments that will help your son's figure become more feminine."

The next day at the dress shop, Kim gave an involuntary tremor when he saw the unmanly

clothes surrounding him as he walked toward a secluded dressing room in the rear of the boutique. He could not conceal his fear and exclaimed, "Oh, these dresses, these skimpy dresses!" He removed one from its hook and draped it in front of him. It was a long trailing off the shoulder gown of black satin. He studied his reflection in the mirror. "Oh, my! This slinky outfit would even make Russ look glamorous."

Kim's mother was shocked by the array of clothing Mr. Arthur and his wife had assembled. "Why so much stuff?" she asked with emotion.

"Kim doesn't have any sisters so I threw in a bunch of old stuff from around the store. I'm sure he'll make good use of it from time to time."

That night, when his Kim and his mother got home, they were overloaded with boxes and packages. Before putting anything away, they removed everything from the wrappings and laid an abundance of dresses, skirts, blouses, bras, nylons, panties, even fancy hair combs, ribbons and barrettes upon his bed. There were also several pairs of high heels and other girl's shoes. In short, there were all of the clothes a girl would need even including several lacy nighties and negligees. Kim was confused---all he really need was a dress for the dance!

His mother exclaimed, "Mr. Arthur was awfully nice to help us select all this stuff. He said it was all samples and you can return anything you don't use. It was a good idea for you to know what different styles feel like on."

Kim tried to figure how much all this would have cost if Mr. Arthur had charged them the list price. Kim would have nothing but respect for this compassionate principal.

"Poor, simple Kim!" Mr. Arthur said to his wife when they were alone. What he has to learn about life would fill a very large Sandy Thomas book.

After Terry learned he would most likely have to continue wearing girl's clothes until school was out, he was very depressed, and he didn't see or talk to Kim all week. Therefore, Kim didn't know Terry would still be wearing dresses, and Terry didn't know Kim was 'really' preparing to wear them.

Feeling sorry that he had neglected his friend, Terry called and asked if he could come over when he got off work that evening.

Terry arrived, wearing the mint green mini dress with a fitted top and a flaring, pleated skirt he had worn at the Boutique, Kim's mother looked at his unexpected costume with surprise, but made no comment. "Kim is waiting for you downstairs," she said with a straight face.

Terry walked down the stairs and into a large room with bookshelves, stereo and a large color television. When he entered, a cutely made-up teenage girl with a big friendly smile rose from the sofa and came over to greet him, saying, "Terry, I'm so glad to see you, but weren't you planning to return to pants this week?"

So many changes had been made in his friend since he last saw him, Terry almost didn't recognize him. He looked Kim over carefully before answering. "I was, but it didn't work out." Terry said bursting into laughter, "Here, let me look at you! When did all this happen? Tell me everything!"

Kim stepped back and executed a perfect pirouette which made his full skirt flare out and show off his shapely nylon covered legs. His floral print spring dress was very attractive and added to his femininity.

Terry recognized the dress from Lee's Boutique, and he instantly knew who had instigated this dramatic transformation.

Kim wore rose colored nail polish, matching lipstick, blue eye shadow, and his dark hair was neatly and attractively styled. "What do you think?" he asked.

Terry was overflowing with questions. "You look great, but how long has this been going on? How many dresses do you have? Did you buy everything at the boutique? How many people know about this? Why didn't you call me?"

"Hold on," Kim said, matching Terry's smile, taking his hand and pulling him toward the sofa. "Sit over here, and I'll tell you the whole story. I want you to be proud of your date, but tell me, will I ever get used to this darn Shroud."

Terry was adamant about trying to be a boy for the Sweetheart dance. "This is my last chance. I hope I don't embarrass you," Terry said. "Mr. Arthur offered to get me a tuxedo."

The two femininely dressed boys talked for over an hour. Each in turn filled the other in on the recent events in his life. When they eventually parted, they vowed to stay in closer contact and to keep the other apprised of changing events in their lives.

When Terry departed, he somehow felt better about his life as a girl than he had since the beginning. Perhaps that was because he now had a friend. Someone with whom he could share his feelings.

The day of the dance arrived. Mr. Arthur offered to drive Terry and his date 'Kimberly' to the dance. True to his word, Mr. Arthur ordered a tuxedo for Terry. Terry should have known---the tuxedo was form fitted for a female. The pants were tight at the waist, flaring tightly about the hips and zippered in back. The shirt and jacket were fitted and had 'darts'. BUT it did fit perfectly.

In other words, the tuxedo did nothing to hide Terry's feminine contour and development. But it was a step in the right direction.

Kim's heart fluttered as the time approached, worried that something was out of place or wrong. "Mother I'm scared," Kim admitted.

"Perfectly natural. . .a girl's first dance," His mother said, "I'm glad you took those dance lessons from Mr. Arthur. He said you were very light on your feet."

Kim looked in the mirror. A chill came over him remembering how Mr. Arthur made him feel---like a sweet innocent girl about to attend her first dance.

When the three walked into the dance hall, everyone stopped talking to stare. At Mr. Arthur? At Terry? No, it was Kim.

Picked out by Mr. Arthur, Kim's gown was exquisite. It was made of sheer white lace on white silk with little pink roses. It formed a soft aura that matched Kim's rosy make-up. The neckline was extremely low, trimmed with pink silk ribbon. The gown had tight fitted sleeves and layers of swirls of satin that gathered tightly across the hips to form a sort of bustle. At his ears were two long dangling diamond earrings, a present from Mr. Arthur.

Janice had worked wonders with Kim's hair. Diamond studded hairpins held his hair up in large ringlets and two long curls dangling from his temples.

Because of the low-neckline, Kim wore a large heart necklace set in little diamonds. He also wore his grandmother's wedding ring...his mother insisted.

Kim blushed at the attention. Terry beamed, he was a 'man' with the most beautiful girl in the room, but there was a downside. Nearly every boy

in the room wanted to dance with this 'new' and exciting piece of femininity. And the 'man' Terry wasn't any obstruction. He wore no makeup but still look like a girl. They weren't sure what the relationship was between the two but they were sure it wasn't boyfriend---girlfriend.

Mr. Arthur took the first dance and rapidly a line formed. It was almost an hour before Kim, tired, with his bosom heaving, came back to Terry. "I'm sorry," Kim said breathlessly, "The guys are just so forceful...I can't say no. Remember when you were at my dance?"

Terry was happy when Kim took his arm and they took a walk outside for a little cool air. Terry admitted, "You look wonderful, very sexy. You should hear what the guys have asking about you."

"What?"

"Am I 'getting' you," Terry admitted shyly then went on, "You know the questions, 'Is she as good in bed as she looks? How's her tits?' You know, crude boy stuff."

Kim smiled, "Those were the same questions the boys had asked about you, Terry. What did *you* say?"

Terry looked embarrassed, He whispered, "I told them you were a great lay. . .that you can't get enough."

Kim giggled, "I said the same about you!"

Kim was having the time of his life. He had always been ignored at dances but not at this one. He was a star!

Toward the end of the evening, Kim danced with Mr. Arthur who whispered during a slow tune, "I wish you were in my school. I bet you would be a great cheerleader."

"Me too," Kim said. "I like your school a lot."

Mr. Arthur thought for a minute, "Maybe we could work something out. They allow out of district transfers if there are too many boys or girls.



"Janice had curled and feminized Kim's hair."

As you can see from the amount of stag boys, I have too many."

"That's too bad, our school has too many girls," Kim said.

Mr. Arthur pulled Kim closer to whisper, "I think I could arrange a transfer for you. . . as a girl."

"I'd be like Terry?"

"Heavens NO," he gasp, "You would be transferred as girl. No one would ever know."

"Oh, my," Kim gasped. "Tonight has been fun but all the time?"

"You look lovely, my dear," he whispered in Kim's ear. "You would be the belle of the school."

Kim couldn't go to sleep that night. What an offer. In the mirror, he played with the lace ruffle at his neckline. His hair hung loosely falling over

his shoulders. He looked like a teenaged virgin. .
.he was a teenaged virgin.

He stared deeper. It was like seeing his mother, in her youth. Her feminine loveliness showed through; her mouth, her eyes, her hair, her teeth and smile.

He thought about his life as it was. No girlfriend, only one friend, skinny, small, chunky thighs and not handsome. Then he thought about the dance. He had to fight off the boys, the girls all hung around and seemed to like him. The principal at his own school, Chevalier, didn't even know his name.

He inhaled the sweet rose perfume that Mr. Arthur had given him to wear. He must have been told a hundred times that night that he smelled good. Did he like all this?

How could he? He'd rather die than admit he was happy being held and danced with by men. He was disgusted when he remembered them rubbing against him---then caressing his back and waist. That part was disgusting, degrading beyond belief. His body was foul from contact with the smell of their after shave.

Kim sat looking into the mirror. If he didn't take up Mr. Arthur's offer, he knew he would have to train himself not to think of tonight. He had learned to walk and look like a female. That had included dancing and following the males lead, even relaxing in their arms. Something no young man could ever admit to.

The evening was unforgettable but he would have to forget. Yes, even when Ace, the football half-back took Kim under the kissing arch. It was unpleasant to admit that he had been french kissed by a boy. The taste was unforgettable. The offer was on the table. Could he actually live this way?

The next morning, Kim awoke, it taking a few second to remember what happen the night before.

He looked at his closet full of skirts, dresses and other girlish items that he had worn for weeks now.

He was startled by his mother's voice, "Wake up sleepy head." She walked into the room and asked, "So tell me all about it!"

Kim told ALMOST all, leaving out the embarrassing parts. Kim's hair had lost its curl from sleeping on it but with the residue of make-up, he looked sweetly feminine.

"Well, doll," his mother prodded. "Get up, we have to clean all this stuff up and take it back to the boutique."

"Ahhh," Kim looked for the words, "Mr. Arthur offered to get me transferred to his school..."

"That's wonderful dear. I know you like him."

"There is a catch, Mom...I'd have to go as a girl."

The next day, Kim and his mother met with Mr. Arthur. Kim's mother asked, "Surely there is another way to get Kim transferred?"

Mr. Arthur shook his head and handed them copies of State regulations #47825-3793. "Transfers only if race, sex or nationality ratios don't reflect the community as a whole."

Kim sat there in his boy clothes thinking about attending this wonderful new school. He tried to imagine what attending school as a girl would mean. Doing his hair and make-up every morning, keeping his legs shaved, and if the dance was any indication, being the object of youthful male lust.

"Could I try it for awhile? Maybe a week or two?"

"That wouldn't be a good idea," Mr. Arthur answered. "Think about it. We can't keep transferring you back and forth. Besides, you will need a whole new wardrobe, most of which I can help you with. We could also use more weekend help at my store."

"That would be nice," Kim said. "But I'm worried. Do you really think I can just put on a dress and become a girl?"

"Yes," Mr. Arthur said, "It's only clothes. Besides, you were already the prettiest girl the other night and I can see where you get your looks. . . You and your mother could be sisters."

Kim's mother was flattered---she knew her son made-up into a beautiful girl. "Let us think on it for a week. I'll let you know," she said.

They went home and at his mother's suggestion they sat down to talk. "Would you really consider doing this," his mother asked.

"I hate my school---everyone hates me there," Kim admitted.

"You'd have to dress like my daughter all the time...like now. Why don't you go change into something and we'll talk about it."

Kim dressed in lingerie, a simple dress and pumps. Kim felt an odd mixture of pride and intimidation at acting like a girl in front of his mother. But it was one thing to dress up at home and even for a dance, but quite another to have to be a girl at school all the time?

Remembering the dance made him smile. He walked into his mother's room like a movie star---beautiful, flirtatious and self-assured. Kim the boy was none of those and his mother sensed the change the clothes made.

"This is all silly, eh?" Kim asked his mother making a pirouette showing off his adroitness in high heels.

"I don't know," his mother announced clearly. "Mr. Arthur is so nice and his school is much better than Chevalier. My main concern is what could happen to you. What if you. . . get used to it?"

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"Making all this girlish stuff your life." She said, looking for the right words. "Make up everyday, your hair, a girl's beauty routine. . ."

"I think I can do it mother."

"I know that. You've already got the hang of it son," she interrupted, "But a daily beauty routine will become so much a part of your subsonscience, you may not realize their effects on you. When you change back to a boy, it might be awkward to refashion your attitudes and habits? Instead of playing ball, you'll be learning to devise elaborate coiffures."

"I don't play ball now," Kim stated.

"I know but growing up is a thorny path. . .we don't want to make it thornier. You've had trouble finding interest in boy's things and I don't think starting you on the road to beauty is going to help. We'd better think about it."

The next day, Mr. Arthur made a visit to Kim's house. Kim was sitting with his mother in the living room when the doorbell rang. Kim didn't know why he dropped over but led him into the living room. Mr. Arthur seemed a bit disappointed when he saw Kim's mother sitting there. He covered his annoyance quickly, by saying, "Good morning. I'm glad you're here. I thought I'd drop by a few things that might help you make up your minds."

"We are still thinking about it but it doesn't seem like a natural thing to do. What's in the bag?" she asked.

Mr. Arthur sat the large bag down on the floor and replied, "Lingerie. . .bras, actually. I wasn't sure of the size so I brought quite a few with different size cups. I thought you might be interested as to why I brought them?"

"Yes, I am VERY interested," Kim's mother said, "And also tell me, why you are doing this."

"Well, I am going out on a limb," Mr. Arthur admitted. "It's just that our school is so much better than Chevalier and Kim is a friend of Terrys. If there was any other way. . ."

Kim's mother stared at Mr. Arthur, then said, "Seems sort of 'weird' to me. . ."

"Maybe we shouldn't do this," Mr. Arthur expressed and stood up like he was leaving.

"No wait, I'm just worried about Kim and the other boys."

Mr. Arthur smiled, "I'm sure Kim will be one of the most popular kids in the school."

"I wouldn't want Kim to have problems," Kim's mother stated softly.

"That's why we have these, he must be perfect," Mr. Arthur said as he pulled out a handful of bras in assorted pastel colors. "We wouldn't want Kim being found out, especially after the dance the other night. If he decides to come to Cranford High, I felt that the least I could do was help him look as nice as possible. The line of his dress just wouldn't be right without the proper foundations."

"Oh, yes," broke in Kim's mother, "Boys notice that kind of thing."

"Well, here's the solution," Mr. Arthur said, changing the subject. "Kim's such a bright student and we have the latest facilities and the best teachers. I'm sure he'd be so helpful to me at school. Has he thought about college? I will write a wonderful letter of recommendation to any college he wants."

Kim's mother smiled with pride at this compliment to her son. She arose and excused herself to make some tea, and as soon as she had left, Mr. Arthur slid into the seat she had vacated next to Kim.

Kim was sitting demurely during this interchange, his oversized white cotton shorts barely covering his smoothly shaven legs. The green tank top was from his store.

"I brought you the most wonderful lingerie," he whispered. "Most have matching panties and a few slips. Do you think you could try them on for me now?"

Kim reddened deeply, pushing a stray bang out of his eyes. His heart had an unfamiliar beat. Mr. Arthur seemed to have a mesmerizing effect over the boy in the sense that he always affected him with a breathless sort of shyness.

His mother returned at this time with a tray containing a teapot and the cups and saucers. As she entered, Mr. Arthur leaned back and straightened his tie.

The conversation became more specific---Kim's mother breached a subject that had been on her mind ever since her son had donned girl's attire. "Do you think having Kim dress as a girl is a good idea? Couldn't it hamper his development?"

"His development? Into a rough neck hood? Why, my dear, whats wrong with having a son who's charming and well-groomed? More boys should learn what women go through to appear pretty and neat. Kim will probably become a better student and no doubt more popular. But that does bring up the question. . .does Kim realize what an effort it will take to be well-groomed?"

"I think so," Kim said.

"It means," Mr. Arthur said lowering his voice, "sweet-smelling, neat and carefully tended all over. It means bathes, making sure your hair is properly curled, your nails clean and manicured, your legs free of hair, your eyebrows tweezed, your skirt's hems a respectable length, your lingerie clean and sewn, your heels shined---all the little things that makes a refined, friendly coed. If he's willing to do all that, there's nothing to worry about."

Kim looked at his mother. "I'd try my best."

Mr. Arthur took the contents of the bag and emptied it on the coffee table. "Maybe we should see if any of these fit?"

"Ooooooh, these are very nice," Kim's mother stressed, "You shouldn't spend so much. And the matching panties?"

"The store didn't want to break them up. Maybe they should be worn together?" Mr. Arthur asked hopefully.

"You are probably right. Honey, would you go try these on?"

The conversation turned to Cranford High and its merits. In a few minutes, Kim came back in the room, his face a ruby red and two noticeable pert points protruding at his chest.

"Dear, come here and let me see," his mother said. The pastel pink brassiere was lacy with just the right amount of padding to fill the small cups. His mother reached into each cup and pulled the excess skin upward then she turned him around and rehooked the bra on the next tighter hook.

"It's too tight," Kim whined. "It feels like a harness or something."

"It takes some getting used to," his mother said, a bit embarrassed that her son would complain in front of the benevolent Mr. Arthur. She hoped that maybe some of the bras would be too big for her son and might fit her. Mr. Arthur had already thought of that. "Put on your tank top, dear and be careful of your hair."

Kim slipped the tank top over his bra, and with the white oversized shorts, he looked like a girl on the beach.

Mr. Arthur imparted, "A good bra, besides giving support can also give a bosom a pretty shape."

"Pull your shoulders back and pull in your tummy," his mother ordered. The young boy's chest proudly stood out, the two pert peaks pointing outward triumphantly.

Mr. Arthur and his mother chatted for a while longer about other things as if having her son in a bra was as natural as having him in tennis shoes.

At intervals, Kim would reach up and delicately fluff his hair, playing with it girlishly. He seemed a little nervous and would slip one hand under the

neck of his tank top to adjust the shoulder strap of his brassiere.

His mother saw him fussing and said, "They take some getting used to."

"Gee," Mr. Arthur offered, "Maybe he should dress up in them around the house for a couple days to get used to them? If you two decide, I'll arrange the transfer."

The lingerie that had looked so dreadfully feminine on the coffee table were even more loathsome on. Kim wondered why his mother was allowing him to dress like this even though it was for the 'principal'.

"See if this one fits," Mr. Arthur said, handing Kim a baby blue satin brassiere with dainty lace trim and a little bow between the cups. Although he had just worn a bra, it was nothing like this one. Kim pulled off his tank top and bra, then allowed his mother to slip the "more developed" brassiere around his chest. This one had at least double the padding, a kind of 'push-up' and was even more 'confining' than the other one.

"Such lovely lingerie, it's just adorable," his mother gushed. "Keep your shoulders back...how sweet you look."

Mr. Arthur had a way of looking at him when his mother was not watching that would make him blush and lower his eyes.

After Mr. Arthur left, his mother helped him clean out a drawer and put his new bounty away. It was all so strange to have so many bras.

His mother chatted as she neatly arranged his drawer. "Girl's clothes are very different than boys. They are more delicate and you must be careful when you're putting them on. I'll show you how to delicately wash them in the sink later."

A few days later, Mr. Arthur was called to come by Kim's house. A pretty teenaged girl met him at

the door. Kim's mother said, "I think we are going to try it."

Mr. Arthur tried to see some boyishness in Kim...some lingering mannerism that might give a clue as to his real sex, but there was none. Kim's mother shook her head and said, "Kim appears totally resigned to what he will have to do...girlish actions from shaving his legs, wearing nylons, and to having a prominent swelling at his chest."

Kim blushed when Mr. Arthur raved over his feminine appearance. "Looks like we have a new girl in school!"

Monday, the first day of school, Kim arose early, he hadn't slept much that night. He placed a plastic bonnet over his roller covered head and took a shower. He powdered himself with a fragrant bath powder and put on his prettiest outfit. This consisted of rose colored nylon panties, matching front closure bra, long sheer pantyhose, white sandals, and a cute yellow dress.

He had grown proficient at doing his own makeup but still wasn't confident of the results yet. He was pretty sure that his blush, eyeshadow, mascara and lipstick were perfect.

When he removed his curlers, he watched the way the ringlets bounced when he shook his head. Carefully, with a brush, he worked through the curls until the highlighted locks fell in sexy waves and curls. Still not satisfied, he carefully tied a yellow silk ribbon under his hair and over the top, keeping the curls amassed behind his ears. He completed the bow on top with the ends of the ribbon playing about his ears. Some of his mother's favorite perfume in the proper places, a purse, necklace, earrings, and he was ready. . .or was he.

A new school and a new lifestyle. He felt strange, strange indeed. His stomach fluttered and his legs felt shaky, the backs of his nyloned



*"Kim's mother helped him into the brassiere—
a garment he would have to get used to wearing."*



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knees weak. His hands went under his skirt to straighten his nylon slip.

"Oh my, what have I agreed to?" Kim asked himself. He looked in the mirror and was disoriented. His chest felt funny from the tightness of his bra. The padded cups pressing his own flesh girlishly upward. He hoped that the twin projections weren't too much of an inconvenience in getting around.

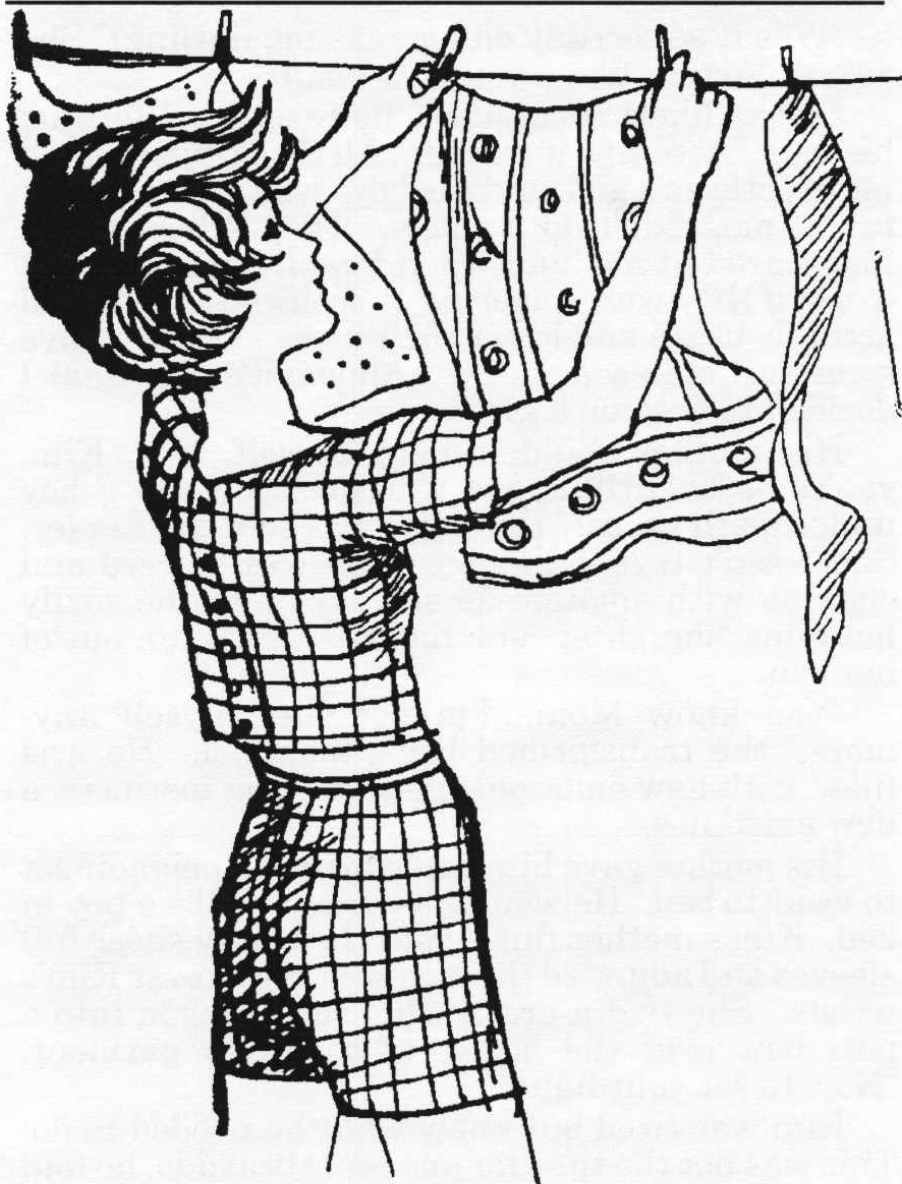
His mother gave him a ride to school. He couldn't take his eyes off a group of rowdy boys standing at the entrance to the school. Laughing, shouting and shoving one another, their virility scared Kim. "Mom," he said pleadingly.

"Don't worry, dear, they won't pick on you anymore." Kim opened the car door and straightened his skirt and walked right past them, his eyes focused ahead as a gentle breeze played with the hem of his skirt. He wasn't near as calm as he pretended to be. Today he was a young lady, the new girl in school, a contented young lady, gentle and bashful.

This was Kim's first day, and everyone wanted to meet this beautiful new girl. The students readily accepted him as one of the girls, and his gender was never in question. He was also the recipient of many stares. They were the stares of admiration accorded every pretty girl, not the kind of 'stay away stares' Kim received a year earlier. Contrary to when he was a boy, the girls flocked around him at every opportunity. They pumped him with questions about where he went to school before, and in brief, made him feel welcome.

All things considered, his transformation in status from boy to girl was ridiculously easy, and he knew the 'new girl' questions would stop in a few days.

He was rather jubilant as he reviewed the events of the day to his mother.



*"Kim spent several days living in his new clothes.
Learning to be a girl would be much more difficult.
His mother gave him new chores"*

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"Was it so terribly embarrassing, darling?" She asked, "Acting like a young woman?"

"Looks like I succeeded," he responded fluffing his hair. "Actually, it was fun. All those kids treated me exactly as a girl, and the boys who used to make fun of me, didn't do it today. They---they sort of just stared at me, and when I would look at them to see if they were sneering or scoffing, they would actually blush and lower their eyes. I seem to have some sort of new authority. Maybe it's okay that I decided to become a girl!"

His mother couldn't help herself, "Oh, Kim, you're so beautiful! Are you sure you are a boy underneath there?" Her voice was soft and tender. She wasn't trying to tease. She was sincere and choking with emotion as she stared at the sexily feminine "daughter" she had helped create out of her son.

"You know Mom....I'm not sure myself anymore," the transformed boy whispered. He was filled with new emotions, new budding instincts, a new existence.

His mother gave him a negligee and peignoir set to wear to bed. He wouldn't even get to be a boy in bed. Kim's mother fluffed out the prissy sheer full sleeves and adjusted the lace cuffs down over Kim's wrists. She tied a pretty blue satin ribbon into a pert bow over the bodice of the frilly garment. "Now to set your hair."

Kim was tired but knew what he needed to do. This was not the time for any male bravado, he had things to do to look pretty tomorrow. As he rolled and pinned, Kim wondered if he'd ever get accustomed to all these girl's activities, like setting his hair in rollers, cleaning his face, and polishing his nails.

The next day, Kim awoke again to the realism that he was now 'someone else'. A pretend girl? Maybe, but there wasn't anything pretend about how he had to dress. However there was a sparkle in his eyes and delicate pink blush to his cheeks.

His mother kept saying, "You remind me of myself when I was in high school. Is everything all right?"

Kim had hoped that the nervousness would have gone away after the first day but it didn't. "Oh, mom," he moaned, "I've been trying to pretend that going to school as a girl was the simplest thing in the world but I'm more frightened than yesterday."

"There, there," His mother flashed a big grin, "You look lovely---prettier than yesterday."

Kim was wearing a very short flowered mini-skirt and a sea green knit sweater that was his mothers. It showed off the outcurving of his chest most conspicuously. He had his hair pulled up at the sides with barrettes and light makeup. Doing his best to balance in his painfully high heels, Kim went off to school, his mother warning, "be real careful not to snag your stockings or break your heels."

Kim learned something that day. When he wasn't tugging at his short skirt---trying to keep as much of his legs covered. He was self conscious of the wiggle caused by such high heels. Everyone seemed to be gawking at him.

When he came home that day, he ran to his room. Recognizing that something was wrong, his mother followed. Seeing her, he burst into tears. "I can't do this mother," he cried wiggling out of his tight skirt, "I feel so weird."

Kim pulled the barrettes out of his hair, setting loose a curly mane that tumbled girlishly around his shoulders.

"Maybe you are trying too hard," his mother wisely assessed. "You don't have to dress so ultra-feminine all the time---you can still be 'one of the girls' in a comfortable dress and reasonable heels, maybe even jeans and tennis shoes. Let's try a few more casual outfits."

Of course, Terry saw Kim at school and even shared a few classes. It was odd for Terry to see Kim as just 'one of the girls'. With Kim's secret only among a few, including Betty, everyone just treated Kim as a 'normal female' as opposed to Terry's ambiguous and 'poison' status.

It was in Home Ec. that Terry looked at his friend, surrounded by the prettiest females in the school. He was wearing a cotton dress with little delicate sapphire flowers. It had puffed sleeves that were worn off the shoulder, a heart shaped neckline and a full spreading skirt that billowed around his legs. His hair fell naturally around his shoulders in loose waves. He was the center of attention.

Terry on the other hand was sitting all alone, where he normally sat. He watched his friend and was angry. It wasn't fair.

This went on for about half the class before Kim looked up and his dark madeup eyes caught Terry watching. He looked at the flock of girls, each intent on being his best friend, then back at his friend. His pink lips formed a smile.

"Terry," he called, "Come join us!"

Terry heard one girl whisper to Kim, "Not him. . .or what ever he is. He's weird."

"Terry's wonderful," Kim defended, "Have you ever talked to Terry?"

The girl shook her head.

"Terry delightful and a wonderful friend," Kim said inviting him into the group. The conversation turned back to school work. Kim made sure Terry was involved in everything from that point on. Terry sat with the girls for lunch, study hall and they began to like him.

About the third week, Terry took Kim aside and said, "Thanks, I really appreciate you including me."

"It's not me," Kim replied, "They like you. They just aren't sure if you're a boy or girl. I've told them you were a girl who was a tomboy."

"NO!"

That was confirmed a few days later when one girl in gym class asked Terry, "Why don't you wear dresses everyday like the rest of us. You're so pretty when you do."

Terry just stammered, "Maybe I should."

One would expect because Terry had stopped taking the vitamin pills, his body, would lose his feminine attributes. That was not happening. It was because of the feminine hormone in the Abate and Fleece creams.

Mr. Arthur had an explanation prepared for him when he questioned the inadequate return of his masculinity or if he attempted to return to his trousers.

This eventuality occurred at the boutique the Saturday following the dismissal of school for the summer. Terry cornered his two mentors and said, "What's going on? You said my breasts would go away if I stopped taking the vitamins, but they're as large as they were three months ago. How can I return to being a boy with these on my chest?"

Miss Roberts looked at this beautiful feminine boy in his pretty summer blouse and straight black miniskirt standing before her and said, "Apparently your body likes its feminine form, contrary to what your mind thinks. I believe your system has found a way to produce estrogen in sufficient quantity to maintain that shape. The possibility exists that your body will require quite some time to revert to its former shape. I have read of such cases in the medical journals."

"Oh, no!" he exclaimed. "How long do you think it will take?"

"There's no way to be certain," she answered. "Kim says I should be like him," Terry said.

"That sounds logical to me," Mr. Arthur stated, "You have a beautiful feminine form, your skin is snow white, your voice is high, your complete lack of beard shows you don't have much in the way of maleness, and you are one of the prettiest girls in the school. Hasn't any of this ever occurred to you?"

It had occurred to Terry. "Everyone treats Kim better than me," he said as an excuse.

"My Dear," Mr. Arthur consoled. "People treat you like a girl because you react so much like a girl. You mustn't feel badly about it. It's something you can't help."

He knew he had contributed to the poor boy's quandary. From the very beginning he'd picked out Terry's dresses, lingerie, high heels, and the like. He made certain that everything was designed to emphasize the lush femininity of the wearer and reveal their delightful charms to the utmost. He was extremely pleased with the extent Terry's figure had adapted to the clothes.

Mr. Arthur put his arm comfortingly around Terry's shoulders, and a strange thrill went through the boy at the older man's touch. His thick silky lashes lifted above his limpid blue eyes, then dropped gently to rest against the curve of his soft cheeks. His full red lips trembled, and almost involuntarily he swayed toward Mr. Arthur as he considered the wisdom of his words.

Terry's mother blew her top when Terry suggested that he become a girl full-time.

"Don't be naive!" Irene lectured her mother when they heard the latest news. "The way his body looks, you don't envision that he can suddenly change back into a boy and expect his life to be as it was before, do you? No, mom, you're stuck with a daughter for a while longer!"

"Darling. We'll think of something," his mother said. "Of course, in the meantime, you'll have to remain in girl's clothes, but I'm sure it won't be for too much longer."

Terry nodded. He felt that he should protest but he didn't have an alternative to propose.

His mother humored him by saying that she would see what could be done as soon as possible.

The next school day Mrs. Hemm and Terry appeared at the principals office. "Come dear," Mrs. Hemm said to her son when they were called into Mr. Arthur's office. "Look at him!"

Terry was wearing a rayon print dress, fit closely to his girlish figure and flared from his tiny waist over his hips. The brief skirt showed off his better points and his shapely legs. His feminine mannerisms were now quite natural to him as was evident when his manicured hands adjusted his soft hair about his shoulders.

"We have to do something, Mr. Arthur," Mrs. Hemm stated.

"What can we do?" Mr. Arthur asked. "His body hasn't changed back into its masculine proportions yet."

"I don't know what we can do," she answered, "but we have to do something! My son...he's like a girl now."

"He looks very nice. We just have to wait for his body to adjust, Mrs. Hemm. I know of nothing else we can do at this point," Mr. Arthur stated.

And so, Mrs. Hemm was again thwarted in her attempt to Terry return to his trousers.

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The weeks turned into months, and with each passing, Kimberly, as "he" now was mostly called, became more confident and secure in his feminine physical and mental make up.

Mr. Arthur whispered to him, "You are growing into a very fetching young lady just like your mother." This always made Kim blush deeply. He realized that with each new day he decked himself in out in feminine finery, his maleness was shriveling away with each girlish day.

Occasionally, he would try to assert himself in boyish fashion, but his mother would scold, "Kim, that really isn't very attractive when you talk back. . .now go do your chores like a good girl."

Although resistant, Kim began to accept his femininity and the "charm of passivity."

The hormone laced "vitamins" were doing their job on Kim too. His body was rounding into classic teenage girl proportions. The changing flesh embarrassed him but was soon intermingled with vanity. His body as it changed seemed endowed with magic virtues.

No longer a skinny boy, with long straggly hair, he had started showing curves. His own pointed breasts pressed outward against his brassieres. They were like hidden treasures, coming to the surface, he became narcissistic about them. At first, he tried to hide the sensitive swelling, now he massaged them to make them grow. He studied them in the mirror, investigating every nuance in size, shape and color..

Kim continued to dress at all times in accordance with his chosen gender. He was rapidly 'sprouting' and developing the shape of a girl.

Since the ambiguity was gone, Kim fit right in as one of Cranford's most attractive coeds. A radiant bloom appeared as he made more friends and was more involved in the social activities of high school.

Terry and Kim spent a lot of time together, sometimes studying together at night and occasionally spending the night together---mini night-gown parties. They would gossip and talk about their feelings. Terry told Kim, "It so different now. I find everyone looking at me, only nice."

"You mean the boys?"

Terry blushed and nodded, saying, "Everyone."

"They like looking at us," Kim said, "Isn't it funny?"

"Yeah but not entirely," Terry admitted, "I like watching *you* myself. When your hair is tumbling down and you have on one of your tight dresses, I can't stop gawking either. Your walk is so fluid, spellbinding."

Kim admitted that he like watching Terry also. Both boys were confronted with a bewildering emotion; in their feminine passitivity, they had power---the power to be objects of adoration even with their best friend.

Each boy confessed that the other was enchanting. "It's like magic," Terry said, "We have magnetism to get what we want, and we don't have to do anything but look pretty."

They had no idea what the real world would demand or what this 'royalty' would cost.

As outcasts, the two friends served as support in escaping the drudgery of being 'sissy' outcasts and now as companions exploring a new world---the world of being objects of worship; beautiful young girls. Each drawing one another beyond the limits of ego---into a magical world of the unimagined.

As they became closer, they shared how their bodies were changing, they compared breasts and even exchanged caresses of a restricted nature, involving narcissistic enjoyment. They shared little changes in the softness of their hair, skin or curves. Their special friendship was platonic but carnal. A special sharing of devotion not unlike

teenaged girls who spend hours together only to spend hours more on the phone.

More of their time was spent glamorizing each other, primping with hair, makeup and apparel---enhancing the magic.

Destiny was calling these boys and they didn't even know it.

Terry was surprised when he came over and there was a poster on Kim's wall of the Cranford Football team. "I thought you didn't like that team, especially Allen the quarterback." Kim always steered shy of him in the halls and was abrupt with him when forced to talk.

"Oh, he thinks he so hot," Kim admitted, then added, "He makes me feel weird."

"Me too," Terry said, "I hate the way he eyeballs me but he sure plays great football and have you seen him on the baseball team?"

Kim nodded and asked, "Who's he dating?"

"He's going steady with that slut, Jeanie," Terry said. "I don't know what he sees in her."

Terry and Kim were quickly becoming two of the most desired girls. Both been asked out by nearly everyone on the football team and half of the rest of boys but steadfastly refused.

The two boys loved talking of their admirers and they laughed hysterically at the boys efforts. It was all like one big joke. . .but Terry could tell Kim really liked the attention. He asked, "Why don't you go out with one?"

"I guess I'm afraid," Kim admitted. "Flirting is one thing...but I know what they want and I'm not that *kind* of girl." They both laughed.

But he was becoming that kind of girl. Kim went to all the baseball games and within weeks, even Kim's mother saw the almost imperceptible

changes in him. Kim spent more time making sure his make-up was just right and his clothes were calling attention to his girlish curves.

With his mother's new recognition of her son's social desire, she encouraged Kim to become more gregarious---to go to after game dances and parties. Carouse with the other students gave Kim a new confidence, he was becoming very popular with all.

Kim's mother saw that he was being brought home from the games more often than not by a boy. This bothered her specifically the night a young man about twenty came to the door to take Kim to the game.

She whispered to Kim, "Isn't he a bit old?"

"He's Kathy's brother, home for the weekend from college. She asked me to show him around."

Kim's mother watched Kim closely for a while, and when she saw her son become more girlishly flirtatious (and more cheerful) with each passing day, she shrugged her shoulders. For a while, she was overly protective with Kim, but the radiance, grace, and sweetness of her son won her over and soon she surrendered to having his new girlish ways, still hoping that things wouldn't go too far.

Terry still came over often and they sat around and talked. One night late, Kim admitted to Terry, "I think I'm going to go out with Allan...maybe to a movie or something."

"What?" Terry exclaimed, "Have you forgotten...you're a boy. And what about his girlfriend, Jeanie?"

Kim smiled and flirtatiously flipped back his long hair. "I guess he likes me better. He's always so nice to me," Kim added thoughtfully.

Terry laughed out loud, "And you know why, 'Nipples'," referring to Kim's large erect nipples that pointed outward whenever he was nervous. Terry had noticed it around Allen before and they

had giggled about it many times. Both roared about Allan 'dumping' Jeanie for Kim. They made fun of her breasts and the way she walked.

"I bet he's a lousy kisser," Kim joked, denying any reason for this date. "I really find him gross, but I think it's hilarious."

"He's a big guy," Terry warned, "You don't want 'taken' only taken out."

Kim was scared but was frustrated. Caught in a situation that was not in the natural social order. Other boys were out chasing girls while Kim was restricted to being chased. Getting caught scared him but the present 'old maid' situation dissatisfied him.

Kim had left behind his maleness but had not enter upon a girl's life. It is not easy to play the idol, the princess, the maiden, when one feels maleness between one's legs. Kim and Terry had to pretend to be vivacious, young coeds, when aware themselves of their 'blemishes'.

Were their curved figures, pert breasts, make-up, and curled hair all lies? Simply a mask, a pretty flowers never to be chosen? Kim hated this lack of control.

Instinctively, Kim knew that he must disown his boy self to succeed socially. Kim was awkward and timid around the young men at school, surveying with emotional curiosity the other coquettish girls. His future depended on being normal, and that meant dating and maybe even a boyfriend.

Kim listened closely to the other girls and their explorations. He had tried to echo their feelings--- feelings of being destined to be a partner, a girl with a man.

To the girls that was what it was all about; the feminine finery, make-up, breasts, hair styles, studied graces, and submissiveness.

As horrifying as the thought, Kim knew he had to *live* his new life not reject it. Terry hadn't

comprehended this yet, preferring to stay at home reading poetry.

As the time approached for Allan to arrive, Kim became more fearful. Terry had come over to help him on this monumental day. Kim had accepted his femininity by agreeing to go out with a virile young man. All the dressing up and flirting seemed all like a game compared to actually 'going out'.

"You look breathtaking!" Terry whispered, seeing Kim a bit upset.

Kim's tight short skirt hugged his thighs, his nylon covered legs rubbed smoothly together. His hair was combed up in little curls and his lips painted a cranberry red. He was prepared. . . prepared to accept his femininity and allow a male to court him. Kim's heart fluttered as he waited for his 'suitor' to arrive at the door wondering what all this means.

Kim's mother had been short fused lately. Pestering Kim over his housework chores and the length of some of some of his short skirts. She called him egoistical and self-centered. Even Terry had lost his place as 'best friend' as Kim became 'social'.

Instead of sharing the evening with Terry, Kim was entrusting it to a headstrong young man who he was nervous to be around. Terry wondered why Kim would want to go out with a crude man, hard muscles, hairy skin, and coarse manner.

What a quandary Kim was in. He wanted to be accepted and wanted, to have friends and grow up but his anatomy compelled him to remain clumsy in his search. But at least he was trying.

Tonight, Kim would find himself gazed upon by real eyes, eyes that Kim had agreed to be with for the evening.

When the door bell rang, Kim jumped. Terry giggled, "It's only the bell, not a gun shot." Kim was jumpy. He felt hot and his pulse accelerated as was his breathing.

Before he knew it, Kim's mother was watching them go out the door and saying, "Have her home early."

Allan had the night all planned, needing none of Kim input, they left for dinner and a movie.

Both Terry and his mother were in amazement of Kim's audacious adventure. The idea that boys should date girls is so highly valued by almost everyone that to see Kim accepting the female role on a date had them both astonished. Kim had yielded to an urge despite what his mother and best friend should think.

Kim became panic-stricken as he listened to Allan's plans for the evening and mentally accepted his direction. Allan's deep gaze didn't help. Over dinner Kim saw that Allan was also nervous...almost trying too hard. He was treating her like a celebrity. . .trying to make Kim like him.

Kim caught himself observing Allan, seeing that by being a tantalizing 'potential' female partner, Allan would not risk offending or scaring off his 'prey'. This didn't stop Allan from 'brushing' against Kim's breasts and bottom when ever merited.

As the night went on, Kim clothed in his beauty, took pride in being desirable. Yes, Kim had the endorsement of one of the schools most handsome young men. A male, a "judge" had confirmed Kim's feminine beauty and FEMALE sex appeal.

Allan was a perfect gentleman; attentive, a bit too touchy and flattering, but a gentleman.

Only the obligatory 'goodnight' kiss caused Kim apprehension but it was quick; almost too quickly over. Allan made Kim promise to wear the same dress to school Monday. "I love seeing you in it,"

Allan said, then asked Kim to go out again the following weekend.

"We'll see," Kim said flirtatiously.

Alone in his bedroom that night, Kim admired himself in the mirror. He was becoming enchanted with his own reflection. He saw himself the way masculine eyes had viewed him all evening; soft curves, delicate features, frisky breasts, slender smooth legs and a provocative wiggle to his walk.

Kim blushed at the thought that if kissing a man were enough, he'd be pregnant now. What a notion, he thought. A wave of repulsion overcame him as the taboos and inhibitions of his upbringing came to bear. Kim became terrified by the awful danger in his little escapade with Allan.

Kim whispered aloud to himself, "If nothing happens, I wonder if it's safe?"

Kim had to set his hair, taking special care to wrap the rollers exceedingly tight. It wasn't comfortable but he wanted it to look soft and curly. He slipped a soft nylon nightgown over his head then climbed into bed, taking a long time to get comfortable and fall asleep.

The next day, Terry came over. He teased, "How's Allan your BOYfriend? Did he put the make on and kiss you?"

Kim displayed a surprising calmness, it was almost like he felt pride in what he did. Kim didn't feel bewildered today, in fact he was farther from being confused. He quipped back defiantly, "It was quite amusing. You should start going out with boys too. If you are waiting for a girl to ask you out, forget it."

This confused Terry so he changed the subject to something he was comfortable with---hair styles and his new one. The two boys gabbed for hours avoiding the subject on both their minds.

After that experience, Kim plunged himself into the social aspects of being a teenaged girl. Kim's mother would shake her head as her son went out with one of his boyfriends or on a double date with one of them and another couple. Kim was considered a "nice girl" since he would let his date kiss him, but would stop him at the first sign of anything else.

It took Kim's mother a while getting used to hearing her son talk about boys. In fact, her son was beginning to say some very strange things about boys.

She met privately with Mr. Arthur to discuss Kim's development. She said, "I'm a little afraid for him. Some of the boys are very nice and young gentlemen but what if one wasn't. What if they found out...he might get beat up or something."

Mr. Arthur smiled, "There, there. You can't expect a young feminine looking kid like Kim to be ignored? He's probably just relieving his anxiety about being a boy. You know, the more socially accepted he is as a girl, the less he feels bad about dressing like one. He'll be okay...but if you're worried, we could do something..."

"What?"

"There's a couple of things we should do...you should have a talk with him about sex...I mean...sex from a girl's point of view."

"From the girl's WHAT. . .my son? I could never...I'd be embarrassed to death," Kim's mother blushed at the thought of telling her sweet effeminate son about 'intimacy' with males.

Mr. Arthur said calmly, "Knowledge is protection...perhaps I could have Miss Roberts talk to him and we should probably include Terry. Miss Roberts teaches Health to the girl's."

Kim's mother breathed a sigh and said, "That would be wonderful." It was all so confusing. It was cute when Terry and her son started dressing up in little dresses. Even as they became more and

more like young girls, it was all so innocent. Now that was past. Her son was caught in an awkward status. Living as a girl, Kim was developing girl's interests, laughed at girl's humor, and looked at dating young men as amusement. She didn't know if Kim should become better at the game.

Kim listened intently as Miss Roberts talked to him and Terry. Terry was red in the face unable to look up from his tight grip on the hem of his skirt.

Miss Roberts matter-of-factly talked of what being a female meant and what females did in relationships with males. . . what they might do to maintain a relationship and their virtue. It was a most blunt and unjudging lecture. Miss Roberts finished with, "Basically, females are like eggs. Men want inside your shell. They'll handle you gently for a while but sooner or later, they want inside your sweet little shells."

Terry looked at Miss Roberts and asked with a sense of modesty, "Why would we what to do those disgusting things?"

"Because, in the turmoil of living the lives of young girls, there are mental and physical transitions that set up a vicious circle. Being adored and worshiped may make you more giving. . . you might want to sacrifice your modesty and pride in an act of giving."

Kim was very quiet, while Terry rolled his eyes.

Soon the school year ended with both Terry and Kim getting the best grades ever. That made their mothers happy.

The summer months passed quickly for Terry and Kim, and if possible, they grew ever closer. Both however enjoyed their summer. They hung out at Mr. Arthur's swimming pool, sunbathing in their slinky swimsuits. The pool was totally private so sometimes they lowered their tops.

Terry wore bikinis that clung to his ripe, fully-developed breasts. Kim's had budded and were filling out much to his discomfort---they were very sensitive. His favorite swimsuit was a bright red one-piece with high cut legs and low cut showing his youthful cleavage.

Sometimes they would drop by Mr. Arthur's shop and say hello.

The visit usually went like this: Terry's outfit (i.e. a pretty soft dress, yellow with white lacy sleeves) would draw a word of praise from Mr. Arthur, who'd say, "May I say that you are looking particularly lovely today, Miss Hemm. Your dress is flattering to your figure and bustline."

He lowered his voice and added, "Even though I know you are a boy in that dress, I will always think of you as a GIRL!"

"Thank You," the shy boy said fluffing stray curl aside.

Mr. Arthur asked, "What are you doing tonight? I thought I might drop over..."

"Sorry," Terry interrupted, "Kim and I are going to a movie."

"Maybe I could take you two?"

"Gee, we're already being taken," Terry admitted. "Joe and his friend David."

"Ohhhh, a double date," Mr. Arthur groaned then he whispered, "What are you wearing?"

Terry giggled, and put his arm over Mr. Arthur's shoulder. "I'm wearing a white blouse so sheer that it hardly hides a thing, particularly that white lace brassiere you gave me. It makes me almost too busty but....."

"You should wear the matching white panties too?" suggested Mr. Arthur.

"Of course," Terry teased, "They fit so well and make me feel so feminine."

"What's your mother think?"

"She doesn't think I should wear those little short skirts you gave me...too much leg, she says."

Mr. Arthur consoled, "I'll talk to her. Yes, maybe it's time I buy you a few pretty evening dresses. Maybe more mature lingerie, nylons, high heeled slippers; things you could wear out on 'special' dates. I have already sent for a dainty gold watch and matching earrings. Maybe....Tell me, how are you going to do your hair tonight?"

"Up, maybe, with the most darling clips and my bangs combed...."

Both boys had figured out Mr. Arthur. He was just a frustrated cross-dresser who loved seeing boys pampered and treated like girls. He took them on shopping trips, to plays, gave them jewelry; all to make them more feminine. Both boys now loved girlish things so everyone was happy.

Both had become stunningly attractive girls. Their hair over shoulder length. Knowing Mr. Arthur, they chattered in front of him about 'being girls'...such as their French panties with lace around the thighs or argued about which shade of pink lipstick was best with a certain outfit.

One day Kimberly caught Terry off guard by saying, "Will you teach me some of the Buster Cranford cheers and cheerleader routines? When school starts, I want to try out for the squad if there is an opening."

"I guess so," replied Terry.

After that, the two boys practiced daily in pursuit of Kimberly's goal. By the end of the summer, Kim was almost as polished in the gyrations of a cheerleader as Terry. They both knew all the girls from last year planned to return, and there was only one way for her to make the squad.

"Making the squad means so much to you Kimberly. I'll resign, and you can have my slot," Terry said just before school started. "I don't feel comfortable being a cheerleader anyway."

"No way!" Kimberly exclaimed. "I want us to be cheerleaders together. I wouldn't consider taking your position."

"What's bothering you Terry?" Mr. Arthur asked at the boutique one day.

"Kimberly wants to join the cheerleader squad," he answered, "but everyone is returning from last year, and there is no opening. I kind of feel sorry for her because she has worked really hard learning the routines."

"That's no problem," Mr. Arthur said smiling. "Because of requests from many girls who want to be cheerleaders, I am planning to expand the squad to ten members like the pep squad. With all the work she's done, I'm sure she will be chosen as a member. Why don't you call her now and tell her the good news?"

So, Kim and Terry began their senior years as a girls. With Mr. Arthur and Miss Roberts on the selection committee, Kim was chosen to fill one of the slots on the cheerleader squad. There was no question that he should be taking home economics, sewing, and be in the girls gym class along with Terry and the other cheerleaders.

Everyone had long ago forgotten or had doubted that Terry was ever a boy. He now readily accepted him as a girl. He was no longer an oddity or a subject for conversation. That made him feel much better about his situation, but he still longed for the day when he could return to being a boy.

The boys were always hanging around Kimberly, and he was no longer frightened by this kind of attention. However, this was a new person, he was no longer the uncomfortable dullard boy of last year. A lot had changed! Being decorated with the finest girlish fashions stimulated a vivid new confidence and awareness of himself and his feminine attributes.



*"Kim took several of the recommended books home.
He wanted to learn about being a female."*



DESTINED FOR DRESSES
PART ONE



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION



DESTINED FOR DRESSES
PART TWO



A SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION

His long hair hung loosely down his back, his skirts undulating as he walked between classes. His pale, delicate features correctly enhanced with just the right amount of make-up and pink lipstick. No longer a puny punk boy, Kim gave the impression of an innocent and alluring young lass.

Terry and Kimberly continued cheerleading and their classes. They still spent a lot of time together.

Terry came over often and they sat around and talked or went shopping. They shared everything from dresses to the most intimate feelings. Both realized that they were more like girls than boys now. At first they felt foolish in dressing rooms trying on bras and slips but both realized that they were necessary.

Reluctantly, Kim passed up the lace cup bras for more lightly padded ones. "You're so lucky," Kim would say to Terry, then look down and say, "Grow you two, grow!"

Both had clearly developed girl's figures. Kim's breasts firm and high, almost a B-cup but rather like cones. Terry's were no longer high and girlish but more womanly, his nipples brown and large. Both boy felt their maleness to be a silly little inconvenience.

Were all the changes physical? The boys mind were being bathed in female hormones. Suddenly the talk was of hair styles, dresses, lingerie, boys, baby names and other nesting things. Both took up sewing, cooking and even fantasized about what it might be like to have a baby. Pregnancy, child birth and nursing.

Both had developed the secondary characteristics of females. Recognizing that they had flaring hips; hips meant for being laid and childbirth did something to them. When they spent the night together, they lay in their nightgowns and talked of girlish things.

"I heard Sally (a girl at school) is pregnant," Kim said, "Can you imagine. . .having a baby."

Terry ran his hands down over the bodice of his nightgown, and whispered, "I'd love to have a baby."

"They say making babies is fun, but I can't imagine. I wish we could get pregnant together."

"Yeah," Kim said, "We'd wear maternity clothes that billowed out over our bellies where a little life would be growing every day." The two boys giggled at what they were saying.

One night, Kim admitted, "I'm going to a movie with Al tomorrow night. Why don't you get a date and double with us? I guess we'll go to a movie or something."

"What?" Terry exclaimed, "Have you forgotten that we are boys?"

"No, but I'm bored, and he's always so nice," Kim said thoughtfully then joked, "I'll be a 'nice girl'. Maybe I'll let the boys kiss me, but I stop them at the first sign of anything else. Why don't you quit being such a prude, and come along?"

"I couldn't kiss one," Terry said.

"It's fun," Kim admitted. "Next time you're near one, rub up against him a bit and see how manly they are. They love it and it's interesting to see them react."

"You neck with them?"

"I like seeing the men get crazy over me and beg me to allow them to do things to me. Try it, you'll see."

A couple days later, Terry went to Kim's house to see his new dress. All Kim could talk about was his 'date' with Al. Al this and Al that. Terry interrupted and asked, "Have you lost your mind? Al's just another guy."

Kim's face pouted, "I know," he said turning his attention to the royal blue silk dress hanging in his closet. As he slipped it over his head, he added, "but Al doesn't make me feel like one. Why don't you go out sometime."

Terry refused, but his resolve didn't last long. The following week, Russ made his periodic request for a date. When he took Russ's call, Terry was feeling down because Kim was on another date with Al. "Why should he go out and have all the fun," he thought. "As long as I have to wear dresses and act like a girl, I might as well have fun as one."

Then, in response to Russ's plea, he answered. "Alright Russ, I'll go to a movie with you Saturday night, but you must remember your promise to be a gentleman."

"You will?" he asked in a jubilant voice. "You'll go out with me?"

"Yes, if you agree to be a gentleman," he answered.

"I'll be the most perfect gentleman you ever imagined," he said in a happy voice.

Almost as soon as Terry hung up the phone, he regretted his action, but it was too late to back out now. There was no way he could tell the huge Russ

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he changed his mind. No, he was committed, and that was that!

The weather had now turned much cooler, and Terry decided to wear his new dark vermilion wool dress on his date. The dress had a straight skirt with a deep back walking slit, and the skirt's hemline was four inches above his knees making his legs seem endless. His legs shimmered with 'barely there' stockings setting a contrast to the dress-matching soft leather pumps.

"I'll bet Russ wouldn't be a gentleman long if he could see me now," thought Terry as he looked at himself in the mirror. He was wearing black nylon panties, bra, and garter belt, along with dark nylons and because Russ was so tall, the pumps had four inch heels. He put on his matching black slip and adjusted the straps so the hem would show sexily in the back slit of his dress when he walked. His face, with its red lipstick, blue eyeshadow, and dark mascara, was framed by his recently permed blonde tresses giving him an innocent, yet mysterious appearance. Just the right perfume, a gold necklace, bracelet, and hoop earrings, completed his ensemble. Picking up his small purse, he pronounced himself ready, and he went downstairs to meet his date.

Terry knew Russ seldom dressed up for dates, so he was surprised when he answered the door. Russ was wearing grey slacks, a white shirt, a red tie, and a navy blazer. His hair was brushed neatly, and his shoes were spit shined.

Russ, who had been trying to get a date with Terry for over a year, was equally surprised by the appearance of his date. He whistled, smiled, and said, "Wow! I'll be with the most beautiful girl in town tonight."

True to his word, Russ was a perfect gentleman. He opened doors, held chairs, and in general was a perfect escort. When he walked Terry to the door

at the date's conclusion, he was obviously unsure whether he should kiss lovely companion.

Sensing his dates confusion, Terry rose up on his toes and kissed Russ on the cheek, leaving a red stain.

Russ smiled, put his hand on his cheek, and said, "I won't wash my face until Christmas."

After that, Terry and Russ went out once or twice a month, and Terry remained in firm control of his vanity. The pace of their petting rose to the level of passionate kisses, and Terry allowed Russ to caress his firm breasts and his legs a bit above the knee. Anything else; however, was taboo. Russ continued to be a gentleman, and he respected all of Terry's limitations.

Large breasts ran in Terry's family and with the chemical feminization, his breasts continued to develop into a pendulous bosom with full pink nipples. Terry would die if anyone knew how much he touched them. His nipples were very large and it felt good when he touched them. When Kim told of having Al kiss and suck on his nipples like a baby, Terry about swooned.

Their next date at the drive-in, Russ's arms slipped around Terry and they kissed. Terry's mind was a whirl as they kissed endlessly. A groan escaped Terry's lips; it was all so naughty.

Russ had never kissed him like this before, his cupping hand reaching inside Terry's thin blouse and lowering his bra strap exposing an erect nipple. Their lips separated and before Terry knew it, he felt Russ's lips and a gentle sucking. Nothing had ever felt like this.

With Terry's permission, Russ was allowed complete freedom above the waist. Having Russ's mouth on his breasts created new unknown emotions and seemed to rile Russ's maleness. It was all Terry could do to keep Russ at bay.

Russ knew his lovely date would refuse to go out with him again if he misbehaved, and he surely would not chance that, no matter what!

Kim on the other hand was more adventurous. Kim would let Al do anything but go all the way. Al would kiss and explore completely except for one area. Kim felt keen enjoyment in his female role. There was a pride, almost a pleasure in giving up some modesty for Al's pleasure. Kim submitted to Al's fondling because it meant so much to him and Kim felt bad that he could not ever be a normal female.

Al treated Kim like a angel which flattered and lowered Kim's inhibitions. Kim adored making Al crazy and after several nights of begging, he did something that was unthinkable only months ago. This seemed to calm Al down while keeping Kim's virginity intact. Kim absolutely had to keep that.

Kim felt guilty and wouldn't even tell Terry about what had happened.

• • •

Kim's mother looked at the dress for a long minute, a soft moan escaped her lips. It was a silk print dress of red and white, it's full skirt and low cut top made it one of her son's favorites. AND it was stained. . .a white stain on the front of the skirt. She knew what the stain was, she had been married.

She met Kim at the door, proof at hand. It was an emotional evening for them both. Accepting her son's new status---Kim had truly become like her daughter.

Kim continued to go out with Al with no certain goal. For Kim the relationship was more psychological than physical but there was an satisfaction that radiated throughout his whole body. Al seemed excited enough for the both of them and all Kim had to do was close his eyes. It was like magic---the room, the surroundings and himself---

all gone. Kim savored being conquered and coveted. His narcissism and pride overcame the discomfort and uneasiness that came with being a man's romantic object.

Kim was adapting to his destiny. He was accepting the position of dependency on others for his identity---a passive submissiveness---being what others wanted him to be.

He felt guilty for allowing himself to enjoy being worshiped. Being told he was pretty, attractive, tantalizing. Kim tried to picture himself as the boy. . .trying to overcome the passive sensuality of a young girl. But he couldn't, it was easier to be the girl. You just said, "No," until you got what you want. Kim sometimes thought of Al's virility as his own---Al's conquests and pleasures were Kim's also. Kim saw Al's virile impetuosity the reverse antithesis of the passive feminine fever that was over taking his makeup.

The school year passed rapidly. Winter, then spring passed as a matter of course, and then came graduation. Kim and Terry were now almost nineteen and a stunningly beautiful girls. As they walked to the rostrum to receive their diplomas, no one could imagine otherwise. Mr. Arthur gave the boys their diplomas with a wink. They were his favorites, although there were several freshman pep squad members that had the potential to become the same 'kind' of cheerleaders.

Shortly after receiving his diploma, Kim and his mother took a "vacation". He admitted to Terry later that they had seen a doctor and had an operation. "A roll and tuck," Kim joked, but Terry knew he was serious.

"You're kidding," Terry asked as an involuntary shutter made him flinch.

"Shhhhh," Kim whispered, "It's not so terrible." Kim's hands patted his belly and went deftly under his skirt, pulling down dainty pink panties.

Terry's eyes opened in fascination as the panties slipped down Kim's smooth legs and he saw the triangle between his buddies thighs bared to the still air.

"Oh Kim. . ." Terry marvelled at Kim's perfection of female skin. Kim's pert breasts and now the sleek axis of a female's sex.

"It's all right," Kim said in empathicly, "It's what I wanted. Al wanted. Maybe you???"

"Do you intend to attend college Terry," Miss Roberts asked at the dress shop.

"I would like to Miss Roberts," he answered, "I don't earn enough here and Mother doesn't have the money to send me. But it's okay, I need to wait until my body returns to its natural shape, and I can dress as a boy again anyway."

"I knew about your Mother's financial status, so I took it upon myself to contact the president of my Alma Mater about the possibility of a scholarship for you. There is a full four year scholarship available if you wish to accept his offer. Of course, you would have to continue to dress as a girl."

"But Miss Roberts, I don't want to continue to dress as a girl," he exclaimed.

"A full four year scholarship is worth about one hundred thousand dollars, Terry. That's a lot of money to turn down because of your ego. I think you should give this matter a lot of consideration before you reject this generous offer. I can even recommend a fraternity for you to join."

"A fraternity?" Terry asked. "How can I join a fraternity dressed like this?"

"Chi Pi Pi," she answered. "It's my old fraternity, and it's wonderful! You'll be asked to be their mascot for sure. They always have a "Cheerleader

Mascot", and with your experience you will be a shoe in."

That fall, with his Mother's deep concern, Terry left for college and at least four more years in dresses.

THE END

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PART 59

'When Sally first wore Bill's clothes on their Hawaii honeymoon, he was mad. She said, 'You can wear anything of mine. . . ' He did. Five years later she hadn't changed.'

• • •

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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!

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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.

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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!

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

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SCHOOLED WITH GIRLS 1-3

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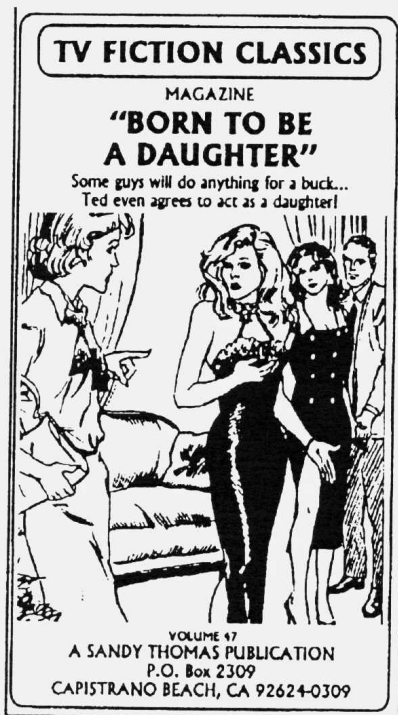
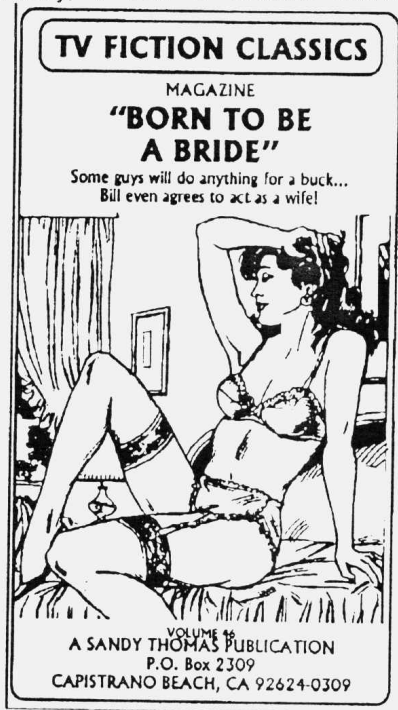
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