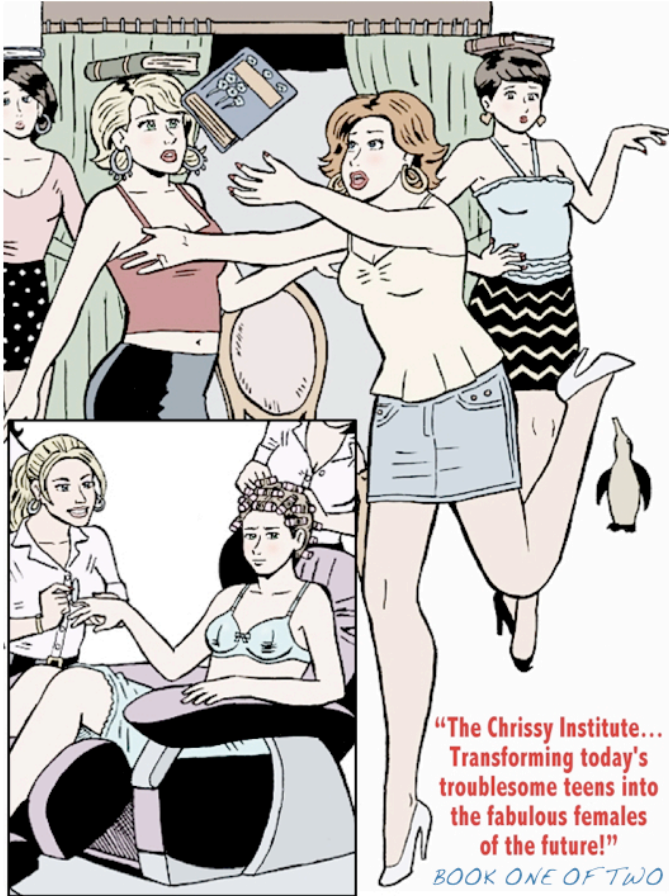


TITILLATING TV TALES

DISTRESSED IN DRESSES



**"The Chrissy Institute...
Transforming today's
troublesome teens into
the fabulous females
of the future!"**

BOOK ONE OF TWO

TITILLATING TV TALES #21

www.sthomas.com

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 | USA

TITILLATING TV TALES

Volume 21

DISTRESSED IN DRESSES

Book One of Two

By KK & Alice Trail

Illustrations by Debbie



www.sthomas.com

Sandy Thomas Advertising

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

© 2012 SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

“DISTRESSED IN DRESSES”



REWARD!!

The TV-TS PUBLISHER'S ASSOCIATION
will pay for information leading to the
arrest, conviction, and/or successful prosecution of anyone for gain
reproducing, copying, counterfeiting or unauthorized use of copyrighted
SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS. CONTACT: SANDY THOMAS

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form without the express prior written permission of the publisher.

Contact Sandy Thomas for Information

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

Sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

www.sthomas.com

THIS STORY IS A WORK OF FICTION. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead is entirely coincidental.

QUOTE BOARD

My wife has been missing for two weeks now. The police say I should prepare for the worst. So I put her clothes back in her closet.

DISTRESSED IN DRESSES

BOOK ONE of TWO

By KK and Alice Trail

Elliot's argument with his father was still ringing in his ears as the limousine pulled up the drive to his new school. He was eighteen, recently graduated from high school, and his family was very well off. His father, Richard, was a major shareholder and Chief Executive Officer of an ultra successful conglomerate.

He wanted his son to get a degree in Business and Finance from an elite university and train to take over the business. Elliot, on the other hand, had no interest in the family business ... or any business! All he wanted to do was travel the world and frolic with hot babes. The two argued about their differences virtually all summer.

After one particularly heated confrontation, Elliot ran off to France for several months on his father's credit cards. Needless to say, their reunion wasn't a happy one. Richard said a son's duty was to follow in his father's footsteps, and Elliot, in the heat of the moment, said he must not be cut out to be a son if that was the case.

That statement planted a devious thought in the mind of Judith, Richard's wife, a beautiful sexy trophy wife only six years older than Elliot. After she made an in depth study on the Internet and had a deceptive conversation with Richard, Elliot was enrolled at an obscure institution, the Chrissy Institute. He peered out the window of the limousine as they pulled up to reception. A lot of money had obviously gone into the place. Nothing but the best for his father, even though Elliot was being sent here against his will.

“Here we are, sir,” said Alfred, the driver. Elliot leaned back in the leather seat and sighed. After another week of bitter fighting, his father had announced that he was enrolled in the Chrissy Institute for the coming year at his new stepmother’s insistence. Elliot still wasn’t entirely sure what the place was, but his father said if he didn’t want to do a son’s duty, there were alternatives and a year at this school would change his mind about preparing to take over the business.

‘Fat chance,’ Elliot scoffed, perusing the classy architecture that gave the surroundings a prosperous facade. ‘This may be some kind of elite business school, but I’ve had never heard of it’. Determined not to let them teach him anything, he vowed to flunk out, go his merry way and see the world. ‘I’ll not become a corporate suit entombed behind a desk in a corporate office!’

“No bags?” Alfred cleared his throat as he opened Elliot’s door.

“Nothing but my toothbrush,” Elliot said sourly. “They said everything is supplied. I have a few things in my shaving kit, but that’s it. Don’t worry, Alfred. I’ll be home for Christmas, if not before. After seeing my grades, maybe Dad will give up on his stupid ambitions for me.”

“As you say, sir,” Alfred said as he closed the door and got in the driver’s seat. At the reception desk, Elliot learned that Judith had called ahead and arranged everything. All he had to do was give his name. Lounging back against the desk, he draped his Armani clad arms along its length. The girl behind it was very attractive, with a short skirt to boot. He was about to drop a few hints of just how wealthy he was when an older woman appeared.

“Hello, I’m Ms. Stone,” she said briskly. “I’ll be your counselor here at the Chrissy Institute.”

Elliot noticed that she was around thirty, quite attractive, and smartly dressed in a straight skirt that fell to mid thigh. “A counselor?” he asked suspiciously. “This is a prep school, isn’t it?”

“A unique prep school,” Ms. Stone said, with a sly smile. “Come along. I’ll show you to your quarters.”

As he followed her, another new arrival appeared through the main doors. A slim boy with light brown hair was looking around with confusion. He was accompanied by tall thickset girl who Elliot assumed was his sister. “This doesn’t look anything like a military school!” the boy declared.

Elliot didn’t take the time to hear the reply, as he followed Ms. Stone down the hall. ‘A military school?’ he scoffed. ‘What a dope! I don’t know what they told that boy to get him here, but Dad would never send me to a military school. Judging by the décor, this definitely isn’t one!’ As they entered the dormitory wing, Elliot asked, “What type of school *is* this?”

About that time they passed by a boy arguing fiercely with a woman who appeared to be his mother. He was very red in the face from shouting, but not appearing to be making much progress with her.

Ms. Stone pursed her lips and directed him past them saying, “That type of behavior will not be tolerated at this facility, just you wait and see. As for the Chrissy Institute, it is a unique and exclusive school with a unique tradition of success. Our students have gone on to be fashion models, beauty queens, and trophy wives of rich and powerful men who keep them comfortable, happy, and pampered.”

“I don’t follow,” Elliot said. “This is a boys’ school, isn’t it? Are you trying to make a joke or something?”

“You were sent here for a specific reason, and your questions will be answered during orientation from our director, Ms. Duke,” she smiled. “This is your room,” she said as she swiped a card and opened the door.

The interior of the room was not at all what Elliot expected. The carpet was lavender, and various shades of purples, pinks, and floral hues decorated the walls. There were lacy curtains around the canopy bed and flowers in an elegant vase on the table. He could see a large empty walk in closet, a lighted vanity, and a full length mirror.

“This can’t be my room,” Elliot flatly declared.

“Why ever not?” Ms. Stone asked dismissively. “Your private bathroom is here, and through this door is the common room you’ll share with your three roommates.”

‘This must have been a girl’s school until recently,’ Elliot thought. ‘That would explain why I’ve never heard of it and that nonsense she said about the graduates. The real question is, why on Earth would Dad send me to a place like this? That devious Judith probably thought it would be funny to make me stay in a room that was formerly occupied by a girl.’

“The other students are here, so we have to attend Ms. Duke’s indoctrination speech,” Ms. Stone said, tapping her watch. I’ll give you a tour of our facility and answer all your questions later. The Chrissy Institute accepts only twenty four pupils each year, and we cater to a very selective clientele, you understand.”

“What about my roommates?” Elliot demanded while also being curious about the large boxes on the dresser.

With her rush order, he didn't have time to ask about them.

"You'll meet them later," Ms. Stone said briskly. "It's not uncommon for there to be some last minute resistance, so some of our students may be arriving a bit late. Also, there may be a few holdouts. Well, off we go."

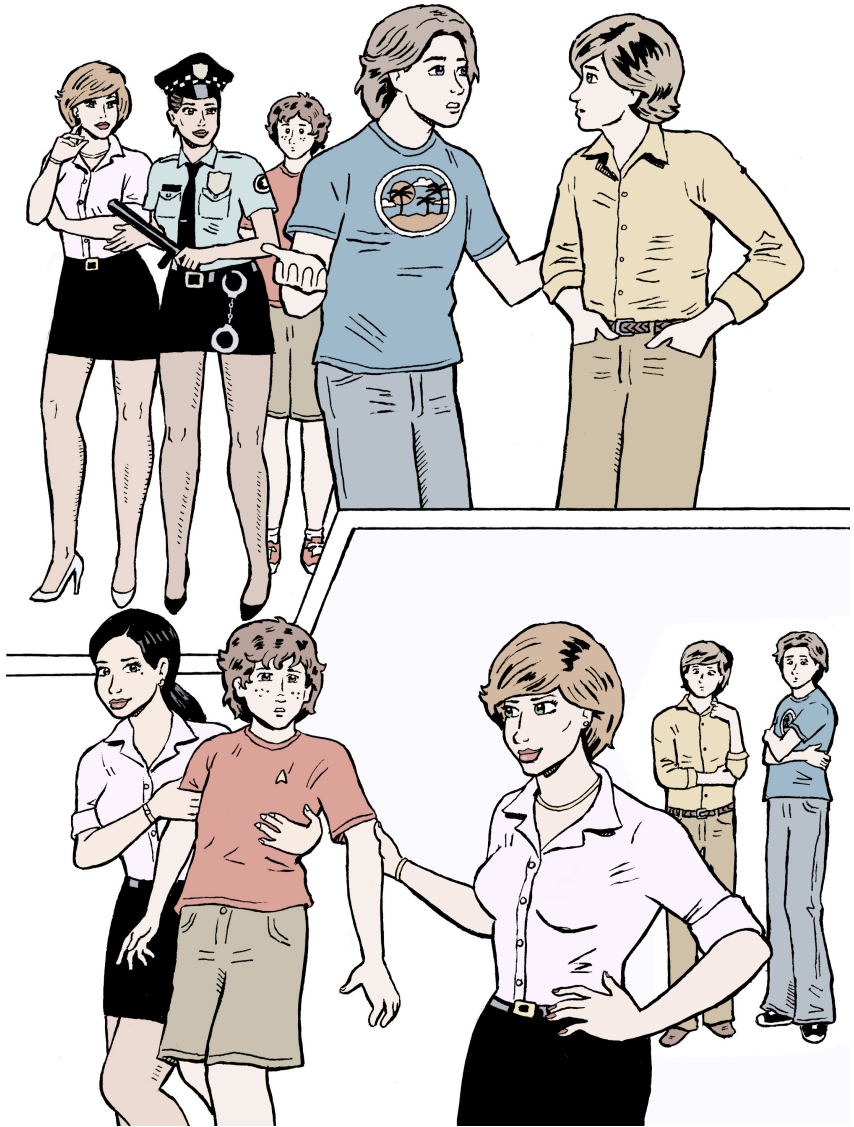
She waved her hand and Elliot followed her down the hall to a room where twenty or so boys were ambling about or gathered in small groups. Judging from the scowls and angry muttering, they were upset about something. When he joined one of the groups, he heard complaints about a *girls' finishing school for boys* and something jumbled about being made to wear dresses. Frowning, he nervously asked, "What the hell is going on? Is this a hazing ritual or something weird like that?"

"Hell no!" one of the boys groaned. "This is the *Chrissy Institute!*"

"Never heard of it," Elliot admitted.

"It's a crazy finishing school run by a bunch of devout feminists who make boys wear dresses and mold them into refined young ladies. Linda, my bitch sister, planted her panties, bras, and nylons in my room and made our parents think I was wearing them. When they found the panties under my mattress, Linda told them I confided to her in secret about wanting to wear dresses and be a girl. After a lot of discussion, with me denying every word, they believed her and sent me here!"

"Your sister said you wanted to wear dresses, and they believed her?" Elliot gasped.



Rumors abound that the boys will be required to wear dresses as they swear, "Nobody will make me wear a dress! You'll see!"

A rowdy boy is led away for punishment after he refused to execute a polite curtsy.

“They said why else would I have panties hidden in my room, and they wouldn’t believe my claims that I didn’t put them there or wear them. Hell, I didn’t even know they were there!”

“I’m Elliot, by the way.”

“Larry,” the boy sighed as they shook hands.

Surely this was some kind of traditional first day joke or hazing, but judging by what Larry said and the reaction of the other boys, Elliot suddenly wasn’t so sure. Looking about the room, he saw several staff members and couldn’t help but notice that they were all female, even the heavy set security guard. ‘Armed security?’ he wondered. ‘Are they paranoid as hell or are we prisoners?’

“I can’t believe this is happening,” Larry wailed softly. “Somehow, Linda convinced our parents that I wanted to mince about in skirts and heels like a girl. She even hid a brochure for this place in my sock drawer where Mom would find it! You wouldn’t believe how hot as girls those boys in that brochure look!”

“That’s bull!” Elliot scoffed. “They can’t possibly make a bunch of boys wear dresses and look like girls!”

“From what that brochure says, it’s more *when* they have us in dresses looking and acting like girls, not *if*,” Larry declared.

“A bunch of women can do that?” Elliot shrugged. “Well, they won’t make me wear any dresses! You can be sure of that!”

“They take a bunch of normal guys willing or not, and make them look, dress, and act like gorgeous chicks. I didn’t even believe it, but according to that brochure, those bitches will have us flitting about this place in

dresses, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and high heels with girls' hairstyles in short order!"

"No way!" Elliot declared. "Just you wait. This is probably just some kind of sensitivity training."

Before they could speculate further, a resolute woman stepped up to the podium, and proclaimed in a firm voice, "Good Morning, ladies, and welcome to the Chrissy Institute! For your information, you have been enrolled at this bastion of education for a variety of reasons but with the primary purpose that you become proper young ladies. I know you find it hard to believe now, but when you leave here, you will be beautiful, demure, refined and skilled in all aspects of feminine comportment, dress, makeup, appearance, and behavior. Your cooperation will be enforced if necessary; meaning failure to follow instructions quickly and cheerfully will result in severe punishments. If you disrupt these proceedings, Officer Clarice Clancy here will escort you from the room."

The security guard with the club grinned nastily upon her introduction. As the boys looked about in disbelief, Elliot wondered, 'Is it true? Did Dad really send me here to wear dresses in order to change my mind about running the family business?'

"Are you threatening to spank us?" one of the boys demanded. "My aunt said..."

"Not specifically, but we are authorized to use whatever means we find necessary to get you to comply with our rules and dress requirements," Ms. Duke said primly. "It's all there in the papers your sponsors signed, and I feel sure each of you can expect numerous spankings, among other more humiliating punishments while you are here."

A smallish angry lad with sandy red hair stepped forward to protest, but the security guard zapped him with a taser on its lowest setting, bringing him to his knees, and instantly curtailing any rebellion that might have been brewing. Seeing that things were under control, Ms. Duke continued, “When I call your name, you will stand, curtsy, and introduce yourselves to your fellow students. First, we have Barbie Dunn...”

One of the boys looked confused and stammered, “M...my name is Bob Dunn, not *Barbie*.”

“Your preferred name here at the Chrissy Institute is *Barbie*,” Ms. Duke informed him in a stern tone. “It was assigned to you by your aunt when she enrolled you. Stand, curtsy, and introduce yourself as I instructed or face the consequences.”

“That bitch!” Bob cursed as he dejectedly rose to his feet. “She knew damn well this wasn’t a military school.” Then, a very red faced Bob shamefully admitted, “I don’t know how to curtsy.”

“A valid point,” Ms. Duke replied. “Ms. Nelson, please come to the front and demonstrate a proper curtsy to our young ladies?”

Ms. Nelson, an attractive woman in her late twenties with a hardened appearance, made her way to the front. Like the other counselors, she wore a straight black skirt that fell to mid thigh. Facing the class, she grasped the sides of her skirt and instructed, “Stand and follow me, ladies. I know you aren’t wearing skirts yet, but imagine you are.” As grumbles of dissent were heard around the room, she continued, “Grasp the sides of your skirt like so in your thumb and forefinger, spread the sides, cast your eyes downward, place your left toe behind your right heel, dip straight down, hold for a moment, return

to your standing position, and release your skirt. Let's try it together."

"I ain't doing that sissy crap!" the angry Irish boy with short red hair swore loudly. He had apparently recovered from his shock and was renewing his defiance.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth when Officer Clancy rushed toward him. Seeing approaching danger, he bolted for the door, but two of the counselors blocked his exit. As they proved more formidable than he expected, he was unable to escape. When Clancy caught up with him, she jammed her taser into his side and shocked him with a higher setting. When he sunk to his knees in a momentary stupor, the two counselors quickly whisked him from the room.

"Okay ladies, let's try again without the theatrics," Ms. Nelson announced, directing the attention of the boys back to the subject at hand. "As I said, grasp your skirt just so, and let's do this together." As Clancy ambled about the room taser in hand, the boys kept a leery eye on her and slowly, one by one, began to hesitantly emulate their instructor. After more than a dozen repetitions, with her red faced minions performing the ultra feminine gesture of respect reasonably well, she turned to Ms. Duke and said, "They're all yours."

Ms. Duke stepped back to the podium and said, "Okay ladies, let's start again with Barbie Dunn."

Bob, seeing Clancy move in behind him, nervously rose to his feet. Hesitating for a moment, he reluctantly grasped the sides of his imaginary skirt and dipped a hesitant curtsy. With gritted teeth and a red face, he said, "Hello, my name is Barbie Dunn."

The ice broken, so to speak, Ms. Duke continued down the list, prompting each boy to stand, announce his

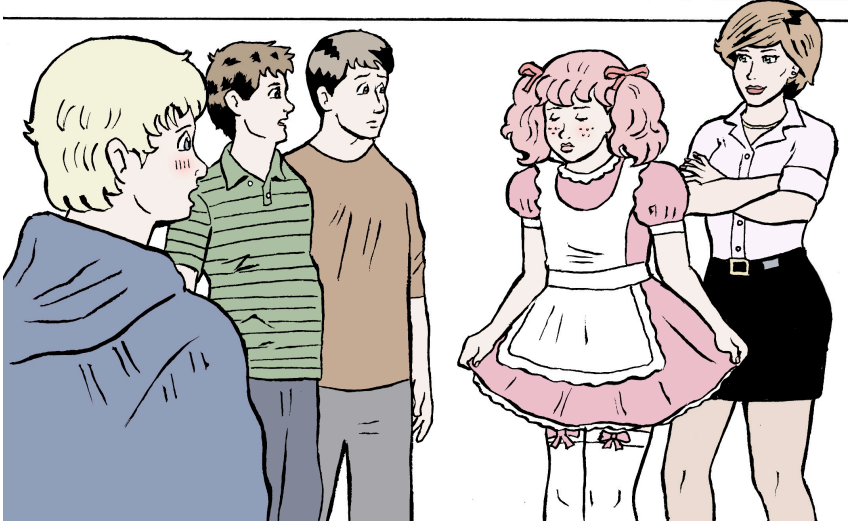
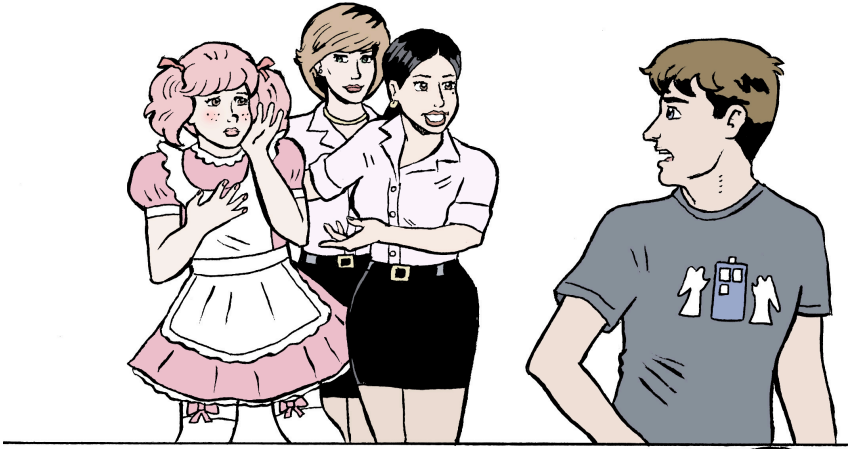
new name, and dip an embarrassing curtsy. Things went fairly well, although extremely humiliating for the boys, until she announced, “Molly Murphy”. After a slight pause, she said, “Oh, that’s right. Molly was taken away for discipline. We’ll get to him later.”

The process took on a more or less dull routine for Elliot until he heard, “Ellie Watson!” Elliot gritted his teeth. Not wanting to perform a curtsy, even with an imaginary skirt, he hesitated until he saw Clancy moving his way. Reluctantly, he rose to his feet and, as he the other boys had done, performed a slight dip with his fingers pinching an imaginary hem, and said, “Hello, I’m Ellie Watson.”

‘Ellie, my....!’ Elliot felt himself blush as he sat beside Larry, soon to be Lacy, and wondered who had written that name on the dotted line. *Judith*, no doubt! He began to formulate a plan. If he could call someone to get him out of here, or even bribe one of the counselors...

Once the list was complete, Ms. Duke said, “In the future, you will refer to yourselves, and your fellow classmates, with your new names or pay the penalty. We have a demerit system for such violations, and you will work them off with one swat of the strap each. Keep in mind that your behavior is monitored by strategically placed security cameras at all times. The Chrissy Institute may have a time honored tradition, but we employ the latest cutting edge technology.”

“I hear they put the cameras everywhere, even the showers,” Larry moaned. “You should have seen the grin on Linda’s face when she told me *that!*”



The boys looked on in astonishment and disbelief when the rowdy boy was brought back in a pink dress.

Duly chastised, the boy executed a perfect curtsy and apologized for behaving in an unladylike manner.

“I don’t know what kind of game Dad thinks he’s playing,” Elliot whispered furiously. “Ellie, yeah right!”

Just then, the boy who had been taken away was returned with a furor. The twenty three looked at this former disruptive delinquent fellow student in amazement because he was wearing a pink and white Alice in Wonderland dress with matching lipstick, nail polish, and a pink wig tied into twin angel wings! He had a sad, yet defiant, expression as his eyes darted anxiously at the two females at his sides.

Seeing the rebellious lad, Ms. Duke announced, “I see Molly Murphy has returned. His dress is very cute, don’t you think? I’m sorry you missed it Molly, but the others have introduced themselves with a polite curtsy and using their preferred names. Now that you are wearing a pretty dress with a real skirt you won’t have to pretend. You can meet them later, but for now, come to the front and take your turn.”

Seeing Clancy behind him with her taser and the two counselors at his sides, he reluctantly grasped the sides of his skirt and executed a perfect curtsy that indicated he had been given extensive practice in the maneuver. Turning bright red beneath his makeup, he uttered in a soft, yet obviously practiced, voice, “Good morning, ladies. My name is M... molly Murphy. I apologize for the disruption I caused earlier, and I promise to be more ladylike in the future.”

Ms. Duke, having finished her speech, recited a long list of rules and regulations the Chrissy Institute *girls* would be expected to follow. She then divided the girls into six groups of four and said, “There are six stations. You will spend one hour in each with your roommates.”

To Elliot's surprise, Ms. Stone greeted him with a smile saying, "Ah, hello, Ellie. I see you found Lacy, one of your roommates."

"*Larry!*" Elliot demanded. His name is *Larry!*"

Ms. Stone dropped her smile and commanded in a stern voice, "One demerit, and you had best improve your attitude, young lady! If I hear any more sass from you, I'll double the penalty and send you along with Molly. As they were joined by two other hesitant boys, she said Ellie and Lacy, meet Polly and Britani, your other roommates." As the four timidly shook hands, she instructed, "Follow me so you can be fitted with your lingerie like proper girls."

To the consternation of the four boys, they were led to what looked like the lingerie section of a teen boutique and ordered to undress. Elliot, who was wearing expensive chinos and a button up shirt, was confused by the request ... until he saw what was lying on the table. "Oh no!" he gasped. "I'm not wearing a bra and panties! Those are for *girls!*"

"Having trouble, Ms. Stone?" asked Clancy.

"Oh, I can handle this one, Officer Clancy," Ms. Stone assured. "Ellie is just a little confused. He doesn't understand that he failed as a boy and that it is his destiny to become a beautiful young lady at his father's request."

Elliot looked across the room and saw Larry, Paul, and Brit, his three roommates, sullenly removing their jeans, and after a sharp whack from Ms. Stone's leather strap across his buttocks, he cringed and slowly followed suit. "Panties first," she instructed the blushing boys while handing Elliot a pair of pink nylon panties with lace at the waist. Blushing brightly, he pulled the

feminine garment up his legs and adjusted it snugly at his hips. After taking their measurements, she smiled, “Once you’re devoid of that unsightly leg hair, you’ll cut cute figures in your undies.”

‘Just you wait!’ Elliot thought furiously as he struggled mightily to fasten the matching bra. ‘You can humiliate me like this for now, but I’m going to be out of here within a week and come back with an army of lawyers! Dad can’t possibly know what goes on this crazy place ... or *could* he?’

Once the boys had practiced fastening and unfastening their new bras at least a dozen times and filled the cups, with gelled inserts that had the feel, weight, and jiggle of the real thing. Clad only in their padded bras and silky nylon panties, they stared at one another for a moment before lowering their eyes in abject humiliation. Elliot watched mournfully as his old clothes were bundled up and whisked away.

“Do we have to wear these girlish things all day?” Brit whined with a blush as he fingered the straps of his new bra.

“Of course,” Ms. Stone snapped. “All day, every day! And I expect you to practice removing your bras, replacing them, and placing your inserts into the cups until those actions are second nature to you. If I don’t see marked improvement in your ability by tomorrow, you’ll receive the appropriate number of demerits. Continuing with your new clothes, each of you will choose a half slip, camisole, and waist cinch garter belt that match your current panties and bra.”

When the intimidated boys had selected the aforementioned items, each of them requiring help from their mentor, she instructed them to fasten their garter

belts about their waists, reminding them to thread the garters beneath their panties. When cries of, “This awful thing is too small!” “I need a larger one!” “I can’t breathe in this damn thing!” were heard, a sting swat landed on the nylon clad posterior of Paul, the last complainer.

“One demerit!” was heard from Ms. Stone as she held her strap in an intimidating position. “Ladies do not use crass language or profanity. For your information, your cinches are the correct size, so it is up to you to fasten the hooks until it is completely closed. Inhale and hold while you fasten one hook, then repeat the process and do the next. If you need incentive, I have my strap handy. Ask Polly if it is effective. If you prefer, I’ll call Officer Clancy with her taser. Now, get busy!”

Hearing her threat, the fearful and blushing boys struggled into their crushing cinches. They then sat on a low stool and learned to carefully knead delicate nylon stockings onto their legs. After securing the dark tops of their nylons to their garter straps, they were flushed and gasping for air.

Seeing her charges *properly* dressed in their lingerie, Ms. Stone gave them a pair of fluffy bedroom slippers with two inch heels and a translucent negligee that fell to mid thigh. When she heard complaints that the translucent negligee didn’t hide anything, she said, “Ladies should always be covered. If nothing else, your negligees will keep you warm.”

Looking over the intimidated boys in their panties, bras, garter belts, nylons, and negligees, she said, “Select six additional pairs of panties, matching bras, slips, half slips, camisoles, nylon stockings and garter belts that you would like to wear.”

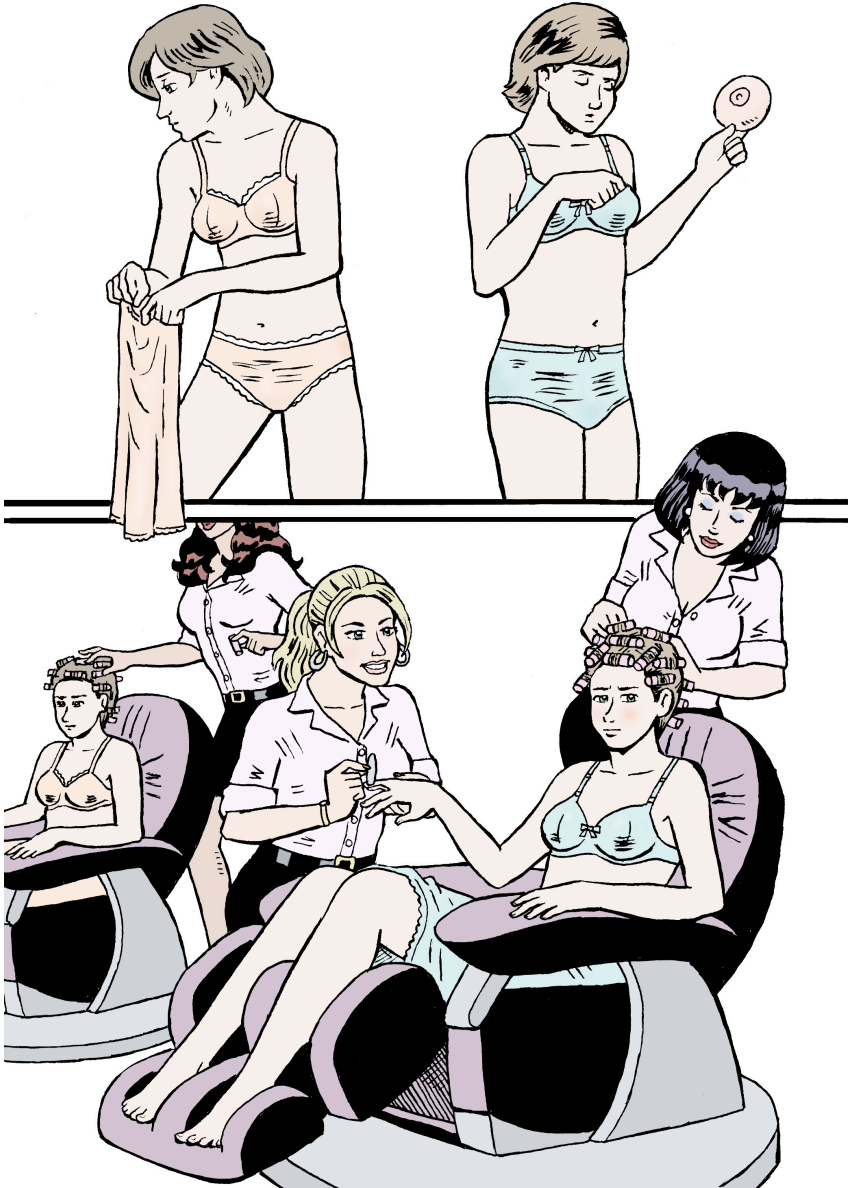
“I don’t want to wear any of that girly crap!” Elliot snapped. “I just want my clothes back and out of this loony bin!”

Smack! The strap landed violently and painfully on his nylon clad buttocks. “One demerit! I demand obedience, not arguments and disputes. Get busy selecting your new lingerie, or I will summon Officer Clancy!” Seeing her determination, the boys got busy. They didn’t complain when she added baby doll nighties, long nightgowns, nylons, and bedroom shoes to their list.

At last, wearing nothing but panties, padded bras, garter belts, nylons, negligees, and fluffy slippers, the demoralized and depressed boys carried baskets containing their new feminine finery to their rooms. Under the watchful eye of Ms. Stone, they folded each item and stored it in their lingerie drawers. Finally, dressed as they were, she led them to the next station.

As the feminine clad boys looked anxiously about for an avenue of escape, they were led into a room with four lighted vanities where two technicians awaited them. “An hour isn’t nearly enough time to teach you the intricacies of makeup, matching colors, and the necessary techniques, but we can give you the basics,” one of them said. “Have a seat, and let’s get started.”

“I won’t!” Elliot spat in defiance. “Girls wear makeup, and I’m not a girl no matter what you make me wear!”



Under the watchful eye of a determined Ms. Stone, the intimidated boys slipped into their first silky feminine lingerie.

When asked what color polish he wanted, Elliot said, "None!" To his shame, the manicurist laughed at his shame.

No sooner were the words out of his mouth when a resounding swat from Ms. Stone's strap landed on his nylon clad posterior and he heard her tenacious voice, "Another demerit, Ellie! Sit and concentrate on your lesson, or you'll feel the sting of my strap again ... and again if necessary! The same goes for the rest of you!"

Hearing her warning and seeing the tears forming in Elliot's eyes, the other three apprehensively sat at their designated vanity while keeping a wary eye on their chastised comrade. During the next hour, true to her word, the instructor taught basic makeup techniques to the cautious boys. Starting with foundation, she progressed to blush, eyeshadow, eyeliner, mascara, and finally the item the intimidated boys feared most, *lipstick!* At the end of the class, the four lingerie-clad boys wearing full feminine makeup carried baskets containing their new cosmetics to their rooms and stored it atop their lighted vanities. Knowing they would be wearing this girly *stuff* in the days to come made them feel weak and fragile.

During their humiliating morning, the boys mostly forgot about food, but the mention of lunch by Ms. Stone brought their hunger to the forefront with a vengeance! Entering the dining hall in their skimpy feminine attire and makeup, Elliot, Larry, Paul, and Brit were very apprehensive, that is until they saw the other boys. Some of them wore dresses and stumbled along in heels while others had polished nails and makeup. The only other group who wore lingerie covered by transparent negligees had girlish hairstyles but no makeup. Naturally, everyone blushed at being seen in their new attire by other boys.

Sort of snapping the boys out of their humiliation was the appearance of Molly, the boy who had disrupted the indoctrination lecture earlier that morning. To their astonishment, this former obstinate boy was wearing a short pink skirt with a matching crop top that bared his navel. Still wearing his pink wig with the twin angel wings, his makeup was heavy and garish, and he was tripping cautiously about in three-inch stiletto heels as he performed the duties of a waitress.

When asked what was happening, he cautioned in a soft whisper, “Shhh! I have to wear this crap and wait tables for the next two weeks, or those crazy bitches will dress me as a six-year-old girl, make me play with dolls, and sleep in a crib. *Look*, I already have the hair!”

After a skimpy lunch that left them hungry, Ms. Stone led her anxious students to a room with four chairs that looked like they belonged in a dentist office. Beside each, a technician was patiently waiting. “Remove your makeup with the soap, water and cleansing creams provided, and have a seat in one of the chairs,” she informed the blushing boys.

“What’s this all about?” Elliot asked as he dried his face on a fluffy pink towel after removing his detested feminine makeup.

“You’ll see soon enough,” Ms. Stone responded with an air of finality.

As soon as the boys sat, their arms and legs were secured to the chair arms with Velcro straps. Before they could protest, their heads were secured with a strap across their foreheads. “What’s the meaning of this?” Elliot asked sharply, struggling in vain to get free.

“The straps are to prevent you from squirming around during electrolysis,” his technician explained. “A

slip of the needle could make things painful for you, so please relax and be as still as possible.”

“Electrolysis?” Larry squeaked. “Remove our beards? Isn’t that permanent?”

“Very permanent,” his technician smiled. “When we finish in a few weeks, you’ll never have to worry about nasty facial hair ever again! A smooth hairless face will provide a much nicer base for your makeup. You’ll see.”

Elliot groaned inwardly. He had never been able to grow much of a beard, but now he was never going to be able to do so in the future! At least the clean-shaven look was in. He closed his eyes as the woman set to work on his face. He heard sharp smacks as one of the others tried to resist and was forced to relent. Since he couldn’t stand up to Clancy and the counselors physically, he decided to go along with the charade until he could contact his father or devise another way to escape. After an exhausting hour of intense electrolysis, a good portion of the hair on his face had been zapped, and his brows eternally shaped into thin neat arches.

After replacing their makeup under the strict eye of Ms. Stone, the four boys were led to a room filled with dresses, skirts, blouses, and shoes of every imaginable style, at least to the uninitiated boys. As he stared at his reflection in a full length mirror, Elliot saw himself wearing his first dress, a cute green style with a flaring skirt that ended mid thigh.

“At least this dress covers up my girly underwear,” Larry murmured sadly, his only consolation being that Brit, Elliot, and Paul were dressed in a similar manner. Lastly, they were given slippers with a kitten heel of about two inches.

Elliot could only imagine how ridiculous he looked in his girlish attire as he trooped sullenly about selecting other dresses to try on. The heels were quite a pain to walk in, but worse was to come as they were given even higher heels. Finally, they had a full wardrobe of feminine outerwear and shoes with heels of varying height, leaving them with nothing to wear but dresses, skirts, blouses, and stilt heeled pumps in their closet. Silky lingerie filled their drawers, and makeup, lipstick, mascara, eyeliner, and other beautification products covered the top of their lighted vanities.

The four boys were understandably distraught as they minced along to their next station. Given all that had befallen them that day, they weren't overly surprised to learn that they would now receive a leg waxing, manicure, and pedicure that was referred to as a mani-pedi by the technicians.

After stripping to their bras and panties, warm wax was spread over their legs, and their masculine identifying hair was ripped out by the roots to their bikini line. Then long acrylic extensions were firmly glued to their fingernails, filed into neat ovals that extended well past the ends of their fingers and polished a chic trendy color. A foam spreader was placed between their toes, and their toenails polished to match.

The next room was a salon with a large array of padded chairs. Their hair was washed, put up in curlers, and treated with an odd smelling solution. Following a stint under a hooded dryer, the curlers were removed, and their hair brushed into a chic feminine style. Just as they thought nothing else could be done to make them look more like girls, their ears were pierced!

"That was horrible," Larry said softly. "Piercing our ears is as permanent as electrolysis!"

“I’m a blonde!” Elliot gasped, looking in the mirror. “How could they do this to me?”

“I’m a brunette, and I have a girl’s hairdo!” Paul asserted as he fingered the dark tresses tickling his neck. “My hair has always been sandy, not *black!*”

“Mine was brown!” Brit exclaimed. “How could they make my short hair look so damn *girly?*”

“One demerit for using unladylike profanity, Britanie!” Ms. Stone exclaimed in an abrupt voice.

The six groups of feminized boys merged again for dinner, which was almost utterly silent. Thinking about their dress, makeup, and hairstyles, none of the boys had much appetite even after their meager lunch. In addition to all they had gone through, their skirts gave them no end of trouble while sitting. Elliot only picked at his meager food, wondering how he could get away from this crazy place.

As no surprise to anyone, Molly was waiting tables in his pink skirt and top, extremely high heels, nylons, full feminine makeup, pink lipstick, manicured nails and gaudy earrings. Of course, his pink hair was still styled with twin angel wings.

Thinking they would get a chance to relax after an exhaustive day, Elliot, Larry, Paul, and Brit were severely disappointed! Upon entering their rooms, Ms. Stone wasted no time in putting them to work perfecting their girlish guise. “I see you stumbling along in your heels with long unladylike strides, and I mean to stop that starting *now!*”

She presented each of them with a heavy book, and instructed them to place it on their head and walk about

the room with short mincing steps, forearms parallel to the floor and wrists limp. To insure their cooperation, she added a demerit every time they dropped their book.

After an exhausting hour, they could take several consecutive steps before losing their book. With the promise of carriage training every evening until they could balance their book for the entire hour, she sent them to their individual rooms to practice fastening their bras behind their backs and knead nylons over their smooth hairless legs.

When she was satisfied with their progress, she had them undress and slip into flimsy babydoll nighties and sit at their vanity to remove their makeup. Finally, after creaming their bodies with moisturizing cream and applying a beauty masque to their face, they were allowed to go to bed. As the exhausted boys slept, soft music laden with subliminal messages filled their ears.



Larry grabbed frantically for the falling book. The punishment for it hitting the floor was added demerits!

Any thoughts, hopes, expectations, or desires that the nightmare that befell them the day before had been merely a bad dream was crushed the next morning when the feminine clad boys were abruptly awakened by Ms. Stone. In panic, they looked at their frilly nighties, smooth hairless thighs, long oval nails and were jolted back to reality when their mentor commanded, “Up and

at ‘em, ladies! Hurry to the bathroom, and let’s get started! We have a busy day ahead.”

Following a soak in warm water laden with perfumed bath oils, Elliot patted himself dry with a fluffy pink towel, reluctantly powdered his body, slipped into a translucent negligee, and returned to his room. Tentatively looking through his lingerie drawer while under the close scrutiny of Ms. Stone, he tried to find the least feminine panties, but to his distress, each garment was silkier and lacier than the last!

Finally deciding on white, he quickly chose matching bra, slip, and garter belt. Carefully to avoid damage, he kneaded sheer nylons over his smooth hairless thighs, and attached them to his garter straps. Having nothing to wear but dresses and skirts, he pulled a lavender dress over his head and slipped his feet into three inch pumps. He sat at his vanity to do his hair and makeup.

When Ms. Stone was satisfied with the appearance of her charges, she led them to the dining room. As the four sat together in their dresses and skirts, Brit asked, “What’s with all these demerits Ms. Stone is always passing out? Nothing ever happens because of them, right? I think they’re just an idle threat to get us to do the girly crap they’re always making us do.”

“You could be right,” Paul agreed.

“That damn strap isn’t idle,” Larry insisted. “It hurts like hell!”

After a meager breakfast, the hapless boys were told to undress so they could be fitted with a *Smoothie*. This was a bizarre garment designed to give them a flat front in their panties and tight skirts. As they stood by completely nude in nothing but makeup, lipstick, nail

polish, and feminine hairstyles, more than one blush could be seen among them.

Smoothies were not just slipped on; they were installed and fitted. Measurements, a cooling lotion, then instructions on exactly where everything needed to be when the garment went on. If it wasn't right, no one was happy. Ms. Stone said, "Only when you are completely flat will it be tolerable."

When the Smoothies were in place and they were told that they would have to sit to relieve themselves, the boys rushed to replace their panties and cover their humiliating Smoothies.

"No, no, no!" Ms. Stone shrieked. "You don't step into delicate nylon panties like they were coarse cotton jockey briefs or boxers! Hold them with the pads of your fingers to avoid snagging them with your nails. Then step into them gracefully, carefully pull them up your legs, and gently adjust them at your waist." To assure her charges knew how to properly slip on their unfamiliar panties; she had them repeat the task more than a dozen times.

The hearts of those that dared to look or feel between their legs, skipped a beat, as their nylon panties fit properly flat against their Smoothie's gusset.

"Let's see what you learned about properly fastening your bras last night," Ms. Stone asserted. The boys struggled with their task, but because of their practice the night before, they all managed to fasten their bras behind them. Under strict supervision, they learned to adjust the shoulder straps using the slides. Several times, more often than the day before, she had to use her strap and assign demerits for not concentrating or being diligent in their task.

The most embarrassing part was next, placing jelled inserts into their bra cups and leaning forward to seat them properly and comfortably. The boys complained about the weight causing the straps to cut into their shoulders, but Ms. Stone shrugged off their complaints saying, "You'll get used to that. All girls do."

Following more than a dozen repetitions of fastening their bras behind them and inserting the jelled inserts, the boys were taught to clasp garter belts about their waist and thread the straps beneath their panties. Then, they were taught to gather nylon stockings in a ball, carefully knead them up over their legs, and secure the tops to their garter straps. This, also, was repeated numerous times. Use of the strap and more demerits were necessary to keep the boys focused on their task. The strap was by far the most effective of the two.

With no reprieve or time to rest, the intimidated boys were told to slip their feet into pumps with narrow three inch heels, more than an inch taller than they wore the night before, and walk about the room. Never, in their wildest dreams had they imagined there was so much difficulty in merely walking! They had to keep their forearms parallel to the floor, wrists limp, place one foot directly in front of the other with short steps, and sway their hips.

As the distraught boys looked at one another in their dresses, skirts, and heels, a mutual question permeated each of their minds, 'How could I have allowed them to dress me in such an extremely girlish manner? I have to get away from this crazy place before these bitches have me looking like those boys in that brochure!'

Thinking they would be given a reprieve for a time, the Chrissy Institute boys were sadly disappointed. Tears formed in their eyes as they stripped to their

Smoothies and began dressing all over again. This time; however, demerits were readily forthcoming for every offense imaginable. Things like not being careful with their dainty fabrics, not dressing carefully enough, and even not fully concentrating on their task earned frequent demerits.

After being given a demerit for snagging one of his nylons and causing a run, Brit smiled at Larry and whispered, “See, just an idle threat.”

At lunch, the beleaguered boys had accumulated more than a dozen demerits each. Other than Molly, who was back in his waitress dress with his usual pink angel wings, the boys from other groups were similarly dressed, making them feel less conspicuous.

After lunch, the boys were required to strip to their panties, bras, garter belts, negligees, and heels for lessons on makeup and its application. Sitting at lighted vanities, they were instructed to sit with their knees together while learning to apply makeup. Starting with concealer, they moved to base. Next, they took up eyeliner, eyeshadow, and mascara. Arguably, eyes are the most difficult and painstaking aspect of makeup application.

Learning to create an even, thin line of eyeliner is an arduous grueling task as is tri-color eyeshadow. Failure to make significant progress and lack of concentration brought on more demerits, as did sitting with their knees apart. At long last, they moved on to blush, lipstick, and gloss. Then, as before, they removed everything and started over.

Over the course of the lesson, the boys were lectured on every cosmetic technique imaginable and made to practice them under strict supervision. With a case full

of cosmetics, they were expected to use, change, and refresh their makeup at regular intervals!

Still in their panties, bras, garter belts, nylons, heels, and negligees, the Chrissy Institute students had a light dinner and retired to their rooms. A quick run through of the day's lessons was followed by removing their makeup and dressing for bed. A nightly ritual was then established. It included slipping into their nighties, creaming their bodies, putting their hair up in curlers, polishing their finger and toe nails for the next day, and applying a beauty mask.

When everyone was ready for bed, Ms. Stone called them into the parlor and said, "It's time to pay off some of those demerits you shrugged off during your lessons. The price is one spank with my strap for each demerit with a limit of twelve per day. Of course, all of you have more than fifty, so it will take some time to work them off. Ellie, you will be first since you have accumulated the most. Please lie across my lap to receive your punishment." When he hesitated, she asked, "Should I summon Officer Clancy?"

The mere mention of the burley security guard with her taser was all the incentive needed to convince Elliot to assume the position across her lap. Ms. Stone then methodically delivered twelve stinging swats to his silky baby doll panties. As he got to his feet with tears streaking his face, she ordered him to his room saying, "I'll be with you presently."

Through the door, Elliot could hear the cries and squeals of his roommates and strap slapping their nylon clad buttocks as their demerit total was reduced as his had been.

When the last having been disciplined, Ms. Stone joined him as promised. Finding him still crying, she said, “Since your demerit total is at forty-seven, a full compliment for the next few days, maybe you’ll take them more seriously in the future and try to avoid them. Otherwise, you’ll find it difficult to sit. Surely even a blonde like you can grasp that concept.”

“I understand,” he sniffed through his tears.

Placing her arm around him, she pulled him close so that his head rested on her shoulder and soothed, “Look at this logically, my girl. If you stop thinking about things you can’t control and concentrate on your dressing, grooming, and posture lessons, you can avoid most demerits like the ones you’ve already earned.”

“You sound like this is my fault!”

“It is your fault, and your punishments will continue until you accept your fate and embrace your inevitable femininity. You failed as a boy, so your father sent you here to become a girl. According to his letter, something you said gave him the idea.”

“He couldn’t have taken that seriously! We were arguing about me learning to take over his financial holdings and he said I wasn’t much of a son. I said maybe I should have been a daughter. I can’t believe he took me seriously!”

“Apparently he did, so you had best get with the program if you want to sit comfortably any time soon.”

“You didn’t have to spank me so hard!”

“Yes I did, it’s my job. I don’t like to spank you, but your demerits will continue as long as you remain arrogant and uncooperative. Look, I’m willing to help

you, but you have to meet me half way. Think about that while you roll your hair for the night.”

“I have to roll my hair and sleep in curlers?”

“You do unless you want to accumulate more demerits for having unkempt hair tomorrow.”

“I’m not sure I can do it.”

“Work at it, and I’ll return after I see to the others.”

For the first time since he was forced to wear girl’s clothes, Elliot took his assigned task seriously. Sitting in his babydoll nightie and negligee, he gave it his best effort but was unhappy with the result.

When Ms. Stone returned, she saw the chaotic jumble he created but determined that he had made a sincere effort to complete his assignment. Kissing him gently on the cheek, she said, “Here, let me correct a few of your mistakes.” She then loosened several tendrils, showed him how to position the curlers in neat rows across the top of his head and along the sides and said, “You’ll get better with practice.”

“Thank you Ms. Stone,” he smiled as he crawled in bed. As he drifted off to sleep with the soft music playing in the background, he felt a special affection for his mentor and resolved to follow her instructions with more effort in the days to come.

The next morning, the Chrissy Institute *girls* were all in the required panties, bras, slips, garter belts, nylons, heels, either a mid-thigh length dress or skirt, and makeup. After a very light breakfast, they were again drilled on every imaginable feminine gesture, mannerism, and manner of walking in heels. The spankings of the night before having made the intended

impression, they were much more attentive to detail than the day before. Still, for normal macho boys, this ordeal in dresses, skirts, lingerie, nylon stockings, and stilt heels was like a bad dream.

First, they spent hours learning feminine comportment, bending from the knees, smoothing skirts before sitting with their knees together, crossing their legs primly, and moving with a graceful gait. Ms. Stone was quick to pass out demerits. That, combined with the overwhelming nature of the day's events, soon had even the most defiant boy mincing along with his hips swaying seductively despite his unladylike frowns.

Elliot felt like a complete sissy as he swished back and forth in his dress as Ms. Stone gave directions on how to tilt his pelvis, hold his shoulders back, and properly allow his derriere to adopt a feminine sway. Never in his life had he worn female clothing, and now he had a full wardrobe of panties, bras, slips, both full and half, nylons, skirts, dresses, blouses, and heels that he had to wear full time! What a bummer!

“What did Ms. Duke mean about us being monitored at all times?” Paul inquired.

Ms. Stone gave a curt smile and pointed up at a dark glass bulb as they passed. “We have the most advanced surveillance system money can buy,” she smiled. “The cameras are to ensure that our students behave as proper young ladies at all times, and to prevent escape. Speaking of which, Ellie, add a demerit for not placing each foot directly in front of the other and swaying your hips like you were taught!”

Blushing furiously, Elliot acquiesced to her demand and focused on his gait. The fight seemed to have gone right out of Larry as he was mincing along in the

approved fashion with his wrists limp and his eyes downcast. Elliot had hoped to ask what he read on the brochure, but Ms. Stone supervised the four boys closely as they practiced their feminine walk with a heavy book on their heads.

When the boys complained about another skimpy meal, Ms. Stone explained that they would be on an extremely strict diet to help them achieve and maintain a slender, girlish figure.

When the boys returned to their room, they changed into their nighties, removed their makeup, performed their beauty rituals, smeared a beauty mask on their faces, and reported to Ms. Stone in the parlor for spankings to reduce their number of demerits.

Like the night before, they returned to their rooms after their spankings and put their hair up in curlers for the night. When Ms. Stone joined Elliot, she dried his tears, kissed him on the cheek, and said, "You did a much neater job than last night, and you'll get even better with practice."

"I can't sleep with these prickly things in my hair again!" Elliot complained in an indignant tone.

"You can, and you will!" Ms. Stone declared in a harsh tone. "Not only tonight but every night as long as you are here."

After placing a sleeping net over his curlers, he crawled in bed for the night.

During dressing practice the next day, Elliot saw Larry removing his bra and noticed that he did it quite naturally. 'Our practice has really paid off,' he thought

as he watched his roommate efficiently replace his bra and place his jelled inserts in the cups.

“Oh, God, I can’t believe this is really happening to us!” Brit asserted. “We’re becoming girls no matter how hard we fight. They have us dressing like girls, and just a few days ago, we swore we wouldn’t. Look at us now!”

There was a shampoo waiting for Elliot on the tub called *Luxurious Locks* from a pharmaceutical company that sold hair growth chemicals! According to the label, it was designed to make hair grow extremely fast. Maybe he could just pretend to use it because the last thing he wanted was a mass of blonde curls spilling over his shoulders! Looking up, saw the camera and realized he would have to do as instructed.

He was rinsing the foaming pink suds out of his hair as Ms. Stone came in and said, “Before you two go to bed, use this moisturizing cream on your entire body. This one is for your pretty sexy legs. Afterwards, apply your facial mask, and in time, you’ll have clear, soft, pliable skin as befits a young lady.”

‘With cameras everywhere, I don’t have much of a choice,’ Elliot thought. ‘I certainly don’t want Officer Clancy to come in and see me in my frilly nightie!’ Still glowering at the day’s humiliations, he completed his beautifying tasks and went into the common room for what seemed like his nightly spanking.

Larry, also wearing a short baby doll nightie, negligee, and beauty mask, was there when he arrived. “I feel ridiculous, and I dread the spanking to come even if I do deserve it,” Larry grumbled.

“So do I,” Elliot admitted as he sat with his smooth knees carefully together.

“How did you end up here?” Larry asked with a sigh. Elliot took a deep breath and told his roommate about his argument with his father. He explained how he was told that if he didn’t want to be a proper son, there was an alternative. “Now I know the alternative is that I become a proper daughter!”

“Sounds like you still have hopes of getting out of here,” Larry said. “If your father only wants to scare you into taking over the business, all you have to do is agree to it when they pick you up for the Christmas holidays.”

“I’m not waiting that long,” Elliot scoffed. “I can’t! As soon as I get my hands on a phone, I’m making the call! Problem is, to get to a phone; I need to know more about this place.”

“I still have the brochure,” Larry said, cheeks going pink. “I smuggled it in hoping to convince them that they made a clerical error, but no such luck so far! I hid it under my mattress. Wait and I’ll go get it.” Larry leapt to his feet and hurried to his room. Elliot couldn’t help but notice a slight sway to his behind. Due to a series of intense lessons in walking like a girl, the habit was surprisingly hard to break.

“Here it is,” Larry said eagerly, handing over a brightly colored brochure. “Hide it in your room, and you can look at it later.”

Ms. Stone entered shortly thereafter and, with no emotion, administered their spankings, and sent them off to roll their hair. “Upon her visit to Elliot’s room, she again cuddled and consoled him. Kissing him on the cheek, she said, “Your attitude and efforts are improving. As proof, you only got four demerits today. A word of advice, to help your develop a feminine mindset, as you drift off to sleep, think how thrilling silky fabrics

feel against your soft hairless body. Now, get your beauty sleep because you'll need it tomorrow.”

With her advice in mind, Elliot clutched the brochure in his hand and slipped it under his pillow as he slowly drifted to sleep with the usual music playing over the intercom.

In addition to the bra, panties, and matching slip, Ms. Stone had a few new additions to her arsenal the next morning. Elliot cringed when he was forced into a tiny waist cinch garter belt that completely took his breath away, forcing him to breathe in small, shallow gasps. He was totally winded as he slowly knead smoky nylons up his smooth waxed legs and fastened the dark tops to the unaccustomed garters.

Staring sadly at his reflection and seeing his bra, panties, narrow waist, and smooth, nylon clad legs he was totally embarrassed. His brows, thanks to laser electrolysis, were shaped in delicate arches, and his blonde hair was barely at the nape of his neck. Still, he knew that using their special shampoo, it would soon be down to his shoulders.

“Once you're done admiring yourself, Ellie, please get dressed,” Ms. Stone scolded. “We have lots of work to do today, so let's get started.” Elliot blushed but bit his tongue, determined to play along if for no other reason than to avoid demerits. Properly admonished, he slipped into a girlish top with a scooped neckline and a navy mid-thigh length skirt with a back slit. Ms. Stone showed him how to adjust the length to allow an enticing peek at the lacy hem of his slip with every step. Slipping into pumps with slender three-inch heels, he whined, “These heels are higher than I wore yesterday.”

“Yes!” Ms. Stone agreed. “You will wear increasingly higher and narrower heels until you are adept at walking and dancing in stylish five inch stiletto heels.”

“Dancing?” Elliot gasped.

“Of course, what girl doesn’t like to dance in the arms of a handsome boy?” Ms. Stone replied, with a sly smile as she observed his bright blush. “Hurry along. Lacy, Polly, and Britani are already dressed.”

His head spinning Elliot wobbled after his mentor. ‘High heels and ballroom dancing!’ he scoffed. ‘I can’t get out of here soon enough!’

Larry was glowering in the common room, wearing a short-pleated skirt and sling back pumps. Ms. Stone gave him a smack and a demerit when he bent over in an unladylike manner to adjust his nylons. He too, was blushing brightly as the boys were led away.

A meager breakfast followed, and once again, there was little or no conversation as the embarrassed boys sat daintily in their skirts and dresses, learning to eat with tiny bites and sip at their water. Leaving lipstick smears on the rim of a glass was a new experience for Elliot, as was having to refresh his lipstick after the meal.

“I’m still starving,” Larry moaned, as they went to their next lesson.

“Me too,” Elliot sighed. “I think they’re trying to starve us. This tight waist cinch helps relieve my hunger, but I’m still starving.”

Extensive hairstyling lessons on how to properly care for their growing locks and create feminine styles followed. The hapless boys also learned new tricks on how to roll their hair for the night.

The next lesson was on voice where the boys were taught to speak in a soft, high pitch. They would try to speak like boys with trained voices from previous classes. Their voices would be recorded and played back to show discrepancies in how they spoke and how they should speak.

Over time, this method of teaching worked wonders with their voices. No surprise, they were assigned demerits if they were observed speaking otherwise even when not in class. The boys soon learned that the entire purpose of the school was to teach boys to present themselves as believable, refined young ladies.

‘How does Dad expect me to take over a family business after all this girly crap?’ Elliot wondered.

Larry wasn’t seated with the group at dinner. Due to demerits, he was instead flouncing around the cafeteria in a short pink serving dress, clearing tables. Thinking, ‘I might need an ally when I escape,’ Elliot did his best not to laugh at his roommate.

‘How was being a waitress?’ Elliot asked Larry after dinner, trying his best not to sound snide.

‘Awful,’ Larry moaned. ‘You should have seen the way Clancy was smirking at me. Believe me, balancing trays while wearing these stilt heels is no joke! Maybe I’ll wake up and this whole thing will have been a bad dream. If not, I’m going to kill my conniving sister!’

Dinner was followed by more comportment lessons and a lecture on nail care. Elliot once again felt utterly exhausted as he traipsed back to his room, where Ms. Stone was waiting. She watched as the four boys undressed, slipped into their nighties, and performed their beauty rituals, plied their skin with beauty creams, and applied their facial masks. To their sorrow, she then

employed the strap to their panties as their demerit total was reduced.

Returning to their rooms, they set their hair in pins and rollers for the night. After consoling them in their rooms, she kissed them goodnight and left.

In bed, Elliot pulled out the brochure. He knew the lights would soon be turned off, so he flipped rapidly through the pages. With the turn of every page, he felt dread growing inside. Larry had been spot on about this place as the brochure confirmed that it was real!

The Chrissy Institute promised to convert even the most headstrong, rowdy boy into a proper and sophisticated young lady! Even more unbelievable were the pictures of beautiful *girls* dancing with men in suits and ties while wearing cocktail dresses, evening gowns, and stilt heels. Some were posing in group photos and smiling haplessly for the camera.

According to the brochure, all of those *girls* were, in reality, boys who once swore they wouldn't wear dresses. Elliot gaped. There were more small blurbs about the graduates of the Chrissy Institute who found success as beauty queens, debutantes, swimsuit models, and even trophy wives!

'This has to be fake!' Elliot muttered. 'There's no way they'll turn me into one of those bimbos! How can guys become such gorgeous girls?' Just then, the lights switched off. Elliot sourly adjusted the strap of his baby doll nightie and pulled the covers over his soft shoulders as the music began to play.

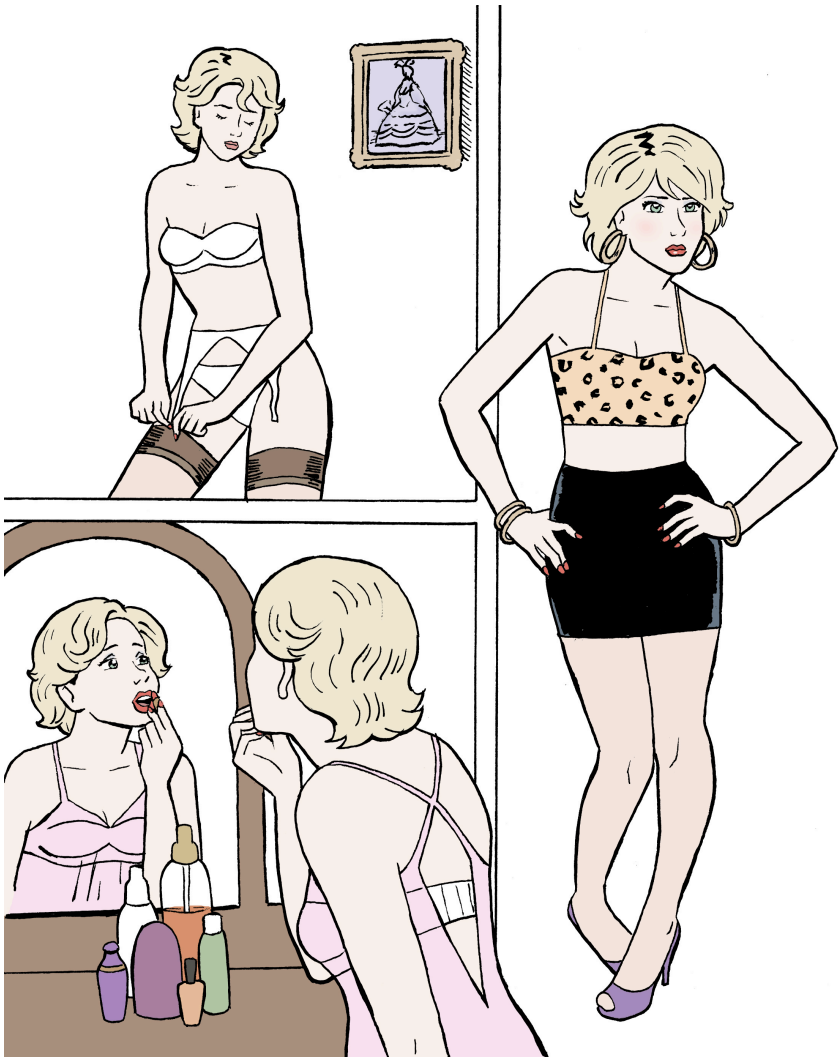
Despite their thoughts to the contrary, over the next months Elliot and the other boys became more feminine

in manner, dress, appearance and actions. He kept an eye out for a means of escape, but for the most part, he was kept far too busy with his daily lessons.

The other boys also learned that resistance was futile. Some attempted a *strike* by refusing to dress in their girlish lingerie, but they were dealt with by being made to spend two weeks teetering on four-inch stiletto heels in the dining hall as punishment!

The spankings brought on by the demerit system and constant surveillance, ensured that the path of least resistance was acting and dressing as femininely as possible at all times, even outside of lessons. Soon even the most defiant boys were walking in a mincing gait and affecting girlish hand gestures while speaking in soft high-pitched voices.

In addition to their grueling lessons, what little free time the *girls* had was carefully regulated to ensure feminine behavior at all times. The foremost method to accomplish this was by having what Ms. Stone smilingly called *pajama parties* several times per week. For the first one, she informed them that they would spend the evening in Lacy's room wearing babydoll nighties and doing one another's hair, nails, and makeup, and they would all sleep in *her* bed.



The grueling lessons had pair off...Elliot could dress and apply his make-up like any girl. His stride, and wiggle perfect in even the tightest skirt and highest heels!

Hearing that, *Ellie, Lacy, Polly* and *Britani* blushed bright red. They had become used to seeing one another in lingerie and nighties, but the prospect of being made to apply each others' makeup, hair, and nails while giggling and generally acting like airheaded teenage girls was too humiliating to consider.

"Ms. Stone left us a list of hairstyles we have to try," Larry said miserably. "Also, we are supposed to practice with our cosmetics and work on evening makeup techniques. Magazines full of tips are here on the bed. She also instructed us to try on and model several outfits each. Will this never end?"

"No matter what these crazy bitches say, I'm Elliot, even though they call me Ellie!"

"And I'm Larry! My sister somehow convinced my parents that I wanted to be a girl, and they packed me off here before I knew what was happening!"

"I can sympathize with that," Paul said sadly. He was a skinny boy with dark hair and soft, almost feminine facial features. "I'm also here because of my sisters, in a roundabout way. The women in my family have a long tradition of being beauty queens and debutantes. Both of my sisters refused to carry on the family tradition, so my mother and aunt sent me here to become a mincing, pretty debutante in their place!"

"That's not fair at all," Elliot frowned. "And what about you?"

"I'm Brit," the last boy sighed angrily. "Mom divorced Dad, and I'm caught in the middle of a custody dispute. She sent me here to disguise me! If Dad can't find me, he can't take me away from her. She thinks that with my dark hair and slender frame, I'll be easy to transform into an attractive young woman. Huh!"

“So we’re all here against our will,” Elliot said thoughtfully, selecting a midnight blue nail polish. On the inside, he was furious. These hapless *girls* were really in it deep. Elliot, on the other hand, only had to hold out until Christmas. After that, his father would surely come to his senses.

“That we are!” Brit groaned, using his mascara. “I always wanted to see what cute girls do during pajama parties, but I never wanted to participate in one!”

“Watch who you’re calling a cute girl,” Larry said, reluctantly brushing out his sparkling red tresses. “You’re wearing equally feminine lingerie, and you look quite fetching too.”

“Fetching?” Elliot asked skeptically.

Larry clapped a manicured hand to his mouth and gasped, “Where did that come from? Gosh, I don’t know why I said that!” He dropped his hand. “Sometimes, I swear I’m starting to think like a girl! All this silk, satin, and nylon must be getting to me!”

“It isn’t just you,” Paul said sadly. “The other day I was actually thinking about how I would look sexier by using a green eye shadow instead of blue! All this training is really affecting our minds!”

The *girls*, resigned to their evening of femininity, spent the next several hours helping one another select and apply flamboyant makeup and nail polish and brush their hair into lavish styles. Then, they tried on and modeled numerous dresses, skirts, tops, heels, and sexy lingerie. Unknown to them, photos and videos were taken of their girlish antics by cameras located in the high tech Chrissy Institute security system.

“I’m sure glad Ms. Stone said we could sleep without beauty masks or our hair in curlers,” Paul beamed as he brushed Larry’s auburn tresses down onto his neck.

“Yeah,” Britt agreed. “It’s been so long since I slept without that goop on my face or those curlers pricking my scalp, I don’t know if I can sleep without them.”

“Be nice to try though,” Elliot sighed while pondering, ‘If I can get out of this hellhole, I can sleep without them every night.’

As the four went through their feminine routines they remarked bitterly on what they would do once they were allowed to leave the Chrissy Institute. To a man, they all expected to go back to pants! None of them knew of the deep and lasting effects of the subliminal tapes they were being subjected to each night.

“This is the part I’ve been dreading,” Elliot said as the four boys in their frilly nighties climbed into Larry’s bed. “It’s like we’re sleeping with girls, but we all know we’re boys.”

“Yeah, but since we don’t have a choice about our sleeping arrangements, we have to make the best of it,” Paul reasoned.

“Smells like a whorehouse in here,” Brit reflected as he took in the aromas of perfume, makeup, nail polish, and hairspray.

There not being enough room for four teenagers to sleep without touching in a double bed, the boys found themselves virtually cuddling one another as they slept. As a result, the boys blushed whenever they made eye contact the next morning.

Weeks passed, and the Chrissy Institute *girls* gradually grew accustomed to their strict feminine routines to the point that they could barely remember how they did things as boys. Forgetting the feel of coarse cotton briefs, boxers, and tee shirts, they began to enjoy wearing nylon panties, slips, and camisoles. Seeing other boys fussing with their lingerie, hair, or makeup no longer seemed strange. They were growing graceful and more feminine in actions and appearance by the day. Lessons in diction, elocution, and pitch insured that speaking in the soft contralto voice of a girl quickly became habit.

Even worse, the boys were disturbed to find that their bodies were developing the contours of a teenage girl, and their weight loss had made them extremely slender. Their hips were taking on a rounded contour, and their chests were growing small but noticeable fatty mounds that soon would be unrecognizable as feminine *breasts!* Together with their delicate waist, “just perfect for a gentleman to slip his arm around,” Ms. Stone told them with satisfaction that they were rapidly gaining an attractive hourglass figure.

“Don’t worry, girls, by the end of our first semester you will be as lovely and graceful as swans,” smiled the dance instructor. Upon hearing that, the boys looked at one another in mutual misery. The past two hours had been spent learning to twirl, move backwards in high heels, and follow a male partner’s lead. It was even more terrifying to think they might one day have to put these lessons to use dancing with a real young man!

Adding to those fears were their lessons in flirting! Hour after hour, the boys were drilled in sexy feminine mannerisms and gestures until they became habit. They were taught to walk with their hips swaying seductively,

to sit and cross their legs in a manner designed to allow their skirt to ride high on their nylon clad thighs, to run their tongue over their lipstick enhanced lips in a teasing manner, among other things.

“Oh, dear, I’m afraid I’m running late,” the dance instructor remarked. “Ellie, would you be a doll and take these reports to the front desk?” Elliot looked up, lipstick painted mouth open in surprise. Students were generally never sent to the front of the building as that was too much of a temptation to escape. The dance teacher put them in his hands and he hurried off. As the other students went back to their dormitories, Elliot traipsed along the hallway, half expecting Ms. Stone to pop out of nowhere and ask where he was going.

Elliot straightened his knee length sheath dancing skirt. The fabric was taut around his legs, forcing him to take small, dainty steps and swish his backside in a sexy, girlish manner. He wasn’t looking forward to the secretary seeing him in these ridiculous clothes with his hair and makeup done to perfection, but he had no choice! ‘Think on the bright side!’ he scolded himself. ‘This might be my chance to get out of this crazy place if I play my cards right and convince the secretary to let me use the phone!’

“May I help you?” asked the secretary, a gorgeous blonde with her legs on display in a sinfully short skirt that obviously took effort to conceal her panties. A few months earlier, Elliot would have tried to pick her up, but now, he was just as femininely attired as she!

“Oh, yes,” Elliot said, blushing. “I’m supposed to give you these reports to file, and I’ve been allowed a phone call.”

“A phone call?” the secretary asked, frowning. “I’m sorry; this doesn’t say anything about a phone call.” She tapped her computer screen with a manicured nail, as she gracefully rose to her feet to accept the reports. Absentmindedly tugging her short skirt into place, she mused, “Maybe if I check with Ms. Duke...”

“Wait a second!” Elliot said, making a sudden realization. “You’re one of the girls, or boys, from the brochure!” He remembered seeing a picture of her all dolled up in a skimpy pink cocktail dress, smiling nervously for the camera.

The pretty secretary blushed, and looked around as if someone might hear them and whispered. “Yes, I was once a student here. My name was Mel, but now, they call me Melanie. When my aunt offered me a job in a growing concern, I had no idea what the requirements would be! She said it was company policy to enroll me in training prior to starting work. I thought it was just some indoctrination on protocol and work ethics, not anything like *this*! Now, I have to maintain a pretty, feminine appearance in extremely short skirts, stilt heels, and immaculate makeup!”

“I can’t believe you’re a guy,” Elliot said. “You mean all the claims in the brochure are correct?”

“That and more, much more!” Mel, or Melanie, admitted with a bright blush. “The Chrissy Institute takes its business very seriously. They don’t accept just any clientele, only young men with *feminine potential*. You don’t see any big football player types around, do you? All students are destined to become pretty, desirable young women, whether they want to or not!”

“But my father couldn’t have known that!” Elliot protested. “It has to be a mistake!”

“Well, I suppose I can look at your file,” Melanie said, toying with a strand of blonde hair. “Just so long as Ms. Duke doesn’t see. What’s your name?”

“Ellie ...uh... Elliot Watson,” he replied with a bright blush as Melanie shuffled through the filing cabinet. Pulling out a file, *she* handed it to him, *her* glossy pink lips pouting nervously. Elliot hastily opened it and his face fell at what he read inside.

Dear Ms. Duke,

Please take any measures necessary to convert my impetuous son into a beautiful young lady who respects her elders. I expect ‘Ellie’ to have the proper attributes to attract wealthy suitors, and to comport herself in a completely dainty and girlish manner at all times while dressed in the highest of heels and the most revealing gowns in order to present ‘her’ feminine charms to all potential husbands. ‘She’ should become a very lovely young woman with goals of becoming a fitting trophy wife. ‘Her’ bust line should measure at least a C-cup and be displayed whenever possible in revealing low cut fashions, along with ‘her’ trim, slender legs. I trust your judgment in regards to hair, nails, hormones, implants, and any other procedures that you deem necessary to accomplish these goals.

Sincerely,

Richard Watson

“Dad really did send me here!” Elliot gasped. “I thought that conniving Judith had done something behind his back, but that’s his signature. I’d know it anywhere!”

“I’m sorry,” Melanie whispered in a soft sympathetic voice.

"I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes! Hormones and implants to give me a large feminine rack as well?"

"Of course," Melanie said with a sigh. "How do you think I ended up with these boobs and rounded hips? If you're intended to be a C cup, you'll be a C cup! Count on it!"

"I can't believe my father would do this to me," Elliot moaned. "I just told him I wasn't cut out to run the family business, that's all! Please, let me use the phone! I'm begging you!"

"I don't want to get in trouble with Ms. Duke," Melanie said hesitantly. "But alright. Just one quick call, and that's it." She handed the phone over and Elliot took it, noticing that they were wearing the same shade of polish on their long, oval nails. Angry at himself for noticing such a superfluous detail, he quickly dialed his chauffeur's number.

"Hello?" came Alfred's voice. Elliot let out an uncharacteristic squeal of delight.

"Alfred, it's me!" he exclaimed.

"Excuse me, miss, I'm afraid I don't know who *me* is," Alfred said.

Elliot blushed, realizing that his voice lessons had been paying off. He now spoke in a lilting soprano tone instead of his usual masculine timber. "It's Elliot," he whispered. "Look, I've been trying to get to a phone all this time! I need you to come and get me out of here. This place is crazy!"

"I'm not sure I should go against your father's wishes, Elliot," Alfred said, then hesitated before

accusing, “I get it, this is a hoax! Elliot put you up to calling me, didn’t he, Miss?”

“No Alfred, really! This is me! Please come pick me up, now! I’ll give you a huge bonus if you do, I promise! Dad couldn’t have known what this place is like, or he wouldn’t have sent me here. Pick me up Saturday evening after dinner. I’ll meet you out front where you dropped me off.”

“Well...alright,” Alfred said. “I’ll be there, but this better not be a joke.”

“No joke,” Elliot said as he returned the phone to its cradle.

“I just hope I don’t get in any trouble for this,” Melanie pouted prettily. “Ms. Duke has been hinting that I need to keep my nails longer! I hate such feminine manicures, it makes typing all but impossible.”

“Well, if you keep this between us, I can assure you my father will get you out of here and give you a real job as a guy,” Elliot said, thinking quickly on his feet. “That way, you won’t have to wear short, tight skirts, stilt heels, and present yourself as a pretty secretary.”

“Gosh, really?” Melanie squeaked. “I mean, I don’t know, that’s so generous! It’s just that I’ve been wearing dresses for so long and being Melanie. I don’t remember the last time I wore jeans or used my masculine voice. I don’t even know if I could.”

“You mean you would rather wear panties, short skirts, heels, and makeup?” Elliot scoffed.

Melanie blushed and stammered, “Of course not! It would just take a little time to adjust, that’s all. I’ve gotten accustomed to wearing lingerie and makeup and making weekly trips to the salon, but I would jump at

the chance to return to my male life, if that's possible after all I've been through. O...okay, I'll give it a try."

"Thanks, you won't regret it," Elliot said while subconsciously fixing his hair. "Remember, don't breathe a word of this until I'm safely away!"

Normally, Elliot hated Saturdays because the Chrissy Institute *girls* were expected to select a stylish cocktail dress, matching heels, and jewelry to wear to dinner. Then, they had to spend the entire day primping and preparing for the event. This meant, makeup, hairstyles, manicures, pedicures, and, of course, leg waxing! Today, however, all he could think of was his impending escape, and he performed his feminine rituals smoothly and naturally with a cunning smile on his lips.

"I won't ever get used to waxing," moaned Larry as he caressed his smooth legs as the attendant moved on to the next chair. "You, on the other hand, barely wiggled! What's keeping you so distracted, Ellie?"

Elliot thought fast, knowing he couldn't divulge the true reason, not even to his best friend. "Oh, it's not so bad," he said. "After all, beauty is pain!"

"I wish I had your attitude," Larry pouted. "It would make this much easier!"

"Hurry along, girls!" snapped Ms. Stone. "It's time to start preparing for dinner."

"Yes, Ms. Stone," Elliot squeaked as the feminine appearing boys minced towards the dormitories in their stilt heels. They were eager to be away from their strict instructor before she demanded a clothing and lingerie inspection. Once inside, they laid out the proper under things to accompany their dresses for the evening.

Larry had selected a simple blue shift dress to match his eyes, accented by gold hoop earrings, an elaborate necklace to draw attention to his cleavage, several bangles for his wrist, and sky high five inch stilettos. “To think I used to make fun of my sister for wearing this stuff,” he said as he reluctantly, yet expertly, fastened a lacy powder blue push up bra behind him. This was followed by panties, a crushing waist cinch garter belt, and flesh colored nylon stockings. “I think I’m more adept at matching lingerie than is!”

Elliot could more than sympathize, but he had other problems. Thanks to the potent cocktail of estrogen he had been receiving, he was close to filling out his bra. With the padding and underwire support pushing them upward, he even had cleavage! Remembering the file, he had a terrifying image of himself in a low cut evening gown being swept around a dance floor by a handsome young man, his full, feminine breasts proudly displayed.

“Look at my bottom,” Elliot sighed miserably while examining his expanding buttocks in the mirror from behind. “I’m getting so shapely. I’d almost want to...well...” He trailed off, embarrassed. “What’s happening to me, Lace? I was thinking maybe I should wear a tight skirt to accentuate my figure! Where did that thought come from?”

“I don’t know, but I’m having the same thoughts and feelings lately,” Larry said glumly as he turned before the mirror to inspect his own tush. “We’re turning from boys into babes! What will my old friends think when they see me like *this*?”

The two continued getting ready, helping each other with their hair and makeup. *Lacy* looked quite attractive when they finished dolling themselves up. His brilliant red hair had grown out and it was styled in feminine

waves cascading around his cute face. His facial features had always been on the soft side, and now they were brought to the forefront with dark mascara, tri-color eyeshadow, liner, lipstick, and blush. He moved as if he was born to strappy open toed stilettos, and his bracelets jangled together noisily whenever he flicked his wrists in expressive girlish movements. Despite himself, he now sat, walked, talked, and thought like a teenage girl!

As Elliot put the finishing touches on his feminine appearance, he knew glumly that he was no better off. Strict dieting and hormones had given him a slender, willowy figure most girls would die for. His long, sexy nylon clad thighs were on full display in his short A-line skirt. True, his heels were not quite as high as Larry's, and his golden blonde hair was pinned in a sexy up do that allowed his curls to frame his face. His makeup was done to perfection, with a bright red lipstick making his lips pouty. For jewelry, he wore chandelier earrings that sparkled with every move of his head, and the pendant on his necklace called attention to his cleavage.

"That dress is perfect on you," Larry said. "I wish I had your legs ... and your rack!"

"I wish my hair was as long and full as yours," Elliot sighed.

"Wait a minute, what are we saying?" Larry shook his head. "We sound like total bimbos."

'This place must be starting to get to me,' Elliot groaned inwardly. "Thank goodness I only have to sit through one more meal with my legs properly together and my manners perfect. Then I'm out of here and dresses for good! I just wish Alfred didn't have to see me all dolled up like this.'

“Remember when we first arrived at this place and we vowed not wear dresses?” Larry asked in a far away voice as he smoothed on a coat of lipstick. “That was two months ago, and we’ve worn them every day along with nylon panties, push up bras, matching slips and waist cinch garter belts, nylons and stilt heel pumps. I don’t even remember the last time I wore flats. We’re on a strict diet and exercise regimen, and we ply our bodies with lotions and potions to make us soft and pretty. Oh yeah, we roll our hair every evening and sleep in the prickly curlers while wearing soft silky nighties. “Boy, how we’ve fallen!”

“Yeah,” Elliot agreed, his voice fading away as if in a trance.

“I have to admit that I’m impressed by the progress of our *girls* in affecting such natural feminine gestures,” Clancy remarked as she and Ms. Duke watched from the staff table. “When they first arrived, they looked nothing like girls, even in their pretty dresses and skirts. Now, they’re blossoming into attractive young ladies. They even giggle and gossip like girls.”

“Of course they do,” Ms. Duke smiled. “Our subliminal messages are becoming more and more entrenched in their pretty heads, and we add to them periodically. Now, they’re compelled to maintain a pretty, girlish appearance in their pretty dresses and skirts. They can’t help themselves.”

“And what about this dance you have planned, with the military school?” Clancy questioned. “Don’t you think that will turn into an utter fiasco?”

“Not at all,” Ms. Duke said. “Very soon our lovely *girls* will develop a healthy interest in *real* men and boys

who are tall, handsome, and muscular. Our subliminal training ensures that they feel they simply must flirt and act submissively and demurely around them. The evening will be quite an experience for everyone involved, and believe me, our girls will never forget it.”

“Sure sounds promising!” remarked Clancy with a devious grin. “I just hope you know what you’re doing.”

Once the atmosphere at dinner had relaxed slightly, Elliot saw his opportunity to sneak away. He claimed that he needed visit the powder room to touch up his makeup. Before another boy could offer to go with him, he clattered away on his high heels.

Instead of heading to the bathroom, he went straight to the front of the building, hoping not to run into any instructors. “Damn these heels!” he thought as they clicked rhythmically on the tiles. “I wish I could walk faster!” He hurried along as well as he could, taking mincing steps that rustled his skirt very appealingly.

Back in the dining room, Clancy looked around and asked, “Is everyone at the tables? One of our charges seems to have slipped off to the ladies’ room unattended. I’ll go check.”

As Elliot headed past Melanie toward the door, Officer Clancy stepped out blocking his way. “Oh no!” he gasped in dejection and disappointment.

“So here’s our runaway trying to escape,” Clancy said. “When you weren’t in the powder room, I figured what you were up to and headed you off. I can move much faster in these shoes than you can in those stilt heels, so I passed you by. Would have been a tragedy if you had gotten out the door with the dance coming up!”

“Dance?” Elliot asked tremulously.

“That’s right,” Clancy grinned. “At the end of the semester, we have a dance with cadets from the Patton Military Academy. You’ll finally be able to strut your stuff and put your ballroom steps to good use.” Then seeing Alfred at the door, she ordered, “Melanie, tell the gentleman at the door that Ellie has decided to stay with us, and be quick about it!”

Mel hurried to the door as fast as possible in his tight skirt. His five inch heels clicked rhythmically on the tiles, his large breasts bouncing awkwardly and his perfectly manicured hands limply at shoulder level as he hurried along in a near panic. Without thinking, he grabbed the door, and gave it a tug, causing the sound of a shrill alarm to fill the facility.

Almost immediately, the reception area was filled with counselors reacting to the distress signal. Holding Elliot’s wrist with one hand, Clancy held up the other and said. “Problem solved. Ellie tried to escape, and bimbo Melanie here tried to open the door instead of using the intercom.”

Still holding onto Elliot, she walked to the door, pressed the intercom button and addressed Alfred who was still standing there. “Sir, I’m afraid your trip was wasted. Tell him that you have decided to stay with us, Ellie.” Under her breath, she whispered, “If you know what’s good for you, you’ll make this good!”

Knowing his escape attempt was foiled and that he was in for a severe punishment, Elliot swallowed his pride. In a desperate try to lessen his chastisement, he stammered, “I...I’m sorry I got you out here for nothing, Alfred. I was upset when I called you because I only came in third in our weekly beauty pageant. Truth is, I love this wonderful place, and I don’t want to leave.”

Looking at the lovely teenage girl before him, Alfred gasped, "Elliot, is that you?"

"It...it's me, Alfred," Elliot admitted. With the most realistic smile he could muster, he added, "I never could be the son Dad wanted. Instead of learning to run his business empire, I'm having a fantastic time here wearing stylish dresses and learning to be a lady. You *will* tell him, won't you?"

"He's away on business, but I'll be sure to tell Madame Judith," Alfred assured as he tipped his hat and made his exit.

"You did well, Officer Clancy," Ms. Duke praised when the chauffeur was gone. "As for you two," she addressed Elliot and Mel. "Report to the kitchen and change into your uniforms. As part of your punishment, you will serve as waitresses for the next two weeks!"

"This is all your fault!" Mel scolded Elliot as they walked side by side holding hands as was required by Chrissy Institute protocol. "You were going to get us out of here and back in boy's clothes, and look at us! We'll be wearing revealing uniforms, garish makeup, while scurrying about to take orders, serve food, and bus tables in impossible heels. There's no telling how many spankings we'll get in addition to that!"

"My fault?" Elliot countered. "Why didn't you tell me the door was locked?"

"I...I was so excited about getting out of here and back in pants, I guess I forgot."

"You are a bimbo like Clancy said!"

"I wasn't before I came here! I was much more macho and defiant than that sissy, Molly. If you think

he's so bad, look at him now, mincing about in little girl's dresses with angel wings in his pink hair!"

"Look at you in your micro skirts and stilt heels!"

In the final month for the Chrissy Institute girls, the lessons were intensified, especially dancing! They were drilled mercilessly in following a man's lead and to move backward gracefully in the highest heels and tightest skirts, all while maintaining proper eye contact and a pleasant smile.

Elliot had never been more embarrassed than when Officer Clancy twirled him around, causing his short skirt to fly up and reveal his panties. Even worse, the dance instructor scolded him for displaying his panties as if it was his fault! "Remember, flirting should be subtle," she chided. "If you put everything on display at once, what's to keep a young man interested?"

"But I don't want to wear an elegant gown and make a young man interested in me," Elliot wailed. "I have to get out of here!"

"Quiet," Ms. Stone snapped. "You tried that and failed. Now, you are expected to smile, move flirtatiously, and put your feminine charms on display for any handsome boy who asks you to dance. Would you prefer that they view you as a pretty girl or as a boy in a dress who is due for a spanking on his panties?"

"I suppose I had rather him see an attractive young lady," Elliot sighed miserably, returning to the lesson. Soon he was mincing and twirling with the best of them in his stilt heels, melting into the arms of a female instructor, who was wearing trousers and flats rather than a skirt and heels! Her hands were surprisingly

strong around his delicate waist, and he felt completely emasculated spinning about the room in her arms. He was the boy! He should have been leading, but instead he was following and minding his skirt and heels!

As the dance approached, the instructors took extreme measures to enhance their charges' feminine appearance and voice inflections. Each *girl* had an extra salon appointment to perfect *her* hair. Elliot was shocked to see the changes made by extensions and eye catching highlights in his golden blonde tresses. His hair now tumbled down around his shoulders in gentle waves like a fashion model!

Larry was a ravishing redhead with bright highlights, and he minced into the room with tears in his eyes after his appointment, his short skirt swirling sexily about his smooth attractive thighs. "Look at me!" he said through his tears, indicating his new auburn tresses, styled in loose curls down to his shoulders. "I look like a total *bimbo*! My sister told those awful women I secretly wanted to be a sexy cheerleader, and now I look the part! I'm even wearing a short pleated *skirt*!"

Elliot had to admit that his roommate was right. With his small pert nose, Cupid's bow mouth, and long auburn tresses, he looked like a budding prom queen. Definitely the kind of girl he would have made passes at when he dressed as a boy. Now he was in no position to do so! His ears had been pierced, and collagen injected into his lips to give him a pouty kissable mouth. Every detail of his appearance was now feminine. He sadly put the finishing touches on his lipstick and said, "I'll bet a lot of boys will be eager to dance with you, so you had better find a way to fend them off."

Larry blushed deeply and replied, "At least my boobs aren't as big as yours. Good luck fending boys away from

that rack! Especially since Ms. Stone is sure to insist on you wearing a low cut strapless gown with a push up bra. Like it or not, we'll be attending the dance in long sexy dresses, and honestly, I'm not entirely dreading it."

"Why in the world not?"

"Come on, admit that you're at least a little excited to get all dressed up and looking gorgeous for the dance. All the instructors do is criticize us, but if we look our girlish best, we can have the *real* boys drooling."

"*Real* boys? Look, I'm a *real* boy no matter what those crazy women make me wear, and so are you! We've just being forced to wear dresses, panties, bras, garter belts, nylons, stilt heels, and makeup while we are taught to act like girls! Are you saying you want other boys to think you're pretty?"

"I don't know, but just you wait. I'll bet you feel the same way by the time the dance arrives. It's not as if I want to dance with boys, but if I have to, I might as well look good!"

Before the dance, the *girls* visited the boutique to select their evening gowns. As they rifled through the racks, they realized that these gowns were far more luxurious, as well as *revealing*, than anything they had worn before. Elliot shuffled through the racks with great trepidation while some of the boys giggled and compared notes, obviously having fun. Despite his misgivings, he was soon trying on dress after dress to find the most flattering gown available.

"How about this one, Ellie?" Barbie suggested, holding out a shimmery full length black and gold silk dress. "It would look simply divine with your figure!"

Bob had certainly changed over the semester, and in more than his girlish vocabulary! His naturally razor thin build was now accentuated by curves, his raven tresses fell in elegant curls about the top of his shoulders, and his makeup was perfect. His pretty features and bright white smile were almost elegant.

“I couldn’t wear *that!*” Elliot exclaimed. “It has no straps, and look how low cut it is in the front! Besides that, the skirt is split up to *Venus!*”

Bob rolled his eyes. “That’s the point,” he sighed. “Everyone knows your rack is larger than anyone’s, except Molly’s and you have gorgeous legs. You should be proud to show them off, and the boys will go gaga!”

“Not a chance,” Elliot said. “I think I’ll settle for the emerald green. It’s quite chic, don’t you think?”

“I hope you and Lacy are still getting along,” Bob said, turning this way and that in front of the floor length mirror to view his gown. “I think she’s jealous of you! It must be hard having such a beautiful roommate.”

“What do you mean?” Elliot gasped.

“Oh, she’s jealous of your boobs, for one thing,” Bob tittered. “And face it, you are absolutely *gorgeous!* She’s worried that you’ll get more *action* at the dance. And you don’t even want it, or so you claim!”

“*Gorgeous?*” Elliot squeaked. “But Barbie, you look fantastic. I mean, all of us have become attractive young ladies, whether we like it or not.”

“Yes, but not all of us have your flawless cheekbones, or long sultry lashes,” Bob sighed. “I have to wear false lashes and tons of mascara to get that sultry, doe eyed look. In addition to that, you have an hourglass figure to

die for, and your breasts are perfect. Face it, Ellie; you'll be the belle of the ball!"

Elliot gulped nervously, but before he had time to respond, Ms. Stone appeared as if from nowhere. "That is a lovely dress, Ellie, but I think you'd want something a bit more elegant for such an occasion," she smiled. "Might I suggest this?" To Elliot's chagrin, she held up the dress Barbie had suggested only moments earlier. Bob, who witnessed the exchange, smirked from across the boutique. Elliot knew Ms. Stone's *suggestions* were law, so he took the delicate feminine creation in trembling hands and went despairingly to the changing stall.

The black silk gown had a shimmery gold inlay, and it fit his figure to perfection. It also featured a sexy sweetheart neckline that proudly displayed his prominent cleavage. The underwire support pushed his breasts up and out invitingly. To make matters worse, from his standpoint, a thigh high slit up the center of the dress ensured his nylon clad thighs would be on display with every step and when he sat. He didn't know which he dreaded more, having boys stare down the front of his dress or ogling his legs whenever he sat or twirled.

"Much better," Ms. Stone said. "That brings out your best features quite nicely, and you should delight in showing off your feminine charms to the handsome young men at the dance." Elliot blushed a deep red, realizing she meant his growing breasts. "You don't agree with my selection?" she threatened.

"Oh, no, it's lovely!" Elliot squeaked, hoping to avoid a demerit. "It's just that..." He adjusted the top upward over his boobs and stared forlornly at the exposed cleavage.

“I understand,” Ms. Stone smiled. “You wish you had more to fill out this enchanting dress. Don’t worry, my measurements show you’re almost at a B cup, and we can enhance the image with subtle padding and a hint of makeup. By the end of the year, you won’t have that problem because you’ll have a figure to make men drool. Anyway, with proper jewelry and accessories, I do believe that’s the perfect dress for you to wear to the dance, Ellie dearest.”

‘I’ll have to wear my strappy five inch gold stilettos with this dress to get the long skirt off the floor,’ Elliot thought miserably as Ms. Stone left. ‘As for jewelry, that bitch won’t be satisfied by unless I wear an elaborate necklace with a pendant that draws attention to my boobs, swinging ornamental earrings, and a flashy tiara. Oh, gosh, I need to repaint my nails!’ Wondering where that thought came from, he hurried away to perform his feminine task.

“Britani and I are doing our hair and nails together in her room the night before the dance after our facials and waxing,” Polly said. “You and Lacy are more than welcome to join us!”

“Thank you,” Elliot sighed. “It’ll be easier if we help each other with our makeup, hair, and accessories.”

“Not a problem,” Paul smiled. “What are girlfriends for?”

The week leading up to the dance seemed to fly by for Elliot because he was dreading it so! Despite his objections, he and the other boys concentrated extra hard on their final dance lessons, as no one wanted to seem a klutz while dancing in their stylish evening gowns and stilt heels with *real* boys.

The prospect of the dance and how they would be perceived by rough and tough boys wearing dress military uniforms was met with a flurry of mixed emotions by all of the Chrissy Institute *girls*. They had grown accustomed to being seen in their feminine finery by one another and the staff, but the thought of being seen so attired by outsiders was horrific!

However, subliminal messages over the past month had been pumping various thoughts into their minds, such as “A boy like me could never be a big, masculine, manly man.” “I’m much too delicate and pretty,” and “I need to look my prettiest at all times in case a handsome boy looks my way.” The results were general confusion. Some of the *girls*, Marci, Lori, and Julia in particular, seemed to be actively looking forward to dancing with cute boys while wearing their chic dresses.

The day of the dance was spent in rousing preparation. Each *girl* had a salon appointment for hairstyles, waxing, facials, manicures, and pedicures. Afterward, they hurried to their rooms to do their makeup and make final decisions concerning lingerie and accessories. Larry and Elliot accepted the invitation to join Paul and Brit.

The four feminine appearing boys giggled, chattered nervously, and flitted girlishly about in their most elaborate panties, bras, garter belts, nylons, and stilt heels as they helped one another get ready for the dance. With their manhood tucked securely away and their budding breasts on display, no outside observer would peg them as anything but beautiful teenage *girls*.

Later, powdered, primped, and perfumed, the *girls* waited anxiously in the dining hall that had been decorated as a ballroom for the night. Elliot, Larry, Paul, and Brit stood together, shifting on their stilettos and

making last minute checks of each other's hair and makeup. The excited atmosphere had gotten to Elliot at last, and he felt a breathlessness that had nothing to do with his tight, figure hugging gown.

"Why are they taking so long?" Brit tittered as he touched a manicured hand to his hair. In a matter of months, he had gone from a sullen, defiant boy to a girl who could have just stepped off the cover of a teen fashion magazine. His dark hair was swept up in an elaborate style, and his clear, smooth porcelain skin was offset by a lavender off the shoulder gown that flattered his delicate figure. He had used a shimmering purple lipstick, matching nail polish, and eyeshadow that were certain to attract many boys' eager eyes, and his jewelry was tasteful yet attractive. He had mastered his stilettos, and he moved as if he was on a fashion runway.

"I know," Larry chimed in. "Didn't anyone tell them not to keep ladies waiting?" They giggled nervously. Larry looked like an absolute vision in his ultra-feminine powder blue strapless gown, with a tight bodice and a form fitting skirt with a daring slit up one side to show off his long, slender nylon clad thigh. He was completely graceful on his matching stiletto pumps, and his pierced ears were adorned with silver pendant earrings that swung attractively when he moved his head. His flawless face, pert nose, and sensuous blue eyes, combined with flowing auburn tresses, gave him a glamorous look most real girls could only dream about!

"Maria *would* wear a red dress!" Paul scoffed petulantly while staring at the beautiful sexy latino. "Who does he think he is? His curls look ridiculous, and look at that manly chin!" Paul folded his arms across his spaghetti strap beaded red bodice. The dress had a bare back and tight skirt that only flared at the knees,

meaning he would have to be extra careful on his heels. His dark hair was piled back in a loose, sexy style, and his eyes were dark and smoky thanks to his coal black mascara and perfectly applied gray eyeshadow.

Elliot was too nervous to speak, and for good reason. He was wearing the sexiest, most revealing gown of any of his roommates, and he was utterly stunning! It was hard to imagine any red blooded guy who wouldn't kill for the chance to put his arms around his tiny waist, hold him close until his perfect cleavage was pressed up against his chest, and sneak a hand down to the thigh high slit where his smooth, slender nylon clad thigh was totally exposed. The shimmery gold and black dress hugged him in all the right places. He ruefully reflected that his hair, styled in loose waves with a hot iron, provided more coverage than the sexy low cut neckline!

He had done his makeup to perfection, with luxurious curled lashes and pouting dark red lips. A gold bangle adorned each wrist, matching his open toed stiletto pumps. Long chandelier earrings dangled amidst his perfectly styled hair. A small dusting of glitter over his bare skin made him even more beautiful. Between the low cut of the dress calling attention to his cleavage and the slit revealing his shapely legs whenever he so much as took a step, he felt completely emasculated. Every sensation, from the waxy taste of his lipstick to the alluring scent of his perfume was simply *divine*! He had never felt less manly in his life!

Just then, the boys from Patton Military Academy began streaming into the dance hall. They were smartly dressed in their military uniforms, broad shouldered, strong, and muscular. What a contrast they made with the dainty girlish boys from the Chrissy Institute. Ms. Duke knew the contrast would only drive her *girls*

further into femininity. Since they knew they had no hope of being anywhere near as masculine and aggressive as the military cadets, they would naturally seek to be most feminine and submissive.



Elliot followed his handsome dance partner with strangely natural moves.... Was it the stylish gown, heels or his intensive training?

The military boys had an eye for budding breasts, nylon clad thighs and submissive girlish manners...that was the Chrissy Institute trademark.

After a slight hesitation, during which the *girls* tittered and the real boys looked them over and exchanged sly winks, the music started and they began to mingle. A tall handsome boy made his way over to Elliot, and before he knew it, he was being led to the dance floor. In near panic, he shot a worried look over his shoulder at Larry, who was paired off with a cute dark haired young man. Paul and Brit were chatting with boys just prior to being led out onto the dance floor.

“I’m sure glad I got to you first,” said the handsome boy, who introduced himself as Randy. “You’re definitely the most beautiful *girl* in the room!”

Unable to ignore Randy’s lustful gaze, Elliot knew he was being checked out, just as he had ogled girls in the past. As they began to dance, Randy barely bothered to be subtle in peeking down the front of Elliot’s gown. He had once loved staring at girl’s *racks*, but now boys were taking advantage of the opportunity to look at *his*. Looking up, he saw Ms. Duke smile in encouragement. “Thank you,” he said politely when the dance ended. “That was very sweet.”

In response, Randy smiled smugly and drew the girlish boy close. Elliot blushed yet again to see his eye-catching cleavage pushing against Randy’s flat masculine chest. Knowing his dance partner was pleased by the view, he tried not to think about that, or that Randy’s hands were slowly migrating down his silk dress to his buttocks. Concentrating on managing his stilettos, he had to admit that Randy was a very good dancer. Eventually, he began to enjoy the sensation of floating about the floor in the strong arms of this handsome boy as it was much easier than leading!

After the song ended, another boy swooped in and asked for a dance. Elliot, under Ms. Duke's watchful eye, was forced to smile and accept. He was kept on his feet for nearly the entire evening, dancing with one partner and then another. All were eager to hold and caress this stunning girl. Elliot gradually grew accustomed to the feel of male hands around his waist, and the sight of his manicured nails draped limply over broad masculine shoulders. There was one advantage to being in high demand, none of the boys managed to get him alone for very long before another cut in with a drink or a request to dance.

It was quite some time before Elliot finally managed to excuse himself to the ladies' room where he found Larry powdering his nose. A glance told him his roommate seemed a little flighty, and he couldn't help but notice that Larry's perfect hair was a little mussed ...along with his lipstick!

"Oh, Ellie," he sighed. "I'm so glad you're here! I only just managed to get away from him!"

"Who?" Elliot asked, quickly and efficiently checking his own makeup and refreshing his lipstick. He was still slightly breathless from the last dance.

"This boy, Carl," Larry said with a blush. "He's very ... persistent! I didn't know what to do, and Ms. Stone encouraged him..." Elliot suddenly understood the reason for his roommate's smeared lipstick.

"You mean you let him kiss you?" Elliot gasped.

"What else could I do?" Larry asked miserably. "I didn't want to make a scene! He gave me so many compliments, and I...I really enjoyed dancing with him, b...but I didn't want to *kiss* him! I swear!"

“I don’t think you’re the only one,” Elliot confided. “I saw Julia sneak out with Tim, and she hasn’t come back yet! And...” He blushed. “When Randy held me really close, it made my nipples tingle, and I felt all flustered. Is that stuff they give us to make our boobs grow also forcing us to be sexually attracted to boys?”

“I don’t know, but I do know this,” Larry sighed. “When I go home for Christmas, I have to somehow convince my parents that my sister was lying about me. Either that or persuade her to tell the truth. If I spend much longer in skirts, I’ll never be a boy again!”

“I suppose we’d better go back out there, or Ms. Stone will come looking for us,” Elliot remarked as he finished with his lipstick. Linking arms with *Lacy*, they left the washroom together. Almost immediately upon returning, they found themselves in the arms of handsome cadets on the dance floor.

Elliot’s new partner, Daniel, put both his hands around his delicate waist and pulled him tight, making him reciprocate by looping his slender arms around the boy’s neck. Nervously batting his mascara laden lashes, he unknowingly made a flirtatious gesture. That, his alluring perfume, and soft body curves were having a definite affect on his dance partner. Feeling something hard grind against his hip, he realized it was his partner’s manhood! Blushing furiously, he thought of his own member tucked away in soft silky nylon panties, powerless to respond.

‘What would Dad think of me now?’ he wondered. ‘I’m floating about the dance floor in the arms of a virile young man in the most luxurious lingerie and sexy evening gown. Not only that, I’m wearing sky high stilettos and displaying an attractive feminine figure to the fullest. From my golden blonde tresses, dangling

earrings, polished nails, and smoothly waxed legs, I look like a gorgeous teenage girl! Could Dad really want me to be a daughter rather than a son? Was I destined to be a girl all along?"

Finally, the evening ended with *girls* and boys saying their goodbyes with hugs, kisses, and intimate caresses. Some even made plans to meet during the upcoming Christmas holidays.

The next day, the *girls* were whisked away for the holidays. Over the course of a few hours, mothers, aunts, sisters, and even one former girlfriend came to pick up the Chrissy Institute students. It was a clever move by Ms. Duke, intentionally leaving her charges with an overpowering impression of femininity. Their final night at the Institute had been spent in luxurious evening gowns and stilt heels, dancing with handsome boys from a military school.

Her shrewd tactic was enough to leave any feminized boy confused about his emotions, especially with the subliminal messages they had undergone. Several of them began developing an interest in what they had considered to be their own sex. Elliot looked at these boys with disdain. Slowly, he began to wonder if, had he been caressed and kissed by his handsome dance partner, would he have reacted the same way. Randy had been so tall and dreamy after all.

Even though he believed his father sent him to the Chrissy Institute to become a girl, Elliot was uneasy about being seen by him in a chic dress and heels along with immaculate hair and makeup. What would his father think of him? Would he try to kiss him and shower him with expensive presents, like he would a

daughter, or would he regret what he had done to his only son? With so much turmoil going on in his mind, he was almost glad to see Judith step out of the car alone. She was wearing slacks and low heels, which he noticed jealously, but she still looked very attractive. He realized that in his flouncy skirt and stiletto pumps, he was dressed far more femininely than her!

“Elliot?” she gasped. “Is that you? Oh, my Gawd, you are absolutely gorgeous! I had misgivings when your father sent you here, but you have blossomed into a gorgeous young lady.”

“Th...thank you,” he stammered, embarrassed to be seen in his ultra feminine ensemble. “Speaking of Dad, where is he?”

“I’m upset, but he can’t join us,” she explained. “He’s establishing a new subsidiary in Zurich, and he’ll be bogged down in conferences strategy sessions for the next several weeks. He was counting on being with us to meet his lovely new daughter, but this move is terribly important to his business.”

Elliot had never liked Judith very much. She was only six years older than him and had almost certainly married his father for money and prestige. After four months in dresses, skirts, and soft silky undies while listening to nightly subliminal messages, he effortlessly returned her embrace. Without emotion, she directed the driver to take his luggage to the car.

“Since Dad won’t be with us, where are we going?” Elliot asked as they approached the airport.

“You and I will have a splendid holiday,” Judith assured him. “I’ve booked us on a Caribbean cruise to get us out in the sun and away from the snow and ice!”

Doesn't that sound just to die for? In a matter of hours, we'll be relaxing in style on a luxury liner."

"Now, maybe I'll have time to formulate a plan to avoid returning to the Chrissy Institute." Elliot thought hopefully. On the down side, he had no money, and in his current attire, he sure couldn't just make a break for it!

Judith paused, taking a step back and asked, "Ellie, is that all you, or are you developing breasts?"

"It's me, caused by those awful hormones they give me," Elliot said in a small whiny voice. "In addition to growing boobs, my hips are wider, my skin has softened, and my hair has become thicker and softer! I tried to resist those crazy women, but..."

"With that figure, you'll be quite the temptress in a bikini," Judith smiled. "I know it's been difficult for you to adjust to being a girl, but you'll get better with practice! Why, I hardly recognized you the way you comport yourself with such grace and poise in your skirt and heels."

"No wonder, the way they make us practice all the time," he groaned. "I don't remember the last time I wore flats. Please tell me you brought me a pair of jeans."

"Why would you want to hide those sexy legs?" Judith asked in pretended disbelief. "You look so cute and natural in your short skirt and heels!"

"Please, Judith!" he pleaded in the tiny voice he had been taught to manipulate males. Unfortunately, and unknown, to him, it didn't work on females, especially females who were in on his tactics. "I'll do whatever you want if you buy me a pair of jeans, a tee shirt, and boy's sneakers."

“We’ll see, but I’m afraid we don’t have time to shop now,” Judith reasoned. “We have to catch our plane. Maybe we can buy you a few things before we board the cruise ship.” She was pleased when that appeared to satisfy her feminized companion.

As Elliot and Judith sat side by side in first class waiting for the airplane to take off, he noticed that, while Judith wore long pants, his short skirt rode high, exposing a large expanse of his nylon clad thighs. “How long is our flight?” he asked with a blush.

“About four hours,” she replied in a cheery voice. “Say, I have a CD with some popular tunes recorded. Why don’t you listen on this headset for enjoyment and to pass the time? You may even want to take a nap.”

Since he hadn’t had much time to relax and listen to music over the past months, Elliot accepted her offer and placed the headphones over his ears. Unknown to him, Judith acquired the CD from Ms. Duke, and it was programmed with subliminal messages to continue his feminine indoctrination. It would also imprint on his mind the trigger phrase, *‘I insist’*. Whenever his stepmother used it, he would be incapable of refusing or denying any *request* she made. His eyes soon glassed over, and he drifted into a deep sleep.

During the flight, several men and boys deliberately ambled past their seats to gander at Elliot’s exposed cleavage and sexy nylon clad thighs as he slept peacefully. When the stewardess asked if they wanted refreshments, Judith ordered a stiff drink. Indicating Elliot, she said, “Let her sleep. She’s been up late studying for finals and needs to catch up on her rest before our cruise.” She felt a bit weird referring to him

with feminine pronouns, but she smiled at the success of her diabolic plan.

Other benefits of the CD were to make Elliot less self-conscious about dressing as a girl in public and more confident in his new girlish persona. When he awoke, he felt rested and refreshed. After arriving at the dock in a taxi, he said, "I don't have anything in my luggage but dresses and skirts. I don't want to dress as a girl on my vacation, so please buy me some jeans, shirts, and other boys' clothes before we board the ship."

"No way!" Judith declared. "Your father wants you to become an attractive young lady, and you've made a giant leap at the Chrissy Institute. I *insist* that you respect his wishes and continue your progress in his absence. I'll bet the clothes in your luggage are more suited to be worn at a girl's school in winter than on a cruise ship in the tropics. Instead of jeans, let's buy you some chic dresses, skirts, tops, bikinis, and such in a gay Caribbean motif to wear on board."

Her use of his trigger phrase made him unable to defy or argue with her but did nothing to lessen his desire to dress as a boy. "Please Judith," he implored. "I've had it with wearing nothing but dresses and skirts. Buy me just *one* pair of jeans, slacks, or even shorts. *Please!*"

"I think not," Judith replied. "Considering your father's plans for you to become a refined young lady, I don't think he would approve of you running around the ship in jeans. Besides, dressing as a boy part time would be confusing to you. No, I *insist* that you dress full time as a girl, so let's get you some Caribbean fashions like short floral dresses, colorful skirts, flamboyant blouses, and hot bikinis."

END OF BOOK I

(Continued In Book Two.)

If you liked this story, let me know! Maybe you'd like a sequel? Write to:

Sandy Thomas

P.O. Box 2309

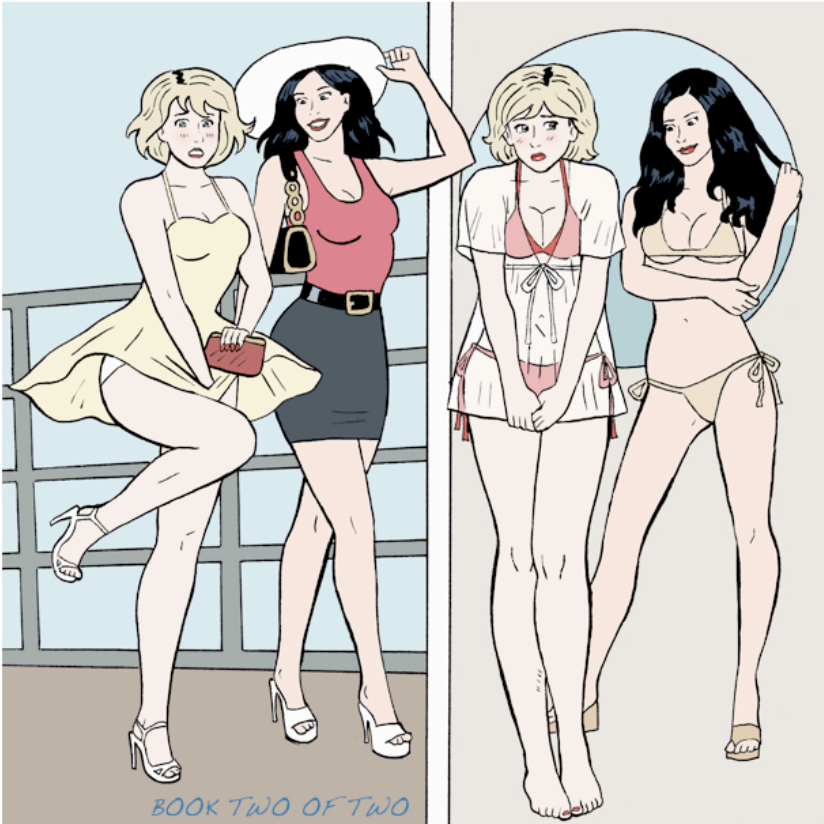
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA

www.sthomas.com

sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

TITILLATING TV TALES

DISTRESSED IN DRESSES



BOOK TWO OF TWO

"The Chrissy Institute...Transforming today's troublesome teens into the fabulous females of the future!"

TITILLATING TV TALES #22

www.sthomas.com

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

SCHOOLBOY TO SHOWGIRL

By SANDY THOMAS

Excerpt at www.sthomas.com

eBook (PDF), 88 Pages ★★★★★ (1 Ratings)

Price: **\$9.99**

A boy is sent to Las Vegas to live with his Aunt. He gets a job backstage sweeping floors until one girl doesn't show up. Only he knows the showgirl routines!

Excerpt:

"So I was being trained. Arm in arm, Connie and I walked down the strip, in and out of casinos. I was scared and had a little trouble with my new high heels. I was told to hold my legs straight and walk from the hips, putting the heel down to the ground with the toe of the shoe, not to "clomp," but to swing. I found it was quite difficult. The higher heels forced me to take a feminine stride and walk with a movement of my hips as I had so often admired girls doing.

"Now," Connie whispered, "Let's work with the purse! Don't carry it like a bag of sand. It is a lovely and delicate part of your new wardrobe. Would you rather sweep floors or dance on stage?"

TV FICTION CLASSICS #100. 88 pages and over 20 great illustrations! New August 2012!

**SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS****MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN****24 HOURS!****We appreciate your business!****Sandy Thomas****P.O. Box 2309****Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA****www.sthomas.com**

ORDER FORM-SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P. O. Box 2309
 Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309



www.sthomas.com

email: sandythomasbooks@gmail.com

TV FICTION CLASSICS	Qty	Price			
#1 Foundation for Femininity-TVC01		10.00	#80 Sisies to Sisters I-TVC80		10.00
#1B-Foundation for Fem-TVC01B		10.00	#81-Sisies to Sisters II-TVC81		10.00
#2 Room For A Change-TVC02		10.00	#82-Miss Understood-TVC82		10.00
#3 Model Husband-TVC03		10.00	#83 Pretty is as Pretty Does		10.00
#4 Substitute Daughter-TVC04		10.00	#84 Girl's Getaway-TVC84		10.00
#5 Pat Goes Coed-TVC05		10.00	#85 Pink Slips I-TVC85		10.00
#6 Cheerleader Mascot-TVC06		10.00	#86 Pink Slips II-TVC86		10.00
#7 Miss-Ing Passport-TVC07		10.00	#87 Girlish-TVC87		10.00
#8 Like Mother, Like Son-TVC08		10.00	#88 Swishful Thinking-TVC88		10.00
#9 Just Like A Woman-TVC09		10.00	#89-Girlhood-TVC89		10.00
#10 Skirting The Issue-TVC10		10.00	#90 A Proper Lady I-TVC90		10.00
#11 Not Enough Girls-TVC11		10.00	#91 A Proper Lady II-TVC91		10.00
#12 All Dolled Up-TVC12		10.00	#92 Aunties Helpen-TVC92		10.00
#13 Acting Like A Girl-TVC13		10.00	#93 Boy Will Be Girl-TVC93		10.00
#14 Maid Up-TVC14		10.00	#94 He's Their Sister I-TVC94		10.00
#15 Flight Of Fancy-TVC15		10.00	#95 He's Their Sister II-TVC95		10.00
#16 Dressed To Dance-TVC16		10.00	#96 Year Among The Sisies I-TVC96		10.00
#17 Going A Broad-TVC17		10.00	#97 Year Among The Sisies II-TVC97		10.00
#18 Near Miss-TVC18		10.00	#98a He's Her Bridesmaid I-TVC98a		10.00
#19 Tis for Tat-TVC19		10.00	#98b He's Her Bridesmaid II-TVC98b		10.00
#20 That's Girl-TVC20		10.00	#99 A Strict Dress Code-TVC99		10.00
#21 Woman's Work-TVC21		10.00	CLASSIFICATION TV FICTION		
#22 My Son...Bridesmaid-TVC22		10.00	#1 Can't Cut It-CTV01		10.00
#23 Paul's Girl Model-TVC23		10.00	#2 Schooling In Skirts-CTV02		10.00
#24 Husband/Housewife-TVC24		10.00	#3 Going To The Ball-CTV03		10.00
#25 One of the Girls-TVC25		10.00	#4 Unique Concept-CTV04		10.00
#26 Woman-Hood-TVC26		10.00	#5 Skirt For A Flirt-CTV05		10.00
#27 Women-Hood Compl.-TVC27		10.00	#6 Exchanging Vows-CTV06		10.00
#28 Holiday in Heels-TVC28		10.00	#7 Changing Vows-Too-CTV07		10.00
#29 Like a Daughter-TVC29		10.00	#8 Virgin Vows-CTV08		10.00
#30 My Son the Debutante-TVC30		10.00	#9 Vow of Femininity-CTV09		10.00
#31 My Son the Bride-TVC31		10.00	#10 French Dressing-CTV10		10.00
#32 Pretty as you Please-TVC32		10.00	#11 The New Girl-CTV11		10.00
#33 Feminine Appeal-CTV33		10.00	#12 The Girl's Pari-CTV12		10.00
#34 Hair Today, Gone Tom-TVC34		10.00	#13 The Boy/Blossomed-CTV13		10.00
#35 Daughters Only-TVC35		10.00	#14 My Sister's Shadow-CTV14		10.00
#36 Slink or Swim-TVC36		10.00	#15 His First Dress-CTV15		10.00
#37 Camping in Curis-TVC37		10.00	#16 Girlies-CTV16		10.00
#38 Blonde and Blonder-TVC38		10.00	#17 Husband to Hostess-CTV17		10.00
#39 With Mother's Help-TVC39		10.00	#18 My Bosom Buddy-CTV18		10.00
#40 Girl By Choice-TVC40		10.00	#19 Head Over Heels-CTV19		10.00
#41 Letting His Hair Down-TVC41		10.00	#20 I Dress, Therefore I Am-CTV20		10.00
#42 Coed Created-TVC42-2 books		20.00	#21 Red Toes-CTV21		10.00
#43 More Than A Woman-TVC43		10.00	#22 Too Many Skirts-CTV22		10.00
#44 Dressing Up-TVC44		10.00	#23 Flirting With Fashion-CTV23		10.00
#45 Dressing Up Comp.-TVC45		10.00	#24 Jeff's Humiliation-CTV24		10.00
#46 Born to be Bride-TVC46		10.00	#25 Pampered Sissy-CTV25		10.00
#47 Born /Daughter-TVC47		10.00	#26 Dear Sir or Madam-CTV26		10.00
#48 Darwin's Womanhood-TVC48		10.00	#27 Giving Him the Slip-CTV27		10.00
#49 Darwin's Womanhood-2-TVC49		10.00	#28 A Living Doll-CTV28		10.00
#50 Suddenly a Sister-TVC50		10.00	#29 Fem. Metamorph-CTV29		10.00
#51 Suddenly a Daughter-TVC51		10.00	#30 Cass/Maxing Parties-CTV30		10.00
#52 The Girl-Means-TVC52		10.00	#31 Cleavage-CTV31		10.00
#53 Always a Bridesmaid-TVC53		10.00	#32 Joining the Girls-CTV32		10.00
#54 Ladies Day-TVC54		10.00	#33 Journey/Womanhood-CTV33		10.00
#55 Ladies Night-TVC55		10.00	#34 Tassels for Tommy-CTV34		10.00
#56 Mother's New Daughter-TVC56		10.00	#35 A Summer Girl-CTV35		10.00
#57 That's No Girl-TVC57		10.00	#36 Hormones for Life-CTV36		10.00
#58 That's No Lady-TVC58		10.00	#37 Window Dressing-CTV37		10.00
#59 Becoming Girlfriends-TVC59		10.00	#38 Fill of it All-CTV38		10.00
#60 Becoming Ladies-TVC60		10.00	#39 Metamorphosis-CTV39		10.00
#61 A Dress for Danny-TVC61		10.00	#40 Metamor. Compl-CTV40		10.00
#62 Husband to Waitress-TVC62		10.00	#41 Husband into Girlfriend-CTV41		10.00
#63 Feminization Honeymoon-TVC63		10.00	#42 Just Another Girl-CTV42		10.00
#64 He's A Good Girl-TVC64		10.00	#43 Sisters Forever-CTV43		10.00
#65 Trained Like Mom-TVC65		10.00	#44 Feminine Desires-CTV44		10.00
#66 Just Like Mom-TVC66		10.00	#45 Taking Her Place-CTV45		10.00
#67 Birth of a Lady-TVC67		10.00	#46 Mistaken for a Girl-CTV46		10.00
#68 Walks Like A Girl-TVC68		10.00	#47 Mistaken for a Daughter-CTV47		10.00
#69 Walks Like A Girl Too-TVC69		10.00	#48 Son To Sister-CTV48		10.00
#70 My Son, The Actress-TVC70		10.00	#49 Different Kind of Model-CTV49		10.00
#71 Toes In the Hose-TVC71		10.00	#50 Different Kind of Bride-CTV50		10.00
#72 Auntie Gets Tough-TVC72		10.00	#51 Chicks Rule-CTV51		10.00
#73 Auntie Gets Tougher-TVC73		10.00	#52 Sitting Pretty-CTV52		10.00
#74 A Girl's Best Friends-TVC74		10.00	#53 Sitting Pretty Too-CTV53		10.00
#75 Jesse to Jessica-TVC75		10.00	#54 Girlie Girl-CTV54		10.00
#76 Jesse to Jessica II-TVC76		10.00	#55 Feminine Buddy-CTV55		10.00
#77 Call Him "Miss"-TVC77		10.00	#56 Pretty Little Parties-CTV56		10.00
#78 Call Him "Sis"-TVC78		10.00	#57 Becoming Emma-CTV57		10.00
#79 Going As Girls-TVC79		10.00	#58 His Sister's Dress-CTV58		10.00

#59 Makeup Material-CTV59	10.00
#60 Dresses to Tresses-CTV60	10.00
#61 A Girl Now!-CTV61	10.00
#62 They're Girls Now?-CTV62	10.00
#63 Learning Curves-CTV63	10.00
#64 My Better Half-CTV64	10.00
#65 Discovering Dresses-CTV65	10.00
#66 Bikini Bound-CTV66	10.00
#67 Purse Strings-CTV67	10.00
#68 Sissy's Hissy Fit-CTV68	10.00
#69 Dress Up Day-CTV69	10.00
#70 Lavender & Lace-CTV70	10.00
#71 Lavender & Lace 2-CTV71	10.00
#72 Dress or Consequences-CTV72	10.00
#73 Pretty Forever-CTV73	10.00
#74 Girly-Boy I Am-CTV74	10.00
#75 A Feminine Touch I-CTV75	10.00
#76 A Feminine Touch II-CTV76	10.00
#77 Sissy to Stewardess-CTV77	10.00

TVIA REVISITED SERIES	
#1 Fated for Femininity-TVIA01	10.00
#2 It's All in the Family-TVIA02	10.00
#3 Pink Mirror-TVIA03	10.00
#4 His and Her's=Theirs-TVIA04	10.00
#5 Can't Lick 'Em-TVIA05	10.00
#6 He Crossed the Line-TVIA06	10.00
#7 Chris to Christie-TVIA07	10.00
#8 Martin to Marion - I-TVIA08	10.00
#9 Martin to Marion - 2-TVIA08-2	10.00
#9 A Tale of Two Mothers-TVIA09	10.00
#10 Fashion Models-TVIA10	10.00
#11 Acceptance-TVIA11	10.00
#12 Charm School-TVIA12	10.00
#13 Ideal Marriage-TVIA13	10.00
#14 Birth of Barbara-TVIA14	10.00
#15 Mannequin-TVIA15	10.00
#16 Feminine Forte-TVIA16	10.00
#17 Petticoats for Patrick-TVIA17	10.00
#18 The Makeover-TVIA18	10.00
#19 Boys to Babes-TVIA19	10.00
I Am a Male Actress-TVIA27	10.00
Turnabout-TVIA22	10.00
Adventures in Petticoats-TVIA21	10.00
Foiled into Frills-TVIA23	10.00
Red White and Pink-TVIA24	10.00
My Summer in Dresses-TVIA25	10.00

PETTICOAT PUNISHMENT ILLUSTRATED	
The Sarah School-PP101	10.00
Crave X-PP102	10.00
Now He's Louise-PP103	10.00
Bound To Be A Maid-PP104	10.00
Male Maid ABC's-PP105	10.00
Schooled to be Girls! Norm-PP106	10.00
Schooled to be Girls! Van-PP107	10.00
Schooled to be Girls! Bob-PP108	10.00

TITILLATING TV TALES	
Husband to Sissy #1-TV701	10.00
Husband to Sister #2-TV702	10.00
Husband to Seductress #3-TV703	10.00
Aunties Revenge #1-TV704	10.00
Aunties Sweet Revenge-TV705	10.00
Under His Skirts-TV706	10.00
Practically a Girl-TV707	10.00
A Willing Woman-TV708	10.00
Girls' Things I-TV709	10.00
Girls' Things II-TV710	10.00
The Store Bride-TV711	10.00
Prettier in Pink-TV712	10.00
Prettier in Pink II-TV713	10.00
Make-Believe Girl-TV714	10.00
What Sissies Want-TV715	10.00
What Girls Want-TV716	10.00
Hiding Behind a Skirt-TV717	10.00
Lingerie & Lipstick I-TV718	10.00
Lingerie & Lipstick II-TV719	10.00
His Wife's Wife-TV720	10.00

TV MAGAZINES	
I Became My Sister-Comic-TVM01	out of print
I Became A Girl-Comic-TVM02	10.00
I...Super Babe-Comic-TVM03	10.00
I...A Princess-Comic-TVM04	10.00
I...A Teenaged Girl-Comic-TVM05	10.00
I Became My Teacher-TVC06	10.00

GIRLFRIENDS SERIES	
Endowed With Beauty-GF TV1	10.00
Feminine Proposal #1-GFTV2	10.00
Feminine Proposal #2-GFTV3	10.00
Feminine Proposal #3-GFTV4	10.00
Feminine Proposal #4-GFTV5	10.00
Feminine Proposal Final-GFTV6	10.00
Luck Be A Lady-GFTV7	10.00
A Party Girl-GFTV8	10.00
Dressing Down-GFTV9	10.00
Hostess w/Hostess-GFTV10	10.00
Sisters in Secret-GFTV11	10.00

THE SISSY SERIES	
Sissy Maid Academy 1-2 SMS01	20.00
Where the Sissies...SMS03	10.00
The Slip-SMS04	10.00
The Secretarial Slip-SMS05	10.00
Candy, Boy Waitress-SMS08	10.00
He's So Skirt-SMS09	10.00

NON-FICTION SERIES	
The TV and His Wife-NF02	10.00
Understanding Crossdressing-NF03	10.00

EMPATHY TV FICTION SERIES	
Queen of the Dance-ETV1	10.00
TV Training Camp-ETV2	10.00
TV Vacation-ETV3	10.00
Boy! He's a Pretty Girl-ETV4	10.00
Bridegroom in Training-ETV5	10.00
His Dress Uniform-ETV6	10.00
Baby Faced Bride Groom-ETV7	10.00

California Sales Tax 7.75%		
USA Shipping \$2.00/item (\$5.00 max)		
FOREIGN POSTAGE: \$17.00		

TOTAL ORDER	QTY	\$\$\$\$\$
-------------	-----	------------

IN THE
PINK...
FIRST TIME IN A
DRESS!

HONEY,
NOT ALL THE BOYS
ARE GOING TO BE IN
DRESSES...YOU
SHOULD HANG OUT
WITH THE GIRLS...
UNTIL SOMEONE
ASKS YOU TO DANCE.
I REMEMBER MY
FIRST DANCE....

