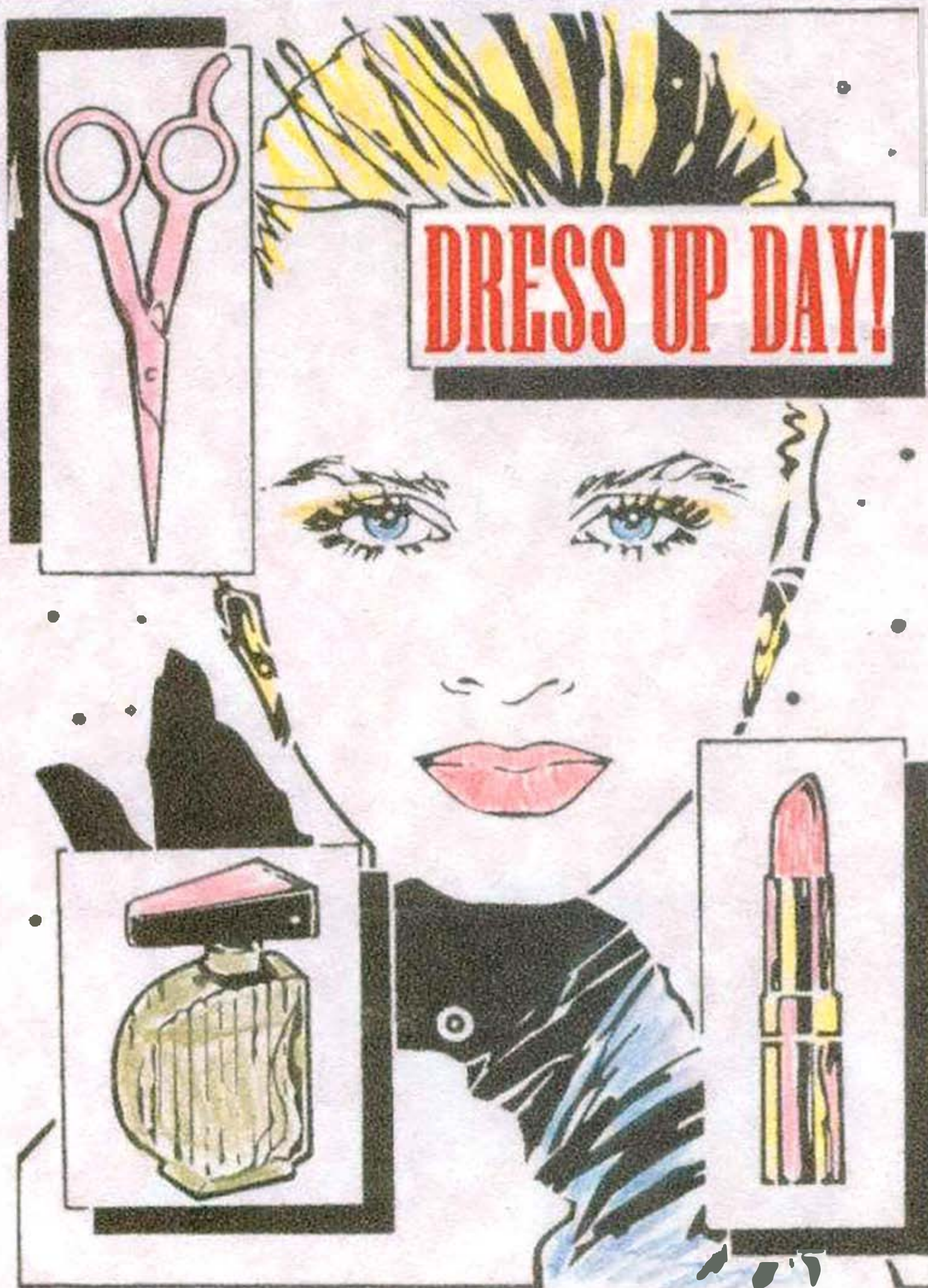


CONTEMPORARY

TV FICTION



HOW DO YOU HELP YOUR FRIEND WHEN
WOMEN TAKE CONTROL...TEACHING HIM
ALL ABOUT WOMEN...EVEN HOW TO BE ONE?

VOLUME 69

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

P.O. BOX 2309

CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA

CONTEMPORARY
TV FICTION

Volume 69

“DRESS UP DAY!”

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"DRESS UP DAY"

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Editors and Contributors:
SANDY THOMAS

QUOTE BOARD

"Tradition gender specific clothing is society's effort to
keep the unexpected from happening."

DRESS UP DAY!

By Sandy Thomas

One of the great things I remember about my mother who raised me alone was that when Christmas came around, she never gave me anything I needed.

By "needed" I mean like getting something worthy, like a new winter coat, or shoes (because I'd grown out of the old ones) or school clothes. That might have been practical but my mother never saw any excitement in "need".

Like water, you need it to live and really enjoy a glass now and then but it wasn't something to celebrate in. Christmas was always special. The gifts were not "water" but tasty and memorable, even though it was just mom and I...and my aunt and my cousin, Tory.

Growing up without a father, what I got for Christmas and birthdays were luxuries. When I was six, I got a pocketknife! A knife for a six year old. I realize now it wouldn't have cut butter but I had a knife and it was special!

Mother always said, "Never buy me a present with a cord!"

We had money or should I say, we had money coming in. My mother and Aunt had invested their husband's life insurance wisely and it was worth considerable and provided a nice living.

My cousin, Tory was my same age and our early Christmases were spent in the woods behind our houses with air guns, dirt bicycles and such. My Aunt lived a state away but we spent all holidays and nearly all summer at either our house or theirs.

Our gifts were always identical up until we were twelve. That Christmas I got a scout axe and the coolest video game. I expected Tory to get the same, as was the tradition, but to my surprise, he got a fluffy terry cloth robe, terry cloth slippers, a denim backpack, a photo album and a writing journal. He also got several colorful sweaters.

I felt sorry for him. What good was waiting for Santa Claus and not having something to take into the woods while you were still on vacation from school.

Over the next several holidays, I noticed that Tory and I had less in common. I hoped for boy stuff, he was excited about the color of some new sweater and to my surprise; Tory wanted and got a piano!

My mother and I discussed it. She said, "Tory isn't like you. He's shy by nature. Notice

how he wears his hair long and in his face. Try to show some interest in what interests him."

WHAT IS TALENT...?

That wasn't hard since I liked him and the feeling was mutual. But since we were the same age, we should be interested in the same stuff, right?

At Easter, when we arrived for a visit, his mother sat us down and said, "Tory is getting ready for his dress rehearsal...he's in the school talent show, you know...?"

Mother was seated in the living room before the piano and expected Tory to come out in a tux and play some old Mozart number. My Aunt smiled as we sat, silently awaiting the concert.

My Aunt whispered, "Tory has really been working on this so don't laugh..."

I expected to be bored to tears.

My Aunt and mother chatted until we heard a noise "off stage"...meaning in the hall.

"Shhh!" his mother said and announced, "Lady and Gentleman...Tory Temple!"

A second later, in swished a little girl with blonde hair done in ringlets! We looked again and saw that it was Tory. He was dressed in a polka dotted chiffon party dress which fell in floating folds to his knees, white stockings and with little girl pumps with three inch heels.

I gasped. He was dressed like Shirley Temple with the most striking feature, his curled, platinum blonde wig.

With that he curtsied to us and announced a song then sat down to play and sing it.

His manner said, "LITTLE GIRL!" He finished singing and then stood up... danced and sang more, before finishing up at the piano.

When he finished, he bowed to us and went back stage...the hall.

It was difficult to believe what I'd just seen. We sat in silence before his mother started to clap and encouraged us to do the same.

When Tory came out, he was all smiles. He giggled, "I sort of messed up the second chorus."

At that point, his mother and mine started talking about and praising his outfit.

I just sat and stared at my femininely dressed cousin before asking, "Where is he doing this?"

"My school talent contest," Tory answered, and then asked, "What did you think? Do you think it's too long? Was I in tune? Do I look like a girl?"

All I could think about was him being ridiculed. "Couldn't you just play Mozart?"

"How fun would that be?" he laughed. Standing in front of me, his body seemed to be in an unnatural position. It was from the high

heels. His toes were pointed downward like he was walking on the tips of his toes.

The shoes made his feet look even smaller and more feminine, dainty and delicate. I heard his mother say, "We got a really good deal on the shoes. He's a six and the shop-girl was very complimentary, saying that Tory had nicer feet than many of the girls she helps fit.



**Tory could sing but I couldn't even talk!
What boy would call wearing a dress, talent?**

"You went to a store and tried girl's shoes on?" I gasped at Tory.

His mother said, "We had to get things to fit right?" She told my mother about the big sale at the boutique. She smiled, "Everything was on sale! We bought Tory everything a girl would have...it was such fun to dress a daughter from the inside out!!"

My mother agreed, "You don't want any bulges or wrinkles when he's on stage."

We found out that the contest was at the end of our stay and she had tickets for us.

I could hardly wait for this...not. The only thing worse than dressing like Shirley Temple would be...being with a boy dressed completely dressed as a girl, with wig, and make-up.

Rather than our normal (stay at home) visit, the week was filled with constant rehearsals. They even had two women come in to work on Tory's vocals; his songs and dance moves. Tory was being trained to make feminine hand movements. He even wore high heels in the house in order to break them in.

It was raining so I didn't have much to do but play video games. Weirdly, Tory had more than one dress. He had a couple different dresses that he wore at rehearsals to as they said, "Get accustomed to handling skirts."

It was about the third day when I realized, I had barely seen Tory in boy clothes at all. I teased him and he got embarrassed but said, "My acting coach says I am being trained like a real actress would be when preparing for a part in a play."

I admired his commitment just not his judgment. As the show approached, he was always dressed in female attire and looked quite accustomed to their confinement.

But even I could see the rewards of practice. He moved and danced quite gracefully in spite of his clothes and high heels. I guess he had made up his mind that if a girl could do it, then he could too.

I'd pretty much decided my stomach wouldn't take seeing him humiliated in front of his school mates and I was going to get sick before the show. It couldn't get worse...

The day before the show it did...we went into town. Tory went with his mother and mine to a beauty parlor, where they had appointments for facials and "treatments." I went to a movie down the street.

When I came back to meet them, I was shocked. I immediately noticed that Tory's eyebrows had been plucked and shaped into fine, high arches. His face was made up, and the effect was startling. He looked very pretty and

girlish, even without the blond wig. He looked even prettier than I could ever imagine.

All the ladies in the shop were loud in their praise and told him he looked beautiful. They even took before and after pictures.

With his wig carefully adjusted and styled, he'd been even more transformed! He looked indeed like a girl! Everybody in the salon now gathered around to inspect Tory, and lavish praise.

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Tory was now going to wear the dress home!

After they were done, Tory went and changed into a dress and high heels. I was shocked but realized with the makeup, hair and all, he'd look silly in boy clothes.

The salon women photographed him again and he took great pains with his poses. He

assumed a graceful feminine pose with a natural eagerness.

Walking back to the car, Tory walked trippingly on his high heels, gently swaying his hips. I stared and could only see a charming, slender girl out in public. Could a few hours in the beauty salon really make this big of a change in someone?

It was like he was completely unconscious of his high heels and dress. They were just clothes and shoes.

His mother said, "The more natural Tory feels, the better he will play his role in the show, right?"

Still, it gave me a creepy feeling in my gut.

Back at the house, Tory had a final dress rehearsal and his mother took many photographs of him dressed up.

Finally the day of the talent show at his school came round. Tory was nervous and I admit that I was worried for him. Obviously he was having more than just normal stage fright. He had the most important part down. He knew his songs, his dance steps and his music by heart.

But for a boy to act like a girl doing it? I told him he should fake a heart attack!

THE SHOW....

Tory was excited about being dressed and made up for the show. One of the ladies from the salon came by to do his makeup and hair.

He looked very cute and girlish in his little dress for the primary competition. He smiled sweetly with his blonde wig in curls about his face.

Finally up came the curtain, and right on cue, Tory stepped out before the footlights. His appearance was greeted with a round of applause...then a buzz went through the audience. I saw them looking through their programs. They were alternating boys and girls and next was supposed to be a boy?

The audience was confused and taken by surprise to see such a stunning girl. That "buzz" was what Tory was waiting for and I could tell it gave him confidence.

He went through his routine perfectly. His voice, dance and his song was greeted with much applause. I had to admit that Mozart would have bored the crowd.

Tory's dress, which fitted snugly, made his waist look wonderfully small. When he was finished...there was a moment of silence then a burst of applause.

It was like they forgot he was not a real girl.

As each following contestant came out, it was obvious which act was the best. When everyone was finished, they all came out on the stage and held hands as the winners were announced. I was surprised that there were boys on both sides holding Tory's hands.

It was no surprise that Tory won and later members of the audience came up to congratulate him on having the guts to do something different.

He was the center of attraction, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, all of which said nice things about his looks and his act.

The winner's pictures were taken for the newspaper.

While we waited for Tory to finish up, I was surprised at the number of people who complimented him on his dress, looks and even his girlishness.

On the way home, Tory glowed. I said, "I bet you'll be glad to take that stuff off?"

"You bet!" he gushed.

The following day, we went to breakfast and bought some newspapers. Both of the town's papers had several pictures of Tory. They said he gave a really fine performance, and was the equal of many professional songstresses.

HEADING HOME....

As we left for home the next morning, Tory was back to his boyish self and out of his feminine finery. But he still looked girlish as his complexion was pink and his delicately arched eyebrows gave him an unending "surprised" feminine expression.

Tory saw me looking at them and said, "Don't worry, they'll grow back fast. I guess I got carried away. Next time I see you, even my legs will be as hairy as yours!"

Later I heard from mother that Tory was now famous in town. Because of the success in the talent contest, everyone called him, "Tori Temple", which he didn't mind since it was sort of a compliment...he was the talent contest winner.

QUICK VISIT....

About a month later, we went to Tory's for the weekend.

I was happy to see him looking well but his eyebrows had not grown out a single hair. I mentioned it and he looked embarrassed and changed the subject.

We went to a movie and ran into some of his schoolmates. I noticed that he was treated differently than before. Some of the boys at the theater seemed to be excited about seeing Tory and acted strangely toward my presence.

Almost like they were possessive and didn't want me around.

There were others, the strong bullies, who loved to ridicule guys. I know the type who called everyone smaller than them "Pansies".

After the movie, I asked Tory, "So you must have been really teased about your act? Anyone try to beat you up?"

"Actually, I think the bullies are really afraid of me now!" he laughed.

"I was actually afraid for you," I admitted. "Your eyebrows still look like a girls'."

His face turned red, "Two weeks ago, two of the guys from school got me to dress up in one of those pretty street dresses, and go with them across town where no one knows us. We went to a soda shop where kids from the rival football team hang out."

"You could have been killed!"

"No, they made sure no one bothered me. It was sort of fun! I flirted with the rival team's captain, knowing that my friends were looking on and getting a laugh at the way I was duping the guy."

I just shook my head. "What's your mother say?"

"She thinks it's cute," he laughed.



Tory still looked girlish with his long hair and plucked eyebrows!

Weeks now later, I noticed that his bedroom was still looking more like a girl's bedroom. He had a lot of hair stuff: brushes, clips, curling iron and sprays, other hair care tools and accessories. Most of the things I didn't even know what they were for.

I commented to my mother and she said that if I wanted to keep my hair long too, I should condition it daily and deep condition once per week. I was jealous of how long Tory's hair was...it seemed to grow very fast but still looked cool and hip.

It was nice that I didn't have to fight with my mother to let my hair grow longer. She actually encouraged me.

But there's a point when Tory's hair became too long. He had long, shoulder length tresses that tumbled in a mass of loose waves past his shoulders.

I teased him, "You need a haircut!"

He laughed, "It doesn't look like it but I get trims...we take off the split ends that would prevent my hair from getting longer."

"Looks pretty long already," I said. "It's longer than most of the girls in my school."

He smiled at me. "Mom says she had hair to her waist when she was my age."

"She was a girl."

"So?" he said, like that didn't matter.

But Tory's hair continued to let his grow long and it looked silky. When I spent the night I learned why. At night so he didn't break his hair, he wore it up in either large curlers or in braids. Sometimes Tory spent nearly an hour getting his hair ready for bed.

Over the months, I guess I got used to seeing him and any comment about the sissiness of it from me would have been obvious.

Another thing, his closet still had dresses hung in it, and there was a row of high heels.

I noticed a new pair one day and he blushed, "Don't ever tell anyone."

"I don't know anyone you know."

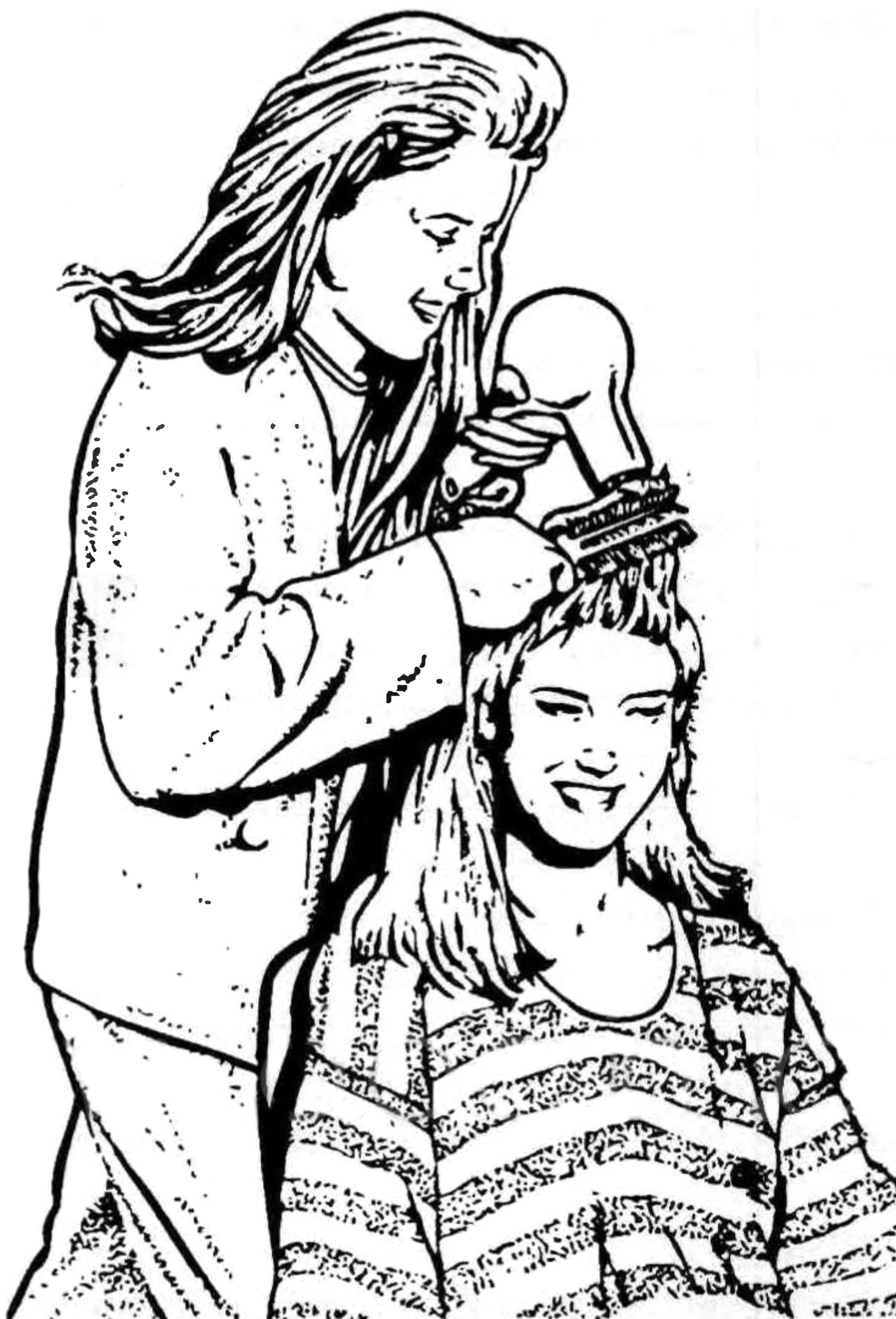
I told mother. She said, "It's for their 'dress up day'. It's Tory's and his mother's special amusement. Long hair is a lot of work to take care of and who cares what he wears around the house?"

"Mom?" I moaned, "I think he's continuing to wear dresses and high heels?"

"I know honey," she said. "Troy is learning to do his mother's hair and his own. He's learning how to set hair, braiding and some elegant up sweep styles. He did my hair in a simple French braid the last time I was over there without you."

"Was he..."

"Wearing a dress?" mother interrupted. "They call it 'playing beauty shop'. He does his mother's hair or she does his. He's getting very good at doing her nails too!"



Tory was getting very good at doing his hair in a girlish style. His mother was teaching him well.

NAILS....

The next time I was over, I noticed Tory's nails were painted with a clear polish. I knew that some men wore polish (like mafia Dons and some rock stars) but no teenaged boys I knew wore nail polish.

Tory's nails had grown out. Mother admitted that Tory and his mother now had a routine "beauty shop" night on Fridays. Part of it was doing nails. He did her nails and she did his.

My mother laughed, "I wish I could teach you how to do nails. Just because you're a boy doesn't mean you can't have nice fingernails. Look at your fingernails?"

"So I bite them? I stated.

A few weeks later, my mother insisted we go visit on a Friday.

I half expected Tory to be wearing a dress but he wasn't. He was wearing a new baby blue sweater, white pants and white shoes. He looked like he worked in a beauty parlor!

His long, loose hair girlishly curled, framed his face and sat comfortably on his shoulders. If he had breasts showing, there would be no question of his gender. Even with breasts, there was no question of Tory's girlishness.

I had never noticed before but Tory wore tiny gold stud earrings in his pierced lobes. It was the kind girls wear as their newly pierced ears heal.

I tried to pretend to be genuinely interested in Tory's new hobby and their little dress up evening.

He smiled, "I'm going to do your mother's nails. Let me do your nails too!"

Mother insisted I let him clean up my nails during the after dinner weekly beauty ritual. I watched the three first as all removed their polish, filed each other's nails and soak them in soapy water before pushing back the cuticles.

Bored, I watched TV as they massaged lotion into each other's hands before applying a basecoat of polish, a drying coat and discussed color for a topcoat.

Mother was so impressed with Tory's handy work. "It's so professional! This is so fun!" She looked at me and said, "I wish you'd learn to do this! Let Tory do your nails."

When it was my turn, I was surprised as Tory took my hands in his. His longer nails made his hands look different. The first thing I noticed was his iridescent pearl nail polish. Then I realized that he was using his own nail care kit, not his mothers.

It contained several clear polishes and several shades from the pearl to a bright red.

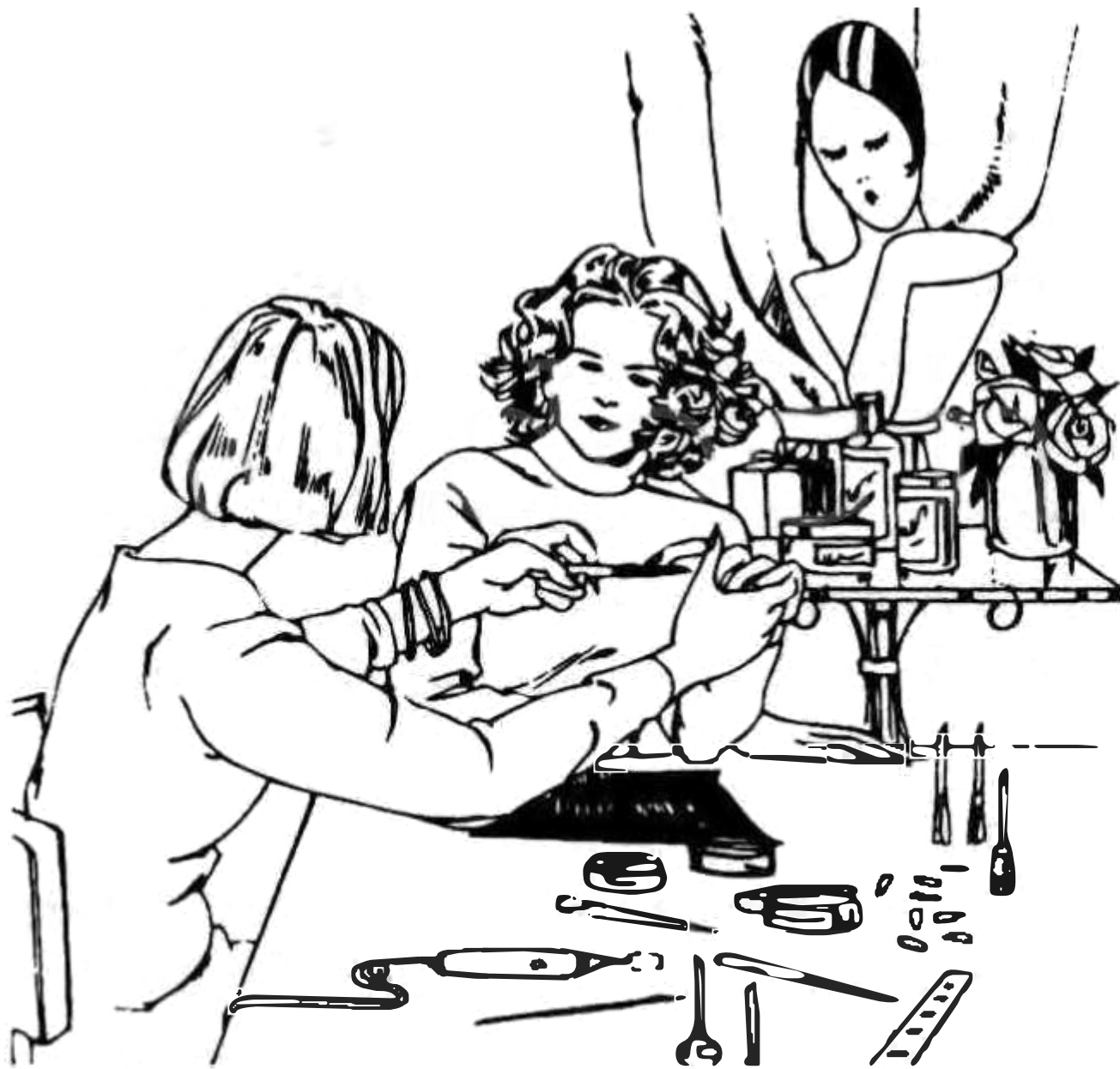
Tory worked on my nails and cuticles. I watched him working, intent on getting my nails in good shape.

"Your nails are a little short and brittle. It will take some time to get them healthy."

I looked at Tory's hands. They looked as delicate and feminine as any girl I knew. His longish, oval fingernails glowed like pearl ornaments. His willowy, graceful hands looked like a youthful rendering of our mothers'.

He insisted, "Stop biting your nails! It's sick!"

I heard his mother saying that they were both letting their nails grow to see how long they would get.



**"I don't wear this color polish to school."
Tory said, like that made it okay....**

When I frowned at Tory, he blushed, "I don't wear this color polish to school."

"I hope not," I smiled. But it wasn't the color that made them unmanly, it was the shape and length. It was like his hands had been turned into a girls'.

Later, we went to his room. He placed his manicuring kit on his dresser. I said, "Thanks for the manicure, I've never had anyone do my nails before."

"I like doing nails. You should have let me put some hardener on your nails."

"Maybe some other time. My school isn't as open minded as yours..."

He smiled, "I only wear clear polish to school." He lowered his voice like it was a secret, "But I love wearing bright red polish on weekends. Look!" He removed his white slip-on shoes and his toenails were a shiny, bright red! He went to his closet and came out wearing a pair of high heeled sandals.

"Don't they look like girl's feet?" he asked hopefully.

I had to agree.

Tory went on and on about how much fun wearing nail polish was. He said, "When I have nail polish on, it is not easy to think of myself as a boy."

He held up his hands and admired the coat of light pinkish polish on his nails. "Mother loves

our special time together doing nails. She me like a daughter..." He took his heels off. know I'm a boy but mother wants me experience a little of what it is like to be a Do you hate

"No," I said. "It's a little weird. I don't know any other boys who enjoy doing girl stuff."

He moaned, "I know. That's why mother is determined to let me spend at least some of my teen years learning feminine skills."

"Skills you will never need."

"Maybe," he laughed. He sat down at his vanity and removed his two very lovely gold earrings and replaced them with "sleepers."

He then began the tedious task of brushing and preparing his hair for bedtime.

I watched as Tory brushed his hair for twenty minutes; creating a beautiful shine and bringing out beautiful highlights.

"You like looking in the mirror and doing that?" I asked.

"I have to do it or it will look terrible, break and get frizzy. When I'm done doing my nails and hair, it's hard to have any boyish sensations left when I go to sleep."

I laughed, "So what are you dreaming about?"

Tory blushed, then whispered, "Last week, I dreamed I went dress shopping with this really cute girl from school. Mother said that when I'm

doing girl things during the day, I would probably have girl dreams too."

"You want that?"

"Mother says I'll might grow to love them!" he giggled.

I shook my head. "If it wasn't for your flat chest, I'd think you were a girl."

He smiled, "Mother and I have talked about that...."

It was a month later when we visited again on a Friday. My mother said, "I can't wait for one of Tory's manicures again!"

Tory wasn't home from school so I was watching TV in the den next to the kitchen. I heard my mother ask his, "How long did it take for Tory to get used to wearing a brassiere?"

His mother replied, "It took about two weeks but now he likes them and seems to feel naked without one."

I turned down the TV and listened harder. Our mothers were talking about Tory as if he'd been a girl all his life.

"I got him the cutest silicone 'curves' and filled his drawers with many different styles of brassieres. They are only an 'A' cup but it's a nice start."

I got the impression his mother had insisted he wear them all the time when in the house. She said, "You won't believe the difference it

makes in his demeanor. It's like having a daughter."

My mother said, "Not many boys would be open to learning anything about being a girl. Have you discussed how far he may want to take this?"

"Not really. Right now, I am just enjoying exposing him the little pleasures of femininity."

When Tory walked in, he looked embarrassed seeing me. I don't think he know we were coming. His mother motioned for him to "go change. It's our Friday!"

"Can't I..." he stammered and looked at me.

"Put on your new 'after school' clothes, dear," she stated firmly, then whispered to my mother and me, "Don't be shocked. He's not wearing pants anymore. The more Tory learns about being girlish, the more he comfortable he with it all. It's such fun having a daughter now and then."

My mother laughed, "At least MY son isn't biting his nails anymore!"

I thought, "And Tory is almost starting his period!"

His mother seriously said to me, "Don't tease Tory. I've got him walking in a dress like a proper young lady and he feels comfortable in girl's clothes. He asked me the other day if he could put together a purse."

It was any mother's dream of having a daughter to teach the difficulties of growing into a happy, well adjusted young woman. But Tory was a boy!

It was over an hour later that Tory walked into the room and greeted us. I was in shock when he sat down on the living room couch.

Tory was wearing a denim and red plaid, cotton dress, and green sandals with medium high built-up cork heels. He also wore pantyhose. His hair had been styled back on each side of his head in two separate groupings, tied together with short blue ribbon bows.

He was carefully made up with light colored lipstick and just a trace of eye shadow. Somewhat shocking was that he'd done all this by himself! His mother hadn't moved.

It was also obvious that he didn't have on a single item of boy's attire. His mother greeted him with a, "You how lovely you look tonight!" She turned to my mother and said, "On dress up day, we try to emphasize the feminine...do you think he has enough on top to balance out his figure?"

Tory saw my shock and hesitation and moaned, "Okay, say it..."

"What?" I stammered.

"I'm a sissy little girl now." He stood up and holding the sides of his skirt, he spun around showing off his full skirted dress.

I almost said it but he suddenly smiled and asked, "So what do you think of my new curves?"

"You look nice," I said, "if you want to look like a girl."

He smiled. "You'll never understand. Com'on, let me do your nails." He took my hand and led me up to his room.

As he began filing my nails, I said, "You and I should have a little talk."

"I know what you are going to say. Save your breath. I have to tell you, I'm beginning to really feel like a girl and it isn't so bad! I love sharing feelings with mother just like a real daughter."

"Look at you," I said. "You are wearing a bra, right?"

Tory said, "Remember how we used to go under the steps at the mall to get a glimpse up the girl's skirts?"

I nodded. I wasn't proud of it.

"Well," he said proudly, "I get to see under my skirts all the time. That fascination of seeing panties like a boy has evolved to wearing panties like a girl."

"And a bra now too?"

"I'm doing everything like a girl. I shave my legs, wear night gowns, dresses and of course, darling undies! What to see?"

I think my eyes lit up before he said, "Don't even think about it! A lady wouldn't do THAT! Mother is having me read girl's books and

magazines. I always wear make up and dresses around the house and mother expects me to act like her little daughter."

I'd seen that. Even my mother talked to Tory as a girl, complimenting him on his dress, make up, or hair style. They talked about girlish things and my mother asked his opinion when it came to nail color and even her hair.

From then on, each time we visited, my mother would say to Tory, "Oh my goodness! Every time I see you, you are prettier!" or "Oh honey! Hard to believe you are still a boy!"

Tory usually giggled, thanked her sweetly and gushed about some new necklace or nail color. He was the beneficiary of endless compliments on his femininity.

As summer break approached, there was discussion where to spend the summer. My mother offered, "Why don't you come to our house for the summer? Tory could try being a girl all summer!"

I glared at mother but she ignored me.

They discussed it without my input. His mother said to Tory, "Dear, that could be fun! No boy clothes for the whole summer! That would give you a chance to socialize and have friends like any girl your age."

"I don't know if I want to meet other kids like this," Tory stammered.

My mother exclaimed. "Oh don't be silly dear. You are more of a girl than any of our neighbor girls. Besides,

Tory's mascaraed eyes lit up and he said, "Oh mother, do you really think that is a good idea?"

She hugged him, and said, "Sweetie. What a wonderful opportunity. By the end of summer, you will have forgotten you were ever a boy!"

VISIT WITH A PROFESSIONAL...

As summer approached, it was agreed that Tory and his mother would spend the summer with us.

"Not as a girl?" I complained. "You women are nuts. You all need to see a shrink!"

Mother said, "I agree. Tory is seeing a doctor on Friday and he wants to talk to all of us."

"Finally some sanity!" I said.

Friday came quickly and I was surprised to see Tory dressed like he was going to a secretarial job interview. He had on a conservative suit high heeled pumps. The skirt was tight and his nylons made an enticing crackle as we walked into the shrink's office.

Tory was first to be taken into the doctor's office for about an hour. His mother looked nervous. I just read the year old magazines and smiled to myself. I just hoped they wouldn't commit him for too long.

Finally we were called into the office. Tory was reclining on a couch. He made a very stylish and striking picture of a young girl.

The doctor introduced himself and asked us all questions.

I let him know that certain aspects of Tory's dressing up were disturbing to me.

"That's natural," he said to me. "But you realize that is YOUR problem not Tory's?"

He went on, "I understand you being upset that Tory's mother and even your own was permitting, and even encouraging your cousin to dress as a girl. And now the three want him to actually impersonate a girl full time during the summer. My first inclination would be to agree with you."

I smiled at my mother. "Finally!" I thought to myself."

He went on, "But look at him...just charming! And he seems so happy and well adjusted. More so than most of my patients and even my daughter his age. I understand you being uncomfortable. Tory is a boy in a dress but again that is YOUR problem."

I blew it! I started yelling and ranting about losing my cousin to a bunch of crazy women! "Why would any guy want to wear anything feminine! You'd never catch me in any darn girlie stuff!!!"

"Wow," he said. "A lot of built up anger there? Perhaps you should see me a few times...I can

fit you into my schedule maybe twice a month or more if you have major problems...."

"ME!?!?" my face was red. "Look at Tory!?"

"Frankly, I find his appearance and mannerisms so convincingly feminine that you shouldn't worry."

Tory's mother smiled at him.

"I suggest you disregard that Tory was ever a boy," he said calmly.

"Like his mother?" I said trying to show where the real problem was.

"Tory enjoys doing girl things. It helps that he is very good at them and has learned well from his mother. I must confess, he makes a very attractive girl...if I was thirty years younger..."

Tory blushed girlishly and sweetly said, "Thank you."

"As far as his future is concerned, I suspect he will continue to have feminine interests that will mature as he develops socially."

I was shocked and mother led me from the room. His mother stayed in the room while the doctor did a complete physical exam on Tory.

My dreams for getting Tory back to hunting were shattered. I also realized he'd be openly parading around my town and my friends as a girl for the summer.

On the way home, Tory was happy and laughing about being able to say good-bye to boy

clothes. Reluctantly, I now agreed that his life as a girl could blossom and I promised to do my best to treat him as my girl cousin.

Tory smiled, "If it makes you feel any better, the doctor gave me a female hormone shot. He says it will help me develop a more ladylike attitude towards life."

Driving, our mothers discussed the details of Tory living openly as a girl. I would have to get used to the idea of him expressing his femininity.

My mother said, "Tory will need a swimsuit to wear to the lake!"

I gasped, "I don't think that will work..."

Tory squealed with delight and slugged me in the arm like in the old days. "Just a one piece at first."

THE NEW GIRL ARRIVES...

When Troy and his mother arrived at our house for the summer, he was wearing a light yellow dress with a peter pan lace collar. He looked beautiful, pretty and girlish.

He had changed a lot since I last saw him at the doctor. His skirt swished as he walked in his little high heel sandals. He was behaving just like a little girl.

Their car was full of suitcases which I could only assume were full of girl's clothes and other necessary items of feminine apparel.

When Tory saw me staring, he blushed, a bit embarrassed about the situation. His mother said, "Go freshen up dear."

"Yes, mother," he said. He opened up his purse, and fixed his face as best he could; applying rouge and lipstick. Then he smiled brightly at me and bit his lip. "I hope you don't mind."

He spoke in such a soft and obviously affected voice, I wasn't sure this was the same Tory I grew up with. "I'll just have to you with breasts...."

"Not THAT?" he smiled at me, "Could you get our suitcases? They are too heavy for mother and me."

I rolled my eyes. I said, "I'll get the suitcases but you are doing the dishes!"

My Aunt then said to my mother, "I'm not sure it's a good idea for the boys to share a bedroom as usual. Maybe Tory could take the guest room and I'll share your room?"

My mother agreed...all agreed that he should try to feel like a girl around boys now. And I was a boy...

This was sort of a disappointment to me but I realized the complicatedness of us sharing a room. Besides, his new wardrobe wouldn't begin to fit in my small closet.

We would still be sharing the "Jack and Jill" bathroom.

Tory sashayed up to my mother and gave her a girlish hug. She held him back to look him over and said, "My darling niece! What a lovely dress! You're going to have the neighbor boys buzzing!"

He blushed and smoothed his dress. The three ran off to the kitchen to chat while I moved eight big suitcases into the house.

Later when I went to the kitchen, they all looked at me. My mother said, "Sit down, we need to set up some new house rules."

I sat down.

Tory's mother said, "You may think we are all crazy but take a good look at your cousin. Tory was meant to be my daughter and this summer is a chance for us to see if nature's mistake can be corrected."

My mother said, "Your cousin is going to need your support this summer as he gets used to dressing as a girl."

"What's to get used to? He's already really **girlish!**"

"Honey, he's started on female hormones. Do you know what they will do to him?"

I shook my head. "Make him even less of a boy?"

"They will make him much more of a girl," she answered. "He might be moody sometimes and by the end of summer, he'll likely..." she hesitated, "be more curvy."

"That will be awkward," I said. "What's he going to do during PE when school starts in the fall?"

Mom smiled sweetly, "If Tory's body and mind respond the way we expect, he'll go back to school as a girl. No more changing back and forth."

"The boys will kill him!" I gasped.

"Not if they don't see anything but a girl. People don't understand a boy dressing up but if they see a person with breasts and hips, they will treat that person like a female."

"IS he going to have IT cut off?" I asked, feeling very uncomfortable with the idea.

Mom said, "No, he just likes dressing like a girl and expressing himself in girl's clothes."

I just knew my whole family was crazy! No guy would be caught dead in girl's clothes.

Later, I dropped by the guest room and watched my mother and Aunt helping Tory put away his clothes.

My mother was saying, "Just darling!" She held up a pink bra with nicely padded lace flowered cups and a little pink ribbon bow in the middle. She cooed over Tory's lingerie. There were pretty bras, slips, panties even little girdle like garments. I started to turn around and leave but mother told me, "Come in. You are part of this family too!"

I felt like when my mother had me walk through a department store's lingerie department. Little piles of girly panties and bras were on the bed.

Tory looked embarrassed but I could tell my mother was really enjoying herself. My mother picked up a little control panty girdle from a small pile and laughed, "THIS is obviously a necessary evil? When I was your age, my mother made me wear a girdle...she thought it would discourage the boys..."

"Look at this!" his mother said picking out a tiny, bikini style girdle. "Isn't this just lovely? Tory will be able to wear his new bathing suit for the first time."

They emptied the suitcase and laid out everything on the bed before putting it away. They all gushed over the scrumptious lace calling them "dreamy".

He had everything. There were many styles, colors and styles of feminine garments and packages of nylons.

I left the room after Tory began a fashion show for my mother. He first changed into a comfortable, knit dress that was exceptionally silky looking. My mother watched his every move, commenting on what earrings to wear with it.

There were perhaps twenty different skirts in an incredible assortment of fabrics, colors and styles.

Tory began to try each one on and pose for comment. I was sure that no boy in the world owned more skirts than Tory. He had wraparound skirts, a black suede skirt, even skirts in tulle and chiffon.

My Aunt said proudly, "By the end of summer, his skirts should fit better!"

They both seemed excited by the prospect of Tory's figure blossoming. Apparently this "summer of discovery" had been planned for some time.

Tory would have three months to evolve and explore what being a girl was really like. I found out he'd been taking some little pills for a few months but was now on a serious dose. One that was supposed to make him feel like the young lady he appeared to be.

All seemed to agree that by the end of summer, he would either love or hate the idea of being a woman.

That night at dinner, he presented the appearance of a very attractive young lady and helped prepare dinner. It almost made me ill to see him in his little apron...

Over dinner the conversation continued to revolve around Tory and how sweet he'd become.

I caught myself thinking: Whatever happened to my little buddy...my carefree, adventuresome, gun shooting buddy? All he

worried about now was what size bra he should be wearing?

Seemed like overnight, he'd been transformed. His life had been simple like mine. We used to spent hours on our collection of baseball cards.

Suddenly, he is complicated. I see him as he stares into the mirror and pouts seductively with lips so glossy their sheen is blinding.

And what did he find so appealing about wearing a bra with a tight top and cat walking about the house in heels and big hair. It's as if the world now turned on getting the right perfume. How could this happen to a guy?

During the next few days, I watch as Tory settled in and prepare for a summer of complete feminization. My mother took me aside and reminded me that I should help Tory suppress any mentioning that he was a boy. She said, "You might tell him he's pretty sometimes."



Tory admitted, "At school, I just kept staring at the girls' chests, like the other boys, but I was dreaming about having what they have."

I tried. When we were alone, I tried to get him to admit he hated the sissy stuff.

Tory admitted to me that during the last days at school, he could no longer stand the appearance of his flat chest. He said, "I just kept staring at the girls' chests, like the other boys, but I was dreaming about having what they have."

I knew he'd been wearing a bra with inserts at home to get used to having breasts.

Still,, I was unconvinced that this was a good idea. Could the estrogen and putting Tory in girl's clothes actually turn him into a girl? Make him feel like a girl?

One thing for sure, Tory was sure obsessed with his bust line. I saw many bras on his bed as he experimented with different styles and insert sizes.

I could tell he liked the bigger sizes but his mother insisted he look "natural".

"Honey, you have to grow into large breasts," his mother said, then teased, "If at the end of summer, you really want them bigger, we'll talk about it."

A "good girl" he was. He did the chores my mother usually did around the house. He made the beds, laundry, dishes, and other household chores.

He swished around doing housework like he was just so thrilled to be wearing a dress, high heels and a brassiere.

After a few weeks later, over dinner, his mother suggested that Tory could maybe use a larger cup bra.

You'd have thought she had given him the keys to a Corvette? "Really mother?" he gushed.

She said, "I guess I'm used to seeing you now. Yes, I agree. Many girls your age are more developed by now."

Tory had been wearing an "A" cup bra and the idea of going full-time to a "B" was thrilling.

My mother pointed out that once he started wearing "B" cup brassieres, he couldn't go back. That was no problem for Tory.

He was far too committed to be intimidated by a bra cup size. But what did that really mean? Most mothers would fret because their little girls are changing too fast. But they seemed to be pushing Tory's lusty feminine hormones.

He went from being a uninteresting, and skinny, little boy and was now taking on a girl's puberty like a hurricane. Tory seemed obsessed with doing things like a girl. I saw him crying once because he couldn't get his hair right.

I often talked to mother about my concern for Tory. She said, "He loves girl's things and

clothes for their softness, color and general luxuriousness. Why should he be denied the opportunity to dress as he likes? If you tried wearing them, maybe you'd like them too?"

"No way!" I spat.

Tory's first month was spent mostly at home before they started venturing out to go shopping and have lunch at the mall.

Then it happened, they all came home from the mall all excited. I commented, "What a big sale on high heels?"

"No," Tory's mother beamed. "A boy asked Tory to go to a movie!"

"The idea of my male cousin having a date with a guy from my school turned me upside down. It terrified me.

"This is insane!" I freaked out privately to my mother.

Mother said softly, "The female hormones have obviously taken over. I have seen his figure and it's not a boy's anymore. He doesn't have a male drive anymore and girl's his age need to experience warm, affectionate relationships with boys."

"What's that mean?" I moaned.

"I'm not talking s-e-x," she smiled. He just needs to have a girl's adventures and misadventures. He needs to understand boys from a girl's point of view. There are Casanovas

and creeps, unrequited love, intrigues and betrayals, and bashed reputations."

Later Tory covertly said to me, "I really don't want to date boys but mother is making me."

"If your mother told you to jump off a bridge?" I asked.

"I know but she says I need to understand a girl's feelings and desires in the dating arena." Putting his hands on his breasts, he said candidly, "THESE are making me feel really different. When around boys, my nipples harden in my bra. Mother says that's natural since breasts subconsciously tell boys I can feed their baby. Weird eh?"

"Boys shouldn't feel like that!"

"I'm not afraid," he said. "I'm willing to go through some discomfort to wear pretty clothes, fill out a brassiere and never have to take my nail polish off."

"I don't get it!"

He smiled, "I think we should try a little experiment. Let's dress you up as a girl so you can see what it's like?"

"No way!" I stated. "So you are growing breasts so girl's clothes fit you better?"

Tory looked in my eyes and then said, "I guess you are right. With every pill I take, it becomes harder to think like a boy. I've even had dreams about being a mother..."

"With a husband?"

"Just a baby so far," he laughed. "Mother says it's because I never got to play with dolls."

I shook my head. "Keep it up and you aren't going to be able to go back to being a boy."

"I know!" he giggled and whispered, "Want to see something?"

Tory opened his blouse and unhooked the front clasp of his bra.

My jaw dropped along with the two little silicone pads in his bra cups.

Tory had two, chubby pads of jelly like flesh on his chest and a much enlarged nipple area. Hitting the room's air, his dark nipples were like sunny-side eggs with big pink yokes!

He shivered slightly and I noticed his chest "jiggled" somewhat. He shyly asked, "You've dated girls. Do they look okay?"

"You have titties," I gasped. "Real titties!" They weren't big, but clearly identifiable as belonging on a girl's chest.

"They are really sensitive," he blushed. "Do you want to touch them? Be gentle."

I was startled but my hand went out to cup one. It responded and so did I.

I was at a loss but Tory looked pleasantly amused by my male response. My other hand went to the other little mound.

"Aren't they great!" he teased. "By the end of summer, I won't be taking gym with the boys anymore!"

"You already have more than some of the girl's I've dated."

My fingers teased and inspected his youthful swellings. I pinched the tips and felt them harden. Tory squealed and pulled away. "Easy big boy!"

"Sorry," I stammered, as he pulled his bra over his pink mounds. He picked up his little silicone "push up" pads and inserted them in his bra cups.

How could he ever be a boy again with tittles? I felt a little sick. It must have been the shock, because I had felt them. I looked at my cousin...he was pretty, soft and feminine looking.

"Gawd, Tory. Do you know what you are doing? I mean, wearing a dress sometimes might be fun, even makeup and occasionally high heels...but those you can't hide!"

He smiled, "That's NOT the idea. Mother says that at some point, I won't just be pretending to be like a girl."

"How big will they get?" I asked.

"Mother says that really big breasts are a pain. I just want two full mounds." He winked, "You know the kind that jut out in front, say 'I'm a girl' and get all the boys to stare?"

"That's any size breasts," I laughed. I realized he needed a male's opinion of his girlish attributes. From what I could tell, he'd already developed into a full A cup, and was still

growing. I joked, "So what base are you going to let your date get to?"

"I'm afraid I will be only playing with first base." Tory sort of looked away for a little bit before admitted, "I've never kissed a boy but mother says that if he takes me out somewhere nice and treats me like a lady, a goodnight kiss is how a girl says thanks!"

"Won't you feel a little funny kissing a boy?"

Tory just laughed. "I liked talking to him at the mall. He didn't make me feel like having his baby!" Then he said seriously, "Look, I really don't have any interest in boys except that they can make me feel more girlish."

"Have you ever kissed a boy?"

"No," he blushed. "But mother says that it's important I'm not afraid of boys and know how to be with them socially. Besides, I'm too young to get into any kind of a serious relationship."

It was weird to hear our mothers talking to Tory about men. It was something I had never heard them mention and they "went silent" when I entered the room.

But they were teaching Tory about "crushes" and what to expect from boys.

He listened intently, playing with the hem of his skirt as they prepared Tory for his date. Both seemed to be intent on this being Tory's best day ever as a girl.

TROY'S FIRST DATE...

You have thought Troy was getting married, not just going to a movie and dinner.

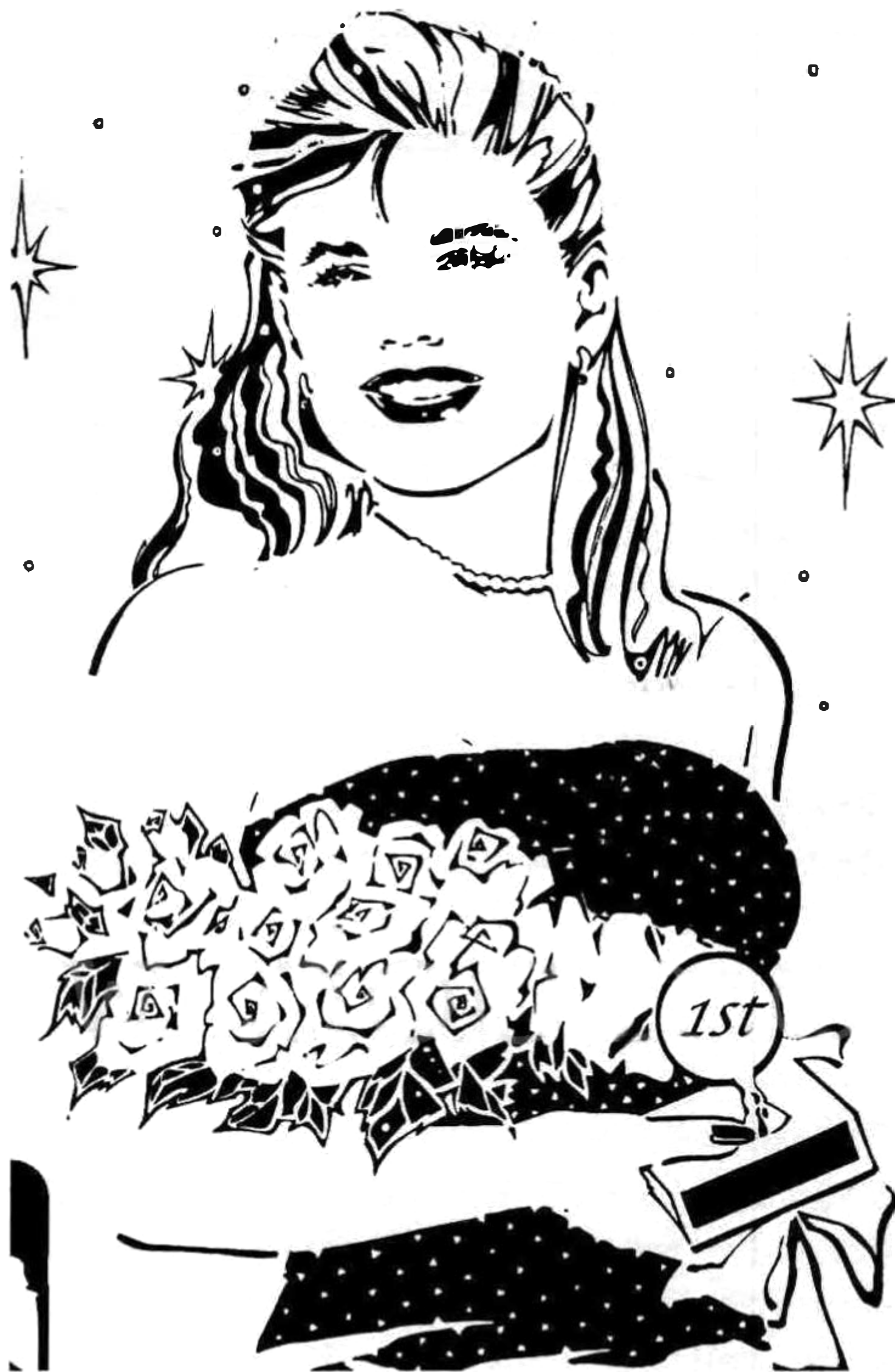
Troy and our mother's morning was spent at the hairdresser's. When I looked into his bedroom, I was surprised that everything he was to wear had been laid out on the bed.

That included that little "control" girdle and the most girlish pair of silky pale pink panties trimmed with lace and decorated with tiny rosebuds and dainty lace. There was a matching brassiere and slip also.

I couldn't imagine even putting them on, let alone wearing them to impress a boy! Or was it to remind Troy how girlish he'd become?

When he came home from the salon, I couldn't help notice the glowing exhilaration reflected on his face. This was a big day for Troy. A day when he would find out if he liked dating boys as much as he enjoyed getting ready for a date as a girl!

Troy was wearing a short day dress, but in a deep red that set off his long perfectly coiffured beauty. He wore his hair piled on top of his head in a most girlish manner, while around his neck he had attractive pearls, with matching earrings in his pierced ears. His pumps with four-inch heels were handled with grace that showed the many days of training in their wear.



Tory was wearing a short day dress, but in a deep red that set off his long perfectly coiffured beauty. He wore his hair piled on top of his head in a most girlish manner, while around his neck he had attractive pearls. He picked up his talent contest trophy and posed for a picture!

DATE DAY....

Extra relaxation time during the afternoon had been planned. Mother said it would give Tory time to get used to the idea since he had never really dated a boy or a girl.

Since he'd never dated a girl, starting with boys would give his first date a degree of naturalness in his manner of handling himself. His introduction to "opposite sex" dating would be as a girl. His mother seemed to think that would increase his confidence.

She had trained Tory to keep a girlish composure even under situations of nervous tension or passion. At all costs, Tory was to avoid anything that could breach his role.

There was no question Tory had learned to wear girl's clothes charmingly and realistically. But this was a big day...being a boy's date meant a much more critical inspection.

But Tory was determined to respond as a girl. Being a teenage girl meant dating boys and he needed to catch up to other girl's his age experiences.

During the last hours before he was being picked up, his mother re-enforced his complete feminization. For two days, Tory had been taking additional female hormone pills to raise his estrogen level.

At first, I thought of Tory as just my sissy cousin but his feminine side had completely displaced all signs of his masculine self.

He timidly went about getting himself ready for his date. When ready, he was attired in a floral, light-weight dress with an above the knee skirt that fit tightly about his knees, sheer stockings and matching open-toed, sling back, high heel shoes.

His face had been beautifully made-up and his hair styled with bangs over his forehead and curled about his shoulders.

Tory's date would be impressed with this "GIRL!" I could only stare at him as his mother gave him last minute instructions.

"Oh mother," Tory sighed, "Are you sure I'm ready for this?"

She smiled at her femininely dressed son and took his manicured hands, then said, "Honey, dating boys is part of being a girl. You'll get used to it."

His mother was smothering his every natural male response. Even I realized that Tory was too committed to back out, so I told him he "looked hot."

He was like any young girl experimenting with dating boys. He was worried about his lipstick. Did he have the right nail polish color? Did his dress "say" send the right message?

All these worries added to his really feminine behavior and made him even more girl-like.

His male date would accepted him as a girl without question and that would add to his confidence as a girl.

I was upstairs with him when "Mr. Right" knocked. I saw Tory go white. "Gawd, what am I doing?" he moaned.

"It's a little late to be thinking about that now?" I stated. He was wearing rather high heels and I saw him lean like he was going to faint. We heard his mother announce, "Honey, your date is here!"

The surrender in his eyes made him even more feminine looking. I merely said, "You make a very pretty girl. Go have fun."

"Thank you!" he said with a tear in his eyes. He came over and gave me a girlish little hug and a smile. He was off to meet his date, without observable concern that he was fully clad as a girl, complete with sensual lingerie, carefully applied makeup, and high heels.

It was like he'd turned his back on everything a boy should be concerned with...but I knew that for the summer, there was no option.

Tory's first date was just a movie and a bite to eat. He was home by ten, thirty and I was watching TV when he came in.

His hair was different, he'd pulled the hair together from each side of his head and tied it back with a long ribbon in back.

He looked unsullied with a fresh coat of lipstick.

"WELL?" I asked. "How'd it go?"

"Good." He smiled.

"Good was what I always used when I was asked a question and didn't want to answer.

"Okay good? Very good or bad good?" I asked.

"Different good," he smiled, looking at his face in the mirror. "I liked showing off how girlie I can be to someone who appreciates it."

He went on about trying to respond to his date like a girl...which, under the circumstances was reasonable.

I teased, "So how was the goodnight kiss?"

Tory blushed but said modestly, "I had a nice time and didn't mind." Tori giggled with a new found awkwardness.

I was somewhat stunned but it was a expected, friendly and girlish method of saying thanks. It was indicative of how feminine he'd become in his sensitivity.

When his mother heard him talking she came in. They chatted about his evening, happily excited over his first successful date with a boy.

Tory's first date had been pleasant and he'd been eagerly accepted for a girl... even to the "good night kiss". To hear his mother talk, that was quite an accomplishment.

Tory and his mother could talk of nothing else except how well his dress had been received by his date and others. He gushed, "Oh mother, a girl in the ladies room asked me where I bought my dress. She wanted one just like it!"

One date and Tory's boy-self image had been completely snowed under. They giggled about his future dating experiences. Tory's earlier nervousness was nowhere to be found.

I finally had to tell them to go to the kitchen to talk so I could finish my TV program.

I heard Tory come up to bed later. It was very late and everyone was asleep. He spent some time in our adjoining bathroom removing his makeup and getting ready for bed.

I was about to dose off when I heard Tory whisper, "Are you asleep?"

"Not anymore," said to the curvy shadow in a doorway. He was in a little nightgown. "You look really pretty in the dark," I teased. He smelled of perfume.

"Can I talk to you? I'm worried..."

I asked, "Scared that you might not be able to get back as a boy?"

"Don't be silly, I am a boy. The worry is, should I become a girl?"

He slipped onto the bed beside me, then slid even closer and whispered, "Mother says I'll be happier as a girl."

I squirmed, "Maybe she has her own weird reasons for wanting a daughter. She's got you cooking, ironing and sewing and you do all the housework."

It was very dark in my room but I could feel Tory was uneasy at this. He seemed to shiver and made some excuse for her. "She wants me to learn that there's more to being a girl than just silky clothes."

"Oh, that's nonsense!" I exclaimed a bit too loudly.

"Shhh! You'll wake everyone," he said, moving closer so that his pouty lips were close to my ear as we whispered. The sense of being in bed with a sweet smelling female was overwhelming.

I was startled to feel his nylon clad chest touch mine...or should I say, the budding presence of soft breasts.

"What are you...?" I murmured, quite surprised by the sensation of nylon but not too unpleasantly so.

"I don't want to wake anyone UP! I'm not bothering you, am I?"

"A...no."

"I just respect your opinion," he whispered and moved closer. "You are so smart!" I wish I was more like you...but I can't now! I've probably ruined myself..."

"Maybe not," I whispered. "It might take some time..."

"For these to go away?" He took my hand and put it on one of his sensitive little breasts.

"Oh, Tory," I squirmed. It was not all distasteful but I had a responsibility. "You have to try...tomorrow!"

"Oh thank you!" came soft words in my ear. He snuggled closer and gave me a hug.

"Did your date ask you out again?"

"Mother says I should go?"

I could tell he wasn't completely "sold" on dating boys, saying, "There are a lot better parts of being a girl. Mother says you have to kiss a lot of frogs to get to a prince."

When Tory snuggled his chest against mine, I almost fainted! He whispered, "I have to cut back on the estrogen...my breast buds are so tender they hurt!"

I quickly removed my hand and asked, "What's that mean?"

"Means they are going through a growth spurt." He got serious. "What's it like to date a girl?"

His mother had never allowed him to date girls and after a date with a boy, he was sounding confused. I didn't know what to say. Maybe if he'd been allowed to date girls, he wouldn't be so interested in getting into girl's panties.

"Dating girls is exciting!" I said. "Like your date, only opposite, I guess."

Tory lowered his voice, "When he kissed me I felt a twinge in my tummy? Is that normal?"

"Between your legs or in your tummy?" I asked in a concerned tone.

"Tummy," Tory said and put his hand over the front of his nightgown.

"Maybe you are pregnant?" I joked.

Tory said seriously, "Mother says the estrogen and hormones I'm are taking can create a 'false pregnancy'. They fool my breasts and body into thinking that a new life could be beginning in my tummy."

"Yuck!" I said.

Tory giggled, "It wasn't a bad feeling just a new one. It's part of being a girl. Mother says I'll learn to love the feelings and it will make me feel incredibly girlish."

"I think you'd better be careful," I said. "You tease and some guy isn't going to take no for an answer!"





“I think you’d better be careful,” I said. “You tease and some guy isn’t going to take no for an answer!”

The next day when I came home, I found Tory in my bedroom. He had found some of my old, smaller clothes and had put them on.

I looked and said, "Well? Like it or not, you've definitely become a girl!"

He looked embarrassed wearing my clothes. "I just wanted to see if I could..."

"Little late for that," I said. "Thinking about going back to school?"

Tory walked over to the mirror. His stride was feminine and graceful. My jeans which should have been too big for him, fit like a second skin around his rounded bottom and femininely shaped hips.

His long hair was pulled back into a ponytail (the way he used to wear it to school) but now it was too long and moved girlishly about his back.

The shirt had never looked so good on me. The unmistakable influence of breasts with full nipples pressing outward against the shirt front was striking.

"You NEED a bra now," I stated.

"Duh?" he mocked, then said, "I guess we did it. I feel like a girl even in boy clothes."

He still had long nails with a pretty polish which added to his girlish look.

I saw tears in his eyes. I asked, "This is what you wanted, right?"

"Why did you let this go so far!" he moaned.

"Me? I didn't make you grow breasts or date men! THAT would be your mother."

He sighed, "I just wanted to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl now and then."

"Now you have to wear them! Take off my clothes and go put on a dress or something. Your titties are disturbing me."

"Really? Other guys don't seem to be bothered?" Tory said, pulling his shoulders back to make his bust more obvious.

"I know what's between those shapely hips," I teased. "You are going to break some hearts at your new school. Guys will be doing everything to get you to put out."

He smiled, "I have fun on dates and so will the guys I go out with!"

I laughed, "With your mother's coaching, I'm sure you'll be POPULAR!"

Tory stopped trying to be a boy in my clothes. He began to take off my jeans with a sexy wiggle of his bottom. In only panties, he began to unbutton my shirt.

"Give to me later!" I gasped, staring at his panties. They fit smoothly over his fleshy hips...the way panties were supposed to fit. But what caught my eye was what I couldn't see.

Tory giggled and pulled up the shirt a bit, "You noticed! I hated it at first but mother insisted."

"How?" I caught my breath. The panties fit him like a second skin and smoothly disappeared between his legs without the slightest evidence of maleness.

"I'm wearing a little training garment for boys like me."

"Is it painful?" I asked.

"At first," he giggled. "But there's an estrogen lotion that sort of numbs and shrinks everything. The training garment keeps everything compressed while the female hormones finish their job."

"That would certainly make having any 'boy reactions' difficult?"

"I'm getting 'boy reactions'...just not mine!" he giggled.

"You are really committed. Don't you miss IT?"

"I love feeling the incredible sensations that don't center on my groin."

I thought it unnatural to be turned on and not to have any outward signs. But Tory said he had "inward sensations." He had no need to prove his manhood. In fact he had a need to reject any male feelings!

The feminized image in the mirror needed his panties, bra, pantyhose, slip, dress, high heels, even a male date to feel stimulation **INSIDE!**

Rather proudly, he laughed, "I don't expect to have to impress any women. And you know boys and their quick hands!" He minced out of the room.

The estrogen and his new experiences were having more and more of an effect. With just a

swing of his hips and a sweet smile, he could get any guy to ask him out.

At the mall, he would go for a latte' and the men would line up for a chance at conversation.

Tory found himself responding to men to a degree I'd never imagined possible. He came home almost breathless, no longer analyzing his feelings...just letting girlish emotions take charge.

Some of the men were quite experienced and really knew how to make a woman feel like a woman. That worked on Tory too! With some men, Tory felt strangely excited and responsive. Tory would let his body be felt and caressed to the point where he nearly swooned. But that was it according to his mother....



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P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309 USA



"You want to take me out?"

At the mall, Tory would go for a latte' and the men would line up for a chance at conversation.

SCHOOL STARTS...

When Tory left for a new school in September, he was wearing a very sexy blue denim suit with a short tight skirt that surrounded his smooth, luscious legs.

The jacket was a wrap style under which he wore a black lace camisole. And he also wore

pumps with 4' heels and a matching wide belt. His full breasts were bulging against the bodice.

He was made up in warm pinks and mauve on his eyes followed with a generous coating of mascara and the highly arched shaping of his eyebrows.

His lips were made larger by lip liner in a darker pink and then filled in by his lip brush in a shimmer lighter pink and finally covered the lips in a gloss that gave him a very pouty but natural look.

Though Tory's hair was well past shoulder long, Tory wanted that "coed" look so he wore it back in a high curly ponytail dangling at his neck. It looked attractive and "cheerleader-ish". Following his mother's school days, Tory hoped to date the football team's Quarterback.

I learned that going to school in pink colored lace panties had been Tory's dream for years and that was what first sparked the idea for the talent contest.

Now, Tory had no trouble adjusting his walking style to even the highest heels. He'd mastered the natural feminine short steps and to shift the weight of his bottom to attract any male encountered.



Tory did better in College than his mother...he was homecoming queen and didn't get pregnant!

As the years passed...

As the years went by, I could not believe the striking young lady that appeared at my house was ever my boy cousin. Tory was gorgeous! His pretty feet were always adorned with sexy pumps, his legs smooth and wrapped in the most beautiful short dresses.

If there were two ways to do something, Tory did it the most feminine way. Lingerie was not just underwear...it was validation. He only wore the sexiest panties, lacy bras, silky camisoles, nighties and gowns.

He was probably the only girl at his school that wore garter belts and stockings on dates.

Probably the story of Tory's experiences in high school should be another book. It was the tradition at our high school for the girls to wear long white evening gowns and carry big bouquets of red roses at the Prom. His gown had a dropped waist bodice with a full gathered skirt accented with several rows of wide tucks and a deep hem made with yards and yards of sheer satin.

Tory had become very popular and always was rushing about with social activities.

After graduation, it was inevitable that Tory would continue with his education involving fashion, fabrics and design. He went to a small,

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"DRESS UP DAY"

all girl liberal arts college and majored in clothing and textiles. Yes Tory was really "INTO dresses" in all ways!

THE END

WRITE FOR MY COMPLETE LISTING OF NEW BOOKS! WRITE TO:

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**MOST ORDERS ARE SHIPPED WITHIN
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EPILOGUE

"Never bet with a woman."

It was a stupid bet. I don't even remember what we were betting about...but I was sure to win!

I didn't. I thought it would be like one of those, "I bet you a million dollar" bets. But my mother expected me to live up to my word...24 hours in women's clothes.

When she entered my room the next morning, she giggled, "Good boy! Still in the nightgown. How'd you sleep?"

"Not well, the nylon kept tickling me." I moaned. I thought I was smart. I started the 24 hours late at night. I'd already done ten hours.

Mother handed me a robe and insisted I come down and help her fix breakfast.

The nylon gown played about my legs and hips and I had to admit the soft and silky gown was nice.

Mother smiled and said, "It's about time you learned what Tory has been through. I have picked out several outfits for you to wear today. No arguments, right?"

"No visitors today, right?"

"We'll see. I'd love to show you off to your Aunt."

On her bed were piles of her clothes. She said, "I've hardly worn anything here. All too

small for me but your size. It's a shame boys can't at least wear panties. No one can see you wearing pretty things under your pants."

She saw me looking at the padded bra sitting next to a skirt. She handed me the panties and said, "Change and I'll help you with the bra."

The panties felt nice; cool and silky.

As mother help me with the bra, I asked, "Are you serious. You really think I'd enjoy wearing panties?"

"We'll see if you like them today, right? Maybe you'll see why Troy liked them," mother stated matter-of-factly.

I laughed, "So I just say the word and you're going to let me wear your panties?"

"Sure but we would also buy you some of your own...made more for girls your age."

Before I knew it, I was in a bra, skirt and blouse and heels. Surprisingly the clothes were quite cool and comfortable.

Mother had housework planned for me...

As we cleaned the house from top to bottom, she reminded me if my short skirt slipped up too high. She said, "You have nice legs."

That gave me a funny feeling in my gut.

After lunch, she had me change into a pink pair of nylon panties and bra. The first bra had left red marks on my chest but my relief was short lived. I was back into lingerie and a simple housedress with a longer skirt (but higher heels).

Mother sat me down and did a light makeup and teased my long hair.

I didn't resist and she noticed it. "Sort of fun, eh?"

I had been anticipating the question. "It's not as bad as I imagined." I teased her, "Maybe I will start wearing panties...but I don't think I should wear the bras in public."

She laughed, "I know you are kidding but I'm going to put these panties in your drawers. After lunch I'll show you how to wash them and hang them in your bathroom to dry."

To my surprise, I didn't object when she put the lingerie in my drawers. She said, "Try wearing them and if you like...we can go through my things and add fun stuff like nightgowns and high heels."

I blushed. I was joking but she wasn't and I didn't correct her.

I said, "I don't know if I'll ever get a good night's sleep in a nightgown."

"It'll take a few nights but you will learn to love the soft feeling of nylon." Mother was delighted. She took me to her room and proceeded to pick me out lingerie and nightgowns.

"Are those all for me?" I gasped. "I only have to dress like this for eight more hours."

"Honey, they are now all yours...to wear or not to wear. At least they are out of my drawers."

Before dinner, I changed again. Mother had me sit at her vanity and she carefully teased my hair into a girl's do.

In black lingerie I was put into a black side slit, slim skirt and a white beautiful, white, silk blouse with very full sleeves ending in buttoned cuffs. I could see my brassiere through the fabric.

We fixed dinner together and had a wonderful evening unlike any other...definitely a new experience for a mother/son.

By the end of the month, I was used to seeing slips, panties, nightgowns, and bras in my drawers. Yes, I began wearing them too. The very obvious advantage of panties is that they are easy to wash and dry quickly.

One disadvantage is that they must fit properly, not-bind, pinch or cause chafing. I understood why guys are intimidated by the very idea of "slippery" nylon underwear that wants to slide and tease everywhere.

One night Mother said with a bubbly tone, "Wearing silky panties is fun but I think you might also enjoy the other kinds of panties too."

I had hoped that she didn't notice how often I wore the panties but all she had to do was walk into my bathroom and see them hanging out to dry to know my preference.

"I don't really like them," I stated.

"Oh, really?" she admonished with a chuckle. "Admit it. You're wearing panties right now... I'll bet you are wearing the frilly pair with the lace up the front?"

My blush gave me away. There was no used putting up some kind of a ruffled defense. "Were they showing?" I stammered.

"No dear," she said sweetly. "You just walk differently."

I clenched my nylon clad buttocks.

"Ready to try a girdle?" she giggled

WANT MORE??

Write to me!!

Sandy



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