

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"FEMININE APPEAL"



WOMEN CAN DO ANY MAN'S JOB NOW,
BUT CAN MEN DO A
WOMAN'S... LIKE BECOMING A STRIPPER?

Volume 33

Published By

SANDY THOMAS ADVERTISING

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By Sandy Thomas & Alice Trail

The early ad just said, “Dancers wanted for new club!!! Great pay!!! Short hours!!!”

I’m just a normal guy, out after a few bucks. . .but a guy that owns a strip joint. I assumed the ad would find me a few nice lookers for the new strip club I’d opened. I quickly found that most of the ‘hard’ line, experienced dancers were a bit too wild for me to handle. Some were hooking on the side, others on drugs, a few had crazy, jealous boyfriends. . .the list went on.

Mine was a nice clean club, more like a bikini club. I considered my business an art. . .a make believe. . .a fantasy. After several bad experiences, I decided to only hire novices, girls that needed money, were dependable, and cared about learning a profession. . .you know, dancing, I mean.

From those early ads, I meet Lorena. She came in like a warm spring breeze. From the start, it was obvious that she wasn’t like the other girls. Also, she was also good at her job—playing the sweet, innocent girl on stage and ending with the most surprising sensuous strip to g-string and pasties. . .the farthest my girls went. . .and actually the farthest local city “fathers” would allow.

Lorena could almost do the show by herself! Over half of the regulars came in just to see her because she always seemed to know just what they wanted.

I guess everything was going too good, because after four or five weeks, I received an anonymous note and some old pictures in the mail. The note told a tale about a boy who dressed up in his sister’s clothes and danced. The photos told the rest. The image resembled Lorena, but it was a boy! I knew the difference. At least, it sure looked like one. That’s how I found out the shocking news. Lorena was a GUY!!!

“I guess you’ll want me to leave,” Lorena said with a heart broken tone when I confronted her. . .him?

Now, I really had a tough decision! I'd seen men sit for five hours drinking, spending and waiting for Lorena to come on stage. That's what made him the best stripper I had. Being a man, he knew what they wanted! "Not yet," he'd tell me sometimes when I thought his admirers were going to pick up and leave. Like Pavlov's dog, he ran the bell. "They'll wait," he insisted. . .and wait they did. . .every time!

"You've got to feed them!" he insisted, and to illustrate, he'd lean his breasts toward them. . .baring the luscious globes to the limit. . .just inches from their faces. Just as they were about to reach out and touch them, he would roll his hips and move away, further exciting his aroused mark. He'd sometimes sit on a short stool and turn his long, smooth, neatly groomed legs to one side then the other. . .whetting their appetites. . .loosening their purse strings! Lorena was a lady even on stage, rarely spreading his legs in a crude fashion, even though everything looked anatomically correct under his g-string.

"Naw," I answered after a pause. "I'd be crazy to run you off the way you bring them in and make them spend money. I just don't want any more surprises. In truth, we've all got to get along together in this crazy world. Fine, if that's the worst of it, I wish I had a dozen like you."

As we talked further, Lorena told me his sister had to take ballet, tap and all kinds of dance lessons. For fun, she began to teach him to dance, but since she only knew girl's steps and movements, that's what he learned. When he found out that she had been teaching him to move like a girl, he was terribly embarrassed. Especially the ballet exercises and pirouettes which he could do as gracefully as his sister.

It was clear that Loren loved dancing and while he couldn't go to his sister's classes, he eagerly helped her practice and learned every move. His mother didn't mind the weekly "parody shows" that he and his sister "produced." His mother didn't seem to mind that the dance sketches were always as two girls. He even wore her ballet outfit sometimes and his mother finally buckled and went so far as to buy them matching dance shoes, ruffled skirts, ballet tights and other costumes for their "home" shows. It was all a fun little game.

This went on during his early teen years. He and his sister had several complete "sisters" dance acts that they did for distraction and their mother's entertainment..

At fifteen, his sister, who went to an all girl's school, started going to dances and parties. It wasn't difficult to convince "Loren" to become "Lorena" and go with her to a dance.

As time went by, his sister would occasionally dress him in some of her clothes for fun, and to go out to a community center dance. Loren's mother thought it was all in good clean "fun" until she realized that her daughter *and* Loren were both getting calls from boys for dates.

Loren's mother tried stop the "foolishness" but quickly found out that Loren had no intention of giving up his weekends going to dances in his sister's dresses. The worst part was that now "all the girls" were going on dates to the dances.

"Aw mom," Loren's sister pleaded, "Loren likes being a girl and he's getting to be so pretty! Why can't he be my sister sometimes?"

His mother had seen how pretty the two could be. Loren could do his own make-up, hair and with his sister's foundations had a very girlish figure. She should have seen how the "make believe" influences had changed him but he was so sweet as a daughter. . .not like some of the hooligan neighborhood boys.

Loren's sister pleaded, "Please mom? We're just going to a dance like before, only you don't have to drive us!"

She did hate driving "her girls" to and particularly from the dances. Her daughter pleaded seeing her mother contemplating her brother's girlish fate. "We'll only double date and promise to be home real early! Okay??"

Loren's mother nodded her head conceding to her children's wishes and beginning her son on a promenade towards femininity.

"Oh goodie!" Loren's sister squealed, "But I need a new dress and so does Loren. . ."

By high school graduation, Loren was spending more weekends as Lorena than Loren. There were dances, dates, and yes, dance lessons. His sister had found a dance school across town that they could both go to as girls.

Loren had grown to enjoy the feminine role to the extent that he chose to live his life as a woman and pursue a legitimate dancing career appearing on television and in several musicals. Amazingly, he was very successful until time caught up with him. . .they only wanted very young girls. With legit' showbiz behind him, he gravitated into stripping and ended up in my club.

"My only regret is that I'm so near the end of my career because I do enjoy it so," Lorena said sadly. "At best, I have only a few more years before no one will want to see me dance. . .or at least pay me to take off my clothes."

"Hey, how about this!" I exclaimed as an idea came to me. "As you know from observation, I'm having a terrible time with the dancers here at the club. If you'll help me hire the girls, sort out the flakes, and supervise them as much as possible, I'll make you 'assistant manager' and give you a few extra bucks and who knows—a piece of the club? Of course, you're my best stripper and would still have to dance, but perhaps by the time you have to retire, you'll have a start on a new career. How about it?"

"That sounds great to me!" Lorena cried excitedly. "Thanks a lot. And, if you have no objections, I know a couple of others like me we could get," Lorena suggested, already getting into his new duties. "From experience, I know they would be a lot easier to deal with than the girls you've been hiring."

"Like you?" I gasp, then said, "What the hell. You're one in a million. Go to it!"

"And," Lorena mused thoughtfully, "What if we could even find some raw talent to train?"

"I can't pay you much."

"That's okay," Lorena answered to my surprise. "I already make enough to live on and then some. If you like, you can defer my salary until my trainees start earning a profit, or you can pay me in stock in the club after the gross is up."

"Gross and UP," two words I really needed to hear together. I was barely paying the rent before Lorena started dancing.

Lorena went on, "I've saved a lot of money but this is for my future. . .the management experience will be good for me."

"What do you suggest, and how do we go about it?" I asked, becoming intrigued.

"Let's run an ad and see what turns up!"

"HAVE G-STRING, WILL TRAVEL!" read the ad. Males and females who are willing to be trained to dance and bikini strip as a legitimate profession. One year free training required if accepted. Great \$\$\$ potential—Call 555-TITS.

To my surprise, a month and hundreds of interviews later, Lorena had a half dozen 'low risk' female strippers for the club's short term needs. And, if you can believe it, he also had half a

dozen guys with the essential physical characteristics and stature necessary in males for them to become female strippers!

“Weirdos?” I asked without thinking.

A surprised, yet hurt, expression overcame his face, and I realized what I’d said. “I mean they can’t be like you can they?”

“Most are, some a little different! But then, no two people are the same!” he responded in a voice filled with reproach.

“I’m sorry for that remark!” I quickly apologized. “It was uncalled for and extremely rude of me. It’s just the stigma that goes along with this sort of thing, you know.”

“That’s okay. I’m used to it by now,” he answered, regaining a calm demeanor. “I just didn’t expect that kind of attitude from you after all this time. Anyway, I have all the interviews on video. You can review them and see for yourself what kind of people they are if you’d like.”

“On video?” I asked in astonishment. “Why?”

“Why not? The type of endeavor we’re attempting will require a person with special qualities, both physical and psychological,” he explained. “I’m sure you would agree that adequately evaluating these factors in so many applicants and comparing them to the others would be virtually impossible without the opportunity for a more casual evaluation. When I was alone, I reviewed the tapes, and that’s how I made the final selections.”

That evening, I carried a stack of the videos home, and the following is a sample of what I saw.

LOUIS

This kid was only about 5 ft. 4 inches tall and was there with his mother. He looked kind of like a hood because his hair had grown quite long. On the plus side, he did keep it combed back, but the delinquent image was still there.

Lorena had just announced his acceptance, and Louis was having severe second thoughts. “I’m not sure this is such a good idea, Mom. . .being a girl. . .wearing dresses and everything! I think we should reconsider.”

“We’ve been through this over and over until I’m at my wits end, Louis,” his mother spat, her eyes turning hard. “I’ve had nothing but heartache and trouble since you grew your hair long and started running around with those hoodlums. And now, Maynard the Mauler, that thug who breaks bones for the loan sharks, is out to kill you for making love to his girlfriend! How

you could have ever done such a stupid thing, is beyond me. Why, you of all people should have known the consequences!”

“I did, Mom,” he answered pathetically. “She came on to me. . .and. . .and. . .I couldn’t resist. Then, when Maynard came in, I. . .You know! I think she wanted him to catch her with someone to make him jealous. I was USED!”

“No matter now!” his mother explained. “With everything that’s happened, I see only two options. You can stay here and adopt a disguise to conceal your identity and save your life, or you can go to Chicago and live with your father. The choice is yours!”

“Some choice!” he commiserated. “If I move in with dad, he’ll make me get my hair cut and beat me up when he gets drunk like last time. If I stay here, I have to be a girl!”

“Look at it this way, sweetheart,” his mother cooed. “If you accept Lorena’s proposal, you can not only remain here while concealing your identity from Maynard the Mauler, you can keep your hair long, walk the streets without fearing for your life, avoid your father’s beatings, and learn a lucrative trade in the bargain. Anyway, suit yourself, but whatever you choose, you have to decide now. I’m tired of your shenanigans!”

“But if I do this, I have to dress like a chick!” a dejected Louis uttered as he walked out of the room with his head down.

His mother, on the other hand, sported a devious smile as she followed her distraught son.

WILLIAM

Like several of the others, this guy came in with his wife! I personally never expected any of our applicants to be married, but how wrong I was! Over half of them were, and they attended the interviews with their wives!

This fellow’s lifelong ambition, it seems, was to dance in musicals, but to date, all attempts to catch on in the profession had failed. In desperation, he had even tried the strip clubs that cater to women. To his dismay, he learned that all those places wanted muscular he-man types with bulging genitals, and his frail body, trim torso, and small privates had prevented even that.

Adding to his already low self esteem was the fact that his wife was apparently very successful. Still, she seemed willing to give him another chance to succeed in his chosen profession. This was obviously the last straw because when he professed doubts about dressing as a woman and learning to strip like a female dancer, she really let him have it.

"If you don't succeed at this, you're on your own!" she lambasted. "I've tolerated your failures and your excuses long enough, and I've had it up to here! I'm telling you now; if this doesn't work, you can either get a real job and support yourself, or get the hell away from me!"

There was something sinister about this woman encouraging, no ordering her husband to become a female stripper and using her money as leverage to force him to comply with her demands. In my wildest dreams, I would never have imagined such a despicable deed, but here it was. . .in real life!

Despite my reservations, another unfortunate male appeared doomed to the life of a female stripper. . .despite his wishes!

ROSS

The next video showed a kid who was also there his mother, and the whole idea of stripping was undoubtedly hers. I heard later that she was a stripper during her prime, and she knew if managed correctly, it could be a lucrative profession.

"Your long hair will look much nicer in a girl's style," she complimented. "And, you'll be able to grow it as long as you want. You can even wear it up like mine, and remember how nice your sister looks with her hair up?"

I soon learned that Ross' mother was the epitome of a stage mom. She hadn't gotten her own career out of her system before she got pregnant, and as a result was trying to re-live her life through her children. She spent many years trying to groom Ross' older sister for the stage. From an early age, the daughter was a "Shirley Temple" type. . .tap dancing and singing while poor Ross was ignored or used to perform chores involving costumes or scenery most of the time.

The daughter had some minor successes until she rebelled against the showbiz life and ran off to get married. The mother was destroyed for a while, but gradually turned her attentions to Ross. He would be a star, but I guess his build wasn't the leading man type so. . .here he was!

Unlike some of the others, Ross made only mild protests to the prospect of learning to dance like a girl. Whenever he did complain about having to wear girl's clothes and makeup, his mother would nonchalantly shrug it off saying, "Don't give it a second thought, darling. All actors wear makeup, and the clothes are just costumes for your new role."

I suppose he was so happy with his mother's full attention and affection, now that his sister was out of the picture, that he

didn't want to risk her rejection. . .even to the point of dressing like. . .becoming. . .a girl!

JULIAN

Of all the applicants, Julian looked the most like a sissy in the beginning.

His facial features were clear, his body was soft and without muscle tone, his light brown hair was long and fashioned in a curly pageboy, his nails were long, shaped into an oval and appeared to be coated with a clear lacquer, and he was wearing a shirt and trousers in a slightly feminine style. He even sat with his knees together and his hands folded in his lap like a girl! Most surprisingly, he wore a necklace that said, "SISSY!"

"But, I don't want to wear dresses and learn to be a girl stripper, Aunt Ruth," the distraught boy pleaded in a vehement, yet not discourteous voice.

"Don't be silly, Julian!" the aunt responded in a firm tone. "This is the perfect activity for a delicate person like you. You'll see!"

"But I want to play ball. . .go hunting and fishing do boy's things!"

"Don't be absurd! You've never done those things!"

"Only because you wouldn't let me!" he exclaimed. "You made me wear these sissy clothes, and if I got dirty, you punished me and made me play with dolls!"

"That was to teach you that satisfaction and fulfillment can be derived from genteel pursuits," she scolded. "Anyway, you got your exercise from ballet and tap dancing, and that didn't develop sinewy muscles on your trim frame. Now listen, you are my sister's only child, and as your legal guardian, I was afraid you would get hurt at those rough boy's games."

"But why did I have to wear dresses?"

"You looked so sweet in your pretty dresses playing with your dolls hour after hour. And, how about all those times you wore lovely dresses and pretended to be my niece? Wasn't that fun?"

The boys face flushed as the his aunt went on. "Remember, that's when you decided to wear panties full time because they were so much softer than your old cotton underwear?"

"I didn't decide to wear them!" he exclaimed, his face turning brighter red. "You tricked me into admitting that panties were nice. After that, you took away all my jockey shorts and



“Julian looked scared!”

made me wear these awful panties. . .all the time! That was your idea, not mine!”

“No matter!” his aunt snapped. “The point is that you now wear nice soft lingerie, and learning to care for the delicate fabrics of your panties, camisoles, nighties, and the like is good training for you! Who knows? After you’re married, your wife may expect you to take care of your own lingerie, and hers too, for that matter.”

“I don’t intend to wear lingerie after I get married!” the embarrassed youth exclaimed. “The only reason I wear it now is because you make me!”

He was getting rather excited, and seeing this, his aunt patted her lap and snapped, "Julian! Do you really want to continue this conversation here??!"

Julian might have appeared to be a sissy in the beginning, but believe me, appearances and first impressions can be deceiving. Of all the applicants, he had the most balls! He just didn't have a choice! He fought as hard as he could. . .as hard as he dared, but he was no match for his determined aunt. Despite all his objections to her devious scheme, his fate appeared sealed.

Over the span of his life, she had forbid him the privilege of roughhousing with other boys, required him to play with dolls, and made him wear feminine clothes. Now, with no regard to his desires, she was conspiring to deny him his God given masculinity! I could tell he wanted to protest further, but being totally berated by her harsh words, the resole in her voice, and probably some unnamed punishment, the ill-fated boy meekly lowered his eyes and muttered, "No, Aunt Ruth. It's just that. . ." His voice trailed off into silence, and he blushed bright red from futility and humiliation.

CHARLIE

I guess, when all is said and done, Charlie most closely represented my original image of our potential applicant. Not only did he appear slightly effeminate, he came in with an older, obviously well off, gentleman. Also, from the beginning, both were very up front about wanting Charlie to become more feminine. . .much more feminine! It seems that the boyfriend needed a female escort for business, and having a beautiful and ladylike Charlie on his arm to flirt with his business associates and clients would not betray his sexual preference nor do anything to detract from his lucrative career.

JACK

If Charlie was the consummate 'queen' of my imagination, then Jack was the exact opposite! Yet, here he was. . .with his wife. . .and they both wanted him to become as feminine as possible! For some reason that I could never fathom, Jack had always had an insatiable desire to wear feminine clothes and play the role of a girl. He apparently had told his wife of his unusual obsession before they were married, and since he was obviously heterosexual, she loved her man and was intent on doing whatever was necessary to make him happy!

After several exciting exploits with Jack dressed as a woman, they saw the ad and wondered if it could be possible for him to

actually be feminized enough to be a female performer. He admitted in his interview, "The thought of being so feminine I could never be a man again is very exciting."

His wife agreed, saying, "I was married before to a macho, beer-drinking, womanizer. I love Jack and the life we SHARE. He's the only man I've ever met that enjoys shopping for dresses, make-up and even lingerie. The idea that he's going to become even more like a woman is exciting to me also. . .the more like a woman the better!"

One by one as I watched the tapes, I decided that even though each case was different, as Lorena had stated, they were all connected by a common thread. Some event or circumstance in their lives was amiss, and if they stuck with Lorena's program. . .they were destined to become female strippers. Another common factor was their ages. Although none looked older than twenty, I knew most were.

I didn't sleep well that night. It was all so unsettling. The next day when I was discussing our candidates with Lorena, I mentioned Julian and the fact that his aunt was forcing him to participate. "Is it right?" I asked.

"Eliminating him from our program won't change his destiny or his situation," Lorena answered. "I've seen cases like this before. The boy's aunt has already turned him into a sissy and she's determined to train him to be a girl. If we refuse to help, she'll just find another way. If he's here, at least I can keep an eye on him and keep help him become better adjusted."

"I guess you know best."

When I walked into the first session, Lorena was telling the boys and their escorts. . .mothers, wives, girlfriends, and in the one case, admirer. . .what he expected of them. "Even if you contemplate quitting our program, I appeal to each of you to stick with us for at least two weeks. Over that period of time I will outline our entire curriculum, and only then can you adequately evaluate the course as a whole. Are you all with me on that?"

They were obviously uncomfortable with Lorena's question, but in response, each mumbled or nodded his consent.

"Great!" Lorena continued. "Initially, you should shave your legs and begin wearing nylon panties, camisoles, and nylons or pantyhose at all times. You see, getting used to the feel of soft

fabrics on your skin is sometimes quite traumatic for guys at first."

Julian was sitting upright beside his aunt with knees together and hands folded in his lap in feminine fashion, and he nervously shifted his position and blushed upon hearing Lorena's words.

His aunt, on the other hand, glanced at him and smiled deviously.

I guess both of them were thinking that he had already undergone that experience!

"Also," Lorena continued, "you should begin experimenting with makeup, walking in heels, and start wearing feminine clothes at home. . .exclusively. . .even at night!" As he talked, Lorena indicated a schedule on the board. Classes would be held on Mondays and Wednesdays, when the club was closed, from 6:00 until 10:00 P. M. and all day on Saturdays until the bar opened at 5:00. Home study and practice were encouraged the other nights.

On the chalkboard was written in big letters, "BE A LADY!"

Attempting to put the boys at ease, Lorena announced, "As you all know, I am a male, and you can see that I function realistically as a female. By the end of our program, each of you will be able to do the same, and since you are all younger, probably even more so. To succeed however, you should be narcissistic at home, a debutante in public, and as time passes and you grow into your roles, a wild, devil may care, anything goes stripper here at the club."

They all giggled nervously.

Ignoring them, Lorena continued. "Your training will begin this Saturday. Initial classes will be on feminine comportment. . .walking, standing, and sitting in a skirt and heels. This will be followed by instruction on makeup application and removal. For all our sessions, I encourage you to arrive in a stylish dress or blouse and skirt along with comfortable two inch pumps. However, if you are self-conscious about appearing in public in women's attire at this early stage of your training, you may bring your dresses and change here. At any rate, whatever your choice, I want you to begin wearing skirts full time. . .even in public as soon as you feel confident enough, and the sooner, the better."

"There's a lot that you didn't tell them," I said when everyone was gone.



"Louis always had his copy of 'Breasts' with him for reference."

“Yeah, I know! But, if I told them everything, even the anxious ones might have second thoughts and quit. Then, we would be left with only the two who are being forced into our program. From experience, I believe we should break the details to them gradually.”

“I trust you,” I said, totally unsure if this was right.

I couldn't help noticing that Julian was the only one in a dress when the boys arrived for classes on Saturday morning. . .and to my great surprise, he looked like a girl!

He was wearing a pink jumper dress with a straight, mid-thigh length skirt over a white nylon blouse with full, long sleeves, and pink two inch pumps. His subtle makeup, eye liner, light mascara, pink lipstick, and fingernails were very attractively feminine.

On top of that, attesting to a recent trip to the hairdressers, his hair had been bleached to a golden blonde shade and sported a white ribbon. No one, I mean absolutely no one, would guess that this gorgeous teenaged girl was, in fact, a boy. His aunt wasn't joking when she spoke of him wearing dresses and pretending to be her niece at home!

“Aunt Ruth!” I heard Julian protest when he saw he was the only one who arrived in girl's clothes. “I told you I'd be the only one in a dress! And, what about my hair. . .after all that embarrassment at the beauty parlor!”

“Don't you dare touch your hair, Julia!” his aunt screeched as his fingers appeared ready to muss his feminine coiffeur. “That is, unless you want me to ‘warm’ your panties right here in front of everyone!”

The determined aunt was obviously threatening her hapless nephew with a public humiliation while using a feminine form of his name. She had undoubtedly addressed him that way and must have spanked him before because the mere threat was sufficient to subdue him. Considering the alternative, he slowly lowered his arms and relaxed his slender fingers in resignation, his eyes filling with tears of exasperation.

“Besides, the others will be dressed the same very shortly,” his aunt continued in an abrupt voice. “After all, the lesson is on feminine comportment and makeup application!”

“This situation is potentially volatile and will bear watching,” I thought to myself.

Shortly, as the aunt predicted, the others emerged from the dressing room wearing various styles of dresses or skirts, however none of which were as short as Julian's. Each was also wearing nylons on freshly shaved legs and stumbling hesitantly atop two inch pumps. I quickly noticed that beside Julian, even Jack and Charlie, who had previously worn dresses and wanted to be feminized, looked basically like what they were. . .guys in feminine clothes! The others, Ross, William, and Louis would fool no one as they clopped around in their unfamiliar skirts and heels.

Had Lorena over-estimated his abilities? Could he really transform this motley crew into reasonable facsimiles of himself and money makers for me? I wondered?

When the boys were finally ready, Lorena came in wearing a white nylon dress with a seductively low cut bodice and a full swinging skirt several inches above his sexy knees and four inch sling pumps. Explaining that he would use his skirt for demonstrations, he started right in and really put them through their paces! For the next two hours, he had them walking with limp wrists and swinging hips, smoothing their skirts beneath them and learning how to cross their legs at the knee when they sat.

He was an exacting taskmistress, overlooking no blunder regardless of its seeming insignificance. However, this was all done in an atmosphere of tolerance and understanding. At no time did he ridicule or berate his charges for wearing skirts, thereby making them less self-conscious and more comfortable in their roles. He would compassionately, yet firmly, correct any offender and make him repeat his action time and again, hastening the time when each gesture would become habit. Only Julian came close to satisfying his exacting tenacity!

After two hours of exhausting practice, Lorena gave the boys a short break during which most of them spent massaging their sore tired feet. Upon seeing this, he admonished, "If you had been wearing your heels at home like I instructed, you would be accustomed to them by now, and your feet wouldn't be hurting! High heels are something you will have to get used to."

The rest of the morning was spent on makeup. In this exercise, Julian seemed to forget that he was dressed differently than he should be. In contrast to the others, who were continually corrected, he sat properly and managed his skirt as if it were commonplace. . .keeping his knees modestly together even when his feet would separate. His actions left little doubt that he had indeed undergone many hours of feminine training, but even he

learned a few new techniques in this intensive class. Still, he was so far ahead of the others that he was used as an example and model for instruction purposes. I actually saw him beam at the praise.

At the end of the session, Lorena stressed, "Remember boys, makeup allows a girl to take her worst attributes and make them her best!"

A very light lunch was followed by a repeat of the morning as comportment lessons were again followed by instruction in makeup. By the end of the day, I was amazed at the progress Lorena had accomplished, although her charges still had a long way to go before they could look like him! If nothing else, the boys seemed to have lost most of the shame and apprehension they initially experienced over wearing dresses, at least in the presence of Lorena and each other. Also, I noticed that they now seldom stumbled in their heels.

Before the class was dismissed, Lorena called everyone together for a briefing, and said, "Today, you have taken the first step toward becoming female strippers. A very big first step, it's true, but we still have many more steps to take before we reach our destination. I know you must have some questions, but first let me make a few observations. Julian, all I can say is keep up the good work, and don't change a thing. Jack and Charlie, practice the techniques you've learned today, and concentrate on using less makeup. The trick is to look like you aren't wearing any. The rest of you are starting off behind the other three, and you must work extra hard to catch up."

Since he didn't have to change, Julian and his aunt left immediately after class. After the others had changed back into their male clothes and were leaving, I noticed traces of makeup on their faces and heard many comments as they were leaving.

"I'm not coming back!" I heard William exclaim to no one in particular. "This female stuff is too weird for me. Besides, it's too much work!"

"Mother, I feel like such a sissy! Are you sure this is the best way into show business?" Ross asked.

"Of course, dear. Many prominent actors have played female roles in plays and movies. Like I said, it's just costumes and stage makeup."

"I'm not sure I should continue with this, Mom," Louis mused thoughtfully. "I don't want to turn into a wimp. . .or anything."

"Whatever you think best, darling," she answered condescendingly. "Like I said, this is your decision, and I'll support you in whatever you decide. I don't relish the alternatives, but if you prefer to have your hair cut and get beaten up by your father on a regular basis or be killed by Maynard the Mauler for seducing his girlfriend, that's up to you."

I was busy with the club and didn't see any of our 'students' until the following Saturday, and boy was I surprised! They had obviously been practicing very hard because in the space of just one week, they had made tremendous progress. Charlie wore a dress to class for the first time that day, and like Julian, he and Jack could now pass for females, at least to a casual observer.

Another tidbit worth mentioning is, despite the adamant statement from William that he wouldn't return and the doubts voiced by Ross and Louis, all three were very much present. . .looking much more feminine than the week before.

William had changed into a yellow and white above the knee length silk dress, white pumps, and tasteful makeup. When I asked about his resolve to quit, anger radiated from his voice and his made up features. "My wife!" he exclaimed. "This was her idea to begin with, and now, it's all her fault! When I said I was going to quit, she screamed at me to move out that very day. She said I could support myself, and she knows I don't have a job! Then, when I swallowed my pride and agreed to continue, she made me box up all my clothes and give them to charity. To make sure I wore dresses and practiced my lessons while she was at work, she only let me keep the shirt and pants I wore in here this morning. . .and I had to wear them over my. . .my. . .oh, I might as well say it. . .my undies! Boy, I'll be glad when I start making some money at this and can get away from that bitch!"

As Lorena gave instructions, I watched with astonishment as these boys moved assuredly about on the same heels that had caused them much agony and distress only a week earlier. They were even beginning to carry themselves like females, swinging their hips, holding their wrists limp, and sitting almost naturally with their knees together. During makeup class, they demonstrated skills that could only have been achieved from hours of diligent practice. I was also surprised to hear almost no complaining after class.

“Tomorrow will tell the tale!” Lorena told me the following Friday. “I told the troupe last night that a doctor would be here to administer their first hormone injections after which, they would be on their way to achieving a very feminine body to go with their new manner of dress.”

“How did they react?”

“As you know, Jack and Charlie want to become as feminine as possible. Well, they’re excited at the prospect, but the others were apprehensive to the point that I suspect some are having second thoughts. To help get their minds off the doctor’s visit, I told them to start wearing three inch heels. Oh well, like I said, tomorrow will tell the tale. I hope not, but we may lose one or two.”

“That was Julian’s aunt on the phone,” Lorena informed me when I entered the club the following morning. “He’s run away. She has informed the police, but for now, they have no clues as to his whereabouts.”

“When did she discover he was missing?”

“About an hour ago. She found his nightgown and negligee in a neighbors yard where a shirt and a pair of jeans were missing from the clothesline. She’ll contact us if they find him.”

“What about the others?”

“Surprisingly, they’re all here, even William and Louis. Jack even wore a dress from home for the first time.”

When everyone was dressed, Lorena looked them over and noted that they looked dubious and skeptical, especially with the departure of Julian. . .the most feminine of them all. “Anyone who wants out can go right now, and nothing will be said,” he informed the silent group. “If you quit later on, you’ll be expected to reimburse us for the training and medical treatment you’ve received.”

Everyone glanced around at each other and their partners, but when no one made a move to leave, Lorena instructed, “Alright boys, that takes care of that!”

“Don’t you think you should call us ‘girls?’” Charlie asked. A spark of hope was in his voice.

“You will have to earn that title, dear,” Lorena answered in a serious tone. “Simply putting on a dress won’t make you a

desirable young lady. I'll know when it's time. . .then, and only then will I call you girls or even ladies. For now, it's boys."

"How long will that take?" a vacillating voice asked.

"That depends on each of you as individuals. This is a highly paid profession, and to be successful, you must develop an image beyond being just feminine. You must learn to be sexy. . .to literally exude an aura of sex! Look at it this way. You might go to college, grad school even, and never make what I do an hour. Also, the experience you gain here can springboard you into a dancing career or possibly even into show business."

The boys all anxiously shifted in their seats, adjusted their skirts, and nervously looked around. They were now accustomed to wearing dresses and makeup and seeing each other dressed the same but were understandably distressed over the mammoth step they were soon to take.

Lorena continued, "If there is no further discussion, let me go over a few things before the doctor arrives. A good portion of today will be spent with physical examinations, and if the doctor finds you fit, he will administer the first of your monthly hormone shots. You boys with wives or fiancées. . .do you understand what is imminent? These fundamental massive doses of hormones will feminize your bodies, and as you begin to develop feminine figures, you'll hardly feel like 'doing it' very often. I want you all to thoroughly understand the ramifications of this very important process. If you haven't discussed these topics among yourselves and decided whether you want to experience our program, as I advised the other night, you had better get busy. Time is short!"

Apparently, everyone was prepared to go forward because no one spoke but looked at one another.

"After the doctor is finished," Lorena continued. "We'll introduce you to some figure control and a few other procedures that are designed to make your bodies appear more feminine. Any questions?"

"Ross has been hesitant to wear his dresses outside the house," his mother said. "How soon will he 'need' girl's clothes. . .you know, like a bra?"

"That varies too. Depends on a lot of things, but probably in a couple months, he's going to look silly in boy's clothes. Don't plan on buying him any boxer shorts for Christmas!"

The group giggled restlessly, and there were a few whispers around the room.

"Also boys," Lorena stated, "since we don't have a lot of time, the doses will be rather strong, and you should expect to be quite nauseated for a few days. So, be forewarned!" Lorena stated, running his fingers over the eye-catching bodice of his blouse, he added, "But it's worth it."

THE CHANGES BEGIN. . .

The doctor showed up. A kindly man about fifty with a gray beard. He spoke with a soft tone about what he could accomplish. "To be a success, we all have a job here. It's my job to give you the 'raw material' to be a successful stripper. It's Lorena's task to teach you the moves and up to you to be sexy and make the customer feel that if he 'plays his cards right', you are available and receptive."

Lorena added, "I've found there will be some confusion as your manly qualities fade. As strippers, it's your job to make each of half a dozen men feel he's the only one you're interested in. You must make every virile male in the audience think he's the only man on earth. . .the apple of your eye! There can be NO masculinity evident."

William's wife asked the doctor, "You're saying that my husband will basically be 'neutered' for a while, right?"

"Neutered, isn't exactly the right word," the doctor said softly. "NON-MALE is more descriptive. You see, we neutralize his male hormones and feminize his body with female hormones. That creates the soft smooth skin, fills out the flat male chest and narrow hips, and will raise the voice a few octaves."

Lorena added, "All that is internal. With makeup, we accentuate their best facial assets, make the lips fuller with lipstick, and pluck the eyebrows for that high arched look. Of course, they'll have to shave their legs, and except for the very youngest, have their beards removed by electrolysis. Everything works together, physical and mental."

The doctor smiled and explained, "For example, the hormones will make his pelvis area wider, but he must still learn to walk with a roll and sway to his hips in an alluring nonmale manner."

"Remember, NON-MALE, is the key word," Lorena said putting his limp wristed hands on his hips in a provocative feminine manner. "If you don't give up your maleness, you'll

go home broke! If that's your attitude, you might as well give up now."

"I can give 'it' to you," the doctor said, "Non-maleness! It's up to you to learn how to use it. . .to develop feminine self-assurance. . .to stand before a barroom full of randy men and be able to manipulate their attention and rebuff their advances. Lorena can teach you that, and will be working hard to do so!"

"Also, you must leave them satisfied, flustered and broke!" Lorena added. This was a business and he was professional enough to understand it.

Thus it began. . .five young men on their way to new careers. . .careers that focused on breasts, long curled hair, thick lashes, rounded hips, lineless tans, and the ability to slap your own butt and wrinkle your nose in a way that says, "Isn't this exciting!"

I must say, they weren't very excited as they lined up for the first of their weekly hormone injections. In only padded bra, panties, and three inch pumps, each had a ghostly blank stare.

While they were waiting, Ross asked Lorena if they couldn't just use padding instead of being feminized with the hormones.

"Oh no, it won't work!" Lorena answered. "I wish it were that simple, but you see, every male, consciously and unconsciously from the earliest age has an awareness of the female anatomy, especially the breast. He thinks about it every day of his life, and they aren't easily fooled."

William's wife said, "Lorena's right, dear. Developing a feminine figure will give you confidence. We women are very aware of our figures, and men pick up on that. I could be wearing a tight sweater or a mannish suit, men know. . ." She had a diabolic expression as she spoke, and I wondered if she had another reason for wanting her husband to become a female stripper.

"If Breasts are lures," Lorena added philosophically, "Striping is fishing!"

When the doctor was finished with each boy, Lorena provided them a diaphanous negligee to slip into and advised, "After the doctor leaves, we have some figure control measures to tend to, so don't get dressed."

Lorena passed out a booklet to each boy called, "BREASTS FOR BOYS!" (A future SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATION.)

Jack's wife sat watching her husband's feminization proudly. It was obvious that she was delighted by his progress. I heard

her say to him, "Oh, honey. You're doing so well! You're going to turn into a woman before you know it!"

"I'm really doing it, aren't I?" Jack said shyly, looking over the "BREASTS FOR BOYS" booklet.

"Yep!" his wife said brightly, "Before you know it, you're going to wake up and NEVER be a man again. Won't that be wonderful?"

Anticipating the time for their second monthly hormone shot, Lorena made individual appointments for his charges on staggering dates. He said he couldn't abide five boys 'on the rag' at the same time except for this one occasion.

After the doctor left, a blond woman in a black dress short enough to reveal her black silken panties arrived with two assistants in equally short dresses carrying boxes from a place called 'THE VEIL'.

"This is, Brandy, gentlemen," Lorena announced to the confusion of the boys. "She is here to fit and train you in the use of a very special gaffe. You will find 'breast men' and 'butt men' but NONE of them want to see ANY of your distinctive masculine attributes!"

"Line up!" the woman barked, calling the class to attention.

A look of anticipation, suspicion, and apprehension was on everyone's faces. Most had done a fairly good job of hiding IT in their panties, but Brandy appeared to be a 'NO NONSENSE' person!

"You WILL be as flat as GIRLS in front when you leave here tonight," Brandy announced coldly. "My garments, I call them 'TRAINERS' are designed to be worn 24 hours a day. They are made from a skin-like space age material that breathes fully, and you shouldn't have to remove it very often. Each one is fitted to exact tolerances and will be very carefully modified just for you."

Brandy's assistants were setting up a trapeze looking high bar beside a table where various sized garments and tape measures were lined up neatly.

Brandy went on, "Each of you will be fitted with a 'TRAINER', and after lunch, you will have your class as normal. Afterward, we will check the fit and make minor adjustments as needed. You are to wear them at all times, and at Monday night's class, we'll be back to check and adjust them again. Now who's first?"



*Louis's chest development was noticeable
and intriguing even to him.
"Maybe this is going to work," he said proudly.*

Everyone looked around then hung their heads trying to disappear.

“ANYONE?” Brandy asked, then after a pause said, “Okay, how about you dear. . .with the white bra?”

“Me?” asked Ross.

“Yes dear, follow my assistant over to the fitting rack.”

To distract the boys, Lorena took the rest of the boys over to the workout area and began a series of instructions. “WALK, WALK, WALK, BEND, HIP ROLL, WAVE YOUR BUTT!”

They followed Lorena’s instructions, but their eyes were on what was happening to Ross as his negligee and bra were removed. That done, he was told to grab the bar high above his head so that he was on his tiptoes. To his further embarrassment, his panties were removed and he seemed to be blushing all over as the ‘fitters’ measured everything!

Brandy talked calmly to Ross as they prepared him. “The waistband reduces your waist and accentuates your bottom, while the crotch strap surrounds everything that matters for a woman, everything that defines her as sexy. Arch your back dear. . .that’s it! Now, pull in your stomach.”

A ‘TRAINER’ garment was wrapped around his waist and marked for modification. Hooks were quickly added to the right position and again this dainty looking, nude colored garment was around Ross’ waist and snugly positioned.

“Take a big breath, sweetie,” Brandy instructed, and snap! It was hooked.

I was amazed! In only a matter of seconds, this light, innocent looking doohickey had reduced his waist by at least four inches.

“Ohhhhh, that’s too tight,” Ross gasped.

“Supposed to be. . .has to be. . .if you want a trim waist! Now, turn around, we aren’t through yet. We still have to do the crotch strap to give you a feminine line in front.”

Ross jumped as Brandy’s nimble but probably icy fingers began to ‘prepare’ his maleness.

“Hang on, dear,” she advised as she produced an ice pack and applied it to his most private parts, numbing the area. “Just pretend you’ve just jumped into a cold lake,” Brandy smiled unemotionally.

He squirmed as she poked and pushed everything up. Holding his entire manhood in one hand, Brandy took the ‘frontal strap’, pulled it back between his legs, and with a mighty yank that lifted Ross up onto his toes, she hooked it into place.

“Ahhhh!” Ross moaned, his eyes were watering. “Ohhhh!”

“You can let go of the bar now,” Brandy declared, “See, now you have a pussy!”

“What am I suppose to do with it?” Ross asked moaning in torment, afraid to let go of the bar.

“Well, everything a girl does with hers. . .almost!” Brandy laughed. “One thing though, you won’t be standing to relieve yourself any more, that is, unless you relish getting drenched in your own urine. Now, let go of the bar like I told you.”

As the full weight of his pumps hit the ground, Ross moaned again. . .everything had gotten tighter. . .much tighter! He stuttered, “I. . .I can’t. . .”

“WALK?” Brandy laughed, “Sure you can! Now, put on your brassiere like a good boy, and join your class.”

Teetering uncertainly on his heels, Ross had a new swing to his hips, and every step was carefully and deliberately calculated.

All eyes went to his new ‘pussy’ and smooth front beneath his panties as he rejoined the group. His dancing wasn’t as loose as before as he struggled to move and gyrate his hips in his tight figure controlling garment, but for a change, Lorena understood and said nothing.

The class froze in anticipation that they would be next, but each breathed a sigh of relief when Charlie was abducted from among them. Their reprieve was only temporary, as one by one they were led away and fitted with their ‘TRAINERS’. Some came back with tears in their eyes like Ross, while others had only a blank ‘in shock’, disbelieving stare.

By lunchtime, all had been fitted with their new device, and their expressions were all different. . .yet somehow the same. Some complained about the tightness, while others were astounded at the feel and look. All talked about what they felt in low tones away from Brandy and Lorena. I almost thought there might be a ‘Mutiny’.

After lunch, the boys put their dresses back on, and Lorena drilled them in feminine comportment and carriage in their new ‘equipment’ and unaccustomed three inch heels. However, about three o’clock, some of the boys were beginning to feel nauseated, so he called a short meeting.

All were warned that it wouldn’t be easy and that they would experience horrible, around the clock, morning type sickness for the next few days. With that in mind, Lorena said, “It’s nothing

more than ALL girls experience as they become women," then he encouraged them to practice as much as they were able, and classes were canceled until the following Saturday.

"I'll bet most of them don't get out of bed the first few days and not many times for a week," Lorena chuckled when they were gone. "I remember when I went through that, and it was pure hell!"

"I'll be surprised if no one quits," I added. I was also concerned about the mental state of some of the 'potentials', but Lorena reassured me and said not to worry.

"The police brought Julian home about an hour ago," Lorena informed me the following Thursday. "The manager of a grocery store caught him trying to steal some food and called them. His aunt just called. She said he was dirty, the clothes he stole were torn, he was hungry, and he has a black eye from where the cop hit him when he tried to escape. Otherwise, he appears to be in pretty good shape."

"Poor kid," I lamented.

"It was bound to happen, so the sooner the better, I say. With no money and no way to earn any, he was a walking victim. Even if he does have to become a girl against his wishes, he's better off. At least, he'll be able to earn a good living when I'm through with him."

"Maybe you're right."

"The doctor is making a house call to give him a physical and administer his first hormone shot, and I'm sending Brandy by to install his 'TRAINER'. Maybe he can make the Wednesday class. That way, he'll only miss two sessions."

"Won't that put him behind?" I asked.

"A bit, but with his past training, he can overcome it better than any of the others."

Two days later, when the five showed up for the first session since their ordeal of a week before, they were a bit pale and listless. . . a tribute to Lorena's prediction. The talk was mostly about how sick each had been. I heard almost everyone say, "I felt like I was going to die. My stomach churned and I shook with chills. . . I must have thrown up a dozen times." But, I also heard, "I feel so different, my skin is real sensitive to roughness."

Like Jack and Charlie before him, Ross arrived in a soft dress and makeup for the first time.

When asked why he was wearing dresses so soon, he shrugged and said, "Mother kept saying skirts, makeup, and heels were just part of my costume and that I should never be ashamed of any role I was fortunate enough to play. I guess I mostly did it to shut her up. Anyway, it's not too bad, it feels nice against my sensitive skin."

Supporting her son's position, I heard Ross' mother say, "For goodness sake! Who knows how fast he'll blossom. I can't have my son running around with breasts without wearing a bra, can I? According to the doctor, his nipples could enlarge very quickly, so he might as well get used to them!"

The doctor said the heredity played a big part in the size of the boys' breast development. Looking at Ross's mother's chest, he had potential to be a show stopper.

Now, only William and Louis came in male clothes, as Julian was understandably absent.

As the boys gathered around before class, one question resonated from everyone's lips, "Will I get that sick every month after my shot? This isn't worth it if I do!"

Lorena assured them that the first time was by far the worst and that each month, the nausea would become less severe. "However," she cautioned them, "the discomfort will never completely go away. You will experience mood changes, short tempers, emotional outbursts, minor bloating, and other symptoms associated with a feminine menstrual period. This condition will typically last four or five days and you'll get used to it."

Her explanation appeared to quiet most of the boy's fears. Then, understanding their lethargic state, she was easier on them than in previous sessions, spending most of the class time on makeup, hairdressing, nail care, and other less strenuous activities. All had lost some weight from their ordeal and Lorena was giving them time to recover.

Everyone appeared to have completely recovered from their 'first period' by class time on Monday and were ready for a normal strenuous workout. If they weren't, they were in for quite an ordeal because Lorena really put them through a very spirited 'bump and grind'!

Upon seeing his charges, Lorena smiled brightly. "Well, boys, back to work! I must say that you all look much more appropriate with your new 'pussies'. From now on, I will be calling them that because that's what they **MUST** be. Let's start



*William's wife had her own way of feminizing her husband.
Unconventional but it was working!*

with our hip rolls and move to 'pussy' lift with hip circles. One and a TWO. . ."

From that night, Lorena expected them to 'have' pussies. One class was spent explaining all about what was now between their legs and how it worked being a female. They learned about vulvas, clitoris', the mons, lips, labia and what each did for a

woman. . .and a man. I had to leave. . .even I was embarrassed by the frank discussion.

Each was to consider that part of their body as a vagina and was expected to refer to their genitalia as properly as a female. For instance, Lorena now instructed during a bump and grind lesson, "Pretend you're holding a pencil in your pussy! Now, imagine you're drawing a circle on the floor. Now a figure eight!"

Each one went from learning the basic techniques of stripping to more advance moves in short order. . .very short order!

On Wednesday night, Julian's aunt brought him in for the first time since he ran away, but appearing pale and lethargic, he was obviously not up to the task. As usual, he was dressed and made up like a girl, even though he wore long bangs to his brows, decreeing another trip to the hairdressers, and his makeup didn't quite hide the puffiness around his left eye.

He had tried to escape his aunt's diabolical plan to turn him into a girl, but here he was. . .wearing an extremely short red dancer's skirt, a white body hugging top that accentuated his bra and padded bosom, and in accordance with Lorena's latest decree, perched on red three inch pumps.

Knowing full well how he was feeling, the other students cordially welcomed him back, but clearly not feeling well, he remained quiet for the most part.

When the class started, Julian joined in the chorus line and fell easily into the dance routines with the others. Due to his delicate state, he wasn't very enthusiastic, and several times had to make a mad rush to the ladies' room. Lorena said nothing at these times and cleverly directed the group's attention to other matters, keeping them focused on the task at hand.

Once when Julian returned from a vomiting spree, anemic and spent, he sat at my table, cradled his arm on top, buried his face, and sobbed quietly, "Oh, why is this horrible thing happening to me?"

"How did you get caught?" I asked, having been curious about his fate since learning that he had run away.

"The man at the grocery store caught me when I was trying to steal an apple," he answered without raising his head. "I had done it before, but I guess I tried it once too often. I was so hungry, and I didn't have any money. I offered to sweep the floor

or something to pay for it, but he was very angry and called the police.”

“What happened when they arrived?”

“Aunt Ruth had reported me missing, and they were looking for me,” he answered with a shiver, still not raising his head. “She turned everything around, telling them that I was under psychiatric care and had run away because I wanted to dress like a girl against her wishes. She said if they didn’t believe her, they could pull my pants down and see that I was wearing girl’s nylon panties when they caught me.”

“Were you?”

“Yes!” he sobbed. “But, you have to understand! I have worn panties for so long as my normal underwear, even under my pants when I was allowed to wear them, that I didn’t think to take them off. You’ve got to believe me!”

“I believe you,” I answered while patting his trembling frame for comfort. “Don’t worry, I believe you. What happened when the police arrived?”

“They identified me with a picture Aunt Ruth had provided and then pulled down my pants like she said,” he answered, lapsing into a torrent of sobs all over again. “That’s when I tried to jerk away, and the policeman hit me in the eye. W..when. . .when they saw I really was wearing panties, they really let me have it. . .calling me names like sissy and faggot. No matter how many times I told them Aunt Ruth was the one who was making me dress like a girl, they wouldn’t believe me! They just wanted to know why I was wearing panties if I didn’t want to be a girl!”

“Sounds like quite an ordeal!”

“Tell me about it!” he exclaimed. “After that, they took me home, and when they saw Aunt Ruth, the big one said he didn’t believe her at first about me wanting to wear girl’s clothes, but since he had seen my panties, he really felt sorry for her. . .having a nephew like that and all.”

“What happened after the police left?”

“Aunt Ruth locked me in my room and told me to bathe, shave my legs, wash and roll my hair, and put on a pretty dress.”

“Roll your hair?” I exclaimed.

“Yes. Since Aunt Ruth has always wanted me to be a girl, and I’ve known how to roll my hair for years. I tell you, with girls wearing slacks, jeans, and shorts most of the time, I’ll bet I’ve worn skirts more than most of them!”

“When did you see the doctor?” I asked, knowing the hormone shot was the reason for his malady.

“Later that afternoon, and when he left, that Brandy woman and her assistants came by and strapped me into this awful ‘TRAINER’. Isn’t there anything you and Lorena can do to help me out of this mess?”

“I don’t think so,” I answered hesitantly. “Anyway, Lorena says you should be a girl even if you weren’t in our program and that you’d be better off here with us keeping an eye on you.”

“To watch me do what?” he demanded, raising his head for the first time. “Grow TITS and a fat round ASS!!! Learn to take my clothes off in front of a bunch of horny drunks! You’re a lot of help!”

Seeing him sitting up and assuming he was feeling better, Lorena summoned him back into the fold. With that, a very dejected boy walked away. . .unconsciously swinging his hips. . .prompting his short skirt to bounce seductively against his buttocks.

As I watched him walk away, I felt sorry for him. I thought, “His aunt must really be drilling him at home because that hip roll really looks natural and instinctive! Especially since the doctor gave him a hormone shot and he started wearing that restrictive ‘TRAINER’!

Part of me wanted to do something for him but I’d long ago given up my “GENERAL MANAGER OF THE UNIVERSE” title and allowed people to live their own lives. If someone wanted to take drugs, or somehow destroy their lives. . .it’s their live. I have enough trouble with my own problems to take on the worlds.

As time passed, the boys, got all over their ‘periods’, and everything appeared back to normal. . .if any of this could be described as normal! Maybe I should just say things settled into a consistent routine.

Anyway, their skin had cleared, their hair now flourished with bright highlights, and a thin layer of fleshy fat gradually appeared under their skin. Almost overnight, they suddenly had fair skin and pale ashen complexions with rosy cheeks.

Louis started arriving for class in dresses, and in accordance with his new feminine image, his hair was dyed a bright auburn and set in a loose wavy style.

“This was all his own idea,” his mother informed the group. “We were having to go out quite often, and he was afraid Maynard the Mauler would be watching the house and recognize him if he kept dressing as a male. The red hair to enhance his disguise was his idea too! ”

“Is that true, Louis?” Lorena asked.

An embarrassed smile appeared on the boy’s pink lips, and he brushed a fringe of long scarlet hair from his highly arched brow before quietly admitting, “Yes. That was part of it, but truthfully, wearing dresses has made me feel special, more sophisticated. Anyway, I was wearing them all the time, except to and from here, so what’s the big deal?”

As for the others, Ross had either accepted his mother’s position that dresses were merely costumes for his new role or that wearing them was the only avenue to her total loving affection. Whichever, he was constantly in a pretty dress with perfect makeup with his dark tresses neatly styled.

Jack and his wife often dressed alike in beautifully dresses with their hair in dramatic flips, as though they had just been styled in the most elegant salon in town. Obviously enjoying his advancing femininity, they usually went to dinner and sometimes dancing together after class.

Charlie and his male lover were also enthralled as he became more feminine. Being an executive, the lover was very pleased to attend sales conferences and seminars with a lovely voluptuous brunette, who obviously adored him, on his arm.

Being an older executive, this scene not only served to raise his esteem in the minds of his peers, it also removed any speculation that might have arisen about his sexual preferences due to his bachelorhood. It was also interesting that Charlie’s feminization sparked new titillation in his friend. Many a day Charlie would drag in and say, “Everytime I’m practicing at home, I get jumped. I can’t make mine ‘stand up’ anymore but I sure can his!”

Julian and his aunt appeared to have reached a sort of peace, tense though it might be, and despite his wishes, he was always neatly and femininely dressed. Lorena said the hormones had a calming effect on the youth making him more passive.

William was the lone holdout as only he arrived and departed in men’s clothes. Not even having to appear more than an hour early to put on a dress and do his makeup encouraged him to appear as a woman in public. A lot of hostility was evident between him and his wife, and maybe this was his way to defy

her. They were constantly harping at one another, and as was evidenced by their comments, most of these arguments arose from his waning sexual appetite and ability in bed.

One day I overheard his wife talking to some of the other wives and mothers. "William looks and behaves like his mother, and is about as manly in bed!" she spat disgustedly. "And, with him sleeping in nylon and satin gowns, I feel like I'm in bed with his mother. Ecch! Talk about a turn off! I wonder what his mother would say if she saw him prising around in his frillies and knew he couldn't even function as a man!"

With that, Jack's wife and Julian's Aunt Ruth had a belly laugh.

"I like it," Jack's wife replied, proving that she was in full agreement with her husband's blossoming femininity. "I think it's sexy and exciting to see him develop. As for sex? We celebrated the first night he couldn't get it up! He's really very much like a young girl now."

Jack had what he wanted. . .an understanding wife. He was lucky. On the other hand, "Poor William," was all I could think. His wife's derogatory 'public' comments about his waning sexual prowess greatly disturbed him. . .and rightly so. . .at least it would me! In desperation, he pleaded with Lorena to let him 'off' the hormone treatment, at least until his virility returned.

Lorena refused, of course, saying that the doses could be reduced when he was fully developed.

"They've had time to start blossoming, so it's time for the next step," Lorena told me after the boys had begun to get used to their hormone shots and began to understand what their monthly 'period' would mean in their lives. "We're going to 'fit' each them with their 'work clothes'." For emphasis, he raised his skirt and displayed a tiny sparkled g-string.

"Looks like it would hurt!" I said seeing how tight it was.

"It takes a while to get used to them," Lorena said. "But I think the gaff and hormones have 'inhibited' their maleness enough that they shouldn't be that bothersome by now. Anyway, they'll get used to them soon enough."

LET'S TALK. . .

Before the next class when everyone was present and William had dressed, put on his makeup, and styled his hair, Lorena called the boys in for a meeting. When everyone was seated, he

announced, "From time to time, we will have little 'get togethers' to discuss our 'unique' problems."

"What kind of problems?" Charlie asked.

"All of you have made tremendous progress during the past couple of months, but don't tell me you don't have any problems or questions about wearing dresses. . .clothes selection. . .makeup. . .hairstyling. . .men. . .anything?"

With that, everyone looked around and shared a laugh. Lorena had hit the nail on the head, loosened them up a bit. Now, they were ready for a serious discussion and sharing of common predicaments.

"First of all," Lorena stated with a smile, "since you don't have any problems Charlie, how about sharing how you feel when appearing in public in a dress?"

I swear, the others giggled as Charlie made his way to the front of the class, walking easily and confidently on his heels. Only a short time in girl's clothes, and he looked completely at home in his casual day dress that was decorated with blue and white flowers.

I thought the neckline was a bit low for a girl of his age but it was extremely feminine, showing off his girlish figure to advantage. . .the promise of womanly charms to come. On the other hand, his mid-thigh length straight skirt was very stylish and in full accord with his age. . .that is, if he were a girl!

As he stood before the class, fidgeting with his skirt and shifting his weight, Charlie seemed to be having trouble getting started. Seeing his dilemma, Lorena encouraged him saying, "Go ahead dear. You aren't the only one who will speak today. . .merely the first."

Charlie twitched a bit more before looking out over his peers who were sitting erectly with their knees together, their skirts properly adjusted, and their hands folded neatly in their laps. "Before I discuss Lorena's agenda, I would like to thank each of you," he said. "All of you know that I live with my male friend who encouraged me to become his 'woman'. When I found out about this program, I figured it could be a way to help me become feminine and thereby live my distinctive life in happiness only normal couples seem to find. To do that, I assumed I would have to endure a lot of ridicule as I have done many times throughout my life. But, that hasn't happened here. I feel like a woman and I'm with a man who treats me like his wife. It's all so normal to the public. No one has said anything derogatory about me or my lifestyle, and again I thank you."

"And, thank you too, Charlie," Lorena added. "As you all know, different circumstances brought each of us here, and we will leave those reasons in the past and proceed toward a common future. Go ahead Charlie."

"The hardest part at first was the gawking!" he continued. "I felt as though everyone, both men and women, were staring at me. I would try to appear indifferent, but my hands would tremble. I'd feel myself shaking all over with the fear of discovery. Feeling their eyes on me, I'd blush brightly and look away."

"How do you feel now," Jack asked.

"Much more relaxed. My friend pointed out that they are looking at me like everyone looks at an attractive wife. It is odd being one of the wives at business meetings. No one has 'made' me yet, so I'm gaining confidence every day."

"Very good!" Lorena exclaimed when he was through. "Now Jack, how about you enlightening us about your experiences next."

I noted that Lorena was shrewdly asking the boys who wanted to become feminine to speak first, and hopefully, put the others at ease.

Jack looked like a secretary as he stood nervously before the class in his white above the knee length business suit, turquoise silk blouse, and modest jewelry. "All my life," he began, "I've had this compulsion to wear women's clothes. I was fortunate enough to find a wife who liked indulging in my little fantasies. Like Charlie; however, I have experienced a lot of emotional trauma and guilt about appearing in public dressed as a woman. Lately, I've become a lot more at ease with it."

Ross was next. He explained that his sister had run away to get married, and according to his mother's wishes, he was taking her place in pursuing a show business career. As he elaborated on his problems in getting accustomed to dressing as a girl, he said the bra was the most troubling garment. Not only was he disturbed by the protrusions in front, but the pressure of the band about his chest and the narrow straps cutting into his shoulders.

Louis said he had never considered dressing as a girl, and that he originally had gotten into the program to perfect a disguise to help him hide from a sadistic bully who was out to kill him. With Lorena's teaching, it was working out very well because he had seen this bully on the streets several times without being recognized since he started wearing dresses. In fact the ruffian had whistled at him once.

Julian moved slowly and hesitantly to the front when his turn came. He was wearing a pink sweater vest over a white long sleeved satin blouse and a navy blue miniskirt. He looked and moved precisely like the typical teenage girl, and he began by saying, "By now, I'm sure all of you know I'm here because Aunt Ruth makes me. Since I ran away, you also know I'm here against my will but this is not new to me. When I was growing up, my summers were spent exclusively in girl's clothes and I was expected to be a 'little lady'. I was taught to walk, sit, and in general be a girl!"

"Did you ever have to wear dresses to school?" Charlie asked.

"No, but when school began, all I had to wear was nylon panties and sometimes a camisole or a teddy underneath my shirt and pants. The boys would tease me about being a sissy because I wouldn't join in their games, and that was terribly embarrassing. Then, if I dared play with them to get them off my back and got dirty or tore my clothes, Aunt Ruth would make me wear a frilly party dress all week."

Lorena asked, "You are so dainty and delicate. Didn't you ever play with the boys?"

Julian looked down, "I only had dolls and other girl's books and things to play with after school and on weekends. Some of the dolls I liked dressing up in pretty outfits but she like me to play with the 'baby' dolls and 'mother' them. She'd say, 'You need to know how to care for a baby. . .someday you might have one.' If I complained too much about that, she would sometimes make me wear a frilly blouse with lace on the collar and cuffs to school. Then, I really got teased and called a sissy! As you can see, I've been through a lot, but I was never sent to school in a dress or skirt. . .probably because the school officials wouldn't allow such a thing!"

"Are you ever afraid of being recognized as a boy on the street any more," Charlie asked. "What I mean is, does anyone ever suspect that you're a boy?"

"No, but from your comments, the rest of you have spoken of one difficulty or another associated with wearing girl's clothes in public. As you can well imagine, due to my lifelong feminine training, I actually get teased *less* when I'm in a dress."

William was looking as feminine as the others in a pink and white silk minidress with a mock wrap skirt, but all he would say was that as soon as he could find a way, he was quitting the program.

When everyone was finished, Lorena stood before the class and said, "As a small token of appreciation for your past efforts and your cooperation here today, here is a little gift." With that, he handed them a little purse makeup kit with lipstick, blush and matching nail polish. It was just a little thing, but with the possible exception of Julian and William, the group appeared very pleased with their gifts.

With that, the meeting was over and it was time to start rehearsals. Lorena called the class to order and pronounced, "Gentlemen, I have a present for you!" With that, he passed out boxes to each of the boys then opened one and pulled out a sequined, tasseled dancer's bra and a pair of matching g-string panties like the ones he had showed me under his skirt. There were also several other 'training' items that were in the box—a few ordered from a company called "Under Control". There were nipple tassles, a breast pump, something called the "screamer" and several lotions and audio tapes. All intended and designed to feminize.

As he held them up the sequined garment before six pairs of skeptical eyes, he announced, "These are your new costumes. They are specifically made to go over your 'TRAINERS' and won't betray any little surprises you might have lurking under there. From now on, you will wear these garments during all classes, and I encourage you to practice in them at home until they become second nature."

Lorena passed out the new costumes, and I watched as the boys struggled to put them on. As they nervously adjusted the almost nonexistent bottoms about their hips, I was amazed how they fit perfectly and snugly on their new streamlined derrieres with no hint of their masculine attributes on display. None now seemed concerned about the smooth, flat tightness over their genitals.

When they removed their bras to slip into their new tops, I was quick to notice that small mounds had quickly developed on their formerly flat chests. I also observed that this development ranged widely from boy to boy. . .from babyish swelling. . .to girlish golf ball sizes. All however, had erect, swollen, pink nipples that rose and fell with every breath and thrust outward like rosebuds.

Remembering when they couldn't even figure out how to hook their bras, I was flabbergasted by how easily these boys now handled their tops. The wall mirror was crowded as they

positioned their padded bra cups carefully over their promising tender mounds.

I was astounded by the cleavage that even the flattest boy could create by prodding and kneading every ounce of fat above the soft silicone push up pads. Since they wouldn't be topless, everyone knew the flesh that showed above their bras was of the utmost importance.

Noting that the tops were only slightly padded, Lorena pointed out that they had to learn to handle what nature had given them (so far). He insisted that everything be natural, and no matter how some of them wanted to accentuate what they had beyond its limits, he didn't allow them to parody any aspects of femininity. . .refusing to allow them to overstuff their bosoms. . .pitch their voice too high. . .or exaggerate the swing of their hips. All that would come later!

When they finally had on their new garments, Julian and William were the only ones not smiling and primping in the mirror.

Also in class that day, each boy learned how to jiggle the cones protruding from his chest, twirl tassels attached to his nipples. Again I was amazed at the difference in development. Some looked funny with the tassels circling off their chests and a few had real movement.

They were getting good at grinding their rounded hips like women. How did Lorena teach such a movement? He instructed, "Boys! Pretend you're putting on the tightest pair of jeans."

Standing with their legs about a foot apart, knees bent, they pretended like they had pulled up the jeans and were about ready to try to zip them up. As they did the imagined zip, their pelvis was tilted forward.

"Pull your stomachs in, and keep your bottom pulled under!" Lorena yelled. "Now, add a rotating movement like this, and you've got the 'bump and grind'."

At the end of that session, Lorena informed the group that henceforth, they would wear four inch heels and perform all class exercises in stiletto spikes of the same height.

"But, we're just getting used to these!" one of the group complained.

"No self respecting stripper has ever strutted her stuff in flats or block heels of any height," Lorena explained. "If you want

to excite your audience and earn top money, you must learn to perform in sexy shoes, and that means spikes. . .stiletto spikes!”

After that day, the lessons really got intense! Lorena was like a drill sergeant, barking at the boys. “Too fast!” she’d rave, “Slip your bra straps off slowly and brush your hair enticingly across your shoulders. That’s it! Now watch!” He then demonstrated a sexy come-hither gaze in his darkly made up eyes, circled his hips, and ran a finger slowly up his thighs.

The boys had changed so much in the last months, almost to the point of being unbelievable! They began appearing younger and more delicate as their bodies responded to the hormones, their breasts and hips enlarged, their faces developed an incandescent shimmer, and they began to act, as well as look, like girls. Tears came easily, and there were ‘bitch’ fights over the smallest things. . .then forgotten in minutes.

On the surface, Lorena’s plan appeared to be progressing according to schedule, but most disturbing was the increasing hostility between William and his wife. She continued to ridicule him in public about his inability to perform and “be a man” in bed, and he still refused to wear feminine attire to and from class. . .although he did continue to attend and wear the prescribed uniform while there.

Usually calm about these things, even Lorena expressed concern over that situation. I had seen many a dirty, public divorce. I just hoped it wouldn’t explode, damage the club’s reputation and spell the end of all our hard work! If the word ever got out that my customers were drooling over emasculated boys, I’d be ruined!

Then, when we least expected, William came to class dressed as a woman for the first time! Out of the blue, he walked in wearing a short fitted black skirt, a low cut white ruffled silk blouse that revealed a hint of cleavage, full makeup, bright red lipstick, matching nails, and his normal four inch pumps!

In addition, his hair had bleached to a light blond, almost platinum color and was softly curled with flips just over his ears, coming forward on his cheeks to frame his soft face. His eyebrows had been plucked into very thin, highly arched lines that could not possibly be made to look masculine until they grew out again. This all combined to give him the appearance of being an alluring young female. But why. . .why was he dressed this way?

The expressions on the faces of the other boys were mixed. Most of them looked at him with satisfaction, but Julian, and

perhaps even Ross, stared at him as if he were a traitor! Apparently, they had viewed William as a last masculine holdout against certain femininity. As long as William held out, they felt as though they had a chance, but now that he had given in, they knew their doom was certain!

I was in the rafters adjusting lights but I could hear them talking. "This is working out even better than I imagined in the beginning," I overheard William's wife tell Aunt Ruth, who had become her close friend.

"What do you mean?"

Before answering, she looked cautiously around to make sure no one was listening. Being overly curious about the events leading up to William's wearing dresses full time and wishing to hear what his wife had to say, I ducked behind a catwalk to avoid detection.

"For more than a year, our marriage hasn't been much," she began once she was satisfied that they were alone. "He was having one affair after another with the bimbos in his dance troupe. In those days, he was highly sexed, and no matter how often he screwed around on the side, he could always perform at home. I don't know how stupid he thought I was, but that way, he thought I wouldn't find out about his little liaisons. The beautiful part was that I was having an affair of my own with our attorney, and he had no idea! My problem was to find a way to get out of the marriage without being taken to the cleaners by that leach. According to legal advice, I would likely have had to pay him alimony if I filed for divorce!"

"Wow!" Aunt Ruth gasped. "What did you do?"

"The advantage of being involved with an attorney is that he gives you free legal advice and keeps you from making stupid mistakes. To make a long story short, I followed my lover's advice and kept patient until I could find an out. I had been pressuring him to find better employment, and my opportunity came when I saw a newspaper with the ad to this club circled. William was very evasive when I asked about it, and because of his hesitance to discuss it, I called myself. Well, of all people, Lorena answered the phone and was very forthcoming with answers. When he advised me of the hormones effect on one's sex drive, I knew I had the answer."

"How is it working out better than you anticipated?"

"As you know, I began by relentlessly taunting him in public and in private for his inability to perform in bed. I'm sure you can imagine that for someone who has been sexually active with

so many women for so long, the effect was devastating! Finally, the other day, he came to me seeking a compromise, and I had him! I said I would agree to stop insulting his manhood if he would agree to wear women's clothes full time, allow me to take on a lover to satisfy my needs, and since he was home all day, he would take over the housework duties."

"And, he accepted?"

"See for yourself!" she beamed. "He put up quite a squawk about my lover, especially when he found out who I had in mind, but he didn't say much about the housework, since he did much of it anyway."

"You're a genius!" Aunt Ruth exclaimed. "You ended up with a lover and a maid!"

"Yes. . . a maid!" she answered thoughtfully as they shared a loud belly laugh.

"PELVIC CONTROL!" I heard Lorena yell at the boys, bringing me back to reality. In line with his routine, Lorena was spending a lot of time making them execute the flawless and seductive pelvic movements. He would explain, "A man can tell if you're a good lover by the way you move when you dance. You must move your fanny in a sexy way and swivel your hips while keeping your shoulders straight."

From experience, he knew the accent on pelvic tilts and rotations (bump and grind) gave the boys a new freedom of movement to the lower half of their bodies.

CHANGE FOR CHANGE. . .

The weeks passed, and one night, I watched the boys primping in the wall mirror during a break. Makeup had covered up any flaws. Delicately arched eyebrows added to dark intriguing eyes. Lipstick accented the delicacy of their lips. Every vestige of masculine hair had been removed from their arms and legs. Each boy had come a long way physically as well as psychologically. I could see it in their faces.

Also, hiding their new curves within their brassieres became more difficult. Even if they wanted to, hiding them was impossible! They were constantly aware that the soft curves at their bosom gave them a feminine appeal.

Lorena said to me, "See! I told you that once they start wearing brassieres, it wouldn't be long before they would find it hard to hide their developing femininity."

Also, the conversations among the boys was varied but breast tenderness and their new body shapes dominated most. Under their new feminine garments, there was the flourishing, rounding curves of breasts and the perception of dark erect nipples jutting upward.

With the passing of time, I noticed another change. The boys even smelled like healthy females, a faint enchanting mix of perfumes and femininity always filled the room. Their limp wristed hands danced and fingernails changed into long painted talons.

The mothers, wives, and lovers were also discussing the changes at length! I overheard Jack's wife say, "Can you believe it. He's filling a real bra now. . .with real flesh in the cups!"

"My son is too!" Louis' mother beamed proudly.

Jack's wife went on, "I love watching them being ultra prissy and going through the motion of fluffing his hair, doning lipstick and all the things we HAVE to do."

Louis's mother said, "Yeah, Louis looks like me when I was his age. Only, I didn't develop nearly so fast! You know, I can't wait until his father sees him in two weeks. He'll just die! We're separated, you see, and he doesn't know what's been going on!"

"You haven't told his father?" she gasped.

Louis' mother smiled and shook her head. "He was always drunk, and he regularly beat both of us terribly before he left."

I looked at her son. All I could see was a beautiful young girl in the cutest miniskirt. His bosom, pretty legs, and long light brown hair loudly proclaimed him to be of the feminine sex. Still, that mother had a secondary motive. . .getting even with the boy's father. And, was he ever in for a shock!

Lorena had taught me a lot about my own business. Stripping isn't about taking off clothes. It's about looking into the eye of a man who expects you to be the epitome of femininity. He expects soft curves, smooth skin, a sexy attitude, and one had to be bright enough to siphon dollars from his pocket. There was no room for insecurity.

As their breasts shot out, becoming womanly and enticing, confident attitudes evolved from insecurity. Their hips broadened, rounding and softening, and they learned of the effect and power a figure could have over men. They were experiencing

first hand what it was like to be treated as a woman, having men fuss over them.

Their developing breasts were like toys. Most amused in wearing tight sweaters and low-cut dresses. Their breasts became 'badges of femininity' and they showed their figures off at every opportunity.

"You're special," Lorena would say to his boys. "Breasts are bestowed and developed on the female body to indicate it has achieved womanhood, and breasts will become your greatest weapon and asset. Wielded properly, they will give you a power you have never known as men. . . giving respect as well as earning you a lot of money."

Psychologically, it seemed that 'discovery' was becoming less of a concern as there was little chance any boy could have curves like these. Still, I had to wonder what the hormones and the constant wearing of that fitted garment had done to the guy's "future" as males. I asked Lorena, "Aside from growing large breasts, wide hips, and smooth skin, what happens down below?"

"IT all but disappears," he giggled, "but you don't hear any complaints, do you?"

"No. I think Ross, Julian, and William are too afraid to complain, but the others appear to like what's happening to them. I still can't believe how much they changed."

I heard them talking among themselves. Jack said to Charlie, "I just love going to be in a pretty nighty, all perfumed and my hair up in curlers. I sometimes wake up in the middle of the night and feel my curlers and the softness of my breasts and say thanks for the privilege of being so much like a female."

"I feel like too," Charlie said, "But I have to be a 'wife' too. That means cooking dinner, cleaning house and of course, getting ready for bed. I sometimes wish I had a wife like you. Men can be such a bother. . .then again, nothing makes me feel more feminine!"

Jack giggled, "My wife and I are more like sisters now. We hold hands, squeeze each other and kiss gently as often as our emotions dictate. We're so much alike and becoming more so!"

"We've got to hurry," I heard Aunt Ruth say to William's wife after an evening session. "The drug store is about to close, and Julian has to get his pads."

"His pads?"

“Oh yes. His ‘period’ starts tomorrow, and his supply is running low.”

“You make him wear sanitary napkins in his panties?”

“Of course, and he has to buy his own. Anyway, why shouldn’t he? He a girl now and every girl does.”

William’s wife smiled and said, “What a wonderful idea!”

I felt even more sorry for Julian and William as the two devilish women enjoyed a hearty laugh at their expense.

“Their getting stacked!” I commented to Lorena.

Lorena smiled, saying, “Nature fashions breasts and they have a big effect a woman’s personality. . .so you can imagine what it does to the boys. Once a boy grows breasts, he acquires an intriguing feminine attitude. I remember when mine developed. I was confused, and I found that my personality evolved with each cup size. Every change, no matter how small, made me feel more womanly.”

I thought, “The odd has become the customary. These boys (once possessed with trim, flat chests) are suddenly finding themselves with obvious badges of femininity. With the promise of firm, full formed womanly breasts, their personalities must be in mayhem.”

Lorena continued, “Owning and showing off breasts makes you always wonder if you appear desirable, sexy, a pushover, or like a slut.”

It was very confusing to me because these kids wouldn’t have that problem. They would to have to be ‘sluts’ on stage and then they could be ‘desirable’ young ladies off stage.

To my astonishment, the boys didn’t look confused. As I’d watch them practice their dance routines, I was dazzled by the expression of femininity that came out in the form of graceful body movements. They were no longer emulating femininity. They were feminine!

By the end of six months, all dressed totally in women’s clothes, talked of lipstick colors, new shades of makeup, and sheer nylon hose. Fashion magazines were traded about as each tried to find a new identity. You see, each had swallowed his pride and experienced the shame and humiliation of giving up his masculinity.

Did they miss the freedom of maleness, the power of virility? At night they could remove their lipstick, blush, and eye makeup,

but when they awoke, what did they think when they felt the tender womanly prominences on their chest? Their lives had changed so.

I tried to picture them each morning positioning their brassiere's cups on their chests, stepping into sheer soft nylon panties, pulling on silky nylons and selecting a dress to wear for the day.

"Since William started wearing skirts, he really wears them short," I observed to no one in particular one evening.

"If you think that's short, you should see his uniforms!" Julian answered with a hint of disgust in his soft voice.

"Uniforms? What kind of uniforms?"

"His wife makes him wear a french maid's uniform to do his housework."

"How did you find out?"

"Aunt Ruth and I go there all the time for visits and tea, and every time, he always greets us at the door in this little uniform with his breasts pushed up into a bosom baring bodice and a skirt that can't be more than an inch below his panties. He leads us into the parlor where his wife is waiting. When we are seated, she gives him his orders, and he curtsies before leaving the room. In a few minutes, he returns with tea and cakes he baked himself. When he serves us, I'm amazed by how he bends from the knees and never. . . I mean never. . . shows a stitch of his panties! I know because I've watched very closely."

Boy! When William gave an inch to his wife, she took a mile!

ACCOMPLISHING THE IMPOSSIBLE. . .

On the six month anniversary of the program, Lorena called another of his little get togethers and announced that he had a special gift for each member of the class. Each boy eagerly opened his box and was shocked to find that Lorena's gift was a charming pair of pearl earrings and matching necklace.

"But these are for pierced ears!" Julian exclaimed.

Lorena just smiled and said, "Strippers always wear large heavy dangling earrings that won't stay on with clips or screws. If you are to become a stripper, you must have your ears pierced."

"Will it hurt? Louis asked, cringing at the thought while nervously toying with the hem of his short skirt.

“A little,” Lorena answered, “but it’s worth it. Ask any girl. Besides, girls always remember the day they have their ears pierced! It’s kind of like a rite of passage. After tonight, you will be able to wear your mother’s earrings as well as your own!”

The boys all gathered around and Lorena carefully marked each of Jack’s ears and numbed the lobes with an ice cube. POP! POP! It was done to the ohh’s and ahh’s of the other boys. Then, the procedure was repeated on each of them in turn.

By the end of nine months, the boys all looked like women, not just boys in girl’s clothes. When they arrived for practice, they were always dressed smartly in lovely dresses or blouse and skirt combinations. Their hairstyles were as contemporary and stylish as they come. Makeup was attractive and dramatic for performances but subdued for street wear. Their heels were high and narrow, hose silken and sheer, perfume enticing, and jewelry in good taste.

With the vocal training, their voices had become soft, cultured, and so feminine sounding that it was hard even for me to accept the fact that they were boys! Also, they all watched their calories in order to maintain trim figures. They had done away with wigs, falls, and hair extensions.

Lorena even recommended that they not do more than trim their hair for several years. “It’s only symbolic,” she advised. “You need a couple years of taking care of long hair to understand its appeal.”

In all respects, they were now treated as girls. All thoughts, wishes, and desires about dancing, work, and relationships were studied and assumed to be those which should influence the actions of young ladies their ages. Everything was completely logical, except that few ‘nice’ young ladies became strippers!

Lorena continued to hold his little ‘get togethers’, where he encouraged his students to discuss their feelings and any problems they might have experienced. He had long since banned me from attending these tete-a-tetes, but I cheated occasionally and listened in on the club intercom.

In one of those sessions, Charlie walked naturally to the front in a short pleated white skirt and again thanked the others for their help and stated that he was happier than at any time in his life. He added that he really enjoyed seeing the envy and jealousy on the faces of other men when he and his lover attended business



"Louis in a pretty dress."

functions. "Their expressions not only confirm my femininity, they remove any doubts or suspicions about our lifestyle."

Jack said he and his wife enjoyed putting on nice dresses and going out to plays, movies, dinner, and dancing. Of course, they couldn't dance together, but other than that, both of them were having a lot of fun.

"I never thought I would change so much," Ross lamented. "I've gone too far!"

"Are you thinking of quitting?" asked Lorena.

"No, I guess not. If I did, it would break Mother's heart. She wouldn't have anyone else to enter into show business. When Sis ran away, at least, she had me. I love her too much to do that to her. I guess I'll stick around. I just wish. . ."

"I'd quit in a minute if I could!" Julian exclaimed. "All my life

I've wanted nothing more than to wear pants and be a normal boy. I hate wearing dresses and especially having tits!"

"Since that's apparently not to be, you would do well to consider the message from an old saying I once heard," Lorena advised. "If something is inevitable, relax and learn to find the

best in it. For you, femininity is inevitable, and I think you would do well to relax and enjoy it.”

“I think that’s what I’ve done,” Louis interrupted. “At first, I was always afraid Maynard the Mauler would recognize me despite my dresses and makeup. However, that all began to change when he didn’t know who I was when I saw him several times after I became a redhead and fluffed my hair out. To my surprise, instead of wanting to kill me, he actually hit on me! Without Lorena’s lessons on how to handle a chauvinistic bully like that, I shudder to think what might have happened! After several similar encounters, I began to see how much power an attractive girl can have over a man, if she knows the right actions. I’d be lying if I said I didn’t enjoy it.”

“See, like I said, you are all finding a way to deal with your new situations,” Lorena offered.

“Not me!” William exclaimed. “My situation, as you call it has gotten completely out of hand, and I’ve lost my ability to deal with it! As those damnable hormones took effect and I became more feminine in mind and body, resisting my vindictive wife has become impossible. She’s taken complete control of my life. Now, I not only have to do all the housework, I have to do it in a maid’s uniform with a ridiculously short skirt and five inch spikes! On top of that, she has all these rules and exact ways things have to be done. If I don’t do everything just so, raise my voice in protest, or make a careless movement and reveal my panties, she takes me over her lap and spansks me like a little girl!”

“Wow!” Ross gasped amid an echo of astounded voices.

“Yeah,” Julian spat. “You were the one we looked up to. . .the one who resisted this craziness. You were our hero, but lately, you’ve turned into a spineless wimp. . .worse than any of us!”

“Don’t start up with me, Miss Hoidy Toidy! If not for you, I wouldn’t be wearing a sanitary napkin in my panties right now!” William countered.

Playing the peacemaker, Lorena declared, “Alright boys, let’s be civil to one another!”

The effect of his ‘period’ were obviously affecting William’s disposition, causing him to be ill and short tempered. These two were usually very friendly, but because of the female hormones flooding their bodies, they were now at each other’s throats.

I wasn’t surprised that they were the best of friends again in an hour. Hormones???

Surprisingly, few of our boys had significant figure problems. The hormones; however, caused some of them to become fleshy in the wrong places, like the waist. Brandy was brought in to fit new corsets and waist cinchers. Like in the beginning, she started them with a size two to three inches smaller than the actual waist size, and as their waistline grew accustomed to the smaller sizes, she fitted them with even smaller ones. The corsets did another surprising thing. They compressed the new breast tissue up for exhibit. Like a display shelf for the tender, growing buds making dressing as a boy impossible.

In accordance with his wife's wishes, William was laced to the limit! In addition to the corsets, massage and exercise reduced his waistline to wasp proportions. Worn constantly, the corset molded his growing mushy flesh up into his bra cups and down onto his hips. Despite the fact that he had protested so vehemently at first, his shape had filled in so quickly that he was the first to give a trial performance before a live unsuspecting audience!

To give him an excuse, we advertised an 'Amateur Night'. When we called for 'volunteers', he got up from a table, where he was sitting with his wife and walked onto the runway. In time with the music, he mesmerized everyone as he slowly and suggestively divested himself of his clothes down to his bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, and heels.

His fleshy bottom and every movement at the chest was enchanting in a feminine way, and by all accounts, he was a tremendous success! Proving that was his unanimous selection as winner by the horny patrons in attendance. Not one other competitor got an ovation of approval during the judging. . .and they were all real girls! His wide swinging hips had given the impression that he was a pro. . .and this was 'Amateur Night'!

I was amazed at how they had changed. Ross, for example who had gotten into Lorena's program to gain his mother's affection, now looked very sweet, extremely attractive, and very girlish. The light blue, silk sheath caressed his curved figure, adding just the right attention to his uptilted breasts, and drawing attention to his narrow waist. His hair was a glistening golden blonde, worn straight with curls at the bottom. His eyes were clear, his ruby lips red and inviting. Sitting with his knees

pressed together, the hem of his short skirt pulled down primly, he had a new confidence about him.

“You look very nice Ross,” I complimented. “Are you ready to try stripping like William?”

He blushed and shook his blonde head, “Almost, I guess. I’m still a little scared. Do you think I’m pretty enough. . .developed enough?”

“Absolutely!” I answered positively. Lorena had warned me early that ‘insecurity’ was not something to be ‘catered’ to. He said I should compliment them regularly to help boost their morale and confidence. These boys had to KNOW they were attractive. . .sexy. . .and arousing. They had to feel desirable and KNOW they could titillate any man to any crest.

As the weeks, and many other ‘Amateur Nights’, passed, each of the others competed and won, just had William before them. Lorena was training his charges well!

I remembered when Louis was an awkward, puny boy who feared for his life. I had laughed when I first saw him and thought, “No way!” Well, I no longer laughed! In fact, I was moved by how feminine his figure had become. Dressed casually, his beautiful angora sweater fit snugly over a tight short wool skirt. A wide leather belt clinched his twenty two inch waist, emphasizing his curves highlighting the flared curve of his hips. “A nice girl,” the outfit said, but in truth, his own pert, yet small, breasts stood out as delightfully as any stripper. In the right push up bra, he could easily give the impression of having 38’s.

As a ‘nice girl’, Louis had just the right walk, a sensational strut with rolling hips, but when stripping, he was an animal. He’d lock his eyes on a man and make him feel like he was the only ‘GUY’ in the world. Everyone knew he was destined to be HOT. As I watched him practice, the rhythmic click of his spiked heels was like the ring of a cash register to me. Carried through his new career on black velvet pumps, Louis was sure for make a lot of money. Lorena was a genius!

I laughed at the thought of the sensations Louis would create among the patrons and how those poor souls would struggle to take out their frustrations on the devoted wife at home.

He had learned that as a girl he would have to dress and pretty his features to make himself attractive and seductive to the males of the species. Instead of the gaper, he was now the gapee. He

told me once, blushing brightly with the disclosure, "I remember how I used to stare at the pretty legs, swinging skirts, and bulging bosoms of the girls in school. It was really a revelation for me to realize that I now belonged to the 'opposite' sex, subject at all times to those kind of appreciative male glances."

Boy, had he changed!

As for Julian, he still clearly detested his assigned role in life, but since he had started to really develop feminine contours, he appeared to be less resentful. For one thing, he probably realized that even if he managed to get hold of some men's clothes and run away again, his bulges would be impossible to hide! With his body, he was now a woman!

I often wondered what the boys sexual lives were like, since in almost every respect, they were treated as women. Would they forget they were ever male? Sometimes I forgot, and that made me feel uncomfortable. I'm a 'leg' guy and watching the boys strut around, turning their smooth nylon covered thighs, calves, and ankles this way and that, while grinding their plump rears, was electrifying.

"Sexy, eh?" Lorena said seeing me gawk at the boys walk up steps in their high heels.

I turned red, knowing he knew what I was thinking. . . what any red blooded male would be thinking. "Will any of them still dig chicks. . . after all this?" I asked, trying to change the subject as much as anything.

Lorena laughed, "Probably not now. . . not with the high level of female hormones they're on. Still, some of them might find a woman they like and who accepts them for what they are. . . who they are. Like Jack, for instance. On the other hand, some might find themselves strangely excited by and responsive to men who can do what they now can't—make IT stand straight up. I about swooned the first time a man intrigued me out of my bra. . ."

William was amazing! Since his success on the runway before a live audience, he seemed to become more confident and accept the inevitability of his destiny. He even appeared to protest his vengeful wife's subjugation to a lesser extent. Seeing his improved attitude, she even stopped coming to practice with him. Also, during this time, he became extremely feminine!

His blonde hair seemed spun of gold, and he usually wore it in a lazy twist that made everyone want to stroke it. He custom-

arily wore silk print mini-dresses that revealed a fully developed figure. . . narrow waist, smoothly full hips, long sexy legs, and a bosom that swelled to tempting, mouth watering proportions.

Lorena confided to me, "William's wife gained his cooperation by telling him that he would be a 'stud' again after his hormone dose is lowered. She even promised to dismiss her lover when his virility returned and he could 'perform' again. Is he ever in for a big surprise because it just doesn't work like that. . . and, she knows it! On top of deceiving him about the most prevalent thing on his mind, his sexual prowess, she's planning to keep him as her maid during the day. . . even after he starts stripping regularly at night!"

"How can she do that?" I asked.

"With the help of her lover, the lawyer, she's somehow gotten him to give her power of attorney over his affairs and all their marital assets. I swear, sometimes, I think he's not much more than a slave!"

"What a bitch!" was all I could say. . . all I could think.

As graduation neared, and with the mysteries of the female solved or close to solved, the boys moved on to more worldly problems. Each had developed about 75% of what they could. Things would still grow and gravity, age, and other factors would take their toll. For now, to themselves and to the world, they were light spirited young ladies. Their interests were hairstyles, dresses, makeup, dancing, and having fun.

Making money would come easily now thanks to Lorena's training and their firm, lively, vibrant bodies. They were finding themselves treated and dealt with as prized possessions. On the street, doors opened effortlessly, and in the club, sitting with a gentleman for a drink could be worth hundreds.

No longer were they inept young boys with no future. They had 10 to 15 years of superior money making prospects. Lorena even had a financial advisor come in to help make sure they would invest wisely to enable them to retire by age 35. For now, they had been through a lot and deserved to enjoy life.

Lorena had kept me away from to practices for the last month. It was during that time when she gave them names, developed dance routines, and worked on their personalities.

On graduation night, we all met in a private room at the local Italian restaurant. It was 'dress to thrill' night. . . a night to show

all they had learned. Breasts were thrust upward and outward with confidence. Cleavage was shown with pride. These feminized youths had done it. Tonight they would be reassured!

Lorena announced, "We've all worked very hard, and each of you has given up lot in order to GAIN a lot! Tonight you graduate. . .LADIES! Yes, you are now ladies. You are more than just tits and ass! You have gone through much pain, discomfort, embarrassment, and humiliation to acquire your new female status in life. The future is now yours, and may it be wonderful and glamorous!"

The group smiled at being referred to a 'ladies' for the first time. Finally the label was applied by their most exacting critic.

Lorena went on, "As you now know, you can achieve womanhood without being endowed with huge breasts, but you must remember the signals a woman gives and what they mean. Symbols of femininity, surrender, fertility, and natural motherhood. Men aren't going to look at your breasts and ask themselves, 'Can she suckle my offspring?' You can now answer the questions before it's asked. You are now sex objects, and ladies. . .BOTH!ø

They were handed very ornate diplomas that boldly proclaimed, "WOMANHOOD 101." The recipient of this certificate is hereby granted all the rights and privileges of WOMANHOOD.

Each smiled sweetly, having all the small fluttery gestures and over animation you'd expect in a group of young females. They knew they were girlishly feminine and cute, while at the same time, extremely SEXY! Without thought, they'd toy with their hair, giggle, and flirt. How much of this was hormone influenced and how much was learned was totally academic at this point.

Lorena added after handing out the diplomas, "We have helped you become physically, mentally, and spiritually as feminine as nature allows. May you find yourselves honored, desired, and worshipped! You all deserve everything you receive!"

There were a lot of joyful tears that night.

SMILE, YOU'RE ON. . .

The night of their debut, they performed as follows!

Louis came out in a cheerleader's outfit looking no more than sixteen. His budding breasts were deemphasised to resemble the attributes of a young high school girl, and did he ever look good! After a few cheers and a loud ovation as he strutted his stuff in

the short skirt, he ever so slowly slipped the tight sweater up and over his neck. Then with a shy, coy expression, he criss-crossed his arms over his pink satin brassiere. A warm inviting smile that said, "I'm so innocent, but I'm willing to learn." He captured the audience's attention as well as their vivid imaginations!

Then, instead of removing his bra as the crowd hoped, he slowly lowered his arms and unzipped the back of his pleated skirt and let it drop to the floor. His long scarlet hair curled over his shoulders as he covered his flimsy, sheer panties in mock modesty.

Unsnapping his bra, he turned his back and wiggled his fleshy, panty covered bottom. His fingers appeared between his inter thighs as he turned and slowly stroked the flat vee of his panties. There was no way one would ever guess this was a boy. He was total command of the audience. Determined, sexy composure as he apparently delighted in exposing his girlish features.

From neck to feet, his countenance was that of a high school coed. His hands and feet were small, the swell of his calves, the roundness of his thighs as they grew into his globular, amply curved buttocks made even me forget he was ever a boy. The effects of the hormones was amazing!

Although smallish, Louis' full 'cone' fleshy breasts were exquisite. . .showing the promise of further sprouting. He worked his girlish body to perfection. So exquisitely did he emulate a teenager. . .even the attitude of a young girl becoming familiar with her sexuality. Proud of his shape, lovely thighs and the coy, sweet way he displayed his little notch. . .a young girl's pride and joy!

Then there was Ross. When I first saw his act, I was shocked. He had been the first one fitted with a 'pussy', and now, he really knew how to use it! He looked like a bride on her wedding night in the sheer white negligee top. With a blush to his cheeks, he hugged his arms closely about him like there was a chill in the room. (I keep the heat up to keep the girls (dancers) warm and to make the customers DRINK.)

Dancing to a lively tune, Ross pantomimes applying perfume to each ear and between his breasts to simulate the actions of a young bride preparing for her husband on her wedding night. Then unfastening a large bow at the back of the negligee top, he reveals a babydoll nightie and a lot of soft luscious flesh.

In white fur mules with stiletto heels, he pulls back the negligee top and runs his hand over his rounded hip. Tossing the

sheer top aside, he glides about the stage, the transparent babydoll showing every curve of his feminized figure. No longer at all boyish, his nipples wiggled and his breasts jiggled with every move.

When Ross made his exit to a thunderous applause and disappeared behind the curtains, he rushed into his mother's waiting arms.

"Darling, you were perfect!" she praised, as they shared tears of joy. This was truly the consummate showbiz Mom, and at long last, she had a talented daughter with a promising career to direct.

Having found out about William from his 'auditions' on Amateur Nights, many in the audience were eagerly anticipating his entrance. In spite of his original aversions to becoming a girl stripper, the hormones had taken effect, and by far, he had developed the most pendulous breasts of any of the boys. Even standing still on the stage, they jiggled and bounced. Looking at the audience I could tell they loved him.

In the front row; however, was something I normally didn't see much. . . a couple! The woman looked on intently as the man held her close, both their hands under the table. That's when I realized that the woman was William's wife. . . and the guy??? He must be her boyfriend. . . her lover???

William didn't seem effected at all by their presence. Still, the sight of his pretty figure on stage must have surprised his wife. Having stopped attending practices, I don't think she had seen him strip for months and was probably unaware of his progress.

He looked elegant and womanly in a short evening dress. . . coquettishly lifting the hem with both hands, he slowly and sexily bared his thighs and frilly panties. How lovely his form had become. . . how lovely his bosom appeared as it rose, jiggled, and fell with each breath and movement. With a glittering smile, he danced delightfully, raising the hem of his skirt to excite the horny audience. Exposing his panties and girlish bum, he'd bend over and do a 'butt wave' right at his wife and her boyfriend. As he unzipped his dress and let it fall, the boyfriend gasped at the sight of his lover's husband. . . his rounded bosom. . . his shapely thighs. . . and tiny waist.

William had been trained by the best! On stage, his sense of feminine sexuality was overwhelming. He worked his lovely, smooth limbs until he was in only his frilly, scant lingerie.

Continuing on, he removed his brassiere slowly and let it hang around his mounds for a minute. When he pulled the bra away, his breasts seemed alive, vibrant with magnetism, commanding the eyes of every man in the audience.

I'd seen the look before. The boyfriend was mesmerized, unable to look away. The competition for the woman he was making love with was stealing away his passion. He was charmed and confused by William's sexual promise. What had started as a clandestine rendezvous had ended in him gawking at his mistress' husband. . .so changed in shape, roundness and other features that it was unsettling. He knew this was a man dancing so seductively before him and that he had been chemically 'castrated' by his wife, the woman sitting next to him. Could he be wondering if it happen to him too? Would she. . .could she do the same to him?? He thought not, but there was the speculation. . .the uncertainty!

Hardly a boy at all, Charlie's complexion was soft, his face rounded, and his curves very pronounced everywhere. Yes, he was almost a real girl now. He wanted to be a girl. . .a stripper. Still, in the beginning, he had complained violently to his boyfriend and Lorena about his very tight 'TRAINER'. They had it checked for the proper fit, and finding everything tightened and positioned properly, ignored his whining.

Later, growing tired of his carping, Lorena laid down the law. "Complaining will not help one bit!" he said. "To reach your goal, you must necessarily undergo some suffering. If the pain and discomfort become too great, you may take some aspirin for relief. Otherwise, you'll just have to suffer!"

So, Charlie suffered, although the aspirin did help and Lorena let him rest a few minutes after the split calisthenics.

Watching Charlie undress before the crowd, I had to admit that the 'TRAINER' did make quite a difference. Eventually, as Lorena had promised, he did finally get used to that darn 'TRAINER', and what a difference it had wrought!

In his little nylon teddy, the curve of his hips was quite noticeable and very pleasing, while the matching frilly lace panties proved that he belonged in them. The low cut lacy bra cups were almost filled, and an intriguing valley lay between the flesh that was actually spilling over! He cupped his breasts with his hands and blushed as he felt the weight and bulk of them. The men loved that!

Jack literally flowed onto the runway as if on the wind with skirts flying in a long red nylon nightgown, matching negligee, and five inch stiletto heels! His long straight honey blonde hair was swinging back and forth and brushing his shoulders, and his makeup was heavy. . .but perfect. To the awe of the mesmerized crowd, he moved seductively, sweeping back and forth about the small stage. Finally, after slipping off his negligee and tossing it aside, he pulled the nightgown over his head and for the first time, showed his tiny waist and full hips.



“Jack came out in a frilly nightgown. . .who could believe that this was a woman’s husband? He had everything a wife should have and a little more!”

Stripped to his bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, and heels, he danced and performed the 'bump and grind' to perfection. . . just the way Lorena had taught him. When he finished, I bet there wasn't a 'dry pocket' in the loudly cheering crowd!!!

Julian came bouncing onto the runway in a short tennis dress, racket, headband, and all! His five inch stiletto pumps and white nylons with garter belt showing were the only things out of character for a tennis competitor. But, as one might expect, there wasn't one complaint from the aroused cheering audience.

Pretending to be hitting a ball, Julian swung the racket, turning to spin and twirl his skirt out to give the patrons a flash of his frilly nylon panties. Gradually, he removed his blouse to reveal the protruding breasts in his push-up bra. When his skirt was gone, he continued to swing his racket, bouncing and jiggling as he went!

He had smiled and given the impression that he was having the time of his life on stage, but when he made his exit, he collapsed into a heap and cried his eyes out. . . despite the fact that both his garters were budging with money!

"Well, the club is on easy street," I said to Lorena after her student's maiden performance as professionals. "We now have enough strippers to last for several years!"

"What are you talking about?" he answered. "William, Julian, and Ross might be around for a while, but I wouldn't bet two cents on the rest sticking it out for very long!"

"Not staying around? You saw them tonight, didn't you? They were great!"

"Yes, they were great, but you don't understand how these boys will begin to think. . . how they will look at things now that the classes are over and they won't have me yelling at them."

"How's that?"

"Jack, for instance, has what he wants. At long last, he has become the woman of his dreams, but my money says he'll soon be joining his wife in her dress shop. As for Louis and Charlie, I wouldn't be surprised if they take the next step. You know. . . the knife. . . sex changes! Who knows after that. . . Charlie wants a baby."

"How about the others?"

"Oh, I think they'll stick around for a while. Even though Julian doesn't want to do this, he can't seem to break his aunt's

hold on him, even though he's reached maturity and could walk at any time. Ross can't say no to his mother for fear of losing her love and affection. William is the strange one. His wife has an emotional and an economical hold on him. She has control of all his possessions as well as his money. You won't believe this, but she presented me with a legal document, signed by her as his power of attorney, that requires us to give his pay check to her. On top of that, she met him backstage and made him give her the money out of his garters! No, I think those three will be with us for a while. . .quite a while!"

"What should we do about replacements for the others?" I asked in total confusion. "You've been right every step of the way so far. Where do we go next?"

"We start looking for replacements. We run an ad! Now, where did I put that other one? Let's see? Dancers wanted . . ."

I'd like to tell you what happened next, but that's another story. . .for another day. . .perhaps!

THE END

WANT A SEQUEL??? Want more about one of the characters? IF YOU LIKED THIS STORY, WRITE TO ME!

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



SANDY THOMAS & SPOT
EDITOR & PUBLISHER
SANDY THOMAS
P.O. Box 2309
CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92426-0309

“When George asked for a motorcycle, his father thought his son’s sissy stage was over. . .He was very wrong! Maybe the other motorcycle enthusiasts could help?”

