

# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION



TWO BOYS LOSE THEIR LUGGAGE DURING A  
SUMMER GETAWAY AND HAVE NOTHING TO WEAR  
BUT GIRLS CLOTHES!

Contemporary TV fiction #75

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# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

Volume 75

## A Feminine Touch I

*By Alice Trail*

Illustrations by Debbie

[sandythomasbooks@gmail.com](mailto:sandythomasbooks@gmail.com)

[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)

Sandy Thomas Advertising

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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“Feminine Touch I”



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**Contact Sandy Thomas for Information**

**P.O. Box 2309**

**Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309**

**My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:**

**sandythomasbooks@gmail.com**

**[www.sthomas.com](http://www.sthomas.com)**

**DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:**

**‘LOVE EDITING’**

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**“After realizing what women expect from men, no wonder some men want to be women.”**

# A FEMININE TOUCH I

Concept by Dawn Bell

Story by Alice Trail

“I don’t believe this crap!” Jess shouted as he shoved Dana to the ground and pounced on him. “How in hell could you be so stupid?”

Vera Walker ran outside to see what the shouting was about and saw the two boys rolling around in the dust and pounding each other with their fists beside a pile of luggage. Her son, Jess, was definitely the aggressor, and he attacked at every opportunity. “Stop that fighting this instant!” she chastised the enraged boys. “Goodness, you two have been bickering since we left home, and I want it to stop! I came here for rest and relaxation, and my nerves won't stand this sort of turmoil. What could possibly be so terribly wrong to make you resort to fighting?”

“Remember when we were rushing around getting all the luggage and boxes loaded into the van?” Jess spat as he shoved Dana again.

“Yes, and you did a marvelous job,” she praised. “Now stop that fighting!”

“Yeah, we did a good job packing for you and the girls!” Jess spat extending an accusing finger towards Dana. “But in the rush, this geek forgot my bags.”

“Mine too!” Dana added, hoping to lessen Jess's anger by pointing out that his bags were missing as well.

“I’m sure we have enough clothes to survive until Ryan returns with the supply plane next week,” Vera said in an effort to console the distraught boys. “I’ll call my secretary and tell her to retrieve your things from the van and have them loaded on the plane with the supplies.”

“But Mom!” Jess screeched. “What will I wear in the meantime?”

“You have no other clothes at all?” she asked, trying to comprehend the reason for their dispute.

“Not a stitch except these shorts!”

Vera couldn't resist a slight smile at the absurdity of the situation. She and her husband bought their dream vacation island several years earlier when his firm was the prime contractor for several major developments, vaulting him into the multi-million dollar income bracket. From early childhood, he had been an outdoorsman with a penchant for camping, hiking, canoeing, fishing, and hunting. On the other hand, his wife and children preferred swimming, bicycle riding, hiking, and tennis. Thus, it was appropriate that any vacation property bought by the family would incorporate these interests.

“Walkerland”, as they affectionately referred to their vacation paradise, was anything but typical as it was located a mere ninety minutes from the city by floatplane. In reality, it was a small island in a chain of northwestern Ontario lakes. The only way in or out was by airplane or boat, the latter being a six-hour trip through a maze of interconnecting lakes and islands. Still, they were not stranded or isolated, as the lodge was equipped with satellite telephones, television, and computer link complete with e-mail and fax service. The lodge was a large modern structure with beautiful views. There was also a dock, tennis court, swimming pool, deep water well, and the necessary generators. Despite the rugged wilderness surrounding them, they were far from roughing it.

Each summer, the family, along with a friend of each of the twins, Bess and Jess, would go to their wilderness haven for three months, this year being the first since Bill's demise. In past years, he was the “man about the house” ensuring all was organized and secure. Unfortunately, a fatal plane crash on a fishing trip cut his successful life short. In spite of his absence, his widow decided to return to the site where the family had shared so many fond memories. Since her husband's death, she was experiencing serious nervous trauma and wanted to go to a peaceful place away from the hassles of everyday living where she could calmly put her life back together. The twins were 18, and she decided she, with their help, could handle the summer on their own at their beloved Walkerland.



***“How could you be so stupid?” Jess growled. He shoved Dana who tried to defend himself.***

She invited Sara, the daughter of an old friend as company for Bess. Sara was a recent college graduate. Bess was pleased to have her along as she had always admired and strived to mimic the older girl. She had tried to beat Sara at every childhood game imaginable, only to fail time and again. Still, a friendly competition emerged.

Jess wanted to bring Chuck, his best friend, but he had a chance to play amateur baseball in hopes of getting a college scholarship. Instead of one of Jess's other close friends, his mother invited Dana, the son of an employee who was killed in the same accident as her husband. His father's death had left Dana orphaned, and he had been living in the Walker home until he could graduate from high school and get a job. He jumped at the offer of a free summer vacation since he could work when they returned in the fall.

Jess considered Dana to be socially beneath him and regarded his presence as an intrusion. As a result, the two boys constantly argued and fought, making life miserable for each other and everyone around them. Things really came to a head with the loss of their clothes.

Upon hearing the news, the attractive redhead Sara chimed in with an amusing, "That's okay, we have more than enough clothes to get by for a week until the plane returns."

"You girls probably have enough to survive for a year, but I don't have anything to wear except these cut-offs and sneakers!" Jess scowled. "What I'm wearing is all I have! I don't even have a shirt, and it really gets cold up here at night! To make matters worse, I wanted to bring one of my friends, not this geek!"

"Don't be rude, Jess!" his mother admonished. "You know Chuck had to play baseball to improve his chance of getting a college scholarship. I thought it would be nice if we brought Dana. He suffered the same loss as you in the plane crash. The two of you will get along fine if you'll give each other a fair chance. Now apologize."

"Apologize hell!" Jess shouted. "I don't have any clothes. I'll freeze in these shorts!"

What he said was true. In addition to the clothing he mentioned, a pair of sunglasses holding his shoulder length dishwater blonde hair off his face was all he had to wear! Dana was no better off. He

was similarly attired, and his long, raven black hair was all straggly and matted from perspiration brought on by his strenuous efforts bringing the luggage and supplies up from the lake where the pontoon plane had deposited them. They both were lean and delicate for boys, stylishly long hair being all they had in common.

Sara suggested, “You could wear some of my things if you like, Jess. I won't mind if you take proper care of them.”

Bess agreed with a giggle, “Sara is right, Mom. I'm sure we can find some of our things for them to wear until the plane returns.”

“Get serious!” Jess spat. “I'm not wearing girl's clothes!”

“Hold on, Jess,” his mother injected. “Sara's idea isn't as absurd as you think. The girls did bring items other than prom dresses and crinolines. They can find slacks, shorts, blouses, and things the two of you can wear for the next week. Besides, who will see you up here?”

Sara gave Jess a blazing eye to eye gaze that melted his anger. She purred sexily, “I'd love to share my *stuff* with you, Jess doll.”

That simple whisper was enough to turn on any red blooded male, and Jess was no exception! “Uh...gee...thanks, Sara, but there must be some other way,” he managed to stutter.

“I don't know what it could be,” Vera responded. “We'll have to find some of the girl's things for you two to wear for the time being. I'll email Virginia, my secretary, and tell her to make sure your bags are loaded on the plane for delivery next Saturday.”

“But Mom!” Jess complained. “That'll take a week! I can't wear Sara's stuff that long!”

“Do you have a better solution?” she asked.

“Damn right! Tell her to put our stuff on the plane and have Ryan deliver it tomorrow! I can wrap up in a blanket until then.”

“That out of the question. You'll just have to wait as a penalty for your negligence.”

“Not my negligence. Super Dork's!”

“It wouldn't have hurt you to make sure everything was loaded on the plane. So, for the next week, you boys will have to wear a few of

the girl's things. In the meantime, Bess, get your room organized and find something suitable for Dana. Sara, do the same for Jess. Boys, please stop this fighting. my nerves won't take the turmoil. I came up here for peace and quiet. We have lots to do to put this place in shape, so put your differences aside and get to it."

Other than Vera's luxury suite, there were two almost identical adjacent bedrooms in one wing. Each had its own bathroom with a sunken tub and a large vanity mirror. They had queen-size beds, a large walk-in closet, makeup vanity with well-lit mirrors, and full-length three way mirrors that one would expect to find in a fashionable boutique. Between the baths was a small room equipped with a salon style shampoo sink, styling chair, hair dryer, and a multi tray cart with all the hair styling accessories one could imagine to be shared by the occupants of the two suites. Naturally, the girls were given those rooms. Even though the boys didn't get along, they were assigned adjacent rooms that shared a bath in the third wing.

After lugging the girl's baggage to their rooms as instructed, Jess and Dana left them alone to get organized and put things away. Having plenty to do, they took Vera's things to her room and carried the food to the kitchen.

When she was more or less organized, Sara called out in a melodious voice that was filled with teasing, "Oh, Jess...doll, come see the things I've found for you to wear."

"Just what I need!" he thought as he glared at the items lying on the bed. The gray slacks, royal blue cotton blouse, and white socks weren't too bad, but the wisp of white nylon beside them was horrible! This was definitely not what he had in mind when he fantasized about getting into Sara's panties! Turning bright red, he took the other items, leaving the embarrassing feminine underwear without touching it, and said, "That's okay, Sara. I'll wear my own if you don't mind."

"But I do mind!" she snapped. "These are my nicest slacks, and you're not wearing dirty, sweaty jockey briefs with them! Lots of men wear silk boxers and briefs, so a big stud like you shouldn't be intimidated or ashamed to wear soft underwear."

Jess started to outright refuse to wear the exquisitely feminine garment, but a glare from Sara's determined eyes changed his mind. He didn't want her to call his mother and get her upset again, so he took the silky nylon panties and headed to his room. "I could kill Dana for causing me to wear this stupid stuff!" he fumed as he stared at the delicate panties in his hand.

After his shower, Jess thought, 'I may as well wear Sara's panties. If she finds out I'm not wearing them, she'll probably make a big deal about it in front of Mom and the others. Having Dana hear that I'm wearing panties would be more embarrassing than wearing them. At least, he won't know what I have on under my pants.' With that in mind, he reluctantly pulled the wispy panties up his thighs and adjusted them at his waist. The blouse buttoned the wrong way, and the slacks were tighter around the hips than those he was accustomed to wearing. Fully aware of his clothing, he blushed brightly as he entered Sara's room.

Seeing the red-faced boy approaching, Sara took his embarrassment as proof that he *was* wearing her panties, so she made no inquiries. His blush excited her, and as he moved about in his feminine clothes, something pressed her to take her advantage one step further. She said, "You look nice, except for your hair."

"What's wrong with my hair?"

"It's a dull tangled mop. Let me do something with it."

"Do what with it?"

"We have time before dinner. I could wash and condition it to make it soft, shiny, and manageable. Then I could brush it out a bit."

"What would that do?"

"Make you into a handsome hunk no girl could resist!" she purred in her sexiest voice. "Be a sport, and give it a try for me?" She ended in a tiny voice and a smile that would melt the resolve of any boy. She added softly, "You have such beautiful hair. You should take better care of it. Why don't you brush it every now and then?"

"Uh, well...I guess I never bothered to take the time."

"I'll be glad to help you learn to take better care of it while we're here if you'd like," Sara continued in a sensuous voice that hinted at more than a basic grooming lesson. She ran the brush up from the base of Jess's neck sweeping his hair upwards. Jess felt her warm fingers softly caress his neck, sending a shiver through him.

Jess enjoyed this pretty girl combing, brushing, teasing, and styling his long tresses. He enjoyed it most when she bent over and kissed him on the lips while he was leaning back with his hair in the shampoo sink. This produced a pleasant tightness in his unaccustomed panties. "Thanks, Sara!" he sighed as he checked himself in the mirror when she was finished. "My hair does look sort of like a rock star at the beginning of a concert before it gets all sweaty and tangled!" Except for his dirty sneakers, Sara was pleased with his appearance, but she decided not to push him farther yet and remained silent.

Bess was having similar experiences with Dana in her room, but she hadn't tried to style his hair. Instead, she brushed it back into a high ponytail and secured it with a rubber band. He was wearing beige slacks, a soft white cotton blouse with a slight ruffle at the collar and cuffs, a pair of her skimmers on his feet, and despite his objections, powder blue nylon panties. The two boys looked each other over closely when they met in the dining room just before dinner. Each, suspecting the other knew of his embarrassing panties, turned scarlet at the thought.

"There wasn't time to prepare more for tonight," Vera said, indicating the sandwiches, chips, and soft drinks she provided. "My, you boys look very nice tonight. Wearing some of the girl's things isn't bad. My compliments to you girls for a very fine job."

"Which one looks the nicest?" Sara asked, knowing the answer.

"Oh, I don't like to show favoritism, but in all honesty, I'd have to say Jess with his neat hair."

"I didn't know we were having a contest!" Bess angrily spat. "I could have made Dana look much better, even pretty if I wanted!"

“Wear girl’s clothes because we don’t have any of our own is bad enough!” Dana protested with a blush. “We shouldn’t have to look good in them...certainly not pretty!”

“That’s right, Mom!” Jess declared.

“Nothing is wrong with your clothes!” Vera declared in an irritated voice, “You know we dress nicely for dinner, and you have nothing else to wear. Therefore, you will strive to look nice in the clothes the girls provide. I’ll hear no more arguments!” Neither boy liked her mandate, but they had to go along until the plane delivered their clothes in a week. They had no choice and they knew it!

“We beat you!” Sara needled Bess while the four were cleaning the kitchen after dinner. “You heard what your Mom said. Jess looks much nicer than Dana!”

“Probably because he has lace on his panties!” Dana spat.

Jess wasn’t keen on wearing panties of any sort, and Dana’s comment that his were embellished with lace diminished his masculinity. “I’ll show you lace!” he spat, quickly turning and delivering a hard punch to Dana’s nose, knocking him to the floor.

“Jess! What have you done?” Bess screamed as blood spurted in all directions as both girls rushed to attend to the wounded Dana.

“Serves him right!” Jess declared. “He had the nerve to say I had lace on my panties. If he hadn’t forgotten my clothes, I wouldn’t be wearing panties of any kind!”

“Jess!” his mother wailed. “You know my nerves can’t take this uproar! What is the meaning of this?”

“I was just putting that dork in his place, Mom,” Jess declared. “Not only did he forget my clothes, he’s harassing me about the panties he caused me to wear and how I look dressed this way.”

“I’m warning you, young man!” she snapped. “My nerves are almost shot, and you, of all people, should respect my condition!”

“I’m sorry, Mom,” Jess replied as he went to his room.

“I know Dana is a pain in the ass, but don't you think you were a bit hard on him just now?” Sara asked when she brought a pair of lavender nylon pajamas by Jess's room a bit later.

“Hell no! He deserved it, and it's all your fault!” Jess spat. “Why did you tell him I was wearing your panties?”

“I didn't tell him. He probably just figured you were wearing panties because he was. There are no clean jockey shorts on this island, you know.”

“Why didn't I think of that?”

“Your fighting only serves to upset your mother, and you must think of her health. Anyway, I brought you some pajamas.”

“Those are girl's pajamas,” he objected as he caressed the soft fabric. “I can't sleep in them. I won't!”

“Suit yourself,” she shrugged as she tossed the silky garments on the bed. “It gets cold up here at night. Nylon is a warm fabric.”

Jess decided to make the macho move and sleep in the nude. However, after awakening shivering from the cold, he succumbed to the inevitable. Getting out of bed, he stepped back into the panties he had worn earlier then pulled on the soft pajamas. The garment still had the subtle fragrance of her perfume. This was a pleasant surprise as it caused him to have some naughty thoughts before falling asleep.

“Wake up, sleepyhead!” Sara called out. “It's a beautiful day, and we have a lot to do getting the place in shape.”

“W...what?” Jess asked sleepily. He had missed a lot of sleep before finally putting on Sara's pajamas. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, and the covers fell away to reveal his feminine sleepwear.

“You look cute, but you said you wouldn't wear my pajamas,” she teased seeing the outline of his panties through his translucent pajamas.

“I...I was cold,” he stammered as a bright blush covered his face.

“Told you,” she responded teased. “I brought your clothes for the day, so hurry and get dressed. You have to mow the lawn and paint the fence, remember?”



*“Who is wearing the silkiest lace panties?” Jess challenged as he pulled down Dana’s shorts.*

He remembered. The first few days at the lodge were always filled with hard work getting everything into shape for the fun to follow. This year was to be no different. "I...I'll wear my own underwear," he stammered as he looked over the navy shorts, gold tank top and powder blue nylon panties she was holding.

"They still aren't clean," she replied with a grin. "You'll just have to make do with these for the time being. Anyway, you're wearing my panties now, aren't you?"

Jess flushed with embarrassment, but decided to let well enough alone. As he put on the clothes Sara provided, he realized that he wasn't dressed too differently from his own clothes except for his embarrassing panties!

Dana, seeing his adversary approaching the breakfast table and knowing his comment the previous evening had really gotten under Jess's skin, held his wrist limp and taunted, "Still wearing your lacy panties, pretty boy?"

"Alright you two!" Sara snapped as she jumped between them.

"That's right!" Bess added. Mom is sleeping in, and if you wake her, she'll be mad as hell!"

Dana couldn't resist chiding, "You're beginning to like your silky panties, aren't you? I always knew you were a sissy at heart!"

Mother or no mother...promise or no promise...Dana's comment questioning his manhood was more than Jess could bear. Throwing all caution to the wind, he lunged at Dana, grabbed the waistband of his shorts, and pulled them to his knees; revealing a pair of lace embellished, pink nylon panties.

"Jess! Dana!" Vera screeched as she rushed into the room pulling a robe over her nightgown. "You promised to get along only last night. What do you mean awakening me with this ruckus?"

"I'm sorry, Mom, but Dana said I was a sissy because I was wearing panties!" Jess boomed while pointing at Dana's exposed underwear. "And, look! He's wearing panties too...lacy pink ones!"

"Of course he's wearing panties!" she snapped angrily. "That's no secret. The girls don't own cotton briefs. We all know you two have

been wearing panties since our arrival. What will it take for me to get the rest and relaxation I need?” After a moment of consideration, she snarled, “As punishment for this inconsiderate hullabaloo, you will both throw out the underwear you wore on the trip and wear panties exclusively until your clothes arrive!”

“See what we’re up against, Mrs. Walker,” Sara exhaled in frustration. “We tried to keep them from fighting so you could rest, but they won’t listen to reason.”

“In the spirit of accord, couldn't you boys swallow your masculine pride for a few days?” Vera sighed in exasperation.

“Not me!” Jess boomed “The only reason I'm wearing this sissy stuff is because dimwit left my clothes at home!”

“How about you, Dana,” Vera asked. “Do you think you could go along with the girls for harmony's sake?”

“No!” he shouted and rose and adjusted his shorts at his waist. “That's the only thing I agree with your obnoxious son about!”

“Alright,” she offered to the girls. “Let me sleep on it. I'll come up with a solution to our problem.”

During the remainder of the day, the boys kept their encounters subdued. They reluctantly allowed the girls to dress them in their nylon panties, slacks, and a silk blouse for dinner. Aside from having their hair styled, they refused to traverse farther into femininity.

After dinner, Vera addressed the group, “Since the boys refuse to act in a civilized manner and allow me to get the rest I need, I have decided our future here at Walkerland until the plane brings their clothes. If we all work together in a spirit of congeniality, we can have an enjoyable time. You boys, however, may not like my plan because it entails a certain degree of authority and discipline.”

“What kind of authority and discipline?” Jess asked, already not liking what he was hearing.

“To remove me from the turmoil between you and Dana, my only option is to place you under Sara's authority and Dana under Bess. They have my permission to direct your activities, dress you as they

see fit, and administer any discipline they feel necessary to quell your masculine spirits.”

“Discipline?” Jess stammered in a quivering voice at hearing that dreaded word again. “What kind of discipline?”

“Oh, they could assign you extra chores, make you wear certain articles of their clothing you find particularly embarrassing, or since you've been acting like spoiled children, give you a sound spanking on your silky panties.”

“Bess is not spanking me!” Dana declared. “Panties or not!”

“Sara’s not spanking me either!” Jess agreed. “If she comes near me with a paddle, I’ll...”

“Oh no, you won't!” Vera warned, cutting him off. “If either of you lay so much as a finger on the girls, I'll put an entry on Facebook that you two are spending the summer dressed as girls from the skin out and that you are enjoying every minute of your life in skirts.”

“You can’t do that, Mom!” Jess declared in a panic. “Besides, we aren’t wearing skirts!”

“That’s right, Mrs. Walker!” Dana injected with alarm. “If you send those e-mails, all our friends will think we’re sissies or *worse!*”

“True, you aren’t wearing skirts, yet,” Vera declared. “As for the Facebook entry, I can and will post it if I hear one more word spoken in anger from either of you or if the girls give even the slightest indication that you aren't totally obedient and cooperative!”

“We can dress them any way we like?” Bess asked with a broad smile as she heard of her newly assigned power.

“Basically, yes,” Vera replied. “I’ve read that the fastest way to calm unruly boys is to dress them as girls for a time while subjecting them to a regimen of uncompromising discipline. The practice is quite common in England and France where it originated.”

“No wonder the Limeys and the Frogs are such pansies!” Jess sneered. “There’s no telling what they wear under those skirts they prance around in.”

“Those are kilts!” Vera stated with a determined glare. “And don’t be so crass! Since you and Dana have no choice but to wear girl’s clothes for the next week, this will be the perfect time to put that theory into practice. You have been disruptive in the clothes the girls have provided so far, so a few feminine touches will do the two of you a world of good!”

“Great!” Sara exclaimed, obviously intrigued by the idea of dressing Jess in her clothes and spanking him if he didn’t do exactly as she said. “When do we start?”

“Since they have unfinished chores on the grounds, why don’t we start right after lunch? You’ll have all afternoon to convince them that you are indeed in charge and to make them look nice for dinner. You will have to be strict, firm, and above all else, consistent!”

With the prospect of having to allow the girls to dress them in a more feminine manner than previously, the boys were apprehensive as they performed their morning chores. Vera’s words about feminine touches still rang loudly in their ears. Instead of the usual barrage of insults and threats when Jess’s pool cleaning brought him near Dana, they merely glared at one another and blushed brightly.

‘My plan to calm the boy’s spirits is already working,’ Vera thought. ‘I should have thought of this sooner.’

With his mother’s ultimatum on his mind as he nervously ate, Jess finally summoned his courage and nervously asked, “Mom, do we really have to let the girls spank us?”

“Yes!” she proclaimed with a devious smirk. “If you are defiant, disobedient, get into a heated argument, or heaven help you, a fight, they have full authority to spank you on your pretty panties. I repeatedly asked you to quell your boisterous behavior so I could relax and get the rest I need, but you steadfastly refused. Until your clothes arrive, you’ll have to endure your punishment like men!” She ended with an amused, yet satisfying, chuckle.

“Please, Mrs. Walker!” Dana implored. “give us one more chance, and we’ll be as quiet as mice. You won’t even know we’re around.”

“That’s right, Mom,” Jess pleaded. “We’ll be quiet! Give us another chance. Please! Just *one!*”

“Absolutely not!” she declared in finality, knowing she would have to remain firm to the point of being inflexible. Otherwise, her sanity would be the loser. “You had your chance, and since you refused to respect my wishes, you’ll pay the penalty. Now, take the dishes away and clean the kitchen!”

When the boys left the room, Vera lowered her voice and said, “You girls must be steadfast in exerting your authority right from the start. All disrespect, disobedience, arguments, hesitancy, or outright refusals to obey your instructions must be dealt with promptly and severely. Don’t try to spare their feelings when you lay on the paddle, or you’ll quickly lose control. Are there any questions?”

“Were you serious about giving them feminine touches?” Bess asked.

“I certainly was!” her mother answered. “Being forced to dress as girls will give them something to hate besides each other and it may even make them allies instead of rivals. Having feminine touches imposed on them should also help to quickly quell their spirits and end their rude behavior so I can relax. Their behavior at lunch shows that it’s working already!”

“Wow!” Bess gasped as she contemplated the consequences of dressing the boys full time in feminine clothes, not just panties, shorts, and tops. “This will definitely be something different to do, and we should have a lot of fun in the process.”

“Like having life size dolls to dress up,” Sara joked, as the three females shared a hearty laugh.

Meanwhile in the kitchen, Jess and Dana were fearful that Vera would indeed carry out her threat to post that damning Facebook entry for all to see. As they performed their assigned chores, they glared harshly at each other, but from fear of starting another disturbance, neither spoke. At bedtime, both Sara and Bess were still trying to absorb the new rules they would be living under for the next week, and they said very little as they readied for bed. With a bright blush, Jess nodded in resignation when she handed him the pajamas he had worn the night before.

“You're all dirty and sweaty from working outside, so get undressed and take a shower,” Sara told Jess when they were alone in her room after lunch the next day. When he hesitated, she snarled, “Do as I say and quickly or I'll turn you across my knees for a sound spanking like your mom said!”

“Wanna bet?” he snapped.

“Damn right!” she spat in return. “To prove it, I want you to bring me that wooden hairbrush from the vanity, remove your shorts, and lie across my lap.”

“I'll do no such thing!”

“Then, I'll tell your mom, and she'll post that Facebook entry. After that, with your friends thinking you're a sissy who likes to wear silky girl's panties, dresses, skirts, and lipstick, it won't matter what you wear. The damage to your reputation will be done.”

Not wanting that to happen, Jess softened his resolve and uttered, “Don't you think you're taking this spanking business too far?”

“No!” Sara insisted, beginning to sense victory. “I've already added three smacks to your punishment for arguing. If you don't want more, you'll bring me that brush and be quick about it!”

Feeling his position rapidly deteriorating, Jess ambled toward the vanity to retrieve the instrument of his pending torture. ‘This thing is really wicked,’ he thought as he picked up the brush and tested it across his palm. ‘Maybe, she'll just hit me a few times to make her point and then forget it,’ he hoped as he handed it to Sara.

“Hurry now!” she prompted. “Take off those shorts and get across my lap, unless you want to make this worse!”

“Take them off? In front of you?” he queried nervously. “All I'm wearing underneath is my...uh...your p...panties!”

“I'm aware of that! So what?”

“But...”

“Two more smacks for hesitation unless you're out of those shorts and across my lap in three seconds! One Mississippi, two Mississippi, thr...”

Her threat of a more severe spanking instantly terminated his vanity, and his shorts hit the floor before she finished counting. Blushing brightly, he stood before her with a red face covering the bulge in his panties with his hands before assuming the humiliating position across the lap of this determined girl who was only a few years older than him. “Ouch!” he screamed and jumped up as she delivered a hard swat to his nylon covered posterior. “What do you think you're doing?”

“I was spanking you, but I'll have to start over now!” she said in a cool voice while watching him massage his stinging buttocks through his soft silky panties. “If you know what's good for you, you'll get back in position and stay there until I'm finished. Furthermore, if you don't want Bess and Dana to know you're being spanked, you'll keep your voice down and take your punishment like a man. They're in the next room, and these walls aren't soundproof.”

Jess reluctantly crawled back across Sara's lap while resolving to remain silent during the onslaught he knew was to follow. In spite of his resolve, as the stinging blows landed, he pleaded through clenched teeth for her to stop with phrases like, “Oh! Please stop! I'll do whatever you say and wear whatever you say! I'm sorry! I won't disobey you again! Please stop! Please!”

When Sara finally stopped, tears covered Jess's cheeks, and his jaws were aching from the pressure of gritting his teeth, but not nearly as much as the target of her hairbrush! “Will you follow simple instructions without argument in the future?”

“Oh yes! I'll do whatever you say...I promise!” he sobbed.

“Very well,” she calmly replied, feeling more and more confident in her power over him. “After I give you the three additional smacks I promised, you can get up and prove this new obedience.”

“But...ow...ow...ow!” Before he could protest farther, the promised blows rained down on his already inflamed buttocks. As soon as he

was released, he jumped up and began massaging his enflamed buttocks through his soft silky nylon panties.

“Finish undressing, and get into your bath before I really get angry,” she admonished. That Sara would see him completely naked was now the least of his worries. He was out of his shirt and panties and in the bathroom almost before she could turn on the water. After adding a generous measure of fragrant bath oil to the warm water, Sara instructed him to bathe with moisturizing soap, and soak in the deep water. “If you were truthful in your promise about your future obedience, we won't have to repeat that painful scene, but I need proof of your sincerity!” Sara said upon her return half an hour later.

“What kind of proof?” Jess asked hesitantly. He wanted to know the answer to his question, but he feared the answer.

“Take this razor and, as a gesture of good faith, shave your legs.”

“Shave my legs?” he gasped in disbelief of her bizarre directive. “Boys don't shave their legs!”

“I don't care what boys do or don't do!” Sara spat in an irritated tone. “My only concern is the validity of your promise. Moments ago, you vowed unquestioning obedience to my every directive. Then, at my first request, you give me an argument that sounds very much like refusal! Is that the way you keep promises?”

“N...no,” he stammered, fearing another spanking. “I...I'll do it, but why do you want me to shave my legs? They'll look funny when I wear my own shorts next week.”

“Your hairy legs look all scraggly in my shorts. They'll look much nicer without all that hair! Smooth hairless legs will give you the feminine touch your mother suggested. I don't care how embarrassed you'll be with sexy legs next week. Now shave them or we'll have a repeat performance across my lap!”

His sore buns pressed against the hard porcelain of the tub was sufficient reminder of his painful and embarrassing ordeal across his pretty tormentor's lap. No way did he want that scene repeated! Neither did he want to shave his legs! “Sara, can't we talk about this?” he pleaded in a desperate attempt to salvage the masculine growth on his legs.

“Of course we can talk,” she replied in a firm tone. “We’ll talk while you shave your pretty legs if you like. Now, start at the ankle and make long smooth upward strokes or you’ll cut yourself. I’m sure you don’t want scars on your pretty legs any more than you want another spanking.”

Her threat worked. Under the peril of another spanking, he dejectedly took the razor and slowly guided it up his leg as directed. Just as they were smooth and hairless, he heard Dana scream from the next room, “Oh! That hurt!”

“Of course it hurts!” Bess yelled. “It’s supposed to hurt! Now, get back across my lap before I call Mom!”

Jess realized Bess was using the same tactic to get Dana to obey her that Sara had used on him. Moments later, as Dana’s painful cries and promises filled the air, Jess thought, “At least, I’m not the only one getting spanked.” In spite of himself, he felt compassion for his adversary even though he blamed him for his own predicament.

“Stop! Oh, please stop! I’ll do whatever you say...wear whatever you say! I promise!” Dana shrieked through the walls.

“You’ll do and wear whatever I say with no more refusals?” Bess asked while continuing the painful spanking as was evidenced by Dana’s screams.

“Oh yes, yes!” he pledged. “Anything! Please stop! I can’t take it!”

After Jess stepped into a clean pair of pale yellow nylon panties and adjusted them about his waist, Sara handed him a pair of sheer yellow tinted pantyhose and instructed him to put them on. He started to protest, but a glance at her grim expression changed his mind. Instead, he lowered his eyes, swallowed his rapidly waning masculine pride, and stammered, “I...I don’t know how.”

‘He’s beginning to give in,’ Sara thought as she showed him how to gather the soft material in his hands and pulled the fragile nylon fabric upward along his smooth hairless legs and adjust the top at his waist. “This comes next,” she directed, handing him a lacy yellow satin camisole that matched his panties.

As he viewed the ultra feminine garment Sara expected him to wear, Jess thought that was going too far, but just as he was about to voice a protest, he heard Dana shout, “I can't wear that! Boys don't...!” His complaint was barely out of his mouth when the sounds of stinging swats, followed by Dana's painful pleas filled the air. “Okay, okay! I'll wear it! I promise, I promise! Just stop, please stop!”

“And, you'll wear this too?” Bess demanded as she obviously directed his attention to some other exclusively feminine garment. When his masculine pride prevented him from answering promptly, additional smacks were heard.

After a few stinging whacks, Dana's tortured voice again came in loud and clear. “Oh yes...yes!” he blubbered, his tear-filled voice growing soft with submission. “I'll wear whatever you say! Just don't spank me anymore! I can't stand it....”

The sounds of Dana's painful screams changed Jess's mind about protesting and he obediently held out his arms for Sara to drop the silky camisole over his head. “Now, slip into this, and let's hurry to the salon before Bess and Dana get there,” she directed, handing him a white translucent nylon negligee. “We still have lots to do, and I want to take care of your hair first.”

“But, you just did my hair last night,” he mildly protested as he reluctantly put on the soft pink translucent negligee.

“Oh, I just fluffed it up a bit last night,” she shrugged off his complaint. “Tonight, I want to give your hair a little body.”

“Body...?”

“Your mom said to give you a few feminine touches to calm your masculine spirit, and nothing is more feminine than a pretty hairdo. Now hurry! If Bess and Dana beat us to the salon, I'll give you another spanking while we wait for them to leave!” With that, Jess hurried along. His diaphanous negligee only fastened with a waist sash, and in his haste, it fluttered, and to his great shame exposed his freshly shaved nylon clad legs in the process.

When they returned to Sara's room, Jess sported a cute teen hairstyle with bangs across his forehead and curls that covered his ears and flowed down to his neck. To his sorrow, the indignities to his

masculinity didn't stop there. Over his panties, camisole, and pantyhose, she insisted he wear dressy bright yellow silk shorts with white polka dots, a long sleeve white nylon blouse with lace at the neck and cuffs, and a vest that matched his shorts. Adding to his feminine touches was mascara, eyeliner, eye shadow, blush, and to his complete humiliation, rose red lipstick that matched the polish on his fingers and toes! The third coat of polish, he applied himself!

“The reason I wanted the salon first was because of the time that’s required to do your makeup and for your nail polish to dry,” Sara explained as she handed Jess a pair of white sandal pumps with two-inch heels that showed the polish on his toenails.

“I can't wear those!” Jess objected. “They're too small, and I don't know how to walk in high heels!”

“Most girls wear shoes on the small side to make their feet appear dainty,” Sara rebutted. “Anyway, since they're all we have, you'll have to make the best it! Use this shoehorn to slip them on and walk around a bit to get accustomed to the tight fit and elevated heel.”

Jess’ feminine clothes, shoes, and makeup made him terribly self-conscious and ashamed. As he entered the dining room, carefully taking short steps and placing one foot directly in front of the other as Sara instructed, he seethed, “This is all that geek Dana’s fault. I swear I’ll bust him in the mouth if he makes fun of me for wearing this sissy stuff,!”

“You do and your mother will post that Facebook entry with pictures!” Sara declared. “Had you rather be teased by Dana out here in the wilderness or thought to be a sissy by your friends back home?” His anger abated slightly as he considered Sara’s logic.

Jess almost lost it when he saw his foe in a red dress with a straight skirt that ended a few inches above his knees. To complete his feminine image, he wore nylons and red three inch pumps. He wasn't wearing makeup, lipstick, or nail polish, but a shameful blush supplied vivid color to his face. No wonder he protested so intensely!



*Dana blushed profusely when he saw Jess eyeing his red dress and high heels. “Doesn’t Dana look absolutely delicious?” Bess gushed, feeling pride at finally besting Sara.*

"I never thought that minx would go so far as to put Dana in a dress!" Sara pouted as she viewed her rival's handiwork. "I should have made Jess wear one too! It may have taken another spanking, but I could have done it!"

"I've never beaten Sara at anything!" Bess thought with a satisfied smile. "She always made light of her victories, but now look at her jealousy as she watches Dana move timidly in his dress."

"You boys look very nice tonight!" Vera declared, bringing the girls out of their confrontational spell. "The feminine touches the girls imposed on you are nice. After dinner, we will take photographs. We can download them on the computer to commemorate the evening. I can post them on Facebook if the occasion arises." Before the boys could protest, she added, "Behave as nicely as you look, and we'll all have a very pleasant evening!" Both the boys and girls recognized her comment as a threat rather than a cordial greeting.

As they took their seats at the table, Jess observed Dana, Bess, and his mother smooth their skirts beneath them as they sat. He thought, "I'm glad Sara didn't make me wear one!"

To Vera's delight, the boys not only behaved nicely during dinner as she wished, they hardly said a word except to answer questions. "You boys not only look nice, you have acted with the restraint and decorum I need. I want to thank you girls for bringing it about.

"Doesn't Dana look much nicer in his dress than Jess does in those shorts even if he is wearing a sissy blouse and makeup?" Bess excitedly asked.

"Dana looks nice in his dress, but he is sitting all slouched over with his knees apart and his slip showing," Vera observed. "That isn't very ladylike. If he is to wear dresses and skirts until his clothes arrive, he should learn to sit in them discreetly."

Dana's face lit up with embarrassment as he realized he was sitting in a typically boyish manner instead of upright with his knees together like Bess had instructed. He bolted into an upright position, brushed his skirt beneath him, and arranged it over his tightly compressed thighs.

“I told you how to sit modestly in your skirt!” Bess scolded. “We even practiced!” Despite his shaved legs, girlish shorts, pantyhose, heels, and makeup, Jess couldn’t help smiling at Dana’s embarrassing reprimand, but he remained silent.

After dinner, the girls took advantage of their recently acquired authority to assign cleanup detail to the boys. Most surprisingly was the way the two adversaries worked side by side without Jess commenting, derisively, or otherwise, about Dana's dress or Dana mentioning Jess's silky blouse and makeup.

“Will I have to wear a dress for dinner tomorrow?” Jess stammered anxiously when he and Sara were alone in his room.

“Probably,” Sara said as she watched him obediently pull his soft nightgown over his head and let it float down to his ankles. “Your mother wants you and Dana to acquire feminine touches to calm your raging macho spirits. What is more feminine than a stylish skirt swirling around pretty nylon clad thighs?”

“This is going too far!” he decried. “Wear girl's clothes because we don't have anything else is one thing, but making us look and act like girls and spanking us when we don't, is too much, way too much!”

“Maybe, but so was your constant bickering and fighting,” she countered. “You and Dana drove your Mom to take drastic measures to get the rest and relaxation she needs. Teaching you headstrong boys some humility will be fun!”

“Won’t be fun for me!” he scowled, looking down at his long nylon nightgown with a renewed blush.

“The jury is still out on that!” Sara said with a mischievous smile as she took him in her arms, pulled him close, and kissed him passionately. Feeling her inviting body against his, Jess forgot his feminine costume for the moment and returned her kiss.

Their bodies were tightly pressed together, and Sara kissed him passionately when she felt his growing erection against her. She lowered him onto the bed, pulled his gown to his waist, and removed his panties. She had experienced sex at college, but she more or less at the mercy of inexperienced boys. Now, she was in complete charge.

'I'll train him to be a sensitive lover, not snatch and grab like those horny college boys,' she thought happily as she took the top position.

"Wow, that was fantastic!" Jess gushed when he was spent.

"We aren't finished," Sara sighed contentedly. "We didn't have time for kissing, caressing, holding, or other foreplay. We do now, and we can make up for lost time." As they lay in each other's arms, they became aroused and made love a second time. "You don't think you can have fun in girl's clothes," she teased. "Not so, darling!"

"That would have been fantastic no matter what I was wearing, even if I wasn't wearing anything," he smiled blissfully. "I almost wasn't wearing girl's clothes with my gown bunched at my waist."

"Okay, fun time is over," she declared with a harsher tone. "Put your panties back on, and follow me. I'll show you how to remove your makeup and moisturize your face for the night."

"Why do I have to moisturize my face?"

"The lotion will make your face soft, smooth, and more receptive to makeup...a nice feminine touch, don't you think?"

"I don't want my face to be soft, smooth, and receptive to makeup!" he complained as he obediently began massaging the fragrant cream into his face and neck as directed.

"What you want is irrelevant at this point!" After he completed his beauty ritual, she tucked him in bed and gave him a deep kiss.

In Bess' room, she ruthlessly scolded Dana for sitting incorrectly in his skirt. Several times he was near tears believing that she was about to spank him again. To prevent her from carrying out her threat, he became the perfect pupil as she drilled him in the feminine art of standing, sitting, and walking in his skirt. "From now on, whether or not you're wearing a skirt, you'll walk with short steps placing one foot directly in front of the other and sit upright with your knees together," she scolded. "If I see you walking like a boy or sitting immodestly, I'll give you a sound spanking on your panties that will make sitting impossible! Do you understand?"

Taking her reprimand to mean that he would be wearing skirts often for the remainder of the week, Dana looked down in shame. Too near tears to reply, he merely nodded in response.

“You'll do well to remember your lessons in the future!” she chastised while handing him a lavender baby doll nightie and matching panties. “Go to your room, and put these on. I'll be in presently to inspect you and tuck you into bed.” As he took the ultra feminine sleeping attire, Dana's eyes pleaded with her not to impose this further indignity on him. He offered no verbal protest fearing that she would make good on her promise to spank him.

Jess spent a restless night in his soft silky nightgown as he worried about the next few days in girl's clothes. Every time he turned over, his unfamiliar gown wound about him, and before he could get comfortable, he had to push himself up and untwist his long skirt. This kept him constantly aware of his strange feminine ordeal even while he slept. Thus he was very groggy the next morning when Sara shook him awake saying, “Get up and get your shower sleepyhead! We have to get you ready for the day.”

“It won't take long to get ready,” he mumbled sleepily.

“It'll take longer than you think because of your new feminine touches,” she insisted. “I've laid out your clothes. You'd better be wearing them when I return!”

He didn't look forward to the feminine touches being imposed on him, but recognizing a threat in Sara's voice, he didn't want to start the day with a spanking. As he obediently threw back the covers to get up, he noticed that his long silky skirt had crept up to his waist during the night. Seeing his smooth hairless legs on display before the smiling Sara, he leapt to his feet to allow his skirt to fall into place before scurrying off to the bathroom with a red face.

When he returned, he was astonished by the clothes Sara laid out for him. The panties were pale lavender and had lace at the waist and leg openings, the blouse was sleeveless in a matching color, and the shorts were dark purple. He started to complain about his feminine ensemble but quickly declined. Reluctantly, he stepped into the panties, pulled them up his hairless legs, and with a shiver, adjusted them about his hips.

“Very nice!” Sara complimented when she saw him. With a pat on his posterior and a suggestive wink, she added, “If you continue to cooperate, your punishment will be easier and we'll have a lot more fun. Come to my room, and let's finish off your feminine touches.”

“What's to add?” he asked.

“We have to do your hair and makeup, silly! This will be your morning ritual for as long as you dress as a girl. Sit at my vanity, and I'll give you a lesson.”

“I have to wear makeup during the day too?”

“No self respecting girl would be seen without makeup.”

“I'm not a girl.”

“Don't start that again! I'll only apply a little base, a hint of blush, faint eyeliner, a blink of mascara, and a light coat of lipstick. I'll just brush your hair into a high ponytail and tie it back with this scrunchie that matches your pretty outfit.”

Jess wanted to refuse, but remembering his earlier spankings, discretion got the better of valor and he allowed Sara to have her way. When she was finished, he looked almost as much like a girl as he had the night before. Liquid foundation concealed his blemishes, blush emphasized his cheekbones, eyeliner widened his eyes, and the light coat of lipstick was ruby red that made his lips appear full and feminine.

Filled with shame Jess entered the dining room with his feminine touches, but when he saw Dana, he was aghast! His self-conscious rival looked like a country girl in a yellow and white gingham blouse and a mid thigh length denim skirt. Blush, eyeliner, mascara, and medium red lipstick decorated his features. His nail polish matched his lipstick, and his brunette tresses were bunched into twin angel wings secured with yellow plaid scrunchies that matched his blouse.

Sara was livid at seeing how femininely Bess had dressed Dana for his daytime chores. “That conniving bitch! She stole my idea to have Jess wear makeup, and she had the gall to make Dana wear a skirt for his chores!”



***“You exposed almost all your lingerie, Dana!” Bess grabbed him by his ear and dragged him into the house. “I’ll teach you to comport yourself like a proper girl!”***

At breakfast, Vera enjoyed the quiet atmosphere. Believing she could now get her needed rest, she was confident that her course of action was necessary. She lavished praise upon the boys for their neat appearance and the girls for their assistance in adding the feminine touches. She even complimented Dana's improved posture for sitting correctly in his skirt with his knees primly together.

When they finished eating, she said, "Jess, trim the shrubbery and edge the walks this morning. Dana, you can weed the flower beds and sweep the pool deck. After lunch, Bess and Sara will help you with your feminine touches and dress you for dinner." Addressing the girls, she said, "In the future, you will assign the boy's duties and make sure they are completed satisfactorily. Your assistance will allow me more time to relax, although I'm available if you need help."

As Dana was about to go out with the edging tool, Bess called him aside to give him what appeared to be a stern reprimand, but Jess and Sara couldn't hear what she was saying. When she was finished, he protested, "But, it's not right to make me wear...!" Without hesitation, she slapped him hard across the back of his skirt with a glove and hissed under her breath, "See that you heed my warning!" Completely intimidated, he took the gloves and slowly made his way to the flower beds with tears in his eyes.

While trying to get his mind off his girlish panties, blouse, shorts, and shaved legs, Jess dutifully, trimmed the hedges. Occasionally, he got a glimpse of Dana, kneeling in his skirt, pulling weeds from the flower beds. When he saw a wisp of slip lace, he gasped, 'I'm sure glad Sara didn't make me wear a skirt and slip! My panties, girly shirt, and shorts with a back zipper and no fly are bad enough!'

Suddenly, Bess rushed out of the house and started yelling at Dana. Holding out her cell phone so he could see the images, she spat angrily, "Look! After my warning, you bent over improperly from your waist and brazenly allowed your skirt to ride up and show everything you have! Your slip is showing in most of the photos, but this one is so blatant that I can almost see your panties!" Grabbing him by the ear, she forcefully pulled him into the house.

'Wow!' Jess thought as he watched Dana's plight. 'Having to wear panties and girl's shorts is bad, but at least, Sara didn't make me

wear a skirt with a slip that would show if I made a wrong move. Almost makes me feel sorry for that geek.’

When Dana returned half an hour later, his eyes were red from crying, and he was very careful to brush his skirt beneath him and stoop from his knees to pull weeds and prune the lower branches of the shrubbery. Jess moved close and asked what happened but Dana turned away from him and remained silent.

While Bess took charge of a very apprehensive Dana after a light lunch, Jess reluctantly joined Sara in her room. “You got all sweaty in the yard, so start with a nice soak in the tub,” Sara advised. “Be sure to use plenty of bath oil and moisturizing body wash.” Swallowing his rapidly dwindling masculine pride, Jess stepped out of his panties. To his embarrassment, an involuntary erection formed, and he blushed from head to toe. Sara grinned and instructed, “Wash your hair. You can set it in curlers when you return.”

“I don’t know how to set my hair in curlers!”

“That’s okay, you will learn. I’ll teach you.”

When Jess returned, Sara instructed him to put on the powder blue panties and bra she had laid on the bed. “A *bra*?” he spat in an indignant tone as he stepped into the panties. “I won’t wear a bra!”

“Really?” she inquired as she patted her hand with her hairbrush.

Lowering his eyes and softening his voice in capitulation, he sighed, “I don’t know how to fasten it.”

“Don’t tell me the macho Jess Walker has never unsnapped a bra!”

“I’ve never fastened one, and I’ve certainly never *worn* one!”

“It’s time you learned, so stop stalling and follow my instructions. Put your arms through the straps, and pull them over your shoulders. Now, reach back and fasten the clasp.”

After several attempts, Jess threw up his hands in resignation and exhaled, “I can’t do it! Even when I get both sides in my hands, I can’t find the holes with those little hooks!”

“Alright,” she sighed in mock exasperation. “Pull the ends of the back strap around to one side and fasten them. Good, now adjust your bra behind your back and use two pairs of panties to pad each cup. You’ll be wearing a bra from now on. You will practice fastening it correctly later when we have more time.”

“All the time? Dana will see?” Jess gasped while blushing profusely as he reluctantly obeyed her humiliating order.

“Of course Dana will see, but I wouldn’t worry,” Sara insisted. “After wearing that skirt and slip this morning, he’ll probably be wearing a bra sooner than you think.” Blushing, Jess slipped into the diaphanous negligee she handed him, even though he knew it did little to hide his embarrassing bra and panties. He sat at the vanity for a dreaded hair-rolling lesson. When he raised his arms to secure a strand of his hair on a roller, she reprimanded, “Go to the bathroom and shave that unsightly hair from your underarms this instant!”

Jess spent a most traumatic afternoon primping, powdering, and dressing for dinner. When the fateful hour arrived, to his utmost chagrin, he was wearing the most feminine ensemble he could imagine. With his blue bra and panties, he wore a matching lace adorned nylon slip, nude pantyhose, and a navy blue tunic style dress with a tight bodice and mid thigh length pleated skirt. After practicing walking in three inch heels, he wore navy pumps with open toes that displayed his polished toenails. Adding to his shame was his full feminine makeup that consisted of liquid base, eyeliner, eye shadow, mascara, blush, and red lipstick that matched the polish on his fingers and toes. “This is going too far!” he complained as he viewed his image in Sara’s full-length mirror. “Mom said to add a few feminine touches, not make me look completely like a girl. If my hair was lighter, I’d look like...like *Bess!*”

“How would you expect twins to look when they dress alike?” Sara smiled. “You saw Dana in his dress last night and his skirt today. Do you think Bess will stop there? My money says no. Now let’s practice walking and sitting because I had better not hear your mother chastise you for sitting incorrectly in your skirt like she did Dana.”

“I can’t believe I let you do this to me!” Jess scowled as he slowly walked across the room to a chair Sara provided. Turning as she

instructed, he smoothed his skirt beneath him and sat with his knees together as best he could.

Even though Sara had gone all out to make Jess look feminine, a glance at Dana told her that she had been outdone by Bess yet again! He looked like a girl in a lavender silk dress with a full mid-thigh length skirt that moved sexily about his nylon clad thighs. His brunette tresses were set in a sexy feminine style, his makeup, lipstick, and nail polish were immaculate, and he walked easily in white pumps with slender three inch heels. Most of that was true with Jess, but Dana also wore jewelry, a triple strand pearl necklace, a matching bracelet on his left wrist, and pearl pendant earrings that must have been screwed agonizingly tight to keep them secure. In spite of all that, a pleasant smile adorned his purple tinted lips.

‘I wonder how that minx got Dana to appear so much like a girl so quickly. I’ve worked hard with Jess all afternoon and he isn’t nearly as graceful. That boy must have some inherent feminine qualities.’

During dinner, Vera congratulated the boys on how well they looked and behaved and praised the girls for adding feminine touches to the boys that calmed their raging spirits. She complimented Jess on how well he managed his skirt and especially flattered Dana for his jewelry, hairstyle, and because he carried himself in a more feminine manner. After looking Jess and Dana over in their dresses, makeup, heels, and feminine hairstyles, she proclaimed with a smile of satisfaction, “You boys have settled down and allowed me to get the rest I need since the girls took charge of you. You only have three more days in dresses before the plane arrives with your things.”

This should have made Jess happy, but as he looked at his short skirt, nylon clad thighs, and bright red oval nails, he caught a whiff of his delicate perfume, and he angrily spat at Dana, “Just wait till I get back in pants! I’ll teach you a lesson for forgetting our luggage and causing me to spend a week in sissy dresses and skirts!”

“That’s what you think!” Dana snapped, not forgetting Jess had punched him in the nose and pulled his shorts down to reveal his panties. “I owe you one for attacking me when I wasn’t looking!”

“Enough already!” Vera screeched, placing her hands over her ears. “If that's the way you two intend to behave when you return to pants, you will remain in skirts and under the girls authority for the remainder of the summer. I'll get my rest one way or another!”

“Oh no, Mom!” Jess cried. “I forgot for a moment. We'll behave just as we have since you put the girls in charge. I promise!”

“That's right, Mrs. Walker!” Dana agreed with Jess.

“We can't do it, Mom!” Bess insisted. “Neither Sara nor I have enough clothes for us and the boys. They are slightly larger than us, so they're stretching our good things out of shape, especially our shoes and dresses!” Dana and Jess sighed in relief, hoping their time in skirts was near an end.

“Yes, that would present a problem, but it's nothing we can't resolve,” Vera mused. “Strip the boys to their bras and panties and get their measurements. Use the internet to find appropriate things for them to wear. Note the site, item number, skirt length, color, fabric, and such. Collaborate on certain styles and order special items to give you an edge in the contest between the two of you. Keep the cost in a reasonable range, but most importantly, their new things must be exquisitely feminine. Tomorrow morning, I'll call Virginia, explain our situation, fax your orders, and tell her to make sure the new clothes, shoes, cosmetics, etc. arrive on Saturday's plane.”

“What fun,” Bess giggled. “It will be like having real live dolls for the summer!”

“Right on!” Sara agreed. “I can't wait until their new clothes arrive so we can try new looks with their very own dresses, skirts, hairstyles, and makeup! Let's get them measured!”

“Mom!” Jess exclaimed in panic. “Dana and I are supposed to be having fun too, but after our yard work is done, all we do is learn to walk, stand, and sit like a girl in dresses, style our hair, and apply makeup. This is going too far and it isn't fair!”

“Not fair to whom?” Vera snapped. “Is it fair that you two keep my nerves on edge by continuously bickering when you wear pants? Is it fair to the girls to have to patch up your wounds? Life isn't fair, young man, and you'll learn that lesson in dresses and skirts!”

As the boys lowered their heads in total dejection, Sara was becoming sexually aroused at the thought of dressing Jess as a girl for the entire summer. Looking for an excuse to get him alone, she said, “Let’s go, Jess. After I get your measurements, you can practice makeup application while Bess and I plan your feminine future.”

“I’ll measure Dana and get him started in my room,” Bess said. “I’ll meet you in the office in fifteen minutes.”

“Make it an hour,” Sara gushed excitedly with lust as she took Jess’s manicured hand and hurriedly whisked him away. He was unsteady in his unaccustomed heels, but he had to follow as she literally dragged him along. In her room, she kissed him roughly while loosening the back buttons of his dress. When he responded in kind, she stepped back, slapped his face and exclaimed, “No! Respond to my advances, not initiate your own. I’ve had it with snatch and grab college jocks. We’ll do this my way or not at all, period!”

After wearing dresses and skirts exclusively for the past few days, Saturday was a tense time for Jess because he was destined to meet the supply plane so dressed. Ryan, the pilot, was a girl in her early twenties, an obvious tomboy that Jess suspected was a lesbian because she always rejected his advances.

“Damn, Bess has outdone me again!” Sara seethed in exasperation when she saw Dana in a hip hugging miniskirt with small box pleats at the hem, a pink cami top that bared his bra straps and navel, knee boots with three inch heels, and as was now usual, his hair and makeup were perfect. Looking at Jess in his straight black miniskirt, red sleeveless top, tennis shoes, and sedate makeup, she wondered, “When did Bess find time to teach Dana to walk so naturally in those stilt heels?” Then, as she remembered the fantastic sex she had on her terms in lieu of training Jess to be dress and move in a feminine manner, and she smiled with great satisfaction.

After securing the supply plane, Ryan saw the girls wearing shorts, tops, and sneakers as might be expected, but the boys! She looked over Dana in his overtly feminine manner of dress, and Jess in his girlish skirt and top. A slight smile crossed her lips, and she asked, “What’s going on?”

“The boys forgot their luggage,” Bess replied with a devilish grin. “Since there was nothing for them to wear, Mom decided they should dress as girls to calm their spirits and make them stop fighting.”

“It’s working too,” Sara chuckled. “See how sweet and docile they are holding hands? They get along fabulously since Bess and I took charge and dressed them in our clothes. They even kissed and made up.” The feminized boys blushed even brighter when Sara revealed their humiliating kisses, but because of painful and embarrassing punishments, they didn’t dare release the other’s hand.

“Looks like you’ve had your fun, especially you, sissy boy,” Ryan teased while smiling at Jess’ red face and feminized features. “I never thought you’d turn out so pretty when you were all macho.”

“Please don’t tease me, Ryan,” Jess pleaded just above a whisper. “It’s not my fault that I’m dressed this way.”

“That was a compliment, not a put down,” Ryan insisted. “I like my men all prim and prissy, so don’t think you are the first sissy I’ve seen in a pretty skirt.” Jess blushed while wondering if there really were other guys wearing skirts.” She smiled and said. “By the volume of freight, I’m guessing that I brought these sissies’ clothes along with the supplies. Unless I miss my guess, they’ll be out of those cute outfits and back in jeans in short order. Shame though!”

“You’re wrong,” Bess chuckled. “You brought their clothes, alright, but they’re dresses, skirts, panties, bras, slippers, nighties, nylons, heels, jewelry, makeup, hair care products, the works! Mom decided these two sweeties will be dressing as girls for the summer.”

“Cool, but it would be a shame if these sissies broke a nail doing boy’s chores,” Ryan chuckled. “You girls will have to learn to do the traditional masculine chores around here.”

“We’ve already started,” Sara admitted.

“How are you doing so far?”

“Not too good. I had to drive the tractor here because Jess couldn’t get on it in his skirt without making a spectacle of his silky nylon panties,” Sara admitted.



*“Look at all the girly items you boys have received,” Bess gushed as the items were removed from the plane. “You will surely be the most stylishly dressed girls on the island.”*

“You’re wearing silky girl’s panties under that pretty skirt, huh?” Ryan asked the blushing Jess with a teasing smile. “Is that what you meant when you tried to get in my panties all those times? I thought you were a macho stud, but you just wanted to wear them, didn’t you? Well, my sissy, I’m afraid you would have been disappointed. All my panties are plain cotton, not silky bits of fluff like you’re wearing.”

While Jess blushed in total humiliation, Sara said, “I never did get the hang of backing up the tractor with that trailer.”

“Let me show you,” Ryan said as she easily backed the trailer up to the dock. “Practice that, and you won’t have any trouble next week. This isn’t work for sissy boys, so you two cuties stand there and hold hands while I help the girls load the freight and unload it at the house.” Jess and Dana could only stand by and blush at the inference that they weren’t man enough to load and unload supplies.

When the trailer was unloaded at the house, the red-faced boys were instructed to put everything away while Ryan chatted with Bess and Sara. “We can mow the lawns, trim the hedges, clean the pool, and all the other things the boys used to do,” Bess grimaced. “but we’re not looking forward to that.”

“I can see how it would be very traumatic for these cuties if they broke a nail or got blisters on their dainty hands,” Ryan agreed. “I could send over a couple of guys from the area to tend to lawns. The service is reasonably priced, they do good work, and they have the tools and equipment needed plus a boat to get from island to island.”

“Send them over next week for a trial,” Bess agreed. “If they do a good a good job, we’ll make it permanent.”

“Will do,” Ryan affirmed. Walking over to Jess, she took him in her arms and pulled him close. Reaching back, she caressed his buttocks and smiled as his skirt slid seductively over his silky nylon panties. Giving him a peck on his red lips, she teased, “Enjoy your pretty new clothes, sweetie. I’ll see you next week, so wear something pretty for me.” Jess could only lower his gaze and blush as this girl he used to harass turned the tables and was treating him as a sex object.

When Jess started to carry his new dresses, skirts, silky feminine undies, and makeup to his room, Sara stopped him saying, “Put your

pretty new things in my room. You'll be bunking with me for the remainder of the summer."

Thinking quickly, Bess instructed Dana to put his new clothes in her room for convenience. "I want you to have easy access to my lighted vanity and the salon. We can move in a cot for you."

With new sleeping arrangements made, Jess and Dana moved into new quarters. While unpacking and storing their new feminine clothes, they found something *very* unexpected! There were realistic breast prosthesis that had the look, feel, weight, and jiggle of the real thing! "How do you like your new boobies?" Sara asked Jess as he stared at the realistic orbs he would be wearing in his bra for the foreseeable future. "Knowing how boys are always measuring things, we got you both B+ cup bras and inserts so you won't be jealous of one another. Pop into one of your new bras and panties so we can get started trying on your pretty new things."

'Damn Dana for forgetting our clothes!' Jess seethed inwardly as he filled the cups of his bra with his new inserts. 'Damn him, damn him, damn him!' "My new panties and slip feel silkier than the ones I've been wearing," he admitted in a sheepish tone as he adjusted the satin straps of his nylon slip."

"They are," Sara affirmed. "I bought you the very best and most feminine undies available. Wait until you try on your nice dresses."

Bess had a couple of secrets she hadn't shared with Sara. For one, she ordered a supply of pills laced with intense estrogen compounds and potent testosterone blockers designed to round a male user's body into a svelte feminine shape. Under the influence of these powerful drugs, he would grow breasts, and with the help of a strict diet, his waist would narrow, and his buttocks would expand to give him the appearance of an attractive young girl. According to instructions, these pills were to be ingested once daily, but she decided one each morning and evening would accelerate his development and give her an advantage in her competition with Sara.

Her second secret was a gaffe Sara found on the internet designed to hold masculine genitalia to create a smooth flat feminine

appearing crotch. They ordered one for each boy. Sara moved on, but Bess noted a special optional feature, a lock to prevent the wearer from removing it, so it served as a chastity device. Not wanting to have sex with Dana, as Sara was having with Jess, she deviously ordered that for Dana's gaffe.

When all of Dana's new feminine clothes were neatly hung in the closet or stored in drawers, Bess instructed him to go to the kitchen for a plastic bag filled with crushed ice. On his way, he heard Mrs. Walker's bell ring, and he went out to the patio by the pool to see what she wanted.

"Bring me another drink," she non-emotionally ordered. When he returned with her drink, she looked him over in his feminine ensemble and asked why he was still wearing Bess' clothes.

"I've been putting my new things away. I was about to start trying them on when I heard your bell," he replied. Not wanting the lace embellished hem of his slip to show and earn him a severe verbal reprimand, and possibly a spanking, he dipped from his knees to make sure his skirt remained parallel to the patio deck as he placed her drink on the table beside her. Summing his courage, he pleaded, "Jess and I promise not to argue or fight so you can get the rest you need. Please let us dress as boys."

"I'm afraid not," she mused as she took a sip. "The only way you can avoid your macho tendencies is to dress as girls. Besides, you have new feminine wardrobes, and there are no boy's clothes on the island. Now, run along and try on your pretty new things like a good sissy boy."

He wanted to complain that he wasn't a sissy, but didn't want to get in trouble or receive another spanking. Bushing deeply, he returned to the kitchen for the ice and returned to Bess. She instructed, "Take off everything." When he was completely nude, she handed him the bag of ice and said, "Hold this on your genitals."

"Why?" he gasped as he carried out her order.

"I have to install this to give you a smooth flat feminine in your panties and tight skirts," Bess explained while holding up the gaffe. "According to the instructions, ice will keep you from getting excited

while I install it. Jess is getting one too,” she added omitting mention of the locking chastity component. When the gaffe was properly installed, she clicked the lock shut and held up a small key. Threading the key onto a thin gold necklace, she placed it around her neck and said, “All secure. No more standing to urinate, no more unsightly bulges in your panties and tight skirts, and no more annoying erections.”

To Dana, his erections weren’t annoying, but he was experiencing more of them since being forced to wear nylon panties and other girl’s clothes. He had been relieving himself privately after going to bed, but now he would no longer have that option.

A few days later, two men in their mid-twenties came by to tend the grounds. As Bess showed them the work to be done, one of them made a complimentary comment about her figure and asked if there were more like her around. She was taken aback at first, but a moment later, her recent experience at ordering males about took over her psyche, and she spewed angrily, “This job is tending the grounds! If you have anything else on your minds, you can leave, and we will engage another service.”

Seeing that she didn’t appreciate his friendly sexual banter, the man apologized in his deep French accent and assured her it would not happen again. “We want the work and we will do you a fine job.”

“See that you do!” she huffed and abruptly returned to the house.

After their warning, the men went to work with a vengeance. Vera was enjoying a drink in the sun, and when they cleaned the pool and hosed off the deck, they were beyond polite and apologized for disturbing her. Sara noticed the burly men with interest and mused to Bess, “Be quite a change to have a roll in the hay with a real man instead of a soft hairless sissy in a silky nightgown.”

“I wouldn’t know,” Bess chuckled. “I haven’t used Dana like you have Jess. Besides, I doubt if those guys would come near me after I put them in their place this morning.”

“I’ll send them a peace offering,” Sara reflected. She found Jess washing windows in his pink and white print housedress and three

inch heels that severely hampered his stride. He quickly checked his feminine look as much as possible with her looking on. Not interested in that so much, she said, "Those workers are thirsty. Take a pitcher of cold lemonade out to them."

"I...I can't go out there like...like this!" Jess protested, indicating his feminine ensemble.

To his relief, Sara agreed, "You're right. Those heels are totally inappropriate to wear out on the grounds. Change into a pair of flats and take off those nylons."

"What's wrong?" Dana asked when Jess joined him in the kitchen. "You look like you broke a nail and got a run in your last nylon."

Jess looked Dana over in his mint green housedress, lace embellished pinafore style apron, exquisite makeup, and four inch stilt heel pumps. Ignorant of the powerful estrogen enhancers and testosterone blockers coursing through his adversary's body, he tied a neat bow in his apron and thought, 'It's like that sissy to make a girlish comment about nails and nylons, but I dare not challenge him...not *now!*' Trying desperately to regain his composure he replied, "I have to make lemonade and take it to those yard workers. I sure hope they don't recognize me as a boy in a dress."

"I really feel for you," Dana sighed, feeling compassion for his rival. "I'm glad Bess didn't send me out there. She humiliates me enough as it is!"

Placing the pitcher of ice cold lemonade and two glasses on a tray, Jess reluctantly made his way out to face the yard workers. "You can't go out there like that!" Sara screeched so harshly that he almost dropped the tray. Hoping she meant he couldn't go out in a dress, he turned to face her just as she scolded, "Your lipstick is all chewed away, and you haven't freshened your makeup or brushed your hair! I thought you had been a girl long enough to know these things! For punishment, adjust your slip so the lace shows below the hem of your skirt in back to give those horny guys a thrill."



*Jess was totally embarrassed to be exposed to the tough boys while wearing a frilly apron over his tight fitting dress. “Wow,*

***that's one sexy girl!" One of the boys let out a long low whistle of appreciation.***

Shortly, with his hair and makeup repaired and his nylon slip adjusted to show as directed, Jess carried the lemonade to the workers as if walking on pins and needles. Approaching them, he asked in the softest, most feminine voice he could muster, "Would you fellas like a drink?"

"Yes ma'am!" one of the workers declared. Mistaking Jess for Bess, he apologized, "I'm sorry if I was out of line this morning. I was being friendly, not forward, and it will never happen again."

Realizing that the man thought he was Bess and that something had happened between them, Jess quickly gathered his wits and said, "See that it doesn't." Almost as quickly as he poured their cold refreshment, they drained their glasses and held them out for refills.

"Thank you, miss. That was delicious. You are an angel of mercy." Jess was relieved that they didn't ogle him and make offensive comments about him being a boy in a dress. In truth, they were still intimidated by Bess' reprimand and had decided to pay strict attention to their work. Having no clue that the pretty girl before them was, in reality, a boy, when Jess turned to walk away, the men saw the delicate lace of his slip and almost lost their composure.

When he returned to the house, Sara scolded, "Now do you see why I drilled you on feminine comportment? If I hadn't, those men would have seen right through your disguise and read you as a boy in that pretty dress. Get off your lazy buns and back into your nylons and heels before I get angry. Don't forget to adjust the hem of your slip properly!"

Hurrying away to do her bidding, he couldn't argue that his lessons in feminine comportment, mannerisms, gestures, and voice inflections had saved him from being recognized as a boy when he served lemonade. 'On the other hand, I could have stayed inside or simply been allowed to wear jeans like a normal boy!' he bemoaned as he slid his nylon clad feet back into the four inch pumps he was wearing before going outside to serve the *men*.

As the vacation continued, Sara trained Jess to satisfy her sexually while Bess looked for ways to make Dana more feminine in every way while keeping him secured in his chastity device. She drilled him in the gestures, mannerisms, and voice inflections of a teenage girl and punished him if he didn't use them at all times. As she trained him to walk, stand, and sit properly in a skirt and stilt heels, he spent many hours walking a chalk line with a book on his head to give him what she called a feminine glide. Woe be unto him if she saw him not holding his shoulders back to emphasize his breasts or walking without the proper feminine sway to his hips!

To give her still another edge, Bess deviously ordered a home laser electrolysis apparatus so she could rid Dana of his beard and mustache. Minus facial hair and with generous applications of moisturizing beauty creams she planned to make his face soft, smooth, and feminine. With time, she could permanently remove the hair from his chest, stomach, back, and arms to make him look even more feminine, especially with his growing breasts.

When Bess informed Dana that she planned to remove his facial hair, she was caught off guard by his show of masculine courage. Taking a firm stance with his feet spread as far as his straight skirt would permit, he folded his arms under his prosthesis filled bra, and declared, "No! I won't allow you to remove my beard. Making me dress as a girl this summer is temporary, but that would be permanent!"

Having grown accustomed to his docile obedience to her orders, even her whims, his adamant refusal to allow her to remove his beard made her really angry. "Okay, Miss Priss!" she spat in a furious tone. "We'll do this your way! Take off your dress!"

"W...what?" he stammered in disbelief at her rage. "Why?"

"I don't want to wrinkle your pretty dress when I spank you for being obstinate and refusing to follow orders," she avowed while picking up her thick leather paddle. Slapping it sharply across her palm, she persisted in the tone of voice he had learned to fear, "Stop dawdling and get out of that dress like I said before I really get angry and call Mother! Is that what you want?"

Dana still adamantly objected to having his beard removed, but the mention of Ms. Walker made him think she had been consulted. That severely impeded his ability to fight for his unique symbol of masculinity. With her mother's authority, this determined girl had forced him to dress and comport himself as a girl by painful and embarrassing punishments. She had him in a chastity device that prevented erections, and now, she was demanding that he remove his dress and submit to a spanking designed to gain his cooperation in removing his beard. Lowering his gaze, he hesitantly reached behind his neck and unfastened the clasp of his dress.

As his capitulation increased her confidence, she looked at him standing red faced before her in his bra and half slip. "Step out of that slip, and get over here!" she commanded. "I don't want anything in my way while I blister your panties for that act of defiance." His slip discarded, she scoffed, "Imagine a sissy like you wanting hair on his pretty face! Let's see if we can make you more cooperative and eager to accept your new feminine touch."

Dana was cooperating out of fear, but the idea of having his manly beard permanently removed was still repugnant to him as he obediently positioned himself across her lap. As the strap landed harshly on his thin nylon panties, he lurched in pain, but he understood that she was asking...no, *demanding* that he ask to have his beard removed! Having viewed himself with a mustache when he got older, he doggedly resolved to take a spanking rather than give his permission for this damning procedure that would severely restrict his ability to erase the femininity being imposed on him. After a number of swats, his determination dissolved. Crying out in pain, he pleaded, "Please stop! I'll do whatever you say! I promise!"

"That doesn't sound like a sissy who is anxious to receive his latest feminine touch, especially after saying you would do anything to be a prettier girl than Jess!" Bess spat as she rained three more hard swats of the paddle onto his silky nylon panties. "Looks to me like you would be more enthusiastic about getting your annoying facial hair removed." Dana didn't say he would do anything to be prettier, but Bess said he did so often that it had begun to sound true. It was she, not he, who wanted him to be look more like a girl than

her twin brother in his skirts and dresses. To that end, she was doing everything in her power to make it so.

“Please don’t remove my beard!” he wailed through his great pain.

Noticing that he had changed from demanding that he wouldn’t allow her to remove his beard to begging her not to do so, she was happy with her progress, but wanted more. “Girls and sissies have facial hair, not beards, and they all want to get rid of it!” she spat as she rapidly rained the paddle down on his panties three more times. “As a sissy, I thought you would be eager to have yours removed.” With that, three more hard swats assaulted on his panties.

Even though he was adamantly opposed to having his beard permanently removed, he knew he couldn’t hold out against her violent onslaught. Swallowing his masculine pride again, he wailed through his tears, “Okay, okay, you can remove my beard! Please stop spanking me!”

“Sissies have facial hair. I want you to ask to have yours removed so you’ll be prettier than Jess with your makeup!” she insisted as several more stinging swats landed on his thin nylon panties.

Unable to stand any more pain, he gave in completely and screeched, “Please remove my...my facial hair so I’ll be prettier than Jess, only stop spanking me...*please!*”

“Do you promise not to squirm about because of a little discomfort from the laser?” she asked as three more swats landed on his panties.

“Oh yes!” he wailed through his tears. “I’ll be quiet and still as you can remove my awful facial hair. I promise! I’ll do anything to be prettier than Jess!”

“You had better!” Bess seethed, maintaining her feigned anger and landing three additional stinging swats to his already tender buttocks. “Any more trouble, sissy boy, and this little reprimand will seem like a Sunday picnic. If you’re serious, put your slip and negligee back on and remove your ruined makeup. I need a clean face to work on. If you know what’s good for you, you won’t keep me waiting in the salon.”

When he hurriedly joined her a few minutes later, he steeled himself for the assault on one of his few remaining masculine attributes. Grasping his flimsy transparent negligee in his hands, he pulled it tightly about his body and quivered in anticipation. After zapping a number of hairs from his chin, Bess noticed tears trickling down his cheeks. Not realizing that the tears were from exasperation and not pain, she scoffed, "Come on, it couldn't hurt that bad. The instructions say you should only feel a slight sting. Anyway, a sissy like you should be willing to endure a little pain to be beautiful."

He didn't want Bess to know his tears were for the loss of his beard and not pain from the electrolysis, so he toyed with his soft negligee and sniffed, "I'm sorry. It's just that the stings are like a swarm of bees on my face."

"Okay, you ninny," Bess sneered while handing him a jar. "Massage some of this astringent cream into your face." After two hours diligently removing Dana's facial hair, she exhaled, "That's enough for now. Get dressed. We'll have another session after dinner." The work was tedious and exasperating, but she wanted to eliminate his beard and as much body hair as possible before her mother learned of her extravagant purchase. Also, she wanted to keep her scheme to add this new feminine touch to Dana a secret from Sara to increase her advantage in their competition.

The later session was equally traumatic for Dana as he knew even more of his beard had been permanently eradicated. Most of his frustration was because he hadn't had even a semi-erection in his gaffe in over a week. He didn't know which bothered him the most, and having to wear silky nylon panties and other girl's clothes only served to multiply his frustration. While applying the astringent cream afterward, he became unable to control his rapidly increasing stress. "Please, Bess," he pleaded. "Remove this awful gaffe for just tonight. Jess is sleeping with Sara, and you have me locked away. I cooperated while you made me wear dresses and removed my beard...uh...facial hair. Please allow me some relief."

"You want to play with yourself? How disgusting!" she spat. "You're secure in your gaffe with a flat feminine appearance in your panties and tight skirts. That's what you should be concentrating on,

not vile masturbation fantasies. Let's hear no more mention of such despicable acts."

"Please Bess, it's not right to deny me," he pleaded as tears of aggravation formed in his eyes. "It's not normal...not natural!"

"I didn't want it to come to this, but bring me the paddle," she insisted. Following a painful session across her lap, he gasped the rehearsed words through his tears to her satisfaction, "Oh Bess, thank you for reminding me to take pleasure in the flat front of my panties and tight skirts and not in depraved sexual acts."

After wearing their new feminine wardrobes for several weeks with no boy's clothes on the island, Jess and Dana still didn't like dressing as girls, but they knew they had no choice. Despite their masculine pride, they learned to comport themselves properly in dresses and skirts and became adept at applying makeup and brushing their hair into a variety of feminine styles. No longer required to work outside on the grounds, they became proficient at performing basic household duties such as sweeping, dusting, changing beds, washing dishes, ironing, and cooking. Due to stinging and embarrassing punishments, they learned to comport themselves in a docile manner and not threaten or taunt one another.

While sitting by the pool with her mother and Sara while Jess and Dana performed their household duties in their neat house dresses, Bess observed, "Something is missing. Under our authority, the guys have stopped fighting and have become docile and obedient. They still don't like wearing dresses and comporting themselves as girls, but they are accepting the feminine touches we have imposed on them without too much resistance. Still, something isn't right."

"I've noticed it too, but I can't put my finger on it," Sara agreed.

"What do you mean?" Vera asked. "I think you girls are doing a magnificent job controlling them. I'm getting the rest I need."

"Maybe I'm expecting too much," Bess continued. "but Dana never does anything on his own like trying new makeup techniques or hairstyles, and he never experiments with different looks or combinations with clothes and accessories."

“That’s it!” Sara proclaimed. “If they don’t think like girls, how can we expect them to act like girls?”

“I guess that would be asking too much.” Bess sighed with regret.

“Maybe not,” Vera surmised with a sly grin. “There might be a way to make them think more like girls, but you two would have to get tough and stand your ground. Just don’t come running to me if things don’t work out. I don’t need the stress.”

“We promise!” they squealed. “What do you have in mind?”

“Require them to get together each week and come up with something to make them look or behave more like girls, a self imposed feminine touch, if you will. Of course, you’ll have to devise appropriate punishments to assure that they enter into the venture with the correct attitude.”

“Mom, you’re a genius!” Bess exclaimed. “Imagine that sissy Dana and asshole Jess looking for ways to look and act more feminine!”

“Bess!” Vera scolded. “Watch your language, young lady! Just because the boys are becoming more feminine, that’s no reason for you to adopt the language of drunken sailors.”

“I’m sorry, Mom,” Bess apologized. “The vision in my mind was just so vivid! In my wildest dreams, I never imagined Jess in a dress, and the idea of him learning to think like a girl is almost too much!”

Speaking for the first time, Sara asked, “What do you have in mind? Putting them in a room together and not letting them out until they come up with a way to make themselves look more like girls?”

“I don’t know,” Vera replied as she picked up the small bell on the table beside her. “I haven’t thought it through.” A moment later, the clicking of Jess’ stilt heels was heard on the pool deck. She looked him over in his tight fitting pink dress with its straight mid-thigh length skirt and white piping at the neck and short sleeves and four inch stiletto heels. As if nothing was out of the ordinary for her son to be dressed in such an extremely feminine manner, she ordered as one would a servant, “Bring me another drink.”

As had become habit since his enforced femininity, he dipped a polite curtsy and replied in a respectful voice, “Right away, Madam.”

He then asked in accordance with his standing orders, “Miss Bess, Miss Sara, would you like any refreshment from the kitchen?”

Bess smirked in ecstasy as she watched her formerly loud and impulsive brother walk sedately away in his dress to do their bidding. His stride was severely restricted by his tight skirt and stilt heels to give him an unquestioned feminine gait, and the white lace of his slip showing with every step in the back walking slit of his skirt. She delighted in the things she was doing to make Dana appear more feminine, and she wished for a free hand with Jess. Her competition with Sara prevented her from taking an active role in his feminization, from secretly putting him on an estrogen regimen and removing his beard as she had with Dana. Still, she could wish.

One evening after dinner when the kitchen had been cleaned by Jess and Dana, Bess and Sara called them aside. “You two have been complaining about us making you dress and act like girls, so now, it’s your turn,” Bess informed them. “We want you to sit together in Sara’s room until you agree on something that will make you appear more feminine. Your chosen feminine touch can be new hairstyles, different makeup, ways to mix and match your skirts and blouses, or the like. Just keep in mind that whatever you choose must be approved by Sara and me.”

“You want us to come up with something to make us look more like girls?” Dana gasped. “We already wear dresses, skirts, makeup, and we have girl’s hairstyles!”

“Yes, but you don’t think like girls,” Sara injected. “Research the teen magazines and the Internet for ways to look more attractive and turn boys on. Girls do things like that. You know what pushed your buttons when you were boys. Use them and you’ll be sex kittens in no time.”

“I’m still a boy, and I don’t want to be a sex kitten!” Jess snapped. “I especially don’t want to turn on any boys!”

“As punishment for that unladylike quip, remove your dress and sit with Dana in your bra and slip while you look for a nice feminine

touch to make you look pretty, cute, sexy, or downright gorgeous, your choice!" Sara ordered.

"You too, Dana!" Bess agreed. "Strip! You were both self conscious about the other knowing you wore silky panties when you first started wearing them. Now, you can see whose pretty silky undies are the sexiest! We'll be just outside the door while you sissies discuss your new feminine touch, and there had better not be any quarrels."

"I'm not a sissy!" Jess countered.

"Of course, you're a sissy!" Sara insisted. "No real boy wears dresses, skirts, silky panties, and lipstick like you do. Will it take a spanking for you to admit your love for feminine clothes and makeup?" When he only looked down, blushing for all he was worth, she demanded, "Get the paddle, and let's settle this here and now!"

Shuffling his feet in his heels, he looked up with tears in his eyes. Contrary to every fiber of his being, he stammered, "I...I'm a sissy boy who likes to wear pretty dresses, skirts, silky panties, high heels, lipstick, and perfume."

"And you'll take pride instead of offence when one of us refers to you as a sissy in the future, won't you, sissy boy?" she chided, further assaulting his increasingly fragile masculinity.

"I...I'll take it as a compliment when you, Bess, and Mom call me a sissy in the future," he sighed just above a whisper.

"Okay, out of those dresses and get busy selecting your new feminine touch," Sara ordered while basking in her victory over this boy she had broken from aggressive macho hothead to submissive sissy in dresses. "If we hear one irate word, one squabble such as, 'I wouldn't be wearing this girly crap if it wasn't for you,' or any other catty snippets, neither of you will be able to sit for a week. Do you understand?" When they only blushed and didn't respond, she avowed, "Have fun, and remember we'll be listening!"

Looking down at his padded bra and silky nylon half slip after removing his dress, Jess seethed under his breath so the girls

couldn't hear, "Fun, my ass! How can I have fun in this silky fluff you make me wear?"



***“I don’t know what ‘feminine touch’ we should choose,” Dana moaned, Neither boy looked completely feminine in spite of his bra, slip, nylons, and heels because of their masculine comportment.***

Dana, still unaware of the estrogen regimen Bess secretly imposed on him, was much more subdued. Taking a less aggressive approach, he put his well manicured finger to his red lips for quiet, opened a Teen Queen magazine, and sighed, “Not so loud or they’ll hear you. I don’t like wearing these clothes any more than you, so let’s try to be nice to one another while we look for a feminine touch we can add that isn’t too embarrassing. You don’t want the girls coming back to spank us, do you?”

As Jess smoothed his slip beneath him from habit, and adjusted the lace embellished hem across his nylon clad thighs, he picked up a makeup brush from his vanity, began to absent mindedly add color to his face, and sighed, “Okay, but any new feminine touch will be embarrassing, especially if I have to choose something that would turn me on as a boy!”

After almost an hour scanning the magazines and reading articles in search of a not too humiliating feminine touch they could add and rejecting one idea after another, Dana asked, “Find anything?” When Jess shook his head, Dana said, “Seeing you fiddle with that makeup brush gives me an idea. What if we check our hair and makeup really often and trade a few items of clothing like skirts or sweaters to vary our selection of outfits. I think the girls would go along with that.”

“I don’t like the idea of checking my feminine look and primping all the time, but it would be better than dressing like these bimbos,” Jess replied while holding out a magazine for Dana to see a photo of several girls in micro miniskirts, low cut tops, stilt heels, long tousled hair, and very heavy makeup. “I just hope the girls don’t see this photo and get ideas, or that could be us.”

Deciding the boys had sufficient time to devise a new feminine touch, Bess and Sara burst into the room unannounced. Seeing them sitting with their knees apart and their slippers all askew and showing the dark tops of their nylons, Bess angrily snapped, “What unladylike postures! Haven’t you learned anything about being girls?”

“Obviously not!” Sara snapped. “Our sissy boys are in for more lessons on how to comport themselves as proper young ladies.”

Jess wanted to assert that he wasn’t a sissy, but not wanting another punishment from Sara, he looked down and remained silent while Bess declared, “They definitely deserve a sound spanking along with lessons on how to comport themselves in a ladylike manner, but first things first. Have you sissies agreed on a new feminine touch to make you look and feel more like girls?”

“I...I think so,” Dana stammered in a soft unsure voice.

Wanting to embarrass the boys further, Sara said, “You have been in here for an hour without arguing or fighting. That shows you can get along while you look for ways to appear more feminine. Let’s see you kiss on it.”

Thinking, ‘Dana is a girl. Dana is a girl,’ Jess swallowed his masculine pride and pressed his lips against Dana’s and held them there for about three seconds. When they parted, he was blushing brightly as he asked, “Can we get dressed now?”

Sara stood firm, “No need for that. Slip into a pretty negligee, then tell us the feminine touch you want to implement.”

Jess knew a translucent negligee would do little to conceal his embarrassing lingerie, but painful and embarrassing experience had taught him not to argue or refuse to obey an order from Sara. As Bess watched her brother put on his white negligee that matched his bra and slip, kick off his stilt heeled pumps, and replace them with fluffy slippers with three inch heels, she turned to Dana and said, “Go to our room, dress in a like manner, and don’t forget to refresh your makeup. When you two are comfortable, we’ll discuss the new feminine touch you have chosen.”

Upon Dana’s return, he was wearing a pink translucent negligee that concealed nothing of his bra and half slip and matching stilt heeled bedroom slippers. To the surprise of Jess and Sara, he had changed his lipstick and nail polish to pink to match his outer garment. “You look very cute,” Bess complimented. “Now, tell us about your chosen feminine touch.”

Blushing brightly, Dana looked at Jess and saw that he had re-done his makeup, but hadn't changed colors. After a pause, he said, "To increase our feminine appearance, we propose to check our hair and makeup more often to assure that they are fresh and neat. We'll repair them right away. We'll also turn before a full length mirror to make sure our skirt is hanging properly and our slip isn't showing. To add to our feminine awareness, we'll access each other's ensemble every day and make relevant comments regarding color coordination, skirt length, and accessories."

"Do you agree with that feminine touch, Jess?" Sara asked.

Jess felt trapped, as he sighed, "I guess so if I have to wear dresses and pretend to be a girl."

"Well, except for your lessons in walking, standing, and especially sitting like a lady, we are done here," Bess concluded.

A bit later that evening, Dana, still wearing his bra, half slip, and pink negligee was sitting at the vanity rolling his hair for the night. Looking sheepishly at Bess, he asked in a soft browbeaten tone, "Can we talk?"

"Of course," she replied. "What's on your mind?"

Lowering his gaze with a bright blush, he shamefully admitted, "I've been trying really hard to dress and behave as you wish. I concentrate on how feminine my gaffe makes me look in my panties and skirts when I get sexually frustrated. Tonight, sitting with Jess and seeing him in his bra with his slip all awry gave me an occasional glimpse of his panties. I got excited and found it difficult to think about our new feminine touch. Boys shouldn't turn me on, but he did, and I need relief really bad. I was wondering if you would let me out of my sheath for just a little while. Please?"

"Couldn't keep your eyes off of his panties, huh?" Bess chuckled. "Did he see you looking?"

"No, he was fiddling with his makeup and looking off into space to notice what I was doing. He still hates wearing dresses and silky feminine undies as much as he did in the beginning."

"And you don't?"

Unaware of the potent hormones rapidly altering his body and outlook on life, he sheepishly admitted, “For some reason, I don’t. If I could remove my gaffe for just a little while and relieve this awful frustration, I think I would enjoy wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl. Will you please take it off and let me be free in my panties just for tonight? I’ll put it back on in the morning, I promise.”

“I think not,” she replied after a long pause. “You are making excellent progress as a girl in your pretty dresses and skirts. If I allow you to have relief, you might revert to your old macho ways. I know you are suffering a bit, but I think it best that we leave things as they are for the time being.” Dana cried himself to sleep in agony.

One evening at dinner while wearing a stylish black after five dress, heels, and makeup he applied himself, Dana hesitantly complained, “Mrs. Walker, all Jess and I do is housework and practice feminine gestures, mannerisms, voice inflections, try on dresses and skirts, and learn beauty regimens to make us appear more feminine. Bess and Sara swim, play tennis, and take walks around the island. This is our vacation too, and we never get to do fun things or relax by the pool. Why not?”

Vera pondered his complaint for a moment before saying to the girls, “Dana has a point. All work and no play makes for dull and unhappy boys even if they have the pleasure of wearing pretty dresses and skirts and soft silky lingerie. Add a few bikinis and tennis dresses in their sizes to your order this week so he and Jess can get out to enjoy themselves and get some exercise.”

“We can't wear bikinis and tennis dresses!” Dana wailed as he adjusted his skirt over his nylon clad thighs. “That’s not what I meant!”

“That's right, Mom!” Jess agreed. “Isn't making us do housework in girl’s dresses punishment enough? Couldn’t we at least swim and play tennis in boy’s clothes?”

“Considering your hostile behavior when we first arrived, that’s not a good idea!” Vera declared. “I warned you to comport yourselves in properly so I could rest. Since you refused, you will suffer the

penalty. Bikinis and short skirts will be the perfect feminine touch, or punishment, if you prefer. That is precisely what you will wear if you wish to swim, lounge in the sun, or play tennis!”

“That’s right!” Sara snapped. “Get ready for bed before you earn a spanking for arguing. When I join you, we’ll shop for bikinis and tennis dresses on line. If we place our order tonight, your sexy new things will arrive in time for you to be swimming and playing tennis by the weekend. Aren’t you excited?” When he was slow to respond, she asked, “That is what you want, isn’t it?”

“I don’t want to wear bikinis or tennis dresses,” Jess sighed, looking at his neatly manicured and polished nails in his skirted lap. “Besides, my breast inserts would be too obvious in a bikini bra.”

“Good thinking!” Sara enthused. “Bess and I will order waterproof skin tone makeup so we can blend the edges of your inserts with your skin. They’ll look like the real thing! Any more concerns about your new feminine touches?”

“You’re taking these damn feminine touches too far!” Jess scowled. “We’re boys for Gawd’s sake!”

“Perhaps, but you are boys who are being taught a lesson. If you want to exercise, swim, and lounge about the pool, you will do so in tennis dresses and bikinis.”

On Saturday, Bess and Sara excitedly awaited the arrival of the feminine recreational clothes. They thrilled as Jess and Dana tried on their new bikinis. Using waterproof makeup as instructed, Jess blended his breast forms to match his hairless chest until the feminine orbs appeared to be natural in his bra. He blushed at his feminine image.

Bess was happy at what she saw when Dana stood in his silky nylon panties without a bra. She had watched the puffiness on his chest, the increased size of his areolas, and the enlargement of his nipples. Seeing the direction of her gaze, he said, “I don’t know why, but I seem to be growing breasts like a girl. What’s happening to me?”

“Maybe your body likes wearing dresses and being a girl,” Bess lied. “Your body is growing breasts to help it look the part.”

“I don’t like wearing dresses, at...at least I...I didn’t at first,” he stammered.

“You like wearing dresses now?”

“I don’t exactly *like* wearing them, It’s just that I don’t exactly hate them like I did at first. If you would just unlock this awful gaffe...”

“You want to have a bulge in your bikini like a boy in a Speedo, a lump in your tight skirts, and embarrass me because Jess looks more like a girl than you? Is that what you want?”

“N...no, but I’m so frustrated. It’s been so long since...”

“Forget that nonsense, and get into your bikini!” she scoffed. When he lowered his gaze and stepped out of his panties, she knew that she had won a major victory in the battle to keep him looking more feminine than Jess.

With their genitals tucked snugly away in their gaffes, one would be hard pressed to suspect that either Jess or Dana were boys as they modeled their feminine swimwear wearing four inch stiletto heels. When they changed into their tennis dresses, they learned that the girls had purposely neglected to order tennis briefs, so they had to wear nylon panties under their skirts. They were grateful that they were allowed to wear sneakers instead of heels. Anxious to extract a modicum of revenge on Dana for forgetting his clothes, Jess looked down at his smooth hairless thighs below the hem of his short pleated skirt and asked hopefully. “May Dana and I play tennis?”

In her wisdom, Vera anticipated the likelihood that the boys would try to vent their anger toward one another on the tennis court. Suspecting that fierce competitions would cause their repressed macho aggressiveness to resurface, she said, “Since you will be dressed as girls, you will play tennis in a docile sedate manner with no concern about who wins. You will play for exercise only. There will be no competition. If you don’t play in a civilized manner, you will be disciplined by the girls. Afterward, sit at courtside in your cute dresses and hold hands while you watch the girls play.”

Realizing she had seen through his attempt to exact revenge on Dana, Jess lowered his head and sighed, "We understand, Mother. We just want to get some exercise in the fresh air."

"That's right, Mrs. Walker," Dana agreed with a bright blush while adjusting his short skirt over his smooth hairless thighs. "We'll play in a ladylike manner. I just hope I don't break a nail."

'What an ultra girlish response,' Bess thought with a grin. 'I've done well installing feminine touches in that former ruffian because no real boy would worry about breaking a nail. My money says he'll do well playing tennis calmly in his chic dress.'

"Having to play like a wimp doesn't seem to bother Dana, but it's eating Jess alive," Sara observed as she and Bess stood courtside in their shorts and tops watching the boys hit soft volleys across the net. "When he thinks I'm not looking, he hits one harder than usual, especially on serves. I don't say anything because it's so cute the way his short pleated skirt flies up to reveal his panties when he does."

"Good idea of yours to forego ordering tennis panties so they would have to wear their normal silky panties under their tennis skirts," Bess smiled. "You knew how cute it would be to see their panties when they get overly aggressive with their shots. Dana is adjusting faster to the passive manner we imposed on them than Jess, so we don't get to see his panties nearly as often."

"After I have a session with Jess across my lap a bit later, he won't be nearly as aggressive the next time he plays," Sara replied in a tight lipped manner. "Just you wait and see."

"Oh, come on and admit the truth!" Bess chided. "Spanking Jess on his silky panties is a turn on for you...rough foreplay. You love dominating him. You can't get enough."

"Okay, you got me, sort of," Sara grinned. "What I do is intimidate him so he's afraid not to perform the way I desire. I got totally disillusioned with sex in college because all those jerks care about is their own pleasure. With Jess, I make sure he satisfies me and develops some staying power, if you know what I mean."

"I'm not very experienced, but I think so," Bess blushed.

After Ryan delivered the supplies and helped Bess and Sara take them to the house, she accepted their offer of a drink. Relaxing, she propped her feet atop the coffee table. From her position, the windows opened onto the pristine lake under a perfect summer sky. As much she loved the outdoors, another view occupied her attention. Jess stood before her blushing bright red, holding a tray with an ice cold Molson and a frosted glass in his manicured hands.

Under her gaze, he felt totally self-conscious about his black knit dress with its tapered mid-thigh length skirt that made it extremely tight and restrictive. A fragment of his brain marveled at how this female bush pilot could be sexier in jeans and boots than most women wearing...well...the kind of things *he* was wearing. Standing before her in full feminine makeup and pumps, he wondered if his eyeliner, eye shadow, and mascara were applied correctly, his lipstick was straight and even, and, God forbid, the lacy hem of his white nylon slip was showing. Blushing because she knew that he was a boy in his feminine finery, he stammered, "Here's your drink, ma'am."

Ryan examined the nervous figure before her for a long moment. This formerly obnoxious boy who had leered at her and made sexist innuendo whenever she flew in with supplies the past two years was totally subdued in his feminine attire. She noticed his nylon-clad knees shaking with anxiety as he stood before her on display in his stilt heels. Finally, she took the beer and glass, gave him a smile, possibly the first genuine one of their acquaintance, she teased, "Thank you, *Miss Walker*. May I say, you look simply ravishing in that chic black dress? Didn't I deliver it to you on my last trip?"

"Thank you, and yes," Jess admitted in the soft feminine lilt he was being trained to use as he turned to display his stylish dress. "I ordered it online from the latest styles at Macy's." Humiliated from his shameful admission and his feminine actions, he fled the room as fast as his restrictive skirt and precarious heels would allow.

Ryan admired the feminine sway of Jess's retreating backside until it disappeared into the kitchen. She noted the way his tight skirt and heels caused his hips to sway in the motion that always intrigued males. Seeing her focus, Bess and Sara were trying hard

not to laugh. "You girls have done a wonderful job with those former hooligans, especially *that* one," Ryan chuckled as both girls burst into a fit of giggles.

During previous summers, Ryan had never felt drawn to Bess or her friends. What was the point of flying all the way out to the wilderness if you were just going to wear fancy dresses and heels that barely functioned on sidewalks? To her, they were the kind of girly girls who should never be allowed to leave the city. She had written off Bess as the type of girl who would fall for some hunk junior executive and become his trophy wife. Now, she decided, there might be more to her, and certainly this new girl, Sara. Looking at them in their comfortable shorts, tops, and sneakers while Jess wore full feminine finery, makeup, and heels, she was curious. In order to have another look at his feminized form and learn more, she asked, "Do you have something salty to go with this beer?"

Shifting slightly so she could reach a small bell on the table beside her, Sara rang it three times in rapid succession. When Jess rushed in from the kitchen drying his neatly manicured hands on a towel, she informed him, "Our guest would like a salty snack. Bring in a tray of nuts, chips and pretzels."

"Yes, Miss," he responded with a slight dip and scurried away.

"Quite an efficient maid you have there." Ryan smiled as she watched Jess's feminine mimicking exit once again. "He has nice legs, and his ass is to die for in that form fitting skirt."

"I require him to wear tight skirts and heels to shorten his stride and give him practice walking in heels," Sara explained. "He's not nearly as graceful as Dana. I swear, that boy looks and moves like he was born to be a girl."

"That's due to his training under my supervision," Bess smiled. "He was not a sissy or a girly boy at the beginning of summer. Don't you remember how he fought Jess at the drop of a hat?"

Sara chuckled, "Now they wouldn't dare lift an aggressive finger because they know we will warm their panties with the strap and make them kiss and make up. You wouldn't believe how they hate the taste of one another's lipstick!"

“You two certainly know how to handle those former ruffians,” Ryan chuckled.

Sara admitted, “Once when they were being really catty, we made them sleep together in a twin bed in long nylon nightgowns. We only gave them one blanket, so they had to cuddle close to stay warm. I swear, they couldn’t make eye contact without blushing for over a week after that. The threat of a repeat of that fateful night really keeps them in line.”

“So true,” Bess giggled. “Jess slept without his gaffe, but Dana was locked in his. Anyway, it may seem like we’re hard on our darlings, but it was necessary in the beginning for Mom to get the rest she needed. It’s all in good fun now that they are properly trained in their feminine roles.”

“Correction, *great* fun!” Sara interjected. “It’s like we were girls again and have real live dolls to play with and dress up.”

“I hadn’t noticed the resemblance before, but dressed like that, Jess sort of reminds me of my boyfriend, Renee,” Ryan observed while taking a gulp of her beer and watching for the other girl’s reactions from the corner of her eye.

Still smiling, Sara leaned forward and inquired, “In a black dress, makeup, and stiletto heels, Jess reminds you of your boyfriend? Have you ever seen him in a dress?”

Ryan smiled. “First off, they’re really not that much alike physically. Renee is a natural redhead...carpet matches curtains, if you get my drift...and he has green eyes. Still, there’s something about them that’s similar. They’re both more pretty than handsome, and yes, I’ve seen Renee in dresses because he’s been wearing them for the last three years. His stepmother forbids him to complain, but every now and then, he’ll say something that reveals his desire to return to his former masculine life and dress. On occasions, I find him crying like a girl and sniveling through his tears about how that *bitch* stole his life. His pathetic helplessness is so cute.”

“Wow!” Bess gasped. “I thought Sara and I were the only ones with boys who dressed as girls.”

“Taking a slow pull on her beer, Ryan continued, “You couldn’t be more wrong. There are more of these dolls wearing pretty dresses than you can imagine. Renee attracts them like flies to a barn, but that’s a story for another day. Now, even though he wears dresses and pretends to like a girl, he used to be a gifted athlete. He was small for his age, but he made the varsity hockey team in Cree Lake when he was just fifteen because his skills on the ice surpassed those of the older and larger players.

Renee’s downfall came when his father married Brigitte, a beautiful, voluptuous, yet conniving girl only four years older than his 15 years. From the day Renee met Brigitte, he lusted after her, and soon, she seduced him. When he fell in love and tried to get her to run away with him, she planted some drugs, and phoned in a tip to the police. When they found the drugs, they charged him with possession and sent him to juvenile hall.

When the charges against Renee were dropped, Brigitte blackmailed him into dressing full time as a girl and pretending to like it. She even made him wear dresses and skirts for his entire senior year of high school. Under her orders, he stopped all athletic endeavors and limited his time on the ice to occasionally figure skating in a short pleated skirt while wearing full feminine makeup, vivid red lipstick, and matching nail polish.”

“What did Renee’s friends say when they saw him in skirts, and why didn’t his father put a stop to it?” Bess asked excitedly.

“Okay, okay, be patient, and I’ll tell you,” Ryan chuckled. Seeing Jess return with the snacks, she drained her glass and said, “I’ll have another, sweetie.”

“Do you mind if Jess and Dana hear your tale?” Bess inquired.

“Not at all,” Ryan replied. “It might do them good to learn that they’re not the only boys who wear pretty dresses and skirts.”

“Where’s Dana?” Bess asked Jess.

“He’s practicing his feminine glide on the chalk line in the hall in his long skirt and stilt heels with a book on his head like you ordered,” Jess replied anxiously wanting to learn more about another boy forced to wear skirts. “You know, walking a mile in your shoes.”

“Actually, they’re his shoes,” Bess smiled. “He’s wearing five inch spikes. I don’t have any heels nearly that high. Tell him to take a break and come in here.”

“After you call Dana, bring Ryan a beer, a bottle of Bordeaux and glasses for Bess and me, and a glass of water with lemon for you sissies to help you watch those girlish figures,” Sara instructed.

Jess was agitated that his twin sister would enjoy a glass of wine while he was relegated to water. ‘What’s with her?’ he scowled. ‘She gets to lounge around in shorts and flats with little makeup while I have to wear short dresses, full makeup, and high heels.’

Even more distressing, he knew she wouldn’t hesitate to make him lie across her lap with his skirt at his waist while she administered a sound spanking to his silky panties. He hurried from the room, his anger causing an exaggerated sway in his tight skirt that intrigued Ryan no end.

Dana minced into the room with very short steps. Looking at Bess, he asked in a tiny voice, “Did you want me?”

Seeing his exaggerated feminine walk, Ryan asked, “Why is he taking such short steps? His skirt isn’t that tight, and his heels aren’t high enough to force such a prissy stride.”

Bess instructed, “Show her.” Dana blushed brightly as he obediently raised the hem of his black ankle length skirt and revealed the lace embellished hem of a long nylon hobble slip. While Ryan looked on in awe, Bess explained, “Things are not always as they seem under sissy fashions. His skirt appears to allow ample freedom, but his narrow slip restricts his steps. This teaches him to walk with an attractive feminine glide. With the practice I insist on, that way of walking is becoming habit no matter what he wears.”

Dana sat on a cushion on the floor beside Bess with an expression of relief from his strenuous task. Once Jess returned with the drinks and everyone was served, he sat beside Sara. Despite his efforts to the contrary, his tight skirt rode high on his nylon clad thighs, and he had to struggle to avoid showing his panties.

“Now that everyone is comfortable, here goes,” Ryan exhaled after taking a long pull on her beer. “After his wife’s death, Henri, Renee’s

father who is very rich, married Brigitte, a hostess in one of his clubs and a beautiful sexy girl only four years older than his son. Being a normal teenage boy, Renee lusted after Brigitte from the beginning, saying she should be with him instead of his father. Brigitte, being very devious, seduced him, and for a time, they made love more often than she and Henri. Renee got in trouble when he asked her to leave his father and run away with him.

Being from a poor family, Brigitte had worked hard to land a rich husband, so she was having none of that. Through sex, she had connived her way into becoming Henri's wife, and she wasn't about to lose her easy life for a few rolls in the hay with his son. When Renee persisted, she made a deal with some shady characters. She had them plant some drugs in Renee's locker at school. Sure enough, he was arrested for possession with intent to sell and was confined in juvenile lockup for two weeks awaiting a hearing before the judge. While he was in there, the older boys made him dress as a girl and used him for sex."

"Where did those boys get girl's clothes his size?" Bess asked. "Before we started ordering on the Internet, Sara and I had difficulty getting dresses and skirts to fit our sweeties."

"Good question," Ryan admitted. "The girls are housed across the compound from the boys, and apparently, there's more contact between the two groups than the authorities might think. The girls are often provided nice clothes for court by their parents. Afterward, they sometimes sell them to the boys for cigarettes, drugs, or money. Some of the boys bought a complete girl's outfit, including silky panties, bra, slip, nylons, and heels just as Renee was incarcerated. He was forced to wear them for his entire stay at the facility. In fact, he was still dressed as a girl from the skin out when Henri and Brigitte arrived to take him to see the judge. After seeing Renee in his feminine finery, they had to rush home and bring him a suit."

As it turned out, Henri knew the judge, and after an exchange of a sum of cash, he persuaded the judge that he would ride close herd on his son. After a guarantee that Renee would never again be involved with any other criminal activity, he was placed in his father's custody."

“Seeing Renee in his dress, heels, and makeup gave Brigitte a perverse thrill and a diabolical idea of how she could dominate and control him without sending him to prison. When they were alone, she told him he looked cute in his dress at the detention center and that he should wear them full time. As you might imagine, he told her to go to hell and that he would never wear another dress. That’s when she got serious and said they both knew she had framed him on the drug charge and that she could do it again. She even laid out several scenarios about how she could entrap him and make everyone believe he was guilty and off to prison he would go. He said he would tell his father what she said, and she would go to jail instead of him. She said she would deny that conversation, and he would be back inside wearing a dress and servicing his boyfriends again.”

“After much anguish, Renee chose to wear dresses without sex on the outside over wearing them with forced gay sex on the inside. To fulfill his stepmother’s evil scheme, he begrudgingly announced that, after wearing dresses in detention, he found that he wanted to dress as a girl on the outside. Henri was livid when he learned of his son’s intent to wear dresses and almost disowned him on the spot. Only at the urging of his young wife, and lots of torrid sex, did he accept his son in dresses, and even then, spoke to him only when necessary.”

“To assure that Renee followed her orders to wear panties, bras, camisoles, slips, dresses, skirts, blouses, and makeup like she ordered and didn’t scheme to escape her clutches, Brigitte had him install video cameras in his room at different angles to give her full view of his quarters on her computer. She also used the tension between him and his father to further drive a wedge between them.

She told Henri that everyone was laughing at him behind his back because Renee’s makeup was always sloppily done, his lipstick wasn’t even with his lip line, and his nail polish was sloppy and never matched. Despite Henri’s wishes, Renee’s hair had grown just long enough for a feminine style, but it should have body, curl, and a decoration like a band or ribbon. She further asserted that if he was going to allow his son to pursue his *fantasy*, he should at least insist that he do it right or he would soon be losing customers at the lodge because it was his *look*, not his desire to come out of the closet and wear dresses, that disgusted the locals.”

“Alright, alright! I’ll have a talk with him,” Henri relented.

“He’ll be here shortly. When he shows, I’ll disappear into our room so you two can have a private chat.”

“I swear, I don’t understand that boy!” Henri declared. “He played hockey, dated the prettiest girls, and...”

“The reason he dated those girls was because he wanted to wear their pretty dresses and skirts and look like them,” Brigitte lied. “His idea of getting into their panties was to wear them, not like normal boys!”

“Okay, okay. I’ll have a talk with him!”

In his room, Renee dabbed at his makeup and added a touch of lipstick while thinking, “I have to talk with Dad and somehow convince him that I hate wearing dresses no matter what that bitch Brigitte says. He has to believe me, he just *has* to!” Not wanting to incur the wrath of his despised stepmother so early in the morning, he made sure that his short skirt hung right and that the lace at the hem of his embarrassing slip didn’t show before leaving his room.

Henri watched intently as the son he now viewed as a sissy entered the room in his dress, took his seat at the table, and he saw what Brigitte described to be true. Renee’s makeup was haphazardly done. His lipstick was uneven, didn’t match his nail polish, and his hair was tousled in a barely presentable feminine style. In the past, he had avoided the subject of his only son wearing dresses, but now, after his pretty, sexy young wife’s rebuke, he felt compelled to speak. “You look like a clown!” he snapped. “If you insist on dressing like a sissy, I want your makeup and hair to be neatly done.”

“But, I...I don’t know how to do those things,” he whined.

“Ask your mother for help!” Henri spat. “She knows how to do all that feminine crap! If I see you looking so messy again, I’ll turn you across my lap, flip up your sissy skirt, and give you a sound spanking on your silky panties. You insist on wearing dresses, you’ll damn well learn to apply your makeup and style your hair like a girl! I’ll not be humiliated because you choose to run around looking like a sissy clown!” Without giving his son a chance to explain that he didn’t

choose to be dressed this way, he abruptly stood up from the table, threw his napkin into his plate, and angrily stormed out of the house.

‘Damn!’ Renee sobbed. ‘Why won’t Dad listen? Why won’t he believe that his conniving wife is to blame and that I don’t like wearing girl’s clothes? Wearing dresses and skirts full time is not enough! Now, he wants me to learn to apply makeup and style my hair!’ Still fuming, he stormed into his stepmother’s room and spat angrily, “Brigitte, you bitch, this is your entire fault! You know I’m not a sissy and that I hate wearing girls’ clothes!”

“Sounds like someone has his panties in a wad,” she sneered triumphantly while crossing her legs and allowing her robe to fall away and display them in a sexy manner. “That is if he’s wearing silky nylon panties under his pretty skirt as ordered.”

“You know I’m wearing panties, damn you!” he snapped while blushing brightly and trying to ignore her seductive display. Softening his tone, he tried to defend his actions saying, “Since you made me install those video cameras in my room, I have no privacy. Besides, you insisted that I rip all my cotton briefs and boxers into dust rags. I have no other underwear except for panties!”

“I told you not to cross me when I refused to run away from your wimpy father. I had him wrapped around my finger then and even more so now, especially where your sissy antics are concerned. I’ve thoroughly convinced him that you prefer dressing as a girl, and if you continue to defy me, I’ll see that you do more feminine things than you can imagine. Now, did you come in here to confirm that you’re wearing silky nylon panties, or do you want something...like maybe another spanking?”

“N...no,” he stammered, avoiding eye contact. “I need you to show me how to apply makeup and style my hair like a girl.”

“What’s in it for me?”

“What do you mean?” he asked, nervously fingering his skirt.

“I mean, what’s in it for me if I take my time to teach you to apply your sissy makeup? You barge in here without knocking and call me a conniving bitch. Then, you have the gall to ask for my help. If that’s

your attitude, *no*, I won't help you! If all you can do is demean and defy me, you can learn to do your hair and makeup on your own."

"I...I can't," he sniffed near tears. "Dad says he is humiliated by the way I look with my hair and makeup looking messy and that he'll turn me across his lap, flip up my skirt, and spank me again on my p...panties if I don't learn to do them right. You got me into this, so help me...please!"

"When I told you to dress as a girl as punishment for trying to get me to run away from this life of luxury, you said you wouldn't do it, but look at the big man now. He's not only wearing a pretty dress, bra, slip, and panties, he's asking...no...*begging* me to teach him to do his hair and makeup in a feminine manner. When will you learn that I control your father with sex, sex, and more sex, and he will believe anything I tell him? If you continue to defy me, I'll convince him that the reason you chose to wear dresses is because you have a crush on Jacques Lebeau and that you want to be his girl. He'll believe me too. You know he will."

Renee knew Jacques Lebeau, a husky logger, was one of the few openly gay men in our small community. He also strongly suspected that if his evil stepmother told his dad that he had a *thing* for Jacques, he would be in his arms wearing his sexiest dress by the weekend. Besides that, he had seen Jacques smiling at him in his father's lodge before he started wearing skirts and more afterward. Realizing that she controlled his destiny, he lowered his head and admitted in a tiny voice, "You win. What do you want me to do?"

"Good girl!" she exclaimed knowing she had won a major victory in the control of her hapless stepson. "For starters, I want you to be more respectful of me and stop trying to defy me. You will be cheerful in your pretty dresses and skirts and wear them without complaint, especially around your father. Simply, you will be respectful and completely obedient to me."

"You're only four years older than me," he complained.

"Our age difference doesn't matter because this is a fitting way for a sissy to show respect," she countered. "It will be our secret that I enjoy dressing you as a girl and that I won't hesitate to punish you in a most humiliating manner if you try to cross me. Furthermore, if you

don't obey me promptly and cheerfully in the future, you'll find yourself in the arms of Jacques before you can blink your mascara-laden lashes. Got it?"

Renee reeled in horror at the image of himself in Jacques' arms while having no doubt that she could convince his father that he was gay just as she made him believe he dressed as a girl by choice. Knowing his only avenue to avoid such a scene was to follow her orders, at least until he could figure a way out. Swallowing his rapidly dwindling masculine pride, he pressed his hands on his side, felt his silky nylon slip caress his smooth hairless thighs, and said, "Okay, I promise to do as you say if you'll teach me to do my hair and makeup so I won't embarrass Dad by looking like a boy in a dress." As far as he was concerned, the less said about Jacques, the better.

Satisfied with Renee's change of attitude, Brigitte directed him to his room where she could record the makeup lesson on video. She could cut, splice, and use the video to further convince Henri that his son was a sissy who enjoyed wearing dresses and looking like a girl. "Remove your makeup and brush your hair two hundred times. I'll join you shortly," she instructed. She wanted to put fresh disks in the cameras to assure that her stepson's hair and makeup lesson and his seemingly eager compliance was recorded.

Willing to do anything to avoid becoming Jacques' *girl*, Renee vowed to be a very attentive and adept student for his hair and makeup lessons. When Brigitte joined him, she was wearing a brief pair of shorts and a low cut halter top that just covered her well formed breasts and bared her midsection. When he saw her, he was overcome with lust for his former lover. "C...can't we forget about me dressing as a girl and get back to where we were?" he stammered, looking down at his short dress that bared his smooth hairless legs."

"No way!" she emphatically stated. "Asking me to leave your father is what started your problems. If you mention it again, I'll make sure you fall even farther in your father's esteem and into the arms of a new lover...Jacques! Besides, I don't go to bed with *sissies*."

"I'm not a sissy, but I promise not to ask you to leave Dad again...*ever*!"

After an intense lesson that took over two hours, Renee removed the rollers from his hair and brushed it into a neat girlish style. Aside from a bit of trouble with his eyeliner, he made significant progress at learning these exclusively feminine arts. Looking in the mirror and critiquing his efforts, he sadly lamented, 'I look like I would want my girlfriend to look if I had one. Since Dad made me start wearing dresses to school, the girls all make fun of me and call me names just like the guys. Getting a date with one of them is impossible. Like Brigitte says, no girl would go out with a boy wearing a dress prettier than hers? Damn that bitch! *Damn* her!'

"Not bad for a sissy," Brigitte praised."

"I'm not a sissy!" he argued. "You know I'm not!"

"You're wearing a dress, panties, and lipstick," she declared. "No boy other than a sissy wears all that girly stuff."

"I only dress this way because you'll send me to jail if I don't!" he scowled as he tried to apply a thin line of eyeliner.

"For the most part, you did well," Brigitte informed him at the end of his lesson. "You were attentive, and you diligently applied yourself to your lesson. I'm surprised that you don't seem to be happy with your new skills. Don't you enjoy making yourself pretty like a girl?"

"You know I don't!"

"Then be happy that I haven't mentioned Jacques to your father. I won't if you appear to be happy with your life in skirts. To further convince him that you enjoy wearing dresses, you will ask his permission to have your ears pierced. If he agrees, jump about giddily like a girl, bounce into his arms, kiss him on the cheek, and ask if you can buy a new dress while you're out shopping. Do this, and do it convincingly or you'll be Jacques' *girl* in short order!"

"Where will this all end?" Renee wondered. "Brigitte is forcing me to learn to apply makeup and style my hair so I'll look like a girl. The only way I can avoid having a gay boyfriend is to convince Dad that I love dressing as a girl, and that I want to buy a new dress and have my ears pierced!"



*Renee's stepmother stated, "If you defy me further, I'll make you into an even bigger sissy than you are now."*

“The moment I first saw him, I thought it might be fun to have a boyfriend in dresses since I prefer to wear jeans or slacks,” Ryan admitted. “I keep him slim and trim in his pretty dresses as I definitely wear the pants in our relationship. All in all, our relationship has worked out well for both of us. Maybe I’ll bring him over some weekend so we can have a party with your skirted boys.”

“That would be *fun!*” Bess and Sara squealed in unison.

**END OF BOOK 1**

**CONTINUED IN A FEMININE TOUCH II**

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