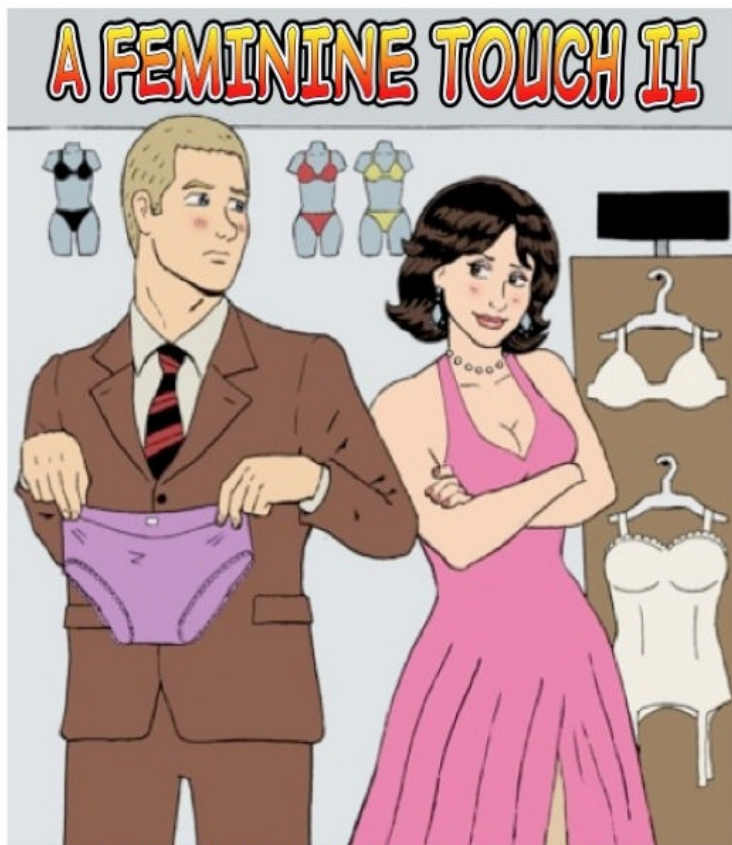


# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION



HAVING NOTHING TO WEAR BUT GIRLS CLOTHES,  
THE BOYS ARE FORCED TO BECOME  
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Contemporary TV fiction #76

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# CONTEMPORARY TV FICTION

Volume 76

## A Feminine Touch II

*By Alice Trail*

Illustrations by Debbie

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**“A Feminine Touch II”**



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**DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:  
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**QUOTE BOARD**

**“You buy a silky nightgown for your wife, you're romantic. You buy one for yourself, you're psychotic.**

# A FEMININE TOUCH II

Concept by Dawn Bell

Story by Alice Trail

One day, Jess was wearing a yellow tennis dress with a short pleated skirt that swirled merrily with his every movement on the court. He was hitting soft volleys with Dana, who was wearing a lavender tennis dress with a straight skirt so short it barely covered his purple nylon panties. “This is boring,” Bess griped. “They hit the ball like wimps with no thought of winning or scoring a point. It sure is fun watching those former hellions play tennis in short skirts, but not with the passive manner we taught them. We hardly ever get to embarrass them by teasing them about their silky panties showing because they hardly ever make an aggressive move.”

“I have an idea,” Sara said. “Grab your video camera and watch this.” Moving to courtside with her racket, she told Dana to sit a while. Turning to Jess, she said, “Let’s play a game, and you can forget about hitting lobs. I want you to try your best to beat me.”

“You’ll punish me if I beat you,” he countered.

“Scouts honor, I won’t,” she promised. “I’ve been practicing and I want to see if I can win with you trying your best. Are you game?”

“Prepare to lose!” Jess had always beaten Sara with minimum effort, so he grinned as he refreshed his makeup and added a coat of lipstick as he was required to do during breaks. After adjusting his tugging down his pleated skirt, he trotted onto the court and asked in a jovial tone, “Ready to go down?”

“My serve,” Sara announced, ignoring his quip and hitting a hot serve over the net. Jess was so surprised that the ball darted past him. Smiling at his futile attempt, she taunted, “I’m ready, sissy boy. The question is, are you ready?”

Jess was angered by her sissy remark, but he knew arguing about why he was dressed as a girl was useless, ending with him across her lap with his skirt at his waist and his panties being assaulted. Instead, he readied himself for the next shot. That wasn’t the only

shot she hit by him, and he soon was losing the match. He didn't know if his poor play was because hitting soft lobs had become habit, if his bouncing breasts were distracting him, or if he was afraid to beat her despite of her comment that he should do his best. Whatever the reason, he lost the match in straight sets and it wasn't that close.

Never thinking she would see her formerly macho brother wearing a cute dress and looking so feminine, Bess delighted in videoing the match. She took particular pleasure in recording the almost constant display of his silky panties when his short pleated skirt flew wildly about as he rushed about in vain while trying to return Sara's volleys. She even kept the camera on him and rolling as he patted his face dry with a fluffy towel, replaced his eyeliner, eye shadow, lipstick, and pressed his lips together to evenly spread the feminine cosmetic. Smiling, she said, "Nice touch wearing white panties with that cute yellow skirt, brother dear. That will help this video make an interesting entry to your Facebook page."

Angry from losing the match to Sara and his sister's taunt, his face turned bright red, making the blusher high on his cheekbones totally unnecessary. Not since he had been forced to wear girl's clothes had he wanted to shout that he wouldn't be wearing a skirt and panties if Dana hadn't forgotten his clothes. Knowing he would be punished for such an unladylike remark, he wasn't about to lash out verbally. Suddenly, he was caught off guard by Dana, who walked up to him and unexpectedly hugged him tightly in consolation. As they parted, his former adversary kissed him on the cheek and whispered, "You might not have won, but you sure look cute in that short yellow skirt. You should wear that color more often."

"Thanks," Jess replied as he kissed Dana's cheek in return as he had been taught. "You look really cute too in that new dress. It really shows your figure to advantage."

A few weeks later, to the shock of everyone, Ryan delivered Chuck Daniels, Jess's best friend, to Walkerland without prior warning. He had finished his baseball season, signed a professional contract, and wanted to visit his friend to tell him the good news. When he got off the plane, Jess and Dana were at the house, so he was greeted by Beth and Sara. At a loss, Sara whispered to Bess, "What do we do?"



*The boys softly lobbed the ball across the net, their frilly skirts swaying back and forth with their feeble efforts, but they were too well trained to act aggressively.*

“What can we do?” Bess replied. “Jess and Dana don’t have any boy clothes, and if they did, they would still look like girls with their hairstyles, long manicured nails, plucked brows, and shaved legs. They’ll just have to suffer the humiliation. Let’s talk with Mom first, but one thing is for sure, Chuck will get the surprise of his life!”

Jess was in the kitchen preparing dinner when the girls returned from the lake with Chuck, so he didn’t know of his friend’s arrival. Dana, on the other hand, was lounging by the pool in a cute pink and white bikini reading a teen fashion magazine. With him was Vera who was also unaware of their guest, so Dana had the dubious honor of being the first of the femininely clad boys to be seen by a visitor.

‘Wow! That Jess is a lucky stiff, being here with three gorgeous chicks even if one of them is his sister!’ Chuck mused as he took in Dana’s apparent girlish beauty. ‘Three girls? Wait a minute, I thought there were two girls and two boys!’

Dana wasn’t nearly so pleased. At seeing Chuck, he leapt to his feet and ran into the house as fast as possible, his heels clicking on the pool deck. “Where do you think you’re going?” Bess admonished the retreating Dana. “Get back here and properly greet our guest!”

“Please Bess!” he begged with no thought of a severe punishment. “Don’t make me do this!”

“He’s already seen you,” she said. “What’s to be gained by running away?” Turning to the visitor, she said, “Chuck, this is Dana. His father and Dad were killed in the plane crash with Dad.”

“Why is he wearing a girl’s bikini, high heels, and lipstick?”

Hearing Chuck’s question, Dana blushed brightly beneath his makeup, shuffled his feet, and looked down to avoid making eye contact with their confused guest. “It’s just a little game we’ve been playing,” Sara answered. “Bess and I wanted to see how cute we could make him. It’s a long story, and we’ll explain it all to you later.”

“Chuck came for a visit, Mom,” Bess cautiously stated, trying to change the subject. The cat was out of the bag, and she wasn’t sure of her own feelings about Chuck’s arrival much less, her mother’s. “His team was eliminated from the playoffs early, so he had time to visit us. He just got off the plane with the supplies.”

“That's right, Mrs. Walker,” Chuck said while continuing to suspiciously eye the attractive Dana, who he knew to be a boy in a girl's bikini. “I caught the plane at the last minute. There wasn't time to let you know I was coming. I hope my arrival isn't inconvenient. I wanted to see my old buddy, Jess. I wanted to tell him the good news. The Giants signed me to a contract with a great bonus. I report to winter league camp in Mexico next month. If things go as I plan, I'll be in San Francisco in a couple of years. Where is Jess anyway?”

“Oh, he's around somewhere,” Vera shrugged. She knew full well where her son was, but she wanted to stall until she could collect her thoughts before revealing too much to the inquisitive and excited visitor. She fully grasped the gravity of the situation, an outsider learning of the circumstance she had orchestrated. This was potentially disastrous for the family's reputation, not to mention being very humiliating for the boys. “I'm sure he'll turn up soon,” she answered evasively. “In the meantime, why don't you put your things in your room and freshen up? You look hot and tired from your trip, so a shower should be just the thing. Dinner will be ready soon. I'm sure Jess will show up by then.”

“Whatever you say, Mrs. Walker,” Chuck said, still aware of Dana. “Where do I go?”

Turning to the girls, she said, “Sara, show Chuck to the room Dana was in when we first arrived. When you have him situated, go by the kitchen and check on dinner.”

“Yes, Mrs. Walker,” Sara answered, understanding that she wasn't to reveal Jess's feminine appearance until the proper time.

As soon as the pair was out of earshot, Vera lashed out at her daughter. “For God's sake, Bess, why didn't you put Chuck back on the plane? You should have known better than to bring a visitor here!”

“He had all his clothes and stuff, Mom! What could I do? I couldn't send him away without him suspecting something was wrong.”

“I suppose you're right. In retrospect, we should have planned for something like this and had some boy's clothes hidden away.”

“Maybe so, but Chuck is here now, and he knows about Dana,” Bess mischievously smiled indicating the blushing bikini clad boy.

“I guess we'll just have to make the best of an awkward situation,” Vera sighed.

Dana knew her comment doomed him to feminine attire for the remaining month of summer, even in Chuck's presence. He cringed at the thought of this macho boy seeing him in dresses and skirts, yet, he felt a pleasant thrill course through his body and in his gaffe.

After showing Chuck to his room, Sara visited the kitchen to the aroma of the pot roast, potatoes, carrots, onions, and celery Jess was preparing for dinner. Despite his efforts to resist, he had come a long way since the start of their vacation when he didn't know anything about preparing food or performing the many feminine tasks he now performed daily. Looking him over, she, twirled her finger for emphasis and instructed, “Turn around. Let's have a look at you.”

Jess obeyed without thinking having lost his embarrassment at performing feminine gestures before this demanding girl only a few years his elder. In the genteel manner he had perfected, he turned slowly and easily in his blue and white three-inch pumps to present himself to her in his apron covered short navy blue pleated skirt and sleeveless baby blue nylon blouse that revealed the outline of his bra and slip beneath. His skirt swirled out prettily and came to rest against his nylon clad thighs.

She felt a hint of compassion and was tempted to warn him of his pending exposure to his best friend...in a skirt, heels, and makeup with a blonde feminine hairstyle! Instead, she envisioned his reaction and certain humiliation at the moment of revelation. As a sexual thrill surged through her, she realized that it would give her the perfect opportunity to demonstrate her control over him! With that in mind, she said, “You look okay for now, but be sure to freshen your makeup and brush your hair neatly before dinner. For jewelry, wear the gold chain necklace with the heavy heart shaped pendant, diamond studs, large hoop earrings, and a couple of matching bracelets. Five inch stilettos will be a nice feminine touch as well.”

“Okay,” he exhaled in resignation. “That geek, Dana, is always needling me because he looks more like a girl. I'd like nothing better than to rub his sissy nose in it!”

“You do, and I'll flip your skirt up and blister your silky panties!” she spat. “Your mother has to have her rest.”

“I know,” he sighed knowing that Dana wasn't the only sissy boy dressed as a girl in the house. “I was just wishing.”

Changing the subject, she added, “Before serving food tonight, maybe you should take off your apron and come out for drink orders. That would be a nice feminine touch.”

Elsewhere in the lodge, Dana approached Bess and said, “I don't want to wear this dress to dinner with Chuck here.”

“Which dress do you want to wear?” she asked, purposely missing his point and putting him on the defensive.

“I...I don't mean this dress in particular,” he sighed. “I don't want to wear *any* dress.”

“Wear a skirt and blouse if you like. You know I don't care what you wear as long as it's dressy and you look pretty and feminine.”

“I...I m...mean...I don't want to wear a dress or a skirt. You saw how Chuck looked at me like I was a sissy in my bikini! Please, can't I wear a pair of your slacks instead?”

“Absolutely not!” she shot back. “Even Sara and I don't wear slacks to dinner! Besides, you'll look better than Jess. Think how he'll feel when Chuck sees him in a sexy after five dress.”

He plopped down, causing his skirt to ride high on his smooth nylon clad thighs. He gave off a deep breath of exasperation while folding his manicured hands on his skirted lap. “Maybe now is not the time to be proud of looking more feminine...more of a sissy than Jess,” he sighed. “Dressing and acting like a girl around a boy who knew me as a boy is so humiliating! Why did I forget our clothes?”

“Don't fret so!” Bess exclaimed. “Chuck will forget all about you when he sees Jess in his chic dress. That black halter dress is just

perfect with your sheer white chiffon jacket to cover your shoulders and arms. A garter belt, seam nylons, and black four inch pumps will give you a soft feminine feeling, but remember to keep your seams straight. For an older more sophisticated look, enhance your features with darker makeup, heavier lipstick, and more elaborate jewelry like your choker necklace, diamond studs, and the pendants with quadruple swinging gold stars. Aren't you glad I pierced your ears?"

"I guess," Dana sighed with a wince as he remembered the shame he experienced when she pierced his ears to give him a feminine touch and one up on Jess. Of course, to catch up, Sara double pierced Jess' ears the next day, leading to a second set of holes for him. He submissively followed her instructions without argument or delay. Many painful episodes across Bess' lap with his skirt at his waist taught him the futility of defiance so forcefully that rebellious thoughts rarely entered his mind. "Chuck probably will pay less attention to me after he sees Jess in his dress, heels, and makeup," he sighed as he absent-mindedly removed his gold hoop earrings. "Still, that transparent chiffon jacket doesn't hide a thing. I feel like a complete sissy when I wear it!"

"Oh, don't think like a sissy!" Bess chided. "Sure, you looked like a boy at first, but after two months in dresses, skirts, attractive hairstyles, makeup, and heels, you're a girl now and you look like one. If Chuck hadn't known you as a boy, he would be chasing you like a bull after a red flag."

"I wish I could believe that," Dana sighed with a blush at the thought of being chased by a handsome virile boy like Chuck who thought he was a real girl. 'What's happening to me?' he wondered as he felt another stirring in the gaffe under his panties. 'Is wearing dresses making me attracted to boys?' That thought weighing heavily on his mind as he desperately, yet unsuccessfully tried to banish it.

"Believe it!" Bess smirked as she watched him carefully knead sheer seamed nylons over his smooth hairless thighs, pull them taut, straighten the seams with his palms, and attach the dark tops to his garter straps. 'This is where all those hours of training him in the feminine arts pays off,' she thought. 'I enjoyed having a real live doll to dress and make up, but they had to have been pure drudgery for him. Imagine a boy having to wear dresses and learn to completely

comport himself as a girl, hand gestures, voice inflections, walking, sitting, standing in skirts, walking in heels, applying makeup, putting his hair up in curlers, the works. How thrilling!

Chuck was told that the group always dressed for dinner, so he arrived at the table in slacks and his best short-sleeve sport shirt. He didn't think he would need a coat and tie in the wilderness and had neglected to bring one. As might be expected, he was pleased to see Bess and Sara wearing pretty dresses, heels, and makeup as was Dana, who continued to both excite and disgust him. 'Why would any boy wear dresses? Where the devil is Jess?' he wondered.

"What would you ladies like to drink this evening?" Chuck heard someone inquire in a sweet voice just as he was about to ask again about the whereabouts of his best friend.

Looking toward the source, he saw a beautiful girl with golden blonde hair encircling her face. She looked like Bess, but Bess was already seated at the table. "W...who? Bess?" Chuck gasped in total confusion. "B...but you're here! How can you be there?"

Jess didn't have the same problem. He immediately recognized the visitor. "Chuck! What are you doing here?" he gasped, knowing his most terrible secret was out. His best friend had seen him in a pretty dress and would learn that he had spent his summer as a girl. He turned and ran from the room as fast as his heels would carry him, his skirt flying wildly about and exposing the lace of his slip.

Having nowhere to go and just wanting to get away, he dashed into the room he shared with Sara, threw himself onto the bed, buried his head in a pillow, and shook with sobs. He had resolved not to cry like a sissy when this awful ordeal began, and he had been successful except during a few severe spankings from Sara. But now, with his best friend having seen him so femininely attired, his whole world came crashing down around him, and he could do nothing to help himself. What would Chuck think of him? Would he ever live down the shame?

"Go get him, Sara," Vera said, indicating with her head.

‘Oh, what a thrill!’ Sara thought as she rose to comply. ‘I would have bought a ticket to see this! Jess looked his feminine best when Chuck saw him for the first time in his stylish dress, heels, blonde hairstyle, makeup, and jewelry, and he was so totally humiliated! I hope I can get him to come back to the dining room.’

“What’s going on around here?” Chuck stammered. “Why are the guys wearing dresses? Are they fags or something?”

“We’ll explain when Jess returns,” Vera answered in a much calmer voice than she felt inside. Turning to Dana, she instructed, “Why don’t you serve dinner in Jess’s absence, dear? The rest of us can eat and not be inconvenienced by his rude unladylike behavior.”

Recognizing her request as an order, Dana obediently rose, straightened his skirt and headed for the kitchen while a disbelieving Chuck watched his swaying *derrière* with sheer fascination.

On her way to retrieve the fleeing Jess, Sara wondered if compassion or confrontation would be the best way to assure his return. Having had more success getting him to obey with spankings and other harsh punishments in the past, she decided to be firm and unyielding. Opening the door with a bang, she charged into the room demanding, “How dare you act so rudely...running out on our guest! How could you do that after all I’ve done for you?”

“I didn’t come in here because of what you’ve done *for* me!” he shouted while bouncing from the bed. “I came because of what you did *to* me! Why did you let Chuck see me dressed and made up like a girl? Why is he here? You promised nobody would see me here on the island, and now I’m ruined! Chuck will tell everybody that I wore dresses for the summer. I’ll never live it down. I wish I were dead!”

Sara knew she had to gain the upper hand if she was to win this battle. Taking a chance, she slapped his face and commanded in a harsh voice, “Stop that blubbering and get back to the dining room before I really get angry and turn you across my lap!” She knew she couldn’t subdue him physically, so she would have to do it psychologically. She hoped that this tactic would succeed.

“No!” he bellowed, still making no move to obey or follow her instructions. “I can’t...I *won’t* let Chuck see me like this again!”

Knowing she had to win quickly if she was to win at all, Sara was faced with failure for the first time since Jess was placed under her authority. Resorting to her most successful tactic, she threatened, “If you don't get off that bed this minute, you'll find yourself across my knees with your skirt at your waist and your panties on fire the next.”

“You wouldn't dare!” he challenged, still unmoving. “Not with Chuck here!”

“I wouldn't try me if I were you,” she hissed. “If you aren't off that bed in three seconds, I'll not only give you the spanking of your life, I'll invite Chuck in to watch! One, two, three...”

That got him. “No! Wait!” he shrieked as he jumped up to face her. He had become afraid of his feminine mentor over the past months of enforced feminine dress and strict discipline, so he didn't trust his ability to defy her. Further, he couldn't allow Chuck to see him crying or even worse get spanked on his panties like a little girl. He just couldn't allow that! His friend seeing him wearing girl's clothes and makeup was bad enough, but crying and getting spanked was unthinkable! Oh, the shame of it! As he sat on the edge of the bed, his short skirt bunched at his waist to reveal the lacy hem of his slip, the dark tops of his nylons, and his garter straps.

“Look at you!” Sara assailed, maintaining her verbal onslaught. “You're a mess and your skirt is all wrinkled from wallowing around in it. If you know what's good for you, you'll repair your makeup and be in the dining room in five minutes! When you arrive, you will apologize to everyone, and that includes Chuck! What makes you think you're so special? Dana was wearing a bikini when they met, and he didn't run away like a scared sissy! Hurry or you'll really get it, and don't you dare make me come back for you!” With that, she stormed out of the room and slammed the door behind her.

Finding himself alone in his feminine guise, Jess never felt more helpless, more controlled, more humiliated as he scrambled to repair his makeup and return to the dining room. “I don't want Chuck to see me this way again, but what can I do?” he wailed as he pressed his lips together to even out his lipstick. “Why is this happening to me?”

“Where is he?” Vera asked upon Sara's return.

“He had to repair his makeup, so he'll be along shortly,” she replied while silently adding to herself, ‘I hope.’

Five minutes isn't much time to remove and replace ruined makeup, so despite his haste, Jess took a little longer. This understandably caused a bit of anxiety on Sara's part. When he did reluctantly return, his makeup was repaired and his pleated skirt pressed as much as possible without ironing, but it was still wrinkled. Seeing him, Sara breathed a sigh of relief. She was now confident that her domination over him was secure, despite his natural embarrassment at being seen dressed as a girl by his best friend.

As he hesitantly approached the table, Jess had never been more aware of or ashamed of his feminine attire from his blonde feminine hairstyle to his stiletto pumps. He was even aware of the way the heavy pendant hanging from his chain necklace pushed against his soft blouse to separate and accentuate the mounds produced by the realistic prosthesis in his bra. Careful to avoid eye contact with Chuck, he faced his mother, grasped the sides of his skirt in his finger tips, and executed a polite curtsy. “Mom, please forgive my rude unladylike behavior,” he begged. “I'm truly sorry, really I am.”

“You should be. I'm sure Sara will rectify that situation later!” she admonished. “In the future, you must be cognizant of your behavior, especially in the presence of guests. Apologize to Chuck before I really get angry!”

Nervously heeding his mother's warning, Jess made eye contact with Chuck fleetingly, but he could not maintain the gaze. Turning bright red with embarrassment, he looked down, grasped the sides of his skirt in his fingertips, dipped a polite curtsy, and in a frail voice said, “Please forgive my rude behavior, Chuck. I promise to be more polite and ladylike in the future.” Then, in turn, he curtsied to Sara and Bess and asked their pardon. Lastly he curtsied to Dana, who was wearing a lace embellished apron, and thanked him for serving dinner in his absence. With his face burning like fire, he smoothed his skirt and sat at the table.

‘Why is Jess dressed like a girl and acting like such a sissy?’ Chuck wondered, his mouth standing open in astonishment over his friend's manner of dress and submissive behavior. ‘He always stood

up to his mother, but now he's cowering before her like a spineless wimp in that sissy dress! He even promised to be ladylike twice! What's happened to him?" Out loud he asked, "Now that Jess is back, will someone please tell me what the hell is going on around here?"

"All in good time, dear," Vera answered, ignoring the expletive. She felt powerful and completely in charge and she enjoyed the feeling. "Our dinner has been interrupted enough for one evening."

"That's right!" Sara injected while glaring at the totally subdued and humiliated Jess. "We ate in your absence, and since it's time for dessert, part of your punishment for being so rude is to go without dinner."

"Yes Sara," he answered, understanding that, in a shrewd way, she was ordering him to serve dessert. As if programmed, he rose, brushed his pleated skirt into place across his nylon clad thighs, and timidly asked, "Who wants a slice of the apple pie I baked?"

"I do!" Chuck exclaimed, though he didn't know Jess could bake.

"You will do without dessert as well!" Sara declared further embarrassing Jess before his friend after everyone else declined. "If you eat any of that pie, you might not fit into the new dresses that arrived on the plane today. We ordered them a size small, you know."

He wanted to scream, '*You* ordered them smaller, not me!' but he wisely kept his words to himself. Dipping a submissive curtsy, he uttered, "Yes Sara."

As he approached the kitchen door, Sara added, "Remember to heat Chuck's pie in the microwave and add a scoop of ice cream."

Jess hurriedly popped into a lace edged pinafore style apron. 'I'm a boy too, and I'm being denied food so I can fit into a smaller *dress*!'

"Alright," Vera declared as Chuck attacked his delicious dessert. "Here goes with the explanation about why the boys are wearing dresses. It all started innocently enough when Dana forgot to load his and Jess' clothes for our trip here at the beginning of summer. For that reason, by circumstance, the boys were forced to wear some of the girl's things, and what you see is the result."

“They could have gotten boy's clothes by now,” Chuck replied. “Sara said Jess got new dresses on the plane. Couldn't he have gotten pants instead?”

“Yes, but let's not get ahead of ourselves,” Vera chastised like she had become accustomed to using with Jess and Dana. “Our troubles started when you decided to play ball during the summer, and with you out of the picture, I thought it would be nice to invite Dana because with his parents gone, this would be his last chance for a nice vacation for some time. Jess, of course, took immediate exception to my decision and vented his frustrations on the poor boy. He found fault and belittled Dana for everything he did or said, and when he learned that Dana left their clothes in the van, he went ballistic and attacked the boy like a wild man!”

“Wow!” Chuck exclaimed while mopping up the last morsels of his dessert. “That sounds like the Jess I know.”

“That's in the past,” she continued. “Since the boys arrived here with no clothes, circumstances dictated that they wear some of the girl's things like shorts and tops. Jess wore Sara's things and Dana wore Bess'. After that, the girls sort of got into a competition over who could make her boy look nicer in the clothes she selected for him. Of course, the boys hated wearing the girls clothes, and as you can imagine, the tension between them increased to the boiling point. They verbally sniped at each other at every opportunity with words like sissy, pansy, and other less complimentary names. On top of that, Jess physically attacked Dana several times, depriving me of my relaxation. The last straw was when he hit Dana in the nose and pulled his shorts down to reveal his panties, even though he was wearing panties as well. Their antics pushed me to my wit's end.”

“I can understand what Jess did!” Chuck exclaimed. “If somebody caused me to have to wear girl's panties, I'd pound him to a pulp!”

“That was certainly Jess's idea, but as the person in charge of four teenagers, I had to put a stop to that kind of behavior! I came up here for relaxation. Constantly playing referee to a couple of warring boys was only upsetting me more. To maintain my wits, I had to distance myself from their fighting, and to do so, I had to have help. The only

place I could turn was to the girls. Out of desperation, I put the boys under their authority and made them subject to their discipline.”

“What kind of discipline?” Chuck gasped in total astonishment.

“Their punishments range from going without meals to performing additional chores. If they have been especially naughty, they receive a severe over the knee spanking on their panties.”

“Spanking?” Chuck gasped, trying to picture his buddy wearing silky girl’s panties and lying across Sara’s sexy lap for a spanking. A glance at the blushing boys confirmed her statement as true. Thinking spanking could be intriguing under certain circumstances, all he could reply was, “Wow!”

“Once they started receiving spankings from the girls, their behavior improved immediately!” Vera confirmed. “With the girls commanding the boy’s full attention and cooperation, the rules gradually changed. At first, the boys were to look and act nicely, but as the competition between the girls heated up, the word nice was gradually replaced with feminine by the girl’s decree. Soon afterward, they began to require the boys to wear skirts, dresses, makeup, heels, and to satisfy your curiosity, the appropriate lingerie as well.”

“Panties?”

“Of course, along with bras, slips, camisoles, and they sleep in silky nighties,” Vera said, shrugging off Chuck’s question as though Jess and Dana wearing feminine lingerie was the most natural thing in the world. “The girls don’t own cotton briefs or boxers. Bulky boy’s underwear would be totally inappropriate under pretty dresses and skirts. Don’t you agree?”

“I guess...” Chuck stammered while wondering if Jess was really wearing those girly things. ‘I bet he is!’ he thought. ‘I can see his bra and slip through that silky blouse the way that necklace makes it fit over his padded tits. How can he stand wearing all that sissy stuff?’

“In time, feminine became ladylike, and despite their impolite behavior when you first saw them, you can see the results,” Vera chattered on. “They really have become very sweet, obedient darlings who no longer argue or fight among themselves.”

‘Sweet, obedient darlings, my ass!’ Jess thought as he pressed his red lips together in a defiant expression and started to rise. ‘I’ll show them sweet and obedient!’ Seeing his move, Sara put her hand on his shoulder, yanked him abruptly back into his chair, and shot him the fierce stare he had come to fear. Knowing he had a spanking coming for his earlier behavior and not wanting to make it worse, Jess let his moment of masculine bravado pass. Accepting his fate, he resumed his seat and adjusted his short pleated skirt over his nylon clad thighs, flashing a peek of baby blue slip lace for Chuck to ogle.

“At first they were to be under the girl’s authority only until their clothes could be brought out,” Vera continued as though nothing had happened. She had grown accustomed to the girls controlling the boys without her involvement and thought nothing of the scene before her. “However, they showed signs of reverting to the horrendous behavior that drove me to establish these drastic measures as the time for the arrival of their clothes neared, so I extended their time in skirts to the end of summer. Despite their many complaints about the length of their punishment, the clothes they have to wear, and the discipline they endure at the hands of the girls, I strongly suspect they enjoy certain aspects of our little game. Oh, they would be loath to make such an admission, but this is the way they will be dressed for the remaining four weeks of our vacation. You can accept that fact or return home on the plane when it arrives next Saturday.”

Jess and Dana could only blush and look down in shame over Vera’s frank revelation of their embarrassing predicament, how it came about, and how long it would last. To change the subject, Bess said, “Since you have a guest, Jess, Dana will do the dishes and clean the kitchen for you. That way you’ll have more time to spend with your boyfriend before bedtime.”

Jess was happy to avoid kitchen duty, but he cringed at his sister’s reference to Chuck as his boyfriend, especially considering the way he was dressed. Fearing things would worsen if he spoke, he kept his misgivings to himself and said, “Thank you, Dana, that’s very sweet of you.” No sooner were the words out of his mouth than he had a horrible thought. ‘What will Chuck think of me using girlish words like sweet in normal conversation?’ Unable to change his humiliating situation, he excused himself to the *little girl’s room*, a

term Sara insisted he use that had now become habit. Blushing, he hurried away to brush his hair and repair his makeup.

Freed from his kitchen duties, Jess took Chuck on a moonlight stroll around the pool and tennis court, his heels making a staccato clicking on the walkways as he was forced to take almost two steps to one of Chuck's leisurely strides. "When we get home, please don't tell anyone that I spent the summer in dresses," he pleaded. "You heard Mom say I have no choice in the clothes I wear."

Gosh no, Jess," Chuck gasped before asking the predominant question on his mind. "I won't tell anyone, but are you sure all this is because Dana forgot to load your clothes?"

"Yeah," Jess admitted with as much macho in his voice as he could muster in a valiant effort to salvage any scrap of masculine dignity, a difficult task for a boy wearing a sexy skirt that was swirling merrily about his nylon clad thighs in the gentle breeze while he strolled along in stilt heels. "It's all because Dana forgot our clothes, so when we got here, we had nothing to wear. I gave him the beating he deserved, but Mom got mad and made us wear dresses."

"Wow! Do you really have to do what the girls tell you?"

"Mostly just Sara," Jess stammered. "Bess is in charge of Dana. I don't have to obey her unless she gives me a direct order or if Sara tells me to. Bess has never spanked me, thank goodness."

"But Sara has. Being spanked by a girl sounds kind of sexy."

"Not sexy at all," Jess shuddered as he compressed his red lips at the memory of several severe spankings he had endured. "Sara can really swing a paddle. It hurts like hell!"

"Are you wearing Sara's panties and bra like your mom said with that slip I saw under your dress?"

"I did at first," Jess admitted with a blush while thinking that Chuck, like a typical boy, didn't know the difference in a skirt and a dress. "Now I wear my own. Sara made me choose from displays online and order a bunch of girl's things. Every week, I choose dresses, skirts, blouses, panties, bras, slips, nylons, shoes, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume to be delivered on the supply plane."

If I refuse or rebel in any way, she spansks me. My thin panties don't offer much protection against that damn paddle."

"Wow!" Chuck exclaimed while inhaling his friend's alluring perfume. "This is all so weird! Can I see your panties?"

Blushing beet red, Jess pleaded in a tiny voice just above a whisper, "Please don't make fun of me. You've seen the skirt, blouse, slip, and makeup they make me wear. Isn't that enough? Showing you my panties would be too humiliating!"

"I don't want to humiliate you," Chuck admitted. "I'm just curious about what it's like to wear silky girl's panties. I won't tell anybody. I've seen you in the shower naked. What's the big deal if I see under your skirt when you've already admitted that you wear panties?"

Recognizing Chuck's logic, Jess said, "Okay, but look fast." Turning his back to Chuck, he hoisted his skirt and slip to his waist. After holding them up for a few seconds before his friend's staring eyes, he brushed them back in place to cover his embarrassing feminine underwear and said, "There! I hope you're satisfied!"

After viewing Jess's powder blue panties, slip, garter straps, and the flesh colored nylon stockings they supported, he gasped, "How do you stand wearing all that silky girl's stuff?"

"I hate it, but I don't have a choice about what I wear."

"You shaved your legs. They look really sexy in those nylon stockings and high heels, better than most girls," Chuck complimented. "You swing your hips and walk like a girl. I don't see how you can walk in those spikes, much less strut like that."

"Practice," Jess admitted. "Hour after hour and day after day, Sara and Bess made Dana and me wear high heels until we could walk in them as easily as in flats. They make us carry books on our heads and walk the chalk line you saw in the hallway to develop poise, a feminine glide, and a sexy sway. If we don't walk that way all the time, they spank us on our panties and send us back to the line with a book on our head for a few more hours. It became a habit."

"You had better break the habit by the time you get back home in pants or I won't have to tell anyone about wearing dresses and being

trained to be a girl,” Chuck said. “You’ll be branded as a sissy from day one. You don’t just look like a girl in that dress with all that lipstick and stuff. You talk and move like one too.”

In a desperate attempt to divert the conversation from his humiliating circumstance, Jess remembered what Sara told him about boys liking to talk about themselves. Giving it a try, he encouraged, “Enough about me. Let’s sit in these pool chairs, and you can tell me about your baseball season.” To his relief, once Chuck started talking about baseball and his friends on his team, he didn’t stop for over an hour.

While Chuck talked about his summer, Jess felt different from him. In the past, even though he wasn’t as athletic, he considered himself to be the same, another boy. Now, as he sat with his knees together and his short skirt adjusted over his nylon clad thighs, he felt different. His mind drifted from his friend’s talking to wondering if his hair and makeup were fresh and neat after so long out in the wind. Time and again he had to force interest in the topic at hand.

Chuck also sensed they were different, and when he whiffed Jess’ enticing perfume and saw him fidgeting with his skirt, he observed, “You seem nervous. Am I boring you?”

Not wanting to admit what was really on his mind, Jess put his hands around his arms, flashing his neatly polished nails, and uttered a partial truth, “Not at all. Your summer sounds so exciting, a lot better than wearing dresses and learning to be a girl. I’m getting cold. This thin blouse doesn’t offer much protection, and the cool wind is blowing under this short skirt. I wish I could wear pants and shirts like you...like I used to...”

“It is cool compared to the hot southern breezes I’ve been playing ball in,” Chuck admitted. “I’m sorry, I got to talking baseball and forgot about you in that skimpy dress. I guess we should go inside.”

Chuck walked with his hand at Jess’ back. To Jess’ dismay, Chuck’s hand gradually slid downward and caressed his buttocks through his skirt, slip, and panties. Jumping back, he snapped, “Don’t do that! I might look like a girl in this skirt, heels, and makeup, but I’m the same Jess you left last June.”

"I'm sorry," Chuck laughed playfully as he stepped back and held his palms up in mock surrender. "The southern girls are just so damn hot. You look a lot like them except that you're prettier. Anyway, you have great legs, and you sure smell a lot like them."

"Chuck, I'm not a girl!"

"I know, but I haven't been with a girl in over a week. I can't help myself." When Jess didn't respond, the two remained silent until they reached the house and Chuck said, "See you tomorrow."

"Bring me the paddle!" Sara demanded when Jess entered the bedroom where she was waiting. "You were very rude to everyone this evening, especially your guest, and I can't let such discourteous behavior go unpunished!"

As he lay across Sara's lap with stinging blows descending on his exposed panties, Jess desperately tried to keep his voice low to prevent Chuck from hearing his humiliating ordeal. Despite the pain, he whispered sincere remorse for his actions as he promised total obedience in the future, regardless of Chuck's presence. Finally, satisfied that she had regained control over her feminized charge, Sara let him up with a lecture designed to maintain her superiority and instructions to prepare for bed.

Wearing only his panties the next morning, Jess asked Sara, "May I wear a pair of your slacks today? I'll be terribly embarrassed for Chuck to see me in a skirt or dress."

"That's not a good idea," she answered. "Your Mom would crucify us if you showed up in slacks. You had best swallow your pride and forget about pants. Hurry, we don't want to be late for breakfast." Jess dejectedly fastened his familiar bra behind his back, filled the cups with the jelled inserts, and dropped a pink lace edged nylon slip over his head.

Chuck wasn't surprised to see Jess and Dana wearing dresses, but he was astonished to see Jess in a pink house dress with tiny polka dots and a short skirt that swirled merrily about his nylon clad thighs. He was wearing stylish gold hoop earrings, a matching necklace, white three inch pumps, modest makeup, and tasteful

lipstick. Dana was similarly dressed, except his dress was yellow, had a slimmer skirt, and fastened in the back.

‘What a fox!’ Chuck reflected as he watched Dana's hips swing seductively in his tight skirt. ‘He looks better than real girls. If I didn't know he was a boy in those sexy clothes, I could go for him in a big way!’

Jess and Dana fluttered about in their skirts, aprons, and heels cooking and served breakfast. Their efforts were directed toward Chuck who was wolfing down the food while Bess and Sara only nibbled. “This is delicious!” he exclaimed with a broad smile. Forgetting for the moment that the cooks were boys in cute dresses and aprons, he praised, “You girls are great cooks! Could I have another helping of those pancakes and another piece of ham?”

Jess felt a sense of pride as he rushed to cook another stack of pancakes, even if Chuck had referred to him as a girl. Dana experienced a rare tingle inside his panties while hurrying to slice the ham. Their feminine touches now virtually a habit, they checked their hair and makeup in a mirror and refreshed their lipstick almost without thinking before serving the requested food.

Vera watched the boys almost natural feminine comportment with interest. Only two months earlier, they were totally disruptive, but dressing as girls under the strict tutelage of the girls had changed all that. She was especially fascinated by the way Dana fawned over Chuck who knew he was a boy in his neat housedress. He stood near so Chuck could inhale his pleasant perfume and leaned forward to give him a glimpse of his budding cleavage. Being unaware of the hormones Bess was feeding him, she wondered why wearing dresses was affecting him so much more than Jess.

Dana sneaked several peeks at Chuck from beneath downcast mascara laden lashes, and when he saw Chuck returning his gaze, he turned bright red beneath his makeup. This confused him no end. On one hand, he was embarrassed to be seen in his feminine costume by a boy who knew his true gender. On the other, he was pleased by the attention. This scene quickly caused an alarming stirring within his soft nylon panties! “Why am I excited by another boy?” he wondered.

After breakfast, Chuck changed into jogging shorts and went for a run. When he returned, he performed a series of calisthenics, leaving his body glistening with sweat. When he returned to his room, he noticed that his bed was made, and everything was clean and neat. After a shower, he found Jess and Dana, still wearing their neat dresses and aprons, busy doing housework.

On the pool deck patio at lunchtime, Chuck wasn't surprised to see Bess and Sara in the shorts and tops they wore earlier, so he was shocked when he saw that Jess and Dana had changed into neat flower print sun dresses with narrow straps and full billowing skirts. Why had they changed? Weren't the dresses they wore earlier girlish enough to wear all day? Jess' dress was pale lavender, and along with his purple belt and three inch pumps, he wore a matching ribbon in his hair that really made him look like a girl. Dana's dress was mint green, and his belt, pumps, and hair ribbon were white. Both boys wore waist aprons with lace edging to protect their pretty skirts as they efficiently carried sandwiches and drinks out to the table while Vera and the girls sat idly by.

"Do you always dress this way?" Chuck asked Jess as he and Dana cleared the table after lunch. "I mean do you always wear dresses, high heels, nylon stockings, and lipstick?"

"Yes," Jess sighed while turning bright red beneath his feminine makeup. "Unless we're doing something physical like aerobics or tennis. Then, we wear a minimum of makeup."

"They let you play tennis?" Chuck asked.

"If we've been sweet and feminine and done all our chores, we get to play sometimes," Jess admitted.

"You always beat the socks off me, but I'd sure like play! I need the exercise, and tennis is good for my quickness."

"I have to ask Sara," Jess replied just above a whisper, feeling humiliated for his friend to learn the extent of his subjugation.

"You have to ask permission to play tennis?"

"I can't do anything on my own."

"Then hurry!"

Hoping Sara wasn't still angry about his behavior the night before, he approached her with extreme caution. "May I please play tennis with Chuck?" he asked while nervously toying with his skirt.

"Since he's your guest, I suppose so," she answered with displeasure. "But you had better comport yourself as a lady at all times. I'll be watching to see that you do!"

Despite his feminine clothes, Jess walked with a cheerful bounce that caused his skirt to swirl enticingly about his nylon clad thighs as he returned to tell Chuck the good news, "I can play!"

"Great! I'll get my racket!" Chuck exclaimed.

"I can't play in a dress and heels!" Jess demurred holding out his skirt. "I have to change first!"

"Hurry!" Chuck said. "I'll meet you on the court!"

Summing his courage, Jess asked Sara, "Can I wear a pair of your shorts? My tennis dresses are so terribly short. Chuck is sure to see my panties when my skirt bounces. Oh pretty please, let me!" He was so browbeaten, defying her did not enter his head. His only thought to avoid wearing a dress to play tennis was to receive permission from this pretty girl only slightly older than himself.

"Not on your life! Sissies like you belong in pretty dresses, and you'll damn well wear one to play tennis with your hunk boyfriend!"

"I'm not a sissy and Chuck is not my boyfriend!" he exclaimed with a bright blush at the embarrassing undertone of her allegation.

"Well, he is a boy and he is your friend!" she huffed. "I fail to see the distinction. Hurry and get into your cute tennis dress. Boys don't like to be kept waiting."

Not wanting to upset her, he said, "I'm sorry for complaining about my pretty dresses and being called a sissy. I'm terribly ashamed for Chuck to see me wearing them. Being a girl, you don't understand how traumatic it is for a boy to wear girl's clothes, especially when his best friend sees him dressed like a girl."

"Oh, you big lovable sissy, come here and give me a kiss," she purred as she took him into her arms. "I know exactly how you feel."

He accepted her tender embrace as their lips met. After a few moments, her hand gently pushed the straps of his dress off his shoulders and let it fall to the floor. Seeing him becoming excited, she pulled away, slapped him on the buttocks through his nylon slip and panties. With a teasing smile said, "None of that! You have a tennis date with your boyfriend, so hurry and get dressed."

While stepping into the pink panties that went with his white dress trimmed in pink, Jess sighed, "I wish you had bought tennis panties instead of making me wear my normal panties while I play. My short skirt is bound to fly up and expose them."

"Don't worry," Sara soothed. "A sissy like you should delight in showing off his silky pink panties to his boyfriend." Jess wanted to protest, but he had learned the dire consequences from experience.

Chuck grew annoyed with the wait, but when Jess finally arrived at the tennis court, his anger quickly turned to astonishment. He stared in shock and awe at the formfitting top that prominently displayed Jess' padded bosom and the short pleated skirt that displayed his long trim hairless thighs. Adding to his look, his blonde tresses were tied in a high ponytail with a pink satin ribbon. His makeup had a hint of eyeliner, light blush, and pink lipstick and his nails were polished to match. The effect was to give him an attractive feminine look. 'Wow!' Chuck gasped under his breath as he viewed the lovely image before him. "Those crazy women even make him play tennis in a dress! No wonder he took so long to get ready!"

"I'm sorry I kept you waiting," Jess sighed with a shameful blush. Then, in a supreme effort to divert Chuck's attention from his feminine appearance, he added, "If you're ready, let's get started. I'll warm up as we play. Besides, you'll need all the advantage you can get to beat me!" Then Sara's words dawned on him, "Boys don't like girls who beat them at their silly games. Therefore, we must always lose when we compete with them." Jess assumed Sara's earlier statement that he should comport himself as a lady was her devious way of telling him to lose. By purposely hitting the ball out of bounds and into the net, he managed to lose all three sets.

“I won! I won!” Chuck shouted before jumping over the net to congratulate Jess on a good game. “I started off slowly, but after I got loose, I beat you badly.”

“Your game has really improved,” Jess offered with a smile while tugging his short skirt down as might a girl in the same situation. “Looks like baseball has developed your athletic ability in all sports!” As he repaired his makeup while Chuck watched with amazement, he thought, ‘Yeah, you won alright, but if I didn't have to act like a girl and lose gracefully to boost your stupid masculine ego, you wouldn't have won a set, much less the match!’

“This is the first time I ever beat you!” Chuck said. “You were probably just off your game. I'll give you a rematch tomorrow.”

“Dana, since you so graciously did the dishes and cleaned the kitchen last night to allow Jess to spend time with Chuck, he will return the favor tonight,” Sara stated as they were finishing dinner. “Thanks for your help.” Jess glared at Sara for volunteering him to return Dana's favor, but wisely offered no protest.

For some reason that Chuck didn't understand, he had been appreciatively eyeing Dana in his pretty Kelly green mini dress, sheer nylons, cherry red lipstick, and shoulder length brunette hair all evening. When Sara's decree sealed Jess's fate to the kitchen, he seized the opportunity saying, “Dana, I've been spending a lot of time with Jess. Would you like to go for a walk for some fresh air?”

“Yes, thank you,” Dana sheepishly answered. “I'd love to get out in the cool evening air.” Then to Bess, he asked, “May I go for a walk with Chuck?”

“I don't see why not if you promise to stay nearby,” she replied.

Dana blushed bright red at going for a walk with another boy while wearing a dress, but somehow Chuck intrigued him in a way he couldn't explain. “May I change into something more appropriate like a tee shirt, denim skirt, and flats?” he asked.

“That won't be necessary,” Bess thoughtfully replied. “If you stay on the paths, that dress will be okay. If you're careful, you'll be able

to walk well enough in your heels. You should refresh your makeup before going out with a gentleman though.”

Both Chuck and Dana were understandably nervous as they walked together. Neither spoke until they were well out of sight. As they walked, Chuck inhaled Dana's pleasant perfume and altered his pace to accommodate his companion's stride due to the restriction of his tight skirt and stilt heels. He finally said, “I feel sorry for you and Jess having to wear dresses, silky girl's panties, lipstick, and things.”

“Thanks,” Dana replied. “Having to dress this way is terribly embarrassing, especially around another boy in pants like you.”

“I can believe that!” Chuck exhaled.

“Still, as strange as it seems, I've gotten used to most of it, the soft silky fabrics, skirts, and high heels,” Dana admitted. “I don't think anyone really gets good at walking in heels, especially on uneven paths like these. When you get past the humiliation of dressing like a girl, the practices and preparations are worse than the clothes.”

“You mean like polishing your nails, putting on lipstick, and stuff like that?” Chuck asked as he took Dana's hand in his and examined the long cherry red ovals that perfectly matched his lipstick.

“There's a lot more. I have to polish my toenails, roll and set my hair, apply makeup, shave my legs, and other things,” Dana blushed.

“Pretty legs they are, and well worth the effort, I'd say!” Chuck complimented. “If it's any consolation, you look a lot more like a girl than Jess, and you're prettier than Bess and Sara.”

Dana timidly looked down to avoid making eye contact with Chuck as he confessed, “I guess that was because Bess made me practice so hard and punished me when I didn't get it right.”

“You got it right,” Chuck said while continuing to hold Dana's soft manicured hand. “You're much more like a girl than Jess. As we say in baseball, you have a commanding lead.”

“Thank you,” Dana replied. He realized Chuck was still holding his hand, but made no effort to pull away. ‘What is it about this strong athletic boy that draws me to him?’ he pondered. ‘Does he feel the same about me? Why else would he be holding my hand?’



*Dana flushed as Chuck took her in his arms. “Why am I so attracted to this strong athletic boy?” Dana wondered.*

*“Why do I find Dana so attractive?” raced through Chuck’s mind.*

The two confused boys held hands like lovers, one in a dress and heels, the other in trousers and sneakers. Since both were hesitant to further discuss Dana's enforced feminine lifestyle or their feelings about each other, they found themselves more comfortable chatting about Chuck's budding baseball career.

When they reached the gazebo overlooking the lake, Chuck saw that Dana's tight skirt and high heels hampered his ability to step up onto the platform. To help, he released Dana's hand and placed an arm around his slim waist to give him a boost. Dana raised his skirt to enable him to take a higher step, exposing the dark lace trim of his silky slip and an expanse of his nylon clad thigh to Chuck's appreciative eyes.

Once they were safely within the gazebo, instead of releasing Dana, Chuck placed his other arm around him, drew him near and uttered, "I know you're a boy, but you look, act, feel, and smell like a girl. I can't help myself. You're so beautiful, so feminine, so sexy!" Dana felt pleasure at the compliment and didn't move away!

Chuck lowered his head in a tender kiss on Dana's soft lips. Dana didn't try to pull away, but rather joined in on loves first kiss. Both felt pleasure and guilt at their attraction to each other, but that didn't stop them from sharing a second kiss.

The confused boys didn't start back until the moon was rising over the trees and reflecting from the lake. As they walked like two lovers in the moonlight, Chuck held his arm around Dana's shoulders, keeping him close. Finally getting up his courage, he stammered, "We shouldn't say anything about this to the others."

"Yeah," Dana sighed. "Jess is your friend, but if he found out, we would never hear the end of it!" Fear of being discovered, however, didn't deter the tentative lovers from sharing one last lingering kiss in the doorway before parting.

"What were you and Chuck up to out there in the moonlight for so long?" Bess asked when Dana entered their room.

"We just walked and talked," Dana nervously answered as he sat at his vanity in his slip wiping makeup from his face.

“Walked and talked?” Bess sarcastically repeated. “I wish I'd thought of that when Mom caught me with my skirt wrinkled and my lipstick smeared after a heavy date!”

Despite their precautions, the secret was out! Dana had never had to worry about smeared lipstick, and he didn't think to apply a fresh coat before entering the lodge. “Please, Bess!” he begged. “Don't tell the others! It just happened! I don't know how or why. Just please, don't tell the others, especially *Jess!*”

“You're not telling me anything!” Bess laughed. Chuck is a total hunk! He and I had a fling for a while. I know how hard it can be to resist him. I also know that you feel more feminine than masculine. So tell me girl to girl, what happened out there in the dark between you two, and maybe, just maybe, I'll keep your little secret.”

By the time Dana completed his story, he and Bess had finished their beauty rituals, their hair was in rollers, and he was wearing a long nylon nightgown. Telling the story, reliving the romantic moments, and answering embarrassing questions about how he felt in certain situations made him think about his emotions. Everything had happened so fast, and he hadn't had time to consider his thoughts since returning from that fateful walk with Chuck.

“Okay, I'll keep your secret,” Bess giggled while kissing Dana on the cheek and helping him into bed. “I'll also teach you some tricks to keep your prey interested. Dana's mind was confused, yet somehow content as he drifted off to sleep.

Over the next few days, Dana and Chuck tried to conceal their attraction from the others, but they would sneak moments alone when no one was watching. Bess watched with interest and amusement. To downplay his affection for Dana, Chuck paid more attention to Jess. Dana concentrated on his beauty regimens and constantly asked Bess for advice on looking more feminine. “You can go overboard, so don't use too much makeup or be too obvious when you admire his tanned muscular body,” she advised. “Make sure your hair and makeup are neat, flirt a bit with your glances, allow your skirt to accidentally creep up and flash a hint of lace or nylon. Be reserved and listen instead of talking and *always* act impressed with his accomplishments. Put on your skimpiest bikini and sexiest heels

and lie by the pool. Take something to read. You'll know I'm right when he sees you."

One afternoon Chuck awoke from a nap, and he asked Mrs. Walker, "Where's Jess?"

"He's probably in his room."

Chuck thought, 'I'll tell Jess that we're still best friends, despite him having to wear girl's clothes for the summer. I'll promise not to tell anyone at home about him wearing panties, dresses, and lipstick. I just hope Dana keeps wearing his sexy dresses...'

"Hey Jess, I..." Chuck exclaimed only to let his voice trail away as he burst into the room without knocking, the scene before him taking his voice away. His best friend was sitting at the vanity wearing a baby blue bra and matching nylon half slip. His face was covered with a heavy layer of moisturizing cream, and he was putting his hair up on rollers! He could see that Jess's underarms were shaved, and he wondered how far Sara had gone to make him look like a girl. Forgetting what he had come to say, Chuck stammered, "What's going on, Jess? Your mom said you had free time. Why are you rolling your hair like a chick, and what's that...that goop all over your face?"

"Cover yourself, there's a male in the room!" Sara screeched at the stunned Jess. Chuck noticed that instead of a silky slip like Jess, Sara wore a football jersey that fell to mid-thigh. She made no effort to cover up, while Jess clamored to pull on a sheer negligee that made him appear sexier rather than conceal anything. Sara lambasted the bewildered Chuck, "What do you mean barging into a lady's bedroom without knocking? Don't you have any manners?"

Sara didn't faze Chuck, but it did Jess. Noticing the speed his friend jumped to obey, and seeing his feminine bra and half slip through his transparent negligee, he countered, "Ladies room? I thought this was Jess' room."

Knowing she couldn't control Chuck like she could Jess, Sara tried a different tact. A teasing smile crossed her lips. "It is his room, but haven't you noticed that Jess is a girl for all intents and purposes? It's my room too, but I'll forgive you this time."



*“Oh, Chuck, you startled me,” Dana gasped in his high lilting voice. “I was just catching some sun.”*

*Chuck was astonished at how sexy Dana looked in his red and white bikini, light makeup, soft smooth legs, and long flowing hair. He looked as feminine as any girl he had ever known.*

Chuck made a hasty exit, but not before taking a last glance at his humiliated friend. On his way to the pool, he wondered, 'How does Jess stand all that silky girl's underwear, putting that yucky stuff on his face, shaving his legs, and rolling his hair? Why did he jump so fast to put on that silky robe when Sara yelled at him? It didn't hide anything because I could still see his bra and slip right through it!'

A few moments later he saw Dana on the chaise lounge in his brief bikini reading a teen fashion magazine. Forgetting about Jess, his breath was taken away. "Wow!" he gasped. "You look great!"

Dana jumped in surprise and dropped his magazine. "Oh! I thought I was alone, but I'm glad you are here," he teased, following one of Bess' helpful hints in dealing with boys. "Will you be a doll and rub lotion on my back?"

"Sure if you'll do mine in return," Chuck replied. Taking the tube of lotion, he thought, 'He's prettier than most girls and totally sexy in that bikini.'

Dana loved the feel of Chuck's hands he gently massaged the lotion into his back and legs. The female hormones made him want to touch Chuck's body and feel his rippling muscles...and maybe the muscle between his legs. He felt an unfamiliar stirring in his bikini bottom. It had been so long since he last saw or felt his own manhood that he had almost forgotten it existed!

Chuck wanted more, but they were too exposed by the pool. "Let's get out of here, go for a stroll or something!" he begged.

Although Dana wanted to go to a secluded spot with Chuck, his discipline made him cautious. "I can't," he sighed, "I would get in so much trouble."

"I can't stand this!" Chuck exclaimed as he leaped head first into the pool. His problem somewhat deflated when he exited a few minutes later, he decreed, "I have to go. See you later."

Dana saw the droplets of water beading on Chuck's tan muscular body. He ran to the house, his heels clicking on the pool deck. Finding Bess, he literally pulled her to their room and begged in desperation, "Take off my gaffe...please...I beg you! I have to get some relief!"

“You need a cold shower,” she replied, “Slip out of that cute bikini. I’ll turn on the water.”

“My hair!” he wailed in a typically feminine response. “I can’t just take a shower!”

“Tuck your precious hair into a shower cap, silly!” Bess scoffed. “I swear, you get more like a girl every day. You should be one.”

That night, as Jess served dinner in his chic dress and lace adorned pinafore style apron, Chuck and Dana could barely look one another in the eye. Despite themselves, they blushed whenever their eyes met. After finishing dinner, Chuck leaned back and sighed, “That was delicious. I need to walk it off. Dana, would you accompany me to the gazebo while Jess does the dishes and cleans the kitchen?”

He asked Bess, “May I?”

Bess replied, “Okay, but you should change into something more appropriate. Remember how your nice dress got all soiled and wrinkled when you wore it outside? I’ll help you.” Turning to Chuck, she said, “He’ll be right back.”

In their room, she directed him to undress while she looked in his closet. When he was stripped to his panties and bra, she handed him a silky black polyester blouse and a lightweight mid-thigh length skirt with tiny pleats and instructed him to wear black panties, bra, garter belt and four inch heels.

When he asked why all the black, she said the dark color would make it easier to hide for a romantic rendezvous. Her answer intrigued him. Just as he was about to leave, she called him back. Producing a small key, she told him to raise his skirt and lower his panties. “There, all gone like you wanted!” she smiled as she unlocked and removed his gaffe. “Have fun!”

After over two months confinement in the restricting gaffe, Dana expected his manhood to spring to full erection, but there was barely a stirring down below. He was aghast! What happened? “Where is it?” he gasped. “It’s only half the size it was when you put that awful gaffe on me!”

Bess examined his deflated penis with analytical disinterest. "It is only a little snake, isn't it? I bet you can't get it hard." She touched it, and there was a slight stirring, but nothing remotely like he would have responded three months earlier. "Maybe you really are changing into a girl! You are less than half the man you were at the beginning of summer, and you aren't responding to a girl's touch like a boy."

"This is terrible!" Dana gasped. "I can't become a girl! Wearing girl's clothes for a few months can't change a guy into a *girl!*"

Bess smiled, "Something is happening. Look at your growing breasts, soft skin, delicate features, loss of weight, and now your shrinking manhood. Something is afoot. Jess doesn't display those changes. Remove the girl's clothes and he is still a boy, but the same can't be said of you."

"But Jess and I eat the same things, take the same vitamins, everything is the same, yet I'm changing into a girl and he isn't. What is going on?"

"I don't know," Bess lied, "But seeing is believing. Maybe your mind and body like being a girl so much that they're changing."

Dana was almost ashen as he gazed at his little worm and found his testicles tucked tightly against his body cavity, reluctant to drop to their normal position. The chastity device had compressed them for so long that they didn't want to drop. After some work, Dana released them, but they were merely marbles compared to their previous size. "What is happening to me?" he sobbed.

"You certainly aren't the man you once were," Beth had a hard time not giggling. "We'll talk later. A sissy like you doesn't want to keep a real man waiting very long because he might lose interest. Men are fickle that way. Now skedaddle!"

Clearly shaken, Dana raised his panties, lowered his skirt, and walked on wobbly legs to meet Chuck for the stroll to the gazebo. He had a glazed look in his eyes as they met up. "What's the matter?" Chuck asked.

Dana was tongue-tied, yet obviously very disturbed. To calm his shaking, Chuck wrapped his big strong arm around him and drew him close. Soon he was calmer, but still had a spacey gaze in his eyes.

Taking Dana's hand in his, Chuck led him down the path to the gazebo. As they walked in silence, he was curious about what was bothering Dana, but was reluctant to ask. When they reached the gazebo, Chuck was unable to remain silent. "What happened?" he asked. "Your disposition completely changed between leaving the dinner table and meeting up with me. Did Bess humiliate you again?"

Dana blushed that it was common knowledge that Bess had such complete control over him. "No, I..." Dana tried to explain, finally breaking down. "She removed my chastity device...and I'm not the guy I once was."

Puzzled, Chuck wrapped his arm around Dana's shoulders and drew him into his chest. "What do you mean?"

"She freed my manhood. It's only a fraction its original size," Dana finally broke down sobbing. "She handled it, and I couldn't get it up, you know, get hard..." Dana blubbered. "That's just not natural! It's only a couple of inches long now and my balls are the size of peanuts. A girl stroked me down there and I remained limp. How can this happen?"

"Is Jess as small as you?" Chuck asked. "He looks like the same old Jess, only with dresses, long blonde hair, and lipstick."

"I don't know," Dana answered, "Sara is always releasing him from his gaffe for her pleasure, and she has never complained. Bess said my breasts, complexion, and now my shrinking genitals may indicate that I'm becoming a girl, that I should have been a girl from the beginning."

"I've never heard of such a thing," Chuck said, "But then I've never seen a boy look so much like a girl as you. I've never been attracted to a boy, but I find you really...hot and sexy!"

Dana felt his nipples and diminutive manhood respond to Chuck's closeness and the hard lump in his pants. Chuck's compliment made him blush, and he was pleased that his new friend found him attractive as a girl. He also wondered why he didn't respond to Bess fondling his genitals, but was having an reaction from being held by Chuck. "I've never found another boy attractive either, but your closeness, your male odor, your rippling muscles, your hairy chest

and arms make me shiver. I feel safe in your arms. I almost lost it when you massaged that lotion on me by the pool.”

Chuck suggested, “You are attracted to me. I lust for you. Let’s not question why. Let’s make the most of our good fortune.”

“Meaning?” Dana sighed.

Chuck turned Dana’s head so they were looking directly into each other’s eyes. “Meaning this...” Chuck brought his lips to Dana’s and they sank into a soulful kiss that neither was interested in stopping.

“That was wonderful,” Dana sighed when they finally released each other and his hand found its way to Chuck’s trousers where a raging erection was straining for release. He had never been attracted to another boy before. Was he really changing into a girl? As Dana’s hand slowly moved into Chuck’s fly, he looked him in the eye to see if he objected. Chuck didn’t say a thing as Dana’s brilliant red nail polish glistened in the dim light at his crotch. Dana was in heaven when he felt hot breath in his ear and lowered the zipper.

A mutually satisfying hour later, Dana whispered in Chuck’s ear, “It’s getting cold out here. Let’s go in. I’ll meet you at the fireside in the den after everyone has gone to bed. Okay?”

“Whatever you say, babe!” Chuck gasped as he lay back on the bench trying to recover. ‘Wow!’ he thought, ‘More to come tonight from this sexy chick. Could life get any better?’

“Be sure to put a log on the fire when we get back to the lodge,” Dana moaned softly as he nibbled on Chuck’s ear. After a moment of thought, he added, “Better make that *two* logs!” Chuck could only smile in anticipation as his sexual desire for this lovely boy in a sexy black dress quickly returned and soared to new heights.

When Dana entered the room he shared with Bess, he leaned against the door and swooned, “You were right. I was meant to be a girl. I am a girl! I like being a girl, and I’m going to continue wearing dresses even after I return home!”

“Told you,” Bess giggled as she rushed over and gave him a hug.

“There’s more,” Dana sighed with a grin of passion. “I’m to meet Chuck in the den. Will you help me look sexy?”

“You bet I will!” Bess exclaimed. This was much more than she could have ever wished. “You’re in a hurry, so wear that long red nylon nightgown with the mid-thigh length slit. It will show your legs to advantage, and you won’t have to change your lipstick and nail polish. It will look sexy with the matching see-through negligee and fluffy bedroom slippers with four inch heels. You said you would never need them when we bought them, remember? Brush your hair about your face and wear those large hoop earrings with this necklace. Outline your lips, fill them in with this dark red lipstick, and use this French perfume. That should do it for him...and for you!”

“Oh, Bess, this is the happiest day of my life!” Dana gushed as he looked at his sexy reflection in the full length mirror. He was in heaven when he saw the way his silky red gown sexily separated to mid-thigh. His bangs caressed his forehead, his hair fell low on his neck, his ultra feminine makeup created a delightful feminine image, the pendant drew attention to his cleavage, and his large hoop earrings peeped from beneath his dark tresses. He kissed her lightly on the cheek so as not to muss his perfectly applied lipstick. “Thank you, Bess, oh thank you so much for making me into a girl so I can have a wonderful lover like Chuck!” he gasped in total excitement.

Chuck was waiting by the fire with a drink in his hand when Dana approached. Seeing the sexy vision before him, he held out his arms and commanded, “Come here, beautiful!”

Dana wasn’t sure how to react in his sexy ensemble while Chuck was fully clothed in a shirt and jeans. Instead of melting into the strong arms that awaited him, as he wished to do, he followed Bess’ advice not appearing to easy. He shyly sat on the sofa with his eyes downcast and crossed his legs, allowing the flimsy fabric of his gown to fall away and expose his upper thighs.

Chuck’s eyes almost popped out as he ogled the way Dana’s smooth hairless legs glistened sexily in the firelight. Taking a seat by the object of his desire, he caressed the exposed upper thighs and sighed just above a whisper. “You don’t have to wear nylons to make your legs look sexy.” Wasting no time, their lips passionately met...

As the days passed, Dana and Chuck became bolder with their relationship and even openly kissed. Jess was at a loss to understand

his best friend. ‘He knows that geek is a boy in a dress! Why is he coming on to him like he’s a hot babe?’

Sara received an e-mail from Ryan stating that she and Renee were coming to the island for a visit. “I can make my delivery on Friday morning. Renee and I can come over by boat that afternoon. We can stay the night with you. Saturday morning, we can all go to town for a day of shopping and sightseeing and a night on the town.”

Sara accepted the invitation saying, “It will do us good to get off the island for a while.” Subsequent e-mails refined their plans, foremost being what they, especially the boys, would wear for different activities. Then, many hours were spent trying on, selecting, and packing. As for Chuck, his chore was simple. All he had to choose from was a Speedo bathing suit and a few casual clothes.

When the big day arrived, the Walker party met Ryan and Renee at the dock. For the occasion, Jess wore a pink tee with a rounded neckline, a mixed print a-line miniskirt of pink, green, orange, and lavender with pink sneakers. Dana was wearing an aqua spandex blouse that emphasized his growing breasts. He chose a straight floral miniskirt and matching tennis shoes. Having been told in advance that Renee dressed as a girl, they weren’t surprised to see him in a blue nautical blouse, white pleated miniskirt, and deck shoes.

Following introductions that left the three boys in skirts blushing, the group made their way to the lodge for drinks and relaxation. Thinking nothing about his actions, Chuck lounged about the pool deck with the four females and watched as Jess and Dana were to serve drinks. When they slipped into lace embellished pinafore style aprons, Renee joined them and asked if they had an apron for him. “You’re a guest,” Dana beamed with a smile. “We’ll do this.”

“Not a big deal for me,” Renee responded. “I work as a waitress in my father’s bar, so serving drinks is second nature. You mix the drinks and I’ll serve them. We’re in the same boat having to wear skirts and act like girls. Besides, Ryan sent me to help.”

“Do you always do what she says?” Jess asked.

“I have to,” he blushed. “If my evil stepmother found out I was disobedient or disrespectful, she would send Ryan away and get me a male lover. That bitch has me by the balls! To add to my shame, she has everybody thinking I like wearing girl’s clothes!”

“Does Ryan like being your fiancée with you wearing dresses?” Jess asked thinking how Sara liked him looking like a girl in stylish dresses, heels, and makeup during the day and a sexy gown in bed.

“Yes, and she especially likes being in charge. Her biggest thrill is that she wears the pants and I wear the panties in our relationship.”

“How could your stepmother find out you were disobedient unless Ryan told her?” Dana asked.

“She’s like a witch who sees all! She can get me to admit things I’ve done to defy her even when my admission lands me across her lap for a sound spanking on my panties. She wants to keep the secret that we used to be lovers. The more everyone thinks I enjoy wearing dresses, the less I will be believed. It’s working. I’ve been wearing dresses for three years. I wouldn’t remember how to act like a boy even if I was allowed to return to pants.”

“What are the odds of that happening?”

“Somewhere between zero and none,” Renee sighed. “I’m stuck in dresses and skirts as long as that bitch is around.”

“You might not like wearing dresses, but you sure look, move, and speak like a girl. You manage your skirt better than most girls,” Dana said.

“I’ve had lots of practice,” Renee admitted. “Most of the time I think of myself as a girl and look at boys as being different just because I have to wear dresses. Sometimes I wonder how I did this or that when I was a boy.”

“Any boy would be like that after being forced to wear dresses for three years. I wish I was more feminine because of Chuck’s interest in me. I wouldn’t hesitate to pack my dresses if he asked me to go away with him in skirts.”

“Not me!” Jess declared. “You can stay in dresses where you belong, but I’m returning to pants in a couple of weeks. I suspected that you left our clothes on purpose so you could wear dresses!”

“You’re wrong. I didn’t leave our clothes on purpose, but Bess says I got used to skirts, heels, makeup because I was meant to be a girl. I hated wearing dresses as much as you until Chuck arrived. He says I am a girl, and he loves me in pretty dresses and skirts!”

“I don’t believe my ears!” Jess said. “Chuck is my lifelong friend, an athlete who dated some of the prettiest girls in school. He can’t be falling for a geek in dresses! Still, I’ve seen the two of you sneaking around and flirting. Chuck seems to find a way to be near you.”

“I use the feminine wiles Bess taught me to get Chuck’s attention,” Dana girlishly giggled. “I allow my skirt to accidentally ride up and reveal an expanse of lace and the dark tops of my nylons. You should see his eyes pop when my short skirt flies up to reveal my silky panties on the tennis court.

“What a fool I’ve been!” Jess seethed. “You two have been carrying on right before my eyes. I was too hung up on trying to get out of skirts to notice what was going on between you two!”

“You’re jealous!”

“You’re out of your mind. Why would I be jealous?”

“You’ve always been Chuck’s best friend. Since he’s been on the island, he’s seen us both in our sexy dresses, skirts, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, feminine hairstyles, stilt heels, string bikinis, and short tennis dresses with our panties on display with every shot we hit. You wanted to be near him, but he chose me to be his girl!”

“You’re out of your mind! I don’t want to be anybody’s girl, and I don’t go for boys, Chuck included. Unlike you, I want to get out of these damn dresses and back into pants like a normal boy!”

Not wanting to engage in their banter, Renee remained silent while checking his hair and makeup and making sure his skirt was hanging right before taking a tray of drinks out to the patio.





The next morning while the girls dressed for the trip to the mainland, Vera saw Chuck standing idly by and suggested, “You might want to wear your bathing suit under your shorts for the boat ride. The girls will be stripping to their bikinis to get some sun, and you might want to join them.” When he nodded in agreement, she said, “Since you are the only male in our party, how about loading the luggage onto the boat?”

Chuck wanted to claim there were three other boys, but they weren’t allowed to dress as boys, but he held his tongue. As he put the bags on board, he thought, ‘This sure is a lot of stuff for an overnight visit. I only have one small bag and it’s not full.’

When the boat got underway with Ryan at the helm, Renee stripped to his bikini and the others, except for Ryan and Mrs. Walker who remained in shorts and baggy tee shirts, followed his lead. Jess was hesitant to do so, complaining. “I already have tan lines from wearing a bra in the sun. If I do this, those marks will take years to fade away!”

“Don’t worry,” Sara shrugged off his complaint. “After you get home, you can lie in a tanning bed until your tan lines are no longer noticeable. Now get out of that top and skirt before I get angry!”

After meticulously checking his appearance, Dana sat with one eye on Chuck, pretended to be looking at the scenery. The attraction between them being mutual, Chuck sat beside Dana and said, “You look great in that bikini, and I love your perfume. What is it?”

“Amour,” Dana replied with a coy grin. “That’s French for love.”

“That’s why I love you, you wench!” Chuck smiled as he slapped Dana on his bikini clad bottom. “You are such a tease. Are you wearing your gaffe?”

“Yes, but it’s not locked. I’m wearing it to give me a smooth front in my bikini instead of a bulge like the one you’re sporting.”

“I can’t help it when you’re around. Anyway, if you were my wife, I would keep your gaffe locked whenever I had to be away.”

“Is that a proposal?”

“I would like it to be, but I don’t have a ring.”

“I bet they have a jewelry store in town.”

“We’ll continue this conversation tonight in the moonlight.” The two lovers locked in a passionate embrace.

Turning his head away in disgust, Jess wondered what Chuck saw in Dana. ‘I guess Bess is right when she says that geek should have been a girl. This has been a summer of embarrassment and humiliation for me. I sure wish Dana hadn’t forgotten my clothes!’

Everyone re-dressed before the boat arrived at the dock, Jess, Dana, and Renee in miniskirts, Bess and Sara, like Ryan, and Mrs. Walker, in shorts. In his print tee shirt and jeans, Chuck watched in awe at the skill with which the boys refreshed their makeup, brushed their hair into neat feminine styles, and protected their hair with silk scarves. Even though he had seen the three boys in skimpy revealing bikinis for the past several hours, he was intrigued by the way their skirts blew about in the wind to reveal their smooth trim thighs with an occasional glimpse of a bikini bottom. Unknown to him, the boy’s skirts had been shrewdly selected by the girls for that purpose.

The group looked like a party of sightseers when they stepped off the boat, which some of them were. Once ashore, Ryan suggested to Chuck, “You won’t enjoy shopping and the like with us girls. Why don’t you go fishing for the afternoon?”

“Sounds like fun, but I have some shopping of my own to do,” Chuck smiled.

She turned to Renee, “Let’s get them checked into the lodge and have lunch. I’m sure Chuck is hungry. Boys usually are.”

“Yeah, I’m starved!” Chuck exclaimed.

Having never been out in public in feminine guise, Jess was apprehensive when he stepped out onto the streets in his skirt, blouse, heels, makeup, and feminine hairstyle. Avoiding eye contact, he was totally amazed that no one came up and ridiculed him for being a sissy or *worse*. To his astonishment, even though he and Dana had dressed as girls for only three months, they apparently were thought to be teenage girls by all who saw them.

“You’ll be staying at my daddy’s lodge, so let’s get checked in so you can freshen up,” Renee informed the group. “You can change in your rooms before we eat.” Rooms were assigned to match those on the island, Jess and Sara in one, Dana and Bess in another, while Chuck and Mrs. Walker had their own.

While they changed and refreshed their makeup, Bess looked at Dana, who was standing absentmindedly in his bra and panties. “You had better get a move on or we’ll be late,” she encouraged. When he still didn’t move, she asked, “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing is *wrong!*” he smiled, his eyes opening wide with excitement. “If all goes well, Chuck will ask me to marry him tonight in the moonlight. Unless I miss my guess, he’s buying a ring this afternoon.”

“Eeeeeeee!” Bess squealed as she rushed to hug him.

“There’s just one thing,” he sighed. “He said he wants to lock my gaffe on me when he has to be away to keep me true to him. I don’t mind wearing it to give me a smooth feminine front, but after it was locked for so long, I’m skittish about it being locked. If letting him lock it on is the only way I can keep him, I’ll do it, but I won’t like it.”

Bess pondered his quandary for a moment before saying, “He wants to assure your fidelity, but you would have no way to assure his, right? What if he runs across some cute boy in a dress while he’s away? Would he be true to you? Sounds one sided to me.”

“Maybe, but I love him so much. I’ll agree to anything he asks if he’ll make me his wife.”

“I have an idea how you can level the playing field if you’re game.”

“What would I have to do?”

“I read a story on the internet about a woman who caught her husband in repeated affairs. After each one, he vowed to stop his philandering and be true, but he strayed again and again. Finally, she threatened to file for divorce on the grounds of adultery and take everything he had. When he pleaded to do anything if she would give him just one more chance, she said she would only if he agreed to wear silky women’s panties on a full time basis.”

“Why would she want him to do that?”

“No man wearing panties would dare lower his trousers before a potential lover. When he reluctantly agreed, she took him shopping for a supply of silky nylon panties and made him rip his cotton boxers and briefs into dust rags. After that, she gradually took control of his life with threats to tell his friends and co-workers that he preferred silky nylon panties to cotton briefs and boxers. First, she made him stop hanging out at the bar after work and come directly home to help her clean house. That gradually evolved into him performing all the housework and cooking duties with no help from her. Eventually, she made him stop watching sports on television, sell his golf clubs, and spend his free time with her shopping, and the like. After that, it was a snap to take over their finances and make all important decisions.”

“Wow! Sounds like she turned him into a pet!”

“You can do that with Chuck if you play your cards right and are be patient. Why not suggest that he wear panties the next time he mentions locking your gaffe?”

“Do you think he’ll go for it?”

“Don’t know, but what do you have to lose? It’s worth a try.”

For shopping, Dana wore the ensemble he brought for the occasion, a straight red miniskirt, a short white cami top that bared his navel and had thin shoulder straps that revealed his bra straps, and black boots with four inch stiletto heels. He was in deep thought while applying his ruby red lipstick that matched the nail polish he applied the night before. As he put the finishing touches on his feminine look, a devious grin crossed his face.

To Jess’ humiliation, Sara insisted that he wear a black leather miniskirt, a silky black and white striped polyester top with a scoop neckline that showed a hint of his fake cleavage, and black boots with five inch stiletto heels. His jewelry consisted of a gold chain necklace with a twirling ballerina pendant, several gold bracelets, Zircon studs, and two inch gold hoop earrings. He applied sedate daytime makeup with red lipstick, and sprayed a pleasant perfume in strategic places. Walking was difficult in the stilt heel boots, but

extensive practice assured that he could move reasonably well if he carefully took short deliberate steps.

Renee was accustomed to shopping in the area and was known to be a boy in skirts, so he didn't wear anything special. He wore a casual print miniskirt, a matching blouse, flats, and a minimum of makeup. Bess and Sara wore sporty shorts and tops. Most of the attention, especially from men and boys was drawn to the more elaborately dressed boys.

After eating a substantial lunch while the girls ate salads, Chuck said, "I think I'll take in some sightseeing."

"Good idea," Ryan chirped. "I'll go along as your guide. Renee can take the girls shopping at the mall and for their appointments at the salon. We'll meet them back at the lodge before dinner."

"Cool," Chuck smiled as he gave Dana a goodbye kiss on the cheek. "I could use your advice on another matter as well."

"Oh goody!" Bess exclaimed as they walked away. "Dana will just love being petted and pampered in a salon. You can buy a hot new dress, get a makeover and your first professional hairstyle. Chuck won't be able to resist you during your moonlight rendezvous!"

While Dana looked down with a girlish blush at the thought of Chuck, Jess complained, "I can't go to a beauty parlor. I don't need a new dress. We brought one from the island for me to wear tonight! I'll be home in pants in a couple of weeks with a crew cut like Chuck's, so whatever we spend will be wasted."

"Wasted?" his mother scoffed. "Was the money I already spent on your feminine touches wasted? I think not, because with you and Dana in dresses, I got peace and quiet to get the rest I needed. Girls always need a new dress, and even if they don't buy anything, they enjoy the shopping experience. You'll learn very quickly that trying on dresses in a boutique is a lot more exciting than buying them on the internet. Your hair was long when you came here, and it's a lot prettier now with the curls Sara put in. Why do you want to cut it?"

"Long hair takes so long to dry after washing. I'm tired of curling it every night and sleeping with a head full of curlers. I hate having

to style it every morning. Keeping it feminine all day is a total pain. I want a low, maintenance, no bother crew cut for a change.”

“That will have to wait. Today, you try on dresses and get your first professional hairstyle, makeover, body wax, manicure, and pedicure, young *lady!*”

Jess knew from painful experience that the next step after being called young lady by his mother was that she would order Sara to give him a sound spanking at the slightest provocation. The thought of lying across her lap in that shop with his skirt at his waist and his panties on fire took the rebellion out of him. Lowering his gaze, he dropped his outward revolt. Still, due to his aversion for things feminine, he was filled with anguish as they entered an upscale boutique to shop for dresses.

Dana was quite the opposite. He anxiously looked forward to shopping for an alluring dress that would command Chuck’s full attention. Heading to the racks, he eagerly tried on dress after dress, but couldn’t find the *right* one. Filled with anxiety and agitation over his failure, he sank to the floor in tears and sobbed, “This is the first time I ever shopped for dresses. I don’t know how to find the right dress to impress a special boy! You made me be a girl...”

Bess rushed to his side, helped him to his feet, and soothed, “Don’t cry, sweetheart. You’ll ruin your makeup.” When he regained his composure, she added, “Don’t be so upset. I’ll help you find the perfect dress to that will have your precious Chuck drooling!”

“We’ll help too,” Sara said as she, Renee, and Mrs. Walker joined in. “What kind of dress are you looking for?”

“I don’t know,” Dana said. “I’ve never bought a dress before. I just want one that will keep Chuck’s eyes on me.”

Two clerks who knew Renee quickly surmised that Jess and Dana were boys as well and joined the search. After more than two dozen dresses in different styles, colors, and skirt lengths were held up to Dana and he tried on a few, Renee found a pink dress with a chiffon skirt and exclaimed, “Try this!”

Dana’s eyes lit up, for the first time since entering the boutique and gushed, “Yessss!” When the dress was on, he smiled when he

viewed the plunging neckline that showed substantial cleavage. Walking across the dressing area, he smiled as the light skirt moved alluringly about his nylon clad thighs. But when he looked in the full length mirror, a sad expression crossed his face.

Seeing his change of mood, Bess asked, “What’s wrong? That dress looks great, and that shade of pink was made for you.”

“I like the dress even if my makeup, lipstick, and nail polish are all wrong for this color,” he sighed dejectedly. “Chuck likes my legs, and this skirt falls to my knees.” Turning to one of the clerks, he asked, “Do you have this dress with a shorter skirt?”

“No, but check this out,” she replied as she knelt in front of him, causing her tight skirt to ride high on her attractive thighs. A couple of months earlier, her daring display would have had him panting with desire, but after the hormones, he had eyes only for Chuck. Taking the hem of his skirt, she grasped an invisible zipper and raised it to his waist. After pausing a moment for effect, she lowered the zipper to mid thigh and said, “There, try that. As you see, you can show as much or as little as you like, depending on the occasion. Have a seat, cross your legs, experiment with the zipper. Check out the advantages of this magic little skirt.”

While Dana was giggling and having fun with the unusual skirt, Jess came out of the dressing room in a black minidress that molded to his feminized form. Looking him over, Sara said, “All the dresses you’ve tried on are black. Why so somber?”

“Because I have to wear girl’s clothes in public and shop for another dress,” he replied even though he knew he looked good as a girl in this little black dress.

Turning to a clerk, she said, “This dress looks good on him, but it’s too...*black!* Do you have it in a brighter color?”

While secretly wishing she looked that good in such a dress, she replied, “It comes in red and navy.”

“I need to brighten up his mood, so let’s try the red.”

Meanwhile, Dana was still having fun with the pink dress. “I love it, but my makeup is all wrong. Will I have time to change it?”

‘He’s thinking like a girl,’ Bess thought. ‘Those sessions with Jess in their bras and half slips while choosing their own feminine touches really paid off...for *him*, at least.’

“Don’t worry,” Renee said. “We’re due at the salon for makeovers in half an hour. Take your dress in, and they’ll match your makeup, lipstick, eye shadow, and nail colors exactly. You’ll only have to dress and refresh your look to be ready for the evening.”

“Let’s do it, girls! This is the perfect dress. All I need now is a pink bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, spectator pumps, and a matching purse!”

Jess wasn’t nearly so happy with his red figure hugging dress. Seeing his despondent mood, Sara snapped him out of it scolding, “Stop that macho swagger, and get with the feminine gait you practiced on the chalk line!”

“I’m not walking in a masculine manner,” he differed. “How can I walk like a guy in stilt heel boots and a tight leather miniskirt?”

“Are you purposely trying to defy me? You’re stomping about heavy footed like a spoiled boy who didn’t get his way. I won’t have it! Place one foot directly in front of the other with your wrists limp and your hips swaying seductively like you have been taught or you’ll be in deep trouble!” He looked down, blushed, and remained silent. She said, “Find a bra, panties, garter belt, shoes, and a purse to match your hot new dress. I’d better not see you walking like a boy again.”

Jess had been distressed about having to appear in public in his feminine guise, and he was agitated that no effort was made to conceal his masculine identity. On top of that he was angry that he had allowed himself to be changed from a headstrong boy into a skirt wearing sissy. After the shrill reprimand for his miniscule act of defiance, his fury evolved into shame and then submission. Dejectedly, he adopted the ultra feminine gait that had been drilled into him on the chalk line. With a glance at his taskmistress from under lidded lashes, he meekly minced away to buy his lingerie with short feminine steps and his hips swaying seductively in the manner women had use to infatuate men.

As the group made their way to the salon, Dana was as excited as any girl getting ready for a date with a special boy. He was in ecstasy as they washed, set, and added highlights to his hair. He was giddy with excitement as he sat under the dryer and watched the technician give him a French manicure and pedicure. When they did his makeup, he paid close attention to all of the procedures and asked questions about the colors, shades, and application techniques so he could duplicate them at home.

Jess was the opposite. He was totally uptight, bordering on frantic to be in this exclusively feminine bastion where everyone knew he was a boy in his leather miniskirt, stilt heel boots and makeup. Undressing to his gaffe for a complete body wax was humiliating beyond belief. They even waxed his brows to higher and thinner arcs! After his hair was lightened to a golden blonde and set with bangs low on his forehead, he paid just enough attention to the color and application instructions to keep Sara off his back.

He dreaded his further venture in public in his new red dress with a professional makeover, hairstyle, severely plucked brows, and a freshly waxed body! ‘Dressing as a girl on the island was bad enough, but this...! These feminine touches are too much! How can I explain to my friends my blonde hair, hairless body, femininely shaped brows, and the tan lines on my chest and back from wearing a bikini? Things will be worse if I forget and walk with short steps placing one foot in front of the other and sit with my knees together!’

“Since we’re doing the boy’s makeup to match their new dresses, let’s have them change here so they won’t mess their hair when they change,” Monique, the owner of the salon suggested. “That way, they’ll be ready when you get back to the lodge.”

“Dressing here is a great idea!” Dana gushed, anticipating his romantic rendezvous in the moonlight with Chuck. “I was worried that I couldn’t get my hair and makeup right without Patrice to help me. She has been such a doll.”

“Hot date tonight?” Monique asked with a happy smile.

“Oh, yes!” Dana gushed. “I want to look perfect. Chuck and I will be thrilled if I can adjust the zipper at the front of my skirt high enough to show lots of leg and low enough not to embarrass myself.”



*The three boys looked fabulous as they left the beauty salon. Renee and Jess were apprehensive, while Dana strutted with anticipation of his romantic rendezvous with Chuck.*

“I’ll help you. There. Walk around a bit, then sit and cross your legs. If it’s not right, we’ll adjust the zipper and try again until the dark tops of your nylons don’t show when you sit. Still, you’ll have to be careful, especially in the light.” Dana giggled while following her instructions and blissfully thinking of Chuck ogling and massaging his freshly waxed nylon clad thighs.

As the two girls and three boys left the salon in their sexy after five dresses, Bess, Sara, and Dana were happy and excited. Renee accepted the situation, but Jess was truly unhappy. Just as they reached the street, Monique called out, “Having their hair done and getting makeovers for the first time in a salon is a momentous occasion for Dana and Jess. We must take some pictures of all of you in your new dresses with your elegant hairstyles and makeovers.”

After Monique snapped more than a dozen photos, Sara and Bess viewed them on the camera screen. Their favorite was of Jess, Dana, and Renee in their new dresses. “Download them and e-mail them to me at this address,” Sara gushed. “Mrs. Walker will be thrilled.”

While the *girls* were doing their feminine things, Chuck told Ryan he wanted to shop for an engagement ring for Dana.

Ryan smiled, “I have a friend who runs a wholesale jewelry warehouse. She’s big in the import export trade. I buy all of Renee’s jewelry from her. Dana should be about the same size as Renee.”

“Great!” Chuck exclaimed excitedly. “Let’s go!”

“The girls will be dressed to the nines, so you’ll also need a suit, shirt, tie, and dress shoes if you plan to propose.”

When Chuck arrived at the lodge a couple of hours later, he had a smile on his face and a small velvet covered box in his pocket that contained a full carat stone. Not missing a beat, he quickly showered and made sure he got an extra close shave. ‘Not bad,’ he thought as he viewed his image in his suit and tie in the mirror.

Jess was worried about what Chuck would think when he saw him in his form fitting minidress, stilt heels, golden blonde tresses, and perfect makeup with matching lipstick and nail polish. His fears were relieved when his friend only had eyes for Dana.

Chuck was thrilled by the way Dana's nylon clad thighs were on display with every step. He couldn't wait to get his hands on those gorgeous legs in their shiny nylons. When Mrs. Walker suggested they go to dinner, Chuck stammered, "If you don't mind, Dana and I will dine alone."

"Very well, but don't stay out too late," she smiled.

"You are gorgeous," Chuck complimented Dana.

"Thank you," Dana blushed. "You look quite dashing in that suit. I've never seen you in a coat and tie before. Where are we going?"

"Ryan told me about this restaurant that has a band and a dance floor. I booked a table by the window that overlooks the lake. We can see the lights of the city and the boats going by."

"How romantic!" Dana squealed excitedly.

"Ryan says it's the most romantic spot in town. She says all lovers go there, both married and unmarried couples, some with their spouses, and some with their lovers."

When Dana sat in the taxi, his skirt fell away to reveal his trim nylon clad thighs as planned. "Great dress and even greater legs," Chuck gasped as he reached to caress them.

Dana spread his legs slightly to allow Chuck a bit of access, then after a moment of ecstasy, gently slapped his hand and closed them saying, "That comes later if you are half as good as you look."

While they waited for their food to arrive, the band played a slow tune, and Chuck led Dana onto the dance floor. As they danced closely in one another's arms, Dana could feel the surge in Chuck's pants and thought how his member was secured in the gaffe in his panties. 'If things go as I plan, it'll be free later,' he smiled inwardly.

After they finished eating, they danced to another slow number, and Chuck led Dana out onto the patio overlooking the lake. They kissed passionately while caressing each other's bodies. Finally, Dana said, "We had better stop. Someone might come out and see us."

Chuck didn't want to stop, but he had another issue. Leading Dana to a lawn chair, they sat when Dana's flimsy skirt fell away

again. Chuck sank to one knee, and opened a small box to reveal a ring with a large stone. He asked, “Dana, beautiful sexy Dana, will you marry me?”

The moment was at hand. Knowing he was taking a huge gamble, he sighed, “Darling, I want nothing more than to be your wife, but something you said on the boat has been eating at me.”

“What was that?” Chuck asked.

“You said you would lock me in my gaffe to keep me true when you were away. That means you didn’t trust me, but I would have no way to be sure you were true to me. How am I to know if you found someone else while you were away? Why am I to be locked up and not you? I want to be your wife, but I fear a marriage like that would never survive.”

Chuck had forgotten about making that comment until Dana brought it up. “L...look, darling, I didn’t mean...” he stammered.

“I have a solution if you would go along with it,” Dana soothed while crossing his legs the other way, allowing his split skirt to ride higher to reveal the dark tops of his nylons.

“What?” Chuck gasped. “I’ll do anything you say!”

“Anything?”

“Anything!”

“I believe you would be true to me if you wear panties under your pants. I can’t picture you lowering your pants before a potential lover if you were wearing silky nylon panties. I wear the locked gaffe and you wear panties. What do you say?”

“I’m a boy! I can’t wear panties!”

“I’m a boy and I wear panties. I love you very much, but we can’t be married if you refuse to wear panties so I can trust you.”

As Dana stood up to leave, Chuck reacted out desire instead of reason, “Okay!” he blurted out. “I’ll wear your damn panties if that’s what it takes to get you to marry me. Where do we go from here?”



*“Wearing silky panties will be SO embarrassing!” Chuck moaned. “I promise to be true blue to you.”*

*“I’m sure you will while wearing silky panties,” Dana smiled.*

“I saw a sign in the mall that said they are open until midnight. If you agree, you can put that gorgeous ring on my finger, and we can buy you a supply of panties right now.”

Dana led a very tentative Chuck into the lingerie department of a women’s boutique that he would have been hesitant to enter only three months earlier. When a clerk approached and asked if she could help, Dana smiled, showed the ring on the third finger of his left hand and said, “We just got engaged and my fiancée agreed to wear silky nylon panties to make me happy. Could you show us something that would be comfortable for everyday wear?”

“Why did you tell her these damn panties are for me?” Chuck scolded in Dana’s ear while they followed the clerk to a display case.

“Do you know what size panties you wear?” Dana quipped, tongue in cheek. When Chuck looked down with a bright blush, Dana stated a bit louder than he wished, “Then she has to measure you to know your size, silly. My panties certainly won’t fit you, so how could I pretend that the panties are for me?”

Chuck tentatively accepted Dana’s explanation, but he was even more anxious when they arrived at a counter where a wide variety of panties, both plain and elaborate, were displayed. The clerk, who had sold panties and other feminine clothing to reluctant men and boys, delighted in increasing his distress by producing a tape measure and stating, “Please lower your trousers a bit so I can measure your waist.”

Chuck hesitantly undid his belt, loosened the button of his trousers, and lowered them an inch or so. After measuring his waist, the clerk commented on a rather large bulge, “I see someone is excited about his new panties.” While he blushed, she pointed to a display on the counter saying, “These panties are in your size, sir.”

Chuck gravitate to the plain cotton styles, and Dana remembered his first panties and how embarrassed he was when Bess insisted on him wearing the silkiest pair in her drawer. Dana said, “Not those. They are too much like your briefs. Choose from the silky nylon styles with lace adornment. Hold these up and see how you like them.”

Blushing, Chuck held up one pair of silky panties after another and laid the chosen ones aside, chosen with *suggestions* from Dana. Soon he had six pair in various styles and pastel colors. Turning to the clerk, Dana asked, "May he change into a pair of his new panties in the dressing room?" When the clerk indicated yes, Dana looked at Chuck and said, "Pick a pair and go!"

His lust diminished because of his embarrassment, Chuck wondered why he ever agreed to wear the demeaning panties. Not wanting to wear any of the silky items that lay on the counter before him, he blushed and asked, "Which ones?"

"Oh, it doesn't matter. Choose the pair you like best."

Realizing Chuck didn't want to wear any of the panties, the clerk asked, "Have you ever worn panties before?"

"No, I..." he stammered.

"You should take the pink pair. A man or boy's first panties should be pink to give him something sexually exciting to remember."

"Yes, wear the pink, definitely!" Dana said, "Insisting that he wear panties might not be sexually exciting for him, but it turns me on!"

"Your fiancée isn't keen on this," the clerk observed while Chuck was in the dressing room. "Why do you want him to wear panties?"

"To keep him true," Dana smiled. "He won't be lowering his pants for some bimbo if he's wearing silky nylon panties."

"Good idea," the clerk mused. "I wish there was some way I could get that brute boyfriend of mine to wear panties. He knocks me around and makes me do things his way."

When Chuck returned red faced with his boxers in his hand, he asked, "What do I do with these?"

"Throw them in the trash!" Dana insisted. "You'll be wearing panties, so you won't need masculine cotton underwear anymore."

While Dana and Chuck were having their romantic tete-a-tete and traumatic shopping excursion, the others went to a dinner and

dancing club. Jess was understandably nervous in his sexy red dress with his short skirt riding high on his nylon clad thighs, but he was helpless to change his situation. Taking Renee's advice to avoid eye contact with strangers, he kept his exquisitely made up eyes cast downward. He managed to get through the meal by thinking, 'If these people think I'm a snob, maybe they'll think I'm a girl snob.'

After dinner, a whole new set of problems confronted Jess when Sara chided him to smile and hold his shoulders back to emphasize his *assets*. Noticing his trauma, Renee sat beside him and whispered, "The best way to survive is to pretend to be a sexy girl."

"I'm not sure I can. Sara may make me dance with some guy," he sighed. "She said I couldn't be a wallflower in this sexy dress."

"Have you ever danced with a guy?"

"No. I've never danced in a dress and heels either."

"Just dance the way you always have as a boy, but try to follow the guy's moves. Be the girl you have been taught to be, and the way you look in that dress, no one will suspect a thing." After that, Renee talked to Ryan. Jess couldn't hear what was said, but he seemed to be scolding her.

Jess was still worried and nervous about being read as a boy, but he was slightly relieved to see the club was crowded with many pretty girls, and no one paid him any attention. After ordering drinks, Ryan took Jess' hand and led him out on the dance floor. Noticing that he was stiff with anxiety, she whispered in his ear, "I'm wearing pants and you're in that hot red dress, so I'll lead."

"But I never danced as a girl before...or in heels."

Nothing to it, she said as she took his right hand in her left, which is opposite for a boy, and positioned her right around his waist. Pulling him close, she said, "Relax and follow my moves."

"What if someone recognizes me as a boy?" he asked.

"Don't worry," she assured him. "I dance with Renee in his dresses and heels all the time. Everybody knows he's a boy. They think he prefers to dress like a girl, and they just don't care. It'll be the same with you." Despite her assurance, Jess was still nervous as he

glanced anxiously about the room as she led him into a turn. Seeing no one paying particular attention to him, he relaxed until he felt her hand slide downward to caress his posterior through his skirt and silky nylon panties. When she felt him try to back away, she scolded, "Chill out! The guys like to cop a feel on the dance floor, and the girls enjoy the attention. You were always trying to feel me up when you were a boy."

"Yes, but I was...I mean I'm a guy, and you're a girl..."

"I'm trying to get you ready for what I is sure to come," she chastised. "If I know Sara, you'll soon be dancing with guys, and if you want to keep your secret, you had better start acting like a girl. Melt into my arms and lay your head on my shoulder."

'This isn't too bad,' he thought as he rested his head on her shoulder and felt her hand massaging his buttocks. 'At least she isn't some grubby guy.'

"Nice perfume," she said, snapping him out of his reverie.

"Thank you," he admitted as he had been taught to respond to compliments. "Sara bought it for me at the salon and insisted that I wear it tonight. I don't know why she spent so much because I'll be back in pants and away from all this feminine crap in a couple of weeks." Ryan smiled as she guided toward their table.

He was surprised to see two burly guys talking with Sara. "Jess," she smiled. "This is Andre and Beau. They both want to dance with me, so I told them to wait and you would dance with one of them."

"I'll take Jess!" Beau gushed in a pant as he took Jess' manicured hand in his. "Come on, doll, let's show them how!"

Not knowing how to refuse without betraying his secret, Jess followed Beau to the dance floor. 'The song is fast, so I don't have to dance close to him like I did with Ryan,' Jess thought as he gyrated only slightly different from the way he danced as a boy.

"That was fun, but I'm parched," Beau gasped when the dance ended. "Let's get a drink." Taking Jess' hand in his once again, he led him to the bar and asked, "What would you like?"

Hoping it would cause Beau to go away, Jess said, “I have a drink at the table I haven’t touched.”

Instead, his ploy had the opposite effect. “That’s fine,” Beau smiled. “Let’s go back to the table. I can order from the waitress.”

Despite his feelings about his enforced feminine guise, as he talked and danced to a few fast tunes with Beau, Jess felt a slight affection for his escort and wanted to please him, but how? He was deep in thought when a slow tune started playing. Beau took his hand and led him onto the dance floor. As they danced closely, Jess felt the huge lump in Beau’s trousers pressing against him. His instincts kicked in, and he immediately backed away.

“I’m sorry,” Beau whispered, his face turning red. “None of the other boys in skirts have ever affected me this way, not even Renee. You really turn me on in that sexy red dress.”

“You knew I’m a boy? Why? How?”

“You were dancing with Ryan, you’re with Renee, and you have a boy’s name,” Beau replied. “They bring boys in dresses here all the time. I’m really horny. Could we step outside behind a car or something so you could...?”

“No, I’m not that kind of *girl!*” Jess exclaimed as he ran back to the safety of the table where his mother, Sara, Renee, and Ryan were sitting. Burying his face in his manicured hands, he shook with sobs and sniffed, “Why is this happening to me?” Sara moved to his side, put her arm around him, and asked what was wrong. “He knew I was a boy, and he wanted me to...to...oh...I can’t even say it!” he wailed. “I wish I was *dead!*”

“Girls have to endure gross antics and comments from boys sometimes,” Sara soothed. “Let’s go repair your makeup.” When he was hesitant to enter the ladies’ room, she asserted, “Behave like the girl I taught you to be, and you’ll do fine.”

Despite her encouragement, he still felt out of place as he washed his face. To make matters worse, while he was replacing his makeup, he heard a woman say to another, “They shouldn’t let boys in here even if they are wearing dresses!”

Somehow, he endured the humiliation until he returned to the table and saw Beau waiting for him. "I'm sorry I upset you, Jess," he apologized. "You're so damn hot, I got carried away, but I promise it won't happen again. Please come back on the dance floor and give me another chance." No matter how much he pleaded, Jess refused to even discuss the issue as he sat, nervously trying to tug his short skirt lower on his nylon clad thighs.

Despite Chuck's anguish at the boutique and wearing panties under his trousers back to the lodge, he and Dana had a very passionate night of love making in his room. "Wow!" Dana gasped when he came up for air. "I had no idea that wearing panties would make you so loving. We must have hit on a great idea."

"I don't think it was the panties that turned me on so," Chuck sighed. "This is the first night we've spent together, and I'm just so hot for you, so in love with you. I can't help myself."

"Oh, come on! Admit that wearing panties turns you on. I saw the bulge in your pants on the way back here. You can't hide that from me." Instead of trying to deny him, Chuck took Dana in his arms and kissed him passionately, initiating another bout of lovemaking.

When the group met for breakfast the next morning, everyone oooed and aaahed over Dana's engagement ring and its large stone. Even Jess was impressed. Seeing Chuck blushing, they thought it was because of their quips. They knew the two spent the night together, so the comments were quite lewd. In truth, his face was red because he was afraid they might suspect he was wearing silky nylon panties beneath his baggy shorts. If they did, no one said anything.

Back at Walkerland, things returned to normal. That is, if two boys in cute stylish dresses, heels, and makeup and a soon to be bridegroom wearing silky nylon panties under his manly trousers could be considered normal. Dana worked hard to become more feminine. Because his girlish lessons continued, Jess became more girlish in actions and appearance despite his wishes to the contrary.

To Jess' dismay, Renee forwarded several e-mails from Beau apologizing for his rude behavior at the nightclub and promising to behave as a gentleman if given a second chance. He even sent messages to Mrs. Walker promising to treat her daughter with respect, even if she was a boy, in exchange for her blessing on a future relationship. Jess refused to consider his request despite the encouragement of Sara and his mother.

One warm afternoon, Dana, Jess, and Chuck were sitting on the pool deck. Looking at Chuck with a devious smile, Dana said, "It's hot, please bring me an ice cold glass of the glass lemonade you made this morning. Remember how much fun you had squeezing the lemons? Now your hard work is paying off." Seeing him make no move to carry out his *request*, Dana turned to Jess and said, "He has been moody ever since he started w..."

"Would you like a glass of lemonade too, Jess?" Chuck interrupted Dana just before he could tell Jess about his humiliating panties.

"That would be nice, thank you," Jess acknowledged in a more feminine tone than he intended as he crossed his legs, causing his short skirt to ride higher on his nylon clad thighs. "It *is* rather hot."

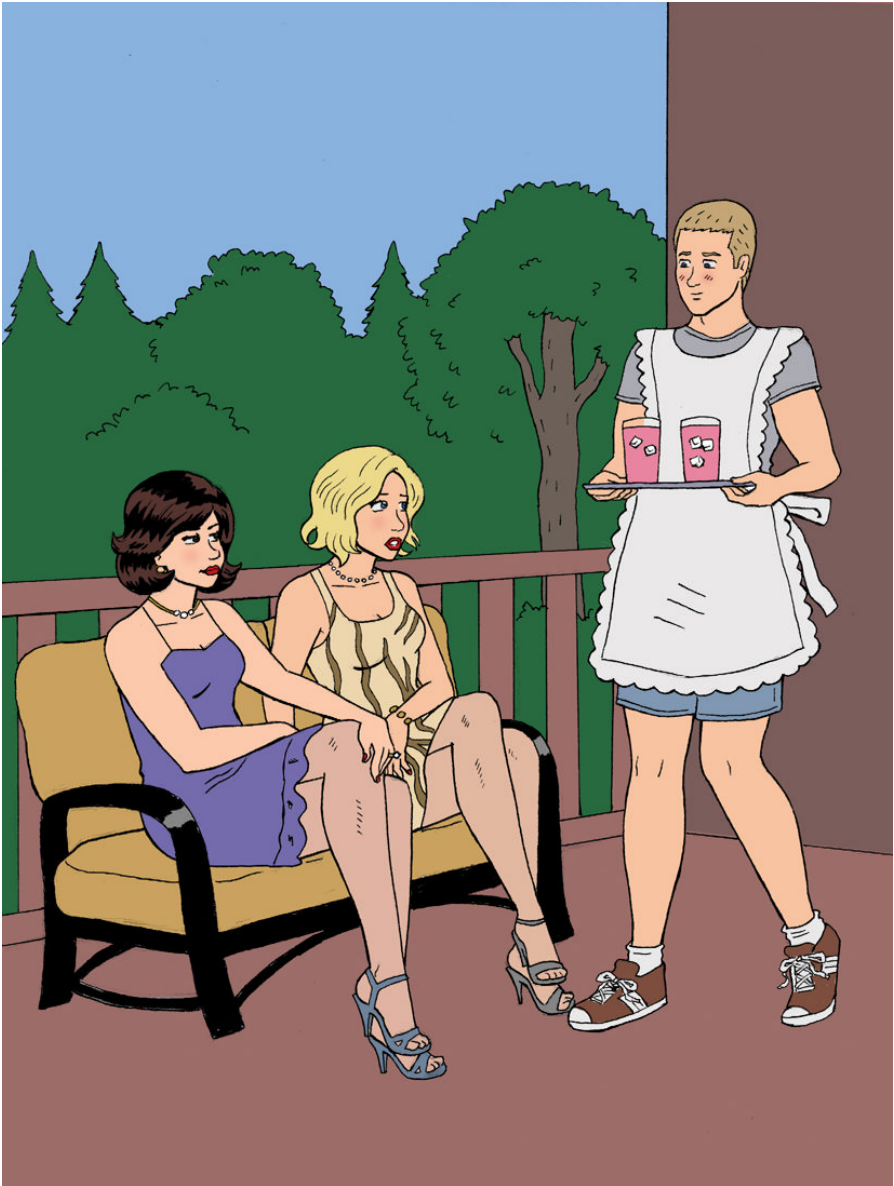
As Chuck walked away to fetch the drinks as requested, Dana said, "Don't forget to wear your apron to protect your clothes."

"Wow, looks like he got a ring in his nose when you got one for your finger!" Jess exclaimed when Chuck was out of earshot. "How did you pull off getting him in an apron? I thought he was too macho for this feminine crap."

"I got hints on how to handle men from Bess."

"Bess never had that kind of control when she was going with Chuck. That's why she broke up with him."

"I learned a lot from her," Dana said. "I also picked up quite a few things about ways to look sexy as a girl and entice men while you and I were sitting about in our bras and slips talking about additions to our feminine touches. All those things are coming together now. I'm using it to my advantage with Chuck."



*Chuck appeared with the lemonade while wearing a frilly apron. “I couldn’t find my normal apron, so I’m using one of yours, Dana,” Chuck said.  
“Thanks, honey,” Dana cooed.*

Before Jess could respond, Chuck came out of the house carrying a tray containing two ice cold drinks. His best friend and macho athlete was wearing a pinafore style apron with a flounce at the hem and shoulder straps. The skirt almost covered his shorts, giving the illusion that he was wearing a dress! ‘Why am I blushing?’ he wondered. ‘They’re boys, and they wear dresses, high heels, and lipstick. I’m only wearing an apron over my shirt, pants, and...*panties*.’

“Thanks, honey,” Dana praised.

“Wow!” Jess exclaimed when Chuck was gone. “You really have him hen pecked. Before he met you in your sexy dresses, he was totally headstrong, especially around girls. How did you do it?”

“Secret of the trade,” Dana giggled. “Since you’re returning to pants and the life of a boy in just over a week, you can’t know.”

Glancing at his nylon clad thighs, Jess tugged his skirt down and said, “I’ll happily go without knowing any more feminine tricks. I just want my old life and my *pants* back.”

The next day, Jess was approached by Sara as he was sunning by the pool wearing a brief bikini. “I’m moving into the shade,” he firmly announced.

“Oh no, you aren’t!” she contradicted in a tone he recognized as final. “Stay where you are!”

“I’ll never get rid of these tan lines. I’m going home next week, and lying out here in my bikini is making the lines worse!”

Smiling that he had referred to his bra and his bikini, she increased his frustration saying, “As punishment for trying to assert your will, I’ll massage you with tanning oil to darken your tan, and you will stay out here an additional two hours.”

“Please Sara, my friends will think I’m a sissy if they see my tan lines, plucked brows, and hairless body. Enough is enough!”

“You tried to defy me, so you will pay the penalty!” she declared emphatically while smoothing the oil on his chest and back. “I have to

tell you something. I don't know how this happened, but I fell in love with you in your pretty dresses and skirts this summer."

"You did *what*?" he gasped in disbelief.

"It's true, and I don't want to lose my gorgeous sexy lover."

"Cool," he admitted, misunderstanding her meaning.

"I'm glad you feel the same way," she smiled. "When we return home, we'll move in together, and you will continue to dress as a girl. Even your mother agrees."

"Mom?" No way! She said I could dress as a boy when we return home at the end of summer!"

"Ask her."

Running to his mother's room, his stilt heels clicking on the pool deck, he burst through her door without knocking, and demanded, "Mom, did you tell Sara I would move in with her and continue to dress as a girl when we return home?"

"Yes," she calmly replied. "When we arrived here at Walkerland, you were angry, confrontational, aggressive, and combative. After barely three months under Sara's authority, you have learned to control your emotions and evolved into a quiet, thoughtful, and congenial person. Also, the two of you shared a bed all summer, which I know you enjoyed. Besides, you adapted well to skirts."

"I adapted to skirts because Sara made me practice everything feminine and punished me if I made a boyish move or gesture! When we leave here, I don't want anything to do with dresses, skirts, heels, or makeup. I just want to be a boy and dress as one!"

"I'm afraid it's too late for that," she responded. "You've become much too feminine to return to being a boy or even to appear as one. Look in the mirror. You don't look anything like a boy in your bikini with your smooth body, thin arched brows, puffed lips due to collagen infused lipstick, and long oval nails. You walk, stand, and sit femininely, and you speak in high tones using feminine expressions and voice inflections. Even in pants, you would be a sissy."

“Oh Mom, what can I do if I look and act like a girl? All my friends will think I’m a sissy or worse!”

“I’m afraid your only choice is to continue dressing as a girl and move in with Sara as like she requested.”

“I can’t do that, Mom!”

“Well, I suppose you could stay in Canada with Beau. He was quite taken with you in your stylish red dress. He asked for your hand in marriage in one of his e-mails. He is rather well off and could support you. A boy like you could do a lot worse.”

“Mom, Sara made me dance with guys at the club. Just because she makes me wear dresses doesn’t mean I go for them *that way!*”

“Then, your only option is to take Sara’s offer. Sharing her bed on a regular basis can’t be all that bad.” Seeing him bury his face in his neatly manicured hands and burst into tears, she added, “I’ve grown accustomed to having two lovely daughters over the summer.”

“But what would I do as a girl?”

“Lots of things,” she said as she took him lovingly in her arms. “As a college graduate, Sara can support you quite well, but if you wish, you could get a job as a clerk or a waitress. You could even go to school and learn to be a hairdresser, secretary, or even a nurse. That should give you something to think about.”

“You can think about it while you lounge in the sun,” Sara firmly decreed from the door where she had been listening. “You still have three hours to go, so get back out there.”

Before leaving, he looked at his image in the full length mirror like his mother suggested. Tears formed in his eyes as he realized she was right about there being nothing to identify him as male. Only a very small portion of his body was covered by his bikini bottom and bra, and the remainder glistened from the tanning oil Sara applied. Aside from that, his hair, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and stilt heels gave him an undeniable feminine image. Lowering his gaze, he dejectedly made his way back out into the sun.

“There’s something you need to know,” Bess said to Dana while they sat by the pool. “I’ve been secretly giving you a powerful estrogen compound and testosterone blocker to round out your figure to make you look and feel more like a girl. My plan was to give you a few feminine touches Sara couldn’t give Jess. I planned to stop giving them to you at the end of summer so things would return to normal. Hopefully, you would think that was because you no longer wore dresses. There were no boys here at Walkerland for you to interact with, but when Chuck showed up unexpectedly, things changed. I’m telling you this because I’m sorry for deceiving you, but if you want to continue to look and feel like a girl, you’ll have to continue taking the hormones. It’s up to you.”

“You mean the drugs you slipped me are the reason my breasts are growing, my hips are getting wider, my skin got soft and smooth, and I am attracted to Chuck? None of this is because I was meant to be a girl like you said?”

“I’m afraid not. I deceived you to gain an advantage over Sara, but things didn’t turn out like I planned. I’m sorry for what I did to you, and that’s why I’m telling you the truth. If you stop taking the drugs, you’ll return to being a normal boy, and all of this will end. On the down side, it will take time for your breasts to shrink, your brows to get bushy again, your body hair to re-grow, and to lose the tan lines from wearing your bikini in the sun. Your beard is gone forever.”

“You must tell me where to buy the drugs. I don’t intend to return to being a boy,” Dana stated. “I’ll enjoy being Chuck’s wife.”

Deciding to nudge Chuck farther under his control, Dana ordered a surprise gift for him on the internet. After Ryan delivered the supplies, Dana presented his fiancée with a neatly wrapped package. Chuck gasped when he saw the bikini style hot pink Speedo bathing suit inside.

“I’m not wearing this!” Chuck growled.

“Of course you are!” Dana growled. “Now put it on!”

“Not on your life! It’s time we come to an understanding, sweet cheeks!” Chuck threw the Speedo on the bed. “I love you, but I won’t

let you turn me into a henpecked pantywaist like Jess. We can have a normal relationship where we trust and support each other or I'm calling this engagement off. I have no intention of becoming a simpering dominated cuckold."

Dana wasn't prepared for such a strong response. "Oh, honey, it's just a little foreplay. Don't you like the feeling of your panties?"

"Actually I do!" he responded, "But you are pushing the envelope too far. First it was the panties, then the apron and working in the kitchen, now it's this stupid pink Speedo. What will it be tomorrow? This stops here! I'm out of here unless we come to an understanding."

"But honey..." Dana started tearing up.

"You've been around Sara and Bess too long. Both of them are man hating bitches! I won't have a wife who is one too!" He stalked from the room in a huff.

Dana watched him leave, then ran to Mrs. Walker, Bess, and Sara. Sobbing uncontrollably, he told them what happened. "He's leaving me because I tried to emulate you women," Dana sobbed.

Bess turned bright red when he told them about being called 'man hating bitches'. "Where is he?" she said. "I'll speak with him!"

"Probably by the pool," Dana sniffled.

Bess started off followed closely by Mrs. Walker and Sara. Dana followed behind. Jess was in his room practicing his makeup. Chuck was sitting in the shade with his eyes closed. "What is this about you not doing what Dana told you to do?" Mrs. Walker demanded.

Calmly opening his eyes, Chuck asked, "What's it to you? The issue is between Dana and me."

Flustered, she continued, "Around here, men are respectful of women and do what they are asked."

"There's a huge gap between 'asking' and 'ordering'," he countered, "and women have to earn respect if they want to get it, just like men."

"You're our guest here. You will do as Dana orders," Bess said.

“Don’t be a silly ass, Bess,” Chuck gave her a withering stare. “I’ll do what is best for me. There will be no marriage if Dana becomes a conniving bitch like you. I want a real relationship built on respect, not this fem dom bullshit you three used to make Jess into a simpering sissy. At least Dana became a beautiful feminine woman, not an emasculated male like Jess.” The women turned fiery red.

“There wouldn’t be a relationship between you and Dana if we hadn’t so successful showed him his true nature,” Sara chimed in.

“And for that I am truly grateful,” Chuck admitted. “No one turns me on like he does. I’ll meet him halfway. He stops trying to make me into a milksop pantywaist and I’ll give him the key to his gaffe.”

“We have photos of you in your silky panties,” Mrs. Walker revealed. “If you don’t comply with Dana’s demands, they will find their way to your family and friends.”

“Oh, really? I wonder who took those photos,” Chuck gave Dana a withering glare. “Do as you will. I’ll claim that it was all fun and games. I’ll be a hero when they learn that I spent the summer on an isolated island with five women. Of course, there is the little issue of child abuse...”

“Child abuse?” Mrs. Walker turned chalk white. “Jess is my son and over 18 years old.”

“But Dana wasn’t,” Chuck smiled. “He turned 18 last month. He was underage when the summer started.”

A stalemate was reached. Chuck didn’t really want the photos released, and the women didn’t want accusations of child abuse leveled at them. “I leave the island on the next plane. Dana, you have to decide if you are on it with me. We are through if I leave alone!”

The tension around the dinner table that evening was palpable. Jess felt it, and figured that something came between Chuck and Dana. Dana looked miserable while Chuck sat at the opposite end of the table. The women tried to strike up a conversation with Dana, but they ignored Chuck. Chuck didn’t seem any too happy either, and silently ate his food.

Later that night, well after everyone had gone to bed, Chuck was about to fall asleep when he heard someone silently open his bedroom door and slip inside. He was about to demand to know who it was when a soft finger touched his lips, and Dana whispered, “Shhh!”

“What’s going on?” he asked as Dana slipped between the covers. “I thought we weren’t speaking...” He felt Dana’s soft body touch his. Dana was wearing only the flimsiest babydoll nightie.

“Over a silly misunderstanding?” Dana giggled, feeling his hard rippling body. “Perish the thought!” Dana pressed his soft breasts into Chuck’s hard chest.

“I meant what I said, Dana...” Chuck started.

“I know,” Dana answered, nibbling on Chuck’s ear. “Oh, what is this? Are you wearing your panties?”

Slightly embarrassed, Chuck said, “I never said that I didn’t like the feel of silky panties. Besides, I did promise to wear them for you.”

“So why that awful scene this afternoon?” Dana asked.

“What we do in our bedroom is between you and me, but you were escalating it outside the bedroom for the sole purpose of embarrassing me to make me subservient to you, like what the girls did to you and Jess. I won’t have that. I won’t disrespect you, and you will not disrespect me! What happens in our bedroom stays in our bedroom!”

“Does that mean that we can still play bedroom games?” Dana felt Chuck’s rock hard manhood stretching his flimsy panties out of shape. “Your manhood says that you find that idea exciting.”

“Most definitely,” Chuck laughed, “But I meant what I said about it being strictly between you and me. Try to make me a simpering milquetoast, and we will be over.”

“Note taken. Does that include making me breakfast in bed?” Dana whispered while stroking his immense erection.

“From time to time,” he answered.

“Wearing an apron?” Dana kissed Chuck’s chest and released his manhood from its silken prison.



*Finally the day for returning to the mainland came. Jess and Dana were returning very different from when they arrived, both soon to be married: Jess as the simpering pantywaist husband to Sara, and Dana as the loving wife to Chuck Daniels.*

“If it makes you happy, and if you keep it private. No photos, no gossip, no disrespect.”

“Mmmmm, we have a bargain,” Dana threw the covers off and positioned himself over Chucks raging hard-on. “We are going to make beautiful music together, Mr. Daniels.”

“Yes we are, Mrs. Daniels.”

The next morning, Chuck and Dana came to breakfast holding onto each other. Chuck wore a manly robe that hid his misshapen pink panties, and Dana wore a flimsy negligee that did nothing to hide his very feminine body, including not hiding his swollen and red nipples. Everybody could tell that their personal crisis was over, although none could tell who had won. Neither Chuck nor Dana filled them in either. It was their secret.

Chuck patched it over with Vera, Bess, and Sara. Dana made it clear that he wouldn't support the child molestation issue and had talked Chuck out of pursuing the issue, much to the women's relief. Dana moved out of Bess' bedroom and into Chuck's bedroom for the remainder of the vacation.

Chuck decided to stay until the final flight arrived to take everyone from the island. The women noted that Dana no longer went out of his way to embarrass Chuck or to push him into feminine clothing. They figured that Chuck's earlier stand on the issue made further attempts futile.

Finally, the day of their departure from Walkerland arrived. As he helped Ryan load the plane, Chuck was wearing a tee shirt and shorts, but he was careful not to let anything slip and reveal his silky nylon panties. Bess and Sara wore shorts and tops, but Dana and Jess were more elaborately dressed.

Dana chose to wear all black, a leather miniskirt that highlighted his trim nylon clad thighs, a tight fitting blouse that drew attention to his budding breasts, and knee boots with four inch heels. His lipstick and nail polish were dark red. Jess wore a lavender crop top

that bared his navel, a straight white miniskirt, black nylons, and black boots with five inch heels. His lipstick and nail polish were dark purple to complement his blouse.

Jess, still disappointed about having to continue dressing as a girl was quiet and reserved as if in a trance. Dana was confident and assured as he sat next to Chuck while holding hands. As the airplane took off, Chuck thought, 'Every boy here, Jess, Dana, and Renee ended up in dresses except me, and I am wearing *panties!*' Everyone seated and the plane loaded, the group took off and said goodbye to an eventful summer like no other.

The End

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