

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"GIRLHOOD"



WHILE MOST YOUNG MEN WERE GROWING
INTO THEIR MANHOOD... ONE WASN'T!

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Volume 89

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By Alice Trail

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QUOTE BOARD

If you don't change direction soon, you'll end up where you're going.

GIRLHOOD

By Alice Trail

"Damn you!" Lee spat at his stepmother. The two had not gotten along from her first date with his father until his death in an accident six months earlier. He left his family well off, but within limits. In the six months since his death, Lee's relationship with Dinah had deteriorated to the point that they were constantly at odds.

In Lee's mind, Dinah showed favoritism to her son, a year younger than him, and she thought he was totally rebellious against her authority. Now sixteen, he was constantly on her to buy him a new car. "You buy that geek, Jeff everything he wants, but I have to do without!"

"Don't you know the value of *anything*?" she spat. "Jeff wanted a Wii game system a few video games, an X Box, and a cell phone. That only cost a few thousand dollars. You want a fancy new car with a price tag of *fifty* thousand! Gawd knows what else is in your greedy mind. I did the best I could when I bought you that used car."

"That car is a pile of junk, you bitch!" Lee spat as he angrily stormed out of the room. "It needs a paint job, and it doesn't have a decent sound system!"

Lee's anger ate at him above all else. In his hate driven obsession, he devised a plan to steal a top of the line audio system loud speakers from the local electronic supply warehouse. He hid them in some empty boxes inside the store. When the boy carted the boxes out, he liberated the stolen items and drove away.

Due to a tip, the police arrived soon after Lee returned home and found the stolen merchandise in his trunk where it was said to be. When questioned, he adamantly denied any knowledge of the items. Despite his denials, he was taken away in handcuffs after being identified by eyewitnesses. After a traumatic night in juvenile hall, he pleaded with his stepmother to get him out of there.

She did, but only after he promised to be completely obedient, to obey her orders, and to stop harassing Jeff. He would have agreed to virtually anything to avoid spending another night in lockup. The judge agreed to release him into his stepmother's custody but warned him that if he reverted to his old ways, he would be returned to detention until his hearing in three months.

Upon arriving home, Dinah harshly admonished Lee for stealing the audio system and lying about the deed. "I've had it with you! Give me one excuse, and you'll find yourself back in detention in record time!"

"Okay," he promised. "Just don't send me back *there*!"

After a couple of stiff drinks, Dinah got the idea to search the Internet for ways to punish boys. What she found intrigued her no end. In his room, she asked, "Were you serious about doing anything to avoid detention?"

"Oh yes! I promise to do whatever you say."

"Very well," she declared with a tone of finality. "I read that the most effective way to reform rowdy boys is to impose some femininity upon them. As punishment for lying and stealing, you will wear lipstick and matching nail polish every day until your hearing."

"That's three months away!" he exclaimed in revulsion at the thought. "You can't expect me to wear lipstick and nail polish until then, you bitch! I'm not some sissy fag. I won't do it, and you can't make me!"

"Suit yourself," she sighed while removing a card from her purse and dialing a number on the phone. "This is Dinah Wagner. I wish to report that Lee called me a bitch and adamantly refuses to follow instructions. Yes, I think it best that he return to detention. Fine, we'll be waiting."

Lee knew that meant he was headed back to detention where a bunch of tough boys beat him up and almost raped him. He withstood them for a night, but knew he couldn't fight them off for three months. He would be teased and humiliated by his schoolmates if wore lipstick and nail polish

but wouldn't be sexually abused. Hoping the humiliation at school would end with his punishment, he cried out in a panic, "Wait, Dinah! I don't want to go back to that awful place. Can't we talk about this?"

By the urgency in his voice, Dinah knew she had the upper hand with him for the first time since they met. Not wanting to give him an out, she huffed, "The marshals are on the way. You had your chance. It's too late now."

"It's wouldn't be too late if I'm wearing lipstick and nail polish when they get here, would it?" he asked, showing a crack in his obstinate masculine stance for the first time.

"Perhaps not," she mused as though considering his proposal. "Why don't you put some on and give it a try?"

"I don't have any, and I don't know how to put it on," he stammered with a bright blush. "Would you lend me some of yours and help me?"

Assuming a thoughtful expression, she pursed her lips and asked, "Why should I?"

"What do you mean?"

"Why should I help you? You promise to be obedient to avoid detention, but at my first instruction, you call me a bitch and tell me to go to hell. Anyway, my life will be a lot more tranquil with you locked up for three months."

Seeing his life fall apart right before his eyes, Lee panicked. "No, please! I'll wear lipstick and nail polish! Just show me how and send those marshals away!"

'He's terrified of that detention center!' she thought. 'He agreed to wear lipstick and nail polish, and he's asking for help with their application. I have to play this for all it's worth!' Looking him in the eye, she declared, "I'll send the marshals away if you promise to wear full feminine makeup as well."

Lee had no idea what full feminine makeup entailed, but anything was better than detention. "Okay," he promised, feeling trapped and not knowing, or even caring at the

moment, what he was getting himself into. "If you send those marshals away, I'll do whatever you say."

"Let's get you prettied up for the marshals," Dinah smiled. "I'll polish the nails on your right hand, and you can do the left. Dip the brush and make a pass down the center of your nail. Then make a pass on either side, and be careful not to get polish on your skin. Your lips are thin, so we'll outline them outside your lip line with the pencil and fill them in with the tube. Good. Now let's apply a little eyeliner and blush." After adding a hint of mascara, she pronounced him ready just as the doorbell rang.

The marshals had a hearty laugh at Lee's expense, as one of them said. "Looks like you have things in hand, Mrs. Wagner. As for you, *sissy*, don't make us return. There is no reprieve on the second trip. You go with us, no matter what your mother says in your defense."

"Look what you did, making me wear this girly crap!" Lee snapped at Dinah when the men were gone.

"Get the record straight! I didn't make you wear anything! You begged for makeup, lipstick, and nail polish and for me to show you how to apply them."

"I had to," he blushed beneath his makeup. "Those bastards would have taken me back to that damn detention center. I couldn't go back looking like *this!*"

'He's deathly afraid of detention,' Dinah mused. 'If I use that effectively, I can get revenge and have some fun in the process.' Twisting the knife, she said, "You must learn that every act of rebellion earns you a punishment. That last tantrum earned you a trip to Stella's Style Shop for a makeover and a makeup lesson tomorrow. One more word of defiance, and I'll call the marshals back. Nothing, huh? Okay, come along, and I'll show you how to remove your makeup and cream your face for the night."



“You must practice diligently until you learn the proper techniques to apply your makeup, lipstick, and nail polish,” Dinah informed her hapless stepson.

"Why would I want to cream my face?" he defiantly asked.

"Moisturizing cream softens your skin and makes it more receptive to makeup."

"What if I don't want my skin soft and receptive to makeup?" When she picked up the phone and started dialing without saying a word, he exclaimed, "Okay, okay! I'll moisturize my face!"

The next morning, Dinah showed Lee how to thoroughly cleanse his face and informed him that this was a morning ritual for as long as he wore makeup. When his face was clean to her satisfaction, she said, "Since you're getting a makeover at Stella's, we'll just go for some lipstick to match your nail polish. Do you remember how to outline your lips?"

"I think so," he blushed while picking up the lip liner.

At the hairdresser, Stella said, "We'll start with a two hour lesson to teach you the correct technique to apply each of the cosmetics we use. Before we start; let's clean up your brows a bit."

"What's wrong with my brows?"

"They're bushy and uneven, but I'll have them neat and trim in no time. The process is uncomfortable, but a he-man like you can shrug off a little pain."

"Ouch!" he screeched when she yanked out the first tuft from his brows. "That hurt!"

"Girls do this all the time, and they don't complain. Just grit your teeth, and it will be over soon. Despite his protests that she was pulling them all out, his brows were soon in a thin feminine arch. Not wanting to give him a chance to rebel, she said, "Let's start with foundation."

"I'll never learn about all this girly crap or how to put this stuff on!" Lee spat as he threw a jar of makeup remover onto the table, spilling the contents and knocking other cosmetics containers into total disarray.

Seeing his antics as a way to tighten her control on him, Dinah got in his face, waved her phone about, and hissed, "As punishment for that tantrum, we will buy a supply of girls' panties for you to wear under your jeans!"

The beauticians were stunned when he nodded and lowered his head in shame. They were pleased; however, to have a very contrite boy who allowed them to experiment with cosmetics that, except for his short hair, gave him a very feminine appearance.

Stella called Dinah aside and advised, "Don't be too harsh with him. Young girls, who are eager to wear makeup, experience the same frustrations."

"What do you suggest, more lessons?"

"Yes, but not from me. A company called Under Control, Inc. (UCI) sells video lessons that are extremely effective. He can pop a DVD in his a computer, view each procedure and practice as many times as necessary to get it right. They also have lots of beauty enhancing products. I'll give you their website so you can check them out. If you see anything you like, you can order online."

"Thanks, I'll have a look."

When Lee left the hairdresser, he wore sedate makeup like a fashionable girl going to the mall. His *look* was accentuated with dark eyeliner and mascara, green eyeshadow to bring out the color of his eyes, and copper lipstick that blended well with his ruddy complexion and short reddish hair. False nails that extended a quarter inch past the end of his fingers had been glued on and polished to match his lipstick.

Dinah led Lee to the lingerie department at the boutique and said, "Select six pairs of panties, each in a different color and style." Being totally embarrassed to be wearing makeup and nail polish in public, he ambled over to a display of plain cotton panties. "Oh no, you don't!" Dinah warned, "Choose

from the nylon panties with lace trim. They are much prettier and nicer to wear.”

Lee wanted to scream that he didn't want to wear makeup and panties and that she was only making him do it to make Jeff look manly. Realizing that would land him back in detention, he started laying pairs of the silky panties out on the counter. His inclination was to select from the least feminine, but every pair seemed frillier than the last. Only when Dinah prodded him to act did he choose a pair in white, baby blue, mint green, pale lavender, and yellow, all in silky nylon.

When he hesitated to select a sixth pair, she tossed him a pink pair with lace and satin bows at the waist and leg openings saying, “Take these. No wardrobe of panties is complete without at least one pink pair.”

Blushing brightly, he knew he would soon be wearing this soft silky garment. Fearing Dinah would carry out her threat to call the marshals if he protested again, he swallowed his masculine pride and added them to his stash while thinking, ‘If that bitch sends me back to detention wearing makeup and nail polish with a bag of silky nylon panties, my life will be hell!’

While Lee fretted over his purchase, an attractive woman in her mid twenties approached him, observed the panties on the counter, and said, “These panties are from our most exclusive line. May I help you ladies with your selection?” Just then, she realized something was amiss given Lee's short hair.

Before she could regain her wits and ask what was going on, Dinah said, “This is my stepson who is being punished for stealing and lying. Do you think these panties are suitable for him to wear for that purpose?”

Taking a moment to regain her composure, the clerk stammered, “As I said, these panties are from our most exclusive line, and as such, any girl, or boy for that matter, should enjoy wearing them very much.” She ended with a smile as she looked at Lee and imagined the trauma he must

be experiencing to be wearing makeup and being forced to purchase a supply of expensive panties that were expressly for him to wear.

Adding to Lee's anxiety, Dinah said, "Since he's obviously anxious to wear his precious new panties, could he change into a pair of them here?"

Observing Lee's horrified expression, she giggled, "Why not? I'll remove the tags, and he can change in one of our dressing rooms while I ring up the sale. Which pair of his pretty new panties would he prefer to wear first?"

"The pink ones," Dinah replied with a smile. "A boy's first panties should be pink, don't you think?" To Lee, she ordered, "Throw your current underwear in the trash. You won't need them for at least three months."

As Lee walked dejectedly away, thoughts of having to wear the silky pink panties exacted a heavy toll on his masculinity. When he returned, a bright blush covered his features, and he was met with the indignity of having to carry the pink bag with the boutique logo to the car. Every time someone glanced his way, he blushed anew as though they had x-ray vision and could see the silky pink panties under his jeans.

Upon returning home, Lee thought his trauma was at an end for the day, but he was dead wrong. When Jeff saw his professional makeover, he burst into laughter. Finally, he was able to taunt, "I've seen some sissies in my time, but with that lipstick and junk, you take the prize!"

When Dinah saw Lee about to retaliate, she said, "Take your new panties to your room, carefully snip off the sales tags so as not to damage the fragile lace or delicate nylon fabric and store them away."

"The sissy wears lacy panties too!" Jeff roared in disbelief and delight. "Wait till the guys see him wearing lipstick and hear about his *panties!*"

"Listen, twerp, I'll bash your head if you tell anyone about this!" Lee spat as he made a lunge at his laughing stepbrother. From the corner of his eye, he saw Dinah remove her phone from her purse. Knowing what that meant, he immediately dropped his aggressive stance and pleaded, "Please don't tell anyone about all this, Jeff. I can't help how Dinah makes me dress. Anyway, it's just until my hearing."

"Go put your panties away, sissy boy, and be careful not to damage the silky nylon or delicate lace," Jeff chided without commenting on his former tormentor's plea.

"Do as I say before I get angry," Dinah interrupted their banter. "I'll be up to ensure you've followed my instructions after I check my e-mail and answer a few messages." In truth, she was curious about the UCI website and was anxious to look into its instructional DVDs to determine if they were as proficient at teaching the art of makeup application as Stella alleged. What she found was much more than she could have ever imagined!

In his room, Lee carefully removed the tags from his new panties and stored them in a corner of his underwear drawer. During the task, he learned that he had to use the pads of his fingers and not the ends due to his long false nails. The sensation of silky nylon panties under his jeans was heavy on his mind.

At her computer, a whole new world opened up to Dinah. When Stella told her about the website, she assumed it was for girls, but to her astonishment, it was primarily for *boys*! She found much more than makeup lessons as this site featured a chat room where the progress of unfortunate boys undergoing feminization against their wills was discussed. There was also an instant messenger address where their *therapy* could be talked over with a UCI counselor.

In addition to instructional videos were many products designed to make boys appear unmistakably feminine. She was intrigued by the idea of forcing boys to wear dresses, skirts, high heels, and grow their hair long so it could be set in feminine styles against their wills.

The photo section showed transitions of boys into very beautiful and realistic appearing girls. That fascinated Dinah as she tried to envision Lee evolving to a pretty girl in stylish dresses and skirts with long flowing tresses. To learn more about this unique program, she typed in the IM address and found herself corresponding with a Ms. Darla O'Shay, the CEO of UCI. After describing Lee and his situation, the conversation went like this:

Darla: "How far do you wish to take Lee's feminization?"

Dinah: "Given his defiant macho personality, I doubt if I could feminize him much more than I have, even with the threat of sending him back to detention."

Darla: "Don't think or doubt, but desire. How much do you *wish* to feminize him?"

Dinah: "I know I shouldn't, but I am intrigued by the thought of making him dress and look like a girl. In truth, I would like to make him look like those boys in the transition photo. I only have three months, so with his short hair, that wouldn't be possible without a wig.

Darla: "To the contrary. If he uses our Luxurious Locks shampoo as directed, he'll have long flowing tresses in that time. The formula includes an ingredient that causes hair to grow many times faster than normal. We also have special products that will make him look, speak, and behave like a teenage girl if that is what you wish."

Dinah: "He's a strong willed boy on the verge of rebellion as we speak. What if he refuses to go along with such a drastic toll on his masculinity even with the threat of detention?"

Darla: "Our makeup instructional DVDs contain subliminal messages that direct the subject to follow the instructions on the video to the minutest detail. After a few hours watching and following the makeup instructions, even the strongest most macho boy wouldn't think of going out unless his makeup was perfect, no matter how much teasing he would encounter."

Dinah: "You can't be serious."

Darla: "Purchase the DVD, shampoo, Luscious Lips lipstick that is laden with collagen that gradually absorbs into the lips to make them full, plump, and kissable, the Soprano Speak gargle, and the Follicle Phazer face cream that kills hair roots and makes the skin soft and produces a healthy glow. If the products aren't everything I say and more after two weeks, I'll cheerfully refund every penny of your money, and you can keep the merchandise."

Dinah: "That's quite an expensive order, but with the money back guarantee, I'll give it a try if you give me a ten percent discount, send it overnight, and pay the freight."

Darla: "I'll do it. When you see the effectiveness of my products and realize that my claims are true, you'll order more, and I'll make many times over."

'Damn waste of beautiful makeup,' Dinah thought as she watched Lee remove his makeup and cream his face that evening. 'Oh well, it was fun while it lasted.' When she saw him hesitant to undress in her presence, she said, "Okay, I'll give you some privacy, but be sure to wear your panties under your pajamas in case I check later."

"I hate having to wear makeup and panties!" Lee declared with a scowl. "Please don't make me wear them to school like you threatened."

"That was a promise, not a threat," she assured him. "Now, get ready for bed."

Lee spent a restless night thinking about the ridicule and outright insults that would be heaped upon him at school when his classmates saw his feminine makeup and nail polish. Understandably, he was groggy when Dinah shook him awake an hour earlier than normal on a school day. "Leave me alone!" he snapped. "It's still dark!"

"I know, but you have to cream your face and put on your makeup," she insisted. "Call me if you need help."

Her words bringing back the indignity of his bizarre circumstance, he pleaded, "Oh no, please don't make me wear that awful makeup to school. I promise never to steal anything else or tell another lie."

"Don't forget to coordinate your outfit," she said ignoring his plea. "Your shirt should match the color of the panties you choose to wear under your jeans."

Grabbing the panties on top of the stack and heading for the bathroom, Lee seethed, 'I don't *choose* to wear *any* damn panties, but if I don't, that bitch will send me back to detention!' After getting dressed, he went to Dinah's room and asked for help with his makeup. Not surprisingly, that was one of the hardest things he ever had to do. Imagine a normal macho boy having to ask for help with his feminine makeup and lipstick!

At breakfast, Lee sat quietly to avoid attention from Dinah and Jeff, but his devious ploy didn't work as was evidenced when Jeff asked, "What color panties are you wearing, sissy boy?"

"Let me guess," Dinah announced with a devious smile. "I'd say yellow."

When Lee blushed and looked silently into his plate, Jeff laughed out loud, "They are yellow! How'd you know?"

"He's wearing a yellow tee shirt. Girls like to color coordinate their ensembles, so why shouldn't sissy boys who like to wear silky nylon panties?"

While Jeff roared with laughter, Lee wanted desperately to shout that he didn't like to wear panties, but he merely blushed and remained silent.

At school, the harassment Lee received was at least as bad as he anticipated, as both boys and girls teased him about his makeup, lipstick, and nail polish. He tried to explain that his stepmother made him wear the feminine cosmetics, but he had little success. Even the teachers joined in the fun, referring to him as Miss Wagner and asking

embarrassing questions like if he was trying out for the cheerleaders or prom queen.

Taunts and catcalls filled the room after each class when he removed the small hand mirror from his shirt pocket and refresh his lipstick in accordance with Dinah's orders. As he pressed his lips together to smooth out the color and texture, he would notice his thin arched brows and cringe at how that feature, along with his makeup, made him look very feminine.

In spite of prior indignities, Lee's most embarrassing moment came when a boy yanked his pants down to bare his silky panties. "Jeff said you were wearing panties, and now, we know for sure, sissy boy!" he roared among the laughter from the crowd that was gathered about.

"Look, the sissy is wearing silkier panties than mine!" a girl howled.

"Mine too!" another agreed. "I only wear fancy panties like that for special dates!"

"I don't have any panties that silky or with that much lace!" a third chimed in.

'Damn that Jeff!' Lee seethed while hastily pulling his jeans up to hide his embarrassing panties. 'Just wait until I get that geek where his *mommy* can't protect him!'

"Don't cry, sissy boy," one of the girls cautioned when she saw Lee near tears. "Your eyeliner and mascara will be devastated, and your foundation will be streaked."

After school hours were worse than during school hours. Even the kids Lee thought were his friends teased and berated him for his lipstick, nail polish, and silky girlish panties as he walked home blushing all the way.



“Lookout girls,” Chuck laughed. “This sissy will try to steal your boyfriends if you aren’t careful!”

Lee thought he had a reprieve from the anguish upon arriving home, but when he saw his smiling stepmother, he had a sinking feeling. “Come to your room,” she said while

observing that his makeup had more or less survived the day. "I think you'll find a few surprises."

Was he ever surprised! His bed had been replaced by a four-poster style with a pink and white lace edged canopy and a matching lacy pink and white coverlet over pink satin sheets. Matching curtains decorated the windows, and a lighted vanity had been added to his room. His computer sat to the right of the mirror, making it easy and convenient to watch the illustrations and follow the directives of the instructional DVDs.

"What's going on?" he gasped upon seeing his football, baseball, and motor cross posters replaced with ballerinas in pink tutus and male movie stars popular with girls. "What have you done to my room?"

"Ms. O'Shea with UCI, the company where I purchased your instructional video and additional makeup items, pointed out that you needed a place to practice your makeup techniques. She suggested this lighted vanity and offered a huge discount if I bought the bed as well. The matching curtains and wall decorations were my idea. They're perfect for a sissy like you, so get used to them. For now, remove your makeup and give your new video and cosmetics a practice run for the next hour or so."

"I'm not a sissy, you bitch!" he spat. "I'm only wearing this makeup crap for three months! I can't believe you spent so much money on this junk!"

"You may not consider yourself a sissy, but Jeff tells me your classmates think otherwise," she calmly stated.

"That dork told everyone I was wearing panties, and some of the guys pulled my pants down with everybody watching," he blushed. "I've never been so embarrassed in my life! I'll never live down the image of being a sissy now! Just wait until I get my hands on that blabbermouth!"

"If you so much as lay a hand on Jeff, you'll regret the day you were born, sissy boy!" Dinah declared with the intensity only a mother protecting her young can possess. "Here's the

DVD, so get busy practicing your makeup techniques like you were told. Sit on your padded vanity bench, remove your makeup, thoroughly cleanse your face, apply the FP moisturizer, and start your lessons.”

“Please don’t make me wear panties and makeup to school again. I’ve learned my lesson.”

“You just called me a bitch and Jeff a dork while threatening to beat him up. What lessons have you learned?” When he was slow to answer, she continued, “You haven’t learned anything, but you’re about to get a lesson in makeup application. If you know what’s good for you, you’ll be busy when I come back to check on you.”

When Dinah quietly returned, Lee’s face was covered with foundation, and he was trying to learn to correctly apply eyeliner. He would pause the video or hit the back button to review the instructions and make another effort to duplicate the proffered illustration. The audio would cease during these times, but the soothing sound of gentle waves rolling on peaceful seashore was always evident in the background. The student found these sounds relaxing, but in reality, they contained subliminal messages that made him learn the subject being taught despite his conscious aversions to wearing makeup.

Observing Lee’s efforts, she was very pleased with his progress. “I see you’re having a bit of trouble getting the hang of your eyeliner, but don’t worry. Follow the instructions on the video, and you’ll be an expert in no time. Brush a hint of blush high on your cheekbones and apply the Luscious Lips coral lipstick. Since you’ve been freshening your lipstick all day, you should be accomplished enough to do that quite well.”

During dinner, Dinah praised Lee on his increased proficiency with his foundation, eyeliner, blush and lipstick saying, “That UCI video is already paying dividends. If this rate of progress continues, you’ll be as skilled at makeup application as any girl within a week.”

Hearing her compliment, Lee was flooded with mixed emotions. His normal reservations against wearing anything feminine combined with the insensitive ridicule he had endured from his classmates and made him hate the idea. On the other hand, because of his brief subjection to the powerful suggestions of the UCI video, her words instilled a slight sense of pride in him. With all these factors invading his mind, he was very confused and quite unsure of his masculinity.

Things got worse when Jeff taunted, "Yeah, you look real sweet with your lipstick, sissy boy! Just so you know, you sure looked like a real fag when Chuck yanked your pants down and showed off your silky yellow panties!"

"You told him I was wearing panties and put him up to pulling my pants down, you geek!" Lee spat angrily. "I've never been more embarrassed in my life. And I'll get you for that if it's the last thing I do!"

"The last thing you do before you go back to detention, maybe," Dinah declared with a tenacious glare. "If I'm not mistaken, we just had a conversation about some lesson or the other that you had learned. What was it?"

"I'm sorry," he stammered. "I was just so embarrassed when everybody saw my makeup and nail polish. When Chuck pulled my pants down, and showed off my panties, I was devastated! I don't know if I can ever live down the reputation of being a sissy after that."

"I'll forgive you this time, but sissy reputation or no, you had better shape up, and *quick* if you get my drift!" Dinah snarled, giving him the impression that he had one foot in detention and the other on a banana peel. "After you do the dishes and clean up the kitchen, call me so we can have a conversation and get a few things straight."

"Whatever," he exhaled in a non-caring tone as he began clearing the table. When he finished with his chores, he called Dinah as instructed.

"I didn't intend for your schoolmates to know about your panties," Dinah informed Lee in his room. "It's unfortunate, but since they have, I see no alternative but to move on. For starters, it has become painfully obvious that I need to set some ground rules regarding your behavior. To begin, I deem it improper for a sissy to refer to his parent by her first name, so in the future you will call me Mother."

Unable to keep quiet, Lee spat, "I'm not a sissy, and you are definitely not my mother!"

"Not a sissy, you say? Well, what kind of boy other than a sissy wears makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and silky girl's panties?"

"I wear that junk because you make me, not because I'm a sissy!"

"As to whether I am your mother does not matter," she said, ignoring his assertion. "If you are to remain in this house for the next three months, you will call me *Mother*." When he was hesitant to reply, she continued, "Furthermore, you will cease referring to Jeff with derogatory names like dork, geek, nerd, and more graphic terms. Tell me that you understand and agree, or we'll end this right now!"

Lee wanted to scream out that he understood but didn't agree, but he knew that response would land him back in detention. If he showed up at that place wearing makeup, nail polish, and panties, he knew he would immediately become someone's *bitch*. Feeling trapped, he sighed just above a whisper, "Yes, Mother."

"Good. Now, remove your makeup, thoroughly cleanse your face, and get ready for your bath."

"I take showers, not baths."

"Take your panties and these pink nylon pajamas with you, and put them on before you leave the bathroom so you won't be walking around in the nude," she continued with no mind to his claim. "They'll feel so nice and go perfectly with your new satin sheets."

Lee wanted more than anything to scream in protest that he hated what 'that *bitch*' had done to his room and the new cosmetics she bought and that he refused to wear the silky pink pajamas. However, in light of her recent rebuke, he begged, "Please don't tell Jeff about my silky pink pajamas and girlish room. If he tells the kids at school about this, I'll be branded a sissy for life."

Seeing a perfect opportunity to increase her control over her hapless stepson, Dinah declared, "Very well. Your new room and cosmetics will be our secret, but if you give me any more trouble, I'll give Jeff a grand tour of your room! Understand?"

"Yes, Mother."

"After your bath, decide which color nail polish and lipstick you choose to wear the next day and apply three coats of polish to save time in the morning. Do the same with your panties and top."

All Lee could do was shake his head in awe while thinking that he didn't *choose* to wear any nail polish, lipstick, or panties regardless of the color.

"Here's a purse to carry your makeup and things tomorrow," she said, handing him a black leather purse with long shoulder straps. "There's a pink wallet inside. I don't want you carrying anything in your pockets, so transfer all your things before you leave for school."

Later, Lee sat dejectedly before his vanity in his silky pink pajamas to learn about his new cosmetics and their application. Under their soothing sounds of the waves, he became ever more skilled at makeup application and matching colors to his complexion and hair color.

Messages hidden in the sound of the waves were drilled into his subconscious. They told him to use the FP cream at bedtime and before applying his makeup in the morning. He was to wear the Luscious Lips lipstick and matching nail polish during the day and the lip balm at night to make his lips soft and supple. Use the perfumed crystals in his bath

water and properly apply the Luxurious Locks shampoo to make his hair grow rapidly.

The next morning, after his bath, makeup application, and getting dressed, Lee arrived at the breakfast table wearing a purple tee shirt with his jeans. When Jeff kept looking at his stepbrother and sniggering, Dinah asked what was so funny. He responded by laughing out loud, "Purple panties. Lee is wearing purple panties!"

Understanding her son's point, Dinah chuckled, "I suspect Lee's panties are lavender and purple is as close as he could match the color. Am I correct, Lee?"

Every fiber in Lee's body wanted to shout, "Yes, you bitch, I'm wearing the silky lavender panties you made me buy! And yes, I'm wearing a purple shirt because I don't have a lavender one!" Knowing such a response would land him in detention before breakfast, he swallowed his pride and sighed with a bright blush, "Yes, Mother. I'm wearing my lavender panties."

I knew it! I knew it! I knew it!" Jeff roared. "The sissy is wearing silky purple panties!"

"Don't be so hard on him," Dinah replied while Lee blushed anew. "Girls and sissies take pride in coordinating their pretty ensembles. Even though the colors are related, purple is quite different than lavender. Show him, sweetie." When he hesitated, not fully understanding the full impact of her directive, she said, "Go ahead. Lower your pants, and show Jeff the difference in lavender and purple."

Lee couldn't believe his evil stepmother actually wanted him to show his panties to his idiot stepbrother. He was so taken aback, he couldn't move! Only when he saw her reach for her phone did he obey her order.

"See the difference?" Dinah asked tongue in cheek. "Lee's panties are lavender, and his shirt is purple."

"Who cares?" Jeff erupted in laughter. "The sissy is wearing silky girls' panties, and look, he's carrying a purse, too! Wait till the guys see and hear about *this!*"

Lee was seething with anger at his stepbrother's assertions, but with detention hanging over his head, he was helpless to respond either verbally or physically.

As traumatic as his breakfast was, Lee's morning at school was worse. Boys and girls alike teased him cruelly about his makeup, nail polish, silky panties, and their take on his sexual preferences. During lunch, Chuck and several other boys approached Lee and told him to lower his jeans and show them his panties like he did for Jeff. When he refused, they said unless he did, they would forcefully peel off his jeans, run them up the flagpole, and leave him in only his panties. After the events of the day before, he believed they would follow through with their threat. Wishing he were dead, he slowly lowered his jeans and exposed his silky lavender nylon panties to a jeering crowd of both boys and girls.

As time passed, Dinah became more knowledgeable and excited about the practice of enforced femininity and its effect on Lee. She did extensive research on the UCI website and had conversations with Darla by telephone. She observed with great interest as Lee became more skilled at makeup application and less confrontational when told to practice this exclusively feminine art.

At Darla's urging, Dinah gradually became more bold and adventurous in her plans to feminize her ill fated stepson. To achieve this, she took the next step and ordered the enhanced version of the UCI subliminal DVDs with messages to make him more susceptible to her will. Whenever she used the words '*you should*', he would find it difficult, if not impossible to disobey her *advice*.

After Lee had absorbed these messages for a week while practicing his makeup techniques, Dinah devised a test of their effectiveness. One evening before dinner, she said, "You look a tad overweight. Sissies like to present a neat trim waist, so I think *you should* try to lose a few pounds and inches."

"I'm not a sissy, I don't want a trim waist, and I'm not going on a diet no matter what you say!" Lee declared in no uncertain terms. "I'm starving. When do we eat?"

Dinah remained silent on the issue and served a high calorie, high fat, and high cholesterol dinner, the kind Lee usually devoured with enthusiasm. She watched with glee and a slight sexual thrill as he merely picked around the edges of his plate and ate a salad with low fat dressing instead. When she served his favorite desert, he merely tasted the delicious fare and pushed it away. She couldn't help grinning when Jeff eagerly retrieved the rejected bowl and doubled his portion.

After that, all Dinah needed was an excuse to force Lee to take the next step in his feminization. That opportunity came toward the end of his second week of punishment. He came home and found Jeff showing off his feminine room to a dozen or so of their schoolmates of both sexes, and boomed, "What are you doing showing them what Mother did to my room?"

"I just wanted the guys to see your frilly room, the silky panties and pink pajamas in your drawer, and all the girly makeup on your vanity," Jeff explained as though he was doing the most natural thing in the world. "Everybody was asking, so I brought them up to have a look at all the sissy things you wear."

The laughter the group combined with the anger and frustration built up over two weeks of being taunted for wearing makeup and panties caused Lee lunged at Jeff. As they came up swinging, Lee's long rigid artificial nails prevented him from making a proper fist. Taking advantage, Jeff caught him with a right cross on his chin and a left deep into his solar plexus, sending him reeling to his knees, thus, securing his first victory over his older and larger stepbrother.

Hearing the commotion, Dinah rushed into the room as the teenagers howled with laughter and Lee attempting to rise to his feet. Mascara laden tears streaked his makeup,

making his face in total disarray. Only with great determination did she suppress her glee and maintain a harsh tone. "Lee!" she demanded, "What is the meaning of this ruckus in the presence of our guests?"

"I don't know, Mom," Jeff replied. "I was showing the guys Lee's sissy room, and he attacked me."

"That's right, Mrs. Wagner," one of the girls explained when she saw that Lee was speechless and could only snuffle back his tears. "Lee jumped Jeff for no reason that I could see."

"Yeah, that's what happened," the others agreed almost in unison.

"Maybe he was afraid Jeff was stealing his favorite panties," a boy injected with a hearty laugh.

"Thank you," Dinah said among the laughter. "I was afraid something like that might happen. Would you children please leave so I can have a word with Lee?"

"Oh, Mother!" Lee exclaimed when they were alone. "Jeff wasn't supposed to *know* what you did to my room, and he was in here showing this sissy stuff to the guys from school. They saw me in makeup and panties, and now this! I'll never live down the reputation of being a sissy. Why did you let him do such a horrible thing?"

"You did this to yourself," she declared. "If you hadn't stolen and lied, none of this would be happening. To soften your hostile attitude, I think *you should* consider wearing dresses and skirts for a while."

"Dresses and skirts?" he boomed. "No way! You saw how everybody makes fun of me and calls me a sissy because of the makeup and panties you make me wear. I'll never wear a dress or a skirt!"

"I didn't say you *had* to wear dresses and skirts," Dinah replied, purposely remaining calm. "I said I thought *you should* (there was that trigger phrase again) consider wearing them. I'm leaving it up to you to decide. While you

think about your future, turn on your DVD and redo your tear-streaked makeup.”

“I’ll redo my makeup, but you can forget about me wearing dresses and skirts! It’s not going to happen!”

‘The day of reckoning,’ Dinah mused as she made her exit. Now we’ll see if those tapes are as persuasive as Darla claims.’

When he was alone, Lee turned on his computer, activated the DVD, removed his ruined makeup, thoroughly cleansed and moisturized his face with the FP lotion. As he replaced his makeup, he wondered, ‘What possessed that bitch to think I would want to wear dresses and skirts?’

A bit later, Dinah entered Lee’s room and found him dutifully primping at his vanity in accordance with the instructions from his DVD. “In case you choose to wear a skirt, I brought you an old one of mine that t think will fit you,” she advised. “I also brought a half slip that *you should* wear under your skirt.”

“Forget it. I’m not a sissy, and I’m not wearing the skirt or the slip!”

“I’ll leave them here just in case you decide to wear them to school tomorrow as *you should*.”

On Darla’s advice, Dinah bought the skirt in his size at a thrift store so it would be used and convince him that it was one of hers, not that he was being set up. She bought the slip new to assure that is was exactly one inch shorter than the skirt so it would show if he sat the slightest bit incorrectly. He was sure to be embarrassed and castigated for being a sissy by his classmates!

“No way am I wearing that skirt and slip to school, especially after they saw Jeff beat me up in my sissy room!” Lee promised himself as he padded off to the bathroom the next morning. When he returned from his bath, he stepped

into a pair of silky white nylon panties with lace at the waist and adjusted them at his hips.

After pulling a white tee shirt over his head, he sat at his vanity to do his makeup without putting on his jeans, as was his habit. 'My lips appear to be getting fuller,' he thought as he smoothed on a coat of frosted coral lipstick and pressed them together. 'Oh well, it's probably just the effect of wearing lipstick all the time.'

Finally satisfied that his makeup was as nearly like the video on his DVD as he could manage, he reached for his jeans. Holding them out before him as usual, he wondered, 'Should I wear the skirt and slip like Mother suggested? What if she called the marshals to take me back to detention if I didn't wear them? Would a skirt be that much more embarrassing? Everybody knows I wear panties and makeup, and since Jeff showed them my room, they know I sleep in pink nylon pajamas between satin sheets.'

In the end, he attributed his hesitance to step into his jeans to fear and anxiety about being returned to detention. Soon, he appeared at the breakfast table in the denim skirt that fell to four inches above his knees.

"Look!" Jeff exclaimed when he saw his blushing stepbrother. "The sissy is wearing a skirt, and from his shirt, I would say his panties are white. Am I right, sissy?"

"This is your fault!" Lee snapped at the laughing Jeff. "If you hadn't shown my room to that bunch of hyenas, I wouldn't be wearing a skirt!"

"Let's stick with the truth, if you don't mind," Dinah cautioned. "You physically attacked Jeff, and all he did was act in self-defense. Furthermore, you *chose* to wear a skirt to help you lose some of the aggressive tendencies that caused the assault. Grab your purse, and off to school with you, before I lose my temper."

School, that day, was an even greater nightmare than Lee thought possible. Taunts like, "Look at the sissy wearing a skirt; We should have known the sissy wouldn't stop with

panties and lipstick; and What a fag!" started the moment he set foot on campus. Lee overheard a boy telling another, "Hey, you know that sissy who's been wearing panties and lipstick? Well, I just saw him wearing a dress! Come, I'll show you."

'I'll have to leave town to get away from the reputation of being a sissy when this is over.' Lee sighed as he endured the humiliation being heaped upon him. Then, just as he thought things couldn't get worse, they did! Little time passed before his knees parted, and the lacy hem of his slip became visible to his classmates... just as Dinah surmised in her scheme.

The discovery became apparent when a boy called out, "Hey, look! The sissy is wearing a slip under his skirt!" Another agreed, "Yeah, and it's got lace on it too! Don't tell me he ain't a sissy!" After everyone had their laugh, the teacher chuckled, "Alright, *Miss Wagner*, if you would kindly sit properly and adjust your skirt so that your lacy undies remain discretely out of sight, perhaps we could get on with the class."

Blushing for all he was worth, Lee stood to brush his skirt beneath him to comply with the teacher's request. However, before he could take his seat, a boy reached under his skirt and yanked his slip down to reveal several inches of lace and nylon. Not knowing what else to do, Lee rushed out of the classroom and into the boys' room as fast as possible. Hiding in a stall, he raised his skirt to his waist and adjusted his slip before returning to class. Even then, one boy or another kept trying to pull his slip down like before, but he avoided them by holding his skirt down with both hands and hurrying back to his seat.

The rest of the day, he wasn't nearly so successful. With boys seemingly coming at him from every direction, he couldn't fend them off. As a result, a substantial portion of his day was spent with the lacy hem of his slip and several inches of nylon on display. The subliminal messages pounded at his brain, warning him that physical retaliation was forbidden. Left with emotional responses, he went home with tear-streaked makeup!

After a very traumatic night, Lee found himself incapable of wearing jeans, so he appeared at breakfast in the skirt he had worn to school the day before. Seeing her formerly arrogant, haughty stepson now contrite, demure, and ashamed, Dinah asked if he had decided to wear skirts on a full time basis. When his only response was to look down and blush, she bombarded him with his trigger phrase, "Very well, but you can't wear my skirt every day. *You should* accompany me to the boutique and purchase some dresses, skirts, and the appropriate under things."

By wearing the skirt, Lee hadn't considered wearing them full time, so Dinah's inference that he *should* buy a complete wardrobe of skirts and dresses of his own for everyday wear made him angry. "No way!" he declared with more aggressiveness than he had exhibited since attacking Jeff. "I'm not wearing a skirt to school ever again. Yesterday was the worst day of my life!"

"You're wearing a skirt now."

"I know, but I'm going to take it off after breakfast."

Instead of changing clothes, *you should* refresh your makeup, grab your purse, and join my shopping trip. Since you decided to wear skirts, you need some pretty dresses, skirts, and other things of your own." Feigning exasperation when he hesitated, she sighed, "Okay, either join me for a trip to the boutique, or change out of my skirt and slip. Just be sure to wear your panties under your jeans, and refresh your makeup in either event."

In his room, Lee fumed, "That bitch is crazy if she thinks I like wearing this skirt shopping to buy a bunch of dresses, skirts, and other girlish junk of my own!" Yet, when he attempted to lower the back zipper of his skirt and remove it, he found himself turning before the mirror to make sure his slip wasn't showing. Not knowing why he was doing these feminine things, he slipped the strap of his purse over his shoulder and went downstairs."

At the boutique, Lee tried on a variety of teen fashions. Even though his conscious mind screamed, 'NO!' he was incapable of refusing when Dinah said, "*You should* try on this dress, this skirt, these blouses, or those shoes."

After what seemed like an eternity of trying on and modeling feminine clothes for his insistent stepmother, Lee was the not so proud owner of several dresses and skirts of different styles and lengths. He also had stylish blouses that could be mixed and matched and two pairs of shoes, one with open toes and both with slightly raised heels. Just as he thought his ordeal was over, they were off to the lingerie department where he had to purchase six new pairs of silky nylon panties, and a supply slips in different colors and lengths.

Remembering his ordeal when the boys pulled down his half-slip, Lee blushed brightly and said, "Mother, I don't like half-slips. Could I buy full slips instead?"

Having heard Jeff's report of Lee's traumatic day at school, Dinah had a good idea why he *preferred* full slips. Not wanting to completely let him off the hook, she said, "Okay, but buy a couple of half-slips. They're convenient when you don't have time to undress to put on a slip."

That seemed to satisfy him until, to his great embarrassment, he had to try on and buy half dozen bras with a B minus cup size. He never blushed brighter.

"Since you decided to wear bras, you can stuff the cups with tissue until we can get something more appropriate," Dinah informed him while he twisted the back of his bra to the front in order to fasten the clasp.

Lee wanted to shout that he didn't decide to wear bras, but he realized that no one actually told him to wear a bra. Dinah merely said he *should* wear a bra to fill out the front of his cute dresses and blouses. 'Oh why did I listen to that bitch and put on this stupid bra?' he commiserated while looking at the protrusions from his chest. 'The guys at school will howl when they see me in these fancy dresses with a bra pushing out the front. I'll die of shame. I know I will!'

Lee's trauma; however, did not end with the purchase of his new clothes. As he and Dinah walked past a jewelry store in the mall, she guided him inside to, "have a look".

While they were looking at earrings, a clerk informed them that they were for pierced ears but added, "Your daughter's ears aren't pierced, but we can rectify that. Piercing is free with a purchase."

"This is my stepson," Dinah informed her. "I trust his gender won't negate your special."

"No, of course not," the startled clerk stammered as she looked over the blushing Lee. She obviously wanted to ask why a boy with short hair was wearing a skirt, blouse, bra, and makeup, but she restrained herself, and inquired of Lee, "What style earrings do you prefer?"

Before the stunned Lee could think of an answer, Dinah suggested, "Hold a few of the most popular styles up to his ears, and let us decide which look best."

Lee's greatest concern was that no boy he knew had holes in both ears. This was a mark of femininity that would last long after his punishment in dresses ended. Despite his fears, medium gold hoops soon dangled from his pierced ears and caressed his cheeks with every movement of his head.

After his exhausting and embarrassing morning of shopping and trying on, dresses and skirts, Lee realized he was famished. "Could we stop for a burger and fries?" he asked Dinah as she drove home. Not wanting to be seen in his skirt and blouse in public, he asked if they could get their order at the drive through. He breathed a sigh of relief when she agreed.

At home, Lee rushed into the kitchen and spread his food, a double burger with cheese, large fries, and a pastry on the table. Grabbing a soda, he started to take a huge bite when a strange thing happened. Dinah's suggestion that he *should* lose a few pounds invaded his mind, and he could only nibble at the fatty food.

After several tries, he gave in and took a cup of yogurt from the refrigerator instead. While he ate the yogurt, Jeff entered the kitchen and gushed, "Hey, that burger and fries look great! Whose are they?"

"Mine, but you can have them," Lee sighed. "I can't eat those fat laden calories."

"Thanks!" Jeff said as he wolfed down the food as Lee would have a few weeks previously. "Maybe having a sissy in the family isn't so bad."

Lee wanted to snap back that he wasn't a sissy, but messages from the UCI tapes made him incapable of doing so. Instead, he blushed, looked down at his yogurt, and took a small bite.

Later, when Lee was putting his new dresses, skirts, and lingerie away, Dinah came in and said, "When your room is in order, *you should* practice fastening your bras behind you. You stretched them out of shape when you tried them on at the boutique. A segment of your instructional DVD covers the correct way to fasten bras and blouses with buttons in back. Take advantage of it."

"I don't want to wear a bra, and I'm not going to practice fastening them!" he declared. "Besides, I don't have anything to fill the cups."

"You do now," she countered, producing a parcel. "This was delivered from UCI while we were shopping. It contains Budding Beauty prosthesis that will fill the cups of your bras. They have the look, feel, and jiggle of the real thing, and according to the label, your video covers all you need to know about wearing them."

"I don't want to dress, wear makeup, or have tits like a real girl!" he insisted.

"Don't be crude!" Dinah scolded. "*You should* refer to your new prosthesis as breasts, not tits. Also, since you are trying to lose a few pounds to gain an attractive figure, these

vitamins will help keep up your strength.” In truth, the vitamins were powerful estrogen compounds and testosterone blockers designed to encourage breast growth and round his figure into feminine contours.

An hour later, Dinah cracked open the door to Lee’s room and peeked inside. She almost lost her composure and laughed out loud when she saw him in his half-slip and panties practicing fastening the back clasp of a bra. As he watched the video with a far away look in his eyes, he inserted each prosthesis into its proper cup of his bra, leaned forward to adjust them as girls do with the real thing. With little hesitation, he removed his bra and repeated the procedure. ‘He’ll be fastening his bra like a pro in no time, and he won’t think of going without one, like he is with skirts now,’ she chuckled.

The next morning, Dinah smiled when Lee came to breakfast in one of his new dresses, a padded bra, and flawless makeup. She frowned; however, when she saw him sitting with his knees apart, boy style. “Since you decided to wear dresses and skirts, you had best learn to sit properly in them,” she advised. “The way you’re sitting is the reason your classmates knew you were wearing a slip the other day. To avoid embarrassing situations in the future, *you should* check out the instructional video on the proper manner to sit, walk, and stand in skirts.”

Realizing the wisdom of her words, he quickly pressed his knees together and sat up straight to more easily hold them there. “Yes, Mother,” he sighed as a glazed expression covered his face.

Pressing her advantage, she said, “Since you’ve decided to wear skirts full time, *you should* shave your legs and underarms before school tomorrow.”

“No way!” he spat. “I’m not about to shave my legs!”

“Wearing skirts and dresses was your choice, so I think you have always been a closet sissy. Your punishment in

makeup and panties simply gave you the perfect excuse to dress completely as a girl. So, what's the big deal about shaving your legs?"

There was at least some truth to what she said, but Lee knew he didn't want to wear dresses. For some reason though, he couldn't bring himself to step into his jeans. 'Could she be right?' he pondered. 'Am I really a sissy? I never wanted to wear skirts. What's happening to me?' Summoning his last drop of masculine courage, he declared, "I'm still not shaving my legs!"

"Suit yourself, but *you should* shave them if you plan to wear skirts full time."

Unable to resist his stepmother's *suggestion*, Lee practiced walking, sitting, and standing in his skirts, guided by the lessons on the DVD. He took short steps, placed one foot in front of the other, kept his forearms parallel to the floor, wrists limp, and rotated his hips. Brushing his skirt beneath him, he sat primly with his knees together and hands folded in his lap.

During dinner, Dinah noticed that he was becoming more skilled in his feminine gait and managing his skirt, but he hadn't yet shaved his legs. She remained silent on that issue, deciding to give the subliminal messages more time to work their magic.

Later, in his room, the power of suggestion became too much for Lee. Since he had never shaved his legs, he reviewed the technique on the video. After running a deep bath, he added UCI perfumed bath oils and salts in accordance with the video, took a pink feminine razor from the cabinet, and immersed his body in the warm sudsy water. He shampooed his hair with the Luxurious Locks shampoo, bathed with the skin softening soap, and shaved his legs as if he was in a deep trance. Back in his room, he moisturized his body, paying special attention to his now hairless legs before crawling into bed in his silky pink nylon pajamas.

The next morning, Lee adjusted white lace embellished nylon panties at his waist, slipped his arms through the straps of a matching bra, and easily fastened the clasp at his back. He filled the cups with the jelled prosthesis as though it was the most natural thing in the world. As he recalled his traumatic ordeal during his last day of school, he made sure to wear a full slip that couldn't be yanked down below the hem of his skirt.

Dinah was pleased to see her former arrogant and disrespectful stepson wearing a mid thigh length red and blue plaid skirt and a white blouse with a narrow satin ribbon tied in a neat bow at his neck. Seeing the protrusions of his padded bra, she was pleased that the back buttons of his blouse were neatly and properly fastened. This proved that he had practiced, as she *suggested*. As usual, his makeup was perfect, but most of all, she was elated that his legs were smoothly shaved.

When she complimented him, he bemoaned, "The guys at school will kill me! Oh, why did I shave my legs and wear this skirt and blouse?"

"I suspect you dressed that way because you're a closet sissy who has always wanted to dress as a girl. Your punishment in makeup and panties gives you the perfect excuse to wear pretty dresses and skirts while blaming someone else."

Every fiber in his body wanted to scream that he hated wearing skirts, but his mind wouldn't cooperate. Knowing he was incapable of stepping into a pair of jeans and not understanding why, he remained silent, blushed, and lowered his gaze into his plate. Could she be right?

Sure enough, Lee's day at school was pure hell! Aside from being called every perverse name in the book, he was teased unmercifully for wearing a skirt for the second day in succession. More than a few attempts were made to reach under his short skirt and yank his slip down, but as he planned, the straps thwarted their efforts.



“Why am I doing this?” Lee wondered as he pulled the pink ladies’ razor over his legs. “I’m a boy, and I don’t want smooth attractive legs!”

That was his one victory in an otherwise miserable day, and even that was short lived. When the boys were prevented from yanking his slip down, they pulled his skirt up to reveal his slip, and sometimes even his silky nylon panties.

In the days that followed, Lee was bombarded by messages from his *instructional* DVD that amplified his feminine mindset and prevented him from wearing pants to school despite his desire to end the heckling. The UCI cosmetics, his rapidly lengthening tresses, his lessons in comportment and managing skirts combined to eradicate his masculinity and give him a definite girlish appearance.

Seeing his softening manner, Dinah began assigning him household chores, saying he *should* hand wash their silky lingerie, touch it up with an iron, and put it away. He protested but later assumed the task as she *suggested*. That worked so well that she assigned him to clean Jeff's room as well.

Lee hated taking care of his stepbrother's things. 'I'm not a girl even if I do wear dresses,' he commiserated while changing the sheets on Jeff's bed. 'That geek should at least pick up after him. I'm not his maid after all!'

Jeff, on the other hand, was immensely enjoying his stepbrother's subservient plight in skirts to the hilt!

When the boys argued, Dinah always took Jeff's side, saying it was a sissy's duty to see to the comfort of the real men in the family. "Girls and sissies *should* always be mindful of boys in pants because they are often in a position to return favors," she insisted.

Dinah was becoming increasingly intrigued by how easily Lee was to manipulate and not just into wearing dresses and skirts. Formerly, he was an arrogant, ill-mannered bully, but now, he was rapidly becoming modest, meek, and submissive. To learn how to push the envelope a bit farther, she communicated with Darla, who sent her a virtual treasure of literature on the subject.

The books maintained that a popular punishment for out of control boys in Europe in the past was to force them to dress as girls for a time. They further claimed that the more people who knew of a boy's punishment, the more effective it would be saying, "If other children know of his punishment, look for ways to expose him to adults in his pretty dresses to intensify his humiliation."

Deciding to implement a plan along these lines, Dinah informed Lee, "The officer who called to check on your compliance inquired whether you were attending church. When I said 'no', she said, 'That's unfortunate. Judge Harris tends to be lenient to juveniles who demonstrate an effort to reform.' Would you like to give it a try?"

"What would I wear, my navy blue suit and tie?"

"Your shirt doesn't have darts and wouldn't fit over your bra," she pretended to ponder. "Considering all the problems, I think *you should* wear a nice dress."

"A dress?" he gasped as his programming took over.

"You wear dresses to school. Why not wear them to church?"

Realizing he had no choice but to wear a dress as she *suggested*, he demurred, "All I have are school dresses. None of them are nice enough for church."

"Then, *you should* buy a new dress," she suggested. "Freshen your makeup, grab your purse, and let's go. No, wait! Your hair has grown out quite a bit and needs to be set before you go to church. If we wait until Saturday, we can go by the salon and then shop for your dress." Just as he appeared to be warming to the idea, because of her use of his trigger phrase, she demurred, "Oh, I forgot. I can't go. I have to work Saturday."

"I can't go alone!" he insisted, the old boy returning to the forefront. "I wouldn't know what to tell them at the salon or what dress to buy at the boutique."

"Good point," she agreed. "Remember when I told you that girls and sissies have to rely on favors from manly boys in pants? Well, this is one of those times. *You should* ask Jeff to drive you there."

"N...no, not Jeff!" Lee insisted near tears at the thought. "I can't ask *him*! I'll just stay home from church."

"I you wish to establish a record of church attendance, *you should* start right away," she stated. "You had a taste of prison during your night in detention. If that's what you want for the next couple of years, so be it. As for me, I think *you should* make every effort to avoid such a life." She had used the trigger phrase twice, and she smiled at the mental turmoil going on in his mind. Watching this former delinquent struggle with a decision he could not make otherwise was such a turn on for her.

Lee wrestled with his quandary until dinner. Unable to resist his powerful programming any longer, he asked, "Jeff, Mother has to work Saturday. Will you please take me to the salon and afterwards to the boutique to buy a new dress for church?"

"No way! I'm not going to those sissy places."

"Please," Lee pleaded in a tiny voice. "I have to go to church, and I need a new hairstyle and a stylish dress."

Jeff looked at his mother who returned a smile, a wink, and a nod of her head. Looking back at Lee, he asked, "What's in it for me?"

Lee's mind whirled, searching for an incentive that would convince his stepbrother to take him on his errand. Finally, in desperation, he said, "You could select my dress. I'll model dresses for you, and you can choose the one you like best."

"You'll buy whichever dress I pick? You promise?"

"Yes, I promise."

"Cool! Maybe going in that store that sells all that girly stuff won't be so bad if I get to pick out a dress for my sissy stepbrother."

'Why did I do that?' Lee commiserated. 'I swore I wouldn't go shopping with Jeff for a new dress, and I end up begging him to take me! I swear I won't wear another skirt, and I wear one every day! What is happening to me? Am I really a sissy like everyone says?'

On the fateful Saturday, Lee wore a black dress with a pink mid section that he hadn't worn to school. The mid thigh length skirt had a fringe at the hem that showed even more leg when he sat. Because the weather was cool, he wore a translucent jacket that didn't conceal anything but would be warm. He lightly brushed his hair and wore minimum makeup because he knew the beauticians would redo everything at the salon.

When Jeff saw his stepbrother at breakfast, he emitted a wolf whistle and said, "Wow! I'll bet you are the prettiest sissy at the salon!"

Upon their arrival at the salon, Stella greeted them, "Hello, Lee. You look very nice. Is that a new dress?"

Responding to such a compliment as programmed by the subliminal messages, he blushed and replied in a cheery voice, "Thank you, and yes, this is a new dress."

"You must be Jeff! It's so nice to see a manly young man in pants taking care of his sissy brother. We don't get many real men and boys in here, but I have a couple of sport magazines you can read. I hope you'll enjoy while we trim and set Lee's hair."

"Thanks," he said as she led a blushing and anxious Lee away.

When Lee returned more than two hours later, Jeff took one look and gasped, "Wow! You look like a real girl!" He had no idea that his macho bully brother of the past could look so ...*pretty*! Curled bangs caressed his forehead, and his lengthening tresses sported highlights to match his natural auburn color and give him a definite feminine appearance.

Lee knew, with his dress and hairstyle, he looked more like a girl than ever, and Jeff's compliments only served to make him blush brighter.

As the pair walked into the boutique, Jeff smiled deviously but blushed slightly because of the abundance of feminine clothing, especially the lingerie, displayed on the manikins. 'How can Lee stand to wear this girly stuff?' he wondered. 'Oh well, better him than me!'

Lee, on the other hand was blushing at the thought of having to model dresses for his malicious stepbrother. He just knew Jeff would choose the frilliest, most feminine dress he could find.

"Could I be of assistance?" an attractive saleslady of about thirty asked as she greeted the ambiguous pair.

"Yes, Jeff replied with a sly grin. "We need a dress for my sissy stepbrother to wear to church."

"This is a boy?" she gasped while looking Lee over. His dress, freshly applied makeup, and new feminine hairstyle confused the issue, but his bright blush revealed the truth. Quickly regaining her composure, she said, "He'll need something dressy, and I'm sure we have just the thing. This way, please." Removing a dress from a rack, she held it up to Lee and asked what he thought. "I...I don't know," he stammered. "Jeff is going to choose my dress."

When she looked at Jeff, he pondered a moment before saying, "I don't know much about girl's clothes. Could he try on a few to see how they look on him before I decide?"

"Of course," she replied while removing several other dresses from the rack. "Take these into the dressing room. I'll join you after I find a few more."

Lee was glad that he was able to undress and try the dress on before she returned. It was a pink sleeveless style with flounced mid thigh length skirt. When the clerk saw him, she advised, "If you plan to wear a dress to church, *you should* wear heels."



"I...I don't have any heels," Lee demurred. "I've never worn them. I haven't been wearing dresses very long." There was his trigger phrase! Lee didn't realize its impact on his subconscious, but he couldn't resist or refuse when it was used.

"Step over to the shoe department while you're still wearing the dress." Despite his wishes to the contrary, he was soon wearing a pair of white pumps with three-inch heels. Walking in them was very difficult, and he had to brace himself on display counters as he made his way back to Jeff. "Don't worry," the clerk advised. "With a little practice, you'll be walking in your heels as well as the real girls

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"Yes!" Jeff exclaimed when he saw Lee off balance and holding onto the curtain for support as he turned this way and that to

model his dress. "Wear those heels when you model the other dresses."

Lee blushed and pulled the bodice of his dress closed when the clerk joined him in the dressing room. "Don't be shy," she chuckled. "You aren't the first sissy I've seen stripped to his bra and panties."

"You've seen other boys who wear dresses?" he gasped as he removed his dress and hurriedly pulled on the next one to cover him. "Did they like dressing as girls?"

"Typically, no, most of them were forced to dress as girls by someone with authority over them, usually a family member. How did you come to wear dresses?"

"I stole an audio system for my car and lied about it," he sighed. "After my stepmother got custody until my hearing, she made me wear lipstick and nail polish to call attention to my unlawful deed. That graduated to panties and then skirts and dresses. I just had my hair done and a makeover at the salon. Now, I have to let my geek stepbrother choose a dress for me to wear to church."

Lee's feet were aching after nearly two hours modeling dresses for his amused stepbrother, and he was relieved to hear Jeff say, "I like the yellow see through dress." He wasn't; however, happy with the chosen dress.

Guiding Lee back to the dressing room, she said, "Try it on again, and let's have another look to see if we need to make final alterations." When Lee walked back to the viewing area, she said, "That above the knee length skirt is just modest enough for church, but this dress is too sheer to wear without at least a half-slip. I'll see what we have in the right color and length."

"No!" Lee exclaimed while remembering his humiliation when the boys at school pulled down his half-slip. "I prefer a full slip."

"You're right," the clerk agreed. "That dress calls for a full slip because the bodice is sheer as well. It's so rare to find a boy who is so knowledgeable about girl's clothes. You must indeed be a sissy. Go to the dressing room, disrobe, and I'll join you shortly."

Having lost his shyness about appearing before the clerk so dressed, Lee was stripped to his panties, bra, and heels when she returned, handed him a yellow nylon slip with lace at the bodice and hem, and said, "Try this, and put the dress back on so we can check it out. When he was dressed as directed, she escorted him out to Jeff.

As he watched his former tormentor turn to and fro and twirl to show a hint of slip lace when commanded, Jeff couldn't help smiling. Finally, he said, "He doesn't have any shape like a girl because his waist is too thick."

"I thought the same thing, and we could remedy that with a waist cinch if you wish," the clerk advised. "In fact, if we reduce his waist as much as three inches, he could wear a size smaller dress that would emphasize his girlish figure both above and below."

Jeff had no idea what a waist cinch was, but if it would grant him more revenge on his bully stepbrother, he was all for it. With a devious smile, he said, "Go for it!"

Lee didn't know what a waist cinch was either, but he was soon to learn...the hard way! The cinch was a wide band that encircled his waist and secured with six eyelet hooks. With the clerk's help, and lots of exhaling, they were able to fasten the last row of hooks. There were three more rows an inch apart to make his waist ever smaller, but he knew he could *never* fasten them! When he straightened up, he gasped, "It's too tight! I can't breathe!"

"Tight cinches affect everyone that way at first," the clerk said. "Take deep breaths from your chest. You'll be fine in no time. You'll find wearing heels make breathing easier, so practice in them, or you'll stumble around in church tomorrow. Now, put on this smaller dress, and let's see what your brother thinks."

"Great!" Jeff gushed upon seeing the intimidated Lee in his tight waist cinch and smaller dress. "That's the look I had in mind! Let's go."

"We have to fit his matching bra and panties, and he'll need a few pairs of pantyhose," the clerk cautioned.

"Not pantyhose!" Jeff insisted. "I hate the damn things when my girlfriend wears them. Do you have anything else he can wear?"

"We have thigh highs that secure high on the thighs with elastic, but most girls and women prefer pantyhose."

"I'm not most girls. Get him those thigh highs."

"Undress completely, but leave your cinch on," she instructed Lee. "I'll be right in with your new bra, panties, and nylons." When she returned and found Lee in the buff as instructed, she said, "You look like a girl down there."

"I'm wearing a DiVert gaffe from a company called UCI," he explained. "It's not very comfortable, but it's very effective at preventing bulges in my tight skirts."

"I noticed that you wear really silky lace embellished panties, so I brought our most elaborate style with a matching bra for your consideration."

"They're fine," he blushed as he hurriedly stepped into the panties and pulled them up to cover his nudity.

"Are you a B cup or B minus? I brought both."

"B minus,"

"Here you go," she said, handing him a yellow bra with smooth cups that matched his panties. While he expertly fastened his bra, she checked out his inserts and exclaimed, "Hey, these beauties have the shape, feel, and jiggle of the real thing! They must be really expensive."

"I wouldn't know," he sighed as he placed them in the cups of his bra and expertly adjusted the straps. "My Mother bought them from that UCI place."

"Now for those pretty legs," she said, opening a package of flesh colored thigh high nylons. "Be extra careful because they are ultra sheer and very fragile."



"I've never worn nylons," he admitted with a blush. I don't know how to put them on."

"Okay, I'll do one, and you do the other. Gather them from top to toe like this." When he had done so, she instructed, "Good, fit it over your toe this way, and carefully knead it up over your leg."

"I can't bend..." he gasped. "This awful waist cinch..."

"Yes, you can. Girls and sissies do it every day."

"I'm not a sissy. This is a punishment."

"No matter, *you should* give it your very best."

The trigger phrase giving Lee no option but to obey, he bent over with the greatest of efforts and threaded the nylon over his toe and kneaded it high on his thigh.

When his slip and dress were replaced, as the clerk raised the back zipper, she advised, "If you wear your waist cinch full time, even at night, *you should* be able to pull it in to the

next setting when you dress for church tomorrow. That will reduce your waist an inch and make your dress fit better and be more attractive.”

‘Next setting my sweet ass,’ he thought while replacing his heels and mincing out to give Jeff one last look. ‘No way! We had to work like hell to close this setting.’

Dinah loved Lee’s new *look*. She never thought her miscreant stepson could appear girlish. Stella had styled his short tresses into a feminine *do*, and the dress Jeff chose was absolutely *precious*. The nylons, heels, and waist cinch were additions she never imagined. To add her touch to his plight, she advised, “You are still unsteady on your heels. *You should* watch your instructional video and practice walking in them.”

“I’m not doing it!” he spat. “My feet are killing me from modeling dresses and wearing them home, and that damn...uh...awful waist cinch is cutting me in half!”

“Suit yourself,” she said with an inner smile, “If you want to stumble around at church and have everyone laugh at the boy in a dress and heels, don’t practice.” Later, she peeked into his room and was astounded by what she saw. Lee had changed into a tight knee length skirt that only allowed short steps and was mincing about the room in his heels with his forearms parallel to the floor, his wrists limp, and his hips swaying seductively!

When Lee came down to dinner, he was still wearing his tight skirt and heels. Dinah was quick to notice that he was walking in the same feminine manner, and his hips were swaying attractively.

When, she cautioned, “If your waist cinch is necessary for you to fit into your new dress, *you should* limit your food intake.”

“I’m starving,” he said, taking a large portion of food. “I skipped lunch and only nibbled at a sandwich when we got home. I need to eat!” Despite his hunger, he merely stirred

the food around on his plate, munched on a couple of celery sticks, and took a few sips of water.

The next morning, Lee removed his waist cinch and took his first unrestricted breaths in what seemed like ages. After a perfumed bath, he stepped into his yellow panties, expertly fastened the matching bra behind his back, and filled the cups with the Budding Beauty falsies.

'I'll never be able to get my nylons over my toes with that damnable waist chinch in the next setting,' he sighed. 'I'd better put them on first.' After kneading on his nylons and securing them high on his thighs, he stepped into his heels before wrapping the cinch around his middle. With a great effort, he fastened the second row of clasps like the clerk *suggested*. When he finally succeeded, he was sweating bullets and gasping for air. After pulling the matching slip over his head, he sat at his vanity to catch his breath and do his makeup.

"Hey, that dress I picked out is perfect for a sissy!" Jeff taunted when Lee minced in to breakfast in his heels. "It was the one because it was so thin, and I could see your panties. That clerk spoiled it by saying you had to wear a slip under it. Anyway, it fits better than it did yesterday."

"I fastened my cinch an inch tighter, so my dress would be looser at the waist," Lee admitted with a blush. "It's so tight, I can't eat."

"You've been eating like a bird since you started wearing dresses," Jeff grinned. "Maybe you should have been a girl all along. You sure have the legs to be one!"

"He's right," Dinah advised her blushing stepson. "Your nylons and heels make your legs look very attractive, and the clerk was right. Wearing such a sheer dress to church without a slip would be indecent."

Lee's skirt was a couple of inches above his knees, but when he sat in church, it crept higher. The light material refused to remain in place, causing him to constantly adjust the hem across his nylon-clad thighs to maintain his modesty. The battle with his flimsy skirt and apprehension about being watched by those who knew he was a boy caused him much anguish and humiliation.

After the service when Dinah greeted the priest, she said, "Father Flanagan, this is my stepson, Lee. As punishment for stealing and lying, he will be dressing as a girl until his hearing in three months."

A slight smile crossed the aging priest's lips and a glint appeared in his eyes. "Ah, *petticoat punishment*," he exhaled. "It was very popular in the old country and this one in the last century. In fact, my grandfather and his brother were required to dress as girls and put under the authority of their younger sister for about three years. There are photos of them in their flapper dresses and other feminine clothing in the family album as proof."

"Three years," Lee gasped with a blush. "What did they think about having to wear dresses for that long?"

"They hated it of course, but the worst thing for them was having to obey their younger sister. She was quite a taskmistress, and if they didn't obey her promptly, she would take them across her lap for a severe spanking with a wooden hairbrush. The only reason they were allowed to return to pants was because they could make more money as males. Even after all those years, Papa got real nervous when Aunt Molly came around. I think he was still afraid to disobey her."

"According to the father, petticoat punishment used to be popular, so you aren't the first boy to wear dresses," Dinah told Lee as they walked home from church.

For some reason, that was of little consolation to Lee. As he walked along, he was aware of the lace of his slip tickling his nylon clad thighs and the clicking of their heels on the sidewalk.

"You looked and behaved very nicely at church. I think it was due to your waist cinch and the fact that you took it in an additional inch," Dinah complimented him as they walked along. "*You should* wear it that tight every day, and before long, your waist will become even smaller."

"That awful thing is killing me!" he declared. "I don't care if a waist cinch is required to give me a neat waist. I'll never wear it again."

Dinah merely smiled and awaited the inevitable.

After that, life settled into a routine for Lee. Over his panties, bra, slip, and tight waist cinch, he wore dresses, skirts, and makeup to school. At home, with him in skirts with time on his hands, Dinah said he *should* help with the housework. His first task was to hand wash his panties, bras, slips, nighties, and delicate blouses and touch them up with a warm iron. When she saw him doing a credible job, she made him do hers as well.

Soon, he was doing all of the washing and ironing. The most humiliating part was ironing Jeff's cotton jockey shorts with the manly fly. Holding up a pair, he blushed like he would have previously with a pair of silky panties!

Despite the turmoil in Lee's conscious mind, the subliminal messages and constant practice made him dress, move, and look more feminine by the day. By Dinah's decree, he was doing just about all of the housework. Most of it he didn't mind, but he absolutely hated cleaning Jeff's room, picking up his manly clothes, straightening his closet, and making his bed.

On Saturday, several weeks into his punishment, Lee spent a grueling day cleaning house. Seeing his diligent effort, Dinah said, "After all that work, you deserve a reward. Take a hot relaxing bath, make yourself pretty, slip into a nice dress, and I'll take you out to dinner."

Lee didn't want to go out in public in a dress, but a relaxing bath sounded heavenly. He removed his makeup and

slipped into a tub of deep perfumed water for a luxurious soak during which he shaved his legs. After patting himself dry with a fluffy pink towel, he creamed his body with the UCI lotions, stepped into a pair of soft delicate nylon panties, and easily hooked a matching bra behind his back. As he was filling the cups, he noticed a swelling and positioned the realistic prosthesis to push his flesh upward to create a hint of actual cleavage.

With the viewing of his new *assets*, a subliminal trigger was released, and a feeling of pride, instead of the sense of foreboding he should have felt as a boy, overcame him. Not understanding why, after kneading his nylons high on his thighs, he fastened his waist cinch an inch tighter than ever and pulled a short slip over his head.

Sitting at his vanity to do his makeup, he noticed that his hair had grown even longer, and he took great care to style it as femininely as possible. When he was satisfied with his makeup, he chose a low cut dress to display his newfound cleavage and stepped into his heels. Turning before his mirror, he thought, 'Mother and Jeff were right. Nylons and heels do make my legs look sexy.'

Just as quickly, he scolded himself, 'What am I thinking? I'm a boy, and I shouldn't be excited to show off my sexy nylon clad legs and pushed up cleavage in a short low cut dress!' Even so, he could not bring himself to change into a more conservative ensemble.

When Lee walked into the den in his short low cut dress with his hips swaying seductively, Dinah noticed his cleavage, small waist, rounded buttocks and thought, 'Those UCI products are nothing short of a miracle! They've shaped his body and mind exactly as Darla said they would and much more than I expected. In my wildest dreams, I never imagined that rude, arrogant, self-centered bully could look so feminine or become so polite.'

Seeing his stepmother closely scrutinizing him, Lee stammered, "Is my dress okay? Do you think I should change into something a bit less revealing?"



“I wish I didn’t have to wear nylons,” Lee commiserated as he smoothed on his silky sheer nylons. Then, as he turned before his mirror, he couldn’t help beaming, “Mother and Jeff were right. Nylons and heels do make my legs look sexy.”

Completely caught off guard by his question, she gasped, "Oh no! That's the perfect dress for a family dinner in a nice restaurant, and you look very nice."

"You sure do," Jeff agreed as he looked in awe at Lee's cleavage and shapely thighs. "When you started wearing lipstick and panties, you looked ridiculous, but now, you're prettier than most of the girls at school."

"Thank you," Lee blushed following the subliminal messages he absorbed daily. "After all my efforts, I sure hope nobody recognizes me as a boy in a dress."

"If you behave as nicely as you look, you won't have any worries on that score," Dinah assured him.

When they walked out to the car, Lee suffered another indignity. As the oldest boy, he always sat in the front seat, but now, Jeff was holding the back door for him like a gentleman would for a lady. Aware that his stepbrother would be watching to see how much leg he exposed, he smoothed his short shirt under him and carefully turned his nylon-clad thighs into the car as demonstrated in the UCI videos. With his diligent effort, he only revealed a hint of slip lace and a glimpse of the dark tops of his nylons.

As soon as the threesome entered the restaurant, Lee was acutely aware of men and boys giving him the eye.

Seeing his concern, Dinah sought to heighten his anxiety by pretending to be sympathetic, "Don't worry sweetie," she soothed. "Those horny guys gawking at you with their tongues hanging out means your hard work to look good in your dress has paid dividends. They think you're a pretty girl, not a sissy boy in a sexy dress, heels, and makeup. Just smile and enjoy their admiration."

Taking her advice, Lee smiled, and in doing so; he felt a stirring in his panties due to the powerful hormones coursing through his body. Being totally ignorant of the assault being waged on his mental and physical masculinity by his scheming stepmother, he lamented, 'What's wrong with me?'

I've never been attracted to men, and I shouldn't be just because I'm wearing a dress!' Despite his apprehension, the onlookers took his blushing smiles and coy glances for flirting.

Being very apprehensive about the attention he was receiving, and because of his tight waist cinch, Lee ordered a small salad that he merely picked at instead of eating. Afterward, Dinah *suggested* that he go to the ladies room to freshen his makeup. "I can't go in there," he whispered, in horror at the thought of entering that feminine sanctuary.

"Then go to the men's room if you think you would be less conspicuous," she reasoned. "Your choice, of course, but *you should* go to one or the other."

After weighing his options, Lee slowly got up and left the table. Two girls, who were in his class at school, had been fuming with jealousy over the attention he was receiving. Seeing him enter the ladies room, they looked at one another, got up, and followed him.

"What are you doing in here, sissy boy?" one demanded as she watched him repair his lipstick.

"This room is for real females, not sissy boys in sexy dresses!" the other chimed in. "You can strut around in dresses and skirts at school, but you went too far this time. All the cute guys are watching you instead of us real girls!" Turning to her friend, she said, "Let's do it!"

"I'm with you!" the other declared as the pair threw the door open and stepped into the restaurant. Holding up their hands, they asked for quiet so they could make an announcement. When the chatter died down, one said in a loud voice, "This is to all you guys who have been drooling over that little piece of fluff shaking her ass in the low cut minidress. Well, she ain't no *she*! He's a sissy boy who attends our high school in dresses and tries to steal our boyfriends. If you don't believe us, ask *him*!"

Dinah had planned to enter the ladies room and expose her stepson as a boy in dresses, but this was better than

anything she could conceive! The girls resented him wearing dresses at school and mistook his bashful reaction as allure to those who were ignorant of his real gender. This way, he was exposed and humiliated without her being the villain, and she couldn't be happier.

As the restaurant became a beehive of chatter, the manager came over to their table and asked the trio to leave his establishment. When Dinah opened her purse and asked for the check, "He fumed, "Just get out! This is a family restaurant, not a den of perverts. Kindly leave, and don't return!"

Lee's humiliation at being exposed as a boy in a dress, along with the estrogen compounds he was unknowingly ingesting, overcame him, and he burst into a torrent of tears that streaked his cheeks with ruined mascara.

Seeing his display of emotion, someone called out, "Look! The sissy even cries like a girl!"

When they reached the car, Lee didn't feel slighted when Jeff opened the back door for him this time. Instead, he hurried inside as though he belonged there and without caring if his skirt was askew. When they arrived at home, he jumped out of the car and ran to his room as fast as possible in his heels. He threw himself across his bed and shook with sobs. Everybody would know he was a boy who wore dresses and think he was a sissy. His tears wouldn't stop.

Dinah gave her distraught stepson time for a good cry before entering his room. She saw the former delinquent lying face down on his bed with his short skirt high on his hips to expose his slip, the dark tops of his nylons, and his silky nylon panties. Sitting beside him, she caressed his lengthening tresses and pretended to console him, "Don't cry. Things are never as bad as they seem."

"Yes, they are!" he cried. "Everybody thinks I'm a sissy. I'm a boy, and I'm never wearing another dress or skirt!"

"Suit yourself," she soothed, "I only require you to wear makeup and panties. Wearing dresses and skirts was your

idea, and if you want to stop, that's your choice. For now though, *you should* undress, slip into a pretty nightie, perform your nightly beauty ritual, and get a good night's rest. Her trigger phrase invoked, she kissed him goodnight, content that her *suggestion* would be followed.

Lee felt better the next morning, but he was still shaken by the events of the night before. "I wish I wasn't such a sissy," he lamented as he ran a deep tub of warm water and added perfumed bath salts and oils. "Since I wore my first skirt, I can't seem to wear anything else. Like Mother says, wearing skirts is my choice, and I wear them even though I know I'll be ridiculed unmercifully."

With nothing else on his mind, Lee knew exactly what he would wear to church when his bath was finished. After patting dry on a fluffy towel, he powdered his body, stepped into a pair of white nylon panties, and fastened a matching bra behind his back. Unable to do otherwise he pulled his waist cinch as tight as the night before and dropped a white nylon slip over his head. Not wanting to look alluring like he did the night before, he opted for a navy blue skirt with box pleats that fell to three inches above his knees. With it, he wore a long sleeved white silk blouse with lace at the neckline and cuffs and was sheer enough to display his bra straps and the lace of his slip.

'He looks like the girl next door,' Dinah thought when Lee walked into the kitchen in his heels for breakfast. 'Not at all like the femme fatale he resembled last night.' She was quick to notice that his makeup was very sedate, his nails had been redone to match his bronze lipstick, the jiggle of his *breasts* was visible in his slinky blouse, and his hips had a feminine sway. "Looks like your vow not to wear skirts again was premature," she observed as he brushed his skirt beneath him.

"I didn't want to wear one, but I couldn't bring myself to wear pants," he stammered. "I did choose a conservative blouse and skirt that doesn't show too much. I guess I'm more

of a sissy than I thought." Guarding against putting too much in his stomach and suffering from his waist cinch, he only ate half of a grapefruit.

"Well, you look very nice, and your choice of clothes shows taste," Dinah praised. "You are making significant progress at dressing, applying your makeup, styling your hair, and managing your skirts."

All he could do was blush and thank her for her gracious compliment.

At church, Lee learned that word of his criminal activity, lies, and punishment had spread among the parishioners. Based on their attitude toward him, he knew most of them heartily approved. The elderly priest kept looking his way, and after the service, he asked Lee and Dinah to come by his office for a short conference. Lee had no clue what the priest wanted, especially since he seemed to approve of his punishment the week before.

In his office, Father Flanagan beckoned them to sit as he removed an album from a drawer. Flipping through the pages, he showed them a series of photos. "I wasn't completely candid when I told you of my grandfather's petticoat punishment, but all I told you was true. As proof, here are a dozen or so pictures of him and his brother in various stages of feminine dress, some with their younger sister looking on. The part I omitted is that I was subjected to the same punishment. The next few pages show me in dresses, skirts, silky underwear, makeup, and long curly hair as was popular for girls in the 1950s. See for yourself."

"Oh father, you wore dresses?" Lee gushed. "Were you forced to wear them?" Did you wear them full time? How old were you when you wore them? How long did you wear dresses before you were allowed to return to pants?"

"One question at a time, laddie," the priest chuckled. "Since you are in similar straits, I'll answer all of your questions, but one at a time. I was thirteen, barely a teenager

when my grandmother told my father, 'Molly!' "His name was Marley, but she called him, Molly, his feminine name when he wore dresses." 'It's time that unruly son of yours received a dose of petticoat punishment like you and your father before you.' "He tried to argue, to stand up for me, but like always, she won out. After that, I dressed as a girl full time for the next four years. My given name is Paul, so to her dying day, she called me Polly and encouraged everyone else to do so as well. You're fortunate to have an ambiguous name."

"Did your friends see you in dresses? Did you wear them to school?"

"A boy can't wear dresses for four years without being seen by everyone. And yes, I wore them to school along with makeup, lipstick, and nail polish like you wear. In those days girls wore dresses and skirts exclusively. Pants, slacks, and shorts were expressly forbidden."

"Did you look like a girl or a boy in your dresses?"

"At first, I suppose I looked like a boy in a dress, but with the hours I spent practicing girlish posture and mannerisms under Grandmother's vigilant eye, I learned to comport myself as a girl. Boy, did I learn! As my makeup and hairstyling skills increased, I looked more like a girl as well. Most of all, I hated putting my hair up in curlers every night and sleeping in the prickly things."

"Did you wear panties, bras, slips, and nylons?"

Blushing for the first time, the priest admitted, "Yes, all that, and in those days garter belts or panty girdles with garter straps were required to hold up one's nylons. Also, the nylons had seams that were difficult to keep straight. Full skirts with crinoline petticoats were popular in those days, and boy, were they ever a pain to wear!"

"Did you ever get embarrassed or frustrated and refuse to wear dresses?"

"Boy did I ever, especially in the beginning, but Grandmother had this thick leather paddle she had used on both Father and Grandfather when she made them wear

dresses. She would pull me across her lap, flip up my skirt, and give me what for square on my panties. No matter how strong my resolve in the beginning, a few swats from that stinging paddle would have me blubbering in tears and promising to wear my pretty dresses and be a sweet obedient *girl*."

"Wow!" Lee gasped as he heard how this priest, as a boy, fought to retain his masculinity when he was forced to wear dresses and comport himself as a girl. 'Why didn't I fight like that?' he wondered. 'With threats of being sent back to detention, Mother made me wear panties and makeup, but she never said I had to wear dresses and skirts. I wear them because it seems right. Who but a sissy would do that?'

"A side note you might find interesting is when Grandmother allowed me stop wearing dresses, she said I had to wear silky nylon panties under my manly pants to remind me that I could be put back in dresses if my conduct warranted. I understood that to mean that if I was caught without my panties, I would be put me back in skirts for life. That prospect was so horrible, that I never went without panties. I even wore silky nylon panties under my suit to her funeral, and I still wear them today. I know she isn't around to spank me with that intimidating paddle or force me to wear skirts, but I can't bring myself to wear coarse cotton underwear with a fly."

After listening to the priest describe his ordeal in dresses and seeing the proof in his photo album, Lee left the church wondering, 'Why am I a sissy who wears dresses and skirts without being told?'

As the weeks passed, Lee was constantly in one stylish dress or skirt and blouse over his routine panties, bra, waist cinch, and slip. During this time, his body continued to *develop*. As his excruciatingly tight waist cinch pushed fatty tissue upward to his breasts and downward to his rapidly widening buttocks. His breasts grew to a B minus cup, allowing him to discard his prosthesis and fill his bras with

his own flesh. This should have been alarming for him, but his programming made his breast growth seem natural ... even *desirable!*



“I never had to have my hair styled, get facial makeovers, or have my legs waxed before I became a sissy,” Lee mused sadly with tears in his heavily made up eyes as his masculinity rapidly disappeared.

At school, the boys grew tired of harassing Lee, but the girls still delighted in taunting him. Some of them teased him because he was a boy in skirts, but most, because he was prettier and sexier than them.

During this time, Dinah enjoyed having a real live dress-up doll that obeyed her every *suggestion*. Her greatest concern was that, with the date of Lee’s hearing rapidly approaching, she feared losing him to prison. Even worse, what if he was released and was free to return to the macho asshole in pants he was before?

The hearing was also on Lee’s mind, but for a different reason. ‘If the judge sends me to prison, I won’t stand a chance looking so much like a girl even without makeup. The alpha male will keep me for his *trophy bitch* or turn me into

the cellblock whore for top dollar. Oh, why did I steal that audio system and lie about it?"

Wanting Lee to look his feminine best when he appeared before the judge, Dinah made an appointment for him at the salon for the morning of his hearing. "Since you want to look your best, *you should* get the works, wash, set, color touchup, leg, chest, and underarm waxing, makeover, manicure, and pedicure," she *suggested* dooming him with his trigger phrase.

Arriving at the salon, his hearing was predominant on his mind, but the manipulations of the beauticians kept him diverted most of the time, especially during the waxing! When he had the most time to think and worry was when he sat under the dryer with his hair in curlers.

After over three hours, he left the salon looking more feminine than most females. His fingernails and toenails were polished deep coral to match his lipstick and compliment his long auburn tresses that featured bright highlights. He was wearing a mid thigh length dress that was low cut to reveal a hint of cleavage but was loose fitting as not to emphasize his narrow waist and rounded buttocks. With it, he wore nylons and three-inch pumps. His only jewelry was the gold hoop earrings dangling from his pierced ears. All in all, his *look* was very chic.

'Oh please, don't send me to prison,' Lee thought with his fingers crossed as he entered the courtroom.. 'I promise not to steal or lie ever again.'

"Don't worry," Dinah soothed. "Since you are a juvenile, we'll be in a closed court. The only ones present will be us, the judge, and the court recorder."

"Will the judge be the same one who granted my bail and released me into your custody three months ago?"

"Yes, it's Judge Harris, and my advice is to mind your manners. You're facing serious charges, you know."

"What will he say when he sees me in a dress?"

"Whatever he says, be honest with him. You have discovered that you are a sissy, and you feel at home in dresses. Simply admit the truth."

"I can't tell him that! I'll be too embarrassed."

"It's the truth, isn't it? I would think you had learned that telling the truth is always the best policy. At any rate, I'll talk for you until he asks you a specific question."

Before Lee could respond, the judge and court recorder, a very attractive woman in her mid twenties, joined them. "What do we have here?" the judge inquired, giving Lee the once over. "Could this pretty quiet demure girl possibly be the rude rebellious boy who appeared before me three months ago?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Dinah replied. "I assure you, he is one and the same."

"Why is he wearing a dress?"

"It's called petticoat punishment, Your Honor," Dinah explained. "It was very popular in Europe. I found a link on the Internet and gave it a try. As you can see, it has worked wonders with this former ruffian."

"Yes, I have seen this petticoat punishment used," he replied. Pointing at Lee's mid-section, he moved his finger in a circular motion and asked, "Is he wearing ... uh ..."

"Panties?" Dinah inquired. "Yes, Your Honor. I assure you that he is dressed as a girl from the skin out."

"I can see that he's wearing a dress, nylons, heels, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and has a feminine hairstyle," the judge pondered thoughtfully. "I can only suppose, 'from the skin out' means he wears a bra and slip as well, right?"

"Yes, Your Honor," Dinah replied. "He's also wearing a tight waist cinch to reduce his food intake and enhance his figure. He has been so dressed for the better part of the past three months, and during that time, he has not stolen or told a lie. He attends church regularly and has had several counseling sessions with Father Flanagan."

Judge Harris shuffled through some papers and said, "The charges against you are very serious, and you have admitted your guilt. Since I can't merely set you free, I sentence you to serve one year in the state youth facility. However, since you have demonstrated remorse and a desire to reform, I suspend that sentence and remand you to the custody of your mother for that period of time."

"Thank you for not sending me to jail," Lee admitted in a quiet voice. "I'll try very hard to stay out of trouble."

"That would be a good thing," Judge Harris declared. "You will report to Miss Darla O'Shea, the court's youth counselor, as often as she deems necessary for your rehabilitation. She was once a ward of this court, and she is well aware of the challenges you face with your rehabilitation and your petticoat punishment."

'Darla O'Shea!' Dinah thought. "She's the UCI consultant who advised me on ways to feminize Lee! Is it possible that she was once a boy? Is that why she is so knowledgeable on the subject? Are other boys undergoing petticoat punishment, being forced to dress as girls, without public awareness? Is that possible? I must ask her the next time we speak.'

While Dinah pondered this intriguing turn of events, Judge Harris continued, "If you violate the terms of this decree, you will spend every day of your remaining sentence in the youth facility. A word of advice, your mother has your best interest at heart, so *you should* be very grateful for her sacrifice to help you and not be resentful of her for keeping you in dresses."

Hearing the judge, something inside made Lee politely grasp the hem of his skirt in his fingertips, dip politely, and reply submissively, "Yes, Your Honor. I'll try very hard to obey your rules and stay out of detention."

"See that you do!" Judge Harris declared as they left the courtroom. When they neared the door, Dinah overheard Judge Harris ask the recorder, "Well, Maria, how does it feel to see yet another boy subjected to the power of the petticoat?"



Judge Harris looked Lee over and pronounced, "You are to live under your mother's authority and wear dresses for the next year."

"Please let me return to pants and my life as Mario, Judge Harris," the recorder replied in a soft high-pitched voice without answering his question. "I was paroled, and I've been wearing dresses for two years as your clerk. Haven't I been punished enough?"

"Mario only got you in trouble, my sweet," the judge smiled while caressing the recorder's buttocks through his skirt. "Forget him unless you'd rather swish your sexy buns back inside for violating your parole. Remember how you promised to wear dresses and do whatever I wanted if I'd get you out last time? Put a smile on that pretty face, sit on my lap, and let's talk about whatever comes up."

"But, Your Honor!" Maria blushed as the determined judge pulled him onto his lap, flipped his skirt up to reveal his slip and the dark tops of his nylons.

'That old bastard has heard of petticoat punishment, all right!' Dinah gasped as the door closed behind her. 'I'll bet he has a harem of girly boys he's sentenced to wear pretty dresses and skirts, and they're all helpless to resist for fear of being sent back to prison. I wonder where Darla and UCI fit into this charade.'

Dinah still had Darla and the scene she had just witnessed on her mind when they reached the car. She just couldn't believe her UCI counselor was associated with the court and the devious Judge Harris.

As Lee sat, turned his body into the car feminine style, and adjusted his skirt across his nylon-clad thighs, he inquired, "What's going on? You told Judge Harris that you punished me by making me wear dresses, but you told me I wear dresses by choice because I realized I was a sissy after you made me wear panties."

"Simple," she lied. "I didn't want to embarrass you by telling the judge you're a sissy. I assumed he would have more respect for a boy being forced to wear dresses than a sissy who wore them by choice. I found some information on the Internet about petticoat punishment being used to reform unruly boys, like Father Flanagan said. That's why I made

you wear makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and panties. You chose to wear dresses and skirts, but I saw no reason to humiliate you by telling the judge. Instead of complaining, *you should* thank me for sparing you.”

“I’m sorry,” he admitted in a small voice. “I didn’t understand that you were trying to save my feelings.” Having accepted Dinah’s false explanation, Lee was prepared to begin his probation under her authority.

A very attractive secretary, with long straight brunette hair caressing her shoulders, greeted Dinah and Lee when they entered Darla’s office for their appointment. Lee was quick to notice her silky gray blouse that was just sheer enough to show her black bra. Upon identifying themselves and stating their business, the young woman rose to her feet, smoothed her extremely short black skirt into place, and minced into the inner office atop black pumps with what appeared to be five-inch stiletto heels.

Despite his skirt, low cut top, nylons, heels, makeup, and feminine hairstyle, Lee was quick to notice her seductively swaying well-rounded hips. ‘Wow!’ he exclaimed inwardly as he felt a stirring in his panties. ‘I could really go for *that!*’ After a moment of reflection, he looked down at his feminized body, turned red, and sadly lamented, ‘I know I’m dreaming. No girl who looks like that would give a sissy like me the time of day! Why, I’ll bet my panties are silkier and have more lace than hers!’

“Mrs. Wagner, you may go in, but Miss Wagner is to wait here,” the secretary said when she returned.

Meeting the counselor, who directed Lee’s sojourn into dresses, Dinah saw Darla was an attractive woman in her early thirties. She had medium length auburn hair, sedate makeup, coral lipstick, and matching nail polish. She was wearing a navy blue pin striped business suit with a straight mid thigh length skirt that called attention to her attractive nylon clad thighs, a white satin bustier that emphasized her medium sized breasts, and sensible three inch pumps. As

they talked, a world of forced feminization for delinquent boys by the courts was revealed as Darla tells this story:

"I was born Darwin O'Shea. When we were teenagers, my twin brother, Marlon, and I ran pretty wild. We were leaders of a gang involved in petty theft, drugs, alcohol, and the deflowering of many impressionable young girls. Like most punks, we were stupid. When we got caught, our sister Katie, who was a youth counselor, intervened for us with Judge Harris. Pretending he was doing her a favor, instead of jail, he sent us to live with a Mrs. Gates, who forced her son to wear dresses and become her daughter."

"Marlon and I weren't there a day before she had us in silky nylon panties. Wearing girl's shorts without a fly and shaving our legs followed within a week. Makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and perfume weren't far behind. Not long after that, Mrs. Gates punished me by making me go to a boutique to buy a long pink nylon nightgown. Mary Lou, one of my ex-girlfriends, who I used and abused, worked there. She delighted embarrassed me, insisting that I try on several nightgowns to get the fit right, and announcing to the other customers that I was a boy buying a nightgown to make my boyfriend happy. She delighted in her revenge so fiercely that I feel the humiliation to this day!"

"Not long after that, Mrs. Gates had Marlon and me in padded bras, dresses and skirts full time. Not stopping there, she took us to Judge Harris and had our names legally changed to Marla and Darla! She took us out in public and embarrassed up by announcing that we were boys in skirts, making our plight commonly known. When our old gang got word of us dressing as girls and becoming more feminine by the day, we were history in their book."

"It didn't stop there. Johnny, a field hand of Mr. Gates, teased us a lot about our hair and makeup and called us sissies. He and Marlon fought like cats and dogs until one day when Johnny sneaked up behind Marlon and pulled his pants down to reveal his panties. After that, we were at Johnny's mercy, especially when Mrs. Gates made us wear dresses and skirts. I was totally embarrassed, but Marlon began flirting

with him, wearing his nicest dresses and taking special care with his hair and makeup when Johnny was around. You never saw such a courtship!"

"When I left the Gates' farm, there was nothing left for me as a male, so Judge Harris offered me a job as his secretary if I would continue wearing skirts. As time went by, he had me select boys to be sent to Mrs. Gates for feminization. At first, choosing boys she could rehabilitate by forcing them into dresses and skirts was very difficult. Finally, I decided to select bullies, no matter how masculine they appeared at the time. That was over ten years ago, and at any given time since then, Mrs. Gates has had twelve to fifteen boys in various stages of feminization."

"I conferred with UCI to develop products to make these boys look more feminine and be helpless to resist their feminization. Gradually, I became an employee and an advocate their merchandise. UCI also has a school called The Chrissy Institute where boys are kept in an exclusively feminine environment and subjected to intensive subliminal messages designed to turn them into the prissiest sissiest bits of fluff imaginable. Tiffany, who you just met, was one of our worst cases, and now, after a stretch with Mrs. Gates and the Chrissy Institute, he's not fit to be anything but a bimbo secretary."

"Judge Harris has an affinity for boys in dresses, and his powerful position on the bench gives him the opportunity and the authority to create more of us. Other than his court recorder, he has a secretary, two law clerks, and a file clerk at his office and a social secretary and two maids at home, and all are former hoodlums in dresses."

"To satisfy the authorities, he uses the recidivism rate and costs to justify his actions. Not one boy who has served an alternative sentence in skirts has ever returned to prison, but the system wide rate is over sixty percent. Also, the cost of feminizing a boy is less than half of keeping an inmate in prison. Of course, he takes liberties with them as he sees fit."

“As for my finances, the money I make with the court, my commissions from UCI, and the bounty I get for assigning hard case boys like Tiffany to the Chrissy Institute, I make substantially more than I ever would have as an uneducated male hoodlum. All in all, I do quite well. I stay out of prison and have fun creating and humiliating girly boys from the dregs of society in the process.”

Editor’s note: Darla’s entire story is told in TV Fiction Classics # 26 (Womanhood) and #27 (Womanhood Completed), and they are available for order from Sandy Thomas Advertising for the mere pittance of \$10 each plus postage. If you are a fan of forced feminization, these books are a *must* read!

Finishing her tale, Darla pushed the intercom button and instructed Tiffany to send Lee into her office. When she saw him in person for the first time, she instructed him to turn around so she could have a look at his feminized form. She noted his short skirt, his crop top that bared his navel, the tiny straps that allowed the satin straps of his bra to be in full view, and his sheer flesh toned nylons that enhanced his smooth thighs.

He wore sandals with three-inch heels, expertly applied makeup, green eyeshadow, copper lipstick that complimented his flame tinted tresses and matched the polish on his fingers and an exquisitely feminine hairstyle.

“Very nice,” she said. “No wonder Judge Harris assigned you to his alternative sentencing program.”

“He got up early and spent hours on his *look* for this visit,” Dinah smiled. “I think he changed clothes at least half a dozen times. He even had me help with his lipstick. Quite a contradiction for someone who says he hates to wear makeup but won’t go out the door without it being perfectly applied.”

“I do hate wearing makeup and dresses, but since Mother made me wear panties, I haven’t been able to wear anything else,” Lee admitted with a blush. “I don’t want to be, but I must be a sissy like everyone says.”



“Your lips are full, plump, and kissable,” Dinah told Lee. “Always wear your lipstick proudly.”

“You are, and I have a new DVD to assure that you continue to be,” Darla informed him. “Watch it regularly, practice the techniques it teaches, listen to the directives, and soon, you’ll be the sissy of your dreams.”

“I don’t dream of being a sissy,” he demurred.

“You will if you watch the video as *you should*, especially the voice lessons, and follow your mother’s instructions,” Darla assured him as she pushed the intercom and said, “Tiffany, bring coffee for Mrs. Wagner and myself and prepare a special sissy cocktail for you and Lee. You can drink yours at your desk.”

“Yes, Miss O’Shea, right away,” came the squeaky voice over the intercom.

“He’s so ditsy, but he’s loyal, and he looks great in short low cut dresses and high heels,” Darla informed her guests with a chuckle as she crossed her legs and allowed her skirt to ride high on her trim nylon-clad thighs. “I’ve been thinking

of changing his hair color to blonde to go with his bimbo personality.”

“Tiffany is a boy?” Lee gasped in disbelief.

“He certainly is,” Darla assured him. “There are oodles of you sissy darlings prancing around here in sexy dresses, short skirts, makeup, and high heels.”

“I think you *should* make him a blonde,” Dinah smiled. “How about making him platinum?”

When Tiffany came in with the drinks as instructed, Darla said, “Make an appointment at your hairdresser to have your hair dyed platinum. I want you to be stunning when we visit your former neighborhood in two weeks.”

An expression of fear crossed Tiffany’s face at the mere thought of returning to his old neighborhood in a short low cut dress, stilt heels, and long platinum blonde hair. “Last time, they called me a sissy faggot, and I was lucky to get out alive! If I go back as a blonde, there’s no telling what they’ll do to me! I won’t go!” Not believing his bravado, his voice trailed off, and he blushed brightly.

“Tiffany really is a man they made into a sexy woman!” Lee gasped inwardly. ‘Mother made me wear panties, but she never forced me to wear dresses. Poor guy.’

“Haven’t you learned to do as you are told?” Darla asked in a scolding tone.

“I was the leader of a powerful gang until you and that wacky judge reduced me to a sexy female secretary in dresses and skirts!” he declared, stamping his spiked heel for emphasis. “What more can you do to me?”

“I can send you to Father Flanagan’s for the weekend!” Darla spat angrily. “After work Friday, put on your frilliest panties, your little girl dress, Mary Jane shoes, and turn down socks. Wear a minimum of makeup, very pale pink lipstick, and style your hair in pretty angel wings.”

“No please!” Tiffany pleaded with tears in his eyes threatening his heavily applied eyeliner and mascara.

"Please, don't send me over there with that horney old bast...un priest! I'll be a good ... *girl*. I promise!"

"Then, put a smile on that pretty face, sashay your sexy buns back to your desk and call the hairdresser as I ordered. Any more insolence and I'll send you to the good father permanently as his fourteen year old niece!" An expression of pure horror covered Tiffany's face, and he scurried away as fast as possible in his tight skirt and stilt heels. Seeing his capitulation, and being smug in her victory, Darla growled, "Remember this the next time you get your panties in a wad and try to assert your long lost machismo!"

"I see you have to get firm with your sissy secretary sometimes," Dinah observed when the three were alone.

"Yes, I do, and that's part of the fun," Darla replied while glancing at a light on the phone to confirm that Tiffany was calling his hairdresser. "Of course, you know that from having your own girly boy in pretty dresses and skirts." Turning to Lee, "How did your classmates accept your wearing skirts and makeup to school?"

"They teased me something awful!" he declared with a bright blush. "They called me a sissy queer faggot and a lot more. I was miserable every minute, and I dread going back in two weeks."

"Just as I surmised," she acknowledged. "As it so happens, I have an alternate school you could attend without the trauma of being heckled by your fellow students. It's a special school for sissy boys like you. No one would tease you because everyone will wear skirts the same as you. It's called The Chrissy Institute, and I feel sure I could get you in if you and your mother agree."

When Lee looked at Dinah for her reaction, she said, "It's up to you."

"You should know that it's a boarding school," Darla informed him. "If you choose to go, you would be away from your family for the entire first semester. You'd be home for a few weeks at Christmas and go back for the second semester

until summer. By then, your suspended sentence would be almost over. What do you think?"

"What's a school like where boys wear dresses and skirts?" Lee asked, becoming excited about such a school.

"For boys like you who have accepted their sissy nature, it's an around the clock girl party," Darla said. "During the day, there are classes on feminine carriage, comportment, and makeup application with emphasis on the difference in day and evening makeup. You'll learn to coordinate outfits for all occasions, including accessories. At night, you'll sit around in baby doll nighties, do your hair, makeup, and nails, and each other's."

"All in all, *you should* have tons of fun. For boys who haven't come to grips with wearing dresses, life isn't quite so pleasant because they have to undergo a bit of, shall we say, *persuasion*." She purposely omitted the part about learning to dance as girls and the formal dances with boys from the nearby military academy in their dress uniforms.

Lee gushed, "Mother, may I please go to the Chrissy Institute for my senior year of high school?"

"If your heart is set on going, I suppose so," Dinah replied tongue in cheek.

Jumping up from his chair, Lee rushed over to Dinah, threw his arms around her, kissed her on the cheek, and declared, "Oh, thank you! You're the best mother ever!"

Seeing the excited boy kissing his devious stepmother, Darla said, "At the Chrissy Institute, they'll also teach you not to bend from the waist and show your panties."

Quickly straightening up, he brushed his short skirt into place, and apologized, "I'm sorry, Miss Darla. I was just so terribly excited."

"A lady is always aware of her surroundings and conducts herself accordingly," Darla advised. "I'll make arrangements for your registration and be in touch."

As the trio entered the outer office, Darla looked at Tiffany and pointedly asked, "Did you make your appointment with the hairdresser?"

"Yes, Miss O'Shea," Tiffany replied in a tiny voice while purposely avoiding eye contact. "It's for Thursday evening. When I come to work Friday, I'll be a platinum blonde."

"Be sure to wear a red dress and heavier makeup with bright red lipstick and nail polish on your fingers and toes," Darla ordered. "Red heels would be nice too, because without some color, all that platinum will make you look like a ghost."

"Yes, Miss O'Shea," he replied with a bright blush.

"Well," Dinah said to Lee as they walked toward the car. "You're headed to the Chrissy Institute for a first rate sissy education."

"Yes Mother," he sighed. "I wish I wasn't a sissy who liked to wear dresses, but since I am, I'd rather be with other boys like me than those hecklers at my old school."

Later at home, Dinah informed Jeff, "Lee will be away at sissy school in two weeks, and we can finally begin to spend his father's money as we see fit."

"Can I have a new car?" Jeff asked.

"I don't see why not," Dinah smiled, content in the knowledge that Lee would never return to pants or anything resembling a masculine lifestyle. "Look around, get a cool car, and don't scrimp on the accessories."

"Oh, boy! You're the best Mom ever!"

"That's what Lee said when I gave him permission to attend the Chrissy Institute and become a sissy for life against his true wishes," Dinah chuckled. "It's the good life for the two of us from now on!"

The End

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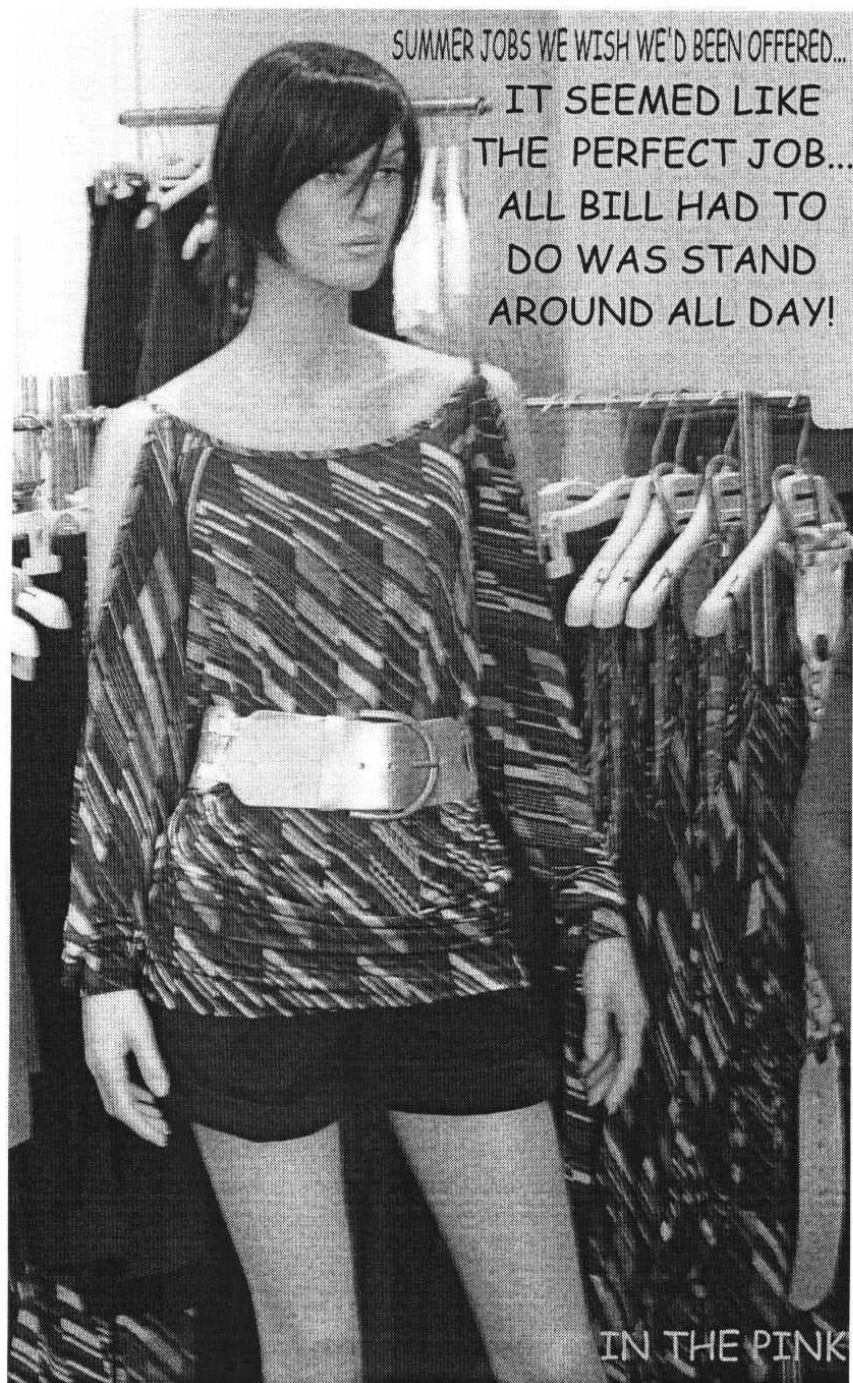
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IN THE PINK