

# TITILLATING TV TALES

## "GIRLS' THINGS I"



**A COUPLE GUYS CALL SOMEONE A SISSY...  
THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A CUTE LITTLE DRESS  
AND SOME GIRLS' THINGS FOR REVENGE?**

**SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS**

**P.O. BOX 2309**

**CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624-0309 USA**

GIRLS' THINGS I

SANDY THOMAS PUBLICATIONS - 1

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## GIRLS' THINGS I

Book #1

*By Alice Trail and Kristi Love*

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Illustrations by Puyal



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“The difference between fiction and  
reality is that fiction has to make sense.”

Tom Clancy

# GIRLS' THINGS I

## Book #1 of 2

Alice Trail & Kristi Love

### Chapter 1

After hearing the evidence, Judge Reed turned to the defendants and announced, "Lane Robert Dolan and Martin Andrew Malone, you are accused of assault and battery upon David Alan Fraley. The evidence against you is compelling. What do you have to say for yourselves?"

"We were just fooling around," Marty arrogantly responded without regret or remorse.

Lane agreed. "We didn't mean to hurt *Frippy Fraley*. We just wanted to keep him away from my sister."

"He has a broken arm, a slash on his forehead that required five stitches, and he is black and blue from the beating you two gave him."

"He wouldn't have been if he had agreed to stay away from Jenny. Instead he tried to run away like a sissy."

"Do you mean he should have stayed around while you two had your fun? You beat him up, called him a sissy, accused him of wearing the feminine clothes he was delivering from his mother's boutique, and threatened his life if he asked your sister for a date. Then, you pulled off his pants and ran away with them. Do you know that he works in his mother's boutique after school and on weekends?" Judge Reed sternly asked.

"Yeah, but the big sissy handles all that frilly stuff in the store, and puts out dorky displays with dresses, skirts, panties, makeup, and jewelry," Lane smarted off. "How are we to know that he doesn't wear those girly things he's always carrying around in those little pink bags if we don't check him out now and then? Besides, we wouldn't have had to beat him

up if he had lowered his pants like we ordered. We just played a joke on the sissy and made sure he stayed away from my sister. What's the big deal?"

"Right, Judge," Marty agreed. "Nobody wants his sister to go out with a sissy like Fraley. She should be dating a real man like me."

"I've heard enough!" Judge Reed finally said. "You boys are so full of yourselves that you don't even understand that what you did was wrong. Either I send you to Juvenile Detention for six months or you agree to a second option."

"Oh, no, Judge," gasped Marty's mother from the spectator gallery. "Please don't send my son to prison. He's all the family I have."

"I'll take the second option," Lane smiled. "I don't want to go to the 'joint'. I hear there are some real perverts in there."

"You agree to my second option without knowing what it is?" Judge Reed asked.

"Sure!" Marty agreed. "It can't be as bad as time in jail."

"Don't be so sure," Judge Reed smiled. "Since you both agree, so be it. You are remanded to your mother's custody for the next month." Big grins surfaced on both boys' faces, and then she continued. "During that time, you will wear girl's nylon panties 24/7."

The grins dropped from the boys' faces as Judge Reed continued, "Furthermore, you will buy your panties from Mrs. Fraley and carry them home in pink bags with her ballerina logo. I will see you in my chambers at the end of that time to assess your progress."

"You can't expect us to wear girl's panties! We aren't sissies like someone in this court." Lane gasped.

"Oh, but I can, and I do," Judge Reed pronounced. "The sentence is effective immediately. The court will send an officer with you to the boutique to make sure you comply with my order. If you do not adhere strictly to the terms of this sentence, I will extend and expand the sentence. Officer



*Both boys were so astounded at the terms of their sentences that they didn't see Lane's father until he jumped the rail.*

*"You can't sentence my son to wearing girl's panties!" he roared as he attacked the Judge. Only the alert response stopped him.*

Bobbitt will accompany you to the boutique to insure initial compliance, but your mothers are responsible to make sure you obey my order. Failure to do so will result in severe fines for contempt. Court adjourned." Both boys were stunned beyond belief! Jail time would have been preferable to wearing panties for a whole month!

Just then, a loud masculine disturbance erupted from the gallery and a man angrily attacked the bench. "You can't make my son wear girl's panties!" the man shouted as he ran past the surprised court officers. Rushing up to Judge Reed, he grabbed her shoulders, shoved her hard against the wall, and started shaking her.

The court officers recovered quickly, and dragged him back to stand before her. Red faced and visibly shaken, Judge Reed demanded, "Who are you, and how dare you attack me in my courtroom?"

Red faced and winded, the man said, "I'm Paddy Dolan, Lane's father! You can't humiliate him by making him wear girl's panties, you bitch!"

Gaining her composure, Judge Reed glowered, "Oh, but I certainly can force your son to wear girl's panties, Mr. Dolan. I could order him to wear *dresses* if I desired."

"Listen, you bitch!" Paddy asserted. "It's not right to make a normal boy wear silky girl's panties! He's not a sissy."

"My sentence stands!" Judge Reed declared. "Mr. Dolan, I'm incarcerating for Assault and Battery on an officer of the court and Contempt of Court. I see where your son gets his bullying ways. Maybe a vacation away from your influence will help with his attitude."

"Me? Jail? You can't do that!"

"Oh *yes* I can! You are hereby remanded into custody without bail until you apologize to this court and until I decide that you have learned your lesson. In the meantime, your son wears panties for the next 30 days! Take him away!"

Nancy Dolan was totally shaken. Her husband was being hauled off to jail, and she was ordered to make her son wear girl's panties for a month. She didn't know whether to go after her husband or attend to her son. Sighing, she thought, "Maybe I need a respite from Paddy's abuse." With that in mind, she hurried to Lane's side.

"Let's go, boys!" Officer Bobbitt instructed, taking them by their arms to assure that they followed. "It's off to Mrs. Fraley's 'New U' Boutique where I'll make sure you fully obey your sentence."

"But..." Marty gasped. "She can't be serious. I'll take the jail time!"

"It's too late for that, boys. Its silky girlish panties for the next month," she grinned as she led them from the court.

"I'll meet you at the boutique," Janice Fraley told Officer Bobbitt. "I want to make sure these bullies get the laciest, silkiest panties I have in stock. That's the least they deserve for putting my sweet David in the hospital."

"Mom!" Marty cried. "Do something! I can't wear panties for a whole month. Everyone will think I'm a sissy like Fraley!"

Marty's mother had a crooked grin as she replied, "My hands are tied, dear. You heard the Judge. I'll be fined for contempt if you don't do as she ordered."

As the group turned to leave the courtroom, Judge Reed handed Officer Bobbitt a note and said, "These are your instructions should these delinquents give you trouble."

"Yes, Your Honor," the officer replied while stuffing the note in her pocket without reading it."

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Half an hour later, the two boys arrived at the 'New U' Boutique with their entourage following closely behind. "Jenny, my sister, wears cotton panties that look a lot like my jockeys," Lane whispered to Marty. "Let's get a few white ones, and maybe nobody at gym will notice the difference."

They made a beeline to the cotton panties on display, noting that they were white and looked a lot like their jockeys.

"Oh, no, boys," Officer Bobbitt intoned. "You must select from the nylon panties. You will buy three pairs each, and they must be in soft pastel colors. Pink is preferable; white is not an option."

"What?" Lane gasped. "The guys at school can't see me wearing pink nylon panties! They'll call me a sissy. I'll never live down the humiliation."

"Don't worry about that," David grinned. "I'm telling everyone about your sentence. They'll know that you are wearing silky girl's panties long before they see them."

"I'll tear your head off, you sniveling sissy!" Lane growled.

Officer Bobbitt stepped forward and grabbed Lane's arm before he could carry out his threat, saying "Look at this note! In Judge Reed's own handwriting, she authorized me to require you to wear bras in addition to panties if you resist or refuse to follow her orders. I call that threat resistance, so the two of you will select bras that match your panties and wear them under your shirts for your entire sentence."

"What! I can't hide a bra beneath my t-shirts!" Marty gasped. "All our friends will see them!"

"Not my problem," Officer Bobbitt replied. "You will do as ordered. If you refuse, you'll leave here in skirts. Read the Judge's order yourselves if you like."

Lane and Marty's faces whitened at the threat. Their sentences were getting out of hand. No longer swaggering with masculine defiance, bravado, and contempt, Lane grasped the severity of his situation and stammered, "Can I have a minute to talk with Marty?"

"Make it quick," Officer Bobbitt growled.

"Let's pretend to go along with this crazy sentence, and buy whatever clothes we have to so we can get away from this bitch!" Lane whispered. "We don't have to wear them after we

leave here. That Judge can't watch us every minute. We can trash that yucky girlish crap when we get home."

"Are you crazy? They want us to buy bras and panties and wear them like sissy Davy!"

"Do you want to leave here in a *skirt*?"

Lowering his head, Marty sighed, "Okay, let's go along with that crazy bitch and get the hell out of this awful place." Reluctantly they approached the counter of silky panties and quickly picked three items each.

"Oh, no, that's not how it is done," Janice Fraley said, wanting to embarrass her son's molesters. "You can't just grab bras and panties off the counter. You must make sure they fit. I'll take your measurements to determine your proper sizes. Please lower your pants and remove your shirts, boys."

Lane gasped, "I can't undress in front of all these women."

"You weren't concerned about Davy being embarrassed when you pulled down his pants and ran away with them. Lower your pants, or prepare to select a pretty skirt." Both boys quickly and obediently lowered their pants.

After measuring them about the waist and chest, Mrs. Fraley said, "Lane, since you are larger than your friend, you will select from these panties and bras. Marty will select from the smaller styles on the other counter. We don't usually allow girls to try on personal garments like panties, but I'll make an exception for you two boys this one time. Select a bra and panty that you especially like, and go into a changing booths to put them on."

"I can't," Marty gasped turning red. "I can't let all these people see me wearing a bra and panties!"

"Sure you can. Surely, you don't want the wrong size."

"Mom!" Marty gasped. "I can't come out in front of all these people wearing only a bra and panties!"

"You should have thought of that before you beat that poor boy up," Margaret Malone answered while taking her son's

arm and leading him towards a changing booth. "You have no choice. You heard the Judge's order."

Lane's mother seemed less inclined to encourage her son to select his girlish underwear and try them on. Nonetheless, she led him to another booth to meet his frilly fate.

Constant whining came from behind the closed doors, but 15 minutes later, Nancy Dolan came out with Lane peeking from behind the door. "Hurry up, Lane, let's get this over with," she groaned. "I'm as embarrassed with this as you are."

"I doubt that, Mom," Lane growled as he reluctantly stepped out. Anger and embarrassment dominated his features. He did not like being humiliated, and it showed. He looked ridiculous. He was quite masculine, and the thin silky panties did nothing to hide that fact.

"The silkiness of his panties has our bad boy excited," Janice Fraley giggled, noting the tent in Lane's panties.

"Girl's panties don't turn me on!" Lane snapped. His bra was wrapped about his chest, and revealed a young growth of chest hair lying rather flat against his chest.

"Everything looks to be the right size. Let me adjust your bra straps a bit, dear," Janice suggested. "There! It's perfect. Select your other nice things while I help your friend."

Marty reluctantly exited his booth. Tears streaked his cheeks as he took his stance before Mrs. Fraley. His mother's broad smile contrasted with Nancy Dolan's solemn frown.

The contrast between the two boys was readily apparent. While Lane exuded anger and resentment, Marty was almost shy and in a daze. While the girlish garments looked ridiculous on Lane, the same items seemed almost appropriate on Marty. His manhood nearly disappeared beneath the nylon, and his chest showed no signs of masculine broadness or hair. Although empty of content, his bra didn't seem out-of-place wrapped about his chest.

"You are so easy to fit, Marty," Janice gushed as she adjusted his shoulder straps. "Two more bras like this will fill your immediate needs."

"They will fill *my* forever needs!" Lane growled.

"Don't get testy!" Officer Bobbitt warned. "You can still leave here in a skirt if I feel it's necessary." Her threat was not lost on either Lane or Marty.

"Matching pink, yellow, and lavender bras and panties will do for starters," Janice smiled.

"Mom, I don't want to wear this sissy stuff," Lane whined.

"I know, son," Nancy empathized, "but you must comply or the Judge will fine me. We can't afford a fine, especially with your father in jail."

"Yeah, but I don't have to be happy about it," Lane pouted.

The boys were allowed to change back into their outer clothing, but they had to wear their bras and panties underneath. Marty wore a dark blue dress shirt to court, so his bra was hardly noticeable. Lane, on the other hand, wore a form fitting t-shirt, and his bra was clearly evident.

"Mom, I can't wear this bra!" Lane declared. "You can clearly see the outline and puffiness of my...my *bra*!"

"C'est La Vie, Cheri," Officer Bobbitt declared. "You wouldn't have that problem if you had worn a nice shirt."

After their new lingerie was packaged, the officer left them with a parting warning. "Remember, every day, all day and night for a month. I'll see you in court in a month."

## Chapter 2

When Lane arrived home, he slung the packages on the sofa and went for a soda. "You aren't in jail?" Lane's sister, Jenny, observed. "Did the Judge set you free?"

"Hardly!" Lane grumbled.

Jenny looked at him closely, and then asked with a teasing giggle, "What is in those pink bags? And why are you wearing a bra under your shirt?"

"None of your business!" Lane snapped, blushing at his sister's astute observation.

"Lane! Don't talk to your sister like that!" Nancy reproached. "Jenny, honey, Lane was sentenced to wear girl's underwear for the next month. He is wearing them now."

"Wow, a bra, and panties?" Jenny giggled. "Does Marty have to wear bras and panties too?"

"Yes! And your father is in jail for assaulting the Judge after she passed the sentence," Nancy sighed.

"Jail?" Jenny gasped.

"I have to get him an attorney. Money is going to be really tight around here for a while. You kids need to help out however you can."

"Maybe panty boy can help with the housework," Jenny giggled.

"I'll show you housework!" Lane fumed.

"Don't rile your brother, honey," Nancy cautioned. "You know that he has his father's temper."

"Yeah!" Lane declared. "And while you're at it, stay away from that sissy Fraley. You should be going out with a real guy like Marty."

"Yeah, right!" Jenny retorted sarcastically. "You and Marty pulled David's pants off and found out he wasn't wearing panties. Does that make you two *real* guys? I'll pass on dating Marty. All I need is a boyfriend whose panties are lacier and silkier than mine. By the way, what color are your bra and panties? Let me see."

"Go to hell!" Lane spat while hurrying away from this embarrassing conversation. Once inside his room, he shucked off his shirt and pants with a vengeance. He had trouble with the rear clasp of his bra, but he was not about to be defeated

by this feminine garment. Twisting it to the front without worrying about stretching it out of shape, he snapped it open. After peeling off his hated panties, he threw the offending garments and the pink bag containing his other feminine undies into the trash.

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The scene at the Malone household was quite different. "Fold your nice lingerie neatly before placing them in your drawers," Margaret smiled as Marty did as instructed. After he neatly folded each bra and stored it with the matching panties, she smiled with satisfaction and purred, "I'll show you how to hand wash your nice things, dear."

"Aw Mom..."

"Don't 'aw Mom' me! These delicate garments are expensive and easily damaged if handled incorrectly," she instructed as she poured a mild detergent into lukewarm water. "Since none of your nice things are soiled yet, you can practice on mine, but be careful. Let them soak for a few minutes, and then gently wash them with your hands. Hang them on the rod to dry after rinsing and patting the excess water away on a soft towel."

"Why do I have to wash the bras and panties that bitch ordered me to wear? Isn't wearing that yucky stuff bad enough? Why can't you just do them when you do yours?"

Margaret's temper rose at her son's suggestion. "You got yourself into this pickle and you will do as told! You will wash my lingerie along with your own, and I don't want to hear another word on the subject!"

Marty flushed at his mother's brusque response. She seldom got angry with him, so her rebuttal unnerved him. "Yes, Mom," he compliantly agreed.

Margaret was quite pleased with Marty's response. 'Keeping him away from Lane and being forced to wear girl's clothes may be my ticket to curbing his rebellious nature,' she thought as Marty gently washed her lingerie.

### Chapter 3

"You've got to get me out of here!" Paddy pleaded with his wife through the glass that separated them.

"I'm doing my best, dear, but the Judge denied bail saying a while behind bars might do you good," Nancy cringed, knowing her husband wouldn't take that news well.

"What? Bitch, get me out of here!" Paddy exploded, or you will be sorry when I get out!"

"What's going on here?" the attending officer asked.

"Nothing, officer," Nancy sighed. "My husband is just a little upset."

"Keep it down, asshole!" the officer growled. "Want me to report your vernal abuse of your wife to her honor?"

"N...no, officer," Paddy cringed at the implied threat. He whispered to Nancy in a threatening tone of his own, "Get me out of here and *soon*, or you'll be sorry! You hear?"

-----

Monday morning, Lane and Marty prepared for their first time back at school since their sentence, which wasn't public knowledge yet. Marty wore a bulky sweater to hide his feminine bra, so he was surprised to see Lane in his normal tight fitting t-shirt and jeans.

"Where's your bra?" Marty asked. "Are you wearing panties?"

"Nah! I decided not to wear that sissy stuff. You won't rat me out, will you?"

"Not me!" Marty answered. "I'm going to the boy's room and remove my panties and bra before someone gets wise. What Mom doesn't know won't hurt her."

"That's the spirit!"

"Uh...will you fasten my bra for me when I change back before I go home?" Marty asked with a blush. "Mom has been making me practice, but I haven't got the hang of it yet."

Lane imagined Marty wearing nothing but a pair of panties while fastening his bra. "Okay, but you'd better find a way out of that frilly crap before you turn into a fairy like Fraley."

"I know," Marty sighed. "Mom is afraid we'll get fined if I don't wear this stuff. She watches me all the time."

Both boys were embarrassed when they met in the boy's restroom after school. Seeing Marty's pale yellow nylon panties as he fastened the matching bra, Lane warned, "Either learn to fasten your own bra or stop wearing the damn thing. Our reputations will be history if we get caught in here with you dressed like that and me fooling around with your bra strap."

"Yeah, I know," Marty sighed while pulling the bulky sweater over his head to hide his humiliating feminine bra.

Having thrown his offending feminine garments away, Lane had no bra and panties to wear around the house or anywhere else. His mother was too distracted with legal matters, looking for a job, and visiting her husband to give him notice. Apparently unaware that he wasn't wearing his prescribed feminine panties and bra, Jenny teased him from time to time, but he merely threatened her with violence.

Marty was in a different situation. His mother took unusual interest in his sentence and made sure his compliance was strictly enforced. To his great shame, she even complimented him on his fair complexion and *delicate* facial features. His skin crawled whenever she commented about his baby face good looks. Yes, his skin was flawless and blemish free. His chiseled facial features, light freckles, and long raven hair could be considered slightly *effeminate*, and he wasn't very tall or robust, but did she have to rub it in?

During the month of punishment, he had wanted to get a haircut, but his mother nixed that idea. "Let your hair grow, dear," she soothed. "Long hair is in, and your long black hair would look striking if you brushed it into a chic style."

"But it's starting to tickle my neck and shoulders, mom," he moaned. "It's difficult to manage."

"Tie it back with a rubber band," she offered. "I'll teach you how to gather it into a ponytail."

"Ponytails are for girls," he protested.

"Lots of boys wear ponytails. Look at the guys in your favorite band. Almost all of them wear their long hair tied back in a ponytail."

There was one plus from his mother's constant attention to his feminine underwear. He quickly learned to fasten his bra and no longer needed Lane's help when he changed after school. Thus, at the end of a month, the two boys were sure they had successfully thwarted Judge Reed's crazy sentence.

In the meantime, Lane returned to his brash bullying ways, emulating his father's worst habits, while Marty became more subdued. He only hung out with Lane during school and stayed away from trouble. His mother demanded that he return directly home from school and kept him busy around the house at night and on weekends. If he hadn't known better, he would have thought she was enjoying his humiliating sentence.

## Chapter 4

Paddy was excitedly talking to his wife through the Plexiglas separating them. His absence seemed to be doing wonders for Nancy's appearance and disposition. No longer unkempt and haggled, she looked quite nice in a casual dress and heels. Her hair was freshly colored and permed, and her nails were neatly manicured. Looking her over, he scowled, "Isn't that a new dress and hairdo? If you have money for a beauty parlor and new clothes, why can't you get me out of this hellhole?"

"Judge Reed says contempt is a non-bailable offense. I got my dress and hairdo so I could find a job. We still need to eat. Say, what happened to your mustache and goatee?"

Paddy blushed, "I...uh...shaved them off."

"They were your pride and joy," Nancy stated. "Why did you shave them?"

"Uh...Rocco's suggestion," Paddy stammered. "Rocco Maretti, the son of Gus Maretti, the mafia kingpin is my cellmate."

"You shaved your beard because your cellmate suggested it? You never paid any attention when I complained about it. Why shave for him?"

"He's 6' 2", weighs about 225 lbs, and spends his free time lifting weights and working out. He said he thought I would look nicer without hair on my face, and asked me to shave. I cussed a blue streak and told him to go to hell, which made him mad, so he dragged me by my hair to the sink and washed my mouth out with soap. Then, he lowered my pants and gave me a terrible spanking on my bare ass."

"He spanked you?" Nancy was shocked, but secretly amused. "Well I agree with him. You have very nice features with all that hair gone. Why you're almost pretty."

"How dare you say such a thing?" Paddy gasped at the idea that, like his cellmate, his wife would think him pretty.

"It's true," Nancy stood her ground, confident in the barrier between them. She was starting to like being shielded from her sometimes-violent husband.

Paddy hadn't thought much about Lane over the past month, but he asked, "How's the 'chip off the old block'? He hasn't been wearing that sissy stuff has he?"

"I've been too busy to check. I'll find out at his hearing next week." As she stood and smoothed her skirt about her legs, she smiled, "I have to get back to work. I'll see you visiting day in two weeks."

"Get me out of here!" she heard over her shoulder as she made her exit.

## Chapter 5

"If you boys obeyed my order, we can dispense with this matter now," Judge Reed stated to the group gathered before her. "What do you have to say for yourselves?"

"Mom made sure I wore my b...bra and p...panties every day ... and night too," Marty blushed.

"That's right, Judge," Margaret Malone stated with a slight gleam in her eye. "I checked to see that he was wearing his bra and panties before and after school."

"Your blouse is slightly tented out in front," Judge Reed nodded, "but, I don't see any evidence of a bra, Mr. Dolan. What's your story?"

Lane shuffled his feet and pondered his reply until Jenny stepped forward and dumped the contents of a pink New U Boutique bag on the Judge's desk. "What's this?" Judge Reed angrily demanded.

"Lane's frillies," Jenny smirked. "He didn't wear his bra and panties once after he returned from the boutique the day of your order. I found this stuff in his trash. Except for the things he wore home from the boutique, the price tags are still attached."

"What do you have to say?" Judge Reed snapped at Lane.

Lane had been confident that he had pulled one over on the Judge until Jenny dumped the telling lingerie on the desk. Now with his cool defiant attitude quickly waning, he could only look at his feet and sputter, "I...I...ah...I'm not a sissy and I...I shouldn't have to wear that girlie stuff."

"Whether you are a sissy or not is irrelevant to your sentence," Judge Reed firmly declared. "Your actions against Mr. Fraley brought on your punishment. Go into the bathroom and put on this bra and the panties you wore home from the boutique." When he hesitated, she asked, "Would you like help from Officer Bobbitt?"

Remembering how the burly officer had manhandled him at the boutique, Lane grudgingly picked up the detested

feminine garments and made his way into the restroom. After removing his shirt and pants, he reluctantly stepped into the silky panties and adjusted them at his waist, and then fastened the bra about his chest with great difficulty.

"Why didn't you make sure your son was wearing his proper undies?" Judge Reed demanded of Nancy while Lane was changing.

"I...I...ah...I've been very busy this past month, Your Honor," she stammered. "You sent my husband to jail, so I've had to find a job to support my family. I should have checked on Lane, but truthfully I haven't had the time."

Seeing a chance to get back at her brother for past aggravations, Jenny stepped forward and said, "I have time, Your Honor. I could check to make sure Lane wears his bra and panties every day."

Thoughtfully rubbing her chin, Judge Reed replied, "Yes, that would be the perfect solution."

When Lane returned with his shirt tented out in front like Marty's, she pronounced, "Lane Dolan, because you defied my order, Martin Malone and you will wear girl's clothes exclusively from the skin out for the next three months."

While Lane stood dumbfounded, Marty gasped, "Why me? I wore the clothes you ordered! Why am I being punished? Lane disobeyed your order, not me!"

"Perhaps you obeyed the letter of my order, but by hiding your bra under bulky sweaters, you violated its spirit," Judge Reed proclaimed. "To eliminate that tactic in the future, you will both wear B-cup prosthesis in your bras. Since you were sentenced together, you will serve your penance together! Today, and in the future, when one of you is disobedient or defiant, you will both be punished in a like manner."

"That's not fair!" Marty declared as tears filled his eyes.

Ignoring Marty's protest, Judge Reed turned to Lane and ordered, "Mr. Dolan, I am placing you under the charge of your sister, Jennifer. She will select your feminine ensembles.

You will obey her in all matters and report to her for inspections whenever she dictates. If you refuse to obey, she has my permission to ask Officer Bobbitt to come over and force you by whatever means she deems appropriate."

"You can't make me do what Jenny says!" Lane gasped. "I'm older than her and..."

"I most certainly can, and I do!" Judge Reed decreed. "Your sister has total authority over what you wear until your punishment is over in three months! Mr. Malone, you will continue under the authority of your mother."

"You can't mean *only* girl's clothes," Marty gasped.

"That is exactly what I mean, young man!"

"I can't wear a dress to school!"

"That's right!" Lane agreed. "Everyone would think we are sissies...worse than Fraley ever was!"

"There are other styles of girl's clothing than dresses," Judge Reed smiled. "I'm sure Jennifer and Mrs. Malone can select nice slacks, shorts, and blouses that aren't too obviously girlish. That is, if you cooperate. Otherwise..."

"I won't let my little sister select girl's clothes for me to wear!" Lane asserted, cutting Judge Reed off. "I won't!"

"If not her, then this court will assume that chore," Judge Reed flatly stated. "Rest assured, if you force my hand on this issue, Officer Bobbitt will assure that you both wear dresses to school, church, shopping, and wherever else you go!"

"No!" Lane declared. "Not that! I'll take Jenny's advice."

"You will obey her orders," Judge Reed clarified. "She will determine what you wear until your sentence has been served. Do you understand?" Lane silently nodded, but his pained expression conveyed his true feelings.

"You have been quiet, Mr. Malone," Judge Reed turned to him. "Do you have anything to say before we adjourn?"

Marty shook his head. At least he wasn't under Jenny's authority. Surely his mother wouldn't select clothes that would be too frilly or too embarrassing.

"Then I'll see you both in a month," Judge Reed declared. "Make sure I don't have to summon you before then."

On the way out of the courtroom, Marty scolded Lane, "Look what you did! If you had worn your bra and panties like I did, our punishment would be over. Now, we have to wear girl's clothes including tits for three months!"

"Stuff it, Marty!" Lane countered. "I didn't rat on you taking off your bra and panties at school. Stop blaming me and find a way out of this girly crap!"

## Chapter 6

"Mom, I can't wear girl's clothes for three months!" Marty wailed when they were alone in the car.

"You have no choice," Margaret reflected while trying to hide her excitement. "You won't be able to hide your enlarged *breasts* under bulky sweaters."

"Uh...how big is a B-cup?"

"They are large enough that they can't be concealed. When girls reach that stage of development, they use their assets to enhance their look instead of trying to hide them."

"Please, Mom, don't buy me anything too girlish. I'll die when the kids at school see me."

"You heard the Judge," Margaret replied unable to suppress the slight smile that crossed her lips. "Your clothing has to be undeniably feminine or she'll order you to wear dresses and skirts for the rest of your sentence."

"Please don't let her make me wear dresses and skirts! I would be humiliated beyond belief, and my reputation would be ruined forever!"

"You'll be wearing girl's clothes for the next three months. Whether that will include dresses and skirts depends on your attitude and cooperation."

"I'll do anything you say, Mom!" Marty wailed as he adjusted his shirt over his slightly padded bra. "Don't give the Judge a bad report or she will make me wear dresses and skirts, *please!*"

"I'll hold you to your word. See that you keep it while we shop for a few things on our way home. The Judge's order was effective immediately, so we need to get a few essentials."

"Shopping? Don't you have a few old slacks and plain blouses I can wear?"

"My clothes are too big for you and the styles are all wrong for a girl your age. You need your own things in the latest teen fashions. Remember to keep your promise to be obedient and cooperate at the boutique."

Marty remembered the harrowing ordeal when he purchased his bras and panties a month earlier, and the hair on his neck stood on end at the thought of shopping for more girls' clothes. What were essentials? He only hoped that meant a couple of pair of girl's jeans and a few plain blouses.

"Since you'll be wearing panties and bras exclusively for the next three months, you need more in addition to your outer things," Margaret said as they entered the boutique. "You know your size in panties, so buy the style you prefer, as long as they are nylon. I'll help you shop for other things after you make your selections."

"Hello, Marty, Mrs. Malone," Janice Fraley bubbled with a knowing smile. "I see you are still wearing your bra. Do you like wearing bras and panties so much that you decided to purchase more feminine undies and wear them full time?"

"Hell no!" Marty angrily spat. "That sissy son of yours is the cause of all this girly crap!"

"You're getting what you deserve for beating up David," she snapped back. "Now how may I help you?"

"Marty and Lane have to wear girl's clothes from the skin out for the next three months," Margaret explained. "He will need a few things, starting with three pairs of panties."

"Are you sure three pairs will be enough?" Janice asked while taking them to the teen lingerie department. "Three months is a long time, and nice panties are quite fragile."

"We can shop for more if he needs them," she smiled while looking over the teen bras. "Judge Reed ordered that his bra size be increased to a B-cup, so he needs several new bras with the larger cup size. Do you carry the padding he'll need?"

"I have something better if you're interested," Janice whispered while gently pulling Margaret aside. Handing her a color brochure, she advised, "Under Control, Inc. provides a variety of products and services expressly designed to help willing and unwilling men and boys appear quite feminine."

"Other boys wear girl's clothes? I never heard of such a thing!"

"The practice is a little known, but rapidly growing phenomenon. There are the female impersonators who voluntarily wear dresses, plus an ever-increasing number of women who insist that their husbands, sons, or brothers wear feminine apparel to quell their macho behavior. UCI is a company that caters to those women. Among other things, they carry a line of very realistic breast prosthesis with the weight, feel, and jiggle of the real thing. You might want to consider the 'Knocker Up' line instead of padding. Look through the flyer and let me know what you want."

"Those are fine, dear," Margaret smiled when Marty presented silky nylon panties in pale yellow, lavender, and powder blue. Discretely tucking the brochure in her purse, she instructed. "Give them to Mrs. Fraley and remove your shirt. She will fit you with new bras to accommodate your increased bust size."

"Since you will be wearing girls' blouses with your bras, you should coordinate the colors of your top and bra, especially with the stylish tees with spaghetti straps," Janice

offered. She was enjoying her revenge on this boy who had molested her son. "The style is for bra straps to show with those tops, but the colors should closely match."

"Mom!" Marty cried. "Don't make me wear tops that show my b...bra straps. I'll be branded a sissy for life if my friends see me like that!"

"I'm afraid you have no choice," his mother sounded sympathetic. "Judge Reed said you were to wear the latest teen styles. These clothes are very expensive. I can't afford a fine on top of the cost of your feminine clothes."

"You and Lane brought this on yourselves when you beat up my son," Janice scowled. "Remove your sweater so I can fit your new bra." When it was in place and the straps properly adjusted, she showed him how to fold tissue in conical shapes and insert them into the cups. "First, let's select a few blouses and tops, and then, we can find bras to match."

Marty was totally humiliated as he walked about the boutique. He was outwardly dressed as a boy below the waist, but all he wore above was a well-padded bra. Not surprisingly, he cringed with fear and disgust when he saw the selection of blouses. He admired them on girls, but never dreamed that would be wearing them. Tears filling his eyes as he sobbed, "Mom, I can't wear these awful things!"

Just then, Janice joined them saying, "Sorry. I had to answer the phone. Seems there was a problem with Lane. Officer Bobbitt and his sister are bringing him by for his new wardrobe. They'll be here in an hour, but we have plenty of time to select the rest of your pretty things."

Turning to her distraught son, Margaret said, "I've had it with trying to help you. You can explain to Officer Bobbitt why you can't wear these tops when she arrives."

Swallowing his rapidly dwindling masculine pride and bravado, he lowered his eyes, and sighed, "I'll wear whatever you say, but dressing as a girl is going too far!"

When he objected at trying on girl's slacks in the showroom, Janice sighed, "Okay, change in the dressing room,

but be sure to wear the top and bra that match your slacks so we can see the full effect of your ensemble.”

Marty was blushing profusely when he returned. His slacks rode low on his hips, tight across his buttocks, and high on his calves. His short top bared his navel, protruded too far in front, and his satin bra straps were clearly visible on his shoulders. To make matters worse, the slacks had no pockets for his wallet and keys.

The explanation was simple. Current teen styles dictated low rider Capri's and navel bearing tops with thin spaghetti straps. The protrusion of his bra was in compliance to Judge Reed's order, and girls' clothes rarely had pockets. He would have to begin carrying a purse.

“This wouldn't be happening if Lane had worn his bra and panties for the last month like me!” Marty scowled while ignoring that he hadn't worn his feminine undies during school hours either. “My life will be ruined when my friends see me wearing this girly stuff!”

“Enough with feeling sorry for yourself!” Janice declared. “We have lots to do before Officer Bobbitt arrives with your friend, so try these tops and slacks.”

When he was out of earshot, she asked Margaret, “Have you decided?”

“His breasts don't look right. I'll order the “Knockers Up” like you suggest. The rest is very nice, but I wish something could be done about that bulge at the front of his pants.”

“No problem! They carry products from a simple gaffe that pulls the genitals back to present a flat crotch to this top of the line “Bikini Babe” device. This item is so realistic that even in the nude it cannot be detected except by an expert. It can be worn with the skimpiest beach attire without worry, and with an optional lock, it becomes a very effective chastity belt.”

“Wow!”

"As you might imagine, wearing this apparatus is uncomfortable in the beginning. To alleviate the pain, they offer an ointment called 'Teenie Peenie' that shrinks the genitals to let them to fit more comfortably in the pouch. Since he won't be able to remove his 'Bikini Babe' without your help, the ointment can be applied with it on."

Her mind in a whirl, Margaret gasped, "I never dreamed such things were available!"

"There's a lot more. For starters, this innovative company sells estrogen capsules with testosterone blockers designed to soften his skin, narrow his waist, and round his breasts and buttocks into feminine contours. In addition to a full line of cosmetics and hair care products, they have a full line of subliminal tapes to make him obedient to you and receptive to the inevitable changes to his body."

"How soon could I get them?" Margaret asked. Then trying to appear less passionate on the possibility of feminizing her son, she added, "That is, if I decide to place an order."

"Tomorrow, if you choose overnight shipping. Look through the brochure while I help Marty."

After secretly placing her order for some UCI products, Margaret watched with a satisfied smile as Janice rang up their purchases. Marty cringed knowing he was now the owner of three more bras and panty sets plus two pairs of slacks, three crop tops, a frilly blouse, a silky pink babydoll nightie, a cute white pajama set covered with red hearts, a pair of bunny slippers, pink girls' sneakers, and white sandals that bared his toes. Worst of all, he was still wearing a pair of print Capri's with a coordinated top that bared his navel and bra straps and perfectly blended with his brunette tresses!

"Don't worry about lugging those parcels to your car. I'll have David deliver them when he arrives for work after school," Janice offered as if to say, 'Sissies like you shouldn't carry such heavy packages.'

Not wanting to refuse her offer and appear eager to get his new feminine wardrobe home, Marty, blushed brightly and

nodded "How could things get worse?" he wondered. Just then, things *did* get worse.

Jenny and Officer Bobbitt entered the store with Lane in tow! To be seen dressed in such a feminine manner by the girl of his dreams and his best friend was the ultimate shame!

Jenny only glanced at Marty, but Lane was horrified by his friend's appearance. "Please, Jenny!" he pleaded. "Don't dress me like that!"

Jenny smiled, "I'll do what I can, but only if you are an obedient sissy."

"I'm not a sissy!"

"How do you figure? You're wearing a bra and panties, and you called David a sissy just for delivering feminine clothes. I think you're the real sissy and that you beat him up because you secretly wanted to wear the frilly things he was carrying in his pretty pink parcels."

"I'll show you sissy!" Lane drew back his fist.

Realizing that Lane was going to strike his sister, Officer Bobbitt grabbed his wrist and twisted his arm behind him. With his arm in this painful position, she snatched his pants down, pulled him across her lap, and began spanking him on his silky panties.

Since she was only using her hand, the blows didn't hurt that much, but tears of shame flooded from his eyes. When she finally released him, he stood red faced, alternately rubbing the tears from his eyes and massaging his stinging buttocks through the nylon of his panties.

"Dry those tears and take off your shirt and bra so I can fit your new bra," Janice directed attention back to the task at hand. "You may as well remove your pants because they cover too much at your ankles.

"No," Lane shouted defiantly. "I won't do it! I won't wear a bra that makes me look like I have tits! You see how ridiculous Marty looked!"

Without hesitating or uttering a word, Officer Bobbitt pulled him across her lap again. This time she removed her wide leather belt and assaulted his buttocks with vengeance.

Lane was soon blubbering like a baby. "Okay," he cried through his tears, "I'll wear the stupid bra! I'll do as you say. Just stop spanking me!" Marty and his mother had silently exited the boutique while this was transpiring.

As Lane stood shaking with sobs, Officer Bobbitt ordered, "Now undress like a sweet obedient sissy and stop pretending to be a macho stud?" When he looked at her with fire in his eyes, she waved her belt in the air and snapped, "If not, get back over here and assume the position! I can do this all day."

Lowering his eyes in submission, Lane kicked off his shoes, stepped out of his pants, and twisted the clasp of his bra so he could unfasten it. Wearing only nylon panties, he blushed as Mrs. Fraley made the necessary measurements.

When his new bra was in place and the B-cups stuffed with tissue, Jenny handed him a pair of pink shorts and said, "Try these on."

Anxious to wear anything that would cover his humiliating panties, he eagerly stepped into them. "They don't fit right," he moaned trying to pull them to his waist.

"The opening goes in back, silly," Jenny chided. "Take them off and turn them around."

While Officer Bobbitt supervised as Lane tried on some tops, Mrs. Fraley called Jenny aside, showed her the UCI brochure, and asked if she wanted to order anything.

After glancing through the pages, Jenny sadly replied, "I would love to order some of these things, the Bikini Babe chastity device in particular, but with Dad in jail, the family is short of money. All I can afford are the cheapo bra inserts."



*Lane couldn't protest any longer. His buttocks hurt too much from Officer Bobbitt's spanking. His face turned as red as his rear end when his sister, Jenny, approached with his new 'breasts'. Would his humiliation ever end?*

"I might be able to help you," Janice offered. "David helps me after school and on Saturdays, but he deserves time off to spend with his friends. I'll give David Saturdays off, advance you the money for the deluxe 'Bikini Babe', and Lane can work off the loan here at the boutique. He gets the employee discount."

Jenny chuckled while contemplating the consequences of such an occurrence. "Imagine Lane having to work off the cost of his sissy clothes! I'm game, but why would you do this?"

"Revenge, pure and simple. I have a score to settle with those who harassed poor David. He's your boyfriend. You should feel the same."

"Oh, I do, and I promise to do my part in making Lane suffer." With that she held out her hand to seal their deal.

Every time Lane started to complain about some new feminine item being forced upon him, Officer Bobbitt merely raised her belt, and he lowered his gaze in surrender. In the end, he purchased virtually the same items as Marty. The major difference being that he was wearing shorts. "Why do I have to wear these sissy pink shorts?" he sadly asked. "Marty was wearing long pants."

"You said you didn't want to be dressed like Marty, so I thought you would prefer shorts," Jenny explained. "If you don't like them, we could get you a couple of skirts instead."

**"Skirts!?? N...no! I'll wear the shorts!"**

"Don't worry, sweetie," Mrs. Fraley smiled, enjoying her revenge. Patting him on the rear, she soothed, "Shorts, slacks, or skirts, I'm sure you'll look very nice in them."

Lane was blushing with humiliation as he left the boutique wearing his girlish shorts and with his top tented out in front. He wanted to run away, crawl in a hole, and hide for the next three months. But he dared not act with the officer around. All he could do was lower his head in shame.

## Chapter 7

"Come, Marty," Margaret Malone took her son's arm and literally dragged him from the boutique. "Lane is acting up again. I don't want you influenced by his bad manners."

"Uh...okay, mother," Marty exited the boutique while looking over his shoulder at his friend being forced over Officer Bobbitt's lap for a spanking.

Margaret led him away from the boutique as fast as she could drag him until they were out of the sound of Lane's cries. Then she slowed down and turned Marty towards her. "You will stay away from that bully from now on!" she ordered as she waved her finger in Marty's face.

"Yes, mother," Marty timidly agreed, "but can I see him at school?" He had never seen his mother so vexed and mad.

"Next week is the last week before summer vacation and a short week at that," Margaret grumbled. "I don't see how I can separate the two of you there, but I expect both of you will be too busy with other problems."

"What other problems, mother?" Marty stood quivering before his mother's relentless stare.

Margaret's features softened. "I'm sure you will get more than one person asking why you are wearing a bra."

"Bra!" it suddenly came back to him. He had to wear his bra to school on Monday, and he wouldn't be able to hide it under a bulky sweater. "Panties! Oh Mother! Look what I'm wearing! Here in the mall!" Marty's face turned beet red as he glanced to his left and right and saw people staring at him.

"Mommy, mommy," a little girl tugged at her mother's skirt. "Why is that boy wearing girl's clothes?" Both Margaret and Marty turned towards the little girl's voice to see a mother and daughter staring at them.

"Hurmp!" a bitty old woman sniffed. "What is happening with children today?" Marty turned to see the elderly woman turn her nose to the ceiling and walk away.

Marty looked down at his attire for the first time since leaving the boutique, and nearly fainted away. From the neck down he was dressed completely in girl's clothes. His Capri's hung low on his hips with the legs stopping high on his calves. His shoes! He still wore the open toe girl's sandals he was trying on at the boutique when Lane arrived.

"Oh, Gawd!" he suddenly realized that his top tightly hugged his upper body, but stopped 4" above his pants to expose his belly button.

"No!!" he yelped when he saw his B-cup bra tent the front of his top to enticingly display 'Diva' printing across his chest in bold black lettering.

"Mother!" he gasped when he saw his bra straps draped over his shoulders, not hidden by his top.

Margaret looked about, saw the staring passersby, saw the distress in her son's eyes and his quivering body, and responded, "Come with me!" She grabbed his arm and dragged him to a quiet enclave off the main mall corridor.

"Let me touch up your face a little," she suggested.

"Touch up my face? You mean makeup? No!" Marty tried to break away.

"It's the only way to not draw attention until we get out of the mall," Margaret held him firmly, "unless you want everyone staring at you. The car is on the other end of the mall, remember."

"Can't you get the car and meet me outside?" he whined.

"No way!" she smiled. "What is it? Makeup or ridicule?"

Marty thought briefly, looking at her with pleading eyes. "Don't use much..." he cried as she approached his quivering lips with an open lipstick tube.

"Of course, dear," she smiled. "I'll just touch up your lips and add a little blush." She spread the dark red color evenly, and then instructed him to press his lips together to even out the color.



*"Mother, everyone is laughing at me!" Marty cried. "They know I'm a boy wearing girl's clothes."*

*"Follow me, dear," his mother cooed. "I'll fix you so nobody will ever mistake you for a boy."*

"Now for a little cheek color," she brushed rouge on his cheeks. "You really have nice skin, Marty," she said as she finished. "I need to do something with your hair."

"What about my hair?" Marty questioned.

"We need to make it appear more feminine. I think a high ponytail with a scrunchie will do the trick."

"Where will we find a scrunchie back here?" Marty asked.

"I just happen to have one in my purse," Margaret announced. "Let me brush your hair. I'll only be a moment."

As she brushed his growing raven hair, he asked, "Why would you have a scrunchie in your purse, mother?"

"I picked some up at the boutique while paying for your purchases," she said. "It may come in handy on Monday."

"Monday? Why would you need a scrunchie on Monday?" Marty asked as Margaret gathered his hair high on his head and inserted the scrunchie.

"I don't need it. You will," she said as she stood back to survey her handiwork. "I picked up black, blue, red, and green ones too."

"Me? Why would I need a scrunchie?" Marty asked.

"To hold your hair back, of course," she answered, as she circled him to make sure she hadn't forgotten anything.

"Why would I want to hold my hair back to go to school?" he was deeply suspicious now, "and why with a colorful scrunchie rather than a rubber band?"

Finally satisfied with her handiwork, she started to lead him back to the main corridor of the mall. "To match your clothes, of course, silly," she smiled.

"I don't understand," he held back from following her.

"You would use a red scrunchie if you wore the outfit you are wearing now, but you would use the green scrunchie if you decide to wear the green pants and a matching top."

"I can't wear these clothes to school!!" Marty shouted, so a few passersby looked in their direction.

"You can always choose from your other new clothes, as long as it is coordinated," Margaret answered.

"I can't wear any of these girl's clothes to school, mother!" he gasped. "I'd be the laughing stock of the school!"

"You remember the Judge's orders, dear," Margaret tried to calm her distraught son. "Luckily there are only two more school days before vacation."

Marty's knees buckled beneath him and he crumbled to the floor. A passerby saw his condition, and came to his aid. "Can I help, ma'am?" the burly man asked. "Your daughter seems distressed."

"Thank you, sir," Margaret answered. "It's Mary's time of the month, and she is a little weak."

"Are you sure?" he asked. "She seems to be in shock."

"It affects her like that," Margaret soothed. "She will be fine in a minute. Could you get her a glass of cool water?"

"Sure, ma'am," the man trotted off on his errand.

When he was out of earshot, Marty struggled to his feet, but was still wobbly. "Why did you call me 'Mary', mother?"

"Well I could hardly call you Marty, what with you wearing girl's clothes, makeup, and your hair in a high ponytail. I'll straighten him out when he returns with your water, if you wish."

The man turned the corner coming rapidly up to them. "Uh...no..." Marty decided. "A man that big could be violent if he thinks he has been fooled."

"My thoughts exactly, dear," Margaret chirped. "So don't get upset when I refer to you as 'Mary', and 'my daughter' until we get safely to the car."

"Yes, mother..." Marty tentatively agreed just as the man arrived with his drink.

"Thank the man for his kindness, Mary," Margaret instructed as she watched her stunned son stare with dread at the lipstick stain on his glass.

Looking at his mother with a distressed glance, Marty cleared his voice, and whispered as softly as possible, "Thank you, sir."

"My pleasure, Miss," he grinned. "Are you okay?"

"Yes, sir," Marty squeaked. "I feel much better now."

"Good!" Have a nice day, ladies," he said as he left.

"Mother!" Marty exclaimed, "You put too much lipstick on me. Why did you make me talk to that stranger? I could have been discovered as a boy."

"But you weren't, were you?" she smugly answered. "The lipstick made your disguise convincing. He didn't suspect a thing, even when you spoke." Margaret led her charge back to the busy mall corridor, and unlike a half hour earlier, no one paid them any attention. "Shoulders back, and walk with you hips. Nobody will suspect that you are anything but a cute teenage girl on a shopping trip with her mother."

Having no other choice, Marty did as instructed. When he overdid swinging his hips, his mother was quick to straighten him out. He glanced at the people coming towards them, but saw none of the stares, giggles, or pointing that greeted him only a little while earlier. He looked over his shoulder from time to time, and to the left and right, but again none of the finger pointing or laughing or scorn.

"You are doing fine, dear," Margaret soothed. "Say, isn't that dress just dreamy?" She led him to a storefront window.

"Mother!" Marty growled. "Why are we stopping? I'm not interested in dresses!"

"Why not, dear?" she merely continued. "It would look lovely on you, what with your newly enhanced breasts."

"Mother! I'm not wearing a dress! Let's just get to the car," Marty cried.

"Really, Mary, whoever heard of a mother and daughter shopping trip where they rushed off to the car? You don't want people to become suspicious, do you? Now calm down and examine this dress."

Deeply frowning, Marty decided to go along with his mother. Perhaps she was right. If it looks like a duck and acts like a duck, maybe people will mistake it for a duck.

"What about this dress do you find attractive, Mary?" Margaret asked, knowing that she had won this round.

"I don't know, mother!" Marty groaned. "I don't know anything about dresses. I've never worn one!"

"That may change, dear," Margaret stated, "but what about *this* dress do you like?"

In his distressed state, his mother's statement went over his head, but he did respond to her question. "I don't know, possibly the short skirt." He glanced over his shoulder to see if anyone was staring at them.

"But what about the cut or the fabric?" Margaret asked.

Realizing that his mother wouldn't relent until he joined in the conversation, Marty looked intently at the dress for the time. "Uh...well, it really displays her tits well."

"Mary!" Margaret gasped. "A girl never refers to breasts as tits! You must think like a girl if you don't want to be recognized as a boy."

"But, mom..." Marty whined. "I'm not..."

"You had better get with the program quickly if you want to make it out of the mall in one piece." She stared intently into his eyes, which he lowered under her stare.

Sighing, Marty finally softly whispered, "Yes, mother."

"Now, again, what about this dress appeals to you?"

Looking at the dress, Marty finally said, "I like the silky fabric. I bet it would feel wonderful against your skin."

"And your skin too," Margaret finished. "That is very good! Let's continue."

They were about halfway across the mall when Margaret took Marty's arm and dragged him to a shoe store window. "Look at those lovely shoes, Mary."

It gritted against Marty's grain to be referred to as Mary, but he knew his mother would continue until they reached the car, so he calmly observed, "Those heels are so high! It must really hurt your feet to wear them."

"Oh, you get used to heels, dear," Margaret observed. "And they display your legs to such advantage."

"If you say so, mother," Marty sighed.

"Your legs would look wonderful in those heels, Mary."

"Yeah, sure, when pigs fly!" Marty grumbled.

"Whenever, dear," Margaret observed.

They finally reached their car, none too quickly for Marty. "Gawd, I've never been so scared in my life!" Marty sighed as he fell into the passenger seat. "I'll never do that again!"

"At least not until Monday," Margaret said.

Marty's face turned ashen. "Judge Reed wasn't serious, was she? She doesn't really expect me to wear girl's clothes to school!"

"She was very serious, Mary," his mother answered. "We have this weekend to select your outfit and for you to become comfortable wearing it."

"Please, mom, stop calling me Mary! We are out of the mall! My name is Marty!"

"Of course it is, dear," she soothed. "Sorry about that." But Marty has a nagging suspicion that she wasn't that sorry.

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When they arrived home, Margaret drove into the garage and closed it before Marty would exit the car. He walked

behind his mother into their house, and as he casually glanced into a hallway mirror, he fainted away.

"Are you okay, dear?" Margaret pressed a cold towel to his forehead. "What happened?"

"Mom, my reflection in the mirror," Marty gasped, "I look like...like a girl!"

"Well enough like a girl to get through the mall," Margaret soothed. "You have a long way to go before you are a girl, but a little makeup and the right hairstyle did wonders."

"But...but, Mom, I'm a guy!" he gasped. "I look like a girl!"

"Rest, dear," Margaret soothed. "It's been a stressful day."

Marty staggered up the stairs to his bedroom, unceremoniously wiped the makeup from his face, and removed the scrunchie from his hair. After removing his clothes, he collapsed on his bed, and was asleep before he could close his eyes.

## Chapter 8

When Jenny and Lane arrived home, Jenny looked over her femininely dressed brother and mused, "Your legs don't look right with all that hair on them. You should shave them since you'll be wearing shorts a lot for the next three months."

"Shave my legs? Are you crazy?"

"Judge Reed said you are to follow my instructions concerning your feminine manner of dress and appearance, sissy boy. So, get upstairs and shave your legs, now!"

"You can go to hell! I'm not a sissy, and I'm not about to shave my legs!" That said, he turned and bounded up the stairs to his room. Once inside, he angrily ripped off his top, peeled off his shorts, twisted his bra to the front where he could unclasp it, and stepped out of his panties. Slipping into a pair of boxers from his drawer, he lay on his bed to relax. "Shave my legs? That bitch is crazy!"

Half an hour later, Officer Bobbitt, closely followed by Jenny, burst into Lane's room. He shot up in bed just as the irate officer yanked off her belt. "Get out of those clothes!" she commanded as she brought the belt down hard on his thighs.

Lane leapt out of bed, but not before he received two more blows, one on his chest and another on his forearm as he tried to block her assault. "Undress in front of you and Jenny?"

"Yes and fast!" she snapped. "You brought this on yourself, and you will pay the consequences!" When his boxers were off, she ordered, "Into the bathroom and shave those pretty legs all the way to your bikini line before I really get angry!"

"I don't know how. I never shaved my legs before."

"No big deal. Smear some lather on and shave off the hair. Jenny will show you if you need help."

"Like this...with no *clothes on*?"

"Wear your panties and bra if you like."

Anxious to cover his nudity with *anything*, he quickly stepped into his discarded panties. His face was bright red as he went to the bathroom wearing nothing but silky nylon panties. The bra was difficult, but he finally got it on and the cups filled with the tissue Mrs. Fraley used at the boutique.

Shaving his legs with Jenny watching and giggling was extremely embarrassing, and he nicked himself several times. When he finished, she gave him a styptic pencil to stop the bleeding and some cream to make his legs soft and smooth. He finished by pulling his shorts over his freshly shaved legs.

Holding up his top and seeing that it was torn beyond repair, Jenny scowled with mock anger, "You will take better of your pretty things in the future! Call the boutique and order another top. You will wear nothing over your bra until it arrives." When he hesitated, she said, "Call to order the top or you will go to the boutique dressed as you are."

Wearing a well-padded bra is a very traumatic experience for a boy, but having nothing to cover it is the ultimate humiliation, especially in public! Fearing that Officer Bobbitt

would make him obey his sister, he swallowed his scant remaining masculine pride and dejectedly made the call.

"You will wear nail polish on your fingers and toes as punishment for refusing to obey your sister, and for causing me to come over here," Officer Bobbitt declared. "Now call Marty and tell him that because of your disobedience, he has to shave his legs and wear nail polish."

"He will hate me."

"Had you rather ring Mrs. Fraley and ask her to send over a couple of chic dresses with your order?"

"N...no," he stammered. "Don't make me wear dresses! I'll call him...I'll call him."

"I was right," Lane groaned after giving Marty the bad news. "Marty hates me. His mother listened in on the call, and she ordered him to shave his legs immediately. Why did we pick on that sissy Fraley?"

"Look in the mirror if you want to see a sissy!" Jenny giggled at his pink shorts, exposed bra, and shaved legs.

"You can get the jump on your friend by polishing your nails. If you ask her nicely, I'm sure Jenny can come up with a shade that matches your girlish shorts."

Blushing beet red, Lane mumbled, "Jenny, would you loan me some nail polish and show me how to apply it?"

"Sure!" Jenny beamed. "Let's go to my room."

"I have to go, but mind your sister as sweetly as you do when I'm here," Officer Babbitt warned. "Tomorrow and Sunday are my one weekend off per month, and I have plans. You'll regret it if I have to come over here because you refuse to follow her instructions! Do you understand?"

"Yes, Officer," Lane sighed in dread as he meekly followed Jenny to her room for his first manicure.

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"Answer that," Jenny instructed Lane when the doorbell rang later that afternoon.

"I can't!" he protested, indicating his pink shorts, exposed bra, polished nails, and freshly shaved legs. "Not like *this!*"

"You will do it, or I'll call Officer Bobbitt. It will be so cool to watch her take you to the boutique to buy a dress!"

Lane dejectedly went to the door. "Oh no, it's *Frale!*" he wailed in horror. He knew he was in for a humiliating experience when he saw his smiling victim laden with pink shopping bags. Blushing, he covered his exposed bra with crossed arms like a young girl caught bare above the waist. Realizing that he had exposed his freshly polished pink nails, he moaned, "This girly crap keeps getting worse."

"Don't stand there like a klutz. Invite him in!" Jenny snapped. "Those packages are heavy. Let's look inside them."

As soon as David's arms were empty, she moved into them and kissed him passionately, partly for Lane's benefit and partly because she liked him. When the pair finally came up for air, David reached into one of the bags and pulled out a pink and white blouse with a popular logo. He handed it to Lane and teasingly said, "You may want this to cover your bra, sissy boy. Mom didn't have one your size like you bought, so she sent this instead. I hope you like it just as well."

Lane wanted nothing more than to grab David and pound him into submission, but he meekly allowed discretion to prevail. He was anxious to cover his girlish bra. Pulling the top over his head, he noticed that it had lace at the bottom and top, was shorter than the one he had destroyed, and bared more of his midriff. He never felt more helpless, frustrated, or forlorn as he helplessly looked down at his brief top and protruding breasts.

Seeing that his former tormentor was about to burst into tears, David removed a red satin camisole and matching bra. Holding up the cami, he said, "Mom said the shorts you bought are too casual for working at the boutique, so she wants you to wear these tomorrow."

"Cool!" Jenny gushed. "Satin camis are the latest style! I begged for one, but Mom said they weren't appropriate for a girl my age."

"What are you talking about?" Lane demanded. "Wear that silky crap...work at the boutique???"

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," Jenny shrugged in a half-hearted apology. "With Dad in jail, we can't afford the pretty things Judge Reed ordered you to wear, so Mrs. Fraley was nice enough to allow you to work off the cost at the boutique."

"I refuse to wear that girly stuff in public, and I'm not about to work in that sissy boutique!" Lane insisted. "You can take all that crap back where it came from, sissy boy!"

While Lane shouted threats and intimidations, David silently began folding the rejected clothes and neatly placing them back in the pink bags. As he was finishing his task, Jenny held out the phone and said, "Officer Bobbitt says you are to wear the clothes specified by your employer or else! Do you want to speak with her?"

Knowing that Jenny would call Officer Bobbitt whenever he defied or disobeyed her, he lowered his head and sighed, "No. I'll wear the damn stuff, but I won't like it!"

"Try it on," Jenny insisted as she hung up the phone. "We must see how it fits while there's still time to exchange it."

"Mom said that everything is in accordance with the measurements she took at the boutique," David teasingly smiled while imagining the former bully in the ultra sissy feminine clothes. "But to be safe, he should try them on."

"Goody!" Jenny excitedly squealed. "A fashion show! Take off your top and bra so we can get started!"

Lane was understandably hesitant to remove his feminine top in David's presence, but decided that he had already seen his bra, so he peeled the lacy top over his head. Watching her brother twist his pink bra around to unclasp it, and repeat the process to secure the red one about his chest, Jenny said, "Since you'll be wearing bras for the next three months, you

should learn to reach behind your back to fasten them. You will practice later."

"His face is as red as his silky top," David chuckled after Lane padded the cups of his red bra and pulled the cami over his head. Then, handing him a navy garment with a white pinstripe, he grinned, "Wait till he puts *this* on!"

"What is this?" Lane asked while examining the garment.

"It's a skort," David informed him. "It's shorts with a skirted front. Take off your shorts, and try it on."

"I'm not wearing that thing!" Lane adamantly stated, "Not here, and not at the boutique!" Jenny picked up the phone and, without a word, started dialing, and he pleaded, "No, wait! I'll put it on, but not in here with...with *him* watching!"

"Ashamed to have David see your pretty panties?" Jenny giggled. "Okay, then change into your skort in the kitchen."

Lane felt so trapped. He was used to forcing others to get his way. Now he was taking orders from his little sister to wear girls' clothes, and he couldn't escape. She had made him shave his legs, polish his nails, wear a silky top over his bra, and now, she was making him wear a skort. It was shorter than mid-thigh, extremely tight about his buttocks, and from the front, looked like he was wearing a skirt!

When finished, Lane found Jenny sitting in David's lap and passionately kissing. Looking up, Jenny gave a circular motion with her hand. "Slowly turn so we can look at your work clothes." As he grudgingly obeyed, she giggled, "That's a cool outfit, but I see a few problems that we need to address."

"What problems?"

"Your pink nail polish doesn't match your top, for one. But don't worry. I have a cherry color that matches. Be sure to wear white panties, because any other color will show beneath your tight skort in back. There is also that unsightly bulge in front, but we can't do anything about that now."

"Can I change back into my shorts?" he blushed.

"I thought you hated your pink shorts," Jenny teased. "Now you want to wear them?"

"I hate them, but they are better than this skort thing!"

"You should wear your skort to get used to it. After all, you will be wearing it tomorrow. What do you think, David?"

"He does look cute!"

"Then, it's settled. Change into a pair of white panties and remove your nail polish while I say goodbye to David. I'll be up shortly and find a really hot red nail color for you."

## Chapter 9

"Come in," Margaret gushed when she answered the door and found David with his arms loaded with pink parcels bearing the ballerina logo of the New U Boutique. "Marty has been on pins and needles waiting your arrival. He is so anxious to receive his pretty new things, aren't you, dear?"

"Hell no, Mom! You know I hate wearing this girly crap!"

"Watch your language, dear. Do you want Judge Reed to fine us or extend your sentence because of your language?"

"Thank you, David," Margaret took the packages. "Tell your mother that I appreciate the advice."

"Sure, Mrs. Malone," David smiled as he saw his nemesis Marty standing behind his mother fully decked out in the outfit he left the boutique wearing. He was particularly amused at the twin peaks protruding from Marty's chest, and the red scrunchie in his longish hair.

After David left, Marty asked, "What advice did Mrs. Fraley give you?"

"She gave me a few pointers with teenage girl's clothes. I'm out of date concerning teen styles."

That seemed to satisfy Marty as his mother and he took the packages to his bedroom. He couldn't recall buying so much stuff. There must be a dozen packages. "Mrs. Fraley

must have given us some of Lane's purchases. I didn't buy this much stuff."

"I don't think so, dear," Margaret smiled. "I picked out a few items while you were trying on your new clothes."

"What items?" Marty became suspicious again. The scrunchies caught him by surprise. What else did she buy?

"You will see, dear," she laid her packages on his bed. "Lay the contents of each package on the bed, and then we can find room in your closet and drawers to house them."

Reluctantly Marty started doing what his mother instructed, none too happy about the girlie outfits he was to wear for the next three months. "Mom, this has to be a mistake," he held a box up. "It's from a company called UCI. That's not Mrs. Fraley's shop."

"Oh, yes, give that to me, dear," Margaret became animated. "I bought some items to help you during the next few months."

Marty's radar went on full alert. "What items?" he asked as his mother took possession of the package.

"You will see once we put your lovelies away. You finish unpacking while I take this to my room."

Her answer did nothing to calm Marty, but if his mother didn't want to show him now, nothing he could say would change that. A few minutes later, she returned empty handed, so Marty calmed down. He had more immediate concerns with all the girl's clothes he had finished unwrapping and lying out.

"Let's make some room in your dresser for your intimates," Margaret suggested.

"My drawers are stuffed with my underwear and t-shirts, mom."

"You won't be wearing those clothes for a few months, so replace your boy underwear with your new panties and bras."

"What will I do with my male underwear?"

"Give them to me. I'll store them in my room. I have lots of storage since your father died." Marty was really reluctant to give up his precious underwear. It felt like he was giving away a part of his manhood, but soon his silky panties and bras filled the two top dresser drawers.

"Let's do something about your new tops and blouses," his mother suggested. "They are too nice to go into a drawer. They should be hung on nice hangers to retain their shape, as should your new pants. Your new shorts can be placed in the 3<sup>rd</sup> dresser drawer after you nicely fold them."

"I haven't any room left in my closet, mom," Marty tried to divert her from opening his closet door.

She opened the door and scanned his hanging space. "It is pretty crowded in here." Marty let out a sigh of relief. His pants and shirts were saved. "We will make room by storing your boy pants and shirts in my room too."

Marty's heart sank to his knees. "Mom!" Marty cried. "Leave me some boy clothes!"

"Why? You cannot wear them for another 3 months." Seeing the forlorn look on her son's face, she finally relented. "Okay, we will leave two pair of pants and shirts. The rest go into my room. Okay?"

Knowing he wouldn't get any further relief, and realizing that she was right, he wouldn't be wearing them for a few months, he gave her a smile of relief and nodded agreement.

When everything was stored in its proper place, Margaret announced, "Now I can give you my little present."

"What is it, mom?"

"It's in my room, dear." A chill raced up his back as he realized his 'present' had something to do with this awful sentence. "Take off your top and bra," his mother said.

Grateful to get out of that awful bra, he did as she requested. "It's good that you haven't any chest hair yet," she said. "That will make this present even more effective."

"What does my lack of chest hair have to do with girl's clothes, mom?" he asked as he tossed the bra on the bed.

"Nothing to do with clothes, but a lot to do with my present," she retrieved two very realistic breast prostheses from her closet.

"Mom!! What are those?" Marty gasped. "I already have inserts for my bra."

"Those hard things are nothing like these, dear," she announced. "Those merely fill your bra. These have the feel and movement of real breasts once they are bonded to your chest. Aren't they absolutely gorgeous? And they are a perfect match for your skin color."

"I don't want to wear those things! I'm happy with what I already have. What do you mean 'bonded'?"

"Those awful inserts must be difficult to sleep with."

"Sleep? I don't wear my bra to bed!"

"You must from now on," his mother announced. "The Judge's orders were for you to dress in girl's clothes 24/7 for the next three months. That means a bra and panties to bed."

"But, mother, how will the Judge know what I sleep in?"

"We can't take the chance that she or Officer Bobbitt may make a surprise inspection. Besides, these babies solve another problem I recently found out about."

"What problem could those things solve?"

"You have been removing your bra when I'm not around. I know of your trickery at school."

"How? Who told you?"

"Never mind," Margaret answered. "With these lovelies, you can leave your bra off all you want if you want the attention bare breasts will bring you."

Totally confused, Marty glared at the too realistic breast forms. "They won't come off when I remove my bra?"

"Not after the adhesive sets," his mother gushed.

"What adhesive?" Marty was near panic.

"Lay on my bed while I apply the right one to your chest."

Gasping for breath, Marty laid where she indicated. His mother carefully cleaned his chest, and then applied adhesive over the right side of his chest. The adhesive felt chilly.

His mother quickly brought the right prosthesis and aligned it before bringing it into contact with the adhesive. "Hold it tightly, dear, while I prepare the left one."

Tears trickled down his cheeks as he did as he was told. A few minutes later, she was finished, and Marty sported two extremely lifelike breasts on his chest.

"Now that didn't hurt, did it, dear?" Margaret stood back and observed her handiwork. "I'll blend in the edges with this waterproof cover-up, and you won't be able to tell where your natural skin ends and the artificial skin begin."

"Mom, I don't want these things on my chest. I'll be the laughing stock of the school on Monday."

"How will they find out? You will be wearing a bra all the time. Nobody need know what's in the cups. Besides, if you remove your bra now, the boys would appreciate seeing your nipples through your silky top."

"How do I remove these...these things?" Marty asked, realizing that he would have to think twice the next time he tried to pull anything over on his mother.

"You don't, dear. They stay on until your sentence is over. There is a special solvent."

"I need to take showers, clean underneath..."

"Take a shower...or better take a bath," she said. "As for cleaning beneath, you don't need too."

"What about my skin? It needs to be cleaned."

"Those beauties take care of all that," Margaret said. "They allow your skin beneath to breathe. You now have womanly breasts until your sentence is over. Stand up and feel their weight."

Marty found that it hurt if he abused his new breasts. He pulled on one to see how secure it was. Apparently pulling out on the prosthesis pulled on the adhesive, which pulled on his skin beneath, resulting in pain. He would have to be very careful how he treated these awful protrusions until his mother removed them at the end of his sentence.

“Walk about without your bra. Your new breasts will take time to get used to. They add pounds to your chest, which you need to compensate for by holding your shoulders back and keeping your back straight. No slouching from now on.”

Groaning, Marty did as instructed, immediately feeling the difference in his stance. “Lift one and feel how soft and pliant it feels. Notice how realistic it looks up close. See how it moves just like a real breast,” his mother instructed. “Now stand before the mirror. See how realistic they look on you.”

Marty did as his mother suggested, and his first reaction was disbelief. They looked so real, like they were really his breasts. “Where is the seam, mother?” he asked trying to see where the breast forms mated to his chest.

“What seam, dear?” she smiled. “Girls don’t have seams where their breasts attach to their chests.”

“I’m not a girl, mother, and there should be a seam where my breasts attach to my chest,” Marty grumbled.

“Well, if you can’t see it, then it must not be there. It’s best if you just forget that your breasts are artificial. They are yours for the next 3 months, and soon they will feel natural.”

“I hope not,” Marty grumbled as he searched for the elusive seam to no avail.

A half an hour later, his mother was satisfied with his progress and allowed him to don his bra again. This time, for the first time, he wanted to put on the bra to hide his shameful breasts. He realized another problem resulting from these permanent additions to his chest. Before, he could wrap his bra over his flat chest, and then stuff the cups with the inserts. Now he no longer had a flat chest, and he had to take his breasts into consideration when donning his bra.

After a few tries with varying degrees of success, his mother came to his rescue. Giggling like a little girl, she showed him how to put the bra on backwards so he could fix the snaps, and then turn the bra until the cups were beneath his breasts. He could then insert his arms through the straps, and lean forward to slip his new breasts into the cups.

## Chapter 10

"I'm sorry I couldn't get here last week," Nancy half apologized to her husband through the Plexiglas. "The kids had this hearing, and I've been busy learning the ropes at my new job. Lots of turmoil, but it's finally settling down."

"How do you have money for new clothes, but not enough to spring me from this joint?" Paddy scowled while looking at his wife in her stylish mid-thigh length skirt that was riding high on her attractive nylon clad thighs and her slightly low cut top that revealed a hint of cleavage.

"I told you, I need new clothes for my job," Nancy replied. "Besides, Judge Reed won't rescind her contempt order, and you're in here until she does."

"Oh, **pooh!**" he exclaimed where before he would have cursed like a drunken sailor.

"**Pooh?**" she asked. "No swearing a blue streak? Every other word from your lips used to be profane."

"I stopped using that language."

"Stopped? Why?"

"Rocco suggested I stop. He said profanity didn't sound right coming from someone like...like me."

"Well, I must say, it's a welcome change." Moving closer to the Plexiglas to better observe him, she mused, "There's something different about you. Your brows have been plucked and shaped into thin arches, and your face looks smoother and clearer. Are you wearing makeup? And isn't that a purse over your shoulder?"

"N...no," he stammered while bringing his hand to his face with an involuntary reflex.

"Nail polish! Why are you wearing makeup and nail polish?"

Blushing, he sighed in a soft voice, "Rocco suggested that I start wearing makeup. I wiped most of it off because I was ashamed for you to see it, but I couldn't remove my nail polish without him seeing."

"What would he do if he knew?"

Blushing anew, Paddy shamefully admitted, "He'd flip up my ski...my...uh...he'd make me lie across his lap and give me a sound spanking on my pan...uh...like he always does when I disobey him."

"You obediently lie across his lap for a spanking whenever he tells you to?"

"You just don't understand..."

"You are right, I don't understand. Why would your cellmate want you to wear makeup and nail polish?"

"He still runs his criminal empire from jail. I'm a software engineer and can type, so I can keep his records secure from the authorities. I fit his needs, so he made me his secretary. All his past secretaries wore makeup, so I'm stuck."

Feeling confident because of the barrier between them, Nancy snickered, "I never thought I'd see the day macho Paddy Dolan would wear makeup and nail polish, become the secretary of another man, and meekly submit to spankings."

"You have to find a way to get me out of here!" he pleaded with tears filling his eyes. "You just *have* to! I can't take this shi...uh...treatment another day! Please, oh please!"

"I'll try, but Judge Reed is very angry about your verbal and physical assault. I doubt if she's in a mood for reconciliation, but I'll have a talk with her if you wish."



*"I have to wear makeup all the time while I'm in jail. Please teach me how to correctly apply my lipstick," Paddy pleaded to his wife. "Or Rocco will give me another spanking when I return to our cell."*

*Smiling at how reduced her belligerent husband had become while serving time, Nancy did as he requested.*

"Yes, yes! Talk with her! Tell her I'm sorry and that I'll do anything to make amends for what I said!"

"Okay, but I have to go now."

"No, wait!" I have to replace my makeup before I go back. I'm having trouble getting the knack of makeup and applying lipstick. Would you give me some pointers?"

"Okay, but let's make it quick. For starters, your skin is dry. Cream it at night, but thoroughly cleanse it the next morning. Start with foundation to cover any blemishes and imperfections. Next, your eyeliner, eye shadow, and mascara, and apply light blush to your cheeks. Use a lip pencil to outline your lips and fill them in with lipstick that matches your nails. With practice, the entire procedure shouldn't take more than half an hour. Give it a try while I watch."

Paddy was extremely fretful to remove his makeup from his shoulder bag, to lay it out on the panel in front of the Plexiglas for his wife to see, and to apply feminine makeup under his wife's watchful eye. But he was happy that she gave helpful hints instead of ridicule. In truth, she was greatly enjoying teaching her formerly profane and abusive husband this feminine art. "He's taking it instead of dishing it out for a change," she thought while watching him smooth the red shaft across his lips and press them together.

"Please do whatever you can to get me out of here," he pleaded with tear filled eyes rather than demanding, as was his habit in the past. "You see what Rocco is making me do, and he's getting more demanding by the day!"

## Chapter 11

Saturday morning, Lane awoke after his first night in a silky babydoll nightie and the matching panties, and he knew his day would only get worse. "Marty was right," he thought. "If I had worn bras and panties like the Judge ordered, all this girlish crap would be over. Now I have to work at that damn boutique dressed as a sissy girl! I've got to find a way out of this girlie crap!"

While trying to think of a way out of his feminine ordeal, he put on his bra, panties, silky red cami, skort, and pink girl's sneakers before going down to breakfast.

Seeing her son in his feminine clothes for the first time, Nancy thought of her husband who was being forced to wear makeup, and who knows what else, by his cellmate. With a bit of amusement, she thought, "Looks like both macho Dolan males are being forced to do the bidding of others instead of bullying their way through life for a change."

Mom!" Lane screeched. "Look what that crazy Judge and that sissy Fraley's Mom are making me wear."

"I can't help you," Nancy exhaled. "Your father tried to stop it, and look what happened to him. That leaves me to support the family. Speaking of which, how are we supposed to pay for your new feminine wardrobe?"

"I have to work at that stupid boutique to pay for all this girly stuff!" Lane wailed. "Please, do something to help me out of this mess!"

"I don't like the idea of my son wearing skirts," Nancy lied, "but I can't afford a fine for interference. I could give you a lift to the boutique on my way to work."

"It's a skort, not a skirt," he blushed.

Ignoring his plea and humiliation, Jenny looked her red faced brother over and ordered, in a no nonsense tone, "Change into your sandals before you leave to show off your pretty red toes."

"Mom! Jenny is trying to embarrass me. Must I do what she says?"

"You do according to Judge Reed," Nancy replied, imagining the delight Jenny was feeling in exacting revenge for her brother's past antics.

Jenny declared, "You'll stop complaining and change shoes unless you want me to call Officer Bobbitt on her day off. A sissy would want to show off his pretty red toes!"

"I'm not a sissy!" Lane pouted while obediently heading to his room to change into his girlish shoes as Jenny directed.

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During the ride to the boutique, Lane pleaded with his mother to help free him from his feminine fate, saying, "I'll do anything! I'll never be a bully again. I'll stop harassing Jenny and that sissy Fraley. I promise!"

"I don't like my son dressing as a girl, but for the time being, you are stuck in girls' clothes and at Jenny's mercy."

"Jenny and Judge Reed don't know the meaning of mercy!" Lane spat while exiting the car at the boutique. "I have to find my own way out of this girly crap."

David teased Lane about his sissy boobs, skort, and nail polish when he entered the boutique. Finally he was put to work restocking the lingerie counters and neatly arranging the merchandise for sale. Like most males his age, he became 'excited' from handling the silky items, increasing the size of the unnatural bulge at the front of his skort.

Janice said, "Good thing you filed, buffed, and polished your nails before coming to work. If you hadn't, you would be snagging that delicate lingerie you're showcasing."

"Jenny made me file and polish my nails," he admitted. "I hate it!"

"Since you did such a commendable job displaying the bras, panties, camis, and teddies on the counter, let's see how you do with an exhibit. Take the two manikins against that wall, and see what you can create."

"No wonder Fraley is such a sissy," Lane scowled.

"I never asked David to do anything like that."

"Then why do I have to do it?"

"Because you are wearing the clothes you will be exhibiting. David never did. And refer to my son as David in the future. He's a boy, and he wears pants to prove it!"



*Lane was deeply embarrassed as he worked for the woman most responsible for him wearing these awful girls' clothes. His job required that he wear and constantly handle the very same frilly feminine clothes that he had accused David of wearing. Now who was the sissy?*

"Yes, Mrs. Fraley," Lane sighed. Looking at his protruding satin top and tight skort, he dejectedly started placing the ultra feminine lingerie on exhibit. He pinned four pairs of lace embellished nylon panties, two pink and two white, at the center of the display area. He felt a stirring in his panties as he positioned a bra on one of the manikins.

Janice smiled as she viewed the unnatural bulge at the front of Lane's skort. She knew the embarrassment this delinquent was experiencing in his feminine clothing while creating a display of ultra sexy lingerie.

Lane's first mishap occurred when he ripped a delicate nylon stocking while trying to fit it over the leg of a mannequin. Seeing what he had done, he stammered, "I...I'm sorry, Mrs. Fraley. I...I don't know what happened. It...it just tore for no reason."

"The nylon ripped because it is a very fragile fabric. You don't know the proper technique to put them," Janice observed as a devious smile played across her lips. "You need practice. I'll show you how to properly slip them on."

"I can't wear nylon stockings!" Lane indignantly declared."

"Unless you want me to call your sister, you will," she threatened. "They're thigh highs with elastic at the top to hold them in place. Simply raise your skort and pull them taut. Your legs are already shaved, so you'll be amazed at how the nylons enhance their appearance. Start by gathering the fabric in your hands like this. Then, place it over your toe and knead it over your leg." When Lane's first ever nylon encased his thigh, she added, "Now for the other one."

Lane's face burned red as he viewed his image in the full-length mirror. In his mind one thought dominated. Escape! But how could he...where would he go...dressed like *this*?

When Lane sat to replace his shoes, Janice couldn't resist twisting the dagger a bit deeper. "Those sneakers will never do now that you're wearing nylons. Let's find something a bit dressier for you." After he walked around in half a dozen pairs

of dressy girl's shoes, Mrs. Fraley decided on a pair of navy pumps with narrow two inch heels.

"I can't work in these shoes!" Lane complained. "The heels are too high!"

"Just take short steps, and you'll do fine," Janice admonished. "Get back to your task, and remember to be more careful this time. The cost of that expensive pair of nylons you ruined is going on your account. Maybe that will teach you to be more careful when you handle delicate garments in the future."

Needless to say, Lane was much more careful as he kneaded a new pair of nylons over the legs of the mannequin. While concentrating on his humiliating task, he couldn't help wondering how many hours he would have to work in girl's clothes at his minimum wage job to pay for the nylons he destroyed.

He was quick to discover that these nylons didn't have elastic at the top like the ones he wore, and he didn't know how to secure them. When he asked Mrs. Fraley, she burst into laughter. Quickly regaining her composure, she said, "That style of nylons requires a garter belt. I'll demonstrate so you don't destroy any more delicate garments."

After fastening the garter belt around the mannequin's waist, she instructed, "Always thread the garter straps beneath the panties. If you were wearing a garter belt instead of thigh highs, how would you like to undo your nylons every time you lowered your skort and panties to relieve yourself?"

Lane blushed at the thought as he went about completing his feminine display. To his great relief, Mrs. Fraley gave the final result her approval, saying it was good for a first try and that he would improve with experience.

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About an hour before closing, Jenny entered the boutique carrying a package from a company called U.C.I. "What's that?" Lane asked.

"It's a 'Bikini Babe' gaffe that is designed to fit over your privates and eliminate unsightly bulges in your tight shorts, skirts, and skorts. Step into a changing booth and put it on. The instructions are in the packet with the device. Mrs. Fraley and I will be glad to help if you have any problems."

"N...no, I'll do it myself," he stammered with the realization that their help meant they would see him naked, and worse, even handle his genitals!

"While you're in there, I'll look around for a few things to make you look cute," Jenny stated.

Lane removed the garment, and at first glance it looked like a flesh colored jockey strap, but much smaller. It had a tiny pouch to fit his genitals into, and the front was covered with a triangular patch of hair. "I can't wear this thing!" he thought while overcome with panic. "It'll make me look like a chick even when I'm undressed. I've got to get out of here!" Filled with fear, he threw the packet on the floor and bolted for the back door of the boutique.

To Lane's chagrin, no sooner was he out the door when he was grabbed by Officer Bobbitt. She forcefully twisted him around, handcuffed his wrists behind him, and shoved him back into the boutique. "This sissy tried to escape just as you thought," the burly officer scowled as she presented her captive to Mrs. Fraley and his sister. "I warned him about disrupting of my day off, and now, he will pay!"

Lane wanted to shout that he wasn't a sissy. To his sorrow, he was in no position to argue with his arms cuffed behind him. Realizing he was at their mercy, he lowered his gaze and blushed in forced submission.

"Bring him to the dressing room, but leave him cuffed so he'll be more manageable while we put him in the 'Bikini Babe'," Janice instructed Officer Bobbitt.

"Please don't put me in that *thing!*" Lane shouted in a panic filled voice. "It's not right! It's not *decent!*"

Ignoring his pleas, Janice lowered Lane's skort and panties, exposing his privates to the females. To his great

shame, when she grasped his penis to insert it into the small pouch, it began to stiffen and enlarge. "I'll get an ice bag to take care of that," she said. She returned with a plastic bag filled with crushed ice. Placing the bag on his genitals, she said, "There, that should do the trick."

"Hey, that's *cold!*" Lane shouted. "Take it off!"

"Yes, your Honor," Officer Bobbitt said into her cell phone. "He tried to run away, just like you predicted, but he is in custody now. I don't know where he planned to go. I'll turn on the speaker so we can all hear what you have to say."

Lane heard Judge Reed declare, "Lane Dolan, since you tried to run away and escape your court ordered punishment, your sentence is hereby extended for one year. During that time, you will wear dresses or skirts unless your sister gives you permission to wear feminine shorts, slacks, Capri's, or a skort." Lane lowered his head in defeat.

The conversation ended, Janice removed the ice bag from his now flaccid and shrunken genitals and began installing the 'Bikini Babe'. With Officer Bobbitt holding him down, it was soon in place. "Hey! This thing is too small!" he wailed when the metal tipped strap slid into the slot, and the lock clicked to secure it in place.

"It will be a bit uncomfortable at first, but you'll grow accustomed to it in time," Janice proclaimed as she pulled his panties into place. "Look on the bright side, unsightly bulges are eliminated. Best of all, you are now free from those annoying and distracting erections that complicate your life."

Lane wanted to protest that erections weren't distracting or annoying, but his genitals were expanding to normal size due to the removal of the ice bag. Instead, he doubled over in pain, pleading with them to remove the damnable thing, but his pleas fell on deaf ears. "How do I get this awful thing off?" he asked as Officer Bobbitt freed him from his handcuffs.

"With *this!*" Jenny proclaimed with a devious smile while holding up a small key on a gold chain. Placing the chain

around her neck, she added, "You need my permission to remove your device, and that won't be easy to come by."

"Oh no!" Lane commiserated as he pulled up his skort and adjusted it at his waist. He made it through the day only by walking gently and with very short steps. After work, Jenny and Janice helped him select a wide assortment of the feminine clothing he was to wear for the next year, including panties, bras, slips, camisoles, garter belts, nylon stockings, dresses, skirts, blouses, sweaters, and shoes with heels of varying heights.

## Chapter 12

The next two days were a nightmare for Marty as his mother prepared him for his first appearance at school in girl's clothes and with obvious breasts that he could not hide. She made Marty wear three different outfits each day to get used to the fit and feel. She taught him to coordinate his outfits with his shoes, but she didn't insist that he wear makeup, since that wasn't part of the sentence.

Each night, Marty fell asleep exhausted from the day's events, and from the tension and anxiety of knowing that he had to go to school on Monday wearing a tight fitting girl's top and Capri pants.

His mother was right about the breasts though. They were soft, and flattened out as he lay on his back to sleep. She allowed him to remove his bra when he went to bed, but she insisted that he wear a nightgown for 'modesty's sake'. It was a white babydoll nightie.

"Mom! I don't want to wear a girl's nightie!!" he protested.

"You know the sentence as well as me," she insisted. "I'm allowing you to leave your bra off at night, but you can't sleep with your breasts bared to the world."

"Why not?" he moaned. "They are just artificial forms made to look like realistic breasts. It's not like they are real."

"Posh!" she dismissed his logic. "They look real and they feel real, so you must treat them as if they were real. If you

don't, you may get lax with covering them up, and that could cause lots of problems. It is very important that you treat them as real breasts at all times until they are removed, unless you want the attention of horny boys."

"Mother!" Marty gasped. "I certainly do NOT want horny boys bothering me."

"Then do as I say, and you may get through this sentence without being molested," she smiled as she dropped the silky nightie over his head and allowed it to fluff over his bared breasts to sway enticingly about his pantied bottom.

As he was climbing into bed, she observed, "Your nightie just doesn't look right with that awful hair on your legs and underarms. "We must take care of that first thing tomorrow."

-----

Monday morning dawned early for Marty. How would he ever survive the day? He hadn't talked with Lane since seeing him at the boutique, so he didn't know what Lane was wearing, but it would be equally humiliating.

His mother had chosen a pair of sea green Capri pants that hung low on his hips, and tightly molded to his legs to 3" above his ankles. They zipped up the back, and it took a major effort for his mother to get his privates sufficiently hidden that they didn't make him look gross. Each pant leg had a slit up the outside to mid-calf, and wide enough to expose some of his cleanly shaven legs.

He wore his top with 'Diva' written across his chest. Now with his B-cup breasts enclosed in a matching bra, the 'D' and the 'A' stood out.

The tight fitting top bared his shoulders to expose his bra straps. It barely covered his bra to expose 4" of bare skin between the top and the Capri's. His outfit was completed with a pair of jeweled green low heel slippers.

As Marty examined his reflection, he moaned, "Mother, these pants were made for a girl with hips. They don't fit right. Can't I just wear a pair of Levis?"

"Nice try, dear," she smiled, "but that's why we bought cute belts. Belts are mostly decoration when girls wear pants, but they provide you with a needed function. Maybe with time, you will grow into being able to wear these lovely clothes without using a belt."

"I don't see how that can happen," Marty said, "I'm still a boy under these sissy clothes."

"Your outfit would be really cute if you had a pierced bellybutton, dear," his mother cooed as she brushed his growing hair. "Let me put your hair in a ponytail. I have the loveliest sea green scrunchie to hold it in place." Almost in shock, Marty barely heard her. Taking his silence as concurrence, she pulled his hair back and slipped the scrunchie in place.

"I'll drop you off at school, dear," Margaret led her son to the car. "Give me a call if you are attacked and I'll rush right over, but only if it becomes physical. Judge Reed wants to embarrass you as payment for harassing David."

"This is the worst day of my life!" Marty groaned as they approached the school. "I'll never live it down!"

"Look on the bright side, dear," his mother soothed. "Judge Reed didn't dictate that you wear makeup." After scanning her femininely clad son, she finished, "Although a little makeup would make you look so pretty that no one would recognize you as a boy wearing girl's clothes."

"No, thank you, mom," Marty exited the car. "You've done quite enough, thank you!"

"I'm only carrying out Judge Reed's instructions! You have only yourself to blame for being in those clothes!" she said.

-----

Marty tentatively walked to the school entrance as he saw his mother drive away. He was on his own now, and he was miserable. Before he reached the entrance, a friend, Aaron, came up to him. "Marty? Is that you? Why are you wearing girl's clothes?"

"Uh..." Marty searched for an explanation.

He was about to admit the truth when Aaron laughed, "I get it. You are using the final day of school to protest the special treatment given to girls by wearing their clothes. You had me going there for a while. I thought that you had gone sissy on us." He walked away laughing at Marty's protest.

Not believing his unbelievable luck, Marty was walking down the corridor to his homeroom when a girl he knew stopped him. "Marty! My Gawd! It is you!" she stammered. "Why are you dressed...?"

"Uh...protest," he said. "I'm uh...protesting that girls can wear whatever they want, but we guys can only wear...uh..."

"Protest? I doubt that!" she smiled. "You look way too cute to be protesting anything. Are you sure you aren't a transgender girl finally coming out?"

"No! No!" he gasped, barely able to stand. "I've got to go," and he hurried to his class.

"If you were protesting, you wouldn't be wearing obviously expensive breast forms, Marty," the girl called after him. "Why those beauties bounce just like the real thing. Swing those hips, girlfriend."

Marty took his assigned seat at homeroom, with all the other kids staring at him. The classroom was abuzz with giggles and whispers.

The teacher entered and started with his instructions for this final day of the school year, but the buzz throughout the class and their stares at one student stopped his instructions.

"Do I know you?" he addressed Marty. "Marty? Is that you? Why are you wearing girl's clothes? That's gross! What are you, a pervert? I will not condone such conduct in my class!" He took Marty by his arm, not finding any loose clothing he could grab hold of, and escorted him from the class. "Don't return until you change into proper male clothes!" and he left him alone in the hallway.

The principle happened by just as the teacher returned to the class "Why aren't you in your class, Martin?" she asked. "I see that you are obeying the Judge's orders."

"You know about my sentence?" Marty whined.

"Yes, Judge Reed called me about you and Lane Dolan."

"You've seen Lane?" Marty stammered.

"No, he didn't show up at school today," she answered, "and I've notified Judge Reed. I'm telling the teachers why you are dressed this way. We must provide protection if needed. It's a court order."

Marty blushed, knowing the reason for his wearing girl's clothes was soon to be common knowledge throughout the school. "Why are you standing in the hallway? Why aren't you in class?"

"My homeroom teacher expelled me until I changed into boy clothes," Marty said, hoping that this was the excuse that would get him out of these awful girl clothes.

"He did, did he?" the principal growled, "We will see about that," and she opened his homeroom door and pushed Marty back inside.

The sudden appearance of the Principal with Marty in tow disrupted the class to the point that it could not be calmed. The principal lectured the teacher about what he could and could not do, while the class buzzed and laughed at the way Marty was dressed. More than one comment was said about him being a 'Diva', and how well he displayed it.

Meanwhile, Marty stood in front of the class in his hip hugging Capri pants, tight fitting girlish top with bra straps clearly visible and obvious breasts protruding from his chest. Even his hair was held in a high girlish ponytail. He felt like falling through a hole and covering it over him. The class was excused for the day, but not before Marty was excused for the final day tomorrow.

## Chapter 13

Marty's eyes were as wide as saucers and his skin pale as chalk as he hung up the phone. "What is it, dear?" his mother asked, concerned with her son's ashen appearance.

"That was Lane..." he stammered. "He ran away, and was caught. The Judge lengthened our sentences to a year..."

"That boy is always causing trouble," Margaret growled, "It is only fitting."

"You didn't hear me, mother," Marty cried. "The Judge lengthened both of our sentences to a year. She said that the sentence for one applies to both of us."

"Oh," Margaret sympathized. "I hope this teaches you to stay away from that awful boy."

"Mom! You don't understand," Marty cried even further. "I have to wear these awful girl's clothes for a year!"

Taking her son's head in her arms, she soothed, "I know this comes as an awful shock, honey, but you are strong. We will get through this together."

"You still don't understand!" Marty moaned, a tear starting to trickle down his cheek. "School yesterday was awful! I was going to spend the summer at home, and avoid my friends until this sentence was finished. I can't stay inside for a year! What about school next year? One day wearing girl's clothes was more than I could stand. I simply couldn't take a full school year."

"I see..." Margaret sighed, still holding her son in her arms. "That does change things, doesn't it?"

"You've got to talk to Judge Reed and tell her that I've lived by the terms of my sentence and shouldn't be punished for something I didn't do," Marty moaned.

"I will certainly do that, honey, "but what are we going to do until she relents?" Margaret puzzled.

"I'm afraid to go outside dressed like this," Marty scanned his hands over his tight red top and white short shorts.

"Anyone that sees me will know that I'm a boy wearing girl's clothes. Everyone will think I'm a sissy. I cannot stand the constant humiliation!"

"I understand, darling," Margaret continued to calm her distressed son. "I'm sure I can come up with a solution to tide you over until I talk to the Judge about her unjust sentence."

"Thanks, mom," Marty sniffled with tears still trailing down his cheeks. "I knew I could count on you."

"Always, dear," Margaret smiled. "I certainly don't want my child to become a prisoner in his own house."

-----

Later that day, Margaret approached Marty. "I have a near-term solution, but I'm not sure you will agree to it."

"What, mom? I'll do anything to not be humiliated."

"Remember when we left the boutique and everyone in the mall stared and laughed at you?"

"How can I ever forget?"

"Then remember people's reaction when I put a little makeup on your face and fixed your hair with a scrunchie?"

"Yes..." Marty hesitated, not knowing exactly where his mother was going with her line of questions.

"You were able to pull off your disguise because unlike Lane, you are thin, almost petite, with fine facial features."

"Mom, I'm not some fairy," Marty responded. "Sure I'm shorter than the average guy, but I'll catch up when puberty kicks in."

"I know that you are all boy, Marty," Margaret agreed. "I was just thinking that you should use your features to your benefit."

"How...?" Marty was becoming leerier.

"By disguising yourself as a girl until the Judge drops her unreasonable sentence," his mother made her main point. She waited for her son's reaction, and it wasn't long in coming.

"WHAT! Are you crazy, mom?" Marty gasped. "I can't make myself look like a girl. Never in a million years will people think I'm a girl."

"Maybe not you alone," she calmly responded to his rant, "but with my help, you could fool everyone you met."

"The kids at school will recognize me, no matter what I wear, especially after yesterday, when half of them thought I was some crazy weirdo who wants to be a girl."

"This is a big town, honey. I doubt if you will see any of them for the next three months. Avoid places where they hangout. You must do something, dear. Staying indoors is not an option. It's either endure the ridicule and humiliation of people recognizing you as a boy wearing girls clothes and calling you a sissy, or trying to fool them into thinking you are a girl, and not being ridiculed as a sissy. Which will it be?"

"Mom, I don't want to be a girl!" Marty whined, again his mother detecting that he was less resistant as he came to realize that looking like a girl could be the better of two evils.

"You won't become a girl, you will just be disguised as one," Margaret said. "I will help you over the rough spots."

"I only have to do this until the Judge lowers my sentence?" Marty asked. "You will get with her quickly?"

"You only have to be a girl until your sentence is over," Margaret soothed, "And I will get with Judge Reed in five weeks when she returns from vacation."

"Five weeks?"

"Why, yes," Margaret answered. "She left this morning."

Caving in with a sigh, Marty asked, "When do we start?"

"No time like the present, honey," his mother said, leading him to her bedroom.

"Marty, can you tell a girl from a boy?" she asked.

"Of course!"

"How?" she asked.

"I don't know..." Marty puzzled. "It just happens."

"**Lesson #1:** No it doesn't just happen. Everyone trains their senses early in life to distinguish between the two genders," his mother instructed, "especially using sight and sound. Smell is a secondary sense used."

"I don't understand," Marty groaned.

"It's simple, honey," Margaret said. "If you look and sound like a girl, people will automatically label you as a girl, and never question it unless given reason to doubt. But if either of these senses provides conflicting information, then suspicion flags go up. Once doubts begin, they are nearly impossible to put to rest until proof positive one way or the other is provided. Of all senses, your voice is the most important."

"I thought looking like a girl is most important?"

"A person can be as ugly as a mud fence, but sound like a woman, and people will always label her as an ugly woman, rather than as a man. Looking pretty is certainly important, especially for 'femininely challenged' people, such as yourself."

"How am I 'femininely challenged'?" Marty asked.

"By being a boy, of course," Margaret smiled. "But never doubt the effect your voice has on determining how others perceive your gender."

"You mean that if I sounded like a boy, people will label me as a boy, even if I look like and dress as a girl?"

"Yes, dear," she smiled, "And a sissy boy at that."

"What can I do?" Marty asked. "I'm a guy with a masculine body, plus I have a male voice."

"You must practice, practice, and practice raising the pitch of your voice until nobody mistakes you for a boy. Luckily, you are young, and your male hormones haven't kicked in yet," she said. "We can disguise the body to hide your masculine features and train your voice too a feminine pitch. The last obstacle is your actions."

"What actions?" Marty asked.

"Everything you do. You must learn to project yourself as a girl as well as look and sound like one. For instance, if you walk like a boy, people will notice, especially if you look like a pretty girl. Your actions must match your looks."

"I don't know how to act like a girl, mom!" Marty whined. "It's hopeless! I'll just stay indoors all the time and forget about this looking like a girl crap."

"Staying indoors for a year is not an option, dear," Margaret countered. "You can look and act like a sissy, or you can look, speak, and act like a girl. There are no other choices."

"Where can I learn to speak and act like a girl?"

"From the same person who will teach you to look like a girl, silly. Me! I'm your mother, and I love you. I'll do anything to help my only child. Trust me; I'll make sure that you will pass as a girl under all circumstances."

"Yes, mother."

"Starting now, dear," she sternly said. "Let's hear you raise your voice by saying, 'Hello, my name is Mary Malone'."

"MOTHER! Do I need a girl's name too?"

"You could use a feminine version on your name by changing the 'y' to an 'i', but I don't recommend it. You might run into someone who knows the boy, Marty Malone. 'Marti' is too close to your male name."

"You're right..." he sighed.

"Now raise the pitch of your voice and speak from the top of your throat rather from down deep. Say 'Hello, my name is Mary Malone'," his mother coached.

Marty tried to raise his voice as his mother instructed, "Hello, my name is M...M...Mary Malone." The effort nearly exhausted him, and he turned peach pink in the process.

"Nice try, but you have a long way to go before your voice will be taken as feminine. Don't speak in a falsetto. That's a dead giveaway!"

"Okay, mother," Marty sighed, "My name is...."

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"A nice hot soothing bath will work wonders to get you into the proper mood," she said after he had worked on his voice for half an hour. "You can get rid of your remaining body hair at the same time."

As the tub filled, Margaret added oils and fragrances to give the tub the scent of flowers. "Scented baths help with the final sense, smell. People expect a girl to smell like a girl. A real boy would never take a scented bath."

Marty collapsed in the scented bath and let his worries soak away. It was luxurious! Only the unwanted task of shaving his legs, pits, and crotch distracted him from this heavenly bath. "Keep up your voice lessons, dear," his mother coached from the bedroom. "And add, 'I feel pretty!'."

"MOM!" Marty moaned, but did as instructed, knowing he had no way out of this continuing embarrassment.

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After tying his towel about his body like his mother taught him, he entered his bedroom to find his mother waiting for him. She was naked except for her panties. "Mother!" Marty gasped, turning red. "Shouldn't you be wearing a bra?"

"Why, dear?" she innocently asked. "There are only us girls here."

"But...but I'm just pretending to be a girl. I'm really your son, remember?" he gasped.

"**Lesson #2:** you must forget about being a boy or 'pretending' to be a girl' or this 'being a charade'. You must think of yourself as a girl so deeply that your every action becomes that of a girl. Only then can you be assured of not making mental mistakes that will expose you as a boy in a dress," his mother instructed.

"I can't forget about being a boy, mother," Marty croaked. "I am a boy, and girl's clothes can't change that."

"You may physically be a boy, but until your sentence is over, you must train yourself to think as a girl, and the first step is to forget about this being a masquerade. Being a girl must become your life, not a 'phase' you are going through."

"How can I do that, mother?"

"Start by removing your towel and stepping into these panties," she answered.

Marty reluctantly lowered his towel, and put on the offered silky white panties. He noted that the panty his mother gave him was particularly frilly, with a lace edging about both leg openings.

"Now stand next to me in front of this full length mirror." Marty shuffled over to stand beside her. "Now look in the mirror and tell me what you see."

"I see you...and me nearly naked next to each other."

"More detail, dear," she said. "Notice that both of us have long hair, are wearing panties, and both of us have breasts."

"But mine are merely breast forms," Marty added.

"That is what you must forget, dear," his mother said. "You must forget that your breasts are artificial. You must learn to think of them and treat them as if they are the real thing. Now compare your breasts to mine."

Marty was shivering, but he did as his mother instructed. "Your breasts are larger than m...mine."

"Yes, continue," she encouraged.

"A...and your nipples are larger than mine...and your breasts are shaped a little different than mine."

"Correct, and mine sag a little more than yours, dear," Margaret continued. "But the only differences between our breasts are attributable to age. Your breasts look real, don't they?"

"Uh...yes..." Marty said truthfully.

"They weigh like they are real, they sway when you walk without a bra, and you can feel it when you touch them?"

"Y...yes..." Marty weakly agreed.

"Now repeat after me," his mother said, "My name is Mary Malone, and I'm a girl.' Then touch your breasts and say, 'These are my breasts, my real breasts'."

Marty nearly choked as he did as his mother instructed. "Raise your voice, dear, and repeat it a dozen times slowly. Be sure to look at yourself in the mirror while you are speaking."

Marty was fit to be tied, and near fainting, but he raised the pitch of his voice and quietly said, "My name is Mary Malone, I am a girl, and these are my b...breasts", touching them with his fingers as he uttered the humiliating phrase.

"Continue, dear, while I prepare to work on your hair."

Marty wanted to run and hide, but he nevertheless did as his mother instructed. Each time he uttered the phrase it became easier to say, until he almost felt he had real breasts, his name was Mary, and he was a girl.

"Walk about without a bra, honey," she suggested after he finished his drill. "Feel their weight and sway as you walk. Don't they feel nice?"

"It feels different, mom."

His mother offered him a seat, without letting him put on a bra. "Your hair has grown, but it is scraggly and unshaped."

"Can't I just wear a wig?"

"Most wigs look like wigs. People will wonder why a young girl would wear a hot wig over her own hair," Margaret explained. "I won't change your hair much. Just give you some bangs and style it more femininely."

As she started combing his hair, she said, "Your hair is going to look so gorgeous once it grows longer. Watch what I do, dear, so you can do it yourself in the future."

"Mother! I am going to be a girl for only a few weeks until the Judge returns," Marty exclaimed.

Ignoring his protest, she said, "Your voice, dear, raise the pitch of your voice. It must become second nature for you to speak with a girl's voice."

The next hour was spent with her working on Marty's hair while he tried to raise the pitch of his voice. By the time she finished rolling his hair in large rollers, he was nearly hoarse. "Your hair will look okay until we get you professional help."

"Professional help?" Marty croaked. "I don't want to go to a beauty parlor."

"It certainly won't happen until you can speak like a girl," Margaret said. "I'll work on your face now. But first, let's put on some clothes. We don't want to catch a cold."

Marty gladly did as she suggested. He was getting the knack for putting on a bra, and was able to finish about the same time as his mother. He felt strange, standing next to his mother while wearing panties that matched hers, and putting on a bra over his breasts just like she was doing with hers.

Margaret chose a frilly white blouse for him. Its lacy thin shoulder straps effectively hid his bra straps, while the rest of the blouse covered his breasts, but exposed his waist. "I've got the perfect skirt for you to wear," she chimed.

"Not a skirt!" Marty cried to no avail.

It was a patterned wraparound skirt that hid his panties, while displaying his legs from mid-thigh. His ensemble was completed with a pair of white low heel slippers.

"Now let's polish your finger and toenails," Margaret suggested.

"Do I really need to wear nail polish, mom?"

"Of course, dear, it will make your hands look so much more feminine. Your hands are always visible, and people notice. Manly hands are a sure giveaway, whereas nicely polished nails make your hands appear dainty, and your fingers long and tapered, especially with nicely shaped nails."

Marty looked at his fingers. He usually kept his fingernails cut short, but his mother made him grow his nails

over the past three weeks. His nails were long, but not properly shaped, a problem his mother eagerly fixed.

He became fidgety on his chair as his mother worked, but he knew better than to ask for a reprieve or try to get up. His mother talked non-stop as she worked, explaining a myriad of things about being a girl that he was expected to remember. Marty was positive that he couldn't absorb everything his mother said, but when she finished with his toes, he was surprised at how much he remembered. If he forgot something, his mother would surely touch on it again in the near future. She was a font of information on being a girl, and she seemed determined to share it all with him.

-----

"Don't apply too much makeup, mother," Marty sighed, realizing that he was losing this battle of wills.

"Of course, dear," she replied, "A young girl like you should never wear excessive makeup."

"Young girl like me?" he cried. "This is just a charade."

"Remember, this is not a charade. You must think of yourself as a girl or you will always be looking over your shoulder to see if anyone recognizes you as a boy," Margaret started to tweeze his eyebrows.

"What are you doing?" Marty felt a twinge of pain as the first hair was removed.

"Don't be such a sissy!" she slapped his hand away. "Girls do this all the time. Surely you can stand a little pain for beauty."

"I can, but I don't want to."

"Bushy brows on a girl draw attention, dear." Marty slumped into a funky mood, realizing how far his mother was willing to go to make him look like a girl.



*"Carefully apply just a little," Marty's mother said. "A young girl shouldn't use too much makeup."*

*Marty stared at his reflection as he brought the creamy color to his lips. How far would his mother go towards making him look like a girl?*

A half hour later, she completed trimming his eyebrows, applied a light foundation, brushed mascara to his eye lashes, and stroked on a light eyeliner and light blush. "Okay, dear, I want you to apply your lipstick."

"What did you do to me, mom?!" Marty protested as he saw his reflection. His dark hair was styled in a high ponytail, his eyebrows were wisps of their former bushy selves, his cheeks glowed, and his eyes looked huge and seductive.

"You certainly have the genes for becoming a pretty girl," his mother handed him an opened lipstick, "Dab a little to your lips, then press your lips together to smooth it out," she instructed.

He brought the slippery stick to his trembling lips. He had trouble keeping his hand steady as he touched his upper lip, then his bottom. He was so humiliated!

"Very nicely done, dear," she cooed once he finished. "A young girl shouldn't use too much. You don't want to look like a tramp."

-----

Once he finished applying his lip color, his mother allowed Marty to rise. "Okay, Mary, it's time you met the new feminine you." She led him to a full length mirror. "May I introduce my new daughter, Miss Mary Margaret Malone?"

"Mo..." Marty started to protest, but he caught his image in the mirror and his heart sank to his knees. His reflection was that of a girl.

He brought his hands to his open mouth as he gasped at his image. This only reinforced his feminine image as his newly shaped and colored fingernails sparkled in the reflected light. Nothing about his image indicated that a boy was hidden beneath. Even the slight cleavage exposed at the top of his blouse shouted that here stood a girl.

"Stand back, Mary, and look at your full image."

# ARE YOU A WRITER?

ARTIST?  
OR JUST A  
"GAL" WITH  
SOME IDEAS  
OR SCENES?

SOME OF THE  
BEST IDEAS  
START WITH  
SOMEONE JUST  
SCRIBBLING  
DOWN A FEW  
SCENES TO A  
FANTASY?  
I'D LOVE TO SEE  
THOSE AND  
MAYBE EXPAND  
UPON THEM.



SEND THOSE  
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"Mother, my name is Marty," he started to complain in a much higher pitch than he normally used. His image belied his protest.

"I don't see a Marty in the mirror. I see is a cute teenage girl, a girl that should have a girl's name."

"Mother..."

"Do you see a boy or a girl in the mirror, dear? Don't lie."

"Uh...a girl...I guess..."

"Tell me her name, dear."

"M...Mar...Mary?" Marty sighed in a high pitch whisper.

"That's right, Mary," she agreed. "I don't want to hear anymore about you being a boy named Marty until your sentence is over. Understand?"

"Yes...mother." He felt like fainting.

"Let's finish cleaning up your bedroom, Mary."

"Clean it up? It's clean..."

"Don't be a silly girl," his mother laughed. "It's filled with boy clothes and stuff. We must clean that out and put it in storage. My daughter is not going to have girlie pictures on her wall. Those boy clothes won't be used for a year."

"Three months once you talk with the Judge," Marty countered. "Maybe she will even commute my sentence."

"Whatever," Margaret waved his suggestion away. "Until then, you must live and breathe girl or people will recognize you as a sissy boy! You don't want that to happen, do you?"

An image of being ridiculed by strangers while wearing a dress sent a shock up Marty's spine. "No!"

"I'll get the boxes while you start cleaning out your room, dear. Make sure to get your boy stuff from my bedroom. I don't want any male clothes in the house. We are just mother and daughter now."

"Yes, mother..." Marty signed as he gathered up the shorts, socks, and t-shirts stored in his mother's bedroom.

It took 10 boxes to contain all Marty's boy stuff, but finally his mother was satisfied that nothing left in the house could remotely belong to a boy. His bedroom was left looking a little barren. "Hum," Margaret pondered. "Now would be a good time to make a few other changes in here."

"What changes, mother?" Marty asked.

"A few new clothes are needed, along with other things..." she answered, not getting specific. "Help me carry these boxes to the garage. I've just the place for them."

She placed them in a closet with a lock. "It's musky in here," Marty observed.

"It's the only place with a lock."

"Why do you need to lock it up?"

"Later, you may yearn to wear boy clothes."

"I already want to wear boy clothes, mother."

"Mary, dear, you are a girl until your sentence is over or the Judge commutes it, and girls don't wear boy clothes!"

-----

"Sleep well tonight," Margaret smiled as Marty climbed into bed. "Tomorrow afternoon we return to Mrs. Fraley's boutique to collect a few new items, and then we can go shopping for some new clothes."

Marty instantly came to attention. Turning to face his mother, making his unfettered breasts bob beneath his pink babydoll nightie. "I don't need new clothes, mother. I've lots of girl's clothes now."

"Silly girl! A girl never has enough clothes. You are lacking dresses, skirts, blouses, nylons, and sexy high heels from your wardrobe," his mother giggled.

"Do I have to wear a dress, mom?" he whined, knowing before asking that the question was moot, since his mother seemed determined to get him in a dress.

"We've been over that before, dear. We will have a wonderful time shopping together."

"We aren't going to buy them at Mrs. Fraley's place?"

"Possibly," she laughed. "We want to see what other stores have to offer. The fun is in the search, not in the bills." She turned off his bedroom light and closed the door to leave him with his imagination.

Continued in Book 2

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When the landlady couldn't change her daughter's mind about dating Peter, she decided to change his body.

#### MODEL HUSBAND #3

Loretta and her girlfriend decide to turn Bill's recovery into a makeover. He was the perfect husband. Now his wife was trying to turn him into a model husband...

#### SUBSTITUTE DAUGHTER #4

The story of Bob, told by his neighbor and best friend. How Bob was first made to dress "funny" by his mother-in-law.

#### PAT GOES COED #5

A college prank traps Pat into becoming Patti...coed. Pat is helped by his wife and in-laws to dress as a girl for a college dance.

Then, things just got out of hand: double dating with his wife and getting a job as "Patti".

#### CHEERLEADER MASCOT #6

The fraternity needed a mascot and they all thought it would be cute to have a "cheerleader". None of the coeds would do it, so two of the brothers were drafted to become cheerleaders. Cheerleader Mascot takes you behind the scenes for an intimate look at their transformation into lovely young girls.

#### PASSPORT TO FEMININITY #7

(Previously titled, MISS-ING PASSPORT) Shelley loses his passport.

The replacement has a small mistake. It says he's "female". All of their reservations for a summer in Europe were made for two girls, not a husband and wife. Something would have to change.

#### LIKE MOTHER, LIKE SON #8

"His mother had plans for his hair. With its new length, she had several options: fancy French braiding, or perhaps and elegant upsweep." All because he wanted to let his hair grow a little longer. A daughter and son, all in one child.

#### JUST LIKE A WOMAN #9

In search of a big story, an investigative reporter goes "undercover" and enrolls at the Chrissy Institute. (Where they train boys to live as girls.) Would he ever be the same? This is a tale of a reporter's search for a sensational story.

#### SKIRTING THE ISSUE #10

His boss forced him to join a women's social club hoping they would discriminate against men. Thompson heard the rules: "We expect you to maintain a high level of hygiene. Included are legs smoothly shaven, bras and nylons worn...." Could he face this challenge?

#### NOT ENOUGH GIRLS #11

Chris has to find two boys who are willing to be girls for their fraternity.

#### ALL DOLLED UP #12

Bill's sister Lilly needed a model for her beauty school training. Kelly, a neighbor boy, was willing to help. A few pictures later all their lives would be changed.

Could Bill resist this "dream girl?"

#### ACTING LIKE A GIRL #13

Ken was accepted into a Shakespearean drama college. He quickly learned that during Shakespeare's time, boys played the girl's parts!

#### MAID UP #14

John's wife has a few ideas to make him help around the house. He's soon a dapper domestic.

#### FLIGHT OF FANCY #15

Some men think they have complete control over women. This is the story of one such man. After a plane crash, women take control over him. Alex will never be the same.

#### DRESSED TO DANCE #16

Due to an accident, Dave has to "fill in" for Jessica at a dance contest.

#### GOING A BROAD #17

A father goes abroad to visit a long lost son. His son is now modeling bikinis. What will Shelley's father do when he finds out about his son modeling bikinis? What any father would do.

## 84 - TV FICTION CLASSICS

### NEAR MISS #18

In a small town, everyone knows everyone's business. How could Jan possibly change her son into her daughter without everyone knowing? And why would she want to?

### TIT FOR TAT #19

Two young wives make a bet: After dressing their husbands as women, the first one "read" is the loser. Jerry's dream marriage turns into a nightmare when he realizes what he and his buddy are being turned into-WOMEN!

### THAT'A GIRL #20

A young boy spends the summer in Malibu as a girl. His father hopes that this will cure his unusual "hobby".

### WOMAN'S WORK #21

Larry hated working on his father's farm. He found out that heavy labor wasn't the only work that never ends.

### MY SON, THE BRIDESMAID #22

Robin gets "into" his new job at the bridal shop.

### PAUL: GIRL MODEL #23

Glamour or hard work? Paul tells all about his life as a girl model.

### HUSBAND TO HOUSEWIFE #24

After helping his working wife with the housework, Gene decides to make it a permanent change.

### ONE OF THE GIRLS #25

A mother and son decide that he shouldn't grow up to be like his abusive father. . .or any other man.

### WOMAN-HOOD #26

Marlon and Darwin are delinquent twins who have a choice...Jail or womanhood!

### WOMAN-HOOD COMPLETED #27

The delinquent twins cope with their new womanhood.

### HOLIDAY IN HEELS AND HAWAII IN HEELS #28

Dale's experience wearing dresses for a school play and more.

## GIRLS' THINGS I

### LIKE A DAUGHTER #29

Mother & son check into a "fat farm" only to find it accepts only females!

### MY SON, THE DEBUTANTE #30

Julian is invited to a fancy party where all the boys dress like girls...and the girls like boys!

### MY SON, THE BRIDE #31

The lives of several boys are changed after attending a cross dressing party...One is going to be a bride!

### PRETTY AS YOU PLEASE #32

A young man goes to work at his in-law's beauty salon...As a girl!

### FEMININE APPEAL #33

We all know women can do men's jobs. . .how about men doing a woman's job-like strippers?

### HAIR TODAY, GOWN TOMORROW #34

A day in a beauty parlor turns into a new job, a new girlfriend and a new life!

### DAUGHTERS ONLY #35

A young man is faced with a decision-will it be the Army or take his mother's place as a stewardess?

### SLINK OR SWIM #36

David borrows his Aunt's swimsuit for a quick dip in the lake. . .No one will see him right? Wrong! How far will he go to hide his gender?

### CAMPING IN CURLS #37

A family send their son to camp. . .to learn everything about being a girl! His father assumes that will end his interest in dresses! DOUBLE ISSUE

### BLONDE & BLONDER #38

Three feminists force their sons to enter a beauty contest. Each boy has his own way of handling the trauma of being sissified and beautified. Could one of these boys win?

### WITH MOTHER'S HELP #39

Nick finds that he likes helping his mother do "girl things. . .and she helps him learn everything he needs to know about being a girl full time! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**GIRL BY CHOICE #40**

After getting in trouble, the only way Pat's mother will let him out of the house is in a dress!

**LETTING HIS HAIR DOWN #41**

Jan's mother buys him some girlish things to keep his hair out of his eyes. . .his grandmother buys him the dress! Naughty Grandma! DOUBLE ISSUE!

**COED CREATED #42**

Carl's scholarship has a few strings attached. . .I should say bra straps! This very long (120 pages) has it all: the lady doctor, a man hating girlfriend, and the supportive roommate. DOUBLE ISSUE!

**MORE THAN A WOMAN #43**

Andy finds out that a friend cross-dresses and to his surprise, his wife suggest he does it too! A tale of two wives and their husbands.

**DRESSING UP & D.U. COMPLETED #44 &45**

A sickly young man goes to spend some time with his aunt. Their little dress-up games get carried away and he becomes too feminine to return to masculinity. Illustrated!

**BORN TO BE A BRIDE/DAUGHTER #46 &47**

What would you do for money? Bill becomes a bride and makes his son become a daughter for a rich man that needs a "family"! OVER 40 detailed Illustrations!

**DARWIN'S WOMANHOOD I & II #48 &49**

Never has there been so much put into two books! A classic story of two delinquents who are given a choice-dresses or jail! OVER 80 detailed Illustrations and a great story!

**SUDDENLY A SISTER/DAUGHTER #50 &51**

A twin is forced by his brother and mother to become the "girl" of the house! Illustrated!

**THE GIRLMAKERS #52**

Reed heads off to the big city. . .in hopes of being accepted in an exclusive girl's school where the girls are not girls!

**ALWAYS A BRIDESMAID #53**

Baily's mother need his help to run their little bridal salon. He didn't mind until one of the bridesmaids got sick and the dress fit!

**LADIES DAY & LADIES NIGHT #54 & 55**

Being a reporter is one thing but reporting on women's fashions required more than just a change of clothes!

**MOTHER'S NEW DAUGHTER #56**

Jesse mother gives him only one choice to keep his long hair-the beauty parlor! There he meets a very special friend.

**THAT'S NO GIRL! & THAT'S NO LADY #57 & 58**

That's actually their son and father! This two part, illustrated story is about two boys, their father and the women who force them into the feminine role. Illustrated with 30 great drawings!

**BECOMING GIRLFRIENDS & BECOMING LADIES #59 & 60**

I have had many letters asking about that famous school where the boys become girls. These two books are about that school and its attendees. Illustrated 30+ great drawings!

**A DRESS FOR DANNY #61**

Racy! After breaking his mother's high heels, she buys Danny his own pair! And then a dress...who could encourage this? Surprise! Illustrated with many great drawings.

**HUSBAND TO WAITRESS #62**

What starts as a job opportunity turns to embarrassment as a young husband is forced to take a job as a busboy. His wife has an idea to get him more money! Promote him to "waitress!" Racy! Illustrated!

**FEMINIZATION HONEYMOON #63**

After losing their luggage, a young wife teaches her husband how to be a lady! His wife doesn't miss a trick. Written by Tami, a new writer in the classic style. Illustrated!

**HE'S A GOOD GIRL! #64**

A mother finds a way to put her son through college - both financially and in style. Illustrated!

## 86 - TV FICTION CLASSICS

### **TRAINED LIKE MOM & JUST LIKE MOM #65 & 66**

A school has a program called "Walk a mile in her shoes!" The guys that sign up need a lot of help and they get it! School was never like this...Darn!

### **BIRTH OF A LADY #67**

We all know about people who get married thinking they'll change. This is a story of a wife who thought her love of feminizing men would go away after she married. It didn't. So Robert must do the changing...and changing and change. 92 pages! Illustrated!

### **WALKS LIKE A GIRL & WALKS LIKE A GIRL TOO #68 & 69**

Will Pete follow in his brother's high-heeled footsteps?

### **MY SON, THE ACTRESS #70**

Illustrated with 15 drawings by a new and wonderful artist. A favorite writer who's finally back writes this story. Terry's mother, aunt and cousin encourage him into the finer things of life.

### **TOES IN THE HOSE #71**

What would you do for a friend? Would you wear a dress?

### **AUNTIE GETS TOUGH #72**

Aunt Helen makes her rude nephew learn manners, respect, obedience, and a "niccely" FASHION SENSE!

### **AUNTIE GETS TOUGHER #73**

Dana's unique adventures in flirty dresses, fitted skirts, silky lingerie, feminine makeup, and high heels.

### **A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND # 74**

In search of a roommate, a nurse is forced to let an old patient move in and she discovers a new girlfriend. Sharing clothes, makeup tips and much more! Great Classic!! Illustrated.

## GIRLS' THINGS I

### **JESSE INTO JESSICA I # 75 & II #76**

By a wonderful new writer! I was hooked on this darling story from page one! Each day both mother and aunt add a bit of femininity to Jesse's routine...making sure that Jesse learns some new ways.

### **CALL HIM "MISS" #77 & CALL HIM "SIS" #78**

Heather teaches a boy staying with her all about the pleasures and pains of a girl's daily routine. From hair curling to a first dress...it's all here. Sexy too!

### **GOING AS GIRLS #79**

By a new writer, it's the story of a husband who gets tired of his wife borrowing his things. So...he'll just borrow hers. Illustrated.

### **SISSIES TO SISTERS I #80 & II #81**

This is a story about a panty raid gone really badly. The boys go from stealing the panties to wearing them! After stealing the panties, the sorority teaches the boys what being girls is all about. Wonderful illustrations!

### **MISS UNDERSTOOD #82**

Tom never thought he had any feminine tendencies but that was the diagnosis. Why fight them?

### **PRETTY IS AS PRETTY DOES #83**

Matt and Andy help their mothers with some hemming. Their mothers help them with their hair...Did they go too far?

### **GIRL'S GETAWAY #84**

School was out for summer...perfect time for the boys to get into a little trouble. These boys get into more than that! Illustrated!

### **PINK SLIP I #85 & II #86**

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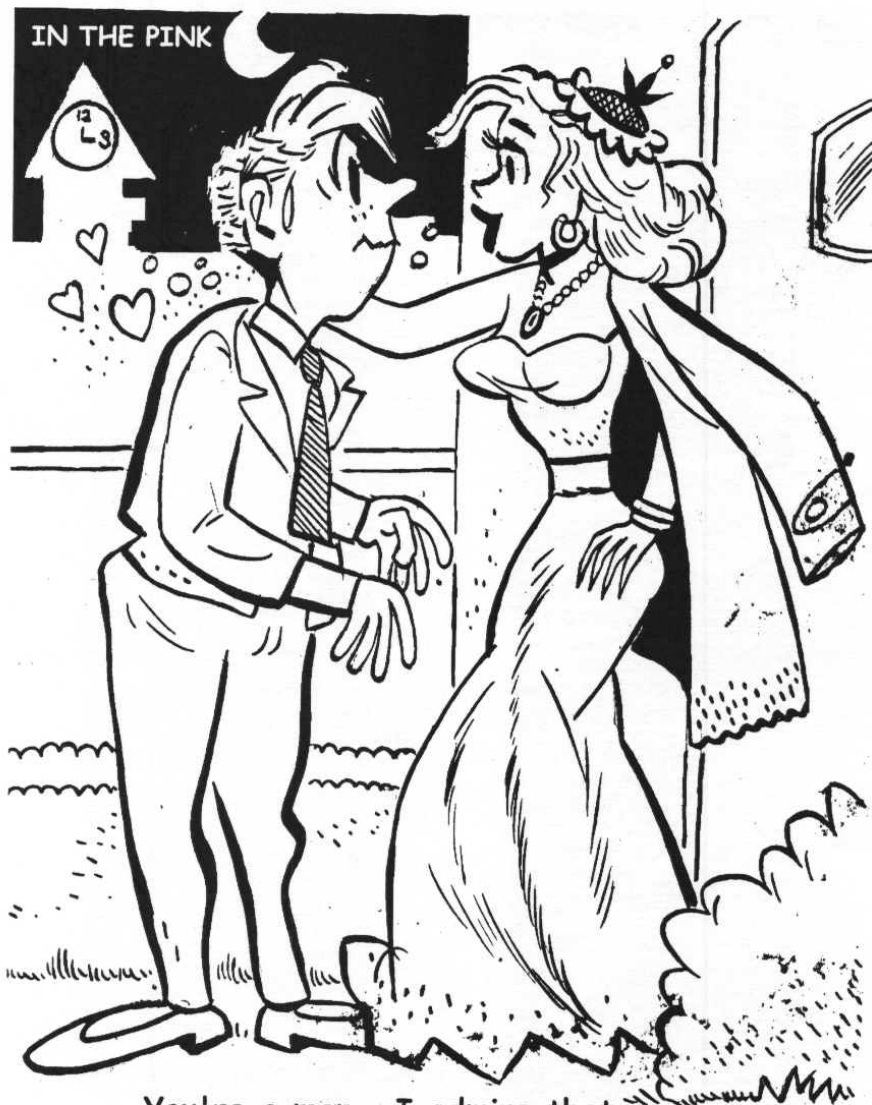
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