

**CONTEMPORARY**  
**TV FICTION**

**GIRLY-BOY  
I AM...**

**I DO NOT  
LIKE THIS  
DRESS...  
BOY I AM!**

**CTV # 74**

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**GIRLY-BOY, I AM**

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GIRLY-BOY. I AM

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All cross dressers have something to conceal,  
usually their total dependence on the mirror.

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# GIRLY-BOY, I AM

I do not like this dress, boy-I-am;

I do not like it on my bod.

I do not think it is mod.

The dress is nothing I would be seen.

The undies would be so hard to clean.

The boys would glare here and there.

The boys would follow everywhere.

I could not sit, my short dress to blame.

I could not stroll; they'd think I'm a dame.

I do not like this dress, o'Aunt,

I do not like it, boy-I-am!

## GIRLY-BOY, I AM

Don Brock was a hard worker who started near the bottom in his career and worked his way into supervision. His career was now at the point where, as a construction engineer, he was in charge of large construction projects. His wife died when Jan, his sixteen year old son, was ten, and with his work being domestic, he raised him on his own.

Jan was an average teenager. He was good in pickup games but not good enough for any of the sports teams. He was an above average student who had aspirations of becoming a construction engineer like his father. Toward that goal, he worked the previous summer on a construction site and enjoyed the hard physical work. He also liked being around hard men day after day who used coarse language.

To his credit, Don was assigned to supervise a large bridge and highway project in Brazil that would take him out of the country for at least two years. The salary package was so lucrative that he simply could not pass up the opportunity. But, what was he to do with Jan, who needed to stay in the States to complete his last year of high school? Don tried several boarding and military schools, but in hopes of being allowed to accompany his father to Brazil, Jan summarily rejected them.

Don was almost out of his mind with worry when his sister, Lenore, called out of the blue. She was three years his senior and they hadn't gotten along well as children. He had been hoping that the job in Brazil would get him far enough away from her, but here she was. Normally, he would try anything to get her off the phone, but this time, he had a legitimate excuse. Almost gasping into the phone, he said, "I have a serious problem, and I don't have time to talk right now."

“Now, now, let big sister help,” she soothed. “Sit down, take a few deep breaths, and relax.” After a moment, she asked, “Feel better now?”

“Yes, but I still have...”

“No, no, no, no, no!” she commanded. “Let’s get settled down. Then, you can tell me about your problem.” She then asked the question he was dreading but knew was coming, “Are you wearing your silky panties? As always, I’ll know if you lie.”

The reason he wanted desperately to avoid her because she made him wear dresses, skirts, silky undies, and makeup when they were younger. Even after all the years, he couldn’t get past the humiliation she put him through as a boy. In fact, her control of his life in those days was so intense that she still had a strange power over him that he still found difficult to resist.

“Yes,” he sighed in exasperation. “I’m wearing panties like you ordered, but you don’t know how hard it is to hide them from Jan. Also, he’s curious why the toilet seat is always down. You know wearing panties makes it impossible for me to have a romantic relationship with a woman. That’s why you’ve made me wear them ever since Maureen died.”

Smug in her conceit that she could control him even though he was two thousand miles away, she said, “That’s your punishment for running away from me.”

“What was I to do? You were going to make me wear dresses and skirts to school!”

“You had some cute things too. That pleated tartan miniskirt was my favorite, but you liked the short yellow dress with the straight skirt, right? Remember how much fun we had shopping and you trying everything on?”

“You had fun, not me, and I hated that yellow minidress!”

“Alright, now that you’re relaxed, tell me about your little problem,” she said ignoring his quip. When he finished telling her, she enthused, “Don’t worry another minute. I’ll keep Jan while you’re out of the country on your job! He’s such a beautiful boy, much prettier than you were.”

“Lenore, please don’t make me send him to you,” Don pleaded in a tiny voice that was so unlike the strong confident tone he used when directing men on his job. I don’t want him to have to wear dresses.”

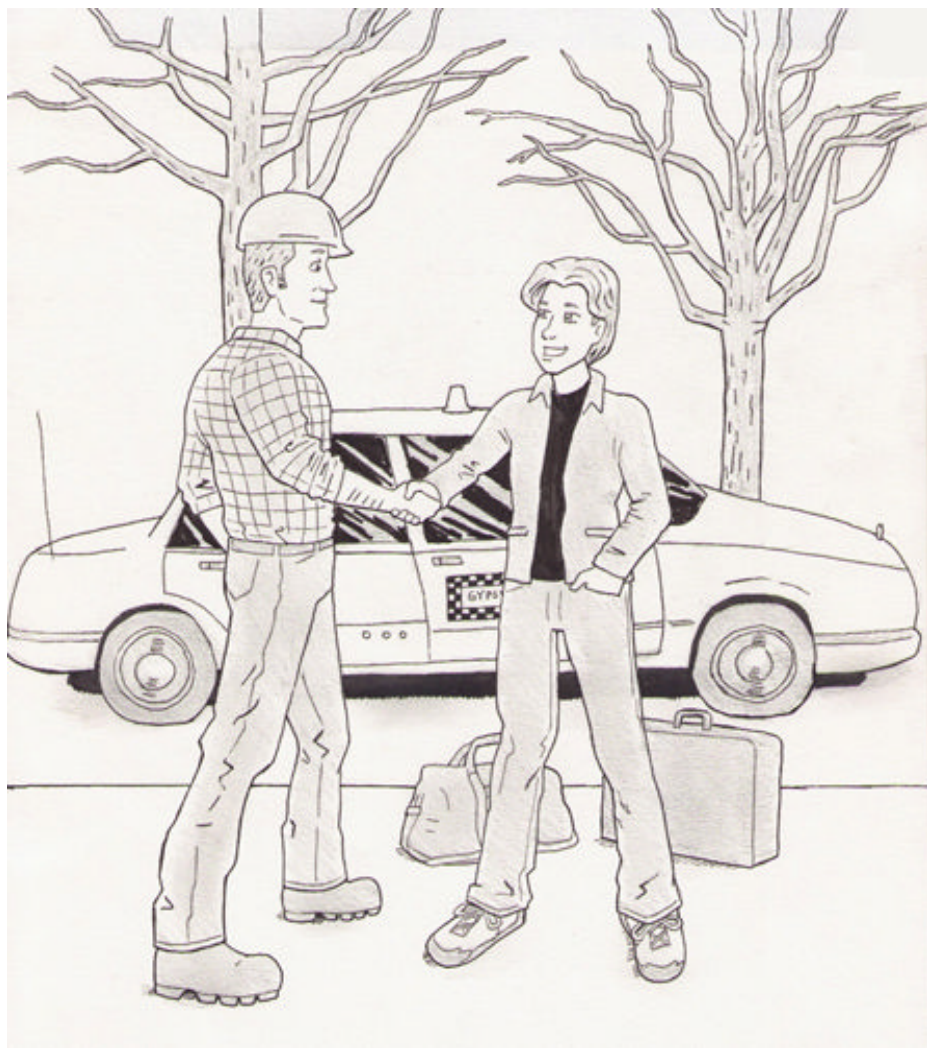
“What’s wrong with a boy wearing a dress from time to time?” she asked in an innocent tone. “You wore them quite often when you were growing up, and you turned out okay, didn’t you? Now, send him to me, and let’s hear no more of your girlish whining. You’ve been spanked on your panties often enough for disobeying me, haven’t you?”

When he didn’t reply, she said, “Have papers drafted that make me his legal guardian, sign a document with your company that directs them to deposit your check in my account, and overnight them to me. After they are approved by my attorney and legally executed, you can send pretty Jan.”

‘I don’t want to send Jan to that scheming bitch, but what choice do I have?’ Don seethed as he reluctantly agreed to his sister’s terms. ‘All I can do is wear panties and hope she doesn’t make him wear dresses like she did me.’

“Oh yes,” she said. “For punishment for not coming to me with your problem first, buy a supply of nylon camisoles, and wear them under your clothes with your panties.”

“Yes, Lenore,” Don sighed in resignation as he heard the phone click in finality.



**Even though he knew his son was destined to wear dresses at the hand of his sister, Don managed to wish him good luck with a smile.**

His son was taken care of, even though his situation was less than desirable. After saying their goodbyes, Don put Jan on a plane with two suitcases, and he arrived at his aunt's home a bit sad and missing his father. He had only met her at his mother's funeral, and he quickly sensed why his father didn't like her very much. She was stern, overbearing, and she seldom

smiled, but he resolved to make the best of his situation and give her a chance.

After a quiet, slightly tense dinner, Lenore said, "You have had a long day, so why don't you turn in early, and don't worry about unpacking? I'll help you with your things tomorrow."

'Maybe the old bat isn't so bad after all,' Jan thought as he took his toothbrush and toilet articles out of his suitcase. Like his aunt suggested, he left unpacking his clothes until later. Since he usually slept in his briefs and tee shirt, he kicked off his jeans and crawled into bed.

The next morning when Jan came of the bathroom after his shower, he couldn't find his clothes, and his suitcases were missing. Even the tee shirt and briefs he slept in were gone! Wrapping a towel around his midsection, he opened his bedroom door and called out, "Aunt Lenore, what happened to my clothes? Did you take them?"

"Those things were inappropriate for someone like you to wear in my house," she called back. "I'm gathering for some nice things for you. Be patient, I'll bring them in presently."

'What does that bitch mean, my clothes are inappropriate for someone like me?' he wondered. While looking around his room for the first time, he noticed that the décor was feminine. The walls were pink and white, the carpet white, lace curtains adorned the windows, and there was a lighted vanity with a satin covered bench with a lace skirt. 'What the hell is all this?'

While he was wondering why he had been put into such a girlish room, Lenore came in carrying a light blue floral zip front cotton housedress. "That's a *dress!*" Jan protested upon seeing what she provided for him to wear instead of his clothes. "I'm a boy! I can't wear a *dress!*"

"You *can* wear pretty dresses and skirts, and you most certainly will while you are a guest in this house!" Lenore declared in a firm voice. "Also, here's some underwear ... for starters!" she added as she handed him a pair of plain white nylon panties.

“B... but these are panties. I can’t wear silky girl’s *panties!* What do you think I am?”

To enforce her decree, she grabbed his wrist, twisted his arm behind his back, and forced him face down on his bed. After snatching his towel away, she took a thick leather paddle and began assaulting his bare posterior with a purpose. When he cried out in pain and humiliation, pleading with her to stop, she asked in a commanding voice, “If I let you up, will you promise to wear the things I provide and stop telling me what you can and cannot wear?”

“Yes, yes, oh yes,” he gasped through his tears. “I’ll wear whatever you say, I promise ... I *promise!*”

“If you don’t keep your promise, that little reprimand will seem like a walk in the park!” she hissed as she released him. “Now, get properly dressed, and let’s hear no more about what you are required to wear.”

While his determined aunt watched, Jan reluctantly put on the panties and found them strange in the way they fit with no fly in the front and the frail silkiness that caressed his genitals and buttocks. Not wanting to see his image in the mirror while wearing panties, he picked up the dress. He unzipped it as far as it would go but simply could not get it on by pulling it up from his feet and trying to put his arms through the short sleeves. So, like a woman, he pulled it over his head, inserted his arms in the sleeves, and lowered it over his body until the hem came rest just a little above his knees. The front zipper was a little tight but not that bad. To his surprise, the dress fit him well enough ... for now, at least.

Jan had never worn a dress, so the feeling of the cotton hem around his naked thighs was totally foreign. Right away, he became aware of the loose, airy, and free feel of the dress about his legs and its caress on the silky nylon of his panties on his bottom as he moved. He blushed when Lenore looked him over and said, “I’m pleased that your dress fits, and don’t worry, you’ll get accustomed to wearing dresses and skirts quicker than you think.”

“How often do I have to wear dresses and skirts?” he asked in an unsure faltering voice.

“I do not wish to have a male, especially a boisterous boy, in my house, so you will dress as a girl from the skin out for as long as you are my guest,” she stated emphatically.

“Then, I will leave!” he declared. “I won’t stay here and be treated like some kind of sissy!”

“You can’t leave!” she insisted in finality. “I am your legal guardian, and I’ll keep you here by force if necessary. So, unless you want to be spanked on a daily basis, you’ll become sweet and obedient in your pretty dresses and skirts. Now, get downstairs to breakfast.”

Jan stared meekly down at his thighs as he sat at the table in his first dress, a light blue floral housedress. For some reason, he plucked at his hem to make sure it was as far down as possible. Unknown to him, this was a gesture no normal male would use; a move to subconsciously manage his skirt.

Upon seeing her nephew execute such ladylike skirt management, Lenore smiled approvingly. “How nice,” she said to his humiliation. “You actually look rather nice in your dress, even if it is only a casual housedress. As Jan blushed in shame, she added to his humiliation by saying with a broad teasing smile, “You look rather pretty in your dress, and you have very nice legs. Now, you can show them off and not keep them hidden under unsightly pants.”

Jan didn’t think pants were unsightly, but he sensed that he shouldn’t respond in the negative at that time. “How do you like wearing a dress?” Lenore asked soothingly. “Doesn’t it feel nice and comfortable?”

“Strange, but I wouldn’t say nice,” he sighed. “I’m not used to feeling so open on the bottom.”

“You’ll have to learn to sit with your knees together and attend to your hems like a girl, dear,” she advised. “You must learn to sit and move like a lady to be modest and proper in your skirts in order to keep your legs covered and to avoid showing your panties.”

"I don't want to wear dresses," Jan countered. "I'd die of shame if anybody sees me wearing one."

"Shame? Shame from what?" Lenore responded. "There's no reason to be ashamed of wearing dresses. More than half the population wears dresses. In fact, men wore skirts, togas, and kilts in recent history. A few months in dresses and skirts with a bra, panties, slip, nylons, and heels will teach you what women have to endure on a daily basis."

"Aunt Lenore, can't we talk about this?" Jan pleaded. "Wearing dresses is so embarrassing."

"Of course, we can talk," she replied. "We can always talk, but all the talk in the world won't change your situation. As long as you are my ward and live under my roof, you will wear pretty dresses and skirts with the proper undies. You'll also wear sheer nylons and stilt heeled pumps. When I do your hair up a bit and teach you to apply your makeup, you'll be one of the girls. If you maintain the proper attitude, you might find it fun to be a girl. At any rate, it will be good experience for you."

Blushing at the thought of the clothes he would have to wear and his helplessness to prevent such an occurrence, he gasped, "How could wearing dresses and pretending to be a girl be a good experience?"

"More men should try it," she countered. "If they did, maybe they'd treat women better and have more respect for them. I read once where this lady vice president of GM made her male engineers have long artificial nails glued to their own so they could experience what it was like for women to open car doors with the latch they designed. It only took about ten minutes of breaking nails in that door latch before they redesigned it to be more functional and practical for women."

Just then, disaster struck for Jan. The back door opened, and before he could move, Susan Todd, a close neighbor walked into the kitchen. All he could do was sit in total humiliation as this strange woman saw him, an obvious male, wearing a floral print cotton housedress.

“Oh... oh my,” Mrs. Todd stuttered in surprise. “Sorry... I just... just came in the back like always. Maybe I should have knocked. I didn’t know you had a pretty guest,” she smiled broadly in total feminine amusement.

“Well, Susan,” Lenore responded. “Meet my nephew, Jan. He will be staying with me for a few years while his father works in Brazil, and I have decided to dress him as a girl while he’s here. Doesn’t he look nice in his first dress, even if it is kind of plain?”

“He certainly does,” Susan agreed with an amused laugh with a little twinkle in her eye. “It’s not so bad now is it? Who knows, you may learn to like wearing dresses and skirts instead of pants. Anyway, it’s perfectly okay by me.”

“I don’t want to wear dresses, but Aunt Lenore is making me,” Jan sighed in defeat.

“He’s wearing a housedress of mine, but I plan to buy him a lot more things when his father’s first check arrives,” Lenore said. “Nice dresses, skirts, and lingerie are so expensive these days, not to mention cosmetics and hairdressers.”

“He can come over and visit me any time, and I think I can find some pretty things for him to wear from my daughter, Joanne’s, old clothes to save you some money,” Susan offered. “She was always such a tomboy, and never liked the silky lingerie, pretty dresses, skirts, and blouses I bought her. When she moved away, she took all of her pants, jeans, and shorts, so I’m sorry that I don’t have any pants for him.”

Jan could only just sit there in his housedress and blush in shame as he spent the morning with the women while wearing his first dress. At first, he was totally shamed, but he soon became more or less at ease in his dress as the women ignored his clothing, or at least, seemed to. They drank coffee and engaged in the kind of talk men are normally not privy to, the conversations women typically have when no men are around. The subjects ranged from fashion, women’s hygiene, child care, recipes, and local gossip. Despite himself, Jan almost forgot he was wearing a dress.

After lunch, they went next door to Susan's house to find him some additional clothes that once belonged to her departed daughter. To Jan's dismay, he spent the afternoon trying on dresses, skirts, blouses, and shoes, and to his ultimate humiliation, panties, bras, and slippers.

While trying on the humiliating girl's clothes with the smiling women looking on, Jan desperately looked around for a way to escape, to run away, from this humiliation. However, every time he seemed to make a move, Lenore, anticipated his attempt and moved to stop him. In the end, he had an extensive wardrobe of feminine clothes, and not one stitch of boy's things.

That evening, Lenore ordered Jan to thoroughly wash his hair and shave his legs, chest, and underarms. When he returned from his bath, she made him put on a silky babydoll nightie that belonged to Susan's daughter and had him massage moisturizing cream into his entire body, especially his face. She then rolled his longish hair onto curlers and secured them with bobbie pins.

"I can't sleep in these things, Aunt Lenore," he complained when she told him he would have to sleep with them in his hair.

"All girls and young ladies have to endure a bit of discomfort to look pretty for boys and young men," she chastised, offering him no reprieve. "Don't worry, you'll get used to it in no time."

"I'm not a girl or a young lady, and I don't want to look pretty for boys and young men, and I don't want to get used to sleeping with these awful things in my hair!" he scowled.

"For all practical purposes, you are a girl in this house, and the sooner you accept that fact, the easier your life will be," Lenore declared, "Now get to bed."

Lenore introduced Jan to hot baths laden with fragrant oils and crystals the next morning and forbade him to take showers. After his bath, she had him ply his body with moisturizing cream before slipping into his panties and a matching bra, his first, and stuffed the cups with tissues while she watched. As he sat at his vanity removing the curlers from his hair, he scowled,

“I couldn’t sleep last night because these awful things pricked my scalp every way I turned. I’m not doing it again.”

“Oh yes, you are, young lady!” Lenore snapped. “You’ll not only wear them to bed, you’ll learn to roll your hair and secure your curls with bobbie pins before you retire for the night. Now, sit there while I brush your hair out into a cute style.”

“I’m not a *young lady*, and I don’t want my hair brushed into a girl’s style!” he snapped.

“No, you aren’t!” Lenore declared in a harsh tone. “Young ladies don’t talk back to their elders, and unless you want a sound spanking on your panties, neither will you!” Needless to say, he remained silent while she brushed out his hair. When she finished, he gasped at how full, curly, and feminine his hair appeared. “Choose your dress for the day, and be careful not to muss your neat hairstyle when you pull it over your head,” she cautioned as she left him alone in his misery.

Jan didn’t *choose* to wear any dress, but dresses and skirts being his only choice, he reached into his closet and pulled out a yellow and green print polyester dress. After it was on, he had difficulty raising the back zipper, but he finally managed. When the summer day turned hot and clammy, he complained, “I need to take this dress off. The skirt keeps sticking to my legs.”

“Of course it’s sticking,” Lenore said while looking him over. “You’re wearing a polyester dress, and polyester is a synthetic material. You’re learning what all girls know, that synthetics are light and tend to stick with moisture and static electricity. If you had worn a cotton dress, this wouldn’t be happening. But no, you chose a light silky style that would move enticingly about your thighs. Oh well, what’s done is done. Come to your room, and I’ll show you a trick we females learn early in life.”

‘I should have known she would come up with something like this,’ Jan thought as he watched his aunt pull a pretty yellow nylon half slip with a band of lace about the hem from his lingerie drawer. ‘Now, she wants me to wear a slip!’



**“I’m a boy, and I won’t wear these girl clothes another minute!” Jan wailed.**

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“The solution to your problem is simple,” Lenore informed her femininely dressed nephew. “Put this on under your skirt, and it will stop sticking to your legs. Your slip will also smooth out the hang of your skirt and make it fit better. I should have given you a slip to wear under your dresses anyhow. You should wear either a full or half slip with your dresses and skirts because they feel nice and perform a valuable function.” She smiled broadly as she watched him step into the feminine slip and pull it up under the skirt of his dress.

As he moved about, Jan had to admit that the silky slip felt nice against his smooth hairless thighs, and it stopped his skirt from clinging ... but not to his aunt! ‘If I have to wear dresses, maybe wearing slips won’t be all that bad,’ he thought.

During Susan’s visit to check out the new girl that afternoon, she noticed that Jan’s half slip had, unknown to him, slid downward, and a wisp of lace was revealed below the hem of his skirt. “Oooo pre—eety!” she whistled at him. “What lovely yellow lace! Now you’re pretty underneath as well. Is that one of my daughter’s slips you’re wearing?”

“Jan!” Lenore chastised upon hearing her neighbor’s excitement. “When you wear a half slip, you must constantly check to assure that it stays in place. Ladies don’t allow their undergarments to be on display! Go to the bathroom this instant and properly position your slip under your skirt.”

Hearing his aunt’s terse rebuke, an expression of concern crossed Jan’s features and he hurried away to do her bidding with his skirt and slip dancing merrily about his thighs. When he was out of earshot, Susan observed, “When he arrived a few days ago, he complained with every breath about having to wear dresses. Now, he seems almost anxious to carry out your orders. What happened?”

“It’s amazing what a sound spanking on thin nylon panties after each cross word or complaint can accomplish,” Lenore chuckled. “He still doesn’t like his girlish clothes, but he doesn’t want to risk another session across my lap with his skirt at his waist. As you noticed, he is rapidly becoming more obedient.”

Days passed with Jan wearing nothing but girl's clothes. Despite his aversion to things feminine, wearing padded bras, panties, slips, dresses and skirts became routine. To his chagrin, Susan began to teach him feminine mannerisms and voice inflections. She also gave him pointers on how to move more like a girl in his dresses and taught him to sit with his knees together and to properly manage his skirt hems. Lenore threatened him with spankings if he gave anything less than one hundred percent to these lessons, and she carried out her threat quite often.

During this time, the array of dresses, skirts, and blouses in Jan's closet increased, and his lingerie drawer literally bulged with bras, panties, full and half slips in various colors and designs, camisoles, and nighties. Constantly wearing these ultra feminine things seemed to take a toll on Jan's psyche, and he became more and more feminine in his speech and movements.

From his nightly beauty rituals that Lenore insisted upon, his skin became soft and supple. He also learned to put his hair up in curlers and even found a few positions that were relatively comfortable so he could sleep. As his hair grew, his aunt was able to brush it into more feminine styles.

When the mirror reflected his girlish hairstyles, he felt strange stirrings in his panties, and for the first time, he found himself actually feeling pretty. 'I never thought it could happen, but I'm beginning to look like I would want my girlfriend to look ... as if I could get one looking like *this!*' he pondered.

Lenore watched him before the mirror and marveled at his rapidly increasing femininity. "You're becoming a pretty girl, and you're adjusting perfectly into the feminine role I want for you," she praised.

"I don't want a feminine role," he pouted. "I'm a boy, and I shouldn't be wearing dresses and all these other girl's things."

"I'm afraid what you want is of no consequence, Missy," Lenore declared, her voice assuming a hard edge. "With your hair growing out nicely, I think it's time we got you a professional style at the salon. You haven't been out of the

house since you arrived, and I think it's time you did. Wouldn't that be fun?"

"Go out as a girl in... in a dress?" he gasped. "N...no, I can't! Please don't make me. Everyone will laugh and call me a sissy and ... and *worse!*"

"They'll do no such thing!" Lenore countered. "Look in the mirror and tell me if you see a boy or a girl. You look like a girl, in your dresses. With a bit of makeup, blush, eyeshadow, mascara, eyeshadow, and lipstick, you'll be as pretty as any sixteen year old girl, and no one will think of you as a boy."

"Please don't make me wear lipstick," Jan moaned at the thought of wearing the exclusively feminine cosmetic.

"All girls and women wear lipstick," Lenore insisted. "Come, I'll put on your makeup and give you your first lesson in its application." In total dejection, he followed her for his indoctrination into feminine cosmetics and their application. While doing his makeup, she said, "In addition to a new hairstyle, we'll get you some breast forms so you'll no longer have to stuff your bras with tissue, a supply of sheer nylons, a couple of garter belts, and a few pairs of heels in different heights and styles. If you like, we could buy you a few dresses and skirts that wouldn't be hand-me-downs."

In the back of Jan's mind he had hoped his aunt would tire of making him wear dresses, but after hearing her substantial shopping list, he feared that wouldn't be soon. Add that to the fact that he really didn't want to wear makeup and lipstick, he gasped in despair, "Oh, Aunt Lenore. How much longer are you going to make me wear dresses and pretend to be a girl?"

"Why, you are to dress as a girl for as long as you are a guest in this house," she explained. "I thought you understood that. Since you didn't, we'll donate the things you brought with you to Goodwill while we're out. Maybe that will convince you."

Jan could only stand by in awe in his silky polyester print dress and feel the delicate nylon of his half slip tickle his legs as his aunt laid out her plans for his future. The silky smooth sensation of the pink panties against his loins and buttocks

reminded him that he, a boy, was wearing a dress and silky feminine undies. He was *sissified* and had no say in the matter.

For Jan's first trip outside dressed as a girl, Lenore insisted that he wear a pink crop-top tee with narrow straps that bared his bra straps and his navel. His skirt was a straight denim style mini with a fringe at the hem, and to match his ensemble, he wore pink tennis shoes. His makeup was light and in pink tones, lipstick, eyeshadow, and nail polish. On pins and needles, he pleaded with her to let him stay home, but her demand that he go was adamant.

At the salon, his hair was lightened to a golden blonde and given a very feminine style with bangs across his forehead. His most traumatic moment was when his aunt announced to the stylists that he was a boy who had decided to dress and comport himself as a girl.

Upon leaving the salon, they visited a clinic that specialized in fitting prosthesis of all types where they were greeted by a female technician in her mid thirties. After a glance at Jan, she asked Lenore, "What can we do for you and this young man?"

"You can tell he's a boy?" Lenore asked in amazement while Jan blushed for all he was worth. "How?"

"Despite his skirt, makeup, and blonde hairstyle, he has a little bulge at the front of his skirt," the technician replied. "A number of men and boys come in here wearing skirts, and that little thing always gives them away."

While Jan wondered whether those men and boys in skirts visited the clinic willingly or against their will like him, Lenore sighed, "I must admit that bulge has been a concern, but I didn't realize it was that noticeable. He's tucked back in his panties, but it still shows in his straight skirts. What am I to do, have him wear full skirts all the time?"

"That would work, but we have a gaffe that will vigorously pull everything back and up to give him a smooth front even in the tightest skirts," the technician advised. "In fact, one would be hard pressed to suspect him of being male even if he was

only wearing panties. I'm afraid it is terribly uncomfortable for the wearer for a month or so until he gets used to it, but it is extremely effective. Of course, he would have to sit to relieve himself. Would you like to give one a try?"

"Definitely, and he already sits!" Lenore declared with a bright smile. Jan was struck silent and was shaking his head while considering the "terribly uncomfortable" description from the technician. "How do we schedule a fitting?"

"We can do it here and now," she replied. "Step into the dressing room, young man, and remove all of your clothing below your waist."

"Please, Aunt Lenore, don't make me wear one of those awful things!" Jan pleaded as he finally found his voice.

"What makes you think it's awful?" she inquired.

"She said it was terribly uncomfortable down ... down *there!*" he wailed. "Doesn't *that* sound awful?"

"We have an ointment that, if applied twice daily, will help relieve the discomfort of the gaffe," the technician said.

"Don't worry about a little pain," she soothed. "Girls learn early in life that they must suffer a bit of discomfort if they are to attract boys. Anyway, we'll forget the ointment if you wish."

"Ointment or no ointment, I'm not a girl, and I don't want to attract any boys!" he spat angrily. "I want my pants back!"

"You know we no longer have those things," Lenore replied. "You gave two plastic bags full of your former clothes to Goodwill, remember? You were wearing your cute pink and white sundress with your white sandal pumps, and you met Mr. Biggs, the proprietor."

"How could I forget?" he scowled. "You told that huge man, that awful man, that I was a sissy and was giving away my boy clothes so I could wear dresses, skirts, and silky undies full time. When you turned your back, he pulled my skirt and slip up and grabbed my ... my privates with his grubby hand! While he held on, he whispered for me to join him in the back room to

... oh, it's too horrible!" From merely recounting the scene he considered to be repulsive, his body shook with cold chills.

"He was quite large, but he wasn't all bad," Lenore chuckled. "He offered you a part time job, didn't he?"

"That weirdo didn't want me to work!" Jan declared. "He just wanted to get me alone so he could get in my panties. You knew that, but you went along with him, saying my having a job as a girl would be good training for me!"

"Had you rather visit Mr. Biggs after we leave here?" she asked, playing her trump card. "If not, I want to hear a change in your attitude."

Jan quickly realized he was trapped. Virtually anything was preferable to being raped by the despicable Mr. Biggs. To avoid that unthinkable event, he softened his attitude, swallowed his rapidly dwindling masculine pride, and asked, "Aunt Lenore, may I please have a gaffe so my pretty dresses and skirts will hang properly without a bulge? I don't want anyone to get the idea that I'm a boy."

"Of course you can have a gaffe to make you appear more feminine if your heart is set on it, sweetheart," Lenore purred in her victory. "Afterwards, we'll fit you with some lovely B-cup breast prosthesis. I understand that the latest styles have the weight, feel, jiggle, and bounce of the real thing."

While Jan was getting dressed, the technician made her sales pitch to Lenore, "If you really want to make the boy look like a girl, you should consider our potent estrogen therapy and testosterone suppressants. They will encourage breasts growth and round him into feminine contours. We recommend the pills, but if he balks, we have liquids that can be added to his drinks, or as a last resort, injections. Calling them vitamins usually works as well."

Completely sold, Lenore departed the clinic with an ample supply of the vitamins and a devious smile. Jan left with pain in his groin from his unfamiliar gaffe and his bra straps cutting into his shoulders from the weight of his *breasts*.

From there, they bought him a supply of nylon stockings. “I think you’ll like these better than pantyhose. They will be much cooler for the summer months, but you’ll have to wear a garter belt to support them,” Lenore said as she showed him how to gather the wispy nylon sheaths in his hands and knead them over his legs in the dressing room.

Jan blushed as he stood with his skirt and slip at his waist with his panties on display, ran his palms over his nylons to remove any wrinkles, and secured them to his garter belt. When he lowered his skirt and brushed it into place, he had to admit that the nylons felt nice on his smooth hairless thighs, and the caress of his soft slip was quite sensuous. Despite his genitals being pulled back and held tightly in his cruel gaffe, he felt a stirring within his panties.

In the shoe department, Jan found himself the proud owner of a pair of knee boots with three inch heels, two pairs of three inch pumps, and one pair with four inch stiletto heels. He couldn’t stand in the latter, much less take a step.

“Your boots look very nice with that short skirt, so wear them home,” Lenore instructed. “I know walking in them is difficult for you, but if you wear them full time, they’ll soon be second nature to you. You’ll even be walking like a pro in your four inch heels.” Jan had his doubts, but he remained silent.

As the days passed, Jan wore feminine clothes and slept in a feminine nightie. Every morning, he awoke to the sensation of nylon around his legs, reminding him that he would have to spend yet another day dressed as a girl. Despite his desires, wearing dresses became routine, and he began to forget the feel of pants and coarse cotton briefs. His only option was to rise from bed, take his morning bath, dress in a feminine manner, apply his makeup, and brush his hair into a neat feminine style.

One morning while looking down at the hem of his yellow and white plaid gingham housedress where the skirt crossed his thighs, he sighed, “I wish I had my jeans and things.”

"I'm tired of hearing about those masculine things!" Lenore spat in a mock indignant tone. "Grab your purse, and we'll go to Goodwill. Since you want those ridiculous things so badly, you can ask Mr. Biggs to return them."

"No... no!" Jan wailed. "I don't want to go back to that awful place and see that horrible man. I had rather have a dozen spankings on my panties than go there again."

"If I hear another word of complaint about your pretty dresses, skirts, silky undies, feminine makeup, and girl's hairstyle, you'll find yourself at the Goodwill Center!" Lenore declared in an emphatic tone. "It's your decision, young lady. What's it to be?"

To Jan, the mere thought of working for the large perverted Mr. Biggs while wearing a dress or skirt was too horrible to contemplate. Lowering his head in submission, he sighed, "I'll do as you say and stop complaining."

Knowing she had won a major battle in her nephew's feminization, she decided to push the envelope a bit farther. In a harsh voice, she scowled, "Very well, but if I hear another complaint, I'll dress you in a slutty outfit and drive you to the Goodwill Center. You will have to go inside and ask Mr. Biggs for a job application. Is that what you want, *young lady*?"

"N...no," he sighed in resignation. "I'll wear dresses and skirts without complaining further. I promise."

"Okay, Lenore declared. "See that you keep your promise. Now, every morning after your bath, you will put on your makeup. After awhile you will get better at it and will be able to do it in mere minutes. No self respecting girl would dream of going out without her makeup, and neither will you. It's not proper or ladylike."

For the next hour, she instructed Jan on the application of makeup. She concentrated on showing him how to zip wax any apparent facial hair and how to pluck his brows into bewitching feminine arches, and he cringed at the sting as she arched his brows. When he complained, she asked, "Now, do you appreciate the discomfort women endure to be pretty?"

When she finished, she applied an astringent to his newly plucked brow-line. The liquid burned at first but soon had a cooling effect on his tender brows. Afterward, she took a bottle of makeup that matched his skin color and applied little dabs and dots of it here and there on his face. That done, she massaged and blended it into his face and down under his jaw-line onto his neck. The lotion was cool and soothing as he inhaled its feminine aroma.

Lenore then had Jan hold perfectly still while she applied liquid eyeliner just above his lash line. "Hold still and let it dry," she instructed. "If it smudges, we'll have to wipe it off and do it all over again. It only takes a minute." She then applied his eyeshadow. First, a thin line of pastel blue, then some gray to give his eyes depth, and finally silvery white. Next came a thin pencil of eyeliner on his lower lash line and finally two applications of black mascara to his lashes.

With Jan's eyes now feminized, Lenore went to work on his face and lips. She applied a light dusting of face powder and brushed peach colored blush high on his cheeks. This was all followed up finally with rose red lip liner and then a liberal coating of matching lipstick. For one of the few times, he experienced the sensation of wearing lipstick. It was creamy and slick on his lips and had a sweet taste, a sensation that would be hard to forget.

Lenore produced a pair of pearl button clip-on earrings and a matching of pearl necklace, and said, "We'll get your ears pierced during our next trip to the salon. No sweat though, clip-on earrings are hard to find, and all girls all have their ears pierced at least once these days."

"I'm a boy," Jan scowled one morning while Lenore and Susan were playing a game of *dress up* with him. "Why won't you let me dress like a boy? My genitals are compressed in this gaffe, and I don't look like a boy in just these skimpy panties."

"Out of sight, out of mind," Lenore smiled with a conclusive expression as she looked over her feminized nephew in his pink nylon panties, matching bra, transparent negligee, and fluffy

bedroom slippers with two inch heels. "It just goes to show that you're really a girl at heart. Look at the way you move about in your dresses after so little time wearing them. You walk with short steps, one foot in front of the other; you automatically sit with your knees together and bend from your knees to keep your skirt parallel to the floor from habit and without thinking."

"I walk with short dainty steps because you make me wear stilt heels and practice walking like a girl in long tight skirts with a book on my head," he scowled. "I sit with my knees together and bend from my knees to avoid being spanked on my panties. All that just sort of became habit. Wearing dresses and skirts has probably made me forget how to walk, sit, and bend like a boy. I'll have to re-learn all those things when I get my pants back!"

"Okay, I've had it with trying to teach you to be a pretty girl!" Lenore spat in mock anger. "You can return to being a nasty boy if that's what you desire. Put on a pretty dress, and we'll go to Goodwill for your old things. If they've been sold, I'm sure Mr. Biggs has lots jeans and shirts. You'll probably have to look through several piles to find what you want, and of course, he'll probably have to help you try them on to make sure of the fit. Let's go!"

'Oh no, I've fallen into her trap again!' Jan mourned silently as he realized what his cunning aunt had done. Being willing to do anything to avoid another trip to Goodwill, he quickly made the only concession that would rescue him from such a horrendous fate, "I'm sorry for my rude outburst Aunt Lenore," he sighed in a much softer voice. "I appreciate you buying me all these pretty dresses and things and teaching me to be a girl. I was just frustrated because I'm so slow to learn my lessons."

"Are you saying you want to wear dresses and learn to be a proper young lady?" Lenore asked, pushing her advantage.

Immediately, he knew what she was forcing him to say and that saying it would doom him to dresses for how long ... forever? He knew for certain that if he returned to Goodwill, he would not only have to wear dresses, he would be at the mercy of Mr. Biggs ... if the old bastard had any! Taking the lesser of

two evils, he said, "Oh yes, Aunt Lenore, I want to wear pretty dresses and skirts and learn to be a proper lady."

"Are you sure your heart is set on wearing pretty dresses and skirts?" Lenore inquired.

Digging his hole deeper and making his return to pants a long time coming ... if ever, he pleaded in the most sincere voice he could muster, "Please let me wear dresses, skirts, and soft undies. I want to be a girl ... a *lady* ... with all my heart."

"Very well, but if I hear another complaint about your pretty feminine things or hear one more mention of pants, it's off to Goodwill with you," Lenore declared in a firm tone. "I'll have no part in helping you become a refined lady if you aren't one hundred percent on board."

"Oh, I'm totally excited about becoming a pretty girl and a proper lady," he anxiously agreed against every masculine fiber in his body. Looking down at his bra and panties through his transparent negligee, he pleaded in a tiny voice, "Will you please teach me ... pretty please?"

"Very well, I'll help you if that's what you really want," she declared in triumph. "Your eyes are all red from tears of joy, so put some drops in them and we'll get started."

After he complied with his aunt's order, Susan, who had been silent during the previous confrontation, pulled his silky panties high on his waist, and said, "Always wear your panties high like a proper lady."

Jan stood helplessly in his lingerie before the two women completely made up as a girl. He tasted his lipstick, inhaled his feminine perfume, feeling more feminine than ever. His gaffe giving him a sensation of having nothing between his legs, he felt as though he had been gelded, emasculated, and sissified.

"It's better to wear your garter belt under your panties for convenience when visiting the ladies room," Susan continued. "English girls traditionally wear their suspender belt, as they call a garter belt in England, over their panties for some reason. In America, girls have learned to be more practical and wear their garter belts underneath."

“The exception is when you wear a girdle,” Lenore said. “Wear your panties underneath a girdle, also for convenience.”

“Oooo, maybe we should take Jan to Macy’s and fit him with a nice girdle... an old fashioned open-bottom style like we wore in the 50’s and 60’s before pantyhose,” Susan enthused. “It would be good experience for him to spend time in a girdle and nylons. Good for his comportment, good for his feminine posture, and it will be fun!”

Lenore added, “When we were young girls your age, getting our first girdle was quite an event, a passage into womanhood, getting our first girdle and nylons. Mine was a Playtex panty girdle that my mother, your grandmother, bought when I was sixteen. She knew if I wore a girdle, it would make things very difficult for mischievous high school boys to have their way with me on dates. Later, in college, I always wore at least a panty girdle on dates with guys I knew would get chummy.”

“Oh, you should spend a ten hour day at the office in a girdle, nylons, heels, and a tight skirt,” Susan added. “Then, you’d really appreciate what we women had to go through.” Cold chills crept up Jan’s spine at the thought.

After a shopping trip, the women showed Jan how to roll seamed nylons onto his legs, attach the garter tabs to the dark tops, and straighten the seams. “I know most girls wear pantyhose and seamless nylons these days, but wearing seamed nylons will teach you to be ladylike.” When Jan looked in the mirror, he was aghast! Looking back at him was a girl with her skirt at her waist wearing nylons and stilt heeled pumps.

Shortly thereafter, his hair was done up in a pretty page with flower barrettes at his temples, and he wore pearl button earrings with a matching pearl necklace. His lips were painted bright, shiny rose red, his eyes showed a hint of dark liner, blue eyeshadow, dark mascara lengthening his lashes, and his brows were bewitching feminine arches.

As Jan tried on one feminine ensemble after another, the women taught him about different outfits for varying occasions, mornings, casual, chic, cute, the office, after five, evening, etc. He would strip to his panties and bra, the straps nestled nicely

over his smooth white shoulders, and the silky tricot cups caressing his padded breasts. Most of all he was astounded by the way his panties looked because there was not even the hint of any male organs. All that was visible was a smooth front with elastic garters attached to his dark stocking tops.

‘Just like a girl,’ Jan thought as he moved his thighs together to feel the silkiness of his nylons and to feel the gentle tug of his garters. The feeling was oddly delightful, a sensation no normal male would ever experience. Strangely, he felt as though he was in a trance and was beginning to feel like a girl.

Jan spent hours trying on dresses and skirts with Susan and his aunt telling him the intricacies of wearing feminine clothes. Finally, Lenore said that was enough for one day and that he should get dressed for the day. As if it was normal for a boy, he pulled a pink slip that matched his bra and panties over his head. The slip had an inch of floral lace at the bodice and hem, and the straps were elastic lace. After it floated down over his body, he noticed that the hem fell to just below the dark tops of his nylons.

“You should always wear a pretty slip with your dresses,” Susan advised. “A slip will make your dresses fit and hang better, and they prevent any see through. You would be embarrassed if some man or boy saw your garter straps and panties through the material of a thin dress, wouldn’t you?”

“N.... no,” Jan stammered in total mortification at the mere thought of men seeing him wearing a dress in broad daylight—or being able to see that he was also wearing such sissy panties.

“Besides, a pretty slip is soft under your skirt makes you feel pretty,” Lenore added. “That’s why most girls just love wearing pretty slips.”

For the day, they suggested that Jan wear a pale pink shirtwaist dress in thin silky polyester with a full, above the knee length skirt. They helped him with the fabric belt and tied it into a pretty bow in front and just to the left of his waist. When he looked in the mirror, he saw that when he moved and when the light was behind him, a hint of slip lace could be seen through the thin material of his dress.

“Preeeeety!” Susan gushed as she produced a pair of white pumps with two inch heels. “You should wear heels full time until you get used to them. We’ll start with these mid-heels for practice and around the house. Later on, you’ll want to progress to higher heels like girls wear with their nice dresses.”

After Susan left, Jan minced about the house in his heels while wearing his pink dress and lace trimmed slip over his bra, panties, garter belt, and nylons. During that time, he tasted his creamy lipstick, inhaled his feminine perfume, and listened to his heels clicking on the floor. His aunt was teaching him to be a girl in dresses in intricate detail, and because of her threat to take him to Goodwill, he was afraid to complain or protest. Despite his wishes to the contrary, he slowly became more or less comfortable in his emasculated state.

“Wearing skirts is new and different, but you don’t have to wiggle your bottom so much, dear,” Lenore advised. “Relax and have fun, but don’t act quite so swishy.” While being given constant lessons on femininity, Jan helped around the house ironing, vacuuming and the like. When dinner time approached, he found himself in the kitchen wearing a pretty pink and white pinafore style apron over his dress, while he learned to prepare simple dishes.

“Ooooo laaaa laaaa,” Susan glowered when she came in for dinner and saw Jan tossing a salad. “Preeeeety, pretty! Oooo, look at you in that neat dress and apron. You should have been put in dresses years ago and raised as a girl.” Jan blushed as she went on, saying, “You belong in dresses, honey. The role suits you perfectly. Why, you remind me of those young secretaries I see sashaying down the sidewalks in town. They do so love making the men look.”

“He’s still pretty stiff in his dresses, but he’s making progress,” Lenore admitted. “In a bit more time, he’ll learn to loosen up and be natural with his feminine mannerisms. When he accepts that nobody cares if someone girlish wears pretty dresses, he’ll relax and enjoy femininity. Pretty girls wear dresses and skirts every day, and he will join them.”

“She’s right,” Susan agreed. “The way you look, you won’t have to worry about being read as a sissy boy. Not many boys could look so good in a dress.”

As the days flew by, Jan found himself in a dress or a skirt and blouse over a padded bra, silky nylon panties, matching slip, garter belt, and nylons. “This is beginning to work out, so it’s time to go to the next step,” Lenore stated. “Put on a pretty dress, do your hair and makeup, and let’s go shopping.”

Jan remembered the trauma of his first shopping experience in a skirt, and he became very apprehensive at the thought of a repeat. Sitting at his lighted vanity in his slip and see through negligee, he was so nervous that he couldn’t do his makeup right. His eyeliner was uneven, his eyeshadow wasn’t blended properly, his lashes were clumped with mascara and weren’t separated, and his lipstick was smeared outside his lip line.

When Jan didn’t return in a timely manner, Lenore went to look for him, paddle in hand and entered his room as if on a mission. When he saw her, he burst into tears and blubbered, “Oh, Aunt Lenore, p...please don’t spank me too hard or take me to Goodwill. I...I tried, but I’m so nervous about going shopping in a dress, I can’t get my m...makeup right.”

Seeing her sobbing nephew, so different from the arrogant boy who arrived a month earlier, Lenore changed tactics. Taking the pathetic boy in her arms, she felt his body shaking with fear through his soft negligee, and soothed, “That’s alright, sweetie. I won’t ever punish you when you try, only when you are obstinate, rude and disobedient. Remove your ruined makeup, put some drops in your eyes to get the red out, and I’ll help make you pretty.”

While experiencing his aunt’s tender affection, Jan actually felt as though she was doing him a favor as she helped him with his makeup. Her pleasant attitude caused him to relax, and he did most of his makeup himself. When she handed him a tube of Russian Red lipstick, he refused it saying, “I want to wear my purple and white print sundress, so I should use this Luscious Lavender shade. It’ll also match my nails.”



**“Two hundred strokes with the brush morning and evening will give your hair a healthy sheen as it grows,” Lenore smiled as she looked over her femininely clad nephew.**

Pleased that he had planned ahead about the dress he *wanted* to wear, Lenore couldn't resist a smile while giving his hair body with the curling iron. When she was satisfied with his feminine hairstyle, she instructed him to get dressed.

"I have to change my bra," he said in a matter of fact tone. "My straps will show with the narrow straps of my dress, so I need a flesh colored bra. Lenore watched in silence as he removed the gelled inserts from the cups of his bra, and reached back to unfasten the strap. Slipping his arms into a flesh colored bra, he expertly reversed the process. When the inserts were properly adjusted in the cups, he removed a lavender nylon half slip from his drawer, stepped into it, and raised it to his waist.

When Jan took the chosen dress from his closet, Lenore said, "Here, let me help you so you don't muss your hair. I just got it looking perfect." Still feeling content from her affection and gentle manner, he handed her the dress and held out his arms. When it floated down to mid thigh, she kissed him on the cheek and cooed, "I'll tie the straps into neat bows at your shoulders."

"The weather is warm, so I won't need nylons," he said as he stepped into white three inch sandal pumps that showed his neatly polished toenails. "Thank you for helping me," he smiled as he turned to and fro with his skirt and slip swirling merrily about his smooth hairless thighs. "I was so nervous and uptight, I couldn't do anything right."

"You're learning, my girl," Leona smiled as she looked over his feminine image and stored the things he would need in his purse. "You're learning."

Even though Jan was being very congenial and contrite in his dress, Lenore decided to assure his continued cooperative attitude. While driving to the mall, she said, "You should be happy, even excited during the selection of your new things, as would a girl in your situation. If I see any reluctance, regret, or hesitation from you, I'll announce that you are a boy who likes to wear dresses." Seeing him gasp at the mere thought of such

an occurrence, she added, "Then, we'll go home by way of the Goodwill Center."

"I...I'll try to be enthusiastic, but I'm not sure how girls react when buying clothes," he stammered.

"It's no big secret, really," Lenore chuckled. "They look for things that will excite their boyfriend and keep him from running off to another girl. Take you, for instance. You have nice legs, but face it; you are really deficient on top. You should concentrate on short dresses and skirts. Pretend you have a hunky boyfriend, and you are buying something to excite him."

"But I'm a boy!" he wailed near panic. "It wouldn't be right for me to have a boyfriend!"

"I said, *pretend*," she insisted. "When you preen before the mirror in a short skirt, ask, 'Would Bobby, or Joey, or Pete, or whoever like me in this? Is the skirt too long?' Get into the spirit of the event, and you'll do fine."

Not wanting to be identified as a boy or go by Goodwill, Jan resolved to do his best to behave like a girl while shopping for feminine clothes that he would have to wear. He just hoped she wouldn't force him to have a *boyfriend*!

Having intimidated her femininely clad nephew into a cooperative frame of mind, Lenore had him happily; at least outwardly, participate in the selection of bras, slips, panties, camisoles, nighties, and nylon stockings. Despite his aversion to what they were doing, he was smiled *happily* as they selected a new purse, dressy satin pumps with slender four inch heels, and flats for housework.

At the makeup counter, he was the recipient of a makeover that matched different shades, colors, and brands of cosmetics to his skin tone. During this time, he was introduced to several items he had never heard of, but Lenore calmed him, "Don't fret, sweetheart. I'll teach you to use all these things, and very soon, you won't even consider going out without your makeup."



Jan was on pins and needles with anxiety and apprehension about having to wear dresses and skirts to secretarial school. “That dress really accents your figure,” Lenore smiled in approval.

For the next week, Jan wore his new dresses over his bra, panties, and slip as he helped with the housework and meal preparation. As a result, he soon became fairly proficient at most traditional female duties around the house. One morning Susan said, "If you keep this up, you'll make a pretty wife for some lucky guy one of these days."

"I'll be back in pants before that," Jan said hopefully.

"I wouldn't bet on it," she replied. You see how excited your aunt gets when she sees you in a pretty dress. Anyway, why would you want to wear pants? You seem so much more content in skirts, and you make such a pretty girl. Even thinking of returning to male clothes is ridiculous because you'll be wearing dresses for at least as long as you stay with your aunt,. With your father out of the country on his job, the chances are that will be quite some time."

Her words, and the way he was forced to dress, penetrated his mind. Every morning he awoke in a soft nightie and silky panties. He put on a dress or skirt and blouse and went about his domestic duties. With his morning and evening beauty rituals and practice in comporting himself as a girl in skirts under his aunt's tutelage, he was becoming more feminine by the day. With his thinly plucked brows, hairless body, and learned feminine mannerisms, gestures, and voice inflections, the well guarded secret in his panties was safe.

Even if he chose to wear male pants and a shirt, he would look like a girl in boy's clothes. He wondered if he had become hopelessly and irreversibly emasculated. Most of the time, he didn't think of wearing pants as his daily routine was to wear a bra, panties, slip, skirt or dress and work around the house. He went shopping, to the supermarket or drug store quite often with his aunt, and soon became comfortable in dresses in public.

Though Jan was still of school age, he caught the eye and attention of several of the men who seemed to go out of their way to open doors or to offer to help carry his parcels to the car. The bag boys at the grocery really catered to his needs. They would wheel the grocery cart to the car and load the groceries in the trunk while Jan simply stood there and watched while the

breeze fluttered and billowed his skirt. As a reward for their help, he began to delight in giving them a glimpse of pretty slip lace or maybe even a glimpse of his dark stocking tops.

As he became aware of males staring at him, he was really paranoid at first, but Lenore tried to calm his nerves by saying, "Those men and boys like looking at pretty girls, and they are simply admiring you sweetheart. I'll bet you did the same thing when you were a boy."

"When I was a boy? I'm still a boy, no matter how you make me dress!" he screeched.

"Oh no, you aren't!" she insisted. "Look, at you! Without thinking, you're sitting properly in your skirt with your knees together, even though your feet are apart. You walk with short steps, placing one foot directly in front of the other with your forearms parallel to the floor and your wrists limp. Not only that, no boy ever moved so naturally in his dresses and skirts."

"You made me practice all those things and punished me until I did them like a girl from habit. No matter what you say, I'm still a boy!"

"Nonsense! You speak in a high lilting voice and gesture like a girl with your hands, flashing your manicured nails. You even flirt with men, smiling and flashing a hint of lace and nylon from under your skirt. Why, that little thing in your panties is hidden so well that even *you* forget about it most of the time."

"It's those pills you make me take that have me looking at men and boys," he sobbed near tears. "They stare at my legs, my buns, my boobs and undress me with their eyes."

"That's what men do. They gawk and daydream about getting into your panties. I'll bet you never dreamed getting into girl's panties would work out the way it did. Anyway, about those men, let them look and ignore their stares as much as possible. It's something all girls have to endure. Just smile demurely, wink seductively, be feminine and ladylike in your pretty dresses and skirts, and let them have their fantasies."

Taking her advice, Jan tried to be as feminine as possible and let the men ogle him but he couldn't help thinking, 'I should

be like them in pants. They wear coarse denim jeans, and I have to flit around in a frilly dress with silky panties and a dainty, lace edged slip that flutters in the breeze beneath my skirt. I wear dainty stilt heel sandals that bare my polished toenails through my sheer wispy nylons. I even carry a purse while they stomp along in their work boots with their lunch pail in one hand and a heavy tool box in the other.'

Rousing him from his reverie, Lenore said, "We've been through this before. You know you are to wear silky undies, dainty dresses with a feminine hairstyle and makeup for as long as you are in my care. Why fight it so? Give in and enjoy your time as a girl."

After a moment to consider her words, Jan stared down at his dress, nylon clad thighs, and asked, "What if I accept the inevitability of having to wear dresses but don't enjoy being a girl so much? I'll take my hormone pills, work on my hair and makeup techniques, practice feminine mannerisms, gestures, voice inflections and modulations without too many complaints. Will that do?"

Knowing she had just won the mother of all battles where her nephew's feminization was concerned, she smiled and said, "At least for starters, my pretty girl, at least for starters."

Hearing her agreement, Jan looked down in sheepish, yet somewhat automatic and subconscious submissiveness. After agreeing to accept her authority, what other choice did he have? As he relaxed in his feminine role, he began to admire the way he looked in a pretty dress with the appropriate undies. All that just from surrendering to the feminine feelings brought on by his dresses and the powerful hormones he was ingesting.

After a couple months of taking his daily purple pill, Jan began to experience strange sensations in his chest, and it became extremely tender, almost to the point of being irritating. It started with one spot under each nipple about the size of a marble. He was especially bothered when his bra rubbed his tender *breasts* a certain way. Some days the feeling was worse, and it seemed each day the feeling moved outward. Eventually,

the soreness was all around his nipples, making it extremely uncomfortable to wear his breast prosthesis in his bra.

As the days passed, Jan's chest became very sensitive to the touch, almost as if he had been injured. There was no redness, but the sensitivity felt deeper than the skin. When he touched them, he got a feeling, a weird sensation in his panties and got kind of dizzy. When he mentioned this to his aunt, she shrugged and said, "You probably just need a bra with larger cups." And off they went shopping for new bras with larger tricot lined soft cups to shield and fit over his blossoming nipples.

One morning when Susan came over, she saw Jan in a light brown paisley print shirtwaist with a full mid thigh length skirt and fabric belt. "Oh look at you!" she exclaimed. "What a pretty new dress. Where did you get it?"

"Jan actually asked me for a new dress the other day, so I bought it for him as a present," answered Lenore.

"Oh, asking for dresses now, are you?" Susan smiled. "What a little minx you have turned out to be. Come here, sweetie. Let me see your new dress up close."

"To think that only a few months ago, he was totally uptight about putting on a simple cotton housedress, but now he's asking for new dresses," Lenore chuckled. "Now, he can't seem to get enough of them, not to mention silky panties, slips, and nighties. Quite ironic, don't you think?"

Blushing brightly, Jan stepped forward before Susan as instructed and allowed her to finger and fether the hem of his dress in front. "Ooooo, such soft silky feminine material." She gushed mischievously as she lifted the front of his skirt to reveal his panties. "Let's see what this pretty dress is hiding." After a good look, she added, "Oh my, what a beautiful slip. Such pretty lace, too. You like lace, don't you dear? Doesn't it make you feel soft, feminine, and ladylike?"

"I...I guess," Jan stammered in a soft shy tone.

"It shows that you really like being a girl, doesn't it."

“I guess,” he said again.

“From what I see, you belong in dresses,” Susan said as she took hold of the lacy hem of Jan’s white nylon slip and raised it up high over his panties. She saw the vee in his panties showing no evidence of masculinity, proving that his gaffe was doing its job. She touched his matching pink and white elastic garter straps that were peeking from under the hem of his panties as they pulled delicately at his nylons.

Jan shivered in shame as she fingered the front of his delicate pink panties. She seemed to read his mind when she added, “Oh, you should be very proud of how far you’ve come with your aunt’s help. It’s obvious that you like feeling pretty under your dresses like a young lady. Of course, we do it because men like seeing their women in pretty panties. Maybe you’ll find that out some day. Wouldn’t it be a kick if you wound up as a nice wife for some virile guy.”

“That can’t happen,” Jan blushed.

“Never know,” she continued. “You simply must adapt and learn to live in the role that suits you best. From what I see, you are more likely to be a pretty wife than a robust husband. Just enjoy being a girl and see what happens.” She smoothed down the front of his dress and fluffed out his skirt a bit. “Enjoy being a pretty young girl while you can.”

Those words stuck in Jan’s psyche along with the continuing support and guidance of the women along feminine lines.

With Jan wearing dresses and skirts and learning ever more about makeup application, hairstyling, and how to comport himself properly as a girl, the summer months passed quickly. “Will I have to go to school as a girl?” he voiced a major concern of his to Lenore one evening as fall approached.

“I’ve been thinking about that,” she acknowledged. “Girls don’t need as much education as boys, so I was thinking that you should enroll in secretarial school instead of returning to high school for your senior year.”

“Secretarial school?” he gasped. “But Aunt Lenore, I want to go to college and get an engineering degree. I want a career in design and construction. I can’t be a *secretary!*”

“Of course you can! If you comport yourself in the feminine manner Susan and I have been teaching you, there will be no doubt about you being a pretty girl.”

“I know I look like a girl, but how does that help me become an engineer?”

“Don’t worry your pretty head about things like that,” Lenore scoffed. “Secretarial school will teach you very useful skills. A lot of secretaries are well paid, and I assure you, being a secretary for a rising young executive can have a lot of benefits. Besides, it’s a lot better than flipping burgers.”

Jan looked down at his protruding breasts, short skirt resting on his smooth nylon clad thighs, and neatly manicured and polished nails. Inhaling his alluring perfume, he realized what a sissy he had become at the hand of his diabolical aunt. When he came to live with her, he had never thought about a boy being forced to dress as a girl, never heard of such a thing. After three months of wearing dresses, skirts, soft silky undies, makeup, and high heels, he felt he knew more about being a girl than most real girls! Now, she wanted to force him even deeper into femininity by having him learn to be a secretary!

Seeing that he was near rebellion, a rare occurrence these days, she took him in her arms, and soothed, “There, there sweetheart. Look on the bright side. A prestigious secretarial school will teach you the ins and outs of the business world that both men and women need to know.”

“Look what you’ve done to me already!” he exclaimed while indicating his feminine manner of dress. “I dress and look like a girl! What will happen after I learn to be a secretary? I’ll tell you! You’ll make me wear dresses and skirts in an office. That would be so humiliating. Please don’t send me to secretarial school, Aunt Lenore.”

“Don’t get your panties in a wad!” Lenore cautioned. “I’ve heard the best school for secretaries is the Duncan Group. Let’s check them out on the web before we make a decision.

The “About us” introduction on the Duncan Group website read:

A Duncan Secretarial School graduate is considered the "cream of the crop" and most graduates go on to work for top executives at the most prestigious firms. Our training encompasses all that makes a good secretary. Being a secretary is more than keeping an extra pair of nylons in your desk drawer in case of a run. We stress office skills, professional demeanor, and how to dress for success. This is not about getting a MRS degree in Sorority or marrying some supervisor, but how to become a well-rounded and respected specialist.

There was a large picture of a pretty woman with a nice figure, long reddish-blond hair, and shapely legs revealed by a short tight skirt. She had conservative makeup, had enchanting eyes, and full red lips pressed together with a natural sweet, *I’ll do anything for you* smile. She was sitting with a dictation pad and the caption said, “Being the perfect secretary takes unwavering discipline and flawless dedication.”

After perusing the website, Lenore said, “When I was young, it was much more difficult being a secretary. For one thing, fixing our hair was not easy when all we had was a brush and bobbie pins. We didn’t have hot rollers, hair dryers, or modern styling products.

Jan looked at the photo of the smiling woman in her gorgeous blue suit of light clingy fabric. The skirt fell to mid thigh, and she wore a low cut satin blouse that showed a liberal expanse of cleavage. Seeing her nephew’s confused expression as he stared at the photograph, Lenore said, “Picture yourself in a professional suit like that and having a lucrative profession.”

The image of him learning to type and file with long oval manicured nails while wearing a skirt, nylons, and heels flashed through his mind. The thought of wearing dresses and skirts at secretarial school and coming out hopelessly and irreversibly feminine sent shivers of fear down his spine. “Will I

have to wear girl's clothes to secretarial school? He asked. "There must be *some* boys there."

"You know you are to dress as a girl for as long as you live with me, so the answer is yes, you will have to wear dresses and skirts," Lenore stated in a matter of fact tone. "You look, dress, move, and are even beginning to think like a girl. You *will* attend secretarial school in pretty dresses and skirts, and that is *that!*"

As Jan prepared to start school, he spent every waking hour learning how to be more feminine to avoid detection as a boy when he was surrounded by a group of young girls. While high school boys his age were out in jeans learning to work on cars or participating in sports, he was wearing panties, a bra, a slip, and a dress while learning cook and do housework. The boys were chasing girls, but he was cleaning house, ironing, and doing laundry. Boys hung out at the fast food places or malls, but Jan was forced to spend his time at the local beauty salon.

Some days, Jan would be doing housework with his hair up in curlers when, every so often, he would see boys his age go buzzing by in cars. They would be wearing jeans, tennis shoes, and like as not, were without shirts. He would be decked out in a frilly blouse, flowery skirt, bra, panties, slip, nylons, medium heels, and wouldn't think of going without a top.

The boys sported Spartan haircuts, but his growing tresses were set in curls with satin ribbons, bows, bobbie pins, and feminine barrettes. Their nails were short and stubby while his were neatly manicured and polished ovals. Oh, how he longed for their casual carefree life he once took for granted.

One evening, Jan was feeling particularly despondent over his enforced feminine lifestyle and pending enrollment in secretarial school. "Aunt Lenore, why do you want me to be a girl?" he asked.

"You've asked me that many times," she replied. "I suppose you are sufficiently feminine to face the truth. It all started the summer when I was thirteen and your father was ten. Dad was

transferred to a really disgusting place for me. I don't know if it was me or my awkward age, but I had trouble making friends."

Crossing his legs at the knee and adjusting his skirt across his smooth hairless thighs as was now his habit, Jan asked, "Did Dad have trouble making friends too?"

"Oh no, he made friends with three boys right off. To me, they were all kind of nerdy because they were always working on some science project. I was very jealous of him and wanted to do something to punish him. In one of my teen magazines, I read a story of a girl whose brother was always teasing her and embarrassing her before her friends. Being older and stronger, to get even, she forced him to wear some of her old clothes and called his friends over to see him. That gave me an idea, so I did the same with your father."

"Dad wore dresses? I can't believe it!" Jan declared.

"Believe it," Lenore smiled. "It didn't stop there. He fought me like a tiger, but I had him in dresses, skirts, and silky panties almost full time for the rest of the summer. I even had his hair styled like a girl's at the hairdresser."

"Wow! Did his friends see him in dresses again?"

"All the time. When they came over to work on their projects, the group looked like three boys and a girl. I told them that if they wanted his help, they would have to accept him as a girl. At first, they were uneasy around him in his dresses but they gradually seemed to forget he was a boy."

"What did your parents think when they saw Dad wearing dresses and looking like a girl?" Jan asked.

Daddy was already dead by that time, and Mother was at work most of the time to support the three of us. When she saw him in a dress for the first time, she said he was cute and called him *Donna*. With her blessing, I refused to let him cut his hair and had it trimmed into increasing feminine styles. If he gave me any static, I would brush his hair into a high ponytail and secure it with a satin ribbon, leaving streamers down onto his back. Oh, how he hated that."

“Dad with a girly ponytail?” Jan asked. “He’s always been so strong and masculine.”

“He may seem strong and masculine to you, but in his early teens, he was in dresses much more than pants. I drilled him nights and weekends on feminine gestures and mannerisms much like I’ve done with you. He walked many more miles in a tight skirt and heels with a book on his head than you have because I had him for years.”

“You’ve got to be kidding.”

“Not in the least. He was 16 with one year of high school remaining when Mother died. To her funeral, he wore a black dress with a straight mid thigh length skirt with a deep walking slit in back that showed inches of black lace and nylon of his slip with every step. His makeup was on the dark side, gray eyeshadow, heavy mascara on his first false lashes, cherry red lipstick, matching nail polish, and his curly blonde hair fell onto his shoulders. He wore smoky nylons, and he walked easily and naturally in his four inch stiletto heels.”

“You made him attend Grandmother’s funeral in a dress even though everyone knew he was a boy?”

“Cruel, wasn’t I?” Lenore chuckled. “He cried all during the service, not because he missed Mother but because I told him he would be wearing dresses full time in the future. About a week after the funeral, he stole a shirt and a pair of jeans from a neighborhood clothesline and ran away. He went across the country and got a job in construction. I found him when a friend sent me your birth notice. I kept close tabs on him after that, but I didn’t confront him until your mother died.”

“I think you made all that up,” Jan accused. “I can’t picture Dad in a dress, makeup, and heels.”

“Then come this way, my girl,” Lenore smiled. “I just happen to have an album that will clear up your vision.”

Jan sat at the table and opened the album his aunt gave him. Inside the cover read *Donna* in a pretty script. On succeeding pages, there were four photographs per page. The first was obviously his father as a boy. The next showed him in

a dress. Succeeding pages showed him in different feminine clothing, including silky panties, bras, slips, and nighties. He was pictured shaving his legs, rolling his hair, applying makeup, and polishing his finger and toenails. Page by page, his hair grew longer, and he looked more feminine. The last page contained four photos of him in a form fitting black dress with full feminine makeup and ruby red lips.

“That’s the dress he wore to Mother’s funeral just before he ran away,” Lenore advised. “As fate would have it, I lost him at one funeral and reacquired him at another. Since then, I’ve controlled him like I did in the old days by making him wear silky nylon panties under his clothes. Before he went to Brazil, I had him purchase a supply of camisoles to wear as well. As punishment for running away from me, I made him send you to me. That’s how you happen to be here in dresses and skirts, the sins of the father, if you will.”

“Dad wears panties and camis, and he knows you make me wear dresses?” Jan gasped in disbelief. “I don’t believe it!”

“I keep in touch with him by instant message and e-mail,” Lenore stated. “If you don’t believe me, let’s IM him. He’ll tell you what he wears and what he knows about you.” At the computer, Lenore opened the IM site, clicked on “Donna”, and typed, *How are you, sweetheart?*

*Frustrated. How is Jan? Came the reply.*

*He is doing well and getting more feminine by the day, which you know from the photos and the videos of him I sent. We have decided that he will forego his last year of high school and attend secretarial school instead.*

*Please don’t make him be a girl to get even with me. He’s never done anything to you.*

*What are you up to tonight?*

*I had just hand washed the panties and camisoles you make me wear when my two foremen came to the door. They were drinking and wanted to talk about a problem with the new bridge. I had to scramble to hide my wash of silky things under my bed as they were coming in. It’s getting harder to keep my*

*silky things hidden from the maids the company sends by to clean up every day. I'm constantly on edge, and I wish I didn't have to wear them.*

*Do you have any problems I can help with?*

*Yes, it's winter down here, and I have to spend a lot of time outside. I am constantly cold. Please let me buy some thermal long johns.*

*Long johns are too masculine for a sissy like you, but I am not a tyrant. I'll put some money in your account so you can buy a supply of pantyhose and a pair of silky nylon pants liners. That should keep you warm and snuggly. Be sure to fax me the receipts.*

A moment passed without him responding, like he was about to refuse her order. Finally, he typed, *Yes, thank you.*

*Just so you know, Jan is sitting here in a pretty dress reading how you are responsible for him having to dress as a girl and about the feminine things you are wearing. Goodbye!* With that, she turned off the computer, leaving her brother to stew in his anger and frustration.

“Why did you cut him off like that?” Jan asked.

“He wanted to argue, and I won't have that,” Lenore replied. “If he starts in on me the next time I chat with him, I'll make him buy a nylon nightgown and sleep in it.”

“Why does he do what you say?” Jan inquired in a very curious tone. “He's half a world away in another hemisphere. I'm right here, and if I refuse to follow your orders, you turn me across your knees, flip up my skirt, and spank me on my panties until I promise to be sweet, demure, and feminine in my dresses and skirts. You can't get your hands on Dad, and besides, he's bigger and stronger than you.”

Without mentioning the album and other incentives she used to blackmail her brother to submit to her domination, she lied, “At first, I had to force him to dress like a girl like I do with you, but as time passed with him constantly in a dress or skirt; he began to act as though he *had* to obey me. Even after he

hadn't seen me for years that sensation was so ingrained into his psyche that he still found it impossible to defy me."

"Wow!" Jan gasped.

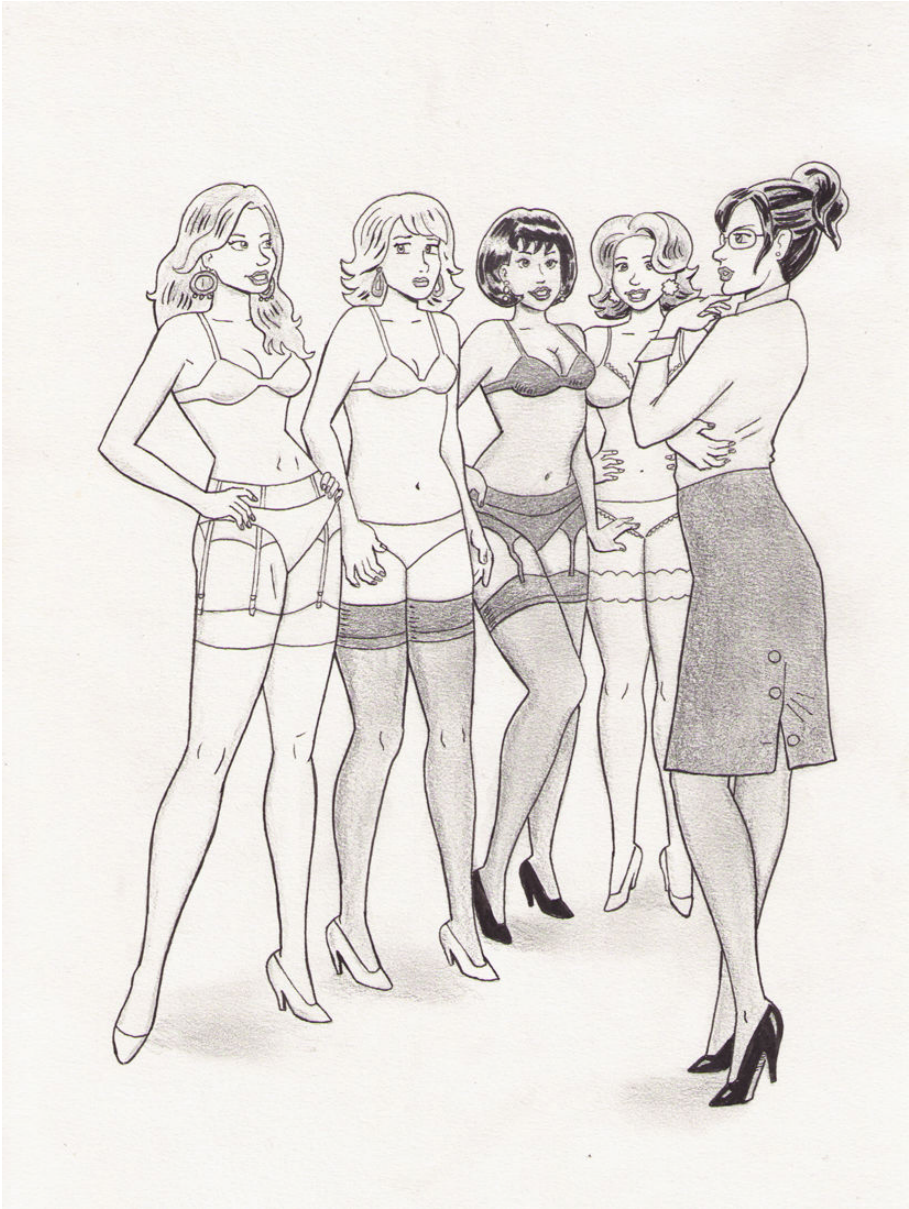
"I can see the same thing beginning to happen with you," she said. "For instance, when I told you I was enrolling you in secretarial school, you didn't put your foot down and refuse. All you did was plead with me to reconsider."

Jan knew his aunt certainly had his father firmly under her thumb, as was evidenced by their IM conversation. Moreso, he *was* finding it more difficult to disobey her like she implied.

"I made your father look like a girl, and I was sending him to school in skirts, but that's about as much as I could do as a teenage girl. As for you, I am now an adult, and I have your father's paycheck. That gives me plenty of money to buy clothes and accessories to make you look pretty and to purchase hormones to shape your body into feminine contours. I can make you much more feminine than I ever could have with your father. You know, I think he did me a favor by running away."

Seeing no escape from his aunt's feminizing plans for him, Jan resolved to do as she ordered. He would study and work to become a secretary in dresses and skirts, but he would never stop looking for a way to get away from her.

Once Jan started to secretarial school, Lenore could hardly believe the accelerated rate he was becoming feminine. The effect of his spending hours each day in the company of female teachers and students in a totally feminine environment was amazing. She marveled at the rate his every movement and gesture was becoming feminine. He applied his makeup as though he had done it all his life, and she assured that curls were permanently rolled into his ever growing tresses.



**“I was so embarrassed with those girls wearing nothing but our bras, panties, nylons, and heels,” Jan admitted with a blush. “I wish I could have been with them like that when I was a ...”**

**“When you were a boy?” she chuckled.**

As Jan's fingers were trained to perform office skills, he became better at domestic chores as well. One morning, Lenore was watching him move easily about in his heels while doing his household chores. "Remember how you used to stumble about in heels and complain that they hurt your feet?" she asked with a sly smile. "Now that you've grown accustomed to them, you wear higher heels than necessary most of the time."

Hearing her comment, he blushed brightly and replied, "I wear them because of my Dress for Success class. Each of us had to strip to our bras and panties so our bodies could be evaluated by Ms. Lee and one another. Standing there so nearly naked with those real girls was so...so *exciting*. I've never been so thankful for my gaffe."

"You didn't tell me," Lenore stated, becoming curious. "How did your instructor and fellow students evaluate your body?"

"They said I have a pretty face, enchanting eyes, and killer legs, but I'm light on top," he admitted while continuing to blush. "I can't believe I fooled them into thinking I'm a girl, especially with me wearing so few clothes."

"To dress for success, what did your instructor recommend?"

"I should wear slightly darker makeup and redder lipstick to enhance my facial features, and I should use tri-color gray or blue eyeshadow, more pronounced eyeliner, and heavier mascara to give my eyes an enchanting expression. The other students said I should lighten my hair color, wear it in a looser style, and get at least one more piercing in my ears so I could wear studs with nice pendants and hoops. To divert attention from my small bosom, Ms. Lee suggested that I wear shorter skirts with very sheer nylons and higher heels."

"Sounds like they did a thorough analysis of your pluses and minuses," Lenore mused. "I heard the Duncan school was the best around. Did they say anything else?"

"For school, we're supposed to start wearing dresses, skirts, blouses, suits, jackets, and heels that are appropriate for an upscale office. Other than a couple of dresses, a skirt or two,

and a few pairs of heels, I don't have any clothes like that. I'm not a girl. Can't I just drop out of that school?"

"Drop out? Heavens no!" Lenore insisted. "But we do have lots on our plate. I'll get you a hair appointment for Saturday so you can become a golden blonde and have your ears pierced again. After that, we can go shopping for your new office attire. This will destroy your father's budget, but that's the price he has to pay for having a beautiful daughter."

"Dad's budget? I don't understand."

Oh didn't you know? His check is deposited in an account in my name, and I dole out the funds he needs. Of course, I must admit that I keep him on a tight leash," Lenore chuckled.

As school continued, Jan became even more emasculated, and it was obvious that he was well beyond the point of return to a masculine role. With no urging, his wardrobe had become exclusively feminine and quite ladylike. Also, he was now quite accustomed to being in the company of *other* girls, and it was quite common for them to show off their lingerie in the bathroom. During these times, he saw girls in all stage of undress and had gotten used to squatting next to them, even discussing monthly cycles and boyfriends.

Like the girls, Jan carried a pill dispenser containing 28 tablets. He took one purple pill (containing only estrogen) once daily on days 1 to 12 and one light-blue tablet (containing estrogen and progestin) once daily on days 13 to 24. On days 25 to 28, he took a white pill without hormones to simulate his period. Unlike the girl's birth control pills, Jan's contained much higher doses. On days 23 and 28, Jan wore a panty liner in his panties. The days in between, he wore a maxi pad and carried a spare in his purse.

Jan noticed that the real girls, became rather bitchy during the beginning of their cycle, so he tried to match their impatience (which wasn't difficult since he was also rather bloated taking his pills). When he needed a new supply, Lenore would provide them.

As the months passed, Lenore saw a young individual who had improved greatly, looked better, and appeared healthier, more intelligent and well mannered than ever before. Her once boisterous nephew belonged in skirts now, and any return to pants would be a travesty. Besides, his father had it coming.

One day during spring break, Jan came downstairs wearing a white tee shirt and a red miniskirt with tiny pleats. Looking him over, Lenore noticed his budding breasts that jiggled when he walked and his swollen nipples that tented out his shirt confirming that he wasn't wearing a bra.

"Oh my!" gasped Lenore at the sight before her eyes. "Look at you! You have real breasts now!"

Jan blushed. "They've grown a bunch lately, and I had to buy new bras. My old ones were too tight, and the cups were too small."

Lenore had him turn sideways, took a look, and said, "You have almost a natural "B" cup, your hips are getting wider, and your rump is a lot more plump. Start watching what you eat, and wear a bra or they will be hanging to your waist someday."

Spring break ended without further complaint, and Jan once again began a daily school routine looking all the more feminine. Advance placement was beginning, and excitement was everywhere. Most girls in Jan's class were not virgins and, by their own admission, many of them slept around. Being a professional secretary was less important to them than working for a handsome boss or single stud. On career days, when companies came for interviews, the girls seemed cautious in their learned and polished manner of dressing. Many wore a waist cinch to look thinner. They all had their hair done, wore new dresses, traditional makeup, high heels, conservative jewelry, and their best French perfume.

Deep inside, Jan didn't want to work for some man while wearing his feminine finery, but he wasn't immune to the thrill of getting a paying job. Early in the process, he saw there was a

lot of flirtation going on with the interviewers. They had to know that with all that primping a letter would never get typed. Still, when a sexy girl was hired by a handsome man, Jan knew what he must do. He started with a little flirtation, pulling gently at his skirt, fluffing his hair, and smiling sweetly at the handsome man in the starched wool suit. Seeing the men's reaction, was actually fun.

One man in his thirties, a successful, charismatic, divorced insurance salesman paid special interest to Jan, who could see the man's wheels turning. When he let his feminine training kick in, he readily saw that the man was flirting back!

"This job requires you to work late on occasion. Any problem with that?" the man asked.

"I don't have a very active social life, and I live with my Aunt." Jan said softly, as he crossed his nylon clad thighs and let his skirt creep a bit higher. "Working late won't be a problem."

"Then, you have the job," the man smiled as he offered his hand to Jan. "Be at this address downtown at 9 AM on the tenth. You can fill out your employment papers at that time."

"Damn!" Jan thought as he looked about at the girls all prettied up in their dresses, makeup, and heels that he had beaten out to get a job that he wasn't sure he wanted.

Jan worked as a file clerk and typist in an insurance office with over fifty women and twenty male agents. It didn't pay much, but it was a real job and he was getting a chance to learn what it really meant to be female day to day. Every morning, he got up early, put on his makeup, his skirt or dress, nylons, and heels and go to work. After work, he came home and changed into a housedress to relax for the evening.

The first week at his new job, Jan became concerned as he observed the *old maid* women who had worked for the company for over twenty years. Could that be him in the future? 'Will I be working here with a fat bottom and wearing support hose twenty years from now?' he wondered. After wearing dresses

and skirts for over a year, he couldn't see himself as one of the male agents in their suits and ties either.

In time, Jan realized that no one cared what he had in his panties, and he passed perfectly in public as a female. With his shoulder length, hair, his bewitching plucked brows, hairless body, fleshy bottom, and budding breasts, nobody could possibly guess that he wasn't a fertile young female.

One day after work, Chuck, one of the agents, hit on Jan. Firmly grasping Jan's arm, he invited his prey into a supply closet. Jan was wearing a straight black miniskirt, a beige nylon blouse that revealed his full slip and bra straps, and black pumps with four inch stiletto heels and looking very feminine. Chuck was so aggressive that Jan was literally shivering in his nylons when, in panic, he jerked away from Chuck and ran to the ladies room.

While trying to compose himself, Jan gasped inwardly as he repaired his lipstick, 'Gawd, he really wanted me! This is the big leagues, not just playing dress up and pretending to be a girl! I have to be a girl for real now!'

Fortunately, for Jan, he was joined by one of the older secretaries who saw what happened. Taking him in her arms, she soothed, "There, there, sweetheart. Don't be so upset. Chuck was just having fun. He bet some of the other agents that he could get you in the closet. You have to expect things like that when you strut around here in those tiny little skirts and spectator pumps. Just do the work and let the boys have their fun. After all, they are why we have jobs."

Jan was no longer surprised or frightened after a few more male encounters. Also, he came to realize that the men were mostly talk. A quick feel here or there or a teasing comment was usually as far as it went. He learned to let men be men, became accustomed to them looking down his blouse or trying to see under his short skirt as he sat with crossed nylon clad thighs.



**When Chuck tried to pull Jan into the supply closet for a playful encounter, he feared what the aggressive salesman would discover in his panties. Pulling away in panic, he ran to the safety of the ladies' room.**

There was always the escape by using the ladies lounge with the *other* women. It was like a private club...the little sign on the door that said "LADIES" really meant "MEN KEEP OUT!" Inside, Jan became immune to seeing women with their slip lace showing or hearing them complain about their husbands. It was nearly always either too much sex or not enough.

"Oh, I should wear a dress more often for my husband," one of them said. "But then you have to wear a slip, garters, and all the things that go with dresses. Anyway, if I wear a dress, he jumps me as soon as we get home. My dress ends up all wrinkled at my waist or in a crumpled pile on the floor."

The office had somewhat of a businesslike dress code, but women were allowed to wear slacks occasionally and most of them did in lieu of a skirt or dress. If they wore a skirt, it was usually something almost casual, such as a long length plain cotton skirt. With that, they didn't even have to wear nylons, or if they did, they wore knee-highs. Jan, in his stylish skirts and dresses almost immediately became one of the best dressed of the secretaries. Some, mostly the older ones, complimented him on his clothes.

He would typically hear comments like, "Why that's a pretty dress, honey." "Where did you get it?" "Was it on sale?" "Oh, you look so good in dresses." "I wish I could look that good."

A woman named Rose said, "My husband used to be after me to wear dresses all the time. I told him he should wear a dress, slip, nylons, and heels to work and see how he feels at the end of the day if he likes them so much."

"What did he say to that?" Jan asked with a giggle.

"He tried to laugh it off, but he was really blushing. Seeing how it bothered him so much, I kept it up until he agreed to wear a pair of my panties to bed. Our sex was so fantastic that I wouldn't make love to him after that unless he was wearing panties. Our little game evolved with the sex getting more and more fantastic that I bought him a supply of panties and threw out his boxers. Under threat of my telling his friends about his panties, he now wears them all the time under his pants. The

best thing is that he hasn't said anything about wanting me to wear dresses in ages. He'd die if he knew I told you."

Later, Jan thought, 'Aunt Lenore makes Dad wear panties and camisoles under his clothes, and Rose has her husband in panties. I wonder how widespread this practice is. Do you suppose that any of the swaggering salesmen around here are wearing silky nylon panties? Maybe I'll find out some day. Oh well, at least they don't have to be girls full time, like I do.'

At work, Jan went through all the initial expected scrutiny from the women as they got to know the *new girl*. He was bombarded with personal questions like, did he have a boyfriend, was he ever married or have kids? To his surprise, he was even asked if his periods were regular or got severe cramps. Women talk, and women know. "I see you're on the pill," one woman asked Jan in front of the others in the coffee room. "They make me fat and my boobs hurt."

"I take them to regulate my periods," Jan answered while sheepishly wondering if the women could tell he was lying.

Another woman chimed in, "I've been on the pill for a couple of months. Once my boyfriend found out I couldn't get pregnant, he's been on me three times a day. That's why I'm in the lady's room so many times in the mornings. I go through boxes and boxes of panty liners...."

It was all so personal and Jan began to like being with the women. They knew how he felt, the little things, hot flashes, pantyhose, heels, finding the right shade of lipstick, and the confines of lingerie. It was like they could read his mind.

"My boyfriend bought me a garter belt, but it was really for him," a woman in her mid twenties snickered. "He likes me to wear it around the apartment with my bra, nylons, and heels without panties. I don't mind because he really gets turned on."

"Men really like garter belts, and they come in handy, believe me," another woman yakked. "When we first got married, my skirt was up to my neck more than it was around my knees. Now, I can't even get the bastard off the couch to do

anything.” The older women always had words of advice about men for the younger girls. Jan listened.

Between the hen advice, the hormones, and working in dresses and skirts, Jan’s confidence soared. He knew he was different from the virile men who worked there and the robust salesmen who whizzed in and out of the office. Most of the time, he forgot about his real gender and interacted as a female.

While going to and from the office, Jan noticed boys his age who were working summer jobs at construction sites or doing landscaping. They were always covered with dirt and mud, but he was clad in nylon and sweet perfume. The boys carried heavy bricks, lumber, or yard waste; but he only carried a purse. The boys had scratches and irritations from working in thick weeds, thorns and dirty foundations while he only felt the sweet light sashay of his skirt and slip as they fluttered about his nylons in the breeze. This was a constant reminder that he was dressed as a girl in public.

What started as little girlie bumps under his nipples had developed into soft, round and irresistibly tempting breasts. Jan would smile while inspecting them in the mirror and thinking, ‘I’ll bet these babies could pop a boy’s zipper at twenty paces.’

His own popping was only a memory, and all sensation had moved up to his soft, pointed mounds. He had learned about the benefits of a low cut, V-neck sweater and a good push up bra. Nestled comfortably in their cups, with a small crucifix resting in his cleavage, became a nice place for the men’s eyes to rest.

Sometime, Jan also found his breasts actually felt good to be touched. The right caress was a religious experience and could almost make him swoon. Reverting back to being a he was but a notion from the past, and getting more distant by the day.

The days at work literally flew by for Jan and he became more and more ladylike. He was accepted as a girl, and his job reviews were excellent. His secretarial skills advanced and he could type over eighty words per minute, even with his long painted nails. At home, his housekeeping skills became highly

developed. He could cook, sew, and had become somewhat of an expert hair stylist from hanging out with a girl who was attending beauty college.

With all that femininity, it was inevitable that men would pursue him. After all, he worked harder at being an attractive female than most real females. From both sides of the skirt, he was acutely aware of what men wanted, a chance to get into his silky panties!

At first, he was reluctant to talk with men outside the office, but the other secretaries encouraged him. "You want to be an old maid?" one whispered. Jan had spent a lot of time listening to the female gossip in the ladies room, the almost constant and incessant talk about men and about having sex with men. As a result, he was well versed about what happened on dates and what girls were expected to do.

"You should say yes when a nice man asks you out," Lenore advised.

"I should be dating girls, not *boys!*" Jan moaned.

"With those lady orbs of yours?" she laughed. "You could go bra shopping with a girl, but I doubt if you'd be very good with her in bed."

It finally dawned on Jan that he would have to go out with men if he wanted to go out at all. On weekends most all the younger girls had dates, and he was getting sick of spending weekends alone baking cookies to take to work on Monday.

"Quit playing hard to get," one secretary told him. "You deserve the right guy, but you'll never know he's there if you give them *all* the cold shoulder."

Jan aloofness had only added to a natural sense of beauty. Men want what they can't have, so he had nearly every single man in their building begging at his heels for a date.

Jan's hair flowed about his shoulders, and his ocean blue eyes were shadowed by long lashes with many coats mascara. His lips always sported lipstick and his cheeks a light pink shade of blush. "What a shame," Lenore sighed. "Honey, your figure must be driving those men nuts!"

Jan blushed a pink that matched his hot pink blouse, short skirt, and matching heels. "I actually have a mental list of men who have asked me out," he smiled proudly.

"So what's stopping you?"

"Duh?" he sighed.

"I'll bet there are some very cute guys who wouldn't care about the little things and would treat you like a princess," she insisted in a serious tone.

There was one guy at work, Rob, who made Jan feel funny inside, and he couldn't help flirting with his eyes and a smile. Rob was muscular and handsome, but Jan always turned him down saying, "I'm too busy."

One day, in the bathroom, Judy, one of the cutest secretaries came up to Jan and said, "You and I are going to the movies Saturday where we will accidentally run into Rob and Milt, a couple of the salesmen."

"No way!" Jan spat.

"Calm down Jan. It's not a date. We are simply going to the same movie...."

Jan walked back to his desk after refreshing his look with mascara, eyeliner, and lipstick. He didn't need blush because of Judy's plans, he supplied his own blush naturally. He knew whenever he walked by the salesmen's office, the men stopped to check out his tight skirt. If he added a smile and a bit more wiggle, they dropped their jaws. He didn't know why, but he enjoyed teasing them with feminine antics.

That Saturday night at the movies, Jan found his head fit perfectly between Rob's shoulder and neck. The next day, he and Rob had a nice Sunday brunch at a nice restaurant where Rob asked Jan out on a real date.

When Jan woke up the day of his date with Rob, fear came over him. He made his bed quickly and moved to the bathroom. Everything was in slow motion as he went about his daily

routine. Taking a brush, he smoothed his long hair out and bunched it up on his head.

“Just a few more hours,” he flinched while wondering why he had agreed to date a man. Rob was nice and fun to be with, but he was also a *man*! ‘What do I wear on a date?’ Jan asked himself over and over. He’d had a few dates with girls in high school, but about all he could remember was how sweet they smelled, not what they wore. Finally, he chose a little black dress that was more form fitting and shorter than work attire.

Lenore could only stare in total wonderment as she watched Jan leave the house escorted out to a dark sedan by a handsome young man. ‘Maybe it’s time I had a serious talk with Jan about men,’ she thought. ‘Oh well, maybe a talk won’t be necessary. He’s all girl now, and he’s probably learned all he needed about men from those little minxes at work. Besides, whatever else he has yet to learn, he’ll most likely be learning very soon without my help.’

Knowing Jan was extremely shy, Rob took it slow. They kissed on that first date, just a little good night peck but it was a first for Jan. He was embarrassed, but he tried to not let it bother him.

“Did Rob kiss you?” nearly every woman at work asked the following Monday. When Jan admitted that he did, they would say, “Ooooh, you lucky girl, but be on your guard, dear. All men are all the same. A little kiss, you give them an inch, and they take a yard.” An older woman laughed, “Then he’ll get you pregnant, and you’ll spend the rest of your life on your back....”

As Rob and Jan began to go out weekly, Jan said to his Aunt, “I should have a girlfriend.”

“You have girlfriends, lots of them.”

“That’s not what I meant!”

“Be that as it may, you are a girl now.”

Rob especially liked to flirt with Jan’s hems when they kissed. He seemed especially attracted to the lace of Jan’s slip.

“I love the way you dress with such pretty lace, under your skirts,” he admitted.

Jan allowed Rob to fiddle a bit with the nylon and lace of his slip but always stopped his advances when his hand roamed too high up to his nylon clad thighs. He would push Rob’s exploring hand away and pull his skirt down. He had come to enjoy a little necking and light petting because he had such a wonderful time with Rob and it seemed a small price to pay. He was pleased that Rob took him to dinners, movies, and concerts Jan would not get to attend otherwise. He was really a nice, gentle guy who treated him charmingly.

Jan went along with Rob’s continuing advances, even allowing caresses to his breasts as they kissed. He relished the strange sensations and tingling in his bra. His nipples swelled, stiffened, and tingled when Rob made his manly advances. Jan felt like melting into his gentle touches, but he restrained himself because of the secret in his panties.

One evening, Jan’s guard melted down, and when he finally recovered, Rob’s hand was inside his bra, gently and delicately rolling his nipple between his thumb and forefinger. Almost in panic, he shoved Rob’s hand away. “I just wanted to feel your breasts a bit,” Rob whispered. “Doesn’t it feel good?”

Did it feel good? Jan could only ask and wonder to himself. ‘Do I have feelings like a real girl?’ For sure, after well over a year in panties, being gaffed full time, and taking hormones, his maleness had literally wilted away. He seldom thought about his once proud member even when he washed it. Once so important, it had become only a limp useless appendage that he merely shoved back and away and kept hidden in his panties as he went about his day like any girl.

“I don’t think my chest is right,” Jan informed Lenore one Saturday morning.

“Remove your blouse and bra, and let’s have a look,” she replied. When he was hesitant, she admonished, “Having a look

is the only way I can tell if something is wrong. Come on, we're all girl's here."

Jan looked momentarily shocked, but he took off his top and bra. "Do they look right?" he asked shyly.

"Wow!" Lenore exclaimed. "They look great! In fact, they are amazing! There is definitely nothing wrong with them. Are you asking if they're the right size for a girl your age? The answer is no, but they seem to be growing and soon will be." As Jan turned forty shades of red, she added, "You should get over your embarrassment. I wish mine still looked like that!"

"It's just that they are so hyper-sensitive," he sighed. When Rob caresses them, my nipples pop out at attention."

"Aw, it's Rob," Lenore smiled. "Has he been after them?"

Jan blushed again and answered, "Of course. Around him, they feel warm, possibly even hot, and very tingly."

"They are perfect, honey, and if Rob is a boob man, let him have his way. Maybe that will keep him away from your real secret."

Jan moaned, "It's more than that. If I barely brush my hand against them, it sends ripples all through my body."

"You need to toughen them up, dear. Play with them and roll your nipples between your thumb and forefinger when you are alone. All girls go through this stage."

After that conversation, Jan started comparing his boobs to those of every woman he saw. He found himself evaluating the size, shape, and bounce. "There are really a lot of breasts at work," he joked to his aunt.

She laughed, "Now that you have your own, are you becoming a breast connoisseur? Seriously, most women's breasts aren't really so great. As you get older, they get droopy. The fake ones are like giant rocks perched up high on the women's chests. Enjoy what you have while you can...."

Jan said softly, "They move and sort of jiggle when I walk."

“Keep taking those pills. You don’t want them drying up.”

Jan’s nipples were so sensitive; it was like he’d become boob obsessed. One of the girls at work told him to check with his gynecologist. “I don’t know your situation, but could you be pregnant? Hate to say it girl but breasts become very sensitive during pregnancy...especially the first month or so!”

“No way,” Jan gasped. He hadn’t had sex with Rob and, oh yeah...he was a *guy*, but his breasts seemed to have their own personality. No matter how he tried, they *demand*ed his attention. For instance, they required a *real* bra now with soft cups and no padding. He bought a few different styles to see which were more comfortable as they remained tender. His turgid nipples continued to beam out at everyone in a super bionic state and scream, “Look at me!”

Rob seemed to know nipple language. He instantly understood what Jan’s nipples were saying and he enjoyed caressing them. “Take my coat,” he would say when they walked into an air-conditioned room. You must be cold.”

Just add some cool, chilly, air and even in a soft padded bra, Jan’s hypersensitive nipples made a grand entrance. Despite his aversion to the idea, this was now a part of life. His firm and perky mounds were first on the scene, very visibly displayed in virtually every outfit he wore.

‘Oh my Gawd, I’m a cow!’ Jan gasped while looking at his naked image in the mirror. His breasts were so prominent, that’s all he saw. ‘Looks like I’m hooked.’ Turning his back to mirror he scurried about his room in his slip and transparent negligee. He moved to do his make-up and hair to get to work on time. ‘It’s mostly just estrogen,’ he thought as he downed a pill and chose a dress for work.

At the office, according to gossip with *other* women, life was mostly focused on finding a cute outfit, getting one’s hair and makeup right, and dealing with men. Jan had to admit that he couldn’t imagine feeling any other way. Sometimes he blushed, when he caught himself thinking as a woman. Had he actually switched mindsets? He resolved to make an effort to think of himself as male, but he failed miserably.

Jan's next problem was when he heard *other* girls gossip, and joke about men's penises, about how big, stiff, and demanding they can become. He didn't participate, but he realized that if he continued to date Rob, he would have to deal with one...sooner or later... like the other girls.

'I guess I am like the other girls,' Jan said to himself as he got ready for another eventful date with Rob. He was wearing a maroon A-line skirt and a gold low cut silky polyester blouse for their movie date. After the movie, even before leaving the theater parking lot, Rob began kissing and fondling Jan. When his short skirt and lace hemmed half-slip were shoved almost all the way to his golden nylon panties, Jan firmly stopped Rob's hand. You know I'm serious about you," Rob whispered hotly. "You have no idea what it's like for a man...."

Jan felt Rob take a firm grip on his wrist and move it downward towards his pants. He immediately knew what Rob was doing and tried to resist but his strength and determination were too much. Suddenly, his hand was over the plum shaped head of erect maleness.

Jan was immensely repulsed and tried to pull back but Rob was strong—male strong—and he was female frail and weak. There was one significant drawback to dressing as a woman. It is darn near impossible to escape men. Jan was now learning this unfortunate fact. Rob was a heavily muscled man, his tight shirt strained against his biceps." As he relaxed, he knew that night would be forever and indelibly inscribed on his psyche.

Jan continued his secretarial work at the company, but he refused to date Rob again. His routine was to get up, shower, put on his makeup, his bra, panties, garter belt, nylons, slip or half slip, dress or skirt and blouse, stylish heels, grab his purse, and head for the office.

That was his life, and he was so adept at the girlish routine that he could literally be out the door within an hour if he was running late. Of course, he did his nail painting in the evening and had his hair set at the beauty salon on Saturdays. It was a girl's life and with each day, he became more hopelessly and helplessly emasculated.

## REFLECTIONS

Three years has passed since Jan began his career as a secretary in dresses, by his aunt's decree, and very much had changed in his imposed feminine life. He has become so accustomed to dressing and behaving like a girl that he seldom thought of his long ago life of a boy in pants.

Due to a strict diet and the powerful estrogen compounds and testosterone inhibitors he has been consuming, his breasts had grown to a C-cup, his waist was small, and his hips rounded into a svelte feminine shape that caught the eye of men as they gyrated enticingly in his tight skirts. At his resolute aunt's insistence, he gravitated to tight low cut tops to show off his proud *assets*, and his skirts remained on the short side.

Needless to say, his attractive feminine *development* and provocative manner of dress made him very popular with men to the point that he was never at a loss for dates. He gradually gained knowledge about how to manipulate men and always arranged to leave them excited and wanting more.

Jan's body development, manner of dress, and knowledge of men; however, were not the only changes in his life. When his father's contract was completed in Brazil, Lenore made him return to her home. Once there, she divested him of his masculine clothes and made him wear the uniform dresses, heels, makeup, and hairstyle of a maid.

At first, Jan had difficulty addressing his father as Donna and ordering him about, but with his aunt's guidance, that soon passed. Don, of course, didn't think much of the idea, but having become incapable of defying his resolute sister, he had no say in the matter. Gradually, everyone accepted the new status quo.

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Bushed after a long busy day at work, Jan arrived home and put his purse on the entrance table. From habit, he flopped onto the sofa to relax, allowing his short skirt to ride high and display the dark tops of his nylons. Kicking off his stilt heels, he pulled his tired feet under him and gently massaged them.

Seeing the *maid* lurking just beyond the door, he ordered, "Bring me a drink, Donna." When his drink arrived, he looked over the ultra feminine maid in his short uniform dress, heels, and makeup. It was still hard to believe this feminine appearing creature was his father, but a glance in the mirror showed an even more dramatic transformation had occurred to his own masculinity.

Putting all that behind him, he turned his attention to his date. His conservative business suit was not appropriate for a casual dinner date, so he had to change. James was a recently divorced division head at work, and he was very handsome. Of late, he had been rather persistent and had been hinting about promoting Jan to be his personal secretary with a nice raise. If that was in play, Jan didn't want to chance offending him because several secretaries had married their bosses.

Having scant time to sit and relax a bit and get into dating mode so he could make a favorable impression, he checked his nail polish and mentally took inventory of what he should wear. He liked to wear white lace full slips on first dates, so he chose a matching bra and panties and decided to wear his lavender silk minidress with a navy blue low cut top dress with a short, yet full pleated skirt. To accentuate his legs, he chose his sheerest nylons and stylish pumps with four and a half inch heels.

Besides the female hormones, Jan's gaffe had dulled any sensitivity he might hope to muster. Years of pressure from the merciless strap took away all signs of masculinity and squeezed off any erotic sensations. While he forced his mind away from the once torturous gaffe, it took its toll, constantly pressing everything up and out of the way. The creature wanted nothing *there*, and as it did its job effectively and efficiently, eventually it took complete charge.

With relative ease now, Jan could keep everything flat and *up* by simply squeezing his legs together in his panties. Being so smooth and non-male was definitely feminizing but a gaffe was a garment that distinguished girls from boys. It was like having his personal tube of bright red lipstick, in his purse. The act was so naughty...especially for a boy.



**'I never thought Lenore would go this far with Jan,' Don thought as he stood by in his maid's uniform and watched his feminine appearing son model his short, low cut dress for his date**

Taking elaborate pendant earrings and diamond studs from his jewel box created an aura of romance and a sense of eroticism as Jan completely surrounded himself with delightful feminine ambiance. Once he was dressed, he had a few minutes to relax. Everything went without a hitch, and he sat down to think and reflect on his life. He allowed his full skirt to creep up high on his nylon clad thighs while he concentrated. After spending yet another seemingly routine and normal day in a skirt, nylons, and heels, he was now waiting for a man to take him to dinner.

Looking down, he saw his skirt high on his silky thighs, but ignored his seductive display. Ordinarily, because of his innate subconscious ladylike mannerisms, he would have quickly pulled the hem down, but in private, he knew girls let their hair down and their skirts up. He felt the cooler air as it caressed his inner thighs above his stocking tops, the caress of his delicate slip lace tickling the naked skin above his sleek nylons.

At work, some women tried to hide their womanhood by slouching and wearing baggy clothes, but definitely not Jan. He had developed rather nicely shaped and responsive mounds of flesh. After years of taking estrogen, he knew dating men often meant revealing cleavage along with a huge expanse of thigh.

In the beginning, the idea of being around a man while wearing no bra was petrifying, but as they became a couple of his best feminine assets, he liked for men to admire his girlish breasts. Thinking, 'What the hell?' he removed his bra and allowed them to spill out of his low cut dress. It felt naughty but wonderful, not because of some sick sense of exposing his girlish orbs to a man, but because he felt free and empowered!

Jan adjusted the sexy bodice over the mounds and with a gentle roll of his shoulders and propelled his chest forward. The lightweight fabric of his top floated over his feminine orbs. There was a second to enjoy the play of the fabric as it shifted over his soft breast tissue. He made sure everything he needed was in his purse. Seeing the tampons on top created a knotty feeling in the pit of his stomach, as that was his way of controlling men.

Of late, Jan's behavior had become a bit unpredictable. On a first date, he always made a show of his feminine limitations. Even on a first date, he frequently crushed his chest against the arm of his escort.

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The doorbell rang, and Jan felt the sweet embrace of his jiggling breasts and sensed the nothingness between his legs. He stood and quickly looked in the mirror; smoothing downed his skirt in a truly ladylike gesture. Such feminine mannerisms had become subconscious to and were literally ingrained in his psyche. He swallowed hard as he entered the room where Donna had escorted his date.

Three years it had been since Jan wore pants, and he had completely forgotten what coarse cotton pants felt like on his legs, male clothes that he had worn every day in his youth. Now, there was no time to dwell on such matters. A man was standing there taking in the beauty of what appeared to be a very attractive young lady. Smiling at his date, he held his soft feminine arms high and turned just fast enough to allow his light skirt to float sexily about his nylon clad thighs.

Returning his smile, James kissed Jan lightly on his lips and said, "Perfect. You're even prettier than you are at work."

As Jan picked up his purse, he wondered what the chances of becoming this man's wife might be. He didn't know, but he was perfectly content to be showing off his feminine figure in a pretty dress, perfectly content to let him be the man while he fulfilled the role of a lady.

As they walked out the door, Jan felt the cool evening breeze fluttering the hem of his skirt and slip. He took the man's arm and was aware of the click of his heels, tasted his creamy lipstick, and inhaled his feminine perfume.

"Yes," Jan thought, "I like being a girl. I think I'll continue to be one until I'm not...."

END

*I do like dresses on my bod.  
 I do like them, like any broad.  
 I will wear them long or short.  
 I have so many, it's impossible to sort.  
 I like them lacy and soft,  
 So perfect to distract a boss.  
 A fan I am of the dress at hand.  
 I will be wearing them tomorrow and today!  
 So put on a dress I say!  
 Without delay!*

END?



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..... A LIVING DOLL #28	10.00
..... GIVING HIM THE SLIP #27	10.00
..... DEAR SIR OR MADAM #26	10.00
..... THE PAMPERED SISSY #25	10.00
..... JEFF'S HUMILIATION #24	10.00
..... FLIRTING WITH FASHION #23	10.00
..... TOO MANY SKIRTS #22	10.00
..... REDTOES #21	10.00
..... I DRESS, THEREFORE #20	10.00
..... HEAD OVER HEELS #19	10.00
..... MY BOSOM BUDDY #18	10.00
..... HUSBAND TO HOSTESS #17	10.00
..... GIRLIES #16	10.00
..... HIS FIRST DRESS #15	10.00

**TRAINING CAMP TV FICTION SERIES:**

..... MY SUMMER IN SKIRTS #25	10.00
..... RED, WHITE AND PINK #24	10.00
..... FOOLED INTO FRILLS #23	10.00
..... TURNABOUT PARTY #21	10.00
..... BOYS TO BABES #19	10.00
..... THE MAKEOVER #18	10.00
..... PETTICOATS FOR PATRICK #17	10.00
..... FEMININE FORTE #16	10.00
..... MANNEQUIN #15	10.00
..... BIRTH OF BARBARA #14	10.00
<b>EMPATHY TV FICTION</b>	
..... QUEEN OF THE DANCE #1	10.00
..... TV TRAINING CAMP #2	10.00
..... TV VACATION #3	10.00
..... BOY! HE'S A PRETTY GIRL #4	10.00
..... BRIDEGROOM IN TRAINING #5	10.00
..... DRESS UNIFORM #6	10.00

**800'S SERIES:**

..... HE'S SO SKIRT NEW	10.00
..... THE SLIP	10.00
..... THE SECRETARIAL SLIP, NEW	10.00
..... CANDY - BOY WAITRESS NEW	10.00

TOTAL ORDER \_\_\_\_\_  
 STATE TAX@ 7.25% (CA. residents only) \_\_\_\_\_  
 USA SHIPPING \$2.00 per item (\$5.00 max) \_\_\_\_\_  
 (OVERSEAS \$12.00 flat rate--up to 10 books) \_\_\_\_\_  
 TOTAL ENCLOSED \_\_\_\_\_  
**SEND AND MAKE CHECKS PAYABLE TO:**  
**SANDY THOMAS ADV.**  
**P. O. BOX 2309, CAPISTRANO BEACH, CA 92624 USA**

VISA or MC \_\_\_\_\_ exp / \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
 ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
 CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ST \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP \_\_\_\_\_  
 .....I AM OVER 21 YEARS OLD 1-10

LOOK AT THE  
BRIGHT SIDE,  
DEAR.  
HOW MANY  
OTHER  
HUSBANDS  
CAN DOUBLE  
DATE WITH  
THEIR WIFE?



IN THE PINK