

CONTEMPORARY

TV FICTION

"HER NEW DAUGHTER II"



I won the 'Bodacious Bikini Beach Babe' contest to my complete surprise, and to Mia's embarrassment. How had mother done this to her son? Was I this much of a girl now?

Contemporary TV fiction #80

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Her New Daughter II
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“Her New Daughter, Book II”



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places, and incidents are either the product of the author's
imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual
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QUOTE BOARD

**“If women’s clothes weren’t so great, politicians would
try to prevent men from wearing them! Oh, they have.”**

Her New Daughter, Book II

By Kristi Love

Chapter 1

Mother explained in the first book why I was wearing girl's clothes when we flew to California for a three month visit. I was going to some sort of resort while she took care of grandmother.

Mother convinced me to attend this resort by promising that if I abide by the resort's rules for the entire three months, I could return to wearing guy's clothes with no police threat hanging over my head for stealing her jewelry and she would set me up in a nice apartment with a year's paid rent. Her proposition was too sweet to refuse.

I didn't give mother much grief over attending this resort, since I really needed to get out of town. I was positive that Bill would try to get back at 'Molly' for that awful episode at the movie theater.

One of the resort rules is that I spend the entire visit wearing girl's clothes like the other guests, so mother insisted that I fly to California while dressed en-femme. I complained, "Do I have too? What if an airport body scanner detects that I'm a male? They may not let us on the plane."

"Rubbish! We've hidden your manhood so it won't be flopping around under your traveling shorts. Nobody will give you a second glance," she countered.

I arrived at the airport wearing stylish tight fitting white shorts, a nice top femininely tented by my attached breast forms, and easy-off slippers for the scanner. I wasn't proud that I passed so easily as a girl, but under my present circumstances, it helped hide my

true gender. True to her word, nobody gave me a second thought as I went through check-in, other than a couple of TSA men giving me the onceover.

After takeoff, the flight attendant offered mother cocktails or beer. What I'd give for a tall cold beer! But mother nixed that idea by telling the woman, "My niece is too young to drink alcohol. Please get her a diet soda. She's trying to lose a few pounds."

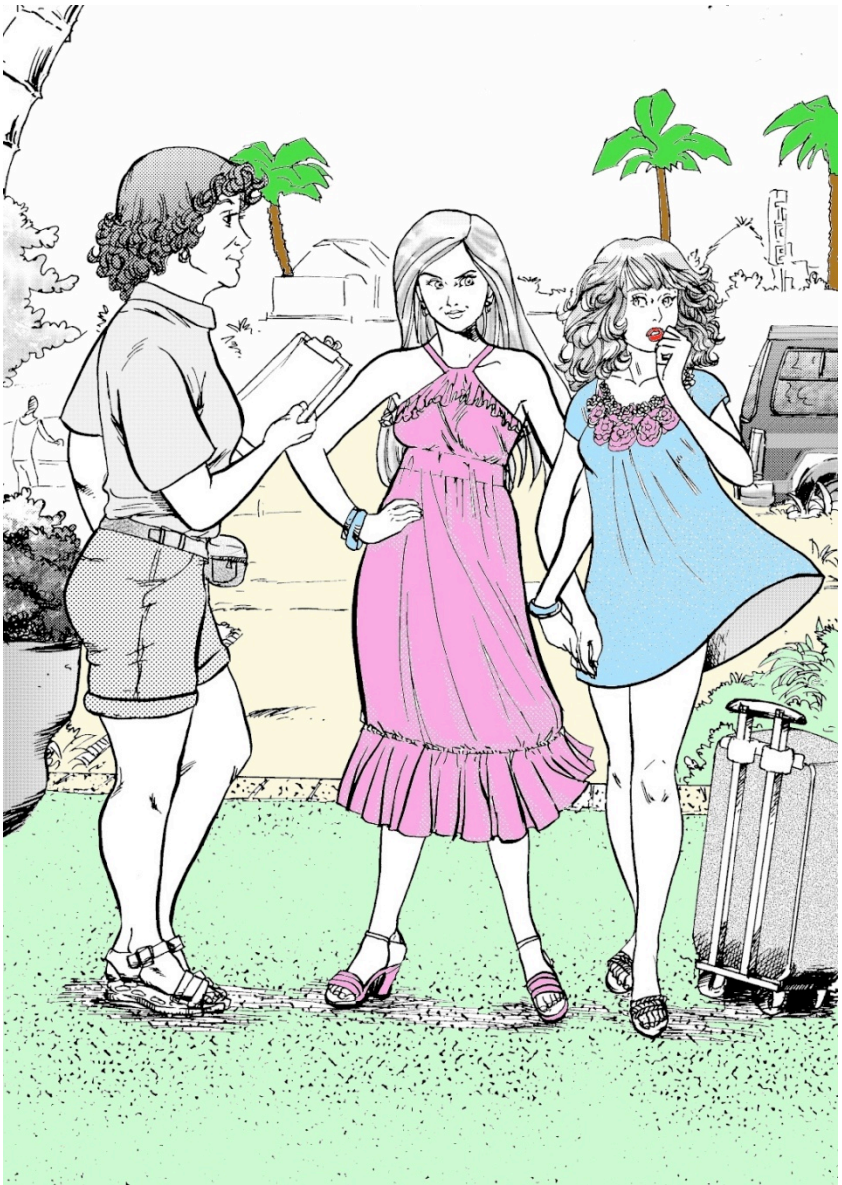
Once the attendant left, I gave mother a look that would freeze air. "You must maintain your image, Molly dear," she whispered with a smile. "You're going to a resort for boys who dress as teenage girls. You must act your age."

"I'd be drinking a beer right now if I were acting my age," I growled.

"Your assumed age, Molly," mother smiled. "You are a teenager until your stay is over, then you can resume you adult male identity."

In preparation for landing in Los Angeles, I examined my face in my compact mirror. My hair was a little disheveled, but I looked fine, if looking like a teenage girl can be defined as 'looking fine'. My eyebrows were femininely shaped, my eyelids were highlighted by eye shadow, and my eyelashes were coated and curled with mascara. I dabbed my lips with light red lipstick just before the airplane touched down.

After picking up a rental car, we checked into a nice Santa Monica hotel right off the beach. I so wanted to put on my Speedos and rush to the beach and into the Pacific, but it was not to be. Mother squelched that idea quickly by stating that it was okay to go to the beach, but it would be as a girl.



My roommate, Mia, took my arm as Ms Martha read the resort rules. I was aghast to learn that Mia was a male like myself.

I wasn't about to put on a girl's swimsuit, so I contented myself with walking the sand in my travelling shorts and top. I saw lots of teenage girls frolicking in the surf. Although I looked enough like a girl to pass a casual look, I couldn't hold a candle to those girls.

The next afternoon at the prescribed time, mother and I marched to the UCI office at the given address. Mother insisted that I wear a short flowing dress that was difficult to keep modest because of the warm ocean breeze. The dress had a scoop neckline to expose 'cleavage' from my realistic breast forms. Mother insisted that I wear modest makeup appropriate for my assumed 17 years of age. Heels completed my outfit.

A stout woman and a pretty girl met us in a lovely courtyard. "Hello, Ms Murphy," the woman greeted us. "My name is Martha. I'm the manager of our little resort." The UCI office setting was quite California with tall palm trees swaying in the ocean breeze.

"Please call me Elizabeth," mother returned her greeting. "This is my son, Sam, who goes by 'Molly' while dressed as a girl."

"Oh! We never use the client's male name here," Martha said. "Welcome to the 'UCI Summer Bikini Getaway', Molly."

I took her hand in greeting. Her use of the word 'client' passed over my head. "I assume 'Bikini' in the vacation name is pure fantasy," I said.

"If you say so," Martha smiled. "Your voice is too masculine. We must change it to a proper pitch."

"Where does Molly sign in?" mother asked, anxious to be on her way to Santa Barbara.

"We have a number of forms for both of you to sign before we start," Martha led us inside to a desk. While a

woman placed the forms before us, Martha said, "Oh, how neglectful of me. Let me introduce your roommate for your stay here, Molly," she urged the teenage girl with her to come forward. "This is Mia. She is responsible for getting you settled in. You share a suite with her."

I gasped! "I'm sharing a room with her?" The girl was a blonde knockout. She was a little taller than me with a body to die for.

"Actually a suite. You each have your own bedroom and bathroom while sharing a common area. I'm sure you two will get along famously. You have a lot in common," Marsha stated.

I couldn't believe my luck! "I'm sure we will!" I gushed, not sure to what she was referring. I planned to get Mia into my bed that evening to show her what a real man is like once I get out of these stupid girl's clothes.

I quickly signed the forms, not spending too much time looking them over. I was thinking of Mia. Mother's thoughts were on Grandmother, so she too signed the forms without much perusal.

"Orientation is tomorrow morning at 9 AM," Martha announced, "But first you have an appointment with our resident doctor. Mia will take your luggage to your suite while I escort you to the doctor's office."

After saying goodbye to mother, I followed Martha across the courtyard to a small office. 'Sweet!! I'm in California, on the beach, with a gorgeous girl as my roommate! Somebody up there must like me!' I thought.

"Doctor Evelyn, this is Molly. She is visiting us for three months on our Deluxe Bikini package," Martha

introduced me. “She needs a complete physical to prepare her for the changes required to fit in.”

“Of course, ma’am,” the doctor smiled. “Hello, Molly. Please undress so I can begin my exam.”

A slight shiver raced down my spine when Marsha mentioned ‘changes’, but it quickly vanished. I didn’t hesitate to undress, anxious to get out of the prissy dress and silky lingerie mother dressed me in this morning.

“Oh, you are wearing the UCI EST900 breast forms and the EST5X crotch molder,” Doctor Evelyn exclaimed. “That explains your smooth and flawless skin and your wider than usual hips.”

“Excuse me,” I said, “What does all that mumble jumble mean?”

“The EST models are saturated with estrogen that slowly flows into your body as long as you wear the attachments,” Doctor Evelyn explained as if it were obvious. “How long have you been wearing the breast forms and crotch molder?”

I slowly turned white as a sheet. “Two months...” I whispered.

“Let’s remove them and see what effects they have had on your body,” she didn’t answer my question.

She had me lie down while she administered the adhesive release agent. I heard a ‘pop’ as she removed my right breast form, then another ‘pop’ for the left one. I glanced down and saw my nipples slowly distend. They seemed much larger than I remembered.

Doctor Evelyn immediately started on my crotch molder. “Oh my!” she gasped.

“What?” I started to panic.

“You are a lucky girl. Your prostheses have been very effective,” she nearly giggled.

“What do you mean by ‘effective’?” I started to rise.

She helped me sit up and I felt a tug on my chest. I looked down to see the slight bulging of twin peaks with huge pink distended nipples. “Ahhh!” I gasped.

Before I could react to my nascent breasts, I glanced at my crotch. It was tiny, almost miniscule. “What happened to my junk?” I cried. “This can’t be happening!”

“I thought you would be ecstatic, Molly dear,” Martha said. “These changes give you a head start on your vacation with us. It won’t be long before you can start that bikini vacation you signed up for.”

“I didn’t sign up to wear a bikini!” I gasped. “I’m here to watch girls wearing bikinis on the beach!”

“Oh, don’t be silly! You know that you have to wear girl’s clothes during your stay here. Did you think that you would wear girl’s clothes indoors and boy’s swim trunks on the beach? Did you think that you would wear a bikini with a male body? How embarrassing for everybody would that be?” Martha asked.

“But I’m growing breasts and my crotch seems to be disappearing. I don’t want to be a girl! I like being a guy. I’m here only to appease my mother!” I gasped.

Martha laughed, “Both you and your mother signed paperwork for our ‘Deluxe Package’. It’s all paid for. The changes to your body will become quite apparent in the coming weeks, especially with Doctor Evelyn’s medication. Soon you will be playing volleyball on the beach while wearing a teeny bikini like all the other ‘girls’. Now relax.”

“Medication?” I stammered just as Martha grabbed my shoulders and I felt a needle prick my ass. It was quickly over. “What was that?”

“A powerful estrogen compound to help you fill out your bikini,” the doctor said. “I’m afraid you are a girl for the next three months, whether you want to be or not!”

I fainted to the floor!

I woke up in a strange bed wearing a blue babydoll nightie with Doctor Evelyn wiping my forehead and Mia standing next to Martha. “Is he okay?” Mia asked.

“He will be fine once the shock wears off,” the doctor said. “I’m afraid he wasn’t fully prepared for what his vacation entailed.”

“What happened?” I coughed, my head swimming.

“I laced the shot with a mild sedative to help you over the shock,” the doctor answered. “You will be fine now.”

“But I don’t want to develop a girl’s body,” I said.

“Lots of guys say that when they first arrive here,” Martha smiled, “but they soon realize their error.”

“There is no error!” I cried. “There has been a terrible mistake. Call my mother. She will confirm that I’m not supposed to become a girl!”

“We already talked to her and she confirmed what you are saying,” the doctor said, “but you both signed paperwork for the deluxe package, which includes the hormones I’ve given you. They cannot be removed, so at least for the next three months, while you are our guest, your body will become quite feminine. At the end of the three months, if you still insist on being a male, we won’t administer the fixit shot which would make the changes

permanent, and you will gradually return to a semblance of your male self.”

“Why wouldn’t I choose to return to being guy?” I asked. “I like being a man!”

“You may change your mind,” Martha smiled. “I’ve seen it happen before.”

“Not likely!” I growled and slowly got out of bed.

Martha said, “Mia will assist you in getting dressed,” whereupon, she and the doctor left the room.

“So, Mia, you’re going to help me dress in girl’s clothes?” I looked this gorgeous blonde over, “How did you come to work here?”

“I don’t work here, silly,” Mia said with a tinkling giggle. “I’m a guest like you.”

I nearly gagged! “What!! Impossible! No way are you a guy!” I stared at her voluptuous breasts and wide hips.

“I may not look like a guy now,” she laughed, “but there was a time...”

I turned white as a sheet. “Impossible! Nothing about you is male!”

“Almost nothing,” she laughed. “This is my second summer. Last year I was a lot like you are now.”

“Not a chance!” I lost my breath. “There is no way you were ever a male like me.”

“If you say so, Molly,” she laughed, “but if you cooperate, maybe I’ll show you photos that may change your mind.”

I allowed Mia to help me dress in the clothes I wore this morning, my suitcases still standing unpacked in a corner. No longer wearing the breast forms, my small nascent breasts didn’t tent my dress as much as before.

It felt strange to feel my shrunken manhood hang free in my panties. It didn't bulge my panties like it would have only a few months ago, a condition that had me plenty worried. I had to get away from this place!

After showing me around the suite we shared, Mia showed me around the campus, my supposed home for the next three months. There was an aerobics exercise room, dress shop, lingerie shop, cafeteria, reading room, courtyard, and a pathway leading to a nearby beach. I took special notice of a workman's room and the pathway. They may be my ticket out of here.

"We have 10 'girls', counting you and me," Mia said. "They are in various stages of development. You will meet them tonight at dinner."

"Development?" I couldn't help asking.

"Some 'girls' are developed up here," he cuddled his well formed breasts, "while others are developmentally challenged. Some need to lose weight to look nice in a bikini, others are slim, but with no curves. Some are reluctant to the changes, others are more willing. All the girls, including yourself, will spend their last month here playing volleyball on the beach while showing off their cute figures in sexy bikinis."

I blanched white at the thought. 'I REALLY have to get away from this place!' I thought as I followed Mia around the campus.

Chapter 2

That evening after unpacking my suitcase, stowing my scant collection of girl's clothes in my closet and dresser, taking a deep soothing bath (mandatory by Martha's decree), and dressing in a white blouse and gray skirt, Mia led me to the dining room to meet the

other guests. I cringed just a little at the thought of other guys who know that I am a guy seeing me wearing girl's clothes. Mia led me into a small dining area crowded with eight guests, two 'chaperones', and a number of serving personnel.

I was aghast at the variety of guests attending this 'Summer Bikini Whatever'. Two were absolutely gorgeous, like Mia. Three were somewhat passable as girls, although their mannerisms would surely give them away as guys in dresses, and finally there were three obviously guys in girl's clothes. There was no way to hide it. Their facial features were masculine, their body builds were masculine, and their overall attitude was definitely masculine. They did not want to be here!

Those three huddled together in a group off from the others. Of course, they were wearing girl's clothes, but the clothes were ill fitting. I had no idea how they would ever be able to flitter about on a Santa Monica beach with thousands of people milling around without be detected as guys in drag. They surely would be stared at, pointed at, snickered about, have sand kicked in their faces, and generally humiliated. On the other hand, this is California and Hollywood isn't that far away. Maybe they would fit right in!

Mia introduced me to the other eight guests. Patti and Gwen were the two in Mia's class. Those three must have spent tons of money on their breast forms because they sure looked real. They must be wearing hip pads because their asses were well formed to give them hourglass figures. They spoke in remarkably light feminine voices. None would ever be detected as guys, and all three obviously enjoyed playing at being girls.

Brenda, Phyllis, and Marie were the names given to the three guests that were somewhat passable, and possibly would be able to play on the beach without

getting too much attention, if they worked at it. They spoke in light whispers trying to emulate girl's voices, and they seemed confused about what was going on. It was as if they, like me, came to this resort not knowing what to expect, and were undecided about what to do about it.

Finally the gang of three that didn't make any pretense about liking being at this resort were introduced as Beth, Anne, and Carol. They carried deep frowns as we shook hands, their handshakes strong and masculine. My guess is that all three would escape this resort within a week. You can't keep a good man down if he has it in him to get away!

The meal was meager, the chaperones explaining that we had to 'watch our girlish figures' if we wanted to make a splash at the beach in our bikinis in a couple of months. I was determined that I wouldn't be one of those 'making a splash' on any beach while wearing a bikini!

I noticed that the 'manly threesome', as I labeled Beth, Anne, and Carol, had smaller portions than the rest of us. They obviously needed to lose more weight than the others, but starvation seemed the wrong way to approach that. I didn't see them again for three weeks after that night. I thought that they had left, either through fight or flight.

I decided to put my plan into play that very night. At 3 AM, I wrapped a robe about the light blue babydoll nightie I had to wear to bed, picked up a pair of sneakers from my suitcase, snuck through the common room Mia and I shared, quietly opened and closed the door to our suite, and tiptoed downstairs to where the workmen stored their gear. Luckily the door was unlocked. Looking to my right and left to make sure nobody was

about, I entered the room and noticed an pair of old holey trousers and a raggedy shirt hanging on a hook. The clothes were too large for me, but what the hell, desperate times require desperate measures.

I removed my robe and nightie, ruffled my hair, slid on the pants, making sure to transfer what money I had plus a credit card I'd snuck from mother before she left. After putting on my sneakers, I checked myself before leaving the work area. Other than my pink sneakers, I looked like any other scrubby bum you would see on a Santa Monica street at that time of night. I had to do something about the sneakers!

Taking a deep breath, I exited the closet and swiftly made my way down the path towards the beach. I was almost free from this freaky resort when I heard a sound to my left, then to my right.

"Going somewhere, Molly?" a woman's voice asked. Turning to face the voice, I was grabbed from behind and a pinprick in my neck caused me to lose consciousness.

"Good morning, Molly," Martha cheerfully greeted. "Did you enjoy your late evening exercise?"

"W...what? Where am I?" I stammered, trying to get the cobwebs from my mind. I was wearing the blue babydoll nightie from the previous evening.

"In your room. We found you sleepwalking last night," she smiled. "Lucky for you we were enjoying the ocean breeze when we saw you leaving for a stroll on the beach. You would have looked silly in those awful work clothes. Luckily we caught you before anyone saw you. I'm sure you don't want to be seen on the beach without wearing a bikini, and you aren't ready for that yet."

“This is all an awful mistake...” I attempted an excuse. “Call my mother. She will confirm that this shouldn’t be happening! This is just a vacation while she takes care of my grandmother.”

“No need to explain, dear,” she smiled. “Those nasty clothes from last night have been burned, the credit card destroyed, and the storage door locked. Our doctor gave you a booster shot last night, so your feminine features should blossom now, you lucky girl!”

Foiled!! I was firmly in the clutches of these awful people, and on a fast track to femininity. I’d never get another opportunity like last night.

Chapter 3

“It’s time to get up. We’ve planned a full day for our fledgling nightingale,” Martha helped me out of bed. “First is a nice soothing bath followed by the beauty parlor. We’ve so much to do and so little time to do it in.”

Groaning, I followed her to my bathroom where a tub of perfumed steaming water waited. Removing my nightie, I stepped into the sudsy water. “Soak for 15 minutes to allow the skin softeners to work, then shampoo your straggly hair with our specially formulated shampoo. It will quickly repair those awful split ends and give your hair a bright healthy glow.”

I did as she ordered before being allowed out of the tub to a supervised gentle pat down with a fluffy towel. “No need to brush your hair, dear,” Martha grinned. “Our beauticians will take good care of it.”

After slipping into pink panties after she pushed my shrinking manhood securely between my legs, I was quickly dressed in a pair of white shorts, a tight fitting pink tee shirt, and my sneakers from last night.

The rest of the day passed in a dream. I lost count of the things they did to me. I was told to remove my clothes and slip-on a pink robe. I was told that my panties had to go too. I was mortified as I left the cubicle wearing only the thin robe to hide my male 'pride'. Two budding breasts with large nipples swayed on my chest.

After brushing my hair, an operator trimmed and femininely styled it. My heart fell when I saw what she had done. My hair was quite long because mother wouldn't let me get a haircut for the past few months, but now it looked completely feminine.

The rest of the day went downhill from there. I sat in an electrolysis chair where I endured hours of unceasing pain. It seemed endless, like death from a thousand pinpricks.

Women may say that I was pampered. I'd say I was tortured with brushes, combs, crèmes, lotions, polishes, and a dozen other embarrassments. I was exhausted by the time they finished with me. It was all I could do to eat a meager meal, then fall into bed.

The next two weeks were hell on wheels. When my body wasn't being kneaded and pampered, I was forced to learn feminine comportment and how to raise the pitch of my voice to a feminine trill.

I spent hours walking in heels by placing one foot directly in front of the other and swaying my hips, daintily sitting without exposing my silky lacy lingerie, crossing my legs with one leg seductively draped over the other, then gracefully standing on my heels, all while wearing a tight fitting, knee length skirt.

I had at least an hour of voice lessons each day. I'd listen to a girl on a CD say a phrase and I'd have to

repeat the phrase using my most girlish voice. I couldn't tell if my voice was emulating the girl's voice, but I developed a hell of a sore throat.

I practiced makeup an hour a day. At first I only had to read magazines and watch videos about makeup and how to apply it. I was quizzed on the many makeup styles a girl needs to know. Then I progressed onto actually putting my lessons to practice on my face. Soon the teacher saw progress in my application techniques.

All activities were done under the constant oversight of a 'teacher', although I'd call her a 'task mistress'. She held a switch, which she applied liberally to the back of my legs or my rearend if she deemed necessary. She used the carrot and switch approach. If I performed poorly or didn't apply myself, I got the switch; if I performed properly and gave the lesson my full attention, I received praise and possibly a little food to sate my growling stomach. I soon learned that it was painful to resist and comforting to comply.

Most distressing of all, each day I had to knead an estrogen laced crème into each of my breasts and onto my privates. I swear that with each passing day, my breasts grew larger and my privates grew smaller. I prayed that I was wrong.

Chapter 4

Three weeks after my escape attempt, at dinner, 'the manly threesome' returned. They caused quite a stir when they appeared with their faces either bandaged or badly bruised. It looked as if they had been run over by a cement truck!

"My Gawd!" I gasped, "What happened to you?"

"That's none of your concern," a 'teacher' told me.



Slowly I noticed changes in my body as well as how I stood, moved and acted. The 'Resort' was winning the battle of wills.

Martha intervened to allow them to respond. Beth softly said, “We had surgeries to make us respectable looking.”

“You looked fine before,” I said.

“Not if we are feel like real girls,” Carolyn said in a voice much higher in pitch than I remembered from the first night. They appeared much thinner now. Not only were their faces a mass of bruises and bandages, but they displayed feminine figures beneath their dresses.

“That’s enough for now,” Martha said, “Return to your dinners. Beth, Anne, and Carolyn will join you in your regularly scheduled exercises and lessons tomorrow. They will answer further questions then.”

I was puzzled. What would they look like after the bruising subsided? Why would anyone agree to facial surgery as part of a three months vacation wearing girl’s clothes? Wasn’t that going a little overboard?

Mia was my constant companion when she wasn’t hanging with her ‘girlfriends’, Patti and Gwen. They were a year ahead of me, so they naturally hung out together. Although more advanced in looking and acting feminine than the rest of us, they never embarrassed us by making fun of our efforts. “I remember last year when I was fumbling through all those lessons,” Mia consoled. “I was such a klutz.”

“That’s so hard to believe,” I sighed as I tried to coat my eyelashes. “Nobody would ever take you for a guy.”

“I’m hardly a guy,” he giggled. “Do I look anything like a man?” Mia posed before me in his silky lingerie, making me giggle.

“Not a chance,” I answered, “but how do you turn it off when you return home?”

“Turn it off? Turn what off?” Mia asked.

“You know, stop acting so much like a girl? Return to looking and acting like a regular guy?”

He giggled, “You silly girl, I don’t ‘turn it off’! I’m not on a dressing up vacation as a girl. I’m a girl 24/7. My mother would have a cow if I wore boy clothes now.”

“What??” I gasped. “You are a girl permanently?”

“I thought you knew,” Mia looked puzzled. “Boys who sign-up for the Deluxe Package become fulltime girls, except they don’t lose their junk. The Premier Package covers that.”

“WHAT??” I nearly fainted. “I didn’t want to dress as a girl for the summer, let alone forever! This was meant as punishment to appease my mother before I return home to resume my life as an 19 year old man.”

Sympathizing, Mia softly said, “It’s too late for that, Molly. You are too far into your training to return to being Sam. The hormones cannot be easily reversed.”

“My Gawd!!” I gasped.

I awoke to the realization that I was being trained to live as a girl. I had to escape before it was too late. Mia said that it was already too late, but I didn’t believe her. There is always a way out. I just had to find it.

Nonetheless, my training continued at a dizzying rate, as did the growth of my breasts and hips, while my waist shrank by 3 inches. I couldn’t find a phone to call Mom to tell her to get me the heck out of here. Surely she didn’t understand and wasn’t complicit in this awful business!

Chapter 5

“We must move onto new lessons,” Martha announced when I’d been there a month. “We hold our summer ball in two weeks. You must look and act your feminine loveliest.”

I didn’t have to wait long to find out what she meant, as our first new lesson was dancing. “You will learn how to properly hold your partner while dancing backwards during slow dances, and how to sexily swing your skirts during fast dances.” She took Carolyn and instructed him how to position himself as the female in a slow dance while an instructor assumed the male lead.

The bruising and swelling to Beth, Anne, and Carol’s faces had subsided, and everyone noticed that they looked much more feminine. Their noses were petite, chins delicate, cheeks rosy, and their lips puffier looking. With their changing feminine bodies, but rough boyish behavior, they looked like semi cute girls, but acted like tomboys. That would change over the next two weeks.

I was talking with Marie a few days later, when he brought up the dance. “I’m a little nervous,” he said. “What is this dance, where is it being held, and who is coming to it?”

“I wouldn’t be too worried,” I confidently stated. “We haven’t left this resort since arriving. No reason to believe that will change now. Besides, I’m sure that U.C.I wants to maintain a low profile and not take a chance on the outside world learning what they do here.”

“Really?” he seemed a little calmer. “I was worried that we would have to leave here wearing dresses...and maybe even have to dance with...with boys.”

“Hardly,” I actually giggled. “What boys would want to dance with sissies like us?” I spread the hem of my flirty skirt to expose the hem of my lace edged half-slip.

“I guess you’re right,” he sighed. “But didn’t the brochure state that we would play on the beach wearing bikinis? We have to leave the resort sometime if we are to frolic on the beach.”

As he walked away to his dance lesson, I felt an uneasiness creep up my spin. He was right. We had to eventually leave the resort if the brochure was right, but when? Maybe the brochure was exaggerating.

I wasn’t sure why I was nervous about leaving the resort dressed as a girl. If anything, I looked and acted more like a girl now than I ever did back home where Mom took me shopping as a girl. I even went on that awful date with that bastard, Bill. Why was I hesitant now? Was it because I was on my own? Mom was a hundred miles away. She wouldn’t be there to save me if I got into trouble. My legs trembled at the thought of being in Los Angeles alone while wearing a frilly dress and trying to pass as a real girl.

That evening as I was brushing my growing hair the required hundred strokes, when my arm accidentally brushed over my growing breasts. A thrilling wave of pleasure raced through my body. “Ahh!” I gasped. “What caused that?” I lowered the top to my babydoll nightie and was startled to see my nipples were pink, distended, dollar size protrusions from my already protruding breasts. I cautiously touched my left nipple and again felt the lovely sensations permeate my body. “What the hell...” I gasped. I touched my right nipple to the same effect. Both nipples were nearly glowing and hard as rocks. “My nipples were small and insignificant before...”

I gasped. I carefully rubbed my hands over each nipple, then delicately tweaked each with my fingers. I nearly collapsed from my chair in delight.

Just then I heard Mia enter our suite. “Mia, would you please come here?” I asked in my completely feminine voice.

“Sure, Molly,” he answered as he entered my bedroom. He saw me sitting at my vanity with my nightie top about my waist, my fingers gently caressing my breasts, while obviously flushed with excitement. “Oh, you have discovered the delights that come with your growing breasts.”

Blushing profusely, I said, “Yes! I nearly fainted when I touched my breasts. Look at how large my nipples have grown!”

“I know! I experienced the same thing last year when my breasts started to mature. Isn't it wonderful?”

“But...but I wasn't supposed to grow breasts, Mia,” I nearly cried. “How will I get rid of them when this summer is over?”

“You won't,” he smiled. “Once your breasts start to expand, and your nipples blossom, it's nearly impossible to lose them short of surgery. Come here, sweetie, let me examine them.”

I rose from my chair and pranced to where he was standing. My widening hips made my breasts sway with each step. “Let me examine your breasts, Molly,” he reached out and gently touched each nipple. My knees nearly buckled from delight.

He removed his top and bra to allow his breasts to freely swing from his chest. Although I knew his breasts were mature, I had never seen them up close and personal. Each breast gently sloped from his chest to end

with huge dark nipples easily as large as my own. "Touch my breasts, Molly," he said. "Don't they feel as real as those of any of the girls you have slept with in your previous life?"

I did as he requested, and I gasped, "Oh, yes, they are perfect." I was almost jealous of his breasts, he being a full B-cup, while I am only a maturing A-cup.

His eyes glazed over and he trembled under my touch. "Oh yes!" he barely uttered. "That feels so nice! Stroke my boobies, Molly," he cried as he lowered his skirt and slipped out of his heels to stand before me wearing only his silky lingerie.

At the same time, he continued to gently feel and stroke my breasts so my nipples stood at rigid attention. Thrills of pleasure continued to fill me with delight.

He and I sprawled onto my bed, both flushed with excitement as we in turn caressed each other's nipples with our tongues and lips. We tossed and turned, desperately groping each other, giving each other pleasure. Neither of us tried to stimulate the other by touching our male genitals.

Strangely neither of us tried to mount the other, and neither attempted to use our male equipment. It never entered our minds as we pleased each other like pseudo lesbians. I lost track of time, I didn't care if one of the teachers walked in on us. We were completely absorbed in giving pleasure to each other.

Finally we came up for air, and our passions subsided. A little embarrassed, we each giggled at our mutual pleasure giving, neither of us apologizing for our actions. We both loved the thrills that surged through our feminine bodies.

Blushing, Mia giggled, “I haven't done that with another girl since last year. My boyfriend would have loved to watch us.”

“You have a boyfriend?” I gasped.

“Of course, darling,” he giggled. “I can't wait to see him again when I return home from this summer vacation.”

I covered my mouth with my colorful fingernails. “You look and carry yourself as a girl, but I never suspected that you are gay,” I stated.

“I'm not gay!” Mia seemed offended. “I'm a straight girl who dates straight boys. Really Molly, you must get rid of your silly misconceptions of 'gay' and 'straight'. They are so tiring, limiting, and frankly boring.”

“I didn't mean to offend,” I gasped, not wanting to get on Mia's bad side. “but you were a guy.”

Gently smiling, Mia said, “I'm not offended, Molly. Yes, I was a guy until I came to this resort for the summer, but when I left, I was a girl, except for a small insignificant detail.” My heart started pounding! Mia not only looked like a beautiful woman, but he felt that he was one.

Suddenly I realized that during our love playing, I hadn't responded down below like I should have. “Oh, Gawd,” I gasped while searching between my legs. “I should have been as hard as a rock down here and straining to escape this awful gaff, but I didn't experience so much as a twitch while caressing the breasts of an absolutely gorgeous woman.”

“Why thank you, sweetie,” Mia giggled, “but why would you expect to experience what a male experiences when it is obvious that you are no longer a male? Duh! You are emerging on becoming a young woman, Molly.

You simply must put your male past behind you. Embrace your femininity. Become the girl that you obviously are meant to be!”

“But this summer was a mistake, at least the becoming a girl part. This was supposed to be a masquerade for a few months before returning to my life as a man. I wasn't supposed to actually become a girl! This is supposed to be a charade.”

“What was supposed to be is in the past, Molly,” Mia gently stroked my long flowing hair. “Live in the here and now. Embrace the girl you are becoming, whether by mistake or not. Your rush to femininity cannot be reversed. You are becoming a girl.”

I collapsed onto my vanity chair. I was crushed by what was happening to me. I never wanted to be a girl, but it seemed like I was becoming one either deliberately or by mistake.

I suddenly realized that Mia was telling me what this awful resort wanted me to believe. She is part of the system. A guy can't really change into a girl over one summer. That's impossible! Surely there was a way out of this nightmare! I just had to find it.

After returning my nightie top to cover my breasts, Mia helped me to my bed and turned off the lights. I fell into a fitful sleep. My dreams, or nightmares, were of me as Sam, as Molly, and sometimes as both. I woke several times during the night confused as to who and where I was. I finally fell asleep realizing that I was both Sam and Molly, but becoming more Molly each day I spent in this resort.

Chapter 6

By the next morning, I had decided that the best way to get away from this awful resort was to win over

Martha's confidence. The only way to do that was to convince her that I had given up. I would pretend to let them do with me what they will. Once Martha's guard was down, an avenue of escape would appear, and I'd pounce on it.

We gathered in the small dance hall again to continue our dancing lessons. Mia, Patti, and Gwen didn't require practice on how to dance as girls, so they helped us seven that needed instruction. We were instructed on how to dance slowly following a strong lead, and to dance fast without a lead, all while wearing high heels.

Each type of dance requires a different technique. Dancing slowly is measured and flowing, and we must learn to dance without stepping on our partner's feet. Dancing fast was even more difficult, since girls dance differently than boys. Girls are more flowing in their movements; whereas, boys are usually jerky and abrupt. Since we are all boys, it is strange to change to a flowing movement. It was disturbing to watch my classmates start off the lessons dancing like boys, but end dancing like girls. The dance instructors are very effective!

My legs hurt at the end of the day, but true to my morning resolution, I put myself into the lessons without complaint so Martha would think that I had given up on resisting her attempts to make me into a girl. She seemed impressed with my attitude change, but the price I paid is that by the end of the day, I displayed flowing dance movements of a girl. Martha complimented me, "You dance so lovely, Molly. I knew there was a girl hidden beneath that gruff boyish facade."

At the beginning of dinner, Martha announced, "Tomorrow you go shopping for dresses, girls. You will be paired up three or four to an instructor. Each group will

go to a separate high-end boutique where you will choose your own dress. The more experienced girls will help those less experienced. Each girl is expected to interact with the store salesgirl on her own. The instructor is there only to bail you out if you get into trouble. The stores and the sales girls do not know about you formerly being boys. There will be penalties if any girl deliberately exposes herself or her friends to ridicule.”

There was a buzz around the dinner table that night. 'What if people know that we are boys wearing dresses?' 'Am I ready to venture outside the resort as a girl?' 'Is my voice feminine enough to converse without sounding like a boy?' 'What style and color dress do I want to wear to the dance?' We were as nervous as cats as we prepared for bed.

The next day we students were sent to various boutiques in Santa Monica and Beverly Hills. Gwen, Beth and I were driven to a famous Rodeo Drive boutique. Our stomachs were in our throats as we exited the car with our instructor. Each of us was dressed in a cute short dress or skirt and top. Our slim, smooth legs were perched on open toe 2” sandals that exposed our colorful toenails. Our hair had grown at a phenomenal rate while at the Chrissie Institute, so even Beth's hair was nicely styled to frame his pretty face. With the swelling and bruises disappearing, the three tomboys were rapidly transforming into pretty girls. Only their voices could give them away. Beth's voice, although still throaty, sounded quite feminine what with the forced use of words and phrases that only a girl would speak.

We tentatively entered the boutique where we were immediately approached by a cute girl of about 22 years old. “Hi, I'm Melanie. May I help you girls?” she gave us a toothy smile.

Our instructor hung back and didn't say a thing, Gwen returned the girl's smile and cooed, "Yes, we are going to a formal dance, and need cute dresses to impress the boys." Beth and I turned a little white, since neither of us really wanted to impress any boy.

"Oh, we have the loveliest dresses," the salesgirl said, leading us to racks of prom style dresses. "How old are you girls?"

Gwen immediately answered, "I'm 18 years old."

Our instructor gave Beth and me piercing glares, expecting us to answer the girl's question. "I'm uh, 17," I said. Martha had informed me that I was 17 as long as I was at the Institute.

The girl didn't give me a second thought. Apparently my voice had passed muster and I looked my stated age. I shouldn't have been surprised. I had gone on that awful date with Bill without him realizing I was a guy. Even my rescuer, David, hadn't realize that I was a boy.

Beth was scared shitless to answer, sure that his voice would end this shopping expedition in disaster. Our instructor didn't budge an inch. Finally Beth softly answered, "I...I'm uh 16 years old."

The salesgirl gave Beth a brief glance, then she led us to some racks and said, "These dresses are perfect for teenage girls. If you find one you like in your size, let me know, and I will make sure it fits you and show you where to try it on."

Beth was the first to find a dress in his size, but he hesitated speaking up, again afraid that his voice would expose us all. "Is there something wrong, Beth?" our instructor asked, seeing him stall for time.

"Uh...no," Beth softly said.

“Then ask the nice salesgirl for help,” our instructor ordered.

Knowing that he couldn't refuse, Beth nervously waved for the salesgirl, and softly said, “Miss, this dress is what I'm looking for.” His voice sounded a bit gravely, but still in a feminine range.

The salesgirl approached him. “Oh, that dress is one of our best sellers. I'm sure you will look lovely wearing it.” She gave no indication that she thought that Beth was anything but a teenage girl. “Follow me, and I'll help you try it on.”

Panic crossed Beth's face. He looked to me, then to Gwen, then to the instructor. The last thing he wanted is for this salesgirl to help him into the dress. He was sure that once he had his clothes off, it wouldn't take long for her to realize his true gender.

The salesgirl quickly took Beth's arm and led him to the side. “I know that you are a boy,” she whispered.

Beth's heart fell into his shoes. Gwen quickly stepped forward and volunteered, “I'll help her with her dress, ma'am. Why don't you stay and help Molly?”

“I was just telling this lovely girl that I know that she is really a boy,” the salesgirl smiled. Beth was scared shitless, standing erect as a board, yet feeling his knees begin to collapse.

Our instructor stepped forward, but before she could insert herself into the conversation, the salesgirl continued, “This young lady has definite potential. I knew her story only because of her voice. It would be a privilege to provide her with the best of service. My brother used to be just like her.”

Our instructor backed off. “I take it that your girlfriends are here to give you moral support during

this difficult phase of your transition,” Melanie continued. She gave no indication that she thought that Gwen and I were boys like Beth.

She took Beth to the changing room, and 20 minutes later, they returned. Beth looking radiant in his deep blue cocktail dress. “Isn't she absolutely lovely?” the salesgirl gushed. Beth seemed to radiate, as he stood confidently on 3” heels that Melanie had supplied. Gone was the scared little boy that Melanie had led away.

Beth stood before a 3-way mirror and tentatively turned from side to side. He did a twirl that made his skirt flare out to show his matching silky slip beneath. A wide smile crossed his lips.

I was considering two dresses. When I showed the salesgirl my choices, she gushed, “Oh, that lavender dress would look lovely with your gorgeous blonde hair, plus, it would show off your dynamite figure.” The girl was nothing if not an accomplished sales person.

I liked the dress, so I selected it for the dressing room. When the salesgirl started to follow me, I smiled and said, “I'm fine, thank you.” My heels clicked on the hard floor as I traipsed to the fitting room.

As we were leaving, Beth turned to the salesgirl and said, “Thanks for being so helpful with the dress and everything else. Whatever happened to your brother?”

“My pleasure, sweetie,” Melanie stated. “Oh, Julia works with me at this boutique. This is her day off. She's at the beach with her boyfriend.”

Beth was taken aback by her reply. “He...she is a girl now?”

“Of course, honey,” Melanie said, “There is no going back once a boy gets a taste at being a girl.” Her words

rang in my ears as we drove home. Was she right? Was I fated to become the girl I appeared to be?

All four groups met in the assembly hall after we returned to the Chrissie Institute with our precious dresses. We were the only group where anyone questioned a student's gender. Martha promised not to punish Beth, since he didn't expose himself on purpose. She did promise Beth an intensive course of voice training over the next week. Beth gratefully accepted the help, determined to be the best girl he could become.

Chapter 7

The final week before the dance, everyone was aflutter while performing all the tasks needed. We spent the past week polishing our images, making final adjustments to our dresses, and deciding on hair styles. We wondered if there would be boys at the dance, I mean boys dressed and acting as boys, not boys dressed and acting like girls. I was so busy that I hadn't given my escape plan further thought, although I was still determined to flee when the opportunity arose.

As we prepared to board the van, the foyer was ablaze in color as the boys appeared dressed to the hilt in their party dresses, jewelry, coiffed hair, and high heels. The hallway was a cacophony of high pitch girlish voices. The voices of Beth, Anne, and Carolyn now matched the lilting altos and sopranos of the rest of us students.

We piled into the vans and were whisked off to the hotel where the dance was being held. Each boy delicately held his dress so it wouldn't wrinkle as we scrunched next to each other. The drive was short, and we were soon hesitantly exiting the vans to face the scary unknown of the dance. I hoped that I would find girls waiting for us, but as we entered the small hall, a

dozen well dressed teenage boys greeted us, along with our instructors. A small band sat in a corner playing a contemporary tune.

“Ladies, may I present boys from the local military academy,” Martha introduced us. “Boys, may I present the girls from the Chrissie Institute.”

All ten of us 'girls' were a little taken aback to see only handsome boys to dance with. Each military boy was well groomed and very polite. A boy came up to me and introduced himself, “Hi, my name is Brad. Would you honor me with the first dance?”

I blushed at being approached so quickly to dance. I stammered, “Uh...okay.” I saw out of the corner of my eye that Martha was eyeing me closely. I almost gave away my cooperative attitude. I'm sure that if I had refused, she would have guessed my new cooperation as a ruse.

As Brad led me to the dance floor, he explained that they were taking summer classes so they could graduate early. “Are you girls taking summer classes to get ahead in school?” he asked.

“Uh, sort of,” I stammered. “We are sort of expanding our horizons.”

“We don't get many opportunities to meet girls,” he said. “We were reluctant to attend this dance because we thought we were being paired up with a bunch of losers. Wow! We were surprised to find a room of absolutely gorgeous girls.”

“Thanks,” I stammered.



I danced as if I had always been a girl, my pretty skirt swaying past my smooth nylon covered legs. I really enjoyed myself, although my dance partners were always teenage boys

Brad and I were joined on the dance floor by other Chrissie students, each on the arm of a boy. It was a slow tune, and I was so thankful for the dance lessons I had endured against my will. Soon a faster song began, and another boy asked me to dance. I set my cup of punch on the table and took his hand. Soon all us Chrissie 'girls' were having fun dancing the night away.

Between dances, we Chrissie 'girls' would congregate with each other and compare notes on the boys. I noticed that the boys were across the hall doing the same thing about us. Then the boys would cross the hall and ask each of us for another dance. We Chrissie 'girls' lost our fears and enjoyed this opportunity to be away from the Institute and interact with the boys who obviously did not know anything about who we really are.

As the night progressed, I saw a few couples escape to the veranda. Out of curiosity, I sauntered outside to see what was happening. To my surprise, I saw various couples in the shadows kissing and hugging. The Chrissie 'girl' would have his arms wrapped around the neck of a boy giving him a deep and passionate kiss. Even more surprising was that all the original 'manly threesome', Beth, Anne, and Carol, were giving boys the most passionate kisses.

At the end of the evening, I was dancing to a slow tune wrapped in the arms of the first boy to ask me to dance. I felt warm and comfy. I liked feeling his strong arms lead me around the dance floor. I liked the feel of my dress caress the backs of my legs. I liked the feeling of being a girl in the arms of a strong boy. What was happening to me? 'This cannot be happening,' I thought as the dance ended, and he led me to my chair. I'm a guy. I cannot be attracted to boys!

It was a night to remember. More than one Chrissie 'girl' came away from the dance with a renewed

determination to thoroughly enjoy the remainder of his summer in skirts.

Chapter 8

“Last night was a great success,” Martha announced to a very tired assembly. “Each of you did the Chrissie Institute proud in advancing your girlhood. The next event, taking place in two weeks, is our annual fashion show, where each of you will model a dress of your creation on a runway attended by a bevy of women who know nothing of your unique past. I expect each of you to work hard between now and then to make our school proud.”

Sewing had been part of our training, but none of us ever expected to put it to use. We were abuzz with questions after Martha's announcement. Where would we get the designs, the material, and where would we do the sewing? Each question was answered by one of our instructors. Apparently the Chrissie Institute carries a library of dress designs, material will be purchased at local fabric shops, and a sewing room is available for each of us to finish our creation.

I knew that if I wanted to escape this awful place, I had to enthusiastically participate. Martha would take any resistance from me as proof that I cannot be trusted.

The first thing we did was take careful measurements of each other. I was aghast to find out that my figure is 34-22-35, not bad for a 5'5" tall girl, but I'm not a girl!

I have become bustier from all the hormones I've taken during my stay at the Institute. My hips have lost their male tautness to become wide, round, and fleshy, so they bounce when I walk. My waist is tiny from the salad diet they feed us.

For the next week, I was as busy as a beaver, as were the other students. We carefully selected the designs we wanted to model, bought the necessary fabric, and went about sewing our dresses.

I loved the lavender color of my dancing dress, so I selected a design featuring a similar, but lighter, color. My dress is frilly and semi-transparent. I would have to be extra careful with my lingerie selection so as not to expose parts that must not be exposed.

I need to wear a special bra to not expose my huge nipples. With my petite build, my B-cups provide ample cleavage without being risqué.

By the middle of the second week, I had my dress and lingerie ready, but I needed practice modeling on a runway. I never in my wildest dreams considered doing such a girlish thing, yet here I am, my dress ready, my body ready, but my confidence lagging!

I wasn't the only student scared of walking the runway wearing a frilly dress and high heels. Every boy at the school had the same lack of confidence, other than Mia, Patti, and Gwen, who had experienced runway modeling the previous year.

Martha provided a mock runway, and each student spent 5 hours over the next three days walking it wearing 4" heels, while students and instructors lined the runway like the women would the night of the actual event.

During practice, each student wore a tight fitting knee length skirt and 4" heels. We entered the runway, walked to the end, twirled, posed, and then returned to the entrance. We did it with our head held high, our shoulders back, and our stride restricted by our tight skirts.



I was so nervous when I stepped onto the runway wearing my see-through dress. With the right light, one could see my shapely hips and bust, although both were discretely covered for modesty's sake.

With the bright lights and narrow runway, it would be easy to stumble or even fall off the sides. Runway modeling is not easy!

We were so nervous as we gathered backstage for our modeling debut. We helped each other work out last minute details with our dresses. We checked each other to make sure that our nylon stockings were taut, we weren't showing too much cleavage (all the boys by this time were quite busty), and our makeup was okay.

Finally, Martha announced that it was time to model our dresses. Mia, Patti, and Gwen, the three experienced students went first, followed by Brenda, Phyllis, Marie, and myself, and then Beth, Anne, and Carolyn brought up the rear. We started off modeling the tight fitting skirts and cute tops and blouses that we had practiced in, and then we finished with our designer dresses.

I successfully modeled my skirt and top combination without tripping or embarrassing myself. The women lining the runway seemed quite impressed by my walk, twirl, and how I handled myself. Six months earlier, I would have been mortified if I had known that I could model in front of these women without them knowing my true gender.

Finally it was time for me to model my dress. It felt so wonderful caressing my body, and floating about my knees. My high heels shaped my legs so I looked hot!

I peeked out of the screen as Marie finished his walk. The lights were really bright as I entered the runway. I heard gasps from the women lining the runway. Was something wrong? Do they know that I am a man impersonating a girl? I glanced at the women and realized that they were gasping at my dress. Was I

exposing something untoward? Could the women see my erect nipples?

I walked the runway, turned, and twirled my skirt. I nearly stepped off the stage with my twirl, but I recovered at the last moment. I finished by confidently walking back to the curtain, and exiting stage left.

Suddenly it was over! I had survived exposure in front of all the women without making a fool of myself, without exposing to them that I am really a man. At that moment, I felt like a such girly girl!

All us Chrissie 'girls' were exhausted by the end of the night. We had survived, but at what cost to our manhood? We had successfully modeled the most girly dresses before discriminating women, and nobody had questioned our gender. Were we that far down the road to being girls that we could pass even under the closest scrutiny?

Chapter 9

The next morning, Martha announced that we students had progressed to the point where we could make our debut on Santa Monica beaches wearing bikinis. "Only two things need to be done before you can enjoy the sun and sand," she said. "First you need to buy a flattering bikini, and second, each of you needs to be prepared for wearing the swimsuit."

We looked at each other. "What do you mean by 'prepared'? Beth asked.

"Nothing to worry about," Martha said. "Each of you will have your little thingies hidden by a minor surgery, so there won't be a bulge when you wear your bikini."

A gasp rose from the seven 'girls' that had not been here the previous year. "Hidden?" Phyllis gasped.

“Yes, dear,” Martha smiled. “Don't worry, we won't do anything permanent unless your contract calls for it. Your little manhood will merely be inserted into your body cavity, so it doesn't expose itself at the wrong time.”

“How...how will we be able to urinate?” Marie asked with a trembling voice.

“Everything will work normally, only you won't be able to stand. Of course, you haven't stood while peeing since arriving, so nothing will be different.”

Half the class was slated for the 'minor' surgery, while the other half would go shopping, then we would switch. I was in the half going bikini shopping the next day. I resolved then and there to make my escape before they could 'tuck my junk'. Nobody was going to bury my carrot! I would make my escape while we were bikini shopping!

I was very surprised when Martha handed me \$500 to spend on my swimsuit. “Spend it wisely, Molly,” she said and walked away.

'Damn right, I'll spend it wisely' I thought. 'This money insures that I escape today.'

I wore a pair of white flared shorts, a pink top that accentuated my full B-cup breasts and tiny waist, and a pair of white sneakers with pink fringe. My long flowing hair was tied in a ponytail with a pink scrunchie. I wore tasteful makeup that highlighted my soft hairless cheeks, large doe-like eyes, and long eye lashes.

We shopped for bikinis at a high end clothing store in downtown Beverly Hills. I found a lavender one (I must love that color), and was paying for it, when I noticed that everyone was crowding around Marie as he picked out his choice. I finished paying, and noticed that absolutely no one was watching me. I browsed the

jewelry section, and when I turned a corner, I was out of their sight. I ran like crazy for the exit, pushed open the door, and found myself outside by myself. I was free!!

I rapidly left the area of the store, and out of breath, I entered another boutique, which I exited via the back door. I turned a corner and walked rapidly away from where my friends were cooing over swimsuits.

I casually walked down Beverly Blvd, not afraid of being found. I had just enough money left to catch a bus to Santa Barbara, where I would find mother and show her what the Chrissie Institute had done to me. Mother would be infuriated, and we would catch the first plane home where I could start changing back into Sam!

It was a typical sunny Southern California day, early afternoon, and I didn't have a care in the world, other than being in Beverly Hills looking like a world-class chick. Men and boys passed me, every one of them giving me a glance, and in some cases, more than a glance. I couldn't blame them. When I was Sam, I had done the same, never giving a second thought as to how my lustful glances were affecting the girl. Now, as a girl, I felt very self-conscious, wanting to get away from their stares and sometimes rude comments.

I ducked into a very stylish boutique for relief, where I saw the most gorgeous pair of ivory 4" high heels on display! I felt their soft shiny surface and picked them up to examine them more closely. They were perfect! I knew which dress I would wear with them, and I knew that I'd look drop-dead gorgeous.

"What am I thinking?" I suddenly gasped quickly putting the shoes back on the table. "I've got to get to the bus station before I'm missed. The Chrissie Institute could already be on my trail." Still, they are gorgeous shoes!

I shook my head and started towards the store entrance. “Those are lovely shoes, aren't they, Miss?” a sales lady advanced towards me.

“Yes, they would go so well with a lovely pale blue cocktail dress I own,” I turned to greet her.

“Want to try them on?” she asked. “I'd say you are a size five. Right?”

“Uh...yes,” I followed her back to the display.

“I'll be right out, Miss,” she smiled. I took a seat to wait for her.

'Surely I can wait 5 minutes to get to the station. I don't want to be rude,' I thought.

I removed my sneakers as she approached with the shoe box. She sat in front of me, and easily slipped the first shoe over my dark color toenails and onto my foot. This was followed by the second shoe.

“Walk in them and feel how comfortable they are,” she suggested. “They are like walking on a cloud.”

I did as she suggested, and she was right. They are so comfortable. I walked to a three-way mirror to examine them from all angles. I turned my foot from side-to-side, then I stood back to take in the overall effect. I suddenly became so dizzy while looking at my image in the full length mirror. I staggered to a chair and flopped into it.

“Is something wrong?” the sales lady asked.

“Uh...no, I get dizzy from lack of food,” I lied. Truthfully, I didn't see Sam when I saw my image in the mirror!

After a bit, I returned to the mirror, thinking that the dizziness was an aberration. I again closely looked at my image, looking into my eyes this time. I couldn't find Sam anywhere! How could I return to being someone

who didn't exist? Somewhere along the way, Sam had left the building. I didn't feel like Sam, I didn't act like Sam, and I certainly didn't look like Sam.

I returned to my seat, again my knees about to give out on me. Where had Sam gone? While at the Institute, I was so determined to escape that I didn't give my image a second thought. But now that I am free, I could give myself an honest exam, and all I saw was Molly! I obviously looked like a teenage girl, I acted like one from the constant interaction with other teenage 'girls' at the Institute, but now I realized that I felt like a girl too. In my heart, I am Molly Malone.

Catching my breath, I returned to the mirror to try to find my male self. I turned to examine the backs of my calves, and thought, 'Damn, girl, your legs are to die for! Most women would kill for legs like yours. Your hips are so wide, nothing like Sam's narrow hips.'

A smile crossed my lips as I watched my cute butt wiggle as I walked from the mirror. My breasts bobbed a little in my silky bra, my ponytail swung back and forth with each step. 'Why would I want to be a loser named Sam when I can be a winner named Molly?' I wondered. 'Besides, I look fabulous wearing girl's clothes!'

Two hours later, I rang the outside doorbell to the Chrissie Institute. Martha opened the door, and with a wide smile, she said, "Welcome home, Molly. Did you get lost?"

"Uh...yes," I softly answered, my eyes diverted so as to not give away that I was lost on purpose.

She saw the taxi leave from the curb, and deduced correctly that I had returned using the cab. "Come in,

girl,” she let me pass. “Tell me all about your little adventure.”

I told her most of what I did, leaving out the part about deliberately escaping, and my plan to take a bus to Santa Barbara. “I see that you still have your bikini,” she said. “What is in the other packages?”

Not nearly as nervous as when I first rang the doorbell, I noticed the packages she was referring to. “I saw these absolutely gorgeous panties and bras,” I gushed. “My breasts have continued to grow, and my hips stretch my panties, so I bought these absolutely lovely bra and panty sets.” I pulled three packets from one package and showed her my purchases.

She smiled, “You certainly must keep ahead of your growing assets, dear. What's in the other package?”

“I bought the most gorgeous heels!” I gushed, quickly opening the package to display my new ivory shoes.

“They are lovely,” she smiled. “So you spent your money wisely.”

A sudden flush came to my face. Did she know what I was going to use the money for? Did she know that I didn't get lost, but ran off? I saw her smile and realized that she knew!

“Yes,” I beamed, “I found out who I really am, so I gave myself a treat. These shoes will go perfectly with that lovely blue dress I bought last week.”

“Yes it will, Molly,” she said. “Now off to bed with you. Oh, Mia won't be your roommate for a week. She had a significant surgery. She is recovering at the clinic. Sleep tight, Molly, and welcome back.”

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TITILLATING TV TALES
DISTRESSED IN DRESSES



TITILLATING TV TALES #22
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DISTRESSED IN DRESSES (Book One of Two) "The Chrissy Institute - Transforming today's troublesome teens into the fabulous females of the future!" Sometimes boys will be boys and get into trouble. And sometimes, what they need is to be softened up. The training at Chrissy begins at the basics: lingerie, basic makeup, proper comportment and hair care. But it doesn't end there. The goal is to make them want to feel, look and think like proper ladies. Titillating TV Tales #21 84 pages with great color illustrations! In the Pink.

DISTRESSED IN DRESSES (Book Two of Two) Titillating TV Tales #22 80 pages and great color illustrations! In the Pink.

Chapter 10

The next morning, I was called into Martha's office. "Did you sleep well?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," I said, still a little on edge.

"Are you ready for your minor surgery to hide your embarrassment?" she asked.

"May I ask what surgery Mia had?" I asked.

"She had her sex change, honey," Martha said. "She successfully passed her one year lifestyle test. This surgery is the reason she returned for the summer."

I turned a little ashen. "She's a girl now?" I asked.

"She was already a girl, dear," Martha stated. "We merely corrected a minor problem so she can move on with her life. She can marry her boyfriend next year."

"Oh..." I murmured. "Was it painful?"

"I assume so, Molly. You seem to have something on your mind. Tell me what it is, dear."

"Well...I was sort of wondering if you could do something while you are hiding my thingie," I said.

"Tell me what it is, dear, and I'll tell you if I can help you," she answered.

I woke with start, not remembering anything while under the anesthesia. A nurse was there to calm me down. "Is it over?" I muttered.

"Yes, dear, everything turned out fine. You were under for an hour. We brought you back to your room where you can rest for the rest of the day." I felt between my legs. There was a small bandage, and as promised, it felt smooth.

“You will look wonderful in your new bikini,” the nurse promised. “Give it today, and you can resume your normal activities tomorrow. All the other students are up and about now, except Mia, Patti, and Gwen. You are the last one because of your getting 'lost' yesterday.” It seems that even the nurse knew about my adventure.

I was dressed in a satiny lime green sleep set, my hair was tied in 'angel wings', and I was wearing minimal makeup, just a little lip color. I thanked her, sipped some apple juice, and fell asleep again, curling up in my nice canopy bed.

The next morning, after taking a quick shower, I decided to wear my tightest fitting shorts, a sexy top that displayed my breasts, and matching slippers. I may only be a girl in transition, but I wanted everyone at breakfast to know that I am proud of who I am.

All the 'girls' and a few instructors were busily chatting away when I appeared in the doorway. “Oh, Molly, join us for breakfast,” Brenda waved and showed an open seat. Four students and an instructor sat at the table.

I took the offered seat, and was greeted with everyone trying to stifle giggles. “What?” I asked, realizing that they were giggling at me.

“How was 'getting lost', yesterday, Molly,” Beth snickered.

“Does everyone in the school know that I got lost yesterday?” I gasped.

“Lost?” Marie giggled. “It looked more like an 'escape' to us.”

“You knew?” I gasped. “How?”

“Oh, you silly girl,” Beverly, the instructor sitting with us said, “Everyone knew that you were just looking for a way to 'escape' the Chrissie Institute. Martha decided that it was time for you to learn who you really are, something you would never find as long as you thought you were being forced to dress as a girl.”

“Miss Martha knew I was going to try to leave?” I gasped.

“Everyone knew,” Beverly said. “You are the most beautiful girl here, yet you constantly fight it. You refuse to believe that you should be a girl. The only way for you to learn was to let you 'escape' so you would be 'forced' to face the obvious.”

“But I could have left for good,” I stammered, astonished that everyone knew of my intentions.

“Yes,” Beverly said. “You could have learned who you really are by taking the easy route or by taking the hard route. Either way, you would have had to face the obvious fact that you are a girl. Luckily for you, and happily for the rest of us, you chose the easy route. As Miss Martha said when she gave you the money, 'spend it wisely'. You spent the money wisely. I understand you bought a lovely pair of high heels.”

“Oh...!” Marie gasped. “Can I see them? I bet they are bitchin'.”

My breakfast arrived, and smiling, I said, “Yes, of course I'll show them to you. They are gorgeous!”

Chapter 11

It was bikini beach time! The weather was great (as usual), we had our bikini swimsuits, we were properly tucked, and the beach was directly out the back door!

We were pretty leery as we cautiously walked down the wood walkway towards the beach. All of us had enjoyed walking on the beach many times during our stay at the Chrissie Institute. After all, it's the beach in Southern California, the sunshine, the ocean, the ocean breeze. But this was our first time on the beach wearing bikini swimsuits that barely covered our vital areas. We were scared shitless!!

As the six of us 'girls', plus two instructors, moved onto the beach while carrying our beach towels, umbrellas, drinks, and suntan lotion, we cautiously eyed the other people to determine if we were being stared at. Unfortunately, there were lots of people watching us walk to where we wanted to pitch our umbrellas, all of them men and boys. The women and girls didn't give us a second glance. Nobody pointed yelled, 'look at those boys wearing bikinis', but we expected to hear it anyway.

We staked out our spot, spread our beach towels, spread suntan lotion on each other, and relaxed. The sun was warm, the ocean breeze cool, and we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. None of us even thought of going into the ocean. The waves would have stripped us of our swimsuits in an instance. These swimsuits were made for looking, not for swimming.

Two weeks later, we were used to spending an hour or so each day resting on the beach. Mia, Patti, and Gwen were out of the clinic, although thinner from their ordeals. They said that they wanted to join us on the beach, and the rest of us were so happy to have them. We had a million questions we wanted to ask about their ordeal, and the beach was the perfect place to talk. There were no instructors about, and although there were thousands of people around us, we felt perfectly private within our little circle. We covered enough beach

that the nearest neighbors were well out of hearing range, especially with the waves crashing on the beach and the yelling of small children.

The ten of us gathered in a circle, and we peppered them with questions: 'did it hurt?', 'how does it feel down there?', 'would you do it over if you had the chance?' We had all seen the results in the privacy of the Institute, but what we really wanted to know is how it felt to be a girl, with none of the boy still 'hanging' around.

Of course, ten girls by themselves draws attention, especially from teenage boys, and we soon had company. The guys were tall, trim, and tan. We 'girls' were shorter, cute, and stacked.

“Would you girls like to join us in volleyball?” one dark hair boy asked.

A few of us 'girls' were quite athletic when we were boys, and playing volleyball sounded great. Four of us, Marie, Gwen, Carolyn and myself volunteered to play with them. I was the shortest of us 'girls' at 5'5", while Carolyn was the tallest, being almost 5'10" tall.

I could never spike the ball, being so short, but I could set the ball up quite well. We 'girls' paired with the boys, two boys and two girls to a team. The first thing we 'girls' learned was that we aren't nearly as strong and fast as we once were, the second thing we learned is that your bikini needed to be well tied or your boobs could make an appearance, and the third thing we learned is that our breasts get in the way. I had an especially difficult time keeping my breasts under control.

Nonetheless, we had a grand ole time. Carolyn quickly adapted, and was full of grace as she jumped to spike the ball into an opposing boy's face. He was quite embarrassed to have a girl hit it so hard he couldn't return it. The ball raised a welt on his neck. Instantly,

Carolyn was all feminine giggles, asking the boy, “Do you want me to kiss the red mark to make it go away?”

The boy quickly said, “You bet, Babe.” Smiling, Carolyn crossed under the net and gave the boy the promised kiss.

One day Mia and I were wandering the beach where we came upon a crowd with some girls in a line on a small stage. “Any other girls want to try out for 'Bodacious Bikini Beach Babe'?” a guy asked using a megaphone.

“I want to enter that contest,” Mia decided, and headed for the stage. I had no desire to test my looks against those girls, especially Mia who is gorgeous, so I stayed at the back of the crowd to watch the contest.

The girls paraded back and forth before three judges, each girl emphasizing her best assets. Mia was by far the prettiest girl on the stage. The judges were about to make their decision when the guy leading the contest spied me. “Hey, sweetheart, come up here!” he said pointing at me.

Confused and wondering what he wanted, I complied. I stood next to him and asked what he wanted. “Pose for us,” he asked. “Show us what you've got.”

“I'm not a contestant,” I said.

“That's okay,” he smiled, “What is your name?”

I didn't want to make a scene, so I gave him my name and did as he asked. My bikini did nothing to hide my substantial breasts. They seemed to literally blossom under Chrissie Institute care, so I knew what assets he was referring to, and I pulled my shoulders back to display my breasts to maximum advantage.



I won the 'Bodacious Bikini Beach Babe' contest to my complete surprise, and to Mia's embarrassment. How had mother done this to her son? Was I this much of a girl now?

“We have a winner!” a judge proclaimed. “The winner of the 'Bodacious Bikini Beach Babe' contest is Molly! First runner up is Mia!”

I was floored, and embarrassed. I didn't want to enter the contest, let alone win. Unfortunately, Mia was hurt by me beating her out of winning the contest, and she started to cry. I quickly went to her and apologized. “I'm sorry, Mia. I didn't want to win this silly contest.”

She quickly dried her tears, and returned my hug. “I know, but the judges are right. You are the cutest girl here, and your shape is to die for.”

We quickly shrugged off the contest, and continued down the beach, leaving the guys on the stage to yell after us, “Wait! As the winners, you have prizes to collect. We want to get to know you two better.” We ignored their pleas and continued walking.

“I really wanted to win that contest by beating all those genetic girls at their game,” Mia said. “It would have confirmed my femininity.”

“You don't need some guys and their phony beauty contest confirm that you're a girl,” I stated. “You've done that every day for the past year.”

“I guess you're right,” she sighed. “Still...”

“On the other hand, both of us beat all the genetic girls. That's got to count for something,” I said.

Smiling, Mia clasped my hand in hers. “You're right there, Molly. You're a real friend.”

“Thanks,” I giggled, and we made our way home.

Chapter 12

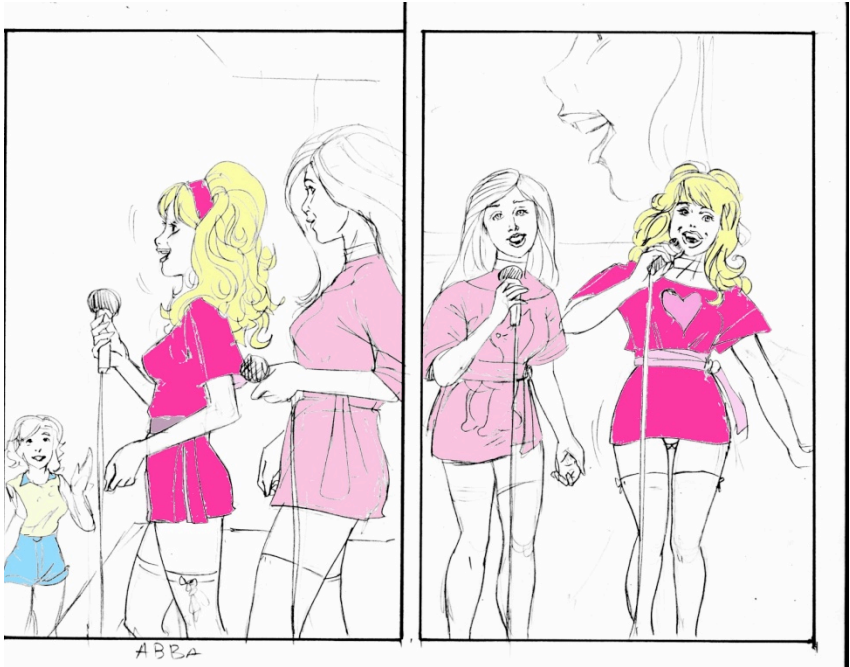
The summer was winding down, and everyone would soon depart for their respective homes. Mia and I became best friends, and did everything together. Now that we were girls, we never became intimate again. We spent hours talking about clothes, and she told me about her boyfriend, how they met, how he accepted her and her issues, and what their plans were for the future. “I expect you to be one of my bridesmaids,” she seriously told me. I promised that I would gladly be a bridesmaid at her wedding.

The final event of the summer was 'Graduation', with a talent show put on by anyone interested in displaying her talents. Mia and I decided to perform a duet. Our voices were natural soprano, and the Institute gave us singing lessons along with the mandatory voice training. Our voices complimented each other. It would be a karaoke recital. We chose a couple of songs we liked, and practiced singing as a girl duet whenever we had free time. The Institute provided a speaker system.

The graduation was a small informal affair attended by Miss Martha, the students, instructors, and any parents or guardians that were there to pick up their student. There were a surprising number of parents, sisters, and boyfriends and girlfriends in attendance.

Every student displayed a talent, some quite good, some not so good. Mia and I were the final act. We wore very short dresses that displayed the tops of our nylon stockings and high heels. Our hair hung below our shoulders. We performed our first song, and to the surprise of everyone in the audience, we were quite good, anyway the applause indicated such. Mia led off and I followed. We ended by singing in duet. Our second song was received even better. We blushed at the reception we received, and thanked everyone for their support.

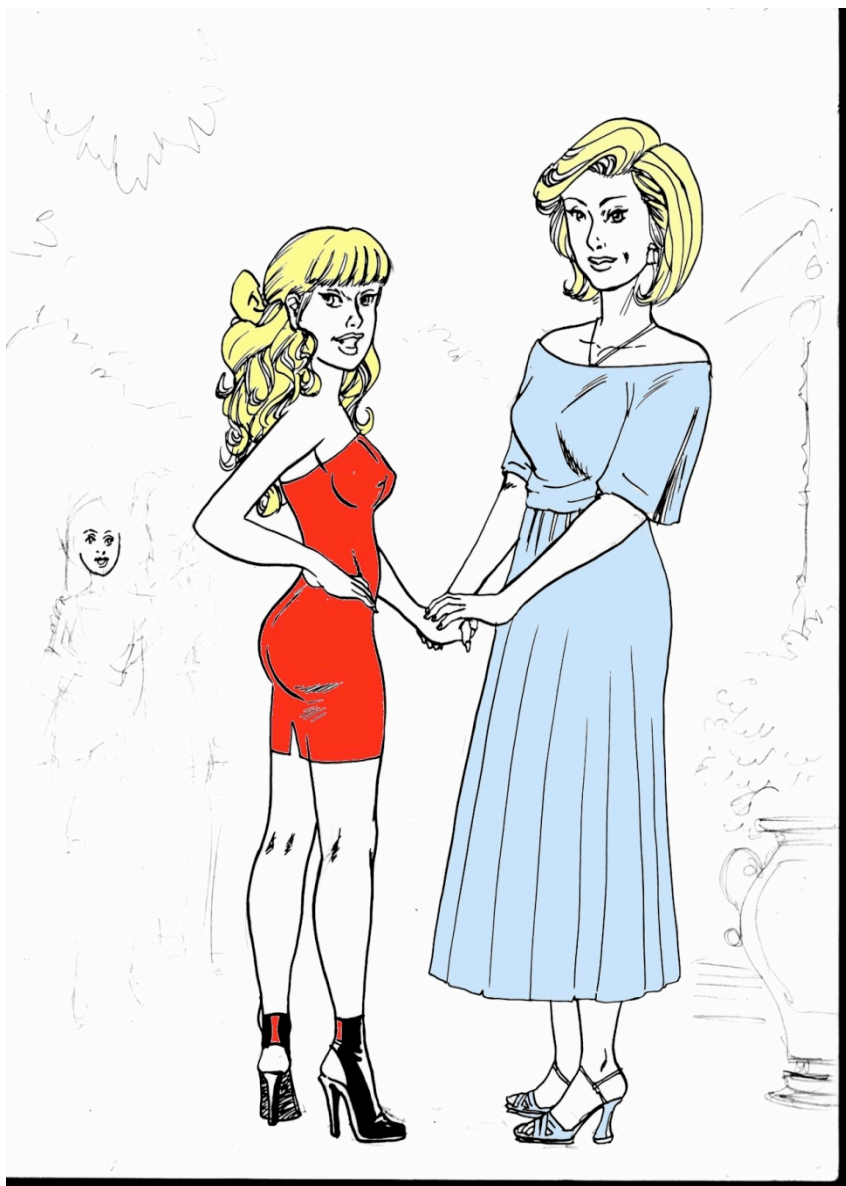
After the talent portion of the program, we students went to our rooms and changed into dresses for the reception, followed by dinner. Everyone was so excited about seeing their relatives, many for the first time as the girls they had become over the summer. We all sported nice tans attesting to the truth in advertising about this being a bikini beach summer.



Mia and I wowed the small crowd in attendance for the 'graduation' ceremony. We were happy girls, and our performance showed it.

I hadn't seen mother before the talent presentations, so I wasn't sure if she saw Mia and I sing. I'd talked to her the day before, and she said that she would make it.

I returned to the reception wearing a tight fitting dress that favorably displayed my breasts and legs. High heels made my rounded fanny sway with each step. My blonde hair flowed down my back in golden curls.



Mother was astonished that I wanted to stay a girl. “I’m beyond ever returning to being a boy,” I said with conviction.

“Sam...Sam,” I heard my mother's voice. I turned to see her quickly walking towards me. “My Goodness, what have they done to you?”

“I guess I’m your daughter now, mother,” I sighed. “I now accept everything they did to me.” I gave her an affectionate hug. “Let me introduce my roommate, Mia.” I directed her gaze to my friend.

“Nice to meet you, Mrs. Murphy,” Mia greeted.

“This lovely girl is your roommate?” mother asked. “Surely she can't be a student here.”

“Yes, I am,” Mia giggled.

“But I thought that only boys...” mother started.

“I was a boy before I attended the Institute, ma'am, but I'm 100% all girl now,” Mia said without embarrassment.

“No boy at all,” mother asked.

“Not a boy bone in her body, I interrupted. “100% girl, as will I when I return after my one year life test.”

“What do you mean, Sam?” mother asked. “This summer was supposed to be a punishment for stealing.”

“Stealing?” Mia asked.

“I'll tell you about it later, girl,” I said. Addressing mother, I said, “My name is Molly Murphy, mother. Please don't address me by my old boy name.”

“Molly? But...” mother stammered.

“I'm already too much of a girl now to go back!”

“I never meant for this punishment to turn out like this,” mother stammered.

“Fortunately, I was young enough that I'm very happy as a girl now...your 17 year old daughter.”

“But you're 19 years old, dear,” mother was confused.

“I may have entered the Chrissie Institute as a 19 year old man, but I'm leaving as a 17 year old girl,” I firmly stated.

“Only at the Chrissie Institute is that possible,” Mia giggled. “It seems a fair trade to me, Mrs. Murphy, an unhappy 19 year old son for a happy and beautiful 17 year old daughter.”

Mother gasped, “You can never be a boy again?”

“Why? I like doing girl stuff,” I said. “They said it was good to catch me before I had a steady girlfriend.”

Mia giggled, “We'll never know what we missed! The estrogen takes care of all that!

Mother seemed to come out of shock. “You are right. This is just an unexpected turn of events. Molly, you seem like a much more courteous person than Sam ever was. I'm glad that your male vitality is gone so my new daughter can relax and come into her own.”

“Thanks, mother,” I gave her a big hug. “I'm sure you will love me as Molly much more than me as Sam.”

“Now that we are past this revelation,” Mother smiled, “Why don't you introduce me to your other classmates. I'm pleasantly taken aback by Mia; hopefully your other summer classmates are equally feminine and beautiful.”

“Oh, they are, Mother,” I gleefully stated, “The Chrissie Institute is really good at what it does!”

Chapter 13

We arrived back home late, so it was to bed for both of us. Tomorrow we start our new lives together as mother and daughter. First thing was to move to

another section of town where Bill wouldn't be looking for Molly. The second thing was to enroll me into high school for my senior year.

As a parting present, The Chrissie Institute presented me with a new birth certificate stating that I am Molly Murphy, 17 years old female. They obtained my old school records and changed them to reflect my new gender, age, and that I had finished my junior year in high school. I had long ago stopped asking how they did these things. I was just ecstatic that they were able to do them.

My priorities were to buy a new wardrobe appropriate for a 17 year old school girl, and when we got an apartment, to decorate my bedroom appropriate for my new gender. All of these things were done within a couple of weeks. Thankfully, I didn't see Bill during that time.

One night, mother and I were lounging around our new apartment, both wearing our nighties and drinking hot cider, when the conversation turned to my change of gender. "How did my obnoxious son get turned into such a sweet young lady?" mother asked.

"Kicking and screaming, mother," I giggled. "I didn't make it easy on the Chrissie Institute."

"Now that you are free of the Institute, why don't you revert back to being a male?" she asked. "Although, I'm very happy with you as my daughter."

I giggled, "I tried to escape the Institute, and when I was 'successful', I realized that Sam was gone. I wasn't happy as Sam, and I realized that I didn't want him back. I love being a girl. I felt right, plus the clothes are so soft and sensuous. So I asked the Chrissie Institute to insure that Sam can never reappear."

That caught her attention. “What did they do?”

“When they tucked me for my bikini, I asked them to remove ‘Sam’ from the equation. They did!”

“How?” she asked.

“Think, mother,” I giggled.

She thought, took a sip of her cider, and said with wide-eyed surprise, “You didn’t!”

Smiling, I answered, “Yes I did! You’re the first one I’ve told. After my one year life test, I’ll finish it like Mia did this year.”

“That means no turning back,” she said.

“Of course! Besides, they would have become useless tucked up inside my body. This eliminates all boy juice, and allows the girl juice I take to work more effectively.”

“Oh my, you could never be a real boy again. I really have a daughter?” mother smiled. “I’m amazed but pleased!” she gave me a hug. “We will have so much fun shopping together as I watch you grow into womanhood.”

“I’m so happy. I would like bigger breasts,” I said.

“What about boys?” she asked. “You know they will be after you. Are you ready for that means? Are you even interested in boys?”

“I’m not much good to the girls now so I can’t wait to try what I learned on boys!” I mused. “I took a few classes with Mia but can’t get too involved until I return from California next year. Until then, I plan to learn all I can about what boys want.”

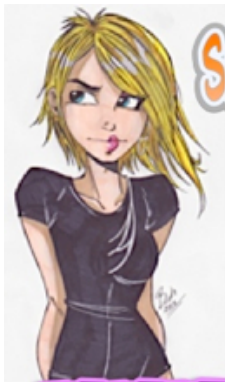
“Oh honey,” mother sighed. “‘Yes’ is the only word you’ll need. They will take what they want.”

Chapter 14

I was as nervous as a cat when mother dropped me off at my new high school. I was confident that I would pass as a girl; after all, I have been doing so for months. Still, the last time in high school was not a pleasant experience, so I dropped out. Now, three years later, I am trying again, only now as a teenage girl.

The first day was pleasant enough. A few girls came up to me and we became friends. In general, the boys shied away, but the stares were constant. “Don't let them bother you, Molly,” my new friend Sally said. “They are all tongue-tied, you being the new girl in school, and gorgeous too.”

A week into school, I had settled in, and was finding my classes difficult, but manageable. I was walking the halls to my final class of the day when I heard a boy's voice say, “Molly? Is that you, Molly?”



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I turned towards the voice and came face to face with David, the usher from the theater. “How are you doing?” he sported a huge smile. “I wondered what happened to you after that unfortunate incident last spring.”

I blushed remembering that awful date with Bill, but I also remembered how nice David was in coming to my rescue. “David! How are you?” I gushed once my heart calmed down. He is just as handsome as I remembered.

“I'm doing well,” he answered. “I'm a senior here.”

“So am I,” I gushed, liking the flutter in my stomach.

“Are you trying out for cheerleader this year?” he asked. “I'm on the football team, and would really like it if I saw you cheering me on.”

“I haven't given it any thought,” I said.

“Well, you should. You're by far the cutest girl in the school.”

Now I really blushed. He thought I was cute. I started getting a little dizzy at the thought. “I'm late for class,” I said. “Maybe I can buy you lunch. I still owe you for saving me from that asshole, Bill.”

He gave off a hardy laugh. “Guys like him are all bluster,” he said. “Yes, I'd love to share a lunch with you. Let me give you my phone number. Call me and we'll set up a time. I'm pretty tied up after school with practice.”

“Bill was all hands,” I giggled. “and yes, I will give you a call.” Once he handed me his number, I ran off with my books tucked under my breasts. I couldn't afford being too late for class.

That evening, I told mother about running into David at school. “You like that boy, don't you, Molly?” she asked.

“He's nice...and really cute. He's on the football team, and wants me to try out for cheerleader. Do you think I can make it, Mom?”

“I don't see why not,” she said. “You're nimble and highly motivated.”

I smiled at her comment. Yes, I am motivated. David is really handsome, and a gentleman to boot. What more could a girl ask for? Besides, cheerleaders always date the handsomest boys in school.

The next day, I asked the cheer coach if there were any openings. She gave me a close scrutiny, and asked if I had any gymnastics training. She finally said, "Come here tomorrow after school with your gym clothes, and we'll what you have. We can use another girl on the squad if you have the moves."

That night, I called David and told him what the cheer coach said. "Great!" he said. "You are a shoo-in. So, when do you want to buy me lunch?"

I giggled at his compliment, and we arranged lunch for the next day in the cafeteria. My heart was fluttering as we hung up. It was worth any price to get to know David better.

I dressed special for school the next day. I wore a cute blue mid-thigh pleated skirt, a white lace edged blouse for modesty, my hair in a high ponytail, appropriate makeup, and blue low heel slippers. I felt sexy as mother dropped me off at school.

My heart skipped a beat as David approached me at the cafeteria at noon. His smile melted my nervousness. He took my hand and we walked together to the food line. "Order whatever you want," I said in my sexiest voice. "A big boy like you needs his food."

He laughed at me, and proceeded to fill his tray. I took my normal salad and diet drink. When it came time to pay, I firmly informed the cashier that I was paying, so he wouldn't try to be a gentleman at the last moment.

We took a table in a corner, and started to learn more about each other. He was the quarterback on the football

team, and I told him about my tryouts this afternoon for cheerleader. He asked what I had done over the summer, and I gave him an edited version, telling him about visiting California and spending time on the beach. I didn't tell him that I had changed genders in the process.

As we were about to finish eating, he asked, "How about going to a play with me this weekend? My cousin is the lead actor."

I was taken aback by his offer. It was what I wanted, but I didn't envision him actually asking me so soon. "I...I would love to go with you, David."

"Great! I'll get tickets, and let you know tomorrow about the day and time."

"Okay," I gasped, still trying to catch my breath.

The cheerleader tryout was really strenuous. I'd lost a lot of muscle at the Chrissie Institute, but I made up for it by becoming nimble. Being only 115 lbs., I could be lifted to the top of a cheer pyramid or tossed high in the air. A petite girl like me was needed to fill out the team.

I learned that I made the team later in the week, and I couldn't wait to tell David the good news. He was really excited that I would be on the sidelines cheering him on. "The play is Saturday. Dress is casual, but not too casual. I'll pick you up at 7 PM," he said. "Is that okay?"

"Yes, I promise to wear a pretty dress," I teased.

"And high heels," he laughed. "I want to see your killer legs."

"Not a problem," I giggled as we hung up.

I ran to mother shouting, "I have a date this Saturday with David. I need to buy a pretty dress and matching heels."

Mother smiled, "We can do that, Molly. We'll go shopping tomorrow after school."

"I need to buy two cheerleading uniforms also, mother," I said. "The coach told me at school today that I made the squad."

"I'm so proud of my lovely daughter," mother beamed. "You are becoming quite the social butterfly, unlike that surly son of mine. I'm so glad Sam is overseas, so I don't have to deal with him ever again. We'll buy you the uniforms when we buy your dress."

I was a nervous wreck Saturday evening as I waited for David to pick me up. I examined myself in my full length mirror for the umpteenth time, making sure my makeup was okay for the night, that my silky slip didn't show beneath the hem of my little black dress that ended 3 inches above my knees. The dress showed some cleavage, but modestly covered my breasts. I don't want David to think that I'm easy. I want him to respect me and like me as a girl.

My hair hung down my back in a cascade of blonde curls, my finger and toenails were painted a dark cherry, and my lips matched. My eyes seemed unusually soulful enhanced with dark mascara.

The doorbell rang, and I nearly jumped out of my heels. This was my first real date with a boy, and I wasn't sure how to act. Mother had given me the standard 15-minute lecture on how a teenage girl should interact with a teenage boy, how far to go, and where not

to go, but this was still my first date as a girl, and I hoped that David would like me.

Mother answered the door and invited David inside. She asked him to take a seat while she went upstairs to see if I was ready. She knew that I have been ready for half an hour, but she wouldn't tell him that.

“Are you ready, honey?” she lightly tapped on my bedroom door.

I opened the door, and posed before her. “I'm scared, mother.”

“I know, dear, but David seems like a nice boy. You look beautiful. Now go downstairs and greet him, and have a wonderful night.”

I gave her a crooked grin, and carefully descended the stairs to greet my date. David looked so handsome in his tailored shirt and sports jacket. My heart skipped a beat.

“Are you ready?” he asked as I went up to him and gave him a small peck on his cheek.

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"So I was being trained. Arm in arm, Connie and I walked down the strip, in and out of casinos. I was scared and had a little trouble with my new high heels. I was told to hold my legs straight and walk from the hips, putting the heel down to the ground with the toe of the shoe, not to "clomp," but to swing. I found it was quite difficult. The higher heels forced me to take a feminine stride and walk with a movement of my hips as I had so often admired girls doing.

"Now," Connie whispered, "Let's work with the purse! Don't carry it like a bag of sand. It is a lovely and delicate part of your new wardrobe. Would you rather sweep floors or dance on stage?"

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I had made my high school cheerleading team, and I was ecstatic, and so was my handsome boyfriend, David.

“Yes,” I smiled. He took my hand and led me to his car. He seemed so big next to me. He was tall, well built, and so manly. I am petite, soft, and felt so submissive, so girly. I hoped that we would hit it off tonight.

The play was fabulous, meeting his cousin great, and dinner afterward lovely. As he walked me to my front door, he asked if I'd go out with him again. I quickly assured him that I would.

He gently placed one hand behind my head and gently pulled me towards him. His lips descended to touch mine. Without thought, I draped one arm over his shoulder and wrapped the other around his neck and pressed my lips into his. I was awash in emotions.

After I closed the door behind me, mother asked how the date went, and if David had kissed me. “The play was fabulous, mother,” I sighed. “Yes, David kissed me. His kiss was everything I'd hoped it would be. I love being a girl.”

I took my cheerleading uniform to school on Monday. The coach said that she expected us girls to arrive for practice after school fully uniformed, so she could decide how to use us. I was so happy to mingle amongst the other girls as one of them.

David came over from football practice to see how I was working out with the other girls. He seemed so happy to see me that he grabbed me in his arms and tossed me in the air, then lightly caught me as if I were a feather. “You are gorgeous, Molly,” he laughed after he let me back to the ground. “I'm so happy you are on the cheer squad. I'll play extra hard knowing that you are cheering for me.”

“I'll be cheering extra hard for you,” I added.



We won! I was so happy, and so proud of my boyfriend for scoring the winning touchdown. I ran over to him and gave him the biggest kiss. He tossed me in the air like I was a feather.

The cheer couch saw him easily toss me in the air with my pom pom's floating in the breeze, and decided that my role on the cheer team would be at the top of the pyramid or being tossed with flair.

School continued and David and I grew closer. I brought him home to meet mother, and he took me to meet his parents. Both families approved of our budding romance.

David and I became an item at school. Everyone knows that I am David's girl. All the girls know that David is my boyfriend.

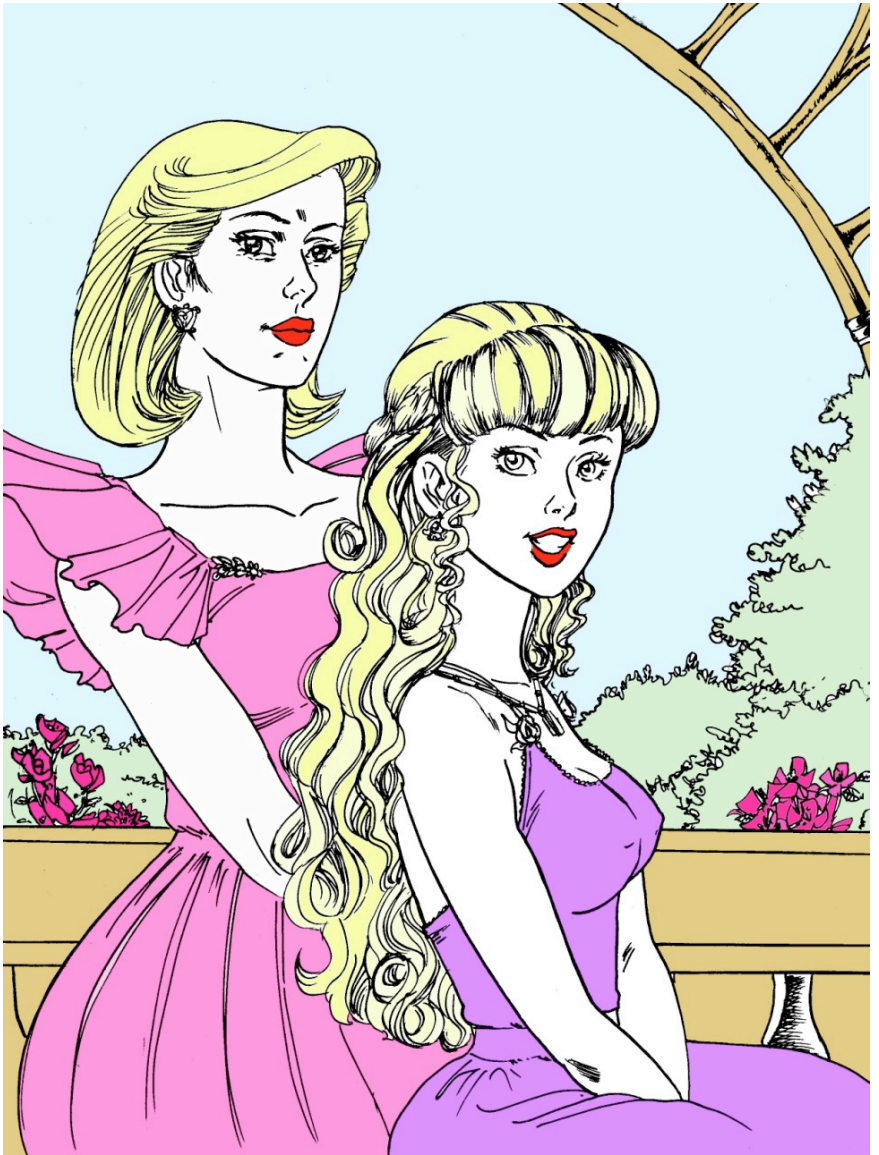
When our football team won the league championship, David was the first off the field to celebrate by giving me a big hug and a soulful kiss in front of the student body, followed by tossing me into the air. I was so happy!

David received a football scholarship from a big time university and I received a scholarship at the same university. Before college though, I have to take care of two things. First is to serve as a bridesmaid at Mia's wedding in June, and the second is to visit the Christie Institute one last time to finish what was started there.

David and I never went all the way during our senior high school year, since I wasn't complete. I told him that I wanted our first time to be special, but that didn't stop me from providing him with relief on special occasions. When I return from California this coming summer, he and I will have a very special celebration.

I thank the Chrissie Institute for helping me find my true self. I would have become Sam the bum, but as Molly, I am a very happy girl!

The Beginning



I am so proud to be mother's daughter. Thank Gawd mother decided to send me to the Chrissie Institute where they changed me from a miserable boy into a charming, happy girl. I'll be forever thankful!

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