

TV FICTION CLASSICS

"HE'S THEIR SISTER I"



PART ONE OF TWO

**SOMETIMES TWINS CAN BE VERY DIFFERENT...
AND SOMETIMES THEY JUST FOLLOW
DIFFERENT INTERESTS!**

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TV FICTION CLASSICS

Volume 94

He's Their Sister

Part 1

By Alice Trail

Illustrations by Puyal

Sandy Thomas Advertising
P.O. Box 2309
Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

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“He’s Their Sister”

Part 1

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Contact Sandy Thomas for Information.

P.O. Box 2309

Capistrano Beach, CA 92624-0309

My E-MAIL ADDRESS IS:

sandythomas@cox.net

ebooks: <http://lulu.com/sandythomas>

DESIGN AND EDITORIAL BY:

‘LOVE EDITING’

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QUOTE BOARD

*“I hate masculinity, for I know how hard I try at it,
and I know how bad I am.”*

“Jobs are tough to find:
I want to be an overpaid crossdresser.”

HE'S THEIR SISTER

By ALICE TRAIL

Part 1

Sixteen year old twins, Chris and Chad are very different. Chris is a star athlete in baseball and football. He plays golf and tennis as well but doesn't excel in individual sports. Chad is a computer nerd into video games. The only thing they seem to have in common is a love of hunting, fishing and camping with their father. They look very much alike and wear their medium reddish hair long over their ears.

Amy, their older sister by one year, is a beautiful girl popular with her peers with a strong urge to attempt something different, *radically* different! She researched the subject on the Internet with considerable success. During her exhaustive study, she read thrilling ideas that drove her to the brink of bliss. Perhaps these scenarios were only dreams, or possibly just fantasies, but given her inexperience and limited authority, she couldn't find a way to make them real.

Their parents argued and finally divorced. When her mother moved out to live with her current lover, the remaining family met to decide how to deal with a new problem. "I can't do the cleaning, washing, ironing, cooking around here, and go to school without help," Amy declared.

"I know," Paul, their father, sighed. "That would be grossly unfair to you. I hate the idea of having a housekeeper, but I suppose we'll have to bite the bullet and do it."

Sensing this to be the perfect opportunity for her fantasy to come true, Amy could not let it pass! Grinning impishly, she suggested, "We don't need a new woman in the house, just a new *girl*. If one of my brothers became my sister, we could do the housework together, and the work wouldn't be a burden on any one person. While he and I had fun doing girl things together, the other boy could mow the lawn, do manly chores about the house, and be your macho son. Voila! The work gets done and no strange woman lurking about."

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"Won't work, Dad," Chris, the dominant twin, objected. "We're boys. It wouldn't be right to make us do housework!"

"You want one of your brothers to help with the housework so we won't have to hire a housekeeper? Are you serious?" Paul asked.

"Dead serious, Daddy," she assured him.

"Chris is right," Paul sighed, "That's a bit drastic. I suppose we had best hire a housekeeper."

Not about to lose, Amy pressed on, "If I had a sister, I would be happy and the house would be neat and clean. You would still have a rough and tumble son to take fishing, camping, ball games, and golf. It's a win, win scenario."

"It might work if you look at it that way," Paul mulled the bizarre notion over in his mind without considering the trauma that would be involved for the *sister*.

"No, Dad!" Chad objected, assuming he would have to be the sister. "This is crazy!"

"Calm down and let's think this through," Paul reasoned as he turned to Amy, "I would still have a virile athletic son who is all boy, and you would have a sister to help with the housework? That does sound feasible. Which boy would you like to be your sister?"

Feeling a surge of sexual power, Amy tried to conceal her thrill. Looking at her brothers with a cunning smile, she saw that they were both extremely nervous, even though they expected her to choose Chad. Finally, after a dramatic pause for effect and to regain her composure, she did the unexpected and proclaimed, "Chrissie, yes, *definitely*, Chrissie."

"Okay, let's give it a try," Paul enthused.

Chris' heart fell into his stomach and his face turned white. "No, please, not *me!*" he gasped in horror at the thought of doing housework.

"Are you sure you want Chris?" Paul asked. "He's a tough athlete, and he's a lot better at sports than Chad."



Chris and Chad checking out the girls, and being checked out, as they leave school. Chris was the athletic twin, while Chad tended towards more sedate activities.

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"That's a smoke screen," Amy smiled. "That's a machismo façade to hide his true personality. He's really a girl at heart."

"No, Dad, *no!*" Chris pleaded, "I'm not a girl at heart! I'm stronger than Chad, I can beat him at sports, and he's no match for me physically! Don't make me be a girl, *please!*"

Paul asked his grinning daughter, "Are you sure you want Chris to be your sister, not Chad?"

"Yes, Daddy," Amy chuckled, "I'm positive."

"When would you like to start?" Paul asked.

"Now!" Amy affirmed. "Come along, *Chrissie*, let's find you something pretty to wear."

"Dad, *please!*" Chris pleaded. "I can't wear a dress. I'm a boy, for Gawd's sake!"

"I'm sorry, but you are now my daughter, Amy and Chad's sister," Paul declared. "I'm sure Amy will expect you to wear a few pretty things and do girl's things like all sisters. Chad will be my macho son."

"I didn't agree to *that!*" Chris protested.

"No matter," Paul said, "As head of the family, I have the final word on say how things will be around here for a while."

"No!" Chris declared. "I'm a boy, not a sissy! I won't wear dresses and other girl things. You can't make me!"

Jumping to his feet, to accept Chris' challenge, Paul grabbed his son by his shoulders, shook him violently, and demanded in a livid tone, "Do I have to use force?"

Chris knew he would be on the losing end of such a fracas, and his bravado gradually melted. Lowering his gaze in defeat, he sighed, "Okay, I'll do as you say, but I won't like it."

Seeing his dominant brother's submission, Chad dug the needle in a bit deeper. "Run along with Amy so she can dress you up real pretty, *Chrissie!*"

"Dad, please!" Chris begged, making a final plea.

"Come along, Chrissie," Amy coaxed as she took his hand. "We have to get you all prettied up. The *men* will want their dinner soon."

"If anyone in this family should wear dresses and do housework, it's that geek, Chad!" Chris spat as Amy led him away to his fate. "Don't do this awful thing to me. *Please!*"

In her room, Amy ignored his excuses and insisted, "To remind you of your new status as my sister, I want you to wear panties all the time, even under your jeans."

"You can't be *serious!*" he moaned.

"I'm *very* serious, Chrissie," she assured him. "Let's see if I have some panties you can wear for starters." Chris' face was beet red while she searched. Finally, she held up two dainty items and said, "I wear plain cotton panties, but these will do for tonight and school tomorrow. Try them on."

"I can't wear panties to school!"

"All the time includes school!"

"What if the guys in the locker room see me wearing panties? I have to change for baseball practice and games!"

"If they see your panties, they see your panties," she reasoned. "If you want to keep them a secret, you'll have to find a way. Now change!"

"Here, in front of you?"

"Of course, silly!" she grinned. "I'll see your little thing a lot now that we're sisters. You'll be seeing me in the nude too when we model bras, panties, nighties, and such."

"Will I really have to wear dresses?"

"Don't be silly," she bubbled. "What kind of sister would you be if you didn't wear pretty dresses and skirts? We're sisters, so let's be friends, not adversaries."

"I guess..."

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"Cool, give me a kiss!" she squealed. When he kissed her on the cheek, she said, "Try again on my lips. There! That's how we greet each other as girls," she smiled.

"What happens if this gets too girlie and I stop doing sissy sister stuff?"

"I suppose I would have to punish you," she surmised. "I want my little sister to be sweet, obedient, and submissive, not haughty, defiant, and rebellious."

"Punish me? How?"

"For instance, I could tell Daddy that you aren't being a cooperative sister and have him spank you on your panties like a little girl," Amy said with a sly grin. "I have a vivid imagination and can come up with all sorts of ways to punish you. For instance, I could tell your best friend, Ron about your panties. Your other friends at school and on the team might like to know, I could tell a few of your girlfriends, or..."

"No, no!" Chris exclaimed. "I'll do as promised! Please don't tell Ron or *anybody* about me wearing your panties!"

"If we make a promise and kiss on it, it's a bond between us, sister to sister, agreed?"

"Okay," he sighed, still not comfortable being called a sister. "I'll do it! Just don't tell..."

"You promised, so strip and put on your panties," Amy insisted. Heeding her warning, he hesitantly lowered his jeans. Blushing bright red, he stood before his grinning sister in nothing but his tee shirt and briefs.

"Off with that disgusting boy underwear and into your proper panties," Amy persisted.

Turning his back for modesty, he stepped into a plain pair of white cotton panties. They felt strange even if they were cotton. "There!" he scowled, "I hope you're satisfied!"

"I'll be satisfied when you promise that, as my pretty sister, you'll always wear your proper panties," Amy declared firmly. "Let's kiss on it and fit you with a bra."

After reluctantly kissing her to seal his promise to wear panties, he gasped, "Why do I have to wear a bra?"

"All girls your age wear bras, silly," she smiled. "Even if they don't have breasts, they fill the cups with *something*, and so will you. If you don't want me to call Daddy, you'll peel off that tee shirt and get over here so I can fit your bra."

Amy was right. All girls his age wore bras and many of them wore *falsies* of some sort! Chris didn't want to join them, but he didn't seem to have a choice. As he held out his arms, Amy threaded the straps of his first bra. "That's too tight!" he complained when she fastened the clasp at his back.

"Girls learn early in life that discomfort must be endured if they are to attract the attention of others, boys in particular," Amy explained. "As my sister, so must you. Hold still while I stuff some tissue in the cups."

"I don't want to attract boys, and I *won't!*" Chris insisted. "This dress-up thing is just for at home!"

"We'll see," she replied in a far away tone. "Anyway, I was making a point about the things girls do to look attractive. Step into this nylon half slip, and I'll find you a dress."

"This is so embarrassing," Chris blushed beet red as he adjusted the silky garment at his waist. as he viewed his bra and slip in the full length mirror, he insisted, "That geek, Chad, should be wearing this girly stuff, not me! I'm much more of a man than him."

"This will do nicely," Amy stated as she held up a red, black, and white plaid housedress that buttoned in front and had a slightly flared mid-thigh length skirt.

"The buttons are on the wrong side," he complained.

"Girl's clothes button opposite from boys," Amy explained. "All of your dresses, skirts, and blouses will have buttons on the left. You'll get used to them."

"I don't want to get used to them!"

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"As my pretty sister, you must take better care of your skin. This moisturizing cream will soften your skin and give it a healthy glow."

"It feels yucky," he complained.

"You're being too sparse with it," Amy corrected. "Generously apply the cream all over your face, paying special attention around your eyes. Gently wipe off the excess. Coat your lips with this clear balm to make them soft and supple. You should always wear it at home with a heavy coat at bedtime." She knew the lip balm would gradually infuse collagen into his lips to make them appear naturally plump and kissable, but he didn't have to know, not *now!*

"How often do I have to do this?"

"Every night before bedtime and any time your skin feels rough or dry," Amy replied. "Look at the way you're sitting. Press your knees together. I don't want my sister displaying his panties!" Noting that his knees were spread, straining the hem of his slip, Chris deftly pressed them together.

"Learning to sit correctly will take concentration and practice, but before long, you'll sit properly as a girl from habit. Lock your knees together and spread your feet as wide as possible, turn left, turn right, move your feet forward, backward, and side to side while keeping your knees together. Practice while you study, apply your makeup, watch TV, ride in the car, and during class."

"You want me to sit this way at school?"

"*Especially* at school, you ninny!" Amy insisted. "You can't be one person when you're with your macho buddies and another here as my sweet sister. You're sure to get your roles mixed up and be terribly embarrassed."

"Okay," he sighed dismally. "I'll try it your way,"

"Kiss on it?" Shrugging, he kissed her again. "Before we let the men see the new you, let's give you light makeup. Start with concealer to hide blemishes, add foundation, apply eyeliner, mascara, and eyeshadow, add a bit of blush high on

your cheeks, and smooth on your lipstick." He was awkward at the task, but she led him through every step and corrected his mistakes. When she was satisfied, she had him apply cherry red polish to his fingernails that matched his lipstick.

As Chris sat with his wrists limp to avoid smearing his polish while it dried, Chad yelled, "You *girls* are taking too long. Dad and I got hungry and ordered a pizza. It'll be here in fifteen minutes, so hurry up. We need our drinks."

Chad's voice brought Chris back to the realization that he was wearing a dress over a bra, panties, and slip, with makeup on his face, and polish on his nails. Even worse, he was about to appear before his father and brother so dressed!

"Wait!" Amy cautioned. "You can't go down until we do something about your hair. They can fix their own drinks if we aren't ready. They aren't invalids."

Working swiftly, she created some body in his longish hair with a curling iron and fluffed it out with the hair dryer. She sprayed perfume behind his ears, at his throat, wrists, the crook of his arms, and behind his knees. Finding a pair of their mother's abandoned white flats, she said they would do until they could buy him some proper shoes. "Now we're ready to join the *men*," she smiled.

Looking at his image in the mirror, Chris was astounded that he could look so feminine with so little effort. "Please don't make me go down there dressed like *this*," he implored. "I don't want Dad and Chad to see me looking like a *girl*!"

Amy's first inclination was to sternly order him from the room and into the presence of the *guys*, but she changed her mind. Softening her voice, she purred, "Don't be shy. Daddy agreed that you should be my sister, so he expects you to be wearing a dress. Just be the sweetest sister possible and everything will work out for the best."

"Wow!" Chad exclaimed when the *girls* walked into the den where he and his father were watching television. "Chrissie, you look like Amy in that dress with your lipstick!"

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"He sure does," Paul agreed beginning to believe Amy made the right choice in selecting Chris to be her sister. "Do as Amy said, Chrissie, and we'll be a happy family."

"I won't be happy wearing dresses!" Chris spat.

"You look like a hot babe in that dress," Chad teased.

As Amy took the pizza into the kitchen, Chris took a seat at the table as was his habit. "*Chrissie!*" she screeched. "Girls can't just plop down and wait to be served. Get in here and fill the glasses with ice while I serve the pizza!" Chris jumped up and hurried to join her. "Get Daddy a beer and a frosted glass from the freezer."

"Amy does need the help," Paul mused as Chris placed his beer on the table before him. Noticed his son's polished nails, he sniffed the air and said, "Nice perfume, Chrissie."

"I bet he's wearing panties too!" Chad chuckled.

"Of course he's wearing panties and perfume!" Amy came to his defense. "He's a girl in a dress, and girls wear panties and perfume. If you want us to do all the work around here, you'll show respect and stop teasing us about what we wear!"

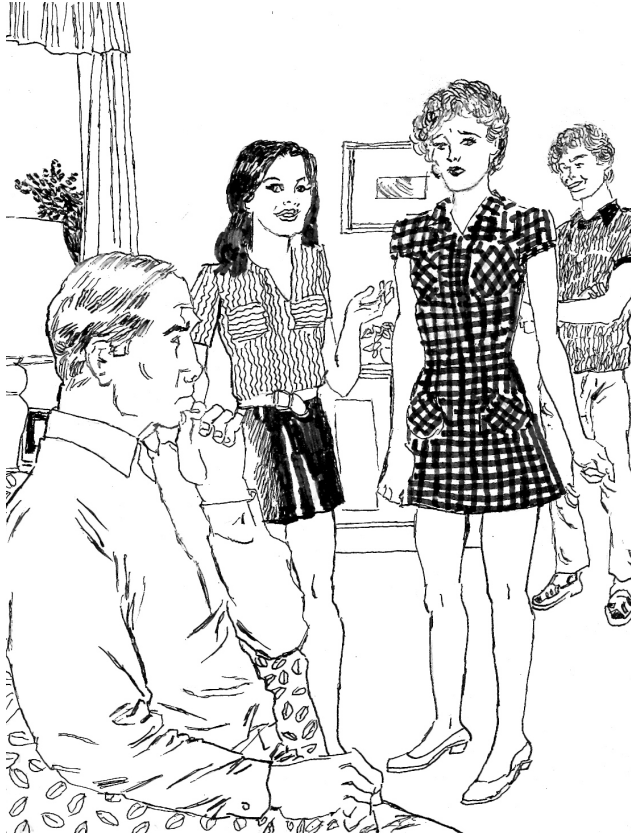
"I'm sorry, Chris," Chad said with a teasing smile.

"It's *Chrissie!*" Amy insisted, "He's our sister and he is to be referred to as *Chrissie.*"

"I'm sorry, *Chrissie,*" Chad smirked.

"That's better and be sure to remember in the future," Amy scolded, while discretely motioning for Chris to press his knees together with a motion of her fingers.

Traumatized by the discussion of his panties and perfume, Chris had forgotten about sitting like a girl. Bring his knees together, he adjusted his short skirt across his thighs while hoping his father and Chad didn't notice. After dinner, he helped Amy clear the table, put away the leftovers, and wash the few dishes. When they finished, he went back upstairs with Amy for more *girl talk.*



"I never thought Chris would look so much like a girl," Paul thought as he viewed his son in a dress for the first time. Chad is unable to conceal his hilarity at his dominant twin's shame.

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"What do you normally wear to bed?" Amy asked. When he indicated his cotton pajamas, she scowled, "Those ratty things will never do! Throw them in the trash and come to my room. I'll find something more suitable for my pretty sister." Pulling a short pink nylon shift gown with lace at the neckline and short sleeves from her dresser, she said, "This will do for now. Wear it over your panties."

Chris stripped to his panties with mixed emotions. He was glad to be out of his dress, but timid about wearing the girlish gown. He shivered from the feeling as it slithered down over his body. The hem fell just low enough to conceal his panties.

Amy didn't want him to know how put-off she was by his body hair, especially on his legs, but neither did she want to push the envelope too far too fast. Forcing herself to ignore the issue for the time being, she advised, "Sit at my vanity, remove your nail polish, and start working on your nails."

"No way am I wearing nail polish to school!" he insisted. "We have a baseball game with Guyton at six o'clock."

"Who said anything about wearing nail polish to school?" she huffed. "I just want you to learn to care for your nails. They are ragged, uneven, and chipped. Use this file to smooth their edges with even strokes from the center outward. Don't forget to sit with your knees together."

Finally, Chris held his hands up and stated, "Okay, I'm finished. My nails are smooth and even."

Amy held several bottles of nail polish up to his gown before saying, "Use this Petal Pink shade on your toes."

"I can't wear polish on my toes to school!" he wailed. "What if the guys in the locker room see them?"

No one will see your pretty toes if you don't take off your socks. As my sister, learning to apply polish to your fingers and toes will be loads of fun. First, put these foam spreaders between your toes, dip the brush in the polish, and wipe one side on the lip of the bottle. Make a pass down the center of each nail and one stroke on either side. Be very careful not to get polish on your skin, and you'll be a pro in no time."

As Chris waited for the polish to dry, he cringed at the sight of his feminine toes. He was terrified that his friends or teammates might learn of his panties and nail polish.

"Not bad for a first try!" Amy praised. "Wasn't that *fun*?" Not giving him time to answer, she said, "You'll get much better and faster with practice. Until you do, remove it and do it over every night. Oh, you and I will have *so* much fun doing each other's nails. Okay, remove your makeup, cream your face for the night, and use plenty of lip balm." When that was done to her satisfaction, she cooed, "Off to bed for your beauty sleep, but first, give me a hug and kiss."

Chris spent a restless night with his unfamiliar gown bunching about him every time he moved and worrying about wearing panties and toenail polish to school. He jumped when Amy woke him. Flipping his cover back, she checked to see if he was still wearing his gown and panties. "Time to get up, *Chrissie*," she trilled and kissed him on the cheek. "We have to get ready for school and make breakfast."

"Make breakfast?" Chris growled, having not realized that as a *sister*, he was expected to prepare meals. "Why can't Dad and Chad make their own breakfast?"

"Did you make your breakfast when you were a boy? The answer is no, and neither will Daddy and Chad. Cooking and cleaning are girl's chores, so hurry with your bath and get to the kitchen! You have to learn the drill."

Understandably agitated with his change of status, Chris snapped, "Why do I have to be the sister and not Chad? I hate wearing this sissy stuff and doing housework!"

Ignoring his complaint, Amy showed him how to fry bacon, scramble eggs, brew coffee, and make toast. They were eating when the *guys* came in and sat without a word.

"*Chrissie!*" Amy scolded. "Serve their food before it gets cold, and pour Daddy's coffee." He wanted to ask about his food getting cold while he was got theirs, but he wisely held his tongue.

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After serving his father, he angrily plopped Chad's plate on the table, and took his seat. Before he could take a bite, Chad growled, "Where's my drink?"

Amy noticed the resentment building within her new *sister*, so she asked sweetly, "What are you drinking, Chad?" When he replied 'milk and orange juice', she snapped "*Chrissie*, serve Chad's drinks like a sweet loving sister."

"Yeah, *Chrissie*!" Chad hassled, "Serve me like a sweet sister." Seeing Chris' lightly veiled rage as he angrily rose from his seat and retrieved the juice, Chad taunted, "What's wrong, girly boy? Are your panties in a bunch this morning?" When Chris lowered his gaze and blushed at the comment, Chad pressed on, "Ha! You *are* wearing panties, aren't you?"

"No, I'm not, smart ass!" Chris declared angrily. "I have a ball game after school. If I wore panties, the guys in the locker room would see them when I change into my uniform. Do you think they would let a dude wearing girl's panties play on the team?"

"You *promised* to wear your pretty panties!" Amy wailed as she broke out in tears. "We even kissed on it! How could you deceive me like that?" Covering her face with her hands, she shook with pretend sobs, a tactic she mastered long before to gain concessions and favors from her father.

Paul was silently eating his breakfast when Amy burst into tears, an event he could never abide. Joining the verbal melee, he asked, "Is that true, *Chrissie*? Did you promise to wear panties to school?"

"Yes Dad, but the game!"

"I don't care about the game!" Paul declared. "Your first obligation is to your family. Look how you made Amy cry." When Chris was hesitant to comply, he raged, "Get to your room and put on your panties like you promised!"

"But, Dad!" Chris tried to protest. When his father made a move toward him, he ran to the sanctity of his room. 'Why is Dad making me do this awful thing?' he wondered as he hurriedly stripped off his jeans and jockey briefs.

Chris was pulling his jeans up when Amy stepped into his room and saw him wearing her yellow cotton panties. "Come to my room. I have to repair my makeup from crying."

"You got over your crying jag in a hurry," he noted.

"Oh, those tears were just for Daddy's benefit," she admitted. "Girls learn early in life that you can get anything from boys and men with a few tears, real or not."

Her makeup repaired, she took a perfume bottle and said, "Your punishment for breaking your promise is to wear perfume as well." When he drew back, she said, "I can scream that you aren't being a sweet sister. My face will be wet with tears by the time Daddy gets here. I wouldn't be surprised if he turns you across his knee and gives you a sound spanking on your panties. Is that what you want?"

After his father's terse rebuke at breakfast, Chris feared she was right. After she sprayed the feminine scent behind his ears, on his throat, his elbows, and wrists, he whimpered, "What will I tell the guys when they smell this awful stuff?"

"Tell them anything you like," she sneered. "You brought it on yourself by breaking your promise. As my sister, you will start riding to school with me instead of meeting your rowdy friends and plotting against unsuspecting girls."

'I can hear my razzing from the gang about me riding to school with my sister and wearing perfume,' Chris thought as he braced for the barrage of insults and taunts sure to come. 'Gawd knows what they'd call me if they knew I was wearing *panties!*'

Seeing his quandary, Amy decided to use deception to trick him farther into femininity, a tactic she learned on her Internet research. "How would you like to stop wearing my panties?" she asked as she drove toward school.

"That sounds *great!*" he gushed. Looking for a way to secure that as a promise, he asked, "Can we kiss on it?"

"Sure," she smiled as he leaned over and kissed her.

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"Done!" she declared with self satisfaction. "You will not have to wear my panties after today. How does that sound?"

"Great, thanks sis!"

"Meet me at the car after school. We'll go shopping for a nice supply of panties of your very own."

"You just said I wouldn't have to wear panties after today!" he objected. "We even kissed on it!"

"Our bargain was that you wouldn't have to wear *my* panties," she corrected. "Last night, you promised to wear panties as my sister, so what could be nicer for my precious little sister than to have a collection of pretty silky nylon panties in different styles and colors of his very own?"

"I meant I didn't want to wear *any* panties, not just yours!" he protested.

"No matter," Amy affirmed. "A deal is a deal."

"I can't meet you," he sighed, looking for a way to get out of shopping for a supply of panties. "I have a game."

"No matter," she shrugged, "Tell the coach you can't play. You can even tell him that you have to buy panties so you can be my pretty sister if you like. I don't care. I'll punish you again if you aren't here, and you won't like it!"

Chris weighed his alternatives, considered that he was wearing girlish panties and perfume, and steeled himself for a very traumatic day. "Okay, I'll meet you *somehow*."

"Good *girl*," Amy beamed as she watched him dismally walk away to meet his fate.

"Hi, Chrissie, how was your day, sweetie?" Amy smiled when she saw Chris waiting by her car after school.

"It was awful!" he groaned. "The guys were on me all day about my perfume. The girls were worse, wanting to know the brand and where I bought it. Hoping he'd cut me some slack, I told Coach Jackson I couldn't play ball today. Instead, he got angry. While he shouted and ranted, I thought about how I would have to conceal my panties for the rest of the season."

Finally, I got tired of his crap and told him to shove it. He said I might as well quit because I smell like a whorehouse.”

‘Excellent progress,’ Amy thought as she watched Chris sitting beside her in the car with his knees together and his head down. ‘He’s already sitting like a girl, thinking of as *his* panties, and we haven’t bought them yet.’

‘I’m glad to get away from all that harassment, but I don’t look forward to shopping for panties,’ Chris thought. ‘I wonder what Ron will say when he finds out I quit the team. What if he knew I was wearing panties?’

When Chris walked into the chic Teen Queen Boutique, he was intimidated by the exotic feminine atmosphere. Feeling as though he was walking on eggshells, he viewed the intimate garments on display. When he gravitated to the plain cotton panties like he was wearing, Amy rebuked, “Oh no, you don’t, Chrissie! My sister must wear only the softest, silkiest, laciest panties available. Select a dozen in different styles and colors from this counter.”

‘I’m doomed!’ Chris panicked as he viewed the dainty garments. If he *had* to buy panties, he wanted the plainest in stock, but there was no such thing on this counter. Each pair was more feminine than the last! He stared at the delicate bits of fluff for several minutes, afraid to touch them when a pretty clerk in her mid twenties asked if she could help.

He almost died of embarrassment when Amy replied, “Yes, thank you. My brother has become my sister and he wants to purchase a nice collection of panties of his own so he will no longer have to borrow mine.”

The clerk had sold feminine clothing to men and boys both willing and unwilling in the past, so she was less than surprised. Even though this boy was less than enthusiastic, she bubbled, “I’ll be happy to assist him. These are our most lavish, yet comfortable, styles for every day wear. I’m sure you’ll enjoy the attractive styles and silky feel. As you can see, they come in a variety of styles and colors.”

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Holding up a pair of the delicate lace embellished panties, Amy gushed, "Oh Chrissie, aren't you excited?" When he was slow to answer, she whispered, "Start choosing your *favorites* or I'll really embarrass you."

Fearing her wrath, he held up a pair of silky yellow hip hugger panties with lace at the waistband and said, "These are pretty." He repeated the procedure until twelve pairs of the daintiest feminine panties he could imagine, in a variety of styles and colors, lay on the counter. Even worse they were *his* to wear every day! "How could you embarrass me more than *this*?" he seethed. "You made me buy the most feminine panties in the store and told that clerk they're for me?"

"I could have you model your new panties for Daddy and Chad, or I could tell Ron and your other delinquent pals about your precious new panties," she threatened. "Telling them would be more embarrassing than some clerk you don't know. I could be wrong though. What do you think?"

"Okay," he admitted. "Having Dad, Chad, Ron, and the guys know I have to wear these horrible panties would be far worse. I'll do as you say."

"Good!" she exclaimed. "We have your panties, so let's get you some bras, slips, cami's, and nighties."

The clerk showed them numerous items of lingerie that embarrassed Chris to just to look at them. Even so, he was soon the owner of several full and half slips, camisoles, and nighties. Looking at bras, he was mortified when she asked what size cup he wore, and he knew she wasn't referring to his jock strap.

"He's only sixteen, but he should have some shape," Amy mused. "I thought maybe a B or B minus cup."

"Probably B," Judy said. "You wouldn't want him to be too flat. To check the fit of his new bras, we should use the same padding you currently use."

"We use tissue," Amy admitted as the clerk fastened an attractive black bra with lace on the cups behind his back.

"If you're interested, we carry the latest falsies on the market," the clerk advised. "They're called *Budding Beauties*, and they're made by a company called UCI. They are similar to the prosthetics for mastectomy patients with the look, feel, weight, and jiggle of the real thing. They're not too costly, and as you might imagine, they're quite popular with teenage girls who want to present a more mature image."

"That sounds perfect!" Amy bubbled, "Let's give them a try."

Chris was beet red as the jiggling orbs were inserted into the cups of his bra and the straps adjusted. "Please don't make me wear these awful things," he pleaded. "They're heavy, and my bra straps cut into my shoulders."

"Welcome to femininity!" Amy smiled at his reference to *his* bra. "Wait until you graduate to a larger size."

'Oh no!' Chris moaned. Given the quantity of feminine clothes she bought him, and now her comment about eventually using larger falsies, he feared that she intended to dress him as her sister for a long time to come.

When Chris was the *proud* owner of ten bras in different styles and colors, Amy said, "Since you were ashamed to wear my perfume, we'll find your own personal scent, and you'll wear it every day. When your girlfriends ask what brand you're wearing and where you bought it, you'll know."

Chris recoiled at the thought of wearing feminine perfume full time. "Please don't do this to me," he pleaded. "Everybody gave me hell at school today. They'll think I'm a sissy or worse if I wear perfume every day."

"Panties, polish, and perfume every day," Amy declared with a triumphant grin. "If you don't kiss on it, and quickly, you'll wear fingernail polish to match your toes."

Chris lowered his head, pursed his lips, and kissed his gloating sister. He knew this simple act sealed his fate, but what else could he do with his father supporting her desire for him to be her sister? How could he avoid her threats of humiliation when his friends and classmates smelled his

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perfume? His life would be *toast* if they learned about the silky nylon panties under his jeans! "This should be happening to that geek, Chad, not me!" he fumed.

At the fragrance counter, Amy required Chris to spray feminine perfumes on his arms and wrists to test the aroma on *him*. In resignation, frustration, and embarrassment, he finally selected a scent called *Inferno*. 'I must be insane to buy this stuff!' he thought. 'No self respecting boy wears perfume, nail polish, and silky nylon panties!'

"While we're in cosmetics, we'll get you a makeover," Amy insisted. "It's the best way to determine the colors and shades that best compliment your complexion."

"Please don't make me wear makeup!" he pleaded. "My life will be over if the guys see me wearing makeup!"

"As my sister, you'll wear makeup at home," Amy declared. "What kind of sister would you be if you didn't? Whether you wear makeup in public will depend on whether you keep your promises and behave sweetly and obediently. If I were you, I wouldn't start an argument before we find the beauty consultant."

Chris was less than enthusiastic at some woman matching feminine makeup colors to his face, but the thought of being forced to wear it in public encouraged him to remain silent. He was surprised to learn that the makeup technician was a man wearing makeup, lipstick, nail polish, perfume, a silky feminine blouse and boots with slender four inch heels!

"Oh, goody!" the technician gushed with a slight lisp. "My name is Ramon. You wouldn't believe how bored I get giving makeovers to beautiful young girls who don't need them; bored wives trying to spice up their marriages or attract lovers, and the ever present blue hair old ladies who are beyond help. It's such a rare treat when I get to work on a lovely boy like you. What do you have in mind, sweetie?"

"My brother, Chrissie, is becoming my sister and we want to determine which colors, shades, and brands of makeup

match his complexion and make him look his feminine best," Amy announced. "Can you help us?"

"Darling, your lovely brother couldn't be in more capable hands," Ramon assured her. "When I'm finished, he'll be beyond beautiful. Apply this UCI cleanser daily along with the accompanying masque and you'll be surprised how quickly his skin takes on a very healthy glow, even without makeup."

During her Internet research for information on forcing boys to dress as girls, Amy a daily beauty regimen was essential. "I can't wait to see the results, so I'll make sure he uses it every day," she grinned.

When Ramon had his back to Chris to look over some color charts, Amy sauntered over, pointed at the plumper lipsticks and glosses. Pursing her lips for emphasis, she winked, "These *colors* look like they would go with his complexion."

"Yes, they do," Ramon replied, understanding her intent to give him full plump *Angelina* lips. He returned her wink.

Selecting the *right* colors and shades of feminine makeup to enhance his facial features seemed to take forever! Chris was especially uncomfortable when Ramon plucked his brows into thin feminine arches. He was devastated when he viewed the final results of his makeover! The mirror reflected the image of a teenage girl with only his boyish hairstyle betraying his true gender.

"I'll teach you to apply your new makeup, Chrissie," Amy informed her stunned brother as he stared in awe at his feminine appearance. Once you learn, you can wear makeup whenever you like whether I'm around to help you or not."

Embarrassed to the verge of tears, Chris sniffed, "Please take this awful makeup off me so I can go home."

"We'll do no such thing!" Amy declared. "I want Daddy and Chad to see your new *look*. Spray on your *Inferno*, and except for your clothes, you'll be perfect for the trip home. You can change into one of my dresses before they get home."

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Chris was totally mortified as he walked out of the store with full feminine makeup and carrying pink bags containing his new lingerie and makeup. His worst moment came when he heard a little boy ask, "Mommy, why is that big boy wearing lipstick?"

At home, Chris was relieved that Chad was in his room playing video games while Amy laid out his new lingerie on his bed. "My sweet sister belongs in silky nylon and lace panties, not cotton briefs and boxers," she said. "Slip into a pair of your new panties, and let's get you dressed. I want the guys to get the full effect of your new *look* at dinner."

"The *guys*, my ass!" Chris fumed as he removed Amy's relatively plain panties and tried to locate his least feminine pair. Since they were all exquisitely soft and silky with lacy trimmings, he went with the least feminine color. Reluctantly, he swallowed his pride and chose the powder blue, even though they were adorned with white lace at the waist and leg openings. Most embarrassing was stepping into *his* panties and pulling them up while his sister watched!

"Cool!" she exclaimed. "Put on a matching bra and fill the cups with your Budding Beauty inserts." When his bra was properly fastened about his chest, the satin straps adjusted at his shoulders, and the jiggling falsies positioned in the cups, she held a baby blue nylon slip out for him to insert his arms.

"Please don't make me wear a dress," he whimpered as the silky nylon slip slithered over his body. "You don't know how mortified I was when Dad and Chad saw me last night."

"You don't have to wear a dress," she smiled. "How about this navy blue double tiered skirt and white satin camisole?"

"This is getting out of hand!" he growled. "I don't want to wear *any* girl's clothes!"

"Don't be silly!" she chuckled. "You're my sister, a girl, and girls wear pretty dresses and skirts. Why do you think we bought all these nice undies? Before I get angry and punish you again, do you want to wear a dress or the skirt and cami?"

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"The skirt and cami, I guess," he sighed in fear of the punishment she might inflict upon him if he resisted further. He wished he had chosen the dress when he saw how the shiny crop top of his cami bared an expanse of skin at his waist and allowed his bra straps to show at his shoulders.

"One last thing," Amy insisted. "I don't want you venting your frustrations or complaining to the men. "If you have concerns about becoming my sister, you and I will discuss them in private. Understand?"

"Wow, Chris!" Chad exclaimed when he saw Chris' skirt, satin cami, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and got a whiff of his new *personal* perfume. "You not only look good in that silky top, you look and smell like a girl, and you have *tits!*"

"Don't be so common!" Amy rebuked her smiling brother.

"Watch your tongue, young man," Paul pretended to scold his brash son. Despite his bogus anger, he couldn't suppress an impish grin. "There are ladies present."

"I'm sorry Chris," Chad insincerely mumbled.

"I told you!" Amy spat, feigning anger. "His name is Chrissie. I expect you to treat him with respect and address him by his proper name! He is your sister and he'll dress as a girl around the house, so get used to it. You don't tease me about my clothes and makeup, and it's not right to make fun of your other sister. Apologize to him...*now!*"

"I'm sorry, *Chrissie*," Chad tongue in cheek apologized and to let his twin know he hadn't heard the last on the subject. "I won't tease you about your dresses, makeup, and perfume."

Attempting to play peacemaker, Paul said, "You look very nice in your skirt and makeup, Chrissie. Chad and I just didn't expect you to look so gorgeous so quickly. That's why we are so surprised."

"He was so excited about becoming my sister, he quit the baseball team so he could go to the mall for a makeover and

buy a few personal items," Amy gushed. "He looks pretty in dresses and skirts because he was meant to be a girl!"

Chris blushed when he heard Amy's version of the afternoon's events. Trying to maintain his composure, he thought, "That's not what happened, but at least she didn't say anything about my panties, bra, and slip."

The mood during dinner being light and jovial, Paul said, "I had no idea you would quit the team, Chrissie. You must like being Amy's sister. You sure look the part."

As Chris was about to lash out and set his father straight, he saw Amy's cold hard glare. Remembering her warning about complaining to the *men*, he lowered his gaze, adjusted his skirt, and whispered, "Yes sir...I guess."

Chris' quiet reply to their father because of her earlier intimidation sent a charge through Amy. Pressing her knees tightly together, she exploded into a massive and most satisfying orgasm. She knew that what she was doing to Chris was wrong, but if doing so afforded her this kind of extreme gratification, she couldn't take pity on him and let him forget about being her sister!

"You conducted yourself with modesty and respect when you responded to Daddy about quitting the team," Amy informed Chris in his room. "Keep it up and you'll soon be the sweet obedient sister I want. We girls have lots to do before bedtime, so let's get busy. Remove your old underwear from your drawer and store your pretty new panties, bras, slips, cami's, and nighties in their place. Then, take your old underwear to Chad's room where it belongs."

Chad was playing video games when Chris entered with his former underwear. Seeing his former aggressive brother in his skirt and cami, he asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm storing my old underwear in your drawers."

Chad quickly interpreted Chris' meaning and burst into laughter. "You're not only wearing a dress, lipstick, nail

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polish, and perfume, you're wearing *panties* too!" Chris' silent blush confirmed the accusation.

"He figured out that I'm wearing panties when I took my old briefs and boxers to his room," Chris told Amy when he returned. "I was so embarrassed."

"What else would a sister wear?" she asked. "Slip into your nightgown, remove your makeup and nail polish, and cream your face for the night. Be sure to sit with your knees together and use plenty of lip balm."

Chris was happy to be removing his makeup, even though he was wearing his new yellow nylon nightie and matching panties. Not wanting to incur Amy's wrath to bring on a new punishment, he kept his knees pressed firmly together.

The next morning at breakfast, Amy asked, "Are you wearing your new panties?" When he blushed and avoided eye contact, she asked, "What color?"

"Purple."

"You don't have purple, so I assume they are lavender. I have to teach you the correct names of pastel colors and the styles of your new panties. Display them on your bed when you get home from school, after you put on your bra, slip, dress, makeup, lipstick, and nail polish, of course." Sniffing the air, she said, "You aren't wearing your perfume, and you must wear it every day because it's your personal scent."

"Please, I don't want to wear perfume to school again."

"For arguing and not wearing your perfume, apply a coat of lip balm, and freshen it after every class." Following her massive orgasm of the previous night, she was looking for any excuse to force him farther into femininity to *possibly* repeat the event or extending its effect for longer periods.

"I can't wear lip balm!" Chris exclaimed. "It'll make my lips shiny, and everybody will think I'm wearing lipstick!"

"Had you rather wear lipstick?" she asked. "The cherry red shade Ramon put on you was very becoming."

"No! No lipstick! Please! I'll wear the damn lip balm! I promise! I'll even kiss on it!"

"Okay, but no more unladylike profanity," Amy scolded as if she was making a major concession. With her father's authority, she could dress Chris as her sister, and if he suffered a few indignities along the way, tough! To further intimidate him, she declared, "If I see you in the halls without your lip balm, you *will* wear lipstick to school."

Unaware of the mental game Amy was playing to boost her sexual thrills, Chris returned to his room to apply the embarrassing lip balm and perfume. In order to escape the humiliation of wearing lipstick, he wondered how he could refresh his lips after each class without being seen by his friends. When he joined Amy, he sighed, "I need a mirror to see how to do my lips at school."

"You can borrow my compact. It has a mirror you can use to refresh your balm. We'll get you one after school."

Chad walked by on his way to join his friends, a ritual Chris participated in before he became their *sister*. With a devious smile, he teased in a condescending voice, "You smell good, sis. Still wearing your panties? Of course you are. You gave your old stuff to me." Slapping Chris on his buttocks, he winked and left.

Chris put his hand on his stinging posterior, massaging it through his jeans, and felt the coarse denim slide sensuously over the silky nylon of his panties. "Don't sweat it," Amy giggled. "Girls have to put up with those types of antics all the time, even from their brothers." He blushed at the thought of being felt up by other boys.

As Chris feared, his life at school was a living hell! His perfume drew attention as the day before. He had to admit that it was called Inferno and that he bought it at the Teen Queen Boutique.

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"Inferno?" one of his classmates, giggled. "Does it make your boyfriend hot? I'd bathe in it if it would build a fire under Duane and make him forget that slut, Janie!"

"I don't have a *boyfriend*," Chris insisted while thinking, 'I wish I knew that so many *nice* girls wanted to have sex before Amy made me be her sister! Now I can't do anything because they would see my silky panties and think I'm a *pussy*!'

A girl noticed Chris' plucked brows and another asked if he was wearing lipstick. He had to admit it was balm for his chapped lips. When they saw he was wearing feminine balm and not chap stick, they wanted to know why he didn't wear a bit of color. He was *so* embarrassed!

"Ron, Chris' best friend, asked, "Where were you during the game yesterday. We would've won if you had been on third. Duane, who took your place, had a *head* session with Cindy before the game and he was in a fog the whole game. Can't say I blame him though. She is one hot bitch. Coach said you smelled like a whorehouse and quit the team. You *still* smell that way. What the hell is going on, Chris?"

"It's *Amy*!" he scowled. "She won this bet and now she has this crazy idea that I have to be her sister. Dad supports her."

"Sister? Are you turning fag on me?"

Chris pleaded, "You know I'm not a fag. I just need time to work through this crazy *sister* bull. Please don't judge me."

"Okay," Ron promised, "but don't go fag on me."

The rest of the week was much the same. Chris was teased without mercy by boys and girls about his perfume, plucked brows, and lip gloss. 'At least they don't know about my panties,' he sighed with small consolation.

"I won't do it!!" Chad insisted when Amy confronted him. You'll turn my life upside down like you did with Chris!"

"Let me show you something," Amy calmly replied as she took his hand and led him to the door outside Chris' room. Cracking the door, she indicated their brother wearing a pink

mid-thigh length nylon half slip with lace at the hem. They watched his feminized brother fasten the clasp of a bra behind his back and fill the cups with jelled falsies. After viewing his image in the mirror, he removed his bra and repeated the process. Quietly, they closed the door and tiptoed away.

'Amy is sure not missing a chance to make Chris wear girly clothes,' Chad thought of his hapless brother. 'He's wearing makeup and nail polish, and I could see his panties through his silky half slip while he practiced fastening his bra. I'm sure glad she didn't pick me to be her sister.'

"Okay," Amy stated when they were back in Chad's room. "Chris would do anything to return to being a brother. If you refuse to do as I asked, I'll tell Daddy I made a mistake and that you should be my sister. That will be you wearing a slip, learning to properly fasten *your* bra, and filling the cups with *your* jelled falsies."

Chad's face turned bright red at the thought of wearing girl's clothes. 'Chris *would* jump at the chance to get out of wearing dresses and he's already better at sports than me.' He sighed, "Okay, I'll do as you say!"

"You'll do as I say *tomorrow* or you'll be wearing a dress for dinner!" she spat while staring directly into his eyes. "Bring me the sign-up receipts and your scheduled training routines after dinner tomorrow." Willing to endure *anything* to avoid the humiliation of wearing dresses, he sighed and looked away.

"Good!" Amy beamed. "Don't let Chrissie know you spied on him while he was learning to properly fasten his bra. We girls are entitled to our privacy."

Realizing that a mere word from his sister could doom him to be the *sister* in dresses, Chad promised, "I won't tell him."

Amy wanted Chris to be her *sister* all along because of ideas from the Internet. Now that she had given Chad sufficient incentive to replace his brother as their father's manly son, she was confident in her victory. With a sinister smile, she said, "See you tomorrow, *Macho Man!*"

After a restless night in his silky nightie and panties, Chris woke when Amy entered his room and announced, "It's Saturday and we have a busy day ahead. Put on your school clothes and let's get to it."

"Do I have to wear panties, perfume, and lip balm?" he asked, fearing the answer.

"Yes, silly, you wear panties, perfume, and balm to school, don't you?" she scoffed.

"Yes," he sighed in defeat. "What are we doing today?"

"We have to buy you some shoes that fit better than mother's and are more stylish."

"I'm still wearing pink polish on my toenails!" he objected. "The clerks will see them if I have to try on shoes."

"That's okay," she reasoned. "You'll be trying on girl's shoes. Girls like their clothes, makeup, and accessories to match, so wear your pink panties to match your polish and a matching cami under your shirt."

Chris steeled himself for a very traumatic day as he stepped into his delicate pink panties for the first time. He had purposely avoided wearing them to school because of their feminine color, but now he had no choice. As for his camisole, this was the first time he had worn one other than to try them on at the boutique. Spraying on his perfume, he groused, "I hope the cami doesn't show under my shirt."

'Good,' Amy mused. 'He's accepted his panties and perfume as normal and is only complaining about his cami after less than a week. This is going easier and more exciting than I hoped!' Out loud she said, "Daddy left for golf and Chad is sleeping in. We girls can skip breakfast. Refresh your lip balm and let's leave."

Chris didn't like being referred to as a girl, but how could he argue? When their first stop was the beauty salon, he asked hesitantly, "Why are we here?"

"You're having a body wax to get rid of all that unsightly hair. Haven't you seen Daddy and Chad's disapproving looks when they see you in a pretty dress with your hairy legs?"

"You should have chosen Chad to be your sister! He's the one who should wear dresses and have his legs waxed!"

"Let's go inside," she ignored his complaint.

'It's a good thing I quit the baseball team,' Chris lamented. 'Heaven couldn't help me if the guys find out about my lingerie and hairless body!' Unable to resist one last plea for a reprieve, he begged, "Please don't make me go in there for a body waxing. The women will know I'm a boy!"

"I don't want to embarrass you, but certain procedures are necessary as you become my pretty sister," Amy maintained. "I'll tell the technicians not to tease you if you promise to endure the slight pain and discomfort involved." When he nodded his consent, she said, "Good girl! Let's kiss on it."

After an anxious kiss, Chris followed Amy into the salon. "My sister, Chrissie, has an appointment to have his body waxed," she said to the receptionist.

"You promised not to embarrass me," he whispered.

"What should I have said? My brother, Chrissie, wants a body waxing so he'll look hot in his sexy dresses and skirts? Keep it up and I'll announce that to the staff and customers."

"Please don't do that," he shuddered. "I'm sorry. I'm just so up-tight in this place. Boys don't belong here."

"This is Rita," the receptionist introduced. "She's our waxing specialist. Rita, this is Amy and her brother, Chrissie, who has an appointment for a body waxing."

"Glad to meet you, Chrissie," Rita smiled. "Remove your jeans, doll, and let's get started."

Chris hated being referred to as *doll*, but he had a greater crisis. As he slipped down his pants, he whispered to Amy, "She'll see my..."

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"Don't worry," Amy assured her terrified brother. "She's probably seen boys in panties before."

"Oh, yes," Rita smiled. "Boys in panties are not a big deal around here. Now strip. We don't have all day." When she saw his elaborate feminine panties, she gasped, "Those panties are quite lavish. Where did you get them?"

When he was slow to answer, Amy whispered in his ear. He pleadingly looked at her, but she glared at him and gestured for him to proceed. Fearing her wrath more than the embarrassment of his assigned task, he turned bright red and sighed in a tiny voice, "I got them at the Teen Queen Boutique. I wore my pink panties and camisole today to match my toenails." That humiliating admission brought tears to his eyes.

"Teen Queen, huh?" Rita popped her gum. "I went there once, but the fancy stuff they sell was too expensive. As for your *look*, doll, it's great except for that ridiculous bulge in the front of your panties. You need a Smoothie."

"What's a Smoothie?" Amy asked. Chris was unsettled with talk about how his male *equipment* looked in panties.

Rita answered, "A Smoothie is this gaff from a company called UCI. It pulls *everything* back and up to give males a smooth feminine front in their panties. It has a vagina like camouflage and a slit underneath for the wearer to relieve himself if he sits like a girl. An occasional douche is all that's required to keep it clean. Want to try one on your *sister*?"

"Please, Amy!" Chris beseeched. "Not more shame."

"Does it work?" Amy asked ignoring his plea.

"Try one on him and you'll see," Rita offered. "That unsightly bulge in his panties will disappear and his dresses and skirts will hang with a neat feminine contour, especially when he gets excited, like *now*."

"Sounds reasonable," Amy mused noting the growing bulge in her brother's elaborate panties. "Let's give it a try."

Embarrassed to the core, Chris had to remove his panties and expose himself so Rita could install the Smoothie. To his utter mortification, he became fully erect when she took his throbbing member in her hand. "Uh oh," she declared, "I can't position it in his Smoothie like *that*. I'll be right back."

Returning, she handed Chris a plastic bag with water and crushed ice and instructed him to hold it on his genitals until *everything* subsided. Wearing only his silky feminine camisole, he blushed deeply as she positioned his icy genitals in the Smoothie ten minutes later. "It's too tight!" he cried when feeling began to return. "I need a larger size."

"It's has to be tight to serve its purpose and give you a smooth feminine front, especially when you get excited," Rita explained. Turning to Amy, she asked, "What do you think?"

"Perfect!" Amy gushed. "We'll take it."

"Okay, sweetie," Rita informed Chris. "On the table so I can spread the hot wax."

"Can't I replace my...my *panties*?" he stammered, desiring something, *anything*, to cover his near nudity.

"No," Rita chuckled, "You're to get a bikini wax and your fancy panties would just get in the way."

"I know you love your panties, but do as she says," Amy ordered.

'How could this possibly be more humiliating?' Chris wondered as he crawled onto the table wearing only his feminine camisole and shameful Smoothie. The wax felt warm as Rita spread it on his legs, causing him to get aroused, but the slightest erection caused intense discomfort from the snug fit of his Smoothie and it quickly subsided. Forced to ignore her caresses, a nearly impossible feat, he had limited success. That ended however when she ripped the first strip of wax from his inner thigh. Screeching from the sudden and intense pain, he immediately forgot all sexual thoughts.

"Don't be such a ninny!" Rita scoffed, "Girls and other sissies do this all the time and they don't carry on so."

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"Other boys come in here for waxing?" he gasped.

"Oh yes, doll," she assured him. "There are a lot more of you darlings around than you might think."

"Do those other boys wear panties?"

"Oh yes, definitely," she smiled. "Forget the discomfort and imagine how gorgeous your legs will be in a short skirt and sheer nylons as you strut about in your heels. The pain will be easier to ignore."

"What choice do I have?" Chris moaned as one wax strip after another was ripped from his legs.

When Rita was finished, she massaged a soothing cream into his stinging body and said, "Use this cream all over your body nightly and you should be good for at least a month."

"Stella is ready, Chrissie," Amy smiled. "Replace your panties and cami and slip into this robe for modesty."

"What now?" he asked while sliding his arms into a diaphanous pink nylon robe. "I thought I was only having my body waxed."

"Stella has some free time so she agreed to fluff out your hair and give it body. You want to look nice, don't you?"

"Not if I have to look more like a girl!" he moaned.

Before he could access his new situation, Stella leaned his chair back and washed his hair. To his pleasant surprise, her soothing massages were relaxing. He almost dozed off, but he was startled alert when she massaged a foul smelling liquid into his wet tresses. After she patted the excess away, he was surprised when he felt her divide and pull strands of his hair. "What are you doing?" he snapped in alarm.

"I'm just giving your hair body," she replied. "Relax and enjoy your pampering."

While Chris was with Stella, Rita confided to Amy, "Here's the URL for the UCI website. Check it out if you plan to really feminize Chrissie. They have a world of products, advice, and information on how to make boys look like pretty girls."

"Thanks," Amy deviously replied. As a thrilling shudder coursed through her body, she thought, 'What I'm doing to Chris isn't right, but I can't stop now, I just *can't!*'

Chris, who had been lulled into a peaceful state, was jolted alert when he felt a sharp pain in his right ear lobe. "What the hell?" he exclaimed as he bolted upright.

"No big deal," Stella assured him. "I just pierced your right ear. Hold still while I do the left one."

"I don't want my ears pierced, especially not the *right* one!" Chris declared near panic.

"It's too late. Unless you want people to think you're gay, let's pierce the left one," Stella said, knowing he was trapped.

After piercing his left ear, Stella inserted gold keeper studs in his new holes and led him to the hooded dryer. While his hair was drying, she manicured his nails while an assistant gave him a pedicure. He was thankful to be wearing the silky robe, even though it kept gaping open to expose his panties and camisole. He was unnerved by the coral polish she was applying to his nails but was powerless to stop her. Finally, she removed the curlers, brushed out his hair, turned him to the mirror, and said, "Voila! You're beautiful!"

"I look like a girl!" Chris gasped. "Chad and I always wore our hair alike. Now mine is a brilliant red and curly! What will people think when they see my hair like *this?*"

"It's a unisex style, so don't worry," Amy lied. "I'll see if Chad will get his hair done in a similar style so you won't be embarrassed. We still have to buy your shoes and a few dresses and skirts of your own, so get dressed."

"I can't go anywhere with my hair in this girl's style, my ears pierced, and shiny coral nails. Everyone will know I'm a boy. I'll never live down the humiliation!"

"You could wear makeup and appear to be a girl if you like," Amy suggested. "Lots of girls dress as boys."

Grasping at straws to salvage his male dignity, Chris sighed, "Okay, I'll wear makeup."

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His concession condemned him to sit while concealer, foundation, blush, eyeliner, eyeshadow, mascara, and coral lipstick were added to his features. His new hairstyle and manicure made him appear to be an attractive teenage girl wearing boy's clothes. As they prepared to leave the salon, he spat, "Chad should be wearing makeup and doing all this girly stuff, not *me!*"

Chris was very anxious as they entered the boutique. He had been there before dressed as a boy to buy girl's clothes. This time, he outwardly wore boy's clothes, but his makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and a girl's hairstyle identified him as a girl. Amy got his attention when she gushed, "Oh look, there's the clerk who helped select your lingerie."

Chris hoped she wouldn't recognize him with his girly hairstyle and makeup. His hopes for anonymity were dashed when she recognized Amy and rushed over. "Oh, Chrissie, I love your hair that way and your coral lipstick is simply *you!*" she bubbled. "What can I do for you ladies today?"

"Chrissie is looking for shoes in different, colors, styles, and heel heights," Amy cunningly replied. "He just had his legs waxed, so he'll need several pairs of pantyhose as well."

"Personally, I don't wear pantyhose," the clerk admitted. "My fiancée hates them because the webbing gets in his way when he's in a hurry. The last time I wore pantyhose he ripped them off and gave me a spanking. I couldn't sit comfortably for several days, but our sex afterward was awesome! I wear thigh highs with elastic tops to keep him happy, but I keep a pair of pantyhose handy for whenever I want a repeat performance of that naughty spanking and superb lovemaking."

"The thigh highs sound great," Amy chuckled. "I'll even try a pair myself in case I run across a boyfriend like yours."

When Chris removed his jeans, Amy showed him how to gather his new nylons in his hands, carefully knead them over his legs, and secure them high on his thigh with the elastic

tops. After that, he continued to be embarrassed while trying on and walking in girl's shoes while wearing his jeans.

After a seeming eternity, Chris owned three inch pumps in white, navy, black, and pink, red strap sandals that showed his polished toenails through his nylons, feminine flats in black, white, yellow, and lavender, and pink tennis shoes. "You can wear these to school for the time being," Amy said as he blushed at the thought of wearing pink shoes to school in addition to his feminine cosmetics.

At home, Amy instructed Chris to change into his new red dress and matching lingerie. While he lightly brushed his femininely styled tresses neatly into place, she said, "Wear your red three inch pumps. The guys will be hungry, so let's hurry and prepare dinner."

"How do you know they'll want to eat?" he asked.

"Guys don't watch their diets like we girls, so they are always ready to pig out. You and I will eat a light salad."

"I'm a guy too!" he exclaimed. "Wearing dresses doesn't make me a girl! We skipped lunch, you know!"

"I want to talk with you about that," she responded. "You need to lose a few pounds and now is a good time to start." She wanted to rid him of the wiry muscles developed playing sports. Depriving him of protein and limiting his food intake was the best way she knew to accomplish her goal.

"Lose weight?" he gasped, "How much?"

"Step on the scales and let's see how much you weigh now." Still unsteady on his three inch pumps, he stumbled behind her to the bathroom. Reading his weight on the screen, she said, "Twenty pounds should do."

"Twenty pounds!" he exclaimed. "I'm trim and in shape from playing ball. I don't have twenty pounds to lose!"

"These vitamins from UCI will keep up your stamina if you take them twice a day," she said. In truth, the *vitamins* were a combination of appetite suppressants laced with a

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powerful compound that would saturate his body with 140% of the estrogen produced by a fifteen year old girl, and halt his production of testosterone. The symptoms would be soft skin, muscle elimination, breast growth, and expanded hips. Psychologically, his sexuality would become feminine.

"If you rigorously adhere to your diet, you'll be slim and trim in short order," Amy advised. Let's kiss on it." Chris knew he was dooming himself to starve until he lost twenty pounds and that if she caught him cheating or if he didn't lose enough weight to suit her, there was no telling how she would punish and humiliate him.

When Chris entered the dining room to serve dinner in his new red dress, he was still stumbling awkwardly on his unfamiliar heels. To avoid a mishap, he resolved to be careful and didn't look up until Chad let out a wolf whistle. That's when things went wrong, *tragically* wrong! Looking up, he was so startled to see his brother sporting a crew cut that he dropped some of the dishes from his tray, spilling their contents on the table and floor.

Pretending to not know the cause of his mishap, Amy rushed to her distraught brother's aid exclaiming, "Oh, Chrissie! Did you stumble on your heels? I'm sorry if you didn't get enough practice. I'll help with the clean up."

"It's not my *heels!*" he spat. "You knew Chad was getting a crew cut when you got me this girly hairdo, didn't you?"

"How could I have known?" she replied. "He was asleep when you and I left, and like you, I haven't seen him all day."

Sensing that he was setup by his conniving sister, Chris angrily threw the tray onto the table spilling the remainder of the food. "I don't know how, but you knew Chad was getting his hair cut!" he bellowed. "I'm not wearing these awful girl's clothes anymore and I'm cutting my hair off with the scissors right now!" He then disgustedly stormed out unsteadily atop of his unfamiliar stilt heels.



“Amy!” Chris screeched and dropped the food he was serving when he saw Chad’s short hair. “You knew Chad was getting a crew cut and that we could no longer wear our hair alike when you made me get this girly style! Why did you do such a horrible thing to me?”

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"Daddy!" Amy cried in a tiny voice as she burst into a torrent of fake tears. "You said Chrissie could be my sister, and he quits just when we start having fun. Don't let him do this to me. *Please, Daddy!*"

Angrier because of the broken dishes and ruined dinner than his son's tantrum, Paul leapt from his chair and chased after Chris. When Chris tripped in his heels and fell on the floor in the den, his father grabbed him by the arm, yanked him to his feet, violently shook him, and loudly chastised, "What is the matter with you, young lady? You know you are to be a girl and help Amy with the housework!"

"It's not fair!" Chris declared, matching his father decibel for decibel. "Amy lied to me! She said I could still wear my hair like Chad when she got me this awful girl's hairstyle, and she knew about his crew cut all the time! If anyone should be a girl and wear dresses around here, it's *Chad!*"

Paul was confused by Chris' outburst and didn't understand his babble. Before he could ask, Amy screeched, "Give him a sound spanking for making such a mess and behaving in such an unladylike manner. Do it, Daddy!"

Hearing Amy's demand, Paul forcefully pulled Chris across his lap, flipped his skirt and slip to his waist, and began assaulted his nylon clad buttocks with his open palm. Chris desperately tried to pull away, but his father was too strong. At first, he was determined not to cry, but Paul was just as resolute to break his rebellious spirit. As the painful blows continued, Chris, unable to maintain his composure, abandoned his resolve and burst into a torrent of tears.

"Make him promise to be a sweet, obedient, and helpful sister in his pretty dresses and skirts before you let him up!" Amy exclaimed as if she were in charge.

"You heard her!" Paul declared, "What's it to be?"

"Okay, okay!" he cried as sobs shook his body and tears streaked his makeup. "I'll wear dresses and be Amy's sister if you stop spanking me. I promise!"

"Go to your room, repair your makeup, and apologize to Daddy for your unladylike tantrum!" Amy ordered with authority. "Afterward, you can clean up the mess you made!" Chris scurried away on his heels while trying to pull his skirt down over his nylon clad buttocks and thighs.

'What's wrong with that boy?' Paul wondered. 'He's wearing the silkiest red panties and slip I ever saw with nylon stockings, makeup, lipstick, nail polish, and a pretty new dress. He shaved his legs, got a girl's hairdo, and cried like one when I gave him that mild spanking! Amy was right when she chose him to be her sister and help around the house! How could I have thought that sissy was a real boy?'

Meanwhile, Amy joined Chad in the dining room where he was eagerly wolfing down the food he could salvage from the table. Looking at him with satisfaction, she smiled, "If you hadn't gotten your hair cut like I ordered, that would have been you across Daddy's lap with your skirt at your waist and your panties on fire. "Did you do the other things I asked?"

"Yes," he replied, "That's why I'm so hungry. I signed up for golf lessons and got a membership at the gym. I had my first workout and I'm exhausted. I'll be sore tomorrow."

"That will pass," she smiled. "Keep a log of your workouts and show it to me weekly so I can check your progress. I especially want to know about our special project."

"Why are you making me do this?" he asked.

"So you can become Daddy's macho son in pants. If it's too much, I can tell him I made a mistake and that you should be my sister. I'm sure Chrissie would gladly trade places if you had rather wear dresses and help with the housework over a few workouts and golf lessons. I'll tell him if you like."

"That's not what I meant!" Chad shuddered. He didn't like the prospect of grueling workouts, but anything would be preferable to wearing dresses. "I'll do what you say. I just wondered if I could still date as Dad's macho son."

"Oh yes," she smiled, "The more you date and the hotter your girlfriends are, the better for your image."

"Why did you tell Dad to spank me?" Chris angrily demanded when Amy entered his room.

"You were disrespectful and you broke your promise to be sweet and obedient," she spat. "You destroyed our dinner, broke dishes, and made a mess on the table and floor. Finish repairing your makeup and go apologize to Daddy." She scribbled on a sheet of paper, handed it to him, and said, "*This* is what you'll say to him!"

"I can't say that!" he sniffed. "It's too embarrassing."

"You'll say it, and word for word, or I'll punish you again!" she snapped angrily. "Memorize it while you finish your makeup. I want you to call him Daddy like I do. It sounds sweeter and more feminine than *Dad*."

Still clumsy in his heels, Chris dejectedly approached his still irate father. Nervously toying with his short skirt, he sighed in a soft remorseful tone, "Please forgive my rude tantrum, Daddy. I promise to be a sweet, obedient, and more ladylike sister in the future."

Still angry, Paul declared, "That session across my lap will seem like love taps if you don't! Now clean up the mess you made, and everything had better be spotless when you finish!"

Sniffing back tears, Chris started to pick up food from the floor. When he bent from the waist, Amy chastised, "Dip from your knees when you wear a dress or skirt! Do you want to show your pretty panties to Daddy and Chad again?"

Chris quickly stood, brushed his skirt beneath him, and carefully dipped from his knees to clean the floor. Hungry, he asked, "When do I eat?"

"Not tonight," Amy declared, "You ruined dinner and you're on a diet! We kissed in it, remember?"

"I have to wear dresses and starve too?"

"Know a better way to lose weight than to fast?"

'I have to stop agreeing to so many things,' Chris thought as he mopped the floor. When he finished the cleanup, Amy told him take a hot bath. After drying with a fluffy towel, she applied a special UCI ointment to soothe his stinging body and retard hair growth and ordered him to do it every night. Finally, she allowed him to slip into a silky babydoll nightie and matching panties and crawl into bed.

The next morning, Sunday, Amy woke Chris very early saying, "Put on minimum makeup and a plain housedress. The guys are going fishing, so we have to make their breakfast and prepare a basket lunch."

"Why can't they make their own?" he moaned.

"Did you ever make your own food for fishing and camping when you were a boy?"

When he went on excursions with his father and brother, he *expected* a basket of food with no thought to its preparation. Now, in his role as a sister, his duty was to preparing the food and staying home. Feeling put upon, he resented her inference that he was no longer a boy!

"No?" she asked, knowing the answer. "Look at the bright side. When they're gone, we'll have all day to do girl things together. Won't that be fun?"

Amy was frying bacon when Chris entered the kitchen. She nodded approvingly at his yellow and white dress and white strap sandals that showed his coral toenails. She instructed him to make sandwiches for the *men*, bag some pickles, put in several bags of chips and cookies, and load a cooler with beer for their father and soda for Chad.

"I'll get that cooler, Chrissie," Chad said when he entered the kitchen and saw his feminine brother in his neat housedress about to remove the tray from the icemaker. "Heavy lifting is men's work."

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Chris scowled. "I'm stronger than you and I can kick your wimpy ass any day! You should be wearing this dress and doing housework, not *me!*"

"Chrissie!" Amy screeched as Chad carelessly dumped the ice into the cooler, spilling much of it on the floor. "That's no way for a lady to talk to his brother, especially after promising Daddy last night about being sweet and obedient. Apologize, and clean up the mess he made!"

A week earlier, Chris would have verbally lashed out and physically attacked his brother for that kind of insult, but that was before he was chosen to be a sister. A week in panties, perfume, and lip balm at school, wearing dresses and makeup at home while being treated as a girl had lowered his self confidence and softened his disposition.

Looking down at his dress and protruding false breasts, he imagined himself across his father's lap with his skirt at his waist, exposing his silky feminine slip and panties while Chad watched a repeat of last night's spanking. To avoid the pain and embarrassment of such an event, he swallowed his masculine pride, softened his attitude, and sighed, "I'm sorry for my unladylike outburst, Chad. Please forgive me."

Chad knew that he had avoided a physical confrontation that he couldn't win, even with his brother wearing a dress. Still, he couldn't resist dropping several more ice cubes on the floor. "Sure Chrissie," he smirked, "You're forgiven, as long as you are my pretty sister."

Thinking, 'dress or no dress, I could have loaded that cooler easier than that geek,' Chris steamed. The sound of his father's footsteps approaching jolted his anger into check. Swallowing his dwindling masculine pride, he gathered the wayward ice cubes while keeping his knees together and his skirt as far down as possible.

"I'll think about you wearing dresses and doing girly chores when I'm out on the lake pulling in the big ones," Chad needed as Chris mopped the floor dry.

Chris hissed in a voice only Chad could hear, "You should be staying home in this damn dress!"

"Dream on, sissy boy!" Chad whispered back with a self-righteous smile while patting Chris on his skirted behind. When he saw Chris blush brightly, he added, "Dream on!" Chris had dominated him all his life, but now that was at an end. Revenge was *sweet!*

As Paul sipped his coffee, he observed his sons. Seeing Chris sitting with his knees femininely together with his skirt neatly adjusted at mid-thigh, he thought, 'Amy was right about who should be her sister. Chris looks and acts just like a girl in his cute dress with his curly hair and lipstick. He even cried like one when I spanked him on his silky panties last night. On the other hand, Chad is a boy with short hair. The way he loaded that heavy cooler was impressive. Why am I just seeing that Chris was born to be a girl? Thank Gawd Amy saw through hid act!"

Leaning against the doorway, Chris inhaled his pleasant feminine perfume as he forlornly watched his father and brother drive away in the RV with the boat behind. They would have a glorious day on the lake, fishing and enjoying nature, while he was stuck at home wearing a dress, cleaning house, and doing *girl* things! 'Oh why doesn't Daddy see that Chad is the one who should be a girl?'

"We need to establish a time to check your weight loss," Amy said. "Early Sunday mornings is best, so we should do it now. To eliminate the weight of your clothes, always wear a bra, panties, half slip, and bedroom slippers."

"Do I have to wear falsies in my bra?" he stammered, dreading the ritual she described.

"Of course, silly, but call them *Budding Beauties*. Falsies sounds so insensitive, like something a *boy* would say." Minutes later, he stepped on the scales wearing his yellow slip, panties, and bra. Amy gave him a tight hug, a kiss on his cheek, and smiled, "Look! You've already lost two pounds!"

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Chris had mixed emotions about his weight loss. He really didn't want to starve until he lost twenty pounds, but Amy was happy, and she wouldn't embarrass him in some feminine manner if he stuck to his diet.

"Put your dress back on and let's get to work," Amy said. "Since you are still clumsy in heels, I want you to wear three inch heels while you work. If you want your pretty toenails to show, you can wear the white sandal pumps. They match your dress and should be comfortable enough to wear all day."

Thus began Chris' first day of heavy housework. He stumbled about in his heels as he changed beds, washed and ironed clothes, cleaned bathrooms, dusted, swept, and vacuumed. By noon, he was exhausted and his feet and calves ached as never before. Removing his heels, he sat with one ankle and then the other on the opposite knee to massage his aching feet.

"That's not a very ladylike way to sit with your panties on display," Amy chuckled when she saw him sitting with his short skirt high on his thighs. "Its okay with just us girls here, but you had better not try that if any males are around. We've done enough housework. Let's take a hot bath and indulge in some delightful femininity."

Chris didn't know what indulging in *delightful* femininity entailed, but he was for it if it meant getting off his feet. Even so, he couldn't resist, "Chad should be wearing this dress and these awful heels. I should be on the lake with Daddy."

"Who would look more like a girl in that chic dress you're wearing?" Amy asked. "You with your new feminine hairstyle or Chad with his boyish crew cut?"

He exclaimed, "You tricked me into getting this girly hairdo. You knew Chad was getting his hair cut short!"

"You were adorable in your pretty housedresses all week even when you both had long hair, and you are totally cute in that chic dress," Amy shrugged off his accusation. "With Chad's crew cut, even you can see that you should be a girl."

"It's not fair! I have to stay home in panties and a dress, and Chad gets to go on a fishing trip!"

"Oh come on, Chrissie!" Amy declared. "Chad is all boy and should be doing manly things like hunting and fishing." "How much boy can *you* be in panties, dresses, and lipstick? If you were in the boat with them, I'll bet you'd be too occupied with the struggle to keep your skirt in check and swatting the mosquitoes attracted by your tantalizing perfume to fish!"

"I wouldn't be wearing a skirt if I was fishing!" Chris fumed while the image of doing so flashed through his mind. "I'm more boy than Chad. He should be wearing a dress and pretending to be your sister, not me!"

"I chose you to be my sister because it was plain to see that you should be a girl," Amy persisted. "Look how natural you look in a dress after less than a week. No real boy could do that. Anyway, you promised to be a dutiful daughter to Daddy and sweet loving sister to Chad and me. You even kissed on it. Put a smile on those pretty red lips, and we'll get dressed up and do fun girl things all afternoon."

As far as Chris was concerned, there weren't any fun girl things. The only reason he was wearing panties and a dress was because Amy tricked their father. Still, he enjoyed his hot relaxing bath, even if it *was* laden with fragrant crystals and moisturizing oils.

After drying with a fluffy pink towel, he slipped into a pair of white nylon panties, a matching bra, and a half slip with a band of lace at the hem. He placed his Budding Beauty inserts into the cups of his bra, stepped into his three inch bedroom slippers, and entered Amy's room. He received a shock when he saw her wearing nothing but her panties.

"Nobody here but us girls, Chrissie, so don't be a prude, Chrissie!" Amy giggled as he stared at her bare breasts. As she adjusted a nylon half slip up over her naked breasts, she added, "I like to lounge without a tight harness confining my breasts. Try it. You'll see how naughty it feels even though you have to wear a bra to support your Budding Beauties."



"That's it, smooth even strokes," Amy purred as she taught Chris the art of makeup and nail polish application while he wears a girlish nylon slip.

Heeding her advice, Chris carefully pulled the waistband of his half slip up over his bra. While he watched in awe, he saw Amy bend forward to toss her bra into the laundry basket, allowing the hem of her slip to ride up and reveal her panties. "Why am I staring?" he moaned. "I'm wearing panties too, only mine are a lot silkier than hers!"

"Doing sisterly girl things together will be lots of fun," Amy smiled. "We'll call these our lounging ensembles and dress this way when we relax and be silly girls. To start, let's do each other's nails."

Chris wondered what Ron would think if he could see him wearing nothing but a bra, panties, and a half slip pulled up over his breasts with the lacy hem tickling his thighs. "Amy showed no shyness when she showed me her bare breasts. Does she really think of me as a girl now, as her *sister*?"

He sat in his panties, padded bra, and slip while she polished his toenails and then his fingernails a shade of petal pink. Finally, she said, "Okay, your turn to do mine."

Chris was on pins and needles as he knelt before Amy and applied dark Ruby red polish to her toenails, especially when he looked up and saw her panties. He looked quickly away, causing him to smear polish onto her skin. Seeing the reason for his faux pas, she giggled, "Be careful, you silly goose. You're polishing my nails, not painting a barn." He couldn't resist a smile, so she added, "Remember you're wearing the same things, so you don't have to stare at my panties."

"I know," he blushed, "I'm sorry,"

"That's okay," Amy purred in a soft affectionate tone. "I know peeking under girl's skirts is a natural boyish trait. I'm sure it will pass when you get used to seeing me nude or scantily clad. Clean up your mess with the polish remover, and be more careful." Chris doubted that he would ever take her nudity for granted, but not knowing what to say, he blushed and remained silent. To diminish his internal conflicts, he concentrated on his feminine lessons.

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When he finished her nails, Amy smiled, "Pop into a pair of nylons and the heels you wore this morning and wear them while we play. I know you enjoyed the feel of silky nylons on your sexy legs when you first put them on at the boutique."

He secretly did enjoy the feel of nylons on his recently waxed thighs, but he would be hard pressed to admit his affection for these exclusively feminine trappings. Despite his disdain for his imposed femininity, he felt a shiver of delight and a growing pressure in his Smoothie as he carefully kneaded the silky sheaths over his smooth hairless thighs.

"You look scrumptious in your tricked up slip, nylons, and heels!" Amy gushed. "Let's do other fun things together to celebrate." She taught him to apply the thinnest coat of eyeliner to his lower lid. To remedy his tendency to apply the cosmetic too heavily, she had him reapply it time again until he could routinely do it to her satisfaction. To get his eye makeup just *so*, she showed him how to blink his lashes across the mascara wand to apply the feminine cosmetic.

She chuckled at his blunders, joked about his failures, and giggled like a schoolgirl at his successes. Finally, she allowed him to apply the rest of his makeup, including pink lipstick to match his nails. Taking special care, she put his hair up in curlers and instructed him to secure certain tendrils with pins or clips. When he put her hair up, they shared more giggles until, all of a sudden, they heard the car pull into the garage announcing the return of Chad and their father.

Hearing the car, startled Chris into realizing that he had forgotten how he was dressed during most of the *fun* session with Amy. Despite his innate aversion to things feminine, he had actually enjoyed spending time with his sister doing girlish things that would have made him nauseous only a few weeks earlier!

"We must hurry," Amy said as she draped nets over their curlers, and secured them with bobby pins.

"I don't want Daddy and Chad to see me like *this!*" Chris said, indicating his slip and exposed nylons.

"They won't see you like that, silly," she chided. "Lower your slip to your waist and pull on the pink and white plaid housedress you wore for your debut as my sister. It'll match your lipstick, nails, and shoes. Spray on perfume, freshen your lipstick, and hurry downstairs. They'll expect us to have at least a snack ready for them."

"We don't have any food prepared," Chris declared in near panic. "What'll we do?"

"Don't get your panties in a wad, little sister," Amy chuckled. "I'll put some hot dogs on the stove, heat a can of chili, and set the table. You can chop some onions, heat the buns, and fill glasses with ice. They'll love it."

Chad was aghast when he entered the kitchen and saw his brother in his short dress and heels wearing full feminine makeup and lipstick with his hair in curlers, busily preparing food. Regaining his composure, he ran his hand through his short hair and said, "A home cooked meal after a hard day of fishing is great. I love having *two* sisters!"

Paul was disgusted by what he saw. Without realizing his part in Chris' feminine manner of dress and actions, he thought, 'I never thought I'd see a son of mine wearing a dress and lipstick with his hair up in curlers like a girl! Look at him strutting about in those high heels and nylon stockings! Amy was right when she said he should be a girl!' To take his mind off his *sissy* son, he said. "We really pulled them in today. Chad caught the three biggest ones."

"They were almost jumping in the boat," Chad agreed. "We caught so many it took forever to clean them all."

While the *men* ate their chili dogs, Chris nibbled at a cup of fat free yogurt. Forgetting how much fun he had doing girl things with Amy, he seethed, 'I should have been with them in the boat catching fish instead of staying home in panties and a slip putting on makeup and curling my hair like a girl! Why is this awful thing happening to me and not Chad? He's the one who deserves to wear dresses!'

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Acknowledging the efforts of his two *daughters*, Paul said, "Thanks for a job well done. You put together a delicious meal in nothing flat. On top of that, you girls look really nice. I didn't realize how attractive your legs are, Chrissie, but those high heels and nylon stockings really show them off nicely."

When she and Chris were back in her room, Amy said, "All we have to do is take off our dresses, pull up our slips, and we're just like we were before the guys came home. See how easy it is? Let's remove our makeup and your fingernail polish. We have to get ready for our beauty sleep because tomorrow is a school day."

"I need to take these curlers out of my hair before I go to bed," Chris avowed.

"Oh no, you don't!" Amy insisted. "You'll sleep with curlers in your hair as long as you are my pretty sister. They're uncomfortable at first, but you'll get used to them."

The next morning, Chris was fully aware how right Amy was about curlers being uncomfortable. He couldn't find a position where they didn't prick his scalp, so he got little sleep. Crawling out of bed, he stumbled to the bathroom in his silky babydoll nightie, placed a shower cap over his head, and eased into a tub of warm water.

Wearing a boy's tee shirt and silky baby blue nylon panties, Chris sat at Amy's vanity removing his hated curlers. Based on her Internet research, she knew he would be susceptible to further feminization after their *fun* session. Deciding to take advantage of his vulnerability, she said, "After brushing your hair into a pretty style, do your eyeliner and mascara like you learned yesterday. Wear pink lipstick to match your nails, and don't forget your perfume."

"I *won't* do it! Everybody at school already thinks I'm a fag," he gasped. "If I show up with lipstick, nail polish, and eye makeup to go with this girly hairdo, my life will be miserable. They don't even know about my panties."

"Daddy will probably send you to school in a skirt, nylons, and heels if I tell him you're refusing to be a sweet obedient sister," she threatened. "You heard what he said about your sexy legs last night."

Chris was filled with fear and apprehension. He hated wearing lipstick, eyeliner, mascara, nail polish and a feminine hairdo to school. His father would no doubt back Amy, but he wouldn't send him to school in a skirt or *would* he? Anxiety diminished his valor and he sighed in resignation, "I'll do as you say. Don't call Daddy."

'Whew!' Amy thought. 'That was close. He almost found the courage to defy me and I would have lost him. I have to be careful about pushing him to the brink in the future.'

After conceding to Amy's demands, Chris' school life worsened noticeably. Seeing his new feminine *look*, girls made comments like, "We said you needed some color and did you ever with that lipstick and nail polish!" "Where did you get that neat hairdo?" "Your eyes look enchanting. Are you wearing eyeliner?" "Hey, your ears are pierced!" "Look at those cute little pearl studs."

"Amy wants me to look like her sister," he sighed with a deep blush. "She made me get my hair styled like a girl, had my ears pierced, and she makes me wear lipstick, perfume, eyeliner, mascara, and nail polish. I'm so embarrassed."

The questions started anew. "I see your eyeliner now, but it is so fine. How did you do that?" "Your lips look so natural. Did you use a lipstick pencil and fill in with a brush?" "What brand of mascara are you wearing?"

The boys were quick to join in to make his life a living hell, but they were not concerned about the details of his feminine trappings. Instead, they disparaged his masculinity! Chris couldn't count the times he was called faggot, queer, fairy, pervert, or other shameful names, and he came close to tears several times during the day.

Possibly his most traumatic event occurred after history class. His hairbrush, large comb, mirrored compact, lipstick,

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perfume, eyeliner, and mascara lay out on his desk, and he was refreshing his makeup when Ron demanded, "What the hell is going on with this girly crap, Chris? I bought your story about losing a bet with Amy last week, but this hair and lipstick thing is over the top! Word around school is that you've turned *queer*. Is it true?"

"I'm not queer, Ron," Chris said, "I swear I'm not. Amy has me over a barrel and Dad is backing her up."

"Listen to me! If you don't shape up, some stud is going to ram your ass and beat the hell out of you!" Ron spat with disgust as he turned and stomped away.

When Chris joined Amy in her car that afternoon, he was distraught and shaking with sobs. "What's wrong?" she asked upon seeing his pitiful demeanor.

"Being your sister has gone too far!" he said. "Wearing dresses at home and helping with the housework is one thing, but getting a girl's hairdo and wearing makeup to school is too much. I got called every name in the book, and Ron said if I wasn't queer, I was sure acting like one. I would have killed myself if they found out about my panties!"

"Oh come on, don't be overly dramatic."

"I'm serious. You don't know how humiliating it is for a boy to have to wear silky girl's panties! Mrs. Hall said I had more cosmetics than any girl in school and that I needed a purse to carry them all."

"You do need a purse," she admitted while ignoring his other grievances. "Why didn't I think of it before? I always feel better after buying something special. I'm sure it'll work with you. Let's go shopping for a few purses to go with your different outfits."

Instead of making him feel better, buying purses did just the opposite. At home while changing into his bra, slip, green and white housedress, heels, and applying his makeup, he thought, 'A purse is just something else to be embarrassed about at school.' Dreading the ridicule to come from his former friends at school, he transferred his cosmetics into one

of his new purses. The only positive effect his trauma had was to diminish his appetite and make his diet bearable.

Wearing his *lounging ensemble*, a blue beauty mask on his face, and putting his hair in curlers, Chris growled, "It's not fair! Chad should be the one with this goop on his face and his hair up in curlers."

"Don't be ridiculous!" Amy scoffed. "Chad's hair is way too short to curl."

"It wasn't before you put him up to getting that crew cut!"

"How could I have known Chad was getting a crew cut?" Amy countered. "You and I were together all that day and we first saw him at dinner when you modeled your new blue dress. I was as surprised as you to see his crew cut."

Looking at the silky half slip covering his padded bra and the lacy hem resting on his smooth hairless thighs, he said, "I'm sorry. This girly stuff has me all up tight."

"Apology accepted, sweetheart," Amy said. "I only want what's best for you as you become my pretty sister."

With products and advice from the *experts* on the UCI website, Amy instigated a relentless assault on her brother's masculinity over the next month. He was always in a dress or skirt with full feminine makeup at home. Constant practice walking in heels, placing one foot directly in front of the other with a book on his head gave him a distinctive feminine stride and sway to his hips. As his nails grew, she taught him to file them into rounded ovals, to carry his hands with limp wrists, and to use feminine phrases no self respecting boy dare speak.

Being unable to defy his determined sister, Chris became an expert at applying makeup and styling his hair during nightly sessions before the vanity mirror wearing his *lounging ensemble*. His hair became more feminine as brilliant highlights were added to his auburn tresses at the salon. Powerful estrogen enhancers and testosterone blockers softened his skin, promoted breast growth, and widened his

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hips into feminine contours. Extensive use of the UCI *Soprano Speak* mouthwash caused his voice to become softer and achieve a higher pitch. Chris did not realize the extent he was changing

One day after school, Chris was wearing a straight black miniskirt and a lavender sleeveless blouse that showed his bra. When Chad asked for a snack, Chris snapped, "You should be the one in dresses! Get it yourself!"

This was the opportunity Amy had been waiting for. She harshly asked, "What will it take to convince you that I made the right choice when I chose you to be my sister, Chrissie? How about arm wrestling? If Chad beats you, will you agree that you are much more suited to be a girl?"

"Arm wrestling?" Chris gasped. He had always beat Chad without half trying. He only had to do it once again to end his tenure in dresses. "Tell me when and where. I'm ready!"

"How about now at the table?" she asked. Chad had assured her that he was ready. She hoped against hope that he wasn't just bragging. Chad sat at the corner of the table, put his right elbow up, spread his feet wide for traction, and said, "Come on, girly boy. Any time you're ready."

Parting his lipstick coated lips for a smile, Chris brushed his short skirt beneath him and locked his knees together from habit. Getting comfortable, he spread his feet without a thought that his wedgies didn't provide as much traction as Chad's sneakers. Placing his arm on the table, he sneered confidently, "Okay geek; get ready to start wearing dresses!"

Due to Chris' weight loss and Chad's training at the gym, Chad had little trouble defeating his brother for the first time *ever*. "You cheated!" Chris bellowed, leaping to his feet. "My elbow slipped. I want another chance."

Chad readily agreed, and after being defeated half a dozen times in succession, Chris' anger got the best of him and he charged Chad. Finding that he couldn't make a proper fist due to his long nails, he formed them into claws as would a girl and attempted to scratch out his brother's eyes. In

defense, Chad grabbed Chris by the wrists, twisted his arm behind him and held him securely. Chris tried desperately to get at his brother. "Let me go! I'll show you who should be the sister around here!"

With Chris' face contorted in rage, his fingers quivering like red talons, his smooth hairless legs driving beneath his skirt, and his padded bosom bouncing enticingly, Chad saw him as his sister for the first time.

"He hasn't learned his lesson," Amy said. "Turn him across your lap and spank him on his pretty panties until he admits that he should be our sister."

Yeah, that'll teach him who was meant to wear dresses and be a girl in this family," Chad exclaimed with a smile. Now fully confident in his physical superiority over his once dominant brother, he pulled Chris across his lap.

Struggling, Chris screeched, "Let me up! Let me up!"

"Pull his skirt out of the way so it doesn't soften your blows," Amy advised.

"When Chris' skirt was at his waist, Chad was astonished at how soft and silky his panties were. 'Boy, I'm sure glad Amy didn't choose me to be her sister and make me wear panties like those!' he thought as he brought his open palm down with authority on his brother's nylon clad posterior.

"Oh!" Chris screeched. Renewing his determination to escape Chad's grip, he yelled, "This is not right! I'll...!"

Chad's hand descended on Chris's panties, cutting off his protest and bringing him to tears. His resolve to pull away began to ebb as Chad increased his assault, and he pleaded through his tear streaked makeup, "Please stop spanking me!" Chad stopped, but held Chris securely.

"Which of you was meant to wear dresses and be my sister?" Amy asked her blubbering brother. When he didn't answer, she nodded for Chad to continue.

Six hard swats on his silky panties later, Chris bellowed, "I was! I was meant to be your sister and wear dresses!"

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"Will you ever say that Chad should be the sister again?"

"No, *never!*"

"Do you promise to obediently wear your dresses, be a sweet dutiful sister to everyone in this house, and stop your constant complaining?"

"Yes, yes, I promise."

"Will you kiss on it?"

"Yes, yes...*anything!*"

When Amy gestured for Chad to release Chris, he abruptly dumped him on the carpet. After jumping to his feet and furiously pulling his skirt down to cover his exposed panties, Chris turned to Amy to seal his promise. She said, "Not me. Kiss Chad! You promised to wear dresses and be a sweet dutiful sister to everyone in this family. He's the one you've been insulting. Give him a kiss. If you break your promise, he has authority to turn you across his knee again."

Chris shook with tears at the shame of kissing his brother. Amy whispered to Chad, "All you have to do to avoid joining him as a sister in dresses is to give him an occasional kiss to seal his promises to be a sweet obedient sister."

Amy was quivering in the throes of a passionate frenzy from pressuring Chris under the authority of Chad to force him ever deeper into femininity. She knew what she was doing to her hapless brother was morally wrong, but engrossed in her bliss, she was incapable of compassion for him, at least enough to relent. In contented rapture from her glorious triumph, a shudder of enchantment dominated her and prevented her from feeling even the slightest pity for her ill fated feminine brother.

As for Chris, he was racked with sobs and massaging his stinging buttocks through his skirt and panties, He didn't want to kiss his brother, but neither did he want his humiliating spanking to continue. Hesitantly turning his tear streaked face to Chad, he meekly puckered his lips.

Chad realized that if Amy could change Chris from a star athlete to a pathetic blubbering girlie boy in a matter of weeks, she could do the same to him, maybe *worse*! Thinking, 'Chrissie is my sister, Chrissie is my sister,' he touched Chris' lips for a fleeting moment.

'How could I have done that?' Chris seethed as he ran to his room. 'I kissed my brother and promised to be his sweet obedient sister.' Sprawling on his bed, he burst into tears.

"I'm glad you saw that Chris would make a better girl than me," Chad chuckled. "I can stop lifting those weights."

"I chose him because he was a more worthy challenge to force into dresses and because I got two for one," Amy declared. "As Chris became more feminine, I made you more masculine. In truth, you would have been much easier to mould into a pretty girl, and he wouldn't have had to take lessons to be manly."

"You're kidding."

"If you stop your training program, I'll get Daddy to let me put eyeliner, lipstick, and nail polish on you and see how pretty and feminine you can be. You could wear Chrissie's silky panties under your jeans until I get you decked out in a sexy dress. Having two sisters would be a blast!"

"No, no! Don't think like that! I'll keep lifting weights, continue my golf lessons, and be Dad's manly son!"

Amy entered Chris' room pleased with his new submissive attitude. Taking a soft approach, she caressed his tousled tresses, and purred, "I'm sorry Chad had to punish you, but it's your fault, challenging and attacking him like you did. Instead of wasting time feeling sorry for yourself, why don't you do something to make things better."

"Like what?" he asked, rubbing his tear filled eyes and smearing his ruined makeup even more.

"Wash your face, make yourself real pretty, and do something to make Chad happy. Then, he'll know you're serious about being his sweet dutiful sister."

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Amy smiled when he asked the ultimate feminine question, "What should I wear?"

"Your pink and white candy stripe dress with the flounce at the hem would be perfect," she advised. "You can wear a pink bra, panties, lipstick, and nail polish to match your dress. Give him the innocent girl next door look I showed you. Brush your bangs to the top of your brows and wear mascara for a shy bashful expression when you look up at him from under lidded eyes. You'll be home free if your performance equals your *look*."

Chris blushed at putting on that girly act, but he had no choice. His ruined makeup removed, he slipped into pink nylon panties, matching half slip, and bra. After inserting his Budding Beauty inserts in the cups, he pulled his slip up over his bra from habit and began removing the copper polish from his fingers and toes.

"Chrissie will no longer see you as a competitor," Amy advised Chad. "Instead, he'll view you as an authority figure to be served and obeyed like Daddy and me. You must treat him as a sister who you expect to obey you. You don't have to spank him again unless he gets out of line, but keep the threat of another one over him."

"I'll try, but this sure is different."

Chris was replacing his hoop earrings with sedate pearl drops that matched his double tiered necklace when Amy entered his room. She looked him over and advised, "Use darker lipstick to make your lips full and pouting. Apply heavier mascara for a naive look when you give him that coy innocent little girl expression we practiced. Also, be sure to gargle with the Soprano Speak mouthwash to make your voice sweet, lilting, and submissive."

After making the required makeup repairs, Chris checked his *look* in the full length mirror. His flirty skirt fell to four inches above his knees and the lace embellished hem of his slip was only slightly shorter. Satisfied, he stepped into pink slippers with tiny two inch heels, and sighed, "I'm ready."

Chad gasped when he saw his brother looking like a cute innocent girl two years younger than his true age. That was the word, *cute!* "You look really nice, Chrissie," he said.

"Thank you, Chad," Chris sighed just above a whisper as he turned slightly to and fro to sway his full skirt about his smooth thighs like Amy taught him. Looking down and blushing, he said, "I'm sorry for my rude behavior. I promise to be more ladylike from now on." He leaned over and kissed Chad on his cheek, and then removed the lipstick stain with a tissue from his purse.

Chad was still not comfortable or confident bossing his former dominant twin about. Summoning all his courage, he said, "You are forgiven, Chrissie, but you can expect another session over my lap if you get out of line again."

"He's still angry," Chris whispered to Amy in the kitchen while indicating his dress, hair, and makeup. "I fixed myself up like the girl next door for nothing!"

"He may still be irked a bit, but who can blame him after the way you attacked him?" she defended. "He'll calm down if you show that you are serious about becoming a sweet obedient sister. Ask if he would like a drink and snack."

Taking a soft drink to Chad, Chris purred in his sweetest voice, "I brought you a soda. Would you like anything else?"

"Bring the can of peanuts from the cupboard, Chrissie" Chad responded. When Chris returned with the peanuts, he ordered, "Hand me that golf magazine."

Chris was perturbed to be ordered about by his brother, but he knew he could not defend himself. Deciding to exhibit a learned skill, when he dipped from his knees to get the magazine, his skirt *accidentally* flipped up to expose a portion of pink nylon and lace. Giving Chad a coy look from beneath lidded eyes, he blushed and brushed his skirt back into place.

'Amy is right about him being more girl than boy!' Chad thought. 'He not only looks like a girl in his dresses, he moves like one, and he cried like one when I beat him arm wrestling.'

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She sure can read people.' "Thanks, Chrissie," he said. "You look really cute in that dress. I like your nice perfume."

In the kitchen, Chris fumed, "All Chad had to do was sit up to get that magazine and he made me get it for him. He doesn't care anything about golf. I paid for that subscription when I was a... It's not fair!"

"What do you mean about him not caring about golf?" Amy scoffed, "He's playing with Daddy in the Father - Son tournament at the club tomorrow."

"Poor Daddy, he doesn't have a chance," Chris declared, "Last year, he and I finished fourth. I can hit the ball farther than Chad with one hand. Besides, he can't putt."

"I suppose you could beat him at golf like you crushed him at arm wrestling?" Amy queried. When Chris blushed in response, she continued, "Face the facts, Chrissie, sisters can't compete with their brothers in sports. We have to be content to cheer them on from the sidelines and congratulate them with a kiss after the game."

"I guess you're right," he sighed recalling how soundly Chad defeated him at arm wrestling. Then he thought, 'Maybe I *was* meant to be a sister and wear dresses.'

"You and I have appointments to have our legs waxed and our hair done tomorrow," Amy advised Chris. "Afterward, we can shop for something stylish to wear and join the guys for the awards ceremony at the club."

"Wear a dress to the club where everybody knows I'm a boy?" he stammered. "Oh, I couldn't!"

"Sure you can! No one will recognize you in a pretty dress with your hair and makeup." Then she heard their father's car drive up and exclaimed, "Oh no! Daddy is here and we haven't made anything to eat. Keep up your girl next door act, and let's get him to take us out to dinner."

"Please, no Amy," he hedged. "Wearing dresses and pretending to be your sister was to only be at home. I can't go out in public in a dress! It's so embarrassing to wear girl's

clothes. I'll just die if anybody recognizes me! Having to wear makeup and my hair in this girl's style to school is embarrassing, but being known as a boy who wears dresses would be devastating!"

"Daddy and Chad see you in dresses all the time. They know you are a girl who used to be a boy."

"They've seen me in dresses every evening and on weekends for over a month, but they don't tease me like the guys at school. If those bullies find out I wear dresses, their harassment will be ten times worse!"

"Put on your innocent girl next door performance and no one will know that you're a boy in a dress at dinner. If you don't help me convince Daddy to take us out, those bullies may find out about your pretty panties and see you in a dress."

Amy and Chris found their father in the den where Chad was doing pushups on the floor. Paul said, "Don't over do the exercise, son. You have to rip the ball long and strong tomorrow."

"Okay Dad, but this little workout won't affect my swing," Chad smiled.

Putting on her best conniving act, Amy used a small voice, "I'm sorry dinner isn't on, Daddy. Chrissie and I were having so much fun making ourselves pretty. We thought it would be nice if you and Chad took us out to dinner. Will you, *please*?"

Looking over his *daughters*, Paul smiled and agreed. "You two are so lovely. Chad and I will be honored to escort you lovely ladies to dinner. Let's go."

"*Daddy!*" Amy chided. "Girls can't just leave! Give us five minutes to spruce up. Come on, Chrissie."

Paul watched as Chris walked with his hips swaying identically to Amy while thinking, "The clothes, makeup, and hairstyles cost a lot of money, but it was worth every penny. Chad is now my *manly* son, and we go to war on the golf course tomorrow."



*"You look and act more femininely every day, girlie"
Chad taunted his sissified brother. "You really were
meant to be a girl like Amy says!"*

The arm wrestling and spanking sessions assured Chad that his formerly dominant twin was secure in his girlish role. To entrench the idea that Chris was embracing his feminine role, he said, "Chrissie is almost as pretty as Amy."

"He sure is," Paul agreed. "Like Amy says, it's proof that he should have been a girl in dresses all along."

Upstairs, Amy didn't waste time. "Wear a pair of your sheerest nylons and the white three inch pumps that match your dress. Use heavier makeup, more mascara, and darken your blush, lipstick, and use tri-color eyeshadow. If we had time, I would put false lashes on you and curl them. I'll get you your own when they do our makeovers at the salon tomorrow. You can wear them to the club for the awards ceremony."

"My legs are stubbly," he said, as he rolled on his nylons."

"That's why you're having your legs waxed!"

"Why are we dressing up so nicely to go out to dinner?"

"If we don't, we'll end up at Burger Barn where the kids from school hang out. Do you want them to see you in your pretty dress? If we dress nicely, Daddy will take us to an expensive restaurant where very few people know us."

Chris followed her instructions with his makeup and was surprised by the results. 'I never heard of half of these feminine cosmetics two months ago, and now I know more about them than most girls!' he seethed as he pressed his lips together to spread his lipstick evenly.

When Amy rejoined him, she was wearing a straight white miniskirt that rode high on her nylon clad thighs, a red satin camisole that bared her navel and her bra straps, and white knee boots with four inch stiletto heels. Her hair was styled *up* in a French roll, and she wore cherry red lipstick and nail polish to match her top. "What do you think?" she asked.

"You look fantastic...*hot!*" he gasped."

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"I couldn't let my little sister steal all the attention," she smiled. "I may distract people so they will be less likely to recognize you as a boy in a dress."

Chris appreciated her consideration as he adjusted his skirt over his pink half slip after assuring that it was only slightly shorter. He cringed at the thought of having to appear in public in this juvenile dress.

Handing Chris a small pink evening purse decorated with sequins, Amy said, "Put your makeup in here and carry it with you at all times." He blushed, but carrying a purse was the least of his worries.

"Wow!" Paul exclaimed as he saw his two *daughters*. "Those five minutes were more like forty five, but the results are worth the wait."

"Yeah," Chad agreed, "Amy looks especially hot!"

"Well ladies, let's be on our way," Paul smiled.

As they walked to the car, Paul noticed how sexy his daughter appeared and how feminine, sweet, and innocent his *sissy* son looked. 'How did I miss how willing that boy would be to wearing dresses?' he wondered. "Amy is right when she says he has suppressed desires to be a girl all his life."

Chad held the back door on the passenger's side of the car for Chris who made the attempt to enter as though he was wearing pants. That proved to be a disaster. To his utter humiliation, his skirt rode high on his thighs, revealing to his father and brother a large expanse of his lace embellished slip and the dark tops of his nylons. To hide his shame, he hurriedly raised himself from the seat and brushed his skirt and slip back into the modest range.

Seeing Chris' dilemma, Amy decided to place doubt in her father's mind that Chris was ever a *manly* son. Patting Chris on his nylon clad thigh below the hem of his skirt, she smiled and said, "I'm sorry, Chrissie, that was my fault for not showing you how to enter and exit a car in a skirt. I'll teach you tomorrow." Amy appeared to be showing concern to her skirted brother, but that was definitely not the case.

Chris realized that he had to exit and re-enter the car at the restaurant and he still wouldn't know the proper technique. Swallowing his pride, he asked, "Please tell me how to manage my skirt before I have to exit the car."

Amy and Chad knew Chris didn't want to put on a show for curious bystanders, but Paul thought he wanted to know so he could behave in a more feminine manner.

"Place your hands on your skirt to prevent it from riding up," she advised. "With your knees together and your skirt held firmly, turn them outside the car, place your feet on the ground, stand up, and brush everything back into place. When you get into the car, simply reverse the procedure. With your knees together, place your hands on your skirt, sit, and turn your knees into the car. You'll be a pro in no time."

"Where are we going to eat?" Chad asked the typical question one would expect from a boy.

"The girls are dressed too nicely for the Burger Barn or the pizza joint," Paul replied. "Let's go to the Alfredo's, the nice Italian restaurant on the strip and show them off."

"Perfect, Daddy," Amy declared. It satisfied her desire to take her feminine brother to a public place. 'If he behaves as I taught him, he won't be recognized as a boy in a dress and I'll be on the way to having the sister I always wanted.'

Following Amy's instructions, Chris made a much more graceful exit from the car than when he got in. Still, he was extremely nervous as he entered the restaurant. He was totally aware of his dress, the rise and fall of his breasts with every breath, his heels, makeup, hairstyle, and the way his skirt and slip caressed his nylon clad thighs. He felt as if everyone in the place could see through his disguise.

Paul held Amy's chair to seat her and Chad followed suit by holding Chris'. "Thank you," Chris sighed in a soft voice. Taking his queue from Amy, Chris smoothed his skirt beneath him, adjusted his skirt over his nylon clad thighs, and placed his purse in his lap.

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'This is great!' Amy thought as she watched Chris mimic her moves. 'He's trying his best to comport himself as a girl like the UCI manual said he would. Now that he knows I'll be taking him out in dresses and skirts, he'll understand why he needs to perfect feminine movements and gestures. Sandy Thomas and her staff really know their business!'

Meanwhile, Chris was having other problems. Two college boys sitting at the next table were flirting with him. The boys at school spurned him, so he didn't know how to react. He was experiencing a pleasurable tingling in his nipples and an erotic stirring in his panties. His pleasure increased when he squeezed his knees tightly together and blushed at knowing that looking at other boys could excite him so.

Amy saw the reason for his anxiety. He was glancing at the two young men from under lidded lashes, making him appear to be flirting. Allowing her skirt to ride up, she slowly crossed her legs to expose her thigh and smiled at the boys to detract their attention from Chris. Seeing this older girl teasing them, they immediately turned their attention to her.

As Chris ate his small salad with fat free dressing, he watched Chad wolf down a large plate of spaghetti with extra meat sauce. 'I wish I could eat large portions of rich food like that,' he thought. 'I'm tired of wearing dresses and being hungry all the time.'

Amy continued to tease the young men throughout the meal and they loved the leg show. When she was finished eating, she said, "Let's powder our noses, Chrissie."

Never having visited a ladies room, Chris nervously rose to his feet, brushed his skirt into place, and followed his sister to the lustful stares from a host of masculine onlookers.

Chad heard one of the college boys say, "That brunette is really hot in her sexy white miniskirt."

"Her little sister will be just as hot in a couple of years and she's already better looking," his cohort countered. "Did you see that 'come get me' look in her eyes? I was tempted, but she's strictly jail bait."

"You can't fool me! The only reason you didn't hit on her is because she's sitting with her father and brother!"

"You know me all too well," he replied as they shared a laugh.

The family left the restaurant with Chris' food barely touched. To his relief, only a hint of slip lace showed when he entered the car. 'I'm glad that's over,' he thought. 'I never want to get in a car while wearing a skirt again.'

When they arrived at home, Paul said, "You girls go in. It's still early. Chad and I are going to the club to practice a few putts. We need to be sharp on the greens tomorrow."

"Oh no, you don't!" Amy said. "If you two are going to play your games, Chrissie and I are going shopping."

"Okay," Paul chuckled, "Have fun, but take it easy. I'm in the poorhouse from the money you spent on clothes, shoes, cosmetics, and hairstyles for Chrissie."

"It's all Chrissie, huh?" Amy countered. "How much were the custom made golf clubs you bought Chad?"

"Chad got custom clubs?" Chris gasped. "You wouldn't buy me the putter I wanted when I was a...a..."

"Okay, okay," Paul laughed, throwing up his hands in surrender. "We men have our extravagances too. You girls have fun, but keep the costs within limits, okay?"

"Okay, Daddy," Amy trilled.

Chris didn't know if he was more upset by Chad getting new clubs, having to go shopping while wearing a dress, or almost admitting that he used to be a boy. "Please, Amy, let's stay home. I've been embarrassed enough for one day."

"Don't be silly," Amy replied. "You need a dress to wear to the awards ceremony. If we buy it tonight, we can take our time at the salon tomorrow."

"A dress?" he gasped, her words giving him new anxieties. "I should be playing in the tournament, not attending the awards ceremony wearing a *dress*!"

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"The tournament is Father - Son, not Father - Daughter," Amy countered. "What would you do if you were playing, hit from the lady's tees in a flirty little pleated tartan skirt over Kelly green panties?"

After a moment to visualize driving a pink ball off the ladies tees with his little skirt flying up to reveal his silky green panties, he pleaded, "Please, Amy. I can't wear a dress to the club...I *won't*! I would be too embarrassed!"

"Have it your way," she said flipping open her cell phone, "I'll call Daddy and tell him you're being stubborn about wearing your pretty dresses. You'll really get it if we interrupt his putting practice for the tournament. You know how badly he wants to win."

Chris knew his father would take Amy's side and he would attend the ceremony in a dress after suffering another painful and embarrassing spanking. There was no telling how Amy would punish him for breaking his promise to be sweet and feminine. "Don't call him," he sighed in resignation. "I'll go shopping with you to buy me a dress for the ceremony."

"Great, but first, you need to practice getting in and out of a car in your skirt."

After a twenty minute lesson, Chris thought, 'I'm learning more about girl things than I ever wanted to know, Chad is playing in the tournament with Daddy, and I have to buy a dress to wear at the club. Will the humiliation never end?'

"The men will still be in their golf attire at the ceremony, so we want to look dressy, yet casually chic," Amy reasoned. "Let's look for something sporty."

Chris was overly nervous as he walked the mall in his dress and heels, and deathly afraid of being recognized. His anxiety increased when Amy started flipping through racks and found a dress with a satin Kelly green form fitting bodice, cap sleeves, and a blue, yellow, and green plaid tartan skirt that featured a very short skirt with tiny pleats.

When Amy saw how the shiny top accentuated his *figure* and the skirt danced sexily about his smooth nylon clad

thighs, she exclaimed, "This is a Scottish design, but it isn't too dressy. It's just perfect for a golf affair."

"I can't wear this dress to the club!" he wailed while viewing his reflection in the mirror. "The tight top makes my boobs look huge and the skirt is way too short!"

Amy scoffed, "The more you look like a girl, the less likely you are to be recognized." Turning to the clerk, she asked, "Do you have something to give him a younger look?"

"*Him?*" she gasped at being informed that Chris was a male in the chic dress. "She...I mean he...this is a *boy?*"

Chris was blushing when Amy replied, "He used to be my brother, but now he's my sister. He wears dresses and skirts most of the time, and he wants to wear this dress to the golf tournament awards ceremony at the club."

"He'll be attending a fancy awards ceremony in this sporty dress?" the clerk gasped. "I think it's perfect for the occasion, but is it his idea?"

"Not exactly," Amy chuckled. "He's been dressing as my sister around the house for a couple of months. During that time, he's gotten quite good at impersonating a girl. He can manage his skirts, walk in heels, apply makeup, style his hair, and take care of his delicate lingerie. We went to dinner with our father and Chrissie's twin brother tonight, and no one recognized him as a boy in his pretty candy stripe dress."

"Neither did I until you told me," she grinned. "You want young, sweet and innocent too, huh? Okay how about one of these satin hair ribbons? You could do a bow on top of his head with flowing streamers. We also have matching bras and panties in the color of his top. If a sudden breeze happened to hoist his little skirt, interested admirers would be treated to an attractive well coordinated view."

"Beyond cool!" Amy gushed. "Chrissie, take off your new dress so we can fit your bra and panties." As Chris walked unhappily away knowing his *outing* at the club was inevitable, Amy said to the clerk, "He wears a 34 B cup bra and size six panties. Do you have them in Kelly green?"

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Chris had stripped to his panties and bra when the clerk returned. He blushed bright red from being seen in his silky pink underwear by this older girl. She exclaimed, "Oh my! I thought these green panties were too fancy for a boy, but not after seeing those delicate bits of fluff you're wearing."

"He always wears the softest silkiest laciest panties, even under his jeans to school," Amy chuckled.

"Try this bra first," the clerk advised. "I brought three to be sure we get the fit and cup size right." After he expertly fastened a bra and was inserting his falsies, she exclaimed, "Wow! Those babies look *real!*"

"They're the latest technology for mastectomy patients, but these are designed for young girls who want to enhance their figures," Amy said. "They have the look, feel, weight, and jiggle of the real thing. They're really popular."

"Wow!" the clerk giggled as she held one of the Budding Beauties in her hand. "I wonder how many boys have been fooled by these bad girls when they sneaked their hand inside a bra."

"Quite a few, I imagine," Amy said, while her brother filled the cups of his new bra with the realistic inserts. Turning to him, she advised, "Put on your new panties and dress so we can see the full effect."

Chris pleaded, "Please don't make me undress all the way with *her* here. Haven't I been humiliated enough?"

"Don't be such a prude!" the clerk said. "You're practically in the buff and no one can tell you're a boy. Anyway, you should thank your sister for seeing through your macho bull and recognizing that you should be a girl."

"How macho can I be wearing nothing but a padded bra, panties, and nylon stockings?" he demanded as his eyes filled with tears. "Now you want me to take my panties off! How macho is that?"

Amy chastised, "Dry up your tears and put a smile on your pretty face before the other customers learn there is a boy in here trying on dresses in a bra and panties."

Chris carefully dabbed his tears so as not to smear his eyeliner. Softening his demeanor, he turned his back to the females and removed his pink panties. After replacing them with the green ones, he slipped into his new dress.

"We have satin pumps and sequin evening purses to match his dress," the clerk offered.

"We'll take them," Amy smiled. After his shoes were fitted, she said, "Ring up the sale while he changes back into his dress."

While changing back into his pink bra, panties, and slip, Chris complained, "Why did you tell that clerk I'm a boy and make me change with her watching? I was embarrassed to death!"

Amy countered, "She was making sure your bra and panties fit right. Besides, you have to get used to dressing and undressing with store clerks watching."

They were walking to Amy's car, Chris in his dress and heels and carrying an arm load of packages containing his new feminine clothes when two of Amy's friends, Karen and Linda, rushed over to chat. Suddenly they realized that Amy's companion was her brother wearing a dress, heels, and makeup. "Amy!" Karen exclaimed, "We heard you made Chrissie wear makeup and perfume to school, but *dresses!*"

"He's my sister, isn't he?" Amy smirked. "What kind of sister would he be if he didn't wear dresses and skirts from time to time? Anyway, he wore that dress to dinner with the family. I didn't see why he should change to go shopping since he makes such a cute girl."

"Your hairstyle is so chic and your lipstick and nail polish are perfect with that virginal dress," Linda beamed. "You should have been Amy's sister all along because you make such a cute girl. Aren't you the least bit embarrassed?"

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When he blushed instead of replying, Amy divulged, "He's starting to understand that he should have been my sister all along. Notice how naturally he moves in his dress and how easily he walks in heels. He wasn't recognized as a boy in a dress during dinner or here at the mall."

Chris wanted to deny Amy's assertion that he was her sister and should wear dresses, but recent events planted doubts in his mind. He *was* getting good at managing skirts, applying makeup, and walking in heels. Chad beat him at arm wrestling for the first time and gave him a sound spanking. Was wearing dresses making him soft and weak like a girl or was he a girl all along like Amy claimed?

As instructed, Chris exchanged air kisses with the sexy older girls in parting. "See, being seen in your pretty dress by others who know you're a boy isn't so bad," Amy smiled. "They said you were cute and didn't tease or ridicule you. I think you should consider wearing skirts to school."

The thought sent chills down Chris' spine. 'It's true that Karen and Linda didn't tease me like the kids at school, but wearing dresses and skirts to school would be too embarrassing. Why would I consider such a thing?'

The next morning, Amy told Chris, "Daddy and Chad left early for the driving range. It's time to start making ourselves gorgeous for the awards ceremony. Think how exciting it will be if they win."

"They have no chance of winning," Chris declared. "I can outdrive Chad by fifty yards, so imagine what Ron and guys like Phil and Joey will do to him!" Chris was unaware of the golf lessons Chad had been taking or the hours spent on the practice tee and putting green while he was home wearing dresses and striving to become more feminine.

"Chad couldn't beat you at arm wrestling or turn you across his knee for a sound spanking on your panties either," Amy teased. "Daddy and Chad can fend for themselves, and

we are due at the salon in half an hour. Wear your denim miniskirt, a cami top and pink sneakers.”

Chris had no choice but to swallow his pride and follow instructions. He wasn't happy with his ensemble, pink panties, bra, and cami top because they matched his nails. His skirt was very short, his satin bra straps were exposed, and his navel was on full display. “I can't go outside in this skimpy top and *skirt!*” he wailed. “What if someone sees me?”

“Get real, *Chrissie*,” Amy decreed, “You wore a pretty pink dress to dinner and shopping last night, and no one had the slightest notion that you were a boy! What's the big deal?”

“When I became your sister, I thought I would only have to wear girl's clothes at home,” he declared. “Last night, I wore a dress to dinner in public and to the mall. Now, you want me to wear a skirt and top to the salon and a sexy dress to the awards ceremony!”

“When did I say you would only wear dresses at home?” she demanded. “As my sister, you will wear dresses or skirts whenever and wherever I think appropriate. If you refuse, I'll tell Daddy that you won't be a proper sister. After he warms your panties, you can wear that skirt to school!”

His previous spankings flashing through his mind, Chris fretted in near panic, ‘Daddy made me wear dresses at home because of Amy. I can't take the risk that he'll send me to school in a skirt.’ Feeling out of options, he lowered his gaze and sighed in meek surrender, “I don't want to be spanked again, so I'll wear my skirt to the salon.”

‘Was I really meant to be a girl like Amy claims?’ Chris wondered as doubts clouded his mind. ‘I'm not only getting comfortable in my dresses and skirts, I had fun doing girl things with Amy the day Daddy and Chad went fishing. Not only that, I went to dinner and shopping in a pretty dress last night, and no one recognized me as a boy. Still, this crazy dressing as a girl and pretending to be a sister has to stop somewhere...*doesn't* it?’

End of Book 1

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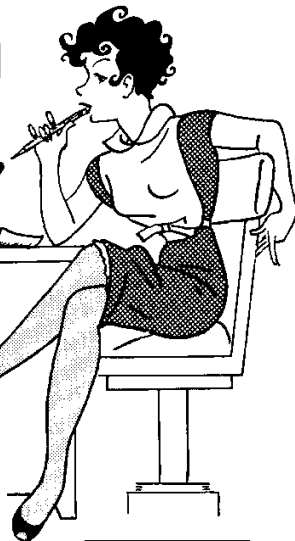
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